

# A SUMMER TRIP TO RED ERIC'S GREENLAND

## REFLECTIONS

Tu. June 15, 1926

High time to travel. First time in 25 years out of the Basin. No! but feel so. Tried to go to bed feet first like corpse but couldn't get in. Laid out my ticket for conductor but couldn't find it in dark. Didn't know I had an individual upper berth lamp. At conductor's request tried to light up, but rang call bell like Uncle Josh rang fire alarm when trying to open mail box.

Reno quite dual still. The departing divorcee, when showered with rice protested to porter that she was bride only in name. Is she the exception? And by her side my old comrades of the snow, all home-grown, all true. I shall ever remember their clasp and their heart beat helping me on. How I wish I could carry them all like brownies in my pocket. They are in my spirit like elixir.

I'll soon get accustomed to the formality of travel. The aloofness is quite in the mien of the porters, yet not <sup>of</sup> all. The children are natural and so responsive like "Tom" or is he "Harry" in "Thunder on the Left." I dread the "protective" formality and love the hills. You can speak your heart to them.

Humboldt Basin: The low rims of distant mountains at the end of the mountain valleys seem to have a more subtle appeal than the Sierras. They are so soft, so dreamy, so far, yet so open that they beckon you to follow.

Wed. June 16.

Wyoming: The long vistas bordered by low buttes and touched by heliotrope last evening made Wyoming (west of Green River) take its place in scenic masterpieces.

Nebraska: And today the rolling hills of western Nebraska with green copses of trees and fleecy clouds make a pleasing daily landscape. The plain toiler calls it "God's Country", for it bears everything.

The Platte at N. Platte is muddy and seems to be at high stage. Is the season wetter east of the Divide? It looks like the Amazon after seeing our mountain streams.

Humanity: And humanity? Mostly normal and delightful.

Little Philippine girl, so quick yet reserved but appreciative. Mongolian in face yet ancestrally Philippine. In Honolulu 3 years, in U. S. mainland  $2\frac{1}{2}$ . Is going to Cincinnati to study music. A happy blend of races. Yet she is isolated by her American fellows.



A scholar at breakfast.

Sorority pin and Phi Beta Kappa Key. Yet trivial failure in table service spoil her meal, for she was obliged to reach over to another table for a spoon. Steward later enquired about her opinion of the meal. Answer: "Your waiters are punk. You have spoiled my meal." I had been placed opposite her at table, too late to have shaved and changed soiled collar and shirt. Wonder how much was meant for me? Hers must be Canova education. Refinement and simplicity in dress, intellectuality and decision, but irritable in the harmony of her life. Her horizon must be narrow or she lives where the pulse beat is stilled.

Used the curtain rods for a trapeeze. Will the Railway put in a gymnasium or charge me for extra service? The barber shop and tub are here. Let's call for the "Daily Dozen."

Fri. June 25

Eight days have passed.

Michigan hills and trees becoming more beautiful. Houses bungalow in type. Barns rotting. Signs "For Sale." Suburban change everywhere. Best for people. But Ohio much as 40 years ago. Still rural and unprogressive.

Father much as always. But little older. How old Church has shrunk. I can now put my hand on the spire; once it reached the sky, especially when I climbed to paint it. And the trees almost over-arch the streets.

Kraus took me back to Germany. How vivid the experience. Temperance in Germany: "America has used — liters petrol, we ——— liters Bier."

Four minutes' visit by long distance with Charlie, Hattie, Daisie. How good, but unsatisfying.

Weather Bureau at Washington slowly losing its "It can't be done." The change seems manifest in their faces.

Philadelphia, especially suburban hills, very attractive. Ride to Bryn Athyn. The two towers and iron work. Willis expert in color rendering. His plans of buildings especially good. He and Anne have made good beyond criticism. Close of day at Wahamakers. Maxfield Parish at Curtis Publishing Company.

New York - a day of autoing. Dwelt with the angels at Hoboken in hour with Prof. Helder. Traversing the Palisades to ~~Pat~~ <sup>Peaks Kill</sup> keepsie to see Fran's Jim, then across by natural declivity to Long Island Sound. Jim would be ideal companion for Donald.



Mrs. Harrington: How tragedy and hardship have drawn both face and heart of Mrs. Harrington. But old grace and dignity remain. A sad memory of former years.

Stanley Pargellis, still a boy but with the English accent fast disappearing. As unassuming as ever. His course of life mapped out as a teacher. Instructor at present at Yale.

Sat. June 26

Boston, city of stores closely bunched. Day one of worry to get baggage in ~~of~~ <sup>and</sup> across city. S.P.F. and Doctor H. and Oscanyan and I reunited. Mr. Clayton and Prof. McAdie came to see us off. McAdie still young but too old for Artic stunts. Clayton believes that a high prevails in Greenland sufficiently persistent to affect weather.

Sun. June 27

Riding thru the birch and low evergreens of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia with occasional clearings. The Bras d' Or, with foothill rim, a lake of tourist appeal near Sydney.

Afloat. The Effie Morrissey, an oak fishing schooner from St. Johns, N.F., made over for arctic cruising. 115 feet over all. Room for all among packing boxes and tanks of oil and boxes of provisions on deck.

Company a fine clean bunch of men, all specialists or with achievements behind them. Robert Bartlett and brother Will with Peary. Tom and the cook also with Peary and long-time sailors of northern seas. Robert Peary, Engineer, son and namesake of his father, a viking in size and complexion and a Peter Pan in spirit. All old sea-dogs, brief of speech but masters of their craft. Mr. Putnam refinement and adventure blended.

Doctor Hobbs - growing ever dearer to all his men. Energetic, wresting success from defeat, faithful to every promise, thoughtful of his men, and physically their superior. Our best is inevitably at his service.

Mon. June 28

Sailing along the western side of Newfoundland. The sea and land remind one of Tahoe when the eastern shore is low and somewhat dim. In March, when the Bartletts were sealing, the Gulf was like a mill-pond frozen over.

The Bay of Islands midway the length of Newfoundland looks like San Francisco Bay from the Heads. Some day I should like to traverse the island.

Radio man stringing new aerial. Peary riding on foremast head. Slides down rope while carrying camera in one hand - a square cut blond viking with the heart of Peter Pan. "Robert" not "Bob". A tribute to his father of his



mother's wish?

Snow patches on Newfoundland hills. Getting gradually colder and twilight later as we go north.

Sun-set, a Maxfield Parish in its golds and blues like the Argonauts without the cliffs. It contained the glory of the West with the vapor pinks of the sea. Blue swells touched with a path of gold. Cloud serpent.

Meantime the southern sky was covered with a curtain of black, riven by lightening flashes. Sails of passing ship were flopping in the wind. Bugle calls broke the evening stillness.

At 8, when sun sank, rain began to fall. Lightening plays thru skylight. Water runs down. Battening tight. Mate Will: "Sky opened."

Midnight scene: Captain in yellow oilskins and radio operator beneath the cabin light. "Message just received from Belle Island. Ice ahead, but Belle Isle clear. Only growlers ahead."

Tues. June 29

Fog all around. Wind astern, ship leaping on swells dipping her bowsprit brace. Schooner crossing our bows.

Newfoundland again visible. Point Norman lighthouse and several lone hamlets visible off beam. Entering Straits of Belle Isle. White caps racing with us.

Our first growler, looking like a high-thrown white-cap ahead on Newfoundland shore. Labrador shows thru murk. Sun bright, wind fresh. Ideal viking day as we rush along. Straits 100 miles long, Newfoundland coast fairly low and wooded. Labrador now near at hand, a long line of bare ridges like our desert hills. Snow drifts run nearly horizontal as if remnant banks on old shoreline terraces.

Evening: Old scenes of Belle Isle. Florence; our youth. 27 years ago next week. Lights on Belle Isle. Line of ice bergs in night on our starbord bow as we take the west channel. Battle Harbor only 16 miles NW of head of island. All hands on watch. Forewatch on outer end of bowsprit. At midnight outer or north light is abeam.

Are the bergs just outside waiting for us as before? This is Florence's day.

Wed. June 30

6 A.M. cleared for a moment. 35 bergs in line. Missed seeing them as in '99. Fog - Hauling on ropes. At breakfast little berg with splashy harbor in center came sudsing by. Big berg or rather two just loom thru the fog and tower above the spars of the ship. How high? 50 feet or 300?



Getting cold. Breath shows; hoar frost on eyebrows and caps of crew.

At noon cleared. Bergs of all kinds increased to 67, then to 105 as counted by Doctor Hobbs. One tabular iceberg, to judge by height of water-line erosion (estimated at 10 feet or probably more), must have been 70 feet high and 500 feet long. Two others showed soil marks, acquired when glaciers. Battle Islands on our port side.

Captain is running N-NE, but this means little, for declination of needle to west is great. He is seeking to cross the line of bergs, borne by the Arctic current, and make the more open sea.

Raining again. Every day fog, then sun, then rain. Ice now almost entirely on port side. "Last week," Mate Will says, "this whole area was covered by floe ice. Now the wind is blowing it out. But it may be in any direction."

We are now steering directly for Greenland, 6 days to Holstensberg (900 miles distant). Steamers from Battle Harbor to NW, NE coasts of Newfoundland, and to St. Johns. May ~~this~~ <sup>on her return</sup> succeed in getting out home, if Morrissey delays long along the coast. But her delay will probably be to the north.

Ice <sup>of Ice</sup> Coloring: Deep blue above in hollows and deep green below water. Flat surfaces white, sometimes dazzling.

Types: See National Geographic Magazine July 1926.

Seasickness: Over for all. S.P.F. had brief spell. Went to bed and came out smiling. Had had clam chowder and being a New Englander by residence and thrifty and long away from clam chowder, he was determined not to lose it. He succeeded.

Sun-Set: Last streak of light and color over sea ice visible at 9:50 P.M. Sunset now lies apparently to south of us. Three days at this rate will bring us to Arctic Circle and continuous daylight.

Thurs July 1:

A clear sunrise. Ice everywhere around us. Only a few bergs but ice pans thick. This is Belle Isle day as in '99. Calls from crow's nest "port", "starboard", "steady" (sounding like "stay") come constantly with quick answering cry from the helmsman and turning of the wheel. Ice fragments grate along the keel.

At first it was a "day in May" on Tahoe, almost balmy, but now the sky is becoming overcast and the wind is chilling. Fires in cabin stoves, overcoats and mittens



on deck.

Type of Ice: Today floe ice, or more exactly "thin bay ice" from the fiords. Only occasional arctic ice. Some floes earth-stained. Gulls occasionally. Watchman said gulls fed from the earth on the floes. More probably from life in Labrador Stream.

11 P. M.: Pitching and rolling in the open Atlantic after a day of zigzagging and pounding our way thru floe ice. Temperature this morning in shade 36 degrees Fahrenheit. Some fog and some sunshine during day, but everyone chilled.

Bergs: A few bergs among the floes. One an upturned berg with natural bridges and pinnacles, a real matterhorn; with striations over one end. In grey sky and fog very impressive. As usual last film had been used. Far to east was one looking like an Alpine Mountain.

Colors: Off Bay of Islands, sea indigo at sunset. Today and yesterday sea dark ripe olive or black, due, they say, to presence of Labrador Current filled with animal life.

Sunset: Streaks of purple and gold in the clouds cast a pinkish-purple hue over the faces of the ice floes - a wonderful pastelle effect in blues; a blue sky relieved by purple and gold, a sparkling sea. Possibly a photo taken by Gould can be colored.

Snowshoeing on water: Thus the whole day has seemed. Ice in hummocks, lanes between. Boat breaking thru and over. Peary climbed down the bowsprit guy to one and threw snow balls at us. He was also up the main truck with the movie-man photographing Captain Bob in crow's nest where he had climbed to extricate us.

Out of Ice:

Day was calm. Great field of floes had damped the ocean swell. But toward evening Captain Bob noticed the sea slowly heaving in swells much longer than the ship. He never predicts, but thought that we were in the edge of the pack.

Call to lecture was answered by him; "Damn the lecture; our job is to get out of the ice-pack." During the lecture a crash thru ice, then bell full ahead. We hastened out to find ourselves free.

Call for all hands <sup>to</sup> raise sails transformed scene into hilarious aut-like activity with twenty men hauling at ropes.

Boat bounded NE on her course toward Greenland. Will shoot the sun tomorrow. Lost even our dead reckoning threading the ice.

Warmed now. But ship is creaking in the wide Atlantic swells. The Labrador shore ice has been passed. Tomorrow the "trough" will be placed on the tables again. "How slight a word gives complete change to the meaning" - Mr. Putnam.



Sat. July 3:

The leap of the ship so attractive Thursday evening after imprisonment in the ice-fields has become a burden.

All day yesterday the great Atlantic swells left our stomachs swinging in mid-air as our bodies followed the lurching of the ship. (Query: Will more guy lines on this organ reduce this malady to a pleasure?)

Fergusson smiling but white at breakfast left suddenly to rescue a pair of glasses left on the stove. He returned for breakfast this morning. Gould has fasted since the ice and is spending today in his bunk. Belknap can now eat again. Doctor Hobbs and Oscanyon are invulnerable. I spent three delightful hours in my bunk and passed lunch only to eat candy and make an unannounced exit at supper. But how beautiful the sea looked with its sweep like the class-room picture, after my stomach had found peace. (This my first total attack of seasickness, to the great amusement and consolation of Gould who was lying on a coil of rope nearby).

But I was back to have a share of the birthday cake in honor of Doctor Hobbs 62nd birthday. Our wedding anniversary - and on the sea where Florence found life troubled.

Today cloud and fog are around us. The rolling is less pronounced. However, it is growing colder in the cabin.

We are on the NE course, just enough out from Labrador to keep us clear of the ice-fields. Mate Will says that they are not more than 25 miles to the west as shown by the bird life present and the light in the western sky caused by reflection from the ice. To go farther to the east would bring us into the "middle ice."

Captain Bob and Wife Question:

"Hell, no. I wouldn't marry even the Virgin Mary."

