— Europa —
Uppsala to Riga

# Li-Rite

PATENTS PENDING

No. 2

# Stenographic Notes

TEN CENTS

No. 101

LI-RITE LICENSE NO. 1

No. 2.

From Stockholm July 22 1936

To Riga, Aug. 7 1936

July 22. Uppsala - An hour's travel these days but as in the old a journey through forests and meadows. A quaint town but mainly in its arts and treasures.

A great Gothic church - largest church in Scandinavia - decorated in Scandinavian manner. Byzantine, medieval figures. Crudeness predominates. The overflow of Russian-oriental spirit into Scandinavia as plain as waves in the soil. The wave failed to reach Denmark.

Statuary excessively crude and stilted. The ends of the gowns and protruding feet on recumbent figures look like the cross section of an onion. One figure in armor is lying on his side with legs cross and head supported on his hand. However, he has discarded helmet and metal gloves, which are being held by two cherubs. In this respect he looks easy, tho he is too fat for his posture.

In one tomb, cherubs are holding skulls. Life's destiny drove hard in those days.

Slabs in the floor contained heavy

List of "Specialists at Sea" and "From my porthole at night" in folder 1

rings at the corners for lifting from the crypts below. Strength — overabundant — rather than proportion prevailed. Here we find the ancestor of the Teutonic "safety first".

The silver vessels and the vestments also were medieval. Richness and crudeness were combined. The music of the pipe organ cast a fitting atmosphere of reverence about it all.

The university is modern Germanic but bears a sense of learning in its council hall and its courts. The hands have been removed from the faces of the clocks to emphasize vacation. The documents still hang in profusion from the bulletin boards. Statuary lines the halls and stairs, but the classical they are not of the best. A Laocoon is an odd arrangement of three men being traversed by one snake. Fright rather than tragedy seems stalking about. What a lack of unity and power after seeing the Greek masterpiece. Learning and mastery are not always mates.

However, the library was a mausoleum

of MSS and books — of a craft that showed enthusiasm and utmost patience and masterly skill. The value of books in those days was emblemed by a fragment of a chain still attached to a tiny books. The Silver Codex will be a masterpiece in any age.

Here modern Botany was born and Oxygen was discovered. Men's imaginations were in ferment. Oxford is a philosophers' cloister in comparison.

The Castle towers as a plain palace structure above the town and bears a broad park of trees on its flank. An immense "Trinx-horn" is there that princes and others rival in drinking. Such the story at Melin. As we departed, the castle long dominated the plain.

In the afternoon, Melin guided me to the Skansen Open Air Museum. Here we found not the medieval learning but rather the life of the soil. Farm homes of early times with the implements of toil and sustenance — not in imitation but genuine — transplanted to a setting like their own.

logs mainly and massive tables and benches. Roofs made tight with under-layer of birch bark with planks above held firm as in Switzerland with stones. Sometimes sod roofs rather than thatch of reeds as a Fanö.

The church walls and ceiling have paintings less rich but almost as natural as the medieval work at Uppsala. Quaint tombstones rose from the grass in the church-yard. Except for primitiveness, one felt as if again at Penn's church at Stoke Poges where Gray wrote his "Elegy in a Country Church-Yard".

In the later houses French influence in the portraits appeared. A Frenchman might even have painted them. They seemed offensive in the substantial house – a mark of "newly rich".

Paralleling all was the Lapp culture of open-top tepee built of turf with tiny circle of stones for fire, and storage chambers on stilts to keep food above the wolves. A notched log made an inclined entrance for the owner. Tuberculosis would seem to be the destiny of the race except

that they live much in the open.

Nearby was a modernized tepee or igloo made of wood  like the modernization of the Eskimo houses of the coal mines near Disko.

The Lappa themselves had gone home for the summer but the reindeer were still in their yard moulting badly but contentedly chewing the dry mistletoe-like moss such as I had once seen on Navajanga. Possibly they are more comfortable here, for they are free from the ipamyax, that mosquito pest of the Arctic.

The Old Town. Stockholm consists of an archipelago several hours from the open sea. However, from the old fort adjoining our museum, we could look down up the broad channel up which the large sea-vessels came to their moorings. Across this channel on a wooded terrace stood what in Canada would be a Canadian Pacific Scenic Hotel, like Hotel Frontenac at Ottawa. It should have been a king's summer palace, but it was a "poor house" privately endowed. Like Townsend, it placed the poor man in the sun. Settling. Vichy.

Cityward in humbler state on a small island were the statehouses and King's palace crowded amid tenements in the original town and fortress. Once it was not worth your life to traverse these streets in the dark. Even the inner courtyard of the palace was granded for it was used as a thoroughfare. The garden lay on the waterfront of the palace. The old cathedral was nearby, rather grim and venerated as the mausoleum of Gustavus Adolphus. We entered this island by a ferry but left it by a bridge — so interwoven are islands and shores.

<u>Linen</u>. Galamae wanted linen from Stockholm. I was fulfilling her wish in the letter but nearly lost its spirit. When the package was ready, I ask my guide Dr. Welin to enquire whether it was Swedish and was told that it was Belgian — an importation. "Yes, they had Swedish linen but it cost almost double. So I paid double for the coarser fabric.

<u>They Always Do</u> — An Italian may kiss you an affectionate Goodbye but my Scandinavian friends and others continue to wave at intervals as long as they are in sight

of each other. Thus parted Dr Melin and I with plans for ski-ing some winter in Lapplend and meeting at the next International in Canada. But Sally Belknap, Southern bred, left us abruptly at the door of her apartment tho the elevator was near. Was her emotion deeper?

Weary. Am I ageing or running down hills too fast or tramping the pavements too far or sleeping too little? Or can it be the hours of sitting on a "III Klasse" seat covered with a brussels carpet? I shall obtain a cushion and more sleep providing I can keep this Journal up. Here is the rub – and hospitality. "The schedule must be maintained".

July 23. Morn. It never gets night. At least when I attempted to arise at 3:30, it was broad daylight and the sun rose above a high building at 5:00. Some revelers went home at 4:00 or were they going to work? We are near the Arctic Circle.

Language. If only I could have talked. But little maid conveyed to me the knowledge that she came from ~~from~~ Gotland from the famous old town of Visby and we worked out the understanding that

3 fingers meant that I had used the room three nights instead of two as shown on the bill and not that I expected to pay only 3 Kroner instead of 3.5 Kroner the figure in the bill. But in her Goodbye she showed me her keys and shook the pockets of my coat on the bed. We both had to give up. I was too dumb. But she joyfully jingled the tips in her pocket.

Exchange. Not so bad yet. Danish 1 Kr = 23 ¢; Swedish 1 Kr = 27 ¢; Normegian 1 Kr = 26 ¢.

Color Views. A collection of art views of Stockholm from its lanes. An artist's study. Fortunate to have seen it even at the last moment.

A Buret. I lived there an others. I can not look at myself and may suddenly lose my hat in same gust.

Goodbye to Stockholm — to bridges and islands and gulls. Suddenly a tunnel and we were in the open country once more. I shall devote the day to reading my "Story of Sweden" to fill out my vision.

Companions. One a German. A scar on his cheek. In his Berliner Tageblatt the following title: "Auf dem Hochrad zum Sieg".

(On the Highway to Victory). Is it the Hitler comeback from the war?

The Soil Problem Again. Even fairly steep slopes require drain tiles. Small but apparently necessary. About 2 feet deep. Is it clay? The soil is plainly overwet. Sweden needs more grinding down; more alluvial soil.

Teutonic Crudeness or Economy? The heavy retaining walls often resemble the Inca in the irregularity of their ~~banding~~ straight lines  . Their paving stones, however, are symmetrical, but Melin says that the cleavage assists.

Bananas. I bought one from a lad. Bananas, oranges, apples are station offerings. 10 öre did not satisfy. He wanted 20 öre or 5¢ and the banana was tiny. Is the cost due to importation? Ours also are imported but the haul is shorter. Perhaps the ever present label "Fyffes" explains. Only one brand or dealer.

Industries. We are now turning west thru Sweden. The farms are more extensive perhaps but fully one-half is still forest. The soil, however, is yielding clay and

brick and tile works are recurrent. All roofs seem to be tile of a pleasant yellow-red color. This industry seems to have taken the place of the stone paving block industry which did an international trade.

The pawnwines are still over the tracks tho the smell of coal smoke finally become conclusive evidence that a locomotive had been attached.

Occasionally cuttings in peat bogs were seen where the peat blocks were being cumed for fuel. At least roots occur in the North even if shallow. They are also luxuriant.

But at Kristinehaven, the timber shipping country begins. Same freight cars are even longer and heavier than the 4-wheel variety of Europe. Rammed timbers of 8-ft length were being loaded in them. Why? The forests are being thinned. No tree is thicker than one foot and scarcely could be. No forest fires. At least no traces. Seedling areas are frequent.

<u>Lunch</u>. The Restaurant car is quite American and even excels the American in its time card of meals. Only the Pennsylvania Line competes. I saw that Table d'Hote was 2.75/Kr. max.

but my bill was 3.40 Kr when I took all the waiter offered. There was cold lunch, then hot course, milk, coffee, and raspberries. Should I have refused? When does Table d'Hote become a la Carte? A 40-öre fee brought hearty thanks, "I showed him I had only 3 öre left". He laughed. Overheard behind Me. "You are having a good meal? Nothing but plates to me. ... That's better (as evidently cheese was brought on)". The accent was English.

English. English, German, Swedish had been the speech of the day. I had stuck to gesticulation, when a seat mate who had slept in her corner or spoken Swedish smiled at me and enquired: "How does it seem to you to hear English? I started up at the name of 'salted peanuts'". She was a Norwegian-Swedish-American art teacher in the grades at Rockford, Illinois. Grown up and educated thru the highschool in Europe before going to America. I assured her that I too was English-French-German-American. So she had no apologies. Her parents still loved Europe and might

returns. But could they agree. He was an ardent Norwegian and she was a Swede. The only solution would be to live on the border.

She speaks Norwegian, Swedish and Danish well. The distinction between Norwegian and Danish is in utterance rather than writing. The Norwegians speak with their entire face and with full effort. Expressive they might be called. The Danes' speech is more musical and effortless. Is this why Kaia's face and eyes seemed expressionless? The Danes understood better when her words were chopped-off and slid.

From her passport, I copied the name: Malin Gertrude Barkelund. The view of her was the prettiest I had ever seen in a passport. How did she get by the authorities? It was a sideview too. She merited the picture.

Drinking cups. A rack full of glass ones and a woman comes aboard at the halfway station to replace them with clean ones and replenish the water bottles and tidy up a bit. Roller towels too; Not

individual ones. Neither paper towels nor cups have yet reached the railroad. Paper napkins, however, are here.

Toilets for both and each. A "Belgian toilet" at Arvika station. One's head shows thru the grill work.

Oats are frequent. "Yes, eaten".

Lakes. Everywhere, but now larger and more intimate.

Lake Vanern. Logs, mills, ships for America. A log-snake in the river towed by a steamer-tug. The last one I had seen in 1899 on the River Neckar, steered at the prow around river curves by a lone man. There is also a canal, but in the lake the ever present reeds. This is the largest lake in Europe outside of Russia.

The Gotha-Canal entered the lake far south. I had caught a glimpse of it near Stockholm but had not realized its identity. 2½ days by it from Gottenberg to Stockholm thru lakes and forests and countryside. Romantic as the route by boat from Oxford to Windsor.

Mountains! Beyond Kil the mountains

begin, but are mild.

across lake by a fill and bridge - Possibly 1 mile. Water is brown. It must be soil tho the shores are rocky.

a long lake: Forests, islands, logs, small resort, rock shores. Salmon fishing is its sport.

Lake Glavsfjorden. Sail boats and logs. Two use lake. Logs 1ft+ at butt.

Boundary Inspection. "Tourist?" "No". Then Malin explained: "Traveling thru". This I accepted. But I was not a tourist.

We were inspected at Charlottenburg: "Til Norge 15.47 KM" and "432 KM FRAN Stockholm". So we had full 15 KM yet to journey before reaching the border. Malin found a postcard of the Peace Monument between Sweden and Norway.

→ a shaft with men on top clasping hands. This is the first time Norway ever has been independent. A monument with similar purpose is the "Christ" on the Chilean - Argentine border.

Coupling Cars. Taking out the Restaurant Car was like taking out the appendix.

It was really a surgical operation, and joining the vestibules was like putting up a tent. The vestibules were nearly as flimsy. There was a gangplank of iron. A tiny dog might fall thru the holes at the flaps of the canvas.

Norway. The mountains at the boundary suggest Vermont.

Peat excavations appear. and blocks of peat are stacked near by. The ditches are water covered at bottom. Sweden also has peat in abundance.

There are cars of paper from pulp. It is an export article.

Pines now appear rather than birch and pines. The pines have been thinned. The crowns are high. Pleasing. "Kangavinger. Häide over havet (Elevation above sea) 148.09 M.", i.e. about 500 feet. Malin says that this cross-section of Scandinavia is merely rolling.

River Glommen. Norway's largest river. Some rapids. Almost the first on today's trip. All the way down as in the Sierra the glaciers have cut

furrows. There is drainage here. The vegetation is healthy. The landscape with hillside farms looks like Vermont or Connecticut. It suggests the hills approaching Carching Straits.

At Lillestrom are a series of log booms to keep the logs from continuing down into the fiord.

Oslo –

The Station Master. Why? He looks nice in light suit and fine cap. He carries a staff with a flag and colored disc to tell the engineer where to stop and when to start. Why not train the engineer and conductor?

Kindness is becoming a commonplace. The Reise Bureau saved my schedule by close figuring and aiding me on phone to determine that Professor Kerensyold was on vacation. A foreigner is helpless with a phone. He simply neither is understood nor understands. It insisted also on phoning to Bergen for a berth and obtained the last one. I must leave at 10 in the morning (Friday) to catch my boat Saturday night.

Then I took the tram also at their suggestion to find a room at in the suburbs. But I failed to have street and number of the hotel. The motorman lingered to help me and a young man, who suggested that I find a phone book, himself found the place and followed me a half block to direct me. So I am finding Kaias all along the route.

Sample form in folder 1

That Declaration of Citizenship, Hawaiian, kindly the country, I must sign it. I know it now by heart; where I was born, where I was born, why I was here, when I was leaving, to what place I was going. It sounds German, it feels German. Here is the sheet. My landlady gave me a copy. Now I share my fist at it to the clerks' amusement.

Curtailed Plans. Only an hour to make calls in the morning. It will be well to consult Prof. Sverdrup regarding appointments from the Hydrological Service. However, I shall upon Dr. Hesselberg, Director of the Meteorological Institute, who was recommended by Commander Spaerschneider for Sea Ice.

July 24 – Drove into city.
Fiord wild but beautiful with its wooded islands.
Boats away at Railway quay

Tips. Finally a part of the bill. 10%. I gave an extra before reading the account.

More Kindness. The State-banenes Reiseverkter urged me to order the Bergen–Narvik ticket beforehand. I did and obtained the last berth available

Dr. Hesselberg. also on vacation. "The season is short". But he is nearby]

→ Write
Dr. Th. Hesselberg,
Meteorologic
Oslo, N
[Sea

* Lags also higher up.

* The dull smell of the dry closet suggests the rodent, but the

Note to Prof. W. Werenskiold in folder 1

Professor Werenskjold is interested in Geography, Meteorology and especially in Hydrological problems. Does not answer half his letters. Is this a real professor. . . .
Please write an invitation to Director Hesselberg and send your European address. I'll forward it. . . .

The sky is overcast today. You can see up only 1500 metres. Mountaintops will be covered. But a Gute Reise." Thus my host at the Meteorological Institute.

Conversation Chief

He gave me the following addresses:

→ Write
Dr. Th. Hesselberg,
Meteorologi
Oslo,
[See

[illegible] p. [illegible]

* Days also higher up.

[illegible] moles, moles, a large

* The dull smell of the dry desert suggests the [illegible], [illegible]

Note to Prof. W. Werenskiold in folder 1

It is now raining but I hope for a Scotland Fiord day.

To Bergen. What a view on Oslo and harbor. We are on a mountain climb and are already above the city. We are in the Sierra, heavy forests of fir and birch. Hustling streams. Rock cuts and tunnels. Views into mountain valleys, set with villages and farms. Lags in the larger river where we entered the hills.* Nature is everywhere green. Roofs and walls furnish relief notes of color.

* Lags also higher up.

May W.E.T.U. friends. Cottonwood Stock holding Oslo, Eve Watson,

→ Write
Dr. Th. Hesselberg,
Meteorologic
Oslo, N
[See

[illegible] houses, houses, a large

* The dull smell of the dry closet suggests the [illegible], but [illegible]

Note to Prof. W. Werenskiold in folder 1

Cars and Classes. We have passed from the side aisle and closed compartments to the car with central aisle and divisions into Smoking and Non-smoking halves of the car - a seat also is reserved. The windows are large.*

The common toilet has become a "W.C." (Dutch) on one side of the aisle and a "Toilett" on the other with washbowl, mirror and roller towel. Is this an improvement or is it merely progressive?*

Every seat or group of seats has a booklet on meals, time-tables, hotels, a large

* The dull smell of the dry closet suggests the railway, but the

* But most of the cars are old style.

