



1875

NATIONAL  
1758

DIARY OF SECOND TRIP  
TO GREENLAND, 1927-28.

NOTE BOOK NO. 1.

DEDICATED TO MOTHER  
WHO IS WAITING.

Impressions of Greenland

Personnel

Same as before except  
Larrie

Give us a greater venture  
to Fox Basin and possible winter  
in the Arctic, and

Sergueev  
whose genuine self and appropriate  
wit will be sorely missed

New faces are  
Erlanson

whose love of nature should be keen,

Kallquist  
whom I already love for  
his manliness and will to do  
and Trud

my trusted comrade of many st.

It will be again a year  
of friendships deepening with  
the snow and the days.

On High Seas, May 22, 1927

### Leaving Home

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

Pompan pinned to my coat gave  
me the divorce card again, and  
early election news indicated that  
Reno was still "satisfied". However,  
I shall depart at last with the  
satisfaction of necessity.

May 4. Mass swung from certain red  
once more. Am getting into  
slope for the North.

A railroad, relayed dandy -  
but his features are strongly  
primitive with out-thrust jaws  
above, Nevada Sudden vision  
of desert hilltop surmounted  
by square building with four  
children on a merry-swing-  
round. Crater slides near by  
desert rising from children's feet.

Soon the towers yellow hilled  
with green roofs on one side of  
track, on other reddish brown  
buildings also green-roofed,  
white-capped mountains to West

In outskirts, saloon buildings tumbling  
down.

The Woman Again:

In lower flat rather disagreeable?  
She seems to resent the upstairs  
occupant: "Any lovers on the other  
side?". To part her my suitcase.  
"Put that thing under the seat."  
"It's in my way. I want to get in."

Great Salt Lake!

Spreading. 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 fisher.

Western Nebraska black, eastern  
Nebraska green. Streams bank  
full but so shallow.

May 18 -

Family reunions do straighten  
out the tangled skein of family  
life. One's left scars are loop  
shory. A happy consummation  
unpremeditated but resulting merely  
from father's desire to have the  
children have once more.

Father is a splendid example of looking ahead. At eighty-eight he still anticipates rather than reflects. Ruth is a rare sister - so true to Church democracy and hospitality. And all old friends - so true, so fine, so lovable.

May 21 - S.S. George Washington

The Lane Tier:

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 ships.

Three messages: "Crossed Nova Scotia Beyond Newfoundland", then silence until at dinner the second day came hand-clapping at our 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  
man out.

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

Night under the sea: a single star, <sup>and</sup>  
sinking water below. For the  
lone fish darkness and silence <sup>in the depths</sup>  
the compass-lead, the upward  
plunge.

The night under sea - riding in  
over the water. Just riding & feel  
from below - the giver & feel

May 23 - In Mid-Sea. 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 jimmer of the cars.

The level sea has much the  
uniformity and limitlessness of  
the plateaus and prairies. Last  
night occurred our first sunset.

Art humanity is happy, our foreign  
friends returning to Germany, Austria,  
Bohemia, Roumania to meet home too.

And sports - boys, girls, all, young,



ourselves engage in hell, military, penny warts a cancer, 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. Tokyo Pacific Time. Have lost 7 hours of sleep and gained 1 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 Whitie's Silent Spaces today. Place with Pierre Loti's An Island Fisherman for the woods of the North.

May 27 - English Channel and Bay

The Scillys, just rounded island masses, lizard high, Eddystone with stump of old tower head by. Land's End, Penzance beyond the mirror but the narrow slopes of Cornwall still yet not clipped, clovered with green.

a shoreward turn and Plymouth Bay. Canopying crosses up the slopes, a gothic church on a height, a

spreading English town, blending with grey slopes in the distance, the the glass detects the the "terraces" topped by chimney pots. The setting suggests the tranquil (Huttig calls it "Supporting") beauty of the English countryside.

The "Sir Walter Raleigh" came to take the mail and friends away. A brawny, awkward boat manned by awkward but kindly men, the type that maddles them. 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 aspects, our U.S. district attorney, Williamson, who was our life and wit, and Eleanor Mapleton and Mother, English people transplanted to Massachusetts, of fine camaraderie become exclusiveness in the native New England barn. The party was a tiny cross-section of life's experience.

Out to sea again and out of sight of land for two hours, then the

gentler hills of Normandy with its  
several church towers, the hedgerows  
bordering the fields. Beyond to the  
west the middle quarter coast of  
Brittany. Here I must wander too  
some day.

Cherbourg just a wide spread  
several towns 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. Linn  
lighter, came & take another friend,  
Nutting, away to his artist quarters  
at Paris. Born in Nevada and  
nourished as babe at Western campfires,  
he represents love of West transferred to East

Small, a red ball sailing in haze,  
a boat drawing away below with friends  
seeing the shore. The thought of our boat  
seeing the sea. So this is life - and  
when the salted sea shall have dried  
up, what then our loves, what  
then our movements?

The Kennebec River - and today,  
tossing on the shallow Kennebec

Ocean, splashed with sunlight and shadow. A liner in the distance and fishing smacks dotting the horizon like icebergs on our arctic sea. So on the surface resembles a flock of sheep with its crowded woolly backs. Then a tossing light ship, being buoyed by the Hallad sand dunes. Now in the distance is a low line of yellow topped with verdure and flanked by slender barrens.

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

May 28 - June 6: Expanded Notes Expanded by a view of Rich Experiences.

Brunshafen: spirit of nervous, adaptability, welcome. At dusk we found steamer in bed of never channel with tide slips only a hundred yards away but above our reach. However, lighters took us promptly to locks, customs counters and train. Expedition of suitcase gave all baggage prompt and courteous entry.

Brunshafen suggests the divestment of nervous and adaptability to needs.

It is a symbol of lumbering Germany winning the sea.

The name Nord-Deutscher Lloyd means on the billings 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 masts: "Vorwärts" and "Willkommen" on the lighters siding our ship and reminding of the lighter "Kolonia" at Cherbourg, the latter, however, a boat of the U.S. lines. "See Romantic Germany" found an billboard between New York and Washington is therefore no idle slogan and it is backed up by the gift of the first ride in Germany at greatly reduced rates to look and feel within her borders.

Bremenhafen - Bremen:

The Kaiser's endeavor made possible by the drying of the lower Weser is certainly the home of "Catastrophic Crews". The Germans are genuine Hollanders when they must rescue their lands from the sea.

Bremen: and Bremer an old medieval town on the first heights back from the sea. Its old tower gives

as Nuremberg but its walls were levelled  
 into park and its seat became a  
 crescent lawn. Houses and windmill  
 and out gelling front on it with a  
 street for the promenades between.

One cathedral carries the spirit of the  
 Byzantine in its colored decorations, another  
 has a crossed spire as if the towers  
 were rudely set together in high air.

The windows of the former a deep yellow.  
 Will the modern-day architects of New York  
 get their inspiration here?

#### Bremen-Hamburg:

Out of the meadows and fenslands  
 into the sand dunes and heath, the  
 Lüneburg Heide, the symbol in vogue  
 for barrenness. Yet even this is being  
 slowly reclaimed. It reminded me of  
 "Elizabeth and Her Kansas Garden".

Hamburg: and Hamburg - a modern commercial  
 city; as under the Hanse, a great  
 depot for overseas and now for  
 manufactures also. Railroads, canals,  
 entering the city together, bridges,  
 but we merely circled the city on  
 our direct trip to Copenhagen, which  
 we nearly interrupted for a night by

going to depart at the Central Station for  
 the Berlin - Copenhagen express. - a future  
 lesson quickly converted at a suburban  
 station by our early <sup>last dinner</sup> application for supper  
 as the dining car because its terminus  
 had been reached.

Lübeck - Our trip inland was diversified  
 by the rolling hills of northern inland  
 Germany where jettison finds its route  
 and by the historic and scenic city of  
 Lübeck calling to us with its towers  
Copenhagen -

Entry to Denmark was via Egebjerg  
 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 splendor  
 of the station at Copenhagen, the  
 spirit yet not the substance of Denmark.

Walter Hobbs had met us at Aarsnaes for  
 with news that the "Diana" 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  
 rain; at least the Frans Kirke, with

I caught 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 Thorvaldsen with statues of the  
 apostles ranged on either side of the nave.  
 The Reformation could have been little  
 more than a revolt against the excesses

5 lines  
 10 lines

are the two  
 intellectually is  
 see on table  
 and the New England  
 yet feel that I  
 bicycle traffic  
 be that I am  
 mind raising  
 the traffic notices  
 need for action?  
 girls, parents  
 in special moment.  
 revolt in

Race - both sides possible  
 have come to own traditions  
 what is race? smaller?  
 they finally have reached  
 all balance.  
 yes, for now times  
 long, golden bridges, &  
 people all in one  
 about racism. Could  
 two have, scars for  
 civilization  
 singing - up - hitting  
 abundant - harvest, food,  
 abundance, abundance  
 Midnight comes - covered do  
 at which the body blue



Amur

Competition  
 50 lines and 10  
 you see in the

motion as a place of gulls. I called the  
 morning platform, the light Bicycle.  
 What will happen when the feet stop  
 become many in these narrow, crowded  
 streets?



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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 Thorvaldson with statues of the  
apostles ranged on either side of the nave.

The Reformation could have been little  
more than a revolt against the excesses  
of the Church, as similar are the two  
services except that the

with pine in weather  
held intervals of sweet  
music at midnight hours  
with blue pine water  
The best things on mythology  
and terms of sleep.

Chinats of Peter & James Greenland  
leaving Camp bottles  
see Katherin's letter unheavily  
Storm - dragged and over  
perant  
rain  
Klompen  
Spra

morning phalanx, the light breeze.  
What will happen when the feet enter  
became many in these narrow, crowded  
streets?

Compulsions - Except for speed, you would think I myself of time.  
So did we see the individualism and each as his the mind individualism  
you see - the state of America.

Bible  
New England  
d that  
- traffic  
I am  
many  
his notices  
ates?  
parents  
? merit.  
la in  
used the

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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. Next like the Dutch and the New England

Bicycles - I shut my eyes and yet feel that I  
am back in the 90s when bicycle traffic  
was at its height. Can it be that I am  
almost the only one of my kind remaining  
in America who 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 geese. I called the  
morning phalanx, the light Brigade.  
What will happen when the fast auto  
become many in these narrow, crowded  
streets?

Conspicuous - Except for speed, you would think primary of time.  
So diverse are the individualities and such as time the mind individualities  
you see - the street - America.

Free. Place by the side of the sea, but no elsewhere.  
 as shown by little by the street on street by people of  
 various ages. My little children appeared  
 from the street when I entered the  
 street. They were in the street.

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 grand  
 old tower but the spirit of individuality  
 remains. It is a city of spires -  
 Danish renaissance with Dutch and  
 baroque overlay. Streets, backstreets, and  
 canals wind each other for the city's business  
 and pleasures. The Arsenal 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. The Bronze Nymph in rock  
 and the little thing by Seeland.

It is a city 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  
 bearing to aid in fishing. Direct yet  
 efficient. A line to Hamburg for a  
 needed book on International Weather Codes  
 would bring it to us the next day.



by air mail.

Pippi's Sister, Kaia Jensen. Are Danish girls "forward"? To me quite ideal pals. Kaia called us up with much trepidation but entered merely into the plan of being hostess and guide to Fred and me. A good worker, indifferent to rain even without her rain coat, for we thought the day would be fine, ready to forego her Danish pleasures when we did not enter in.

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

Our evening walking thru the Silver Garden of spreading beech trees and hawthorn, and dining by the sea under at eleven with an eight mile journey still to be made by our boat to the Boys School where she has been a teacher of English for the past two years. She returned to see us off on our boat to Greenland and her broad smile and mirrored tears on the deck are still kept vivid by two little cigarettes

The old custom of feasting is not still so  
 has been forbidden by the Danish government for  
 live and living some but part of this part while  
 likely to eat up the others. The other part of the  
 to Eden.

placed by her an our stationer dresses.  
 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 traveled to Inarctic and lived in  
 an Eskimo hut, she has hunted, she  
 has joined the <sup>Exotic in their</sup> Christmascare round  
 of women to exaltation's huts.

Pippa, Mrs. Bayard, Dr. Rasmussen  
 all feel the loss of the harmony of the  
 silence there. So my experience is  
 no idle dream.

Copenhagen

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 virtues of  
 primitive life. Mrs. Rasmussen, the  
 strong, the sympathetic, the center  
 of husband and children. Devoted and  
 eager to go North with her husband to  
 fulfill this summer as their tiny scheme,  
 but unwilling because her eight year  
 youngest might find the trip too  
 wearing. A box too of mill life? She  
 thought me a "part" because I did

not have the young mother (stammerer)  
who plied for her babies.

She loved black coffee and beer and gave  
me the retreat signs when I refused the  
letter: "Oh, I pity you," <sup>then ordered me a strongly water</sup> But she saved  
little for cigarettes, refusing them abruptly.  
The Americans had us all for luncheon  
at the yacht club; then took us in a  
sight-seeing car to visit the typical  
Danish country, side of rolling hills,  
lenses, forests and fields found at  
home in Michigan. But their country  
street, which he must retire from the  
social insistencies of his many friends,  
is four hours ride away in more  
rugged surroundings.

Northward - Saturday, June 4.

The Bixie. A yacht-like boat, sturdy, well  
equipped and heavily loaded, symbol of Danes  
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 waving whistle and then  
tried to return. When the mate identified  
me and protested in my behalf, a wide  
laugh beamed completely across the

Matter, the Danish girl gave me the warning to  
study swimming as a precaution, has married William the  
manager of the hotel. Miss A. calls her a dear girl, my intention  
is to have a  
to make

captain's chivalrous features and his  
 vice here into a very rare. He  
 is a "heralischer 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 kind, giving up  
 their "more difficult" Danish for any  
 polylet speak that will establish  
 a bridge of communication.

Helsingör. Elsinor, the home of Hamlet  
 the Dane, the tollgate to the Baltic, is  
 best seen from the sea\*. The wide-famed  
 city of Openlyan has long since given  
 way to the Ravine of coast towns  
 along the sands. Thus Sweden and  
 Zealand draw <sup>close</sup> together.

Evening is far advanced. A sun  
 red and better like Saturn in the  
 deepening haze. [A pel tute over the  
 sea] A broad bastion flared and  
 capped by towers outlined on a  
 point projecting into an opal sea, a  
 beacon light is flashing from a tower  
 hard by on the landward side across  
 and flumes of smoke and in the  
 background, windmills rising above

Lighter-tying that have passengers  
 whose names FÄRDIA (see the Party?)

the fringe of trees, thus the medieval and modern, the commercial and scientific are in mutual helpfulness and understanding.

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

June 5. Sunday.

Tutland in early morning. A lot and spit, a straggling town, a high beacon tower, radio station. The northern tip of Denmark and stepping place of us down the English Channel. What a procession of history.

Radio Service. At 10:20 changed to enter smoking room and heard service of singing. I was here in time a noon and again at a Danish Church service. The Danish passengers gathered quietly, Captain Hansen sat near the Magna <sup>the stinson</sup> in the better than, all joined in the singing. The hours were rounded at their most precious point.



Danish Meals. There are two kinds in menu, but only one in manner. The home kind, suggested by Miss 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 Ferguson who was helpless on Mt. Ross without his "hot bread". Our cereals are chief 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 beverages are much more restrained in alcoholic content.

But the meals are leisurely. Courtesy and respect abound. The Captain leads from sheer meritment of disposition.

#### Speech and Evolution.

To hear the Captain's Danish "jargon" accompanied by his vivid facial gestures and notice the lively response from the Danes was a vivid lesson in evolution and speech. He who did not have the key to his language could get only the emotional

background, the others get the details, and the desire to get the details of a given picture the effort to develop a code? To my friends at table, I say that I have spread at my finger tips, and they reply 'jaige!' with agris, for they mean that I have it nowhere else.

Norge (Norway). In afternoon a long line low down on the horizon. Then a view clear into fjords as we pass the southern end of Norway, principally in Christiansand. Later line Greenland except that verdure is taller.

Sunset and clouds. Long rollers ahead on the straits become wider. Coast a series of beacons growing brighter as decrease distance: far south a fixed light (Christiansand); middle, two quick flashes beamed followed by interval of darkness; north, single flash with fixed range light in front. Later p.m. Thus the mariner interprets his position. And in fog, the shore fog warnings can be heard from light to light, thus forming a corridor of safety along the entire coast. Tomorrow night we shall see the lights of the Shetland seaman. A boy of 16 yrs stands at the wheel tonight being in the pea jacket and his grandfather was almost in the same way at sea. He has not yet acquired the confidence

of the elder seamen. He is not an apprentice but an "Ordinary or Regular Seaman". He entered at fourteen. The Danish laws permit this.

Time. We are making West and more. We are still 9 hrs East of home, but tomorrow we shall be only 8.

June 6. Monday.

Shetlands. Today boats have been growing ever thicker. A single bare mast and a tiny rigger mast with its studding sail full spread, has suggested Pierre Loti's Greenland Fishermen. They are Shetlanders fishing on the banks where the allies laid their mines during the Great War. Kallqvist knows its handiwork well, having helped clear the fields.

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

Against the sunset our two Eskimo boys discerned two then three low domes of blue - our first glimpses 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.

Ann Radiohead\*. 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.

She has two sailor brothers who are sea-stare (i.e. good sailors) and a father who also followed the sea. She is following their professions but has been at sea only since March, and gets a "little bit" sea sick. Acaryan says that there are only two women in marine radio service, the more affecting 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, also by the Müller system, I by Walter Camp's. She should have

\* Astid Johanne Funder, found  
 later in her logbook book left by  
 the table after sunrise, a pretty white Astid,  
 and the logbook was written in the same  
 in enough handwriting to be genuine.

gone to America with that display group  
of Scandinavian gulls.

June 7. Tuesday.

Into the wide Atlantic. We passed the  
North Sea portals last midnight and are  
now both rolling and pitching on the  
wide Atlantic. Our top-deck boat rolls  
only slowly but far over, giving us a  
close view of the waters and then of the  
sky. An occasional steam trawler appears  
in the distance, fishing in Ireland waters\*  
but there are the sturdier successions  
of Pierre Loti's Brittany craft.

Reminiscent of Island Ice. This slow  
rolling expansive sea is an immediate  
reminder in infinitude and blue of the  
Island Ice - a view from Darien. Only  
the clouds and sunset effects are still being  
but the undulations are visible.

De-Sickness. De-sickness is marring  
some inroads on our friends at meals.  
One member of our table changed his  
seat to the outside so he could "telephonise".  
So now if anyone arises from table  
unexpectedly, the party shouts "Telephonise".  
Our chief difficulty is to obtain congenial  
food against the pangs of hunger  
and sickness. Soudwich-coffee

\* The note letter said that  
they were fishing in France Banks  
about 200 mi. south.

breakfasts are a terror to our weak  
 stomachs and take the heart out of an  
 otherwise delightful voyage. It seemed  
 an anomaly to see a swage-cabin  
 taken this morning to a passenger too  
 scarce to come to table. Vainly the Swed-  
 ish must be "born" to the diet" as  
 Pecoyan says, as we do rolled-oats.  
 We <sup>each</sup> have our own and cannot 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 show me from my stateroom, when  
 I laughingly showed her that it was  
 still very early by California time. She  
 may not have comprehended but at  
 least she quickly called my jive, switching  
 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 lightened  
 sympathy for my refusal of food.