Again: "Every good citizen should marry just to stabilize himself."

Holstensborg: Approaching 60 degrees or point of Greenland? Too cloudy to shoot the sun today. Expect to reach Holstensborg Monday evening. Passed Belle Isle Tuesday night; six days expectancy or Monday evening, but we were in the ice two days with at least one-half day delay thru low speed and zigzag course.

Yes, this evening Mr. Putnam announced that 60 degrees had been reached. Strangely just previously an inflated young-seal-skin used as a buoy by Eskimo when harpooning walrus was passed floating on the sea. How like Columbus' experience! Tom suggested that it may have been torn loose by walrus diving and swimming under ice.



Light: At 11 P.M. still twilight. All objects on deck are visible, but printing can not be read.

Sunday July 4:

Karl, our Ranger from Yellowstone Park, welcomed the day with three shots thru the open sky-light. Fortunately he ceased before the deck-hand looked down. He and the bullets might have met. Our wet fire crackers merely fizzed. Soda pop was our beverage. A fine group, many even non-smokers, non-drinkers of tea and coffee. Liquor is entirely lacking. Mr. Putnam has gathered a fine group: scientists, hunters, sportsmen, but men, lovers of music, wonderfully well balanced. Art Young ideal, one should read Pope's Hunting with the Bow and Arrow (Putnam) for a description of him.

All day sailing under a dome of cloud in a sea ever more tranquil and becoming blue again. Gulls seeking food over the waters are not following us. 62 degrees 30 minutes at noon dead reckoning. In evening land seen under the clouds on horizon; but later decided the vision deceptive. David Putnam was suspicious all the time. He was right.

10:30 P.M. Sky overcast; still deck perfectly visible and even printing on boxes and boats legible. Night now is only 2 hours long.

Have read much on glaciers today. How many problems there are. Mr. Putnam now plans to call for us Sept. 18 and then return by the coast of Labrador. He is quite willing to let us climb some of the mountains there to study glacial markings. How fortunate for us.

Florence: 34 years ago today our comradeship first really began. 27 years ago we were preparing our departure at Montreal.

Monday, July 5:

Fog all day. Temperature this morning 55 degrees Fahrenheit; this afternoon 38 degrees. Cold. Were we coming to ice again or to the ice cap? At 8 P.M. Captain noticed some pigeons, who never fly more than 20 miles from land.

Gulls and noddies and mudhens (i.e. helldivers) seen. A noddy is a gull with shorter tail and smaller wings and consequently faster wing action. The mudhens dove when the prow of the ship was nearly over them.

After evening talk, call of land thru fog. A snowy landscape plainly a great glacier from mountain summits to the sea, with blue coast line either side. The fog rose in a long cloud serpent such as was seen over Labrador. To the south lenticular clouds were forming. Later the coast stretching far to north came into view, a wild jumble of bold mountain



peaks and short ranges with deep furrows between. So different from the continuous Sierra Nevada. So this is Greenland and Eric the Red's wild realestate venture!

The ship is nosing slightly in and should reach Davis Straits and Holstensborg 90 miles away in early morning. Mr. Putnam warns a long active day ahead.

~~"If any of you have connections with the Almighty, he better get busy."~~

Radio: Last night radio from McMillan at Battle Harbor to Saco, a millionaire's steam yacht following, was intercepted saying, "I have some fine furs for the girls." Captain Bob: "The Arctic is now shot to Hell." He apparently feels like the old mountaineer in tourist season especially when the shirt-waist~~ed~~ girls appear.

Friday July 9 - Greenland:

And to think that we have called Greenland cold. Today I have sought shelter from both heat and sun and longed for soda pop and ice cream for dinner and am eager to take a swim in the fiord.

Eric the Red, the much maligned, is justified in calling this "Greenland." The mountains for 2,000 feet elevation are covered by tundra (almost heather) so deep and so variegated with blue-bells, daisies, dwarf evergreens (4 inches in height) and a hundred dainty flowers that a man without a glimmer of "real estate" imagination would call it green and delectable especially if he came from somber Iceland. Eric was evidently far ahead of Steffansen in coining the term "the friendly Arctic". Yet just beneath the tundra is the eternal ice (at least July 7th).

Diptera:

There are no snakes in Greenland, but oh the Diptera. The term bug or insect is not long and impressive enough, nor can French even when wielded by the long-suffering Mercanton ("incroyable"). It takes crisp Anglo-Saxon to even approach justice to the "culex-irritans" (S.P.F.) and the black fly. Like Baldwin: "The only way to get more mosquitoes in<sup>to</sup> Alaska is to make them smaller." Only heat or wind can drive them temporarily from sight. Otherwise a swarm like pursuing bees makes a halo as big as a washtub around the heads of our company as they go to and from their duties.

Helmets like globes are worn; handkerchieves kept in "globes" to facilitate effort to use them.

The poisoning is a personal matter. Some are afflicted and some are not. But all are tormented and seek protection beneath bee-veils or tight tents at night. This morning I felt like Alice in Wonderland. Over my veil, as I lay in my outdoor sleeping bag, rested a swarm of long legged, long-billed gnats and black flies whose pendulous forms, seen from below, gave me an attack of "sharks" and nausea.



We may gradually grow accustomed to them, but when when even the gas line on the motor boat becomes clogged with them, to say nothing of our own throats, it is evident that Oscanyon is believed when he places them far above the New Jersey and Texas mosquitoes for their viciousness. One feels impelled to place a netting over the lens of his camera to keep the bugs from obscuring his pictures, even if the idea is an intellectual "Irish bull."

But to revert to chronology,

Tuesday, July 6

First Day in Greenland:

The wind was fresh, so fresh that the ship heeled far over and ran free as the wild North. The engine could not keep pace with the sails, so ~~was~~ cut out. Snow clad peaks lined the shores.

To think that Captain Bob had been running all the way from the ice-fields and practically from Belle Isle by dead reckoning and at times without it and yet had estimated his position within a few miles.

Thru the foam on our starboard bow appeared a tiny village and men signaling with a cloth. Putnam and Mate Will, and Robert Peary engineer, who can make a motor boat run even against its will, set out for shore to see "where in Hell we were." Soon three tiny spots appeared making for the ship. <sup>kyaks</sup> so diminutive that they were scarcely hip wide and could be carried on one's shoulder. Yet they rode the waves like gulls. One was picked up by the motor boat and brought out. An esquimo willing and able to take our wheel and pilot our ship into Holstensborg lying 20 to 30 miles ahead behind a barrier of islands. It did me good to see an inferior race ~~play~~ the white-man's game on the white-man's ship. He was undemonstrative but there was quiet pride in his eyes. Captain Bob stood by his side and by sign language they pointed out to each other the proposed course on the chart.

Holstensborg:

About 3 P.M. we entered a secluded bay and found a tiny, quaint town perched on the hillside. Highest up and largest of all was the church and below it the Governor's House of three stories. Near the shore and one side of the harbor, quite apart <sup>was</sup> ~~like~~ a powder magazine, ~~was the jail~~. The cannery or fishery stood on the waterfront. Smaller buildings, mostly the Esquimo homes, made the bulk of the town. (Take a panorama of Larger Holstensborg Harbor from outer island).

Color rather than form was the characteristic. Few buildings had some color and each had several and these often primary. The church was red, the Governor's house was blue or purple, and the <sup>powder magazine</sup> ~~jail~~ white. Yet the green hills gave all proper setting, while the heather-loaded boats of the natives furnished



delicate hues. Here is a chance for the artist. Slides at least should be colored.

Dinner with Governor Bistrop, Mrs. Bistrop, Miss Jessen, nurse, Mr. Banksted, companion of Knud Rasmussen in exploration, Miss Brinch (Brink) engaged to Mr. Banksted, <sup>and secretary</sup> son of the Governor.

Miss Brinch learned idiomatic English in New York in four years, meeting Americans mainly in evenings; for she worked at Danish Consulate during days. Karl with Norwegian language was our chief entertainer.

Dance for three couples on board. Trading with natives on board by giving them credit at Government store. Miss Brinch kept the account and acted as interpreter.

Off For Head of Fiord:

9:30 P.M. weighed anchor for all night trip up fiord. Northern arm too narrow where joins main fiord, so under guidance of another Esquimo, who handled the wheel the entire night, we proceeded down the coast to the main fiord, which stretched inland with occasional turns until the next noon. A great canyon stream, placid and deep. One felt like Henrick Hudson when he passed by the Palisades and the Highlands of the Hudson - a voyage of discovery for me across Greenland, and in this mood I sat up practically the entire night that I might not miss anything.

Doctor Hobbs and I lost our record of dates by sitting up. (See last letter home.) So little difference in Arctic between the two halves of the day. The color of the cliffs, the stillness of nature, the mist, and cold. Jim's regard for tradition against smoking at wheel. So poor pilot at wheel was denied comfort of smoke but given chew of tobacco by Jim as consolation until Mate Will came on duty and permitted breaking of the rules.

Rookery of tens-of-thousand of birds awakened by rifle shots in night.

Sarfanguak: A narrows. Ship swinging in narrow canyon with swift current at her stern forming tide rapids around island rock above which perched the Esquimo's village and agent's house. Sharks' carcasses on the bank, sleds, a umiack, kyaaks, but particularly timber boats obtained from the Danes. Barter conducted mainly and by rule thru the store. Tobacco, cigarettes, pipes, chocolate, shirts, pants, etc. preferred. Sled was selected and two packers arranged for.

Wed. July 7.

Anchorage Station: reached about noon 6 miles from head of fiord.



High mountains, rugged, steep arose from shore. Evidently not even a beach adapted for camp. Pilot refused to go farther. So reconnaissance boat sped forward to a revelation of scenic beauty - a Rubicon Point coast with the addition of rock textures, heather colors, rock colors, talus slopes relieving polished rocks - that should be the artists' or color-photographers' paradise.

Camp Little: Tiny rivulets appeared at intervals and occasional beaches. But about a mile from Anchorage on the south-eastern side of the fiord was a glacial cirque with cascade~~s~~ tumbling over the rim, with long descending meadow, and protected crescent bay. It was an ideal base station quite beyond our hopes. Here by evening our entire equipment was transferred from the Morrissey on a lighter made of three dories lashed together and manned by the crew, Esquimos, and friends who strove to start our "Swiss Family Robinson" on their inland way. Jim got most kick out of the white caps and tried to drench all including even the equipment. He nearly succeeded and got his own pants wet.

Governor, Mr. Putnam and others came to bid us good-by at our camp. Aid promised, if needed. Hat waving as boat sped away.

Thurs-Friday July 8-9:

Building of permanent base camp.

Thursday: Privations have been the life of the camp and the source of its wit. Box of dishes and cooking utensils failed to appear. But the Cutlery Company Inc. and Unlimited, produced shell spoons, then spoons of tin, forks of wire, until camp was agog with expectancy. It was also an example of quick reversion to type and as rapid ascent from palaeolithic to iron age. But in the evening our first Esquimo visitor appeared and by sign language was commissioned by Doctor Hobbs to bring an outfit from Olsen at Sarfangauak with one dozen tins of Ptarmigan.

A Day of Exploration and Discovery:

Friday: The long portage to the ice had filled me with foreboding. The tundra was soft and the outfit was alarming for its weight. So Larry, Oscanyon and I set forth in canoe after day's work (Friday) on high tide. Found tide arm penetrating country far beyond bend of fiord. Sailed up left arm to head where mountain cataract fell noisily. White rabbit loped leisurely down to stream and as slowly away as we chugged by. Ducks in multitude overhead. The~~s~~ missing motor and falling tide turned us back.

At fiord edge, while carburator and feed pipe were being cleared of mosquitoes, I climbed the wall on south side to a natural outlook and gazed forward along the left arm.



We were in an emerged fiord ( or a nearly submerged glacial valley) filled with bogs, and tidal pools, with a stream meandering from the direction of a distant lake, whose blue waters could just be discerned between two hills which made a natural portal to the lake - our Tasersuak - to which I feared all our equipment must be "backed." The tundra was soft as pillows or feather-bed and as deep, and would have been killing. The hopes of water transportation made us buoyant. But the lake seemed sunk like a jewel among precipitous hills and the plain from which Pingo was to rise was not evident. The only snow was toward the coast.

Saturday, July 10: A Day of Near Tragedy.

The clouds had gathered that evening and Saturday the white caps in the main fiord sent their muffled surf-beat even to our ears. In a council of war (Saturday morning) it was decided to penetrate to the lake that evening and arrange for moving camp on the fourth day as set in sign language with one of the enquiring Esquimo, brother of one of the men employed.

At evening, wind was apparently going down and Gould and Belknap went out to try out the motor. Previously the Esquimo, commissioned to get the table ware, appeared in kyack followed by whaleboat of family or friends to spend the day. As they were departing, Esquimo suddenly pointed his hand out to the main fiord - a half mile away. Doctor Hobbs also noticed that the canoe was low down in waves. Then came a faint and distant call for "Help." All pushed out to sea. Esquimo, already afloat, Doctor Hobbs and Oscanyon in canoe, Fergusson and I in dory, F. gazing ahead and reporting while I rowed with only pair of oars on board. How like a wharf that dory seemed. "Was the canoe sunk?" "Had the engine merely stalled?" "At least the boys' heads were still above water." "Could they hold out or up until help arrived?" "Greenland waters are cold." "Yes, they were safe."

Soon the canoe passed us going in - getting beds and dry clothing ready. Then the great whale boat came along side, children and women toiling at the heavy sweeps. Yes, there was Gould wet but smiling, also pulling at an oar with the children and, when I called for Belknap, he too was seen at an oar. The Esquimo men were endeavoring to empty the canoe which rolled and ducked like a porpoise. Finally it was hauled aboard and across the gunwales of the whale boat.

The setting sun lighted up a scene, I wish could be made permanent in picture. A heavy lumbering whale boat with furled sail, a kyack trailing from its quarter, a burnished blue canoe resting cross-wise its stern, large and small, brown and white toiling at the oars toward land and warmth.



