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T. E. Church Jr.

DIARY OF SECOND TRIP
TO GREENLAND, 1927-28.
NOTEBOOK NO 3.

THINGS I TALK WITH MYSELF AND MY FRIENDS

Monday, September 12.

Outward Bound. The Hvalrossen carried my love. It carries also myself. For the tiny ship was the Hvalrossen as our glasses showed - two masts ^{with} and a plume of smoke from one - and as it Brought the leader of our winter trip come to see if my clothes were fit and determined to carry me back to Halstensborg to have warmer furs carefully fitted to me.

Sorry, for I had much to do. But the boys claimed my tasks and bundled me off "to rest."

Falling Tide. Wide mud flats, a simons boat path, a stranded dory, a tiny ship on a mirror sea, capes peeping one from behind the other, a blue haze.

Winter Plans. As we waited the change in the tide, immense sacks of sardines, ^(Amosetta) were brought from the beach to Headquarters Tent, which within the hour became

the storehouse of winter supplies for the Ice Island or fall guarding its treasure as the winds might decrease.

On the ship, it was quickly decided to abandon attempts to penetrate the Ice Cap here and go 600 miles north to Umanak where the Ice was smooth and twelve days might put us over across. What visions of success, except that we could not be in weather line with Holstenborg and our mountain observatory. It meant also that we must return in the spring from Umanak to our camp by the dog sled mail, a trip of six weeks, and a venture in itself.

But schedules of ships peremptorily forbade. The last ship of the season for Umanak had already departed. So with a plunge of disappointment we settled down to the original plan for nearer for farther as the Ice

and snow fates might decide. at least we would put our best success into it, for nothing short of actual records on the margin of the center of the Great Ice will suffice.

Our organization was quickly and enthusiastically agreed upon. He would be the material conductor of the expedition, I would be its scientist. Mine the lesser task tho the greater detail.

Tuesday, August 22.

Last Goodbyes. Last Goodbyes often occur in the dark. So ours. Bangstad and Nordhagen had gone to the Observatory to spend the evening and Paul and Clarence were to bring them down. We were to sail at dawn. So in the dusk and final darkness our small boats plied forth and back between a beacon lantern on our rock and a signal on the ship. From the face of the Fjord could be seen the light of the Observatory glancing like a brilliant

star on the skyline for a moment and then eclipsing when we further progressed. Finally, the sound of oars of our guests returned and Clarence bid the Chief goodbye. Paul had turned on shore disappointed that we had embarked. So back to the shore for a hearty nightcap with the oars and a warm welcome and farewell from both as they tramped away up the trail in the night. A flash of their light far up the trail was our parting remembrance.

Tuesday, September 13.

From the Hatch. What a secret progress makes. I had gone to sleep on the hatch but was suddenly awakened by the pound of wooden sea boots and the greater pound of the engine. ^{So} But from my pillow I could take leave of Nakajanga Cliffs bathed in soft morning glow. But scenery amid noise is close kin to mixed flavors.

In the Hold. When Fred hopped down upon a pile of coal and luggage in the hold to make his bed, the passage: "Foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but we have not where to lay our head, came instinctively to mind. And as others followed down the coal hole, to say Shinickischlena (good night's sleep) seemed a prostitution of Goodnight wishes. Yet we had to utter the wish in response as each ducked down.

But looking down and being down are fundamentally different as Fred explained. For he had found a solid bed in some dynamite cases which he held ^{them} firm when the ship lurched.

Nature's Sculpture Gallery. Below Passage where Tahoean waters cease, we sailed down a winding water gallery of rock sculpture such as the world has seldom gathered

6.
* Transcript two days later: Sondre Strömfiord beautiful but so grand that it hurts. And needs rest after the ordeal.

in one place. Scotland, nor Norway nor, they say, New Zealand can have aught like this. From our Matterhorn gate to its U-shaped mouth Sondre Strömfiord was a harmony of El Capitan, Sentinels, Siniolcums, spires, pinnacles, walls, cirques, string falls, ice caps, cornices, glacial tongues, mineral feet now and overlays of tundra color in russet and red, - all rising from an emerald stream.

A water yosemite and more maintaining stately procession for eight hours of our day until at a final turn the Arctic sea lay opening before us.

The day had been cloudy, yet suited to the sculpture. But at the close a gentler note of cirro-cumulus and diffused light canopied the last sharp pinnacles with their hanging glaciers.*

Must these pictures remain untraced? Perhaps for a day it's like passing thru the Grand Canyon, but one who loves the beautiful must see his own piece of nature being so to show. Any day will do.

The water now began to swirl. The tide was running. As we passed our triangular Dimimintar the tide swells shook us sore. Too much summer tranquillity had left us uninured.*

In Harbor. As in older time, we sail only as long and as far as the eye can see. So we swing again for the night behind the sheltering reef of Dimimintar.

To southward the sugarloaves of Dimimint (Lamel Suxertoppere) rise above a cloud of vapor. The surf foams round the reef and white lather floats in lanes on either side of our boat. Behind the reef the billows leap in geysers.

To next outer reefs rise lime islands in vaporous air. The sky is bloodshot in mosaic pattern. On either side the gray sky closes in. The roar

8.
of the waters melts into one continuous stream of restful sand. The boat is gently rocking. It's time to sleep.

Night. Low rhythm of bursting breakers now in chorus now in solo like Yosemite Falls years ago. a golden moon, waters growing placid, a responsive boat.

Wednesday, September 14.

Morning. Sweet rest in balmy air broken by the tread of boots on deck. Like the mariners of old, they are again anticipating the dawn to get the longer day. So forth we pound, the engine too seemingly wearing wooden shoes.

From my Bed. The unmarked or sugarloaves of last night are "The Isle of Capri" except that its cones and rocks here give way to serrated ridges and pinnacles. The same clues me. a reef, a pounding sea, a mist, and ^{unmarked} spurs beyond. I'd love to see what's

these.

Farther out and northward, serrated peaks in long procession leading inland, a High Sierra sunrise in bars of red.

The coast now becomes a jumble of jagged peaks too thick, too irregular to traverse except by their labyrinthine waterways.

Leaping on the Waves. A fair day, for the wind was north, yet a creaming sea and flying spray. Forced rising. A wet boat.

An aching head and shaken stomach. A Viking life in a Viking craft on Viking waves but with more comforts.

Seven hours of this, then six behind the barrier of the islands in sunshine and in warmth.

The haven of Halstensborg once more and friends.

The Explorer's Adviser and Friend.

My story of Governor Bistrup and the "Little Governor" is true. How ^{Kerman} Names

10.
inspired him as a little fellow
to aim for the great man's prize.
Had he never permitted by fate
to go forth, he had sent many others
battered confirms this. Six expeditions
has he aided not because he
was governor in Upernivik, from
which district they started but
because they sought him for
his sympathy and experience. A
watch with tribute engraved from
Lange Koch lies on his desk. He
also serves who only sends and
waits. I'm glad his home is mine.

Crossing Davis Strait. This is
a long incubated plan. He is
helping me hatch it. The
Hvalrossen is impossible, for
native mariners are "all at
sea" when out of sight of land.
It is 200 miles across the
narrowest place not 100 as
I thought.

He suggests two possible plans.

First, get Percild of Sisko to go. He has long dreamed of it and is working on Greenland problems. Second, as permission for Captain Roosevelt to sail diagonally across on his voyage next summer to Upernivik and then take me to Danmark on his return. His task is sailing small ships to Greenland and taking others back. We met him here in June on his way north after being forced to Iceland by a broken engine. He also brought up the Hydroson of only 22 tons. So here may be my chance again to feel the pulse of the northern sea and get her temperatures.

Can I find the time to sail south? It will bring me home later.

Thursday, September 15.

Under the Flagstaff. The Old Church has been made our home. Hay

on the floor for our beds, pens stacked on one side for our shelves and seats, the pulpit for an alcove. The only jar was a big brass bed and mattress brought in for fear we might not be comfortable - and the Chief wasn't in it with his two blankets.

The journey called me ^{very} ^{stupidly} hard and soon I was on the thick grass at the base of the flagstaff snug in my feather bed.

But how hard to adjust to the sounds of the crowd. Pattering feet and low voices of the evening promenaders outside my fence. The chorus of dogs feeding in the distance and caught up yet again in street's barks like the sound of the beavers at Simintan. The call of fog horns in the late night for early departure to the fishing barks. A touch of coffee sleeplessness - we haven't

had coffee in weeks. I feel ^{dis-}unadjusted and tired.

A Fishing Village. How different from Island Greenland. Today the clouds are low, the air is full of mist. The grass is green and luxuriant. It grows even from the sod around the native houses. My sleeping bag grew wet when hung on the fence to dry.

The rock walls are just beginning to take on the russet color of the Island cliffs. But the roofs are gold from the moss of several decades. We are sleeping under a one named 1773. In such a setting the blues and reds and browns quicker yet comfort the eye.

From the barometer window, one looks upon a garden fresh as in spring. Lettuce, turnip-tops, parsley, cabbage, tomatoes. One tiny tomato is slowly ripening on the window sill among the geraniums.

and fuchias. Wild geese raised from childhood stalk in the pen below. You would not know they were wild, a pig grunts contentedly in his pen, goats feed in their pasture. The geese and the pig will be put into cold storage for the winter. Hens and chicks still small will be kept over winter. We have had fresh eggs.

To seaward, the town has grown. The canning factory has spread out on new made land as if by magic but its colors blend with the rest of the village. The Hvalrossen and fishing fleet lie in the visible end of the bay which now fades out into the foggy ocean.

The Chief's Ideal and Mine. While waiting for coffee this morning, the Chief read to me Chapter I of Little Women by Louisa M. Alcott, found on the Governor's book shelf.

of Mr. March, "a quiet, studious man, rich in wisdom that is better than learning, the charity that calls all mankind "brother" . . . ; and even worshippers confessed that his beliefs were beautiful and true, although "they waddn't pay". I must engrave the whole passage and place it on my desk. I would live into its liveliness.

Scattering Again. The Nisno has gone to Lunenburg and will not start back before the 21st. So Ralph with Fred has gone in the Governor's motorboat to Saxenburg to complete his survey of the Middle and South Arms of Ikertok Fjords. It was his summer ambition and had almost slipped from his fingers. Sammie had hit that he wouldn't do it. By how small a margin we sometimes lose.

To Suvvartappa -

And Bangsted suggests that I join the Hvalrossen for a trip to Suvvartappa to take water temperatures and see the coast. So I am to see what is beyond the sugar-lenses in the mist.

With Ralph and Fred went Abraham and our native boys. It was a southerly day with mist and rain was starting. Perhaps it entered the boys. Nathaniel sensed that he would join us no more. Abraham was deliberately withdrawing. Peter would join me in April for the snow survey, if his grandparents consented. But the anticipation was not one of pleasure. Enok, faithful Enok, was holding the boat. But our handclasp was stronger than than the loosing of hawsers. They have entered into the woof of my life.

Friday, September 16.

Pippe. Will Pippe return?

a home building on the rocks overlooking the Inland Basin, a dirty home with exquisite setting, has set my imagination working. It is Nicolaisen's new house.

He is the Assistant. He has a dog team. A dance and a glass that midnight last June make me think that the party was not long. Who could have chosen that site for a home except a woman, and what woman more than Pippe? She is the spirit of Greenland. She will return.

Dumbava. He has made the eastern coast, but with what finances and equipment we are not sure. Fred feels that no explorer is justified in going forth if not solidly supported. If he were, I fear that he would not be an explorer.

An explorer is a dreamer, not a financier nor an executive.

He needs his ^{financial} executive, but could not be deterred for lack of one. Otherwise, most explorers would remain ^{simply} dreamers. His dream attained means a new fact won. The new fact justifies his venture.

Bangsted. He wondered at the character of my profession - a scientist surely - and was surprised to find it much like his own. The Humanities also are his. He is a poet and a writer of books.

Tall, lithe, curly black hair, dreamy eyes, an Astrachan fez and fur-trimmed coat - such were my impressions as he stood on the deck of the Hvalrossen as our day drew near to greet him. He is ready for the "greatest venture" on the Island Ice. He comes from seven years in the Arctic save a bare eighteen months in the south. We have

much in common and bear similar ends. "Poems and love stories" are his. Nature and man are mine.

The Sun. The sun is shining this afternoon. The hoods are leaving the mountain tops and are moving out to sea. The land is tranquil but the skyline outward is sun-touched surf. Puppies are rolling about or shrilly calling for mother's care. There is no season here for chicks or puppies for the summer leaves them stranded in their helplessness. But the autumn is kindly to life.

a Ship's Boat. My eye has been on a ship's boat. The dory, they say, is wet-rotted. The Chief has gladly consented. How I must try the Governor, for the dory enters deeply into our plans.

Dogs. How kind the Arctic dogs are here. No snarling or growling as you pass among them, as kindly as their masters. Even the mothers show only a

mother's interest and care as you put their babies.

a Native Pastor. True to her ideal, Soumak is placing the care of the natives in their own hands. Our Danish pastor has gone to return after his leave to Surretoppen. In his place has come a Greenlandic from Lodtsab - a quiet, kindly man, a ^{hand} in suggestion, one who might tarry in the desert awhile and then come to preach. The quiet but virile son in law of David Olsen is still assistant.

What a father of fine women David is. Three of them grown and all married to pastors - one at Serfing, another at Surretoppen ^{Itivler} and the third here. Kristina is as worthy.

Explorers' Club. The Chief has asked Bangsted and me if we would accept nomination to the Explorers' Club. Bangsted has

earned it several times over but nationality may stand in the way. The Inland Ice will decide my perseverance in things Northern.

