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Stenographic Notes

TEN CENTS

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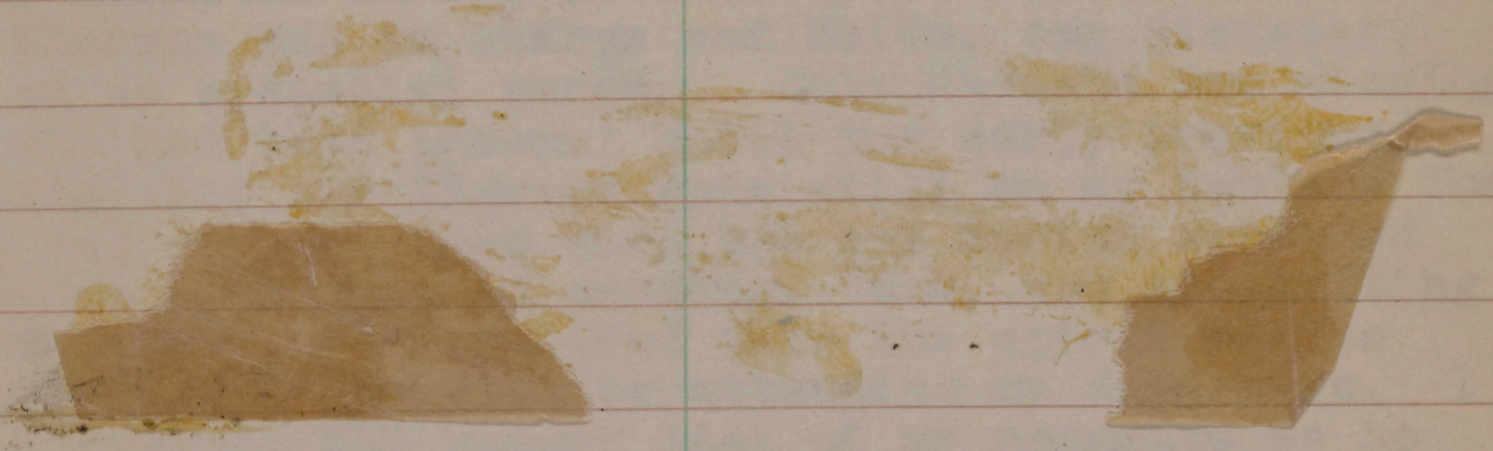
From Moscow, Sep. 20, 1936

via EDINBURGH

To Reims, Oct. 7 - 1936.

and "The Soul of Soviet Russia"

[Air guide for flying from Moscow to Berlin,
and "R.M.S. Laconia" Stationery in folder.]



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Sept. 20 "On the Wing" - At 3:30 A.M. the Sister started the day by getting me ready for my long trip. My clothes, long waiting for me, were brought out and I felt somewhat like one released from long confinement. ^{The} Older Sisters had planned a large breakfast for me despite the fact that it was difficult to obtain sufficient heat in the hospital for cooking. There I was lucky in having most of my younger Sisters with me, Shurwan was in charge and Naida, our dictater, was on as a special nurse. Only Marusha was missing, but she had been present until the early previous evening, and her flowers were still on my table. The dawn had not yet come when Bob and Marion appeared with the oft-repeated warning, "Now, you are getting too excited", as I entered into the spirit of the merriment and the sadness attending my departure. I cannot forget the hungry look of my roommate as he sat up in bed and received my handshake and my blessing. The day previously he had made arrangements with Bob for his new lessons in English and his eyes were alight with eagerness. But now I was well and leaving and he must remain alone waiting indefinitely for the strength that he hoped might sometime be his to return to his family and his work.

Little Shurwan had been ill during the night, but was present to bid me goodbye. Somehow I could not let her, my kline Schwester, go, and I held her longingly in my embrace. Then we started a tiny procession down the dimly lighted stairs toward the Embassy auto that was waiting. Shurwan went half way down and then turned back because someone must be ever alertly on duty in the ward. I paused to watch her as she ascended the stairs, when she turned and ran down thinking I had some further message to give. But with a laugh I waved her upward again indicating that I wished to stand at attention until she had passed from sight. Marusha's flowers were carried in my hand to accompany me into distant England. I had told her that I should take them, even to Edinburgh.

As they tucked me in ^{the Embassy auto} the Sisters inquired if I would ever return to Russia and I eagerly replied, "Yes", but not to see scientists alone, but to see you". A watchman in the early dawn opened the yard gate to let us pass.

Through Moscow - I had not fully realized how wide Moscow was and how far out of the center of the city our hospital was located until we drove back on this, our convalescent trip, directly through the center of the city to reach the Airfield to which the airplane terminal had now been transferred. Our hospital was on the western side of Moscow and the original airplane field had therefore been on the side of the city nearest to the great cities of Europe. However, the new field was apparently on the far eastern side, some 40 kilometers away. The present city was 15 kilometers wide but would soon be widened to 30 kilometers if the present ten-year plan of rebuilding Moscow was carried through. There is a large opportunity for foreign architects at good salaries with permission to leave at any time.

As the dawn was breaking we rode thru the Red Square along the front of the Kremlin, reticent and austere and past the tomb of Lenin looking like a tiny stepped pyramid in comparison with the great fortress behind. Yet it was impressive in its loneliness.

The great square had always been forbidding to me because of its name, until I learned at the hospital that red was a symbol of joy and beauty and not piracy. The red flag probably has the same meaning. At least the hammer and sickle in its corner are emblems of peaceful industry.

At the far end of the Kremlin was St Basil's Cathedral now undergoing elaborate

restoration. Even in the soft lights
the tiles looked as garish as a
majolica pitcher. Here is the Byzantine
taste crudely reproduced by the Moscovites.
St Isaac's Cathedral of Seiningrad represents
the Byzantine delicately modified by the
Latin Race.

Here is the center of the city with
its radiating streets. These streets were
already being widened and white
department stores had been constructed.
There was slight difficulty in widening
the streets at will, for all land and
buildings belong to the State thus the
simple expedient of declaring all deeds
and mortgages canceled. And because
there is abundant land, the Government
had decided not to build higher than
twelve stories — an impressive height
in Europe.

The only private ownership is in
individual apartments which are guaranteed
to their owners unless equivalent apartments
are provided. However, no one may own
an entire apartment house.

One of these avenues we followed directly out of the city. To be sure of our direction and destination, our chauffeur had made a preliminary trip of discovery yesterday. Now we had the avenue entirely to ourselves except for an early streetcar and men and teams going to work. Here and there was a car and frequent farmhouses - hipped-roofed with small end and entrance toward the street. Bob said that the farmers could own horses and cattle in modest amount.

In the Country. Autumn leaves but little in the fields which still looked suburban. The fingers of city growth were still reaching far out into them. But small forest groves soon appeared - which caused Marion to remark on the eagerness of the people to hasten forth on holidays to the forests and streams. The Moscow River was a favorite route for boat excursions.

Road building was here in evidence as at Leningrad and we pitched along the sides of the new grade - until we turned across-lots to an evident landing field.

Customs. Inspection both in and out - and thoroughly done. However, the inspector allowed Bob to represent me while I sat at leisure but watching the sun and schedule in the auto.

The two financial statements given me by the inspector when I entered Russia did not seem sufficient but were accepted.

It was well that we arrived at 6 am. for the hour was fully spent in getting ^{by} a country-lad sentry who felt his responsibility and in the long wait before the customs.

Departure. I didn't realize before how long Bob's legs were until he tried to arrange them in the back half of the Pontiac. But there were Marion and my large suit case besides myself - and he insisted on giving me over-abundant room for my feet.

As we waited Marion told me of vacation rest places to which the people can go at small expense. She herself had regained her strength at one

study, but are content to
plan without undue worry.

She and Bob had been as far south as Istanbul and had traveled thru the Balkans and Austria. "Her Russian was still halting, but she planned to take lessons." They are building plans for further

The field was filled with planes, with one occasionally rising into the air. One was far down the field, a bus stood near the Customs & Taxes us to it.

Garbs differed. One oldish man with cap and whiskers was sweeping up chance dirt with a broom of twigs. His protesting movements showed him on guard against trash. In a group stood officials - French, German(?) - in semi-uniforms. One in wellfitting gray turned out to be one of our pilots.

Bob was permitted to ride downfield with me while Marion must remain behind. At the place he introduced me to mother and son who ^{were on their way to Berlin and} had promised to watch over me. It was already 7:10 a.m. So the getaway was prompt tho gentle, with time to return

Bob's farewell as he waved his two hands clasped together in token of union.

Getting Adjusted. I was helped to a seat on the left so that I could lie on my non-bail hip and gaze at the landscape. But my promise to lie down was baffled by the apparent rigidity of the seats. I had carefully protected myself against cold but I could not against the exhaustion of sitting upright. There was no steward to advise me. The two pilots were in their compartment. The overhead wing gave me shade but I felt feverish. Sixteen hours looked desperately long.

I noticed that most of the others had a map of our course but could find only cotton and cups in my envelope. However, the mother loaned me her map, which she had procured in Germany and in curiosity I read it entire. There I found the directions: "To lower your seat, lift out the cushion." I maneuvered into the aisle and lifted the cushion.

Aladdin's lamp was not more prompt.
The chair was almost too sensitive. I could
even lie with my head down providing
my rear-neighbor's lap did not interfere.

From this time on my overcoat was discarded,
my "fever" abated, and I grew steadily stronger.
The strain had been taken away.

Air-Sickness. A part of my trouble was
due probably to air-sickness. The wings
of the aeroplane rolled scarcely perceptibly
but at Velikiye Luki near the Russian
frontier, I spent a rouble^(20¢) for three tiny
pieces of chocolate candy and treated our
group of three. The candy was effective.

All became groggy. Such illness is evidently
expected, for our directions speak often of it
and grant permission to break the journey
if overcome by it. With abstinence it
gradually wore off. I had eaten one of
the eggs, a bottle of milk, and a pear.
and abstinence felt good and was finally
forced on me by the stowing of my baggage
beyond reach.

Fruit Rare. Bob and Marion had brought
me a sack of oranges with Secretary and

[Card of the Johnsons - U.S. Vice Consul - in folder]

Mrs Johnson's farewell greetings and I shared with my caretakers - mother and son. They were eager and very appreciative. They remarked that they had had no fruit - or was it oranges? - in several weeks of their wanderings. They had been possibly two weeks in Russia. So their remarks seemed to apply to Germany also. Consequently, I must have been fortunate in having so much fruit. The pears must have been expensive. Two peach baskets of pears had cost Marion 20 roubles, ^(\$4.40)

Below Us. I lay and tried to memorize my impressions. The scenery did not pass too quickly but seemed rather to stretch so slowly from type to type that sense of location was lost.

Even the map, ^(Air Guide) did not help greatly in identifying scenes. The speed chart was too swift for our plane, which flew less than the chart's minimum of 175 Kilometers an hour. However, it was reassuring when a place was identified to see how precisely on its course the plane

was traveling. This was better understood in face of the statement that the service was carried on irrespective of night and storm. At least we were not traveling high and the fields seemed level almost everywhere. However, Bob said that service during the winter from Russia would be restricted to mail.

There was less sense of danger than on a train.

The Russian landscape seemed to consist of two-thirds grass land and one-third forest. The streams meandered in the extreme serpentine fashion and were so transparent in their yellow beds that they looked too shallow for the boats riding on them.

The barges on the Volga, the largest, seemed almost as broad and long as the river was wide. No "Volga Boatman" song here, for tugboats were drawing the barges. This song had departed or was on the quieter reaches of the lower stream. Here the river is

just well emerged from the level
sail. The Moscow canal must be
farther north. We are following a
trunk line westward to the frontier
where Russia, Poland, and Latvia
join. Semi-industrial towns are
occasionally crossed.

Soon beyond the Valga we enter an
area of strato-cumulus clouds gradually
growing thicker and appearing to be
speeding past. The clouds are still tiny
tho numerous — and thru them can
be seen farmhouse units and churches
laid out pleasingly. Did some such
unit belong once to Tolstoi? Evidently
each was the home of some landed
proprietor in pre-revolution days.

after four hours we pass over a
region of lobed lakes — the Thousand
Lakes of Minnesota — shimmering into
the far distance, and descend to
a pretty landing field near Velikiya
Luki, a modest city (35,000 inhabitants)
as compared with Moscow (4,000,000).
or the other stopping points ahead.

However, it was my farewell to Russian soil. So I tried my feet and the sun cautiously but with a glow of satisfaction at returning health.

The only requirement for landing is the surrender of your passport while out of the plane. It is cautiously required and as cautiously returned. Here I purchased the chocolates that accentuated an air-sickness.

Kaunas. We were soon out of our clouds and traveling across Latvia and Lithuania toward Kaunas. The country looked poorer than unfamiliar despite my visit there by train in early August. Air travel is so different in view from land travel.

at 2 p.m. I recognized Kolupaila's home-town streams when suddenly our plane grazed the roofs of the upper town of Kaunas and dove sharply down across the river to a landingfield at the stream's junction. Here I had been gently invited by Mrs Kolupaila to rest. I should like to have

met her again, but I did not know that I should stop here and I felt too weary to enjoy a visit on the phone even if I could have reached her. Instead I walked dizzily in the sunlight and marveled at a tiny scotex plane no larger than an Eskimo kyack that darted down like an arrow and by a sudden twist swerved upward to glide to a landing far down the field, as pretty as a painted canoe and as motorless. It had been towed high into the air and released for a glide to earth. It darted like a swallow. It required a quick pilot.

The town (it had 120,000 inhabitants) looked as pathetic in its newness as ever and the toothpick sidewheel steamer still lay at its wharf — over narrow but thereby adapted to its narrow stream which reminded me strongly of the Volga. But this stream, the Nemunas, ^(we call it Niemen or Memel) would soon end in Memel Harbor. However, it had a good biographer in Kolupaila, who had described it from geology to

landscape. With a loss of two hours from resetting our clocks, we set forth westward again at noon toward the coast and Eastern Prussia.

Königsberg. Memel was just out of sight but we passed near the landlocked harbor thru which Memel is approached.

The highways toward Germany are more impressive, even more aggressive in their straight-away direction.

East Prussia beyond the Corridor seems very small by air. Königsberg is its center but its coast is two long lagoons bounded by sand rims like San Diego Bay.

The first, "Kurisches Haff", looked so peaceful with its canal gateways and leisurely ships that one would not dream of a restive Memel at its head nor see reason why two nations could not share these waters. Memel is Lithuania's only harbor and the Lithuanians regret that it and Germany are dissatisfied. It means much to them.

Königsberg lies just between the Memel and Danzig lagoons. Impressive is the landing field. We have come

to a powerful nation to judge from size, organization, and official demeanor.

This is the junction point of air lines from Moscow and Leningrad. The trip from the latter must be a series of seascapes - Leningrad, Tallinn (Reval), Riga - before it turns inland to Kaunas and then to Königsberg. Possibly the Leningrad plane ^{turns back} ~~stops~~ at Kaunas, at least all Russian planes turn back at Königsberg, tho Bob understood that Russian and German planes alternated on the Moscow - Berlin run.

I had expected to travel without change to Berlin but we must all out with all our baggage. The officials were kindly but made a detailed list of all my traveler's checks by numbers and other small change. However, they did the work while I rested at the counter. They also checked my baggage thru to London in bond. and aided me to a waiting plane.

My Friends Barred. The new plane was overcrowded by 2. My friends, rather

and son, seemed to sense it as an official singled them out for elimination, I wish that I could understand and speak German as readily as they. They had made their reservations 3 days before ^{but} ~~and~~ apparently later than the others. My reservation could scarcely have been earlier than theirs, but only two eliminations were necessary and they constituted a unit. They were due to leave on the Europa the next afternoon from Bremen. There was a train leaving for Berlin within two hours. They must go to the airplane field to get money they had left there. Connection with the steamer would be very close. I lingered to sympathize until an official towed me off to the plane - the last aboard. I wish that I knew how they fared. Some agent must have been ignorant of the passenger list for they had been granted tickets thru to Berlin. I was grateful for escaping the mesh,

four people were awaiting me at Berlin, London, and Edinburgh.

The disappointment would have been bitter. It was bitter even to lose my friends, New Friends. But life miraculously readjusts itself. Only the most uncomfortable set remained - a stooped forward seat in the very front, facing backwards. Could I endure the stooped position - with shoulders and bent forward - for the long ride to Berlin? Fortunately in an hour we stopped at Danzig. Most of the passengers alighted for exercise and I looked for un-reserved seats. Two women became interested and assured me that if necessary one of them would take my bow seat and give me hers. But the unreserved seat I had chosen in the center of the plane was not claimed. A bit later they reached over to me a neck pillow which placed me at physical ease. They were Americans - too mellow to be teachers; possibly club women - about 60 years old and at ease with hardship.

travel. They had evidently flown from
Leningrad.

The Polish Corridor. Our German plane
was larger than the Russian and
was evidently swifter. It had underslung
wings and sailed with the ^{and tranquility} buoyancy of
a ship. However, the wings cut off the
nearer view.

