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DIARY OF SECOND TRIP
TO GREENLAND, 1927-28.

NOTEBOOK NO 4.

Tuesday, October 18.

A New Diary Book. I'm thankful that the boys sent this new book as requested. But to think that this is the fourth and that the last one lasted only five weeks even with an annex posted in. How can I get sufficient paper to outlast the winter! Will the winter days be so similar that a line a day will keep our calendar straight? I pray not. The white spirits may prove as delicate as the others.

Winter Sky. The barometer has now gone even higher 29.30 in. (The Danish sensitive barograph even higher to 78.95 cm.) yet the sky remains overcast. The humidity is 69% this afternoon, not appreciably higher than in early autumn. The clouds are moving in from the sea and the air near the ground is moving out. The high has evidently gained the mastery over the cold air of the inland ice. The result

is to cause what we might call
"high fog". I shall be eager to learn
what the cloud covering is at the
Observatory. The Greenland seas must
be tranquil now. The Governor says
"Only ten days now until our Table is
full again". The afternoon radio is
on a vacation. So no news from the
"Hans Egede", but at present she is out
of the reach of storms.

Tonight the stars are beginning to
shine. If the ice draft gains the mastery,
the "high fog" may be dissipated, for
the ice wind is drier and hence
clearer.

Keeping Warm. My feet just would
not keep warm today and I was
chilly all night. So I changed undergarments
and stockings. I don't wonder now
that I was colder a foot wash even
in ice cold water and clean clothing
have put me into a glow. It's
five weeks and more since I
changed and live the monk,

Tuesday - Oct 22

Wore clothes -

Shirts into drawers - He
hung it? But warm.

"You shall not have the
Prop Chival with you unless
you get him warm clothes.
You shall get him and bring
him here to get them made"

This is a supreme bubble
to the man who stayed
could not be hit sent others in
safety.

My earlier instinct was true

I hope Doctor Robb will not
be angry to me, for seeing
skins and clothes.

No, Doctor and are grateful
for Capt. Gledhill's warning man
could not get me my idea
saved.

The oil lamp. Capt. G. does not forget.

always
crime

want to

me that
be plenty
things.

I must
be very
with you
this.

promised
side down

with mittens?

and
at skin
mittens
target for

if we see the amateur
type up here. I would surely have
to carry a red flag to protect me.

who punished his flock, I always

Malayone -

It fascinates me I had
read it by title, now, ~~and~~
reading it three - very much
The scene strange.

as delicate as a dainty
porcelain, dreamy as the classic
pure as the solitude.

I find Florence in it all, and
myself laid on. and has the
Tuscan.

It now here where with
Sweet Garden & Renaissance ^{Edo}
but it is their spiritual, ^{inter}

and then - night - with a fine
character study - Clem - Celia.

to carry a red flag to protect me.

6
who punished his flesh, I always
sleep fully clad. Only my denim
snook comes off. I don't want to
crease that.

I am glad for the experience.
Governor Gistrop assures me that
my dog-skin ^{and sheepskin} boots would be plenty
warm even without stockings.
In fact, that I would be ^{even} warmer
without them. But to do so, I must
change boots each day and be very
careful to have them dry. With our
Primus lamp we can do this.
For extra warmth he has promised
to give me a small bag of cedar down
to scatter inside the boots.

Can I do as well now with mittens?
The heavy caribou snook and
polar bear trousers and seal-skin
outer boots with polar bear mittens
would make me a fine target for
hunters, if we had the amateur
type up here. I would surely have
to carry a red flag to protect me.

Relaying on the Island Ice. In no way can we possibly carry necessary food and oil without one or even two relays. This has worried me somewhat, because of the short days and the threat of storms. The relays would have to be very short to guard against the possibility of losing the way or having goods buried during an enforced absence.

But Governor Bishop suggests that some dogfood be left each time at the rear camp. The dogs will surely find it. The Eskimo have the saying that "Every trail, however long ends at a garbage dump." The dogs always find their way to food. Once on a two mile trek between stations the dogs followed the old trail now buried by snow by using their scent. So if we flag our caches and travel not more than four miles each time, he believes that we can travel even in the moonlight in full safety.

Wednesday, October 19 - a Clear Day.

The Sun Shines. The barometer was falling slowly last night and at bedtime the stars were visible thro' haze. The barometer is still lower today (30.13 in) and only a small field of cloud hangs over the sea. The sea has lost its mastery. The air is moving outward from the Ice again - at least near the surface. Pity we have no balloons to send up from here. Has all this clearness been confined to the immediate coast?

Dogs. I have been invisible 7 days. They ignore the weather and sleep outdoors. They need only food to range as widely as they please. This morning was snuffy cold. But in the mouth of a hole dug in the sloping hillside lay a pup curled up with paws at face as prettily as ever baby lay in its cradle. I only hope it was not the same pup that made my night hideous with his howling. Our Northern

silence suffer too much "static" from the dogs. I shall be glad to get inland again - only we shall have them with us this time. It's the old penalty of progress - sleds mean dogs, and dogs mean noise.

I have bread and white. I take the latter. I have no porridge usually, but the former even of the white. The rest of it is sugar and is, however delicious.

Dances Meals and Habits. The Danes do not necessarily eat different food than we but they eat it differently. I wonder whether their habits caused the food distribution or the distribution their habits. In my case I'm sure it's the latter.

Breakfast: bread and butter and tea ^{sometimes honey or marmalade} or coffee, I am hungry in the morning, so I take it all.

Lunch (they call it breakfast): oatmeal ^{with sugar} and prunes ^{or sugar}, eggs sometimes, cold fish, bread and butter and cheese. Coffee again and beer (They have given me milk). I always have hard fruit especially raisins with my mush, so I eat it gladly. I have finally become accustomed to cold fish and cheese.

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Føltes net
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The affe somewhat appeals. So I have
forward to it.

Samtlige Danske anmodes om at iagttage følgende ved Posts Aflevering til Kolonibestyreren:

1. Breve maa højst veje 2000 gr og have en Tykkelse af indtil 3 cm og en Længde og Bredde af indtil henholdsvis 40 og 30 cm. Overskrides disse Grænser, betragtes Brevet som Pakke og skal være ledsaget af Adressebrev.
2. Pakker skal ved Afleveringen være godt emballerede, og tydeligt mærkede med Modtagerens fulde Adresse og Bestemmelsesstedets Posthus. Adressebrevet skal være behørigt frankeret. Ønskes Pakker vejlet, kan dette ske i Butikkerne i Butikstiden.
3. Post, der ikke opfylder disse Bestemmelser, kan afvises af Kolonibestyreren.
4. Officielle Breve afleveres enten løse eller i en særlig Pakke.
5. anbefalede Breve og Værdipakker afleveres særskilte.
6. private Breve afleveres i en Pakke mrk:
..... Stk. Danmarksbreve fra
7. Foranstaaende Bevis udfyldes af Afsenderen og kvitteres af Kolonibestyreren eller dennes Stedfortræder.
8. Om monopoliserede Sager se Dir. Medd. 1906 Pag. 230.
9. Er en Adresse ukendt her, men kendt af Styrelsen, anføres kun Adressatens Stilling og Navn paa Kopvolутten. Et saadant Brev afleveres særskilt, for at det sammen med lignende Breve af Kolonibestyreren kan blive tilstillet Styrelsens Kontor i en særlig Pakke.

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The office similar appeals. So I have
sent to it.

Samtlige Danske anmodes om at iagttage følgende ved Posts Aflevering til Kolonibestyrelsen:

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Table Specifications and Remarks: see in all times the handbook etc from a common list.
1-100 "Thin Shells" - "Don't handle them with your fingers as they are not to be touched with feet or hands. Wash hands before and after handling them."
The coffee somewhat appeals. So I have

Af Hr. Dr. J. E. Church

er efternævnte Postsager modtagne til Forsendelse med 1/2 Kasse 4" Papir

Stk. Officielle Breve til Styrelsen

- 1 - anbefalet Brev til Willis and Fern Church USA
- 1 - do "Pete P. Humphrey USA"

Værdipakke til

11 Stk private Breve (angives at indeholde Stk.)

Kolonien Fjolskrobo, den 11 1927.

J. E. Church
W. P. P. Humphrey

8 Table specifications and dimensions: as in old times, the handle etc from a common lid, the same help themselves from a common table. Thin things: "Don't trouble your feet or neighbors by sitting if you can possibly read it yourself." You have your table of plates set before you at the beginning of the meal. They are those covered at the corners are changed. Two more can stand with just a perfect dinner without meat.

The coffee somehow appeals. So I look forward to it.

Tea: Tea and sugar (without milk) and other

Sat am
10 am Mine + 0.2°F = 18°C and
Pres. Temp + 2°F

Kaptajn H. Roofeld
Bestyrer ved Agto
Jørgensen

Direktøren for
Grønlands Styrelse
København

196
JW,

Kedrak

J. Nielsen
440 Elm St
Brooklyn
New York

The Polar or Labrador Current. Clarence has sent down the charts of ocean surface temperatures for ^{the} various months. Very plainly the Gulf Stream never enters our waters. It is the water north of Ireland that rounds Cape Farewell. So now our only question is whether the water on the west side of Davis Strait is colder than on the east, that is, whether the water from the north is colder and flows in a stream by itself. Why? The effect of the earth's revolution and consequent steering of currents to the west? Does then the water only slightly less cold fill up the void on the east side until met in the throat of Davis Strait by the outflowing polar water?

A Foolproof Thermometer for Natives.

I wondered why the peculiar thermometer in the Meteorological Institute's shelter here. It read naturally enough from 0 (zero) up 0 ↓ 10 ↓ 20 ↓ 30 ↓ 40. The numbers,

however, were unusually large and the 5's as 5, 15, 25, 35 were clearly marked by arrows to aid the eye in correctly reading the intervening degrees.

But below zero the numbers were backward, as

10 † 20 † 30 † 40 † 50 † 60 † 0

This was too deep for me but Nicolaisson suggested that we had here one of the style thermometers made to prevent novice observers from confusing and misreading the numbers immediately above and below zero, as +10 and -10 which are naturally neighbors when the scale is marked in the usual way. This is an ever present risk in this land where zero (i.e. freezing) is the central point in the scale.


The Fahrenheit scale with its low zero and almost double the number of degrees would not be nearly so subject to being misread. But it is too eccentric, I mean out of center, & he adopted even

10
for so worthy a purpose as this.
Rather the natives have been educated
out of making mistakes and the
normal Antycale thermometer has
now come into use.

Thursday, October 20.

25. Sunset. Just a soft glow on the horizon
that means we are in a clear part of things.

Under the North Star. I hadn't
fully realized in recent years how
actually upon the top of the world I was
living until last night I stepped
under the brilliant stars in search
of the North. My neck was stretched
to the utmost to permit my eyes to
turn upward to the Pole Star close
overhead. And how brilliant! Like
the winter stars from Mount Rose.

Women's specialties. Two instruments
I have found with "women" imbedded
in them. One is the Umiak, "woman's
boat", the other is the Ulaq, "woman's
knife". The former is the large
skin boat with oars, the latter
looks like our chopping knife .
The name "woman's" here sounds

dangerously like our word "safety" in "safety bicycle" and "safety razor". But why "womanis"? Wouldn't they allow the women to risk themselves in the kayak and with pointed knives, or is the name a mark of inferiority. Both kayak and sharp-pointed knife are the tools of the hunter. I have never seen the women use them. Yet the women skin the animals.

Ash Trays. These ash trays have caught my fancy for they are both suggestive of the ^{Arctic} (North) land and are artistic. One of soapstone by a native artist represents a seal resting on the edge of a pan of ice. The second is an oval tray ending on one side in the curved neck and head of a raven.



The raven like the polar bear is a permanent resident.

The third, the faintest, is probably Antarctic. Two penguins standing

on a mossy shelf over a pool. The male is dignified and masterful, the female devoted and deferential. Their human attitudes grow constantly on me. For veiled fantasy it suggests "where the Blue Begins". The pool unfortunately is a large shell slightly disguised, but the curves are very pleasing. Symmetry and naturalness are very hard to combine. So the artist had recourse to a shell instead of a rock pool.

The poor roven looks natural despite his conventionalized treatment. That's the penalty of strength of character and prominence of heart. Even if his breast has been hollowed out, it causes no pity, for he is a pirate.

"a free leg". The Governor of South Greenland has one. It does it mean that he can travel freely, for he cannot. His leg is loose and comes off. I wonder if the Danes also have "free hands".

13

We have "free-landed" people but they are not cripples. Speech is a matter of suggestion and suggestion depends upon mood and viewpoint. But there are legions.

"The Monopoly". This is the name popularly used in Greenland of the present Government policy. It is really paternalistic socialism. The Government furnishes the larger means of livelihood, fishing boats, nets, instructors, factories, transportation, doctors, hospitals, free treatment, churches, schools, ministers, teachers, stores, savings accounts and by various means urges the people to use them.

all natural resources belong to the state. You may get as much as you can, subject of course, to the restrictions of "closed season", but, if you sell, you must sell to the state and at its price. The difficulty is that

these prices to not correspond to prices that would in most cases be paid by outside firms. The top price for fox skins paid by the State is 25 Kroner (approx. \$6.00), the price in Denmark to the purchaser may be as high as 600 Kroner. The price paid for halibut at the dock is 10 öre (approx. 3 cents) per kilo (approx 2 lbs), but if delivered at an English port would probably be 2 sh.^(50¢) but this is a full week's sail distant.