Her smile indicates "seriousness".  
 But I meet her half-way with a  
 vigorous laughing *ixxa* (no) and  
 when she shows the cigars, I  
 call for a *Detjeud* (a dozen). But  
 she knows that I *take scamp*.

Byrd. Our radio girl has got  
 the news that Byrd made Berlin  
 yesterday, descending only 4 miles  
 from the city. This is proof  
 the feasibility of Trans-Atlantic flight.  
 Lindbergh, the boy, snatched his  
 long and painstakingly sought laurels,  
 but the voice 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 without it.  
 The clouds seem much the same,  
 and nimbus clouds form each day.  
 Oh, too, <sup>other</sup> light showers so far, the last  
 yesterday being perhaps a prolonged drizzle.

of minor variety. As are we slowly getting northward out of the storm belt?

"Suds, a new acquaintance. What odd introduction and how effective for quick acquaintance and comradeship! This morning I went at breakfast time to the washroom to find the assistant stewardess busily soaping up the tubing with soap suds. Just then the ship lurched for over and she started backward into the scupperns.

We both roared with laughter and I fled until a more opportune occasion.

We feel as thoroughly acquainted now as <sup>the</sup> Bathroom Acquaintance in "An

Evacuated April". We have dubbed her "Suds" but this is not quite fair, for she is a very generous mixture of Suds Across Arctic America. Doctor Noble

brought in Rosamund'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 experience 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 view point only is different.

also longer in - Miss Anderson,  
and worthy of the name.



How prophetic too his reference to the tail  
 ahead in interpreting his vision & hearing.  
 In the afternoon, who hastened to send you  
 to release 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 gave her  
 back her husband. The recent articles  
 have little in common with the wretched thing  
adjustment. Trial cheese with a little cold  
 beef and some milk as a filler this evening.  
 But it could not last until lunch. However,  
 appetizing look at lunch made me feel at  
 home with the world and cared at tea  
 satisfied my craving for sweets. The landing  
 of the ship is now a delight. Can I wear  
 the chains each day?

June 9 - Thursday.

Sailing. Even along the great circle that  
 takes us to Cape Farewell and thence  
 if we wished to follow, to Hudson Strait  
 or Bella Dole possibly. NW + W  $\frac{1}{2}$  W shifting to  
 NW + W  $\frac{1}{4}$  W from Seag to our furthest

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. <sup>They clump out of appearance</sup> Waves last night too and today. Even the invertebrates are in sea. But the roll is farther because of the wider dead swells of the more open ocean. Sleeping head down and then feet down, slowly alternating, keeps one's innards soothing. Bunkers should be built lengthwise not crosswise of the ship to cut down the amount of head and foot oscillation.

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

Ice Currents. The master 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 Halstonborg i.s. 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



and enjoy their children, whom they see  
now 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 near 240 miles south  
of Reykjavik we only one day's sail at our  
rate of  $10\frac{1}{2}$  D.M. miles per hour. Forecast last night  
from Greenland "fair". The weather is so  
mild that the window in the glass screen  
on forward deck is open.

Weather Signals. East of today's position  
signals are caught from Godhavn. West  
of here they are received from London  
and Reykjavik at 8 p.m. Tullinchook also  
sends forecasts for Angmagssalik on eastern  
coast of Greenland and for Godthab and  
Godhavn on the west.

Gulf Stream. It widens out greatly  
in these waters and on basis of recent  
measurements does not seem to have  
sharp margins. Today we are in  
waters of  $11^{\circ}\text{C}$ . Tomorrow we may be  
in  $7^{\circ}\text{C}$ . Later out off Cape Farewell  
and on both sides of Greenland we  
shall be in  $4^{\circ}\text{C}$ .

From here to Foully it has been  $11^{\circ}\text{C}$ .  
But in North Sea it is only  $8.5^{\circ}\text{C}$ , and

at this season of the year in the Baltic is nearly  $9^{\circ}\text{C}$ .

Air temperature during cloudiness is nearly the same as the sea temperature varying not more than  $0.2$  to  $0.3^{\circ}\text{C}$ . In sunny weather the variation especially much above the water may be assumed as  $6$  to  $8^{\circ}\text{C}$ .

Such is the weather here of the water who have sailed these waters from 12 to 16 years.

Latitude and Light. At  $60.5^{\circ}\text{N}$ . latitude now. Nalutaborg is at  $67^{\circ}\text{N}$ . Past light prevailed all last night so that no running lights were displayed. Of course we must be as far north as northern Labrador. Sunset bright at  $9:20\text{pm}$ , sunrise tomorrow at  $2:40\text{a.m.}$

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 note 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  $3.5^{\circ}\text{C}$ . along the southwest shore of Greenland and

7-11°C. completely around Iceland, the warmer water being naturally on the southern coast.

↑ Skål - brunch - Health. Quite some mind has arisen over non-drinking. I can not "skål" because I do not drink the same liquids. My lieutenant friend across table declares drinks not "substanti" i.e. forbidden in Denmark. I retort they are not even "genvindekt" (wished) by me. But I never had admit that the water in my glass is "klar" i.e. clear and that his mine is "claret". So I also am drinking "klar-et" and can claim a right to skål in the "skål".

He likes "bitters" in his Schnapps; so I offered him pepper tea, but uninterested palate waded me off. Schnapps are drunk in thimble glasses and only once or possibly twice at a meal. So when I charged the Captain's wife with drinking 6 small Schnapps, there was a noisy riot of protest and jest.

The Radio Girl and I "skål" the height of the table in Citronen Soda (Lemon Pop) and water, for we are practically

solitary in these diners.

June 10, Friday, July 10, 1911

Still Tranquil. Another long stretch towards Cape Farwell. Barometer still high. Forecast at Greenland: Fair as before. Sea quiet and sparkling, but boat rolls on rather high without ceasing. My neck still aches from being laid mostly head downwards all night.

Pictures. It has been picture taking day: The Winter Menace, The Group, The Captain and Doctor Hobbs, The Captain and His Wife, the two Danish Expeditions to Godthab and Godhavn. Only the Senior Member of the Menace 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 young Käse (Young Cheese) and the Limburger? was at once dubbed the Old Cheese, pre-historic, museum, King Tutangamen (King Tut) - but like the Ford into it seemed to





by the surging waves. The only cure  
is held lengthwise or in hammer sling.  
Possibly the Danish helmsman uses the  
insertion of a Danish seaman 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 dead veerings above.  
The sun burnishing all to pearl gray  
and gold and shining like the low  
curve of the Shetlands but in utter  
gold beneath the mistiness.

This morning the sky is completely  
gray with clouds, the air is damp.  
<sup>The list is rolling ~~and heaving~~.</sup>  
The whitecaps are forming. The water  
profuscious an iceberg by afternoon,  
for we are now nearing Cape Forewell.

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. so will  
steadily and rapidly fall still lower.

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

at 3 pm it is 65° C.

View thru a Porthole. a grey sky, a  
 turbulent dark green sea, patches of foam,  
 a dipping gull, a quick succession  
 of ending waves rising with a splash  
 over wind-exposed sea heat rolls  
 far over, a feeling as if diving beneath  
 the water and jerking up for another  
 look, as the current speeds by with tail-race of

Sound of Water from Glass. Swish and  
 rattle of water against sides of ship.  
 like torrent of rain on the roof.

Quick start and given of propeller  
 as if shoving off the fetters of the sea.

A New Whale Cruise. At lunch today,  
 Captain Hansen quietly announced that  
 on May 23(?) the HUGO from Dighton, laden  
 with Cryolite sank in these waters  
 with the loss of 17 persons, its entire  
 crew. The thickening fog with flashing  
 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 scull in congratulation  
 of the twelfth and half(?) anniversary of  
 his wedding. He is now 56 years old,

she somewhat younger. When I wished her a diamond wedding, she waved me away saying that she had not for she would be a "Hexen"<sup>ie</sup> hag by then.

Citron Sodavand. More bantering regarding drinks. Captain Hansen changed our table with leading Kallqvist acting, who took two mixed schnapps. But for my bantering he told of the King's visit to Prohibition Island 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.

Draining close to Cape Farewell. Rain and fog thickening. Portholes often beneath water. The cory room seems to be part of a train going thru frequent short tunnels. Wind nearly western and ship rolls more in response. Water at 3 pm. 45° C. Lat present for Julianahavn is "Fair". Mete says that it is inland and warmer hence less condensation.

Flotation and jetsam. In mid-afternoon a small tree fully water-soaked was found. No trees in Greenland or Iceland. The mete says that all such float comes from

Siberia. It recalls the relics of the "jamotte"  
found only a little farther west which led  
Nansen to his Polar drift.

Later an unpainted bag was sighted  
with two gulls hovering over in a desire  
to "brood" it. Had it contained fish? Was  
it from our ill-fated legs? 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 percent from  
every crest, and the bow faces outward  
a swirling mass that froths and  
foams along the ship.

Gulls still dip and skate upon  
the gale indifferent to the fog and  
rain intact only for food upon the

The water. Man is progressing in rivalry  
 but is still a cumbersome creature.

Neither the "Kantha" nor a dog would  
 fare well in these waters. The combes  
 are too frequent. The Captain estimates  
 the wind at Beaufort 10, I should call it  
 half as much.

June 12, Sunday. Greenland

Land. Cape Farewell in view from  
 1 1/2 a.m. Mountains 6,000 ft high and  
 at 90 miles appear like tiny points upon  
 the horizon. Called by Kallqvist, it is to  
 see the coast, a low dim jagged line  
 in the morning clouds. One watchman is  
 shown and marks the site of Havnstalen.  
 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 sun and  
 storm of yesterday clinging to Cape Farewell  
 & this cape the Farewell to Greenland or to  
 home? Toward the sunrise are tiny  
 scattered clouds fringing the coast,  
 while to north is a mink's head  
 with long descending fringe. The sea

is moderate with few caps.

Nauyasalik  
 Only this trace should be made almost microscopic.

### Temperature and Currents.

At 8 a.m. the temperature of water was  $5.3^{\circ}\text{C}$ . a drop of  $1.2^{\circ}\text{C}$  since 3 p.m. yesterday. The air was  $6.2^{\circ}\text{C}$ . There is a current of 2 miles setting up the coast that opposes the recovery. So unless Captain must go to Frederiksdal or Nauyasalik, 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 staff rail evidently is in honor of Sunday, not of presence in Greenland waters. Call to service bright testimony of ship's passengers. Captain in direct but quiet manner set at center table, lady is ringing with aid of his wife and then reading a lesson from the Prayer Book and expounding same earnestly with lowered glasses. His invocation and benediction closed the service save for the hymns. I was <sup>greatly</sup> appointed delayed for

our party because my name was Church, but there can be no delegates in worship. So is a very personal thing. Do our Danish hosts think that Americans follow the book more readily than the Bible? Is the latter more relevant? Is man being greater than Infinity?

More jokes at lunch.

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

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

The "So" 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 rally. The  
Ducks are not alone. Will the Eskimos  
shoot the same when we know them & know.

Beautiful Greenland. The sea is  
"quiet and sparkling" <sup>almost rippling</sup> in the bright  
sunshine. The air is crisp. On  
the eastern horizon are two big  
masses of mountains with odd shapes  
and pyramidal bases, white with snow  
to their base and suggesting "icebergs"  
on the very line. "Eisberg" my lieutenant  
friend started at me <sup>in fact</sup>, but I retorted "Iceberg"  
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 memo-  
andum book so much when any call  
has been made at table, that they now  
say "Tips for your diary?" "No", I reply, "just  
scientific suggestions", but they smile  
at the humaneness 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 pm  
water temp. was  $4.6^{\circ}\text{C}$ . a trifle high  
for the June mean is  $3.7^{\circ}\text{C}$ . yet

The water must have been unusually  
heavy and they were in the "open" water  
so they had snow fields underfoot.



as precaution against presence of icefields, another reading was taken at 7:30, but was only  $4.5^{\circ}\text{C}$ .

However, at eating 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". Solid 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  $4.5^{\circ}\text{C}$ . last evening to  $2.5^{\circ}$  this morning or  $0.7^{\circ}\text{C}$ . below normal. The air is  $2.3^{\circ}$  and demands exercise.

Fog prevented <sup>the</sup> ~~our~~ seeing the Eastlin <sup>the Eastlin</sup> this morning, when we should be only 15 miles offshore. The coast lies just beyond the murk and is unimaginable. The fog and smog by live clouds on a mountain peak, giving an occasional glimpse

of the sun and the sea far ahead.  
 Yet the <sup>bridge</sup> signal still points to "stand by"  
 and the Engineer keeps his hand  
 on the throttle.

8:30 p.m. Only 20 miles from Gotthaab  
 but going to "Dunkle Lur". Fog is very  
 thick and ship must wait until  
 coast and reefs are visible. Temperature  
 of water is not only 2°C. i.e. about  
 35°F. Reason enough for the fog.

How different from our approach  
 last summer. Miss in touch with  
 a Norwegian fisherman, who shows the depth.

June 14 - Tuesday. Gotthaab

Foggy.

7 Ten days from Copenhagen.

Still making time. The fog may last  
 some time yet, for the wind still blows  
 from the north. The fog here seems to  
 be: North wind brings cold air and  
 moist from the north which condense  
 into vapor. From the east the wind  
 should be drier with less power  
 to condense.

Crossing the Frying Reefs. We are feeling  
 our way. Depth of water now 50 meters  
 then again 50 meters. The sky is  
 blue above. Radio from Gotthaab is  
 Fair. About 10 a.m. Captain rings

abruptly east. The lead still  
reads 50, then suddenly 110.

Waves still thick on the horizon.

~~Outboard~~ At least breakers just visible  
at base of snow. Then two albatrosses  
loom ominously. Then a double  
phalanx all in foam. Sea weed  
floats in profusion and ducks  
rise in flocks. For a moment  
a flat-topped snowclad peak shows  
dimly above the upper edge of the  
void of snow, when Captain Hanson's  
face from the bridge shows like  
the full moon for beneath. <sup>He had never so had since leaving Cape Farwell</sup> Has

Thirty-seven years of experience had  
led him right. We were at the  
crucial point of a gigantic barrier.

A break appears. Then the seal  
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 beam, 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 for the last time from the wall of fog which seems to recede far out to sea and are in Sunnybush once more. Circus clouds are above us. Before us an endless barrier of muttonhooves and gibbaltars, most streamlined, with the flat-topped pear in the centers. To our far right floats a large iceberg. Before our bows reaches a wide expanse of water to the distant shore and a tiny landlocked basin surrounded by towering hills.

On a shelving beach facing the ocean is a colorful village of 400 people, capital of South Greenland, named by thumpal voyagers Godthul (i.e. God Hope). A large radio station sits on a hill. The church with tall narrow windows in the town. Behind the town on higher ground is the "Seminary", tower 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 gazing

his country, Denmark's symbol of national responsibility comparable with America's ideal in the Statue of Liberty.

We lie in the little harbor far round the corner, tied stern and stern like the "Havsten" in Wismar Harbor, by the side of a steamer 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 social brother's wedding here gone with bride and groom have departed in the motor tender. Both shore bands with us all. Good news from Haldensborg and Sarfingvar except that Pippa Jensen takes our steamer home. Only note of sadness is that sugar, too, the have been very short everywhere in Greenland this winter.

Love of home. The sun shines so 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 Dinner. One at supper, then  
two, and occasional mosquitoes since,  
but practically inconspicuous except  
for very random bites.

Evening at Godthack, after supper  
we rode round to Godthack in motor  
boat. Fog still low over sea just  
beyond island's edge. Manager Rasmussen's  
home near waterfront is a house  
of comfort and cheer, with flowers  
in the window and exquisite  
paintings of Greenland winter landscapes  
in soft lightings and mirage effects.  
All the work <sup>fine and subtle</sup> of Emmanuel A. Petersen -  
the finest expression of light and color  
in mountain snows & loam ever seen.

The Governor's home bore both  
modesty and state in its low bay  
lines and soft grey color which  
the blues and reds and greens  
of the paintings were softened about.  
The only governmental display was  
the flag on the boat and the  
heraldic design of a shield with erect  
polar bears upon it. But dignity  
and appeal were made by a rough  
granite obelisk in the plaza facing the

monogram A, Christian and Augustus (?), the sovereigns who honored Greenland in recent years by their presence, and by low pillars bearing the medallion portraits of O'Connell and Rice, one a pioneer statesman and the other a scientist. All inscriptions were in the Eskimo tongue. Thus the lone sentinel of Havn Eyde in the hill seems to represent the undivided sentiment of Greenland for the Greenlanders.

June 15, Wednesday.

? Up Amézelix Fjord to the Norse Ruins.

By courtesy of Manager Rasmussen, the "slaw" was placed at our disposal for a trip to the bar county.

The barrier mountain rises

(Hjortetaxen)

sheer a thousand meters with  
 The alpine "cutters" stand as the perfect  
 feet and back half difficult. Snow  
 fields and cornices cover the  
 peaks and stingers of snow fill  
 every fault depression. There are  
 few bays the cascades plunge  
 at frequent intervals down the  
 walls. The colors of verdure and  
 rocks still seems dull.





instated to having. The cranberries  
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 Sheprass, such  
as we found at the head of Angimig-  
suit Tasiat (a knee deep in snow of last  
year), which Erikssoe 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 enclosed  
was about the size of present  
Esquimo houses as found in Godthaab,  
a fitting stepping stone for the Norse  
civilization that crept westward  
from Norway thru Iceland, and  
attained for lying Labrador and  
Vinland - Norway, Iceland, Greenland,  
Vinland - tests for a people's course  
and steering toward the warmth.

Prevailing Wind. Every service  
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 Horse River, 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  $1.8-2.0^{\circ}\text{C}$ . found in the ocean off Etah. Far here the water ranged quite consistently between the far higher limits of  $6.4-10.2^{\circ}\text{C}$ . Hence we have the explanation of the open harbor and water navigation to Kormox throughout the winter; also the reason why fogs linger long at the island's edge but seldom enter the fiord. This is a marked contrast to the general harmony of temperature of — and —  $^{\circ}\text{C}$ . found in fiords and ocean at Halimung.

Fog. With the turning of the tide a long finger of fog was seen stretching up the southern mouth of the fiord. We lunched to voyage across and see whether the water temperature there was lower. But the boatman gave me the necessary assurance by explaining that the tide rushes in there the south where entrance is more direct and is divided and slowed down as the north where islands and rocky fjords are more numerous.

But with the coming of late evening fog had stolen over into our inner harbor and the fiord some beyond. So our connecting of fog and water temperature may require modification. The next day's sun generally disappointed it along the water level at first and ultimately from the higher air. It attempted to return a second evening but had gone by early morning. It certainly does not recur each day with the incoming tides.