Despite this we seemed to be sailing
over seas and lands picturesquely
arranged beneath us. In reality we
were coasting the shore of Danzig Bay,
toward Königsberg a sandrim line
an atoll creates a landlocked haven
entered ^{by canal} at either end. How different
to traverse this atoll by air than
trodge its long sandy length on foot.
at the far western end of the outer bay
lies Danzig that would rather be
German than free. Gdynia, changed
with draining Danzig's commerce, lies
solitary at the far western edge of the
Corridor, ^{which had been} set off by the Poles to give
Poland access to the sea. East of
Danzig I noticed a broad water

with associated canals
avenue, reaching into the back country
but did not realize that I was crossing
the second great waterway of the trip.
At Danzig I was content to sit on the
airplane steps in the sun and let
the others walk the considerable
distance to the cafe of the airport.
My food had become sealed ^{in my baggage} by the
customs agent at Königsberg, but I was
feeling better tho faint without eating.

A Tiny Passenger. One of the pilots brought
aboard here a tiny ^{tiny} lady whose eyes could
not reach her window. Very quiet and
unresponsive to the ^{foreign} words of the American
women she sat with hand on her
life belt and finally fell asleep. The pilot
merrily took her "ashore" at Berlin.

Pommernania. From Danzig we seemed
to travel so fast that the plane outstripped
my map. The country grew ever neater.
There were large estates and hamscenters.
Here perhaps was the East Prussian
lauded aristocracy. Here were lakes
in low hills and forests, possibly the
"Pommernian" Switzerland. Here too

was Stolp beyond sight but the hometown of Henry Johnson, my first landlord in Bend. He ran away from here to sea and never returned.

The cultivated fields gradually took the shape of ribbons indicative of the splitting of farms among children.

The land frequently seemed bare. Possibly summer-fallow. Precision and neatness everywhere. Everything counts. The towns seemed to lie among rolling hills and looked quaint and fresh even when new. Rariness was rarely seen such as appears with new housing projects.

Canals became a part of the landscape. Then suddenly Berlin.

Berlin and the Sargen. I was startled at the suddenness of our arrival.

Tempelhof Landing Field seemed a "Coney Island" of flags, diversions, and music. It had more elaborate runways (or shall we call them cowriders?) for incoming and outgoing passengers.

Waving thru the fence at me, the last

passenger trailing out, were an eager young man and woman neighboring thirty years. Believing that Ernst Sarge would be unable to earn his expenses to Edinburgh, I had asked Bob to wire Sarge of the time of my probable arrival and desire to see him.

They were soon with me. I noticed that my larger baggage was still under bond and wholly forgot that I would be charged excess baggage from ^{Free baggage: Moscow - Berlin 35 kilos; Berlin - London 15 kilos.} Berlin to London. Mrs Sarge's sharp ears saved me from serious inconvenience and worry, for she overheard the loud speaker calling Herr Church and someone else to the cashier's office. The call carried to the farthest parts of the airfield but my ears were heedless.

The charge for the extra kilos, ^(fifteen) exceeded the marks I had on hand. Consequently I had to offer a Traveler's Check for \$10⁰⁰ and accept German marks. The cashier had neither American nor English

money but suggested that I might get the German money exchanged in Hamburg. I protested, but the boy was helpless.

The visit with the Sorges made me eager to meet all of my colleagues. They were both fond of the Arctic and had worked together there - she as photographer. He had spent the winter at "Eismitte" on the Greenland Ice - the job I had craved, but "had" was the bitter hatred of Kurt Wegener, Stalle or Kolupaila had told me, "for forcing Alfred Wegener to bring him 'unnecessary' supplies in the late autumn on the threat of abandoning the station". The result was the death of Wegener and his Eskimo companion.

Sorge had also been with one or two other Arctic expeditions and brought me a valuable group of reprints.

Reprints -

They would add much to our display at Edinburgh and to our Bibliography of Snow and Ice.

Sarge was permitted to accompany me to the plane. Only one, however, could go. Mrs Sarge had to remain within the gate. My day had become → rich by the visit. I must return.

That Pillow. On alighting at Berlin, I returned the gift pillow to the donors, but they urged me to keep it. "It would be a good souvenir. They had no further need of it." I gladly accepted it. It was so tiny, so pleasing, so adaptable to the neck. Because of its similarity to the Japanese wooden pillow, I called it my Japanese pillow. It also had a loop for carrying on the wrist and became a friendly member of my hand baggage.

My friends said that they might travel farther with me.

a Dutch Plane. Each plane seemed better and possibly faster. The ~~new~~ ^{two compartments and} plane had double seats on each side and a correspondingly poorer view from the inside seats. Through error in runways I was again lost and got an inner seat. Furthermore, our steward (our first one of the day) gave us a map from Berlin directly west thru Hanover and down the Dutch-Belgian coast to the Strait of Dover. Only later did I learn that we were traveling on a triangle northwestward to Hamburg and thence to Amsterdam. This confused me somewhat.

But I did enjoy a tiny lad - a porter - standing at attention and waiting me when I entered the plane to tell me eagerly that my baggage held for excess baggage charges was now safely on board.

Berlin-Hamburg. Berlin from the air must be far more attractive than from the streets. The cupolas took on new character. Playgrounds

were frequent. There was a stadium. Had it been connected with the Olympic Games? I felt as if in a Zeppelin drifting slowly over the city. Then a succession of parks and lakes. Could it be Potsdam? Tempelhof field was in the southern side of Berlin and Potsdam was west.
[Lufthansa airline Berlin-London map in folder #1]

The landscapes became flatter. We were following the general course of the Elbe. Germans were around me with the oft-present swastika emblem sitting in silence or reading papers and magazines. They seemed somber and pent-up. I felt a challenge. I did not try to talk to them. Hitler's damn fool speech at Nuremberg had been too recent. But I was not alone. My two friends were abed with me. Then Hamburg in twilight and hoar frost. It was even more fascinating, for the frost was fog that allowed grass and shrubs to peep thru the carrying the veil. a paradise for a Japanese artist of frost and vapor scenes.

Customs. Our plane was going farther, but we had to disembark for inspection to leave the country. The steward promised to find me a better seat and I walked the "chickadee ladder" with my light luggage that had not been sealed. But my knees were tattering and failed me at the bottom. Officials gathered me up and I rolled over like a sailor on a ^{after a storm.} wide spread and drowsy legs. My boasted "single umsteigen (change) at Berlin" was becoming a farce. This was the third forced descent with baggage, in six stops. Dynamite was forming in my system.

Germany desired to know how much I had spent within her borders, but the young official desired to save time by frightening a confession from me instead of re-counting my money. So in threatening tone: "Have you spent anything?" ^{Have you any German money?"} I retorted: "Yes but I have. I was forced to pay excess baggage, and now I want my change", uttered as I drew out

my handful of German coins and slammed them down before him.

"I don't want your money, I want American or English", He enquired, but there was none and I went muttering away.

Overtaking my two friends, I commented on my temper, but they graciously called it sweet. Said they: "We accept all without comment. But in two towns of Germany we have had more annoyance than in all of Russia".

Spiriting the Coast. Out of the frost and into the gloom. We ~~cross~~ ^{cross} the Elbe, ~~where~~ ^{where} ~~said~~ ^{said} ~~Emps~~ ^{Emps}, diffused water lamps leading inland from the sea and its shallow shores ~~to~~ ^{to} its harbor-ports and see solitary ships threading their way cautiously. Germany has struggled like Russia to reach the sea. Interesting canals distribute here commerce. We proceed with a minimum of beacon lights.

Food. The journey seems easier as the hours grow longer - particularly after a glass of milk and sandwich. The steward

Lufthansa Airline "Sommerflugplan 19-April - 3 Oct 36"
stickers, stick pin and ear cotton in folder

promises a dinner after we stop at Amsterdam. Our sickness is a thing of the past. I can now travel indefinitely - Amsterdam. This is not a city but the Nebula of Orion. We have left earth and penetrated the heavens. Below us is a myriad of stars interspersed with blind spots - land and water - together making the "Hauptstadt von Holland" as a circular informed us. What a pattern woven by illuminated streets and dense canals gradually radiating outward into continuous night. Some lights here and there moved outward.

My marvel is that our pilot knows where to dine to land. But we are not destined to travel farther with our steward "we must again change planes".

However, I enjoyed passing thru the kindly Dutch customs and waiting in the restaurant. I had soup and had then agreed to a larger dinner when a hurry call for our departing plane - but succeeded in exchanging my surplus German paper for English money. The steward and restaurant

evidently could trade it to some German-
bound tourist. ["Auf Nach Amsterdam" brochure in
folder #1]

Over the Sea. The officials must count noses. We are never too many for the plane. In the darkness we climb aboard a plane in the corner of the yard. It seems a torpedo in slenderness. Only one row of seats on each side but the seats seem deep and form-fitting. It is an American plane - a Douglas built for speed. It is now after 8 p.m. and we are due in London at 10 p.m. We seem hopelessly behind time.

We rise over Amsterdam but leave it quickly. There is darkness beneath and around except for a green and red light on either beam. We are plainly over the sea. Can the two lights be a series of floating beacons from Holland to England? But we do not drop them from sight and pick up others ahead. Then finally I realize that they are sailing lights far out on the tips of our wings. There are no lights of ships. Stars

were unnoticed. We were following the compass - radio or magnetic - directly for London. I slid down into my seat to sleep.

Suddenly the drone of the motor slowed down. With a start I saw the lights of land beneath me. We were circling into Croydon airfield in southern London at 9:45 p.m. or 15 minutes ahead of schedule. Our journey from Moscow had lasted $16\frac{1}{2}$ hours. I could readily have flown until morning.

Customs. English customs are gentle but secret. Only one at a time may approach the passport desk. An officer keeps others remote. They were anxious to know that I would leave Great Britain promptly. My Transit Visa purchased by Bob was my promise. They wanted my address at Edinburgh but were satisfied by the general address of University of Edinburgh.

Three London Rain. I was worried but had no reason to be. Secretary Braune and the Chauffeur were permitted only at the entrance of the building. They

themselves were becoming worried -
when I appeared last, just behind my
American friends. I wish now that I had
requested their names. Somehow my
philosophy of memories without names
momentarily seemed weak. Their parting
was a word of encouragement.

Miss Braine had arranged even for
a room near the Railway Station and
Brown the Chauffeur had my steamer trunk
aboard the auto. It had been stored at
Mr Seligman's all summer. My train
"The Flying Scotsman" left at 1:05 a.m.

So we slid slowly into London thru
a drizzle of rain. The cushions were
restful and I was glad that I was
not in one of the double-decked ^{"Croydon"} buses
crowding each other on the streets. One
does not become acquainted with London's
streets even in a life-time. So Brown
followed the general traffic into London
and stopped frequently to make more
special enquiries. Toward twelve we
reached our destination.

How kindly the traffic officers seemed

The summer had been unusually wet
except June, which had been very dry as
elsewhere in Europe.

regarding parking. It was too late to go to the hotel and the train would be made up at 12:30 a.m. So in my raincoat, while I rested, Miss Braine obtained generous release by the hotel and purchased tickets. But the ticket-seller refused her a receipt. Possibly he might have signed one already prepared. We had to figure out our own exchange to repay her.

There is no social distinction on a rainy night nor when you pool your interests. Brown must stick by his auto, but he gave me an eager handshake when Miss Braine escorted me with the porters to my sleeping car. The berth was "made up" tho she and I couldn't understand it. A steamer rug rolled up with a pillow at one end of the seat. However, the seat was soft and I had my extra steamer rug. So she bade me goodnight and set forth on her long return home, after spending practically the entire night for my welfare. I loved her brougue, her energy, and her precision,

and Brown's quiet camaraderie with traffic officials. They had fulfilled my most glowing promises to the Doctor for transferring in London.

Monday, September 21.

Into Scotland. My berth was restful.

Three others returning north after their week-end in London shared the compartment with me. I still had ~~my~~ Marsha's asters with me but badly withered.

Nearby was a First Class Compartment. The only difference from ours was white sheets carefully spread and a ~~spread~~ mauve drape. It looked too much like Ross - Burke. I prefer the steamer rig.

Scotland was green and black - a mixture of rural and coal towns.

I felt well enough to choose sausage for breakfast. I was sure I was well.

But Charlie Chatfield's two ten shilling notes did not pass muster. "Their issue had been called in" said the warden who noticed them in my hands. Fortunately I offered him a newer paper but in confidence he told me that he had prepared to refuse the others. "However, the banks might

[Ticket and menu from London & Eastern Railway to folder #1]

accept them.

How leisurely Englishmen eat. They seem to have the whole forenoon before them. I was given the menu card - quite as artistic as in America. We had passed York too early, but the menu cover was a fitting memento. Newcastle still looked the coal-town she was in 1899.

Edinburgh - 9:30 was approaching. Carl and Starke ^{Starke was leaving next morning. I had urged him to wait for me.} were waiting.

Ramsay Lodge and Gardens were too far up the hill for me to walk. Starke's hotel at the station was full. So the finding of lodgings was left to Carl.

Colleagues. It was only a short walk to the University and colleagues, who flocked around me astonished and wary. "Even a well man", they thought, "should not have attempted the trip." 28½ hours from hospital bed to meeting.

Many of the scientists whom I had planned to visit were still at the sessions: Smetana, Dienert, Dietschy, Dobrowolski, Rondo, Zubrigiski, and from the north Slettenman, ^{Bydin,} and Renquist.

came at once, with them also Dr. Hobbs, who warned me to be careful, and Seligman and Menzies of the Fisheries Board for Scotland.

Dr. Hobbs was busily reading proof on his life of Beary, soon to be published. He had finally found a publisher and mollified his attack on Cook sufficiently to avoid a suit for libel.

Sarry and McLaughlin and Paulsen had already gone. ^{also Boscina and Laeve.} Carl and Stakla were planning to leave in the morning.

I was plainly on the ebb-tide of the meeting.

Our meetings of the Sued Commission had been the early and flood tide combined.

Fortunately, Bydin had flown from Leningrad in time for the second

week. Was the embargo finally lifted or did it fail to apply to him? Then why did he leave Russia so late? Was he younger and more enthusiastic than the others

and so saved the fragment? He can now write some English. See this little note: "Where is your lodging" note in folder #17

Conferences filled the morning.

→ Dobrowolski, an odd little man, harangued me for an hour urging me to present

the cause of an International Association of Cryology, coordinate with the other associations in the International Union. I urged our obligation to the International Association of Scientific Hydrology which had given us birth and the need of growing slowly. That not before ten years would such a change be ripe. That his plan of an Encyclopedia would call for more money than we could possibly obtain from the Union and that moneyed America was still groping toward even a magazine. He argued that if we started big we would grow bigger. I offered to appoint him a Committee to feel out the possibility of supporting either encyclopedia or magazine, and gave him full permission to present to the business meeting of the Association a proposal to discuss an Association of Cryology at the next Triennial Meeting in 1939. He went away suddenly but apparently in good spirits.

President Smetana won my admiration from every viewpoint - a quiet, kindly

business man, broadminded and sympathetic, ready to push forward but unwilling to create friction, and having the reserve strength of middle age. He could speak German and French but not English.

He had come to Edinburgh planning to absorb the Commission of Glaciers within a new Commission of Snow and Ice.

The Commission of Glaciers had presented only 3 papers on glaciers as compared with 7 by the Commission of Snow. But Dr. Hobbs had strenuously objected and even argued that the subjects in ice belonged to the Commission of Glaciers rather

than the Commission of Snow. However, ^{and Mercanton} he would approve of a Division of Cryology with subordinate Commissioners of Snow and Glaciers. Dr. Hobbs had nominated a

Doctor Meinger was not recognized at first. He looked older. He agreed. We met four years ago when Roosevelt first ran for office.

Now a second campaign is on. He wanted me to sit in at the session of the Commission of Underground Water, but

→
new and more aggressive set of officers for Glaciers. This matter rather non-standing.
5000 Swiss francs had been set aside for publishing the papers in Snow and Ice.

Seligman had arranged a conference with me for the early afternoon. However, I attended long enough to be introduced and in time to introduce Dr. Weinger as the originator and patron of ^{the} International Commission of Snow as well as the American Committee of Snow. I wanted to honor Dr. Mercanton for his broad concessions to the Commission of Snow which made it possible to include most types of ice in its projects.

Seligman had carried on well and been made first chairman of the meeting. → Dr. Paulcke had come and presented his film and gone home early. Seligman made no reference to him. I wonder if he was chairman when Paulcke spoke. Paulcke had his opportunity to show his pioneer work but had to realize that the younger men should also be honored. I am fully satisfied with my decision and I hope that they are. No rebellion came from it.

→ Seligman was worried on three points: 1. Dobrowolski's proposal;

2. Proofreading of Journal of the Commission; and 3. The apportionment of projects in ice. We agreed quickly on all.

First, that snow and ice furnished fully one-half of the raw material for the Association of Scientific Hydrology and therefore that the Commission of Snow and Ice could not be withdrawn from the Association without leaving it emaciated. On reflection my "ten years" had been expanded to "never".

Second, that the MSS should pass through several hands to eliminate errors.

They were being read by Stickle, would then come to me, then to Lüttsch, Selignan, and Dienert. At least experts in English, German, and French should pass upon the accuracy of the language. Dienert's program was too full of errors in the English to be complaisant.