However, the price paid the fishermen for codfish is quite in excess of its commercial value, for the Government by bonus is endeavoring to develop the industry. On the other hand, articles needed by the victors (not luxuries) are sold at times below the actual purchase price.

Why these inequalities? Evidently that there may be some equality of living to all whether ~~skillful~~ ^{wise} fox hunter or catcher of cheaper fish.

A luxury tax on faxes and

* Compare the Government's price to purchase whether catch is brought in, whether the market is glutted or not.

** Compare American Excise on spirits, Tobacco Tax, Tax on Public Amusement, on Wealthy Person, Tax on Denmark, very rich receiving not pay a tax. In support of my statement. Also live the Council and 3d. and for the hunting.

halibut might equalize living, if
 only the natives were accustomed
 to paying taxes, even in kind,
 as the Russian peasant under the
 Czar. In this case, the cost of
 government could be laid upon
 the more successful natives and
 they in turn be permitted to receive
 natural prices. As it is, the
 Government is turning ^{annually} back, to
 Greenland 2,500,000 kroner received
 in royalty from the Kuyolite mine
 at Dvigtit and besides is making
 up the yearly deficit of 1,000,000 kroner.

Some day the natives may grow
 restive under the present plan. It
 savors of too much control, yet under
 it, the menace of starvation with
 uneven seasons is banished.
 The country is being made to support
 a larger population. It is a Barbic
 process. Shall Barbic abandon his
 plant or can he find some means
 of acclimating it? This is a problem

worthy of Denmark. already she is furnishing education and slowly teaching health and thrift. she is developing a Greenland for the Greenlanders and keeping them there to fulfil their racial destiny. Can she now teach them community self-reliance and cooperation? She has framed a plan quite in advance of the southland nations. Will Greenland ultimately grow into the ideal state?

Iceland once lived under the same monopoly, I am told. It has now been removed. I should like to visit this state.

Native Bumblebees. There were high words in Governor Distrop's office today. It was in Eskimo but even I was prompted to withdraw. Captain Hansen and some of the natives have been doing some last fishing on the reefs to see how long the halibut will linger

in winter in shallow waters they made a good catch. Evidently the warmer water deeper down is driven by the surf up over the bed of the reef. The natives received their daily wage for the catch, but somehow felt a personal interest in the fish - perhaps a faint echo of the year fishing. For some reason they did not like Martin Hansen Manager of the Cannery. So when Captain Hansen gave him a halibut, there was angry protest. As a result, the fishing boat will go out no more and the gift of a fish apiece expected by the men has been withdrawn. The odd thing is that Augustinus, captain himself of a fishing boat when the other boats are in service and so an Inuit official, was spokesman of the protesting crew.

Across the Point Again. Last time I went to the summit. This time I went to the brow of the bluff. Thus were

a tiny walk retains its fascination
 than the thought of new discoveries
 farther on. On the trail: Purple and
 rose in the east, yellow and gold
 in the west. Light grey clouds above,
 black blue sea below. The land
 white with protruding browns from
 the rocks, which rise in domes
 near by and in the Kaeblingehütten
 spire in the distance. Seed stalks
 peep from the snow - nature's bidding
 to the birds to remain. A little Haven:
 Rose gold sky and grey clouds. Slow,
 slow beating of surf. A flock of water
 fowl at home in the center. Tracks
 in the snow. Rain twilight. My Haven!

"The Amata". The Governor and I
 were re-discussing her history tonight.
 She was the Norwegian fishing vessel
 that entered harbor with flag at
 half-mast when the Warrisey went
 home last year. Pippe sent me
 her winter letter by it when a
 tug came up to tow it home. Here

is its strange history. It broke loose off Cape Farewell and disappeared from the tower's sight. Finally it was abandoned by its crew, how first dropped the anchors. Then it was found by Iceland fishermen, who took it to Reykjavik. The owner abandoned it to the underwriters (Insurance Company), ^{who were towing it home} the latter still claim it on the ground that the boat was anchored when found by the fishermen. The fishermen claim that it was a derelict and so belongs wholly to the finder. Thus the ship still lies there, denied to all, until the court has settled the fine point involved.

General Bistrup had a deeply personal interest too. He had spent many days helping the underwriters to equip the towing boat for the return journey. In gratitude they urged a gift of 1000 Danish Kroner upon which, being an official, he could not accept, the costs of his family - trip to Denmark and

fare of companion for his wife -
are extras on his small income.

An Evening with Music. Only the Masters
seem at all to harmonize with the
silences here. Much other music,
which we have had, is seemingly
wear and discordant. But we need
the relaxation and the contrast turns
us back with ever increasing satisfaction
to the grander moods.

Strand Tides from the Venetian Woods

(The Blue Danube) as played by the
Philadelphia Philharmonic Orchestra
satisfies fully. It has the ^{power and} sweep
^{and phrasing} of the Anaca and is more
colorful.

Friday, October 21.

The Day after yesterday - This is just
the day after yesterday - still cold but
sunny and calm. I have been spending
the forenoon thinking the events of
yesterday and putting them into writing.

Thus this day is richer than the others.

Testing the Primus Lamp. We planned
to take 50 liters of petroleum to the Ice

with us and I have been inquisitive to know how long it would last.

Nicolai made the test in the garden, for the Danish law does not permit the use of petroleum in the towns.

Only seal oil (non explosive) is used. Our half-liter lasted approximately an hour. This means under calmer conditions with lower flame that a liter should last approximately three hours or 240 hours service.

Since our maximum time out on the trip is 120 days, we can hope to have heat two hours a day.

"Plenty," says the Governor. It should suffice in a tiny, tight ice house, perhaps also in the tent. But the drying must be quickly done.

Saturday, October 22.

Getting Colder. It was -12°C . last night or 10 Fahrenheit above zero. My feet were cold in my feather bag. But my chair is well ventilated and never heated. Perhaps

bag or socks have absorbed body moisture. It's a great stunt washing in ice water and thriving out the toothbrush against your teeth. The only difficulty is that the towel is freezing stiff. Perhaps I must give up this superfluous custom as I did last summer.

The natives are still resisting the use of mittens even tho the snow is creaking with frost under foot. They seem to have hardened their hands as we have our faces. It seems strange, but I have covered my ears only once.

The Aurora. The Aurora returned last night after long absence and in spectacular form. The church, itself filling the sky and its high rock, and the tall house of the Governor were the centers of display. I stood on the bay at the window of the old church and ceased going to bed. First, a crown of double band

surmounted by short diverging rays
 rested above the town - Heron's
 promise of victory some ancient
 chieftain would have said. Then,
 a radiant halo filled the sky
 behind the Governor's house
 suggesting some distant burning city,
 and radiating plumes darted
 upward from the neighboring
 church, setting out its solid body
 and massive belfry in black
 against the sky. Finally, loops and
 festoons of spectral halo filled
 the nearby sky for a time as
 if hesitating to create too sudden
 a finale, while a white flush
 continued its lingering in the
 southern heavens.

It was thence a symphony in
 grey. Only once was there a slight
 grace note of color.

Governor Bistrup says that
 the weather will now grow
 warmer. That auroras in the

24.
south are harbingers of southern winds. Well, the barometer has been falling slightly. It's pretty weather here at least.

Feather Clothing. Now I can begin to answer last winter's queries. Yes, at least one feather cloak is being worn. It's made of birdskin. and a stranger came to town wearing a birdskin hat. Governor Westrup, himself, has his personal bedticks, over and under (there are at least two for each bed) made of eiderdown. He obtained the down mostly from his own hunting. You may know that in Denmark as in Germany, the home bedding consists not of blankets but of ticks.

To my Children: I am playing Peter Pan, but I remember you sometimes, even if only for a moment.

May the crowded world and the noises of man give you the thrill that the solitary earth and nature

are giving me.

Drift Wood. "Very little drift wood in North Greenland, almost none at Upernivik." - Greenwich Bishop. Plainly the ocean current is southward soon after Davis Strait is passed.

Winter in North Greenland. "Storms in autumn much the same at Upernivik as here, but in winter very little storm. The air is clear. One can read by moonlight." - Greenwich Bishop.

The Angelus. I had wondered why the church bell rang every evening. It is the Angelus at each sunset telling the day to rest - a custom practiced only in this colony, but worthy of all creeds and nations.

The Aurora. The Aurora has appeared in the north tonight. "So colder with winds from the north" - S.O.

In South Greenland the Aurora is frequent, so frequent that people do not refer to it. At Upernivik it appears only two or three times a winter. So there it is a matter of

r. if there are clouds in the night, the weather will continue for some time.

are giving me.

Driftwood. "Very little driftwood in North Greenland, almost none at Upernivik."

Plainly the ocean current is southward some after Davis Strait is passed.

Winters in North Greenland. "Storms in

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weather will continue for some time.

frequent, so frequent that people do not refer to it. At Upernivik it appears only two or three times a winter. So there it is a matter of

great interest. 63.

The Eskimo, ^{Esquimaux} again, call the Northern Lights dead men playing at football. a splendid expression of nature in human terms - a great story of Titanic proportions and intense vividness.

The native who named them must have seen a display such as is now progressing in the southern sky. Hanging curtains of heavy spectral light moving and swaying slowly. E 25. Then Japanese screen effects, followed by darts thick and raining. The series repeats itself not once but again and again.

at 11 the finale seemed to have been reached - dramatic the quiet. as we crossed the tiny square on our way to bed, a crown rested in the zenith heaven-high above the town with ^{radiating} (supporting) streamers to the corners of heaven and short strokes of light between in tracery, it

was Batticella's Magnificent, in individuality it was a tiny arctic village, but the spirit of the two was the same.

Sunday, October 23.

Testing out the fur Sleeping Bag. I tried out my fur sleeping bag last night in even the moderate temperature of -13°C. or $+8.6^{\circ}\text{F.}$, and learned decisively that the natives know best. They had the sleeping bag tight, I had it enlarged. They take off their clothes, I kept mine on. I found that a large bag, like a large room requires much heat and my body couldn't furnish that much. I felt cold drafts all around. My feet seemed outdoors. I removed my socks, damp no doubt, and the feet seemed to glow. Plainly, a sleeping bag is planned to keep your bodily heat in not to produce it. I shall have my bag skin tight. Even that will be cold enough on the ice to judge from the protests of the pupps

in their fur hides last night.

an hour later

(Wind) and Drift Snow. The occasional East Gale came last night. East wind or east drift we have with us always, but a passing low gave the opportunity for an avalanche of wind.

Friday 9 am. the barometer stood at 78.70 cm. but Sunday ^{after} noon (today) it registered 77.0 cm. The vacuum below, of 0.68 inch, in the pressure had been too much.

From 10 till 4 today 408 kilometers of wind have blown. What a distance we could have flown. This was an average of 85 kilometers ^(approx. 56 miles) an hour. Since the wind was blowing only 60 kilometers an hour at the beginning and end of this period, there must have been times when the gusts were high.

That this was no automatic Stroph self-burn is shown by its gradual shift yesterday from N7E to E and ^{Monday} (today) still further to

SE by S, evidently trailing into a low passing to the north.

The temperature was all that a modest fochu could desire, for it rose from -13°C to -4°C at 7:30 a.m. and $+4^{\circ}\text{C}$ by afternoon. Snow in exposed spots in the sun began melting.

The snow that crusted and crystallized was blown in banners from every peak.

Trails were blown out except the hardest packed footprints. Sestruigi appeared wherever the wind was accelerated and were accentuated by markings of windblown sand.

Small flats were denuded, but little drift snow reached the town.

The steep rim to the east presented

Sunset from the Pass. Rose, purple, and blue ^{in succession,} in the east, rose-gold in the west. ^{the whole twilight then.} These the typical colors when the sky is cloudless.

Northern Hospitality. Northern hospitality is not understood by the Easterner, tho quite normal to a man from the

West. An Eastern professor stopped at Godhavn on his way north and asked Governor Bistrup for a pair of kamies. Since they were selling at only 3 Kroner a pair, the Governor refused payment. At Cape York, the Professor recounted his experience to Peter Francken and intimated that as he himself would have been willing to pay 3 or 4 a pair the Governor must be light in his head. "And what did you do?" asked the Governor to whom Francken later told the tale.

"Why, I gave him a pair of bearskin pants."
Modern Lights. (Wird lichte, the Danes call them. The name Amora is strange to their ears.) They are appearing in sockets tonight even at late twilight. Is this auroral weather?

Monday, October 24.

Warmer Weather. The wind has swung into the south and is now very light. The weather is perceptibly warmer and more comfortable. The minimum temperature last night was 4°C . or 25°F . It is one of those

perfect days after a storm, Not a cloud in the sky. The dry east wind has taken complete mastery of the air as far as the eye can reach.

A Birdskin Osnark. I have had Big Luisa make me a birdskin osnark for a sleeping jacket or to wear in spring. It is "plenty warm" as she assured me when she made me strip to my shirt to get it on. But how it sticks and tears. We are sewing it now to an outer osnark "plenty large" in the hope that tearing may thus be prevented.

Tuesday, October 25. Children's Day.

Storm Passing. This means that our fair weather of yesterday, ^{created by the east wind} is slipping away, for the barometer is rising and the sea is claiming its way. A snow is even now appearing on the western horizon where it normally dwells.

Sleeping off a Musical Jig. I wish that I could, but one night's abstinence and rest leaves me still

jaded and the musical fumes
still course thru my brain.