Gould refused to be transferred to the dory because he wished the Esquimo to come in and receive a gift.

*Man's Humanity to Man; all Men are Brothers*  
All are human, all are brothers

In hastening in, one of the women lost her headdress, a pretty kerchief, overboard, but refused to have the boat turn back for it. The dory rescued it and returned it to its owner. The men eagerly and proudly took off the outboard motor and carried it to the shore. The canoe was carefully beached.

A side of bacon was given, first to their disbelief, then to their joy. Then a sack of oiled sugar, which they were glad to have. Even Gould, being a cook by instinct suggested "oiled", for the fresh untainted was scanty.

As the party left, two children took a bucket each of water aboard their boat while the father, working his arms as in rowing and pointing to his tongue, indicated to me in explanation that the children had become very thirsty by their hard rowing at the rescue.

Lifted hats and hearts bade them farewell, and Oscanyon, our detester of Esquimo, remarked: "The Esquimo can hang around all the time if they wish." And from the distant point of our bay returned our friend in his kyack to bring the starting cord of the outboard motor of the canoe, a tiny object found in the hold of the whale boat or floating on the surface of the bay.

#### Weather

Fog and mist at Holstensborg on Tuesday. Sunshine Wednesday to Friday with temp. max. of 80 degrees F. and bath by Fergusson. Regular land and sea breeze each day oriented by the canyons. Friday evening suggestion of cloud with wisps stealing thru passes. Saturday July 10th wind with distant moaning of surf. Sky overcast and mountain tops veiled. Min. temp. 42 degrees F. but no rainfall. Yes we are probably in a "steppe" region. Nordensjöld seems to be correct at every point.

Mon. July 12 Today sky still overcast. This evening wind falling nearly to calm. Wind and cold not unfavorable to work and very unfavorable for diptera. Optimum conditions for Freedom from "flies." In sun with shade temp. of 80 degrees F., but flies still active in shade. Wind and cold, such as prevailed Saturday and Sunday nights, especially the cold of approx. 40 degrees or lower. Strong wind is their foe, But at light breeze and temp. of 50 degrees F as has prevailed this afternoon, they have returned in moderate numbers and activity.



Thurs. July 15: (Too busy to write daily)

Cloudy weather still prevailing. July 14 precipitation .02 in.; July 15 (2 A.M.) approx .01 in. Today clouds at times ride down passes or touch peaks.

Tide Gage: After searching harbor have finally erected tide-gage on port side (as enter) of boat landing. Tide here approx. 12 feet depth of water at low tide, - ledge to support box, and presence of rocks for ballast determined selection. Surveying(?), however, starts at head of fiord. Set it up at 4 A.M. today. Seems strange to get up day or night or start on a day's trip in the afternoon. Planned to set recorder at 11 A.M. at high tide, but found this tide 4 ft. approx. lower than other high tide of day, so are waiting until top of box can more easily be reached.

Scouting for Permanent Camp.

Tues. July 13 - Dory was adapted for motor and set out in evening and set out in evening with Dr. H., Gould, and two Esquimo for lake. Reached only Itivnek, where tide effect ceases and rapids were found. Returned same night but set out Wednesday morning in canoe in order to portage, engine to be left at Itivnek. Esquimo dismissed temporarily.

We were left to erect tide gage and then with Belknap and dory prospect lakes at head of central arm of fiord and possibly go up south arm. However, we should return tonight to meet Dr. H. if his party returns. <sup>so</sup> we shall attempt only central arm and see if there is a umiack at Saskaalik.

Esquimos:

Friendly, honest, quick in intelligence, ready to smile and even joke. No race has ever solved its economic adjustment so well and on so little. For speed, lightness, and use of materials from the sea, the kyack is marvellous. The Esquimo is even more proud of his kyack than the cowboy of his horse. He represents the "spirit of the waves" and is as buoyant and rides a lightly as the foam. Go far to sea in South Greenland in a boat 4 inches wider than his hips. Acrobatic stunts in water. His gunwale (around his hatch) comes to his armpits or forms a water-tight jacket and hood, leaving only face and hands exposed. Gun, keel of bone on stern, bone rimmed double paddle. Seal skin buoy. Fur clothing, except in summer. Always seal skin boots. Igloos air tight almost and little fire. Birds, fish, bear, caribou, seals.

Missions: Denmark helps natives to self-development but does not try to nationalize them. Found newspaper in possession of Esquimo printed in both Danish and Esquimo. Ideal missionary effort should be to aid such development but not to impose beliefs not understood or habits that weaken their adaptability to their environment. The "Golden Rule" should be preached first to them or the attainment of the greatest happiness. (The introduction of the chamber vessel in place



of the common skin receptacæ has value only in forcing emptying sooner, for all still use it in common and public.(ex. Belgium).

Vegetation:

Verdure is only ankle high or deep as one sinks into its carpet and roots penetrate little deeper than sod. Exception is occasional brush in tiny clumps, having maximum height of 3 or possibly 4 feet. Beneath the tundra at probable depth of 4 inches ice or frozen soil was found when clearing space for store-house. Flowers are delicate as in desert and the tiny brush are very aromatic. Birds sleep in nooks of the hillside or in the tundra. Gulls have rookeries and their joint cries at a distance sound like the Tahoe pigs when supper is nearing. Wish we had a botanist.

Strange: The beach has no drift of any kind. Driftwood is prima-facie evidence of importation by sea or man. Result is cleanliness, which emphasizes any debris left by our camp.

Name of First Camp: In this land bilingual and even trilingual names abound. So we have carried a supply as follows: Camp Little (after President Little); Camp Littlemichiganestsoak (soak for suk, because of the overturn of the canoe); and Camp Damtheflize. The basis is emotional: (1) formality, (2) tradition, (3) explosion. P.S.: Our wit has just added a fourth:

Rainy Camp, September 1927

Temp. 10.7

Humidity 70

Discomfort 91.28

Personnel (New classification based on fortnight's experience)  
Doctor Hobbs; Director and Speedsetter (Guide)  
Larry Gould: Asst. Dir., Photographer, cook (Ballast)  
S. P. Fergusson: Met., Designer, wag (uplift or yeast)  
Bellie Belknap: Glaciologist, Surveyor (Patient Endurer of Butts) called "Little One."  
Paul Oscanyon: Radio, Real Estate (Cheerful Salesman).  
J. E. Church, Jr: Snow (Incorrigible).

Pictures I didn't Get But Can Not Forget:

1. Iceberg in Fog.
2. The triune Lighter returning in Surf from Camp to Morrissey (Uncle Tom on knees).
3. The Umiack with Family of Fifteen Rowing to Camp in Evening Sun.
4. The Rescuers (Whale Boat).
5. The Cliffs to South of Bay (See "Far West Coast")
6. A umiack under sail. A true viking ship with aged master at the helm. A "Farewell" greeting.  
(Art of next day)

/?



Rainfall: In dishes with square shoulders "catch as catch can." July 14: .02in.; July 15 (dish 6 1/4 in. diameter) 10/32 in, (4 1/4 in diam) 7/32 in.; July 16 (both gages) 0.13 in.

Evaporation July 14: almost total precipitation was evaporated despite cloudiness and relative humidity high.

Saturday, July 17:

Every day rain, and today it is springling. Hereafter start trip at midnight and stop at 10 A.M. to avoid rain.

July 15:

At 4 A.M. erected tide gage; then in afternoon started for middle arm of fiord and Sakaralit, just beyond. Sarkarlit Saw Medusa or jelly fish as wide as oar, and a smaller one in action. A thousand gulls or noddies fishing and having good luck. Evolution: Minnows for big fish and gulls. How can nature maintain the round? Driven back by high waves and then next to Itivnek to look for Dr. Hobbs and Gould.

The Cliffs: The cliffs south of Harbor in rough sea and in storm magnificent beyond our dreams of wierd sea cliffs. Must resemble Iceland or Norway. Like "The Far West Coast" except for green color in sea. Colors of tundra and cliffs just like colors in art views of Scotland. No overcoloring.

Low Tide Across to Itivnek: Can take dory on low tide within 1/2 mile. Stream banks as deep and narrow relatively as Missouri. Called it Little Missouri. Get picture. Better start from base camp just following low tide and ride up on rising tide and return on ebb tide. But Itivnek only summer village. No good in winter.

Flowers and Mosses - Talus - Lake Fergusson

July 16 - rained all day, but in evening climbed to head of Harbor. Flower patches exquisite. Mosses of all stages from lichens on rocks to ground mosses. Plant life in its primitive stage as jelly fish in the sea. Paradise for botanist and color artist. Greens to grays with blue bells. Are Scotch **blue** bells the same?

Gulls going to bed on ledges of cliffs. If man had wings, what a master of gliding, side sliding, upswinging. Marvellous adaptability to air with infinite grace and ease.

Talus blocks with brush and holes everywhere afford numerous crevices for bird shelter and some overhang for humans. Lake Fergusson on tip of cap on north side of crest.



July 17:

7 A.M. Dr. H and G returned to camp after being held at fiord head by tide, storm, and balky motor. No boat transportation possible between Itivnek and Tassersuak. But lake magnificent. Trail to Pingo possible from head of Falls on North Fork. Belknap and self delegated to explore route. Leave after lunch.

Black Flies at Tassersuak. Fierce, so fierce that Doctor H wanted Captain Bob to swear fittingly "Damn those sons of bitches."

Monday July 19.

An All-Night Trip Exploring. Sunset colors almost simultaneously in west, north, and east as we walked the mountain tops. Suddenly found that we had passed from Sat. July 17 to Sunday July 18. It was 12:20. We ate our supper breakfast of a can of cold beans. Here it is not night and day but A.M. and P.M. The sun sets but you scarcely realize it, it is so slow in dipping and soon in returning. Sun shining again at 2:30 A.M. Darkest i.e. dullest perhaps at 11 P.M., coldest at 1 P.M. But could look for needle in the tundra all night and see it, if there. Stars have never been seen since we came to Greenland.

Canoeing Thru the Mountains of Greenland.

Greenland is a wonderland of mountains gorged and planed by a huge ice cap that cut its way by long arms to the sea. Practically all mountain tops to 1500 ft. and probably higher are rounded. In the lap of these immense gouges are chains of lakes "Pater noster lakes" like pearls or beads on ~~the~~<sup>their</sup> string. Our fiord was deepest just here and rose gradually to the large lake above us. On either side, the fiords are dry except for their chains of lakes. In fact these parallel gorges may never have reached the sea, for they are now 1,000 feet above the level of our ocean fiord. But the lakes invite to paddle and to portage from near the base of the high Pingo to the west and north toward a massive, snow-capped peak on the edge of the Nordliche Stromfjord. A portage of 3 miles with simultaneous climb of 1,000 feet beneath three gibraltar cliffs up a green gorge (grassy glen) will place canoe on a natural bay in an untried and unnamed country. What an adventure, what a tale of the Summer North.

Scientific Problem: Reaching the air and the ice.

Trip toward Pingo searching for an advance station for air and radio by Dr. Hobbs and Gould Wed-Sat. July 14-17. In rain most of the time and wet to knees all the time. Stream toward Tassersuak traversable to Itivnek, but mile portage necessary near Tassersuak. Plateau with lakes near Pingo not satisfactory for balloons. So self and Belknap sent to scout plateau west of Pingo and try ascents along watercourses into fiord head and up Cascade Arm near Itivnek. Trip continuous Sat-Sun July 17-18. 18 hours. Wide V shaped valley at 1,000 ft. elevation with rims of 1700 ft. on south and east. 2500 on north may possibly serve. Accessible by climb up Cascade Creek and canoe trip up chain of lakes.  
~~Balloons~~



Balloons may not be carried beyond the rim and should be visible within it. Lakes to west more isolated and hemmed closer by ranges. Flat top of rim south of V-shaped valley 1700 ft. elev. would be nearer the 3,000 level to be penetrated but is narrow. Much like plateau south and west of Pingo visible to east with lake filling the floor. Descent by stream east of Itivnek very precipitous and unfeasible. For map see sketch by Belknap. On our return Dr. H, Fergusson, and Gould set out to make decision. They are still out. Why so long?

#### A Quaint Visitor

Evening of Sunday July 18 off harbor appeared skin umiak under square sail driving up fiord under strong west wind. Dropped sail, rowed to island and waited in lee while one of the Esquimo got out and went into seclusion at other end of island. (Then are toilets communistic, at least outside of family?) Umiak then rowed to our camp. A visit for tobacco. A perfect example of native craftsmanship. Only wood sufficient to make keel and transverses, gunwales and very few horizontal strips. Walrus hide hull laced over gunwales. Narrow thwart only seats. Hull hip-high. On starboard side kvack was lashed above water to gunwale. A round stake used as roller to draw umiak up beach. Umiack as heavy as our dory but immensely larger; could carry 20 to 30 people. One lame Esquimo aboard walked with crutch and cane; dressed as if city bred. Said he was "master." But old man sat in stern as steersman and pilot. Men and women both rowed including the lame man. I helped them push off. A smile was our common language, except that they parted with waving of caps and hands. So Western, so human, if you but lead.

#### Strophs

After 3 or 4 days of storm from west, Saturday-Sunday while on our trip wind veered to east with driving and swirling of clouds over or near peaks with higher ranges veiled in cloud. East of Cascade Range clouds surged and billowed upward as if the creatures of some great conflagration until they overtopped the stratus cloud with which however they soon blended. Night moderately quiet in its wind and sky clearer, but banks still clung to ranges and a towering pyramid of cloud over Pingo. In eastern sky perfect bi-plane of lenticular cloud with tips feathering out, illumined with pink. Other lenticular forms in northwest. A gale meantime was blowing at Base Camp, and extra guy lines were necessary on the tent. Sunday the wind veered again to the West as in other days since we have been here.

#### Wed. July 21:

The wind is still from the west, the movement is slow. Stratus clouds prevail and have veiled highest

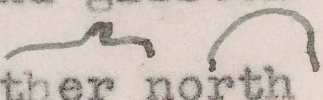


peaks, especially those above 2500 ft. elevation.