A Colonial Reception. Some time after was away with the "Island Folk" seeing

a new haven of refuge for Garsce and Greenland fishermen on the banks farther toward Cape Farewell. But all others were present in the ship's saloon before we could clean up after our trip and prepare for a gala occasion evidently before us, for flags festooned the ship and the saloon bore the marks of expectancy.

A buffet supper, spontaneous and almost automatic introduction, eager service from friends old and new, dances of the Danish countryside and Greenland harbors led by the Captain and his wife and shared by all. Even the stewardesses who were serving the company were invited to dance when their active duties permitted.

Danish Democracy. So this was the simplicity and democracy the Danish are seeking. Eulanson remarked: you won't find this equality in America. Are we finding savages again with our finding of wealth? With the Danes, the ideal is being perpetuated by reality, for the old

class distinction between officers in the army and their non-commissioned sergeants is now being effaced by the terms officer and efficient, an act of the Left and in Denmark, therefore, the Agrarian or Progressive wing.

Flag Descent Day. It was Livonia June 25 or Flag Descent Day. Therefore the flags from deer <sup>to</sup> meethards and the featured flags on the stairway. The tradition is one of Ostland on the Baltic in the Twelfth Hundreds inspired perhaps by the Constantine story of the Early Church. The Danes under Vladimir were first loving heart in the contest, when the Danes opened and a flag bearing the cross descended, which has since been cherished by the Danes as their symbol of strength. Red field with white cross - did these colors originate in Crusade times in the symbolism of Christianity?

Toward midnight under the Captain's guidance, all went to the bridge and in the <sup>North</sup> twilight

of the midnight hour stood with  
 bare 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.

Evening. The day ended in toasts  
 and songs and reports. Radiograms  
 of congratulation from captain of  
 Norwegian poacher for timely aid  
 of fog whistle and from gulls for  
 offerings from the dizzy ship.  
 A Gullback, <sup>Finnes</sup> Extra Editor was shouted  
 by the Steward Boy with ship news  
 and scandal, to wit how passengers  
 were discharged at Helsingør for  
 dynamite and the lightship 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, hurst in  
 challenge from rival parties in  
 the room. Then a final bow and  
 handshake of each parting guest to us  
 all. Fanned yet not perfumatory, 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 brethren, in language roots, the direct ancestor of the English speech but in pronunciation what a bridge across. In the qualities that move for men how like our Western folk.

June 16. Thursday.

Captain Hansen's Boat Party up

Fjord. 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 warm anticipation resulted. But the fog soon began to lift and dissipate leaving the "Antlers" (Hjortetårnen) bathed in atmosphere and framed in clouds. On its northern face long glaciers and glaciated apparently insurmountable except from above and resting

precipitously in their steep cradles  
 yawning peaks lined the fird on  
 either side.

The head of the fird rose too  
 quickly for streams of size and ended  
 in saddles which turned drainage  
 in the opposite direction to valleys  
 flanked by a long range of Tetons.

There were sunshades and flowers,  
 sunshine and laughing. The belated  
 beer brought up in a barrel by the  
 First Engineer was derisively refused,  
 and he and his mates remained behind  
 to eat it.

On the return there were soups  
 and spray-blanded - Danish, American,  
 African, all the product of the sea  
 and sailor-house from many seas.

Wittens and Cap. The Ratio girl has  
 gallantly relinquished her fur-lined  
 mittens and leather cap for my use  
 on the most next winter. When I  
 looked also at her leather coat,  
 which was hardly my size; she quickly  
 retorted "Perhaps you would like my  
 shirt" and pointed at a toy shirt  
 hanging on the wall.



She is a true Dane - of the sea.  
 Her father ran away to sea and  
 in later life became a teacher of  
 others in the School for Navigation.  
 She lived out of sight of the sea,  
 but there was a tree in their  
 yard <sup>that brought it a view</sup> and that became their  
 outlook. The love of the sea  
 she vividly drew in from  
 Knud Rasmussen and his cousin,  
 Captain Baillie of the *Expedition*,  
 singer of our sea songs on the  
 Captain's Boat Party, and now  
 she loves both the sea and the  
 flowers and the scenes of the North.

She is looking for English words  
 that she can not pronounce in playful  
 derision of the almost complete  
 helplessness of my tongue in  
 pronouncing her words. The Danes  
 have a marvellous control of the  
 throat and tongue and even that  
 the English is spoken in the north  
 did they get their quizzing speech  
 from the sea? They are Galli-Cucis  
 in their way and my despair.

\* Fine plant of arbutus brought on lady  
 from the other flower on the deer  
 at her sister's house down

June 17 - Friday.

9<sup>th</sup> Sing Scene.

An early trip from harbor to town over rocks and saddles. The birds were singing, the bay rippling, while in the distance floated a solitary floe.

The New Eskimo. In town here and there a hastening figure, a face more mobile and active in race development. They are the fingers of advancement from the palm of the race.

The time is ripe for the new education in arts and crafts being planned. Thus far all have been trained to write and read, and some are prepared for preaching and teaching. A native born, mostly home-trained pastor soon goes to Holstenborg. Now the middle ranks will be lifted to further mastery of their new and changing environment, so our two Eskimo boys sent to Denmark to study business methods and carpentry, especially setting up barrels for the fishermen.

Soon they may also study animal

the English  
and  
down  
spirit of  
the north

The new stamps and new  
coins will advance this  
spirit of individuality and  
abundant life.

husbandry in putting on a  
routine basis the raising of  
arctic fowls and sheep to  
supplement the goats now  
apparently acclimated. in the  
town of Godthaab. The dogs have  
already been killed to prepare  
for sheep. Evidently goats are  
above injury.

Colonial Music. The Eskimo  
color taste seems to be lacking in  
harmony rather than quality.

A tiny costume of red sweater and  
white skirt was a delight to the  
eye. The wearer seemed to belong  
to the Seminarsium where refinement  
of taste might be expected.

In music, nerve is the chief and  
sought but mastery is evident.  
However, in church music dignity  
seems to be almost self-evident.  
One boy in business education sat one  
day at the piano playing "Remember  
My God to Thee". He would have  
done credit to a supreme occasion  
as when the same theme struck  
even the passengers of the Titanic

for their plunge.

June 19. Saturday.

An Ideal Day.

A day rich in activity, studying a raised beach level across the bay and boating home in a half-gale in the motor sloop, now loaned by Manager Rasmussen for a third time. The study of water temperatures from a slippery, heaving deck, with the pulse of life beneath the feet, blended science and pure enjoyment. most happily. The day closed with exhilaration and chills, the latter caused by damp underclothing from unnoticed sweating during the hard rowing earlier in the day.

Setting Sail. Since the nights are light throughout, the disks cleared at 8 o'clock for a night run to Suvventoppen, despite low-lying clouds. Slipping from narrow moorings seems to be a perfect art in these waters. Anything of stern hawser, shortening of bow hawser until the vessel can creep from adjoining vessels and swing round toward the sea. Equipped

at the shore ends, masts at stem and bow, captain on the bridge. All hands working in unison, the anchors lifting, the last and steady hauler still holding from some adjacent rock. A quick call from the captain, a responsive casting off by Eskimos, hauler loose in the small boat, and the ship heads out thru an oft winding channel for the open sea. At the last frontier of islands, a range pillar marks the point of turning.

Island Falls. As we left the inner harbor, a low, gray two-masted steamer appeared in the mouth of Ameralik Fjord, up which we had journeyed to the Horse River. It seemed weird at first, but it was the "Island Falls" returning via the southern pass up which we had seen the fingers of fog stealing on Wednesday evening from the open sea.\*

\* Later reports  
were that  
it was  
a fisherman.

She was just returning from a cruise among the islands carrying

the landlocked harbor so vital to the southern fisheries. We should like to have seen our Merissey's good friend of last year more closely and learned the result of her search, but all things can not be done.

Outside the Islands, a rolling sea, with rain. The land cloud capped except for the momentary lighting of the "Saddle" in a frame of clouds.

The Gustav Holm was along our course, but was passed in the night. She may have been sighted afar off, or it may have been another Norwegian trader.

June 13, Sunday.

~~Surgeon~~

Think Sunday of this trip, this time an active one, consisted in the excitement of entering port.

At 7 o'clock more islands and then the patch of a rock within a haul's cast round which we slowly swung into the timber of basins, such as the Island Talk must have been seeing, and was soon tied head and stern by the side of the Gustav Post south bound for home.

On hummocky rocks at the base of cliffs nestled the largest town in Greenland, Sarsortoppen, a new town of 600 people but based upon an older town further up the coast. One winding street, bridges over the fingers of the fjord, which make a small boat basin. A <sup>but of Eskimo cottages</sup> ~~high~~ <sup>height</sup> across. All a Japanese garden on a mountain scale.

Here dwelt old friends of last summer, doctor and Mrs. Olsen, who had called on Fergusson and Ossington at Camp Little. Had the weather permitted, they would have taken us up Fjord To see icebergs forming from the Inland Ice. But the southwest wind then prevailing would create a nasty sea and there over no coasts for either shelter are lacking.

Eskimo Art.  
 However, we found here some evidence of skill in sewing and painting, suggesting the possibility of ultimately attaining the skill shown in the bone carvings on the Pacific Coast in the Harlan Collection at Reno.





Not only ash trays simulating an icebergs with beads upon it, but realistic statuettes of Eskimo and polar bear. Both soapstone, obtainable locally, and bone were used. Here too was a umiack of half-meter length framed with faultless lines and joints entirely from bone. The paintings would do justice to Cubist art and more. They merely lacked values and some perspective.

June 20, Monday.

Halstenborg. Mail hurriedly ashore this morning and trip by sled and sledge in Manager's boat back to ship. View backward toward land revealed the masts of the Rear projecting above the horizon line like the ships in Indian Harbor. A flat-topped mountain and a heart-shaped butte mark the spot. The butte as often here is called Umanok (heart).

A kayak towing a seal passed us as we weighed anchor and other kayaks were riding at the harbor entrance.

Outside the islands the land soon faded. Rain and snowflakes have marked our day. And now at 9 o'clock tonight, the Top-mast back of Holstenborg is just visible with the Liberator still veiled in clouds.

We are opposite our pilot station of last year, but how different. The sea is quieter now but the mountains are thickly strewn with snow. But our Green-land lies behind the hills, and just before us our friends live Holstenborg. Will they come down?

June 21. Tuesday.

Greetings. Three blasts at intervals as we approached our harbor near the midnight hour (in actuality 11 o'clock). Why? To announce our coming? To call the Governor for inspection? Rather to stir the natives to come to help man the ship.

The harbor was soon active with boats: the Minister with four

y. having young men at the oars in white  
 boat with flag at stern to meet a  
 Ilandi-<sup>island</sup> vessel <sup>and</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>company</sup> <sup>at</sup>  
 one table. Then three boys in  
 bare hands and knees lying with  
 one ship's line gulls at anchor.  
 Finally, however, Bostrop's motor boat  
 finally, because dignity requires that  
 all be made fast before he ascends  
 with himself and David Allen and  
 Nathaniel, and David's engineer of the  
 Kana Jan, one of the Dutch sloops  
 (wooden shell). The women did not  
 appear nor did I see Pippa in the  
 morning tho I called thrice. She had  
 set up with Mrs. Bostrop the remainder  
 of the night to read their <sup>home</sup> mail.

The old place seemed much the  
 same but did not feel the same.  
 I had not yet established touch, that  
 would inevitably come, for the  
 silences were here and the faces  
 ready to smile.

Gifts. "when the ship comes, I shall  
 have toys" said the little Governor. And  
 the Santa Ship was good to all the  
 boys and girls tho most of them will

not use it until next Christmas, when the happiness from gifts will be tenfold. The Rev. children's gifts are being reserved for this service at the suggestion of the Bishops and Almoner who know best.

But the music was a gift precious and immediate. It ranged far even and wide in range. But all was deep silence when the Ave Maria was played - a silence of the individual grown into a more impressive silence of the group. I understand gifts now and in the light of the ancient time when life was solitary much as here and hospitality was precious to host and guest.

December 21. Midnight Origin today was summer solstice and ice and snow on the circle. I promptly right out for me at Bishops. I wanted in to take precipitation gage and was promptly directed by antler coats and with Fred renewed our acquaintance with Pippe. Suite Kaia's kin, she goes tomorrow on the disco, but hopes to return again. She too has caught the spirit of the North.

The sun should be seen this midnight but it is cloudy. yet here we sit at 3000 ft in the dim light while thru the window the hills show their gold and the sky its pearl grey. Here we sit for the moment in quietude with old friends of yesterday and new friends wandered in from the Disco. But we part tomorrow.

June 22, Wednesday. Haldensborg

Disco Farewell! Today was parting day. The Disco for the North and me for the Disko Ice. Lieutenant Stelbrøn on the last deck signalling us to the last with setting-up exercises and I managing to "correspond" by similar movements from an ice sea while Fred maintained the banderchief salute from the shrouds of the Hvalross to which we had transferred. Swells from one ship to the other. Captain Hans Hansen, Mrs Hansen, Bertelsen, Aaric, "Birk Top", "Ende", Carlo, the Red's Girl, Pippa, English was not necessary for the party. It was too obviously genuine to require a word. Militarism in Denmark is no more. Our friends are going North to survey the coast line of Greenland with base line for triangulation their first objective. From the hills we

last saw the birds far out at sea without  
us.

New Plans. As the birds it was planned  
that both Ixerton and Südlische Strömfiord  
should be investigated for possible winter  
sites for a winter observatory, first and  
to go north, Sutenkabel, Seluup and Eulua  
south. But Ixerton was doubtful while  
the Südlische Strömfiord was selected  
to have a solitary rounded hill accessible  
from the sea and only five miles  
from the Inland Ice. So we were  
assigned the use of the motor schooner  
Hvalross (Walrus) which would carry  
our complete outfit in one trip  
to our new base. So we start tonight  
for Camp Litta to dismantle it and then  
then retraverse behind the coastal fringe  
of islands to our fiord and then  
back up it to the Inland Ice within  
long reach of Camp Carly. Day and  
night as tides assist and storms  
do not prevent we shall travel  
a possible five days on the third leg  
of our journey.

up Auradlock by Night. The first leg of our journey was up Auradlock fixed to our old friend's house at Sumpuqua and thence to Camp Little. It was retracing the circuitous course of last autumn when we travelled by day in anticipation of the darkness of night.

<sup>Pass.</sup> Our David Blum had gone on ahead but his wife and daughter, Christina, were fellow passengers with us. David would inevitably have had quarters in the Captain's cabin for he was Post-Deputy of the Colony, but his wife and daughter must sit on deck or over the fore-castle <sup>or being parting</sup> with the crew. Yet they had been our hostesses at tea last autumn. Yet what is race distinction? Quills? They did not possess them even if they did have the costume. Our men took turns in the Captain's cabin (it would have been too hot to lie on deck in sleeping bags in the presence of women) while the latter set up I loaned them coats and mittens, which they gratefully received, but

They ultimately mingled with the crew and the Nickalaissen, Gunnar Bistrup's assistant, in the fore-castle and led in a night of song.

Singing. Up the hatchway came with rich blending of voices "Heaven My God to Thee" and other songs of similar strength but livelier mood. The Germanic note was detected in some.

Old Colors. Yes, it was true. At Helstaehing I wondered, but by the time we had reached our first town of Keroottusok, I knew it was true. There in a series of three headlands were the gray, the bronze gold, and the purple. If need be, I could not turn back satisfied.

Midnight Sun. It was broad daylight at midnight. The sky was blue with pink halo in the north. The steep walls of the fjord intervened. But if the sun sank, the act was only momentary and the sky was a sunset-sunrise all in all mirrored on silvery pine waters.



the boat chugs on while the "gay" ones  
 turn sleeping. We are in the silence  
 once more. My excuse for remaining  
 on deck is taking water temperatures.  
A Midnight Scene, at one o'clock we  
 reach Sanfangua to be welcomed by  
 the entire village and guided to the  
 door by David Olsen's little son. Tea  
 was soon made ready for us, Mrs. Olsen  
 and Christina quickly shifting from  
 travelers to hostesses once more.  
 I had given the family presents to  
 David Olsen at Holstenborg where he  
 had placed them on board the Kona-Tan.  
 He evidently did not yet fully understand  
 and in his modesty had awaited this  
 occasion. I was summoned from  
 the breakfast table by Nickolaisen  
 to the adjoining room to the presence  
 of David and his wife. I told them  
 interpreter of Florence and the  
 Primary Department and the rescue  
 of Larry and Ralph by Christina  
 and of the interest of the children of  
 the South in those of the North and  
 especially of Mrs. Ford's and Mrs. Fryer's  
 personal desire. Then I placed the

apron on Mrs Olsen (she wears a shawl in similar position, but behind) and a kerchief in her hand. The act rather than the actual use of the gifts touched her. Christina was decorated with the silk scarf with the solemnity to me of bestowing the hood. The dainty silk scarf harmonized perfectly with a big sweater coat (of Southern style) worn over her seal skin suit and boots. Young "David" was called in to receive the harmonica. The finest boy traits characterized his acceptance. Then Tegussens gift of a Guide to Washington, D.C. was placed in David Olsen's hands. Thus within a little space the ties of informal guest-friendship were established, but I felt that the honor was mine.

June 23. Thursday.

Falwell, Camp Little. We were under way again at 2:30 after our Peter Olsen had departed and us in his kayak and given a display of harpooning. He was the same sparkling-eyed Peter and ready for

another trip to the Island Sea. Gradually the Grey Cliffs with Radio Point came into view and as the sun peaked over the cliffs we sailed up University Bay from the chill of the coast to the genial warmth of our Green Greenland once more.

I turned in as the anchor chain rattled down the house holes until called to come ashore to the old breakfast fireplace. The waterfall at Kyrre Pass was in full strength quite beyond the flow of last season. The outboard motor was quickly put out. Its sleep reverbations as it sped from ship to shore quite restored our environment. But the cabin was quickly raised into sections and on the afternoon tide we left Camp Little much as we had originally found it except for a neat foundation site which we called the New Norse Ruins in contradistinction to the Old Norse Ruins of similar size and contour at Godthaab. Three myasars preceded us and the place was left to nature once more.

Aaklianuit and Sarsadlit. On our return we went into South Cove to Sarsadlit to pick up Enoch and on the way discovered the town of Aaklianuit, the home town of Abraham and Nathaniel. It lay just within the southern point of Middle Cove - just a few rods back in a little meadow shelf and lay almost camouflaged against the rocks. No wonder that Larry and I had not found it when cruising further out in the fiord. Thus our mythical village came to our light. Sarsadlit, however, was silhouetted along the base of a rising slope with a tiny boat, a univac, and huts centered around the one wooden private house in the village. I should like to meet this leading citizen.

At Sarfringia we picked up Peter and Abraham who had been down at Sarsak. Then we turned southward at evening for new experiences in an untried region.

