

Second Expedition

1927-28

LEAVING HOME

May 3. Old friends again at parting. Pulse beat strong again; affection deeper.

Pompon pinned to my coat gave me the divorcee cast again, and early election news indicated that Reno was still "satisfied". However, I shall depart at least with the satisfaction of uncertainty.

May 4. Have swung from curtain rod once more. Am getting into shape for the North.

A red-headed, red-eyed darky - but his features are strongly primitive with an out-thrust jaw.

Cobre, Nevada: Sudden vision of desert hilltop surrounded by square building with four children on a merry-swing-round. Coaster slide near by. Dust rising from children's feet. Soon the town; yellow buildings with green roofs on our side of the track, on other reddish brown buildings also green-roofed. White-capped mountains to West. In outskirts, saloon buildings tumbling down.

The Human Again: In lower flat another divorcee? She seems to resent the upstairs occupant: "Any lowers on the other side?" To porter re my suitcase: "put that thing under the seat".... "it's in my way. I want to get in."

Great Salt Lake

Sparkling. Sky overcast. Cool and restful. Physically better, but I want to sleep, sleep, sleep to get the weariness from my brain.

May 5. Have slept in chair and berth. some fresher.

Western Nebraska: bleak, eastern Nebraska green. Streams banks full but so shallow.

May 18. Family Reunions do straighten out the tangled skein of family life. Our's left scarce one loop awry. A happy consumation unpremeditated but resulting merely from Father's desire to have the children home once more. Fater is a splendid example of looking ahead. At eighty-five he still anticipates rather than reflects. Ruth is a rare sister to Church democracy and hospitality. And all old friends so true, so fine, so lovable.

May 21.

The Lone Flier:

Three days at sea. Overcast - occasional rains, sea rough, growing quieter. Wind southwest. Only one ship passed, going in.

Such the setting of the lone flier departed yesterday morning, paralleling far to the north the course of our giant,

lumbering yet sturdy ship.

Three messages: "Crossed Nova Scotia"; "Beyond Newfoundland," then silence until at dinner the second day came hand-clapping at one table, then the loud command: "Up! the American flier has reached Paris safely." The orchestra strikes up "The Star Spangled Banner." Hand clapping again and again the music and quiet thankfulness for the American who defied every law of Nature and won out.

Paris will give him a warm welcome but with a choking at the throat for the daring French who failed to win the breaks of the game.

Night on the Sea: A single star, sudsing water below. For the lone flier darkness and silence in the depth, the compass-lead, the onward plunge.

May 23. In Mid-Ocean - White caps as on a fresh day at Tahoe. Nothing more. Life closely resembles that on a Pullman train except that it is more spacious and less dusty. The rolling is slight but the tremor of the propellers recalls vividly the quiver of the cars.

The level sea has much the uniformity and limitlessness of the plateaus and prairies. In fact the voyage seems like a railroad journey over the prairies - just rolling green plains and the quiver of speed. Last night occurred our first sunset.

But humanity is happy - our foreign friends returning to Germany, Austria, Bohemia, Roumania to renew home ties. And sports - boys, girls, old, young, ourselves engaged in ball, military, pussy wants a corner, jump the rope and all the joys of hearty, open-air life. Our "wharf with a propeller attached" is after all the source of normal happy life.

Loss of time and sleep: Breakfast at 1:30 A.M. Pacific Time. Have lost seven hours of sleep and gained one meal. No wonder that I feel inclined to sleep days and eat less. After all it isn't the salt air and big meals.

Read White's Silent Spaces today. Place with Pierre Loti's An Iceland Fisherman for the moods of the North.

May 27. English Channel and Beyond.

The Scillys, just rounded island masses, Lizard Light, Eddystone with stump of old tower hard by. Land's End, Penzance beyond the murk but the nearer slopes of Cornwall bold yet not cliffed; checked with green. A shoreward turn and Plymouth Bay. Canopying croves up the slopes, a gothic church on a height, a spreading English town blending with gray slopes in the distance, tho the glass detects the "terraces" topped by chimney pots. The setting suggests the

tranquility (Nutting calls it "suffocating") beauty of the English countryside.

The "Sir Walter Raleigh" came to take the mail and friends away. A broadbeamed awkward boat manned by awkward but kindly men, the type that muddles thru. Mail employees have helmets like flat-topped derbys, some wear ordinary caps with their uniforms of blue with edging of red.

Here departed the Jewish family that gave zest to all our sports, our U.S. district attorney, Williamson, who was our life and wit, and Eleanor Mapletorp and Mother, English people transplanted to Massachusetts, of fine comradeship became exclusiveness in the native New England born. The parting was a tiny cross-section of life's experiences.

Out to sea again and out of sight of land for two hours. Then the gentler hills of Normandy with its rural church towers, the hedgerows bounding the fields. Beyond to the west the wilder quainter coast of Brittany. Here I must wander to some day.

Cherbourg just a wide-spread rural town in a crescent of the coast guarded by a long mole athwart the harbor. This is scene of Alabama's last stand against the Kearsarge.

Here a natty ship "Welcome", U.S. Lines lighter, came to take another friend, Nutting, away to his artist quarters at Paris. Born in Nevada and nourished as babe at Western camp-fires he represents love of West transferred to East.

Sunset - A red ball sinking in haze. A boat drawing away laden with friends seeking the shore. The throb of our boat seeking the sea. So this is life - and when the salted sea shall have dried up, what then our loves, what then our movements?

The German Ocean - And today tossing on the shallow Germanic Ocean, splashed with sunlight and shadow. A liner in the distance and fishing smacks dotting the horizon like icebergs on our arctic sea. Soon the surface resembles a flock of sheep with its crowded woolly backs. Then a tossing light ship, heaving buoys warning of the Holland sand dunes. Now in the distance of a low line of yellow topped verdure and flanked by slender beacons.

At 10 tonight we enter our haven. The mood of parting broods over the ship.

May 28-June 6: Expanded notes ripened by a week of rich experience:

Bremerhafen: Spirit of newness, adaptability, welcome. At daybreak we found steamer in bed of Weser channel with tide slips only a hundred years away but above our reach. However, lighters took us promptly to locks, customs counters and train. Inspection of suitcase gave all baggage prompt and courteous entry.

Bremerhafen suggests Vladivostock for newness and adaptation to needs. It is a symbol of harborless Germany winning the sea.