Weather. The last clouds passed out to sea today toward a low gradually forming. Tonight the harbor is calm. I sit in the cabin of the Hvalrossen writing and scarce feel the slight swing of the boat. Five days to Sarsentoppen and return if the weather is fair. The Disko is pulling up on her schedule.

Can we get back in time?

I'd like to give Fred the last personal messages. yet here is a chance to study the weather.

Two Whittlers. From the Governor's door a study in black and silver and red, with ^{prisms?} [one ^{a houselight} lamp] as a grace note. Such was the view over headlands, harbor, and sea.

@ Whittier -

From the harbor stairs, high sea walls and factory stacks, a lazy sloop at anchor, a phosphorescent sea, a rising moon, a sky touched with auroral light.

Good Night. To myself and to you. The ship is empty. Crew and passengers will come with the dawn. The harbor rocks are sudsing. Is the growing sand the harbinger of ^{or merely the tide changing} my storm? As usual I shall sleep on deck. Good Night!

A Good Night Postscript: The Aurora. all if you wait, all things will come. I have missed most of the auroras this summer and now lie here and witness the most marvelous one in my experience.

The headband of a crown on the southern horizon scintillating upward, then a corona covering southern half of heavens. a slight touch of pink.

Next a beam of light shot upward from Baffin Land sways in curved meander across the sky. Hence

as a thick white cloud as high and
placid as a curtain it curved east
then west in parallel course - a boa-
constrictor swallowing a victim or a
new adventure in advertising on the sky.
so near that it seemed to be just above
my head.

It has now shifted to the northern
sky and in its place in the southern
are veils and curtains of sky-voiced light.

Saturday, September 17.

^{except as quoted.}
alone of my kind? Hardly. With the sun
came the sound of oars, then the morning
howl, and weighing of anchor. I was
the only Southern on board. All were
natives - a grandfather, grandmother, mother
and two children, one being taken to
Doctor Olsen at Suvvortoppen; then a father,
(Haegh)
as strong and civilian as any in our
country; and finally our crew.

The mother occupies the forward
cabin. Quite contrary to conventions the
Chief might deem it. I assured them that
it was not for me. Such too was

the view of Governor Bistrup.

Captain Andreasen had stowed my provisions carefully away and covered my breakfast. I asked him to share meals with me throughout the trip and have the pastor join us. But at noon the pastor had anticipated me by having dinner ready for us other two, and the crew's cook had just previously given me a plate of boiled halibut. So I became the only guest on board and have been made to feel one of the company.

Precision. Precision has its faults as well as its virtues. The Hvalroen is on this five-day voyage because the Chief became "nervous" over the Governor's lack of precision in reading his letter and demanded prompt service. Otherwise, the boat would have placed Suxertoppau on her schedule when coming for us. Two of the days could have been saved. It's the same old distinction in the law,

between the phrase and its circumstances.
The phrase killeth but the circumstances
make it alive.

* This is the Eastern Pass - speed north, usually
reported as passing Cape Farewell. But all thought is
gone.

Among the Islands. We are extracting
our course among the islands. The
waters are still. Our El Capitan of
midnight memory on our southward
trip in June is a study in sunshine
and shadow, accentuated by a cloud
of vapor encircling his flank and
shimmering waters at his base.

Outside the islands sails a ship
full-spread in the southwest breeze -
a rare sight in these waters. As
the horizon lies a long low band
of clouds with more. This is our
only threat of storm.

Stivler. We are stopping at Stivler.
An old organ on the deck - from
Halstenborg - is the reason. It looks
like a pipe organ - there's a place for
a crane. It's hand carved in spots
It must have a history. Was it
given to the little church we saw

26
from the heights the night of the
midnight sun.

But this time we went directly
in - merely a fault in the upturned rock
but as perfect a straight-walled basin
as an engineer could make and
just wide enough for the Hvalrossen
to swing round in to depart.



My friend and ship companion, the
Pastor at Holstenborg, took me ashore
to visit the local pastor and church.
The little path up was rustic, merely
some slabs of rock on edge to mark
a turf-grown staircase in the natural
rock. A bell hung in a tiny campanile
outside the door. In spirit it was
mission - just a framework twice
head high and less with a simple
roof to protect the bell:
+ Within a tiny schoolroom with
table and seats, and an altar screened
off with a curtain. In front was a
baptismal font with an enamelware
basin. Not marble but less dingy

than the basins we admire in the medieval churches. And on the walls oil paintings of the Sonior - raw but vivid in color - and a plaster medallion bearing the profiles of Hans Egede and Gertrud Rask, husband and wife, the religious spirits of the Northland. Their fervor shown in the name Godthaab (Good Hope) where they labored, the pride of the Danes in them borne constantly on the seas by the ^{ships} names bearing their names.

The newer cemetery is near the church. The older one is on the crest of the island where we saw it the night of the Midnight Sun. Did the older natives have more imagination and the newer more fervor?

The autumn comes later here than in the Danmark. The grass and leaves are still green and luxuriant. The spring also

was late. Only two species of plants in flower when we were at our Steam Haven just below in late June. Now the blue bell and a white "forget-me-not" are still in bloom.

The houses here are more primitive and more guarded against snow and cold. Sod houses are thick and high and have long entrances increasing in diameter toward the main room. One could think of an Egyptian temple or of the nave entrance to Yale Library Tower. The ⁺left for storage of gear and food is undoubtedly modern. It even looks Dutch in the step-lines of the roof. End on the building boxes like this:  or side view 

Going out we met a whaleboat and women rowing. Then in the distance another boat under small sail. They fare for these sea coast people, seeking their sea foods. The women are considered superior rowers and they say draw a higher wage as

* Blind whales, they are called in the Faroe Islands

this race than man. Apparently, here in the North Ocean is paid on the basis of efficiency and not of sex.

Whales. Dirty weather and whales. Either is sufficiently exciting but we got both. The falling barometer ^{finally} was bringing results in a fast clouding sky. I thought that the Captain was running for shelter when he suddenly swung round.

A school of ^{Blind} whales, a half-hundred by rapid count, was before us, nor had our camera here. Here were the dirigibles of the sea. Rolling, curving lines, porpoises they sauntered along on lines, logs tumbling in a torrent, the effect of careening logs being heightened by their square-ended snouts, which shot up above the surface and sank down as the long body appeared. When the body submerged the rounded fin still cut the sea like a

periscope.

Guns and snagging tackle were quickly brought out. Hot guns, old rifles, the Captain's heavy bullet-driver, the Pastor's fire arm. It was a primitive hunt, all unexpected and all unprepared. It might well have been and seemed to be a bison hunt on the plains with a ship taking the place of a prairie schooner.

We were in and out of the school at pleasure so far as the stony ship could be maneuvered. A shot, then two at a time made one giant wince. There was a shout of glee. One lay dormant for a moment and the ship drew in to snare it.

The school now took alarm and got behind us, but we maneuvered for position again. I climbed into the jib sheets to look the better down, ^{and counted sixty} The nearest

were directly below me. At each plunge they would send up spray, but I noticed also vapor. The steam of our breath on deer was also slightly visible. They were "spouting" and I could look directly upon the valve-shaped nostril.

I shot, then a second, at the nearest caused the water to crimson. A third shot brought a cry from the whale which drifted helplessly on its side round our bow. The snag hook was hurried down the deck for a cast, everyone gleefully paying out line. It caught as the body was passing astern. Then shot after shot until death was assumed.

Free from pursuit, the school passed indifferently on. It was the old penalty gladly accepted - one for the whole. Towing the whale lashed tail and nose to the ship, the *Walrossen* was swinging round on her course.

Pointing to one crippled whale in the band, the Captain said "Iopok", but swinging his gesture to the one we had he remarked "Iungulok", i.e. "let well enough alone".

A hand reached down to slice off the tip of the tail. Soon a half of the tail was missing. All, even the children had a share. "Iungulok". I also found it so, when thoroughly crunched. At least it is food what must have been the need and exultation of the primitive natives who ventured to kill these whales and even larger ones with bone weapons and stones.

Nierd. It all seems weird - a tiny BATTLE of Jutland. Low gray islands, quiet sea, gathering cloud. An arena apart from the world, yet very individually human.

Weather. The task is finished none too soon. We are turning out into the muck. It is 5 o'clock.

The sun's disk shines feebly thru. a long line on the horizon is flashing - this must be reefs. Rocks are close on our port. But the Captain points ahead: "Inyoluk". For once an all night run is in prospect. We are rising from ancient standards. We also do the unusual in lifting the whole body to the deck. It is twelve feet long.

Supper. Whale flesh boiled. In the South it would be roasted. Is this a problem of fuel? The meat is as sweet and tender as beef. We use our knives to cut and our lips and teeth to hold the severed end. No need of forks. The meat is cut into palm-sized pieces before boiling and each one serves himself.

A Night Run. The Captain was not present at supper. ^{He took his lie ashore.} The fog was thick. No barometer but mine on the ship. No wonder

they go by sky-markings. Our course was southwest. Damps and cramped from instant looking the Captain sat over at the bow. Simintak harbor 8 o'clock he said; I argued 10. We had been too long at the whale hunt.

Suddenly the wake of our boat became a curve, as the helm swung over. "Lank" said the Pastor, "Iopok" said the Captain. It was our "Cataline Island" and its reefs. We had hit them square, but "Imgulik" said the Captain with a smile as he pointed at the quiet waters. "yes," I replied, "drop that (pointing to the anchor) and shinuik (sleep)". He smiled.

We went on into the night. The fog thinned slightly overhead. But so iopok was the coast that he finally headed the boat almost west and is running all night for Suxertoppen. It's the only

thing he can do. The shore is
 as rockbound as the coast of Maine.
 I'm glad we're not here in a
 blinding blizzard.

^{To have} Sunday, September 18.

Kingitut. Morning. Fog dripping wet.
 at 6, a misty shadow, then gray
 backs rising from the sea. The
 coast again. We run in until
 encircled by islands. Then the nose
 of the boat is enclosed in a
 narrow inlet. A wooden capstan
 on the shore shows that others
 come here too. "Suxertoppen, name,
 but only four hours away. A
 great run. Out to sea, then in.
 No rule, no estimate save
 experience. Yet this is also
 the way of the Labrador Coast.

Kingitut is the name on the
 chart, or Hamburgerland. Choose
 which you will. Why do they
 coin these foreign names? Is it
 the individuality of life?

Weather. The barometer is still low. Fallen to 29.76 in. yesterday at this time it was 29.85 in. The fog is still thick and I have thoughts of sleep. But suddenly the visibility seems better. I can scarcely detect the difference, but their eyes are sharp. We are weighing anchor. Suxertoppen a half day ahead of time. At 9 a.m. the sun is trying to shine thru. The Grandmother is washing my kamiks. Her mother-in-law is causing her to wash us all clean.

Finger Breakfast. Eating with knife and fingers. Piece end of food to lips and sever. I found myself doing it too. Quite Homeric.

The Inside Passage. We are taking the "Inside Passage" to Suxertoppen in quiet fjords behind mountain islands. We can see or feel our way here. Three hours in. Do I draw all the luck?

From a narrow channel comes a squaw, quietly yet swiftly. We tarry for him, as in the North Woods the passing voyager accepts all mail. The tiny hamlet behind him on the rocks is Agpamiut. As he lies alongside gifts of $\frac{1}{4}$ loaf, $\frac{1}{2}$ loaf, 1 loaf, and again $\frac{1}{2}$ loaf of black bread from the various groups on board are accepted with a smile but as if usual. In return, a piece of caribou tallow is proffered. It is a delicacy cold; but preferred as "milk", as the pastor said, in his coffee. The exchange of gifts is quite Homeric again. Four tute (caribou) skins are promised.

The visibility has been narrow. Now the mist has dissipated and lifting cloud banks make the mountains float in air. Glaciers and alpine peaks recall Sondre Stromfjord in part. We are

singing as we pass. What else even for a native? For they too say "Pinakok".

Weather. The barometer has now risen from 29.75 to 29.83 in. The sun is shining. The air is still. Fog floats about the mountains. It opens and shuts. I should like to see the Inland Ice up these crins.

Fog [^{and} Wraith White in Landscape]. a patch of snow fills a window in the clouds. How did it get there? a shadow peak rises above them. Why does it ride? Can we get there? How high?

We have rounded the Sound. and turning seaward once more. a fishing boat rides near. In a shadow bay beneath the ^(fading) clouds, they say, is a fishing village. Two tiny spots of white in tandem are coming forth. a boat to us? No, it's floating ice.

ahead, [toward the sea], we can

look beneath the fading clouds. A mirage of low islands floating in air. A cloud sea hugs the sea beyond. It is thick and white, but low and ragged. It's the Old White Man of the Sea. We escaped him this time, for here we can at least feel our way.

Grandma. Grandma is now cleaning the forecabin. She's a Mother in Israel or better a Grandmother. Her eyes are red but her tongue and voice are girlish. She is a Mary S. Doten in force.

Lunch. We have coffee lunch and tube sweet. The sweet melts readily in the warmth of the coffee and gives it richness and smoothness. Accordion music closes the meal. The invitation to me to share with them is hearty and sounds like: "Let's go". * How did they get it, I thought. But it was only the

* So too, their word amela (more) sounds to the dull ear like Amelon. The English sailor would have to raise chained.

Danish "Please" (Værsgod). Their own word is AK.

Kangerdluarssuk. The spot we missed on the upward trip because of the southwest wind. The fog is kind. We can see the glacier front riding in water and the gradual ascent to the Inland Ice. What good luck again! And cirrus rockets and bushes fill all its sky, while pinnacled ridges and spires guard the entrance but direct you in.

Sukkertoppen. We met Governor Eseman and family on the fiord making a Sunday trip and a call. I needed a reintroduction because of my beard.