Water Temperatures and Climates, <sup>and Color</sup>

I had set up taking water temperatures whenever the ship was moving and as often as

the temperature varied. I was anxious to see if and where variations from the ocean temperature occurred. The variation was not great last autumn but this spring the temperature was from  $4.2^{\circ}\text{C}$ . inside of Haldensborg Harbor to  $9.0^{\circ}\text{C}$ . or a rise of  $8.6^{\circ}\text{F}$ . and on the return trip the temperature in the open Iventax Fjord just below Sarfaques was  $7.4^{\circ}\text{C}$ . but was  $2.1^{\circ}\text{C}$ . where the open sea appeared thru the islands. or a difference of  $9.5^{\circ}\text{F}$ . This is of course only a partial factor, for the large inland land mass must also furnish a heat of its own.

However, in smaller land masses, ocean temperatures and climate are more nearly parallel. For example, at Inunguitsson, where we were later stranded, the seasons seemed to Eskimoes to be two years behind Camp Little. Here we here in the ocean temperatures the reason for the black, vertical-tiled rocks which are so colorful further inland. Lichens seem to lie at

the base of the coloring.

Islands and Straits. A trip up Lake George and Lake Champlain on more than the Thousand Islands might be considered pastoral, while our trip of the night thru islands and labyrinthine fiords would belong to the Hameric epic of the Lacustrorians. This was doubly true, for on this night we were to see the midnight sun and could have sailed a double voyage at full time, were there the Hameric caws and sheep to tend.

We cut straight away from Trenton near our old bird nesting of last season and entered a narrow water cañon past the midnight fishing village of last season and under mountain ridges rising 1600 feet above the water and past the mouths of spur-line gorges. The wind followed us all the way and sped us on.

Then in and out among islands that gave us brief vistas of the

open sea and then shot us in  
 once more. Not a boat nor a  
 kayak was seen tho we passed  
 the village of Saxon, which I thought  
 I saw but did not recognize. It was  
 in brief a voyage thro the Cloaking River  
 and the cliffs of the Sirens, tho in  
 this bleak land they must be glad  
 to enjoy their vigil.

Peaks. Sentinel over the islands  
 and the setting sun rose Kingak,  
 sheer like an El Capitan 2000 feet  
 above the shore and by his side  
 his unnamed mate, broader based  
 and pyramidal in outline. Behind  
 them stretched sierran peaks every one  
 cornice crowned and with every crevice and  
 ravine filled with snow.

Our Midnight Sun. It was our midnight  
 sun, for the rest except fresh and new snow  
 deep. It was our only one, for clouds here  
 covered the very sun since.

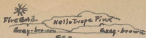
Our view upon the sea was unobstructed  
 save for low lying islands on our northern  
 horizon. At 11 o'clock the sun was low  
 but the course of its descent was so  
 flat that we observed it like a ball

at a football game crossing the bar of the goal posts. Gradually it approached the rim of the islands and touched their mountain peaks. Then it disappeared behind one peak only to rise again in the succeeding mountain pass. Thus it played pass-a-bow automatically, setting and rising until at 12:15 a.m. it moved constantly upward into the sky. If the island rim had not intervened it seemed that the disc would have been one-half inch above the waters. We were at the time by the map exactly on the Arctic Circle.

at first it seemed that there could be no colors. The sky was clear except for broad plumes of cirrus. But when the disc of the sun was veiled by the land, most exquisite hues could be discerned but mainly in miniature. Sleepy eyes, suddenly awakened and dazzled by the sun, could not discern them. Hence this portion of the sunset was a subjective one for each and me.

The nearer islands were gray-brown. The distant range forming the skyline was one soft bluish, a radiance of





heliotrope with a pink base. It was like a cloud cap, above with and the way to give it outline. <sup>The family itself was surrounded by a halo of piffagell.</sup> The southern way was a Turner landscape at its softest of heliotrope-pink - a striation of clouds with bald stretches of cirrus radiating toward that with. Above was the greenish blue sky.

We were just entering a tiny inlet, the ship's cradle for the night, and the intervening hills were shutting out the view. Tho' the second night without sleep, Fred proposed that we go on shore the better to see the sun and to photograph it in color, saying, "What did we come here for anyway? I can sleep at home more cheaply." I play poker sometimes, but marine and so on. So I took a chance on being more sleep.

June 24, Friday.

Itiviller. Seated just above us on the rocks were four Eskimo lads watching us now. There was no beach, the rocks were steep, but snow banks would give a footing if necessary. A row of tiny crosses on the crest indicated the presence of a village. Tired rocks furnished a mooring place for our boat. So we staid silently forth in the soft light and

crisp air, growing chillier from a fresh breeze from the snow-clad mountains.

From the crest of our island, the sunset colors were still distinct and the sun's upward course well marked. In the shadows behind us lay a tiny fishing village on a diminutive arm of the sea which made a natural slip for boats. To either a fish ware house, some cod huts, a tiny church like a country schoolhouse as usual on the hill and a two story bungalow in solitary state looking down into the slip on its unoccupied side.

I rubbed my eyes. Was I back at Taber at some new resort? What meant the new house still under construction?

But at our feet where the soil of this rock-ribbed island seemed softest was the burying ground, solemnly situated in the pass embracing the entire island and the sea, the scene of their labors, but unmarked and unobscured until the crosses were weathered rough and the names were almost indistinct. The mounds of the graves in some cases

seem to have been eroded and the curbing of stones fallen in. Most grasses seemed small. Some were merely tiny clusters of stones. A few lichens and lichen plants marked the spot. It might easily have been some lava of the dead in Nevada.

But above the more recent grass, was a coping of tundra carefully cut and carried here to make a carpet of green, in spirit like the ball of flowers placed over caskets in the South. And on one was a wreath or cross of tundra with delicate blue buds but wrought into it <sup>new</sup> rectangles of colored strips of cloth to accentuate and prolong the effect. Some North and South were thus the same; as to adaptation to environment.

The Happy, Honest Eskimos. We were windbound by our mountain breeze of the night that increased in intensity with morning and necessitated the reworking of the workings of the boat to the other shore. Most of our party went on shore and most of the Eskimos came on board. One was a regular

Merry Andrew and pretended to run away with my gloves and rubber soles and I told him that our towing boss would take him by the seat of the pants and throw him overboard. He said he could duck and dive. All this in pantomime and hilarious laughter from us all. We even discussed regarding trading the garters on my waulerman's sock for the little decoration around the top of his boot, if he would cut his off.

But suddenly he became serious and turned to me with Okeyada's seal ring which he noticed lying forgotten by the side of the wash basin on deck. This was nothing to gawk about. It was something valuable and lost. He could easily have kept it unnoticed, it was attractive to him.

I excitedly called Okeyada, for it was a treasured heraldic ring in his family. With a smile and nod of thanks he turned back to the cabin. Here was my honest Eskimo again. I must signalize his act. Money might place a commercial value on him.

So I instinctively took off my hat and bowed low over from the lips to him, all laughed but understood, later Abraham seized a piece of string from an open basket of it on deck, but came to the companionway to ask permission. The trait lies deeply ingrained in the race.

Now and then  
Robin Red Breast  
Comes again

entered a narrow gate into a fisherman's house adjoining their fishing boats.

This house was deep enough for the Island folk and evidently similar in type to the one being sought for the fisherman south of Godthaab. It is a labyrinth of channels behind the rock band above of close set

\* The Comices on the coasted mountains were now from the southeast an abrupt to the 9 mile rule. Swelled to the same then seemed to be a hidden point. Red now began to fall.

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\*. Then we  
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in Essie's  
tional abruptly  
one and

So I instinctively took off my hat and bowed  
low over from the hips to him. all  
laughed but understood. Later Abraham  
desired a piece of string from an open  
basket of it on deck, but came to the  
companionway to ask permission.  
The trait lies deeply ingrained in the  
race.

Dryguytsova,

at 4 pm. with an abating wind, we  
sighted the island that had made our  
waddle and obtained a view directly  
up the harbor of Stivdlov\*. Then we  
turned toward the open sea and  
its swell still heavy with the rising  
storm. But suddenly <sup>when</sup> our Esso's  
captain, Andreasson, turned abruptly  
toward the rocky shore and  
entered a narrow gate into a  
fisherman's haven adjoining their  
fishing banks.

This haven was deep enough for  
the Island folk and evidently similar  
in type to the one being sought  
for the fishermen south of Gethhaat.  
It is a labyrinth of channels behind  
the rock bound shore of close set

\* The remains on the coasted mountain  
were near from the southeast an eruption  
to the 9 small rocks. Small to the east they  
seemed to be a hidden point. But were  
long to fall.

islands, with exits for large boats and small and furnishing an inland waterway for smaller boats along this exposed shore. Soon after, the fishing fleet from Holstenborg came in - four motor sloops in number - with women and children aboard and with Mr Jensen, the Fish Commissioner, who will live on shore in a cabin on a ledge of rock.

Rain fell not heavily but persistently. But the captain explained that the rain was Amelius (good) but the rolling of the sea Neapox (bad). Mr Jensen forecasted wind for the next day. He was right.

June 25, Saturday.

sleepy. Four nights with only partial sleep had left me very drowsy. My thoughts seemed sluggish. So a nights rest at anchor was welcome for I felt it desirable to take water temperatures at frequent intervals whenever the boat was sailing and I could not conscientiously let any landscape pass unnoticed. However, my rest and inactivity

1726 From Vol. 1  
p. 84-85





Mrs.

o.,  
Nevada.

# Today's World News by Radio

## Lindbergh In His Own Story Tells How He Flew To Paris Through Sleet And Snow

Daring Aviator Says He Thought Of Turning Back; Says He Was Tired But Not Exhausted

(Chicago Tribune Ocean Times Radio)

Paris. — Captain Charles Lindbergh, hero of successful transatlantic flight from New York to Paris, told world Sunday how he flew through storm of sleet and snow which once almost made him quail and turn back. Then he said he considered that weather behind him was probably as bad as that in front and he settled himself to make run to Paris. Captain Lindbergh arose at two o'clock in afternoon after ten hours sleep in American Embassy. He had American breakfast of grape fruit and bacon and eggs. Then he began story of hazardous flight across ocean. He said his successful flight was not so much due to luck as it was marvelous accuracy of those few instruments that he carried. He said he had seen only one ship distantly while crossing ocean because of storms he encountered but he could see glow of lights from ships during clear night. He told casually how he some times flew as low as ten feet above ocean while at other times he soared 10,000 feet high. He said he had enough fuel to last him trip to Vienna if necessary. He admitted he grew tired but declared he was not exhausted when trip was over. He told humorous story of sweeping down close to fishing smack off coast of Ireland when he was doubtful of his position and scare he which he threw into fishermen. He continued, he said and finally saw search lights of French flying field. There ensued he declared most hazardous part of his journey when 100,000 wild Frenchmen rushed over field to get at him and his plane. He said he was terrified by sea of people running towards him. He remembers little until he found himself in Ambassador Herrick's home. He laughed as he finished his story and said he didn't see any sense in flying back.

### Lindbergh Hailed By All Nations For His Daring Flight

Paris. — Slim Lindbergh, hero of Parisian crowds who thronged streets in front of American Embassy and cheered American for hours drew from statesmen and press from all nations reams of laudatory comment. Every minute there were new batches of telegrams brought to Embassy for noted guest Slim Lindbergh. Germany, Italy, Sweden, practically every nation in its papers and through its diplomatic corps congratulated man of hour. Most notable event among Lindbergh's routine of day was transatlantic telephone conversation with his mother during which she expressed her happiness because of his success and safety. Later Lindbergh paid visit to another mother for whom his success could have brought little joy. It was Madame Nungesser, mother of gallant French flier who was lost in pioneer attempt to cross ocean in airplane. She hugged Lindbergh to her and said she was glad.

New Orleans. — Problem of rehabilitation of flooded stricken districts and prevention of disease among overcrowded camps became most serious consideration of Secretary Hoover and his assistants. Although dike at McCrea is tottering it is thought strong enough to hold river and greatest menace of 1927 flood is thought to be over.

Shanghai. — While Northern and Chiang Kaishek armies bore down on Hankow and authorities in communist capital sought to maintain order Cantonese Foreign Minister Eugene Chen issued statement denying reports that fall of Hankow Government was imminent.

**FILMS** Developed and printed by the Photographer.

## BRITAIN - RUSSIA SPLIT

(Chicago Tribune Ocean Times Radio)

London. — Belief persists in London that Cabinet at its meeting Monday will abrogate Russia trade agreement and that such break will be followed by severance of diplomatic relations with Soviet. This will be accomplished without declaration of war. Foreign Secretary Sir Austen Chamberlain is reported to have relinquished his determined opposition to break with Russia. Premier Baldwin is regarded by moderates as only hope for continued friendly relations. It was pointed out that break in economic relations might not mean discontinuance of business between nations.

## BASEBALL SCORES.

(Chicago Tribune Ocean Times Radio)

New York. — Pittsburgh triumphed over Giants and climbed into first place. Chicago lost to Cincinnati but retain their grip on second place. Babe Ruth hammered out his tenth home run of season and Yankees added another victory to long list gathered in Western invasion.

National League: Pittsburgh 9, New York 4. Brooklyn 20, Philadelphia 4. Cincinnati 8, Chicago 4. Other clubs not scheduled.

American League. New York 7, Cleveland 2. Philadelphia 6, Chicago 1. St. Louis 6, Boston 5. Washington 6, Detroit 6. Nine innings called.

Pittsburgh. — 2000 fascisti and anti-fascisti staged fight in auditorium of Harris Theater during fascist rally when opponents of blackshirts began to stone speakers. Several participants were wounded and police made many arrests.

Berlin. — Five thousand male runners participated in relay race run between Potsdam and Berlin. Contest was won by German Sport Club relay of 50 men who covered 25 kilometers in 50 minutes. 1000 women ran in 10 kilometer relay race.

London. — Lieutenants Carr and Gillman, British fliers who took off Friday in attempt to fly 4000 miles from England to India without stop were picked up in Persian Gulf, 85 miles from Dunderabbas by steamer.

New York. — Cardinal Patrick Hayes speaking before 78000 persons arraigned wave of obscenity and blasphemy which has swept over United States threatening morals and decency and called for better observance of Sabbath.

Washington. — Political trend, established by experienced observers shows growing support of President Coolidge for President in 1928 within Republican ranks. Senator Edwards of New Jersey, Democrat declared Coolidge would meet defeat if he ran for third term.

St. Johns, New Foundland. — Commander Francesco de Pinedo remained at Trepassey Bay, bad weather preventing his scheduled flight to Azores in big step towards completion of round world trip.

## RAILWAY TICKETS

Plymouth to London  
and

Cherbourg to Paris

will be issued at Purser's Office

**TODAY**

2 to 4 P. M.

Passengers are requested to apply promptly so the necessary reservations in Special Train be made. Reservations will be closed 4 P. M. Today. No additional reservations can be made after the time stipulated above.

The Baggage Master will check baggage to above mentioned places at the — — same time — —

FARES: Plymouth to London  
1st Cl. \$ 11.90, 3rd Cl. \$ 7.55.  
Cherbourg-Paris 1st Cl. \$ 10.00,  
2nd Cl. \$ 5.50, 3rd Cl. 2.50.

Pounds Sterling Francs and German Marks can be obtained at any time at Purser's Office.

## THE DAILY LOG

Ship's run to noon May 23:  
391 miles;

From Ambrose Lt. V. 1941 miles.  
To Plymouth 1172 miles.

Average Speed 17.00 Knots

General Weather Condition:

Partly Cloudy

Wind: S Force 4

Sea: Moderate

~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> become prolonged.

Storm. The wind from the northeast Friday morning at Etiville was no mountain breeze but the precursor of a prolonged storm. The barometer fell from \_\_\_\_\_ at midnight to \_\_\_\_\_ when it started rapidly ascending, reaching 30. Sunday evening at \_\_\_\_\_. The wind veered from northwest to southeast and south as the barometer reached normal again. The rain as noticed last summer, especially on the Middle Fjords, came only with rising barometer, the moisture evidently being drawn in from the sea. Coincident temperature measurements were not made, but the air when the pressure was lowest was  $8^{\circ}\text{C}$ . warmer than the water, and, so far as noticed, warmer than at any subsequent period during the storm. The shift in wind from north to south indicated the passage of a low northward along the coast.

Draying Anchors. The scene the night before had been one of bleak rocky shores and low rounded hills with occasional <sup>occasional</sup> snow banks just out of reach of the tide.

Further distant and island was the background of high mountains, mostly white. In the morning the scene became intensely human. I was awakened by rain in the face then impromptu tent of Cap'n Bob's all sail over our heads on deck, while excited voices came over our belmasts. One of the fishermen had dragged its anchor in the night and fouled in <sup>our</sup> anchor chains, thus rolling and bumping against our hull and trailing boats.

Here the coolness, quickness, and agility of the Eskimo stood out as if prompted by a slow-down music machine. Men in wooden boots clambering over slippery gunwales into leaping boats. Patient and repeated straining at the tiny winches to raise their anchor and our heavy chain looped over its flukes. Careful maneuvering by both boats to release the straggle hold and quick return of each to its former anchorage to ride out the gale.

Other men were patiently fishing from the decks of their boats or

from divers and spears to obtain their breakfast of cod and scorpion (a half fish I should call it) from the waters. Their daily wage should come when the storm was over from the cod and halibut banks outside. The day wore on with the shifting picture of wind-blown spray to register the intensity of the storm.

Temperature of water. The temperature of the water in the harbor when we entered was  $5.5^{\circ}\text{C}$ . but the stirring of the night reduced it to  $4^{\circ}\text{C}$ . where it remained persistently until the water calmed, when it rose to  $4.5^{\circ}\text{C}$ . The air during the day of rise did not fall below  $10^{\circ}\text{C}$ . Thus we have here the reverse influence of air and land climate upon water.

Islands and Elevations. The similarity in elevation of all the islands both here and at Godthaab suggests a "peninsula" or great fault block slightly upraised above the ocean surface and rounded and grooved by glacial action. Only at

That that there is a second  
 block somewhat higher, forming a  
 foothill to the mountain block  
 vastly higher and deeply fissured  
 by mountain glaciers that succeeded  
 the Continental Ice. The question  
 naturally arises whether Interior  
 Greenland is not also a series  
 of low fault blocks like the islands.  
 The visible portion is rounded much  
 the same and its spurs dip  
 down, not up, beneath the Inland  
 Ice. Beneath the interior of the  
 Inland Ice which rises in  
 two divides, one north and one south,  
 there may exist a repetition of the  
 coastal range and exceeding it greatly  
 in altitude. Only ice samples can  
 tell unless the wall is willing to  
 await the slow passing of this final  
 remnant of the Ice Age.

June 26, Sunday.

Weather Calming. The wind  
 had now veered to east of south.  
 The barometer had fully recovered  
 and stood even above normal or  
 at 30. The day slowly calmed



Boats played about the harbor. At 9 p.m. the wind was calm and the fiord merely rippling. The surface wind had veered to the north, but the clouds and upper wind were still southwest.

Better Casting. Our captain was cautious. He feared the rolling sea in the narrow inlets among the islands, but was willing to risk the open sea with a following breeze. The Hvalross had sailed the Atlantic. A conference with Mr. Jensen his old master confirmed his decision.

At 10 o'clock we started for a run of five hours to the Südlische Schimpf and thence by an all day run to our destination. But this is March in the North.

