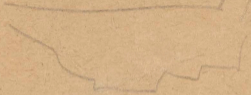


~~1940 - 1970~~

July 30 -

A Bath - yes, even a dust
bath. The sand flies have
been the chief contributors to
this impulse. And then
a dust bath ~~as~~ may be
satisfying even if not exhilarating.
It is a counter irritant
and some relief coming
day leaving CB - PWS

Basins by faulting



Mirage sky
under cover

Saw ^{looking line} ~~coexisting~~ ^{reflected} ~~lines~~
at 4:30 pm. ^{cloud} ~~Went~~
to day before ~~from~~

Has a little ~~wind~~ ^{wind} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air}
o. ~~Basin~~ ^{Basin} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~day~~ ^{day}

~~At Spanish~~ ~~San~~ ~~San~~
At Spanish ~~San~~ Middle of Feb. by middle of the night
San - ~~San~~ San has to Feb. —

$$\begin{array}{r} 48 \overline{) 110} \\ \underline{96} \\ 140 \\ \underline{120} \\ 20 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 34.9 \\ \underline{72} \\ 698 \\ \underline{43} \\ 25128 \end{array}$$

To the Great Ice.

Habbing with a Greenland Stroph.

a sea of white

→ Camping on Heaven's Blue.

Another Gale.

Garden of Eden on Greenland Ice -
Nansen - but - 60°.

Determining Time (Setting our watches)

Elenen weeks out.

a Mother Dog - { Head of puppy.
Hungry for congratulations

a Habo -

No 3

→ a Tin Medal.

Back to the Children.

Sankadlit

No 4

Bely Seal

→ Sledding on the Hills
a bely seal (umbra)

Children on the Ice.

→ Sports - football, marbles, dancing
Create your own Initiative.

→ Lars Absolensen -

Fresh but stale.

No 5 Scissors

→ Case

Will kiss it away.

Wit + Humor - "The Mosquito"

Mosquito

→ Easter Time - Songs at midnight.

"The finer the eye for color, the
less it takes to satisfy it intensively;
even the absence of color may be
lovely, as the fading of the perfect
voice makes silence sacred...."

J.E.Church Jr.

DIARY OF SECOND TRIP
TO GREENLAND, 1927-28

NOTE BOOK No 5

Tuesday, November 29.

Reaching Over Seas. This morning the following notice hung above our exit:

a Single 50 Word Radio Post Message May Be Filed With the Radio Operator by Each Member of This Expedition Not Later Than 8 PM EST Wednesday Nov. 30th.

For delivery by mail from St. Anthony, Newfoundland.
No charge.

This surprise gift was the culmination of a radio romance (not love) between our Paul and the operator at the Greenfell Mission at St. Anthony, Newfoundland. The latter had intercepted Paul's Eskimo Stories by Bengsted to the New York Times and asked permission to print them in his Mission Paper, the only paper for 500 miles in that country. In return, he is accepting our Radio Post for mailing on their steamer to the mail route South. I wish that I could step over seas with equal stride. Then I should soon see all the world and go to bed contented.

a Message Home. We are grasping the Overseas opportunity by the forelock, not by the tail. Consequently, we have already delivered the following post at the radio operator's desk:

John E. Church
36 Sherman Place
Jersey City, New Jersey.

Greenland, November 30, 1927.

Please mail copy following sent courtesy Greenfell to all members family:

Rain at nine, dusk at three. Weather mild snow light Hama cozy ^{sleep sat.} Walk the mountain ^{down} up and down Sit look think want a little Thanksgiving complete except for you Go Inland Ice late December Ward

The Hans Egde. The Hans was last previously reported at Kirkwall in Scapa Flow in the Orkneys - Evidently she was in need of coal. She has now reached home.

This must be a happy day for our old friends from Halstenborg going home for the winter. The birds left Suckertoppen yesterday noon. Will our relief boat break thru the ice jam below?

a Gyr Falcon. Bangsted has obtained a perfect specimen of a female gyrfalcon for the University of Michigan. She was sitting at the brook eating a ptarmigan. In markings she resembles a Plymouth rock and for perfection in them she would take high prize at a poultry show.

Marins says that the gyrfalcon maims its prey before eating it - this to prevent its escape. The ptarmigan had had its leg bitten off at the thigh. In the case of sparrows, the falcon bites off a wing. Only the rook with his spine-like beak seems able to stand him off.

a Snowy Mild Day. The temperature has risen above zero Fahrenheit and given a touch of belminess to the air. We are working outside at the lower camp packing pemmican for the cache being made at the edge of the Inland Ice. Bangsted and Marins leave for another trip tomorrow.

An Evening Landscape in Mid-afternoon. We are climbing the trail homeward in the dusk at 3 p.m. Nature is white below with a gray ^{low} band overhead. The fiord is a large lake in the depths with walls of soft vapor. Grasses in faintly snow caps rise thru the snow. The birds weave their open work mats on backgrounds of white.

As we rest on our Sitting Stone far up the slope, the sound of a breeze rises to our ears, while at our feet lies outlined by tufts of grass and snow-covered Loose of the Sacred Heart. The clouds to west let the light filter dimly through. The star in our inmost gleams on the hoar of the hill.

Wednesday, November 30.

Over Mild. Only 10°F. above zero but getting too warm for my boots. The snow is beginning to gather on them and melt when I enter the house. Yet the fiord is gradually icing over. The 40 mile east wind of two days ago has driven the icefields into the throat of the main fiord. We are becoming icebound.

Ice Trip Plans approved. A radio to night from the Chief approves of a start to the Inland Ice even later than January first and a willingness to finance Bangstad further by purchasing his story.

The Moon. Clarence called me out tonight to see a forest fire. It was merely the three-quarter moon jutting for a moment like a red blaze over the crest of a ridge. Then it sank back for the night and

was gone. The sky resumed its greyness.

Maize Mehl. Being interpreted by us "corn meal" but by the Copenhagen dealer as "corn starch". Consequently, of corn starch cereal for breakfast. Stine to the utmost and Paul too."

∴ The days are so short and the tent that I rarely can take the I wanted to take a picture of the it beneath the ledge. Now I am she is as kind as ever, as coaxing for amusettes. But she is - I found her in the tunnel ring human company but hungrily round head that she had brought forget her motherhood? Did a taste a maternal instinct away? Is this "wild" like Segantini's Unnatural Mother of the winter winds blowing through on some snowclad slope? Now her, she is still so kind.

(WB-4-26-26-5,000)

Photog - Dec 9 - Small house near P. about 577 miles from P. Fiord. See. Skinning all bones up ice and was ice forming.

Dec 10 - a few deer (some) P. Fiord. 1/2 x 4 1/2 x 4.5 x 5 1/2

Near - Skinned some and left in bag 1.000 x 4.5 x 5 1/2

Over Maryland from Teller Run

was gone. The sky resumed its greyness.

Maize Mehl. Being interpreted by us "corn meal" but by the Copenhagen dealer as "corn starch". Consequently, we have twenty pounds of corn starch cereal for breakfast.

It will [redacted] and Paul
add [redacted] An unnatural Mother

Thursday, December 1

An Unnatural Mother. The days are so short and the

Museum den 77 - from Cape Town all to day

no	Photog - Dec. 9 -	Small device view of Obv.
pe		5x7 view of Fiond. Ice.
W		Shaving old break up ice and
gk		new ice forming.
9	Dec. 10 -	a full series (panels) of Technobuds
h		1/5 x 4.5 x Color Section 5"
of	Dec. 12 -	General bank and boats
9		in bay 1/5 x 4.5 x 5"
		One playlet from Tails to Dean

of blood sweep me
the "call of the wild" like Segantini's Unnatural Mother
become the spirit of the winter winds blowing thru
the leafless aspens on some snowclad slope?
Somehow I can't shake her, she is still so kind.

was gone. The sky resumed its greyness.

Maize Mehl. Being interpreted by us "corn meal" but by the Copenhagen dealer as "corn starch". Consequently, we have twenty pounds of corn starch cereal for breakfast. It will test our initiative to the utmost and Paul adds

Thursday, 12

An Unnatural Weather. The days are so short and the work to be done so insistent that I rarely can take the

~~Extended letter. See our own part done.~~

Sunday 11

Fresh clouds in East.

~~Slipping down trail~~
~~Bears tangle~~

of West anemometer - same as American activity.

"What then doest, do quickly." This applies to Greenland as well as to the Crucifixion. Long tranquility

the "call of the ^{or quick changes} wild ~~river~~" become the spirit of the winter winds blowing thru the leafless aspens on some snowclad slope? Somehow I can't allow her, she is still so kind.

Albino desc. 77. from Cape Farwell to Bay

Friday, December 2.

The Sabbins will get you if you don't watch out. Last night a wireless questionnaire from the Chief regarding strophs, maximum and minimum wind velocity, depth of snow, comfort of living conditions caused unbounded hilarity. "No strophs or ^{Ice Caps} mountain-stropping itself", "Wind 48 miles to calm", Snow ankle deep in the drifts, "Living cozy except for packing coal" were variously suggested for insertion in the answer.

But even as we laughed, Nature was stealing in upon us, like the long arm and finger of the Chief, menacing us for our hilarity. We could have seen it, if we had only looked with open eyes. The pressure was already falling rapidly, the temperature had risen from below zero Fahrenheit to $+11^{\circ}$, an unprecedented occurrence here on Mt. Evans. Then after midnight a roar like that on Mt. Rose and from the Southeast.

The stroph had come - 78 miles per hour - at its height. The radio wave was a series of bellying curves, the ground was stripped bare of snow now piled in

deep, solid drifts where the slope was sufficiently steep to permit the snow to find shelter. The higher lanes were bare of all snow and only the nests of birch prevented the landscape from becoming brown rather than gray. My evaporation pans had been trustfully set outside the door for the night. At dawn one of them had passed into the dim unknown. The ice on the Fjord was slowly breaking up.

At noon the barometer was winking and the wind slowly falling. Pilot balloons shot northward, like a football kicked from place, on the changing wind. News came in of low pressure from Belleisle northward on either side of Greenland and of winds of 10 and 11 Beaufort. The worst possible is 12. We appeared to be in the center of the low that had sucked an avalanche of wind from off the Inland Ice upon our heads.

Hunting an Evaporation Pan. The day became for us an outside day after I had patched the seat and knee of my pants to exclude the gale. It was a day of wrestling

- with water buckets, with clothing, with radio mast,
with ^{canvas} coal shed, and with the snow drifts, trying
to make them yield the secrets buried in their depths.

Where could the evaporation pan have gone? We knew its point of departure and could trace its route by the axes of the snow dunes and the debris that had kept upon the surface. But how far had it gone? This was a complex question for it was a versatile pan. It could have slid, or rolled, or flown. It could have started early and been buried deep or late and been buried shallow. It might lie buried in the first wide cornice just over the hill or miles down the winding valley.

One always wants what he loses. So I set to work ransacking the valley and then probing the knee-deep drifts. It was great as physical exercise but not exhilarating because without results. It reminded me too vividly of my probing the snowbanks at Deer Park Station years ago for a corpse - also without result.

But the effort led to inventiveness. Why not use xeroseence cans for evaporation? They are nearly as large and can readily be fitted for the purpose. Only I

have already offered the sharp-eyed Marimo 10 kroner if he will recover the pan.

Landscape. In the afternoon twilight a fiery furnace red shone as thru cracks in the cloud. Otherwise an octave of blues dominated the southern sky with heliotrope as the central color.

In the late evening, as I still trod the cornice, the thermometer shelter stood silhouetted against the moon in a golden halo. Reluctantly I turned homeward from my task.

Saturday, December 3.

The Storm Continues. We were in a subdued mood this morning and talked in whispers about the weather. We didn't want another lean finger pointing toward us. But the stroph was no longer a stroph but merely the suction preliminary to a heavy storm passing east. For the wind had now shifted to southwest and was bringing snow in its wake. The temperature was now slowly falling and the wind only a third as strong for the storm was climbing the Great Ice barrier, not avalanching down it.

Down the Trail. The station below must be visited and more coal brought, for in the gale

the tiny stone had developed a voracious appetite. But the downward trail was merely a winding ribbon of white over bare ground. The snow kicked by our feet was the sole survivor of the storm. The rest had been rearranged in a fairyland of snow dunes, each tiny object having its attendant fan. Only the birch had protected its snowfields and even these had been eroded for two inches below the tips of the birch mat. Southeast the wind had been except where mountain slopes had diverted its course. Here dunes sometimes pointed directly uphill where the wind had vertically ascended.