Two nights of music were too much
especially when of the unrestful kind.
However, I did not lie sleepless
because of the unending repetition
of the same theme but the
unending series of many.

The Native ^{Style 4} Sleeping Bag Wins Out. I
crowded my enlarged sleeping bag
into the native sleeping bag cover
cover last night. How comfortable
it was despite the wrinkles. Fur
close to my feet and tight to my
shoulders. A neck-curtain of fur will
shut out every draft. My kangaroo pillow
serves for my ^{exp. pack} head and a hindskin
hat will make extra covering for
my feet. So now I am ready for
my perfect Arctic winter.

The Camera and the Children. One laughs
the other all unconsciously and trends
a day of loss in one of happiness.
On my way to photograph snow drifts

the head of my tripod became lost in three different places. I found the last and tiniest piece fall on the rock where I had started to set up the camera, ^{but I could not find it.} By sheer good luck, I discovered a larger part far down the trail and after lunch I recovered two more pieces by probing tiny holes in the snow.

Thus encouraged I went back to the rock but children were sliding on the lare below me - farther & than, for I later took their census in estimating my candy obligations. Of course they closed in. Their sharp little eyes might for offset and handicap their feet might cause. So I indicated what I was seeking and with a short fingers began to comb the crest of lichen. ^{under which it was probably hidden.} It was a thero job. Not an ant could have escaped. Scarce a child lost interest in the search and one wielded a tiny spoon. Finally as the

field of search was slightly shifted, a pale lad in skin-worn seal-skin pants found it in a tiny crevice. It was only a flat-headed screw but it held the other parts together.

Pointing to town and then to my mouth and to them I made my pledge. They yelled with delight. I suggested that they go slide while I went and returned. They agreed, but reached the town by another route almost as soon and. Anticipation was too near. Worst of all the store was closed. The word Agayo (tomorrow), as I pointed at the door, was trustingly accepted, but they asked to go back with me for pictures.

So back to the ice. They were the "movie directors", I merely the camera man. We soon had line-up pictures on the ice, then merry go-rounds with a sled included. They all had a look fore and aft, then carried my outfit home in

triumphal procession. Thus the ice came
as a bridge from the children to me.

Wednesday, October 26.

Improvements in Arctic Equipment. My old
friend from Agto is back again bringing
the last mail from the north this season.
After he returns homeward with the Hava
Egede's mail, North Greenland will be
closed until she sends down the first
mail in the spring to meet the April boat.
If his boat is large enough, he will be
the happy deliverer of mail and supplies
as far as Neqosuaq above Siano.

He brought me two new ideas. If he
had only known he would have brought the
mittens also. I see one is a pair of
devised one-fingered mittens sufficiently
thin to write and handle instruments in
yet windproof. He would, or rather has
made them with long sleeves to keep
the snow out of the wrists and puts
them on under and not over his
woolen gloves. Leather gloves, lacking
ventilation, collect sweat too readily and

become icy. Governor Burtup suggests two pairs of woollen mittens as in every best.

Idea two is sleeves in the sleeping bag and a puckering string at its neck. To draw the bag tight around the shoulders and exclude all drafts. The sleeves make it possible to tie the puckering string outside and to sit in your bag and cook meals or write diary without any exposure. You can also shoot polar bear from your bag if he enters too quickly. When you draw in your arms, you draw in the sleeves and tuck them down the side of the bag. The fur in the sleeve when reversed (it should be made this way) will exclude the entrance of air. This type of bag, tho' ridicul'd at when Captain Jørgensen first made it, is now standard on the East Coast.

It is remarkable how the cold at even 10°F . will drift down your back to your feet thru the thickest

fold at the neck and more your feet feel as if out of doors. But in my bounden belief that some heat at -50°F . must radiate thru the fur of the bag, I am adding a hideous sack for my feet. They use them to keep tea pots warm ⁱⁿ why not feet.

The Candy Problem. There was absolutely nothing in the store for children to eat - except prunes. The term "when the ship comes in" is no idle phrase here. It means happiness if not life. The candy I had ordered for Christmas had been put carefully away.

Then it occurred to the Governor that there was a tiny remnant of candy drops in the Office. These he gladly gave me. The distribution was made easy and difficult both. When school was out at noon, all mine present including the rest. The lucky ones identified each other and rejected the misclaimants. However, there were few of such. They were as eager

as the others but said Namie.

One little fellow must surely be a Jew to judge from the sly, seductive yet pleasantly winsome manner in which he he tried to win my eye.

Only one candy drop to each, but I must be i^opose to the others when the ship does come in, I must plan to give every member of the school a cube of sugar.

Pictures you like. How happy to look thrice and photograph once. The pleasure and cost are also in like proportion.

Today we obtained a view of Karolingerhatten with the defiles and lake at its base - all illustrating snow storages under gales like last Sunday's. Snow erosion and sastrugi were also shown in their proper places.

The children came up from their lair to help - a toddler too whom I drew home on his sled.

Erlanson's Winter. Holst, who next month on an Nisero to establish seismologic instruments at Parcildi, ^(Antarctic Station on Quino) is down with the last mail to catch the Hans Egede for

home. He had planned to remain the entire winter and then ^{go} direct to America to study language and methods for the summer but his fiancée is ill and he is turning gladly home.

He brings good news of Carlundson, who has now gone to the mainland to purchase a team of dogs for a winter out here. Mr. Percild offers to take him to Cape York next summer and then with him to America the following summer. This necessitates a second winter in the Arctic. He wants to, but fears that this may be selfish. However, his wife is going to India to study plants and may possibly be gone some time. He writes her long letters, I know. To me their life is ideal, except that she rises early and he late and meals at home are difficult because of their long hours it more.

Thursday, October 27.

Sleeping Bag Wanner. The test was successful. A candle light around my neck all night did keep the sleeping bag

much warmer. Still I'd rather have the foot-space much smaller. My feet have not the furnace power to warm ^{the present space} it against radiation from the walls ^{present} space. So I have ordered a foot sack. Bird down or arctic hare will be good.

Clouding up. The barometer is oscillating very gently - the range about .20 in. first down, then finally up. The clouds ^{have} gathered from the sea and ^{and straight and thin nearly} ranged inland beyond Eanfangua's eastern horizon. (They travelled yesterday) from the north, today they are coming from the south. The type is alto-cumulus with stratus base and origin as so often here. Has there been a law - a tiny one - disturbing the Ice Cap's supremacy? The land wind is ever east but last evening it responded to the north drift aloft by swinging to northeast.

a False Alarm. Last night said the Governor with official humor: "The Royal Ship Hans Egede is coming". This twilight the children and all the people shouted: "Hans Egede".

How could it be unless it were sailing direct from Godthaab, for had it come from Suxerstoffan, it must have there in daylight and so should arrive here in the morning. Well I was happy for the Governor and as under the crack of the whip I leaped to my own tasks preliminary to starting for the Ice. But that was not just outside the Islands. So as in Greenland still we are waiting, just waiting.

Maccaroni. Our potatoes are gone - they never were large and the best were what must have rotted like grain to the bottom of the barrel. But their departure has brought curry and rice and maccaroni, choice substitutes to me. The Natives call this entrails "kinks" and have given this name to maccaroni. It must sound to them like vermicelli (little worms) does to the Italian. "Entrails" with us is just a learned word for "Inwards". Their name "kinks" is certainly more specialized and vivid.

Magis. Our Apto captain is also

a worker of magic and lives Native.
 He gave an entertainment in the schoolhouse
 tonight. Eighty people in a tiny room when
 we were finally admitted. But the chief
 fun was outside waiting for the door
 to open. Just a small town meeting -
 wives, husbands, lovers, the aged mate
 leading her still more aged husband with
 the aid of a giant plate-glass candle lantern,
 greetings, jokes at the delay, stans
 overhead and a glow of Aurora like the
 moonrise.

But inside it became an individual
 scramble. The tiny boxes were too low to
 sit at and soon became footstools until
 all visibility was gone. Shoulders peered
 together rose to the low ceiling and heads
 protruded forward. It was slightly better
 in the aisle. The children who did not
 get forward were buried in a human pit.
 Some of us played saw horse and gave
 the children a lift on our shoulders.
 One little girl I pushed on the open stove
 door, two tiny lads I hung on the stove

42
river. The stove pipe came loose, but there was no fire. The crowd would probably have sat down if our captain had known enough Occino to explain the advantage.

But all were happy and keen. It was a contest of wits. No more enjoyment was shown at the tricks than in a Southern audience. Conjuring beats the best of us. Producing eggs from a handkerchief gave them relishing delight, for the actor impersonated the hen and then the hen's owner trying by stepping the handkerchief to make it lay another egg. Cackling now immediately causes an outburst of laughter.

Friday, October 28.

Calm Greenland. A land of mild temperament but subject to outbursts on provocation. It is difficult to recall when Greenland was not calm except on the occasion of winter storms. It would be a service to science to forecast these and north all of

Doctor Hobbie's effort.

Today has been like the rest - a Beaufort 1 day in the valley, a Beaufort 3 day on the hill. This latter means 18 Km. or 12 mi. per hour or in Continental terms 5 metres of wind per second. It blew three and one-half times as hard last Sunday. And this represents fairly the difference between Greenland's temperaments and temper.

The clouds are still coming from the southwest but are gradually shrinking.

Still Waiting - The "Hans Egede" was due only today, yet we are still waiting. But in Greenland waiting becomes a routine.

Saturday, October 29.

"The Hans Egede! At nine this morning a band on the stairs, a clapping of hands by the maids, a call in the square: "The Hans Egede"! I can not see it yet, the islands hide it.

At last night we knew it was ^{and safe.} near, its radio beam could be heard however the dial was turned. All

other radio sounds were fainter away. We could even catch the whirr of the generator. So the Larman went to bed content and is waking to new happiness this morning.

"The Hans". The natives call it "He" and the "Centred Rock", "She" "His wife". He slipped in so quietly that the next time I looked, he was dropping anchor. A pretty ship - long, low, varial bowsprit and masts, for it is a steam and sailing ship to meet the needs of Arctic cruising. The voyage is a far venture, where ice might wreck a propeller and the boat drift on shore before another ship could be called to its assistance. The Captain is older than Captain Hansen in years but similar in type, a bit more serious but kindly. I like their fatherly nature. Sailing in Northern waters seems to develop comradeship rather than authority. Perhaps the size of the ships conduces to this.

There is only one objection to the Hans

* Common saying amongst sailors that their names were painted during the war for its identity might be readily seen by the enemy.

In addition to a modest name, at the bows, some one has repeated its name in "carved" on its midship superstructure as if it were some side-whaler of ancient times. This is the boat that carried Doc. Cook. It too is erratic but safe at bottom. In fact, it is its surplus of safety that makes it so jerry. On board, the "Hans" looks like a frigate made over for passengers but with a frigate's needs kept uppermost. This will be attractive to those who live the taste of the brine and the crack of the sails.

Pipper's Cousin. The whole Pipper family must be nice, at least this is the third. An artist girl, educated in America, trained in Germany, seeking to escape the tide of custom, which runs & her like a millrace, and find quieter moods. She is so responsive to nature and people that a year here will add her to the list of the devotees of the North.

Before taking up the sheet I forgot to mention that I am fine & hope to see you in the autumn. I wish to call on you.

Letters from Home. Not many. It is late in the year to expect them. But they were all good so I can face the winter in contentment. Two are & he opened on Christmas Day, the others brought their Christmas cheer without post-ponement. When they gaze at the North Star and think of me, I shall be standing just under its edge.

Fred's folks are grateful to me and I am grateful to them. Katharine has almost "forget how to love but would love Greenland if she could be here with me". Donald is drawing ever nearer his objective and slowly learning how to attain it. He sees his mountain and now seeks a route up. He seems to have found it.

Relativity. The mail has brought me the month's news charted on a map of the world. Many things had happened, yet five minutes covered all. Another twenty minutes

gave the human touch. Such news makes the world move more slowly and takes the nervous rush out of life.

The Evolution of a Race. I wonder whether there is not here a theme for a message when I go home. Cutts has been sore disappointed because the world has not moved forward faster and I have become the proponent of the backward race. Wherein lies the ideal? It is forward as the ages run, but they run slowly. Somehow we have speeded up these latter years and are losing something in our complexity that I am enjoying here.

The Human Background. "a cold, hard trip" is Governor Bistrup's description of our winter expedition to the Ice. Because of ^{the present} increasing shortness of the day and the softness of the snow ^{in November and March} he suggests January or February as the time of

starting and May as the time to return
 But Saugstad must catch the April
 boat home. Why? To see his new
 baby. It was great of Mrs Saugstad
 to let him come. So like Mrs Marsh
 on the Mt Whitney trip. The baby comes
 in November. I hope that he may hear
 before he starts.

"The Fifth Symphony". after the babies
 were quiet in bed and we had
 had our evening coffee, Mrs Bishop
 kindly played the Fifth Symphony for us.
 So restful it seemed after the music
 of other nights, so conducive to quiet
 sleep.

Sunday, October 30.

a Thermos Sleeping Bag. The glaring
 warmth of the arctic-hare footsack
 has given me an idea. Why not have
 an inner and an outer sleeping bag.
 The air space between them should
 furnish insulation as the air space
 in the double windows. Only I can
 not get more arctic-hare skin here.