In harbor, old friends take me from the ship. The others of our company were washed and clean. Grandine had borrowed my kamiks for the night to mend them. My nerves

were just recovering from their jading at the whale hunt and I longed to write.

But the classes would not be denied. Scholarly and sweet. Their home was mine and they would tarry until I was ready.

["The Church yard". Not the "church yard" in the narrower sense but a finer phrase than our "burying ground" - a term redolent with the sacredness of the church, a veritable "Latter-day". Here far from town and buildings, a narrow valley ending in a grass-grown beach overlooking the inner fiords and mountain glaciers. The grass is turf-grown and almost buried by the decades. Quite English in spirit but Nature not man is caretaker.

Here they lie facing their austere but grand home. Does it cover them? They are happy in life.



SCOTCH BLUE BELL

SEPT 18

They have learned their Mother's moods.

* And most real of all the boys who shared our
upland trip on the Disko. They knew my name. The
girls are very married. No wonder they are together
with me in such clothes.

The Living. We were seeing art and handicraft work. The native pastor had such. He too was a self-schooled painter of sunsets and bergs. An exquisite bone leucisax in complete detail with ears and nest was readily sold for the asking - a bit of art come out of the obscure town of Kangaminut (Samud Suckertoppen) up coast. The family of Rosens, however, have sent their fame locally broadcast.

Next we sought the professional artist, Axel Lybente. The Northern he is quite the artist type in ^{person} studio, poverty, yet dignity, but primitive in colors.

The Southwest Wind. The voyage of the day had added somewhat to my reflections on the master wind of the coast. In summer it is the southwest wind because of the lessened power of the Ice Cap.

Cornice markings on the mountain snow caps indicated that it has been winter in the winter. Such was the indication on Glacier Peak in Soudre Strömfiord and frequently elsewhere. But here the inland ice wears a modest cornice that indicates the prevalence here of the southeast wind.

Have we here a case of continuous Ice Cap to the sea and the continuance of down-slope winds to the coast. Farther north, the low ^{and unlevel} interior affords the Ice wind a chance to die out.

Yet at Holstenborg sod is piled on the north and east side of the native houses to protect them against winds in winter, and the east wind is most frequently recorded. But does it have greater force? Or is it merely the air drainage? How blows the wind at the mountaintops?

Here is work for the winter.

The Gulf Stream. Always something new. There is driftwood on the beach, too large for Greenland — long tree trunks. From Norway? Not from Labrador certainly.

They say current goes north to ^{Kangaminut} Kaminut, then across to Baffin Land. We must look for further driftwood at ^{Kangaminut} Kaminut. Certainly none farther north. So here is a new plan matured. Measure the sea temperature across from Suxertoppen, then back to Holstenborg. Yesterday the water was 1° F. warmer at Suxertoppen than at Kaminut. This talks.

Monday, September 19.

Nature Words. Koinak, Thanks, why can't I remember it. yet it sounds more abrupt and less thankful than my English "Thank you". Then kamiks, not kamiks, boots. Umanak, heat; Umanak^{na}suak,

Hand is genuine antipart, Id. lig. 60. (You also, or the same to you).

great heart. And Umánat, heart-shaped. Thus the natives distinguish the "Great Heart" at the entrance to Suxxertoppen harbor and the "Heart-Shaped" at Kangámiut which the Danes call "Samuel Suxxertoppen" because the rock looked like a "Sugarloaf" to them. Did the Church bring the natives the idea of the "heart", but furnished the sugar in more modern form?

Monday ^{Sept. 19} Gandhi Falls, Pastor Haegh, my travelling companion on the down voyage, I now find to be the pastor at Halstenborg. He also is Greenlandic yet almost Dane. You scarce can tell the difference. My Gandhi, I know, is in the flesh, but what is he in profession?

Game and Ice Talks. Courtesy visits to Governor Eseman and Fish Commissioner Nielson brought their rewards. The Governor's home

in woodwork, furniture, and pictures should rouse any native to admiration. The other house is quaint and old, but its host bears the experience of thirty years. Here lives Agnes, the raven-haired, native girl of the Eskimo. Her father, the Fish Commissioner, is a Dane, her mother still clings to her native Eskimo speech and wearing the Southern dress.

His stories lent wings to further inquiry. In 1918 2500 tutee (caribou) were killed south of the Sandre Strömfiord. For years previously none were seen. Then they suddenly appeared in great numbers. A trail was known deep like the bison trails in the West. Did they come from the north? They could cross narrow stretches of ice, for he himself had found them on the nunataks of the Great Ice.

The glaciers too are retreating.

Erighedafionk (Emigrant or Exile's Friend) near his old home of Kangamint is declared in native tale to be larger now than formerly. At least little ice comes from it.

Homeward Bound. I am fortunate in having Doctor Olsen as my traveling companion. I had invited them both to go north with me and return on the Nisko. He will be eyes and heart both for me. Captain Andreassen has consented to return by the outside passage. Thus I can get new sources and a series of open water temperatures.

Agpamint. Past the "Great Heart" and "Mother's Breasts", rocky because of Suckertoppen, we coast again to Hamburgergrund and its alpine pinnacles. None sharper and higher and more thickly clustered could well be found. Here the white whales more detain to the Inside Passage. Here are

natural shambles. Close-set islands make natural pens which can easily be closed by nets. Into these motor boats herd the whales. Riflemen on islands and cliffs do the slaughtering. Those who cut them up get the meat, the Government takes only the blubber. 'Not infrequently 200 have been killed at a catch, once the number was 600. It is a winter vocation and sport.

The little hamlet, that gets its life from these fisheries, looks directly down on these slaughter pens, in summer clear and innocent bays. It houses three curiosities: a house decorated with whale skulls, a house with large windows, obtained ready-made and used, and covered with waving fleur-de-lis or kindred flag. No ivy-clad house was ever a greater bower of green.

The third curiosity was human. It was Joachim (they call him Yokum), our umiak hunter of tute at Nakajinga, from whom we obtained our winter supply of caribou meat. He has a umiak as big almost as our ship and owns the only warehouse in town. He can find tute where we can see none, he can sell his goods far from market for a higher price than he can get in the market itself. We tore off our hats to him. We needed his goods. He claimed his price.

Kangaminut. The sugar loaf on our far northern horizon dimmed into night as we entered the long canal that forms the harbor of Kangaminut. The natives still stick to their original name and the Danish name of Gammeel Suxertoppen is fading. "Old Suxertoppen" makes me think that Suxertoppen to

the south was new. But the latter also is old - a century or more. So I pinch myself to the reality and say "Old Old Suxrentoppen" and "Old New Suxrentoppen". The native name for the new town is Manitok and for Holstensborg, Sisimiut. They always refer to the latter by its native name.

Here we have supper with Governor Gottbergson (The Mount of Babylon) Heavy voiced, imperious but genial, heavy whispered, unmarried, he seemed not a Dane but a Tontou of the South Sea Islands. I irresistibly felt myself there.

Native crimes and misdemeanors seem to be few. Local government is in the hands of a chief elected by his fellows. None others may criticize. To do so would expose him to ostracism unless he chanced to be a man of unusual prominence, such as David Olsen

This may throw some light on the
 sugar episode at Camp, when Peter
 inadvertently protested. At Kangermiut
 the family of Krentzmann is noble,
 and furnishes at present the chief.
 When children tittered outside our
 window as we sat at supper,
 the Governor called the Chief and
 laid the matter before him. The
 tittering promptly ceased.

To this family of Krentzmann belongs
 the greatest seal hunter (fonger) in
 Greenland when seals abounded.
 He sailed on the ship with us
 from Aggamiut - a quiet man
 with red mustache in sou'wester
 hat. He might have been a
 landsman, not "hero stuff".
 His son, most promising of the
 lads of Sukkertoppen, now lies
 in the "Church Yard" there. The white
 plague claimed him as its victim.
 The father now travels "alone".
 To this family too belongs the

wife of Fish Commissioner Nielsen, former Governor of Kangeruit, and mother of Agnes. This town seems to be the breeder of good families. It has also bred the three Rosens, all sculptors or carvers in stone, bone, and wood.

A Native Dance. At midnight we are guided by our host to the stairs of the landing. On the edge of cliff was the sound of shuffling feet and accordion music. The figures could be only dimly discerned in the darkness. This was their dancing stone. No building in town was available.

Dentistry. Next morning at 6, a patient was due aboard to have two teeth pulled. The cabin was tiny for the purpose and the time short, for it was at weighing of anchor. Nor would there be opportunity for further attention. But teeth are often pulled here

before abcessing starts in and the wound heals by first intention. In the case of the Venes filling is more often practised, for the Doctor cures for all bodily ills.

Tuesday, September 20.

A Sunny Day. a quiet voyage with a friend. I could journey on indefinitely. But late tonight we shall reach home waters at Halstenby.

Following the Gulf Stream. The temperature has fallen from 42° F. to 41° F. from Suvrentoppen to Kangamiut and off Simintak is reaching 40.6° F found also previously on the southward trip.

Doctor Chen has seen three or four large tree logs (this season I believe) at Bangatsiak 8 miles north of Simintak, and this season at Sarsok in the fiord above Itivlek. It may have been caused by the continued southwest winds, such as held us stombard

in late June. Wood was seen yesterday at Agassiz, and again today at Stuxer. One was a sawed off stump, another a "knee" from the base of a tight-bark conifer. But in 1926 and 1925 much less says the Captain and this year plenty of wood sticks in Sukkertoppen says Doctor Olsen.

The center for the maximum accumulation every year seems to be the Island of Naparsox south of Sukkertoppen. Here the coast swings westward and makes a natural trap.

The Equinox. The sun sets west tonight and at 6 o'clock and tomorrow night and the next. We are below our Gibraltar again where we saw the Midnight Sun in June.

^{Dusky} The colors are vivid and are mirrored by the ^{rippling} waters. We are riding on a sea of the

a subject: Three scenes: Twilight at the Arctic Circle (1) Midnight Sun (2) The Equinox (3) The Midday Sun

Sky. The horizon is merely a straight line across ^{our vision} (the picture). Above and below are basket shaped cumulus clouds, blue in their depths, ^{affron} pink on their ^{pendulous ends} (breasts). [Only] low islands some near, some far, dot the surface. Only enough in number and ^{position} size to furnish ^{perspective} detail and yet keep the solitude of the ^{scene} picture.

Eider ducks just learning to fly struggle out of our way.

Kaerlungehütten (Old Woman's Top Knot) closes the far vista to the north. Three hours yet to sail.

Twilight and autumn bring thoughts of winter. (Doctor Olsen: "Winter too long, too dead for most Danes". But we shall see.)

^{Sunset} The clouds and sea are now golden heliotrope. ^{light} The sky is green near the sea and blue near the zenith. The clouds are luminous, the sea is molten, the sun

Sea is a globe of molten gold flattening
 on the ^{molten surface} sea. Near islands veil
 its glow and intensify the softness
 of air and cloud.

As the sun sinks from ^{final} view,
 a few bars of cloud make golden
 rungs upward to the cloud mass
 now slowly fading to blue with
 filaments of crimson. Far to the
 northward ^{appear} the pale crescent
 of the waning moon, keeping pace
 with its mate, and in blue
 silhouette the hills at the goal
 of our journeying.

As I stood on deck, I caught
 myself singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee".
 Somehow such scenes are my
 spiritual strength. Like Mr. Rand,
 I must utter: "The heavens declare
 the glory of God. Pity that today
 isn't Sunday. Doctor Olsen says
 it's Tuesday. It's a real Sunday day."

^{Twilight}
 Now the sea is silver and
 blue and the sky a soft flush

of saffron. Nature is sinking to rest. The crescent moon now dominates the sky, but earth returns in multitude. Islands like mounds are floating by. The eye counts them by the score. They are a menace to the ships without, but are our gateway and guard.

Night. a silver avenue of sea and sky framed by dark shores. A few bars of cloud, a saffron glow. The Captain stands at the bow outlined against the light and with silent gesture directs the course. The throb of the engine and song of the crew give the pulse of life. A turn to the right then dark ~~partals finally~~ brings us to anchor.

To bed
Wednesday, September 21.

We slept on board the Walrossen, Doctor Olsen and I. The others went on shore — all ^{except} save the whale. It was all cut up in parcels ready for land. Could it ever have been one creature? Now

its light and food. Life quickly runs its cycle.

News. The boys are back. Fred saw my breakfast with my eyes. Their task was done. Larrin loses his bet and Ralph accomplishes one thing. The risks is starting from Luanax, but there will be no fourth risks to Halstensborg. The Hans Egede will take its place but leave Copenhagen before the third risks arrives. This means radioing for supplies and those the most simple to order. We shall after all be forced to live off the country in part.

An Arctic Adventurer. Suck again! Last night a motor sloop ^{Kerak, the Sea Cut (propelled Kresend)} lay at our buoy as we came in. It was from the north. Today we met ^{Captain Fjergensen,} the skipper at lunch. He was the Beystera from Agto 120 kilometers north

and half way to Godhavn. But he had been skipper of the *Nagay* and *Teddy* last ice hunting adventure on the Eastern coast. A small, slight man but counted a superman in Danish fancy. He had traveled on floe ice from his sunken ship but saved its stores, he had scouted the coast in winter, and lain thru storms in a snow cavern. A polar bear had fallen in on top of him, but was so amazed that it crawled out. He loved the solitude. Only one man of his company broke under the silence. The expedition went bankrupt. Now he was seeking temporary support at the "leading" task of directing a colony. We listened half the afternoon. Here was an *Odysseus* returned.

I laid my plan of studying the Gulf Stream before him.