The name Nord-Deutscher Lloyd on the buildings and the presence of the U.S. flag on our former Lloyd ship shows Germany's willingness to adjust to changed conditions. A better symbol still are the names: "Vorwärts" and "Willkommen" on the lighters aiding our ship and reminding of the lighter "Welcome" at Cherbourg, the latter, however, a boat of the U.S. Lines. "See Romantic Germany" found on billboards between New York and Washington is therefore no idle slogan and it is backed up by the gift of the first rise in Germany at greatly reduced rates to lead one far within her borders.

Bremerhafen - Bremen:

The Weser meadows made possible by the fykeing of the Lower Weser are certainly the home of "Contented Cows". The Germans are genuine Hollanders when they must rescue their lands from the sea.

Bremen: And Bremen an old medieval town on the first heights back from the sea. Its old town quaint as Nuremberg but its walls now levelled into park and its moat a crescent lake. Houses and a windmill and art gallery front on it with a street for the promenader between.

One cathedral carries the spirit of the Byzantine in its colored decorations, another has a crooked spire as if the timbers were rudely set together in high air. The windows of the former a deep color. Did the modern architects of New York get their inspiration here?

Bremen-Hamburg:

Out of the meadows and farmlands into the sanddunes and heather, the Luneberge Heids, the symbol in wit for barrenness. Yet even this is being slowly reclaimed. It reminded me of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden."

Hamburg - And Hamburg - a modern commercial city; as under the Hansas, a great depot for overseas and now for manufacturers also. Railroads, canals, entering the city together, bridges. But merely circled the city on our direct trip to Copenhagen, which we nearly interrupted for a night by failing to dismount at the Central Station for the Berlin-Copenhagen Express - a failure however quickly corrected at a suburban station by our early but denied application for supper at the dining car because its terminus had been reached.

Lubeck - Our trip onward was diversified by the rolling hills of northern inland Germany where Jutland finds its roots and by the historic and scenic city of Lubeck calling to us with its towers.

Copenhagen

Entry to Denmark was via Egedesmunde and ferries by night. Only the night sounds in a sleeping car gave us clue to land and sea, for morning rising showed us the spacious shelter of the station at Copenhagen, the spirit yet not the substance of Denmark.

Doctor Hobbs had met us at Bremerhafen with news that the "Disko" was being delayed for some days. So we spent a week in rest and appreciation.

Sunday - unlike both America and Germany. All things closed all day. The churches crowded despite the rains; at least the Frane Kirche, whither I sought the Sunday spirit I had found in Greenland. Singing, benedictions, two sermons, sacrament with interludes suggesting the quality of the Sistine Choir chants. Behind the altar stood a large statue of Christ by Thorwaldsen with statues of the Apostles ranged on either side of the nave. Have found two of Adam and Eva and Death with his scythe.

The reformation could have been little more than a revolt against the excesses of the Church, so similar are the two services, except that here intellectuality is shown in the long discourses on Bible truths. How like the Scotch and the New Englanders.

Bicycles - I rub my eyes and yet feel that I am back in the 90's when bicycle traffic was at its height. Can it be that I am almost the only one of my kind remaining in America while here the traffic notices are all for bicycles and none for autos? Men and women, boys and girls, parents and children, each with their special mount. They are as graceful and versatile in motion as a flock of gulls. I called the morning phalanx, "the Light Brigade".

What will happen when the few autos become many in these narrow, crooked streets?

Cosmopolitanism - Except for speech, you would think yourself at home. So diverse are the individual Danes and each so like the varied individuals you see on the streets of America.

"Fred" - Peace Day too, evidently, here as elsewhere, as shown by the little tag offered on streets by people of various ages. My little salesman explained "Kein Kreig" in German when I queried him in that language. So of course I bought.

The Spirit of Copenhagen - Tranquil yet active - a blessed transition from New York City to Greenland that the change may not be too abrupt. Fires have destroyed the quaint old town but the spirit of individuality remains. It is a city of spires - Danish renaissance with Dutch and baroque overlay. Streets, harbors, and canals rival each other for

the city's business and pleasure. The Costellet and city walls as in Bremen are the basis of a ring park system, while statues in both parks and museums call the thought of the people to art. Of the bronze Nymph on rack and the Bulls Ploughing Seeland.

It is a cit of the sea, Kaufmann's Hafen in German, planned by nature and the foresight of the Danes to be the great distributing center for the Baltic peoples.

Meteorological Institute. The center of weather observing for the northern seas. Temperature and salinity, the latter to study the influence of the Baltic on the North Sea and the movement of the herring to aid in fishing. Quiet yet efficient. A wire to Hamburg for a needed book on International Weather Codes would bring it to us the next day by air mail.

Pippe's Sister - Kaia Jessen. Are Danish girls forward? To me quite ideal pals. Kaia called us up with much trepidation but entered merrily into the plan of being hostess and guide to Fred and me. A good walker, indifferent to rain even without her rain coat, for we thought the day would be fair, ready to forgo her Danish pleasure when we did not enter in.

Dancing she loved but for its graceful swing - Charlestons she refused because of their angularity. She loved wine especially Santerne and drank because Fred was willing. We urged her to smoke as all Danish women loved to do, but she would not do so alone: "She would seem too forward."

Our evening walking thru the Deer Garden of spreading beech trees and hawthorne and dining by the sea ended at eleven with an eight mile journey still to be made by our hostess to the Boys School where she has been a teacher of English for the past ten years. She returned to see us off on our boat to Greenland and her broad smiles and mimiced tears on the dock are still kept vivid by two bouquets placed by her on our stateroom dresser.

She is the spirit of her sister Pippa, our Greenland helper. Pippa has shared the outdoor life of the Eskimo, lying on the snow for hours to watch the birds and the clouds. She has trekked to Isartok and lived in an Eskimo hut, she has hunted, she has joined the Eskimo in their Christmas Eve round of serenades to each other's hhhhts. The old custom of feasting at each others home has been forbidden by the Danish government. Like Ananias some hid a part of their food while helping to eat up the others? Thus Satan entered into Eden.

Pippa, Mrs. Bansted, Dr. Rasmussen all feel the lure of the harmony of the silences there. So my experience is no idle dream.