→ Write Dr. Th. Hesselberg, Meteorologic Oslo, N [Sea

Note to Prof. W. Werenskiold in folder 1

separate map of Norway
with eating-car routes
and location of hotels.
controlled by the railways.

Map of route with elevation

and the Klasses? for
the upholstering only.
Kalle III (mine) has a fabric and
leather seat and back with
quarter-softness. Klasse I has
full-quarter softness tho not
quite overstuffed.

Adding travelers distances
+ equip. of travelers accepted
Switzerland Skies, increases

at "Roa", the forest lies
above us, the wide valley
below covered with farms.
On a stone-walled terrace

→ Write
Dr. Th. Hesselberg,
Meteorologic
Oslo, N
[Sea

Note to Prof. W. Werenskiold in folder 1

are large clumps of fire-weed, our friend of Greenland. The rain is gently falling. This is truly ~~a~~ the Sierra except for the farms.

Lakes. The lakes are long and narrow, so are the river valleys.

Höneforsen (96.8 M.O. Hanet) - Falls and Rapids in the large river. The most spectacular yet. "Fish-ladders" on either side for logs and traffic directions for them. There seem to be mills here.

Hay-Pasto - One might almost call them ~~hay~~ climate symbols.

→ Write
Dr. Th. Hesselberg,
Meteorologic
Oslo, N
[Sea

Note to Prof. W. Werenskiold in folder 1

or symbols of rain. Here every field has its lines of posts supporting high thin windrows of hay seeking a chance to get dry and come between the frequent rains. It would mouldew on the ground.

Power lines. On sturdy towers

it seems to rise above the forest and stride across the mountains like a modern successor of the Great Chinese Wall. The lakes of Norway are not so large as those of Sweden but their snow reservoirs might last longer. Scotch Highlands. This could

→ Write
Dr. Th. Hesselberg,
Meteorologic
Oslo, N
[See

Note to Prof. W. Werenskiold in folder 1

→ Write

Dr. Th. Hesselberg, Director
Meteorological Office
Oslo, Norway
[Sea Ice].

Note to Prof. W. Werenskiold in folder 1

readily be the Scottish Highlands. Valleys, lakes, ferns and forests carpeted with green. This should be true for the countries are ~~good~~ topographic and climatic neighbors.

and sudden surprise! At Orgevika, a Donner Lake, Loch Lomand, and Lake Lucerne in one, with mountain shores cloud capped and rugged wooded islands. From high up we approached it and descended to its shores only to ascend a broad stream spanned with bridges. Cloud veils still trail the mountain faces. Like Donner our vision was constantly interrupted by tunnel blackness.

Norway above, arctic below

summer. Willows, tundra, birch scrub. Greenland landscape. a few houses

Bergen. The quaintest town I have seen. The old town is narrow-streeted and tall. The houses seem compressed upward - 5 and even 6 storeys. Windows are in the tiled roofs and geraniums are in the windows upturned toward the sun.

The residences cling to the mountain wall far upward. Is this Hongkong? An outlook

High Switzerland now. or Lake Tenaya. Bald glaciated knobs, thinly forested. Gateways for the broad river. Chalets. Peasants raising hay. A wisp of cascade from the height. "Reserved". Have tried twice for dinner and been told twice to come at "Half past Two". There seemed to be seats at the second call. So I enquired why. "You must make reservation at Oslo" or come last. I angrily assured the waiter that I should eat at Bergen but he said "A no", and gave me a ticket for Third Setting. So this again the Norwegian sense of decorum or their tiny eating car. It can not be a-la-carte price attractions for orders may not be placed for

line patches of green to the crest, like nests of mud-
martins.

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the former while table-d'hote" is served.

Some similar challenge was given me in Swedish yesterday but was not enforced.

I went the third time at call. Soup, roast pork, vegetables, milk, raspberries and cream - all in abundance for 3.05 Kr. Now a fourth call has sounded.

Women are cooks. The service is rough and ready. You compete with crates in the aisle by the galley. But the food is worth it.

Ål. Fra Bergen 364.02 Km.
Fra Oslo 228.21 Km.

a resort? We are ascending a long river basin. Crofts or farms cover the hillsides like patches of green to the crest, like nests of mud-martins.

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swallows on a bluff.
Of course the Norwegians must love their land to hug it so tightly. It is in reality another Switzerland. Have topographically different from Denmark.

Geilo. In broadening summit valley, the cradle of the glacier that bore out the gorge and basin below.
To summit thru snow sheds and snow fences. Above timberline or near it. A great storage lake. Snow fences at its edge to hold-back snow on the ice in winter. Willows, tundra, birch scrub. Greenland landscape. a few barns

Stops many. a spur train!

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of snow.

Snow fences 15 or more feet high. Shallow tunnels ending in snowsheds. Lone buildings for employees, hirers, and ski-ers. An elevated precipitation gage with nipher screen. It looks tiny.

The storm is breaking but still touch the summit ridges.

Greenland "cottonballs or tufts" such as we saw at Lake Louise. The soil is wet with rain. Ribbon cascades run down the rocky slopes. Everywhere marks of glacial polishing. Old lines of crumbling snowsheds are

But 2½ hrs get to travel.
Stops many. a spur train!

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The residences cling to the mountain well far upward. Is this Hongkong? An outlook

away

Snow drifts are more numerous.

Finse. Here the answer to the continuing pools and lakes. The summit ridge is encased in glaciers that still have considerable patches of last winter's snow.

A Marsh landscape and air is hazy. A helper engine is being coupled on. The clouds have broken away. Our Scottish Highland has been given us. What payment shall we render?

. . .

Soon over the bare summit with snow drifts around us and

[illegible] appearing.

The birches are here, at

But 2½ hrs yet to travel.
Stops many. a spur train!

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The residences cling to the mountain wall far upward. Is this Hongkong? An outlook

speeding with the waters downward toward Bergen. This is Summit Station but with more snowsheds. The S.P. must yield the palm.

Myrdal. (960 C. 8 m.) Bluffs snow-covered 2000 ft higher. Cascades down their faces. A slit-like gorge near by. Then a long tunnel and down into kindlier landscape. The pines are reappearing but the snow- and glacier-dotted summits still appear prominently in the distance. The waters below are green. The summer mountain-resorts are appearing. The birches are here, at

But 2½ hrs yet to travel. Stops many. a spur train:

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Mjölfjell.
at ~~Hon~~ Reimegrand, the forests are continuous and the hay grows normally where foothold is found.
Only 129.57 Km. to Bergen.

Ygre. We seem finally to be out of the gorges. Valley farms are becoming extensive.
This should be called a tunnel railroad. Why was it built? For tourists or freight? Or to unite the country together? At least the ship will transport no tunnels.
(106.7 on station)
Voss. 7:10 p.m. 99 Km to Bergen.
But 2½ hrs yet to travel.
Stops many. a spur train!

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"Frische Fische aus Norwegen"
Fresh fish from Gravsvik for
export? Only the freight car
and electric coach.
Tranquil lakes reappear,

Dalegaard. If only we did
not pitch so ~~[illegible]~~
into cliffs, but we ~~[illegible]~~
would require a ferry to
traverse these yonemote
lakes. We pass often thru
portals like a street
between skyscraper mountains
and now ripe cherries on
the trees.

after today's experience I
am sure that a railway

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could be built in Greenland but it would be too high a price in mutilated beauty to pay. Only a corpse could remain indifferent here. The boat, the sled and the open trail for me.

Villas, fishing boats. We are on a fiord. The sea is near, the setting sun illumines the gates.

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The residences cling to the mountains well far upward. Is this Hongkong? An outlook

still farther up is reached by a cable road. I wondered how the residences were supported until I realized that the slope was a series of ledgelike terraces – again as in Greenland – affording opportunity for gently ascending roads. Fiards led to the heart of the town. The streets furnished 1½ way traffic; likewise the sidewalks. A fat man would be thrust out over the curb. Stone tiles on edge furnished an enduring pavement but lame ankles and sore feet. The stones are as smooth as the rock on the hillsides. Man has worn ~~smoothed~~ the first, ice has worn the other. How many generations have been here?

<u>Mail Out</u>. Secretary Diement has requested the final copy of the Program, evidently for printing. This will save time for us and arrange our program into related groups, not shown in Diement's first printing. Several topics are being added – are solicited and assigned by Diement to us. So this task is over. Sending with it request that next mail be sent to Prague in Care of President Smetana.

Receipts sent home. A bunch of them, but the amounts are surprisingly small. Fares are Third Class. I can travel all day for $5.00 or less.

Address of Dr. Svarre Pettersson in folder

The trip from Bergen to Narvik (Saturday night to Wednesday) is costing only Kroner( ) for the ride and a bed. Meals on ship will not exceed 2 Kroner each. My highest cost for a hotel room was last night – 4.50 Kr. ($1.20) and no tax or service charge was added. I had expected a 8 Kr.-room but the single rooms were all taken. The cost of going to North Cape will be merely the time consumed and my schedule is tight. One week and one month to London.

Disappointment and Surprise. At Stockholm I had missed Director Stettenmark, Dr. Sandstrom, and Mr Ångstrom but seen the more essential Dr. Melin. At Oslo I had lost both Prof. Wergeland and Dr. Hesselberg and Docent Hoel, of course, but received hopeful news of them.

At Bergen, I found that Dr. Sverdrup had left last Sunday for America. I had missed him by a week as I had Sange Koch, but in his stead I found Dr. H. Mosby ("the small") who had been a member of Prof. Ahlmann's Expedition in 1931 and whose brother ("the Great") was now collaborating with Commander Smith on his book on the Labrador Sea. He was attracted at once by the Program and gave me suggestions of researchers. "Norway was decidedly interested in stream-flow forecasting."

Note with names + addresses for Dr. O. Davik and Dr. Knud Faegri in folder!

Note about Dr. Thomas in folder #2 →

Mr. Tang (pronounced Ting), a Chinese student at Glasgow was present and offered the name of Dr. Thomas, Geography Department of Glasgow University, as an English scientist who was studying lag in runoff in various media. "He had found a lag of one-half year in clay".

At tea, mention was made of Professor Ahlman. "He was home. Had made a great discovery in Iceland. At least someone on the Iceland steamer had been called 'Doctor'. However, he must inevitably have called at the Institute on his way to Stockholm. But his mother-in-law lived in Bergen. He would inquire from her". The enthusiastic greeting given on the phone showed that he had arrived and was even in Bergen. I was to be sent to him.

Vacations. Vacations and week-ends seem to prevail even in Bergen. "It is a sea climate" explained Hoeeby, "so we seek the mountains — and a change of course". To me from the desert, the change from humid, cool coast to humid, cool mountains did not seem sufficient.

Both were equally attractive to me. But of course I am having continual change. Director Bjerknes, founder of the cult of the Polar-Front Theory, was consequently also away on his week-end. As I was entering the taxi, he appeared gladly returning for a foreign appointment. Young, possibly forty, with an upturned face and swinging hair that denotes vision and enthusiasm. Bjerknes and Sverdrup are Norway's giants in science, as were Nansen and Amundsen in exploration.

Professor Ahlmann and Mrs Ahlmann came from gate to receive me. They had been waiting in the garden for my tardy arrival. Young both — thirty-five or younger — and the mother a pal of "Hans" and his guests from the wide world. Her arms surrounded us all but she laughingly withdrew when we started to talk shop. A wealthy home — almost a villa.

"The Iceland trip had been very dangerous because of the storms. Two observers would remain until October. ... 4000 mm. of water fall in rain and snow during

the year on Vatnajökull, Iceland's icecap. On the crest there is a season of accumulation followed by ablation. On the edge accumulation and ablation are occurring at the same time. He had dug thru new snow into firn and thence into glacial ice and had discovered the process of change. His earlier theory was wrong. He would write a preliminary report for the meeting of the Commission of Snow at Edinburgh.

He would be unable to come himself. The University opened Sep. 1 and he would be unable to be absent after Sep. 10. The University authorities would not permit it. Too bad, for he had an invitation to ride over on a scientist's boat.

Svendrup should remain Chairman of the Norwegian Group even during his absence in America. He heartily approved of Hesselberg and Hoel particularly.

He had met Sandstrom (he said with a smile) at Reikjavik in his small boat. Sandstrom wanted to be at Bergen by the end of the month. (Evidently he hesitates at his theory of the Gulf Stream).

*

* Nansen planning to have one of his students make the results of the Vardraga-og Elektrisitetsverk at Oslo also make a map or chart of Thang

He had not met Dobrowolski, but the various Countries were backing at too many Commissions to whose support they are asked to contribute.

I must stand "fair" to the Commission of Glaciers, but it must ultimately be absorbed by the Commission of Snow and Ice. 'It must be smashed'. He had refused to join it. It was too limited. The fellows would work for its annulment.

There was feeling between Lütschg and Mercanton. Mercanton had forced Lütschg from the Meteorological Service and was trying to drive him from the Technical High School. Lütschg was wholly admirable. He was delighted when I told him that I was nominating Lütschg for Second Vice President and proposed to be my own Secretary, and thus a President-manager.

Yes, Paulcke was a very difficult man. He was hard even on the young German Scientists. He could hardly believe that he was so old.

Regarding publication, he fully approved of the American method of planographing.

at least a page report of each paper should be published. He approved also of an Annual Report containing an annotated bibliography of the year's publications and regional reports of progress.

He would mail his report on Vatnajökull Studies by Aug. 25 to Paris.

Russia was peculiar. The scientists plan but the government decides. He had been an exchange professor in Leningrad and had made full arrangements for the Russian to lecture at Stockholm. But the Russian never came. The government has told of the poverty of the Western peoples and fears the effect of the West upon its younger men, who might refuse to return. However, Somoilovich could come. He was a big man and an ardent supporter.

He was delighted with the pictures in Seligman's book and the microphotographs by Seligman. He had been Seligman's guest. Seligman must be wealthy. What did I think of his book? I thought it standard for many years. His face fell, but I explained that it was for Ski-Men. Yes,

his experience had been wholly confined to the Alps. He also was not a trained scientist, but he appealed to him for his work in organizing the British Group mainly from Oxford and Cambridge men.

Lauge Koch also knew little about glaciers and was hated in Iceland (he must have meant Greenland) as well as in Denmark. But I explained that I wanted him for his general knowledge of Greenland.

Kurt Wegener and Hans Sorge could not be left in the same room. Kurt Wegener charges Sorge with Alfred Wegener's death, for he sent word that Eismitte must be abandoned if more supplies were not brought in. No man could return in November as Wegener attempted. The Koch-Wegener Expedition thru Widest Greenland achieved greater success than any other.

Would I see Laeve at Cambridge? Would his international plan of an expedition to Greenland succeed? He probably never could return to Germany." Thus we talked.

Mr. Teng had meanwhile called and we all had tea. Two teas and no noonday meal

today. Varves and tree-rings were mentioned. I had planned to visit the "varve-man" at Bergen. He was at Stockholm. I had misunderstood or forgotten Stone's details.

→ Ahlmann immediately recalled Stone with pleasure and desired me to convey his regards. The "varve-man" was now nearly 80 but his daughter was trying to establish parallelisms between European cycles and American by tree-rings.

The tea party was in doubt of its success.

The Mother heartily approved of my giving Dr. Paulcke and all others their chance. In dramatic way she held her hands at different levels indicating the medium and the high, each assured of his merited place. We all hated war and injustice.

Mrs Ahlman noted how Iceland, where the Norwegian language should have remained relatively pure, was not understandable and only by intuition or obvious situation could her guide understand her needs. Much influx of foreign words had made the confusion worse.

There were auto roads in the west,

Bergen also dry in summer like Denmark in June. Needed dry. Difference - Wallis dry - only. Depend on rain only. Denmark etc dry in June

but because of shifting streams, bridges were impossible in the east. The Iceland fjords, however, were fine.

Expeditioning was not comfortable for the natives knew of dress-occasions in the South and wanted the expeditioners to dress for social occasions. Only once – and then only at the women's urging – had the men dress European at Holstensborg.

* Yes, tobacco was a drawback on expeditions. They had a Chum Icelander who took snuff. But when the snuff gave out, the Icelander fled for more.

Thus passed the afternoon. My host by-gone learned that I was to take the "Midnatsol" and wrote directions on my ticket for the taximan. They may come to America some day to be my guests.

Four-o'clock Closing. I had left Oslo too early and was now too late at Bergen to obtain an English Guide Book for Norway or certain views I saw in a window. I must depend wholly on a map. Some post cards of Norway and stamps were fortunately purchased. One of "North Cape". Possibly Thea would live the crowning glory of her native land, but I should place its twilights first.

To redeem my loss, I am taking the address of some things I might have had:

Kr. Madsen
Bokhandel
Tyskebryggen
Bergen, Norway.

1. Two Color Views - about 1 meter long.
(1.) "Lofoten" (2) "Oldervand".
Reproductions from paintings. In the upper part of the show window.

2. Photos of Norway in a Set. 25 for 1 Kr.

3. "This is Norway"
"An Illustrated Handbook".

4. "Norway" by S.C. Hammer 5.50 Kr.

Along the Norway Coast.