Renquist also later warned me regarding ^{possible faults in} the languages and logic of the Russian papers. The papers at the Baltic Conference had passed too rapidly through his hands

Blain had come in person to present the scientific results of his expedition, but Selignan felt that the Alps still furnished a good field for investigation in snow, pine, and glacier and was planning to take a party there.

as Secretary and had since been subjected to criticisms.

Seligman agreed to proofread in case the proof was ready before his departure on a midwinter trip.

Third, that ^{no} objection whatever would be raised to the taking of projects in snow and ice by other commissions - even if they had first been outlined by the Commission of Snow. The query had arisen because Mercator had taken from an Agenda Loeve's project on the Greenland Ice as one of the three projects by the Commission of Glaciers for the 1939 meeting.

Seligman had suggested that a Commission of Cryology with Stokke in charge could determine the assignment of projects between the Commissions of Snow and Glaciers. His diagram is attached.

[Diagram on back of envelope in folder 1.]

See Previous page

Stettin had suggested that
at meeting of the Commission he called
me that I had come, but Seligman refused
because he did not care to see Dobromir's language.

This would not solve the problem
of the names of the commissions,
for Glaciers do not include all forms
of ice as Snow might finally do.

In any case the Commission of Snow
has so many potential projects that it
may well become the feeder of the others,
as of Lakes and Rivers and Marshes.
Furthermore, there is the probability that
the Commission of Snow and Ice will
absorb the Commission of Glaciers - unless
the latter broadens its present scope.

Meteorology. Carl guided me upstairs
to visit the session in Meteorology. There
were a dozen deeply interested in the
upper air, their great research field.
Here Ångström of Sweden was commenting
on humidity at high levels. A youngish man
who preferred to walk the top of a railing
to pass to the other side of the speaker's
desk than go far round like his father
and grandfather, he is a physicist of
the air and had scant time for my
greetings.

Wrightman was sedately present to the
end of the session. Was he merely an

"Observer" as Mr. Crary said Mr. Laughlin must be? Can not permission be obtained from the Secretary of Department? He remarked that when he visited me in Moscow I was impressing so slowly that they did not think I could possibly reach the meeting.

→ Carl took me to Mercanton just coming from a rear room. He was dividing his time equally between Hydrology and Meteorology. He backed Hobb's suggestion regarding a series of sub-commissions in a general group of Cryology, saying that no one chairman could be specialist enough to direct the manifold projects in a Commission of Snow and Ice. He had failed to be present as Secretary of the Commission of Snow and unfortunately his Commission of Glaciers had been represented only jointly with the Commission of Snow and no "Committee Report" had been assigned him. Yet he was very cordial and I tried to express my deep appreciation of his tolerance of the broad ambitions of the Commission of Snow.

I should include also Colonel Gold, a very active participant in both Meteorology and Hydrology since Mercanton.

He attributed the big program to my inspiration and that at least I had shaken up the Association.

Slettenmark and Ranzjot
were such typical Swedes
that to me they were twins
but they breathe health.

Dienert and Litschig impressed me
so evenly that I confused them for a
day or more. Both were gray.

Dienert was heavier and bald and
spoke only French - Litschig was slighter
and looked older than 64 years. ^{He spoke only German and French.}

Both were very active, tho unobtrusive.
The Atmosphere. Kindness, good wishes
on every hand, solicitude for my health,
and satisfaction with the Snow Commission's

program. It had evidently been the
most popular part of the Association's
meeting. Carl had left a good
impression. Several chairmen had
presided at the sessions including Hobbs.

→ Some failures occurred. Because of my
absence and the need of my signature
the Los Angeles Film was denied admission
as was the box of instruments and
pamphlets intended for exhibit. However,

→ Slettenmark displayed two reliefs of snow
cover under the influence of the east
and the west wind respectively.

Owing to the number of papers offered,
Seligman and his advisers decided to present

The air mail envelope also could
not be found. Carl had never
seen it. According to Starke's letter
message it was not sent to Riga.
I shall try to find it again.

only those whose writers were present
or the reading of which had been arranged
for. Thus the entire Russian group
remained unread. I had urged that
all papers be presented at least by
summary, but the task of preparing
summaries seemed too burdensome.

I fear that I would have attempted to put
over this task if I had been present.

There was a slight feeling, said Seligman,
that I was attempting to deluge the other
commissioners but that he understood.
Smetana and Dienert acted so too, said Carl.
I would ^{probably} have made the matter clear
if I had given the Presidential address in
person. The gate of invitation had been
opened wide and a flood of enthusiasms
followed. I would close the gate on none.
I wanted to know what the world
had to offer. My original program had
been well balanced and was not
exaggerated. It might be impossible to
present all except in summary but
I earnestly hoped that all could be
printed in full. The cordial intimacy

of everybody gave no evidence of disapproval.
Grassman Hotel. Carl and Menzies,
liaison official for the Association, had been

spending the day seeking me quarters.
In London Carl tried 20 before being admitted.

Both finally succeeded but Carl's choice

was agreed upon. When we arrived
there was only an inside room, but I
was satisfied in case the bed was
satisfactory. It was — and there was

a skylight (wanted since my boyhood
but dingy) and an electric heater.

But it was very Scotch. It had accepted
shillings until its throat was full but
refused stubbornly to repay with heat.

Fortunately for me it could not swallow
my shilling entire and I could pull it

out. I was to be transferred to an
outside room on the morrow. The rate
was cut somewhat. The meals were
unusually good and homelike.

Carl had received an invitation from
Mr Laughlin to join him in a visit
to Holland as guests of the Reclamation
Engineers directing the snowwatering and
unsetting of the Luider Ice basin.

Copy of letter sheet I with messages to the
Merrimans, Dr. Paisky, and Vladimir
Bogdanov to folder #1

"Max" had already fled the meetings and was waiting for him in London. He planned to take a bus in the early morning. I had looked forward to his companionship and guidance but could certainly reach my steamer somehow. I had been done three weeks of illness, surely I could manage one week of convalescence. He must not lose his opportunity and Max's companionship.

He had already sent telegrams to Moscow and took with him some air-mail letters. He gave me a map of Edinburgh and my bearings and the location of the Express Company and the Cunard agents.

There was another formal reception on, but he begged off. The first one had cost him \$5.⁰⁰ + for a suit and he had met only two persons. The reception was too formal and ended soon in a dance. I agreed that he need not go and decided to avoid every reception of whatever type. I needed

To rest much for the business and technical meetings.

I was losing Starke too. He was returning via London and Berlin to Riga.

So he left me early in bed with my promise to be good.

Left from the day's activity was a letter from Director Toten - the most spirited one he has ever written me - which I treasure, and a letter to him from Carl describing his efforts to safeguard me. I little knew then that others would promptly take his place.

September 22, Shabby but went to Starke's hotel to suggest that he be Secretary of the Commission. All of the papers and even my personal mail had already been sent to Riga, ^{possibly also the Baltic reprints.} He had expected to meet me there on my belated return from Moscow and had suggested this in his letter to Botkin Hospital. However, I had requested him by mine to wait for me at Edinburgh.

He was not at the hotel. So I silently paged the Flying Scotsman - the toughest

In the mail was also a note from Larry
[letter from Toten] and a note from Larry
[copy letters]

Letters from S.B. Doten, Carl Elges, Donald & Pearl, and Larry in folders

job I can now recall. My whole body and soul was so weary. I looked at the hurrying passengers with envy for their energy and wondered how the old gateman looked so strong. I was the wearer for my task was unending. Steele had taken an earlier train in order to stop off at Newcastle.

Registration. At the door I met Dr. Wayland Vaughan, my old acquaintance and President (retired) of the Scripps Institution at La Jolla. Sverdrup is taking his place. He remembered me and referred to my illness. The entire Union seems to know it. Celebrated for my hardship.

Within they refused to change for my room at Ramsay Court saying that my illness had been long known.

The big envelopes of programs, guides, invitations had already been made up to avoid the rush. So service was astonishingly prompt. The pin of identification I failed to remove from my coat until I reached America.

President Smetana, I found quietly

reading proof with Secretary Dierent.

They handed me the following note from Starke:

Bydine came in with a carefully completed MS and chart showing the very close correlation between the annual rise of Lake Tahoe and the mean annual temperature(?) at Leningrad. I had promised to send him data on Tahoe covering the entire period of measurement. I intimated to Smetana that the moods of Tahoe were too individual to be tied up with ^{Russia} Leningrad, but he approved at least the effort to make general correlations for the chance of ultimate discovery. Earlier, ^(yesterday) Bydine had passed to me his ^{his address} calling card with a perfect sentence of English written on it inviting me to call. He has his Commission membership printed on his card. I like his youthful ambition and devotion.

→ Smetana did not know the cost of the pre-volume, containing the MS of the other commissions. Dierent had not yet received the bill. But he assured me that if the sum already allotted for our volume was insufficient he would try to obtain an additional allotment.

notes from Starke in folder

→ He drew a new volume from his table drawer. It was a Bibliography of Hydrology by countries thru 1934. I did not notice the date of beginning. This is the real achievement of his administration.

He told me that Doctor Süttschq had been nominated as his successor. I expostulated but made him finally understand my feeling by saying that his retirement gave me Heimweh (made me homesick). But he said that I had worked with Dr. Süttschq and lived him. That he himself must not hold an office too long.

I spoke of my opposition to the plans of Jabrowsky and of Hobbs and Mercanton. He agreed fully.

Menzies had meantime come in and referred to my devious gait when entering the University yard. He prescribed rest for me but I compromised by agreeing to go home if he would first page Keranon and Morixfer whom I had learned to be somewhere present.

He gave me the name
of my deaf-mute who
called at Moscow with his
My description and the deafness
were sufficient.

They were quickly on hand. Penrose
smiled broadly at my report of my Russian
experience. My letter from Moscow to
Helsingfors had not reached him before
his departure. He was his own dear
self. He had brought Korhonen's paper
which I believe that Penquist had read.

Morikoff admitted that he could speak
English somewhat — and amazed me
at his perfect handling of the language.
He had arrived on Wednesday and had
previously written me that he would be
glad to present a paper on his laboratory
and its activities. I had received the letter
only after my own arrival on Monday.

Because the program had then progressed
to Glaciers and was crowded, he withheld
his paper. I now urged him to prepare
his paper for publication but to give
special prominence to the pictures.
He heartily agreed that pictures are best.
He gave me an invitation to visit his
laboratory but preferably in winter.

To Bob. Menzies was waiting like
"Curly locks" at Moscow for me to finish

the visit. And Colonel Gold in friendly league with him suggested that he was going past the Grosvenor Hotel and would give me a ride. I was glad to accept and promised to stay in until I had more reserve gas in my tank.

The Dütchgs. I chose bed as my greatest comfort and chose aspirin. Dr. and Mrs. Dütchgs, who were staying at the hotel, came soon after lunch. She was the daughter of a physician and offered first aid, but she decided that her fever medicine was quite similar to my aspirin. They persuaded me to have a doctor and I asked them to obtain one thru the hotel office. But they left indelibly in my mind the word ^{"Vorsicht"} (Caution), which they reiterated often. Said she, "So many of my friends at 55 years suddenly fade out from pneumonia."

The ~~ventilator~~ skylight was adjusted for steady ventilation and the burned off feed wire of the electric heater was repaired.

Four shillings latent in the heater assured me heat for 80 hours at some victim's expense. So I settled down quite at home

with Marusha's sole surviving aster now
[Flower in folder]
dry on my dresser - but soon hidden in a
drawer on the morning of my hospitalization that the maid

The doctor, a slight, gray-haired man of 50
years, found my temperature normal but
my pulse 96. We agreed that this might be
due to the aspirin. I had been quite lame
from a boil on my hip coming to maturity
and another trying to overtake it. These
won the doctor's fancy at once and he
decided that they formed the seat of my
weakness. He urged rest and decided
to come twice a day until the boils were
drained. A tongue-tied but faithful room-
maid brought my meals.

Dr. Lutschy came in the evening with
a promise from President Smetana that
no change would be permitted in the
Commission of Snow without my approval
and made me promise to remain in
bed over the next day when, as he said,
only technical commissions would report.
Again he urged Vorsicht.

September 23. In but up. Mrs Lutschy is a
dear. Her German was delightful and
she spoke so frankly and fully of Dr Lutschy.

which I understood existed
in the hostility toward him I stood firmly
with him. He smiled appreciatively but made no reply.

might throw it out as meals.

of his candor and support of the truth as he sees it. Of his age - only 64, but one aged quickly at his years. This spring he had spent several weeks at Wiesbaden trying to recover from a broken ankle. It was here that he had written me his letter on yellow paper in pencil. Yet never a word of his misfortune. She seems not over 50 and is so motherly. She warns me against the drafts in the poorly heated hotel. Sattand with its clouds, its mists, and semi-rain is an easy place to fall ill.

→ Seligman also called and wanted to move me into a better room. He was planning to go on Friday to Ben Nevis to see what opportunity might ^{be} offered for snow-surveying or snow-cover projects.

Up to write letters at 3 and to eat dinner. The doctor would come early in the morning so that I could attend the Business Session of the Association.

The proprietor and I had a long talk at dinner. I praised her good bed and she called it chaff. But she praised her

dining room as one of the most satisfactory in the city. She lingered long to hear about Russia — and wondered why she lingered when she had so many other tables to visit.

She would not add an extra 10 percent for service, "for some could not afford it." She advised her help to do their best and pleased patrons would be sure to give them a little.

A special waiter enquired whether I wanted something to drink but lost interest when I called for water or milk.

If only I could plow under those boils. One has broken. Toothache is mild in size and depth. My appetite is correspondingly light.

The evening was spent in preparing my arguments for a broadened Commission of Snow and Ice.

September 24. On my Feet. Zubrigski was thankful to see me. He said that his heart had fallen when he had heard that I was in bed again. I assured him that it was only a rest at the insistence of my colleagues.

→ Rondo brought me reprints of his work in Poland and told me that he had organized winter stream-measurements in Russia. Stakle seems to be right in his praise of him. He should be a good chairman of the Polish Group. But we should confer further with Stakle and Smetana.

Business Session. a letter from Donald. Dr. Dütschq had planned to come with me but had been called early to a special conference. To save my strength President Smetana kept me in the office until the Business Session began.

→ At the session Mrs Munk-Petersen introduced her husband Professor Munk-Petersen to me. I had tried to call them at Copenhagen. He is stone deaf. She is his constant companion and intellectual herself. She explained his long failure to answer my letters. He had been months in the hospital and had had several operations. He was glad to become a member of the Commission.

I was introduced to the group by

Note with "Tribute to Dr.
Mercanton & Dr. Hobbs"
in folder 4

President Smetana and prepared my notes for my argument, but found that the meeting was proceeding without me. It was just "a hand" that the President had requested at my joining their ranks.

The business session was very active, in fact too active for my ignorance of French which flashed like lightning. Some day I may get the expletives, then the details.

New officers were Dr. Lütchq, President; Director Slettenmark, First Vice President; Mr. Zubizicki, Second Vice President (or should these names be transposed?); Mr. Dienert, Secretary; Dr. Meinger, President Commission of Underground Waters.

After much discussion all commissions were retained.

Mr. Starke was proposed by President Smetana and gladly accepted by me as Secretary of the Commission of Snow, despite the fact that he came from a non-member country.

The agenda of the Commission of Snow were cut from 1., 2., and 3 a b c to 1., 2., and 3 a in order to keep the projects within the constitutional three. Seligman

made the motion, probably to cut out
apparent aggressiveness by the Commission.

I urged the retention of 3a. Snow Maps
because so much had already been
done as in North America, and parts
of Europe. The vote was close. The
five Agenda had been inserted by the
→ Executive Committee and I was sorry to
lose any, especially since the interests
of the Commission were so many.

Seligman proposed also that four
vice-presidents nominated by the Executive
Committee looked "silly" and should be
reduced in number. I had originally
nominated two: Dr. Dobrowolski and
Dr. Sitschq. and had later at the
suggestion of Starke nominated a third,
Mr Samoilovich, which at final suggestion
of Prof. Liakhutsky and Prof. Weinberg
was changed to Prof. Feinstein. The

→
Fein from Moscow, I
suggested Feinstein, Sitschq,
and Sverdrup.

Executive Committee's final nomination
was four, viz: Dobrowolski, Sitschq,
Feinstein, and Sverdrup.

Seligman suggested three, then two,
and, I think, finally one. But in the

quasi-fine French I did not learn the final decision. Since Lutschky is now president, he can be dropped; then Svendrup (who has not been informed) and Dobrowalski. Fainstein after my letters announcing his election must be retained.

Dobrowalski was evidently nominated as a compromise to him after turning down his proposal of an Association.

→ But I can now place Rondo or some other chairman in his place in the Polish Group. He has the encyclopedic information of Horton but despite his persistence appears to be a spent force.

About this time Mercanton left the room but in passing my seat paused for a greeting. I urged him to remain for the discussion on the larger name of the Commission of Snow and suggested Commission of Snow and Ice

→ but with the Commission of Glaciers apart and independent. He heartily agreed but urged that they keep "close together".

This happy outcome I reported to Dr. Lutschky, who said that Dr. Mercanton had told

him the same thing. I then tried to bear the news of President Smetana, who however was too greatly engaged in supervising debate to give me the necessary attention. So I returned to my seat and awaited a call to the floor, which I thought was the pre-arranged plan, for I had declared my desire to debate.