The Rasmussens - Doctor Rasmussen is the ideal great man. So unassuming, so appreciative of praise for his efforts made primarily to aid others, so understanding of the simple yet eternal virtue of primitive life. Mrs. Rasmussen, the strong, the sympathetic, the caretaker of husband and children. Invited and eager to go North with her husband to Thule this summer on their tiny schooner, but unwilling because her eight year youngest might find the trip too wearing. A lover too of wild life. She thought me a "poet" because I did not harm the young mother ptarmigan who pled for her babies.

She "loved black coffee and beer" and gave me the retort naive when I refused the latter: "Oh, I pity you" then ordered me a glass of water. But she cared little for cigarettes, refusing them abruptly.

The Rasmussens had us all for luncheon at the Yacht Club, then took us in a sight-seeing car to visit the typical Danish countryside of rolling hills, lakes, forests and fields found at home in Michigan. But their country retreat, to which he must retire from the social insinquiries of his many friends, is four hours ride away in more rugged surroundings.

Netta, the Eskimo girl, came south on the Morrissey to study nursing at Copenhagen, has married Nielsen, the manager at Thule. Mrs. R. calls her a dear girl. They return on Hans Egede to Thule. Thus the race problem is solving itself.

Northward - Saturday, June 4.

The Disko. A yacht-like boat, sturdy, well-equipped and heavily loaded, symbol of Denmark's pride and energy in her only colonies of Greenland. A kindly crew and jovial captain. The latter made the merry mistake of denying me return when I went ashore at warning whistle and then tried to return. When the mate identified me and protested in my behalf, a wide laugh beamed completely across the captain's whiskered features and his voice broke into a merry roar. He is a "herrlicher Mensch" as one of the army officers said to me in an endeavor to make conversation by the German route. The entire ship's company and passengers are equally kindly, giving up their "more difficult" Danish for any polyglot speech that will establish a bridge of communication.

Helsingør - Elsinør, the home of Hamlet the Dane, the tollgate to the Baltic, is best seen from the sea. Lighter-tug that took passengers ashore named "Fardig" (German Fertag?). The widespread city of Copenhagen has long since given way to the Riviera of coast towns along the sound. Then Sweden and Seeland draw close together.

Evening is far advanced. A sun red and belted like Saturn in the deepening haze (Opal tints over the sea). A broad bastion flanked and capped by towers outlined on a point projecting into an opal sea. A beacon light is flashing from aftower. Hard by on the landward side cranes and plumes of smoke and in the background, windmills rising above the fringe of trees. Thus the medieval and modern, the commercial and romantic live in mental helpfulness and understanding.

Kallquist, my Swedish American weather mate in the Expedition, has never visited Sweden. But earlier today when we saw its coast from the hills of Copenhagen, he raised his cap in a blushing deferential salute. He won my immediate salute in return.

June 5. Sunday

Jutland in the early morning. A low sand spit, a straggling town, a high beacon tower, radio stations. The northern tip of Denmark and stopping place of Norsemen down the English Channel. What a procession of history.

Radio Service. At 10:30 chanced to enter smoking room and heard sounds of singing. I was back in time a week and again at a Danish church service. The Danish passengers gathered quietly, Captain Hansen sat near the Magna Vox the better to hear the sermon - all joined in the singing. The home ties were renewed at their most precious point.

Danish Meals/ There are two kinds in menue but only one in manner. The home kind, suggested by Kaia at Belle Vue, consists of most delicate vegetables with meat; the sea kind consist of meats forever, and bread growing ever dryer. I can now sympathize with Fergusson who was helpless on Mt. Rose without his "hot bread". Our cereals are entirely lacking and early breakfast consists of coffee, bread, cold meats and cheese. Liquors abound in variety at every main meal but the quantity is small. The Germans are much more restrained in alcoholic content. But the meals are leisurely. Courtesy and repartee abound. The Captain leads from sheer meritment of disposition.

Speech and Evolution

To hear the Captain's Danish "jargen" accompanied by his vivid facial gestures and notice the lively response from the Danes was a vivid lesson in evolution and speech. We who did not have the key to his language code could get only the emotional background, the others got the details. Did the desire to get the details of a joke quicken the effort to develop a code? To my friends at table, I say that I have speech at my finger tips, and they reply Ja! Ja! with a grin, for they know that I have it nowhere else.

Yes, sign language was surely man's first tongue. Our little girl on board shows no greater appreciation than me of the speech, but laughs heartily at the impersonation.

Norge (Norway). In afternoon a long line low down on the horizon. Then a view closer into fiords as we pass the southern end of Norway, principally in Christiansand. Quite like Greenland except that verdure is taller. Sunset and clouds. Long rollers ahead as the straights become wider. Coast a series of beacons growing brighter as darkness deepens. Far south a fixed light (Christiansand); middle, two quick flashes bunched followed by interval of darkness; north, single flash with fixed range light in front. Lester(?) Thus the mariner interprets his position. And in fog, the shore fog warnings can be heard from light to light, thus forming a cordon of safety along the entire coast. Tomorrow night we shall see the lights of Shetlands.

Seaman: A boy of 16 years stands at the wheel tonight trim in blue pea jacket and alert. His grandfather was Admiral in Danish Navy. He has not yet acquired the composure of the older seamen. He is not an apprentice but an "Ordinary or Regular Seaman." He entered at fourteen. The Danish laws permit this.

Time. We are working West once more. We are still nine hours east of home, but tomorrow we shall be only eight.

June 6 - Monday.

Shetlands. Today boats have been growing ever thicker. A single bare mast and a tiny mizzen mast with its steadying sail full spread has suggested Pierre Latis Greenland Fisherman. They are Shetlanders fishing on the banks where the Allies laid their mines during the Great War. Kallquist knows its hardships well, having helped clear the field.

We passed one fishing boat close and ran directly over its trailing net market by supporting buoys. The net is drawn in by a winch and thus emptied of its catch of herring. It looked cold in the dimming day. But we find adjustment to our allotted tasks.

Against the sunset out two Eskimo boys discerned two then three domes of blue - our first glimpse of the Shetlands. Then directly ahead the outline of Fair Isle which the ship was due to pass at midnight. This lies directly between the Shetlands and Orkneys and 20 miles from each. However, the Orkneys were to the westward and still out of sight.

our Radio Girl - Tall, lithe, but diffident, with a boy's hair cut and directness. I have made her acquaintance only today. She promised to understand my English if I would speak slowly and we found common interests at once.