Another All-Night Trip Exploring Mon-Tues, July 19-20

Science - Searching for aerological Ground: The V-shaped valley was so inaccessible that Dr. Hobbs asked Belknap and me to go directly across fiord from our harbor and get a view from our highest mountains. This trip again consumed 15 hours. It was ~~an~~ night of scientific interest. The area from the main arm of the fiord and up the north arm past the harbor had been more gently planed by the ice, leaving shallower valleys and lower intervening ridges with tiny lakes and small water courses. The grade gradually rose from 500 to 1500 feet. The valleys were several and parallel, extending directly westerly 10 miles to a twin peak 2400 feet which barred the valleys and was the apex of the region. Beyond this twin peak toward ~~Baffin Bay~~ <sup>Davis Strait</sup> the glaciers had cut far more deeply and one canyon on the northwest was a Yosemite. We gained our Twin Peak at 2:25 A.M. To north and east clouds veiled the higher peaks but settled on our Twin only after we had left it. This area was ideal for balloons and our night trip was fully fruitful. But the by-products were greater.

Animal and Bird Life: No ants, <sup>ants</sup> only one worm or caterpillar. Three half or sides of Caribou <sup>antlers</sup> found on prior trip. This trip the Caribou trail was still visible tho somewhat overgrown and large bog meadows of grass (not tundra) were found but practically no traces of Caribou, ~~were found~~. Have they all been killed off? Ptarmigan or Arctic grouse plentiful and <sup>trust</sup>ful except mothers. One little mother uttered a startled call of pity for her young and hovered round them. We comforted her at once. I wanted to pet her but she would not have understood. Near the fiord on our return, I met an older and more experienced mother. She warned me to keep off. I did, but she flanked me closely all the way, like a threatening house dog, and then went before me some minutes more, when she suddenly turned and whirred back to her brood. Mother love, the beauty and appeal of the Madonna.

Scenery: The sun was down from 10 to 2 o'clock, when it shot a long slanting beam over the stratus clouds upon the mouth of the fiord and ~~Baffin Bay~~ <sup>Davis Strait</sup> which stretched calm and blue beyond vision. The colors of the sunset appeared even in the south, so shallow was the sun behind the mountains to the north. The moon at half was in the sky low down to south but was pale almost to invisibility. The numerous reefs and islands and wide strait of our fiord showed the dangers and shelters of ships. Flanking them on the south was a high mountain wall capped by continuous and perennial snow of rounded contours and glistening whiteness. Northward along horizon were the  rocks marking the approach to Holstensborg. Further north was a deep Yosemite gorge leading to Alpine ranges now veiled in cloud. But in the sunset like the radiant glow of a great picture had appeared a sharp Matterhorn



with snow at its point and a field at its base. As we climbed, the base became a prolonged ridge and our nunatak which once rose like some volcanic island from its sea of ice. To the east we could look up the long SE arm of our fiord to lake at its head, and also into the main arm and up the entire length of the NW arm up Tas<sup>er</sup>suak. Our waterfall and lake above it could be seen, but our camp was disappointingly below line of vision. But southward our Norwegian Cliff still frowned upon the waters.

Glaciation: Twin Peaks was planed to its very summit which was flattened in the process. All peaks except our Matterhorn appear rounded. Do not the continental ice caps move? One covered this area and was apparently 1000 feet deeper to judge from a higher mountain to the north, also rounded. We shall climb this soon and determine. The problem is one of pressure and water and ice seem to have the common trait of flow. Ice tongues with less depth and consequently pressure have made deep cuts in the rocks, or were these made by the pressure of the ice cap when it overlay the region? Problem: Trace direction of movement of ice over mountain peaks and relation of direction to location of probable apex of ice cap. On Twin Peaks two large tongues existed starting down east face by going north and south. Twin Peaks has its axis north and south. It seems to be the navel of this region. But to the east all peaks have axis east and west as if carved by an easterly moving cap. Gorges west of Twin Peaks run southwest, west, and northwest.

Age of Greenland since Ice Cap disappeared. Hard, sheer rocks without talus indicate recency. But these are the acid or silica rocks. All basic rocks, especially those containing iron are as worn as in Sierra Nevada. Mud and rock flows abound. On Twin Peaks was a rock-avalanche and mud flows abound in rocks like raisins in pudding. Frost and water-effects seen in mud flows from beneath tundra and parting of rock masses and numerous holes in tundra. But with it all is the "bed rock" washed clear of glacial detritus which underlies the tundra often and makes elevated shore beds and beaches.

Wednesday July 20:

Radio station was moved to south point of harbor, elevation 400 feet to reduce angle over barrier hills. The aerological flights were located across the harbor but other meteorological work was centralized at Camp Little. In afternoon Olsen came in Governor's motor boat from Sarfangua<sup>ck</sup> with sled for ice cap. It was decided to start Monday July 26. Four Esquimo with umiack were promised. Olsen is really Dane but talks Esquimo to my envy. Our old "negroid" navigator of the umiack was pilot of the Governor's launch. He is to be our guide to the Ice Cap.



Strophs: The summer movement of the clouds seems from present experience to be mainly from west to east. On last over-night trip Belknap called my attention to the cornices of snow on range south of mouth of fiord, All the snow lay as on lee slopes, which here was the eastern. And where a cliff existed the overhang was on the east showing that a west wind had formed them. This snow was fully 3,000 feet in elevation or within the elevation of the strophs. Since strophs are considered violent, they should cut away these contours even if they blow far less frequently than the west winds. Possibly Pingo is too cloud-capped and too costly for an observatory. Can an observatory be built on the ice?

Friday, July 23:

Records were made on Yesterday (~~Thurs~~).

Radio:

Olsen brought radiogram from Pres. Clark It was indeed generous of him.

Radio news from United Press received for first time Wed. night and now Thurs. night connection has been made with Morrissey, now unloading Rasmussen's supplies. No ice in Melville Bay and only few bergs and rim ice.\* Rasmussen's supplies unloaded at North Star Bay at Thule. More batteries would make it possible to send radio messages directly to U. S.

Ice Cap :

From cliffs east of and above University Bay, Doctor Hobbs saw Pingo for once clear of cloud and all of Tas<sup>er</sup>suak, and beyond them the Inland Ice extending for 25 miles along the horizon. The range south of main fiord seems to have an ice cap in places.

Charting: This far vision like Moses' upon the Promised Land (may the omen result, however, in attainment), gives a splendid opportunity for triangulating region from University Bay to Ice Cap and even including the area toward the sea.

No wonder that Dr. H returned from the heights whence he had seen these and pulling off his veil and cap, said: "Do I look as if I had seen a vision?" and later "The blot has now been removed from my escutcheon. I have discussed the Ice Cap for years but today is the first time I have ever seen it."

First Balloon Up: The types of clouds and slow movement have been puzzling to Fergusson. Movement from west yesterday with heavy wind at surface and especially across Radio ~~\*likewise no ice at all save an occasional tiny floe off the coast of South Greenland.~~



Point. When Dr. H returned, a pilot balloon was sent up. It went almost directly upwards for approx. 1400 meters when it began to travel westward with increasing rapidity until it approached the cloud plane at 2000 meters, where it swung northward and it disappeared in the lower layer. Query: Does a lower colder current of air descend from the Ice Cap and a higher warmer one move to it? The barometer seems to be normal at 29.5 in. Have we here a Greenland low corresponding to the Aleutian Low? They are similarly located. Fergusson says that an anticyclone center can have low pressure as well as high and that "The natives will yet sit up and pay attention." There is a virgin field here for meteorology.

Photography: ~~Took~~ some views with Gould yesterday of Blue Cliffs and Harbor. Today is day for panoramas. Old camera is showing no diminution in excellence from the far-back-days in the Sierra.

Tuesday July 27: On Second Day to Inland Ice.

Sat. prepared for trip to Inland Ice. Much argument about instruments to be taken.

Sunday afternoon Olsen with Kana-Jam, 5 ton cabin cruiser, arrived to prepare us for starting with flood tide Monday morning. Abraham, our old pilot of the "umiack" and one of Rasmussen's party in 1912 over the Ice, came with umiack and kyack and assistant Nathaniel came with Olsen. Gulls shot that evening by Esquimos for food.

Left amid waving by Fergusson Monday 6:45 A.M. Expected to start at 8 A.M., so Oscanyon had not yet come down from Radio Hill. F. had erected at beach "Tasersuak Trans. Co." sign to cheer us off. Towed by Kana-Jam toward head of fiord and with dipping of Danish flag by Olsen, we were on our way: umiack with canoe and kyack towed like twins of similar origin but diverse birth at her stern. Six in party rowing slowly at the heavy sweeps (oars) until met by Peter and Enoch, near Itivnek who were to join our party. At Itivnek all residents carried something over the portage. Then heavily laden umiack was drawn up every rapid even where water was less than 4 in. deep and between boulders. A great omen for transportation in the future, and another evidence of the adaptability of Greenland equipment.

Camp 1. Near lower end of Tasersuak where stream from "V-shaped Valley" enters.

Camp 2.: Head of Tasersuak. Started 6 A.M. Great "Gibraltar" on lower lake making noble gateway to main length of lake. Pingo directly above lower Tasersuak and N. of Gibraltar, and accessible by very gentle slope. South of Gibraltar slopes along entire lake gentle (Rumpfläche) and with addition of water surface to east and south would make ideal base for balloon flights. A boat on each arm would



expedite recovery. Forenoon dead calm and basin 10x20 miles in area.

Blue berries, juicy and ripe; bright flowers on edge of shore reflected by water. Surface "Lake of the Sky" on Tahoe. Experience quite as on Tahoe except vegetation is moss and ankle high bushes and burnished rocks.

Clouds: "Cirrus" clouds lace-like beyond a queen's dream. Unfortunate to have lost taking pictures of them. Plumes and tails indicated westward movement of high air, i.e. 2,000-3,000 m. up; some of these clouds blended later into alto-cumulus(?) But later clouds of all types were moving eastward and were similar to the clouds over Camp Little. At noon west wind sprang up and has continued fresh all afternoon. Barometer is 29.20; so probably this is a storm rather than a sea breeze. Wind's a great problem needing careful study. (Yes, Wed. bar. 29.35in.)

Esquimo - Nathaniel can read and write. Vocabulary: has catechism and New Testament. Is quizzing us all and writing down the English names of things. Larry and Belly are learning the Esquimo words.

Sailing: Today when the breeze sprang up, sail was raised and oars poised and fastened. The water gurgled, the waves plashed, the crew sang low but melodiously some folk song possibly but based on church music of hymnal type. The headlands swung by. The crew finally fell asleep, we sleepily looked upward into the lace of heaven. Dr. H studied the glaciation. In low white caps we reached the far end of the lake at late afternoon and made a sudsy landing. Lake 3 mi. wide and 20 mi. long above Gibraltar. The pass to the NE points out our coming day's journey.

Depth of Tasersuak:

Water black like Michigan lakes the shores at base of Gibraltar are very steep. Water sometimes emerald green where mixed with glacial clays. Yet today in wind, shore water temperature (at 5 P.M.) was 49 degrees and at 9 P.M. was still lower (45.5 degrees). So possibly quite deep. Take some soundings. Small lakes in Rumpfläche very shallow and steeped in vegetation. Cf. Desolation Valley.

Wednesday July 28:

Wednesday A.M. Lake blue except shallow water is yellow-green. Temperature in deeper water 49 degrees as in shallow surf water last evening before too deeply stirred. Sky mostly clear of clouds except slight band over ocean and straits - cumulus over sky far east on Inland Ice. Belknap jumped in for a swim and warmer up.



Noon Deposit of Provisions. Trail NE. Summit of Pass  
350(?) feet above Tasersuak.

Thurs. July 29:

Our deposit camp of yesterday became our night camp and dubbed "Camp Ready to Quit". The packs were too heavy and Abraham became exhausted, with thoughts of home. I had gone up Prospect Ridge to see Inland Ice and returned to find all hands called in to complete packing from Tasersuak including canoe and to reduce loads. We returned at 7 P.M. weary and chilly. Before supper: "Do they miss me at home" but after soup and tea: "The range to the south is exquisite chocolate brown and the sun-set is now in the north."

"The Hobbs Party Always Fights"

A night rest on the trail and all hands at the packs have restored the morale of the packers. Today is a short day. We have advanced all loads to the Triangular Lake on Nordenkjöld's northern route and are resting at 4 P.M.

Camp ~~Ass~~<sup>Ass</sup>ivigsuit Tasiat - Gould and Belknap have taken ~~have taken~~ canoe to advance the loads to head of lake, and above route from same height. Tomorrow we make around lake. The flies are thicker than ever when the wind is calm but are bumptious rather than vicious.

Prospect Ridge: East of "Camp Ready to Quit". To west can see Pingo in middle ground and Gibraltar at Holstensborg and snow clad range south of fiord. In foreground Tasersuak. From this point Pingo looks much as in Nordenskjöld's picture. To east appears N's southern route to Inland Ice with smoothed ranges in foreground and Inland Ice like narrow gray band on far horizon. Two panoramas of 90 degrees each would vividly represent this portion of Greenland. (The natives call Greenland, Kolan).

Storms: Two storms were brooding over the ranges, one to north, the other over Pingo. Last night at 1:30 A.M. the northern storm hastened southward over us in a light shower. It was impressive against a red-streaked sunrise sky. Clouds: The clouds today have been bunched west of Pingo while we are in the sun. Is Camp Little too near the sea? Possibly the balloon flights should be east of Pingo on Tasersuak.

Sunset Again All Night: The sunset still is seen occasionally all night as last night, the deepening twilight makes it difficult to read the thermometer.