Outside the islands the smooth undulations of the sea gave a sense of swinging - a little deep for some stomachs but some misticed. The comices on the mountains were again southwest in their customary positions. One long chimney of snow on a tipped-up mountain would have

furnished for sailing or tobogganing  
even for the Devil. It should really be  
called the Devil's Winter Slide.

Like the Captain, I was standing by  
my thermometer and often sat with  
him on the bow, as he pointed out  
to me in sign language from a map  
the headlands marking the end of our  
voyage. Almost off our bow were  
the islands  marking the  
entrance to the basin Fixed  
but much farther and low down was  
the tiny Rubicon Point  which  
we must make to end our ocean  
voyage. Four hours more at least,  
as the skipper's head shook "No" pt. the  
2 on the dial to which I pointed and  
his finger travelled on to 3 and  
hesitated to stop even there.

The fresh wind we had noticed  
high up in harbor now gradually  
descended. Seasickness now took  
the form of headache from the  
repeated and quick lifts of the ship.  
The roller coating was becoming  
intensified. Occasionally a wave  
broke over the bow of the ship



(Sey)  
sculpture, not sculptures are 95  
the much misused fish caught on the bottom

and our towed boats began to pull under. Klumpfen again cluttered as a seaman clambered from boat to boat letting them out one long towline, one yellow flag at the far tail of the line. The dinghy ever buoyant was still moved close to the stern of the ship.

Again the Holes were moved forward but the pace seemed slow. The white caps were breaking, a haze seemed to have overspread over Rubicon, and the wind began to whistle in the rigging. We seemed farther from our destination and losing ground. Could we make it in seven hours six hours?

I stood projecting from the companion way, when the Captain's troubled face gave one more glance ahead and he said almost in fright "Nami" (No) and pointed in a circle astern. I nodded "yes", quite cheerfully. We had too much at stake for the Expedition to venture any more marine power tonight.

Retreat.

Quickly we rowing round line a gull with the wind. The boats astern seemed to be riding mountainous seas as they rose on the crest

of a hill while we sped down into the valley below. Too sudden a jerk over the hill broke the lighter and dory tow line but quick maneuver and good steering brought us in their lee when they slowly drifted within reach.

The wind was now whistling thru the rigging. None too soon were we turned back toward the distant sea thru which we had entered the sea. It was a capital wind with reefed sail for Heligoland but we were nearing the coast.

The stern wind now played havoc with our deck tent, blowing directly into its open end. All sleepers were jockey up and enjoyed the drifting panorama of sunlit ship and waterlogged dory. The water gradually grew calmer and finally still as we recentered our harbor.

We wondered why we had turned back.

June 27, Monday.

St. John's. We had entered the harbor at 3 a.m. but by early morning the wind was again whining in our rigging. A stiff wind blew up the harbor all

day. Had a second storm so quickly followed the first? By evening the barometer had fallen to 29.84 in. Since the wind has come constantly from the south, it would seem to be a remnant of the previous low now passed to the north.

The mountains were veiled as was the sky all day. Struggle in raising was used mostly in offsetting the violence of the wind rather than in progress. This evening vapor clouds have been sweeping down with falling and rain <sup>has</sup> begun to fall steadily. The heavy rain is now beating on the roof and wheelhouse when I sit on the helmsman's seat and write. This is my ideal mountain outlook of the ocean type, a happy blend of my two life's sports.

Winter on the Island Dec. Today in my outlook Doctor Hobbs asked me regarding my plans for the winter. It was a pleasure to see talk, with sympathetic acquiescence in my brief program and eagerness to get all facts bearing on his problem. I expressed a desire to go over with Bangsted to see his meteorological station properly established

on the Inland Ice and mentioned Bengtson's eagerness to have one of us spend the winter with him - a plan I could not satisfactorily work out unless an extra man decided to stay in. He quickly suggested that I go, that there would be large honor in it, and that Kallquist and Assenyan could handle the mountain station.

I accepted if Kallquist approved and we could work out our program. This can be done if I spend only four months on the Inland Ice, for I can make the land snow-survey later and the evaporation and water temperature measurements. But in any case the measurements of air, snow, and ice on the Inland Ice are paramount.

<sup>at once</sup> Doctor Holbe immediately proposed the plan to the boys in the forward cabin. There was immediate and generous acquiescence. Kallquist came later to me privately and urged me to accept. Generous fellow! I

shall see that he has his share of opportunity too. My personal desire, as I told Doctor Hobbs, is not to win credit but to see the work done.

If we lose his work, all essential credit follows.

Living in a cavern in the snow will not be a hardship. Florence and I have lived the snow life. But Doctor Hobbs desires to build us a house of wood beneath the snow surface. He always thinks of his men and feels responsible for my welfare. Caught, however, plans to live on skin dogs and frozen fish. I am not so sure of this diet but am willing to share my diet of oatmeal, crackers, tea, and pemmican with him against his own a fifty-fifty basis.

With instruments, notebooks, and environment of elemental nature, the time will not lag.

June 28, Tuesday.

A Night in My Bunker. The floor of the wheel house fell to me because I was short and all other protected sleeping places had been taken. It has become the proverbial case of "the last shall

be first". At least, I have the best place ever except the open sky.

Last night's experience was unusual in its exaggerations. Whistling of wind in the rigging, gurgling of water under the stern, jangling of rudder chains, persistent bumping of dinghy's nose against the side, the swing and jerk of the slip at her anchors like some slow earthquake pulse — in a word, a night in the Observatory on Mt. Peck, where the rhythmic beat of the damper, the whistling of the gale, and the quiver of the building furnish the dominant pulsations of sound and movement. Only the roar of a train at express speed on a trestle is lacking, for this is the land of silence. The only sounds here are the whistling of wind in the awnings, the explosive sounds of Eskimo language, and the slow chug of the motor boats. The surf is usually too remote to hear sharply and only the occasional steamer from the south unlashes

its view.

This morning the barometer is up to 30.04 in. again, but the clouds are still down. Some snow has fallen during the night on the higher peaks and some rain (.05 in.) here. The wind still sweeps down the fiord.

This afternoon the clouds have lifted above the mountains. The sun is shining to the Captain's delight, who sees an early chance of getting away. This time he will try the inland passage but must go at high tide. However, the outer sea is still boiling and white caps are on our fiord. For our winter camping in March, a fire would be delightful if we had one.

June 29, Wednesday.

Sill Kaitiy. The barometer started falling again last night. at 2:30 a.m. an unpleasant supper of sea-rot codfish caused me to rise with sensations of seasickness. It made a good alarm clock but I am doubtful of its prolonged effectiveness on the inland ice. I might not stand up under it.

This time it was very satisfactory for

The sky was an exquisite composition of cirro-stratus clouds with lenticular foreground, set off by the disk of the sun rising above the mountain rim and the occasional interstices of greenish-blue sky showing through.

The water was slowly plashing on the pond as on some inland pond. But this was only an interlude in our five days of steams. Soon the wind was whistling and clouds and wind have been coming from the south all day. The Captain was quite right last night when he called some lenticular clouds appearing over the mountains "Heapon" (no good) and let out his anchor chains. The barometer has fallen this time to 29.73 and tonight the wind is still strong but the air relatively warm ( $9^{\circ}\text{C}$ ).

Among the Islands. "What dreary monotony," said Doctor Hulse, as we - he, took and descended up the labyrinthine paths toward the main land to stretch our arms and obtain a nearer view of the hills. One revealed grey island several quite like another and one could easily become lost in the maze. It was a scintilla



Land of the Woods or the Thousand Islands, depending upon your preference of points of view.

But to the desert dweller, who looks not at the recurring sand dunes but at the occasional blossoms and the greenness of the whole, the day was full of pleasure. Tiny coves and beaches, tide rips, dripping snow banks, water lines, fissured rocks where freezing and thawing were almost as frequent as the rising of the tide, lichens, exquisite moss carpets, dainty flowers, in level places, tiny rivulets down the lap of the tundra clad rocks, the cry of a loon marking our mountain cirque reaches, the view across a further labyrinth of rock and water poenite to elevated, snow-clad peaks - these and the chance to look in several nooks marked our inward progress, while a look far out upon the tumbling sea and leaping reef made us fully content with our enforced illiness.

Another Sunset - 11:25 p.m.

The northern horizon of our bay is covered by rows of lenticular

and alto-cumulus.

Clouds illumined in gold, while the summits of the highest peaks across the bay are touched with rosy sunlight. The hues of the general cloud background vary thru the gradations of <sup>blue and</sup> heliotrope to pearl gray. We are now slightly below the Circle but the mountain tops will hold the sun.

Midnight. The sunset is now even more golden - a ruddy golden which tints the upper faces of the alto-cumulus clouds to ruddy silver. The southern clouds are now touched with pink and the top of our near by peak is still touched with light. The golden alto-cumulus bars would well symbolize "Jacob's Ladder," attempted by the Old Masters in too personal a way. The cosmic setting in its natural glory and simplicity far transcends in power the human. No color plates available. So this must be added to the list of "pictures we did not get and can not forget."

12:15 a.m. The lights and colors are being now more widely spread over the houses. More mountain tops are tipped with light. The morning sun is rising. Thus day <sup>merges into</sup> becomes day with one mutual glory.

Thursday, June 30.

Sign language. With the exception of three Eskimo words I am still confined to signs to express myself. Yet the result is not bad. Withniak is in the same boat. He knows no Danish, neither do I. But last night he came to me with a very real grievance and "put it over". He drew the picture of a bag, then V. Then pointed at a box whose name he knew, then at the string with which it was tied and said "lope", meaning "rope".

I offered him the string but he put it back. Then he scratched his head for a moment and "took another turn". This time he wrote out a list of all the ship's crew from Captain Andreasen down, using first names only after the Captain's, and then drew a line after the first six, like some young instructor drawing a line between "passed" and "conditional".

in his class list on the basis of an inexorable (?) percentage system. The top included the regular crew of the Walross and Abraham, the bottom himself, Peter, and Enoch, the boys. The top he called "Dingaluk" (Good), the bottom Sapok (bad).

Light suddenly dawned. There were only six beds in the focastle and in these days of enforced idleness all were occupied nights by the regular crew and the boys were sitting up or at best lying on the rounded floor. What Nathaniel wanted was not a "lope" but a sleeping bag in order to lie on deck as some of us were doing.

I was doubly sure, when two of the crew entered the wheelhouse and Nathaniel with a gesture of secrecy quickly hid the list and was silent. He was afraid of rough handling if he was caught complaining.

Wind Bowed. We seem to be no longer stowed bound; just wind bound. The deck is still covered by decks but these are just fracts-stations with no circus

or particular among them. The wind is down at night but up by day, and persistently from the south or west of south. Just plain coast wind with no stop at all.

One fisherman <sup>(The Solomon)</sup> went out this morning, but soon returned with its crew clad in silerins. Evidently the sea outside is still tumbling. I am beginning to feel like Odysseus windbound at the Island of the Suen. However, our provisions are still holding out and the patience of all with them. The query now is "shall we erect our mountain observatory right here on the ship?" We seem to be a local fixture. But Doctor Halls, perhaps an unconscious disciple of René, closes the day with "At least one day nearer the time of departure whenever that shall occur".

A Native Visitor. This noon (but we always get up near noon these days) a tiny sail on what appeared to be a raft appeared up the fiords but approached all too rapidly to permit a picture. It was a whale boat with three kayaks hanging from cross timbers like dovets and just above the water. Inside were three men handling rudder and sail

and two women and several children sitting low in the bottom of the boat as in our old-fashioned hayrides. All were happy as they slid past us with gabled sails and dropped a kayak into the water past the next point to fish. Thus life seemed self-contained for them as for the gulls, and like their brethren of the tropic seas they gladly accept what nature grants.

Beard Conference. Today a cluster of birds trailed from the stern of Jensen's flag ship, like bees swarming. The season was clean when one of the fishing boats put to sea and returned late at night from Stordalen with sacks of black bread and sugar. The storm for so early in the season had exceeded all storms especially in duration during the eighteen years of Mr. Jensen's experience in Greenland. A boat that went out in the morning for reconnaissance came in with her deck crew dead in oil-skins.

Boat Ride for Temperatures. Must have one more boat ride and can't understand why temperatures

of food should rise at time of  
continued cloudiness and storm.  
Have guessed that warmer water

Game

Re steep trail: "willing  
to be game but prefer to be  
live game rather than  
killed"

Resident (German custom)  
I respected. (label)

Both from Latin.

Advertisement (English).

divertissement (French).

Boats are riding. So are we and with  
less <sup>slow</sup> comfort, "Don't rock the boat", when she  
lurches and rolls.

The speed is very slow, 4 miles per hour 3

of fiord should rise at times of  
 continual cloudiness and storms.  
 Have guessed that warmer water  
 among the islands must have  
 become mixed with the channel water.  
 A cross-section of temperatures across  
 channel and into islands showed  
 the hoped for increase. But the  
 exploring of new little straits and  
 coxing the sturdy rowboat thru  
 them against heavy wind and tide  
 added the exhilaration desired.

Friday, July 1.

Escape. Morning, wind shifting. Cloud  
 vapors breaking up, cirrus sky above.  
 So just out and away. Other passage  
 good enough for Captain Anderson.  
 Clouds are still down but ship pushes  
 forward into a calving sea with  
 few white caps. Only the low bench  
 of the coast is visible. The island  
 of Kayulige . . . is cloud capped.  
 There are flocks of gulls and some divers.  
 Gulls are riding. So are we and with  
 less <sup>than</sup> comfort, "Don't rock the boat", she  
 lurches and rolls.

The speed is very slow, 4 miles per hour 3



It is one place the ship cannot  
 lift a mill of drift? and  
 The one with? and?

But she is loaded and dragging three  
 boats, save as if you could sit up  
 if you fell overboard. get the tail jib  
 when being pulled in. The boat is heading  
 far out. "Headed for Labrador" remarks Peter  
 Noble. One could readily believe it. The  
 season is certainly early, like a day in  
 March. The peaks appear thru a rift in  
 the clouds but their waists are veiled.

We are rattling, creaking, rolling, plunging,  
 chipping on, like the "Genie Griffin" from  
 Pelican Bay to San Francisco. Feeling much  
 the same too, for most people have  
 rings in their ears, but here all  
 including the Captain have pearls in  
 their nose.

off the Islands. Unbelievable, but we  
 are actually off the Islands six hours  
 out on a five hours voyage and slightly  
 more than half of it now behind us.  
 It is now 2 p.m. Our men arrive  
 at mouth of Ford by 7? True miles per  
 hour but the Islands are gradually  
 falling behind.

A momentary Fujiyama appears in  
 the mass of Kingak, one of the highest  
 and most individual peaks of our coast.

It is guarded by our Islands and reefs still farther out at sea, quite sufficient reason for our Captain's heading for Labrador.

The wind is still from ahead. White caps are forming and send of fog clouds draped the sea just beyond our compass. Seminar. The boys - that is, some of the - had taken their bows to avoid the possibility of a fog-veiled coast. But interest was now growing newer, as we approached what must be the end of our ocean voyage - two bold headlands jutting into the murre with nothing at present visible beyond. They were the broad seaward front of a triangular mountain island along the two sides of which flowed the Sandus Strömfiord into the sea. In contour it was a Sicily only more steeper and taller.

a Little Harbor. The Captain's gesture indicated that we still had far to go before we could find anchorage and we settled down to bracing legs and feet against girdling barrels and the water tank to prevent a continuance of their waltz as the Hooboss rolled and undid.

line her galley under the  
 trough of the waves. We were close  
 now to the rocks and the sea  
 was one mass of foam. Suddenly  
 the Captain turned the ship directly  
 shoreward and with one quick turn  
 brought her into the lee of a rocky  
 ledge scarcely above high tide and  
 furnishing a harbor open to the surf  
 and tide at either end. A single  
 projecting rock on the windward furnished  
 a tying post for a long line from  
 the stern. Otherwise the vessel would  
 have swung round against the sides  
 of the harbor. On the shore was  
 a solitary house to furnish supplies  
 to storm-bound fishermen. Here we  
 went to sleep amid the roar of the  
 surf until the rising tide at dawn  
 should open us up the fjord.

Drying Kamiks. It was raining and  
 cheerless and the boys waited the  
 forward cabin to wash dishes and go  
 to bed in. I was heavy, for I returned  
 into the crew's quarters and found  
 both fire and drying for my kamiks.  
 Abraham, as usual, was my mentor

The fur sock was taken out of the outer boot and then turned inside out to dry. The grass in the outer boot was then removed and dried as was the outer boot over the fire. The various parts were then put together again, the sock being pushed into place by a narrow board or by the webbed fingers of the hands. The sock can not be put on the foot first and the boot then drawn over it as with us. It would catch at the instep.

At least every second day, especially if the kamiks become wet, the outer boot should be folded up with the feet flattened against the instep and laid beneath the sleeping bag to be pressed into shape. The sleeping bag method has also been used by some of our boys on the trip to press their pants.

<sup>Ingsuq<sup>tu</sup>tu<sup>son</sup></sup> Two Captains: a Study in Types. As we left our refuge harbor of <sup>Wuss<sup>tu</sup>tu<sup>son</sup></sup> Wuss<sup>tu</sup>tu<sup>son</sup>, the Jensen called his Captain Ang in the consultation regarding weather and possibility of taking the inside passage. He had the daring and smile of certainty that would give confidence to the men resolved to make the voyage despite the weather, but we could not help turning with increasing

confidence to the quieter more reluctant  
 man who preferred to await a change  
 in the weather and close the open sea.  
 Both captains had been Mr. Jansen's pupils,  
 but the man who played safe had won the  
 higher captaincy. I advise our captain. He  
 and we had much to lose. But I should  
 like to ride with <sup>Augu</sup> ~~Augu~~ <sup>(Augustinus?)</sup> some day among  
 the reefs of that island passage. Was  
 he named for the Augu of the Cloaking Cove?  
 He might win such an adventure.

Gannet Suwentoppen. As we entered  
 the harbor of Simiata, two sugar loaf rocks  
 appeared in the murk to the south.  
 Their shape gave name to the original town  
 of Suwentoppen (Sugarloaf) located near by.  
 This town is now called Gannet Suwentoppen  
 (all Suwentoppen) since the moving of the town  
 to its new site. I wonder whether Gannet  
 is not the original of the English Gannet  
 (or is it Gannet) in Gannet Burton's Middle

Saturday, July 2.

Sundel Thimford <sup>Simiata</sup>. The largest and most  
 beautiful fjord in the world. The day  
 the birthday of Boston Hobbs and Harwood's and  
 my wedding day. A year ago we were  
 among the islands, today we are among

the glaciers and the cliffs.


At 3:30 a.m. I was routed from the floor of the pilot house by the smiling captain. All was "singular". The sea was quiet and the protected fjord, just around the corner. Clouds, mist, and light rain as greeted us at Holstenborg last season, but Iceland Greenland, 120 kilometers away and shall be summer. One low iceberg was grounded in the channel and another had been seen the day before. These had probably come from Suroestoppen way. With wind and tide both behind us we made fast progress, quite fast enough for the things we were to see.