The great Fiord below had cleared itself of ice except in the shallow bays and on the tide flats. But even here the wind had made inroads almost to Dory Camp. The waters once more had resumed their series of blue, green, emerald from the depths toward the shores. The glacial gray had gone for winter had stopped the streams. At the beach, great blocks of ice on edge showed how severe the pressure of wind and wave had been. A new ice front had been

developed. But tide and wind might force the ice floor even to where our boats were resting. The long lean finger was pointing again. But if the Captains only knew it, they could now sail the full length of the Fiord — but they too fear the finger and its suddenness.

Two Records. The wind at our Base Station seems to have been even milder than here on the mountain. Is this due to inaccuracy in the instrument or to confinement of the wind in the gorge? The temperature rose higher than on the mountain and the humidity fell. Have we here the characteristic traits of a fohn at its lowest descent and on the mountain its traits midway? If so, this is a worthwhile storm.

Cunning Dogs. I found Bangsted and Marins fastening a tin can over a dog's nose. The can had perforations in the bottom like a feeding bag, but was being used only long enough to break the dogs from baying. During the storm the pair had made the night sleepless with their wails. Their attitude and modulations of voice reminded me of coyotes in the West. I could not blame

them for their music. They are chained to a stake. I even like the music. It is low and soft.

Ptarmigan. Paul insists that they are peninsular - the little pond variety that in our witlessness we are taking to the Inland Ice. When Marius and I came up the trail, we flushed thirty or more in one covey and ten in another. Oh-e-e-e shouted Marius and I pretended to wield a gun as I executed a circle following the birds. They had sought the birch nests for their buds which the wind had exposed.

Evaporation. Since last evening there has been .05 inch of evaporation from the packed snow or 1.5 in. per month. This looks mightily like the evaporation rate back home. But the wind is strong for Greenland 15 mi. (?) per hour. There appears to be no erosion. We must wait and see.

Sunday, December 4.

Storm Waning. It snowed last night leaving a white mantle over the Observatory and the hills. The snow is feathery and delicate - quite the child of the calm. The wind is now west still following the storm slowly passing into the distance. We shall now take up our routine life once more.

a Restful Sunday. Dreaded in prospect but pleasing now



accomplished, much visiting & genial. Roast ptarmigan, (my juice) made a sumptuous meal. The evening was spent in reading. - case of hives, now yielding and Marius surprised us with canned goods. Marius will apply by dogteam. The breaking is indefinitely postponed further & feels compelled to find outlet for his slight of hand, started by Banguled's nerves. In the late afternoon the walk ^{home} there the

new snow.

Monday, December 5.

The Storm Ended. At noon today the wind swung round into northeast and the downslope drift from the Inland Ice began again. The storm is now over Iceland and still traveling east. We should have been on the ice to see it go over. I hope that we may be equally fortunate when we finally make our trip.

a Restful Sunday. Dreaded in prospect but pleasing now in retrospect. Some work accomplished, much visiting done. But it was quiet and genial. Roast ptarmigan, macaroni, and Himbeersaft (raspberry juice) made a sumptuous dinner for us five. The evening was spent in reading. Bangsted seems to have had a case of hives, now yielding under Clarence's treatment. He and Marinn surprised us by bringing up a packload of canned goods. Marinn will begin tomorrow to bring up supplies by dogteam. The breaking up of the ice in the Fiord has indefinitely postponed further reconnaissance and Bangsted feels compelled to find outlet for the exuberance of Marinn. His sleight of hand, started by Clarence, has finally got on Bangsted's nerves. In the late evening, they took lantern for the walk, ^{home} thru the new snow.

Monday, December 5-

The Storm Ended. At noon today the wind swung round into northeast and the downslope drift from the Iceland Ice began again. The storm is now over Iceland and still traveling east. We should have been on the ice to see it go over. I hope that we may be equally fortunate when we finally make our trip.

First Dog Sled to Summit. Marins came true to promise, bringing Clarence's large drawing board and a sack of coal. I should have liked to take a picture of the low observatory and the long sled in front with its resting dogs. But a distant landscape on these cloudy noons requires four seconds with a wide-open lens, and the lamps are lighted all day. It was great sport to see Marins take Clarence for a ride over the rocky slopes. The passenger's legs were nearly as long as the long sled and his head as high as the handles. He fitted the contour of the sled perfectly.

Landscape and Verdure. The landscape is white again. The scars of the storm have gone. The tideflats are iced over again and the tundra is putting forth fingers of ice. The willow projects high thru the snow. It is evidently a weak protector of snow. But on the lower slopes, even the birch projects high where the gale was strongest. There is here good field for the study of verdure and prevailing winds and desiccations. The run down the trail and walk back with break ended a gray but active day.

Tuesday, December 6.

Fascinated by a Theory. A message came from the Chief last night lining ^{southeast} over, gale of December 1 with the sleet storm in New York City December 4. He considers it a duplicate in effect of the southwest gale of July which he lived with thunderstorms in New York. It has shocked us all. Its overhead and backaction mechanism is surely wonderful, if true. I can't help but admire his daring and persistence, but in Arctic terms he reminds me of our team that has got a scent of fish and leaves them alone under warning only to be overpowered by a stronger scent.

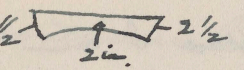
a Normal Winter Day, ^{Instrumentally.} To replace the soap-section pan lost in the gale, I have made another out of a kerosene can. It works well but reminds me of Billy's suit made out of Father's saved-off one. With a trace of snow falling during the day, the snow-

cover increased $+0.002$ in. It reminds me of the gradual increase in the snowcover in Swedish Lapland by condensation noted by Axel Heiberg years ago. On our windy day of December 2, following the gale, the evaporation was -0.51 in. or 1.5 in. per month if the wind should blow so persistently. However, it does not, for Greenland is like the little girl in the rhyme

"I knew a little girl
and she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead
and when she was good
she was very very good
and when she was bad she was horrid."

But even in her horrid state, she would not evaporate faster than the lower mountains back home.

The ice on the Observatory Lake also is reasonable. In our near zero weather, the water freezes about two inches per day over our water hole. The surface of the water is 32°F but probably colder

at the edge of the ice. At least, the ^{new} ice is thicker at the edges than in the middle. Thus $2\frac{1}{2}$  $2\frac{1}{2}$. The thickness of the old ice is now 20 inches. The lake is only a few feet deep - probably under ten - yet the temperature at the bottom is still 33.2°F . Will the winter succeed in freezing it to the bottom?

The temperature in the snow follows its slow but colder way. At the surface it is $+3^{\circ}\text{F}$, at 1 foot depth it is $+10^{\circ}\text{F}$. It is thus a reverse picture of the warmer weather we had during the storm.

Photographically, it is so dark at noon that four seconds at stop 4.5 (that is, practically wide open) are necessary to take a picture. This means tripod work. The Graflex Camera has become too cold to work. Its curtain has become stiff. Only tension 8 (the highest) will move it. Perhaps it can be kept in the warm room, if guarded against sweating, and use outside for brief intervals before cooling too much. Dargatz found it good on the Thule Expedition only in spring and summer.

An Evening Color. a rift of salmon on western horizon. a dim moon in the vapory sky.

The Demon Motor Boat. yes I am reading some. I enjoy the laughter, especially the gibes at the "Speedmotorboat". (I've seen them) and beating the autolizard with limping "Imp". I like slow but persistent motor boats and boatists. But this book is not suited to continuous reading. No funny book is. It's too explosive.


Christmas Greetings. Paul offers to send a brief Christmas greeting for each of us. This is mine: "Look for the Northern Lights on Christmas. We are lighting up for you". This will be delivered in person. I don't like the "Merry Christmas" type, and this one is too long.

Wednesday, December 7. a Color Day.

Weather Talk. Rising and breakfast and table-talk come before dawn these days. The talk is of the whispered variety, for Paul is still sleeping. Clarence and I talked over weather and forecasting and the great

current of air that seemed to be moving high overhead from Iceland toward us and then off northward into the Arctic. De Guerin noticed this at Godhavn and Clarence is finding it here. Unlike the summer current, it now seems to reach the heaven's ceiling, that scientists call the stratosphere.

a Message from Paul. Lying on the table was a request from Paul to call him at 11 a. m. local time (he radios by New York time 2 hours earlier) and to it was appended the following warning:

 15 more shopping days till

Christmas. ^{and his bride ~~at~~}
He is counting the days until March. Then Dawn in Color. The entire horizon has a share. In the south, gold and blue, an vapor bars of delicate cirro-cumulus. In the east, a soft flush of salmon-gold over the Inland Ice. In the north, deep blue and white with whiter lanes in the depths. In the west, stands Ringo like a misty Ararat in gray.

This dawn may return. It seems to be the Arctic's normal morning when cloud haze or veils mantle the sky.

* Night on the Trail. Down trail to reset the instruments and chat. Then the slow ascent with the dim moonlight and the red glow of the candle lantern ^{being} in pointing out the trail. I felt like Holman Hunt's "Behold I stand at the door and knock" or pilgrim of old with quaint lantern treading up a wintry path. But the quiet night was harmonious with my mood. I could have kept plodding the whole night thru with a sense of exhilaration. Even my nose required only an occasional touch with my fur seal mitt to keep it massaged and protected to warmth.

Color Pictures. I had been developing color plates of Halstensborg during the day. I found the crimson sunset faded but the red fence and brown buildings and the ice-covered ground were perfect. Did I over expose the sky? Are the plates too old? at least,

* A Japanese Moon. The moon was full tonight in the far north. It made a steel disc of gold in a sky of deepest blue above hills of white.

I am encouraged.

Thursday, December 8. An Over-full Day.

Moon and Sun in Arctic Winter. Last ^{evening} night at 2 p.m. the moon rose in the north-northeast and this morning was wheeling in the sky toward the north-northwest. Only one-eighth of its daily course was hidden from our eyes. On the other hand, the sun now shows scarcely more than one-eighth of his daily course. Thus the day is all too short for work or play.

Sunrise or Sunset? Today the colors were reversed. The salmon-pink was in the south and west. Its glow overspread even the face of Pingo and outlined its faces until it looked like a marble pyramid in sunset rose. It was the alpine glow in its perfection.

where the sun emerged the sky was crimson, and as it floated flocks of clouds in crystal perfection of form and on either side variant forms in their stages of evolution. As seen in the field of the theodolite

(Moon)
(Sun)

they would be be meet companions for Shelley's hymn of ^{the moon} nature in his Prometheus Unbound, except only that warmth and life here floated on the azure sky.

Ice on the Fjord. Even as I attempted to record the sunset in the camera, its colors stole across the fjord and enameled a surface not of water but of ice. Winter was finally placing firm hand on our fjord. No more could a boat attempt its passage this winter and soon the ice route to the Inland Ice would be restored.

Irish at the Radio. Nature and humanity are odd bedfellows. While nature in her heaven was bursting into color music, two Irishmen in Dublin were holding merry discourse with Paul across the air. Twin partners they were - they had to be, for they were producing their power by hand the while they were talking.

So while one cranked the generator, the other listened in, turn and turn about. I can now fully appreciate Irish perseverance and love of independence even from nature herself.

a Storm without Power. Yesterday morning the sky suddenly filled with veils of cirrus which grew thicker until they obscured the full moon at night to a hazy disk. The barometer fell. The wind was easterly. Today the barometer is rising and this afternoon the wind has swung into the southwest. Tonight a halo rims the moon, the humidity is rising. Yet the evaporation has become condensation and the halo has contracted to a corona. The clouds have burst into the fleeces of the alto-cumulus. The storm is nearing its close. It is the normal storm of tranquil Greenland, bluffed into increased quietude.

by the passive resistance of the cold air of the Ice Cap.

Mail from the Disko. As we sat at chocolate, a timid rap on the door. I thought of Marins and quickly went out. A stranger in the darkness: "Halstenberg". "Nathaniel". I rush without cap or mittens to the hilltop. It is never cold when you are excited. I then followed my guide. Down slope toward Pingo rested two sleds, led by Nathaniel thru the mountain passes and guided in the dim day and darker evening by the star which shone from our window.

Weged on by Governor Bistrup, they had traveled four "shinners" to reach us with hydride and Christmas mail. Only six dogs on one sled and seven on the other, newly broken yet good pullers all. Mammellous how the sleds could slip over two inches of snow and projecting stones. The spirit of the North heeds no obstacles.