Native Boys: The ideal of thoughtfulness and courtesy. "Ahp"=yes. Note Gk <sup>Nai</sup>Volli; Ital. si; Eng. yes. "Thank you", "no good" in English much used by them. They've been quizzing me today for more American words; hand,



leg, head, arm, foot, frying pan. (flying pan, like Oriental). Japanese ancestry? Can understand Peary's remark; I hope that Christian missionaries may not enter there. Yet, the writing, the other prides of civilization should be theirs.

Canoe: Came five miles up the hill over Larry's head: "The most unwieldy bundle of 75# ever put up." Today it swims the lake in the heart of Greenland. Canoe and kyack, how much the child of the primitive but how light, how well adapted for their lands and material at hand, bone and skin.

Trails: God bless the trailmakers. But why did they wear No. 6's? A narrow trail for No. 10's. Made originally by caribou? Not here; it rises too gradually to the head of the waterfall. That's beyond the brain of the caribou (?). See movie of all in line, Abraham, Enoch, Dr. Hobbs, Peter, Nathaniel, Canoe over Larry, self with sampler pack. Belknap took the picture. This trail is worn and hardened by <sup>caribou</sup> walking on its moss carpet is a joy compared with soft yielding tundra, wearying like fresh snow.

Blueberries: American slang "the tundra is lousy with blueberries" is rather apt but too crude for these. Rather the Japanese thought: the blueberries look like spangles of rich modest color in a carpet of yellow-green touched at intervals with reddish brown or copper gold. How like the Japanese cherry blossom without their obtrusiveness.

Esquimo Afoot: Seamen rather than trailmen. Legs and feet and body small. Sit in shallow kyack. Game trails not fresh worn altho deep. Caribou gone. Minnows in this lake, but large fish nearer the sea. Yet, how sturdy the pack boys are, and carry double loads in size and weight. Old Abraham at their head looks like Daniel Boone. This afternoon he trotted off in quest of Gould and Belknap gone to the head of the lake in the canoe. We like them all. The boys were just wrestling with much giggling and grunting. They are straight marksmen with their rusty rifles and home-loaded cartridges.

Can find no flint weapons. Was Greenland always in the Bone Age until iron was imported for weapons?

Friday July 30 - Head of Aussivigsuit Tasist -

Belknap and Gould are advancing camp from Little A.T. by canoe about 10 miles to camp 5 at head of main A.T. Doctor Hobbs came in canoe and has gone ahead to scout out water way and chance of carrying canoe farther in. Rest of us including Belknap (one trip) walked along shore. The lake with islands (one very large) stretches far back down a lane of hills. The pass like Mycænae in Greece is above us. The afternoon is bright and almost hot. The bunch grass about us is deep as in California but also is dry. A mountain stream rumbles in the distance. The



stream bog set with brush hand-high forms the mouth of the canyon leading to the lake, which takes the form of a circular bay before it opens thru narrow capes into its far sweep between the hills.

A Vanished Caribou Town:

It seems like a "ghost city" out West. On a rounded bench backed by a steep ridge are numerous ~~stone~~ foundations of sod igloos or rude homes with whitened and mossgrown caribou horns littered about - selfburied by the tundra. Not the horns naturally shed, but skulls, evidence of good hunting once. But now the trail, the deep, is becoming moss-grown and in many places has sloughed off into the lake, where the ice and wave have cracked and torn away the tundra or has sunk into deep ruts where the tundra has parted. Feet tread it seldom now. The blue bells and berries still carpet the knolls. The feed is here but the caribou (nesuk) have gone. The birds still chirp and the insects hum. We are out West once more.

Blue Bells and Birds: In large clusters or stools here and even in wide carpets. The Pee-wee has been uttering her notes all day. The fragrant dwarf cedar again calls the nostrils. The night note is the cry of the loon.

Color: As I lay this evening on my sleeping bag and looked thru the nodding-plumed grass upon the golden brown hills and shimmering blue lake, the scene was one of exquisite color landscape, suited for the brush rather than the camera. No grass like this in Greenland, just ripening with stalks knee-high and plumes of reddish brown. What a "Greenland Knee-Deep in June."

"Chine~~s~~ischlena" = Good-night.

Ants: No ants here but ~~of~~ the "flies". Ah! Here is a chance for some Danish St. Patrick.

July 31 - Camp 6 - Foot of "Lake Offley."

"The Steppe Region." We have climbed thru a long pass today and are on the lower end of the upper series of lakes leading for 10 miles toward the Inland Ice where it protrudes into Isartok. We are on the northern arm of our old fiord which has now retreated to Itivnek below Tasersuak. The dry region of yesterday is gradually changing to one of deep tundra even to the top of the ridges. The hills are golden brown. The lakes are narrow but beautiful in their windings and gibraltar b promontories. The trail up was wide. The stream flowed beneath the waterworn rocks and tundra. The pass was a gorge of shattered debris - footed cliffs, quite unusual. The lichens, rather some gray ones, left the shores dusty.



The hills are still rounded and the scenery comparable to Scotland.

A storm developed again today west of Pingo, but clouds finally covered the entire sky. There seems to be a distinct sea zone, and a semi-arid zone. But the moisture seems to be increasing farther inland. Is this due to drifting of snow from ice cap or to its own precipitation? Some snow measurements might settle this.

A fog was seen today descending from Isartok Ice Tongue. Was it out-going cold air condensing an incoming moist current? and reversing it?

### The Inland Ice :

We climbed Outlook Ridge south of camp today. Here we could see how the ice tongues had carved their way to the sea. Far east lay the Inland Ice, which looked like a level stratus cloud on the horizon, until we more clearly distinguished its corrugated face retreating from view. The corrugations seemed parallel and vertical to its face like stream lines. Farther south at Südliche Strömfiord it seemed fissured.

On the northern horizon stretched the Isartok in its deep gorge toward the sea; on the southern, the Südliche Strömfiord could be defined behind the hills. In the central ground was our own fiord, less deep, more rounded with Pingo like a Pilot Peak on the western horizon, yet now less conical and with snow drifts on its northern face. The Inland Ice still had a tongue protruding down Isartok and one down Südliche Strömfiord but looked like a retreating giant sullenly releasing his grip upon the hills. At our feet lay a cast off caribou horn, memorial of the struggle of adaptation between ice and life. The gnats stalked in the tundra when a 15 mi. breeze was blowing but when it fell slightly, they returned to be pests. They are good emblems of Persistence. Sometimes <sup>they</sup> are a jet of buzzing objects against your face or in your eyes; again they seem a swarm of bees but not vicious.

August 1 - Near head of Lake Offley where portage to Lake Discovery begins. A long route by land up and along the ridges. Ridges to contours preferred. Hills rounded as in New England. The smoothest and lowest yet seen in Greenland. Large winding lakes fill the depressions cf. English lake country. Inland Ice lies now nearer and less awesome. All draws lead to it. We are making NE toward the tongues of Isartok.

At portage to Lake Discovery, <sup>figs</sup> ~~or~~ rather on its shore is an abandoned caribou camp and stacks of abandoned horns. Larry says that caribou are still abundant <sup>in</sup> districts of Greenland. Both caribou and ptarmigan are protected here. Blue berries need no closed season. A/crushed by our feet along the trail.



Age of Bone:

The Esquimo boys have a packstrap with a swivel of bone. It is perfectly made. (It is copied from one of iron? They are carrying leather or rather raw hides (seal ?) to make half-soles for their native shoes. They are singing again this afternoon in their tent while packs are being brought up Lake Offley. It sounds like Elder Morrison's prayer meeting singing.

(Later) It was Sunday. A quiet warm sunset with gentle peaks at the lower end of the lake.

Summer In Greenland:

This is green Greenland. I am lying on my bed on the tundra in the sun while cumulus and stratus clouds send down rain-streamers toward the sea. A goose honks overhead; a loon on the lake calls to its mate and a russet breasted bird flies inquisitively about. It is a scene of Sabbath thoughts and stillness, the antipodes of "Greenland by the Arctic Seas."

Sky pink and blue in opal effects. Esquimo boys as merry as Americans and given to joking. Nathaniel laughed till he cried. They were delighted to paddle the canoe. Peter is quite expert. And they throw well - spear-throwing fashion.

August 2 - Camp Interlaken or better "Saddle Bags" (now named Harold H. Emmons).

Kardli~~g~~ssuit: Abraham advised caching the canoe at camp 7 unless he could come ahead with Gould to explore. So all advanced under packs. From the heights it was evident that by two short portages we could have advanced half way to Interlaken.

The Lake Discovery of yesterday turned out to be Kardli~~g~~ssuit, which paralleled Lake Offley and the chain of lakes up which the boys brought the packs in the canoe. A short portage at the junction, where stones and a cache of caribou horns give mute evidence of vanished caribou, would have given a further water route to the NE.

But the trail or the day was easy. The first traversed the hill-tops like a hunters' outlook trail and was hard except when descending to meadows of moss. Low hills, rounded surfaces, lakes. We are now under a cloudless sky between two shallow lakes. The water tastes of Vegetation in which it is soaked or steeped. Is it brackish or alkaline?



#The Steppes"

The Ice Cap is now less than 10 miles away. The sky is increasingly clear. The grass is luxuriant where water courses exist, but is dry tho ripe elsewhere. The climate seems Californian. Is there a dry and a wet season? How is the snow derived? From the Ice Cap? The intervening mountains would prevent. The precipitation is not exceeding light, for the tundra is still moist, the soil is cracked by sloughing on steep slopes. The tundra is deep and yielding. Precipitation measurements at Camp Little and Holstensborg and a snow survey here might furnish comparison and evidence.

Sloughing: Is it ice action? Or rather slipping of the tundra on the water-logged clay that underlies it and overlies even the unvegetated slopes. The instability at Interlaken on the edge of the lake indicates this. Gould calls it soil-flow.

Caribou: One sharp trail crossed our course this morning and caught Nathaniel's (?) sharp eyes. He killed two tern(?) on a lake. Their food is very low. Yet Abraham brought me a share. I sign-linguaged that the boys now returned for another load were hungry and should have it. Dear Old Abraham - he is a man among men. I could hug him; and I think he would understand.

Aug. 3

Camp 9 - Mountain Valley Camp. Within 5 miles of the Inland Ice at Isartok Tongue. Belknap, Peter and Enoch gone back for more packs. Poles, packs, samplers, oil will be brought up to our base camp to be established tomorrow. Wide undulating valleys lie behind us with lakes as usual. Should look like the Green Mountains of Vermont if pictures of the latter are true. Verily this is Indian summer, mild sun and wind, sky with few clouds, nights frosty, no storms.

Slogan: The Hobbs' Party always Fights, The Hobbs' Party never Quits. Ten days to Ice Cap, but will reach it, even if Belknap's suggestion that we send someone around to head it off has to be carried out. (Semper fugientem Italiam sequimur) and the packs are heavy and must be relayed. Doctor H gone to look out the advanced way; Gould to N to photograph the glacier tongue (First day off)

Bugs: Flies kept busy to steer themselves at 12 mi. Perhaps this is nearly the optimum wind. And temperature 46.8 degrees at 9 P.M. last night with wind even at only 5 1/2 miles seemed to put them to rest. NO: Bugs did not stay put.



Stunt: The boys who went for packs did not want to make a trip back from the ice front for poles, sampler, generator, and petroleum, so the three brought in packs fit for five. Too bad I did not use glasses on them even when I saw them. I could have aided. But B. explicitly said that they would not bring heavy packs, so I did not look for the wig-wag signal I at first asked them to use, and which they later used in vain. In fact, after seeing them I lay down to catch up on my sleep. This is the record for heavy packing, especially on bumpy and soft ground. All honor to little Belknap ("the little devil") and the small but husky natives Peter and Enoch. All but Abraham, Nathaniel, and ~~me~~ have had a strenuous day. But A- was told to stay back, N- was laid up by a blister on the bottom of his foot. But we all had a hard forenoon and the final trek tomorrow. me

August 5 - At The Rim of the Inland Ice.

Yesterday we set out determined to make the Inland Ice our next stop and relay our second packs next day. Ten whole miles we bore our packs up soft valleys by little lakes until we entered the country of the Rim, with slopes a little sharper and ridges slightly rougher, but still with blue bells and blue berries, the ox-eyed daisy, the dainty star, soft luxuriant moss, softer to tread upon than King's carpets, when Abraham proudly led us thru a defile cut upon a shelf from which we gazed upon an ocean of ice stretching beyond the skyline in waves and curves that simulated the sea. Only it was more majestic.

Impressions of Inland Ice (Notes from Weather Record)

August 4 - Weather Station set up this evening with pair of caribou horns for base for anemometer and red flag for wind vane. Fish pole gives azimuth.

9 P.M. Sunset Completed: Purplish pink haze over the bluish ice stretching from sight like a rippling, waving sea.

August 5 - 12 mid-night: Ice deep blue. Moon in N-NE. Sky there flushed by sun.

9:15 - Sunset colors brilliant as seen from Tongue View Point. Heliotrope, opals with lenticular forms and stripes.

August 6 - 12:15 A.M. - Waves of glacier still pounding silently on shore - a mirror only deeper of the color of the sky.

Color harmony: Ice light water blue. Heavy clouds gray blue; filmy clouds pearl gray; Sky - sky blue; In NE light of morning thru horizontal rift of clouds.



3:10 A.M. - Sunrise

Above bars of cloud, a mat of wisps also wavy.  
Snow now gray with dark depressions.

6:00 A.M.

Inland Ice ripples and shimmers under passing clouds like surface of water.

August 8

1:40 A.M.

Sky very ruddy E of N with cirrus clouds in NE verging from pink to heliotrope. Inland Ice a sky-blue rippling sea with narrow blue rim of cloud forming its eastern horizon. Just an artist's pencil shading of cloud.

3:55 A.M.

Sunrise like Grand Canyon. Beam of light touches now one place, then another, which then stands out suddenly from the whole.

Tuesday, August 10: On Way Out:

We have learned much in a little. We found the Inland Ice kindly to crampons. There were few fissures but many high ridges. Sleds or ski or snowshoes would have been useless especially where the tongue is filled by transverse and intricate ridges. Farther south the ridges ran parallel far out upon the ice.