Out Suroestoppen. We had been with Suroestoppen along its sea wall and barren reefs, but once around the corner we were in Green Greenland. Only here we had the pinnacles and colors combined. Suroestoppen had now become "The Furthest Point". Since early morning vapors had ridden away its fumes and veiled its forms. Its walls were glistening brown with spots of green and a shing waterfall from the snow in the high saddle down terraced ravine. Gray sea, overhead. Morning softness of

lights. Silence. A gull on the water; a boat chugging up the "Highlands of the Hudson". What a wonderful subject for a summer Picturesque.

Yet the boys have gone back to bed with the clouds lift. Perhaps they were cold; I had to get into shelter. To be comfortable enough to pen this. But there are two types of beauty and beholders. I was once such and wanted only the snow carriers still just lurking in the crags behind the clouds.

Pity that we could not linger here to obtain colored photographs. We shall have nothing more grand and exquisite this side of the Island Sea. Here again is a picture we did not take but can never forget.

Glaciers. One great glacier estuary is just showing its curved cirque.  And every ravine is U or V-shaped according as whether made by ice or water. Some cling in their steep beds as if about to fall in an ice cataclysm. Some still push their tongues to within a few scores of rods of the shores. All show retractions from their walls. Yet here and there on the sky line

can be seen the floating Inland Ice that at this point approaches the lower part of the fiords. Here a class could gain much in little in glacial study, what was pointed out in effects but never can here be seen in process.

Landscape. Simintass at the mouth (there is one single mouth to the north and two to the south) is but the introduction to similar scenery half way up, to where the high coast range falls away abruptly into gently rounded hills. Bronze green and bronze brown are the dominant hues. The granite walls are well covered with green suggesting San Francisco Bay region in spring and fog. Fred feels that yesterday's seasickness is most compensated in the pleasure of the views this morning. A tourist trip here would rival the trip to North Cape in popularity despite its distance.

Fiord Temperatures. The scenery lay at the foundation of some unusual water temperatures, for the water grew colder than the sea until the coast range was passed and then grew gradually warmer until near the head of the



fjord, when the temperature fell somewhat. This was unlike Sletten Fjord where the water grew gradually warmer up stream. The shift was from  $3.7^{\circ}\text{C}$  at the sea to  $3^{\circ}\text{C}$  in the coast range, then to  $9.0^{\circ}\text{C}$  in the gentler hills, and  $6.3^{\circ}\text{C}$  near the head of the fjord. A glance down stream as we ascended gave the visual answer in the brown dry hills of the upper fjord and the glacier tongues and ice cap down stream. The drop at the head of the fjord was given in the gray glacial water coming from the Inland Sea.

Our boat. Our boat seemed to be covering distance like an auto - so rapidly that we ended our voyage in fourteen hours instead of the twentyfour I had expected. Sails and tide made the shores pass by before our keen interest in them had been satisfied. The upper part of the fjord gradually widened into a long bay at the upper end of which stood a low ridge above the passes of which could be seen the Inland Sea. Near by was the tall headland between the fjord heads

and the ice upon which we planned to erect our mountain observatory for the winter. Slowly we crept up in water that changed from light green to gray glacier water as the Captain carefully sounded his way with an improvised lead line, and at 7 p.m., just two months from home I reached my destination.

Camp Michligoo, <sup>formerly known as "Camp Lloyd"</sup> our promontory of Naka-janga (Caribou) on the south side looks very attractive - a true like replica of St. Pauls Island off North Sydney. It was also the highest point and would furnish ready access to the uncharted edge of the ice cap further south. But the caches of supplies already laid down last summer at Camp Cooley and last winter near the Island Ice were both on the north side of the fiord. Besides our main trips to the Island Ice would probably be on that side. Crossing the fiord on this ice or ferrying supplies would be inexcusable especially when returning weary from a long trip.

So it was determined to climb the hills on the north and see what the low brown hills might furnish in water. Belcamp's enquiring eye had succeeded in discerning five cracks

During the afternoon voyage and one of them was just beyond our anchorage and near a <sup>small</sup> beach. It would make a practicable base station and the slope behind it led by very easy grades to the base country. All thoughts of a mountain station at 3000 feet elevation had already been abandoned in view of the station on the Island Ice and the plan to have daily or frequent pilot balloon ascensions during the winter.

So Fred, Kallqvist and I were detailed for the mountain climb while Doctor Hutton and Adkins examined the best station prospect. We were to return in our launch just over the hills which reminded me of the country about Station Point we found a circle of flat hills with a lower in the center and a rise for  $3.5^\circ$  upon the Island Ice and with lower hills elsewhere to north and west. There were also stones in abundance and timber with which to make the observatory. Of course I went beyond the harbor for I did not desire to track the road twice to get the necessary facts and Captain Adkins was eager to

embark and return from a long  
 belated voyage. The water of the lake  
 was sweet but 400 feet below. Skiing  
 and outdoor <sup>winter</sup> life in this wild  
 amphitheater would be simply great.  
 We had everything but elevation and  
 of heroic sacrifices in the Arctic North  
 there would be none. America was  
 merely a long way out of our world  
 but the world of our present was  
 sufficiently immediate. The morrow  
 would reveal what our present  
 Naxojunga across the fiord had to offer  
 Sunday, July 3. Every day is Sunday here.

It can not be otherwise, now or no  
 more. The Gallin Test proposed by the  
 Chief, who lay awake with his worries  
 while the rest of us slept, was "Sufficient  
 unto the day are the worries thereof."  
 and following this test he held us to  
 the task in hand of selecting a site  
 for the base camp. In the midnight reflections, <sup>Naxojunga</sup> the <sup>site</sup>  
 was abandoned and a point for anchoring  
 on the north side was sought. Again  
 two parties sought the hills. Kallquist  
 discovered that the western peak in  
 our amphitheater had a tiny lake

at its very summit and one of the other party selected the creek and beach as permanent camp site.

From that moment unloading was rapid. Sixteen men - how did we carry down ourselves away on the <sup>ice</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>shore</sup> with tonnage of only 22.7 <sup>100</sup> tons? - seemed to be executing a bee-line, as they driven by Beland and Fred toward the lighter and dingly to and fro from distant ship to shore with boxes, barrels, crates, cases, bedding, <sup>merchandise</sup> <sup>packed</sup> <sup>by</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>bottom</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>camp</sup> <sup>hitch</sup> <sup>post</sup>, and lumber. It might have been a beach scene in Captain Kidd's treasure hiding, for there were none within a hundred miles to behold save gulls and ducks and the occasional seal who was indeed to duck promptly by a bullet dangerously near his head.

By night a tiny camp appeared on the bluff but the falling of the tide prevented further unloading.

Monday, July 4. A year ago the day was marked in by a salvo of rebel shots by Karl <sup>KROSS</sup> <sup>then</sup> the open skylight of the *Marissey*. This morning

it was ushered in by the gift of  
 some on the fire as I sat in  
 the door of my tent on Morning-side Heights  
 penning last letters home. One  
 Eskimo crew of the Hvalrossen, was  
 towing in a lighter in their eagerness  
 to start home. Short sleep they had had  
 last night.

Small Hvalrossen. Some Other Crew!

Yesterday I had gone to the Hvalrossen  
 just to see that our boat left nothing  
 behind. It touched Captain Andreassen  
 deeply who allowed us to search  
 and then handed us a case of  
 soap that had been overlooked.  
 As a penance, I took to the vessel a  
 photo of Camp Little as a parting gift.  
 The appreciation was immediate  
 and by signs he indicated that he  
 would frame it and place it in the  
 vessel. On the other hand, a spoon and  
 a fork had been <sup>up</sup> taken in mistake  
 by our party and only when I told  
 him that some of the table ware  
 was on shore did he readily give  
 us the items. He would not suggest  
 the possibility to us that he was very

happy indeed to receive a memorandum of the transaction to take to Governor Birstump.

When last looks were ashore and only Fred Belknap and I remained to bid them adieu (Doctor Hobbs had done so twice earlier), a picture was taken of the Hvalrossene crew. Very happy they were, but the younger members who had shared surf and lightening with Belknap insisted that he join the group as a comrade in the picture. So arm in arm they stood, the Eskimo in Danish wooden topboots and he in kamiks, all unwashed, weary, but happy. He blended into the group, the group rose to comradeship.

Then being the elder, I searched out each member to give him a friendly hand clap. The effect was instantaneous as each rushed to Ralph (I prefer Belknap's first name) and Fred over who they were in the day to give them an enthusiastic handshake. We were brothers, not classes, and caps were long waved as the Hvalrossene

slowly covering round and left us floating in our tiny bag in our solitary find. Wreathes of vapor came from her snowstacks as she chugged away. Saw a tiny object and a conch of vapor on the horizon were the only visible tie that bound us to the outside world. We turned back toward camp and our tasks.

Pingo! Mountain climbing has become a necessity like house hunting until the question of the location of the observatory can be settled. So Peter, Hla, Helquist, Acaryan and I made the round of all sites. The western peak was selected for the purpose, providing the radio equipment could possibly be carried over in winter that far.

So central for observing and hunting sounding balloons, so rich in tundra and vegetation, so well supplied with water, so good a starting point for the inland trip toward Tassenivaa, such a scenic prospect point from which to view central Greenland. What memories. Far to the west our



old Mount Pinos with its head still veiled in clouds. A trail out to left in timber was really pioneered at a critical point to base camp. This would do for individual persons but the heavy rocks batteries and quarters must be hauled up via the East Run. Could sufficient man power and animals be obtained?

Tuesday, July 5.

A Day Off. Next morning I was both physically and emotionally off. <sup>I had had eyes night too much</sup> Suffered in my sleeping bag to avoid mosquitoes, stifled by heat in my paraffin tent in the early a.m., stung by the pests when I tried to uncover, lamed with repeated climbing, I sympathized for the first time with Harris and Seymour and gave vent - every vent - to my feelings. Life was damn beautiful now a part horse. The Chief admitted, like the Swede he, that something must be wrong with Church, and a day was given to recuperate.

I started a night by shaving off a torturing beard, washing up, planning to sleep outside again, using mosquito

has over my tent and bed, and just laying round to accumulate some reserve strength after the many nights of short sleep on ship and ardent attentions of mosquitoes on shore.

The Radio Station. The Chief too had been sleepless but out of it had come decision. The radio station must stay below until snowfall when an attempt would be made to haul the equipment to the East Peak, which consequently must become the site of the mountain observatory. Pit that in the one place where a good slope led even to the West Peak there was neither horse nor stone boat nor wagon to carry it.

So at evening the radio mast was erected on the terrace above camp and O'Connell went forth into the night to test out its receiving possibilities before more was done. It seems ideal in every way except that for the sake of comparison the radio and weather stations must be combined during the winter.

Wednesday July 6 -

2 Radio Breakfast. The radio news was served in full measure at breakfast next morning. Paul (I also prefer his first name) had been up until 4 a. m. and had listened in as far south as Nicaragua. There seem to be but few short-wave stations broadcasting from Europe. But somewhat the news seemed quite out of joint with present interests. The Grand Hotel at Atlantic City may have burned and incubator babies carried out in safety, but we had no board valves here and no incubators.

<sup>Against</sup> ~~Against~~ Damn Mosquitoes! and the damned mosquitoes would bite. The diary entries for the past few days have been written in clumps of mosquitoes and profanity. Every time has been tried from frequently changing my seat from tent to rocks, then sitting under a bed cover, and finally I have compromised by writing in veil and gloves and brushing the bugs from both continually. If some men can write thru a sheet

of tobacco smoke, I should be able  
to see through a veil, but how can  
you think when you are raining and  
speculating all the while. Even July 11th  
was a hell.

Mercator's "inveralla" is quite in place.  
They do bite the I am less porcupine  
or rather blotted than at first. And as  
for speed, I would enter them  
with Lindbergh. One little devil and  
many others I was not individually  
observing kept up with our parson  
boat on its way to the Hvalsoean  
and apparently whiled the race. I don't  
believe that it even created a hair.  
He was surely "tergiversari" "Clericorum".

But when it rains and is cold, the  
little devils nearly beg the shelter of your  
tent and are fairly decent companions.

Cremona suggests that the dogfish rather than the Polar  
Thursday, July 7. Can be the emblem of Greenland.

Climate. Only two varieties of plants in bloom  
at Inngangthuset by the sea and here a  
profusion of colors and verdure despite  
the brown landscape.

Rain. Does it rain here? Since July 4  
it threatened and misted until yesterday

• Even if he used the air suction of the boat to help him along,  
he used his brain to do it. It was a case of used currents.

morning & chase for Nature's Golden Text:  
 The mountains trembled and brought forth a wind,  
 but my text had been shown too early, as  
 the climax of the barometric depression then  
 upon us of 29.42 in., quite enough to bring  
 forth something further South, it started  
 raining and after twenty hours had  
 produced .40 in. rain in our aneroid  
 rain gage and drenched all arden for  
 Kikelite tents which dripped under the  
 downpour. The gang here was called off  
 the meteorologist and demand a new  
 brand of weather. One thing at least has  
 been settled. The old punoff tent is still  
 reliable and the name Kikelite must be  
 changed to "Kikelite, Sleeplight". We can not  
 yet reduce weight of equipment to the  
 ideal minimum.

Yet even when the daily precipitation  
 was trace or measurable in accurate gages  
 at hundredths only, the vegetation was  
 quite damp to boots and uncomfortable  
 to the botanist. Thus seemingly the  
 vegetation, fundamentally drought-loving is  
 receiving sufficient moisture above  
 evaporation and fully as much as  
 at Camp Little. The strong barometric

depressions here near the Inland Ice indicate a fair amount of precipitation for this latitude which comes directly from the sea. I am anxious to see what the snow survey reveals.

Called and at Home. The radio station is now rapidly going up, thanks to the Kellquist and Ick, our Industrious Twins. They are very anxious to get the mountain station started and begin the balloon flights. Now we have more Boston streets from beach to Headquarters Tent made from Cape Bob's old sail and these to our mountain streams and to the Radio station on the terrace above. In the lee of a large rock and extending out from it in the form of an Indian micrip is the kitchen.

The residence tents are all subordinated in location to the Headquarters Tent which sits high on a flat-topped rock viewed and viewed like the church at Haldensborg. Each residence quarter, however, is full of individuality. The main town is naturally near Headquarters and on a broad slope overlooking the fjord. The native town of Alachaville is apart from the town where fuel is available

Below in a cove is the town of  
 Adanap. We have living alone, there  
 are fewer mosquitoes than. We live  
 with Fred in a Noakiana tent. I live  
 on the other side of the town on  
 Maximigida Heights, among the reeds  
 and the mosquitoes, but the <sup>exhausted</sup> roar  
 of the cataract is the gloom just  
 below affects somewhat the persistent  
 drone of my winged guests.

The broad landscape is the possession  
 of all. The bold brown Makapunga across  
 the fiord, the snowcapped hills down  
 the western horizon of the fiord. The  
 water is seldom whitecapped the  
 almost constant grey with glacial milk  
 traversed, however, on the edges  
 by the green of the incoming tide. The  
 lack of whitecaps is probably due not  
 to the lower velocity of the wind but  
 to the greater width of the fiord  
 and consequent lack of acceleration due  
 to compression. Ducks swim  
 in our front until a few pot shots  
 and one dead couras make life  
 more comfortable elsewhere.

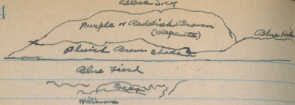
No sail is on the fiord as at Melipon.

Only once two years and the occasional  
droning of our dory as she darts  
like a water spider over the far  
reaches of the pond and reveals her  
distance by her humbler note or  
her resources by her plaining here.

Evening at home. Sultry at 62°F., chilly  
at 55°F. when the sun is veiled. Minimum  
for the night 47°F. Sleeping in the open  
in a light sleeping bag almost compulsory.

To the return is the fairy scene of  
sunset, quite the equal of the fairy tale of  
our childhood sleeping hours. Tonight at  
11, the sunset played long upon the  
hills across the pond. The clouds  
and water were blue. The brown  
hills turned to glowing purple, such as  
kings might wear while steadily upward  
from the water was the <sup>bluish</sup> shadow  
of our northern range gradually eclipsing  
the purple and making glowing contours  
where the two colors met. All was  
soft as satin and more luminous.  
In the tent door foreground were  
low green willow and gray sedge  
further downhill with polychrome  
rocks to match.





Friday, July 8.

Calendar. We had an argument yesterday whether we had not actually lost a day. It is so easy here, but the Radio Press and my diary won the argument. If the mosquitoes unloaded in one day and following morning, then the routine since that time is unharmed. We are moving off each day on the calendar in the Headquarters Tent, but yesterday the Chief and I nearly moved off one each. Perhaps there is a use for a daily diary such as this, provided it is written up each day. There's the rub, at least, it will be a chronicle of impressions as such personally the not true than Walter Tremain's autobiography.

Mosquitoes and Evolution. Paul, our not his Hebrew name source, says that mosquitoes are good for nothing in Nature's plan. I retort

by calling him an Anti-Evolutionist. It seems to be better acclimated than me and to be more efficient. I doubt if we use our brains much better than he in our mutual warfare. At least I often lose mine. Man after all was lucky in rising from his tender state and should be happy to have survived. So here's to you, rival Mesquite, and may I succeed in finding somewhere some potent means of forestalling your more arduous

Base Weather Station. The straggles of banners on the Radio Shack indicate the end, completion of the station and the transfer of my tin field weather station to it. The sled at Camp Little transferred in sections from there will continue its service and memories. Only we shall lack the mercurial barometer which became damaged on the Hvalnes, & fear by my own inattention in roughly replacing my table-set of glue on the ship's lower lid. However, our two aneroids agree within .01 in. We should be thankful for even this, but it isn't "precisious" within

The practicable scientific limits otherwise possible.

Saturday, July 8.

Mountain Observatory Program. Yesterday the balance came finally in favor of using the West Peak as the site for the Observatory. During the completion of the Radio Shack the Chief made a final trip and "flagged" a route. It isn't a bad route as the charras climb but seems steep in spots for lumber. Today I carried a bundle of lumber to the top to test physical endurance of myself in order to appraise the loads hereafter.

A little spot was rudely marked out on the shallow soil overlying the flat bed of the mountain and Kallquist has been left there with tent, bed, supplies, and shovel on his new mountain site until lumber can be elevated to him, and Fred can begin construction. Until instruments are installed he will observe the clouds - and a magnificent spot he has too. I admire him for his eagerness to be at work. Like the pioneer faculty of Stanford he is willing to camp in the fern until buildings can be erected. Today the clouds seemed to thin

at into a luminous haze at the edge of the inland ice and to thicken toward the ocean. A cloud cap was again resting on Pingo. The fiord was icy. The tide was coming in leaving the fiord a rich pale green opposite our Plover but had not yet risen sufficiently high to cover the tide flats.

Douton, Koller, Ralph, Erlanson, and Abraham in the day must have been somewhere along the flats awaiting a chance to go to the head of bay navigation. They had started for last winter's cache at the turn of the tide. But times and tides will hurry for our men.

Tomorrow we plan four trips with Lumber to the base of West Plover. Peter agrees for the boys.