Letters. None from the outside world except for Paul. His family keeps a close schedule of mails. But we are being kept in close touch with our Northern world and its home country, Denmark. Doctor Hobbs, Fred, Pippe, Kaia, Gouernor Bistrup, Aela - all have added their Christmas and personal cheer. Pippe has sent two tiny silk flags, one of Denmark the other of the United States. I shall take them with Ruth's silk wind pennant to the Inland Ice. They shall fly in mutual company, not one above the other. I am saving Pippe's and Kaia's letters to read Christmas, Aela's letter can not wait, for it speaks of home and the life just left. Dear little Orsden China Church! She has caught the spirit of it and will save it for others. She signs herself "your Aela Knudsen". I'm so happy that she will be one of my Inner Circle of boys and girls. East, West, North, or South friendship and friends are equally precious.

Sharing the News. Mail also for Bangsted, should he be left to wait the news till morning? Letters are precious in the North and time must be given for thought, so down the trail I sped and back again. I was not asked to stay for coffee. A letter lay opened on his knee. His thoughts were over seas. But they were contented and happy thoughts. His long navy had been useless. Mrs Bangsted had been in far Jutland when the Hans Egede sailed. It is ever thus.

However, he remembered the needs of the sledgesmen and sent a message by me in Eskimo to share some meals with him. I tried to fix the long cadence in my mind. It ran somewhat like this: "Kish-nur-mixissioit." That was the longest return trail I ever walked, for every six feet I repeated the cadence so as not to forget it. I was sure I was wrong. So I really felt satisfied

when my verbal message brought no sign of recognition. I even said "Neloa" ("I don't know"), myself, but concluded in my own and clearer patois "Bangsted, agio mammakok" (Bangsted tomorrow, eats). The invitation was smilingly accepted.

Moonlight on the Trail. But barring the wearying cadence, the trail was moonlit so brightly that I put out my lantern and walked as in bright twilight. The contours of snow and footprints were clear but free from black shadows. It was a suggestion of the long Arctic Night, when life is more alert and fares farther afield than even in the summer.

Ottarmigan. Perhaps the ptarmigan tracks looked unusually prominent in the moonlight. But they seemed to crisscross the slopes everywhere where the birch appeared. I am glad to feel the presence of our feathered friends. The foxes seemed to have gone far

for a time. Evidently they follow the ptarmigan only in summer when the baby chicks are an easy prey. Bangsted considers the arctic hare as the foxes natural prey. Surely, the race between them must be an even toss.

Dogs for Sled not for Watching. I have always been deeply impressed at the indifference of the Greenland dogs at your approach. Tonight neither the mail teams anchored to rocks by their traces near our door nor Bangsted's dogs below voiced my approach. There are no thieves in Greenland, hence no watchdogs as in the Southland and in Greece. One exception, however, was a youngster of Bangsted's pack that had climbed to the roof of the radio shack and barked at Paul's approach. But he was having a lark, having broken loose from his mates on the haul to the Observatory and then skipped home to bark at the loneliness or in it.

Christmas Treasures. Mariner received a letter from home. It brought him up trail quickly behind me. There was a Christmas package on the sledge. It contained a buttoned sweater, which he put proudly over his suit of socks and trousers made from remnants of a pup tent. The sweater was natty but flimsy and quite out of tone with the simple and graceful suit.

A Warmer up from the Chief. Odd how the mail arrived tonight and directly ^{attending} following it an enquiry from the Chief whether the supplies and mail had yet arrived. He is bubbling over with scientific enthusiasm. He notes that every high wind here is accompanied, within two days by storms in the United States.

Oh dear! I feel as if I were a dog in a sled team and our leader is chasing the wrong scent at full cry and dragging the rest of us backwards. We shall spill some day and then head right.

Friday, December 9.

The Mid-day Dawn. Only a trace of clouds, but the sky has warmed out its color

symphony unaided, yellow-gold in the south, purple-pink in the north in perfectly blending within and with each other. Ringo today is bathed in purple glow.

The full moon is riding in the north low down in an unbroken circle. An eve of noon the disk of the sun shows its edge above the southern hills. North, south moon and sunrise, here the mid-day dawn, ^{and eve} before their time as if in anticipation of the shortest yet happiest days of the year. Only the notes of the distant kaven once uttered calls from our quietude. The sun soon dips, the moon rolls along the hills, night falls.

Greenland Growing Colder? So some scientists think and give this as the reason for the extinction of the Norsemen some five hundred years ago. Bangsted doubts this, so do I.

The Island Ice has been slowly shrinking and the heads of the fiords are gentler as compared with the Coast. Here Greenland is still green and here the remains of

Norse settlements are found in greatest profusion. Not change in climate but inability to gain their living from the sea and mountains caused them to fade.

Saturday, December 10.

Back to Saufanguak. We sat up last evening writing letters to Halstensborg and packing a Christmas box for the Governor. Clarence was sending him the Deamon Motorboat by Titeh, and since I desired to finish it before it went (this is the only book that I have actually read thru this year), I sat up rather late. Somehow humorous books do not hold up when read in forced readings.

The mail team left at 8:30 this morning while it was still dark. They had rested for a day and were now hastening back with a stout southeast at their back. But we fear a bare road for them. Only the snow drifts will be left of the light snow over which the came and they have four days of traveling before them. Hangers, they were well supplied by Bangsted and

Clarence with food, and so can afford to detour along the drifts and over the frozen lakes.

But my thought goes particularly with the smallest dog of the teams - a blind dog with its tail and hind legs braided into the tugs of its mates as they had milled at their hitching stone. When unmeshed by the driver, it was eager to do its part with the others and sensed the direction of travel from the dogs on either side.

Matthias Olsen returns between January 6 and 10 to help us over the edge of the Inland Ice. I am glad to use the intervening days in evaporation and other weather observations here.

Another and yet the same. Yesterday the sky suddenly filled with cirrus veils. By evening the southeast wind quickened its speed. Today it has continued strong and tonight

is increasing in velocity. The barometer is still falling. The sky from south to west has been filled with lenticular clouds in all their forms - children of the ocean and ice winds. I fear that I became reckless in taking so many views of them.

The low depression above Quebec has reached us overland. When its center arrives, the east wind will cease.

Storm Effects. Meantime our new snow has disappeared mainly thru evaporation - .007 inch since last evening and more tonight. The temperature rides in the 30's and the snow is soft. We are back again to the drifts and the bareness following our last fresh wind.

Sunday, December 11.

An Eskimo front-door yard. "So there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed." This truth struck us forcibly this morning as we stood before our door and saw the manifest breaking up of spring. The hills were bare,

the ice was almost wholly gone from the Fiord, litter strewed our immediate landscape, and ^{and toilet} kitchen stains discolored the icy ground. Winter snow had been forgiving but the spring thaw has been relentless. I can now appreciate better the Eskimo tendency to scatter the home-surplusage and accept the consequences when they come.

However, from over the brow of the hill the stains disappear and the low earthwork of our home rises in its strength and security against the gray of the sky. To me this is the strongest picture of our mountain top.

Reading Comics at Breakfast. "Life" and "Judge" and others of their kind have penetrated even here in our Christmas mail. When I looked up after their perusal, how small the room seemed. It's all in the viewpoint, but I know not yet why the view point changed. Was it the chattering world?

"What Then Doest, Do Quickly." This applies to Greenland as well as to the Crucifixion. Sang

tranquility there surely is, but even more surely quick changes.

The mailed would have failed if it had started two days later. Will it even now reach home?

I planned a photograph of Split Rock on a carpet of white and with delicate snow markings on its sides. The snow markings have vanished and the carpet of white has become a meadow of brown.

I wanted to make a snowsurvey on one of the distant lakes untouched by the last fresh. But this fresh has left nothing but bare ice upon it.

Caught was waiting for the ice to thicken slightly more before continuing to advance his caches. The Fiord ice is now rotten and the snow completely gone.

He was planning to bring up an empty barrel for gasoline and fill it. Now he can not bring up even a can.

But tomorrow we may conceivably have snow

again. This is the land of second chances

Willing Instruments. To reduce the Sunday inactivity to comfortable proportions, I went down the trail to inspect the changed landscape and improve the lower weather station. The shortarm anemometer had been running merrily in all directions much to Bangsted's concern and our own as well ever since it recorded a half more wind during the heavy storm of early December than had been recorded on Mt Evans.

Now we found even the thermo-hygrograph trying to emulate its little comrade. Its two pens had exchanged places during the passing gale, and, like two players at one piano, they had crossed arms to continue their own individual traces. But now that no further need remained for swapping places, they could not return and were locked together. I immediately elevated the humidity pen, when they continued in a closely parallel course.

To neutralize or correct the shortarm anemometer, a high-pedigreed standard anemometer was

mounted by its side. The difference was shocking - at least fundamental. One was vivacious, the other sedate. One seemed to be going somewhere, the other was merely strolling along. I have called the former, my old one, the American, the other the Dane. In keeping with their respective temperaments

The Trail. The trail required gymnastics to traverse. I had put on my rubber packs because I had expected to find wet snow. I found only ice and my boots played ski on it. It seemed to me the most difficult trail I had traversed this season, save only that ice-falls trail to the anemometer at Halstenburg. However, the care necessary to planting my footsteps added to the sense of strolling as I climbed the slope in the evening.

Monday, December 12.

Tired. I slipped all over the trail yesterday, and am all lame today. I must have had many unbandened muscles. But I had pictures to take and they were fading. So downhill again

tho I would gladly have remained on the mountaintop.

Dust now covered the lower part of the trail. The fiord looked like the breaking up in spring. There was tide and gurgling of water and the rudding fall of ice blocks. The ice in the bay was now all awash.

The steep gravel banks and boats on the beach below still furnished a good subject for a picture. But the protruding ice blocks, forced up by the fashu of December 2 had now been melted and flattened down by the fashu of the past three days. Thus does one fashu differ from another fashu in spirit and words.

Tuesday, December 13.

Dust and Haze. The day is hazy tho the humidity is low. One glance over the brown mud flats at the head of the fiord tells the reason why. The dust hangs there in a heavy pall and has risen and spread

tho impalpably as high and as far as the currents of air. Clarence's boots were white, ^{with dust} when he came up the trail tonight.

Evaporation. This wind and this low humidity are forcibly changing our views on evaporation. Losses of .10 to .20 in. of snow per day is almost in excess of the precipitation and in a single day wipes out the tiny gains in clear calm weather from condensation.

The Picture of the Old Church, Havnah! In my last note to Arla I asked her to make a water color view of the outside of the Old Church, for I could not hope to get a good picture from my Agfa color plate. But I got a perfect one - so natural in colors, so soft that an artist could add little more. And the new snow setting removes it entirely from the soil of man. The strangeness is that the plates are past their time limit and were kept for six weeks between exposure and development. All credit to Agfa. To obtain this one picture is worth a month of toil and waiting.

Along the Trail. The sunset is red from dust tonight. And the snow at Birch Flat is grey - so grey from the glacial dust that the ptarmigan could be readily seen in white silhouette against the snow field. We counted seventeen - they were here for the birch buds. The dust grows thicker as we go down the hill.

The fiord is now ice free. Only a few large cakes along the shore. Back in autumn again.

We are still packing. This time I am carrying a case of sugar. The boys had been reduced to candy but it was too aromatic for coffee.

On our way up the trail, we are looking down into a haze-filled valley. The water is veiled. The heights across the fiord are dim and indistinct. The red candle-lantern is again our guide.

We are a half-hour late. So Paul's lick-stick sign in the window looks like fallen leaves of autumn. But he tells us the rest:

CAKE
SALE
TODAY

and sets forth his new-made goods.

Wednesday, December 14.

Disco reaches Home. I'm glad for Waqaard-Jensen who staked his faith on Diesel motors for Arctic waters and all our good friends, especially Doctor and Mrs. Olsen, who wanted so much to be home at least by Christmas. The delay at Greenland ports has certainly been long and the storm off Cape Farwell was severe. There is talk now of earlier sailing in the spring to avoid the late autumn storms.

The Everpresent Moon. The moon is now up day and night. When full it just touched the northern horizon at noon and the sun at the time was just showing its rim above the southern. We are evidently just over the Arctic Circle toward the north. If on the Circle, we would, I suppose, have seen one-half of the disk of each. This is a rare time to watch the progressive change in the moon's disk. No need now to rise at midnight. But it is finer still to have its soft light when the sun is gone as it mostly is. Is the moon playing for us here, ^{in winter} the part the sun plays in summer for the

Arctic further north?