There was much drift wood here at Holstenborg and some below Agto. But he believed practically none at Godhavn. He would be happy to use his sloop if the Director of Greenland gave assent. He was a navigator. One would do, for we must stop at intervals to sleep. The boat was small but sturdy. "Large enough," I insisted, "if it would hold a thermometer. I myself could sleep on deck".

Scientific Reading. I think and plan too much, and read too little. Doctor Hobbs reads and does not think. We're combining methods to our mutual approval and hearty cooperation. Perhaps we may yet find the missing link in Greenland weather. It lies upon the Inland Ice.

The wealth of material in ^(Contributions to Greenland) Meddelelser om Grønland, is a monument of credit to the

Danes. Also their use of German, French, and English with a minimum of Danish to give the facts wider currency. Here is the base upon which we must place our winter's work. This stay on the Coast for fur clothing will prove even more valuable in scientific outlook.

Thursday, September 22. Picture Day.

Radio.

Our telephone radio-broadcasting from Godhavn gives us touch with steamer movements and plans. The Nisko left Godhavn at 6 a.m. and will arrive here tonight. We are sleeping on our elbows.

Colored Views.

The day has been spent in taking ^a colored view of the heart of Halstenberg - the quaint old buildings in bright colors grouped round the flag on the hill, historical of the days of the whalers. Our greatest pleasure was seeing a point from which to take it.

It must include bay and hill
and exclude Fred's Latin Inactor.
The attic story of the Camery was
finally chosen, for no ship would
be steady enough. If only we could
have taken the time and the pains
this summer in similar work.
Perhaps in the coming months we
can still make good.

Friday, September 23. Parting day.

Alone. Just a feeling of home-
sickness, a catch at the throat
tonight, as our tender dipped
its colors to the Disko and waving
hands faded into the darkness.
The ship glided like a dream
into the dim sunset sky and I
turn back to meet the winter
"I know winter", yes, I want
to see the perfect winter, I want
also to keep my friends. That's
why I am homesick.

But my winter friends also
are homesick. So we have turned

for cheer to an evening of music,
for the graphophone came home on
the steamer today.

Dogs. Our poor Saugstad has
had a hard day. The steamer
crept in this early morning but
failed to bring the dogs. His best
friend had been given the tear.
Talk of enemies, talk of foolishness
comes from the steamer. The first
floored him. He tranquilly accepts
the letter. A radio tonight says
that the dogs at Godhavn are sick.
This restores his courage. They
are large dogs north, but we
must now rely on the south.
David Olsen and Etiolex are our hope.

Barfleur Land. The day was spent
mainly in seeking an opportunity
to meet Director Naugaard-Jensen.
The Governor ~~was~~ following him about
"like a tail". yet the director was
enjoying a leisurely day. He will
try to help me carry out some

quest of the end of the Gulf Stream and asked me to write him a "little letter" on the subject. I have suggested both Captains Rossfeld and Jørgensen but preferred the latter, and offered to pay as much as I could - 400 kroner. The Chief sympathetically offers to pay the amount if he can.

However, my little plan may give way to a larger one long planned by the Lieut. Captain of the Coast-guard ship, Island Falk. His is the meteorological explanation of Davis Strait.

Old Friends. Old friends can wait but have their hour. It came at parting time. Brick Top: "you see not pretty". She meant my beard. Suds, dear little Suds, leaves the sea after this year. Astrid Funder (I still can pronounce Astrid no better) had a package for Bangsted from Pippe and one for Paul from herself. She recounted

with glee her shopping experience
 in obtaining duplicate cap and mittens
 One kroner and twenty-odd öre saved
 This is to go into a treat for Paul
 as his share of the profits when he
 comes out next spring. She is
 doing her best to reach us, and
 will try this winter from Denmark.

Old Captain - he doesn't live on oaks
 but lives whiskers. I have both.
 He laughs: "No, I live on oaks in
 Greenland and I live beards".

Strokes his own. He is genuine
 and so human. He brought
 "Greetings" from Mrs Hansen. "He
 didn't know the English", so he
 got the radio girl to translate it
 for him. Fred and I had dinner
 with the Mates in the messroom.

Then Goodbye to Doctor Olsen,
 the Rasmussens of Godthaab, Doctor Hobbs,
 Fred, Ralph. Doctor Hobbs: "Good luck"
 (his ambition, his counsel, his trust
 had often been given). Reply: "Kære

going to get it". And Ralph, as an afterthought down the ladder, whispered: "Don't drink too much pineapple juice". Promise: "We shall take none".

They go. We stay. Farewell, but remembrances.

Saturday, September 24.

Morning. A long night of sweet sleep and waking to our winter life. Yet it is autumn still - the day is as fair as the rest.

A Plan. We have discussed, in figures, ^{the probable} weights, dogs, delays, our own strength for a four months trip. Can we kill our dogs and eat them and so save abundant food for a slow return drawing our own sleds? We can draw half the load at a time and relay the other. Governor Bishop thinks that this may be possible but feels that hardworked dogs quickly lose

their value as meat. Only the fleshy muscles could be used.

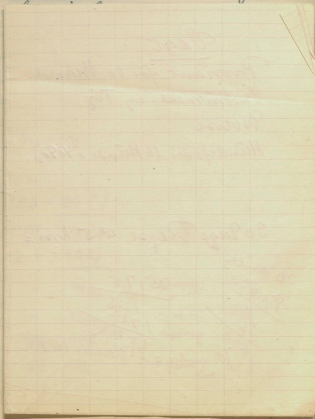
Other expeditions have rarely exceeded six weeks in their trips except in the North. We must be out twice or thrice as long. To save our dogs without supporting teams is physically impossible. Nansen pulled his sleds by man power across Southern Greenland, Peary pulled his sled 100 kilometers inland and out. His companion did the same. Our job is no greater providing our dogs can place us at the inner end of the journey.

But the shortening days of December and mild autumn days that must delay our departure. Here is the problem. Where can we find sufficient daylight to travel in before the food for the dogs gives out? If we start in mid-January when the days begin to lengthen, we

can scarcely get back in time
to make the snow survey.

Bangsted: "But we mustn't tie
ourselves to one plan". There's still
much need of counsel.

The memorandum in Bangsted's



Sunday, September 25.

Sunday. Who would have thought it? A week since we reached Suxerstoppen. I heard the bell and wondered why. Had I known, I would have gone to church.

Our Crew on Sunday Outing. The youngest is in city clothes. I wondered who the strange city lad was this morning. The darrest is in native costume but with Danish cane. They walk as lithe and jaunty as Southern boys.

Pups. How the pups seem to thrive on these warm days, lying on the sunny side of some projecting stone or on an old kamik.

A Demonstration. There was a demonstration in the court yard last night. A gathering group, accordion music, protest of the Governor from the window, a prolonged conference. Evidently

Wagt.

Proviant für 10 Mand. = 215 Kilo. ✓
 Instrumente u. d. Teij = 50 --- ✓
 Diverse = 20 --- ✓
 Hundefoder 10 Hunde i 40 Tag. = 200 ---
485 285
500 Kilo.

30 Tage Reise a' 5 km = 150 Kilomet.

20 miles

$$\begin{array}{r} 8 \times 7.5 \\ 40 \\ \hline 56 \\ 60.0 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 25 \times 7.5 \\ 125 \\ \hline 175 \\ 187.5 \end{array}$$

100 miles = 250 danske hnd

$$\begin{array}{r} 210 \\ 187 \\ \hline 20 \end{array}$$

150 kg to each sled, 300 Poin

$$\begin{array}{r} 44 \times 12 \\ 88 \\ \hline 44 \\ 528 \end{array}$$

250 Proviant = 500 lb.
 50 Instr = 100 lbs.
 20 " = 40 "
 200 Hunde = 400 .

1000 = 520kg.

4720 = Kerosen.

1160 = 580kg going in

30 days travelling = 7 km

210 kg = 187 km. (20 km)

60 km = 120 km.

7) 120 (17 days = 60 km incl
 $\frac{2}{50}$ on the ice.

15 left = 91 km.

15 lbs.

290 kg = 580 lb.

a request for a dance had been denied. It's the King's Birthday tomorrow. Even here, says Doctor ~~Quinn~~, there is restiveness against foreign rule, tho the rule is helpful, and efforts are yet being made to place natives in charge.

Monday, September 26, King's Birthday.

The King's Gift. Today the Crown gives ^{28 lbs (1.34)} in food to each inhabitant of Greenland. It repeats the gift on Christmas. Not in a line but individually the heads of households come to the colony store. I chanced to step in at the end of the giving today. It looked like Election.

The Assistant held the Colony Register with each family and its size.

Three clerks stood attention at their scales. The request was made by the householder. The kinds and quantity ^{was} shouted in series to the clerks, who weighed and delivered in feverish haste.

if the goods could be carried together or readily separated, they were packed in one bag. Economy is the rule here. If possible, you bring your own wrappers or containers.

They laughingly called for my "request". I purchased a scarf and a towel on charge.

The Salute. As the noon bell rang, a heavy reverberation shook harbor and hill. A salute of nine shots was coming in the King's honor from the adjoining cliff. Our flagstaff bore its colors and flags flew from both masts of the little Hrabroren below.

In Denmark the salute would have been three times as long. But this is a colony and frugality prevails.

The natives were meantime gathering and at its close, two aged Greenlanders led in a loud Hip, Hip, Hurrah!

HOLSTEIN 1873

Sep. 25.

The younger men seemed to be absent.

Schnapps. Liquor seems to be forbidden the routine native. But today the old men who led in the clearing were invited over for Schnapps and accepted with glee. And in informal and crude manner, one of the native assistants stood in the vestibule with bottle under arm and glass in hand to treat whomever entered. It's the King's health that's drunk.

Music. Music from the graphophone was played thru the open window at the noon-time hour and resting in the sun that followed.

The King? He too is busy, receiving calls from the first three classes of his realm if they care to come. The remainder, numbering five thousand or so, are content to write their names in the King's Book.

What a means of relief for our Presidents? But we have no classes in America nor class distinctions in Presidents.

Falling Barometer and Calm. Less than the Ice Cap block the Laws, or allow it to pass only when shorn of all its powers? For three days now the barometer has been falling, starting Saturday 6 a.m. at 78.53 cm and this Monday 6 p.m. resting at 76.30 cm, a total fall of 2.23 cm. or 0.88 in. Elsewhere this should be sufficient to start a wild storm unless the descent has been too gradual. The clouds have gathered as expected but only today has the wind movement been momentarily west.

Is this a deadlock between summer and winter? Will the winter East Wind soon prevail?

1897

1897

"The Eskimos' name for wind is Anakoc. Their name for North wind is Anakok for Southwest E. N. W. Being westerly they dread these winds! I have not heard them mention the southeast." - Captain Hansen

Flag Half-Mast. Flag in the courtyard was at half-mast this afternoon and also the flag on the mainmast of the Neobrasen. I wondered if this were an unusual custom connected with the King's birthday. However, it was a token of death in the colony. The foreign, the native, the king and his subject are noticed alike. It's the spirit of democratic democracy.

Who's Who Among Winds. "The ^{in winter} Southwest and Southeast winds are very strong. The Southeast sometimes makes the building tremble but is less frequent. The East wind and the West wind are light. The North wind is strong." - Governor Rage Bistrup.

This then will account for the southwest snow comices noticed far more frequently than any others.

Tuesday, September 27.

Halibut fishing. At dawn today Captain Hansen took me on

the Putorigton with him fishing.
 This was Greenlanders' day to have
 the catch, for so many natives
 had quit work to go seal hunting
 that the factory was refusing to
 take more fish. Even our crew
 was short-handed by two.

yet with fewer lines out,
 we made perhaps the banner
 catch of the season - a thousand
 kilo or more. In size they were
 the season's largest, the maximum
 weight being one hundred kilo.

The Captain prefers to take risks
 in getting his catch. years in
 the ^{the} Dogger Banks of the North Sea
 have taught him this, for rivalry
 runs high in the South. Today
 we sought the outermost reefs
 where the halibut seek
 congenial bottom in the heavy
 currents. Here we laid our
 lines within brass meters of
 reefs and won a catch of

* These boats were sitting on the western harbor, a north wind was rising. With 9 lbs the national painted and said: "Agayo Avonak" (Tomorrow North Wind). They will have a day off. They will need it to come for their catch.

thirty-one besides three escaped. Three other boats went out to quieter waters and caught together only the same number of smaller ones. All but a half-dozen of ours were caught in the reefs. yet we seemed in no danger at all, so expert was the management of lines and boat. as we left the reefs a

Captain Hansen is also an enthusiastic adventurer. He suggests that we take his boat and sail this autumn to Saffin bands. Fishing is now practically over and there will be time before the Hans Egede arrives. Augustinus, my "daredrill" of Jensen's Hafen, and Sargsted and Nikolaisen could probably be persuaded to go as ship's crew. It will be put up to the Governor. That Saffin band plan surely has vitality.

Food Adjustment. I could not have believed it one month ago. I am actually becoming accustomed to the Danish meals and unconsciously fond of them - coffee three times daily and tea once, a bare nothing in the morning, and no bread or desserts for dinner. Fish boiled and fruit soup. We have all the materials of eating but differently supplied: Coffee-bread breakfast; oatmeal or egg-meat lunch with preserved fish; tea-cakes, afternoon tea; fruit-soup, meat-potato dinner. Coffee immediately after dinner in the parlor. Sigsars at noon and night and smokes with evening coffee. The liquors I take in the form of goats-milk or Soft (fruit-juice) the smokes I take blended and cold.