The title on the Agenda Sheet was "Commission of Snow". No motion was made to confirm the Executive Committee's action in enlarging the title to "Commission of Snow and Ice". Was any action necessary? Why the shorter title on the agenda sheet?

Did President Smetana decide to leave the old title for another three years to determine the final evolution of the Commission of Glaciers?

I failed to raise the point. In any case the Agenda included ice also, and, as Seligman had earlier remarked, the title "Snow" can readily be stretched to include "Ice". Possibly my non-aggression in not forcing a debate on the question may leave a kinder feeling toward us.

Toward the close of the session,
Dr. Dobsonowski argued almost impassion-
a ^{protocol} protocol to the 1936 meeting to debate
at that time the formation of a new
International Association of Cypology. All
agreed and he again generously shook
hands. At least any new organization
of this kind will be kept within the
International Union.

Secretary's Report. Secretary Dienert's
report was extremely appreciative of the
Commission of Snow - particularly of the
large number of papers, which showed
"scientific excellence of a high order".
Names rather than numbers should rather
have been the standard of judgment.
However, he felt that he could not grant
all of the assistance desired and
recommended that the Association allot
a certain sum for publishing these snow
papers which should not be exceeded.
He voiced also the Commission's idea
of keeping in continuous touch with
outside scientists to attain greater progress
and thus accepts its suggestion of obtaining

Translation of Secretary
Dienert's report in
Folder 2

9. Honours publication
is placed last in his
budget allowances.

members from non-member countries
and freely in all countries irrespective
of national organizations. ⁹ The following translation
is appended: ^{of the report.}

General Session of the Union. Doctor Meinger and I decided to take lunch together and were directed to an attractive lunch room upstairs in a department store.

Then we sought the General Session of the Union to listen to Association reports. There were about 200 in attendance with two, possibly from Japan. My old fellow Traveler Director La Cour of Copenhagen was presented as the next President by Doctor Bowie, retiring President. He attributed his election to his leadership in the Palau Year Program. He spoke well in English, repeated it in French, I believe, but amid laughter pulled his German version from his pocket to read.

The old Secretary from Aberdeen was continued in office. There were so many French secretaries of Associations that he seemed strange. Yet he unconsciously dropped into French thinking that he was speaking in English.

Association Reports were so uniformly in French that we could understand

little and there seemed little demand for an English or German translation. Therefore, few of the recommendations were understood by us. Dr. Bowie ruled against printing because of the consequent delay and declared them carried unless objection was raised. Dr. Meinger requested the translation of a few. Most were of great moment.

The Report of the Association of Hydrology was given by President Smetana. Secretaries were the usual readers. The report was brief with no special recommendation. He and an earlier president had been elected Honorary President.

Votes of Thanks would have lost their force if the recipients had heard them passed in bloc with the request of the Secretary that he be permitted to frame any others that he might have overlooked and attach the name of some leading delegate to them. Thus none could be overlooked and in the land of formality possibly no objection to post-arranged thanks would be raised.

Of greatest interest were old friends and
→ new. I slipped 5 shillings to Prof. Keranov
to pay for postage on Vol. I of the Journal
sent by him from Helsingfors, but he
returned it saying that the expense
had been borne by his Office. Doctor Vaughan
was again present. I met Commander Heck,
now President of the American Geophysical
Union, and Doctor Fleming, short and
stumpy, who was very solicitous. He
had been to Russia in 1930. Hotel Europa
was not so comfortable then.

→ Director La Cour was apparently eager
to have more names on the Commission
of Snow but said that Emil Petersen,
urged by Commander Speerschnider, was
never a specialist in snow. I requested
him to appoint a member.

I was interested in a very tall
Hollander who had traveled many
thousand miles in a submarine
to study gravitation under optimum
conditions. Other nations were now
assisting.

I bade President Smetana a last Goodbye.

→ Doctor Fleming walked to the streetcar with me and left me at a "stop" post while he went to his office to obtain for me a set of the last Transactions of the American Geophysical Union.

He had also brought some of my reprints, but according to Cash Secretary Dient would not permit these to be taken away.

→ He suggested that no effort be made to obtain a refund for the charge of \$10 for the Irish visa. If there had been time, the visa could have been obtained in Washington without cost. Besides any visa was technically Irish rather than British and Ireland had only an indirect interest in the meeting of the Union.

Reg and Oxford. My boils are toothaches as large as dollars. They are worse than stews.

My directions for embarking at Greenock have been sent by Cunard thru Dient, my forwarding address in Paris. The Antonia will not leave Greenock until noon of Saturday the 26th with train from Glasgow at 11:20 a.m. The Union will adjourn tomorrow, Friday,

noon. I could travel nights and possibly make the calls Friday or wait over a week. But I am too weary. The journey and the wait seem too long for my strength. Charlie Chatfield deserves the Oxford calls. That was my chief pilgrimage. At least I must take home new valid bills for his superannuated 10 shilling notes. I can write a note to Reg and Marie. The fault is partly theirs. I would ask Reg to meet me at Glasgow, but that would mean missing Marie, "The Furnovs", Bristol and Gloucester.

The Commission's Geist. Doctor Lüttschky came in this evening to my room to assure me that I have been the Geist (spirit) of the Commission of Snow and that he authorized me to direct the Commission during the coming three years as I thought best and as broadly as I had developed it.

I congratulated him in turn to his great appreciation — but I shall miss President Smetana, my first president.

Dr. Lüttschky was hurrying away to a Swiss banquet where, for Swiss delegates and wives, would eat and drink as they had done at these previous meetings.

The English Group. Seligman is making his English Group an active body with much the enthusiasm of the parent Commission. Earlier in the week at his enquiry I granted him continuous permission to choose his own memberships and organize his work. He had nearly one-half of his group at the meetings and is planning a meeting in London at Christmas. As in the case of the Commission he plans to make his Group as pliable as possible. Work rather than form is his ideal.

Moody. "I can conduct the Commission any way I will." The snow meetings were largest. Then attendance fell away. My work and illness have become widespread. However, just a bit discouraged at outcome of Business Session — but have won in all essentials.

Now home and sun. Can stay here in bed until Saturday morning and then proceed quickly to steamer.

September 25. Last Day.

Rain, wind, and bells thru the skylight.

Eager to be out in the storm
To Business Meeting.

Met Doctor Vaughan again. He felt
that Dr. ? should have been present.

Enquiries had been made for him.

He has now developed his Sea Temperature
and Precipitation Studies by adding
many temperature stations ^{at wide distances} to his series.

→ Dr. Vaughan sent greetings to President
and Mrs Clark. She had been present
at the reception to Dr. Sverdrup, at
La Jolla. He admired David greatly.
He himself had had what appeared
to be pneumonia - but on apparent cure
the fever did not abate. A tiny spot
of tuberculosis was found and this
spot was deflated. It has now been
inflated again but he must wait
a year to be sure that a complete
cure has been effected.

He was waiting a week for his
steamer from Elapago. Had he known
that the steamer would close a day early,
he could have caught mine.

→ The Business Meeting was relatively
small. Only chairmen of the delegations
could vote. But observers were admitted.
It was interesting to see the men in
eager action. All three languages were used.

Bydnie was there - ever faithful.

→ I obtained a list of delegates to the Union. I had actually seen all the members present of my Commission except those who had left early. Two of my members from non-member India were present and registered, tho I had not met them.

Not a national prejudice was shown except a shunning of the shoddies when announcement was made privately that the Italians had refused to come. However, one Italian ^{knows the rule.}

I am sorry but must use the mails. Sir Douglas Dawson and Dr. Priestly had been at Cambridge but did not come over to Edinburgh.

Professor Shaffernax of Vienna was listed but had not been seen by his colleague.

I had planned to call on him at Vienna in keeping with my promise to Casagrande.

Finances had dwindled seriously.

Only 10000 Swiss francs were allotted. To Hydrology in place of the 70000 expected. But this amount was the minimum and might possibly be increased.

→ I fear the result on our proceedings. To Lunch with the Weingers. He took me to his pension in St. George's Square. This pension was a girls' university dormitory. The Square was gloomy.

There were spears in the fence and green moss on the stones. On one side of the square was Walter Scott's birthplace continuous with others. But inside the walls and winding stairways reminded of the American Colonial Homes. 8 Only 10 shillings daily for rooms and meals. No tips.

The girl students appeared to be the waiters. The guests sat at community tables. Here were the Mercantons, La Cours, Weingers, Dobrowolski. An appetizing dish or two made a satisfying lunch. Dr. Weinger will look up Donald in Washington and take an interest in him.

On our hurried return to concluding this ceremony, we met Dr. Dobrowolski coming this. We had a very happy meeting. So interested and so cordial. yet so adjournment. a message was read from Charcot's family expressing gratitude for a message of condolence from the Union. Charcot's ship, the *Pangloss* had been wrecked in a storm on the rocks of Iceland with the loss of all but one. I had heard the news at

persistent and fierce especially at the Commission of Indignation when that Dr. Weinger called him a fanatic. Dobrowolski had used the epithet "Schwein".

News clipping "French Explorer made Important Discoveries" in folder 2

Moscow.

At the door I met Professor Chapman, whom I had not seen since July. I returned at his home with Seligman in July. He was still studying but candid.

Dr. La Cour was again presented and President Bowie counted it a rare honor that he himself had long been President of the Association of Geodesy and then been elected President of the Union.

I greeted Dr. Bowie as a fellow American. He immediately congratulated me for my interests, saying that snow, ice, erosion are the greatest factors in changing the Earth's surface.

There was a final afternoon reception at the Women's Club but I passed this up on principle of resting. Yet today I have walked several blocks despite the boils. Colonel Gold's auto stood before the club.

Farewells. Dr. Weinger walked with me to the street car, as I told him of my purpose in accepting the Vice Presidency of the Section of Hydrology of the American Geophysical Union viz. to leave the office larger and better than I found it, he reminded me that he himself had felt the same and had organized the Western Meeting which I

was now planning to expand to four sectional meetings. Then I realized the bond that seemed to hold us in such close sympathy.

As I bade him farewell, the car jerked me in a flying circle to the platform - a rather violent but successful landing - as he turned away with a white, rigid face.

I stopped at Woolworth's for color picture cards of Scotland and detoured to Steamer Office ^(MacKay Bros.) for money and tags and the railway station for a ticket to Glasgow. I would leave in the morning with full tranquility.

"Lord Balfour"
Home at 4 p.m. to meet the doctor for a final inspection. The second bail was hastening but was still unripe. No temperature, no pulse above normal. He advised attention on the steamer by the doctor, but finally I dressed it myself.

In the morning he had set 3 Guineas as his probable bill but after computation found it 2 Pounds 12 and 6.
He also attached stamps ^{to my bill} which he said were necessary to validate the receipt.

He insisted on paying for the stamps himself.
I could not decipher his signature.
So I called him "Lord Balfour". He has
all his finish and dignity.

When I told him of my difficulty in
exchanging Charlie's old shilling notes for new,
he promptly agreed to accept them and
gave me equivalent new bills.

Calls. Two phone calls. The bellboy runs
up the stairs or elevator to my room and
rushes me into an adjoining vacant room
where there is a phone.

Merzies called up from out of town
to enquire about plans and promise if
possible to bid me off on the train
at 8:30 a. m. He and Gold have been
royal.

Then a far call from Bristol. It was
Reg who had used my letter paper
heading as a guide. He hoped and believed
that I would return next year. His voice
had the strength of youth. Time was
up but Marie begged for a chance to
speak. Her voice was mellow and
winsome. Yes, some day I'll see them.

Disappointed. I had wanted a final conference with Dr. Lütsehq but he was too tired and rushed. I asked for only ten minutes but Mrs Lütsehq explained that they had been up until midnight and must still pack. They are returning to Zurich three hours. I urged the request but detected finally the word "würde". He was replying "if only we had leisure for a talk". So our parting was very gracious on their part but had an air of finality. I must have shown my disappointment.

I had four questions for answers rather than discussion:

1. Name of Commission?
2. Amount available for Bulletin?
3. Number of Vice Presidents voted?
4. Mimeographing Annual Report.

Somehow I left with the feeling that he had learned the bad financial news from the Business Session and dreaded discussion.

I must now put these questions to both Presidents - Smetana and Lütsehq - for answer. Can I possibly persuade the

Presidents of the Union — Bowie and La Cour —
to increase our minimum appropriation?
Will our "overlarge" pioneer efforts in
Snow and Ice win their sympathy?

Moody. "Stanger, have dinner this week's
Journal thru. Too tired before. How
depressing to be ill. Reading, writing are
sickening. They give me a fever taste.
I hug the bed"

9:15 p.m. Pack and to bed. That boil!
"a stew"

Hotel bill paid. Tips arranged:
Bedroom and meals there 2/0 sh.; Table 2/6 sh.;
Baggage both ways 1/6 sh.

Breakfast at 7 a.m. if desired. The
waiters are speeding the parting guests.

Prescription for Church and Grosvenor Hotel
Stationery in folder 2

Sailing schedule for Cunard White Star line, and
"Donaldson Atlantic Line Embarkation Arrangements"
To folder #2

Saturday, Sep. 26 - Farnell to Scotland.

Said Menzies this morning when he came into Edinburgh early to see me safely on my way, "I'm sorry that you have not had an opportunity to see Scotland."

But I assured him: "I have lived many years ago in Edinburgh for ten days and have bicycled 250 miles thru Scotland. And in 1928 I was fortunate in traveling from the Hebrides thru the Highlands and Islands to Glasgow. So my enforced stay in bed has only served to refresh my memories." Said my Doctor one day in raising the same question, "you probably know Scotland better than many who live here."

Edinburgh still maintains its charm. To me it is the most individual and beautiful city I have seen - possibly because of the hills, the Castle, Princes Street Gardens and canyon. Gothic seems fitting in this setting - both parapets, spires, and monuments. The only misfit are the numerous vast statues, all too numerous and the tendency to transfer plaid patterns from kilts to trousers - long legged ones too.

But read "Robert Louis Stevenson" by Jessie E. Macdonald. in the
Official Guide. Edinburgh has acquired permanent meaning also time. I have
not seen it all. I must come back.

Dr. Meinger, however, points out the monotony of gray buildings with bare apertures for windows and over-elongated chimney pots. "Not a window flower box, and walls dingy with a century or more of soft-coal smoke." The curving roofs, colorful house-fronts, and neatness of the tiny German towns appealed far more strongly to him.

Then heavy iron grillwork before basement stairs and spike-fence pickets also offended. But once inside these offensive exteriors, delicate stairways with winding balustrades are found. Is the Briton so exclusive that he makes his outer walls offensive?

In any case the British plainness is preferable to the over-ornate baroque of the Continent, and is now being re-expressed in modern structures in all countries.

→ Zürich. I had come to dread so much changing of cars, but today I am entering into the spirit of it with the aid of the ever-ready British porter. Only I frankly offered each 8d. in place of the usual

shilling which quickly mounts to unwieldy proportions. All entered willingly into the agreement. I could swing the smaller two of the seven. Slowly the miasma of illness is lifting. So hotel to Princes Street Station to train to Glasgow, to taxi to St. Enoch Station to train to Greenock to tender to steamer Antonia lying in mid-stream. ^{This included also a devious trip to find a money exchange.} How many rehandlings of baggage? But how many eager hands and kindly faces encountered.

Edinburgh to Glasgow. I looked for scenery, but found converse. An oldish man took the seat opposite. A young doctor and athlete requested the privilege of sitting by him. Then a college mate took the vacant end of my seat. Coffee was ordered. I was invited to join so graciously that refusal would have been offensive.

The doctor in discussing the Olympic Games said that the white race was wholly outdistanced by the colored, ^{in footracing} up to half a mile and that evidently at the next Olympics the struggle for supremacy would be between the Colonial blacks of Africa

and their kindred of America. Would the primitive man from Africa have the better chance because of his native life?

He said too that Olympics in football was impossible because of the variation in type of game in the various countries. He was intensely interested in my story of Russia and strongly satirized the British "nursing homes" frequented by the Briton who desires to avoid the "endowed hospitals". The former had a vicious circle of mounting expenses tacked on for each additional service. He thought however that the difference in salaries in Russia would bring the country in fifty years back to the unequal standards of other countries. However, it was doubted whether savings alone could do so, for they would be too small. Possibly also the Government might intervene.

He alighted at Holytown on his mission of winning support for this month's games in the British Empire series - begun evidently in connection the preliminary gathering of the Colonials for the Olympics.

I paid tribute as usual to the Scotch Highlands and
the tourist money available but suggested that the
"tourist money" might be too high a price to pay for the game.

Craig

We were now passing thru the coal district around Glasgow. I enquired about distress and learned that the industry was improving slowly but that this district was still the most severe sufferer. Merely because this district went on strike and allowed the workings to fill with water. Rewatering is too expensive yet.

The British are so opposed to extremes that there is little difference between the two parties - Unionists and Socialists - particularly in foreign policy. And even the home policy is stabilized by the large civil service group which is ever accumulating practical experience and wisdom.