Can this be the Arctic Winter? No fire in the stove all day. Minimum temperatures of 26°F and day temperatures between 30° and 40°F . It requires no nerve to endure this. But it will grow cold again, for this is the land of Arctic winter and Fashus. They have apparently divided the time ^{equally} between them.

The storm is over? It seems so, but the wind is still strong. The high over Angmaglakir apparently has held our storm in Soffin waters where it is slowly dying out but sucking in meanwhile the air from the Ice Cap.

The speed is too high at maximum for normal ^{winter} drift from the Ice to the sea.

Can the maximum on the east coast and the minimum on the west coast both pushed and sucked the wind down upon us? Is this an avalanche or "a spill" to a wind otherwise steady? The result has surely worked havoc to the snow cover, even to the drifts themselves. Only patches of snow remain. Here's hoping that the east and west coasts don't work together again to savage the land.

Another Sunset. There will be vivid sunsets while this dust remains, but this one in crimson on bars of cloud in the far southwest is too good to lose if the color plates are still good.

Thursday, December 15.

Just a link. Today is just a link between yesterday and tomorrow, but a link of consequence or rather of consequences. The weather is becoming colder as it should. The hot spell seems broken but the wind is still strong from the east.

Another Sunset. Not like the "Another Nash", which is presumably a newer one, but an earlier sunset than yesterday's but just developed. It was taken in early December, and is so rich in purple and crimson and twilight, that now I would take home every mood of our Arctic winter. Florence's Hill is its foreground. Light and twilight and color seem to reach out into the infinite.

a Bump. I guess I'm getting too old for bumps. In taking an evaporation pan of ice to the Lake today, I commenced sliding down the cornice like the east wind but soon plunged far ahead of my feet and landed on my neck and the point of my shoulder. I knew that I was "shocked" but was thankful to find no collarbone broken, as Brewster Adams' once was. But I am winged for a time and must help nature to heal. Ice and kamiks are treacherous to me. Can I ever learn the native art of balancing. I was always bad at that. But in terms of distance walked over snow and ice this winter I have had but few accidents. Really only two semi-major ones so far this season.

I also had one emotional bump to my discredit today due to knocking down a pair of earphones projecting into the door way. Paul is supersensitive for everything his and I am too often a blunderbus especially in these diminutive quarters, where feet

and table legs readily mix. But quarrels can't go here or rather must go and stay gone.

Friday, December 16.

That Snow must have been Hard. I am one lame and weary individual this morning. Last night I made the routine trip to Lower Camp and brought up the camera goods, because I had placed them on the day's program before making that head dive. Then to quiet my jaded nerves I read Peter B. Kyne's Understanding Heart until after midnight. I became too much a part of that human tale of our home mountains to lay it down sooner. Nature ^{had} called for mental and physical rest and received neither. She can not work quickly under such handicap. The boys have declared a nine o'clock bed hour for me tonight.

The Weather. The wind is finally still. The day is warm and comfortable. The sunrise was gold, the sunset crimson. I color-photographed them both. They were not far apart. Even the moon seems to be deserting us for an early setting. She seems to be dipping sharp down south of Ringo.

The night is becoming dark.

Mutton. Tonight we had roast ^{lamb} mutton and currant jelly and peas and biscuits. How traditionally unthinkable: a mutton dinner in Greenland from sheep raised and pastured in Greenland. It sounds like Eric the Red returned. As Paul comments, "There aint any more Santa Claus". Even our mystery land of Inland Greenland is fading ^{into nature's bliss} as we gaze. But Santa or no Santa, that was a real Christmas dinner and I don't mind even if we have had it prematurely, as we had our Mid-Day Dawn.

Baked apples. I almost forgot the baked apples - our last ones, baked by Clarence this morning as an experiment. Served with milk, they too have become a happy memory.

Saturday, December 17.

Normal Winter Weather? No fire today, yet the sky is overcast. Blue-pink bands behind and beyond Pingo. My shoulder aches, but I'm sure it isn't rheumatism that snow and all snow now that is windblown is heard as a rack. I made

my every-other-daily trip to Lower Camp. I carried no pack but I was far heavier than when I travel loaded. Nature is still demanding more rest. I wish that I could accommodate her. I gave her over ten hours last night.

* Christmas Message Home. Thanks to Paul, I am being dragged out of my solitary world. The folks will soon think me actually home. I hope that the message reached them:

John E. Church
36 Sherman Place
Jersey City, New Jersey.

Merry Christmas from beneath the North Star, but Santa Claus is precluded by the heat. ^{**} Please air mail message to others.

Ward.

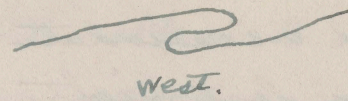
The Pittsburgh Christmas Broadcast to the Arctic is being sent out tonight. I wonder if there is any message for us.

The Aurora. The aurora is very active tonight, especially in the north, where it has taken

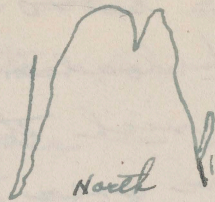
* Ptarmigan Mornings. A ptarmigan chirped at me today on a snow cornice - white snow, white bird. But there was a round black eye. Then he flew and his tail showed like that an airplane, but with black triangles on either side. Is it a he?

** Paul says that it is as bad as to fire off a gun and then yell "Santa Claus has committed suicide". He is inclined to believe that there aint no Santa any way.

the form of a vertical bar. In the west is a long curtain:



West.



North

It is making a minor display in the south. This reversal of direction of ^{major} field of activity is quite unusual. Is a period of renewed activity at hand?

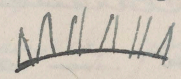
Sunday, December 18.

No Christmas Radio. The aurora last night effectively broke it up. I wonder how others fared. It feels like the wrecking of a Christmas mail-ship, but there are many radio mail-ships these days.

A Splendid Sunday. I am gradually recovering my taste for Sundays. We had no visitors today and Paul was ill (Cause Costardil).

The sky was rose and purple. The rose was exquisite and in itself gave chief character to the day. The air is mild and still. The wind is now from the west and northwest and is bringing back the humidity from the ocean.

The dust is finally gone and the reign of the Ice Caps has passed for a season. The fiond is gradually closing over again. When will the snow return?

More Aurora. This time in the south - a long low arc with short points projecting upward from it like the crown of Liberty Enlightening the World. 

A Nation in the Making. I was thinking on this subject again today. Possibly the title of my thoughts should be a "Race in the Making". At high prices are placed on everything except firearms and essentials for primitive living. The avowed purpose of the Committee directing the Cape York Colony is to preserve the natives in their original culture except in the matter of church and school.

Here in Danish Greenland only ten liters of kerosene are sold to a native each year, unless he is being sent on trips. Is this to preserve a spirit of frugality? Coal, I believe, is sold there, ^{if available, with restriction.} of course, only seal oil or fishail may

50. he burned in lamps in the towns of Greenland.
This is purely a fire-prevention measure and is
enforced even in the home of the governor.

Monday, December 19.

"Only 12 Days to End of Year". This "Case" remedy
for Paul's lagging time has been placed on
the door by Clarence. Every fifteen minutes
we burst out in astonishment at how fast
the time is flying. Even Paul is catching the
infection.

It runs in full:

Only ~~13~~ 12 Days

to END of YEAR.

It just seems a week since Hobbs left.

TIME IS CERTAINLY

GOING RAPIDLY

Where is it going?

But really we can not keep up with our work.
There are neither spare days nor spare
hours. Only the other day I saw the Equinox. Now
the Winter Solstice is here. Autumn will come
all too soon.

51.
When that Trip to the Ice? With much teasing the
boys want to know "when that jaunting trip to the
Ice?" — "or perhaps we are going just for luncheon
on the Ice". Well it doesn't look much like one
now. The sled and dogs are on bare dusty
ground. The ice has now formed over the
bays again from point to point but Bangstad
and Marinis broke it readily yesterday with the
causes. But it is growing clear and colder
even to $+15^{\circ}\text{F}$. Meanwhile Bangstad is studying
life in the frozen lakes and I am finding
in my evaporation and snow temperature
studies material fully as important as can
be obtained on the Ice and a connecting link
with it. So I am fully satisfied at the delay and
am ignoring the future.

Odd? — No. It was $+15^{\circ}\text{F}$. this morning but we
built no fire till noon. Hoar frost was over
everything, but we seemed comfortable. Just cold
enough last night and today to be exhilarating.


But I don't like the frost on the trail. It greases
it too much. I had two spills going to Lower Camp—

one a real football flop. Consequently that poor shoulder is aching tonight. I wish I could take it off until well. It isn't to blame.

The Crescent Moon. I spied on the moon today and learned her ways. She is ~~now~~ hugging as close up to the sun as she can and is now in the southern sky at sunrise and then dips quickly down before she reaches the west.

The sun looks up at her from behind the hills and imparts a soft radiance to the sky and a tiny floating cloud. On our shortest day will she stand between us and the sun? Will the sun be hidden and the moon be dim? Then surely that will be a dawnless day.

Aurora and Norse Folklore. We are having a night of aurora so impressive that we are glad to rise from bed to see it.

at 11 o'clock it has become a huge curtain spanning the sky from southwest to northeast and formed of a thousand ^{scintillating} comet-tail brushes with the rounded end pointing earthward 

Secondary curtains fill the southern heavens.

at midnight Valhalla's Bridge indeed, tiny yet massive it grows sinuous out of the mist until it passes titanic overhead. Its piers are rockets of ethereal light, its foundation is the heavens. Soon it breaks into detached masses like some ancient ruin. Stars gleam thru its structure, lustrous are the stars in its chasms.

How could the Viking believe in other than Wotan, how could Valhalla remain uncreated? Here is the land of infinite imagination, here is the land of titanic myths.

Tuesday, December 20.

Up at 10. I mean getting up, not still up; and morning, not evening. I didn't hear Clarence get up at 8 to read his instruments and continued sleeping. So he, being tired, crawled back into bed to rest. Finally, the daylight woke me up. The extra rest offset the breakfast we didn't have.

Condensation. All outdoors is covered with faint frost foliage. The quiet cold nights are now replacing more moisture than they take. The temperature fell to $+7^{\circ}\text{F}$. last night; the Ford is now glazed over. The radiation on the lake is intense. Today the temperature on the ice there ranged only from $+0.6^{\circ}\text{F}$. to $+3.8^{\circ}\text{F}$. tho on the hill the temperature rose to $+14^{\circ}\text{F}$. yet the condensation there seemed less than on the warmer hill. Does then the Ice Cap condense less moisture ^{than expected}, despite its being supercooled? Here is a problem.

Colored Landscapes. Developed four views today. Much success, some failure. Plates old, exposure too long, too short, light for developing poor? We shall know soon. At least, we shall finally succeed. I want to get some views of the shortest day of the year.

Beans and Baths. They haven't any connection except that both are rare. I took my bath the evening the mail-sled arrived, for I expected to rust off

for the Inland Ice for the next three months. Clarence took his today. Consequently, he feels tired tonight. Paul claims that he may take one before Christmas.

We had beans last night and again for breakfast. They are not Boston Baked Beans like "Friend's" but come from west of the Alleghenies. Good moist pork and beans. We are going to have some more even without molasses, except on Christmas.

"Red Tape". a joke came North.

Clarence is using rubber bands to tie the mouths of his balloons, but says that I may use all the bands I wish, for he still has twine and red tape in plenty to tie his balloons. I thank him, but suggest that the red tape would slow them down. It does all other Governmental activities. He is a Swede, but he suddenly got it.

Wednesday, December 21. Next to the Longest Day of the Year.

Snow for the Dogs. As I went down this morning, Maxine was busy at a tiny snow drift in the willows getting snow for the dogs to eat. Snow is easier for both dogs and funder where the water freezes up so quickly. But rations of snow are getting short.

Bangsted wants me to take a photograph of the landscape tomorrow to show the lack of snow on the shortest day of the year.

The Heart of the Day. One would think it surely dark on this the next to shortest day of the year. I went down at 10 and took a lantern with me. But only a match was necessary to read the anemometer. The sunrise-sunset colors shone in full richness from 10 till 2, with rise and decline, crimson and gold and rose, reflected on the broad ice surface of the fiord.