But today on the Peterington, I had coffee, blackbread and cheese for early morning, and coffee blackbread and cheese again for

* You would not think so, when you see great fish suddenly
 pierce its speed over the ground and rise and fall full
 flat in the clear, large bell fish tail moving in the air. The
 fish is always in the air and flying. And the water, all very pale, white, yellow.

lunch, served in a tossing
 galley. I absorbed it promptly
 and was glad to have it.
 Considering the behavior of the boat
 (I was nearly thrown from my
 seat on the wheel-house), my
 digestive behavior today is an
 unbelievable success.

Greenland Phacelia. The natives
 are children in spirit. It's a
 trait worth keeping, tho' Captain Hansen
 points out its more selfish side.
 The crews of the other boats derided
 our crew to anger at the great
 size of their catch, or rather it
 was a fireworks of derision
 and challenge between the gangster
 men of the boats. Captain Hansen
 says the natives are always happy
 if their companions fail.

There's a touch of rivalry, of
 course, a college touch — and
 it's a Dane sailing our boat
 against Greenlanders sailing the

others. But decision changed to silence, then to admiration and assistance as our catch was dragged forth from the hold. We had only four in the dory and so many on deck. They were "calling" our boys and getting great sport out of the resulting anger. One boy who had been loudest in deriding our "spit-fire" climbed down into the dory to help him pull the prize halibut down over our gunwale. As the great slab of a fish slipped over, the two lads leaped apart over slippery fish to either end of the dory.

It was as wide as the dory and half as long and its two hundred pounds would have made a fish sandwich of them amid smiles and friendly chatter, the dory sunken almost to the gunwales was

started for the beach. The other crews could almost carry their personal shares in their hands.

The cannery workers were impartial in their interest. As we came in last, they were eager to learn the final score. Our decks looked empty - only eight in sight. But when I raised my two hands thrice, meaning 30, they raised a hurrah from their deck and repeated it "three times three" as I silently led with my crew in the yelling.

Am I growing old? I fear I was oldest at fifteen. But even the Chief is becoming indifferent to my ways.

Hatstensborg from the Sea. I have seen Hatstensborg so often from land that I did not realize that it had a seaward side. We have always crept in from the south.

out the contour of Kaerlingerk^{ation}
 and the bold headlands in unwise
 gave a sense of strength and
 quietude ^{in contrast of} after the tumultuous
 snow capped peaks to the south.
 Here line and color, water
 and islands invite both
 to rest and to loiter. It was
 the whalers first untroubled
 rest up the coast. The wild
 shores were behind them.

Wednesday, September 28.

The Sag in the Ice Cap. Bangsted
 has been drawing and computing.
 He finds a sag in the center of
 Greenland. Ralph had noticed it
 too. Bangsted would place a
 summer expedition across it.
 It might be called Greenland's
 Pass from Scoresby Sund to
 Narsarsuaq or Umanar. It would
 seem to be an old canal between
 these points like the Caledonian
 Canal in Scotland. So the Inland

ice here has never been thick as
 elsewhere. But the greater height
 of the ice to the northward? Could
 it be due to moderate ranges
 and scant melting which has
 deepened the snow on them for
 ages? and the ice southward
 is plainly perched on alpine peaks
 which guard it by their height
 against the melting that occurs
 in the sea. So the Inland ice
 may sometimes be two. But
 which of the two will ultimately
 be the first to disappear is a
 matter for the Gods' conjecture.
 Lower mountains north and
 low precipitation with low
 temperature are pitted against
 higher mountains in the south
 with higher precipitation and
 possibly higher temperature. Fifteen
 hundred miles of latitude are
 the scales upon which the
 two are hung.

The Southwest Wind. The clouds
have finally arrived. The wind
is southwest if a draft inland
can be called a wind. The cloud
caps are forming. The air is moist.
The barometer is low 76.6 mm. rising
and falling a millimeter .04 in.
since yesterday. This must be
a "movie" of the Southwest Wind
slowed down for detailed inspection
like the one of Suzanne Lenglen at
play.

a Sore Throat. The first throat
trouble since spring. Is it my
unaired feather bed grown damp?
Governor Dierup charges the old
church with it and has issued
orders that I sleep up stairs.
Just a slight fever and headache
and willingness to sleep. I'll soon
throw it off. Perhaps I better
start sleeping again in my clothes.
They are fair insulators and
at least are warm in present

weather, but Baugsted warns against it as the inland ice because any moisture means freezing.

Thursday, September 29. Northwind Day.

The northwind has been blowing all day. It feels like winter. The sand is thick over Davis Strait. It's a pleasant day to sit inside and read and look - to study the Greenland weather.

Baffin Plan in Progress.

But the days has been rich in things done. I have finally ventured to outline our Baffin Land Adventure to the Governor. The weather was not the best background for it, but I couldn't wait longer. He's the father of many a venture. He is sympathetic and has promised: "I will think it over."

a Source Book -

Then in the intervals of trying to find the Governor at emotional leisure, I have read Wegener's experience with weather and snow at Danneberg's Haven. It's just what I have dreamed and

expected. This mystery land and fairy tales will vanish into something quite natural yet Northern. Nature after all is not as freakish as we would think her. Her character is the same, her moods may vary.

My Fur. —

Tonight my fur anorak was brought over completed. The Governor has been teaching me how to put it on and drag it off. It's a leather coat of mail, ^{without seams,} longer than half my length and rather impliable. One arm goes in first, then head and other arm together. You feel like some Caribon and as warm. I only hope no buck Caribon will chase me. The Governor promises me a set of horns ^{to fight with.} The fur is good for -100° Centigrade, he asserts.

Friday, September 30.

Two Books. There are some books that do not seem to jar in the Northland. They are tales of nature and the human heart.

I've caught myself reading them when I had other work to do. Not quite compelling enough to go on my "Five Foot Shelf" but worthy of memory and quotation. They are Little Women by Louisa M. Alcott and Willa Cather's A Lost Lady. How quaint and moralizing the first, how dead the heroine in the second. But the nobility in both and touches of perfection. These are universal in time and place. Don't blame Touchin for eschewing them in his Edition. That is why they have wandered to this Danish library (of the Governor) in the North.

Lectures? My old one is gone with its high lights, enthusiasm, and spontaneity. However, I am still at the top of the world, but have sunk into its life here. It is now my normal life and excites me little. The growing pains have gone. Yet it is as true now as when I took the

message. ^{only} My world has changed
and I with it. I have lost touch
with the old.

Big Ben of London Tower. "Doctor,
hear! It's a bell". I jumped. The
old radio box had kept Governor
Bishop and Bengtson chained to
it so long seeing by change
of adjustment its extract some human
sound, that it had become
pathetic. Then the cry. It has
awakened me to the world
which I had forgotten.

The old bell was telling round
and full above the grating of
static. There could be only one
bell like that. As it ceased
telling, the chimes of our own
clock announced the hour of
eight. It was, then, the midnight
bell of London announcing the
day. And we were hearing its stroke
before the man in the street, if any
were still aware in that mighty tower.

"Karlsgjerdsknutten", near Little Mittenham,
is white to the top.

Saturday, October 1. Snow Day.

Snow. As I went to the Old Church last night to my bed on the hay, a few flakes were falling. Today a tiny covering of snow lies on the ground in tiny pellets just on the borderline between snow and rain, ^{I knew snow had come from the delayed protests of} as it fell. The depressions of the mountain faces are white but the cliffs are still brown. Autumn has lingered long - one snow fall in early September or rather late August and this. The snow is falling lightly and gliding down from the east.

The Governor announces this as winter - a winter, however, by the old "Halls Expedition". "Hello, Mr. Casanqui; Hello, Mr. Casanqui; Hello, Mr. Casanqui". It's the daily 5 o'clock news letter from Godhavn, one hundred miles north. I can not catch much of the message, but its import seems to be that the operator is installing a short wave attachment of 63 meters to receive

news from Paul. I wonder how Paul and Clarence are doing? The news has now begun to pass since I left.

Mirages. My spare day has been spent in reading Einar Mikkelson's unraveling of the mystery of ^{the fate of} "Wylliva-Erichsen" and ^{now} weaving one of his own. It is bucking adversity pretty hard. To it I have added Kock's survey of the Northeast Coast. Now I understand why the trip across the Ice Cap of Greenland - just to complete the unfinished plans of his fallen leader. He calls it, "Thru the Wild Waste". And it gave him heaven's own glimpses into the fantasies of nature.

Bangfjord, Sep. 20, 1912:

Homewards we went, with empty sledges in our old tracks. There was time to enjoy the beautiful clear and frosty September evening. The shining, white fresh snow, wreathing the upper edges of the icebergs, enhanced their blue and yellow-red colours. The generally so massive and impenetrable ice calosses

became light and airy. They stretched in a downward direction and seemed to rise gently on a crystal lace in the snow-covered plain of the fiord.

It was the downward or the 'autumn' mirage in the warm air which formed over the thin ice sheet of the fiord. It tried to impart a little life to the dull and sluggish icebergs, but the task was too hard for it. It missed the assistance of its strong brother, the upward or the 'spring' mirage. When the latter sets to work, the icebergs become frolicsome and wanton.

"Borgjökulan, April 12, 1913: ... When we got further east, down over Borgjökulan, we passed the boundary between two sharply separated strata of air, and immediately the mountains round us began to be reflected. It was the 'spring mirage', which here imparted life to quiescent natures.

But while the sledges were going up and down along the uneven, hummocky ice, the character of the images changed.

From Kap Aage Berthelsen a reflected streak projected towards Gundershals Knold. It undulated backwards and forwards, split up into two parallel parts which again joined together, all at once thrust out a quivering tongue far towards north, and then with the same suddenness withdrew it into the solid mountain side.

The mountains north of Gundershals Knold rose on tall and slender columns. Columns beside columns made a continuous airy wall, which upheld the natural domelike top of the mountain.

But close to the mountain lay quite a small well, hardly 50 metres high, which made the most desperate efforts to inflate itself, so as to become as big as its great neighbour. It breathed deeply, took a short run, made a tremendous jump right into the air, for a second or two retained its many

times doubled size, and then once more
sank back into its natural insignificance.

Then it rested a while, collected itself and
went at it again.

a great jump in a desperate hurry, and
this time it reached so high that it became
detached from its foundations. It was
quite a summersault, which made it float
high up in the air, with its top downwards
and its base upwards. For a long time
it remained floating, undulating, nodding
to its second more solid self on the
firm ground, and reaching out a long
arm towards its big haughty neighbor,
in order to show that they were ^{equals} rivals.

Then the sledge rushed for quite
a long distance down a slope. The
large mountain trembled and half
dropped on its knees. But the little
knoll had to return to the place where
it belonged,

And the stones on the near mountain
side and the still nearer ice knolls
twisted themselves about in fantastic

shapes, craned their necks, raised their heads into the air and cried out to me: "you forget to look at us; we also are able to do things; we also are in the mirror dance! Now you must behold us! . . ."

How similar the deserts and the frozen North. The first furnished the Christ, the second Christmas. They are both the lands of dreams.

Clouds. I have wondered why the wealth of delicate veils and veils in the North. I should have known. They are the children of the frost - and near kin of the mirage. Here ^{rest} all all things delicate: clouds, mirages, northern lights, soft colours, twilights, silences, harmonies, dreams, rest. Does fury too dwell here? We shall see. Or is death merely the intensity of quietude?

Sunday, October 2.

Autumn has come again. The sun is warm and the sky is clear except for a belt of fleecy clouds over the sea.

The post too was national and dignified. Even, through the ministers. Brown and Tomkins of down blue or black cloth with white ribbon side of the throat. a steady face and wavy black hair. Simple fitting being

Only Kaerlingersbitten and the northern slopes retain their snow. However, the air is still crisp.

Church. ^{again} I sat in church today, again it seemed like Pent. Last year the attendance was high tide, today it was low. yet there were 60 or one-fourth the previous attendance. Still good for a town only four times that size.

The assistant pastor was both organist and preacher. yet he moved ^{in presence} from the gallery to the pulpit with dignity. Readings, prayers, sermon - all in Eskimo. They ^{seemed} were not long, for their spirit caught me.

And the view after service from the church entrance of town and harbor and sea continued the spirit of worship within. Even with this ~~an~~ ^{the} ~~view~~ ^{view} had not chosen better.

Will dance to know themselves and to know their words. They have discovered the spirit of worship and have enshined her ⁱⁿ on their hills

Universal Language. Have the Danes done right in perpetuating the Eskimo language as the dominant language of Greenland? Doctor Olsen thought not, for thereby much of the world's thought was being closed from them.

It is doubtless true that progress and dialects do not make good water. But progress brings uniformity. It is possible that, by clearing the flood-gates of thought, only the best may ultimately enter. As it is, they are happy and have retained some virtues we have lost. Denmark's experiment of visiting a "closed country" at heart is good.

The Language of Dates - yesterday Captain Andreasen told me that we were going to Inártok "agago-aú", "day after tomorrow". The more a-u's put in, the more days after tomorrow are meant.

Ipasák means "yesterday"; and ipasáni means "one day before yesterday". Iossák, a slightly different word, means "the days before yesterday";

I suppose, "some days ago".

Eskimos and Milk. Governor Brinton is pleased because I drink milk, for since the children's departure for Hennanuk the milk had been thrown out. I enquired how the Eskimos managed. They never use milk and do not care for it. The babies depend upon their mothers and are not finally weaned until five years old. Child bearing can not be as difficult as in the more constrained life farther South.

Monday, October 3. Sailing North.

The Fall of Eden. I feel as if my ideals had been smashed. Yet it is not nearly so bad. I had looked my host's honey in the face so long and so intently, that I decided to ease my longing by getting some of my chocolate that I had left in the top of my food basket. I found the chocolate gone. Some

one with only a little less resistance than I had shown toward the honey had taken it all. Nothing else however in the old church had been touched, and it has stood undisturbed ever since I have been here.