Exchange - Exchanging money does not seem to be a part of a British bank's functions. Two of them steered me finally to "Cook's" to cash an Amer. Express Co's Traveler's Check in American currency. The banks would have paid it in British Sterling. The Banking or Travel agencies seem to have taken over this function. On the Continent nearly every large station had an exchange office.

My extra walking was due to my need of

5 shillings to purchase "Scotland on Ten Pounds"
but equal desire to obtain most of the check
in American money. This volume seems
even better than "Norway on Ten Pounds".

To Greenock. ^{special to Greenock.} Two trains, one for
the Canadian Pacific Steamer lying in
the roads and a slightly later one
for the Commander "Antonia" lying alongside.
I was afraid that if I did not take
the first train I might lose my steamer.
But the porters unimanously declared
that two trains were necessary to avoid
the chance of mixing the baggage. This
would be worse than mixing the babies
for there would be no come back short
of Montreal — and the Canadian Pacific
Steamer (a double funnel) was much
faster. So I waited nervously until my
train was posted — hand on the train
set for its departure.

Paisley. a timely guide came here on
board or I should not have realized that
J. P. Coats of thread fame was a Scot.
Here were his thread mills and he
had erected many a memorial with his

wealth. I was attracted by Observatory
dome and an open-work curved-line
Gothic spire-tower. Here too was

the home of Paisley shawls, and a hillside
cemetery with slabs tilted and lichen covered. What history.

Greenock. Into open country here - the
green hillsides of Scotland, with stone
fences and distant mountains. Said
our guide: "If you will climb up the
glacis which furnishes Greenock its water,
you will be able to see endless moor
land and heather". The color touch on
the cultivated slopes was lacking.

"Greenock is slow these days," said he.
"My father recalls when there were 13 sugar
factories here. Now there are 4, but with
the same output. Improved machinery
has worked the change."

"Then too the shipyards were busy
building foreign ships. Now other countries
build their own". The idle derricks and
cranes attested his words.

"Why embark here? and not at Glasgow?"
I had understood that it was excessive
port dues at Glasgow. "No, the water
shoals rapidly here and only freight

steamers go up the narrow shallow channel. at low tide you can wade out nearly a mile, then ^{after} swimming a brief distance, and can wade to the other shore. Thus this fjord head is exactly like others in Greenland. The "Queen Mary" was built farther upstream but the channel was dredged for a year and a half to give her outlet. Even when light, scarcely a foot of water was left in places beneath her keel. Her life boats were brought down separately and installed at Greenock.

Embarkation - a dream of delight. No inspection of baggage or money. Only examination of passport - "Special Passport!" - and taking of steamer ticket. No portage charges even at the train. Your baggage is gathered on trucks and delevated to the pier below.

Tho my reservation was made in June, I have an inner room - actually innermost room. Possibly my cycle is running to inner rooms - started with my skylight room at the Grosvenor. The Purser believes that he can place me outside but

my steward argues that this will be less cold and I am not annoyed by room-mates. Perhaps he is right.

The steamer has a moderate passenger list. Only one sitting at meals. But flowers - chrysanthemums - on our dining tables, and steam heaters.

The waterline is 2 feet out of water, but the Company prefers to keep the ship light. The plimsol mark is still higher. Another evidence of the Command's conservatism toward safety.

No gymnasium on board. I shall miss my motor-horse. I have ordered a deck steamer chair which the steward will place in the sun each day for me. He will take me below to the butcher to weigh. I wonder how many "stone and pounds" I now weigh. My cheeks indicate 140 lbs or less. I'm curious. I lack reserve. I find this writing of the journal is wearying.

Down the Clyde. - This time in daylight. Here the brown heather caps or mantles of the hills set off colorfully the dark green of the trees and the emerald green of the lower

slopes. The mountains rise prominently behind. The Isle of Arran was sheer faced in spots but it bore the colors of the fiord. Farther, Craig Roex rose in the center of the fiord like an Pyramid in fact Pyramid, but green above its rugged shores. Now all shores have receded until they are low blue bandaries on the horizon. Fiord boats and a few freighters have been passed. We are going south to Belfast, before skirting north Ireland on our outward way. The blue twilight is here and 7 o'clock dinner gong has sounded.

Florence's Ring. This morning I felt a tiny blow on my foot and was minded to follow it up. There lay Florence's ring slipped unnoticed from my finger while I was dressing. It had slipped too often before and my resolution to protect it was now enforced. I could lose it in Moscow as a tribute to the Russian soul but not here, so it has been returned to my key ring where the Russians had put it when first taken from my finger. I feel lacking without it.

Eggs. Blessed old nurse. She wanted my

eggs just right and understood that I wanted one hardboiled and one soft. I found and ate the hardboiled on the aeroplane. The other escaped completely - both my attention and its shell. In consequence my deep blue Fascist shirt has golden stripes - but it is my last shirt and was selected by the children for travel. My satchel doesn't mind use so I if I keep my coat on.

September 27. At dinner we entered Belfast "fjord" rather than a fiord, flanked with flashing beacons and at its inner end circled with lights - It was Belfast with its neighboring towns and pleasure resorts. As usual we were anchored in the center of the bay and a tender was alongside. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do was the parting message shouted up from below".

The unbroken lines of light made one feel that here was a center of population. Is the North of Ireland more densely populated than the south? It is of course industrial.

The old section fear has not yet abated. Ulster still denies the right of Habeas Corpus. Are not Ulster courts inevitable enough to

give exacting justice, or does Walter seek
vindictive power?

First Night. Classes reversed 50 minutes.
So now have some of my best sleep when
outward bound and had a rest of 11 hours.

But the steamer was rolling toward morning
and my lungs showed their content
by their protest against against the
cold raw air. Well that I had taken the
inside room.

Facing It. Tom Bell says that when I
leave, the art gallery will fail, the
students' interest in art will wane. That
I have built only myself and not love of
my subject into others. Now Dr. Dutschke
says that it is my "Exist" that is attracting
the Snow Commission tho he wants
me to build it without restraint.

What is to come? a collapsed shell and
a proud but futile memory? Is that life?
I want to build principles and institutions,
things so vital that they must live.

I want merely to be the sympathizer
and guide to people's longings. I shall
go on in this hope. Impulse will not
be denied.

Blessed. a steamer chair in the sun.

The deck steward will be a sundial for me and move the chair to places sheltered from wind but exposed to the sun. I thought it a vain plan.

but I absorbed strength in the sun this morning and have had a deep sleep curled up on the Smoking Room lounge this afternoon. I am now

tranquil about my lungs and my boils. So shall not disturb the Ship's Doctor who was sea sick this morning in the dispensary.

Besides I am eating very heartily and am filling up on peanuts on the sideboard. How my Russian hospital mate would approve: "Essen, Professor, essen, Sie müssen essen". Followed by my weary: "Ich darf nicht, Ich kann nicht essen". How patient but persistent they were. What is life? Struggle and memories? To me little else - now should there be.

The Sea. I live to lie and watch it, but this Journal is too insistent.

Our dining room portholes are covered.

And yet one woman on board believes that the Russians were sailing to save me merely for propaganda purposes.

at morning the sea was yeasty.
"Ground swell from the west coast of
Ireland", said an officer. Now the sea
is clean of foam but in ^{its} autumn and
spring mood of restlessness. The steamer
tips and rolls and most passengers
are in their rooms.

But the sky is breaking and the
sun is shining. The waves are silvery.
Only a touch of fog. We are leaving land.

Rhubarb Pie. It looks good in print. It was
even better in fact, a individual vegetable
dish filled with rhubarb below and ^{covered by} the
tenderest, sweetest, ^{driest} crust like a suspension
bridge above. An English tart but named
"Pie" for the American eye. Is soddenness
tolerated only by Americans?

sep. 28 - I have a right to wobble at 11 a.m. "By
appointment" with the butcher I was weighed
on his spring balance like a baby in its
sling and registered 140 lbs. 15 lbs less
or is it 16 lbs from my weight on the Locomotive.
It must have been more at the height of my
illness. How fever can melt one down.

But yesterday I discarded my overcoat.

I need less bedding. My appetite is heavy. My boils - the second as big as a dollar - are waning. I now have two legs free. Just a little more reserve for climbing these oft-recurring stairs.

The Day. A sea tranquil enough for the Maitha to pitch in. All out at breakfast. Overcast with sun mildly luminous at times and the sea sun touched. Air mild. Occasional rain like dew. Quite Hawaiian. Two rainbows. Deck chair luxurious. Orchestra playing Gilbert & Sullivan and other restful airs. The whole voyage is restful.

It must be sleep-demanding. After dinner I lay down on the half-lounge in my cabin and slept soundly till four.

The sea is now an active pastel of blue and gray with porpoises making little geysers with their curved backs and sharp dorsal fin. The sky is overcast with gray-blue clouds and probably dominates the pastel of the sea.

Heather. A young woman had a bouquet of heather and on request generously gave me a piece. It is white - picked by a friend from her garden. My donor also had a bit of

edelweiss at her throat. However, it was artificial and from Bermuda. I should gladly have given her a genuine spray from my home store. However, I told her the story of ^{the} Alps and the children-vandors.

Mussolini. The boat suddenly plunged and I went aft to see an indigo sea beneath indigo clouds. But the passengers were looking at the davit of a lifeboat where a sparrowhawk was perched holding apparently a swallow which he was slowly tearing to pieces. I named him Mussolini and turned away. But word has just gleefully spread that a gust of wind carried the hawk from his perch and unwilling to relinquish his prey he was carried by the overboard into the sea. Prosit omen. Four hundred miles from land is a mighty venture but he deserves his fate.

September 29 -

One Mr. Sandstrom. What a cluster of memories is called up by the following clipping from our Ocean Times. Speerschneider's ^{left-handed} message to Sandstrom. Sandstrom's cruise in the

STOCKHOLM—Prof. Sandstroem, the Swedish meteorologist, predicts a severe winter for the Eastern Atlantic countries on the basis of the Flora Fauna observations, and is anticipating this will be confirmed by the Gulf Stream data, which is now being worked out.

North Atlantic this summer as told by Prof. Ahlmann. If he should be correct? But I have my doubts.

"Make it 15." The little boy who swings the "Cabin Door" has been steadying me along the corridors and on the stairs. "Did you get weighed yesterday?" Yes, I had lost 15 lbs.

"But, Sir, remember that you have another week on the steamer. You can make up 20 lbs." No, I shall be satisfied with 10.

"No, Sir, make it 15." Well, well try.

Shut in Sea - The horizon is close in. Mists or fog framing a tumbling sea.

But sailing visibility still prevails, the rain falls occasionally. We are now in the center of the Atlantic.

Long Hours - Resting not resting. Four hours sleep yesterday, ten hours sleep last night.

What a vacuum to fill.

Evening. The rain is over. The sea is quieting. The sky is a gray bowl upside-down over the ocean. The bowl is smooth

except for a few horizontal bands near the water. At 10 p.m. the rain had returned.

The Sea. but from northwest
September 30. " Wind still an even quarter, Steamer
making 372 and 371 knots daily. We should reach
Belle Isle Thursday noon and Quebec Saturday
noon. The ship still rolls healthily on the
autumn sea. A few spots of clear sky. Far
to south a low long freighter is traveling east.

The only neighbor we have had this trip.

The Sailing of Russia.

"I feel on my toes today and would love
to pace the decks. But I am deeply unwe
wind from Russian story and it travels rapidly.
One woman - the one who doubted this tale -
taxed me if I did not get weary writing. I
admitted that I did but that it would be far
easier if I had a stenographer. But this did
not impress her. "Some people sit and think,
and some just sit." I must get out many people's
nerves. "Of course, I must be a journalist."

But another woman - she was one of 4000
delegates to the World Peace Congress at Brussels -
led me out into the re-recital of my days
in Russia. She had read Maurice Hindus and
understood. "Would I lecture or publish?"

A New Dance. The orchestra came at 9 p.m.
and played jazz dance tunes, but soon
desisted. "It was too rough for dancing."

* * *
Nurse: I rather fancy the patient is becoming lucid.

Doctor: What makes you think so?

Because when I gave him his medicine this morning he tried to blow the froth off it.—*Tit-Bits*.

* * *
A small boy was sitting moodily on the front doorstep of his home.

"What makes you so miserable?" a friendly neighbour inquired.

"Well," replied the boy, "if I had it to do over again I wouldn't eat up sister's lipstick — even for spite."—*Louisville Courier*.

* * *
over the arm of a divan tight to the side
on a lady sitting there. Six inches more would

* * *
"Has Bilson given up sport now that he's married?"

"I don't think so. I saw him yesterday, and he was shaking cinders through his tennis racket."

shing. The steward asked
I called an accident. "No,"
I replied, "rather a murderous assault."

October 1. Plunging. Last evening was just the prelude.

In the night the sound of creaking falling —
the plunging of the ship, and the persistent
creaking of the walls.

The southwest wind had changed to
northwest for a reason — and the reason
was now on us. A gale-half or more —,
a lathery sea with the spray blowing from
the crests, swells that seemed to collide
with the ship. The propeller was racing.

Breakfast was far from amusing to the
children who were occasionally tipped over
onto the floor to the accompaniment of sliding
food and crashing dishes. Our table steward

tippy floor and name
"Catch Can"? It would
could the same effects
of the dancers drunk?
wreckage, at least when
back and was spilled

"did not have time to get seasick".
Do swear.

Today handropes have been stretched between stairways on the deck. The boat heels far over to leeward and affords a gallery view of the tumultuous panorama from my writing table. The Hans Egede still leads as if an acrobat.

At noon, I got out upon the deck. I craved fresh air. The wind was howling and a cloud of salt vapor enveloped the boat from its pounding the seas.

Too cold to enjoy the shelter of a lifeboat if cast adrift on such a sea. The sun shines thinly thru. At this time yesterday warning was received and at midnight the ship was forced to slow down "or drive beneath the waves to Davy Jones's locker".

So only 307 miles this run, and Belle Isle tonight. We can not reach Montreal until well into Sunday. Our first train will be Sunday night.

The day mid-afternoon we passed a freighter close by wallowing in the sea like a whale.

Occasionally the waves broke over her bows and spray burst amidships.

Her red underbody stood out high on the coast

of the sea. Again her body was almost buried. Said a steward: "Seas like these are frequent or rather are usual in the months of October to April."

At five o'clock the sea is rapidly quieting. The decks are accessible again. Only occasional bursts of spray from some major swell occurs. Has the storm passed? Are we reaching the shelter of the land?

The sun is setting in a clear sky. A mist of vapor astern marks the Donaldson steamer for the wind is from the Labrador coast. We had passed. It is cold - shivery cold. There is no log on the stern. Rims are now computed from the revolutions of the propeller. Location can be determined by radio compass.

I walked some on the open deck. but the deck of the hull is now closed to the Third Class passengers for fear that waves may still come aboard.

A dark The Lounge steward is resetting the room. Most of the chairs have been carried by ropes during the day in the center of the room.

"Belle Isle light at eight."

4 photos of stormy seas transferred to photo archives

A lifeline has been strung down the center of the dining room. The table chairs have been put to rest the dishes from sliding.

The Log. Weather for landscape and weather for sailing are two separate things. Here is a portion of the Antonia's log.

<u>Date</u>	<u>Distance</u>	<u>Remarks</u>
Sep. 26th.	Departure	Black Head (Belfast) 8:33 p.m. B.S.T.
" 27	231	Strong Winds + Rough Sea
" 28	372	Mod. Winds, Sea + Swell.
" 29	371	Mod. Gale, Heavy Sea + Swell.
" 30	370	Mod. Wind + High, heavy, confused Swell.
Oct. 1	305	Strong Gale, High Sea + Heavy Swell.
	[8 p.m. Straits of Belle Isle.]	
" 2	380	Fresh to Strong Winds, Rough Sea.
	[8 p.m. Straits at west end Anticosti.]	
" 3.		[8 a.m. Father Point]
	6:30 p.m. Quebec.	Left Quebec 10:45 p.m.
" 4	Arr. Montreal	11 a.m.

at seven, ^{far ahead} the Labrador light at north end of Belle Isle flashes against a belt of horizon clouds. To right or north, sunset colors in an opening of clouds. Astern of us the full moon.

at eight, we passed into the Straits, the double light (one far above the other) at the south end of Belle Isle close abeam and a distant light visible on the northern point of Newfoundland.

The steward reports that Dr. Greenfell is retiring from his work at Battle Harbour and wonders who will succeed him.

colored postcard of Antonia infolded

Our Captain Retiring. Our Captain, Quinn, also retires after the next voyage - at the age of 65. He is mellow and strong. I understand now his dignity and deportment at the Church Service and eagerness to conduct them. Three more services.

October 2^x Voyaging. Labrador shores and islands on our starboard. The sea is tranquil. Everybody is up to breakfast - even some who had not been out previously. The "life line" stretched along the columns of the Dining Room ~~has~~ been removed. In the Straits the wind seemed unendurably cold even from the south. I changed it to lack of vitality, but others recoiled too. This morning we can see our breath. Is it now actually colder? Our steward declares it six degrees warmer.

The windows are still splashed with salt spray - and now a gentle rain is falling. ^{Said} The crew considers the weather changes on this course too frequent to be comfortable. One more trip and the Antoinette will abandon the St. Lawrence route for Halifax - New York until the ice disappears - in May or later. Sometimes they take the Cape Race route south of Newfoundland to escape sea ice.