It was a mild day, fifteen above zero Fahrenheit. The brown landscape was dusted white with rime which took the form of tiny leaves as it were of shamrock tight-bunched face to face. My feet and eyes kept the trail closely, but I paused often to look up. It was an outdoor day. My desire for the perfect winter was being realized.

The Omitted Clause. Bangsted read me Peary's description of the downslope wind "which blows ever strongly and perpendicularly to the nearest coast line, except when some heavy storm is

passing over". This was the substance of the lines. Doctor Hobbs gives Peary utmost credit for discovery of the downslope wind. Why did he omit the next clause?* Here is where he seems to find the unknown and where he must return. That clause is both barrier and guide to the truth.

Another Rose Sunset. I love rose sunsets. They are so delicate and rare. I shall try to take one.

A Path of Jewels. Tonight I went to the lake to leave a minimum thermometer on the ice. In the beams of my strong flashlight, all the tiny frost leaves became jewels, flashing brilliantly in broad carpet beneath my feet. So took me back to the Exposition at San Francisco and its Tower of Jewels.

Thursday, December 22. Our Shortest Day.

"And the next day it Rained." Bangsted wanted a picture of the hills today to show how bare and dry they were — and this morning it is snowing. I took some time-test pictures in color of the sunset last evening in order to take a series of noonday dawns today. But now

* Clarence has called my attention to the fact that the clause is included. I find it in full detail. Did Peary also consider it exceptional or fundamental?

the dawn is gray. Nature is doing her best to give us at least her softest as well as her shortest light.

A Land of Twilight. I know that I should like a land of twilight, of soft light, of indirect light. Where clouds are our moons and float radiant yet soft in the light of the hidden sun. Where the sky is pearl grey and sunset colors linger the whole day thru.

Of course, there is dynamic power in the black shadow and dazzling brilliance cast by the direct sun, but like the full blast of the music it satisfies only for the moment.

Perhaps we are fortunate in spending our arctic winter in this midway land where neither sun nor full darkness reigns. But I should like to tarry at least for a time in the land of white where the moon rides high the whole month thru. Weird it will be, but soft beyond the dreams of the valley dwellers of the South. Only he who has trod the

snowclad mountains near the stars can understand.

Evening. Sun and moon veiled all day. Just a faint salmon glow in the west. Lakes white again, hills growing whiter in the almost impalpable snow down that has fallen.

The vapor fleeces are slowly shrinking southward and clear skies are returning again. The southern storm that has left sleet and cold in its wake has just touched us with the tip of its wing.

A Night of Messages. Tonight was a night off - way off. It was also the longest night of the year. Clarence spent the day with Bangsted and Bangsted spent the night with us. Messages out concerning the first disks and Belknap's arrival. Then suddenly a series of messages from the Chief to individuals and to the "triumvirate". (We don't mind being called that, providing we get what we want). The piece-de-resistance was so typical of his energy and enthusiasm - tho it left us shocked but gasping with admiration. He had been to New York as he had previously radioed, and obtained sufficient funds to run the observatory for still

another winter and summer, and may bring in the supplies and new personnel in a chartered motor-schoner, ^{late} next summer and take us home. He would comment on Kallqvist's stop and following fashu later.

Where the money? Doubtless from the Guggenheim Foundation. Money is being poured out these days for aviation. But a practical station for detecting the northern edge of trans-Atlantic lows should be placed at the southern tip of Greenland. This is the Chief's one avenue of turning defeat into appreciated service. However, such is his enthusiasm and the popular desire for the unusual that his theory of the Greenland origin of storms will outlast his lifetime, like the belief in canals on Mars survived Percival Lowell - despite its rejection as un-normal by meteorologists.

Friday, December 23.

A Dark and Snowy Day. The clouds have returned and snow and frost have been

gently deposited all day. This is in effect our Shortest Day.

The trail is now good again, for snow is less slippery than ice or frost. The fiord is a valley of white with green water lanes and ice cracks. Naerajung is completely veiled from view by clouds. The little point is my sole foreground and distance from my Fiord Station. The horizon comes close down and in, making our trail-ridge our entire world. Maximo and I passed company in it on the upper trail. Live Ships in the Night and two Ptarmigan drummed.

I returned to photograph this grey world at the year's dusk. One of the ^{frost-}tasseled Observatories and the other a snow vista of Ptarmigan Valley with birchmats, trail-monument, and love.

They will be my mementoes in gray of my Perfect Winter. I shall add Sitting Stone and Split Rock later to them. I would gladly remain

another winter for the rest and pleasure in it — only Mother could not understand, and she is waiting.

Saturday, December 24. Christmas Eve.

Preparations. For us this is preparation day, for our Danish comrades, Bangsted and Marim, it is the first in a series of three, religious and festive. For nature it is the slow ushering in of the new light-year. It is still a promise only. There are many colors for the many cloud-facets but they are subdued and the background is grey.

"a stroph": and the grey was taking lenticular shapes. The Sou-easter was coming, unheralded by laws down coast or by fall of the barometer. Had a real high-pressure stroph finally arrived? By evening the gale was on and the pressure down. The rain-gage had fled and we were buffeted by the blizzard as we searched the slope. The new snow was following to the resting place of the old in the lee of the ridges, the wind's greatest speed was 58 miles per hour. But all was snug within.

The flags. What day better than Christmas for flags, when flags mean friends? Two silk flags, one Danish and American Rippe had given me for Christmas on the Inland Ice. I would use them here. On tiny bamboo tips we fastened them and placed candles at their base. Paul of the Reserves, who understood flag lore, arranged them — Danish, our host flag in the place of honor and the American, the guest, on its right.

Typing

V.B.

Notes

Places
"Fifty Great
Peaks" (p. 64)
here, ahead
of Christmas

Christmas Eve - Tonight we linger at the dinner table. Bangsted and Marim are celebrating in their camp below. Our ^{native} friends of Halstenborg and Saufanguax must be spending their Christmas Eve inside in a gale like this. How I wish that I could have been there to share their pleasure and help distribute the presents long saved for this occasion. But this is one pleasure I shall miss in Greenland, except as I have heard it from the experience of Rippe who joined in the house-to-house greetings last year. We are thinking of home but it is difficult to break the cozy wall of our Northern world.

yet we think and grope for each.

Here before
"Christmas Eve"
Fifty Great Poems. I have been living in
the "Understanding Heart" and following afar
the call of the West to the East in the "Lost Ecstasy";
fiction both but eternally true. But ^{this} twilight afternoon
I have turned tonight to Fifty Best Poems of America:
Identity; a Barren Stretch; I Trace upstream the Spirit's
Call; as I Came Down from Lebanon; a Vagabond
Song; Comrades; The Sea-Landa; a Winter Ride;
a Wall, a Wall, Around My Garden Rear.

"Let the eternal sunlight greet me here.

This spot is sacred to the deeper soul
and to the piety that mocks no more:

In nature's inmost heart is no uproar,
None in this shrine; in peace the heavens roll,
In peace the slow tides pulse from shore to shore,
and ancient quiet broods from pole to pole."

Each of them a note in life's wide octave, each
precious in itself.

"A Christmas Carol." I had read it. Kaia had
sent me a Christmas copy in Sueda. We all
thought of it at the supper table. But it remained

for Paul to suggest reading it aloud in keeping
of his family's custom. The story unfolded
vividly against the background of the storm
roaring overhead and became a new
experience in our life.

Each other. At this the year's close, the outstanding
thought in my mind was that we all had
been thinking for and of each other. Temperaments
wholly different, my age far apart from that
of the others, no directing head except devotion
to duty and desire to cooperate. Verily here was
the Swiss Republic of diverse individuals and
habits but of common ideals. If Bangsted and Marim
are included, we have a republic of diverse tongues as well.
Sunday, December 25. Christmas Day.

Night Sounds. Paul moves nights. But these
the night I could hear him stealing quietly back
and forth to his bed taking out the Christmas
presents that had left the States in August and
reached us by dogsled in December. Christmas
means much to the Alaskan and every present
has a personal meaning. By morning he was

asleep and we were aware. Santa had come in our absence. a big Christmas bell and festoons draped the ceiling. The bell came down to our chin. Stockings stuffed full were lying on our box chairs. One I was peremptorily ordered to open: "The Top of the World", a gyroscopic wonder, from the Occangans; chocolates from ^{Arthur} the Tenders; a white snook from Clarence (only when I turned the card over did I find his name); a flash light from Paul; and candies many from Santa's night prowler.

Then I opened my Christmas packages and letters sealed until this time: a bar of sweet-scented piggy soap (too sweet to spoil) from little Rier and Hanna Bistrup; a hand warmer (an Oriental fireworks device) from the Bistrups; a water-color of the winter Sierra from Hildagarda Herz; a letter from Pippe. These were set on my flag altar with Pippes flags and Kai's Christmas Carol.

A Queen All Bird. I have forgotten the playthings. Each had his set: a tin horn, a tiny paper cockade, a writhing wind snake that you operate with your breath! Presents were hardly inspected before the fun began. They were simple playthings but were all we needed. Life is neither complex nor surprised here.

It was a battle of breath and skill - each to outblow and outfrighten his neighbor. On the rim of my bald head was cocked the tiny cap, held there by a rubber, and in either corner of my mouth giving equal service to each was my tin horn and darting snake. Thus I held off the "kids" onslaught, tho they merrily dusted my head. In the mirror I caught sight of a merry old face rough bearded below and unkept, but it became merrier still when Paul finished the battle ^{by playing} on a harmonica, one inch long, just fitted to his mouth which then

asleep and we were aware. Santa had come in our absence. A big Christmas bell and festoons draped the ceiling. The bell came down to our chin. Stockings stuffed full were lying on our box chairs. One I was peremptorily ordered to open: "The Top of the World," a gyrosopic wonder, from the Oskayans; chocolates from ^{Arthur} the Funder; a white onyx from Clarence (only when I turned the card over did I find his name); a flash light from Paul; and candies many from Santa's night prowler.

Then I opened my Christmas packages and letters sealed until this time: a bar of sweet-scented piggy soap (too sweet to spoil) from little Rier and Hanna Bistrup; a hand warmer (an oriental fireworks device) from the Bistrups; a water-color of the winter Sierra from Hildegarde Herz; a letter from Pippe. These were set on my flag altar with Pippes flags and Kai's Christmas Carol.

A Queen Old Bird. I have forgotten the playthings and had his set: a tin horn, a tiny thing wind snake that you with! Presents were had the fun began. They were were all one needed. Life is 'neither' complex nor surfeited here.

MR. CLARENCE R. KALLQUIST

Höbuhavn Christmas 1924

It was to outblow rim of cap, held

Merry Christmas and happy New Year! Thank you very much for your kindness to me on the Disko. Hope to meet you in the spring. Yours sincerely, Aavid Funder [Chocolates]

skill - each for. On the the tiny in either

corner of my mouth giving equal service to each were my tin horn and darting snake. Thus I held off the "kids" onslaught, tho they merrily dusted my head. In the mirror I caught sight of a merry old face rough bearded below and unexcept, but it became merrier still when Paul finished the battle, ^{by playing} on a harmonica, one inch long, just fitted to his mouth which then

a Queen Old Bird. I have forgotten the
 playthings Paul had his set: a tin horn,
 a tiny, and a stumpy New Year. ^{Wishing you a Merry Xmas} ^{nothing wind snake}
 that you ^{and a} ^{Stumpy} ^{New Year.} ^{with} ^{Present}
 were he ^{To. Dr. J. E. Church Jr.} ^{the fun began.}
 They were ^{[with the white ones].} ^{it were all we}
 needed. Life is 'neither' complex nor surfeited
 here.

Wishing you a Merry Xmas
 and a Stumpy New Year.
 To. Dr. J. E. Church Jr.
 [with the white ones].

It was
 to outblow
 rim of
 cap, held

Hoboken Christmas 1924
 Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!
 Thank you very much for your kindness
 to me on the Disko. Hope to meet you in
 the spring! Yours sincerely
 Arnold Funder
 [Chordates]

skill - each
 bor. On the
 the tiny
 in either

corner of my mouth giving equal service to
 each were my tin horn and darting snake.
 Thus I held off the "kids" onslaught, tho they
 merrily dusted my head. In the mirror I caught
 sight of a merry old face rough bearded below
 and unkempt, but it became merrier still
 when Paul finished the battle ^{by playing} on a harmonica,
 one inch long, just fitted to his mouth which then

* Breakfast. Breakfast also was unusual for us - pancakes and syrup by Clarence. Paul called them "collusion" - but Clarence maintained that they were Kalligistic famous biscuits. They performed both services equally well.

night previous we had asserted was wide and pliable enough to be buttoned over his ears.