Saiva has put all into the foot-sack except enough for a sleeping bag. I am sorry, for the idea has quite caught my fancy. The fur is warm and dry. The natives of Cape York use it for their boots. It is also very light. Saiva suggests bird down, but it feels rough and sticky to the flesh. So Niloa (I don't know)

a Picture. I did not go to church today. Instead I lingered at the end of the long stairway up the Rock and took a picture of the congregation as it came winding down.

Monday,

Birthday Coffee at the Pastor's. The pastor had a birthday today. So our household was invited over to Evening Coffee. Coffee, of course, and a rich birthday cake frosting (icing) above and peach filling below. Then turnovers, cake with nut and citron filling, and tiny pie-crust tarts. I am ever hungry and ever

early in the evening was quite in the mood for sleep as I sat in my host's deep chair.

Monday, October 31.

On My Tree Again. The effects of that blow on my spine have finally faded. I am eager again for the Daily News, I am eager again for the field. I feel that I could go anywhere now. Struvsen has a blow properly delivered can change your entire attitude toward life. Our ^{human} mechanism is not yet fool proof.

Breakfast on the "Hans". The Captain has invited the Colony to breakfast. We dressed in our best. My best was whiskers, white overcoat with black-bird trimmings, black trousers tucked in fur boots. A Norwegian writer on Eskimo subjects sat at our table. He looks like Hansen.

It was a good family dinner among old friends and new. To meet it was a reunion. The old Captain next to

about 1883

America as a boy of fifteen and sailed on the best vessel out of Murresga. Arla Knudsen, Pippa's cousin, just missed being born in America, "unfortunately", said the Captain. But I asserted that being a good Dane was as fine as being a good American. It is not size nor prosperity that counts but developing your ^{self} destiny.

I was inquisitive regarding that large name on the Hans. I like it now that I know. It had been there from the beginning and then torn off. But he was so lonesome without it that last year he had it painted on again. It was an old man's love. He said with a smile that the color of the letters had been changed.

An SOS from Camp. The Hans" bought a radiogram from Paul via Godthard to Governor Distrup saying that the gas stoves had failed and requesting immediate sending of two barrels of fuel for the Primus lamps. How did

he reach Godthaab? via New York and cable?
 What might have happened had his
 message failed or the emergency
 arisen after the Stromfiord had become
 filled with ice. At best it would
 have been a question between the
 maintenance of easy cooking at the
 observatory or our trip to the Ice Cap.

I doubted the adequacy of the supply of
 Nerocena cases for the Ice trip but was
 taking only 100 liters additional. As how
 trivial a thing as a gas stove may
 an entire season's campaign depend...

Hedged Round, 30 Neroc Filings

Plans Still Further Controlled. No more
 ammunitions to be had. So the four months
 supply of food for the dogs sets the
 middle of February as the latest date
 we can retain the dogs. Karsenen
 Distrup has a few ammunitions he will
 add to our store but they will
 scarcely change the date. So an early start.

Speeding the Parting Guest. No trip
 of course to Agto or Egedesimunde after
 the SOS. Besides the freezing of the

upper harbor here, and the presence of ice pans near Camp when Augusted went in have filled Governor Bishop with foreboding. Ice sent down by rivers can readily congeal into impenetrable flac ice. So I am to hasten as soon as the "Hans" is unloaded. Augustinus will captain the Peterington and the Westgren at Storöen will help him. The boat has metal sheathing for the ice. I'd dare go to the Moon with them.

However, I believe that we can get within sight of camp. The river discharges little ice at this season, for there is little water in it. It is fed entirely by the Inland Ice and the Ice is dormant. The ice formed on the upper mudflats will swirl back and forth with the tide, but probably no farther out than the gray water reached in summer. In any case, we shall go as far as ice can be broken; then I shall land

and walk to Camp for aid from the dog team. So our uncertainty has its limits also.

Tuesday, November 1.

Closing out the Cloud Studies. The oscillation in pressure has again pushed a canopy of clouds over the way from the sea and in turn thrust them back to the sea.

For three days the cycle has been passing. This morning marked its close.

This is the gain from our stay at Wolstenburg. I have been taking a series of photographs to illustrate the cycle. But the barometer is rising suddenly again and the clouds are once more thickening. I guess I'll have to stop in the midst of the program, for it seems to be a continuous performance.

Little Sharp Eyes. Three days ago I lost the peg from the foot of a leg of my tripod. Yesterday I abandoned the search. Today some children trailed me at work. Each proudly was

56.
carrying a piece of my outfit home,
when sharp eyes in the center of the
beaten trail found my peg. I'd trust
the native eye to find anything. We
had no candy, but toasted bread crumbs
were apparently as good.

The Greenland View. Gray hills splashed
with snow, a sky of soft gray light
and texture, seem thru the vivid
colours of potted plants in the window.
Such might be called the Greenland
point of view - physical and spiritual.
I marvel that plants find the winter
light so congenial.

A Dinner Party. By Governor and
Mrs. Bishop to the Hans' officers and
Doctor Reynolds, the Norwegian author.
European clothes and the navy blue were
set off by my white snow, and whiskers.
Toasts as the spirit moved from one to
another. I was toasted as "My Son",
I responded "My Father" - "my Godfather"
and all understood. The rugged
second mate from Jutland - the

land of the heather was at my side. He knew all the Greenland inlets that I had entered. Doctor Reynolds was my sofa-mate for the evening. He neither smokes nor drinks. He had "soft" (fruit juice) - the forethought of our hostess. He had now been in Greenland three times and loved the people. This trip had been on the Vestral Rase to Angmagssalik and Julianehaab. He had met Dr. Ambrava on the voyage and been charmed by him. He felt as I the tranquillity of the North and the nobility of its people and regretted that so few of the Southland understood. At midnight we parted feeling that national bounds fade when spirits are kindred.

Wednesday, November 2.

The Parting of the Ways. This morning the Krerar has the North mail on board and is ready to sail. An approaching storm is holding her for a time at her anchor. The Hoalhouse is alongside the "Hana Egebi" taking on

freight for Egelesuina that the
Kerak can not carry. I am getting
letters ready for home. In a near
winter supplies will be radiating
to all points of the Colony and life
will then look forward toward Spring.

Pictures by others. In the Hans Egede's
Travel Book are two views by Julius Galster,
Engineer of Copenhagen taken in 1924:
The central tower of the Julianehaab Radio
under construction and the coast line
sharp yet growing soft in the distance,
and an iceberg full of modulated
lights. The third is an iceberg by
moonlight taken by W. Joost at Godhavn
in the winter of 1912-13 (Weddell's LIX, p 254)
during Expedition of De Quervain and Merclator.
The softness is remarkable and
the silence intense.

Breakfast to the Captain. What I know
about the Danish social life is the
automatic introduction. No protective
barrier at least between men is
interposed. To come face to face

with a stranger is to offer your hand and your name. Both are heartily accepted. This is the essence of the Danish spirit. It means spontaneous comradeship.

A. Contradiction? Absorbed in one's thoughts, yet thinking of others. The Governor is quite a character in respecting others momentarily and yet keeping their welfare consistently in mind. I raised the question last evening, when the home letters were being written, regarding asking Pippe to radio via Gudhaver to ^{Brygholm} Camp when the baby was born. The Governor had already long since arranged with Pippe for this very thing.

Meeting the "Sivro". A surprise has come and with it a possibility. The "Sivro" reached Julianehaab yesterday. In ten or twelve days she should be unloading at Sukkertoppen. I can not ascertain our supplies here until the "Nans Egede" has gone. That means three

days. Then two days to the mouth of Søndre Strömfiord. Shall we go on and get the last mail? and then turn back and in to Camp? If the boys have outbound mail, they could use the radio. The General is sending two fishing boats south to the Dicko in place of the Hochrosser assigned to the north. One was to take me to Camp and then go south to Sørperloppen. It would be a simple matter to reverse the process, for our supplies are very small and would yield ample room for the cargo from the Dicko. What's there, if we go? Possibly the mermaid from Delph, panoramic films and diary books from Fred, some clothing, Bergsted's bag, the movie camera. The latter is worth the delay.

Thursday, November 3.

Rain! The wind was south last evening, the thermometer had been near zero (that is at the point of

thawing), and the barometer was starting to rise. The low seemed to have passed to the north. yet at bed time the snow was still heavily falling, a thing not unusual.

But this morning rain could be heard falling outside and dripping thru the ceiling. The hills were looking gray. Only water-soaked snow and water-logged ice remained. One ^{the dogs lay deep in their holes under the post.} moved by standing still and slipping. The wind is east again on the hill. ^{gust} The wind is Beaufort 6 in the gusts or 36 Kilometers per hour. The barometer has fallen 1.25 cm. or 0.5 inch since last evening. The temperature rose ^{during the night} on the hill to approx. 40°F. but fell to approximately 32°F. by morning. These are fashin effects but the cause is a deep depression.

The chain ^{of the past morning} is close-lined, yet the links are different. First the cirrus and oscillation of high pressures with gathering clouds. Then the clearing with falling pressure, but only for a

The wind is now SW and the surf from the sea is beating up the harbor. The S.W. storm is on.

moment. Continuing low pressure brought the clouds in thicker density, when a slight rise brought the alto-cumulus to vision again. The change in wind to the south showed the low passing. But now on its heels comes the main storm with heavy down-pour from the ocean - in all 0.56 in. of snow and rain has fallen. Here we have a cross-section of a Greenland storm?*

The Harbor in Storm. It makes me think of Katharine and her hope at old New Bedford. Here she would find her store, wharfs, old landing gateways, and fishing boats swinging at anchor. No bustling figures now and hurrying lighters. All is deserted to the rain and wind that rocks the vessels at their moorings. Piles of lumber tell the work of yesterday, and the high tide the call of tomorrow.

From the hill, the surf can be seen beating at the harbor

entrance and sending long fingers
 within. The southwest storm is
 having its day, but all is snug within.

Some little snaps I have made may
 give the setting, but the pelting of the rain,
 the whistling of the wind, the ebbing of
 the tide, the reflection of the wet road
 may all be wanting. Photography is
 still only a part of art and most
 of us are poor photographic artists.

Tonight a torn mantle of pure white
 opaque vapor gives height and majesty
 to our Gibraltar and furnishes an
 impressive Northland background for
 the "Hans Egede" as seen thru the
 whale-fan gate.

Friday, November 4.

A Genuine Southwest Storm. Radio
 news from Godthaab said that yesterday
 the wind there was from southwest
 and was blowing Beaufort 10 and that
 the previous day also had been rough.

Yesterday, ^{at 11 a.m.} the center of the low passed
 us and is speeding southeastward. The

barometer has in these past
 twentyfour hours (it is now 11 a. m.)
 risen 1.82 cm (0.73 in) and conditions
 of tranquility should be approaching.
 But the low has so slowly overpowered
 the anticyclonic high of the sea that
 the wind is still whistling at Beaufort 8
 and for one fierce moment attained
 Beaufort 10 on the hill (73.6 km. per hr.
 or 45.7 m.p.s.) The wind has veered
 since evening from S-SW to SW indicating
 that the low is turning inland. I wish
 I could ride on its center and
 share its voyage. It would be
 an aeroplane without wings.

The clouds have been open and shot
 since last evening. Blizzards of snow
 pellets have rounded like rain on the
 windows. The clouds are thick on
 the mountain peaks and speed
 and flutter there like torn ensignes
 in a storm. It is the swirl of the
 passing blast.

The North House Slowly. We are tied

tight here by the storm which has stopped all loading. The same may have happened to the "Sisco". But even in fair weather she has no place to remain at Julianhaab until November 14, for she has 600 tons of freight to unload and the harbor can not receive it too rapidly. Besides the mail must come to Holstenborg to be unloaded. So our vision of last mail before the trip to the inland ice is fading.

The Discipline of Storm. The long clipper-line Hans Egede and the tiny Huskrossen are dipping and rising in the gale at their moorings. The movement has become to me a part of the rhythm of the storm and the ships themselves a natural setting in the bay.

But the decks of the ships, tho appearing restful in the distance, are a scene of alertness. The crews are on watch and the engines ready to start at the signal. No one may go on shore. The

snapping of a hawser may endanger both ships, and the side strain from gusts is terrific. To prevent the Hvalrossen from swinging into the stern cables of the Hans, side cables have been stretched from the Hvalrossen to the Hans on one side and to the shore on the other. These six cables bind the tiny ship.

Yet one quickly forgets the dipping ships and turns to the grey sky, the curving foam, and the grey green water that (the sky in) the storm has brought.

Saturday, November 5.

A Day of Bumps. Bumps weather, mental and physical. First, the pressure reached its tip in the night and by morning the southwest wind had given way to the east. Then I regretted that I had not moved my bed to the hill and watched for the moment when the shift occurred, did the wind die down

first, or did the change abruptly occur?
 The wind velocity for the night was
 26.1 Kms and in the morning was
 still 18.0 Kms. However, the change
 must have occurred ^{at least} soon after the
 pressure receded. Could it have been
 slightly before? The sound of the wind
 in the night might indicate as much.

The southwest wind has brought
 melting too. This is considered the
 privilege of the east but is one
 merely in quantity. The temperature
 is higher after a slide down the hill.
^{Some rain also has been falling.}
 So the day has been one of straining
 and slipping, ^{for the rocks are one place past.} The hump down
 three steps (fortunately the last ones)
 was tolerable until a point of rock
 raised a hump on my head.