Once they were delayed four days off Cape Race by fog that made even parts of the ship invisible. The Captain stuck to his bridge and came down finally with his eyes ~~drifting~~ drooping upon his cheeks.

Five weeks are taken off in the winter for a complete overhauling of engines.

To the never tiring stewards the life is a case of "all work and no play, or all play or no work". They are laid off in October and have no recourse but the dole. Russia seems better, for it has the contentment of work.

Our little boy-steward friend confides to me that the crew does not have the passengers' fare - and that it is very meagre for a growing boy. "But," he smiled, "when off voyage and I pay my own, I can fill up."

Bails Gone! Surprised to find the second and worse one caught up with the first and both closed and healed. So my stride should now be normal. But when I climbed the many ladders out of the engine and boiler room, I found my lungs strained to their limit. They seem stuffy. Can I finally clear this away? My reserve is still low, I fear.

There is no longer doubt about
the ship's power to push against
the wind. We are still about an eighth
of a mile to the pond.

I can still sleep ten hours and crave
more. Will the sun accelerate mending?

The Ship's Power. a cityful. 24 fires, oilfed.
Steam Turbine drive to two propellers.

Electric plant. Three men told (3 shifts) to 12
fires. So different from the coal-heaving and
shovel firing of old. The wage earner is
greatly reduced, likewise the cost of travel.

Radiograms. I planned to send one to Michigan.

The charge of 1st 2d per word ended my dream.
\$2⁷⁵ for my message. The wire message from
Quebec will be only 65 cents.

Anticosti Strait. Our long diagonally placed island
of Anticosti has been drawing nearer all day
and tonight at 8 o'clock we are entering the
strait. At least two beacons mark this low
shore. Is the island still the sole estate of a
chocolate king. Chocolate is a vivid emblem
of sea sickness, but he has not yet erected
a sign of "Chocolate." It should be vocal and
have a beer.

October 3.

Father's Point. The morning began sunny
with sound of iron - the anchor in preparation
for Father Point. The wind however was too

cold and we sought sheltered nooks to
look up the shore at bold knobs in the
distance. Our old tar had on his earlappen
hat. But Father Point is on the flat shore
some distance short of the knobs and we slowed
down while at breakfast soon after eight.
So the run is 12 hours from Anticosti Strait.

Mail went off and a pilot came on. Vessels
are becoming more numerous. Our sister
ship Aurania passed us going out. She looks
low at the bow and stubby. The sky is
now covered. It may prove to be a raw day.
Our old tar raves for shelter and talks of
how cold it will be near Quebec and later
in the autumn. The slopes are autumn
brown. Land temperatures are lower than
sea temperatures and Belle Isle seemed
milder. Was it?

Hungry. Only 10:30 a.m. and hungry again
despite peanuts last night and five pancakes
this morning. Now for a tire pump to inflate
my lungs. Trying to close the gaps left in
my Journal.

Saguenay River. About 4 hours up from
Father Point. Northern shore rough and more

like Labrador. Several rivers emerge.

tiny villages. The first may have been the Saguenay. A red lightship there. The colors of the water are shifting under the wind and depth from emerald to almost indigo blue. The air is over-bracing. So soon forces you in. The two shores of the river are slowly drawing together.

^{Halfway Father Point to Quebec.}
The St Lawrence River. Piers, boathouses, trees close by on either side. The south bank is more domestic. Farm houses, villages on the high river bank, a church against the sky. The north shore rougher and tinged with the arctic scarlet and gold. More birch and willow there? Forests in clumps with hills tundra clad. Smuggling villages at intervals. Fish probably connect them with the world commercially.

River surface a yellow-emerald. Waves choppy as in Ruisdael's A Freshening Breeze. So looks and feels like Carquinez Strait. We must be at Laux Couderes, two-thirds of the way from Father Point to Quebec. This also corresponds with the clock, which reads 4 p.m. approximately. We are due at Quebec soon after eight.

a pretty passenger steamer has just passed us going down. Evidently a fast transit for the river towns.

The channel buoys now hug the northern shore of the river. ^{Even here the dredgers fire warning.} The buoy lights are beginning

to flash. The sun's light is growing soft.

Our Orchestra. No jazz except at dances.

The Song of Songs was repeated for us. Today we asked for a repeat on Sibelius. It was physically too hard but was promised for tonight. Fine English boys. Comfortable music.

A Landscape. A quiet river shore. ~~Red~~

Russet ^{-green} trees, white houses, a salmon

sunset sky retreating to a background of blues and heliotrope toward a distant

rounded mountain which dominated the scene.

Quebec. At 6 p.m. continuous lights on either

side of river. The Morency Bridge, ^{on north side} was one string or rather line of lights. High lights suggested

Frontenac on the Quebec side. The high

St Lawrence Bridge is twenty minutes farther upstream.

Slowly we warped inshore with a tug at bow and stern pulling broadside and controlling until a motorboat could carry

hawsen lines in shore to groups of men ready to make the inner end fast. The semidarkness gave mystery to the hurrying figures.

An oil line as large as a man's thigh was drawn up to refill the crude oil tanks. The gangplank as long as a fireman's ladder was thrust from out the warehouse door. The derricks began to grate. Thus it will be probably until 10 o'clock.

Landing has been made easy at Montreal. Our passports have been stamped here. Railway agents have wired for sleeping car reservations at Montreal and Chicago. A telegraph messenger has taken a telegram to Francis at Holly on the chance that relatives can meet me at Chicago. He has also taken an air mail letter to Reno.

My schedule now is: ^{by Can. Pac.} Ls. Montreal, Sunday 3 p.m. Arr. Chicago 7:50 a.m. Monday by Mich. Cent. Ls. Chicago at 10:30 a.m. by Pacific Limited on Northwestern Arr. Reno Wednesday 1 p.m. A comfortable schedule and lower berths - standard to Chicago, tourist theme to Reno.

Songs. One of my fellow passengers has

suggested that I need deep-breathing exercises to expand my lungs. They do feel stronger since the forced exercise of yesterday in the engine room. After all the tire pump may work.

Long talk on regaining my health with a former teacher and now club secretary who had had her breakdown too from playing. She had always wanted to be a scientific secretary but in her days things did not shape themselves so readily for women. Even now she thins languidly of the Mc-Gill College courses. "Take a year to recover. Do not exert ~~endurance~~ endurance. Split your double task." Vorsicht schoed. I still wonder how I survived that first frightened week at the Hospital.

Tobed at 10 pm., for the clock will not be set backward to give me an extra hour. I did not leave for the ship to start.
October 4.

transported South! So sunny, so mild areas in the Tiber. Soft meadow banks, spreading elm trees, farms gently retreating. We are traveling thru rural Canada on a water highway.

The banks gradually flatten, marshlands occasionally occur. Are thives of ducks.

What a place for a boy to live. Only occasionally is the bank disfigured. Once appeared a statue of a pioneer woman on guard, a memorial to one who had held the fort against the Indians. Only now she was guarding the river and might stop us.

Tips - My Deck Steward was contented with \$1.²⁵, the equal of the price I had paid for the Steamer chair. This morning he was lamenting that we had not had this sun and mildness all the voyage for the sake of my recovery. However, I enjoyed the rough weather and this morning took several turns up and down the deck.

My frequent yawning seems to be expanding my lungs tho I do not like the tear on them.

The Room Steward, who had tried to aid me but had little opportunity, was pleased with \$1.⁵⁰ and will guard my baggage ashore.

And the Table Steward who had kept me full on anything I suggested (a rugged quick waiter eager to get food on and dishes off) was very appreciative of \$2.⁰⁰. I agreed to keep full.

The tiny lad at the Cabin door who had frequently steadied my steps was given 10 cents

last night for icecream soda at Quebec,
but this morning reported that he was taking
it home. I had another 10¢ piece ready for
him & put with it. His slender body, sweet
face and quaint dialect appeal strongly to me.
Facing it again. What is personality? Just
being true and thinking it out? I believe so.
So repeatedly have women expressed their
comfort at my words. The hostess of
Grassmore Hotel sat down opposite me at
dinner table and declared she did not
know why she lingered. She had so many
things to do. I had praised her inside bedroom
No 403 for its bed and she declared I was
trying to pull her leg. We shifted to Russia.

On the Glasgow train my seat mates wanted
to aid me from the station. Yesterday our
group discussed Adam and Eve and how Cain
could possibly have found a wife — there shouldn't
exist. We drifted into women mythology
when men had not yet become a part of the
household and how the South Seas mother
of creation had no husband but divided
her body like Adam did to produce her kind.
That man had finally usurped her home

Customs Service form & clippings to folder 3
also Radiogram to Frank Church

and her dignity. Hadn't the woman paid too high a price? One woman retorted "That at least she had helped stabilize him". Thus the Bible defense and eager argument in a corner of the door in the morning sun and out of the cold wind.

And at breakfast, Mrs Ogilvie explained that she was a nonchurch goer tho not a nonreligious woman. And I told Mrs Kennedy who lives near Niagara Falls of our ship's service last Sunday and how the surroundings and mood and not the minister counted. She thought that I was so unusual and so wise, but I insisted that my attitude should be very human and that the observation I had made was gathered from the surface of truth. We both agreed that the profoundest truths were the most obvious ones. "Yes", she said, "if one can see".

I don't want to be just a passing teacher. Is there no way for truth to be perpetuated? Must such perpetuation be fitful rather than steady? Montreal. a thickening of silloges, occasional factories, coal steamers (most unimpeachable), concrete quays, an island with cantilever bridge and viaduct. Then over Canadian

Pacific steamer "Duchess of —" at her berth.

Then our berth. At 11 we were rung but were held in leash until all baggage was due arranged on the pier for inspection.

Easy and kind and helpful the Canadian inspectors. Some ~~personal~~ ~~matter~~ and our small personal luggage was thru in Canada. They believed the evidence of our through tickets.

a long free ride and transfer of baggage by the Canadian Pacific Ry to Windsor Station.

American Inspection. Official genial. Interested in Russian and my trunk of unworn fine clothes. "No need to declare anything" even gifts. Under \$100. In fact total only \$6.⁰⁵ including Ther's rope combholder.

I found that I could carry my five pieces of handbaggage into the depot but somehow I soon felt feverish. No use. I weighed on the springless scales 145 lbs. Have I gained 5 lbs in one week? Only two weeks ago I left the Hospital for Edinburgh. Should I be satisfied?

The Calls. My card had evidently failed to arrive ahead of me. So I called up my friends of 1928. at home. "Would come for me at Station at 1:15 p.m. for lunch". And

happiest of all the whole family comes. Henny and her sister had been so interested in the Eskimos. "You couldn't keep us from coming." Henny had spent a year in England and had returned also on the Antonia. Eight years ago - tiny girls going to bed early. No so tall as mother but still as avid for knowledge as before. This time the subject was Russia. "How about atheism" asked Mrs Ball and she agreed with me that the Russians had the fruits of Christianity.

The Balls paid all the bill - for parcel stand also. I gave them duplicates of the colored Scotch cards and an set each of Norwegian goggles. The girls agreed to hang this in their common den. To meet this family is exhilarating. If only I could meet them more often.

→ The Power Conference. I wonder if Klupáda came too. About 300 visitors came from New York to visit the Shawinigan power plant. 65 autos to meet the train there. Dinner for all.

The St Lawrence. Farewell at 3 p.m.
to the Falls and Montreal. No time to call
up Professor Barnes.

We are traveling along the north bank
of the river with glimpses at Tenessee.

River buoys, several large steamers going
up. Some islands and long stretches
of stream. The view from a steamer is of course
far best.

Near Montreal continuous golf links with
massive clubhouses. Then farm lands,
ordinary houses, but winding paved roads.
Patches of flax, ^{or clover seed?} everywhere - some or much
unharvested. Corn in the shock.

Colors. I was fascinated & weariness by the
woodland colors. So brilliant or better deep -
George Innes landscapes. Oaks? Some colors
were copper-maroon. Sycamores? Mountain ash?
I know too few trees and the train was too
fast.

It was not the birches. They were still
green. The elms were as yet only golden-green.
Finally I discovered maples. They were the
more brilliant. Vermont is a state of maple trees
and the following clipping from my Am. Pac. Ry
folder seems to confirm my belief.

Two planes: 1. the geographic line a great latitude
2. The other a distance line a third. The first is too
awkward.

Clipping about Canada's
maple leaf contest to
folder #3

but down them we
reached Kingston.

One Canadian Line. a movement is as to combine
the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National.

From Montreal to Toronto they are "padding" trains.

Even engines and cars are mixed. Too expensive
competition. We are even now traveling by the Canadian
National line close to St. Lawrence thru Kingston to Toronto.

→ Customs and Tickets - early (11 pm) at West Toronto.

Considerate, quiet, genial? I had already had
three hours sleep. Official had heard my story and
an opposite one about Russia.

Yawning much. Helping my lungs.

October 5. an engineer in steel had chance to go to Russia,
but felt too old. Efficiency or alertness? He is too
aloof and insistent but genial.

Up early by 6 am. EST. Don't trust the schedule on Chicago.

Breakfast. "N.Y. Sarsel apple". The perfect apple and cream of
cocoa.

→ Summer. Sun a red disk like Jules Verne's Song of Hans.
We are at rear of train. Ferns and scrub in color.

Michigan City. Canal and harbor. Dredger.

Lake itself. "a respectable" yacht. Much repaired.

Trail. Nets are sand dunes.

Near Portage. Oak groves. Spreading old
trees. Stretches of dense slender ones.

Flowers make a carpet over a wide
region - purple, white, gold. In full bloom.

Near Grandas and needs golden brown and pink
due to mild temperature near the Lake?

Pines nearby. Oaks and grasses are
conquering the dunes. Only tiny areas are fluid.
Pines nearby. Oaks & grasses conquering dunes

Chicago. a clean say. a quick transfer.
Settled for 10:30 Columbine - Pacific Limited Train.
Marjorie and Doris and Families. Meeting so
uncertain and difficult that I did not
expect one. Then "Ward Church" - a name
of a half century ago sounding thru the
great ^{hall} room. I was being paged.

Marjorie and husband and three babies
had waited thru three trains (I was on
the last). They had seen me but I did
not convince them. Then they took a
chance on paging at the other depot.

Two lovely groups - Marjorie's connected
with the Postal Service, Doris' connected
with faculty of University of Chicago.
University has grown wonderfully. Only
needs more vines.

→ Promised to write and also to tell if
Russia story is published.

Chicago will be my first visit when I
return East. Must see Helen and Alice
also. A 35 min. auto ride from University
to train. The Parcel Lockers are a blessing.
Total cost 10¢. Lock your own. Locker may
hold entire set of baggage.

Geneva. Lake and Observatory. Back to 1892 when I took Florence to the train at Lansing for her trip to convention at Lake Geneva. Great venture for her, great pride for me. Lake not seen. Only the river Countryside. Well kept. Some cornfields not cut. In fact most. Cattle turned in later to trip field. Then stalks dragged off or plowed under.

Clusters and groves of trees. Oaks, elms?, hickories or walnuts.

Purple and white flowers persist. Practically no fruit yet.

Mississippi etc. Our "etc" is Ames, Iowa, Cheyenne - Laramie. Our schedule places everything in the night. I missed the Mississippi. Was very weary and asleep. I had not yet looked over the folders.

Train travel is very wearying. Two days will be almost too much.

Iowa is at least a corn state. Soil dark. Ventilation. Attention attracted by man in white dress and open collar who wanted more air. At night when curtains are drawn they have a supplementary system

Columbine Stationery
to folders 3

Forgot Tama.
We can't forget
"Tama Tama" Wilson.

The seat is now out
elbow in the panel. The
well - a quarter ventilation
turn out of it. - hand
The system will be

system on this train. In first class Pullmans
they have a ventilator box set in the
curtain. Three quantities of air regulated
by fan run from wire plugged into wall
by berth lamp. In tourist sleepers, the inner
window is slightly raised and a sliding
panel in the frame of the outside window
is drawn open. A tiny bit of dust results.

October 6 - Nebraska. Brown. Corn poor. Beginning
of drought region which "extended southeast
into Kansas and Oklahoma. Three years
continuous of loss". Iowa losses very heavy
in comparison. The hills are becoming
eroded into incipient bluffs. a paved highway
parallels us. The speed of autos and trains
is approximately a tie.

Pine Bluff.

Wyoming - Merely Nebraska becoming higher
but greener because of irrigation. Fortunately the
winter snow does not correspond with
the summer rain.

Warried. My lungs seem to be beginning to
labor at 4000ft. elevation. Cheyenne is
6000ft. Sherman Hill is 8000ft. Over 400
miles above 6000ft. However, my lungs
seem normal at 5000ft. at least when

I sit. I can unbutton my belt.

Meals. The "Challenger meals" seem to have spread to other Union Pacific trains. However, I rose from 25¢ to 75¢ in order to keep up my demand for increase in weight and building of reserve.