Our "Midnatsol" is really touring the islands of Norway from Bergen to Kirkenes, on the far northeastern end of Norway. The voyage is to and far beyond the North Cape and will last from Saturday night until next Friday. Shall I stop at Narvik or Tromsö or Hammerfest or go to the end of the voyage and take a bus to the railway in Sweden. Can I someday combine a trip to Iceland with one to North Cape? Time is now the only problem. I must set my "Farthest North" in Norway.

Oslo Retreating. The Scandinavians are practical. At 7 evening we started.

The view of Oslo is progressive and attends us several miles. The old quaint city has spread up the hills and like fingers out every shore of the spreading fiord. A tramway an highway extends to the farthest stretch. We are soon among islands. This is Greenland except that the lonely houses are more numerous but the rocks are as desolate. There are more fishingboats and the hungry gulls are pumping vigorously to keep up. At Malmö they glided, here they flap. Can they glide only on a strong wind? Here the wind is light.

There is a crescent moon. I think of Ruth and Tahoe.

Nearing Open Sea. A long island with tall lighthouse. Fishing boats few. Points of bursting surf against rocks inland. The ship rolls slightly.

At 9:30 a mellow sunset — pastel on heliotrope clouds.

Beacons, lighthouses projecting at every vantage point like columns against the sky.

Threading the islands, half-curves around beacons. One narrow spot. A fast

blinker on one side, a slow blinker on the other. The fast one looks like a "spanker". Mountain ranges ahead in pearl-grey veils. Slopes snow-spotted. This is truly the Greenland coast except for the trimmings.

At 10:30 yet light. Boy scouts are preparing to sleep on the upper deck. They are improvising a tent. I should have my sleepingbag.

Another gauntlet. A tiny opening between two lights. "Steer straight and midway". Our boat draws 12 ft. The islands are now dark silhouettes below lighter sky.

Semi-* Hidden reefs near the fairway are marked by a metal vane. When the tide is high the vane still protrudes.

An English woman finds Third Class always good — to Iceland too. Could not go to America, for when fare has been paid no money would be left for expenses there.

She prefers Scandinavia. No selfseeking there. Contented on little and eager to share. In this lies the way to peace.

Berths: As good as the Tree House and as awkward. Five of us men over one side of the propellor, five women evidently over the other half. Three bunks rise like

terraces up the curve of the hull. Mine is the highest. You climb over the lower bunk to get into your ~~bin~~ bin. But I have the porthole and more of the hull to stack my suitcases on. The W.C. HERREN are on deck behind iron, clanking iron doors.

When the propeller turns the room throbs like the inside of a base drum. I jack the Steward to stop the propeller while I sleep.

Night mare. Someone with hard heels kept tramping on the floor. The electric light had been left turned-on. A hammer was pounding the head of my bed. I must protest. Then silence, and I awake.

Twilights. Only at night is the vision revealed. Tahoe again in blues penetrated with harbor lights. The boat has paused at Florö. Wearily but happily I thrust my head from the porthole and sense rather than see the vision. The iron casemate is harsh but I tarry.

Again the boat rests — at Mäläy (note the music marks on the vowels). A soft morn. Fishing boats along the

whales. One drawn up like a Viking ship. Bald, smoothed mountains and sugar loaves. The open sea. A far ship on the horizon. Rolling once more. A long sleep.

July 26 –

Again in a landlocked sound, as smooth as glass and bathed with soft, dispersed light.

At 10:30 Ålesund, three inlets dotted with houses and green on their lower slopes. A Gibraltar overlooks the town and bears on its height a pavilion reached by zigzag stairs. Norway is a land of outlooks. A church bears a bulbous dome with spires.

The "Dronning Maud" is at the quay. Another boat is coming in – a Russian from the Baltic bound very light for the White Sea. She is sending out repeated calls for a pilot to guide her to anchorage. She looks unkempt and the water-line is so high that the propeller tip shows. A red flag (all red except the emblem in the corner). Still another boat is coming and both the Dronning Maud and the Midnatsol are ringing warning bells for departure. We have been here

two hours. It's an active spot. There are fishing boats and lighters and the smell of fish.

A ships officer has painstakingly marked the route on my map and circled our stopping places. We can now plan ahead and anticipate. He urges me to traverse the Lofoten Islands to Tromsö and traverse the "Grand Gorge" of the Norwegian coast. I feel now impelled to do so. The larger tourist ships send their passengers thru this gorge in motorboats. Our boat of 16 ft. draft and waist line to match makes the Gorge a section of its route.

We pass a ship laden to the stack with lumber from the White Sea. It looks topheavy but a Norwegian declares that such ships sail the North Sea even to England.

Wards on islands north of Ålesund (Aly-soon)

→ Molde. I hadn't expected such a spot. A wooded basin like Tahoe, summer-resort hotels, a modern pier of concrete timber protected, a regatta basin, trim yachts sailing by, a trail up the ridge with flagstaff and resting spots enroute. An Atlantic City in Southern environment. But far across

the strait were three great fiords leading like the rays of a jagged star into a wild snow strewn range with peaks 1500 meters above the waters. Cloud wreaths made them even more impressive and one high saddle was a Titan's own, if so symmetrical a saddle could be ridden.

As we turned back from this magic inlet a great steamer silent and trim passed us going it. It was the Veendam of Rotterdam in the Tourist Service. It was so large that it merely nosed to the pier probably & turning around. This must have been one of the display points on its cruise.

<u>Kristiansund</u>. Summer resorts or fishing towns do not matter to our ship for it bears the "POST" flag at its stern and serves all alike. A run along the open coast capped in spots with clouds led to a Gunnertoppen village secreted in a natural harbor but revealed by a church spire projecting above.

a cantilever bridge in construction over the gorge at the far end of the harbor will move the two sides of the harbor one. Near our landing is a column supporting a sea-mine and dedicated to Norwegians who had lost their lives in 1914-18. Thru the North Sea Barrage? It is expressive even if not idealistic.

Warehouses line the water front. One firm caught and held my attention: Hoem and Hoel. Pronounce it as "Home and Hale", except that the "e" should be slightly prolonged. Try it? You'll soon succeed.

Here my English table-mate went on shore bearing a rucksack and suit case and weather coat. We tried to learn the name of the cheapest hotel. "Her money is getting low". She goes by Trollheim or such to Trondheim and back to Bergen. We wished me luck on my longer venture. About 200 head-taxes or mistress at the quay.

From 8 to 9:30. The steamer is maintaining an accurate schedule and yet grants broad leisure. The sign at the gangway announces our departure at 9:30 and by 9:35 we are under way up a broad

sound toward Trondhem, fully twelve hours distant.

A Last Journey. When did the casket come on? It is coarse, with metal feet and rests in front of our cabin beneath a canvas. Gladiolas or other impressive flowers in abundance protrude. To Trondhem? On the forward deck under a protection of canvas and in its crate is riding a horse proudly munching from its bale of hay. Its final journey doubtless, a mountain climber, they tell me, so feels the urge. Thus life.

At the Rail. If only I could speak the language. I was watching a long island pass by and the silhouettes against the sky, when a young man spoke to me in Norwegian but without a pause shifted to English. "I was looking at the largest island in Norway. Some of the light houses had not yet been lighted this summer because of the long Northern day. Yes, it was also twilight in the winter after the earth was covered with snow, But the nights in the autumn were dark.

There were bleak spots and mild in North Norway. Both Molde and Trondjem

had forests. Some tourist ships come north only to Trondjem and return. The cruising ships go farther.

To see the mountains the coast trip is good, but to understand the people the inland trip from Oslo to Trondjem should be taken. Trondjem is Norway's Liverpool. It is the shipping point for fish to Sweden. The foreign port is Bergen for England, and Spain. Narvik is the shipping port for Swedish iron

Yes, Hammerfest is the most northerly town on earth. Even Narvik is above the Arctic Circle. Some English on board are going to Kirkenes and will take bus all the way to Helsingfors. Four days probably with stops at night.

Afterall I could have sailed from Bergen Sunday — by a Dutch boat to Trondjem and then have caught a postboat from Trondjem direct to Narvik. But this fine point could easily escape the Travel Bureau. However, I'll put my time savings into the extra trip thru the Lofoten islands to Tromsö. "you must excuse me", he said in parting.

July 27 - Trondjem. We anchored at the pier. The Widnatsol had arrived at 5:30 and was being given a clean up and bath. We tarry until 10:30.

~~Has~~ Bear to America. When some persisted in leaving the door open while he was dressing, he remarked: "I don't give a damn". His genial companion who had never been there suddenly burst in English like a Century Plant. It was astounding. He had been attempting to converse with me for two days.

Trondjem is only semi-quaint, but is fairly large. It is 40 min. deep, at fast walking and 70 min. long around the curve of the fiord-head. At least it required 20 min. at my best walk to return from the Domkirche to the ship. Here the Norwegian kings are crowned. I could have preferred a square-lined massive church near by for such service. It has primitiveness and austerity and a crown over the door. The cathedral is Gothic in preponderating Southern spirit, but the music heard thru the door was worthy of any. A dignified avenue led to the cathedral yard. At its beginning where was the city square and

* Near the harbor is sea-mine, relic of the war. They say that one night during the war, an English warship stole into the harbor to examine a prowling submarine. Of course under such circumstances it was detained.

market stood an octagonal column supporting a King Arthur crusader — not a brawny Viking. The crusader seems to me to represent more nearly [illegible] people.*


[illegible] a book "Norway on Ten Pounds". [illegible] clear. It is quite English [illegible] and Rain. Such is the climate [illegible] in Scandinavia and also [illegible] in Denmark. This morning [illegible] ing, this afternoon the sun is [illegible] the sky is overcast or has a dark [illegible] immediately rains.

But not so last June. Then all three countries suffered from drought. The soil of Fanö was white as the sand, the crops of Denmark matured too soon, and Bergen in the mountains suffered badly. Bergen could develop irrigation, but the general climate does not require it.

Our Boy Scouts camped on the upper deck loft at Trondjem. They are from near North Cape and were returning from the International Boy Scout gathering at Oslo.

Trondjem Fiord seems much like the Clyde for width and length. The trees and

market stood an octagonal column supporting a King Arthur crusader — not a brawny Viking. The crusader seems to me to represent more nearly the spirit of the people.*

Purchased a book "Norway on Ten Pounds" by Sydney A. Clark. It is quite English Sunshine and Rain. Such is the climate or weather in Scandinavia and also my experience in Denmark. This morning it was raining, this afternoon the sun is shining. If the sky is overcast or has a dark cloud, it immediately rains.

But not so last June. Then all three countries suffered from drought. The soil of Faro was white as the sand, the crops of Denmark matured too soon, and Bergen in the mountains suffered badly. Bergen could develop irrigation, but the general climate does not require it.

Our Boy Scouts camped on the upper deck loft at Trondjem. They are from near North Cape and were returning from the International Boy Scout gathering at Oslo.

Trondjem Fiord seems much like the Clyde for width and length. The trees and

hillside farms are slowly giving way to the bolder more desolate islands usually fronting the sea.

How Do They Do It? Are captains acrobats? Do they make precision turns at full speed? We no longer need to go to the Inner Passage of Alaska. We drove straight into a cluster of islands that furnished natural harbors for fishing boats and made a hairpin turn at full speed and then a broader reverse turn before straightening out for the open sea. The gate was as narrow that I could have thrown a stone ashore. The beacons seemed all too few. The turns on the open sea seem better marked. This may work in the land of the midnight sun, but how in the darkness of winter? The folded strata and broken down faults into clefts made me feel that I was on the Hvalrossen in Greenland waters.

Yet I am assured by one of my Tromsö friends that this route is traveled in winter as in summer except in fog and snow.

Medicine. The first time since Reno.

Throat and tonsils. But the recovery has been prompt. *

A Little Casket. The big casket is gone. In its place a tiny one — and gasoline barrels and hose. Later a child's tricycle was added. After all, all things are human, even gas barrels. The baby resent mind. The tricycle may comfort. He is snug in a steamer rug.

The Open Sea. Not an island beyond. Too many hanging, listless heads. But we were soon among islands again.

Five Germans on board. We dont quite mix — I mean the Norwegians. They dont seem quite to accept them. The story goes that the German tourist are permitted to expend a maximum of only 25 marks. Does that mean daily? It cant apply to an entire trip. Probably a canard. **

The Lofoten Trip Arranged. My ticket reads Narvik via Svolvaer. We reach Svolvaer tomorrow (Tuesday) at 7 p.m. I am to continue thru the Lofoten Islands to Trondevej where we arrive Wednesday noon. A bus for Narvik connects with the boat. I may lose my ticket from Svolvaer to Narvik and must pay 13 Kr. on the bus. But I shall

* I loaned my steamer rug to a traveler who remained all afternoon on deck. Beside her coat she had only a tiny sweater over her knees. A most hearty handshake and expressive Norwegian accompanied the return of the rug.

** Erin may explain that they may spend only one mark extra or exchange the balance into Finnish currency.

see the finest scenery on the North Cape route. I must trust the future for farther north.

Rörvik. The bottle neck of the voyage: a tiny town, a radio mast for reporting vessels, a church. Fishing boats. Beyond is a hole scarcely two ships wide. At scarcely more than headway we go thru, then quickly full speed again. These ships should be called weasels. At the wharf two ships and we met two more when approaching. Farther south we passed a whaler scarcely larger than a fishing motorboat. It had a harpoon gun at the bow. Its game were small whales, like the 12-footer we shot on the Greenland coast.

Silent Traffic. No warning sounds from autos or bicycles are longer permitted in Denmark - Sweden - Norway. Pedestrians and drivers are expected to keep alert. The results have satisfied. So I am startled when our steamer whistles when entering harbor. In fact, I do not recall hearing the whistle until

tonight at Rörvik. The steamer never whistles when passing another.*

Why? An artist on board. At the "genial stage". Too much (and more on hand.) Wants to draw my face for 2 Kr. How do I like Norway? "Enough, or I wouldn't be here". He drew a fair portrait of someone else. He left a trail of amused interest. Is "G. K. SPECIAL" patent?

Arctic Light. It is 10:45 p.m. Yet there is good visibility on the sea despite the fact that clouds continuous and some have settled into the mountains. No, the sky is clear overhead. Visibility westward extends to the horizon.

July 28 - (Thoughts of Tahoe)

Six in a Room. Not bad when the porthole is open except on a baldheaded man whose head intercepted the draft and the rain. Twice he closed the porthole, finally using both bolts. I then preferred to rise early for the only ventilation was then a 6 inch  in the door. Why could not the baldman have covered his head? One man slept "hard" on a terrace

* Tuesday morning, the steamer whistled again on entering harbor. Evidently to summon officials and coming passengers.

with a rug. A suggestion for Russia. At least he did not need to undress.

"Svartisen!" (1599 m.). The Ice Cap of Northern Norway. It has been a rainy morning. Clouds have capped the mountains. The rocks and verdure glisten in the rain.

I wondered why the steamer heeled far over so often. It was not the half-gale and sudsing waters. We were making 2 turns to look at the Svartisen glaciers and through the islands. These Norwegian vikings have but continued their steamers.

At breakfast we turned sharply into a forested fiord with fisher homes, hillside haymeadows and homes. Suddenly two glaciers cleared framed in fresh green and vapor. Below the first a white stream entered the fiord thru a forested notch where a homestead decked the hillside.

A remarkable harmony of the ice-age and the present.

We were in an Emerald Bay in its glacier stage and our ship was the "Tahoe", following the curve of the shore. At its head

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At "Frokost" (Breakfast) two glaciers ahead, framed in fresh green forests and glades below and vapor above. Houses in the openings — some. mere hay meadows — ~~dotted~~ dotted the hillsides. A white stream entered the fiord thru a forested notch. A remarkable harmony of the ice-age and the present.

We were in an Emerald Bay in its glacier stage and our ship was the "Tahoe", following the curve of the shore. At its head

the great ice reached to the mountain tops - deep fissures appeared at the curves. An ~~lonely~~, abandoned boulder ~~as large as a cabin~~ stood solitary at the beach. A hut with line-turf roof bore it distant company. Rain was falling. Ribbon falls like bits of lace mark covered the cliffs.

Now we are in the broad strait once more. High overhead is a Yosemite wall or Böcklin's Isle of Death in a gauze of vapor and cloud-touched. A southbound steamer is passing, sinking its bows to the throat in the waves. The smoke of our ship trails far before us.

Bodö at noon. They seem to pronounce it Buddha. Quite a town protected by a seawall built out into the channel against south winds. The rain continues falling, but at 2 p.m. the mailplane passed at a float in the harbor to mail up and by a series of curves took off southward in the murk. I'd rather see Norway from the sea than the air. The landscape will flatten too much.

Cheaper when you understand. My meals with a large glass of milk added have cost about 6.20 Kroner a day or about $1.60. The stewardess is trying to save me money by letting me pay for the meals in one bill.

The rule seems to be that if you take all three meals daily, you can save 30 öre a meal. The passenger may sign a ticket and pay at the close of the voyage. There seems to be no fear of skipping the bill.