A Night of Farewells. The Hans spelled
 up today and plans to leave at 8 in
 the morning. So a night of ferrying
 to and fro in the rain, to clasp a
 last farewell. ^{As we passed under them,} How high the curving
 bows of the Hans, built like

the clipper ships of old, and ready
to breast tremendous sea. And
^{as we receded,}
how like an ocean liner she
seemed her lights, ^{staring along} with their Gibraltar
background.

Sunday, November 6.

Inside Looking Out. This has
been a fair day and a quiet day,
but the sun has been roaring.
The Huns still lies at anchor.
The barometer is rising again and
to extreme heights. The southwest
wind ~~has~~ having its day and
clouds are racing northward over
the sea.

Slippery! Perhaps I shall finally
become adjusted. But I arose this
morning quite weary in brain
from yesterday's jarring, and now
the glaze is slipperier still. No
hold seems possible whether we
walk or sit down. No fabric
has friction. The route up the
hill to the anerometer is perilous

Nov. 6, 1927.

Dear Professor Tolman:

... I will try to get you an intimate view of weather observations on the Cape itself. Of course you will want a blizzard for background. But really Greenland has a mild temperament tho at times a rasty temper. I love her for both.

Yes, we have had marvelous (to me) displays of the Aurora. Here they are really "Southern" not "Northern lights". I have tried to describe them as I watched them. The

I had noticed how well combed was the hair of all. Now pretty the shell side combs and now the backs of the girls - one was brilliant red,

The terrace
at. Once
to bottom
he passed
it is good
essentially
so quickly
the game.
inviting
to church.
have
loss of service
ad-mature
at seat.
babies
mothers
called.
in each)
and two
either side
and too.

Natives call the Amora
 "Sand Men Playing Football".
 In phrase and cadence they
 suggest to me Strauss' tunes
 from the Vienna^a Woods &
 even Blue Danube. The
 Crescendos and Diminuendos
 are so rapier-like yet
^{smoothly} modulated. I am glad
 you suggest the Maximilian
 Sunspot Pinod. I shall now
 observe even more closely.

the terrace
 out. Once
 to bottom
 he pored
 it is good
 essentially
 so quietly
 the game!
 inviting
 out to church.
 have
 loss of service
 ad-mothers
 out seat.
 babies
 mothers
 called.
 in each)
 and two
 either side
 and too.

I had noticed how well combed
 was the hair of all. How pretty the
 shell side combs and now the backs
 of the girls - one was brilliant red,

without iceax or crampons. The terraces
 are steep and rocks jut out. Once
 started one would go to the bottom
 One stretch of street must be paved
 with soft-soaps. To go forth is good
 football practise and may eventually
 develop immunity, but I age so quickly
 under it that I would soon be too old for the game.

A Wedding. The day was inviting
 for picture taking, but I went to church.
 I can not afford to lose my hour
 of song and reflection. At close of service
 two young mothers and two god-mothers
 with the babies sat on the front seat.
 Only the god-mothers bore the babies
 to the bythand front. The young mothers
 merely sat and looked and exalted.

In the end of the pew (one in each)
 well forward sat two girls and two
 boys, the sexes as usual on either side
 of the aisle. I sat well forward too.
 I had noticed how well combed
 was the hair of all. How pretty the
 shell side combs and how the boasts
 of the girls. One was brilliant red,

answering
to
the
question
of
the
wedding
hours

one blue, and one girl had her kerchief tucked prettily in the top of her bust, as our women carry theirs in their sleeve. The boys wore blue coats, but the sleeves of one were decorated with tops and turnings of white in addition to the usual mosaic band.

Suddenly all four quickly rose and walked without hesitation to the altar. I thought that it was confirmation. One boy had broken line to step across by the side of a girl so that they stood train and train. This I interpreted as a courtesy until I realized that the ritual was addressed to each two. I Peter - - - - - Olsen The bride nodded assent. There seemed to be no ring, no clasping of hands, but they knelt while the pastor placed his hands on their head in blessing.

They then returned to their seats

on either side of the aisle. The only ^{hopeful} mutual recognition was a sideward glance from one bride toward her husband, for as it chanced the forward position of brides and grooms were diagonal π . The glance was stolen but full of ^{quiet} wonder. No procession marked the close, nor could I find them side by side as the congregation descended the hill. They had melted each into the group and only an old woman clinging to the arm of her companion on the slippery stairs indicated the family bond of husband and wife.

However, the afternoon brought an invitation to coffee at the "carpenter's" house. Here proud father and mother and family welcomed us in honor of their son and his quiet little bride. Diffident yet appealing both and young. I could only say "me" and point upward to church and put them on the shoulder but they understood.

Monday, November 7. A great day but —

The Old Captain Kueo. It was still cloudy this morning but decreasingly rough tho' the ragged clouds on the sea showed that the wind was still speeding aloft. Yet at 9, a preliminary whistle showed that the captain was under way.

Suddenly the anchors were lifted and with the quietude of a ^{canoe} the ship moved forward. It might have been a spectral ship, when suddenly three long and three short blasts were the echoes and the bells leaped under the covering salute. So mild it all seemed — this shock to the primeval stillness.

Silence again, the dipping of flags, and the ~~stars~~ clipped behind the hills, her radio crossarms still showing like the cross her patron saint had borne to the North two hundred years ago.

The End of the Cycle. The old captain

was right. The week's cycle of storms was finally over. The barometer had finally attained its highest and now was beginning to fall. The southern gale was over. Now the east wind should have its turn. The clouds were finally breaking. The softer banners still cling to the mountains. For the entire day, however, the clouds shifted from stratus to its higher form, the alto-cumulus while its still higher sisters the cirro-cumulus and cirro-stratus were banishing the sign that the old struggle of the sea with the ice was once more beginning. It was time, for the snow had gone and pools of water stood everywhere. The rocks were scorable again, tho' the wet lichens made the footsteps unstable.

"A Study in Furs". My aunt and what I am wearing. ^{Arta the artist} She thought that there was something in my ^{whiskered} face and asked for my portrait. So I gave

92.
Monday, November 7. A treat day but -

The Old Captain Kueo. It was still cloudy this morning but decreasingly rough tho the ragged clouds on the sea showed that the wind was still speeding aloft. yet at 9, a presunatory whistla

73.
was right. The week's cycle of storms was finally over. The barometer had finally attained its highest and now was beginning to fall. The southern gale was over. Now the east wind should have its turn. The clouds

Larry, Bellie & Co., Gen. Passenger Agents

showing like the cross her patron saint had borne to the North two hundred years ago.

The Land of the Cycle. The old captain

"A Study in Furs". My own and what I am wearing. ^{only from a sketch} She thought that there was something in my ^{whispered} face and asked for my portrait. So I gave

preferred to show

her my face and she me her heart to
^{was she the daughter's promise as my mother}
 watch. She is a merry girl. She laughs
 in three languages and has gone hungry
 in one. She has sanded life and found
 it good. Naught but good would she
 put ^{her} into it. The simple unmarried soul
 (of humble life) appeals to her. She has
 trodden ^{the} same paths that Florence
 and I, ^{met} but we sought castles, she
 the peasants at their tasks. Some
 day I shall live to return to Fresco
 to ^{see} the cows come down in autumn
 from their mountain pastures,
 decked with garlands, while the town
 make holiday, and visit the kindly
 soul, so generous and tactful to
 others in need, and help her make
 thank offering at the shrine of a
 patron saint for the birth of a baby calf.
 Strangely, we think nearly the same
 thoughts religiously except ~~in~~ the course
 of the onward urge of the race. She
 would see the Infinite only in the
 out-of-doors, I still would see

the cloistered aides.

which I would entitle "The Veil of the Robust Heart"

Such is my sketch, and here ^{is} one of
kindly ^{eyes} rampanted with furs. That's
what I'd like to be. And the furs are
a tribute to the taste and skill of
the Native seamstress who arranged
hair and color patterns into an
expressive and balanced garment. and
so few the lines in the drawing.
She has the stoker's eye, but the
resisting grinner's tool hampers the
 facile expression of her thoughts.

Shifting Clouds and Fleeting Sunsets.

I have finally arranged my camera
like a fireman's trowsers ready
with tripod, solar screen, and plates in place.
for instant use. The lane man
at the pool was not more sluggish
than I, for each time during the
past week that I have sought
cloud pictures, the cloud forms
had materially changed before I
could prepare to take them. No
tranquil summer air this in
which cloud sheep graze quietly

76.
the afternoon there, but a bit of
the primæval air where sea and
frost still strive for mastery and
delicate forms are ever in the
throes of birth.

One sunset I particularly desired,
perhaps because I did not get it.
It would have been the fitting
conclusion to a series of cloud
pictures of this week of storm. Just
a large cloud of cirro-cumulus
of tiny tapioca floating across
a sky of cirrus-veils - the child
of the lower air current below the
child of the upper. Each contour
and filament of both expressed
in crimson. and given perspective
by the fence of the plaza. I had
supposed the sunset over when
this came as an afterglow.
Hereafter, I must carry my camera
with me at rise and set of sun.
However, the loss has spurred
me on in the determination

to win yet better scenes than those I have missed. Yet somehow the loss has tinged an otherwise perfect day.

Back to Camp. The Governor has set Thursday as the day of my departure. So I must round up and out all my present activities.

So this will mean night work in this land where days are short and meals are long. He was eager

to have me go with the Uhaloosien ^{leaving in the evening} for Godhavn but this is the time of protracted storms. He desires now to get last mail for me from the Sivis, but her arrival at Suurettoppen can only be surmised.

Tuesday, November 8.

An Off. Day. That sunset, then the sleds. Were they put ashore? A warm night. The pounding of seaboots in the moonlight. Were the crew of the Uhaloosien starting so early? It was only 3:30.

Or were they coming from a dance? Then why the heavy coats? Why so many anyway if it was only the crew? Should I ask them about the sleds and have them send a radio to the House from Godhavn? But why get up? Then the rising of the wind? The cirrus then of yesterday had full meaning? Thus the night determined my strength and mood for the coming day.

The Sleds. The sleds were here, but scarce radioing for even if they weren't. I believe that I'd rather have the native type. But the record sheets and instruments were here that I needed to set the station here to rights.

The Old Church. The old church will receive more windows in its remodeling for a school. The new in design to correspond with the old but for fear lest the quaintness may be spoiled, I have been trying to get a colored picture. Finally a viewpoint

was found from the attic of the old school but Aola and Little Bear had to see traffic for four minutes while the pictures was being taken. I never would have thought that such a congestion of traffic could have occurred, had I not seen it burst when the barriers were released. Next time I must make the effort after the shop is closed, for apparently everybody stops here. Even twelve seconds may be too long.

Sunset from a Native Boying Ground.

I prepared for sunset early today and selected a master site for the subject - the hillside above the little harbor where the sunset colors would be reflected in the sea. But the ^{wide} cloud have effectually masked the afterglow and a belligerent dog as completely murred my train of thought.

But the people have seemed unusually kind and my mood is sunny.

80.
I shall return for that sunset in
the spring. I know it will come
again but not frequently.
like the pool the nature
are not frequently repeated

My Portrait for Mother - Ada has
offered to make a portrait for me
too if I will give her another sitting.
I want it to be her first broadland
commission, but she insists that
this must be her gift. I shall speed
it N.B. Post by the News for the boys,
Father, and Mother to see. Somehow
even with its mass of whiskers
it seems at least to represent my
Northern self. They will see how
normally my life has fitted into
its setting.

Wednesday, November 9.

The Sunrise. The sunrise
over Kacaligebatten this morning
is one for a novel. Yes, it was a Vill-o-the-wisp. Tattered
clouds, of vapour swirling wisps, in mid
air beneath a canopy of stiches,
making a design in shadow
upon a cloth of grey. I hastily

computed the time required for the exposure. It was 15 minutes.

In three the pattern was gone.

That sleeping bag! "You make me tired" ^{the sleeping bag was} retorted the Governor. That was a good sleeping bag when you began. The bag had come back from Sarfanguar with the puerrey strings and sleeves desired but the strings were around the head, not the neck and the sleeves were too tight and the wrong side out. It was a white man's idea and she was a Native. Brief instructions had not sufficed. So to Larisa Linnerte again I turned with Aala as Danish interpreter. For once I lay on a Native bed while the cover was tried on. Tomorrow I go back again for the final try on. It will fit.

And Sunset Bagged ^{guided}. The sun rise stops at 9 and the sunset begins at 3. The day was rainy. The sunset was a burst of gold and I got it at

its height with the sub-roofed collar and old school-house roof as its towel with earth. Twelve seconds was sufficient and the clouds were still.

I then hastened to my master sitting - the little haven. The sky, but not all of it, was crimson and was reflected in the water. But I waited. Finally, the clouds changed to soft heliotrope with (delicate) pearl gray clouds ^{above} in the foreground. These were jewels in the picture but would be streaks in the picture. ^{landscape} Twenty minutes would be too long for their stately procession. Perhaps the "waters of the pool" may stir next time at an earlier hour. However, this watchful waiting is a splendid master in the technique and beauty of sunsets.

Sugar. If you want to tame the census of the children of an Eskimo town, start distributing sugar. You will get a census of the parents

March 12
Sun 5 pm

To for they will bring the smaller ones if little winter does not already have one on her back. Grandparents that is the aged German kind, will be few. Nature has been heavy on this kind. But your census quickly becomes a study of happy faces on the part of the parents and stolid acceptance by the tinier folk.

This part had been unpremeditated. I had started for the school with a sack of cube sugar to make stoutness for the distribution of the candy to the fortunate few. However, there was sufficient in the sack to make the children yell when the teacher let me in, and I hope sufficient still when I burst again into the room to purloin four pieces from the sack on the teacher's desk to console ^{two} four sets of belated "picaunimies" hastily brought by hopeful parents.