Astrid Johanne Funder, found later in her hymn book left lying on the table after service. A pretty

name, Astrid, and the hymn book paper-protected but showing use in rough weather. She is genuine.

She has two sailor brothers who are sea-stark (i.e. good sailors) and a father who also followed the sea. She is following their profession but has been at sea only since March and gets a "little bit" sea sick. Oscanyon says that there are only two women in marine radio service, the men objecting strenuously to their presence. But she is an athletic girl, clad in black and gray, with leather cap and mittens fitted to cold raw weather. We do our "Daily Dozen" together but in merry rivalry, she by the Muller system, I by Walter Camp's. She should have gone to America with that distinguished group of Scandinavian girls.

June 7 - Tuesday.

In The Wide Atlantic. We passed the North Sea portals last midnight and are now both rolling and pitching on the wide Atlantic. Our top-heavy boat rolls only slowly but far over, giving us a close view of the water and then of the sky. An occasional steam trawler appears in the distance, fishing in Iceland waters. The mate later said that they were fishing on Faroe Banks about 200 miles south. These are the sturdier successors of Pierre Lati's Brittany craft.

Reminiscent of Inland Ice. This slow rolling expansive sea is an immediately reminder in infinitude and blues of the Inland Ice - a view from Darien. Only the clouds and sunset effects are still lacking but the undulations are vivid.

Sea-Sickness. Seasickness is making some inroads on our friends at meals. One member of our table changed his seat to the outside so he could "telephoniren". So now if anyone arises from table unexpectedly, the party shouts "Telephonieren?" Our chief difficulty is to obtain congenial food against the pangs of hunger and seasickness. Sandwich-coffee breakfasts are in terror to our weak stomachs and take the heart out of an otherwise delightful voyage. It seemed an anomaly to see a sausage-sandwich taken this morning to a passenger too sea sick to come to the table. Verily the Scandinavian must be "born to the diet" as Oscanyon says, as we took rolled-oats. We each like our own and can not comprehend the other's.

"Brick-Top", the stewardess, is the spirit of speed and balance. Pale face, faded hair but an overwhelmingly expressive personality. This morning she came in to shake me from my slumbers, when I laughingly showed her that it was still very early California time, she may not have comprehended but at least she quickly called my joke, snatching my watch and quickly resetting it to local sun time. So I no longer know how far from home I am, but we are at least gradually reducing the time-distance as we follow the sun.

"Brick-Top" too has only a high-browed sympathy for my refusal of foods. Her smile indicates "seasickness". But I meet her half-way with a vigorous laughing Ikka (No) and when she shows the cigars, I call for a Dutzend (a dozen). But she knows that I take soup.

Byrd. Our radio girl has got the news that Byrd made Berlin yesterday, descending only 4 miles from the city. Thus is proven the feasibility of Trans-Atlantic flight. Lindberg, the boy, snatched his long and painstakingly sought laurels, but the novice Byrd did likewise to the plodding Amundsen. However, the follow-up flights in both cases stabilized the thrilling ventures into routine acts.

June 8 - Wednesday.

Weather - Does the land mass condense the rain? Scarcely a day without rain at Copenhagen and scarcely a day on the sea with it. The clouds seem much the same, a and nimbus clouds form each day. Only two other light showers so far, the last yesterday being perhaps a prolonged drizzle of minor variety. Or are we slowly getting northward out of the storm belt?

"Suds", A New Acquaintance. What odd introductions, and how effective for quick acquaintance and comradeship! This morning I went at breakfast time to the washroom to find the assistant stewardess hastily mopping the tiling with soap suds. Just then the ship lurched far over and she skated backward into the scuppers. We both roared with laughter and I fled until, a more opportune occasion. We feel as thoroughly acquainted now as the Bathroom Acquaintances in "An Enchanted April." We have dubbed her "suds", but this is not quite fair, for she is a very gracious waitress at the table. She leaves us as Miss Andraesen - and worthy of the name.

Across Arctic America. Doctor Hobbs brought in Rasmussen's Arctic America yesterday and as usual I read the last chapter. Now I understand fully his appreciation of what I told him of my human experiences in Greenland. He loves the North as I, and also its people. It was his supreme human experience. With the Eskimo, he feels that "Nature is great, but man is greater." But to me "man is great and Nature infinite." The viewpoint only is different.

How prophetic too his reference to the toll ahead in interpreting his vision to humanity. For Mrs. Rasmussen, who hastened to New York to welcome him home and bring news of the babies he had left behind, found him so strange, so unresponsive, then brooding over the insistent demands for articles and interviews that her happy anticipation of reunion was changed to sadness. Only the doctor's peremptory cancellation of all contracts and the quiet of the sea voyage gave her back her husband. The restful solitudes have little in common with the restless throng.

Adjustment. Tried cheese with a little cold beef

and some milk as a filler this morning. But it could not last with lunch. However, appetizing hash at lunch made me feel at home with the world and cakes at tea satisfied my craving for sweets. The lurching of the ship is now a delight. Can I work the charm each day?

June 9 - Thursday.

Sailing. Ever along the great circle that takes us to Cape Farewell and thence if we wished to follow, to Hudson Strait or Belle Isle possibly. NW by W&W shifting to NW by W&W from Skeg to our farthest west. Then northward over 80 miles from coast to avoid drift ice to latitude of Godthaab.

Today tranquil and sunny like a day in the Caribbean or South Atlantic. Fleecy clouds and sparkling sea. Warm last night too and today. Even the invalids are on deck, but the roll is father because of the wider dead swells of the more open ocean. Sleeping head down and then feet down, slowly alternating, keeps one's "innards" sudsing. Bunks should be built lengthwise not crosswise of the ship to cut down the amount of head and foot oscillation.

Yet the shifting view of the sea and sky framed by the porthole is full of life and fascination.

Ice Currents. The mate says that the drift ice from the Arctic Ocean follows the coast of Greenland down its eastern side and up its western as far as Holstensborg i.e. to Davis Straits where it meets the downward drifting ice from Melville Bay. However, ice seems to be thickest about Cape Farewell and no attempt is made to enter the ports below Godthaab until later in the season except by wooden ships specially adapted to ice work. A wooden ship entered Ivigtut(?) this year in March but lost her propeller in the ice and was forced to use her sails going home.