Bird life. A little <sup>snowbird</sup> ~~bird~~ has been our landward friend, while at the base of West Plover a ptarmigan hopped away inquiringly before me. A beautiful bird with pink comb. Later she was dangling from Peter's hand. A lean gosling had been killed with a stone. The boys have been urged on to hunting activity by the offer of five cigarettes for each

successful shot. Many birdhouses were  
 wanted at a rather low or a little  
 low. Fred, being a more observer of animal  
 life, concluded that it must have a nest  
 there, for otherwise it would have flown away  
 and come back at a tuft of soil in  
 the water grass where the house is sheltered.  
 There was one egg only, but the mother  
 instinct kept her near. I called Peter  
 away from his shooting and by means  
 of a circle and a smooth stone made him  
 understand that she was a water bird  
 and should be spared. On the trip in  
 the Hvalnesen one of the crew returned  
 proudly from a hunt with a ptarmigan  
 and a handful of eggs, the contents of its  
 nest. Indiscriminate hunting is the  
 present large problem in the North.

The Radio Problem. The heavy equipment  
 was carried by our party of eleven to  
 the elevation of 75 feet where it may  
 begin broadcasting Monday night. This  
 is possibly  $\frac{1}{15}$  of the distance to the  
 Observatory. We might possibly elevate  
 the equipment to West Peak in a case  
 of heavy packing. Some of the parts  
 are better fitted for Chinese navigation

facade with a long pole for many shoulders. Can we do it with the sled? Will the snow be fine enough or sufficiently shallow? I believe that we can make it, but our number will be small by snowfall.

Gilknaf, Assistant Director. The nomination was made at dinner last night for seniority and merit. I was glad to demand it. The little mascot has a mother's care for things, is imperturbably genial, even when called the "late Mr. Gilknaf" for being the last one up (with Fred) with poles he tents, and can communicate on every term with our Eskimo through aid of a small but well chosen vocabulary. He looks small in person but large in work.

Sunday, July 10.

Packing lumber. "Packing" in the western and northern sense. The Eskimo boys have been plucky and willing teamsters today carrying bundles of rafters and timbers to the little house today. All she need is food and company. They could carry the loads if I carried a slave also. It required about two hours for the trip. We had a stand-up rest at frequent intervals

and a ~~the~~ ~~down~~ one at the top of the  
 long grade. We call the trail the Colorado Middle  
 and up top  
 as far as the Moffat Tunnel, which has not  
 been built yet, and then take a detour  
 route very restful and level direct to the  
 gradual ascent up West Peak. It is an ideal  
 trail.

at its little base we erected a tripod of  
 timbers with a can containing Kallipith's coat.  
 We certainly needed them this morning in the  
 rain and cloud. We could see his flagpole  
 and brave handkerchief flag claiming possession.  
 I was tempted to call it Swammy Hill. I yelled  
 repeatedly but could not reach him. However,  
 he saw the tripod plainly later and on the  
 afternoon trip, when I went to pin a note  
 to the can, Peter saw him on the trail.  
 He had badly strained his wrist from falling.  
 We came down for supper and first aid  
 and he has now returned to his lookout.

Reconnaissance Party, Returned. Slowly the  
 upcountry is revealing itself. a few nights  
 ago our boys crossed the final and found  
 two groves with pillars of tundra pine of  
 two years old. Evidently caribou hunters  
 had been bivouac here yesterday's party  
 spent a cheerful night in the rain

and Doctor Hobbs and Ralph by trailing eleven  
 hours or approximately 30 miles reached the  
 summit of the Sugarloaf within about five  
 miles of the Island Sea. What need there is of  
 an airplane, the land water bases  
 everywhere. On the return they pursued a  
 seal by his swirl until he was forced to  
 come up for breath. Then Osklow shot  
 him in the neck but he saved. He may  
 possibly reappear on the tide flats at low  
 tide. Pity if he had to die that he could  
 not have been obtained as food for our boys.

Monday, July 11. Chicks

Sleeping in Clothes. During entire trip  
 of the Humbrocker, I had slept in my clothes  
 and on the hard floor of the wheelhouse. But  
 it was very cozy. I had just an inch to spare  
 in length. Unfortunately for Doctor Hobbs, he was  
 one-half inch too long. So I got the place  
 and he slept in all the rough weather under  
 our old sail on deck. The other boys except  
 Fred packed themselves like Antarctic  
 sardines into tiny forward cabin built for  
 "Master and One Man".

I have maintained the sleeping in clothes  
 habit even here in camp until recently.  
 So easy to slide into bed, so quick to get



up, especially with only loose kamiks I pull on. I suppose that I shall dress for bed next winter on the Island too by putting on still more clothes. But it is really refreshing to undress, tho' the bed seems harder when your thick padding is gone. The very contrast of undressing also makes you long for a bath and a shave. Some day I'll venture.

A Rainy Day. Yes, last summer must have been unusually dry, for even now we have caught in the gages approximately 75 hundredths of an inch of rain.

So comes mostly nights from condensation but when the barometer is low - a full half-inch or more - the storm finally a day's or more preparation comes in earnest and always from the southwest as on Middle Pass by Ivartox Fiord last summer.

It was an attractive day for traoping the hills in rain coat and boots - at least to keep warm. For the maximum temperature was only 46.0°F. and by evening it was 40°F. and no sun. But the rain streamers and vapor clouds over fiord and ranges furnished a variety of rainy day patterns. Kallquist kept

his solitary vigil on the hill in heavy tent. We were trying to reach him just to leave in. The day ended with 30 in. rain. Not so much but it seemed over especially without a stove.

Tuesday, July 12.

Packing Again. Today seven over loads of all <sup>our</sup> ~~our~~ were carried to West Pass - doors, windows, lumber, supplies. The entire camp except Abraham, our hunter and Paul, Radio Operator, had a share. Ralph declared that his load of "wooden tooth picks" was quite sufficient. My bale of two by four seemed quite timberous too.

Gulliver's Lilliputians. As we strode in long columns over diminutive forests of willow and birch scarcely reaching upward to our ankles, I thought of Gulliver striding the seas of the Lilliputians with their fleet in tow.

But unless their country were the cliffs of Island Ice standing out sheer with the shadows cast by the brilliant sun. It is a region of immensity which I long again to visit.

I have been studying of Gulliver's Lilliputians. I think it is a very interesting story. I have been studying of Gulliver's Lilliputians. I think it is a very interesting story.

a new lake, In attempting a new trail up, we went too far west and came to the bank of a small lake previously seen from above. A lone mallard duck rose from it only to return. It evidently had a nest there. We all enjoyed seeing it without thought of capture.

The flag. Flagstaff of West Peak could be seen against the white clouds with a tiny flutter at its peak. It turned out to be a two by four in a cove of rocks with a red band-kerchief flying. Kallqvist had longed for the stars and stripes but had to content himself with the Balachonistic emblem. The Chief heartily approved despite the red.

Our Eskimo Boys. At lunch made from Kallqvist's supplies, our boys at Doctor Hobbs' suggestion shared live food with us. They even had orange marmalade on crackers. I tried an experiment in thoughtfulness I spread a cracker and asked Nathaniel to give it to Peters. It was too great a loss to pass

it as tho I beckoned that he shall have one too. It went into his teeth and I vigorously called him "ispor" ("no good") and laughingly threatened to pound him.

Then when they all started eating the crackers and marmalade I called it "ispor" but I could not force them out of it. I have never yet seen a lad, domesticated or primitive, who has not loved marmalade. Then when I ate mine, I called it also "ispor" and gulped it down. Peter and Enock responded by pointing at Nathaniel, who had failed to pass his cracker on, and with a grin calling him "ispor".

Let try the breeze again tomorrow after lunch the boys and I descended to the base of the summit to bring up four loads of lumber cached there Sunday. With the good lumber it was quickly done. But Peter noticing that I had the heaviest load of all, offered to trade loads. To have received this token of thoughtfulness

was worth the entire day's heavy work. Then tonight Owsch insisted on filling my bucket and Nathaniel wanted to help me with my boots. Paul thinks there is danger of spoiling a good lesson by granting him the white man's pleasure. He does not really carry out his philosophy and is as kind as me. Where would we have been in our native forests of Germany, if we had not lived and sought the white man's life. I still prefer Jules Breton's Turkey tail to his Song of the Hawk for its very note of discontent.

West Bear life Established. Tonight Fred and Edouard have joined Kallquist. Edouard found some new species there today and wishes to study local plant life on the large lake for to the northwest. Tomorrow the observatory will begin to take shape. Fair weather seems to be ahead. Only tiny showers are falling and some pellets of snow.

Today a pretty rainbow spanned our camp from the bluff to the mountain creek. We could see

both feet and got two pieces of gold - one in the panning cup, the other in the running stream. Both equally precious and both ours.

Wednesday July 13 -

New Trail. Ralph was our stream<sup>a</sup> finder on our way up the first, now he has become our trail finder. Our steep trail, still taken by those who use the shortest distance between two points, had been discarded for a compromise trail quite level for <sup>and paving</sup> slide but rising 150 feet too high before winding round the mountain. The objection to a gently rising contour trail had been that it would take too long to build.

Fortunately, Ralph discovered an old abandoned Indian trail following the <sup>general</sup> contour and a few trips of laboring hands and new saws have leveled it again. It connects the top and bottom of previous trails and line needed improvements has been accepted on first sight.

Mount Evans. So <sup>our</sup> West Peak has now been formally named in honor of one of the Expedition's promoters. The skeleton of the observatory greeted us as our lumber brigade climbed the hill. Unlike the houses this was the skeleton of the thing which was to be and not which had been.

A low tent for three, a kitchen for one under the lee of a rock and with a kitchen garden of tundra having its canvas wall given ~~to~~ sense of occupancy quite in contrast to the solitariness of the skeleton ruins of houses.

The view compelled attention as usual by its soft harmony of color. The delicate emerald green of the firs and the gray of the sky found the bronze green of the hills.

A Tooth-Brush. Doctor Hobbs has lost his toothbrush. To lose a hairbrush is nothing but to have teeth and <sup>teeth</sup> brush is desperate. So I advanced him one of my new ones on the promise of another from Copenhagen in the winter.

These reasons to ship in a toothbrush! But it took eight weeks to ship us in.

Barometers. I have been comparing barometers carefully for several days to see if they correspond. Today they must have had moods. One was exceedingly sensitive and excited and sudden and deep curves in its trace. Its note was very slippish. So likewise with the poorest barometers,

our only students since the injury  
 & the recuperation. We really need time  
 for Observatory and Island Ice in order  
 to obtain accurate comparisons of the  
 winter places of the weather at the  
 two places. But we have not time  
 but seasons as diverse as the  
 Frenchman and the German.  
 Surely this adds excitement to exploration.

New York Times. Our initial radio  
 sending tonight & Friday will be to the  
 New York Times. The Chief has written  
 a very human story which I wish  
 might reach our homes in place  
 of our short-handling ones. It would  
 have been a good plan to have copies  
 sent by the Times directly to our homes.

Thursday, July 14.

Radio News. But we haven't any of us  
 much taste for it. One news item, however,  
 stands out. They are building seats outside  
 New York City Hall for Byrd's reception.  
 Why not also for the others? Because of his  
 previous record? Sometimes you just can't  
 help keeping quiet. We are of course greatly  
 interested in his plan to visit the South Pole.  
 We need an aeroplane here badly. A mule



or a large-wheeled whalboat would sail mightily or even a sloop with which to run up every fiord. But with an aeroplane we could fly from lake to lake, if we selected the large ones and had such equipment at will, or far better we might be able to land supplies for an observatory on the inland ice and the very heavy sounding apparatus to determine its depth and the contours of mountain ranges underneath. Here is an exploration of first magnitude: the missing of a continent.

Black Flies, however, is a new item of first importance to us. These tiny brown cousins of the mosquitoes came yesterday to spend the summer and carry on in place of the departing kin. Today they have retired for a moment. Yesterday was humid, today cold <sup>and</sup> windy. I like cold windy days. Tonight it is raining. I shall sleep soundly without any gun. The surf is pounding against the rocks. It will prevail the hour to Nature's cadence.

lying on the tundra. Just a note jotted down on the trail as we were resting while packing bundles of boards to Mt. Ennis July 14. Second Station. All lying parallel on back on tundra, I with upturned knapsack for pillow, our timbers by our sides.

The boys have been leading up the trail with Enoch as guide. They are now singing as they lie, faces upturned to gray sky and raindrops beginning to fall. Two great <sup>pronghorn</sup> horns tipped together to make a roof are at our feet. A bird\* is flitting near. The mosquitoes whine.

#### EXCIMO TRAITS.

Possibly I am observing and recording our boys like the professor of psychology class here - with too few to judge from and too much personal interest in them.

The record at least presents a picture of our mutual life.

Birds. Yesterday when I was setting down my bundle of boards, the boys excitedly bid me be careful as a tiny bird fluttered out of my way. It was just learning to fly. I was

200 ft from P. in out-camp. - some of camp  
 like a small building with its base in tundra  
 and its top clear with many a vertical  
 beam. Some to support

nearly 500 ft. in many of  
 bird of prey. One clearly follows  
 over the valley

lying on the tundra. just a note jotted  
 down on the trail as we were resting



was his slogan. I gave up a bar of Palmolive but made him agree to wash and keep the soap with others. They all showed clean hands and smiling faces, the latter clean also. Does this also explain Nathaniel's endeavor to get two pairs of kamies instead of one? He came to me one day in obvious difficulty. He had joined our party in a pair of rubber packs given them last winter by Ralph. But one day he became very busy making a pair of board and canvas sandals. Next day Abraham, his father, was wearing the rubber packs and Nathaniel the sandals. This was an obvious problem where pacing was involved. Doctor Hobbs promised a pair of kamies from our supply. I told Nathaniel that Doctor Hobbs would give him a pair "tomorrow". However, Ralph took the pair to him that same day. Next day, Nathaniel appeared before me and pointing at the sandals asked regarding kamies from Doctor Hobbs. Upon enquiry I found that he had

received a new pair of knives and in these he was obliged to appear when the tea began.

Was this a case of attempted deceit? Later he asked me for a pair of gloves tho he had received a pair of new ones from me at Holstenburg. I told him vigorously of this fact and that they were new, but he failed to wear them. Perhaps this was the very reason that he didn't wear them. The new knives also have failed to appear. The old ones are in use and old gloves are eagerly sought and put to use. Perhaps they are even more careful in this regard than their white brothers.

Friday, July 15.

Wind. I lie here tonight on my sleeping bag writing amid the pattering and slapping of my tent upon my head and shoulders. The anemometer has recorded an average of 38 miles of wind per hour since 1:30 o'clock this afternoon. And by the watch I saw one mile recorded in 40 seconds and another in one minute which was the gust. All seems to be.

However, this is an old style instrument and should be corrected possibly to read one-third less. Is this a fable or straph? <sup>Is its direction really correct?</sup>

But this wind is sweeping in from west of south and while the barometer is rising to and above normal. However, our more sensitive barograph had been quite uneasy this forenoon.

The great Island Ice like east but there is a large tongue south of us beyond the fimbriae.

The beach is being swept by rollers tonight in a continuous muffled roar. White caps cover the entire fimbriae. The waves are short and deep. It would be a wet night for the day, if we were out in her.

Radio Sorrow To think that people are melting and dying from heat in New York while we are even chilly here. However, we sweat under our coats this morning before this gale began. As you now sleeps in his radio shack until noon I explained to the boys that he was giggling with America. They understood that it is telegraphing. Today Nathaniel asked if he had reached

America. I gestured that he had received news from America but I did not know (niloa) whether he had sent (American <sup>news</sup> ap(yee), Here America, niloa).

Clivice and Paaring. While climbing the smooth rock terraces of Mount Terrace today toward our observatory, I was in fact climbing up the face of Aigina except that the temple is yellow here and the mountain high. At the close of my second trip today, I completed the grade connecting base camp with highland trail. Now I can dream instead of toil.

#### ESKIMO TRAITS (Cont.)

Birds. Doctor Halls, Nathaniel and I were in our passing crew today, Ralph, Peter and Ernest in another. So I had only one pupil. Nathaniel evidently had not yet solved the problem of opening the birds. For he pointed down at a hole below us and said by gesture and word, "Large uccua (duka) in hole, Nunavook (pook)?" He could not yet see why we should spare the large birds though he had said "Small iopaa (uogud)." So I had to explain metaphorically by implication. So I said: "Little birds

→ Wills

← Big      Then a laugh!

go one way, big hind other way, quaking.  
 He quickly nodded assent to this.  
 (Wills →, Big ←, laugh).

Remarks. The mountain top looks good to the boys. The reason: Eats. They do not have so good at the Base Camp. I have seen some white boys similar, even our "Jimnie", who will waver mightily without but whose eyes gleam at the mention of Eats. They are regular slaves on the rocks and prefer with the chief to take the shortest way. However, when Nathaniel came down my new grade today, he called out a hearty "Eh".

Kindness yesterday, Quash insisted on trading passes to lighten my load, and Peter also offered to do so. I have usually taken the heaviest and have been careful to move them west. The natural reward is now returning. I am letting the boys take turns at leading while I bring up the rear. They did much of this last summer on our trip to the Island Idas.

Moment. While moving up our passes, Peter slipped with a grin a rather large extra board into mine. I laughed and nodded while slipping



an equally large one into his and threatening to add a board to the other boys' packs. Peter and I carried our extras to the top.

Another time Peter pretended to puncture me with his finger and of course I "sissed". Then Nathaniel pretended that he had wounded me and my heart was going pity-pit. But I quickly put my ear to his side and made pin-wheels with my hand. This movement is mingled with the tail

language. "Sure, but your life". How funny to the ears of the Eskimo when uttered quickly. You are sure it is <sup>specifically</sup> when they murder you.

They are leaving the language of the trail: "all right"; "only?"; "sure"; "no". The R troubles them but they are quite willing to growl to develop the sound. They pronounce much as "groci" (error) and "rain" but find it difficult to detect the difference in sound between these words and have many a laugh on us when we attempt to pronounce their words. Next to the Danish, the Eskimo language seems hardest.

It certainly sounds like one of the first stages in evolution from animal speech. When rapidly spoken, it sounds like a series of click, cluck, and saliva. Iopok (bad), néoux (duck) are only fair examples. Tute (caribou) is very pleasant.

a h i l i n g u n d H u n t i n g C a m p. Far down the fjord the Eskimo have detected a new camp of tupiaks (tents). This occurred two evenings ago. Today by picture Nathaniel tells me that they had visited our camp in winter yesterday and passed up the fjord hunting tute (caribou). They are from Sverdrupfjorden - about further in all - and are evidently doing their summer hunting and fishing. Not only is the promontory land of Narsajoga in the face of the fjord the home of the caribou but also all of the country between the Cuthberts and the south shore of our fjord. They have evidently survived in this rougher or at least more inaccessible country while practically disappearing in the land to the north. The story of the killing of 3000 caribou last season seems fanciful. That would be a more credible and desirable estimate.

The chief thinks of trying Abraham

down to join this camp and devote himself entirely to hunting for the Expedition. Another seal passed camp close inshore yesterday, I believe, but Ralph was not certain at first whether it was a seal or a boulder just washed. When certainty came, it was too late, the Abraham took a distant chance.