Will retreat there? The larger

fishing boat must go to Surrentoppen.
 Augustinus is her captain. Only the
 smaller is left for me. Her captain
 fears the voyage. The Westgren of
 Storlex selected to accompany me
 must finish his house before winter
 and besides has no joy in the
 Strömfiord. The two boats leave
 here in company on the morning
 of the twelfth and will keep together
 to the parting of the ways. The large
 one must go on, for the Disko will
 arrive by the fifteenth. The Governor
 has offered the Captain fifteen kroner
 bonus if he places me at the head
 of the fiord. I shall land if he
 can set me even at the head of
 Storlex Fiord and push on thro
 the valley parallel to the fiord. This
 seems no time to venture on the
 icefoot. When the icefoot is strong,
 we can return with the sled for
 the cargo.

Thursday, November 10.

It has been raining all night.

Worries - I enjoy it, only the roof of the old church has become white again and ^{the} chances of taking a color photograph are now quite remote. The Governor was worried last night regarding my trip and decided that if I could get no further than Stirling town I should return here and try the inner route via Sarnath. At noon I told him that I was worried too - for fear that I should not be able to get the color picture ^{until spring}. He laughed and said that he feared he could not help me for winter would see the old structure wrecked.

The wrecking will not be severe. The golden roof must go for one more watertight. The tiny windows must allow other tiny ones to stand by their side. The blue pulpit must go. The meekly church must now become the daily school. But Aila and I feel that its so

typical of old Greenland, so harmonious in its many colors with the landscape that we must perpetuate it somehow.

If I can not obtain a color photograph, she must make a water color for me with the quaint old mause and the golden rocks beyond. And she, more fortunate, will be able to sketch the dimly blues and whites of the interior, if she can clear out the junk and replace the seats for a day. But true to her instincts, she would have a few worshippers in their places. Indeed, she thinks of it not in terms of lighted candles and Christmas service.

And now that the storm has come the Natives are willing to go to the Strömfiord. They reason that the ice is gone, and they dread the return of fair weather and the descent of the fierce east

wind from the sea. Yet last summer at Camp our only fierce wind was from the southwest.

So our worries rise and move us thin and die away like the weather.

"In Night-Cap without Slippers". Arla and I have been exchanging portraits again. This time I set in my Arctic-hat ^{cap} that I mean only nights. It is beautiful fur, so soft and warm as if the creature were still lying in it. And my beard so straight and harsh and the eyes and mouth determined. She thought that this was the way I ought to feel on the Great Ice, and my mouth does feel that way sometimes. I warned her that I might insist upon having this portrait too, and she agrees in case I will sit for yet another. She wonders why she tells me all her life. I find myself eager to tell all mine as well.

Friday, November 11.

Last Things. For this time at least, the last things were the things I had been trying to do and had given up. Wind last night blew the snow from the Church roof, leaving the old building standing in white and a falling barometer opened the clouds and set the hills aglow. Little Peter Olsen guarded the paths. So I hope that we have obtained fitting pictures, almost last pictures, of the Old Church. All day merry children have been chawing out the left and men have followed my party steps below to remove furniture there. The Old Church is passing.

Thomas, the old Stone Mason, did his best to pose for me - an aged man leaning over his stone wall, which has visibly heightened since I have been here. But when he tipped his cap in parting, the picture of pictures stood before me. It will remain a memory picture. I could not trespass on his

courtesy, by swapping him.

Three barrels of kerosene, boxes, bags, bundles, crates, everything to ensure us a comfortable stay in winter.

Forty loaves too of Septabrod. They had to have been in order to get the yeast to make it.

The weather observations too now seem to show merely a repetition of types. We would require balloons and synoptic charts for further study.

a Blue Landscape. Also noticed it ^{using} from the dining room window. The little harbor indigo blue reflecting in part the overcast sky and blue because of the snow clad hills. Even the red ^{houses} were white. A red house gave the sole touch of warmth in the picture.

It is a mild companion piece to my "Fields of Forgetfulness" ("where life stands still").

Wutton. We had ^{fried} wutton for dinner as a compliment on my

departure. Really, I'd rather have
tata (caribou) and ptarmigan is
delicious.

My Feather Sleeping Bag. "Governor,
I am leaving my feather sleeping
bag for you." "Remember, I didn't see
you for it", he replied with a choke
in his voice. It makes me very
happy to think that he should have
wanted to purchase one. Sold out
his entire outfit to us last summer
and to Dargstad now. In exile. Others
go, he stays. He must have some
chance.

Later in the evening four apples
were cradled into my snow pants
"for lunch tomorrow". They were
precious apples.

Rainial Hospitality. Late in the
evening I bid my hostess goodbye,
but didn't leave. Ake explained that
more of our departing friends were
coming in for ^{a hot} coffee.

No case here I took to more

instinctively. Ada thinks them slow and materially minded. Yes, they seek comforts. They are a home folk. But she is now almost glad that she is a Dane, and I see a quicker pulse, a brighter eye, a more pioneering spirit in America than I did. There is something there I like, but she may be doing the deeper things Ada wants up & see me off. Her heart is her great asset. Mary has the soul. Sweet girl. She will find her happiness by creating it!

Saturday, November 12.

Tuesday. Now I fully appreciate the necessity of the ancient Tuesday after seeing the large keys in use at the Governors. They are very cumbersome affairs.

Leaving the Neary City. I feel as if I were leaving the neary city for the silences now more. The Governor laughs, but it has taken me long to become accustomed to the bawling of the dogs. But I am

also leaving the old church. I urged the Governor to reset the interior for a water color by Aake, again he laughed but promised. Greenland is losing an art treasure. ~~Some~~ says that there had been long talk of removing it to Godthaab as an art museum. A far happier plan if it can not remain in the old square laid out by whalers.

Weather. Cloudy. Barometer quite low but now rising. But the wind is north. Good weather for sailing.

Buy Down. The headlands are cloud capped. The decks are covered with snow. The tug town is perched above us as we swing out into the stream. A single light gleams from a window. The old flag on the staff is waving. Friends stand on the snow covered quay. Many friends, for two boats are setting forth, a swing round the headland and friends and home are gone.

Sea scenes. The wind fresh, the boats rolling forward. One lone vessel off the heads floating like a coarleshell off the trailing dory of our flagship to deliver some fish.

Behind the islands a quiet sea. a friendly race without speed.

Then a rough sea with the storm clouds heaving over the firds. Old Stirling Liberator shrouded thickly in cloud and our flag ship beneath.

The ship heeling far over, submerged by intermining swells except the leg of mutton sail. There must remain memory pictures for spray and dim light prevented. To the other ship our tiny one seemed the more spectacular for she was the plaything of the waves.

at Stirling. a handlet deep in snow, a harbor bed deep with shells and kelp, a cup of tea at the natives besteyra's house. "Was there ice as far up the fiord as the Sites?" "None." "Was there ice beyond?" We both agreed.

"Nulua". It was ^{the} a voyage of discovery.
 Landscape at sea. A symphony in
 white and blue. white islands, blue
 sea. So likewise is the heavens -
 white clouds, blue sky.

Aed in the hold. We took on a
 fiord pilot at Etah. I called him
 an ice pilot. We had five sleeping
 bags and bunked in the hold. Three
 boxes made a bridge for head, body,
 and legs. He used the curve of the ship's
 side for the floor was wet.

The water barrel was frozen and
 so taken in the tiny cabin. It would not
 melt tomorrow nor tomorrow-morrow,
 I asserted. But it did. It occupied
 the floor. So the third member of the
 crew must have sat all night on
 the bench.

Sunday, November 13. a Day of Bewilderment.

Early Being. We were spending the
 night in Hans Olsen's tent - a good run
 from home. Our anchorage was calm
 but sounds of laughter at 4:30 a.m. - over

our heads and sounds of chains

Why? The weather was quiet.

Simuntan, our next lesson, was only a few hours away.

A Morning Scene in Kinter. The mountains stretch in Sierra lines and in dead whiteness, a placid sea with a lazy roll. A half-moon set in vapor plumes. A squadron of ^{snow laden} boats, in single file, rolling lazily from side to side as they start their day anew. Dute ancient yet eternal it all seems - their compass the stars, their weather guide the clouds. Then gradually comes the sunrise colors stretching round the horizon until only a bit of the west remains untouched.

An Aisle of Islands. White buttons on a waist of blue, foundation stones for columns to match the marine mountain walls that guided our course wigwagging. Somehow the natives could send their language across the waters despite the ear-hammering explosions

of the natives. But a native and I conversed in an easier way. From the flag ship he waved farewell (I thought it greeting) and swung his arm high and pointed forward (→) toward the south and nodded toward his boat. He then raised his arm with a higher curve to eastward as if he would reach over the mountains and pointed to me. I nodded. Yes, he was going to Sverre's open and I up the fjord. We both were having great adventures.

Contd. a friendly race. Then a sudden call to quarters. The wind was freshening. The boats were struggling for shore. Then a foaming headland, a shouted message as the boats drew together, Augustinus' sinuous finger pointed toward the islands and, as I thought, a tiny haven of refuge.

In a moment his "Arsl Ryberg", our flagship, had swung round and started wallowing round the headland.



panetic, a fauer

a temple

a Knights Temple,

stayed, past times
staid obj.

28

He was seeking another haven. Was
one too small?

Whether? Where?

We go on and on and on over these
island throats where wind and tide
rip speeds, by rounded cliffs toward
pinnacled ranges to get beneath the East
wind's touch. Plumes and banners of
snow blow from every knee. The fresh
wind with still a tang of salt blows up
your nostrils and searches your clothing

Whither?
{ a free leg
 an artificial leg
{ skipper (skip, ship?)
 ships, shippers
 & ship quads, & ship water

of discovery, and our ~~stranger~~ has
become Columbus' Pinta.

The water is becoming colder. There
is ice in one protected bay. Finally
fjords appear low down in ravines
peeping thru the snow. The spray is
coating me with ice.

But why ever seeking a haven?

He was seeking another haven. Was
one too small?

Whether? Where?

We go on and on and on thru
island throats where wind and tide
rip speeds, by rounded cliffs toward
pinnacled ranges to get beneath the East
wind's touch. Plumes and banners of
snow blow from every knee. The fresh
wind with still a tang of salt blows up

Friday
Thursday, Sep. 22 - Baiting Day

Just as feeling of loneliness
a catch at the chest tonight.
The sun tender - dipped its
colors tonight - the stars
and nearby lights faded
in the darkness.

... a great meaning a hope
of discovery, and our tiny Piterington has
become Columbus' Pinta.

The water is becoming colder. There
is ice in one protected bay. Finally
glaciers appear low down in ravines
peeping thru the snow. The spray is
coating me with ice.

But why ever seeking a haven?

He was seeking another haven. Was
one too small?

Whether? Where?

We go on and on and on thru
island throats where wind and tide
rip speeds, by rounded cliffs toward
pinnacled ranges to get beneath the East
wind's touch. Plumes and banners of
snow blow from every knee. The fresh
wind with still a tang of salt blows up
your nostrils and searches your clothing

"Angnagsaliv"; I shout at the Captain.
He smiles. It will be a long way to
go back, if we are seeking merely refuge.
Kangerlugosuar, our friend, is farther south.
So we must be penetrating a new one.
To me it is fast becoming a voyage
of discovery, and our tiny Piterington has
become Columbus' Pinta.

The water is becoming colder. There
is ice in one protected bay. Finally
glaciers appear low down in ravines
peeping thru the snow. The spray is
coating me with ice.

But why ever seeking a haven?

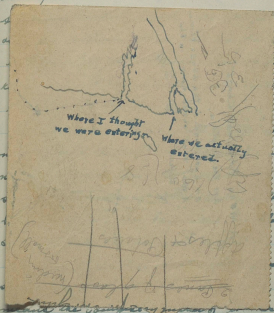
Then a point and an opening to the sea. Do we go out that way tomorrow? The Captain looks blank when I raise the question. Then what kind is this? He has no maps and the Captain is unfamiliar with the names. We have no common language. Even gestures sometimes fail.

Our friend. But somehow the waters had a familiar look. The gorge, the crags, the glaciers - only they now seemed to me diminutive like the old church spire at home. That point down stream, that channel to the sea. Could that be Simintax?

This time the Captain referred my query to the pilot. "yes, that was Simintax", lying there behind us in plain view. Our supposed night lantern was now ^{far} behind us and the day was only half-spent. We had been traversing the northern arm of our fiord in the east wind's face, seeing not a haven of refuge

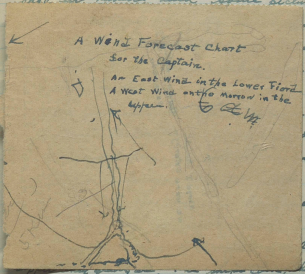
about to penetrate as long as
the day lasted toward our goal.
Here was a timid captain driving
on ^{alone} despite his fears, and I had
been having a mysterious voyage
without a name.

To think that I had been planning
snow pictures when the boat was



about to penetrate as long as
the day lasted toward our goals.
Here was a timid captain driving
on ^{alone} despite his fears. And I had
been having a mysterious voyage
without a name.