* a Blizzard. Outside a blizzard was blowing - more like the real thing than any we had previously experienced here. The Sou'-easter had shifted during the night to a western gale which was now blowing the snow back to its original location, and almost as swiftly as the day before. It was the second section of a ^{deep tho' brief} storm that was moving across Greenland unannounced.

But it made our Christmas real, tho' it involved a day of buffeting on the trail. At the Lower Camp, I found the Fiord pounding against the shore. The bay was wide open, and only the icefast remained. The heavy ice cover of two days previous had disappeared as if most fragile. What would have happened if we had built the Observatory on Kajakanga, and been compelled to cross the Fiord in winter?

"The Ghost of Christmas". Wind traversers made the buffeting glorious. As I came back up the trail (I had passed Bangsted and Marins on their up trip as I went down), I crept up to the ventilator pipe of the Observatory and whispered hoarsely thru it: "I am the ghost of Christmas. Is everybody happy??" The yell from inside was satisfying. I played long with my evaporation pans before going in finally for the day.

Christmas Dinner. Lamb was again the center of our dinner and plum pudding its conclusion. But marking its spirit was the lighting of the altar of the flags. As I lighted the two candles, I bowed to the "Cross of St Olaf" and then to the "Stars and Stripes" - our host flag, our ^{simplicity} native flag, the one censor-like in severity and emblem, the other light-hearted and resplendent.

Reporting Santa Claus. News we had in and out. a message ^{from the New York Times.} from Jemmie that my diary had reached home safely. and inference that they were all well. And a messenger in return to the Times that: "Santa Claus stopped in here on way home and was all tired out." The Times promised to give space to Santa's safe return. and I gave time to completing the Christmas Carol and its "God bless us all".

Heroes and Hero-life. As we went to our beds the boys wondered what possible basis we could have for hero-claims when we went home. And we all agreed that the only heroes were those who had financed the expedition, and assuredly those who had let us come. But to the boys, as I slipped into my sleeping bag, I uttered a hearty "Thank you for a happy Christmas time."
Monday, December 26. "Second Christmas Day".

Christmas Continued. This is the Danish custom, not because Christmas fell on Sunday but because it is now a religious

* As an afterthought Christmas gifts I have promised the best colored pictures I can make to Clarence and Paul. at second evening response. Paul has chosen a sunset of my own choice preferably in purples and blues. Clarence has chosen a sunset of my own choice.

festival and Christmas day itself is a day of religious observance rather than one of merry-making. So Christmas goes on down hill and we on the summit have voted to keep our decorations up another day for the sheer joy of it. Then they shall be packed away, as Santa's agent Paul decrees, for next year's crew.

The New Light-year. The Sun! Just a touch of golden light on the southern mountain rim, and sunlight on the tip of Pingo. Color photos are taken. Detail sharp, values perfect and being out the twilight. The colors too are soft but not more so than those of the sky. Our problem of exposure seems solved. We have, at least, a picture full of spiritual values.

as I gaze at the returning light, I wonder whether this is not the original significance of the Christmas season, now made significant

of an era of brotherhood in place of a year of food. The old Saturnalia seemed to be a carnival of joy in honor of the God of Sowing, the Scandinavian festival might well have been a deep relief at the more manifest return of light. The outward excess of joy in the South was the normal overflow of Southern spirits. The festival of the North was doubtless more weird and more grand.

Second Christmas Dinner. A note came up today inviting me down to "Second Christmas Dinner". Paul and Clarence would be busy, and only one could get in, unless put immediately to bed. So I was chosen.

The hut had been scrubbed clean. Paper oakleaves hung from the ceiling. A basket of tiny candles was fastened to the wall. The seal-oil lamp glowed softly in its corner. The box table was white with table cloth of tawels. Candles flanked by Danish paper flags

* I came away feeling that I had
been Christmased in spirit with Bob Cretchit
and Tiny Tim.

formed the centerpiece. A campstool was my seat of honor. Roast lamb, Arctic hare, mixed vegetables, pine apple, peanuts-raisins-candy, if simply stated, formed our menu. ^{There were care-takers too besides from the Prima lamps.} But it was blended with an hour of quiet converse round the table about Danish and Eskimo Christmas while Marins and I with many a mutual smile made large drafts upon the nuts and candy.*

Some fear was expressed that the Chief's recent radio regarding discontinuing further sled-trips might deprive us of our auxiliary team expected early in the New Year, and a radiogram requesting continuance was prepared.

A Blind Trail. I went to and returned from dinner in the night. My noontide work detained me from an earlier start. The trail had been covered by the blizzard and new tracks were few. The moon was new. The night was dark. My pace down was too fast for my

candle light and I zigzagged across the route of the trail repeatedly to pick it up. One following my tracks would have thought that I was lost. The depths too were exaggerated as I peered down into them.

Up-trail was slower and easier, for the candle was now faster than my pace and kept the footprints in unbroken succession before me. The stars were brilliant but the flats were fog filled. The aurora was slowly curving into a corona over the Fiord. Split Rock and the Sitting Stone, mere silhouettes in the night on the downward trip, were silhouettes still. I did not sit. In an hour I was home glowing and sweating. And on the

Children's Hour. It wasn't quite the setting of Longfellow, but I went to bed with the boys' bores beating a merry tattoo on my head.

Tuesday, December 27.

The Sun! The sun is sending up a dazzling halo. Ringo is illuminated to its base. The day is clear and cold.

Last Greeting to Christmas. Today we are taking down our Christmas emblems and packing them away before they become smoke soiled. Paul is gathering in the red-topped Christmas stockings. This evening in the presence of Mariner, who shared in the priesthood, I lighted again the candles of the flags in memory of friendships wide and deep, and they burned deep into the woods. May this too be a happy one.

a Blue Day. Not Christmas' aftermath but regret regarding the sleds. No one was responsible. The Chief's misunderstanding was natural, for it was possible for him to draw his conclusion from "between the lines". We have sent regrets ^{to the Chief}, but Governor Bistrup may be deeply hurt at the

discontinuance already cabled. We only hope that another cable may quickly follow.

Native Traits. Marius is very interesting and winsome to us all. Christmas Day he showed me an Eversharp Pencil that his quick eyes had found on the trail and enquired the ownership. "Me nami," I said. "Me nami," pointing to himself, he replied. Then remembering the recent coming of Nathaniel, to whom I had given such a pencil last summer, I said "Nathaniela, nuloa" (Nathaniel, perhaps). Nathaniel thought much of his pencil. The rule of the trail is against him, but I hope that he gets his pencil back. Marius showed deep interest in my suggestion.

Thrift in matches at least is a native trait. Marius splits his matches in three and sometimes first burns the butt, if a light is handy. This beats Daniel Boone's splitting of bullets and antedates the famous "3 in 1" applied to oil.

Appreciation of delicacy in detail and color seems another trait. At sight of the colored photographs

Marius clapped his hands "Magni, magni" (great, great), "Naxajanga". Color and softness and detail - all seemed to enthuse him. He would have been immensely happy at such a present. He has asked too for the ^{colored} paper bands binding the Christmas bundles, and showed us how the patterns can be used on wedding kamiks.

"The Emergency Ration". Only a small roll in my pocket, forgotten from an earlier time, but a proper start for the new year. I see how the physical lies at the base of our emotional and even spiritual nature, and antedates them. It was when time began and will last until time ends - that is, the time of living things. It comes at birth, it stays till death. Our life must be shaped round it.

Wednesday, December 28.

Cold. yes, snappy cold today, tho less than ten below zero Fahrenheit. The result of the

clean, calm weather following the storm. Angmagalik is now experiencing west winds of force 3.8.

Only our law, now quite across Greenland, could cause them. This time the storm has lattered quite in Christmas fashion and taken ^{three} two full days in crossing.

Niako Mail Nearing Home. The Niako mail has reached the Ascauyans. My portrait by Ala has probably reached John. Clarence's mail to "Emma" will reach Georgia by New Year's. "Hurrah!" he cries. The Chief will soon get full details of the autumn work, and Mother will receive last letters. Suck service this time, tho inevitably long.

Packing Again. Today I have begun packing again. I am coal-laden. Somehow I prefer returning "light", but my share of burdenbearing is still far below that of the others. My new boots too are damp or thin. Insufficient hay, I fear, and one foot requires continued stamping. But I have my old kamiks on my load - all but

one that, Marins says, still requires "mangi, mangi" sewing.

Dry Clothing. My windproof trousers also are sweating me within. No wonder that dryness of clothing and body is the slogan of the natives and those who have learned from them. Their experience has undoubtedly been long, but it probably also was quick.

The New Moon. Odd how many things you see when you climb the trail. The new moon is riding high in the southeast. Possibly the clouds had covered it before. Its crescent is one-sixth grown and the sun is now dark in the southwest. It seems so out of place for crescent moons and western moons are still synonymous in my thought. But the moon has made a good start in its course to full on the northern horizon. I hope that it may not dip beneath, but sun can ^{not} rise and full moon remain above the horizon at the same moment, I fear, and the sun was just under when the moon was riding on the northern

* In the new personnel should be a native person for the autumn stores at least.

mountain rim last lunar month. The reason why is that I want that study in blues and gold I lost last time.

The Aurora and the Radio. The aurora stretches almost unbroken tonight across the southern horizon. The band is narrow but it seems to intercept the far radio. We had hoped for news from the Chief tonight and Bangsted was up. The suspense is hard on him.

Coal and Willow. In my box of coal Paul found a section of a tree. The contour was unmistakable and a microscope would probably reveal rings. It was also a fair-sized tree as it originally stood on Disko. Paul plans to send it to Michigan.

And Bangsted has found a willow trunk fully six inches in diameter. Short and recumbent it must have been and greatly blighted, yet it fought its life to unusual size!

Thursday, December 29.

"Three are Too Many". I had a good rest and my sleep out last night. Paul went to bed early,

that is, at 2 and arose after 12. He had been unusually quiet thru the night and so, it seemed, had me thru the morning, as we both sat quietly at inside work. But he arose with the "firm conviction that there were too many in this place". Probably it was his mood, possibly he is right. I rest better after he goes to bed and he rests worse after we get up. It would be better if the radio and the radio operators' ^{sleeping} quarters were in a separate building. Too much silence, if enforced from without, is not good for the soul.

Snowing. It has been snowing all day. The wind has been north and northeast but just now has veered ^{south and} to southwest. The barometer is slowly falling. It has been a delightful day inside. May the snow fall deep without.

Outdoor Thoughts. Clarence has gone downhill to clear away a headache, and I have finally gone forth to my pass.

It seems mild today, yet it is still slightly below

zero. Perhaps the wind of yesterday caused the difference. Today only the slightest sting is felt on nose and finger tips — until you touch the steel. That old steel core. Whew! I hadn't used my bare hand before. How the frost penetrated my bare fingers like a sting, ill-defined and broad but deep and lasting.

The day is plain grey and the horizon close in. Only the lanes downhill are showings. The white fades into darkness at your very feet on the trail and night takes the values from nature. But soon the values return anew and the trail and landscape take form once more. Our second tho' spectral sight holds sway.

In the Dublin Movies. Our Irish friends of the personally arranged radio sent us word today that they had seen us in the Pathé News Reel at Dublin. "Three more stars in moviedom," says Clarence. I wonder if they have us in any films before our summer does. Thus

"one star differeth from another star in glory."

And odder still, the other day Paul got in touch with the only ^{British} Irish girl radio operator. He laughed, and told her that he was engaged to Newman's only girl operator and so must beware. ^{That} She might be listening. And she actually was, for she reported the interesting occurrence to Paul next day. Thus fade walls and even the spaces of earth. When will the veil of human thought become transparent?

No News. No news yet from the Chief. The Ann Arbor station does not seem to be on the air, for others can be heard. Perhaps we shall hear thru the Times. Baugsted leaves on another preliminary trip in the morning, and uncertainty takes the heart out of him.

Caught up. Finally the rush of Christmas thoughts has been outstripped and my diary is complete with the year. The best seems

behind me, tho a full program of plans lies ahead. At least, Northern nature and my perfect winter seem already to have opened their stores. However, I am still eager for more.