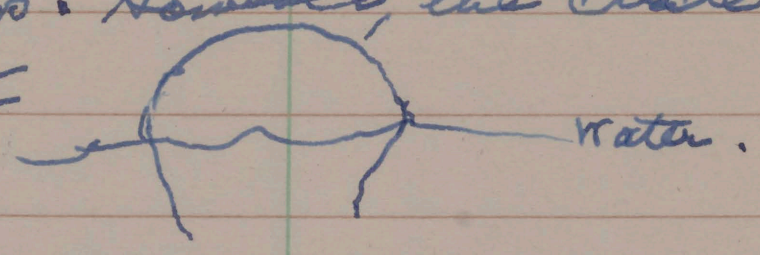
So finally this morning she refused payment tho I had signed no ticket and wants me to pay all later. This will decrease my food expense to $1.38 daily. She took Sunday-Monday computer my orbit.

Vestfjorden. We now have a rough stretch of 4 hours across the West Fiord to the Lofoten Islands. Then we enter in. We are anticipating the experience.

The Hans Egede. We must be on her. We are rolling as badly. Why did I fill up on chocolate at Bodö? promptly Triangles.

on the table, passengers on their backs, a few more seaworthy on deck.

a Rainbow. Not the bow alone in the sky, but the lower ends flatten out on the sea and converge toward the ship. However, the circle is not complete




The colors? I never can separate them fully. But orange, yellow, green and blue blended, indigo? or is it blue purple? This roll takes the spirit out of writing. Light has even turned back on itself. I'll stop till later. This has become rocking chair writing with a full stomach. Try it.

lightened. I gave and she ~~gave~~ treated in return. Heaven lightened more swiftly and in the face of the gale. That's more disastrous.

a bracyant ride, ~~and~~ Exciting and wet. Finally refuge in the cabin. One falls immediately drowsy and asleep with his reader clasping a table leg to keep him from the floor.

Suddenly the engine stopped. Rocks on either side! But the harbor gate received us from a crest into a quiet harbor. How sudden the transition.

Sagaelven. Three vessels actual immediately behind us and then two more. Large traffic at the Arctic Circle and a French light cruiser. A high range before us partly veiled. Here waits my steamer for Narvik. But the clouds are lifting. We sail at 9:30. My own night up.

Out. The Bröay ahead, to her brows in foam. Head moves for her south.

Black Cairns, marvelous beacon on every submerged rock. The islets are a labyrinth.

The NRA must have been serving emergency morse here, but only these can ships safely venture.

Black Cairns on the islands are more visible against the sky where

fineness

Down we bursting. So to bed.

Raftsund is a Scylla and Charybdis. Rocks on one side, a craggy mountain mass on the other. But emerald green covers the mountain face in velvet except where knobs and ribs protrude. Sheet rain is carried on a whistling gust. The coast is a line of leaping foam. Rocks rise here jagg from the waters.

The open sea, then, turns into another fiord round shoulders of russet gold tipped with towers and glistening spires. The vapor veils are translucent and let outlines and background color appear. Thus the magic of the scene will grow in reading

Black cairns on the islands are more visible against the sky

where

fissures

Dawn or breaking. So to bed

Then a warning from my room mate, Hay. He are taking the northern passage instead of the southern known as Trollfiord. I should speak at once to the mate.

So forward to First Class. The mate declared the weather against it and said that Trollfiord was taken on the southern trip, but this I could look into it as we passed by. "He hadn't seen me before", he said when I assured him that I had travelled all the way from Bergen and was continuing to Finnmarken merely to see the Lofoten Islands,

Black cairns on the islands are more visible against the sky

where

fjords

Down we bearing. So to bed.

I told him that I was traveling Third Class because I had thousands of miles to go, and he heartily approved since I was traveling alone. He doesn't approve of Third Class for women yet – american women.

I had the promised view. He returned to my deck to show me. A truly narrow gate – a narrow canyon in fact that tilted apart to form the walls of precipitous peaks, bearing glaciers in their laps. The fiord led circuitously through the mountain mass.

Black cairns on the islands are more visible against the sky

where

fiords

Down we lessening. So to bed.

Our north fiord was little less wild. The towering peaks stood only a little farther remote. Braided streams poured down the walls. From one fall the gusts of wind were catching the water and throwing it upward. One fall was a miniature Bridal Veil. Entire slopes were russet gold like Greenland and the landscape in general was as emerald ~~green~~ as I had seen in Ireland.

# No bleak slopes here as in the low islands facing the sea. The northern exposure alone

Black cairns on the islands are more visible against the sky

where

fiords

Down we towering. So to bed.

the most verdant.
Meadows in spots large
enough for windrows
of hanging hay. Ground
sufficient for a cow or two
and goats. Motor fishing
boats on the shore.
Thus the farm and the
sea together afforded a
living. One homestead
looked American in its
style save for a Norwegian
church-chapel with spire,
seemingly attached to the house.

Thus gradually the
fiord became more
domestic but the
Trollfiord mass still
towered overhead.

It was near midnight.

Down we lowering. So to bed.

Black
cairns
on the
islands
are more
visible against
the sky

where

fireweed

The details of our map were still visible at hand's length, but the mass of castle towers and spires had now become a silhouette veiled in gray beneath the lighter sky still filled with speeding clouds.

To right as we looked back was a ~~gim~~ bald U-shaped gorge leading dim and sinister into alpine depths. Is this the other end of Trollfiord?

Wilder shores lay ahead. My night was quickly done. Norway with Scotland and Greenland has become to me a dream.

Dawn is breaking. So to bed.

Black cairns on the islands are more visible against the sky

where

spires

July 29. Hafstad. Queenstown? 4000 people.
On the slope at the head of its bay.
Three stops in the night. The interstream traffic
seemed heavy. The Cabin was full of people
unbedded and some on the backs of the
wall seats raised as benches. Of course it
was daylight but one, especially children,
must sleep. On the roof at the first port was
"Brux Nordkap's Såpor". What did it mean?
At Hafstad my chocolate and my friend
must have disembarked. I did not see her
again. "Ships that pass in the night".
We were both on the upper deck last night.
Our baby in the rug too has gone. Was it here?
Landscape. Sharp peaks this morning with
glaciers. A "Dent du Midi" at the end of
the lengthening fiord. Purple atmosphere
on the slopes as out West. Foliage again.
The Scotland fiords with farms and a
boat bringing a passenger to the steamer.
There is a road winding up the road
toward Narvik. "How do you like it?"
Norway can brag.
Singing. Our new passengers brought a
picnic spirit. One song was in
melody "John Brown's Body etc"

shortened a word each verse until all that remained was "John (— — —)" but the final verse "Phsssst — — —". However, after the equivalent lapse of time for singing the entire verse, the chorus followed: "Glory, glory, hallelujah ...".

<u>Prices</u>. I should keep account of rates. They are interesting. My Norwegian Kroner is still 26¢.

For 15 hrs. extra ride Solvaag to Finnsnes 2.65 Kr.
This included the berth.

From Bergen to Hamstad 3½ days . 35.55 Kr.

From Bergen to North Cape . . . 41.30 "

From Bergen to Kirkenes (farthest northeast) 45.00 "

Divide these by 4 and get the dollars.

It is stunning. Meals are only approx. 2.00 Kr. milk included. Here one can wear the wanderlust out of his bones without wrecking his purse. Read Clark's "Norway on Ten Pounds". I can expand it to the entire length of Norway. "Third Class" is the key.

Steamer ticket in folder 1

<u>A Wrecked Stomach</u>. It must have slipped at the coil yesterday. Sudden spills are too straining. Muscles, like machinery, have their limits.

Nearing Finnes. Looks like the country near Oslo. Yet it is far above the Arctic Circle — 3° above. Forests climb halfway up the mountains. Beautiful, well-kept farms and houses. It might be Ireland. It seems sheltered. "Vent du Midi" and the coasts to the south are bleaker.

A home! hay and crops. The Berkeley Hills.

Au Shore. Four to see me to the bus. All my roommates. One had made $50 a week in America in 1927 as model maker. He has now been in Norway at home six years.

Said another: "Mein Bruder, Wellington". Where? "New Zealand". and earnestly shook my hand. He also waved me Goodbye. I was his nearest tie to that far country. Longing showed in every gesture.

The "Midnatsol" is as pretty as the "Tahoe" as it sails up the waterway leaving me to land-travel once more. My vacation is over. This is "Loch Lomond", I must head for the "Trossachs".

My 25-Languages Book is a little avail.

It contains not the word yes nor the word bus. Of course "fresh" has not been overlooked "Third Class" can be commended. I must depend upon some understanding bystander. My friends have placed me on the right bus. So I am tranquil at present.

Finnes to Narvik. This entire trip could be filmed at Danner and Glenbrook in the days of dirt roads provided the shots were made in aspens instead of pines, for the visual distinction between aspen and birch is slight. A touch of Swiss hillsides and Iceland ponies could at times be interpolated to increase accuracy.

Särrisa — Hay on rope trellises, ponies — one each — on hay carts. The road a single track but smooth. The autobus honks at every turn and the road is mostly winding. "Honk!" Crack of doom to wagons. There are no autos.

The front half of a boat overturned in the lot as sleeping quarters for pigs. A good haven for worn out craft.

Yes, one auto. Then ponies with carts of rock for road building; an old man on

a hay cart; and old women with wheelbarrow and milk cans. Then a Ford on a canal. It escaped not so well as the others, and ran its fender on a protruding ledge. Bus stops, all confer. Laughter. Here off. The bridges are filled full by the bus. We carry the mail, so stop everywhere.

Then higher to pine uplands. The pines are small, otherwise Hobart Mills country in appearance. Here is a "Cafe". A resort country. Two peaks in the background. Lakes. A glacier on one peak. The higher is "Istind" 1490 meters. Not bad so close to the sea. The general aspect is that of New England approaching the White Mountains. The lakes here and the broad river have good banks.

Setermoen. Change buses here. First filling station. "Standard" and "Essolube" on the sign. Three or four cars in one and a half hours. Bicycles also and more usual.

There is a camp of boy soldiers in training.

To use up my Norwegian stamps, I use my time writing cards home. There was no leisure time at all on the boat. I leave Norway tomorrow.

Lunch of milk and 3 pastry only 20 öre or 6 cents.

New bus looks almost Tourist. It has a sliding-back roof, and rests for your heads if you can stand the bumping. Yet the price

for the day's trip of 5 hours is only 10 65 Kroner. about $2.75.

The road now climbs into the mountains and birches to pass over the ribs between fiords - The Narvik fiord is the second south. Even in the aspens are snow fences to guard the highway from driftsnow. Plainly the wind is strong and the snow not easily controlled. The drift problem is major in the uplands of Scandinavia in measuring snow.

But pasture is abundant - Cows, calves, goats. They understand the rules of passing on the road.

Narvik - Down sharp, narrow curves to Narvik fiord. Only 6 inches clearance on each side of bus on the ferry. The bus is a ferryful. 50 öre each for the passengers. A newly made pleasant city before us. A railway line ascends the fiord wall. Electric lines are entering. The railway is electrified. Iron ore from Sweden is behind it all. There is a steep skijump high up the slope.

Royal Hotel. A dangerous name but really a house-hotel with outlook upon a

garden and fiord. The bay assumed use of the price. Room, dinner, long portage cost only 7.98 Kr. or $2.00. The cost of the room alone without State Tax and Service was 3.00 Kr. The dinner was 2.25 Kr. Will these rates continue beyond Russia?

The first train for Abisko in Lappland leaves in the morning at 6.

July 30. To Abisko. We climb the side of the fiord steadily. A power line spans it like a suspension bridge. The water is blue-green. The sky is overcast. Cloud strata lie against the mountain faces. A storm is brewing as happened on Mt Washington.

Our fiord has now become a Caledonian Canal until it terminates in a narrow valley.

The elevation steadily increases to 500 meters at the Swedish boundary, then falls toward Abisko, where Lake Tornetrask is only 345 meters high.

The climb to the summit is almost a duplicate of that above Donner. Rock knobs, tunnels, snow fences, snow sheds, view down upon fiord and near by upon rock pools. Cotton balls appear.

But at Björnfjell 513.67 M. large petaled flowers were set out at the base of the station house.

Riksgränsen (the Royal Boundary) appeared to be a ski-resort. Here were summit lakes, snowfences and sheds. An anemometer on the roof. Must ask for the record. Here may be a powersite and forecasting. 1541 kilometers to Stockholm — a thousand miles!

Vassijaure 514 M is a large brick building: hotel, station, power transformer, all concentrated in one, It is economical, for a snowfence 18 ft. high surrounds the building on two sides. Here the Norwegian conductor leaves and the Swedish takes his place.

Slate shingles seem to be used for the roof on section houses. Stone is Sweden's staple.

Mountains are now very rolling, but all have been glaciated. One glacier remnant appears.

Then a labyrinth of lakes appears, with grass lands and short birch.

This is Greenland in reality.

An Immense Lake! Birch are now 30 feet high. One red clover. Later white clover in abundance. Fire weed in large clusters along the track.

Abisko Touristation is merely a hotel upon our lake, and Abisko itself is merely headquarters for railway employees. But Melin's letter indicating Abisko was correct.

The Weather Station was close by in the birch forest on the brow of the hill overlooking the lake. My knock was unheard but Professor Åkerblom's wife saw me wandering in the rain and had the intuition that it was not an early tourist but my expected self. So I was hailed from the window by the Professor himself while in the process of shaving.

"Could I speak German?" "I could understand ein wenig". So he immediately felt at ease. Mrs Åkerblom could handle English quite well but thought that I said that America had a thousand peaks higher than 6000 ft, the height of their mountains in the distance,

when I said that America had such a mountain – Mt Washington – of 6000 ft. She had apparently accepted this Americanism in good faith but fortunately later repeated my supposed statement.

Dr. Welin had at least sent me to a silver, if not a gold, mine. Many were the essential things I learned.

The Swedish Academy of Science had established a Natural Science Station here because of the unusual climatic location. Weather and magnetic observations were being made and Arctic botany was being studied. Thus the Arctic stations in magnetism and botany at Godhavn, Greenland were being repeated eastward in Scandinavia. Both formed links in the circle of stations making observations during the Polar Year. Magnetism is Professor Åkerblom's specialty.

He was a member of the Swedish Expedition to East Greenland, where he spent the winter. Mrs Åkerblom is from Southern Sweden but feels that the trees there are too high. Frankly she loves

this northern land of stunted growth.

Most elaborate records of earthquakes are being obtained on three large cylinders of Russian make. Sweden is intensely interesting in the changing elevations of her coast line.

He would like to study the Aurora but needs more aid. He has already used neighboring stations to determine their height. Students are received here for research. Several are studying botany.

This was once the chief weather station for Northern Sweden. but instruments have now been set up at Riksgränsen because it is slightly higher and mountain stations have become popular again.

The distance between them is only 35 kilometers, yet strangely Abisko is practically the point of lowest precipitation in Sweden (300 mm?) and Riksgränsen the highest. Such is the effect of a coast range on precipitation. What is the precipitation at Narvik? at Iceland 4000 mm (Allmann).

The barometer today was steadily falling. Therefore, the steady rain seemed natural. However, this afternoon the sun was shining tho tonight the sky is again overcast.

Rain seems ever intermittent in Northern Europe. You must ever carry your raincoat on your arm. The residents seem to dress in these or in raintight parkas especially when hiking. They seem as essential as handkerchiefs.

Snow is measured here merely by a
→ staff. The raingage is wide — more than a foot by laws — and has the funnel sunk several inches to avoid the effects of splashing. There is a spout on the can for drawing off the water for measuring. A Nipher screen, open at the bottom and level with the top of the can — is used. The screen has a circular instead of octagonal contour. of straight slope. The top of the can is head-high above the ground.

Also the large instrument shelter is bottomless and painted black inside. A step ladder leads upward into its center.

Tho precipitation is normally light, the humidity is relatively high, due to the mild temperature and the moisture in

the soil from the winter snow. The drainage also is weak.

He showed me the writings of Axel Hamberg, Professor of Geography, student of snow cover and weather in Swedish Lappland, a whole degree to the south. Like Lowell at Flagstaff, he put his life and resources into this work. Tho a Docent at Stockholm, he became a professor at Uppsala. He is now dead! A Königliche Commission is publishing the results. Professor Åxelblom is the only surviving member.

He let me copy the following titles of published works. Perhaps I can obtain them. There are other titles in botany and biology.

Notes "Die Eigenschaften" in folder 1

→ We must send him our general articles on Snow in return.

PROFESSOR FILIP ÅKERBLOM
Naturvetenskapliga Stationen
Abisko
Sweden

The great lake before us was Torneträsk, easily 4 miles wide and 60 long. A tourist boat is at the near Tourist station planned originally for skiers and some fishing boats are in service. The lake is very deep — 150 meters (?). The ice becomes over a meter thick at times. Skis are used at the Station until April.

Today the lake was framed in cloud veils. It possesses the atmospheric and color qualities of Tahoe when conditions are favorable.

This lake is not used for power. The great power installations are farther southeast at Porjus on the Lulevatten, but provide the power on the Narvik road and the great iron mines at Kiruna and

Gallivare, I could go but must rest and write today. So Kiruna, the station of the mountain of iron (a Bingham, Utah) and midway point of Lapps nearby, has been chosen.

→ A student enthusiast in snow and ski-ing has given me the following name of a helper for Sweden:

Note with name of "Specialist in Swedish Glaciers" in folder #1

He also classified the native Lapps somewhat:

1. The Tarvisten Lapps on display.
2. The Fishing Lapps who have permanent homes and depend on fishing.
3. The Reindeer Lapps who follow their herds who keep moving in search of food.