To think that I had been planning
snow pictures when the boat was
safe in haven, and some pictures



means the youngest member of the crew,
offered to wash the dishes. This morning
they offered to make coffee - from my can.

but to penetrate as long as the day lasted toward our goal. Here was a timid captain diving ^{alone} on despite his fears. and I had been having a mysterious voyage without a name.

To think that I had been planning snow pictures when the boat was safe in haven and some pictures on our return when the clouds had lifted. It all seems like some romance to be named when the reading is done.

Do we now sail all night? We are now opposite Starbuck Fiord. Surely I could not here land here. The mountains are sheer. No anchorage either that would be secure. Only the bays above the Glacier Gate (or without her) are now available.

Feeling themselves ~~them~~ last night I offered supper they gladly ate. The ship's cook, ~~bid~~ means the youngest member of the crew, offered to wash the dishes. This morning they offered to make coffee - from my can.

I invited them all in and an new regular host. at least it is bread and smoked fish and black coffee.

Tonight the captain was cold and hungry and in for just coffee. He had no other thought. I had made him oatmeal at noon. This time I gave him ^{rain coat} my parka (he was chilled then), then felled him and the rest with rice, bread, smoked salmon, ~~verndade~~ and cookies. He returned with a smile to his task of driving a baby engine against the night and an east wind of B.5. The old word "Iopax" has been forgotten. Besides they say "Thank you" in English, the first mate does, and the others set it. I have promised the Captain and crew to cook rice for them at 12 tonight.

Night Sailing. at the critical time the moon arose and shimmered directly down the Fiord. The clouds have thinned. So the course is clear tho the snowy cliffs make it spectral.

In its midst can be heard the voice of the Captain singing.

Anchorage - 12 midnight - nineteen have out. a tiny bay above the beta where the boat could be tied bow and stern against the wind and tide of the open fiord. a mass of passive (ice) was covering in the hold. They said "Good". I acquiesced, but they did not offer. the Captain wanted me to take his bed.

Monday, November 14.

A Forecast: The much discussed question had been the conditions on the upper fiord. On the question of ice, the agreement had been "Nulso" ("no doubt none") but this had changed gradually to "Nani" (No) as we noted the ice-free conditions lower down and found no decrease in the temperature of the waters. Regarding wind I had argued by gesture that the walls of the upper fiord were far apart and low and the wind must be less violent. The barometer seemed to have reached its depth

and a west wind might be expected. I only hoped that it would not come roaring as it had that once last summer, at least the east wind need not be feared.

a Perfect Day. We started at 8. It seemed like 4. The Captain wants a face wash. He needs sleep too. My case of soap and the four corners of the towel put four of us to rights. The fifth one did not need it.

The upper fiord lay as placid as a mill pond before us with scarcely enough wind to flutter the flag. A thin film of snow showed what the ^{night} wind had been. "Now to surreptoppon and tell Augustinus 'Hip, Hip, Hurrah!' " said I, stopping myself on the chest and pointing to the Captain, who laughs a hearty laugh. Tradition is a pesonome thing. Yet there may be a basis of fact in the east wind's power in the mountain gorges of the Coast.

Seal and English Food. This time I asked for poisie when I saw it cooking, and told them to bring it to the cabin. Oatmeal and all the trimmings went with it.

Summer in Winter Time. No ice yet in Summer, as much as Tahoe, except for the ice sheet on the boat and the snow upon the hills.

The flag still ^{is} scarcely ^{is} fluttering. The barometer is still slowly falling and a west breath just fills the sail. A snow storm hovers over the upper end of the Fiord and bars every view from the Observatory.

a Winter Evening. A tiny spot of dawn on a white hill! Night falling. Water chilling fast. Tiny ice pans floating. Two figures on the beach. Ship's boat cased in ice, her bows one pestoon of ice, like a giant scarp, when she has dipped her bows deep

into the swells, a memento of her struggle against the East wind's force. A beach enameled with ice laid by countless tides and crowned by ice blocks between which our boats found a landing wharf. It might have been a Pilgrims' scene. A tiny light served as guide from ship to shore.

Kallquist. A third in the darkness joined the group. The second figure had been the unexpected Marinn, native hunter lad. The newcomer was Kallquist, who had chanced to see the ship at anchorage. Otherwise, there would have been the same old loss of touch.

Nerves. Somehow the winter night seemed to grow more wintry in the greetings I received. Solitude and lack of mail had magnified the personal point

of view. I had been so happy at Helstenborg
that now "my shoulders began to sag".

I would gladly have turned back.

But the Captain was happy. He had
earned his bonus. "Agayo (tomorrow)
Kyanamut". To do so he must
sail all night again to last
night's anchorage.

Chapter 3.

Tuesday, November 15.

Sitting Adjusted. No oatmeal in
quantity had come. We seemed
still at the mercy of mis-planning.
Must the Ice trip fail for lack of
proper food when a full supply was
now assured. It seemed like
a case of American positiveness
against Danish slowness. The
result was the vehement
assertion of leadership. Then
criticism by all the group of my
observational methods. It left me
comatose. Is it the fang of the
North?

a Beach Scene. a deep walled

come. Snowlaken boats drawn high, boxes and barrels, and bales hastily unloaded. One team standing on end in the tide with a life line leading to shore. They too were awaiting adjustment.

Wednesday, November 16.

Blue Nature. The fiord this morning seems to be reflecting the blue of the overcast sky, and adding a deeper tone of its own. The white hillsides and distant capes give it detail. It is again our symphony of blue and white that winter Greenland loves.

Physical Living. It is cold outside. It is warm within. Yet even there we have a dim tiny window, a real oil flame, and a bed on the floor. Now I understand why Nicolai said that Peter was

merely eating and sleeping, as I looked at the wintry landscape, I could not help catching the spirit of the rabbit that stole forth into the sun but scud eagerly back into his cozy hole to sun up and sleep.

Technical Discussions. The discussion today was Snow Surveying. All thought there was something in it, but could I go alone to Pingo and Sarfanguat. The dangers seemed too great. Ascampen and Bangsted are going out to take first disks. Kallquist would be left alone but is willing. This should not be. So I may go by dog team with the others and survey at their night camps. Bangsted offers to take the trail with me from Sarfanguat to Halstensborg.

Thursday, November 17.

Ice on Fiord. The temperature has fallen to $+1^{\circ}\text{F}$. The ice is

spreading over the bay. Seals are swimming at the nearby point, and Mairns is afloat in the canal seeking to get within range.

An Eskimo Home. It didn't seem possible. yet here I have been sitting in near zero weather writing the whole day by the gray light of the celluloid window and a seal oil wick, which latter has furnished my heat. A homemade home almost of primitive type. The old radio shack with a long canvas tunnel leading to a diminutive door made from the tall one now nailed fast. A bunk for Bengsted, a high shelf for Mairns, a box for table and boxes for seats. a Primus lamp for cooking and a photographic developing tray as a seal oil lamp. Nixes in the ceiling hold drying kamiks. I sleep on the bare floor in my caribou bag.

Meals too are Eskimo: coffee, bread, seal, caribou, ptarmigan, ^{fish} fish eaten with the fingers. However, we have butter, sometimes marmalade, and milk. Marins is the catcher of the game and the cook. He is also man of all work and valet.

Today he is breaking a new road to the Observatory to carry up coal. The toil of carrying has been deathful to the boys but has now reached the point of saturation and cut deeply into the normal day's work. Thirty three hundred pounds of coal raised twelve hundred feet up a slippery path makes a million footpounds (Paul says "a tough estimate"). The less-knowing pups were readily caught for the sled, the wiser ones will work on the menno.

Evening. It seems mild this evening. I could walk all night.

Friday, November 18.

In Nature's Sunshine. It was

mild this morning, $+62.5^{\circ}\text{F.}$
 The ice is breaking out of the bay somewhat. I chanced to go part way to chat with Kallquist and was lured to the heights. Up into Nature's sunshine with the lowlands and fiord below me, and the dazzling Inland Ice in the distance. Here earth and clouds stretch out in company.

A Snow Home. At the hill top a snug home robed in a close-fitting mantle of snow. Here I could live my perfect winter, and thru its windows behold the glories of the distance. Compared with our rabbit warren below, this is a palace.

A Thanksgiving Message Home. a radio flesh to a radio fan in a Kansas town to send by Western Union (Callist): "a Merry Thanksgiving to you all". Now that I've sent it, I can't wait for the

slower mail. I didn't realize that
 Thanksgiving was so near until
 Paul gave me the intimation.
 Will they receive a Christmas message?
 I must not shut them out from my
 world tho I have shut myself off
 from theirs.

Down the Trail. Homeward in the
 night with a lantern. The winding
 path, the crisp night. The aurora
 like vertical threads of light woven
 into the texture of the sky.

at the trail's end a taste of
 frozen halibut, really delicious;
 the presentation of a "peace gift" from
 Paul to Baugstad, for what P. knew
 not; a merry evening.

Saturday, November 19.

a Cold Day. The barometer is
 going higher, the thermometer
 fell to +0.2°F and at 10 o'clock
 was only +2°F. The ice is
 returning to the firm. The night
 I came the surface water was

even then below freezing. Fast trips out and quick returns was the weather's rule and we obeyed. Soon 20°F. below zero may not seem lower. At least I slept cozily last night in cap and untied bag, and photographing the beach scene in the sunrise was congenial.

Ice Trip Postponed. Saugstad had hoped to start forth over the Ice Cap by December first, but is now willing to wait for harder snow and better chances for a farther penetration if he can still catch the first ship or receive some support for wife and baby if he is delayed. He even suggests bringing in an additional dog team to furnish additional motive power. Our present load will fill three sleds one time or one sled three times. This latter would mean serious idling and delay.

I am reading Doctor Hobbs on the question. Meanwhile I am moving up to the Observatory to live to give greater room below for packing. The crowded quarters were hibernating almost inevitable.

The Winter's Fang. Perhaps it should be called Winter's Law. At least either is selective and prompt. My rubber packs and large socks have been damp all week but less damp yesterday. I had not had opportunity to get my fur kamiks. Last night as I toiled up the trail under a heavy pack my nose and face and hands gradually grew warmer and almost sweaty while my feet increasingly lost feeling. I craved rest for my side was aching but dared not stop. The distance seemed far. When the boots were drawn off, a coating of ice was found inside. I am

glad to have got off with a warning. The gang might easily have gone deep. Now I understand the law of keeping sleeping bags and kamiks dry. Therefore, the rule of many kamiks to permit them drying and removing all clothes before going to bed.

Sunday, November 20.

Sunday Rest. "Six days shalt thou labor and on the seventh work like Hell". Gospel according to Hobbs, Aug. 1, 9, 27. ^(Aacomyan Version) But today I have not worked and it has been Hell indeed.

Poor Bengtad is greatly worried because he has received neither letter nor answer to his radio enquiry. Blotches have broken out over his body possibly because of malnutrition and worry, and today he has been visiting to keep his courage up. The boys too have been visiting with him

for relief from their solitude.
 But I have been looking with hunger
 toward the spot on the Polar Map
 marked "unexplored" and longing
 for its quietude and a chance
 to work. I realize that I have been
 selfish, but the crew has been
 desperately inactive. So I am
 working with Paul thru the night
 setting this journal in order.

Stars. The stars draw close tonight
 and each larger star gleams with
 a changing light of pink and green.
 Sirius like a signal light rides
 just above the southeastern
 horizon. The aurora winds its
 way like a branching band
 across the sky. The path thru the
 snow crunches crisply under foot.

Monday, November 21.

The jolly boat. Even jolly boats
 have their day. Mine had its
 morning when it lay upside
 down on the Picturixton at the

wharf at Holstenborg. Acla said:
 "What a tiny shell of a boat." I said:
 "yes, I am taking it to photograph
 the Sandre Stroufjord ^{in figure.}" This is the
 only time that I have not been quite
 candid with the Chief. This is
 one of the ventures I told you of.
 Somehow I can not let it go,
 but God help the man that
 is left stranded on those shores.
 He will stay there till he dies.

My "tiny shell", it now seems, has
 been the lifeboat of a Washington
 schooner. She is as heavy as
 oak and as thick almost as
 a log canoe. She will stand
 the pounding of the rocks and
 the leap of the surf, if I can
 move the anchors hold. I can
 not draw her up and I must
 not let her go. Her greater day
 and mine are coming.

Below Zero. Four days below
 Fahrenheit zero. Today is the

lowest: -12° on Mt Evans and -15.2° at Camp by the Sierras. This means -26.2° Centigrade or more than half the extreme low temperature we expect to have. Somehow it doesn't seem bad. I have now discarded socks for dogskin inner boots and my feet have been cozy warm. Only my nose and face are touched when even the gentlest breeze is blowing. But my seal-hair mitten marks off the wind and by its touch keeps frosting away. My nostrils seem insufficient to provide ^{breath} air while the cold air thru the mouth leaves a feeling of chill in the lungs. This is my one problem to master. I would dare with my sleeping bag to spend a night on the snow.

A Second Dog Team. Baysted has now decided to radio Governor Bistrup to send in

a dog team by December 23 to help us pull our outfit over the Ice. He realizes that if we rely once or twice, we can not even make our distance inland in the three months to say nothing of maintaining a station there. His plan is fundamentally wise. I urged the same plan when on the Inland Ice last summer.

The ice fast is now forming round all the headlands up fiord. The flats are snow and ice covered. Soon there will be an easy grade from the Camps to the Inland Ice, but the latter still shows rough even thru its new mantle of white.