Cheyenne 6060ft. Paged again. I was at telephone booth, Maude Johnston and Mr Woodward were in Eating Room. They had received my telegram but had arrived five minutes late. Our stop was a full half hour. Gertrude Breed all over except more purgent. I took her an apple from Montreal, she brought me a tiny tea rose raised at 6,000 ft. elev. by Mr Woodward. I have pinned it to my curtain in a paper cup of water. She invokes Wallis' guardian care of me but doubts my "VORSICHT". They will come to Reno and the cottage at Tahoe.

First Trip. A lunch table mate of 35 & 40 years is taking his first trip from home. He doesn't look it and is keenly interested even in bare Wyoming. He realized the loss of not knowing the world by

experience.

Sherman Hill 8013. Never felt it
near ozone below, even when walking.
The man said he had made this
trip immediately of release from hospital
for pneumonia and didn't notice it.
He also was a nondrinker but at the
doctor's advice took an occasional drink
→ of whiskey when he felt weak. There is
not the slightest noticeable distention
of lung.

Landscape & Snow. Sherman Hill is attractive.
Broad coulees with grass on floor and
scant ^{sandy} pines on shoulders. Well painted
cattle ranch buildings where the stream
appears. Snow clad peaks in the far distance
rising above intervening ridges and narrow
valleys. To the northwest what might be
the Tetons if only they were snow clad and
not so near. Golden brown browse everywhere.
A cattle steer. "The clouds seem near".

at Lyons ^{red} gravel pits in area suggesting
copper mines in Utah. The main railway
is now left on a ridge high and narrow
between the many parallel cuts. It even

Where the country is flat
the fences are in places.
Even drifting snow? Sweden?

seemed offensive. At the Summit of Sherman
is a deep rock cut guarded by four or
more lines of snow fences. Some years
ago this cut was filled with a gravel-snow
cement that blackaded the trains for several
days. But snow fences extend east and west
wherever a cut occurs.

Laramie. a Carson City? Trees are poor,
visible buildings cheap, railroad front a
dumpground. Finally I saw the University of
Wyoming in the northwestern outskirts of town -
at least 6 impressive modern buildings
and a tall gray brick chimney. Why could the
university not have been erected at Cheyenne?

Only 56 miles farther east.

Rock River. Concrete snowsheds with paneled
windows near top. Two miles long? and
another half mile of sheet metal. The land
slightly rolling. No cut appears. "Oil fields
12 miles south."

→ Yes, another concrete snowshed tunnel
and flanking it six or eight lines of snow-
fences. The cut is visible here. They grow
desperate. An farther moderate cuts with
a dozen lines of fence. Snowshed here next.

Parco ("Large Oil Refinery). Could it be a refinery or a normal school with town to correspond, Madern. Tiny town but attractive not desert-driven gray like most.

Rawlins. A penitentiary town. Good school building. Penitentiary on the mountain side at a rock quarry(?). Town seems to live from the support of the convicts.

To Great River. Much grass land? If not, its desert. Texture deep, soft, irregular when shadowed by the setting sun. Day before we reach Great River.

Chance Advertisements.

"Don't wake up your wife."

"No more keys." Did you lose yours?"

"Exterior Painting. Interior Decorating"

October 7.

Great Salt Lake ^{at midnight.} a motionless pattern in gray. Beacon lights flashing to northward. How vivid, ^{and startling} the red one.

The Desert ^{Night.} Sky. The Great Dipper sits October 7 close by on the mountain range as if part of earth.

The Humboldt. I had gone to bed at

seven I was in mood to travel
with the Humboldt from my pillow.

→ The water level (i.e. the river) is fully
four feet below the meadows that
form a sponge at the mouth of
Mary's River. What bank storage returns?

The river is everywhere deep in its
channel. frequently the current is slight.
In Maline Canyon the stream is a
series of riffles and pools.

I did not realize that the ^{railway} tunnels
were so long. Palisade Canyon is not
effective from the side of a curtained car-
window. It should be seen from the air.
Saw Bewane close for the first time.
I always liked the row of lambard poplars
as seen from the distant highway to Elko.

Elko compares favorably with Cheyenne
in prosperity looks.

Inlay. "I can never forget the name Inlay,
for I have just taken my wife to Inlay, Michigan."
He is now done in gray age except for his
wife's brother, a gray, who left us last
night at Green River for his home in Idaho.

Much in Little. a little mother: "Children,
we shall see daddy soon. The paper says
he will come Friday."

I loaned my tea-rose blossom to a
Chinese woman behind me to smell.
It was so fragrant.

Lovelock. Water above the dam. Only
a ribbon of water below.

Haystacks all along the Humboldt course
from Mary's River down.

Alfalfa fields at Lovelock green. Elms
also in leaf.

News Agent, advertising the Humboldt: "The
Last River of Nevada. Railroad crosses it 28
times. It is 500 miles long and sinks
into the ground."

a New View Point: "Travelers on our trains
can help maintain Southern Pacific standard
of service by reporting acts of unusual
courtesy or efficiency on the part of Train
Salesmen so that suitable recognition
may be given."

The Truckee. Only normally low. Cottonwoods having
color. The old snow bank on Mount Rose. My valley.
I must hole in. How long? Until next time.

Reno. Reno's reputation limits I had first placed at the Atlantic seaboard. But Verey Balls discovered it in England. It certainly is not in Russia. There my roommate consistently called it "Nero". In America I received only 1 1/2 smiles when mentioning my destination. I am eager to be home. Sun and friends are calling.

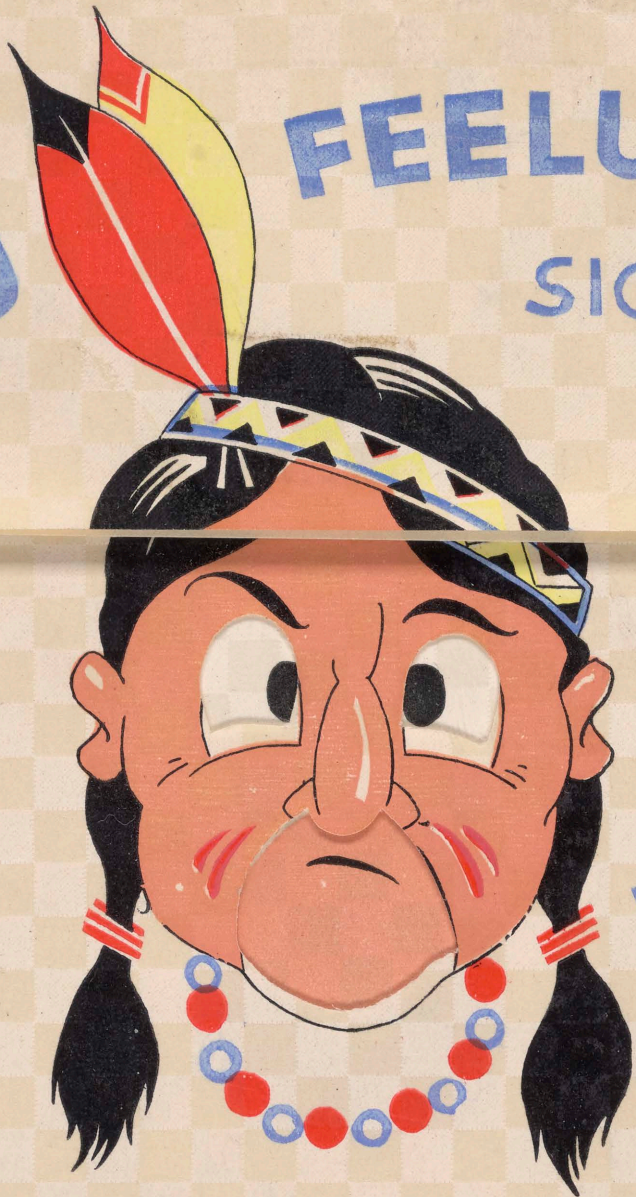
P. S. The doctor says "no signs of recent illness in either heart or lungs. No adhesions in the latter ^{at} all." So the way is clear for full recovery. But we shall retain our motto VORSICHT.

I must share this good news with Botkin Hospital. Meantime by the children's orders I am incognito at home in bed to rest from my journeying until next week.

And the weeks were prolonged until the total of my illness numbered eleven before I returned even to partial work. But 3 months are only a fraction of 3 years - the convalescence period of my previous illness.

[Text of newspaper article about Church's return to Reno in folder 3]

YOU FEELUM SICK?



UGH!

Qra

Hope you no gottum

PALE ~ FACE

much longer!

GET WELL
SOON



UGH!

ara

Swearing -
to Court

42
The Soul of Soviet Russia

The part of some nations is fit only to be ploughed under and replanted to roses.

J. E. CHURCH

Some of life's experiences are worth the supreme price. This experience came without my will. The full price was not exacted. I am grateful both for the vision and the recovery of health to reveal it. As earlier in Greenland, here also the vision was not of strange lands but of humanity.

To understand Soviet Russia one must start as far west as Denmark with its spire of dragons resting on their chins with tails twisted high in air, and traverse Norway with its ancient gargyle gables and Sweden and Finland expressive of sturdy tho crude self-expression with a touch of the old Byzantine East.

I had been warned by some scientist friends to avoid Russia and was put under pledge to report experiences if and as soon as I got out. I was urged

and assured by another who had taught many years at Moscow and loved his colleagues of earlier days. He himself had drifted back to his native state of Lithuania to teach. My sole ^{in going to America} purpose was to meet colleagues and depart promptly.

Boundary inspection is the best index of a nation's mood. Finland might be thought as tranquil as her neighbors on the west. But I was startled at her far northwestern boundary when entering from Swedish Lapland. ^{as a part of} With my baggage I had two briefcases filled with letters and pamphlets. When the inspector opened these, he grasped a handful and turned excitedly to his superior. Ejaculated the latter: "Can you speak? Can you speak German?" Was learning then taboo? In anger I rose on my toes and in stentorian but poor German I shouted: "Ich bin President des Internationalen Schneek-Kommissionen." As suddenly the briefcases were closed and I was passed. Learning then was acceptable. There must be some other reason. The probable ^{one} reason

was suggested later in the recent arrest and condemnation to ten-years imprisonment of a communist agitator who had been expelled from the country but had returned in face of warning.

At Riga on the opposite side of the Gulf of Finland, the trunk of ^{an ordinary} a commonplace little woman was subjected to thorough tho' jovial inspection by the Latvian authorities because of several paper-bound books.

Confronting these barriers but guarding against anti-communist material were the Soviet officials who held the train at the frontier until every sheet of paper, every picture, every stamp had been kindly but diligently inspected. This task fell mainly to the young assistant who could have detected nothing but tell-tale marks or caricatures in my letters and journals on countries and persons. The picture postcards met the same scrutiny as did ^{also} a collection of tobacco stamps being gathered by a Hawaiian teacher for a friend. These were neatly stacked before being returned. Some chocolates were offered to the officers from a box under inspection but were

firmly refused without a smile.
How ridiculous and futile these national
efforts seemed and my thought could
not exclude the laws recently passed in
America to control Academic freedom of
speech.

My resolution was never to see nothing
and speak nothing while within Russia.
I still trembled a bit for my profuse
notes that had been so generously
passed thru the frontier. But the obvious
lay before me, ^{and I could not fail to see, not fail to see,} I had not traveled three
stations inland before becoming convinced
that the people were contented and happy.
There was no atmosphere of being driven
by an imperious taskmaster. Peasants
were lingering about the station platforms.

The stations however were dilapidated.
The platforms ^{and equipment} were falling into decay.
The grandiose station depots of imperial
times stood deserted and smaller structures
were taking their place. A chasm existed
between the jaunty palmbeach suit of
a Danish station master, ^{I saw} and the
dingy garments of our engineer and

train crew. Even the garb of the one woman member was no exception.

But the train ran and more marvelously still it ran on time.

Leningrad because of its gilded spires and mosaic domes looked fresh from above but the stucco fronts were in disrepair as happens in long depressions. However, these traces were now being vigorously restored.

Because of the remission of the heavy visa charge of \$40, visitors to Russia purchase "Im Tourist" Tours, which include transportation, meals, and guides. ^{However,} We were also free to ^{in the cities} travel alone at will. Our guide, a little art and music teacher, unfolded to us ^{Leningrad} the historic background of ~~the~~ city and I could not help but compare it with the "lack of background" of Helsingfors conceded by the Times. The former so baldly artificial, the latter rising naturally from its granite base. Were not the two peoples more alike in their genuineness? The Times loved cleanliness and equality of sex opportunity. They ~~also~~ had a

comfortable home for all. They also had a fundamental love of liberty which they tenaciously fostered despite outside domination.

The historical and architectural background of the city left me depressed as by a low fever. The Fortress of Peter and Paul contained the mausoleum of emperors at one end and ^{at the other end} the dungeon - now a shrine - of prisoners for liberty. The dungeon was neat for its kind but it was an anachronism in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The mausoleum seemed a morgue of murder and suicide, with Alexis, the traitorous son of Peter the First, buried deep under the stairway. The church was full of tombs waist high - Peter the First, Catherine - all in monotonous repetition except two, which were blocks of solid jasper instead of the usual marble. Nicholas and his unhappy family would have filled much of the remainder. The dust of countless feet below and the exquisite beauty of rare ceiling decoration above seemed to jangle. With relief one sought the sun

in the cobble-stone courtyard outside.

More natural seemed the old Swedish harbor ^{on the Neva} won by Peter as his "window to the West" and his little Dutch home by the river. Somehow he must have loved the ocean for its strangeness or its opportunity; for his Admiralty Office ^{was} built also ^{on the Neva} was the hub from which radiated the leading avenues of the city and his palace of Peterhof and his residence at later-won Riga also faced the sea and the harbor respectively.

His naval columns with their praws of ships and his equestrian statue are idealizations of the old Roman Empire which he ~~evidently~~ ^{evidently been} had chosen as a model. Both are crude or grandiose. The former is an imitation of the Column of Trajan erected in the days of Rome's emergence as a seapower. The latter is obviously Julius Caesar riding to victory with the serpent of evil ^{like a weed} tangled in his horse's tail, a buoyant victor as compared with St George and his formidable dragon.

But the unyielding of the foreign becomes

oppressive when one visits the Winter Palace with its ugly classical baroque and the Hermitage gorged with the greatest treasures of earth - the personal gatherings of Catherine. One wonders whether the feelings of the *noijias* was one of wonderment or resentment. The numerous places of tragedy pointed out by the guide indicate the great divergence between rulers and people. Kindly it seemed that some of these spots had been reserved as parks to enshrine both bodies and memories of the victims.

Such became my mood as I walked among the home-spun people contentedly thronging the streets.

I had postponed seeing ^amy colleague at his office on the day of my arrival, for it was Sunday - and won his merry laughter at my forgetfulness. "We work on Sundays in the Soviet and rest the sixth day of the week". Indeed the Soviet has Sunday "over a barrel". The calendar is not arranged as elsewhere in the

Occident with Sunday always ^{in the} first column.
as shown in the following facsimile of a
calendar sheet for July, the first, seventh,

placed
on original

Russian calendar in folder 3

thirteenth, nineteenth, twenty-fifth, and ~~seventeenth~~
in the case of the longest months, the thirty-
first appear in the first column. Thus
Sunday will become obscure and will
most frequently coincide with work days.
giving the faithful much the difficulty of
Seventh Day Adventists in our own country.

Yet the Government does not deny the right
of worship. On the Sunday in question,
holiday and Sunday happened to coincide
and the Roman church, I chanced to enter, was
full even to the vestibule. Young and old
were present, ^{as were also the usual} and cripples seeking alms.

The candles had not yet been lighted,
but groups of women were earnestly singing
hymns under the leadership of some who had
hymns painfully copied on paper. When one
hymn was completed, a quavering, treble

voice would rise elsewhere and win
a choral accompaniment. Thus the
artless earnest music continued until
the great pipe organ burst into melody.

I did not find a Greek church service.
It was the Greek rather than the Roman church
that had been too heavy an overload.
The encrustation of gold and gems in the
countless Greek churches must have caused
much the same revulsion of feeling as
Catherine's Hermitage - and the bowing of
heads to the floor and kissing of the feet of
the priests had tended only toward debasement.
The struggle seems much like that between
Andrew D. White, long president of Cornell, and
the churches which resulted in his volumes
entitled "The Conflict between Science and
Theology."

The effort of the Soviet to turn the
Cathedral of St. Isaac into a "Cathedral of
Atheism" seems to lack force. This greatest
and most massive of Russian cathedrals
has become rather a Cathedral of Science.
From its 300 foot dome swings a
pendulum illustrating Galileo's famous

demonstration of the rotation of the earth. Here were visiting groups of children and older people under the earnest and cogent instruction usually of women teachers.

Before the pendulum was a gigantic piece of machinery with the figure of Lenin earnestly urging. Caricatures of man's worship of animals as in Egyptian Totemism were minor notes. If only this could be made positive rather than negative as in Bernard Shaw's "A Black Girl's Search for God", all St. Isaac's might rise to its greatest service.

That atheism was a thing of the head rather than the heart was evident in the people's behavior. On the street-car I could find only Lithuanian coins in my pocket, but a boy behind me promptly took one of my coins in exchange and paid my fare. A companion and I were off our route seeking for St. Isaac. We appealed to a passing student. When he could comprehend our desire, he alertly led us a long block and a half until he could point out its dome before turning back on his course.