They are situated both to the north and the south and are closer to the mountains. These always live in movable houses of skin.

Professor Åkerblom told me that the

reindeer are eager for grass and when the snow is deep come over his fence to forage. Thus the dry moss is eaten because it is the only thing available. They eat birch stems only sparingly.

With the Åverbloms help my schedule was arranged: Tonight Kiruna, tomorrow night Uleåborg in Finland. Then a daylight ride to Helsingfors. That means an idle Sunday, for I can not meet Intourist and Finnish officials until Monday. But I want to ride only days until I reach Russia.

They helped most with my suitcase, for in the confusion at Narvik I received no ticket for it. Their word at Abisko released the suitcase at the baggage office. Anywhere else I might have been mistrusted.*

Regarding peace with rebellion Norway, Mrs Åverblom said: "The king was unpopular. One can feel around it the rattling of bayonets."

* Mrs Åverblom also made welcome gift of the bacon of being guaranteed for smuggling in case I planned to return to Finland. Sweden from Russia will probably not care for smuggled vacuum-sealed bacon. Tsarist Russia.

To Kiruna.

| | |
|---|---|
| Stordalen, next station only | 383 M. |
| Torneträsk | 393 M |
| Renajön | 489 M |
| Rautas | 467 M |
| Kronvik | 463 M. |

The country is rolling but is evidently sloping down.

The snowfences are possibly less frequent, at least they are lower. Now only 8 feet in height. The precipitation is less.

Kiruna. Another new town radiating up a birch hillside from the station, with a neat park under construction and a Lapp-byzantine church on the crest of the hill. The slanting timbers possibly suggest the ribs of a tent. The upper structure is a variant in gables of the Greek square church. The campanile also resembles a tent below ingrown into vertical supports of a byzantine dome.

In the valley before the town is a lake crossed by roads. Rising high on one side is a mountain now built into terraces. Someday the top will be leveled and a later age will come here to wonder — and surmise a titanic Aztec temple with its pyramid peak somehow gone. Here is Sweden's great mountain of nearly pure iron being carried

over the cliffs to Narvik and the sea. The ore further east descends more readily to the Gulf of Bothnia and directly south. This scene could belong to Bingham, Utah as readily as to Arctic Lappland. The powerstations at Porjus is far underground to avoid ice and cold. A simple device of tunnels. Alaska in pioneer days froze a ceiling over their intake in order to have an icefree conduit beneath.

Lapps. The natives, not residents. Then in America, the Indians, not the Americans.

I had been shy of them because of their bright colors and light faces. But both come from themselves, not from the tourists.

The clothing here is sailorcloth or navyblue for it is warm and fairly dry. Really parkas like the Sunday ones I wore in Greenland, but stripes of red and yellow deck their clothing in profusion. The cap might resemble a Hussars for its large tassel-like pompom. The wide visor on the cap looks like a jockeys.

Sometimes boots like the Eskimo & the

ankle or slightly higher. But mainly rubber packs - rubber below, leather leg above -, the women often wore heavy, hiking shoes. Most had sashes -in colors- at the ankle to bind the trousers tightly to the boots. The trousers tapered from hip to ankles for a closer fit.

In looks and complexion they varied from Noah Johnson to J.C. Marr, except that there was a slight slant to the eyes - the one evidence of Mongolian ancestry. The turned up toes of the boots might be another - but the Finns have these too. They also are said to be Mongolian.

Active, cheerful, prompt at decisions - if you dont like their berries. These must have been a Burbank development from the raspberry. They must be native, for the Japs have brought them in back-boxes on the train to sell in town. The tang is slightly sharper than of raspberries.

I saw no reindeer but only their evidences at Abisko. They have gone to the range for summer.

Across the hall of my hotel was a Persian Professor, but I did not meet him.

Essential Clothing.

1 change of underclothing and socks.

1 Extra cap and a  in case the cap is blown away.

Rippers loaded Bank.

Soap for the Dames do not provide it.

Rubbers, raincoat, overcoat, scarf.

A pocket book to carry receipts etc.

My Bank. I now realize what the curve in the back is good for. It's the fit place to hang the wallet around your neck. I tried it on the chest, then on the ribs, then in the hollow of my back. Only I cant keep my eye on it. So it has its glory with the Grand Canyon, the place to throw razor blades.

To Boden. A boy in shorts and pack became my seat mate. He is a Swedish student, working halfdays on the newspaper. He speaks English and lives in Stockholm. He has toured to Oslo, by road to Trondjem, then by steamer to Narvik. We can make comparisons.

The slope is descending, the trees are growing higher, I am studying snowfaces.

Kalixfors. 367 M (?) Evidently trail for Sweden's highest mountain.

"KEBNEKAISE. 2123 M. Ö.H. Sveriges Högsta Fjäll."

The mellow is about kneehigh in the lower flats. Birch 8-10 ft. high. Cotton-balls in water spots. Shallow ponds. Semi-tundra.

The Swedish Hiker: 3 Viking Ships in Oslo. 18 M. or more long. One went to America in 1000. "Yes, one also to Chicago in 1893. But unfortunately they had no newspaper".

Lappberg. Water bog abundant.

Snow fences now only 6 ft. high but very frequent. No power development here. Power depends upon topography.

A fair river and full. Joins a large stream at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. Pines now appearing — but thin.

Fjällåsen. 507 M.

Havrå 537 M.? Hills rolling but high. Drainage is better here. White flowers in profusion on tiny streams.

Risböck 482 M. Trees higher, especially pines. Max. diameter 12-18 in.

Linäälv 448 M. A 12-ft fence even in birches on lee of very large meadow. However, fences occur only occasionally even in the open and semi-open flats.

Pines are now medium & large. A mountain ash.

Siktrösk 394 M. A snowfence on shore of lake.

Gällivare. Ore trains. A factory. Lake with motorboats. The mines do not show. Here is the detour to Parjus and the power station.

→ Is this the boundary line in snowdrifting? Where the pines begin? Or the birch too if the birch is of reasonable height?

But in large open flats, there are still fences 8 ft. high. Evidently the wind is still strong. However, on another flat there is no fence.

Now 8-ft. fences on each side of track but only for a short space, the flat extends for a mile or more.

→ There is also hay – cut only with scythes. Bound & the handle by thongs. Women do much of the raking. "Hand Muller"?

Nuortikon 354 M. Sawmill site. abandoned.

Nattavara* 321 M. Occasional farms. Haylands. No snow fences. Open pines. Some birch.* "Coldest place in Sweden".

Cut-over land, meadows, but no snow fences. But the cut-over land is
→ regrowing. Only two traces so far of burning. Wetness prevents. Compare heavy snow seasons in Montana.

Yes, another snowfence but very short.

** → Polarcirkeln 306 M. Cut-over land, but not badly cut. Regrowing.

We are at Haparanda in latitude but the landscape is wholly different, except the presence of the cottonball or flag. Murjek. 241 M.

Lunch for Two - Coffee my only meal this morning. I planned a full meal at noon. The hiker could not eat until Luleå because his money was gone. He too had had only coffee. So I gave him a Kroner and we set out for lunch. He was guide. In the diner, he obtained 2 sandwiches, 2 milks, and 1 egg for 1.55 Kr. for us both and turned in his Kroner toward the bill. So felt good but was all I was

destined to have until next forenoon.

Sandträsk 168M. A large state hospital for North Sweden across large lake. Sand beach. Trees have been lumbered. More mountain ash.

Farther on the lumbering is recent.

→ Boden. One have to wait. It almost became a day. It would have been except for the interest of a one-armed official and friend. This is one of the reasons I am inevitably an Internationalist.

Autos and buses on rails are normal to Boden, but were merely curiosities to me. They evidently are used to run to the boundary to which only few travel. The Swedish traffic to Finland would be mainly by sea.

I was shown the track and the direction from which my train should come and then placed myself in a position to intercept it. I wrote postcards meanwhile, keeping my eye on the track and a comfortable man spread on a seat. When he finally moved down the platform, I took his seat and hastened my writing. One autos

The key barns are tiny and slope in on the bottom probably to protect the walls from rain. "Lo-in" a cache of Nyckel Swedes only.

The real problem: One chiefly for Walter.
(1) To determine the boundary line of forest in terms of forest cover and minimum cover in the forest.
(2) To estimate the percentage of rock mountain and potential dairy. Walter has an index of the mountains.

bus on my track but at the far end of the station was loading.

Suddenly, I was hurriedly snatched from my seat. "I wanted to go to ~~Tornea~~ Haparanda, did I not?". Luckily he spoke English. He grabbed part of my baggage and ran — I too explaining that I was looking for a train. We were then 20 minutes late. I was thrust into the rear compartment with the general baggage, while my friend and I saluted eachother — and our bus started for Finland. The "comfortable occupant of the seat" was on board. He was wise — or spoke Swedish.

Also I shall not forget the bicycles ex-Boolan hanging from the ceiling of the baggage room — there are hence Rabo was once such. Also I saw the photographs of Ramlander and Rabo in the gallery at Stockholm which I had failed to visit.

Hereafter, if I see even a tricycle on rails, I shall immediately go on board.

To Ulåborg (Finnland). The Finns call it "Oulu".

Hunsjö 39 M. We are plainly at sealevel and on the Baltic plain. The natives call ~~the Baltic~~ the East Sea.

There is a sawmill here of small type. The trees are too small for larger mills. An auto car — 2 seater — is on the siding. I have high respect for it now.

These are all gas cars. The motorman takes the tickets, a boy unloads the packages.

Here are meadows and the slanting hay barns, and a pony drawing hay on a sled. Haying is a family matter. Life is frugal.

Niemisel 23 M. Marshes, and reeds and pools and waterlilies. All hay here seems wild. The region might be Michigan and Ann Arbor in 1840. Thickets and farms intermingle.

A great river. Stakes to mark the channel for boat traffic. The water of North Sweden is beginning to converge.

Vitvattnex. Passed mixed train south. A skeleton bicycle on rails.

More small streams.

Then firs, pines, sand. The sand seems essential. Then thickets, black soil, drain ditches, Birch and willow grow not.

Lappträsk 51 M. Broad tundra. No snowfences. Crossings are rare*. We are nearing Sibelius. Buildings are mostly red.

Yes, one fence on the south - wind strong from the Baltic. A cow! Of course,

* One misses the crossing bells.
* The barns mostly with faint red and yellow. Before I could not imagine a Scandinavian picture in any approach. Collection. A boy is haying on his stomach.

why otherwise the hay? For the pony only that pulls the hay-sled?

Karungi 28 M. Large town. Wide farm-area.

Lankärv 28 M. The tundra has been broken into agricultural land. All roots are shallow tho they are thick.

Mattila 12 M. Currants, raspberries, cow. Some willows, fir, birch, — clearings with stumps.

An imposing town in the distance. 2 towers. Auto truck. It is Haparanda.

The Boundary. A 4-span railway bridge, followed by a 3-span bridge. A natural boundary. Motor boats. Yes, also a small steamer and a tug boat.

Tarneå. The Finns call it Tarnio.

Inspection seemed easy until the brief-case (Sally's) was ordered opened. The papers wrought amazement. The inspector clutched them and looked at his superior as a pointer dog may pose at game. Urgently I was queried. Did I speak German. "Ein-mänig". Then who was I. Then at the height of my wrath and impressiveness, I uttered:

"I am president of the International Commission of Snow and am visiting Western Europe". He would permit me to harangue no longer and the papers subsided to so as quickly as they had risen. Query! Why did he take my word for it? Are they afraid of Communists? They had great respect for "learning."

In a Strange Land - I did not understand the Scandinavian languages but found myself at home in their sound. The Finnish (they call it Suomi) grates on my ear and nerves. It seems harsher and the people more crude.

The brakeman tried to aid me by showing me the time table, I thought he was trying to collect more fare. Then I tried to ask him if there were another train to Helsingfors (their name Helsinki). That I wanted to get off the train to sleep at Oulu and go tomorrow. By his watch he showed me that it would take the train a night and a day to go there, but he could not understand about changing trains. Indeed, his book seemed to show only

one train. We both laughed at our predicament. It made us friends. Later the conductor, who spoke German, made the matter clear. There would be two other trains early in the afternoon — at 13 and 16 o'clock — but only the earlier and slower train carried Third Class passengers.

But my 25-Languages Book regained some prestige. A fruit girl accepted a 25-Swedish Öre coin for an orange and a fruit boy showed me a "Mark", which he evidently was receiving for tiny packages of chocolate. My book showed me that I was crossing a gulf in coinage.

The Kroner equalled a shilling which equally "two bits". That was easy. But now 100 pennis = 1 Markka which equalled only 3/4 d = 1 1/2 cents. (at the Bank, I received 2.2 ¢). This I finally saved a badly needed nights rest at Oulu, when the landlady offered me a room for 25 Marks. We both laughed at the big number. The German Mark had caused trouble before.

However, I still shudder at a bill

of 49.50 Markka for a bunch of postcards.

The people are trafficing in low values but this has thrown their numbers high. Bills of 50 and 100 Markka are usual and these are as large to my eyes at first as small handbills. Plenty of paper — as overlarge as the Swedish 10 öre silver piece had been tiny. But a 10 Markka bill soon goes for a breakfast.

A Friend in Need. No "breakfast" served at the hotel. I neglected to say "Coffee" otherwise I might have had it. So I wandered uptown looking for signs. "Liike" looked attractive but it proved to be an undertaking parlor with flounces on the caskets. I had seen them before only on flowers and cake. Some places looked more inviting but I could not look inside. It looked like a non-eating town.

This time my "25 Languages" aided. The compiler must sometime have been hungry as well as thirsty. Café was "Kahvila" and Restaurant was "ravintóla". I might have known. It sounded and looked so much like raviola. Has Mussolini been here? If you wanted a Lavatory, you wouldn't be so fortunate. It is Käymälä. But the

tourist hotels are more considerate. They mark it "OO" or "W.C". I shudder at going to Estonia. There it is "väljakäigukoht". Pronounce it. The Estonians tried to and invented "V-koha".

Finally, I drifted into an eating-drinking place and held up a Swedish 5 Kroner bill. It did not satisfy. I had no Finnish money. A roughlooking man immediately hastened to me, spoke in German, and offered to trade money. I had to venture. So, as if in the business, he handed me 52 Markka for my 5-Kroner paper, and translated the menu. "No tips ("Trinkgeld") required in Finland or expected.

Then I tried a business office next door to cash $10 Express Order and was carefully directed in German to a nearby bank. The paying clerk was a "whizz". She was keeping the line moving and with a jerk of her head and elbow directed me to go back and try all over again at the Cashier or President himself. He most courteously figured my exchange and gave me a paper for the astounding

sum of 449 Markka in gave me a duplicate "if you will have it". Then down the line again, only to be put one side until I attached my signature. She looked plainly indifferent, even bored. But no customer was kept waiting an instant. If he hesitated, he hand was thrust out of the hole for his paper. At last, she grasped for mine. What a terror to children she would be as a teacher.

And to think that I tried to do business at this bank with my hat in hand. Others had hung their hats and canes on a rack. I didnt dare lose mine. But finally I threw it on a seat as I traversed that line again. I was becoming too crude.

But Finland. My readjustment has made me overlook my purpose in coming. So I must start again with the border. The big stream Tornio forming the boundary seemed to repeat itself at each considerable town. Thus the country was appreciably different.

Kemi. A big river more than twice the size of the boundary river, I find that

it bears the name of the town. The name Ravintola is prominent. In the town thru the trees I can see "Touristi Hotelli". I would have dodged it once. I love it better now, for I am hungry. The Baltic! Shipping.

Birch cordwood, piled with △ △ △ at intervals to help it dry.

Simo. Pretty, parklike station. No figures for distance for Helsingfors and elevation above the sea.

The roofs now seem to overhang much more. Farms very met. Level country. Wild hay only. Highways. The bars at the crossings are now painted red and black.

Where land is higher, grain and potatoes. The ⬠ barn occurs as in North Sweden.

a Three Span Bridge. Kuivaniemi town? or probably the Lijaki River. I am ceasing to take names. It is full 22 o'clock.

Soon land higher and ditched. Grain and hay. Broad fields; oats and potatoes.

Still another Wide River. Logs in it. Numerous and fairly large.

The train is going south, yet the full

moon on the horizon is an aur right.
Oulåborg but I had long since called it Oulu.
And another large river. A crowd at the
station.

Neither Swedes nor Finns pester you to
carry your luggage. Across the station
square set with adamantine cobble stones
I found two hotels and took the illuminated
one. No longer should I emphasize that I
want a room "ohne Bad". Washbowls and
pitchers are standard where I seek shelter.
It's merely Grandmother and Tabor.

And you hang your clothes on a nail by the door. Why bother the clerk — on any

August 1. So today after discovering my friend
in need and a breakfast, I tried the
station and discovered that there was
really a sleeping car III Class on the fast
train to Helsinki, leaving at 16:15 o'clock.
The price was 30 Markka or 66¢. Finnland's
problem seemed simple and I could therefore
travel at night. I needed the rest and
chance to write on my Journal.

Oulu was a large town and mostly
passed my window. I had visited the
river harbor and saw a steamer.
We are on or close to the Baltic. The

people seem more stolid and heavier than the Swedes. Boots with accordian tops are frequent and some boots have upturned toes, typical of the Mongolian or Russian. Some call the Finns Mongolian Gipsys. They have the semi-swagger.