*eighth* - The lateral moraines reminded me of a paving company's gravel pit and the dusty side of the glacier of the snow sheds in winter. We merely put on our crampons, climbed the gravel bank and mounted the sloping side of the ice. An eighth of a mile and the ice was clean and dazzling white, with pools of water and tiny streams down every ice ravine. Ridges towered quite above our heads. The ice-mountaineering and firm footing after the tundra became exhilarating. Without crampons we should have been reduced to cutting steps with chances of ~~offer~~ much slipping. In fact we should have been very slow or practically helpless. As it was, I "leaped from peak to peak" with impunity as Gould caught me with his "movie".

Mt. Chapin rose above the waves of ice like a mountain from a tempestuous sea made suddenly to stand with its crests in the air.

A Picture We Failed To Get:

But the view downward from Mt. Chapin was a landscape of labyrinthine lakes and promontories jutting far out into the sea of ice, that rose slowly and with long undulations along the skyline, like a sea. Storm and shortness of provisions forced us away without a panorama. It was the Land's End View of the Inland Ice and



best expressive of it.

The Esquimo: Supermen these little fellows in strength but reckless of consequences - lack of judgment. Peter and Enoch were sent back from Ice front to bring up half of the packs left behind in Valley Camp. It was a long day's march even in one direction. The boys were advised to take two days for the trip. But they insisted in making it in one and came back that evening bearing double loads each but with bodies badly strained and knees injured ~~by the strain~~. So with eating; they eat all they are given, even concentrated pemmican, and then go hungry until more is found.

Rations - crackers, Egerbswurst, pemmican and tea, if sufficient in quantity, keep out dreams of corn bread, ham and beans. Blue berries are always at hand to supplement rations. They grow in acid, peaty soil in remarkable size and abundance.

Speeding back - 2 camps daily.

"The Gates" - Tassersuak - Sunday August 15 -

Two camps daily have brought us in one week from the Ice Cap to the foot of Tassersuak or one day from home (Camp Little). Exact time Sunday noon to Saturday night. Packing canoe 16 miles by Gould saved three score miles back-bending work carrying packs.

The "Gates" <sup>is</sup> ~~are~~ scenically the finest view on the route save the Ice Cap itself which is sub generis. On the north a majestic Gibraltar and the south a Rubicon Point with deep cool waters. Green and russet clad their sides.

Down lake to west of Gates the flat-topped ridges plane by plane close the lake like a low amphitheater wall. Reddish-brown and bluish-gray rock colors and purple atmosphere add richness and softness of color especially when mirrored by the lake; a great outstretched syncline gives a touch of rigor and quaintness.

Life is furnished by the drone of the insects by day, and the occasional call of the fowl especially the friendly loon by night. The night scene is heightened by the long tongues of fog stealing thru the passes upon the lake.

Lake terraces cut thru in a deep V by a mountain stream add a geological touch, while Pingo, out of sight from here, sends down his long flank and connects with the Gibraltar rock, which Abraham calls Pingo-Nua • Does



this mean "Pingo-Thumb"? Such his use of massed fingers and extended thumb might indicate.

Sunset August 15:

Sunset saffron; hills copper gold; ranges luminous with atmosphere; lake mirrors all. The infinite and perfect brood over all.

South Arm of Tassersuak:

Nordenjöld's "Unknown", but easily charted by the camera from the ridge east of its south or upper end. A narrow entrance but expanding shallow lake, in color much like Emerald Bay and a part of the main lake only by virtue of its neck. The intervening shore between the two arms is narrow but furnishes a good balloon field from which to start balloons with a view to retrieving them on the two arms of the lake. The valley to the south with its dotted-in lakes has a long axis stretching far to the distant ranges, with only three lakes of medium size at wide intervals. The view down upon this valley may in effect correspond to that from Lookout Mountain, except that our stream is tiny.

Panorama and 5x7 views taken.

Views We Didn't get:

The prize series of the Inland Trip: viz(1) the evening view of the surface of the Inland Ice from above Camp Cooley; (2) the panoramic view of labyrinthine lakes, jutting capes, and wide expanse of Inland Ice from Mt. Chapin; (3) the view from Butte near Dry Camp of Nordenjöld's Return Route and in opposite direction the Rumpfläche with Tassersuak showing on the south and Pingo in central west with coast ranges beyond, the two together representing the entire stretch from sea to Inland Ice; (4) Cloud views especially of intricate cirri on Tassersuak; (5) sunset in storm at Tassersuak Gate; (6) Autumn colors on Greenland Hills.

The Esquimo and Pingo:

I wonder if the natives dread Pingo as they do the Inland Ice. Abraham has been on the ice and wants to go with sled party next season if American boots are furnished him. N- and P- yesterday assented to going up Pingo today with party but P- had no enthusiasm this morning and for the same reason N- failed to come from the tent until party had set out. He looked apologetic or dejected. Did Abraham forbid or N- lose courage? I am remaining in camp to take hourly readings of aneroid at Lake Camp to check Belknap's readings enroute. I plan to go up alone tomorrow. The idea of a meteorological station on Pingo seems to have vanished. If ~~next~~ natives will not pack, plan is necessarily impossible.



Foods:

Strangely the pemmican, erbswurst, pilot bread (crackers) and tea furnished a diet, when eaten without rationing, that quieted all dreams of mashed potatoes and gravy and the hunger for blueberries. The change back to beans, bacon, coffee, jam, corn bread at lower end of A.T. made possible by Belknap's trip in advance to Dry Camp where cache had been made, was without fond anticipation or unusual satisfaction. I believe that we could live indefinitely on the diet.

The Atmospheric Circulation of Holstensborg Interland -  
A Provisional Basis for Study

Circulation

Two dominant forces: ocean on west - Inland Ice on east, both cold, with warmed land surface between. Consequently there is a surface wind movement from ocean upon land and likewise wind movement from the Ice upon land. The normal frontier between these two surfaces movements is the divided between Tassersuak and Assivig-suit Tasiat. The afternoon breeze for the western part is, therefore, a sea breeze, for the eastern an ice breeze, the former blowing up slope, the latter down slope as in Sierra. However, there seems to be a prevailing wind movement at the altitude of cirri from the sea upon the Ice, with return downward draft from the Ice when a low-center along the coast furnishes the vacuum. This latter may be considered a weather rather than a climatic movement. This is more intense than the Ice Breeze, which might be considered slope draft, the occasioned by difference in temperature. The evidence of prevailing westerly or sea breeze on the Coast are the cornices on the snow clad range south of Holstensborg. The evidence of the Ice breeze is the landward direction of the brush on the hills overlooking the Ice Cap (cf. timberline on Mt. Rose). However, this evidence is not as copious as could be desired. The preponderance of the sea and the Ice probably oscillates with barometric changes.

Clouds:

Cirri seem to be the prevailing type of cloud moving slowly toward the Ice. Cumuli are frequent especially along the frontier where the damp air of the sea meets the colder air of the Ice, especially above Pingo, whose elevated mass accelerates convection and condensation. Along the frontier can be seen a zone of stratus when the sky over the sea and the Ice is clear. Rain clouds are seen more frequently over Pingo than elsewhere, the storm centers are occasionally seen elsewhere in the Hinterlands.

Rainfall:

The term "Steppes" may be correct, but certainly can not be considered as meaning "desert" or even "semi-arid". Rain has not fallen frequently but rather scantily during July and August. Yet the size and number of lakes



indicate a season of considerable precipitation, probably snow. The moderate temperature, low wind-movement, and run-off obstructed by glacial pockets may conserve the precipitation beyond normal and thus make a scanty precipitation appear copious. Only a snow survey can tell. There seems at least to be a wet and a dry season.

Why?

(Incomplete see Report)

\* \* \* \* \*

Camp Little - Sunday August 22

A long time between entries, but life is becoming routine on the down trip and work at base camp.

Esquimo-

Esquimo have hearts. Abraham and Nathaniel received death-news at Itávnak. They were sad and dejected but did not weep. I could not resist patting them gently on the shoulder to show that I understood. Their glance of appreciation and increased cheerfulness during the afternoon were full reward.

Aroma Borealis -

The "Aroma Borealis" so prominent at Sarfangauak has faded in the presence of the Homo Borealis whom I have learned to admire. There are now three taboo subjects for light gossip: George (Jarge), Janes (for they're my girls) and Esquimo.

Storms:

Snow fell in a light flurry on Pingo August 15. August 20-21 and 21-22, snow fell on the peaks about us. Yesterday two deposits of snow fell above 2000 feet west of fiord, and a snow flurry occurred at Camp Little. Last night a light cover of snow was on the heights above and south of camp. Today from Mt. Burton snow drifts were visible on the higher peaks to the north and on Pingo, i.e. from 2500 to 4500 feet elevation. In Sierra snow falls in September in similar amount above 8000 ft. Is this Greenland snow storm usual? How long before winter will set in?

Landscape:

Sunset at the "Gate" on Tasersuak Sunday August 15 is my answer to the human longing for immortality. To have seen it is full compensation for having lived and fills even our short lives with complete satisfaction. No more shall I claim superiority in landscape for the West.

Semele and Zeus poem by Sill - "One can afford to die after seeing the unseeable."



9 Greenland fascinates me with her forms and colors. Oscanyon, who saw this landscape from Camp Little, said that he had seen many sunsets in far parts of the world but none such as this. What if his fiord and distant hills had been our "Gate" and golden walls? Last night there was another saffron sunset, but merely a touch on a cloud tip above a snow-sprayed ridge shaded in blue.

Oscanyon's camp on Paul's Knob, Mars Hill, or Radio Point is a place of vision of fiords, peaks, cliffs, and sky. He is quite loath to leave the spot for the balloon field at Tassersuak. This is his only outlook since coming to Greenland, but he is quite content.

Old Friends - To surprise Oscanyon and Fergusson and put my arms about them was a treat. They had sent up 57 balloons, handled radio and camp and had kept sweet despite cold and loneliness. The natives had called as had Dr. and Mrs. Olsen, and messengers from the Governor. I have been detailed as Fergusson's assistant to relieve Oscanyon and greatly enjoy the task. <sup>Fergusson</sup> He is Scotch and royal.

At Home - I have finally erected my own tent and have Florence and all my possessions under cover. It is better so. It is a refuge from rain and cold, and makes a warm study when the wind blows. Everyone now has a tent and "Fergussonville" with one lone tent has now become a suburb of Camp Little with five tents and an evaporation plant in the foreground.

Birds - The gulls were riding at anchor in the Bay last night. Have they left the "rookery"?

Water - The waterfall has now been dry approximately ten days, but the creek is still nearly or as high as before. Will it last out the season? The tundra is a good reservoir.

Trip to Middle and South Arm of Fiord -

This plan made on inland trip may be carried out tomorrow if weather is fair. Gould and I are to take the dory and perhaps the canoe. My admiration for "Harry" gives me keen anticipation. He now feels that he would like to spend a winter in Greenland. I hope we can and will, especially if I am to be here.

Sleeping Bag: as cozy as a squirrel's nest.

Blessings many when I go to bed:  
"God bless Louise" who made it; "God bless Florence" the everpresent; "God bless the Chappelles" who are snuggled in my coat pockets, sharing my trip.



Twilight and Winter:

How soon the twilight comes now and the southern darkness. The birds (or some of them all) are still here. It seems colder now, it rains more. ~~One~~ eternal summer and daylight are waning. One wanders less afield after sundown.

The darkness seems wierd and forbidding. How it must have impressed the primitive man.

Sunset on Fiord, August 23:

"Lake of the Sky" can be applied without reservation to Greenland waters. Early evening: blue and opal bars in sky. As twilight deepened, the silhouette of the dory at anchor on a silver bay with pearl yellow afterglow toward the distant shore. Mountain-rim beyond in black silhouette capped with fracto-cumulus and fracto-stratus clouds against a pearl yellow glow. Sound of oars and voices and three dots of native boats passing down the fiord with falling tide. A silver lane traverses rippled areas of the sky's blue, mirrored upon the waters. The dory is in the center of a mirror of gold tinted silver. Finally, all sounds stilled save those of sleeping.

See photos of Lake ~~L~~emond in cloud.

Autumn Snow and Summer Frost Line:

Snowstorms on peaks is ushering in autumn apace and every storm adds more. The colors of tundra are growing brighter. The reds are becoming Venetian and crimson. Large splotches of color are showing across fiord. The leaves of the bushes are falling. And underneath even at the depth of 16 inches lies the eternal frost line - with tundra water at 35 degrees F. Yet nature is soft and colorful and the sun and quiet air are genial. Even here the fang gives way to fantasy. We rub our eyes at the wonder of it.

August 24-27

Colder: Clear, cold, ozone. Elixir to breathe in my out-of-doors sleeping bag. Ice in evaporation pan 3mm. as estimated by Fergusson. How like the top of Mt. Rose in September!

Mountains north-west of Fiord covered by snow above 1500 ft. or height of wall directly across from Camp Little. Temperature of water off Radio Point 42 degrees F. (On August 17th temperature off north head 51.5 degrees F) Why?

Trip to Middle Arm of Maligiak Fiord August 24-28:

Weather Study - Started with Gould for south Arm to study topography and beach lines but had weather studies thrust upon us. The barometer was rapidly falling. An east wind blew down the Central Arm and forced Gould to beat up this



arm rather than cross in the trough of the sea to the Southern Arm.

At the head of Middle Arm<sup>we</sup> were bed-bounded by rain for 40 hours, thus exceeding our previous record of 36<sup>hours</sup> in the ~~Esquimo~~ Esquimo Hut at Contact Pass on Mt. Rose.

Tuesday August 24.