I have been told that the Eskimos consider it perfectly proper to take food but aside from Koldani's failure to divide ^{the sugar}, I have experienced nothing of it until now. The warm got into Eden. I am expecting too much.

Kangarsuk. I am afloat again. It seems almost at home to be aboard the Hodgkissen. But our front door yard changes. Tonight we are in a harbor that is still despite the whistling of the north wind in our rigging.

The shore is rocky with turf-lined ravines. Piled in the ravines are sod igloos of the inhabitants, a glass window facing the water and smoke trailing from a

projecting pipe. Some of the finest fishing boats I have ever seen are riding at their moorings from the rocks. Halibut hams, one might well call them, lie curing on the grass and poles in front of dugouts are being with fish. The place looks prosperous, yet at first glance I thought of a prairie dog village. ("What is man that thou art mindful of him!" a little higher ^{only} than Thy creatures.)

A girl of 15 rode up with us. Very neat and good looking. She ate with us. When I saw her home on the shore, I said: "Dungelak", Good, but she seemed almost to shug her shoulders in reply. The family ^{group}, six or more stood on the rocks to greet her. She picked up the "picniamony" (their name for the baby here) and trundled it up the rocks on her back.

An Ocean Sunset. at least we are nearer the sea than when we

shore. We can look far out between
two island gateposts at the sea
leaping in foam at its barriers.
It has been rough all day outside.

The cloud veil has now ^{been drawn} reached
^{tight} far over the sea until only a narrow
band of bottle-green sky remains.
Below ^{are} is fluffy stub and leaping
waters.

The setting sun has filled the frame
with its colors. Translucent salmon
is borne by the sea and silver-gold
on ^{the crests of} its ragged edges. Crimson ^{is}
the slit of sky while bars of crimson ^{fill}
shoot up like short-arm aurores
from the central sun ^{across} upon the
straight-edged pall above. The
name of the harbor being the
crimson, like a meandering track,
to our ship. Against this symphony
of color, the wind still sighs in
the rigging and the breakers
send up their jets of white.

Thunna and Crawberries. A lad has

just brought from the shore a
 bucket of strawberries still plump
 and juicy. Nature does not furnish
 many fruits here in the Northland
 but she furnishes them to the limit
 of her power - until the ¹ snow blast
 covers them from sight. These
 should be my last, for the mountain
 ridges are now white with snow.
 To the south they look quite wintry.
 The daily temperature is now in
 its 30's, winter can not much
 longer delay.

Washbasins. The cook is eating supper
 with me tonight. The rest have gone
 on shore. The two lights in the hillside
 look comfortable. The cook is also
 washing the dishes - his share of the
 compliment. He is using the washbasin.
 They use washbasins here to mix
 bread in, to hold berries, to wash
 dishes, to wash hands. It's a good
 idea. For if they make a mistake
 and mix the ^{liquors} dishes, it shouldn't

matter for you can not be sure that it is a mistake.

Tuesday, October 4. The Untouched Places.

The Open Sea. Rollers? Yes, the coffee went over the top even when the ship ploughed sideways. Seasick? No, but my stomach was wrenched and my head was jerked until both ached. Yet we keep eating and recover in a day or so.

The Coast. Rocks awash with a hood or maybe only a kerchief of grass upon them. The mountains are still high but more rounded. Sentinel islands rising in cluster and secret havens of refuge. Inside passages and open roadsteads each hidden from the other gives a feeling of playing "hide and seek" with ^{the} (our) course.

It's the type of coast that must have led the ancient mariners to venture into the secrets of the hidden North.

Isortoq. Isortoq was to me a fiord, now it's a harbor. The fiord quickly zigzags behind

high mountains while the harbor is a tiny finger of the open sea.



If a clearer spot could scarcely be imagined, and I wondered why the settlement. That's an easy question in the frozen North where life is individual as in the desert West: a beach, some grass, a harbor, and fishing within reach.

This was a prosperous town for its population. The fiord furnished seal and the fishing boats now yield their labor. Only two families occupy the town but they ship 40 barrels of fish and blubber each six months and add to this a sack of fox skins.

Home Life. Captain Andreasen inductively invited me to accompany him on his official round. A town with this traffic mented a Bestyren. He was a tall kindly man

with a reflective smile. He had five sons and one daughter - the two elder, stout, round, rugged seared and nurtured by their life on the sea. The others knew the life and would grow to it.

The home and life were of old but with (the) refinements. The house was of wood but protected by sod. A wooden tunnel still served as entrance but large windows

Home Life

now seldom used and steps
 heiloomer. The bed was a platform at one end of each room (there were two) with feather ticks or coverlets rolled up against the wall. Thus of old the beds had been kept kept warmer and seats provided. Now they had homely chairs and seats with pictures, some religious, some landscape on the walls.

with a reflective smile. He had five sons and one daughter - the two elder, stout, round, rugged seared and weathered by their life on the sea. The others knew the life and would grow to it.

The home and life were of old but with (the) refinements. The house was of wood but protected by sod. A wooden tunnel still served as entrance but large windows with flowers faced the sea and the sun. A stove (now) took the place of a large stone lamp, now seldom used and kept as an heirloom. The bed was a platform at one end of each room (there were two) with feather ticks or coverlets rolled up against the wall. There of old the beds had been kept kept warmer and seats provided. Now they had homemade chairs and seats with pictures, some religious, some landscapes on the walls.

"Faux Breakfast" (kabel. finletinen) was served to us without the forks. We had knives served but used our own. Porcine meat in chunks on a central plate cold with coffee. The coffee as always North was home roasted and here burned to a ^{black} toast. Cube sugar was offered. My guests showed me why the cubes. Then my eyes were opened to the obvious. A cube of sugar in the mouth, then a swallow of coffee - thus almost Turkish in sweetness. Eight cubes were served. all ate at least four. America would be Scotch thrifty in comparison. Now I see why the sugar gives, the Eskimos failed so quickly this summer and how Nathaniel could have eaten all of the "Christians' sugar and given me Abraham none."

at the breakfast only the father and grown sons were present. The women served. The younger

* and someone else used according to the purpose for which they were intended, i.e. to eat the coffee in.

beds looked on and smiled.

A special event followed the completion of eating, possibly stayed only for foreign me. No forks, just fingers to eat with. But finger bowls at the end, for the hostess brought me a basin of water with soap and towel to wash my hands. And to think that I hadn't even washed my face that morning. I would have told her the joke if I could.

At the second home, the courtesies were repeated, but with only coffee here. The walls were again covered with pictures, mainly clipped from magazines. The Saturday Evening Post had contributed two scenes from the sea. Sweden had furnished some fine figures of women. Since the drift wood, the scenes had drifted from other shores. The father of this family was neither more and grizzled, yet springy and alert. With a father's

pride he pointed out his son
 in a picture on the wall. "Romanus?"
 I queried, for the clothes were
 European and the little fellow with
 a comrade was leaning quite
 with Southern ease against a
 pair of stairs. "Name," said he
 decisively, "Houlard". It was
 home-schooling at the Seminary
 at Godthard, and the old man
 was proud of his country. But
 here was the American marvel:
 a tiny hamlet too small even to
 have a teacher or school of its
 own was sending forth one of its
 sons to become a teacher and
 have a teacher's share in its
 country's growth. How like Britain
 in the days of the Caesars when
 the young men sought school at
 Rome. Only now "Rome" had brought
 its schools nearer its colonies.

Outdoors - Classic almost seemed
 the outlook as we stood outdoors.


The sea in front, the girdling mountains behind - a self-contained tribe in embryo as in ancient Greece. But a large sledge suggested wide ranging in winter time and closer association than with neighbors. The shell ice at the harbor edge and frozen pools were suggestive. Yet on the brow of the knells the crowberries still lay thick and juicy.

Amos. Curious to us but merely bits of life. All came so unexpectedly with the outdoor chatting on chance objects and their purpose. My curiosity to know and their eagerness to explain fully brought a quick purchase and sale where none had been intended. A sleeping bag cover built to fit like the old style coffee and so quickly warmed up at night. Some tiny beads made with infinite patience when the rights were long.

A hunting screen for stalking seals on the ice. Only a tiny sled with seal-skin runners to carry the barrel of the gun and a tiny white sail to mask the hunter's shoulders as he creeps out on the ice toward his game.

A fragment of asbestos, ^{stone} sootburned picked up by the Captain on the rocks. It had been the corner of a seal-oil lamp. The one in the home was cleaned up and displayed, but the mistress seemed bent at my suggestion of purchase.

It was elaborate beyond the usual.

 Bean shaped, mounted on a similar base carved from some solid drift-wood root and fitted with three legs to raise it above the floor. In the older days of a generation ago, Captain Jorgensen of Aqto remembers, the lamp was the home-center. By its side sat the housewife the long night thus dozing yet working at

her task of safeguarding the warmth of the home. Such must have been the task of the Roman girl in primitive times - a task glorified in the supreme obligation of the Vestal Maid. I don't blame the mother for being unwilling to call it. We could have given it a place of honor with the old spinning wheel, but finally it might have become a receptacle for smokers' debris in some man's den. Its service had been too high for that.

Loading. Only some kegs on the rocks and a large dory anchored in a sheltered inlet back of the town. The Brahossan lay in a deep rocky haul exposed to the sea. Only a tiny pool at one side could shelter boats and give a ^{or dory} kegs a chance to dart forth to sea. Out of sloping beaches paved with stones on edge there were two. These were sufficient. The empty barrels were quickly loaded into the dory ^{to better advantage} while

the barrels of blubber were rolled down the beach to float themselves to the ship. Had they been salt fish, the story had probably been different. To keep the barrels headed, they were fastened together in groups of eight by a line lightly nailed to each and then towed out by the ship's rowboat. A hand crane on deck quickly hoisted and dropped them ^{one by one} into the hold, just large enough to hold the whole lot snugly however much the ship might roll.

I watched the operation with deep concern for the bottom had dropped out of the barometer and we were on an exposed shore. But in Greenland a falling barometer does not always bring wind and Captain Andreassen keeps his barometer ^{at home,} ~~on shore.~~

Serving of tea in the fore-castle marked the end of the loading.

Bestyren, crew and myself (I finished the sugar and butter). The sons waited above - the younger ones, for the two elder had just waved adieu as they started forth over the harbor bar into the rising sea beyond, just the dogs were watching for seal at the headlands and inlets. But bread and much butter was hauled up. They had done their dog's work like the rest but without its honors. So I trace the ancestral tradition and the boys didn't mind, nor the father.

Then we set forth into the smells as the groups in the rocks waved us silent departure. So here in one day, was Denmark's service made fully plain. She was the incentive and means to a fuller life. Like Nevada, no family was too remote to be safeguarded, and the little ships were the evidence of its interest.

surf! Far in the distance were the "Sentinel Islands" guarding the fiords. The outlying ones, deeper set in the water, were the playground of the surf. We were the spectators on a leaping grandstand, but we entered into the thrill of the game as it surged and ebb'd before us.

A reef smothered with foam, then raising its head and pouring cascades from every tunnel on its surface, like a diving boy blowing water from mouth and nostrils. Only the cup-like depressions on the reef, filled to the brim, gave intensity and duration to the downpour.

Then a football game of leaping rollers - a game of pile up and run by. But here was a master play at one point as the foam leaped from the sea and outsped the dark, green counter beneath.

But in their center, where the reefs rise to hills, with its back to the sea lies a quiet haven land locked, whence fishing vessels can go to and fro to their tasks. Here a building on the shore gives a feeling of security.

A fountain. One rounded island was so symmetrical in contour and gushing cascades that it suggested a model for a fountain. A crown of russet turf gave it gentleness without diminishing its power. But what a "power" of water it would take to run it, and could a titanic setting be found outside the sea in which to place it.

More natural at least than the "Plowing of Iceland" in Copenhagen - but perhaps less powerful, for there ocean and man are masters of the sea.

Harbors? Harbors? yes, we see

seeking one now. But who except the experienced could find them or dare venture into the welter of foam that guards their entrance. This is no place for a novice seeking shelter from a rising gale.

Sunset. Pearl gray and gold interblended, then salmon, then rose thrown on the background of an overcast sky and framed by sea.

Storm? Riding with two anchors and two tail ropes out tonight in the well-protected bay whence we set out this morning. The clouds gather more readily as the season advances. Does low pressure mean winter with just storm tendency?

Wednesday, October 5. Home again.

Yes, Storm. The boat rocked gently last night, the wind souped in the rigging. There was

Our route, however, seems to the Eskimos
mountain is plain.

rain and snow. The clouds cover the mountains. The wind still blows, but "Inugulok" far travel, says the Captain. So we are rolling home.

The southwest wind of yesterday is becoming a north wind today. Foggy clouds are showing themselves. The low clouds are driving from the north, yet the upper clouds when seen are from southwest.

Reading: ^{in language} In this short time ^{at home}, I am reading De Quovain. French not so un-understandable after thirty years.

And Eskimo. How simple it seems when explained. Rink has done me a service quite personal.

Here is language ^{is why} so laboriously ^{and slowly} added syllable by syllable to ^{give} ~~add~~ greater definiteness of meaning.

Of course it's a poly-suffix language.

I venture that most others were astas in the building. Name places too

are (grow) clear and natural. Nakkajanga
 the steep land, Amerdlok, the lake of
 Amocette (serines), Divnos, the Place
 of Crossing Over (here a passage), Saefanga,
 Swift-water, Simintare, the Plug (to Sander
 Strömfiord), Tassersuak, Big Water.
 So with us: Big Rapids, Trine Falls,
 Clearwater, Big Meadows, Taha (Big
 Shore Ditch, Amen Amen, ^{Headless, headless, headless, headless} But names
 so descriptive suit a narrow
 environment unless sparingly used.