A cross section of water temperatures from Holstensborg to Baffin Land would aid in determining the presence of currents if they exist.

Fog and night are the only obstacles to finding havens, for, given visibility, the captain and mate can identify every headland or even the entire coast from Cape Farewell to Upervarik. Soundings are treacherous because of the steep slopes, so ships keep far off until visibility is assured when they steer in straight for the coast sought.

Winter Navigation. Finally ships reach Iceland every month of the year and the mate believes that winter navigation will be established to the more open harbors of Greenland such as Godthaab; Holstensborg is probably too landlocked and frozen. Now-a-days winter fisheries for the small white whale are maintained by means of nets

and motorboats manned mainly by Greenlanders. But winter navigation will necessitate light houses and beacons for the Arctic night and will probably not be regularly organized in twenty years.

Meantime the captains and higher officers of Greenland ships have a vacation of three months from Dec. 15 to live at home and enjoy their children, whom they now see once each six weeks. This is only a just reward for twelve hours watch each day in all winds and weather.

Half-Way Across. At noon 240 miles south of Rijkjavik or only one day's sail at our rate of 10½ to 11 miles per hour. Forecast last night from Greenland "Fair". The weather is so mild that the window in the glass across on forward deck is open.

Weather Signals. East of today's position signals are caught from Sweden. West of here they are received from London and Rijkjavik at 8 p.m. Julinaehaab also sends forecasts for Augmagaelik on eastern coast of Greenland and for Godthaab and Godhaven on the west.

Gulf Stream. It widens out greatly in these waters and on basis of mean measurements does not seem to have sharp margins. Today we are in waters of 11 C. tomorrow we may be in 7 C. Later and off Cape Farwell and on both sides of Greenland we shall be in 4 C.

From here to Faroes it has been 11 C. But in North Sea it is only 8.5 C. and at this season of the year in the Baltic is nearly 9 C.

Air temperature during cloudiness is nearly the same as the sea temperature varying not more than 0.2 to 0.3 degrees C. In sunny weather the variation especially much above the water may be as much as 6 to 8 C. Such is the weather lore of the mates who have sailed these waters from 12 to 16 years.

Latitude and Light At 60.5 N latitude now. Holstensborg is at 67 N. But light prevailed all last night so that no running lights were displayed. Of course we must be as far north as northern Labrador. Sunset tonight at 9:20 p.m., sunrise tomorrow at 2:40 a.m.

Green Greenland. Experiments with sheep raising are now being carried on in southern Greenland and soil has been ploughed up and planted to pasture. The First Mate says that these fields look like oases in the tundra. However, Greenland is greatly handicapped as compared with Iceland, as shown by the sea temperatures of 3-4 degrees C along the southwest shores of Greenland and 7-11 degrees C completely around Iceland, the warmer water being naturally on the southern coast.

Scald - Gesundheit - Health. Quite some mirth has arisen over our non-drinking. I can not "skald" because I do not drink the same liquids. My lieutenant friend across table declares drinks not "verboden" i.e. forbidden in Denmark. I retort they are not even "gewünscht" (wished) by me. But I make him admit that the water in my glass is "klar" i.e. clear and that his wine is "claret". So I also am drinking "klar-et" and can claim a right to share in the "scald".

He likes "bitters" in his Schnapps; so I offered him pepper^t too, but outstretched palms warded me off. Schnapps are drank in thimble glasses and only once or possibly twice in a meal, so when I charged the Captain's wife with drinking 6 mal Schnaffs, there was a merry riot of protest and jest.

The Radio Girl and I "scald" the length of the table in Citronen Soda (Lemon pop) and water, for we are practically solitary in these drinks.

June 10 - Friday

Still Tranquil. Another long stretch toward Cape Farewell. Barometer still high. Forecast at Greenland: Fair as before. Sea quiet and sparkling, but boat rolls or rather lists without ceasing. My neck still aches from having lain mostly head downwards all night.

Pictures. It has been picture taking day: The Winter Heroes, The Group, The Captain and Doctor Hobbs, The Captain and his Wife, the two Danish Expeditions to Godthaab and Godhavn. Only the Senior member of the Heroes was too short to stand in the middle and was relegated to the side; and the captain's broad grin, developed by an invitation to tell a joke, was over before the movie camera got into action.

King-Tut-Cheese. The jokes today have turned to cheese. I called for the Junge Kase (young cheese) and the Limburger? was at once dubbed the Old Cheese, pre-historic, museum, Kong Tutangkaman (King Tut). But like the Ford auto it seemed to maintain its popularity despite the jokes of its friends. The young cheese we have since dubbed King Kristian, now reigning.

Mail - We may be able to send mail home from Godthaab or Sukkatoppen by the Gertrude Rask that is just now coming southward from Umanak above Disko Island and thus save two or three weeks of time.

Radio news intercepted from Julianhead today told of Chamberlain's successful flight from New York to Germany and gave the personnel of our own ship. There is no weary waiting for news these days.

June 11. Saturday - In Greenland Seas

Rolling - I must ~~write~~ write while the results of the experience are still vivid in my neck and head. "The old way

is sometimes best". I may forget this if I do not record it. Wednesday night I slept with my head down and decided to change heads in my bed. Oscanyon had warned me "Better not try experiments." But after observing long that the water in the water bottle remained tilted in one direction, I shifted my head to suit. But at midnight the boat changed its chronic shift to the other side but far worse. Dreams, nightmares, dizziness, stiffness followed until I traded ends again. Morning found the boat rolling until the porthole window was occasionally washed by the surging waves. The only cure is beds lengthwise or in hammock slings. Possibly the Danish bolster was the invention of Danish seamen to keep his head above his heels. They are mostly seamen anyway.

The Arctic Current. Stratus clouds thickening on the horizon last evening with delicate cloud maskings above. The sun burnishing all to peach gray and gold and sinking like the low curve of the Shetlands but in molten gold beneath the waters.

This morning the sky is completely gray with clouds, the air is damp, the white caps are forming. The boat is rolling very heavily. The mate prophesies an iceberg by afternoon, for we are nearing Cape Farewell.

The temperature of the sea last night 9 o'clock was 8 C; at 12 M it was still 8 C; but this morning at 4 o'clock it had fallen to 7 C and at 3 p.m. it is 6.5 C. It will steadily and rapidly fall still lower.

We shall keep 50 to 60 miles from Cape Farewell and also that distance from the western coast until we reach the latitude of Godthaab.