The equality of men and women is even

more complete than in Finland. On
the tramways, where trains rather than
single or double cars are driven, a
woman may be the motorman rather
more often than the man and she
usually is conductor.

Mistreatment of women mentioned in
"Humanity Uprooted" seems utterly to have
vanished. A late-evening scene on the
Neva embankment
~~Nevsky Prospect~~ belongs rather to the
romance of wooing. Here a young swain
to show his strength and skill lightly swung
his companion over the back of a granite
seat, then sat down beside her. A few
minutes later we saw them snuggled
on the granite parapet looking at the
river bordered with lights and the
crescent moon rising at the end of the
vista.

My scientist colleagues [~~in mind, great~~
~~without reserve~~] took me ^{without reserve} into their life.

"I must meet their superior, Professor
Matichanoff." He was a genial official -
youthful, with soft unbuttoned collar,
if any, and a large waist line. I thought

him a political appointee. But he was in charge of the division of meteorology where such success had been attained in forecasting weather six months in advance that other nations had come to learn the secret. "I must also go to the ^{Central} ~~National~~ Geophysical ^{Observatory} ~~Institute~~ if an auto could be procured."

Meantime we had dinner at the Scientists' Club in one of the mansions or palaces on the Neva. Here aristocratic furnishings and homespun ^{clothes} mingled in friendly fashion. The Soviet had renamed it the Home of Rest. Its former owner was now in Paris maintaining his pretensions to the Russian throne. I suggested that the club house might be a fair exchange for the "pretensions" so long as the grand duke remained in Paris. Great pride was taken in the library, supervised by a woman.

Our course to the ^{Observatory} ~~Institute~~ lay out the Sennograd Meridian Road built 40 kilometers by the emperors on the meridian line to the foot of a prominent hill upon the crest

of which was the Russian astronomical observatory, rivaling Greenwich Observatory in England. Vest stones now in a state of dilapidation showed the dignity of the original road. But the ~~road~~^{highway} is acquiring new dignity from asphalt which the Soviet has in abundance and for three years has been using to ^{repair} replace its city streets and highways.

Here we passed into a great park resembling the Beechwood Deer Park of Copenhagen. Here royalty had retired to quietude and the pursuit of the sciences. On the outer border was Farsoke Seelo, the palace from which Emperor Nicholas and ^{his} family were taken to their last exile. In the yard children ~~were~~ were playing and art classes were studying its art treasures. Its old name ^{had} ~~was~~ been changed to Detarske Seelo, "the children's Seelo" — roses ^{planted} upon a tragic past.

At the far end of the park we found a cluster of gardens and homes with observatories for aerology, radiation, meteorology, and terrestrial magnetism. "Would I feel strong

enough, would I care to climb the tower and see the balloon ascensions?"

Manchouff lithely climbed the stairs before me. Here among the tree tops girls were just finishing ^{recording the flight of} a "sounding balloon" sent up twice daily to record the weather in the atmosphere miles overhead. At a far distance was another tower from which theodolite measurements were made upon the same balloon to assure the determination of its elevation within a few feet.

The key to all was a radio instrument carried by the balloon which clicked the temperature, humidity, pressure, and time to a receiving apparatus. When my host was indicated as its inventor, I realized that I was in the presence of the scientist who made soundings of the upper air of the Arctic from the Graf Zeppelin possible. In his visitors book I eagerly wrote the tribute: "as Peter opened the nation's window to the West, so have you opened the window to the heavens."

In the ^{solar} radiation laboratory was being studied the radio conductivity of ice. In the meteorological,

the influence of weather on the formation of snow crystals. The laboratory of terrestrial magnetism had been the modern laboratory of the network of magnetic stations in high Lappland and Siberia maintained throughout

^{all these services of rare value.}
91 the Polar year. The Red and White Armies had struggled along this front. The scientists had often been reduced to a crust of bread. Their families had been scattered in southern Russia for safety but without communication for months. "yet during the fifty five years of the existence of these laboratories, no observation had ever been omitted." Such was the proud assurance my comrades gave me. As a memento my host gathered me flowers from his garden.

As we turned back homeward, we passed three groups of happy dwellers of the Children's Selo strolling along the asphalt highway and slowed down for one drunk who was as indifferent to our radiator as a cow. But search lights were playing over the sky picking out furtive aeroplanes in mimic defense. Here was

probably the explanation of the sudden alarm the previous evening when the ^{and houses} streets were suddenly darkened and the populace was driven within the nearest doors. I had sat on my heels for a half hour in total darkness before being released.

On one way lights were flashing where a night shift was working on a building. "They are rushing a school building" said a colleague "so the children can go to school all day instead of a half day. Many villages have had no school at all".

at another place road construction was being rushed at night while traffic was lightest. Women were part of the crew. at the city's edge a bread van rumbled by. "You know", said a colleague again, "the State bakes and distributes all our bread".

My flowers I bore to Moscow and with them the ardent wishes of my colleagues for success with the higher officials of our science. But I was wholly unprepared for the experience before me.

at the station I wandered away from

the Du Tarnist group to which I was attached
and was gathered in by a Russian boy
who piloted me past the Kremlin, more
expressive of the people than the architecture
I had left ^{in Leningrad}, and into a subway ^{train} of most
cleanly and modern apartments. This
was almost my only vision of Moscow except
my invalid ride before dawn thru its
center. Yet in the coming six weeks I
was granted to know the soul of Russia ~~in~~
far beyond the power of the open street its
revelation, and the power of the open street

The immediate days are confused but
certain vivid impressions emerge, but

A telegram had been sent ^{by a colleague} ahead
from Leningrad, ^{to his superiors} announcing my immediate
~~visit~~ ^{visit} but I had strength only to gain my
hotel. Then I recall a canopy of ice
from beneath which I looked out, ^{fever} at a
madonna who sat ^{daytimes} before me
and joined me in eager struggle to get
well. At nights I looked upon the face
of another madonna, ^{whose} eyes seemed
~~embryonic~~ ^{embryonic} with weariness. I urged
both guardians to rest - but they smiled.

The reason for the presence of the physician
sent also by my Moscow colleagues.

I must have got word there regarding my failure to keep appointment, for one evening there appeared before my canopy three faces and I held converse with them. "Their superior also was frail and was worried at the early coming of the Big Boss. Could I not delay my conference?" "Of course I could. I would wait any length of time to meet him." Thus they wisely comforted me.

Some times I ate heartily enough to call for a meal scrip. Sometimes the stock of rubles on the table was drawn on for some small delicacy. I was contentedly settled and had entered fully into the spirit of the game. Sometimes the game called for an umpire or explanation when the hotel doctor queried. But intimation had been made that the Government did not wholly approve and ~~felt that it~~ had been overlenient. Then suddenly came word that I must be transferred to a Government hospital. The news was startling and I rebelled. Suddenly there stood sideface before me an officer at attention representing the relentlessness of the law. I was dressed and ordered to get down

on an ambulance cot on the floor.

I lay doubled up until told to stretch out.

Necessary baggage was permitted. I chose my two brief cases as a man grasps a straw. I felt myself being moved on what seemed a piano ^{lifter} ~~lift~~ - in my delirium; it might have been the ambulance.

Then deep into what seemed a dimly-lighted crypt past a line of inspectors each of whom thrust a hypodermic needle into my hip. As I entered my final room I loudly protested, "You can bury me in the depths of earth but they will dig me out."

And from the bed opposite came the warning words "Vielleicht Verräter", "perhaps a traitor". Swarthy of face he was. I named him at once "Stalin".

My tourist ticket and friendship with Russians had possibly exposed me to suspicion.

My rebellious too had aided. For what

seemed a week, the face of my roommate remained concealed behind an intervening table, but his body outstretched upon the bed became to me the fact and emblem of inexorable guardianship.

The indentation of his blanket took on a deep red blood hue with its sinister suggestion.

There was no escape day or night.

My communication with the outer world seemed severed. My plans and hopes were at an end. Small wonder that ^{during those first days} the graph of my temperature ^{hanging} at the foot of my bed stood as erect and as high as a Chinese wall. I am curious to know what the earlier graph had been.

My roommate had indeed been an emblem of guardianship — but this guardianship became solicitous protection and not detention.

Within a week I saw his face and heard his words directing the ^{sickness} "Sisters" how to make me more comfortable. He addressed me in German — which the doctor also used — and reopened my world.

The earlier ties were reestablished + The inevitable State Department inquiry came from

home regarding my long disappearance. This had been facilitated by a ^{confused} message sent by Dr. Tourist.

When home messages came, emotion burst and my comrade seized the second cablegram from my hand and anxiously enquired:

"Gut"? My nod released his grasp. I must not be permitted to have bad news.

→ September first finally came. This I was

The doctor marvelled but was happy that at last I was "beginning" tranquil.

informed was Youth's Day throughout Soviet Russia. No uniformed parades to arouse martial ardor but gatherings to instill youth's opportunity and responsibility.

"Study, Study, and Study" were the three cardinal virtues earnestly bequeathed by their leader Lenin. They should strive to show themselves the equal of any in the arts of peace. The little radio hanging over my comrade's bed bore to my ears the sound of joy. Singing as one would expect at a Maypole dance with a fling at the end that suggested a musical "crack the whip".

This mood also pervaded my companion. He had confided in me that he ^{too} had been a teacher of Latin but had been an invalid six years - from a bone infection in wrist and ankle. Wistfully he said: "I have a young wife and two children. I left the hospital once but was forced back within two days. I must lie on my back if I am ever to recover", and I said: "You are so 'froh' happy." And he replied: "I am so fortunate." The reason

I was later told that
"So eager for learning are the people that editions
of the classics or religious numbers 40,000 copies
are exhausted by the end of the second day."

was simple. Russia provides for her people.

There is work for all who can work and rest and care for those who can not.

My good friend Boris Weinberg - a Jew of ancient Russian lineage; he knows not whence came the name - had a keen intellect but a tricky heart. He and his wife were going to the Crimea to a sanatorium reserved for the Commission of Scientists and earnestly wrote me to recuperate with them during the months of October and November.

Industry the Government expects, and it rewards achievement. The gifts are small but are supplemented by the acclaim of the people. My colleague who opened the window to the heavens received an auto and high promotion. The leading countries of the world are urging him to lecture before them.

The aviator who pioneered the commercial air course from Los Angeles to Moscow was acclaimed by the populace - the little radio faithfully reproduced the scene - and received 25,000 rubles (\$5,000) from the State.

a young Russian had recently returned from England with the co-world's championship

in chess. Samoilovitch was now driving on an icebreaker into the far reaches of the Arctic seas. As my link with the outside world, Robert Merriman, expressed it, "by the simple law of averages such effort even in a backward country must bring achievement."

The same spirit was everywhere about us and evidently ~~was~~ ^{salaries were graded} according to ability. This I determined by noticing the stockings and shoes of the nurses. Those of the subordinate nurses were uniformly inexpensive while those of the leaders of groups or physician's assistants had the finer textured "American" stockings and leather slipper. ^{The waitresses paid more.} As Merriman explained, this was socialism not communism. The latter, however, is steadily rising in the increased comforts purchasable by the people. These are called "Cultural Goods" and include toys and small comforts. I could not understand the high cost of laundering in Russia - 1 rouble per garment with a week's delay; one month for cleaning a suit - until told that the people are now

However, I have seen only one case of pronounced lipsticker and smelled three cases of perfume. The people seem as yet unspoiled.

dressing better and the laundries and cleaning establishments have been swamped with the unexpected increase in demand.

This impulse ^{to progress} came not from above but below. I confided to my companion that I had discovered the soul of Russia and he at once interpreted it as Russia's ideal of American technique and Russian push in the development of their country for the benefit of all. He rose to eloquence nor would he allow me to sleep until he had expostulated at the complacency of a professor who could calmly accept a system in which gross inequality prevailed. "Even Henry Ford's plan in Russia of high efficiency and high pay broke the men prematurely," that even the seeds of family combinations could not ~~be~~ ^{grow} two members of the same family were not permitted to work in the same factory." Unconsciously he had descended from his mechanized dream to my thought of human welfare.

Solicitude for thought of others seems to be a Russian characteristic. I had come to the Hospital like a new-born babe with no money

but with its eagerness for earth's
bounties. There had come to our ward
possibly at my intimation a circuit group
of barbers. The two women did the shaving,
the man cut hair. I gladly accepted the
shave and was given a ^{copious} spray of
"eau de Cologne" - the latter luxury one-half
rouble extra. ^{No pay was forthcoming.} The group passed on. Only
when I had acquired money and attempted
to pay the bill did I learn that my
companion had paid for my shave including
the spray.

I had had a similar experience when
crossing the frontier. At Riga our sleeping
compartment had been assigned to two men
and one woman. Quietly she ^{confided} admitted to
me that the situation was "unbegren"
uncomfortable, and I arranged privacy for
her dressing. She was Russian born but had
married in Roumania and was living
at Riga. She was returning to Russia to
visit relatives. She became my interpreter
and invited that I share her lunch and
compartment on the Russian train. At the
border my suitcase checked at considerable

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considerable expense due to Leningrad was brought to me for inspection. The porter's charge was three roubles. My foreign money was unacceptable. "Pay when you return," said the porter. "There will be no return," said I. My Russian companion intervened: "Please let me pay him and you can repay me in Leningrad. We shall both stop at the same hotel." I accepted but accidentally found an American half dollar and quarter in my pocket with which I soon repaid the debt.

A new sense of honor also appeared. At the hotel early in my illness a memory ring had been removed with full consent from my finger and placed on the table. Finally when ultimate recovery at the hospital drew near, I was permitted to put my things in order. The ring seemed to be missing and the cashier charged the assistant with having abstracted it while delivering the parcel in which it was listed as a part of the contents. "The girl," I declared, "was innocent" and would gladly have rededicated the ring to the "soul" I had found in the hospital. The gray-

hired superintendent sat ^{down} by my side
and enquired: "Have you some design
against the hospital? It would greatly injure
its honor if the story spread that the
oldest and best hospital in the Soviet Union
had committed thievery on its patients."
"A nein", I protested, "ich liebe die Hospital."
We both agreed that it had not been stolen,
but he still earnestly requested that I set
a price on the ring that he might repay
me after the hospital's custom. When I set
a price of five cents, he patted my arm
and said: "You are queer".

Later when I made a detailed search, I found
the ring hooked with my keys on the keyring.
It was a great event to all. The watch also
missing was found packed in my handbag, and
practically every item had been carefully transferred.

The solicitude for my recovery was voiced
in the refrain: "Essen, Professor, essen. Sie müssen
essen." taught the nurses by my comrade.

Russian food is not most attractive to
an American convalescent, but it was
plainly supplemented by butter, sweet milk and
fruits. The tender personal relationship
1. Eat, Professor, eat. You must eat.

OMF

30 days to study English.
The first part - Lenin's book.
The doctor's recommendations.

The Sisters
OMF supply
Nurses' orders

was evidenced by the characterization made by my comrades on the "Saul" basis. Of our

four Kranken-Schwester, ^{Illness Sisters} or expert nurses:

Marusha, blonde and only 18, was motherly; ^{"uncle reins Schwester," our little sister}

"Sherman, brunette, was sisterly; Naida,

curly haired and imperious was dictatorial

(but only in safeguarding me from long visits); ^{hand never remembered to bring me water with my bitter medicine)}

"Echo" was automatic; "new comer" was

practical. Of our older practical nurses,

the youngest was called "aeroplane" because

of her never ceasing activity.

When Marusha believed that she was taking leave of me for the last time, she brought a tiny bouquet of asters to deck my bed-table.

When I needed safety pins for travel, I pointed to those holding up "aeroplane's" sleeves to indicate what I meant. The Sisters said they would hunt. But when "aeroplane" bade me Goodbye, she took the only two pins she possessed and the only ones I had seen at the hospital from her sleeves as a present. She refused a rouble and asked only that I send a message from Edinburgh showing my safe arrival. My roommate, my "Stalin" of earlier days and now "my father", asked that I find some

correspondent for him so he could learn
Not forgetful of my first shave
English. I arranged with my "link" Bob to give
him lessons.

But these personal ties were as a
foreground to the less tangible but more
eternal Russian soul that I had sensed.
This soul was dramatized to me by two
experiences: On one of my first convalescent
walks in the corridor, I paused at one
roof-storey window to gaze down into the
garden. At its entrance I saw a crude
pouchcart with old fard tires on its two
wheels. Outstretched on the cart was what
at first appeared as ^{the} wooden dummy of
a man. It was so motionless. Pushing
the cart was a peasant, seeking for his
friend this haven of refuge. Behind me
in the corridor was the bust of Lenin
earnestly pleading.

The second experience was the statement
of the cashier that the hospital had no
method of charging for its services and
the recommendation of my doctor that
I be sent ^{by the Government} for a further six weeks to a
sanatorium in the Crimea to regain my

health completely — and I was a stranger.
Here must be the inner soul of the new
Russia. and I felt the pulse beat of that
soul when in the early morn three of
my "sisters", my "kleine Schwester" arm in arm,
escorted me down the dimly lighted stairs
and helped tuck me in the auto for
my far ride to the aeroplane which would
speed me to England. "Would I return to
Russia?" "yes; not to see scientists^{only} but to see you."
The roses of Soviet Russia were even
now in bloom.

5600 words