Carts with thills as heavy as timbers seem the only luggage vehicle. Fortunately they possess a pair of heavy springs. There was one tiny droshky and pony, almost as small as a richksha. The two suitcases seemed to crowd the driver and woman passenger out.

Rain still falls here and ceases. It must be the style of Scandinavian and Finnish weather.

To Helsinki. The Finns call themselves Suomi and their capital Helsinki. Only the Swedes use the other names.

Dinner. I planned to eat at leisure on the dining car. Luckily I looked at once while the cars were on the siding. The porter (she is a woman) waved me to the railway Ravintola. My finger to my mouth made her understand my need.

In I hastened and pointed my finger at the train. Only 15 minutes. The cover of a pot was lifted. Pea soup! a dish full. Bread, butter, milk and cakes 8.25 Marcka 18 ¢. Yesterday's hunger would not be repeated. Plainly the line depends upon station restaurants as in "our good old days".

The Sleeper. In compartments with three shelves for III Klasse and two shelves for II Klasse. You climb up opposite the higher shelves by a ladder fixed on the wall. There is a washbowl and mirror but no place to stand before it, if the middle shelf is up. During the day it is down forming the back of the lower shelf, now become our seat. There are ventilators in the roof and a cloth hood over the lamp to soften its glare during sleep. If you care not to go to bed early, you can stand or sit on a wall seat in the corridor. The porteress insisted on making the beds by 19 o'clock. I preferred to walk the gangplank between cars and sit in the day coach where visibility was better. Fortunately, I had been given a

ticket to the middle shelf which would give me a direct view out the window during the night.

As a roommate I had a Swedish-Finn teacher of Chemistry in a Folkeschool, who was just returning home by my route from Narvik and the iron mines at Kiruna. He could speak a bit of German and commented on his country.

Suomi. not a station but Finnland itself.

Population 3,500,000.

Sweden 400,000.

"Paavo Nurmi had been at Berlin, but Tokio, not Helsinki, had been given the honor of giving the Olympic Games in 1940".

Why, I asked. "He did not know."

Finnland seemed to be a repetition of Sweden, but here drain ditches seemed universal.

Pines large but scattering. Birch occurs as thickets.

Paavola. Here the Sikkaoki River — a log stream with basin full.

The round sticks — 6 in. diameter — are for manufacturing cellulose. Large piles along the station tracks. Most trees are

this size. All are peeled. Some task.

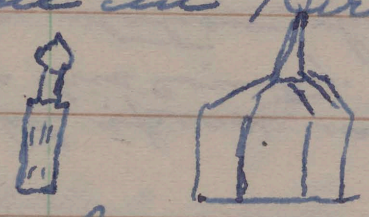
A gasoline car on the track. Not a bus but a large car. Our engine is a wood-burner. Hence the piles of birch wood? The country might well be a burner of wood.

One stack of hay being built. Usually stored in the tiny barns or piled up against one end.

Oulainen. A large farm. 10 men harvesting grain. Sheaves set in clusters. Drain ditches about 30 ft. apart, a river with diversion wall. Trees being thinned out. Large areas retained. New trees growing below.

The land makes good farms when drained.

Church like one in Kiruna but not so fantastic.



The Kiruna church is Byzantine in spirit, like this. The fantasy may be Lapp.

Yliviesska. Here a fair stream. 10 minutes for refreshments — sitting, standing, speeding. Most took coffee, some tried meat.

The Ravintola was II Klasse and III Klasse. but the first was not open. I wanted to

see the difference, Possibly only in furnishings.

Daniel Boone country in spots where clearings were being made in the continuous forest. Some, yes many, of the little barns have thatch roof. The thatch is kept in place by staves and logs.

→ Query: Are the streams due to the abundance of lakes in Finland? The land seems to be level enough to permit lakes to have outlets to the sea. Pockets not so pronounced as in Sweden.

The multiplicity of haybarns shows ownership of small tracts but not corresponding to the tracts made by drainage ditches. The ownership tract is larger.

Rocks appear in places.

Kannus. Another small river. Some logs in it.

Some stones from glacial drift. How deep is the soil? We are on a coastal plain.

Moss! Heather in blossom. Moss thick and soft as tundra. Cotton flags.

Hay staves occasionally. But hay cured

→ mostly on the ground. Less rain than in Sweden?

First mowing machine! Hay stacks here too.
Another medium river. Rocks come
to the surface in knobs.
Gamlakarleby. 19:40 p.m. "On the Baltic"
but the sea not visible, tho sand
shows in the cuts.
Tundra and heather.
Farm areas are wide about the towns
but thickets lie between.
→ A river with logs. One use for their streams.
Night. We arrive at Helsinki at 8 o'clock.
So to bed early to awake early to see if
the landscape has changed. We are traveling
rapidly southward. The nights are darker
than at Narvik. I shall waken at times to
look out.
The train is laboring. Evidently the
land is ascending. Lakes are seen thru
and over the trees.
A glorious dawn — red and gold on
a lake. Moss russet gold. Trees in
autumn colors. Could my eyes deceive
me? The night creates romance.
Could it have been to my tired eyes merely
the alternation of the universal red
buildings along the railway with the green

of the trees.

There a man standing in a boat fishing. Fields with symmetrical drainage ditches.

August 2. At full daylight, the normal landscape of yesterday except that the bed rock has come near and above the surface generally as we draw near Helsinki.

Data.

My companion gave me the following data: Finland is a land of 16000 lakes. These lakes are 300-400 meters above the sea. Jvaskyla is 400 meters high. They provide electric power. Tampere, thru which we passed in the night, is Finland's Manchester. It is 200 or 300 meters in elevation.

Finnland's highest peak is Haltio-tunturi (= "High Peak") in the far northwest (1350 M.), half that of Sweden's. The Finnish Niagara is Imatra in the far southeast near the Russian borders (25-30 M. high). Only manufacturing there. Finnland is a land of birch, fir and pine and drainable soil; and building stone resembling colored granite. It has power and fisheries. It has wood to burn if power should be insufficient.

→ Could Finnland support a larger population by increasing its farm area or will the

Misc Notes to folder 1

pulp industry require the present timber area?
Is the northern area tillable as at Narvik? What is the difference in climate between Norway and Finland?

The Snow-Ice Problem.

1. Finland has too much water for agriculture. Does it have all it can store for power? Does it have seasons of shortage? Must it forecast winter flow?

2. No difficulty in making accurate snow-surveys with few courses. The double windows indicate low temperatures and entire absence of snow-fences indicates little drifting of snow.

3. What is the tundra problem? Drainage is one solution. What is the problem of highways?

4. What is the Baltic Problem?

5. Will the study of snow be worthwhile as a scientific problem?

Helsinki - 285,000 people, a tenth of the population of the country. Saarinen and Sibelius live in the suburbs only 13 kilometers distant. "Have I a hotel?" No. So the N.M.K.Y. HOSPIZ at Vuorikatu 17

was commended. "No alcohol". Evidently the Y.M.C.A. He drew me a map. Not 300 m from the station. Rooms about 30 Markka.

Thus I left him, known to each other as teachers — otherwise nameless.

Begin At Home. At the N.M.K.Y. English spoken. Flags of several nations at the door. I have a large bay window looking toward a park and an easy chair. Running water outside the door. 38 Markka. Meals — all you can eat 12 Markka. Am I Goldie Locks or Pollyanna?

Map (hand-drawn) to folder 1.

Church Service. at 12 at the great church at Suurtori Stortorget — a dome church with powerful chimes in a low campanile. Architecture classic, the church is square. As few and old as at St John the Divine. Lutheran service. A younger assistant to do the altar service, the mature pastor who delivered the sermon from the high pulpit. In place of the Verger with crozier was an usher who suggested Burke of Ross-Burke in precision, yes in looks. He must open the door or gate to the altar to permit the celebrant to enter and must

return at the right moment to reopen it to permit him to depart. The pastor was less attended to the pulpit, but left the door open that the verger might close it. And when the sermon was over, he returned to stand at easy attention behind the pastor to hand him sundry books required and then ostentatiously close them. I grant that I prefer the venerable verger both at St John and at Liverpool where the act seems spontaneous. I fear that Martin Luther was too abrupt.

The assistant closed the service - when the congregation rose and the pastor left the back door promptly with coat, hat and cane. I shall recall the Danish service at Copenhagen Frauenkirche in 1927 with the greater pleasure.

The Ateneum. Helsingfors is new. So her art is disappointing. Some good work by Anders Zorn of Sweden, one good piece by Ruisdael. Some early Italian but poor. One fair piece by Rembrandt.

One piece of statuary powerful. A father on a reef clasping his youngest child to his

side while waving and screaming for aid. Between his legs a child looking up half smothered with a breaking wave. The mother behind lying and desperately clinging to the reef. The strength and frenzy of manhood, the frailty and desperation of womanhood, the inexperience and uncertainty of childhood blended with belief in a father's power are blended in one tragedy. There is nothing too much.

<u>In Others' Eyes</u>. I misused my butter knife at Melins, was told to take a seat at Oslo when I attempted self-service. This morning I walked into the Matsal (diningroom) and served myself like others but was invited in the midst of it to pay before I ate. Tonight I paid first, tried the cold dishes, found the hot ones, then wound up with fruit soup for desert (which in Scandinavia is plain soup), when the girl brought me some icecream. Will I learn like our pup if the manners are not changed too often?

In Scandinavia it is rare to have desert at all. And in Sweden, they want you to fill

up an cold dishes - selfserved from a central table. Then when you can eat no more the waiter brings you a final hot dish. Here you serve yourself to everything - buffet manner - and walk up or back as often as you think of another item. In this it differs from the cafeteria. The price of the meal varies if at all in the character of the hot dish or extras.

Taxidrivers. There is a line opposite my window. The first car in line takes the call. While waiting the men read papers or sit on the running board together. One was carefully dusting his wheels, another was cleaning his window. One was so patient that I wanted to go down and give him a fare. Only one horse-driven vehicle among distant trees. These taxidrivers are proud of their cars, as is it finnish cleanliness?

Later: I have seen Taxidrivers do this also south of the Baltic.

August 3.

Intourist - My first visit must be to Intourist, for I was changing my route into the Soviet and was a week behind time, but our "Y.M.C.A" director made the route easy by a map.

On the way, I noted an inscription

in Latin on the corner of a building to the hero of my student days, Nordenskiöld who first sailed northeastward from the Atlantic to the Pacific. "The discoverer of the Northeast Passage" we called him. Amundsen was to traverse the Northwest Passage later. The inscription read:

ADOLPHUS · ERICUS · NORDENSKIÖLD

EURASIAE · CIRCUMNAVIGATOR

IN · DOMO · HIC · OLIM · SITA

A.D. MDCCCXXXII · NATUS · EST

"Adolphus Eric Nordenskjöld, circumnavigator of Eurasia in the house once located here was born 1832".

This location is at the corner of Bullovardi and Amaxatu Streets opposite a large burying ground.

Intermist was just beyond. Here another experience in humanity's rise. A colored girl was called in to aid me in English. African strongly in contour of face but perfect in her mastery of English and education. She saw at once the import of my purpose and was enthusiastic because of the "contacts" it would give me to

up an cold dishes - self-served from a central

understand Europe. She entered as heartily into the art aide as well. "There would be no difficulty whatever about place of entrance or date, for my visa gave me until October 1 to make the trip. If I would go to the Finland Tourist Bureau, they would gladly place me quickly in touch with all Finnish scientists I desired to meet".

→ There was an abundance of Intourist material on the shelves, especially on winter mountaineering but in German. She persuaded me to wait until Leningrad and obtain these in English. [later: This was my one failure. Because of heavy Intourist travel, practically all pamphlets had been exhausted.].

As a tribute to her and her race I shook her hand warmly.

The Finnland Tourist Bureau. In same ways our Sierra Club, for outdoor travel seemed its specialty. Eager indeed to aid me and I as well to be aided, for it was raining again. For a half hour apparently she phoned and arranged my entire schedule as merely the phone

cost of 1.50 Marks.

"Dr. Witting was on leave from the Oceanographic Institute and Acting Director Grandquist was on vacation, But Dr. Palmén will come in 10 minutes."

"Director Ramquist of the Hydrological Institute is also away on vacation but Mr. Fabricius can probably be seen after 2 o'clock."

"Professor Kerränen[2] awaits you at 1 o'clock. Mr. Karhonen is a member of his staff."

Meanwhile I had selected a host of picture cards from their display. I almost feel at times that my expense for cards is outweighing all others.

Ahlmann's Hand - Dr. Palmén was soon present and the happy deliverer of letters sent to Bergen in care of Prof. Sverdrup but not requested in the excitement of finding Ahlmann. Ahlmann had discovered them at the Institute and given them to Dr. Palmén, then studying there, who might intercept me at Helsingfors. Luckily Dr. Witting was on my Provisional List and I was omitting none.

"Yes, Dr. Witting had resigned to accept

Notes with names of people and organizations to solder.

a Bank Directorship but might return.
So keep his name, but add also
→ Write Acting Director G. Grandqvist
Thalassological Institute
Helsinki, Suomi.

He himself had other specialty.

Doctor Keränen – hand by my hotel was awaiting me at 1. "No, I must leave the armchair. I was his guest." He too like the others could speak English and understand most of what I said. "Yes, yes", would be his quick ejaculation when he failed to comprehend.

He had a keen sense of humor and had my correspondence on the table before us. "Yes, ~~a~~ big program. Altogether too big." So I explained the how and why.

→ He approved the plan type-written application for Finland in advance papers.

→ "He would accept membership and would also come to Edinburgh. He was Secretary of the Finnland Committee in the International Union."

He himself was greatly interested in temperature in snow cover and soil,

→ and had earlier conducted a research at Finnland's Geophysical Observatory at Sodankylä in Finnish Lapplands.

and gave me the following three papers.

[See Cover Page Vol. 3.

→ Mr. Korhonen would prepare a report for Edinburgh on "The Snow Cover and Ice Cover of the Lakes in Finland".

Dr. Ranquist is in far southwestern Finland on a farm and desired to be reached by phone when I arrived, but is too far away. He is much interested and is also Chairman of the Finnish Committee. Dr. Keranen ~~He~~ arranged to take me to Fabricius at 2.

Dr. Witting was too big a man for the Thalassological Institute. He had been Finance Minister in the Government and had now been offered 50 000 markka instead of 6,000 in the bank. He was a strong scientist on Sea Ice but had great interest in public life also.

"Don't invite him. He would be too busy to come. Leave him on Commission for the present."

→ But he would nominate a young man Mr Risto Jurva in the Thalassological Institute, who was

about to publish a book of unusual merit on Baltic Ice.

Finland is fundamentally interested in snow cover, and frost in the soil and in ice on lakes and the Baltic. She has power interests and problems, as has Sweden. The Hydrological Institute has made some measurements of snow cover. Korhonen has made many and is interested in snow as a science.

Bay

Fabricius could speak only German and seemed fussed by Keränen's acting as interpreter in English. He also had been having a fierce conversation on the phone long after our arrival. In size and bearing he reminded me of Robert Allen.

He gave me some publications, but I seemed to be asking for too much — in maps on the wall and heavy reports. "The measurements of snow cover had been only slight". It was agreed that I should write a letter to Director Ramquist containing a list of my wants and send it to Dr. Keränen for delivery.

Wiring ahead. Our friends of the Baltic

Note "Mr. Risto Furva" to folder

Letters to Director Ramquist

Text of telegram to Peter Stanle, Aug 3, 1936 to folder 1

Small box: only in Finnish Gulf. Among the Finns - not the finnish citizen. His family was there, but Kerämen was not.

ma executives. I was left at the Raise Buro to lay out my trip thru the lands across the Gulf of Finland and was urged to send word on ahead to the people I desired to meet. I would be more certain to find them. Happy advice for my schedule would be tight and brief.

A woman whose accent of Tallinn and Tartu was delicious attempted to phone but Central in Riga did not know the Lettish for Marine Department nor could we translate our English title in Lettish. As a result, we sent a telegram at a cost of 189.50 Wanka or practically $2.00. 4.00 ?

Distances were great even in Europe.

A Drencher. The heaviest I have experienced since leaving home. I might well tarry at the Buro for the streets were running water and the square and harbor looked equally wet.

The Finnish Islands. Finland was a land of red granite and knobs timber-covered extended well out to sea. Dr. Keränen was not a host by halves and his family was on their summer farm

in Finnish Lapplands. The children loved the country and his family was spending the 3 summer months there. Finnland was so cloudy in autumn and winter from the ocean winds that the people must leave in the summer to regain their spirit. He had just returned from a five weeks stay there.

But tonight he and I would have dinner at our Watsala and play runaway to the islands.

The Islands. Finland is one great back of red granite carved into humps by the Glacial age and the sea has crowded in between until the entire coast is a patchwork stream on the map of islands like the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence and the coast of Maine.

Some cruised on foot over rock hummocks with oaks, evergreens and birches between obtaining vistas on the yacht harbors and the distant sea. The birches were more sturdy like mine and some birches had almost lace-like leaves, so deeply were they serrated.

Baltic Dis. To 63

The President's Highness, the President, Commercial Highness - the farmer boys of the Czar. He had been five hundred years.