View from a Porthole. A gray sky, a turbulent dark-green sea, patches of foam, a dipping gull, a quick succession of surging waves rising with a splash over window-pane as boat rolls far over. A feeling as of ducking beneath the water and jerking up for another look, as the current speeds by with tail-race speed.

Sound of water from below. Swish and rattle of water against sides of ship like torrent of rain on the roof. Quick start and quiver of propeller as if shaking off the fetters of the sea.

A New Made Grave - At lunch today, Captain Hansen quietly announced that on May 23(?) the "Hugo" from Ivigtut, laden with cryolite sank in these waters with the loss of 23 persons - its entire crew. Load shifted and struck an iceberg. No SOS heard - empty life boat and one body in life belt found.

The thickening fog with freshening wind and driving rain gave an impressive background to the simple announcement.

Captain and Mrs. Hansen's Copper Wedding

Festivity and tragedy often walk close after each other. Following closely the Captain's story came a universal scald in congratulation of the twelfth and half(?)

anniversary of his wedding. He is now 56 years old, she was somewhat younger. When I wished her a diamond wedding, she waved me away saying that she hoped not for she would be a "Hexen" (hag) by then.

Citron Sodavand . More bantering regarding drinks. Captain Hansen charged our table with leading Kallquist astray, who today took zweimal schaappa. But for my bantering he told of the King's visit to Prohibition Iceland and how Citron Sodavand was suggested for him as their best substitute for hard drinks. This had become my usual drink.

In Rain and Fog

Drawing close to Cape Farewell. Rain and fog thickening. P rthole often beneath water. The cozy room seems to be part of a train going thru frequent short tunnels. Wind nearly astern and ship rolls more in response. Water at 3 p.m. 6.5 C but forecast from Julianehaab is "Fair". Mate says that it is inland and warmer - hence less condensation.

Flotsam and Jetsam . In midafternoon a small three badly waterworn was passed. No trees in Greenland or Iceland. The mate says that all such float comes from Siberia. It recalls the relics of the "Jeannetta" found only a little farther west which led Nansen to his Polar Drift.

Later an unpainted keg was sighted with two gulls hovering over in a desire to "broach" it. Had it contained fish? Was it from our ill-fated "Hugo"? It did not seem to have been opened.

Storm from the Bridge. The rain and wind do not seem to drive so much here. Yet the radio cables are singing in the wind. The ship lies far over as if built to run that way, but running with the wind, throws up no spray except an occasional sheet across waist or lifeboats. The sea still keeps its crests intact except for spindrift from occasional waves. However, close in, where open sea and ship's waves meet, the wind plays pennant from every crest, and the bow forces outward a whirling mass that froths and foams along the ship.

Gulls still dip and skate upon the gale indifferent to the fog and rains intent only for food upon the water. Man is progressing in rivalry but is still a cumbrous creature.

Neither the "Martha" nor a dory would fare well in these waters. The combers are too frequent. The Captain estimated the wind at Beaufort 10. I should call it half as much.

June 12 - Sunday - Greenland

Land . Cape Farewell in view from 1 to 5 a.m. Mountains 6,000 ft. high and at 90 miles appear like tiny points upon the horizon. Called by Kallquist at 6 to see the coast, a low dim ragged line in the morning clouds. One matterhorn is sheer and marks the site of Nanortalik. If the

clouds permit, we shall see the coast all the way to Godthaab, for we are paralleling the shore at a distance of 50 miles. Course NNW.

Coast, Clouds, and Storm of Yesterday. To our south still hangs the murk and storm of yesterday clinging to Cape Farewell. Is this cape the Farewell to Greenland or to home? Toward the sunrise are tiny lenticular clouds fringing the coast, while to north is a nimbus band with long descending fringe. The sea is moderate with few caps.

(On this trace (P.41-Diary) should be made almost microscopic).

Temperature and Currents. At 8 a.m. the temperature of water was 5.3 C a drop of 1.2 C since 3 p.m. yesterday. The air was 6.2 C. There is a current of 2 miles setting up the Coast that confuses the reckoning. So unless Captain must go to Frederiksdal or Nanostalik, he keeps far out from Cape Farewell and especially on his southward trip. So we may not see the Cape again. No ice has yet been seen. The Captain evidently knows where it isn't.

Church Service - The flag at taffrail evidently in honor of Sunday, not of presence in Greenland waters. Call to service brought twenty-five of ship's passengers. Captain in direct but quiet manner sat at center table, leading in singing with aid of his wife and then reading a lesson from the Prayer Book and expanding same earnestly with lowered glance. His invocation and benediction closed the service save for the hymns. I was jovially appointed delegate for our party because my name was Church, but there can be no delegates in worship. It is a very personal thing. Do our Danish hosts think that Americans follow the bottle more readily than the Bible? Is the latter more worn out? Is man becoming greater than Infinity?

More Jokes at Lunch.

The King Tut is no dodo in interest. It is more than ever the but even with its friends. (1) "If Denmark were not so old, it could not grow such good cheese." (2) "Haven't you seen it crawl away?" Answer: "It's too old for that." (3) "Have you eaten it?" answer in surprising English as he pointed at uneaten portion: "Still going strong."

The tilting of the ship has also left its effect. The waitress actually held a cup far over while filling it, then straightened it up and handed it to recipient. All yelled with merriment at the announcement of the fact.

The "Jr" on my name excited the enquiry of my table mates. I explained with a wink at my soldier friends that it did not mean "Lieutenant" but younger. All yelled at the sally.

Danes are not so slow. Will the Sewedes show the same when we know them at home?

Beautiful Greenland - The sea is quiet and sparkling, almost rippling, in the bright sunshine. The air is crisp. On the eastern horizon are two tiny masses of mountains with obelisk peaks and pyramidal bases, white with snow to their base and suggesting "icebergs" on the sky line. "The winter snow has been unusually heavy and the spring backward in Europe" - Mate. So we may have snow-fields under foot. "Eisberg" my Lieutenant friend shouted at me in fun but I retorted "Riese-berg" or Giant Mountain. To our seaward lies a bank of fog. We are now on a NNE course and have just left Julianehaab behind.

"Tips for Diary" I have used my memorandum book so much when any sally has been made at table that they now say "Tips for your diary?" "No," I reply, "just scientific suggestions," but they smile at the humanness of it.