Friday, December 30.

Another Fergusonian fox. Posted on door was the slip: "If any complaint quote this number 3213" ³²¹³ "If you have any complaints refer to No. 3132". But the slip must have been "pitted" on, for it has fallen like other autumn leaves. Later: Not so fortunate, however, as the leaves. It has been discovered behind the maps and returned to permanent duty.

Still Snowing. This could be said of last night and today and tonight. Eight-hundredths so far in all. In Shakespeare's phrase, the flakes have been dropping like the gentle dew from heaven. The air is almost calm and the flakes as small as tiny pin points.

When I threw my flash-light ray upward tonight, the flakes looked like motes in a sunbeam. Such is an Arctic snow-storm in calm. But a blizzard, with its swirling streams and shrouds of drift, is worthy of the artist's brush. The crescent moon dimly penetrates the southern cloud pall. Invalids. Clarence has had a prolonged headache and has returned to bed this morning. Bangsted was leaving at 10 for another trip toward the Ice. I found Marinus and the dogs gone up the Mud Flats with a load, but Bangsted was trying to rest. He had not slept a wink during the entire night. So sorry that no news comes from the Chief. He must have gone on a lecturing trip. One thing, however, is cheering. The fixed ice is finally solid and furnishes an easy, level sled road all the way from the Camp to the head of the Flats. While the road is good, all supplies including dog food will be rushed in.

Warm Kamiks. I wish my new ones were warm. I am becoming doubtful of sheepskin socks. My feet are too cold in this mild zero weather. So on top of my load of coal I brought up my sack of new boots to dry and thoroughly try out, before I cut loose from stoves for the next few weeks.

Socks may aid, but I'd rather not wear them. It is easier to wash my feet than my socks, and involves less wardrobe.

Only — Days Till — Perhaps I should head this: "all out." a message came tonight to Clarence. He yelled "Hurrah!" and asked for a calendar. Now it is seesaw: "Only 61 days till the first of March", and "Only 245 days to the first of September". I wonder why. Paul says that he is not interested in 245; it is too large a number for him. And Clarence says that he will not remain next year for \$3000, and that I must stay and save the expedition.

I laugh, for the Chief may seek himself to save it.

That Shoulder of Mine. It has done its best and can now do its work with occasional help. It can sleep too at night, and should soon be ready for that trip to the Ice.

Saturday, December 31.

A Talk with Clarence. At early breakfast, that is, the one Paul does not have, Clarence told the the substance of his radio message: "Plaintiff and defendant given their original rights. So he is fully released, and can start life anew. There is nothing to keep him here. Doctor Hobbs' problem is solved. Only additional evidence could now be gained.

He suggests that one of us go back on first steamer to explain the scientific situation to Doctor Hobbs. No, I have written him this in every letter. a change now would shock rather than a continuance.

The Chief's Prospector Spirit. I can't help admiring the prospector spirit in him. Faith, hope when the rest see nothing. It is also the faith that moves

* However, the boys still insist in giving me 6/10 days until... and say that when I return to base the prospector will introduce me as "That summer's prospect of Greenland".
I have the pen year.

mountains, but like Vergil, I can't help wishing that it were spent in a stronger cause.

His seems so against nature's principles, and she tolerates no opposition. But to have shown such faith, hope, energy is to stimulate the world.

Sunday, January 1, 1928. New Calendar year.

Yesterday. I spent yesterday testing out met boots and taking ^a some flaming sunset for Paul and signing a contract for the ice trip with Bangsted. Why did I sign away all right to my life? Because I have entered and because I believe that I can stand as much cold and hunger and sleeplessness as he. Perhaps we shall take our sleeping-bags after all and more food. Bangsted has become desperate at poor trails and the probable failure of the supporting dog team to come due to the Chief's unintentional cancellation. I wish that I could direct my old plan of last year or better that I could spend an entire year upon the ice cap, properly equipped.

Today. A Happy New Year to us all. It is full of plans for everyone - new plans, repeats, continuances, as is the age of us each and the dealing of fate.

Noon. At noon and five minutes the sun was reported up. A heriah called me to the door. The inland ice was streaked with light and the northeastern hills were bathed in sunlight. How weird yet delightful it seemed. A cloud shut the sun's rays from shining on us and on Pingo, tho' the latter had been the first recipient of the rays of the returning sun. The moon in its first quarter was riding above the ice. If the blues there are as alluring there tomorrow as they were yesterday, I will take a colored photograph.

Night. The sky is lustrous and the air is biting cold - a great night, say the boys, for a winter walk in the park or a sleighride with bells. But the air is beginning to sigh. A storm is slowly moving its way up from Newfoundland.

* Scenicly it is a yell, intensified somewhat by under exposure. I found my self getting when I saw the final result. This is not the usual Greenland, the we saw it twice at Holstenborg.

Monday, January 2, 1928.

Just a Busy Day - Developed the Scarlet Sunset picture and found it a real sky afire - so much afire that the Observatory and snow foreground were mere black silhouettes. Then I tried the Upper Fiord and Inland Ice in stroph vapor - to get a study in gray and blue. I tried this time for values and detail, the really the landscape was dim.

Then I measured erosion and began getting my fur clothing ready for the ice trip. Bangsted is out on his last preliminary trip today and is caught tonight in another "stroph".

This evening I wrote "Not my Will but my Wish" to Clarence in case of my death while we train should be in Greenland. It gave directions for carrying out Florence's and my life romance. xx

That is the only thing left undone except making up my Greenland meteorological observations. Tonight we have been watching the tremendous fall of the barometer and the final arrival of the southeast gale. I had expected it earlier, but

Clarence did not expect it until the barometer started upward and the southeast quadrant of the storm arrived. The wind has been north and northeast all day until now late at night it has suddenly swung east and finally southeast. But why should it freshen only in the southeast quadrant unless slope winds are involved? The temperature at least has been rising all evening. It seems strange to know that the storm is coming and then wait in ^{the} silence until the gale finally bursts. Like a train it was passing Godthaab at force 3.6 (a half gale). It is now roaring down our chimney. As it approached we sent up a Balloon with paper lantern to obtain the direction of the upper winds. But three minutes put it into clouds.

The boys have been gay and merry and busy all in one. The day has passed quickly - so has another of our electric bulbs. Only three left. Shall we yet be reduced to candle light before the days grow long?

a Schoolgirl's Complexion. I washed my feet this morning in the lux. water soaking my socks. Lux seems good for feet as well as fabrics.

Far out of that cold water came clean feet, rosy feet that would vie with any schoolgirl's complexion. I'll pit lux against Palm Olive any cold day.

Tuesday, January 3.

Apple Pie. Clarence was poring over the White House Cook Book last night. This morning while the "stroph" was quieting, he made an elaborate kitchen laboratory in the other end of the room and produced a pine-apple pie that had every merit of the juicy crisp fresh apple pie. It is all gone tonight. The cooperation of the boys toward each other and also toward me has been so splendid that I mentioned it in my New Year's message to the Chief.

Life and Eternity. Odd that in this new year Paul has been thinking of marriage and I of burial. It is the viewpoint of age. We both are happy, he in life, I in eternity. My pleasure is longer in its contemplation than his.

A Sample Trail. Down today to see the "stroph" trace and carry up coal. Bangsted is still up country. The ice is still firm but the mud flats are bare. This is our first night up trail without lighting the lantern. Yet I started somewhat after three and the sky was full cloudy. The moon was merely a blur. But somehow there was a background of lingering light.

"Stroph" gone? The ~~silence~~ and quietude of the trail seems weird. It is as if a train had plunged by leaving silence and dust.

But this was only the first section. We were now in the eye of the storm which was broad and flat. Soon the gale sprang up from the west with a fully satisfying blizzard attendant. and the pressure rose as steeply as it had gone down.

Civilization and Relativity. Styles and relativity I might better say. I know that we shall roar when we put on our Southern duds. Clarence

has on his soft hat. He is "Alle" just landed. Now Paul puts on his above his unkept locks, and becomes a native of the arctic sod except for the clay pipe. His "Stone ancestors" must have come from there. When in our clothes split up the front, we look like a frog slit for skinning.

Graphophone? Singing - and aren't we glad that we haven't a graphophone. When we have individual singing, we at least have control and variation. Even the "Wreck of the Old 97" becomes a parody rather than a mood.

a New Day Dawning. The boys think it is night, but it really is day. A long message from the Chief seems to ignore the weather summaries sent and to fall back upon theory. Not a word either concerning the dog sleds which have been tormenting us for a week. But the Danish government is recommending the establishment of an aerological station in southern Greenland, as Clarence urged, and the Germans

are eager to establish a station opposite Iceland. The Guggenheim Foundation has granted the old amount for continuing Mt Evans next year but with the understanding that the International Meteorological Committee take over the work thereafter. This resulting net work of stations and meteorological supervision will protect all the previous observations against possible misinterpretation. The great achievement of Mt Evans will be to have discovered the nature of the Greenland storm mechanism. The facts must soon be known in any case. So the Chief's message is really historic and cheering.

Wednesday, January 4.

a Blizzard! The Chief suggested that we build a snow igloo over the water hole. We retorted that less than an inch of snowfall couldn't do it. But perhaps now the Chief wins out. The third section of our storm is now roaring overhead at 54 miles carrying some drift but much new snow.

The Observatory is leaking air and spindrift like Mt Rose. Here is really our first heavy storm and it comes from the southwest.

The ragged clouds had much the menace and form of our Southern clouds, before the blizzard shut us in and out.

A Lull. a lull this afternoon gave opportunity for observations and for a colored picture of a sea of foehn clouds in salmon gold framed by grey vapor.

Indoor Amusements. The boys have been singing for my benefit:

The Inland Ice, The Inland Ice

How I love thee, Inland Ice

in stanzas manifold and quite impromptu. (Tune, "My Maryland"). I have asked Paul to write out the song. This will fill up the intervals in his long night at the radio and save some floor space.

My amusement has been more insistent, namely the making of a light and portable instrument shelter for the ice trips. Bamboo poles for legs, very thin wood floor and roof, cellulose paper board sides. All fitted to sway somewhat in the wind.

but still hold the instruments like a babe on a limb. Will it also withstand the impact of dogs?

Paul Convalescing. Paul lost count today of the number of days until March 1. Time was finally going too fast ^{except} for him.

Some More Blizzard. The fourth section of our storm is now passing over. Perhaps we better call both weather and barometer unsettled. No news yet about it from Angmagalik.

Good News on the Air. Only a part has yet arrived. The rest was cancelled probably because they could not hear us and hesitated to put a hundred word message "blindly" on the air. Our seven messages to the Chief had been received only after his Encyclical Radio to us. He is recalling the order regarding dog sleds and asking that the January sled be sent in. We are to arrange other sled-trips from here. More of the cancelled message probably tomorrow.

Thursday, January 5.

Arctic Handicaps. I tried on my caribou on car yesterday with fur side in and nearly strangled before Clarence from his bunk could pull it off from me. This morning I tried it on the proper

way but nearly roasted in it. The hood is too small for a hat inside and too airy without a hat for my bald head. The natives here grow hair. I'll try a jersey cap. But I am beginning to fear that the greatest obstacle to our Arctic travel will be the heat. Sweating is really the greatest peril here, for dampness ~~exposes~~ exposes one quickly to freezing.

Others Convalescent? I went down to look at the instruments at the base station and found that six days had gone instead of four. So for penance I made another trip this evening to change the sheets. It seemed incredible, but the record before me was inexorable. We had discussed the matter fully before starting down, and were so certain that we did not examine the old record sheets. I recall now that I set the sheet on Thursday instead of Saturday.

Banged Back. But the second trip gave me news for and from Bangstad. The January sled has been ordered in by the Chief, and Bangstad is back from a four day trip onto the ice. The weather was not bad, tho a blizzard

here on Mt Evans, but the going was "Hell".

He seems to be eager for the sled to come. The F-land seems frozen over now for the winter. The gales merely sweep its surface ^{clean} ~~clean~~ where are no channels to widen. The ice part is low.

Coal. We have tri-unit coal. It heats one just to talk about it; it heats one carrying it up from below; it heats one out of bed at night. When these three units have been uselessly squandered, it still has calories enough left to warm the house to coziness.

"Telephone!" I saw, thinking it Godhavn, but found apple pie and cocoa waiting. It was the old home cry long forgotten but resurrected.