We were lucky. Our island steamer sailed only Monday and Tuesday for its 2-hour voyage. and this was Monday. 10 Markka each for the trip. So we sailed as if on a Tahoe by country houses, and wharves, and under bridges. where waters were shallow and reeds lined the shores. Then thru rock gateways where the boat had to be lean and slim in order to get thru. Overhead and around us was the dense verdure. Islands schooners like the Mariposa sailed by thru bowls and inlets with utmost tranquility. Signal masts at the wharves could summon us if desired. Cables bound the islands together for phone service.

"One of our few passengers was a Jew". There are few Jews in Finland. Possibly 5,000 total (?).

The islands can be used only for summer homes. They are too remote from the city for commuting and might become marooned by ice in the winter.

Having threaded our course, we sped back past the outer islands and lighthouses to bed.

a Slow Day.

August 4 - An extra day here in preparation for the trip to our southern Baltic countries. I needed it all.

The Reise Buro had a answer for me from Starke. He was waiting; had called Prof. Kolupaila. Please wire time of arrival. In the early morning (the Post opens at 7:30), I had sent air-mail letters to Velner at Tallinn and Professor Kinde at Tartu (Dorpat). There was no airmail service to the Soviet but a letter might possibly be sent thus from Tallinn.

So a ticket was built up to Tallinn, Tartu, Riga, Leningrad on the following schedule, with a schedule for Kaunas if I decided to go there. Bless friends along the way for their boxes of schedules. Every state has one for seemingly every citizen from Kaia in Denmark to the ärenblomes at Abisko in Lappland. But the Reise Buro has them all. Price was 700 / or $15.00 until arrival at Leningrad on the 8th. The sheet became my sailing chart for I was in effect a mariner on a strange sea.

Customs. The only annoyance was the absence of the customs inspector. I preferred to send the satchel forward in bond. But when after an hour the inspector arrived, he could not transfer it thru other states. So a long noon wait for someone with power to inspect the contents and deliver the parcel done. The only suspicion again was toward the receipt blanks. They looked like system. Propaganda and money were the two things on minds

But I signed my last mins of the diary on 7th Station. In the last we said we leaden The rich and wealthy Tony, yet wealthy Peruvian. The Sunrise is but in afternoon. We have an appointment to plan the afternoon.

To the Beaches. The day seemed spoiled but evening renewed confidence. "Where should we walk?" said Kerämon. To the beaches, he decided, where he and his wife often walked for their daily outing and exercise.

The beach had been made by bringing sand there and pavers, boats and ships were kept away from the swimmers by a line of small buoys. Adjoining was an immense cemetery with church built up into a terrace by a wall of rough granite blocks suggesting the effort of the Incas. We skirted the base on a

Are we ready we passed large depositing kiddies in parcel stacks. An airplane circled overhead. "3 hours from Stockholm. Sunstrom 2."

2 Telegrams to + from Stavle 1 and Schedule to Golden #

8-344/136

Air mail 2 hrs - 3...

path that wound over the sea rocks until we could scale the wall. A Finnish icebreaker was spending the summer in a lagoon below.

The cemetery was masterful in its trees and massive, well-proportioned granite monuments, polished to lustre. Here was the tomb of Topelius, writer of children's stories, built by the "women and bairns" of Finland, a granite angel standing alone. Also a grim monument encircled by howitzers leaning as if for action. Above a great helmet in stone resting upon sword and trappings of one of Finland's warrior generals.

Then rain and tram back into the heart of the city. Ticket 8 3/2 pennies or about 2¢. The government considered the investment worth while.

Saarinen again — the National Museum building. So different from the classical parliament building. "with a sense of humor." And the museum was a stone barn. "I wonder if it should be in front of the Parliament House."

Finland's Hero. I saw the name Kohlemainen (?) on a building and remarked that it was another gleaning from the Finnish epic Kalevala. Kerönen insisted "not". It was merely Finland's "greatest hero" the predecessor of Paavo Nurmi, the runner. He smiled grimly at the standard of choice.

Tentau, Nurmen and I are alike in letter. "Jackals, dice to make with you and live here." But he forgot the unlike dynamity.

→ The Baltic Conference. He was glad I was going to Russia but doubted whether the Russians could be depended on for the meeting at Edinburgh. They had failed at Helsingfors.

Pobrovalski had not come. He had been ill. He was in private life, not at the head of the Meteorological Institute as I thought. "He was indeed the poet of ice". Italy also would not be present at Edinburgh, according to Seligman's letter.

→ I forgot to ask about the proceedings that Dienert wrote had been sent from Helsingfors to Paris for me.

He feared both for my documents and my health in Russia. Third Class would be impossible. Better write on postcards. Inspection could be more rapid. All mail was sent first to Moscow for inspection before delivery.

→ Please write him how I fared if I ever came out.

→ Acceptances. We had a visit with Kórhonen his assistant in German supplemented by Keränen's comments. Kórhonen has done an unusual amount of work on the snow cover and written many articles.

"In early spring the snow cover attains without loss in the north but with some loss in the south". The winters are not bitterly cold, for the southwest wind prevails. He gave me many references to his published works and a paper presented at the Baltic Conference in June.

He gladly accepts membership in the Commission. Keränen reported that Tuurna also accepted. Korhonen will also prepare the report on snow cover for Edinburgh.

Thus ended the trip which seemed to have no purpose, for no answer had ever been made to our letters. As I assured them, Finland is the equal of Sweden in the interest it has taken in snow cover and its need for forecasts. Its research work on surface temperatures leads the others in pioneering. Geophysical Observatory at Sodankylä.

Greetings were sent by Keränen to Prof. Liakhitsky and Prof. Wiese. He would see me soon at Edinburgh and in five years was coming to America to the International Conference of State Directors of Meteorological Services called at the joint invitation of Mr. Gregg and Mr. Patterson. Thus they would meet in both the United States and Canada. We might see each other then.

Notes about Dr. Korhonen to folder #1

August 5. Behind my Schedule? Possibly not, since I am going to Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania now. The date of arrival at Leningrad had been set on my papers of sustenance at Aug. 1 following. I shall now arrive Aug. 8. Only two moves from Warsaw to London.

A Cold. Not cold but sweat at least provocation. Damp weather. My Throat. Possibly the aspirin causes the warmth. I'll consult a doctor at Tallinn (Reval) if necessary.

→ "Recommended" Mail. Doctor Keränen has offered to send my Journal. Vol. I to Director Paten. Owing to tariff inspection of express, we have decided to omit postcards and boxes and mail it First Class Registered. So the "25 Language" was invoiced by us both and "Recommended" was selected. But I forgot to leave money, 500 Marks approx., for the postage. I ran over later but he had gone after bidding me "Goodbye until Edinburgh." So I determined that I would pay in Edinburgh.

→ Letters were sent to Seligman regarding final copy of Program and probable use of the Three Languages only by the northern delegates; and to Professor Siakhnitsy regarding my

arrival at Leningrad about August 8 and asking a conference with him and Professor Wiesel.

Taxi - To the harbor for only 7 Marka or 15¢. The porter to the steamer received 1.50 Marka and gave a salute in return. He had even turned to go without payment tho this was his living.

Upturned Faces, when few, are a study of individuals and fascinate by their variation. Yet similar emotions were behind them: Eagerness, intensity, pleasure. Two sisters afforad a study in mouths, a lane girl to her friend on board a study in eager eyes. One tiny child in oilcloths waved adieu. A group, led by a buoyant woman, challenged in a college yell. Bouquets were everywhere. Rainshowers drove the whafers to shelter. A woman five-stories up down the street waved her towel earnestly. Finnish and German were intermingled.

The Rügen. I soon understood, our boat was today special and faster - a German steamer making triangular trips to Helsinki - Tallinn - Stettin.

Among the Islands. Old fort, old protruding guns, Slick buoy. Pilot on board

but soon leaps to a broadbeamed boat pounding the sea and is landed in the lee of a lighthouse where is the outstation of pilots.

Out where the smells reach their best. Cumulus clouds below the stratus. Sun-streamed waters. Lightship with steam up. One chair only - Both boats up.

A silver active sea. One ship - Pitching. Propellor races. A restful delight if you stay in your chair, but some insist in going to the rail. Went below for a postcard. Immediately preferred not to eat tho the tomtom was beaten loudly.

Four ships now - More as we draw inshore. The coast a succession of indentations - wooded.

Tallinn (Reval). An impressive city in protected bay - Factory chimneys. Met by August Velner's assistant who identified me by looking over the shoulder of the passport official.

Suitcase sent only to Riga. Could not be sent further on such a switchback to Leningrad. Must recheck it there. Cost of baggage check 6 Kroon - highest yet

8 March, for a cruise! Prices are rising. The German pounds intensely interested in my long trip. Lamented his own chance in Latvia. Russians.

Estonia's population 1,600,000.
Tallinn's 80000(?). Tartu from 1250 A.D.
by the Danes and Swedes.

endless in Norway. No free carriage whatever in Estonia for Third Class tickets. Possibly none for others.

Only 1 hour left of my planned 2 hours at Tallinn but I was taken to the Burg which towered in the center of the city and gave it its being and character. Here giant medieval buildings, with a dungeon and a park lake where the moat had been — a Ringstrasse as in Vienna. On the Burg was the parliament house. The old town is a splendid example of medieval work.

Begin

Velner met us at the office and went with us to the train. "A little English but preferred German". He was anxious to know about the program: "Who is going?" who would be there. Money was his problem. He feared he could not afford it.

The engrossing problem was the effect on runoff caused by freezing of the soil. "Nothing might come from his paper, but the truth must be sought". Estonia had one large river, the Narva, from a great lake shared with the Soviet Republic. "To more proper use of ~~[illegible]~~ surveying, the frost-effect must first be determined.

Same data he gave me but referred me

for verification ~~to~~ Professor Kirda at Tartu.

Longterm mean precip. 560 mm.

Snow far less than half of this. – under 180 mm.

Mean temp. + 5.5° Celsius

Snow lasts from Dec. to March, but melts at times.

Average depth March 1 – 30 cm. Density 35%.

Narva River from Lake Papus (?) Area 3600 sq. kms.

River Basin area 57000 sq. kms. One half of this in Russia. Runoff 410 cu. m. per sec.

Other streams are smaller Area as great as 10,000 sq. kms

Area of Estonia 47,000 sq. kms.

Pink ticket to folder 1

Bock agreed that the snow-cover might deliver 2/3 not in runoff, while the rain would furnish only 1/3. But we all approved of settling the question of the frost factor.

Prof. Shaffernax of Wien did not seem to Valuen to be primarily interested in frost in soils. He had seen no publications by him.

To Tartu (Dorpat) As Kolupaila said later, one needs to superimpose an old map upon the new or viceversa to determine where you are going. Racial rebirth is obliterating

Sent regards to Stanla. Was a fine host, omitted to forward bottle parties and "Dobrumbaki" → a fact of ice, but Velian does not seem to favor the Cinzano idea.

"Witting was a splendid scientist. He was chairman at Helsingfors. Rangnitz presided well as Secretary. He himself had been in Stockholm."

names everywhere.

The countries on the south of the Gulf of Finland seem mainly continuations of the countries north. And the Estonians and possibly Lithuanians are kindred races with the Finns.

I had no map. Consequently my locations are indefinite except that they lie on lines between the towns where I stopped.

Aegviidu - Fair town. Pulp wood? Wave rolling now. Tiny farms more frequent.

A mountain ash. The country more like Indiana. Some drainage ditches but rare.

Cattle. Woman driving wagon of manure.

A wooden bar over horse's neck.

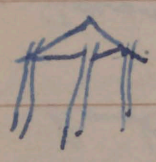
An impressive farm this, but tundra or peat and pine near by.

Country level. Peat being dug. Hay on roof-like fences  . Birches in scrub growth where given a chance to come back. In Helsingfors' park the native birch was as large as ours at home - 18 in. diameter.

Lagedi. Suggestion of snow fences. Forest - 1/10 of area. Some stones. Cf. Burg in Tallinn. Reeds in ponds. Grain (oats also), potatoes,

→ hay, cabbages. No drainage

Ground looks damp. Stone fences. Rail fences also as in Sweden  , always with rails on a slant.

Country rolls slightly. A roof on a haystack  in place of the barns. Later became frequent.

3½ft. snowfences stacked at opts in panels.

fences look stony. Barley.

Living hedges of fir along east side of track with snowfences at the holes. Possibly 1/10 of the track so protected. Hedges and fences together possibly 1/10. But the firs the beheaded refused to grow limbs near the ground.

Pine forest 50 ft. tall. A bit of thatch.

Railway Crossing Houses numbered. Is this the reason for the persistent red color in Finland? Later found not always true at crossings.

→ <u>Snow Fences</u>.

1. Only where there are cuts.
2. Only where the land is open i.e. not protected by forests.
3. Forests need not be high or thick.
4. Live hedges very frequently, fences at the holes. Hedges of trimmed firs. espec. beheaded. About 8 ft high.

Strength of wind or depth of snow the major factor?

Ditches in one spot. Much pulpwood.

Rapja. Brown fuel on locomotives, coal, peat(?), wood(?). Later Starke told me that it was oil-shale, usable but 60% ash.

Laves very scanty tho ready. A mowing machine. Fields as extensive as in Michigan or Ohio.

We are nearing Tartu. Some winding drainage ditches.

The Estonian speech! How well the natives have mastered it.

Tartu (Dorpat). "60 000". I had thought 10 000.

Courtesy unseeking, Prof. Kirde had come early to the train. In large crowd he had missed me and went at once to the Meteorological Observatory at the University to wait for me. Meantime, thru the phone book a station telegraph official had obtained the phone number of the University Secretary and thus learned the house number. The Kirdes had no phone. I had meager Estonian cash but an alert old man decided that was amply sufficient and arranged details with a taxi boy. The taxi boy rang the doorbell.

"Maad Muller". To the door came a

"Directions to locate Prof. Kirde" in folder 1

woman in bare brown feet with work dress. She was hesitant. "Prof. Kinda had been nervous (with expectation) and had gone to the train early. Perhaps he would soon be back. Finally she invited me in. "Professor Kinda had not planned to bring me here. The house was torn up and being painted. He had built it himself." She brought me a chair from a stack in another room and we sat — I on the chair, she on the window sill enjoying the garden and the humor of it all.

Her English was very happy pleasing. "She had lived on a farm near Tallinn and been educated there but preferred Tartu. She had recently returned from vacation on the farm because her son wanted to swim and the river was at Tartu. Prof. Kinda may have stopped to chat or gone to a coffee house — or possibly to the Observatory." Thus 2 long 4 hours vanished.

Finally she decided to go with me on a search and had dressed for the street, when a quiet little figure entered — with disappointment deeply marked in his face,

"This was pitiful", he said (he meant "a pity". How slight the difference). He could not entertain me in his house. He could see no humor in the assumption that he had so easily forgot me as to go to a coffee house. "It was pitiful".

So we set out after I had persuaded Mrs Kirde to accompany. She was too good a pal to lose. I would have missed her entirely if I had not made this blunder of coming to the home rather than the Observatory.

Spacious was the trip, yet precise based on the watch and my train departure.

¶ We climbed the "mountain" along winding paths thru continuous park to the fortress and ruins of a great medieval church on its top. It had been shot to pieces in 1780(?). The rear of the ruins had been repaired into the University library. Near by was a large dormitory of earlier times that had been diverted to office and lecture rooms.

→ Here was the Estonian Central Weather Bureau under Prof. Kirde's charge. a large library. Two weather maps daily. Rainfall maps in color. Will gladly

exchange publications. Was a student of Alfred Wegener's at Hamburg.

Is studying climate. The continental climate is giving way to the maritime at present. Will soon publish results.

→ Gladfy accepts membership on the Commission. "Wants to stay in". Can not afford to come to Edinburgh. Heartily approves of Velen's project on effect of frost on runoff. It will not require much apparatus or expense. Will share in it. Has already taken temperature in soils for some years.

Will purchase Seligman's book on Snow.

→ A view in the night from the rooftop over the spreading city. Then a descent into the old town under memorial bridges made in 1913 in honor of 300 years of Russian occupation. Then the Great War! The university was old and had been continuous except for a lapse of a century in 1800 (?). No never view, "There isn't time". "We must have tea". So before a large play house in the garden by moonlight with beautiful music. I have heard so little this summer. Taxis seem to be handy and I am the guest.

We arrived at the station as the train

pulled in. But he knew my program of final stand and sleeping car ticket and kept me moving. "No time. We must hasten". So no receipt. They stayed by to visit - he earnest, she exhilarating, a splendid helpmate for an overserious professor. He had chosen his countrygirl wisely and she had shared his interests. A lusty, happy visit.

Stacks or Kalupaika told me that Kivala had adopted his name, which means Northwest Wind, from his love of meteorology.

August 6

Frontier. The porter tried to save me by taking my ticket and passport, but money now entered into the inspection. The Latvian official was kindly and apologetic. "How much money on hand?" Not Travelers Cheques but bank paper, currency, etc. He was surprised when he learned that I was on my way to Leningrad. However, my immediate destination was Riga.

The Schlafwagen the "Internationale" porter learned ... "Too high," said ... Pay. Kivala "Cheaper on Estonian car."