Barometer low (after lunch 29.42). Wind from east until afternoon. Morning sky cirrus covered changing to cirro-stratus. In afternoon lower stratus moved rapidly eastward and wind changed to west. Blowing strong until Thursday when calm ensued at noon. Barometer then 29.92. Tuesday eve sunset over Sarfanguak resembled a "forest fire." Wednesday nimbo-stratus so far as noticed from bag in tent. Thursday sky somewhat open in west. In evening. alto-cumulus, cumulus, and fracto cumulus in west with stratus-cumulus in east. Barometer 29.94

Surf even in protected bay pounded until Thursday evening. Rainfall estimated at 0.50 in. No can set out Tuesday night and can set by Gould Wednesday was dumped thoughtlessly to fill cooking tins at stream. Such <sup>is</sup> life. No gage set at Camp Little until Wednesday. Residual precipitation there 8.5 (?)mm. From evaporation measurements total precipitation must have exceeded 0.40 in.

NB - This<sup>is</sup> almost identical with stroph on ice. Low barometer with clear wind from east, oscillating with rising barometer to west with moisture and rain. Whether finally balanced to clear with continuance of high barometer with restoration of normal sea and ice breezes.

This may clear up Fergusson's confusion. In eastern U.S. rain precedes falling barometer; in western U.S. rain follows. Here clear weather immediately follows a falling barometer and rain the shift of barometer from low to high. During the present storm, the barometric change was unusually pronounced and the rainfall the heaviest of the season.

Thursday. August 26 -

9:30 A.M. barometer 29.83. at 7:15 Wednesday evening barometer 29.99. Wind east but about calm with fracto-cumulus. Earlier alto-cumulus.

Surface of water in bog hole near fireplace 35.0°F. Lay on this tundra for 36 hours. Returned to Camp Little.

Marooned:

Breaking 36 hours hold up in Esquimo Hut at Contact Pass, Mt. Rose. Camped over spring bog. Souwester-Hat full of rainwater and head bald. Rain coat over pack bags with



camera outside. So took rest/cure for 40 hours. Tundra delightful to tread upon with bare feet. Not over-cold despite water of 35 degrees F at tundra roots and oozing up under our tread. Rain sounded far more copious on tent than really was. Wind, rain, gulls, ravens. and loon furnished our voices. Larry Brought the food.

Wednesday: Breakfast - canned salmon, crackers, jam, butter. Cold water in tin can to drink. Too wet to cook. Dinner - Erbswurst and crackers served hot by Larry in bed.

Thursday: Breakfast - crackers, butter and raisins, canned water. Dinner (up and dressed) - Cookelized vegetables ad lib and tea, crackers and jam.

Note: Have moved tent and dried bed and hat. Larry was up Wednesday and walked twice across peninsula to abandoned Esquimo village at head of other arm of fiord. Evidently this village like Itivnek has just been abandoned for winter towns at the end of the fishing season.

Today (Thursday) he discovered two large lakes beyond a Gibraltar Gate much resembling that at Tasersuak. These combined lakes <sup>are</sup> about the third largest seen yet this summer.

#### Friends Again - August 27-28.

On way home met off Gray Cliffs a little flotilla of four kyacks just coming from a call at Camp Little: Abraham, Enoch, Nathaniel and one of the two hired earlier in the season. Joyous waves of recognition. Nathaniel had brought one of the smocks, the one for Doctor Hobbs.

Doctor H. and Belknap had gone to climb our high peak above the waterfall seen on our night trip to Twin Peak. Today returned with a lost "balloon sonde" - the highest record for Greenland 25,000 ft. approximately.

At dark Peter came from Sarfanguak with a letter from Mr. Olsen. He slept in my tent under Florence's hospitality - she would have loved to do it.

#### Another Balloon Sonde -

Happy, too happy at yesterday's recovery (an impossible chance), another was sent <sup>up</sup> today. But the valve again froze (?) down and the proud <sup>up</sup> train of two large balloons, a valuable meteorograph, and three trailing red balloons ~~to~~ serve as pontoons if the meteorograph came down in the water passed from sight like a binary star in daylight far to the SE. We shall never see them



again. Next time attach your fuse to the envelope of the balloon or keep the balloon captive. The lesson is worth the \$150<sup>00</sup> cost.

Sunsets:

Every evening one. Last night the alto-cumulus clouds were touched on the underside by pink and suggested a gigantic gymnasium hair net with its diamond interlacing. It was strange yet pretty.

Autumn Colors: The tundra across the fiord now suggests pink patches in russet brown.

September 1:

A crisp morning on our Western mountains after a sunny October day. "When the frost is on the pumpkin." Such is this morning in Greenland.

Leaving:

I could always stay here. There is nothing essential that I crave. Three lines of news quite enough. But I would enjoy a bath and a shave and shall have them tomorrow. Butter and sugar gone. Balloon lifter gone. Film nearly gone. George now is in Pand Inlet only 4 days away. So guess we better be starting too. Can't enjoy life on nervousness and expectancy. We are due to meet the Morrissey at Holstensborg September 5 and much remains to be done.

Journey to the Sea - September 6th.

David Olsen is a rare character and our Abraham and boys. They came to see us off and the boys would have gone all the way to Holstensborg.

Permission was granted me to ride in the dory down the fiords behind the motor boat to take water temperatures.

Sarfanguak: Friends again. returned for season from Itavnek, Olsen's home as clean and cosy as my mother's. Mrs. Olsen, a native, as is her husband, as fine a hostess and as refined as any of our country. And her daughter as vivacious as any American girl.

Holstensborg:

A picturesque town, in reds, blues and browns, seated at the base of a Matterhorn, with landlocked harbor and inlets lying nestled behind islands and reefs. Here we camped on the tundra above the harbor but we were shared the home and board of the Governor. It was "home" to me, the more so because of the generosity and comradeship of its occupants - Governor Bistrop, third of his line to be governor, his young wife three years out from Denmark and Lillepere, our "Little Governor" of two years, and a nurse, born on the western islands



of Denmark, out for the winter.

### Church Service

Reno Episcopal Church transported to Greenland. Now I understand missionaries. Language of service Esquimo but the mood, the full voiced and hearted singing were universal. Congregational singing rarely better. Music much like pipe organ and as well played. Service long because of confirmation class and examination. Music abundant. Esquimo musical.

One forgets their costume; it's so minor and attractive. Types: Old Daniel Boone in front, Abraham in rear - white smocks, earnest fine faces of pastor's assistants. Spittoons, like sawdust boxes at Richmond, Virginia. Children in gallery. Pictures softer, richer and more natural than those in Catholic Church at Reno.

Danish pastor intoned service well and with devoutness and winsomeness, but Assistant Pastor (also assistant principal and David Olsen's son-in-law), a native, possessed both dignity and cadence. He quite won me and lifted the service to heights.

Sacrament: I planned to go to Sacrament next day when all children attaining 14 years were to be confirmed into the church. The little class had answered the examination the previous day so earnestly and naturally (one evidently reciting some text at length; she was, I think, a little girl who could memorize rather than think), that I should have enjoyed seeing the sequel. But I was busy copying records. However, when at lunch at camp we became the center of a reception that completely won us. Dressed in gala attire and mature with earnestness, a little troupe of initiates advanced to clasp our hands in brotherly love. Tiny and larger, they came; then other celebrants until nearly a hundred had shaken our hands as we stood, hats in hand and paid them the deference of distinguished guests. Fergusson, God bless him, got out the cakes of sugar and gave the younger a treat. The occasion was one of uplift for us - and sounded the central note of Christianity.

Tobacco - Tobacco seems to be the central physical joy of the native as music is his spiritual. Even some of the tiny initiates bore cigarettes between their fingers. Chewing as well as smoking is indulged in.

### Music and Nature:

No music but the eternal hills for weeks. Then the old masters at Governor Bistrop's with the resurge of the old love. As we walked back to camp in the night, I could not help comparing music and nature, one artificial and from the instinct of man, the other the slow working of nature. Both supreme. "What is man that thou are mindful of him?"



Radio:

We are at the top of the world and other lands swing below us. While we are in twilight, Denmark is 4 hours in darkness and America is still <sup>in</sup> full afternoon. Some listen in for Copenhagen and wait until toward midnight for sounds of music from America. Pity the radio would not function while we listened expectantly.

Norse Ruins:

On the NW edge of Holstensborg Bay, just within the outer islands, are level ocean-level terraces on one of which old stones are found laid in foundation. The ruins are old and attributed to Norsemen. They are situated somewhat like Cumae, except the latter is N of the outer point of the Bay of Naples. Certainly an inviting place for early mariners who sought rest in this bit of green between the jutting ice-capped hills.

Oldest Building in Greenland:

What more natural than for Holstensborg to be the oldest settlement in Greenland or site of the oldest buildings? Old church dated by vane as 1753, another as 177-, still another as 1800, etc. Quaintly pleasing with slightly curved lines of roofs as shown at gables. Tarrred to make them weather proof but painted over tar ~~in~~ Venetian red, brown, blue, white. The oldest of square-cut logs, another of stone, but most of boards. The oldest, the church, had many pillars within and was painted a dainty blue - quite as attractive in its way as the Mormon Tabernacle.

Cliffs at water edge and rocky hills and mesas and on which buildings were perched gave all a Northern aspect.

Nights again.

The nights bring the stars and the darkness. The latter is wierd and one retreats to refuge before it. Did night always mean darkness? Yes probably. Otherwise we should have had days of more than twelve hours, unless perchance time was divided only by the peoples of the temperate zones. Now, however, the circling sun is the Esquimo's dial for expressing time.

Moon:

The course of the moon has been low toward south horizon all summer. It will ascendingly be high during the winter and should furnish light during the Arctic night. Thus the nights will be less wierd.

A Wet Night at Holstensborg: TIME TO GO.

Sunday scudding clouds and a film of snow on the peaks with a fresh sea outside. Winter is slowly setting in and any storm now may bring the winter snow. It's getting time to go.

Monday morning we were awakened by returning natives who announced a vessel to the south. The Morrissey had



passed Holstensborg and was now beating up the Coast. The sailors call it down (when going north).

Monday afternoon the SW wind brought the heaviest rain of the season with a snug evening at the Bistrop's and a dash for the tents. I moved in with Fergusson. A snowflake fell. Visions of snow around us were almost fulfilled, for the snow mantle Tuesday morning reached far down the slopes. It was time to go.

Farewell: Tuesday at 3 P.M. we set forth with friends of old leaving our friends of new escorting us in their motor boat to the heads. Dear friends all - and long waving as they returned to their northern homes and I to my southern land. Feelings were mingled between longing to stay and eagerness to go.

Green and Snowy Greenland:

How quickly out of the green and into the white! Abrupt mountains, glacier crowned. Daring sailors, appreciative discoverers.

Flag Half Mast:

As we came out, a Norwegian steamer passed in, with flag lowered, one dory gone and boom broken. The night before had been one of battering by the seas. She had evidently lost one or more of her fishermen and was seeking shelter where ordinarily forbidden because poaching on Greenland's fisheries.

Afloat:

The vast and rolling sea is calling me again. The sound is in my ears - I'm sleeping in the outboard motor boat on deck and can see the topmast write its swaying curves against the clouds and stars. Ten dollars on a berth below would not tempt me.

Night Sights - Auróra Borealis

Wierd it is at night to hear the slatting of the sail, the sound of the pump. The dull boom of the rising sea roused me to look over the gunwale. Murky clouds curtained the horizon and back of them rose shafts of white light even to the zenith. These seemed to rise from Hudson Bay, the land of the magnetic pole. Others had seen the Aurora during the late summer, but this was my first. I lay down again until roused by the surging on deck of the ship's company, roused to hoist the main sail.

Sails Only : One evening the engine suddenly raced. The propeller was gone into the depths of the sea. Above Hudson Strait. Dependent upon winds. No shock. We settled down to the new routine with wind and weather our chief concern. No repairs possible short of St. Johns, Newfoundland, and this a thousand miles away.



Noreaster:

The barometer was 30.08 when we left Holstensborg Tuesday and rose to 30.10 or higher. On Thursday the barometer had fallen to 29.9- and Friday was 29.88 and Saturday 8:30 A.M. 29.33. Since then the pressure has slowly risen 29.57 Sunday morning and 29.63 this morning (Monday). A half gale, a leaping boat, wind veering to SE. Lightwinds Sunday changing to strong NW wind Sunday night and alto-cumulus clouds today (Monday)

Persian ribbon sunset Sunday night. Distant fog Monday and alto-cumulus clouds - later clear.

As the height of the gale came (Friday night), shocks shook the schooner. I was by the galley stove leaning against the bulkhead, when I lay over with the ship upon my back while pans shot as if from Maggie's hand against the stove. A roar of laughter shook both Billy, the cook, and myself. A second shock acted like a howitzer shooting jam, bread, dishes, flour, sugar in one jet. This was too much for Billy, who set to work to classify the wreck. In the main cabin everything movable was shot across the room and the door. The men had boarded themselves up in their bunks. Florence arrived smoothly by the floor route beneath my cot bed, safely pinioned between the table and downhill bunks.

The boat creaked but sped on leaving a wide wake. At midnight there was the sound of pumps, followed by hurrying feet, then apparent calm and talk of "shore", I thought. The day dawned with the captain jubilant and honoring Robert Peary as "a chip off the old block" for standing watch while others slept. Only Strøeter beside was mentioned in the brief roll of honor.

The Morrissey tipped until "a man with a camera could have taken a picture of the keel." - Mate Will.  
"Thought she would never come up" - Uncle or Skipper Tom.

*"If any of you fellows have connections with the Almighty, he better get busy" - Captain Bob. We grinned response.*

Monday, September 13.

Temperatures of the Water

43 degrees F at Holstensborg, then 41.5 down Davis Strait and approx. 44 in the open sea, until Sunday evening when the temperature suddenly dropped to 37.2 and has continued so today. See detailed measurements. But does the Labrador Current begin so far south?

Icebergs - Icebergs have been with us since Saturday the temperature even rose toward shore and fell decidedly only Sunday afternoon. Pinnacles, turrets, plateaus, fragments. Today we are passing thru a never-ending procession under a sunny sky and in sluggish sea. How delightful to walk out, to air out, to eat without racks, and have a special meal. How shivery cold the air yesterday and bracing today. Yet the water temperature is the same, and probably that of the air. But the wind has gone and



the sun returned. So human climate needs different measurements than the climate we usually study.