Thursday, October 6.

A week of storm. So it is beginning
 to seem ~~to~~ returned clear last night
 but a north gale is now on.
 The barometer has begun to rise
 rapidly, but so low a fall has
 overcome the resistance even of
 the Inland Ice.

*The precipitation is continuous
 but like the "liquid sunshine" of
 Honolulu it is inoffensive. It is
 a blizzard without snow.

My Old Friend from Agto. From out

the mist has come again Captain
Jørgensen, travelling all night in the
storm. The southwest wind drove
him to shelter. Then the storm lashed
him out and the north wind caught
him. But it mattered not. His crew
follows him on the open sea, and
he follows them in the inland channels.
So he saves ^{avoids} the old time delay.

Both beyond question. His compass was
in the bow and could be seen only
in the light of an occasional match,
while his signals were invisible to
the helmsman. He is still eager for
Baffin land and his crew has agreed.

Shore-line Mail. Non-postage mail
has just come in from Sverretoppen
with the boat bearing Pastor Haegh on
his return home from Godthaab.
It contained a dear letter from the
Absens with a watercolor by a
native artist and a glass tube all
unwrapped. They did not need to
be. In this country things personally

entrusted seem to be guarded as if the bear's own.

Tying up the Fishing Boats. The boats are being stripped of gear and ballast and today they went forth in flotilla to Sarfanguar to be anchored for the winter in the open water there. One only is kept here in the ice. The ⁺Walrusen probably lies out at her buoy in the open harbor.

Seal Nets. In the lee of a nearly house, Eskimo are busily tying nets in the stumps. The fishing is dead, long line the seal-hunting, only now they hunt in the modern way. Stalking seal with guns is too uncertain and slow. So they spread nets in the fiord inlets for the seals to thrust their heads in, for they can not back up. Thus the ruse inevitably yields to the fishing boat and livelihood becomes a mere effort. The Boats in the Garden. But the

best evidence of winter is the presence of the goats in the gardens. The cold frame glass has been raised. The green vegetables have been exposed to the air. The hardier ones snow covered offer even the goat too great a feast.

Sick. Was it the boots killing? For once I felt drawn inevitably toward bed and disappeared until evening. The result was good.

Friday, October 7.

Listening over the Top of the World. "I will tell you of the climate of the British Isles." Voice quite clear and direct for a Briton, but his subject revealed him. Then the voice merged into French at somewhat greater speed, followed by the plying of the Marcelline. If they can hear Kercholler^{as} across this channel, can laws their differences in language prevail for long?

Then "I'm broadcasted for you
I'll welcome you here
Then I won't be alone in that land."

Restrained but naïve. Candid and human "It must be America," said the Governor over the earpieces.

Can she hear languages blending, as I here at the Top of the World? There is advantage sometimes in position.

Saturday Evening, October 8.

The Fourth Dimension. Surely a vesper service in Danmore. Solemn congregational singing, contemplative, recitatives. Then the choir leader emerges into "Swing low, sweet Christ, coming for to carry me home, then banjos. A negro meeting? Then jazz, band and traps. Was it one and the same? Could it be? Or have walls and space vanished and we hear man at his jazz?

The Storm Ended: ^{Buffin?} a fall of an inch and a week of storm. So here at least is a ^{of dynamics} standard, in this land of the Anti-cyclone.

The barometer has fully recovered. The air is crisp and the stars are brilliant.

Now, if the boat were ready, we could cross the Strait and return before foul weather could close in again. It may be a case of *Jeune* and the *Gulden Hove* but its worth the venture. Captain Hansen and Augustinus are willing. But Governor Bestrup has told them No, that ice and weather would be too great a risk.

Somehow, I couldn't give it up. Now Captain Jorgensen is willing to go in his ship when the *Hans Egede* arrives, if I can obtain the *Styroler's* consent. But Bengsted will not consent to the risk. Of course, the *Ice Trip* is foremost and I must not fail him in that.

Perhaps it is better so. A mild gale has just swept over Denmark and Mrs Bestrup and Salice are in it. The ^{new} *Collier*, *Hermes*, which we saw at *Godthaab* has just come without message or survivors on the coast of *Jutland*. Captain Hansen

had been her mate but had been glad to leave her. Strong of hull, but too low in the water and too weak in the hatches for masts so short and so high as those of the North Sea. He smiles at his "channel life". Since the net he is always just out before the vessel goes down.

Sunday, October 9.

The Church on the Rock. It is Sunday again. The church bell is ringing to service. I am a little early for I do not know ^{which} bell is the last.

Cold. Your breath rises as you sing. Bad-cool gas indicates fire but the atmosphere is heavy. Yet the earnestness of the pastor and the quietude of the people again brought the mood of reverence.

This time one hundred forty were ^{Augustine was a near neighbor.} present. I was the only non-native.

But the church sought and found

a wider audience than gathered in its doors. On Sunday morning the doors of the belfry (perforce rope weather tight) were opened wide and at service time the double windows in the organ loft that the sound of bell and music might carry the call to meditation to the furthest limits of the town. As I descended, I lingered beneath the rock that I might catch the last strains of the recessional.

Breakfast at the Pastors. Ten guests, all non-natives save ^{only} David Olsen. A farewell to the departing colony? In a quaint home of the same vintage as the Old Church, 1753. I should like to live in it. Low ceilings, still lower doors, but flowers, pictures, a carved screen, and the hoots.

Natives both, a blend of the best families of Southern Greenland. His father, half-Eskimo, had won

the Order of Dannebrog. Her grandfather had been editor of the Greenland Avis, the one native^d publication. In the pictures of their family groups, the faces of the elders showed ruggedness, those of the younger, modernity.

The Race Question. In Greenland there is none now at least among the higher classes. Our hosts had a picture of a bridal procession that revived old memories and explained unanswerd queries on our Northward voyage.

Here on the church steps stood a Danish bride and a Greenland bridegroom. By ^{the bride's} her side stood her father in silk hat and full dress, by ^{the bridegroom's} her side stood his mother in her native suit. Behind them stood the Landvoegt or Governor of Southern Greenland in full regalia and the members of the bride's family. Bride sat on the faces of all, and in dignity none fell below the

others. The father had been formerly
Pastor at Godthaab, the new son-in-
law was the young editor of the Greenland
Avis.

The family had been our congeners
on the skins. The elder daughter had
married the Captain of the Gustav Holm,
the son, principal of the Seminars, was
soon to marry a Danish girl.
But the youngest had chosen a
native lad of her childhood home.

Baukhi Astorak. A carved panel
on the screen at my host's stove had
caught my interest. A low relief of
a rigger [#] heaving over his paddle
on the waves. Just a stooping
figure but it bore a message.
Jonathan Petersen of Godthaab had
carved it. Could I get one? They did
not know.

Later in a picture of school notes
of my hosts, I saw my Baukhi. Who was
he? and what? The organist of the
church at Godthaab and the carrier

of my panel.

Life Buoy of the "Hugo". The day is fine and my thoughts still wander to Baffin Land. But in the entry of the Governor's House, just brought by the Hvalrosser from Storöen, stands a torn almost defaced lifebuoy of the "Hugo" sunk with all on board off Cape Fannell two weeks before we passed that way last June.

Its wandering has been long, its message is unknown, except that it points out the same current that we seek to measure. At the fish-merchant's door also stands a birch tree washed out from Southern Greenland. Captain Jørgensen reports much wood to a point 15 miles south of Aqto but little beyond.

But the ice floats south from Alaska by the western shore the summer thru. It does not come this way. So whether autumn or spring, perhaps the temperature

measurements will be equally expressive
So goodbye to the Straits and rough weather.

An Evening Stroll. A stroll at full speed.
I was cold. There was no heat in the
house. I went merely in reaction
against discomfort. But I warmed
my blood, I quickened my heart.
Straight up the valley past children sliding
down on wooden sleds along the
frozen winding trail to the distant
head of the harbor. Here the frozen
stream and tiny pans of floating ice
suggested the winter trail. And the
setting sun cast its alpine glow over
the neighboring peaks. My feet caught
the feel of the hills once more.

Two Books. I catch myself picking
up the Tauschnitz books and finding
myself unable to lay them down.
Elmore Glynis Halcyone has the
phantasy I love and the problem of
duty and "my one woman with a
soul". But Beatrice Harvender's
"Ships that Pass in the Night" - to think

That I have never read it and can read it now. The counterpart of the Secret Garden, the conclusion of the Garden of Allah. Here we have the triangle Δ of books on influence, love of living, and duty. "Ships" is more heavily written but its message comes closer home. The last two chapters are precious.

"If" — Since ever I have dreamed of exploring, Florence has been the essential comrade in my journeys. If to the Southern Pole, she should ride in my ship. Can I now take her to the Inland Ice with me? Have I the right when pounds mean safety and others are dependent for their life and mine on my ability to carry my share of the burden?

If I return, well and good. She will be here to receive me. But, if not, she will be waiting? Yes, but I'll be just over the horizon. Place her on the little lookout, where she

can see fiords and tiny lanes
and the Inland Ice toward the
dawn. Sees me not. Let us
both lie in tranquillity where
men move not on our summits
of vision.

Monday, October 10.

Sleeping Warm My walk of yesterday
has kept me in a glow of comfort.
I had begun to worry because sleeping
cold. But this morning ice formed
on the walls of the basin as I
washed my face and left me cozy.
I am sure that I shall grow hardy
with the winter.

First Travellers. Last night a
few close friends came to sit
the evening out with Bengstad. He
leaves for the Inland Ice today.
Apollonia formosa
Schnapps, Cognac, "Real Old" Scotch
Whisky, smokes, and coffee -
Soft (fruit juice) for me. A quieter
evening I never spent - the Danes
have mastered the art of drinking.

130.
The departure today is as quiet
and unostentatious. The *Excalibur*?
with ensign at stem has just
vanished round the bend of the
upper harbor. At the distant wharf
stands the Governor ^{seated at the landing} and the
five native women of the household
like the women *fat* at the sepulcher.
The rest of us are lingering at the
Cunard wharf where his boat
weighed anchor.

Bangstad towered quite above
his chatters on the deck. He is
impressive anywhere. Large
languorous eyes, heavy wavy hair,
olive complexion, a tall supple
body, a soft yet commanding voice.

Edison dogs lay on deck now
patient to their lot. There were
all ages and all degrees of dog
philosophy and emotion - the two
latter displayed as they were dragged
down the rocks into the boat, one
old dog plainly saying "Give me time";

and a younger so panicky that it lay inert in the bottom of the boat. They will be traded enroute until an even pack of dogs has been acquired. The panicky one may be retained because it is so scared (the pity of it!) for it will pull till it drops. Of the team not more than three will ever return - probably not even the three. They must save themselves into the success of the whole. But that's only what we are doing.

What will come of it? Who knows?

Disco Arrived. The Disco reached Copenhagen today. Not so bad. And in a month Fred should be nearing home. My letters will get there sooner.

Across the Point. This evening for the first time I followed the pipe line across the harbor point. How fine to walk on crisp snow over frozen tundra. Feet light as wings. Can now shorten our time

To the inland ice over that spongy tundra of summer.

Here is quietude of heavens with the dull echo of surf. The islands are stepping stones ^{outward} southward. Then the blue sea, the gray blue sky, a line, and beyond - ? But I must back to supper. And at supper, Governor Bishop: "It is beautiful." Yes, it was Greenland, I could have felt it even in my sleep.

Tuesday, October 11.

Clothes. Clothes have been a problem these last days - especially made-over clothes. The native women know neither patterns nor measurements. You stand erect and turn around. They size you up. Then they create as they sometimes say the ancient sculptor carved. However, they did borrow my ^{Greenland} anorak as a base for my heavy one of fur. But in trousers, Bangsted was sure

that they could not reduce the size of the seat without distorting the whole. So he and I traded trousers as the simplest way out.

But someone must be ingenious in planning. I could purchase undershirts but no drawers. So I ordered some made. I received them last night. There had been no cloth on hand. Two shirts or more had sacrificed their identity and become drawers. The arms make the legs. The waist and seat for neatness of seam and small pieces recalled their best work in furs. The splicing of the legs was the only rough spot in the fabric. Their history - faces no smile. yet they are warm.

Why Kamien's Trousers? Not why are trousers are worn, but why worn so low? I thought I had an explanation - baby-bearing; for the men here wear theirs high round the waist. The onlook

or ^{blouse} waist, being of cloth, could readily be enlarged, and the presence of diverse types of cloth in its upper and lower sections indicates some zone of transition from the ^{breast} (shoulders) to the hips. A wide sash or shawl still links sash and trousers together.

But now Governor Bishop says that the Cape York Eskimo even ^{yet} keeps a hole in the back of his sash to ^{prevent} (keep from) overheating and keeps his stomach exposed for the same purpose. Is that why the Scotch wear kilts? Have the women in Southern Greenland retained the custom for maternal reasons but the men discarded it because of lighter clothing? The women look neat if careful, but if careless they resemble too much the proverbial Irishman, tho' the seats of their shirts are long.

The Sleeping Bag. I tried it on on

myself in the other day. Even as a
 mummy on a bologna I was a
 failure. My shoulders would stick
 out and my arms couldn't get
 in even when squeezed to my sides.
 The Governor will have an extension
 put on. I asked why so tight.
 He said "we live it that way".
 "a kilo here, a kilo there can't
 when you ^{move a long time.} (are packing your load)."
 I recounted the incident on the winter
 trip up Mt Whitney; but I instinctively
^{laid} laid off my glasses to save weight.
 "That is a great history (he meant
 story)", said he, "I shall remember
 that sometime."