FOG - Sun to fog, fog to sun and back. Captain on bridge. Signal to engine room stands at "Stand By". However, the speed is not slackened. At 6 p.m. water temperature was 4.6 C a trifle high for the June mean is 2.7 C. Yet as precaution against presence of icefields, another reading was taken at 7:30, but was only 4.5 C. However, at evening lunch small pieces of ice were seen near by and two bergs a half mile or more away. The fog has shut in again very thick. The speed has been slackened to half and the fog whistle is being blown. Such is life upon an Arctic liner.

June 13 - Monday

"Open and Shut" - Slush ice was passed at 11 last night, but today we are pitching on a rolling sea from direct ahead. So no continuous icefield is before us. Yet the temperature of the water has fallen from 4.5 C last evening to 2.5 C this morning or 0.02 C below normal. The air is 2.3 C and demands exercise.

Fog prevented our seeing the Eisblink this morning above Frederikhaab when we should be only 15 miles off shore. The coast lies just beyond the murk and is imaginable. The fog sweeps by like clouds on a mountain peak, giving an occasional glimpse of the sun and the sea far ahead. Yet the bridge signal still points to "Stand By" and the Engineer keeps his hand on the throttle.

8:30 p.m. Only 20 miles from Godthaab but going at "Double Slow". Fog us very thick and ship must loiter until coast and reefs are visible. Temperature of water is now only 2 C, i.e. about 35 F. Reason enough for the fog. How different from our approach last summer. Disko in touch with a Norwegian fisherman who asks the depth.

June 14 - Tuesday - Godthaab

Fog Lake

Ten days from Copenhagen and still marking time. The fog may last sometime yet, for the wind still Blows

from the north. The fog lake seems to be; north wind brings cold air and moist from the north which condenses into vapor. From the east the wind should be drier with less power to condense.

Crossing the Fishing Banks - We are feeling our way. Depth of water no 50 meters then again 50 meters. The sky is blue above. Radio from Godthaab is fair. About 10 a.m. Captain swings abruptly east. The lead still reaches 50, then suddenly 110. Murk still thick on the horizon.

Goodthaab

At lunch breakers just visible at base of murk. Then two Alcatrazes loom ominously. Then a double phalanx all afoam. Seaweed floats in profusion and ducks rise in flocks. For a moment a flag-topped snow clad peak shone dimly thru the upper edge of the veil of murk, when Captain Hansen's face from the bridge shone like the full moon for breath. He had known no bed since leaving Cape Farewell. His thirty-seven years of experience had led him aright. We were at the crucial point of a gigantic barrier.

A beacon appears. Then the scud closes in as we pass by. The channel seems narrow. Has the Captain decided the risk too great? More islands appear in succession on our beams, gray and bare as Labrador with residual cornices of snow. Then breakers from submerged reefs on the other beam, with floating ice and more islands beyond.

We pass far the last time from the wall of fog which seems to recede far out to sea and are in Sunny Greenland once more. Cirrus clouds are above us. Before us an endless barrier of matterhorns and gibraltars, snow-streaked, with the flat-topped peak in the center. To our far right floats a large iceberg. Before our bows reaches a wide avenue of water and a tiny landlocked haven surrounded by towering hills.

On a shelving beach facing the ocean is a colorful village of 400 people, capital of South Greenland, named by thankful voyagers Godthaab (i.e. Good Hope). A large radio station sits on a hill. The church with tall manse nestles in the town. Behind the town on higher ground is the "Seminary" token of Denmark's ideal while on a small eminence facing the sea stands a monumental statue of Hans Egede, missionary and teacher, leaning on his staff and guarding his country, Denmark's symbol of National responsibility comparable with America's ideal in the Statue of Liberty.

We lie in the little haven far round the corner tied stem and stern like the "Martha" in Mink Harbor, by the side of a steam whaler and her mother sailing ship, while a collier and fishing boats fill the ends of the basin.

Our friends come from Denmark to attend a son and brother's wedding have gone with bride and groom have departed in the motor tender. Both shook hands with us all. Good news from Holstensborg and Sarfanguak except that Pippe Jessen takes

our steamer home. Only note of sadness is that sugar, tea, etc. have been very short everywhere in Greenland this winter.

Love of Home - The sunshines as warmly, the wind is as still as last summer. I can understand the love-light in the eyes of our comrades returning to Greenland. We too are home once more.

First Ipanyok - One at supper, then two, and occasional mosquito since, but practically inconspicuous except for very random bites.

Evening at Godthaab - After supper we rode round to Godthaab in motor boat. Fog still low over sea just beyond islands' edge. Manager Rasmussen's home near waterfront is a haven of comfort and cheer, with flowers in the window and exquisite paintings of Greenland winter landscape in soft lightings and mirage effects. All the work in oil and pastels of Emanuel A. Peterson - the finest expression of light and color in mountain snows I have ever seen.

The Governor's home bore both modesty and taste in its low long lines and soft gray color amid the browns and reds and greens of the primitive race clustered about. The only governmental display was the flag on the boats and the heraldic design of a shield with erect polar bear upon it. But dignity and appeal were made by a rough granite obelisk in the plaza bearing the monogram A, Christian and Augustine (?), the sovereigns who honored Greenland in recent years by their presence, and by low pillars bearing the medallion portraits of Brightman and Rink, one a pioneer statesman and the other a scientist. All inscriptions were in the Eskimo tongue. Thus the lone sentinel of Hans Egede on the hill seems to represent the individual sentiment of Greenland for the Greenlanders.

June 15 - Wednesday.

Up Amezalik Fiord to the Norse Ruins. By courtesy of Manager Rasmussen, the "Shark" was placed at our disposal for a trip to the back country.

The barrier mountains rise sheer a thousand meters with foot and hand hold difficult. The Alpine "Antlers" (Hjertetakken) stand at the portal. Snow fields and cornices cover the peaks and stringers of snow fill every fault depression. There are few ways the cascades plunge at frequent intervals down the walls. The colors of verdure and rocks still seems dull.

Tiny kyaks, slender and sharply pointed hasten to meet us or race on even terms for a human space. Total weight says our ~~boatman~~ boatman 10 kilos and easily carried over necks of land to other waters. One marvels

at both stability and buoyancy. If our man of last year were children of the Foam, verily these are will-o-the-wisps so intangible do they seem.