Latvia. Good fields, rolling like Michigan. White daisy? moss and purple heather. Sand underneath. Pines. Clean below. Some wood or timber at tracks.

Snowboards piled up before forest. No more. Fields being made from the forest.

Paved roads here.

[Presidential Address should contain:

Story of each country. The combined experience and effort becomes the fabric of the Commission — with specialities in Ice, Frost in Soil, etc.

Aim: Standards the same, methods the same, benefits for all.

A very large lake. Bus going our way. Snow boards. Where there are snowboards there is also usually a tepee-like pile of long stakes, evidently to hold the boards up like fenceposts.

Riga. Starkle (Stah-Kluh) and Kolupaila were at the station to meet me. Starkle was massive with heavy drooping mustache. Kolupaila looked debonair French. He had come all the way from Kaunas to meet me.

They had argued that I must be young because such unusual energy must be by a young man. They will not believe that I am 67, nor will I. Somehow my European colleagues consider me a "Super man".

Starke is methodical and prompt. There is latent power in him. No wonder that the little country of Latvia has become the guiding center of the Baltic States.

First to breakfast. Then about the city. Peter the Great conquered Riga for its harbor — 16 kms of river mouth — and built a palace to look down on the river. The river harbor is 16 kms from the sea and 21 feet deep. A pontoon bridge rebuilt solidly of iron pontoons — a survival of the war — and an "Island Bridge" with movable spans cross the river.

No ice flood in 60? years because of icebreakers in river below town. Kaunas, however, has recently suffered severely. Power installation 15? kms above Riga is broad and has a fall of 15 meters. This will serve as an additional flood barricade. Oil shale now being used in locomotives. "When power development is accomplished, there should be a law against the importation of coal. This would save money to the country, for practically all coal is imported".

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"Memorandum" in folder 1

Baltic Conference. Starka desires an invitation from Prof. Chapman to attend the International Union. He will come but belongs to a non-member country. The Baltic Conference considers the interest of the Baltic States too narrow for a Committee of Snow. All apparently are willing to join.

No dependence on the attendance of the Russians, tho they sent a large program of papers. No, Liachnitsky was Secretary only for the meeting at Leningrad. Dr. Witting was president at Helsingfors and Dr. Renquist was secretary. Renquist did well indeed. There will be other officers for Berlin.

The Baltic plan includes a curator for each country. But we desire the double plan of a chairman and aiding committee for each.

The date of the Baltic Conference has been set two years hence to avoid meeting on the same year as the International Union.

Commission of Snow. "The Commission of Snow and Ice by fact, not theory is under Hydrology. Dobrovolsky was not present at Helsingfors because of long illness. As part of the Agenda should be included the following: "Ice in Seas". Thermite is not powerful enough." He, i.e. Starka approves of exchange of publications; snow maps;

forecasting floods. With this should be included
→ Ice Jams on Rivers and their Avoidance; also
avoidance of Frazil Ice at Power Stations,
where it was a menace to power wheels.
"Dobrowolski is not in charge of meteorology
→ in Poland and has little weight. Is very enthusiastic
if not a poet. Zubrigiri is a fine man,
but Alfred Rondo is most effective".
Lunch. "Alcohol?" "Could not do my work."
Agreed. "Kéranon also does not approve
of women's smoking".
Old Town. Should be a museum. Old fortress.
Immense churches. Clock. Color. Copper
overlay used much as in Denmark.
Wagon drawn Russian fashion by collar behind under bow on thills.
Soldier Field. Sunken garden with Opfer-stein.
Flowers. "Freiheit". Massive reliefs. Heroes as
of Middle Ages, on horse. Powerful, modern
but recognizable.
Market - a tiny town in itself "the city's
stomach". By railroad, canal, and river.
Wholesale & retail - carcasses of beef to meat stalls.
University created from a technical highschool.
To Kaunas (Kovno). Kalupaila had traveled all
night to meet me. Bad feeling between
Lithuania and Poland over Vilna and
district and boundary closed. He feared

that I would try to make Warsaw thru Kaunas and learning of the blockade would turn back from Riga. He had arrived only a half hour before I had. "Would I not go back with him?" I replied: "I wanted to see Kolupaila rather than Kaunas but he has deserved it." So we took train at 2 p.m.

Kolupaila is Lithuanian-Polish. Was a teacher at Moscow. Served under Dobrovalski and Liashnitsky. He speaks all languages except English. This he understands eight-tenths but finds it hard to speak. So we spoke German. Stacle spoke English.

<u>Land</u>. Only minor drainage necessary. Broad fields. Grain now in shock. Hay and potatoes. Red clover left standing in patches for bees. Soil better in east. A cold summer.

Pine + beech, birch.
alluvial soil - deep - Glacial -
Sand



Beech

MEMO

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Pine + beech, birch.
alluvial soil - deep - Glacial -
Sand
residue from river beds as in Sweden.

Less hand cutting - More machines. Thatch. Red tile old. Giving way.

Snow boards fences.
occasionally can ry.

Hill of crosses. from Ur - christlicks Seit - 400 anfzüglich.

Roofs on hay stacks,

Railways not direct, but parallel for military purposes by Russians! Double but reduced to one because of need of

Forecasting Floods. But this should be included

rails for single track even.

Long stops but precise. There is a Lithuanian? saying "Better lose a minute than arrive in Heaven a minute early."

We are traveling Second Class in an old Russian car turned over in settlement of war claims. It is "bequem" but still not roomy. Like an old mansion or mortuary parlor. The Representative of the Pope to Lithuania had taken the compartment first in hope of traveling alone. He now sits with fingers in his ears trying to read a book against an interminable German conversation. Later he withdrew and I saw him hanging at the railings of the corridor window in the cool evening breeze.

Kalu<u>paila's</u> <u>Writings</u>. They are many. One on Memelstrom is a very detailed and complete treatise on the main stream of Lithuania.

→ "Can a paper on Runoff Beneath the Ice be published in America? It was written for the Lisbon meeting. I suggested

1. Eng. News-Record
2. Amer. Geophysical Union Proceedings.
* 3. International Commission of Snow and Ice

On present program "By title". Then publish with others.

Boundary. Gold and money. Report necessary. "But the country is better because of it". He had been awakened four times in coming to Riga for me.

Feels nearly an exile. Can send letters to Poland only thru Stasle. Attended a Congress in Poland and was active — but not as the representative of his country.

He is seeking a Government hydrographic office but probably without success. However, at the University he has two very heavy teaching days but in return has five days free for writing. So he is contented. He pays his own travel, but travels much.

Interpreters' Jokes. born at international meetings.

1. One interpreter when asked to interpret into Russian said to the speaker "Do it yourself, you can do better". And he previously had.

2. One speaker begned his speech in the language of the country acting as patron. Remarked the chairman, a native of the patron country "I didnt realize that our languages were so much alike. I could almost understand it myself."

America. "Will America be difficult to travel there?" He is visiting the great dams and will make the complete circuit. His quotations are Rooms $3.00 and with meals $5.00. He was familiar with our sleeping cars, but was interested in "Air Conditioning." and was quite contented. He doubts my venture in Third Class in Russia.

Lithuania is almost entirely agricultural. Saw-mills. a pulp mill by a Swedish monopoly. Prices too high for peasants. Some woods uncured and unusable.

Home. in the suburbs of Kaunas. Told the story of the "Greenland Christmas". Then sleep. Nine hours of heavy sleep. My cold was heavy.

August 7. Remain? First their Guest Book. Then music from Berlin and Warsaw. Three girls - home raised. Delicately invited to remain longer. Such good German. "Cold, I wanted rest, and I'd live to 'am besten hier'. But calendar will face me inexorably."

A Perfect and Precise Guide. Trouble was that you had too little time to think it all out and absorb. An implacable guide may become

an incubus.

Lines of fortification from 1. Russian days. Fortress of first class.

Cobble roads. Baby carriage on one. + baby in it "Rattles his bones over the stones".

Auto taxi — very many droskys. Wagons by one horse. Breast tugs. Very few by Russian collar + yoke.

Market by river — Hay, veg, fish, pottery, berries, shoes . . .

No ruins. All rebuilt. Guerilla warfare here.

University. Young. New buildings. The elevation was planned. The tower and Foucault's pendulum (spiral, open) stairs for pendulum, falling bodies experiments.

In the Hydrological Laboratory were measuring devices of all kinds American too.

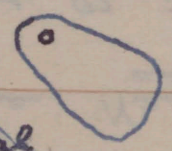
"One professor — on the road ahead of us — owns an auto"

Lithuania originator of triangulation method in Europe (?)

→ Kalinpaula is interested in forecasting floods. The river (Memeltrom) has flooded Kaunas badly. An ice jam did it.

On the river below is a concrete erosion wall.

Long narrow steamers — sidewheelers. Barges with Dutch side keels



The river:

Glacial

alluvial streams.

Toward Sea.

Coolness ?

Old Town and New. War Museum Buildings fresh and pleasing. Kolupaila was specially eager to have me enter the War Museum.

Here were Crosses of Lithuania - the evolution and the dialect were legion. At their base the tomb of the unknown soldier and the inscription

RENDE
QUOD
DEBES.

"Pay what you owe".

A tiny modern Hercules rending a rock from which gushes water.

Too early to enter the building, but Kolupaila started things moving. How a hunchback can run. He is all legs. Because I was from America, I was permitted to enter.

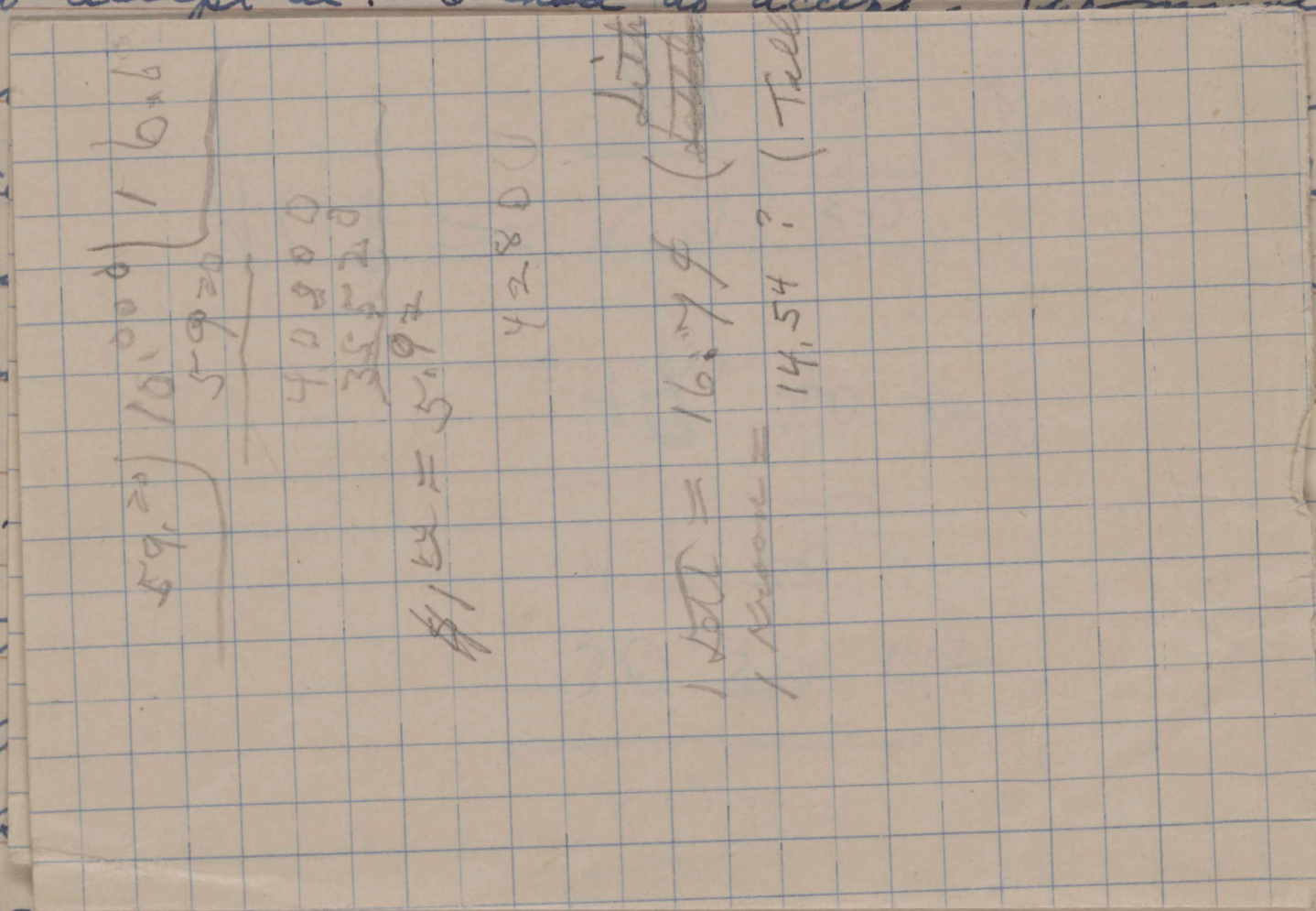
Here in a special room were "The Fallen Fliers". sent on a flight from America to Lithuania by American Lithuanians. Here was a map of their long flight and their wrecked plane as it had fallen on the edge of home.

The entire spirit of the Memorial was "Freiheit". There can be no doubt of the Country and the craving of the liberated European states for liberty. They feel the menace of self seeking nations and have

their army. "Must do their best. Abyssynia left to its fate. And Hitler? Scientists most international of all. Pilsudski the taker of Vilna from Lithuania for Poland was Lithuanian born. Such the anomaly."

Exchange Divergence. "2 Klasse Riga to Kaunas much less than 3 Klasse Kaunas to Riga". Kalupaila, I think, prefers second class. He dresses that way.

I had to show my passport to cash an Express Cheque. Kalupaila had paid all my expenses from Riga. Ticket to Kaunas 22.85? (I've forgotten the name of the coins). He figured out the entire account and told me to accept it. I had to accept. The minutes




meeting.

→ He would like letters to Director, U.S.G.S.,

of all. Vilnudsku the capital of Poland for Poland was Lithuanian born. Such the anomaly:
Exchange Divergence. "2 Klasse Riga to Kaunas much less than 3 Klasse Kaunas to Riga".
Kalupaila, I think, prefers second class.
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13.05
9.50 } Lats
22.55 lats
× 1,35
30,50 lit
17.70
48,20 lit

10$ = 59.20
11.— lit

2nd class Riga to Kaunas 2,54
3rd class Kaunas to Riga 2,96

[over]

particularly Chief of Water Resources Branch, I suggested Montrose W. Hayes, Floods, U.S.W.B., Leopold & Dolpel and John C. Stevens, Portland, James E. Jones, Los Angeles Aqueduct.

He might perhaps go to Canada.

Anna left the taxi & gave at Kolupaila's whisper 2 Lists. The driver tipped his hat in return.

Stavle - Kolupaila. Stavle is Clyde, Kolupaila is almost talk French. Quick, detailed, precise. "Scant time — but always time enough to eat".

Evelyn with long braids came with us this morning. She eats honey on cottage cheese. So did it. "It was a Swedish but not German custom". But she did.

She has learned to say the English "Goodbye".

Railways were originally military and double track. Now one track has been used to repair the other. Originally there was only one train daily, now there are three.

III Klasse compartments crowded today. I was greatly interested in a little child and mother who got off soon at a small town.

Sea mark in the sky over Memel.

Riga is on meridian with Kaunas but Kaunas' time is 1 hour later. So Riga 7 a.m., Kaunas 8 a.m. Should be the reverse (!). The difference is political and not topographical.

Memoranda. The following addresses were given me of professors at Kiev and Leningrad: "Know practically all personally even Pandé. Please bear greetings. Good to visit Russia and push a bit".

Lithuania somewhat larger than Latvia. Double windows here too. So cold.

So rain persistent?

Again Riga and Stavla.

Stavla waiting at the train. Aided me there much confusion regarding baggage rooms and baggage. In baggage room a woman's trunk was being carefully searched for communistic literature because she had several paperbound works of fiction.

Stavla did not desire an office, but was glad to advise me.

1. The North is assured. But get energetic men for vice-presidents: 1. Samoilovitch, 2. Litachy, 3. Sverdrup. Tobranovsky has failed. Also his book on Snow is pure compilation. He has done no research in it.

"Not in folder 1"

2. "Alfred Rondo has more drive than Lubrizzyzi"

3. "Find out why the Russians did not come to Helsingfors. Try to learn the inside of the difficulty."

4. Dienert indifferent regarding second offer of Baltic Conference publications. Where are mine?

The English Trade Group had now gone to a seaside resort over Sunday. They needed one day for recovery from so much eating and drinking. He had shown them the harbor as planned and had obtained a booklet on Latvia for me from the set specially published for the Trade Group.

"Leningrad" Note in folder 1

Stavle paid all my bills and made me retain the repayment for food at the Boundary. I had no Russian money and there was no dining car on the train. I must care for myself. Thus moving, he merged in the crowd as the train pulled out.

<u>A Rival Invention</u>. Yes, to the "Reversible Geofix" of McEvans, Greenland. Both toilet seats ever open, ever flying up. Can sit only when you move a wedge of yourself between the two lids. No paper.

Snow hedges and panels. Night.