Byrd! The cancelled message of last night from the Chief has arrived. It offers Clarence the opportunity to remain here next year on a recommendation to Commander Byrd in case he should care to go to the Antarctic. Doctor seems eager to test out the "strophs" down there.

Friday, January 6.

Clarence is willing. After a long breakfast talk this morning, Clarence decided that he would go to the Antarctic if Commander Byrd desired and the Weather Bureau approved. It would mean a further absence from home of a year and a half, but is well worth while for the professional experience. His bride-to-be of next autumn is so sympathetic a comrade that she will doubtless heartily approve.

The Chief evidently feels that Clarence is discovering "strophs" here and would be glad to see him search for the same type there. In case he should get the appointment (which he scarcely expects), he must leave here on the first steamer this spring. This would probably mean that I stay here to take the observations instead of going to Halstenborg to make the snow survey. Perhaps Clarence can do this for me. At any rate he deserves

to have his opportunity.

"Three Suns". I have just outlined an article that I should like sometime to see in Atlantic Magazine; "Three Suns on the Arctic Circle: The Midnight Sun; The Equinox; The Midday Dawn. The are portions of my diary of June, September, and December, the latter on December 9, with perfect setting but premature date.

An Inland Ice Bear. To think that polar bears come inland - a hundred miles or more inland! yet Marius Alsen brought to camp this past autumn a polar bear skull with furs still on it. Clarence thought that Marius called it a walrus and brought the tusks. But the teeth are plainly polar bear teeth. Baugsted says that the carcass of the bear was found near the Inland Ice with its side slit open apparently by the antler of a caribou buck. The bear had undoubtedly come inland for fished fish and blueberries.

and met swift fate as a trespasser
 Between the snorting caribou of last summer
 and our intruding bear, our quiet land
 may after all have the spice of danger. The
 chief native danger hitherto has been to
 harpoon a seal from the wrong side of the
 rydex and get overturned.

Saturday, January 7.

Emotional Barographs. We have two barographs
 here ^{at} station above and below that are opposites. One is
 very emotional in high temperatures, the other is
 slow but steady. It is odd, but Bangsted seems
 like the first and I like the second. He wears
 me out with moods and fears that I may not
 make the pace but soon reverts to normal. He
 feels that I argue every point, which I wish I didn't.
 Cold and hunger are immaterial, if not in extremis.
 The remaining is a different matter, but can not last
 more than two days. The ice itself will be too rough
 for running far.

Out of shifting plans has emerged the probably

final one of establishing a weather station on
 the edge of the Ice Cap and moving it slowly
 in as the last relay of the gradually advancing
 team. Observations night and morning can
 also be made at the team's advance station.

"a Complete Relapse" declares Paul, commenting
 on my "Paul Convalescing", and declares "Only 53
 days to March 1".

Sunday, January 8.

"Old 97." This song of the "Kreek of Old 97" has
 finally become a mood. The boys have sung it
 all too well. It keeps me from sleeping nights
 and meets me at the door of my fitful slumber.
 The silences may get you if you don't watch
 out, but this time it is a song. I pray
 for silence to obliterate it.

The Wrong Code. When Paul spoke of the length
 of our messages to the Chief, I suggested that
 he permit us to use his code to Miss Funder.
 The result was explosive: "Love and Kisses"

to the Chief. How the Chief would stagger!"

E.D.T. Every day a trip, so often now that I can use initials for the act. We are boxing our instruments for the trip. This means that I must go down trail loaded like a peddler and return loaded like a truck with coal or oil. It is undercutting my vitality and patience. I get silently angry too readily. The afternoon hasn't seemed like Sunday at all.

Monday, January 9.

"The Lunatic Reversity of Inanimate Objects": This favorite explosive of Ferguson came forcibly to attention today on the trail. The trail simply would not stay put beneath my feet but slowed suddenly down, then speeded up, then split in twain like a two-horse mount. It was not my "two chains" which were ralled coil on coil around my kamiks but an overlay of ice-like frost upon the delicate

snow down of yesterday. The combination was too hard to bear except in the display of ill temper, for it remained serenely placid. Up trail, as always, the going was better, and the slipping was soon forgotten. I have now only my final load of bed and furs to carry down when we actually set out for the ice.

A King Dog Uncrowned: Our old King Dog walked from hillside to bluff today with all the slow dignity of his former self, only to throw his head into the air and howl desolately in his loneliness. A younger dog with wagging tail had now his place and was now leading the team up the Fjord.

Fierce had been the battle against odds, for the team itself had aided the contender against their longtime master. But he had finally been forced from his feet and his power. Now he was an outcast, like the lone wolf, still dignified in mien but broken in heart. His wails could still be heard far below as I passed over the shoulder of the mountain to the Observatory.

In a few days the tragedy will end at the Inland Ice, where the flesh of the one-time leader will perform its last duty in supporting the life of the team.

Tuesday, January 10.

Mr Evans in Sun. The sun has been making progress these past cloudy days, and today at noon was disk high above the horizon. Our hilltop received its first sun both this new light year and a rich purple glow returned to the northern hills. The sun soon dipped but visibility continued until half after four. Our days are stretching toward normal once more.

The Farther View. The moon pitches down these evenings behind the earth's rim and leaves the trail in darkness. Tonight I plodded up with face down watching the steep grade slowly descending ^{in the candlelight} beneath my feet, ^{and the friendly monuments forming like speckles suddenly into cliffs.} I knew the locality but I longed to look upward if only to see ^{the} high skyline in the murk, and the steeper trail ahead. I was fevered willing for the lantern to die out

* Liquid Moonlight. Tonight a thin vapor overpreads mountain and valley. The air to Meringga is unimpeded and the moon and stars shine through it just as if it were not there. I got to have one public with the moon. In this the air is purifying the light. It is my light.

momentarily that I might grope to gain my vision. I thought it a mark of age. But it belongs to youth and age alike. The youth both want and dread it, the old desire it with placidity. To them it is merely the home light glowering over the brow of the hill.

Loyalty. Over our pie and chocolate we discussed the laws of our Land. Paul would circumvent any laws infringing his free liberty. He lives a touch of cherry, he would import an alien bride. I was frankly out of sympathy with my Country's foreign policy, a mark of her immaturity. Clarence, son of a foreign born, was stoutly loyal and felt that I was speaking against ^{my Country.} ^{of America.} Thus the three frames of mind. I confess that I prefer the "farther view". The world is larger to me than America and the universe still larger than the world. In like manner infinity fascinated me more than the passing moment.

Start Saturday. Bangsted has set Saturday the fourteenth for our departure. It comes close to the bets of the boys. We have avoided Friday, the thirteenth. I did not ask why. I go down that night. Now the boys will start singing:

He tried it once, he tried it twice
and now he goes to try it thrice,
A Inland Ice, A Inland Ice,
How he loves Thee, Inland Ice.

The Moon. The moon came up at half-eight ^{in the northeast} tonight like a yellow blob in the clouds. It was almost as fantastic as the aurora that was playing spectral cloud on the southern horizon. Now the sky is crystal clear and the waning moon rides high. Ten minutes in this air has nipped my bare fingers. One half-hour would turn them to marble. Our placid North has fangs. Don't let her taste ^{young} blood.

Wednesday, January 11. Our Coldest Day.

A Quiet Morning. By request Clarence woke me at his 8 o'clock observation. I wanted to put my Evaporation Measurements into understandable form before leaving for the Inland Ice. He went back to bed for a catch-up rest. I made rapid progress but somehow the loneliness became oppressive. The fire too burned low and the air was chill. However, this feeling gradually wore off. It may not come again. If it does, sleep will cure it.

A Smile on the Solar Day. At 2:30 today, the sun was half disk down toward setting. It is slowly crawling over the rim of the earth.

Our Coldest Day. It is quiet and semi-clear. So the cold of the Ice Cap, delivered unheated, and the radiation are bringing the temperature down. Our lowest, morning and evening today, was about -16.0°F or -27.0°C . We may yet have a normally cold winter.

Temperature of a Snow Bank. For some days the temperature ^{of the air} has been in the neighborhood of zero Fahrenheit. The snow is a slow absorber of it. So today I decided to see the temperature in motion from the air itself to the radiating snow surface and thence downward to the ground. This was the result:

Temperature of air -16.0°F
 " on surface of snow -20.0°F .

Temperature in snow.

2 in. deep ... -9.0°F
 5 in. " -14.8°F
 15 in. " -6.0°F
 23 in. " 0.0°F

Moral: Don't sit on the snow. Sit on a box with your feet in air. If you lack bedding, use the thin upper layer of the snow, or dig deep, especially in cycles of falling temperature.

Query: Will this rule also hold good on the Inland Ice? Can I dig deep enough to produce the equivalent of an extra thickness of caribou fur? At least, the exercise will warm me up. The work on this snow-drift made the air quite genial and put me in the mood for an evening walk across the hills. However, the boys dashed the mood by suggesting that I go down the trail and bring

up an extra load of coal.

Rice: a Quandary. We can't have rice pudding because we must have rice for breakfast, for we haven't anything else. And we have only 4 pounds left. It seems a break-down dilemma at best. Will the January dogged come? Will it bring "oats-meal"?

Thursday, January 12.

Five Messages. One to each of us and the fifth to all of us. The horses for packing goods uphill and to the Inland Ice in summer are a possibility if the motor ship is large enough. Yes, I can have feminine and even Armour's if it can be procured. That is surely generous of the Chief. My message of cooperation here seems to have taken a load from his mind.

Sky Colors Once More. A streak of rose in the southern sky at 9 this morning and a soft heliotrope overspreading the north. The golden moon was setting over Pingo. At 11, I was lured forth to try a colored picture, but the

sun suddenly peered forth and the colors rapidly faded. I may try again tomorrow.

The Old King Dog. I told Bangsted and Marinus about the loneliness of the old king dog. It aroused their merriment. It aroused my tears. It seemed almost life's ingratitude to life. To me the old dog had won his place thru his coolness, his quietness, his readiness to work. Now he must yield to energy and alertness, just because the physical power behind them is greater. It is a near-human catastrophe, for this life comes near our own.

The Mail Team! It is here and with letters. Governor Bistrup was aware that a mistake had been made and so did not countermand it. It is really a fox trip with our camp as a subordinate part of the plan. The oatmeal too has come. So now we can have rice pudding, if I do not start for the Ice before the pudding can

be produced. The team rests here one day, then back. It does not go with us even to the edge of the Ice. We start now Sunday Morning.

Arla's Letter on the Children's Christmas. All precious, every word. I have given it to all to read. It must be taken home to read to the children, but I shall keep it here as a part of my diary so "what Arla's Eyes and Heart Saw." I feel as if I had been at both Christmases, ours of the Mountain Top and hers of the little Church. I am walking on air in exaltation. I have rarely found a girl with eye and heart more in tune with mine.

Friday, January 13.

Old Friends. A busy day entertaining our friends of the dog teams who brought up five sacks of coal. Marinus' team made a third. Clarence gave them a feast. They were so quiet, so well-mannered, so kind. I was out sampling near the Lake when

they passed at a dash over the hill, but they paused to wave me farewell.

Dear old Enoch was of the party and waved longest. He came up ahead this morning for a longer visit. As quiet, as native looking, as true as ever. I patted his hand when he shook mine but I wanted to put my arm around him. I shall miss him. And Nathaniel sent a letter. He delivered the Christmas Candy. He kept faith and has made good the summer slip. Enoch thanked me for his. He received it the day before Christmas.

Later Paul brought up a letter from Abraham of thanks, for all and to us all for Christmas. He never forgets.

Static. The United States is loaded with static tonight. Is the reason in the long active curtain of aurora that reaches completely across our southern horizon?

Last Night before Starting. I might call it "Last Things Night." The Seica to load, — — but the Seica has taken the entire evening. I have had to learn it all over.

Also I have been completing density and temperature measurements. Here I am getting an insight into the Inland Ice. The light snow, so fluffy apparently, is 17 per cent dense and when wind blown soon becomes 33 per cent, yet hard as cement.

I can now understand the punishment of the blizzards on the Great Ice. And the temperature is going steadily down into the snow as these days of below zero Fahrenheit continue. Verily, we shall need to dig deep on the Inland Ice or burn oil in our tent!

Tomorrow I go down trail for the Sunday start. How long shall we be gone?

This one
is for
Prof Church

Simply couldn't
overlook a
neighbor

S. CLAUS
Merry
CHRISTMAS