At Godthaab we saw later a kyack possibly still smaller but with a double outrigger in the form of diminutive kyacks. Was it for children to learn in? Whence came the suggestion?

Norse Bay - Not quite half way to the fiord's head lies a wide indentation, like University Bay, sequestered from the prevailing winds over the canyon rim or up the fiord. Three streams descend from the wide-flung glacial cirque into waters recalling the Aegean. Willows grow knee-high on the slopes with soft tundra of birch and blue and crow berries beneath. Low terraces make natural sites for home and outlook. Fresh water is perennial save in winter and abundant in the central stream.

The sparrows and ptarmigan were brooding their eggs, the crowberry was in bloom. The sun and soft carpet invited to basking. The crowberries of last season were still juicy tho a trifle fermented.

The Ruins - The map indicated the Norse ruins farther along the bay, but the presence of blue-grass, such as we found at the head of Augsiniguit Tasiat (our Knee Deep in June of last year), which Erlanson said was a foreign importation, led me to investigate the one natural building spot in its midst. Here was found the corner of a foundation wall of small stones carefully set on edge. The area once inclosed was about the size of present Eskimo homes as found in Godthaab, a fitting stepping stone for the Norse civilization that crept westward from Norway thru Iceland and attained far lying Labrador and Vineland. ~~XXXXXX~~ Norway, Iceland, Greenland, Vineland - texts for a people's romance and striving toward the warmth.

Prevailing Wind. Every cornice without exception indicates a prevailing wind from the southwest or a direction diagonally crossing our fiord. The same direction was found in the next fiord on our next day's visit there. On our return from the Norse Ruins, the usual seabreeze of last year was again found blowing up the fiord and so far as might be also from the southwest. No cornices showed a contrary wind of equal efficiency.

Water Temperatures - The water temperatures found in the fiord were in strong contrast to the normal temperature of 1.8-2.0 C found in the ocean off Godthaab. For here the water ranged quite consistently between the far higher limits of 6.4-10.2 C. Have we here the explanation of the open harbor and water navigation to Kormok throuth the winter; also the reason why fogs linger long at the islands' edge but seldom enter the fiords? This

Toward midnight under the Captain's guidance all went to the bridge and in the Northern twilight of the midnight hour stood with bared heads as the flags at sharp command were slowly drawn down and the National hymn was sung. We knew not the words but the calm depths of its spirit led us to share in its cadence.

Humor - The day in toasts and songs and repartee. Radiograms of congratulation from captain of Norwegian poacher for timely aid of fog whistle and from gulls for offerings from the dizzy ship. A Godthaab Times Extra Edition was shouted by the Steward Boy with ship news and scandal, to wit how passengers were discharged at Halsingfor for dynamite and the light-ship at Skagerack sent queries why we staggered so. Every stroke of wit brought a yell of appreciation, and the cheers were the lifting Hurrah! Yells, really college yells, burst in challenge from rival parties in the room. Then a final bow and handshake of each parting guest to us all. Formal, yet not perfunctory, but leaving a feeling of comradeship.

A Tiny Nation - A tiny folk, so unlike the Germanic stock south and west. A fisher folk who have won their spirit from the sea. I should like to know their Norwegian and Icelandic bretheren. In language roots the direct ancestor of the English speech but in pronunciation what a bridgeless chasm. In the qualities that make for men how like our Western folk.

June 16 - Thursday.

Captain Hansen's Boat Party Up.

Fiord. A motor launch for 25, but Captain Hansen invited me extra at the Colonial Reception saying that if the boat could hold 25, it could certainly carry 26.

The morning came cold with fog and reluctance rather than keen anticipation resulted. But the fog soon began to lift and dissipate leaving the "Antlers" (Hjortetaken) (3,500 Ft. directly above the sea) bathed in atmosphere and framed in clouds. On its northern face hung glaciers and glacierettes apparently unscalable except from above and resting precariously in their steep cradles. Frowning peaks lined the fiord on either side.

The he

An Old Song of Sun and Moon and the Fear of Loneliness.

There is fear
In the longing for loneliness
When gathered with friends
And longing to be alone
Iyaiya - yaya !

There is joy
In feeling the Summer
Come to the great world,
And watching the sun
Follow its ancient way.
Iyaiya - yaya !

There is fear
In feeling the Winter
Come to the great world
And watching the great moon;
Now half-moon, now full,
Follow its ancient way.
Iyaiya - yaya !

Whither is all this tending?
I would I were far to the Eastward.
And yet I shall never again
Meet with my kinsman
Iyaiya - yaya !

A Dead Man's Song - Dreamed by Paulinack.

I am filled with joy
Whenever the dawn rises over the earth
And the great sun
Glides up in the heavens.

But at other times
I lie in horror and dread
Of the creeping numberless worms
That eat their way in thru hollowed bone
And bore eyes away.

In fear I lie, remembering:
Say, was it beautiful on earth?
Think of the winters
When we were anxious
For soles to our footwear
Or skins for our boots:
Was it so beautiful?

In fear and horror I lie
But was I not always troubled in mind,
Even in the beautiful Summer,
When the hunting failed,
And there was dearth of skins
For clothing and sleeping?
Was it so beautiful?

A Dead Man's Song - continued.

In fear and horror I lie
But was I not always troubled in mind
When I stood on the sea ice
Wretched beyond measure
Because no fish would bite?
Or was it so beautiful
When I flushed with shame and dismay
In the midst of the gathering
And the chorus laughed
Because I forgot my song and its words?
Was that so beautiful?

Say was it so beautiful on earth?
Here, I am filled with joy
Whenever the dawn rises over the earth
And the great sun
Glides up in the heavens.
But at other times
I lie in horror and dread
Of the creeping and numberless worms
That eat their way in thru hollowed bone
And bore eyes away.

Charm to lighten heavy loads.

I speak with the mouth of Ququertuanak, and say:
I will walk with leg muscles strong as the sinews on the skin
of a little reindeer calf.
I will walk with leg muscles strong as the sinews on the skin
of a little hare.
I will take care not to walk toward the dark.
I will walk toward the day.

Igyuqarjuk - of Reindeer Eskimó -

"All true wisdom is only to be found far from the dwellings of men,
in the great solitudes; and it can only be attained thru suffering.
Suffering and privation are the only things that can open the mind of
man to that which is hidden from his fellows."