Midnight - The wind abating. The southern sky is rose and heliotrope in streaks and cumulus clouds. The lichen colorings on the rocks and kayes stand out distinctly but softly.

Saturday, July 16.

a Day of Crisis. Crises come but are matters of temperament rather than disagreement. A good slogan for such occasions is: Tell us what you want and then go, <sup>knowing</sup> ~~on~~ your trip and we will make what we want and have it all done to your satisfaction when you return.

The day was partly met but those with tight boats packed early while the Eskimo came up later - cheerful and happy. I met them with Ralph

on my way down and gave them in parting my latest jibe. For on my way up, I crawled just beneath the last ledge and growled like a bear, bringing the boys out of the Observatory in quick haste to investigate. The Eskimo laughed heartily. They discussed the "news" in the lane below. Nathaniel and I then explained "motherhood" to the other boys. Nesting birds and birds with young are "nami" (NO). They fully understand now and approve. Chocolates were served. They are leaving fair sharply. Then a farewell salute with the hand as I covering down the Tundra.

On Top. A mild night last night. Tents had been situated originally to meet a north wind. Then continuous winds came from south blowing down both living and case tents. To this was prefixed the gushing and profane task of holding down the fragile Eskimo wool while nailing the roof boards of the Observatory upon it.

A rope tied to a boulder kept the building from flying away but was stretched tight in the strain. Over

anemometer recorded an average wind velocity at the Base Camp of 29 miles thrust last night and 60 to 90 miles per hour in the gusts. However, this is the old style and fast anemometer. Kallqvist estimated the wind over the mountain at 45 miles per hour.

But today the cook tent was snugly nestled in an oval of rocks and walled with tundra. We crawled in on our stomachs. There was a vent-hole in the canvas flap tent over the stove. It was delightfully cozy and represents a quick reversion to Eskimo building. I shall hate to see it abandoned, even tho it represents merely a place in our building. Tonight the Observatory is sheathed in with Balsam Wool and the boys have moved in out of the wind and the rain. I tried to carry up a second roll of Balsam Wool late this afternoon to serve as withness for the house warming tonight. But I had found my limit in load and left it in the cavern under the boulder at the half-way station

They have an abundance of comfort compared with last night and the chance to look out of the open window toward the Great Sea.

Blues and Berries. Nature is turning to blues these days. Yesterday fresh water in the sun of the storm, deep blues in clouds and mountains down the fjord creating with the luminous small of the water a picture of Maxfield Parrish or George Innes type. I hope that he can catch another one on a color plate.

And two days ago I thought I saw a new blue berry. Then yesterday I saw one half ripe and ate it, and today I had a handful. Emlaukan has been too busy and noticed them only yesterday. How quickly nature brings to maturity here in the land of the Midnight Sun. And strangest of all, how quickly she ceases. The berries of last year are still clinging to the vines, abruptly buried and recently again brought to light.

Now the ripe blue berries are kindred blue berry bushes even now in blossom - a tiny pink bell - that will ultimately bear fruit as large

as the other.

Sunday, July 17.

When Exasperated. "O, sing the serology".  
"How do you begin?" "With How I lay me  
down to sleep".

Reveries. Two ravens (Tulnor) flew  
over camp this evening. Their well  
known note attracted my gaze.  
The wind and surf and sea needed  
me to our marooning on Middle Arm  
last summer. I live crows. They  
challenge your right to their grants.

Another Flash? Overcast yesterday,  
cirrus say at 3:45 a.m. this morning.  
Barometer just starting to fall. Sky, sea and  
unusually bright. Possibly because  
we had grown accustomed to the  
overcast sky. Barograph fell, 20 in  
during day but had recovered now.  
Yesterday the wind was very light  
and from the east. This continued  
this morning east of south with gradual  
growth in clouds from cirrus to  
alto-stratus and fable clouds after  
noon the gale, <sup>from 2-4</sup> increased <sup>with</sup> Evans  
and after 5 p.m. at the Base Camp,  
reaching 78 mi. per hour. The barometer

is above 30 in. What is the mechanism  
I expected this storm at 4 a.m.  
this morning, why the gale from the  
south or southwest?

My loyalty. In recent days the question of  
sticking has come up and with it loyalty.  
Not personal loyalty. That to me is  
merely sympathy and putting myself in  
the leader's place. But loyalty to time  
and eternity, <sup>to the best that is in us,</sup> doing our manifest destiny  
and loving ourselves in it. This is love.

I am loyal to my little University, not  
necessarily to its administration. I may  
hate that, but I love her ahead to what  
she must become. So with the Expedition,  
we have undertaken to determine  
the weather in inland Greenland. This  
is our goal, to this we must be loyal.

Monday, July 18.

Plated In. Two days of hectic work  
and weariness for all. But the Observatory  
is canvased in, one store room built,  
and a Chinese wall of rocks and tundra  
has been built around two sides.

The balloon flights begin probably tomorrow.

4- . If there had been so many  
mosquitoes as there are black flies,  
this would have been a roaring inferno



Today with its early calm and stillness has given great opportunity to the flies even from the kind to the summit of Mt. Evans. However, to judge from the squeezes in our note books and flutters in our coffee, the season is scarcely begun.

Tuesday, July 19.

Reporters. Doctor Hobbs calls me "Cascarets" after a Cornell celebrity, because I work while you sleep. I call him Weather Bureau because he is always twenty-four hours ahead of the event. Doc's hasn't ventured to tell him so yet.

Greenland Wind. Well, the Greenland wind has arrived or we have found it. In these returns of gales from the south and southwest we have been recording an average of 30 miles an hour for a full twelve hours and more. But my curiosity to know the maximum velocity has wrecked my confidence in the instrument. Recently it recorded 78 mi. per hour and I managed to maintain my balance on the rock to read the dial.

As far as the  
 weather is concerned

Today when the fixed board lives  
 takes in stone and our tests began  
 to balloon, I was invited to determine  
 again the velocity. It was 96 and 108  
 mi. per hour. The cook tent had  
 now gone and some were lowered  
 for safety. A test for one-half minute  
 gave 120 mi. per hour and I am  
 sure that it was stranger for  
 briefer moments. At Observatory <sup>it actually</sup>  
<sup>gave 152 mi. for at least an hour at times by New York</sup>

When I reported 120 mi. during the  
 half-minute period, the boys declared  
 that that meant 240 mi. per hour.  
 I acquiesced with the threat of redising  
 Ferguson for his correction sheet  
 and trim this old anemometer by  
 half to correspond with the  
 new series, such as was used  
 on the Inland Ice last summer.

The genuine article may come down  
 from the Inland Ice in the winter.  
 We shall know later. Today its  
 blew sand up from the beach  
 and over the bluff, undercutting the  
 timber on the edge of the bluff so  
 that its fibrous roots were  
 hanging down like a reed curtain

while the tundra <sup>plants</sup> on the slope  
of the bluff created little sand  
dunes in their lee. By studying  
the position of these dunes, we  
can determine the direction of  
the prevailing or strongest wind.

During the height of the gale, Ralph  
challenged me to go out into the field  
a hiked foot in the day for a  
picture. I eagerly accepted, for this would  
surely be my last-stunt day on Tule.  
But the chief kindly but forcefully ejaculated:  
"Don't put Church up to that fool  
thing. It wouldn't rise the day".  
He doesn't like wind any better  
than Watter and has moved over  
the ridge to escape it. But the  
bags are being tight in their packs  
tents due to the gale. The  
mosquitoes have been flying tight  
too. However, one neutral out  
a moment ago. The barometer  
is rising rapidly and the wind  
is now almost still. I'm sorry,  
I live <sup>I don't like mosquitoes.</sup> wind. It suggests autumn

Blue Berries. Today I gathered a  
handful of blue berries. They are

thick now on the sunny southern slopes. The "black" or crow berries are still green, but I ate a few of last season still on the vines. Very and sweet and only slightly fermented.

Wednesday, July 20.

Parting Storm. We put the packs to bed at 10 last night but it did not finally set itself to sleep until 6 this morning. The day is now sultry with only a light air blowing. The maximum temperature was 69.8°F. No wonder the black flies had a picnic of pinics.

Parting Camp. The entire party except Kelly and I was together last night - then as suddenly divided. Eulawan has gone across the fiord to round up departing plants. Abraham, Nathaniel and Peter have gone north to hunt tundra (caribou). <sup>That Peter refuses to promise to bring me home</sup> No good on south side. <sup>But Peter</sup> Peter, Peter, Ralph and Fred are on a longer march to the Island. Enoch and I go "upstairs" along for observations, to pack supplies and cut tundra. He is a happy left-at-home. More cats in my company. Yet he did not seem to be thinking of them. They surprised him later.

Enoch [Enoch]. He had all rated Enoch dull but willing. He is genuine gold,

\* When I suggested that he accompany me, he said "I would like to go but I have to stay here." I told him that I would like to go but I have to stay here.

He and I shall be chums hereafter. I heard a lark this morning and so was run for birds when I reached Cape Rock. Here I heard a pe-wee. Enock imitated its note closely and helped me pronounce its name (*opiminator*). I spoke of plans for "tomorrow" and he promptly taught me "axaigu".

He noticed Florence's ring on my finger inquiringly. I explained Mr. Church, Mrs. Church. Mrs. Church - eyes shut, under tundra. A shadow of sympathy and understanding played over his face.

We found a mother ptarmigan, then a baby chick waddled or rather toddled from under our feet. He suggested that he could readily haul her over with a stone. I explained "mamma" "baby" and that when baby was large and flew away he could throw the stone. He understood all too well and showed me that they flew away when only half-hand size. As we returned home, we happened to find a mother and babies. These could fly. So he took me literally.

and struck the mother a glancing blow on the neck. I tried to protest but it was a lame effort. He wanted to know if that was not all right. I could only suggest that the babies should be a little larger.

I can not of course insist that he spare them all as I would. They are his life.

At the Observatory he pointed out in detail the mountains and valleys below us and how he could travel overland to his home at Sarsvittlit in three sleeps.

I explained that I wanted to go that way next March by dog sled to measure snow.

He had only one dog and I could do much better coming by sled down the fiord. But I explained that it was snow and not easy sledding that I wanted.

Cutting Tundra. At cutting tundra he was expert and my leader. He picked out large mats of dwarf birch and rolled them up in large sections while I obtained only fragments. Then we laid in a sloping rampart up the stove-room wall of the Observatory like a grass hill and laid rocks along the top edge where it covered the canvas cover.

He wanted the haul out of each task

We carry tundra and rocks in a double  
rough canvas. An 11' x 11' roller had part of it  
cut off and we fill the hole with tundra  
and rocks.

and insisted that everything was "quite right" (*isungukin*). except the few hunk of his ramie which let the sharp pebbles in [beneath his heel.]

Food. I am afraid that the other Eskimo will make a bid to stay home and were next time, if he tells his experience with cats. Filled up for once and an our food and at our table. He has earned the right. Doctor Hells has given me the privilege of feeding the Eskimo a substantial diet and I have promised to return it in substituted work. They will respond.

Cathartics. Doctor Hells called me Cascarets, but Jarvis called it <sup>paraphrased</sup> "Cathartics". I half agree. Katharine means "Pura". We are all being cathartics these days - frank statements of difficulties and misunderstandings, as in Fraternity round-tables, and I hope with as good results. The Chief takes his tea, and we get on.

Easy Man! Casuarian or Peary? Idealism or Self-seeking Efficiency? Would I exchange upstair for down, or the hilltop for the valley, or heaven for hell? Then yes, I would

trade. But the efficiency that has jarred me is not gross - merely a mistaken idea and not an ideal. And I find that Peay is not the antithesis of Baconian but rather his New England counterpart.

Sprayon Upstans, a roaring infant of midgets at the Observatory. Nothing like it except the flies in Wada Sa's honey.

Blue Bells. From Sprayon to blue bells and blue berries represented an hour-long. In the green <sup>finch</sup> tundra carpet the blue bells seem rich and delicate, but pale in the dry grey sedge. But when in carpets <sup>on</sup> ~~in~~ they create their own backgrounds and beauty.

Home. Only a tent, but it's home, and because tawies there patiently waiting for me while I find a field. Here I find rest and incentive for next day's foraging.

Thursday, July 21.

Spent the Evening, Met the Coming Storm. So night the old adage regarding guests be paraphrased. We promised Mr. Hobbs one day in which to get beyond the fjord we did. But on that selfsame day Enosh called the say upon us he saw it from the Observatory. It must have been,



tho I was only partially convinced despite the gradual falling of the barometer. This camp should be renamed Camp Stormy.

Tired. The wind has been rising on me in my sleep with the ceasing and starting of the paraffin tent lire rattling. But I was determined not to arise until 6 o'clock. This was now too soon. The cork tent was wrecked, the fly of the headquarters tent was partially skinned off while the tent itself was pulling at its main guy line a sitting horse against its tether. The roof was gone from the thermometer shelter, the wind vane and aneroidometer poles were badly copping but cups and flag were still whirling and fluttering in tune with the gale.

Anchor was on hand and the scene of the storm on the Morrissey was reenacted but with only two instead of twelve sagging the stampeding canvas.

Quint was flying far up the slope. The water of the fiord looked as effervescent as the storm scene in Schiller's William Tell. The waves

were so short and so deep, like scallops, and they were of mud. It was certainly fiercer than the previous storm. I managed to balance myself on the rock while the aneroidometer reeled off four miles in two minutes on its bent and wobbling mast at an average of 120 miles per hour. The wind direction pennant on its 45° pole could merely point its tail directly up hill in the wake of the roaring blast. It was certainly Mt. Ross came North.

The snow was disconcerting but not serious. Our only can of syrup had ascended the overice. When we crawled thru a tiny opening into the headquarters tent - a larger opening would have given a tremendous leverage to the wind - it looked like an earthquake. Boxes thrown down from <sup>the</sup> flapping walls, contents spilled on the floor, glacial dust everywhere and toilet paper ribbons festooning the whole. This was certainly an opera bouffe touch to an Arctic expedition. Out eat we must. So a stove was passed in after Paul

and finally, Euseb and I entered, still crawling on our stomachs to avoid ballooning the tent.

Finally, Ralph's diminutive pup tent went down like some lilliputian zeppelin with its bear broken.

Excrement Hill. The entire slope was covered with debris, mainly paper, like some Chinese burying ground. Thus looked our Excrement Hill last summer at Camp Little. In memory, I have given this slope a twin name. This is a local joke and only the initiate would understand.

Why the Weather? There are evidently two diurnal winds as noticed last summer and consequent cloudiness overhead.

There are lows passing over from the southwest which create winds corresponding to the pressure gradient. Rain, if it occurs, follows the depression and occurs during the succeeding rise.

But why does not as heavy a wind blow down from the ice to meet

the low as blows up following it?  
 How close to the ice does the depression  
 go and where do these gales fall off?  
 Why do these lows pass with such  
 regularity?

This seems to be the foehn reversed  
 unless only the mild east wind can be  
 called the foehn and the southwest is  
 an ocean gale.

Sometimes there is an outflow of  
 high air marked by cirri corresponding  
 to the inflow of low air marked by  
 strato-cumulus clouds.

We need more study of cloud movements,  
 tho the presence of cirri, particularly in  
 plume & tufted form, is a reliable warning  
 of storms. They seem to represent the  
 turbulence aloft which finally reaches  
 the lower levels in foehn clouds and  
 fronts-strato-cumula effects. This may be  
 the real outflowing foehn. To supplement  
 this, we need to chart the movements  
 of storm depressions along the land  
 and into the far interior.

Radio. Paul has succeeded in obtaining  
 the weather reports from Jdicuehah.  
 This will aid us much. Furthermore,

the air last night seemed very erratic and obstinate. Could our windstorm which broke at 3:30 a.m. have had any effect upon radio reception? Here is a new phase of Greenland weather.

Friday, July 22. <sup>Callahan. Nellyquist and Paul celebrated our stormy day by sending up the initial</sup> ~~table of data of our campaign.~~

Trail Records and Native Stamina

The storm was over yesterday by mid-afternoon. So Enock and I resumed packing. I led, he followed. Once he was not quite ready to march after rest. So I laughingly pointed my finger at him and called him "iofok". But when arrived at the observatory, I found that we had been only 1 hour and 38 minutes on the trail despite our loads. <sup>Obviously I had played Hobbes with him.</sup>

But today when we took 2 hours for the trip, he almost always arose of his own accord and smilingly said "Ready?" Paul came up today with merely a hand load in about 55 minutes but he was weary.

New Words. Enock has taught me two more words: Kayonón, Thawra; and arersivik, ptarmigan. He is eating at table these luscious days with

me. He can handle his axe even better than I. So this test comes to naught. Today I gave him a "silver" knife to cut his hair, while I had a sharper one of steel. Pretty soon I noticed him eyeing the edge of his knife. I laughed and shared mine with him.

He was criticizing not the toughness of the hair but the sharpness of the knife - a mark, I suppose, of the primitive.

Postrijarsars from Sarfanguar. On our way down trail yesterday, Anuk spied two tiny craft close in shore coming from the west. They were our expected portagers from Sarfanguar.

They had been three days on the trip up South arm of Sventon, the upper lakes, and thence by portage and overland to us.

On the stern deck of each kayak rode a rinzaga like a depth bomb gunner and from the slender hulls came passages after passages, reminding me of the Assins movie Narvok.

They were weary and wet and had fought their way up one of the wildest seas of our summer. The waves

had broken over them and the  
 Kingyags had nearly caprized them.  
 They had nothing to eat or a water  
 soaked cooking dish offered in proof  
 plainly showed. They were sticking to  
 their tales, like the Canadian Mounted  
 Police, and described their hardships  
 merely for the story-telling.

We promised to make them budge  
 in front and dry beneath, a primus  
 lamp, an old pair of overalls, and  
 the sections of a pup tent gave them  
 warmth and bed. The Eskimo's seem  
 never to carry blankets with them,  
 at least in summer. The size of their  
 knees may prevent.

Today they climbed to the Observatory  
 with us and asked for a pack to  
 carry. At 4 o'clock they caught the  
 tide out, planning to paddle all night  
 until the portage was reached in  
 order to avoid further storm.

They loaned even matches but  
 with aid of Enoch we made up  
 a food supply with tin can dishes  
 and two spoons. They always have  
 a pocket knife and horse furs

fishing.

Merely we went down to the beach together discussing each item of preparation from reindeer seats to seal surfcoats. The older refused to take me as hurricane-deck passenger behind him. That request was as funny as a request for a ride on a butterfly.

They were like two happy children after a wonder day in the white man's camp. We had all sat on the floor of the Observatory for lunch. We were parting as water. So "all set," they turned round with a hand wave and struck off together in rhythmic strokes for their three days' return.

It seems like a diminutive page from a Hudson Bay story.

Gathering again. Tonight Eskau<sup>son</sup> came in from down fiord, driven there by the wind in crossing. He had dried duck and mushrooms this morning - one unready duck and a botanist's puffball. But he needed them, for he is very tired from pulling.

Abraham, Nathaniel, and Peter also came in. No tales, but twenty one geese.

Will Souter-Kolbo, Ralph, and Fred bring in the Ice Cap?