Another lamp. Captain Andersson
 has discovered another lamp for
 me, just up the cliff over the harbor.
 I've been outside the house many
 a time but never in. He's one dear
 friend.

"Hans Egels" Coming. The "Hans Egels"
 has passed the Farnes. That's slow,

but she's safely thru the storm
Governor Bishop has worried
much for wife and babies. He
feels happier now. The house
is in repair. He is watching now
the progress of the work. He wants
it finished for her return. The
children's toys have already been
set out in readiness. The double
windows have been sealed against
the winter.

"Ships" Finished. I have been
allowing myself the luxury of slow
and reflective reading. "It is
wonderful how much ^{one} does learn when
one does not read". I seem to have
lived this out thru to be reading
my experiences. There is a
compensation in saving one's
masterpieces until late in life.
"... the picture of a man and woman
leading their lives together". "Was there
never a time when you cared for
people rather than books?" "Tell

Robert Altman to go back to the mountains,
and begin to build his bridge: it
must be strong and... ²³ It moves
me almost reverential. I understand
Professor Cargill better now.

Erasmus Bestrup has handed me
also a copy in Danish for parallel
reading. It helps me in ^{learning his language} (Danish).
It doesn't seem quite a sacrifice
to do it. The book is merely carrying
out its ideal of duty.

Wednesday, October 12. A Perfect Day.

Weather. Sky clear, air mild and
quiet. The perfection of autumn. The
barometer is at its peak, but here
the rising aeroplane is it just
at the lip of a dive?

My Patron. Often have I told of the
man who could not go himself but
sent others forth in safety. I did
not realize that the same service
had come home to me, when
Bangsted dragged me from the
camp back to Halstensborg for

warmer clothes I had credited
 Bangstad with this but I'm getting
 closer to the Governor these days
 when we are alone and we are
 speaking English. "You shall not take
 Professor Church with you," ^{"I said,} "unless
 you get him warmer clothes. You
 shall get him and bring him here
 to get them made". So I have
 been a shaver of the Governor's house
 these ⁴ days.

So like Father's house. Am I reaping
 his sowing? "I hope Doctor Hobbs will
 not be angry to me for Caribian skin
 and clothes". He said nothing about
 food. But later he said with a
 laugh: "if a man have not to pay,
 he stays for nothing" and the
 Governor must maintain his
 family, food included, on 6,000
 kroner (\$1800) per year. One
 moneyless artist stayed with him
 three months at Godhavn and
 gave him a water color in gratitude.

It's a beauty though in character study. I should be proud to possess it, and Lange Koch remained ten months. He had no means. When finally his Expedition Committee in appreciation sent the Governor 700 kroner, he returned the sum. The beautiful gold watch came in consequence.

The Order of St. Olaf - I have not learned the details, but the grateful government of Norway bestowed it.

He treats all alike. A native Bestyren, he of Stovlar, has been guest three the day, sharing the radio as a special attention and himself playing the graphophone this evening. And we he introduced as his son, with a smile "his youngest", and I: "yes, I am glad to be".

He feels that we should never are hundred miles in but across


that it would be better to start in January when the runnels in the ice were filled deeper with snow.

Eskimo Slang. Only one word have I learned of native slang. It sounded slangy the first time I heard it - "Skoffan" so much like collage "Gaw". "Plenty halibut, plenty skoffan," "chow" was the thought he conveyed. The respectful term is "nammarot" food, meal, but they have picked up this term from the Danish "skoffa" brought in sailor lingo.

In the Hills. I am back with my mooses. I have missed them so long. I thought that I had been mistaken, but they are still here. Only one must see them. They are not always obtrusive over the rocks and in the crevices and on the faces, in the stairways and where rock roofs overhang, they

welcome me tonight everywhere. I dream myself back in Heligian again. They are my rugs in my brownstone mansion and the sunset is my painting on the wall.

An imaginary letter. "Come on, Brooke. Stand here with me. I'll get a shirt that will keep you warm".

Strange! 

CAPT.

John Albert Flygote

Master of Schooner Oregon

7 Elmwood, Mass.

NORRKPING SWEDEN

16 Sept. 1865

† HOLETENROBB

3 Aug. 1911

100P

Keep

Not the grave but the fraternal orders. They follow even in death. and to the ends of the world. Perhaps that is what they were for.

Sunset from the Beijing Ground. Hands are thick and nameless, a Chinese burial ground for ages. a little harbor down the hill. The deal have closed - well.

The sky is crimson, the clouds a thick texture of vapor weaving, with smooth luscious bands below. The harbor too is crimson, and in its midst a fishing boat, ^{is} sailing slowly home. Am I Alice in my enthusiasms? I'm glad 'tis so.

Houses. Like ours, these never native ones, yet the basic scheme is different. The house the attic to keep the house warm, not cool, and to store things in. Cellars they need not in winter, for they have no bottles, nor vegetables nor fruit to keep from freezing. In summer, their food is dried.

Two cairns in the shale under the cliffs I saw today. They were getting food from over. The smell of ripening meat was strong. Are they planned for cold storage?

My White Anax. It came tonight.

I merely had explained that I wanted to wear it on Sunday over only my usual shirt, not over my Iceland sweater. It fits as if made to measure. The style of trimming isn't quite what I wanted. Gestures even with an interpreter can scarcely take the place of a model.

Letters from Paul. A notice came in tonight bearing letters from Paul. But the date was September 22 and 23.

They were well and receiving messages from Godhavn and the Eskimo.

The beaver was Marinus Olsen, oldest son of David and present at the capsizing last year. He had been at Camp hunting tute. This year he got 22, last year 85. The supply can scarcely withstand the drain, yet Governor Distrop says there are plenty.

How much like his father Marinus looks especially in eyes and forehead.

He is a man of weight in his community to judge from Abraham's summer references to him. What else should be expected?

Thursday, October 13. A Shut-In Day, but Pleasant

Weather. Yes, the barometer did dive - a whole centimeter, i. e. four tenths of an inch and by tonight will have fully recovered. A pretty curve, like a line from a springboard into shallow water. The sky yesterday was a fairish bank of cirrus gradually thickening into veils until at 10 p. m. when the barometer was lowest the sky was overcast so that the moon was dimmed to the radiance of a starcluster. This morning over an inch of snow covered the ground and the snow has been gently drifting in from the sea all day ^{and the wind has nothing}.
How has it been at the Observatory?
A stormy day for Bangsted to arrive

with the dogs? I am eager to know.

After my own Heart. Governor Bistrop has his history too. He has let me look in. He has served his notices and ideals too well to have gained favor with his Executive. ^{The} At home and happy in the far North of Superior where most would not care to live, he has been exiled to the South because he sharply insisted that more means of livelihood should be opened to his people. Now, at Holstenburg, he has gained resentment because he insists that the natives who have money to spend be given more goods to purchase.

A wise man he and knowing the inner stirring of a race with whom he has lived from boyhood. It's the dreamer and executive again come into clash, with the dreamer insistent. Advancement for him? yes, in the things he's done. Fishing

at Upernivik, the Church on the Beach
and ^{its} Entrance at Holstenborg, the
cannery in part. A protecting voice
is the best asset ^{helper} an executive can
have. He should honor, not conceal it.

Playing on the White. How lives the
American leads. The desire finds the
way. Fast ball with a tiny leadball
on the snow. And they can kick it
too and hook it out of camera. The
soft-bed boat seems well over when
rises too large. It kept me busy leaping
out of the way of the ball.

Why Paul's letters late. Simple, when you
see within. Marine Olsen is not Claude's
son but his brother and envious of
his brother's success and alienated by
his Danish life. So no favor will be
asked or accepted. Marine is a professional
hunter ^{and lives at} at Saarfjorden only about four
months of the year. He has kept the
letters on his travels to deliver them
finally himself. He refused to send them

by others

Friday, October 14.

Weather - Mood. The barometer was up last night but is descending rapidly today. The ^{clouds} sky did not have a chance to clear. The ^{the sun} sky is leaden, the wind whines, the snow is fitfully falling. Just a weather mood, I should call it, not a weather passage. But the Governor fears that a storm may be bursting at the Cape. The "Hans Egede" reaches it tonight.

My Host. Today another native Westyuan, from Kerantunsook, came to breakfast.

The Governor apologized in introducing him that sometimes he invited natives to tables. I said "It warms me warm here", touching my breast. He smiled. A native helper was here all last evening playing the graphophone.

Halcyon. It fascinates me. I had read it by excerpts. Now I have read

it true, every word. That seems strange for me.

as delicate as dainty porcelain, dreamy as the Classics, pure as the solitude. I find Florence in it all, and myself led on, and guarding. The Professor, bless him!

It must have a share in my dreaming with Secret Garden and Wences Mass No. It is their spiritual elder ^{sister perhaps} sisters' step. "We must be true to ourselves" - in this it rises to the nobility of Goethe's *Ephigenie* and to sisterhood with it.

Departure for Camp Postpaned. "Hans Egeli reaches Julandach ^{near the station} ~~tomorrow~~ ^{today} Is bringing sheep, then to Federischach, Gutthach, Suroentoppen and Halstunshay. Will reach here about twentysixth. Why not have sped to North and left in the same earlier? Sheep? Parsnips? Perhaps Cape Farsand is after all the worst and now by going direct from Halstunshay, she can pass

October 20: I have meditated why this "sped" is so important. It must have been the first I got from - falling on the way bridge. I believe that if you find it, my pen was to write it.

far out. Well, I can spend the time checking
the clouds. It will give us details having
the Ice with the Coast.

Saturday, October 15.

Raining. Is this the fact? If so, the
wind is mild here, almost calm.
The barometer stopped falling at nine last
night. It has been raining constantly
and fairly heavily since early last
evening. Heavy wind from southwest
shook his house, says Mattie Hanson.
I did not sense it or it was merely
dreams with me. This morning
the lower cloud drift was from southwest,
but the drift of the chimney smoke is
from the east.

The snow is all gone in the
foothills. Ice still covers the paths
and is tricky. I am still lame. I
been and hips from a fall at the
bridge last evening. Rain coats and
rubbers are a comfort to them.

as has them. The pupae are filling the air with hums of protest. Somehow their negative joy is gone. The half-grown are philosophical. They have found protest useless. The older have found shelter.

Whence come this law? Whence come this warmth? Yet it is only 6° F. at 9 a.m. above freezing. A tiny shift, that's all.

Balcanich's Country House. Yes, John Balcanich. My first ^{book} of his. Didn't read the first part. Middle too drab and slow, yet read enough. That's the trouble, nearly read. The last part shows the master "Wild Geese" in a way translated to England and made gentle. Husband and wife - Clarence and myself, and the experience nearly our own. I'm glad she won.

Sunday, October 16.

Physical. Add how the physical worries you when you want to use it. A week ago after my Sunday run

to the head of the harbor, I noticed that a muscle or tendon on the inside of my right leg was sore to the touch and would not improve even with inactivity.

I continually wondered what the result might be for the trip to the Island Dec. Then while still in bed this morning, I noticed that all pain was gone.

A muscle must have been snapped out of place and then finally slipped back. ^{Or was it plain rheumatism?} Then two days ago in the storm my kinniks slipped on the sloping bridge. Result: a badly bruised back ^{at a sharp bend.} at the hips. But this doesn't worry me, for the results will pass with time.

Another Anquist. The pipe organ was playing with undiminished power today, but the assistant pastor sat in the chancel. Who then was playing? The young man, who directs the "shop" (store) and assists in the

office. He had learned at the Seminary at Godthaab. This, as I speak, is the Panama College of Greenland.

Back from the Strömfjord. The Petering returned today from Camp. Captain Hansen calls it the "American Station". The boys were well and sent nearly all the things I asked for except information. The boat arrived at 6 in the evening and left at 10 next morning. Only an evening's talk. Perhaps they had no time to write or did they forget to hand over their letters. The last chance too to send out mail from Greenland this winter.

a heavy east wind ^{the entire end of} blew down the fjord for six hours last Thursday, when the boat was going up, but without corresponding wind at the "American Station", says Captain Hansen. Is this merely a difference in estimating winds

or is down draft accelerated by the
 steeplyth north 708, 25 miles or so far ^{east} it is also perhaps
 fixed gage? This may be one of doctor's
 down-slope winds scaring and following
 its deepest channel.

"The Christian". I have been reading
 Hall Caine's "Christian" but particularly
 the second volume. A novel written for
 the last three chapters, but I thank
 God for these.

Monday, October 17.

a Month of Vacation. Yes, five weeks and
 two more in prospect. And this is
 a real vacation - an empty time
 to fill as I like. And I am filling
 it with books from the Bremon's
 library. Some have their hours have
 taken an unwonted possession of me.

But physically I am eating and eating
 for the work ahead yet how
 mild the winter, only -3.0°C this
 morning, and how rapidly it is
 passing.

A Raven in the Storm. He looked lonely and tired, but he knew where he was going. So did I. We met in the uplands in the snow storm. I was following my tracks down the defile home, he was heading straight for the mountains with logging skis. Probably he had been fishing at the sea instead of hunting ptarmigan. He is a permanent resident and my decide to go inland. We shall look for him on the Ice.

Snowing. The barometer has been very high today 30.14 in. but it has been snowing heavily for Greenland. At times the storm clouds thinned into alto-cumulus. The clouds seemed thickest at the base of the mountains - almost a black cloud. The cloud drift was from southwest this morning. Evidently, the tail of Saturday's storm.

"The Fifth Symphony". Hush! don't tell. It had been locked up but a little bird told Nicolai where the key was. The Governor has put us under silence. Will hear it of course when she gets back. "Beste Taxi" for the joy - another mood added to this day. The calms are almost as well sustained as the silence of nature.

BOGHALLEN
Alfred G. Hassing
PHOTOGRAPHER 27