Up the Hill. Uphill with packs and lantern over crunching snow. A long fog belt lies between the Fiord walls. An aurora of continuous and sinuous curtain reaches from the eastern to the

southwestern sky. Its rainbow colors shift with the movement of the fields.

A Welcome. Just over the brow of the highest slope rose a star of First and a Half Magnitude, for it outglanced all the other stars in the sky. It was the light in our window and across the face of the light shined the words:

WELCOME
HOME!
COFFEE, 5¢

The old joyous days of Maliziak were returning again. The spirit of Ferguson and Acangan "Ye Providence Incorporated and Unlimited" had suddenly burst from its sleep.

Tonight the letters are falling one by one from the window like flakes of snow, but the "Coffee 5¢" still persists.

Tuesday, November 22.

A Rara Avis. So says Paul when he picks up the following message

"in the Master's own hand":

"Kallquist:

Please send down our bath tub. It went up full of coal.
Hobbs."

He would send it to the Michigan Gazette for reproduction "in the Master's own hand". It is quite Hobbsian, he thinks. The tub is really a wash tub made from a five gallon can by cutting off the sides.

Rope Crampsons. Much slipping has driven me to ropes. They are tied round the instep of my kamiks with a turn round the ankle to keep them in place. They hold securely both up and down slope but not on side slopes. We must now tie some knots in the ropes at the sides of the sole. To serve as a heel or anti-sideslip.

A Steam Box. The nail hole in the celluloid window, the seams of the door, the ventilation holes

of the Radio Heat were all jettling steam today. It was not the animated conversation within but the warm air meeting the super cold. Even Maxine's warm pipe was covered with frost on the stem while he contentedly puffed.

Nature's
Cloud Making In Laboratory. During these zero days the water of the Fjord has been "stewing" and the almost transparent vapor films have gathered in an opaque stratus cloud belt floating high above the water but still below the upper rim of the Fjord, as the ice has formed over the water, the cloud has retreated down stream, for the evaporation from the ice is insufficient to maintain it.

Here we have the moist air striking the cold air and condensing. The water is probably below freezing i.e. 32° F. (it was when I came), but

the temperature on Mt Evans is at zero Fahrenheit or below and that on the bank of the Fiord fully six degrees lower still. The relative humidity at the shore is also far above that on Mt Evans. Why then does the cloud bank ride so high?

But here we have the cloud-building on the edge of sea and land and the crawling inland of cloud-canopies diving high pressure.

Puppies. Marine brought in three puppies today. The mother had had ten and lost five thru hardship probably, for she had made her own nest. The mother must be driven, so the puppies winnow tho they were must go speedily the way of all flesh. Paul came in. Marine handed him a sack from the blind end of which protruded a whining puppy. He would like to keep it and take it to the States.

Sunset on the Ice. The golden

sunset tho of minor richness
was impressive because of its
reflection from the fixed ice.

Clubs, water, and ice make
an attractive set of mirrors.

An Unusual Trip. We are going
to the ice with a good team of dogs,
an experienced Arctic explorer, a
seasoned Eskimo driver, and
such supplies - scientific and food -
as our camp can furnish. It seems
like a trip by Sam Dalton in his
boyhood up the Little Tennessee with
goat fishing poles but only a tin
can and salt and hopes for food.

The foot's touch. I am glad that
it is only a touch. One big toe
and both thumbs still bear the
dull pains. The rubber pads shall
be idle until next spring. It will
be more difficult to protect my
fingers when uncovered. However,
the seal skin mittens are an oven
of warmth when the hand hangs

doubled up in them

"Similar, but" — "Yes, we agree also with the Chief in the Superiority of the White Race, the Sagwa of Nations, Preparedness, Roosevelt, Damn Slope Winds, but —". Evidently, I am in the great minority in an Observatory Circle.

Wednesday, November 23.

A Winter Symphony of Blues and Greens.
The clouds have returned. I looked for a symphony of blue and white down the Fjords. But the ice has been rapidly spreading and the tide is asserting its power near the shore. So we had a sky of gray, a sea of deep blue, an icebelt of ^{gray} green, and a ribbon of emerald water where sea and shore ice part.

A Daughter. At midnight Paul awakened us with news from the New York Times for Bangstad: "a daughter. Bestwell", and hurriedly

dressed to carry it down. Buzsted had been nearly useless for days because of worry at no reply to his repeated queries. "a girl!" What was that Doctor Churoch said to Doctor Holbe about being father of only a girl? Occyaner laughed heartily. I am now glad that I did not ask him today how he lived being father of a girl. Paul consoled him by remarking: "I'm sorry that my son will not be old enough to marry your daughter." He is finding the days dragging until March 23 when he hopes to speak of his wedding and leave this "desolate" place forever.

a. Reconnaissance. Buzsted and Marine have started out today with sled and light provisions to try out the way over the ice. They will probably be absent several days. They must still climb the hills to the Dog Camp.

Over the door. One door area (gone after Captain Hall)

low. To bend your back and even draw the door to is a problem. The notice merely informs you that the household is watching:

BEN-DJERBACK HALL (NORTH)

GUESTS ARE REQUESTED NOT

TO SLAM THIS DOOR. COME

AGAIN!

I wonder whether the radio tube near by on the wall did not inspire the joke.

Thursday, November 24. Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving. Well, we were all thankful today for the obtaining of some one thing that we had long desired. Clarence got his Eskimo slippers long buried in the Radio Shack, the Mother dog received more amusettes than she could count, I recovered still more of my scattered possessions. Paul hurried home to New York for his family not to wait dinner for him.

Our own dinner came late in the evening, even as summer

summer evenings go. Our winter evening here on the Arctic Circle closed in at 3. Our dinner was entirely from tins, even the fuel and the plum pudding. No, not quite that far. Governor ^{of Alaska} Eastrip's gift of Caloric Punch to Clarence and Paul came in a bottle. But it all was cooked over one flame and three pots at a time.

We had boned chicken, string beans, carrots, mashed potato and gravy, fruit salad, plum pudding, fruit cake, candy from Ada and her Thanksgiving message to be opened and read at this time. Our friends were all with us in spirit as we drawily conversed the first half of the night away.

The Mother Day. I was busy the entire day at the Radio Hut. Three of the younger dogs of the sled team had broken away or failed to follow. They wanted to

make friends with me now. There was amusettes in their idea. I fed them for I wanted to feed the Mother Dog in peace.

Raven under the big ledge on my Morningside Heights I found her in a handsome nest shivering with two pups eagerly draining her vitality. She welcomed my coming. I piled the amusettes before her and then started to arrange them. Poor beastie, she could not spare one and crawled forward to cover them with her paws and thus squeezed one fat puppy until he yelled, but he complained in vain until I pulled him loose and put him back at his favorite place. The mother's instinct for babes and food seem to clash for a moment in favor of the latter. I must get a picture of this little house.

Trail Markers, Doctor Hobb's

trail markers are a tribute to his solicitude. If only he could have elevated more coal to the upper station. If we have twice as much snow as we have on the ground, Paul thinks that we may become snowbound by cold. However, the trail is becoming well beaten and the trail markers will help to guide along the better part after each storm.

Friday, November 25.

The House of the Past. I am happy today. My search of the Radio Hut has been rewarded. My extra glasses, the only emergency pair I possessed, were discovered with snow glasses in a box of cracker crumbs. Two pair of ski soles were rescued, one pair had been cut into coffee soles. Only two feet of the snow sampler bag remained. I fear that the remainder has gone into box covers. Governor Bishop

On his own another one of
1 and chips.

used the word "Pig". I shall use the word "Pact". Pass Bengsted is generous and gives whatever he possesses. In like manner he uses game - and without thinking. He is a pact. Hereafter I must lie on my goods like the Mother Dog.

Godhavn Radio. Two bits of news tonight. Bengsted's message via New York for an extra dog team was delivered to Governor Bestrup; also the news from Sukkertoppen that one of the fishing boats was coming up Daudre Starfjord with supplies for the American Expedition. So I am going down to the Lower Camp to live until the boat arrives. We have written last letters - this time to Governor Bestrup and Ala. They are now at the mail outpost. There is no winter station for mail beyond unless we use the air.

The radio concluded its messages with gramophone music. A splendid idea. I envy Paul his power of impersonating the Danish throat sounds of the radio broadcaster. He himself waits with gawping amusement for the pronunciation of Egedesminde and the delectable sound of Bröven.

Anti-oxid Ropes. Ropes round my kamiks have given me complete stability. Now I shall try knots in the ropes to prevent side slipping.

[The Mother Dog. I found her quite happy today with a ring of amulets around her neck. She was lying on her side in blissful luxury. The cold no longer caused a shiver. She was warm within.

Saturday, November 26.

A Message from Ann Arbor.

Paul has reached every radio district a little. Punch Ball is the secret for the success.

of the United States except two. So the Chief can not comprehend why he does not get in touch with the R.O.T.C. radio station at the University of Michigan. Evidently this station is losing much of its power thru grounding. At least it is not audible here tho it hears our messages plainly. Paul feels that the R.O.T.C., which turned him down, should not be overaided to escape its own difficulties, but is willing to send "blindly" if they care to try to catch such random sending.

[@ Little Round Hill. I went over the hills ^{this morning} yesterday to see if the motor boat was coming up the Fiord and found a little round hill just south of our little lake that afforded a view of the Observatory ^{and house camp} ^{as} the Fiord and the far Island Ids. Two very large boulders are on it. Under the sheltering canopy of one, Florence could find her infinite ^{garment} (home) if I do

not return. Better place on our northern coast could scarce be found. Kerosene. Fuel oil holds large in our life and with coal forms our fuel combine, especially in winter. We have spent the afternoon chopping the tank of kerosene out of the tide ice. It was hauled on the ice-reversed beach, and up with a life line to another barrel on shore. Now the repeated layers of ice ~~revers~~ have hoisted it far above its waist and covered it with a thick hood. It took axes, ice axes, pick-axes, and a battering ram pole in the hands of Clarence and Paul to break it from its nest. Soon the kerosene would have been in cold storage until next June. But now it will soon begin to perform its winter task.

Sunday, November 27.

Bangsted Returns. As we left

The beach last evening, there was
 a shout from Clarence in our
 lead. The day team was at the
 Radao Hut above, four days out.
 In the evening over mutton chow
 and soup, he told the story. Over
 wet snow on tide flats, on
 shell ice on the river, past the
 falls which seemed to be falls no
 more either in water or ledges,
 he seems to have traveled as far
 as our Portage Camp. However,
 Doctor Hobbs' map and his ^{Geographical} observations do not agree. The
 winter covering of snow is the
 probable cause. Only the luncheon
 cache was found and this had
 been raided by foxes.

The snow is very feathery and
 affords not surface for sleds.
 Wind has apparently not blown
 in this region since the last
 snowfall. The snow lies evenly
 over everything. The slope winds

seem here to have lost their force. So there is little hope of getting a better snow surface than wind action.

Coming up Empty. No one comes up without packing some load. The backwork is absorbing too much strength and spirit. This morning I came up "empty", I told them, for I did not want to cook breakfast, but I brought a load of coal. My non-oxid ropes held every step. It's a joy to walk these hard paths now.

a Day of Wrath. Another conference today on the Island Ice trip loaded with petty feelings and sensitive recrimination. I was declared too old to make the run with the dog team and insufficiently scientific to do the work better than the other two of the party. It was a case of carrying fool for

136.
Two and physical endurance
was the test. in classing the two.
I was "canned" and the more
presumptively when I insisted on
reducing snow measurements to
water content. "It was not done."
It was another Sunday in Hell,
for us all. "No more expeditious
for us."

Monday, November 28.

A Day of Reason. "We will stand
together, we will work together,
we will share together in the
weather work - No jealousy or
rancor will be permitted. Both
for one." - Clarence and I.

To Bangsted: "I apologize for
irritating you yesterday. You and
I love Greenland too much to
allow petty quarreling to spoil
it. We must not hate Greenland
as Paul and Clarence do."

Bangsted later called me
into conference regarding how
short a distance
I thought we could get

unto the Ice Cap and satisfy scientific requirements, for he did not want to cut me out.

I suggested fifty miles would be far enough in and it would permit a longer stay at a permanent station and an opportunity perhaps to study all weather types. This was his thought too and to it he added the idea of sending the team back to the Ice edge for further supplies. I heartily approved the plan as the best yet.

Marino and the Slide Pole.

Marino made a good water proof snow yesterday out of the remnants of a pup tent. His was a happy and busy Sunday. Today when I spilled most of my coffee, he offered me his. He is a merry lad, full of English, laughter, and pranks. Tonight he came to the Observatory with us and stayed to supper. Clarence

was sitting at his desk using a long slide rule. Mariva demurely sat opposite, wielding a long comb with a metric rule laid on it. It would have made a ludicrous noise but.

Weather. The ice fields have moved down and blocked the Fiord. Can the motorboat break thru. The wind blew 40 miles an hour and drifted the snow on Mt. Corvus. Tonight it is mild, ^(+5°F) and calm. How live our emotional yesterday and today!

* This might be entitled "Aman and wife get in the act."

BOGHALLEN
Alfred G. Hassing
BACHENPLATZ 27

Dear Bangsted:-

I have been talking things over with Mr. Church.

I believe it best if you take Mr. Church in with you. He can handle the Instruments and take records.

I shall be down this afternoon and talk things over with you.

Let us forget all the small quarrels we are having and get down to hard and earnest work.

We can make an International Cloud and Record system for the station record.

Kallqvist

"Papa"

Bangsted.