Course: Not so long out. Only it seemed so. Three days by dead reckoning with a sluggish log and southward current. We have run to Labrador Coast to catch current and then gone consistently S-SW (Magnetic).

Today, observation of sun at noon placed us 20 miles off Turnavick or 90 miles north of Indian Harbor at Hamilton Inlet and 30 miles south of Hopedale. Not at all bad. Six days out and 225 miles from Belle Isle. On course north, 6 days from Belle Isle to Holstensborg but hindered by ice. Our course south, aided by current but deprived of propeller. Mightily fortunate thus far. However, Captain Bartlett has taken 42 days from Turnavik to St. Johns. So hold your breath.

Land - Low hills indistinct but above the remaining coast line. Ice bergs like a lighthouse off the coast. Wind very light but current bore us in during afternoon until high ~~high~~ curves of Easter and other islands outside of Turnavik off our bow. <sup>still</sup> yet north of place with boat idly drifting stern forward to south.

From here land on starboard all the way. A desert sunset of slight width on horizon.

Tuesday September 14 - Labrador.

Wind fresh after midnight. David Putnam and I maintained airy bunks in the outboard motor boat. In morning racing along an aisle of icebergs - 10 on one side - as if reviewing the surrendered German Fleet. It had been a hard night for the crew. I had been touched to pump the bilger.

The murk of clouds had covered the sky tho the barometer was still rising.

Harrison: A mountain outline was on starboard stern. Cape Harrison and islands ahead. Uncle Tom now began to recognize points where all but Joe had spent their lives as fishermen.

Quaker Hat Island like a "Beafeater's Hat" at London Tower.

Ships Ahead: Two ships, scarcely distinguishable from icebergs ahead. We headed in. Why? Indian Harbor? Full sail, ship racing - 11 knots an hour. ("Hurray!" from some at table when they heard the report.)

Earth's Birth

We raced up the channel, geysers of spray rising from ice berg and rocks. Wireless station on far mountain



side overlooking the sea. Sails drawn in and eased off quickly. Rocks almost bared of verdure, even rock masses. The outer island is bare and raw as if just risen from the primaeval sea of corroding chemicals. Quite like expectancy in this land of achaean rocks.

#### Indian Harbor

In channel we overtook the first schooner towing a large whale boat, then another heading in behind a point of rocks toward the narrow entrance to Indian Harbor. The islands look like Goat Island in S.F. Bay. The hillsides look somewhat tamer. One little light house and yard on Cut Throat Point. Three schooners moored behind the point. Indian Harbor 8 miles up. Our pennant AMNH is flown from the mast as we speed by behind islands that cut down the heavy swell of the open sea but leave us with full sail spread.

Cap blown off while at pump in gust. Mr. Putnam rewards me with knit cap.

#### Hamilton Inlet:

Far to starboard stretches Hamilton Inlet 100 miles into Labrador, where Billie, the cook, has spent the winter in a lumber camp on Lake Melville at Northwest River. Logs 4 feet at butt and 70 feet long. Grenfell mission here and at Indian Harbor,

#### To Belle Isle:

24 hours to Belle Isle if best record made. Now pursuing two up-bound fishermen with full sails set. May overtake them in an hour. Now in open sea but surf abated some. Strange to change the company of icebergs for human's ships. It takes somewhat from the wildness of the sea with its sweep and swish and limitless breadth. To know its limits is to enter into its spirit, to gear it is to dread.

If daylight lasted could take inland passage to Belle Isle. Some boats run days and anchor nights. Most fishermen do not know a "chart from an anchor" (Uncle Tom), but run by their personal knowledge of the coast. We have just passed one - 6 sails, 2 motor boats, heavy laden, cod and cod liver oil - Schooner's end.

We are now approaching the islands forming the SE point of Labrador. We pass behind them, then Belle Isle. Wish we could stop at Battle Harbor, the Capital of the Land God Made First.

#### Work-Out Icebergs:

A few bergs far out off Sandwich Bay below Hamilton Inlet - prongs, pinnacles, flats, smoothed, tilted, small. Some grounded, most floating, but progressively smaller. None of the winter type - all water-worn and capsized. Uncle Tom says that they do not enter Belle Isle Straits



but may drift down east Newfoundland coast.

Thursday September 16 - Belle Isle Strait.

Beating 2 knots an hour against wind and tide. In sight of Belle Isle all night. Problem whether to turn back and run for St. Johns.

Sunset:

The sunsets are attractive for their soft tints of gold and pearl gray which outlines the low rounded coast line of Labrador, and but its haze gives depth to the inlets between and beyond the islands. One sail against the evening radiance furnished a subject and color like "Capri"-

Sailing Lights:

The ships are increasing as we leave Indian Harbor. Three radio masts along the coast from Harrison Cape to Battle Harbor. One ship with 7 sails, heavily laden for home passed us in the light breeze yesterday. Our sailing lights are now out again on deck ready for display if any ship approaches. One whaler (whaler only in form) was seen far off on horizon.

Ice: (Saarinen Style)

Ice still persists in the form of floe into Belle Isle Strait. But off Battle Harbor one of the largest bergs was seen stranded. It was water crusted completely. Had it turned over? Its form and "entrance porch" reminded me strongly of one of Saarinen's austere buildings.

Who Owns Labrador?

The crew say that Newfoundland claims all of Labrador for 3 miles from coast because used for decades by its fishermen, and maintains all the lights there. The Belle Isle is the first light maintained by the Dominion.

Aurora: Every evening since leaving Holstensborg the crew say they have seen the Aurora. But the past two nights the display has called the ship's company to deck. Curtains hanging and swaying rapidly in the heavens lighted as it were by foot-lights and colored green and purple and pink by a spot light. Again a cloud or "milky way" across the sky or several joining in a corona or canopy at the zenith. Often the cloud resembled a spiral nebulae and frequently the curtains seemed made of vertical pillars like Giant's Causeway or the pillars of the retina of the eye. The display began at early darkness and was still somewhat active at 9:30 P.M.

Monday September 20 - Somewhere in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Head winds, a light boat, shortened sails, tacking to and fro, gaining little southing. Tried to make harbor at Point Rich on Saturday but vessel would not come round by the head and the captain drove out into the sea. The legs of our course are approx. 10 hours long, the ship



running out into the Gulf at night and back toward Newfoundland in the day.

The prevailing wind at this season is westerly and no one can guess from barometer only when it may change. The barometer has been falling from 30 to 29.8, not enough to ~~come~~<sup>cause</sup> any decided storm movement with rotation of wind. However, fog and clouds give a semblance of storm.

Landscape: The sea today looked like beaten silver, as often on Tahoe, rolling in silvered crests with slopes flattened by the rising wind and sheened by the sun breaking thru the clouds.

Lance au Loupe - Friday morning we drifted from the fog into Lanse au Loupe on the Labrador side of Belle Isle Strait. Terraced headlands, rolling hills, crescent bay, white houses all orderly along the strand, fisher boats speeding on to their tasks, a telegraph line running west toward a lighthouse (whence had come fog warnings that led us in) and the folks at home. A wire was sent to Mother: "Homeward bound. All well. Tell President Clark."

Three cemeteries on beach, Wesleyan, Church of England, Catholic. Men will fight for a creed. Schools Wesleyan and Church of England. Scotch-Irish settlers as in Newfoundland. The French seem to be further up steam. Is the racial difference between the Newfoundlanders and the French of Quebec any reason for former's refusal to join the Dominion?

Sunset:

The west wind veered to east in afternoon and we set sail to see a remarkable sunset. A long point and lighthouse and wrecked warship at its foot, against a sky of burnished gold changing to crimson - seen from the forestays of a ship rising and falling on the long slopes of sea.

Saturday night a minor sunset of similar colors occurred. Point Rich with lighthouse in east on darkening shore.

When Home?

A week or more to Sydney with this wind, or with change of wind two days at most.

But such thoughts are often lost in the loss of calendar dates. We are active with MS and reading and keeping fit. One can not hope for fast voyage without power. We have here a chance to understand the weariness and persistence of the wind sailor.

Off North Cape, Sydney - Wednesday noon September 21.

A Noreaster:

Five days from Lanse au Loupe! Such is



life aboard a sailing vessel. It may take a week, it may take a day. Monday night we headed again for the open Gulf but Tuesday morning we awake to find the ship under balanced sail (wing and wing) leaping like a grey hound toward the south. Leaping down the lane while other ships hugged in.

The barometer had fallen but slightly (Sunday 29.98, Monday 29.85). However, under autumn conditions this may have been sufficient warning. At least at midnight the wind fell to a calm preceding a half-gale from the NE.

Curling waves were passing, into which our sails drove the boat's nose. To broach to too suddenly would be dangerous. So sail was shortened by lowering main sail and broken throat.

The sea soon became one expanse of spindrift driven from every crest or exposed face by the rising gale.

Mountainous swells fell just short of the ship's stern or rose in froth on the beam.

The stay or riding sail was made ready in case we must turn and ride out the gale, if it became too fierce to run before it. And it was finally raised, but rather to change the course more directly toward Cape Ray and Sydney, made possible by the lightening of the wind.

At dark, however, came a scene that beggared description. The gale had risen again, forcing the lowering of the foresail. A smother of foam breaking amidships over the careened boat. Strident voices, artillery-like flapping of the canvas, which threatened to throw the struggling men into the water. Beating rain. Finally silence.

Battened hatches. Hot dungeon cabin. Rolling pitching ship with everything movable shifting to and fro. Troubled sleep. Suddenly one desperate roll and sickeningly slow recovery. Then call to raise foresail, clanking of iron and timbers to let in the light. And we were off Cape Ray. Thus in one day and two nights we had traversed Newfoundland, after taking four days to gain perhaps 60 miles.

A continuation of the nor'easter is taking us in one daylight day 90 miles from Cape Ray to Sydney. Leaping down the lane past St. Paul's, North Cape, Smoky Head we raced the swells, which would roll a dory like thistle-down until at the harbor gates the buoy light suddenly flashes out in the gathering darkness and the wind dies down as we creep in the moonlight to our anchorage. 16 days out of Holstensborg. Blest be the Nor'easter! To have seen it and have ridden in its lap was worth a lifetime.



A Dance in the Fo' Castle -

Jim had been quite confidential as we neared home and stated that he would mend bottles while the Captain mended the ship. A loan of \$4.50 from Uncle Tom to the three boys and a trip to town to a drug store (?) suggested by him started things. As I started up the companionway to go to bed a corpse animated only at the arms slid down over my shoulders. It was Jim aided over the side by Ralph and Joe. Larry and I were going to bed on deck for one last breath of sea air and vision of sky. But pandemonium combined of accordian, clog dancing, and attendant shouts made the oak planking quiver beneath us. We felt like pop corn in a spider. Soon Will, the first mate, appeared from the stern: "You fellows cut that out and go to bed," down the companionway. A protest from Tom for their rights and an exploding volcano of profanity and cursing for Captain, Mate and everybody from Jim. How so much molten profanity could explode thru one mouth is still a mystery. Next morning Jim with his few bundles and narwhal cane went ashore for good, bonus lost, little money for family of small children, and seeking another job. A man of physical power and devotion to work, but "ready to rip a throat"; only I don't believe that he would. I liked him and his dare-devil spirit. We haven't yet had that dory ride, I offered to take with him when he nearly sunk our pontoon at Camp Little.

Bumping Home:

How I pined for the leaping Morrissey as my elbows daily became sorer in the Pullman aisles. How large is the first, how narrow the other. It's the makrocism and the mikrocosm of life, the large and the petty, the sweep and the jostle, the view turned outward and the view turned in. In one you grow, in the other you fuss.

Montreal and Doctor Barnes:

Again in the city of the mountain park and sequestered campus. A wonderful hour seeing sunsets in color on glass slides taken by direct photographic process - almost as delicate as in nature itself and the demonstration of destroying icebergs by thermite, merely a process of disintegration, within 36 hours. This is an achievement in the face of attempts by dynamite and the Literary Digest demonstration of "It can't be done."

And the welcome by Mr. Challies of the Schawinigan Power Company and invitation to return Christmas to fly over the St. Maurice Basin.

"Breaking Home Ties"

So feel we all of us, and especially Larry, Belly, and I at parting in Detroit.



Reflections:

1500 miles without deck and running lights! The world had been left to darkness and to us. No other ships and the icebergs wouldn't get out of our way in any case.

Far easier sailing than Kite (?) had when bringing home the meteorite from Cape York. Then even the compass failed to function.

Time meant little except that "every day in every way" we grew more tranquil. Is this then the Lotus Eaters lethargy of the Odyssey? Perhaps it explains why it took an Ice Age to drive men to activity and progress. The winter storms drove us south quite against our will.

Yet we have brought our mood with us, and shall keep it to ease the fret and hurry of overspeed that has marked our course.

A Month Later:

Is it all a dream? So long is the trail we travelled and varied the scenes that the end of the trail is a haze in which dreams rather than memories are stalking. Even yet I am walking in unrealities and am only now acquiring the teacher's alertness to the immediate present.

Music is still like intoxication. After these months of intense and prolonged silence, my nerves jade readily under the excitation of music. Music is one of the grandest of earth's phenomena, but necessitates some sacrifice in the comfort of the elemental sounds and silences.

*against* (Donnell begs me not to start a campaign against it. ~~One~~ ~~Drink~~ and smoking are enough).

Some day, like Odysseus paddle on my shoulder, I shall go to the remote places of earth to tarry awhile and then on. Donnell says: "Pearls before swine." But life is richer there, for you are nearer yourself and the eternal, and people need you there as here.

I can understand now why life was slow when man was solitary and has sped up since man commingled. It is progress but at a price.

After all, the age of the monks was one of the great ages, a preparation at least for the hectic life now. Life is sometimes too much with us, except at the Top of the World.

- November 4, 1926.  
J.E.C.