

VI

8 1/2 / 125

CALENDAR 1928

School
9 Weeks
Returned

	JUNE	MAY	APRIL	PER.	JAN.	
1	Mon.	18	15	12	9	Sun.
2	Tue.	19	16	13	10	Mon.
3	Wed.	20	17	14	11	Tues.
4	Thurs.	21	18	15	12	Weds.
5	Fri.	22	19	16	13	Thurs.
6	Sat.	23	20	17	14	Fri.
7	Sun.	24	21	18	15	Sat.
8	Mon.	25	22	19	16	Sun.
9	Tue.	26	23	20	17	Mon.
10	Wed.	27	24	21	18	Tues.
11	Thurs.	28	25	22	19	Weds.
12	Fri.	29	26	23	20	Thurs.
13	Sat.	30	27	24	21	Fri.
14	Sun.	31	28	25	22	Sat.
15	Mon.	1	29	26	23	Sun.
16	Tue.	2	30	27	24	Mon.
17	Wed.	3	31	28	25	Tues.
18	Thurs.	4	1	29	26	Weds.
19	Fri.	5	2	30	27	Thurs.
20	Sat.	6	3	31	28	Fri.
21	Sun.	7	4	1	29	Sat.
22	Mon.	8	5	2	30	Sun.
23	Tue.	9	6	3	31	Mon.
24	Wed.	10	7	4	1	Tues.
25	Thurs.	11	8	5	2	Weds.
26	Fri.	12	9	6	3	Thurs.
27	Sat.	13	10	7	4	Fri.
28	Sun.	14	11	8	5	Sat.
29	Mon.	15	12	9	6	Sun.
30	Tue.	16	13	10	7	Mon.
31	Wed.	17	14	11	8	Tues.

DIARY OF SECOND GREENLAND
EXPEDITION

1927-28.

Book 6 - WINTER TRIP WITH BANASTED
AND MARIUS TO INLAND ICE.

Walling with a Greenland Strophe

Being to the unexpected and involuntary
hobbing, I took no Diary Book with me,
neither scrip nor second pair of shoes.

Consequently, this experience is being
written after the event and will
be a narrative rather than a diary.

I had felt the humiliation of going
to Arctic romances on a steamer
as stable as a wharf. Now full
compensation is mine or hers.
Perhaps it belongs to us both.

Saturday, January 14.

Glad to hear it. Paul says that we three are now so well synchronized in our movements about the Observatory floor that we could do Wally Dugan's in a Pullman smoking compartment without collision. We must have grown these natural necessity into a human egg-beater.

Clarence must go. a final conference regarding the Antarctic. Clarence must go, even if I have to give up the snow survey in order to keep the Observatory running. But we have struck on a still better plan. I will go by a separate team to Halstensborg and directly back, so that records need not be interrupted for more than two weeks at most. Possibly Clarence can wait until I return and then see my team

on its return

and no lantern

To Rendevous. Heavy loaded & the
"gunwales" I go down trail. Slipped
only five times. a good reason I
even without load.

Three Reasons for Returning. As
usual, just unfinished work. There
are three colored views: Florence's
Lake and Hill, Split Rock, and
the Side Hill Trail.

Plans of Advance. All plans now
seem built about myself and my
welfare. I start ahead and light.
The team being loaded will come
slower than usual. I may be left
alone most in camp taking
observations while the main party
is pioneering. We shall have much
food the little boat, for we must
save oil. We shall start ourselves
at first, with the plan of increasing
food and comfort as the trip extends.
Caagsted explains that his worry
for me had been increased

by the Governor's frequent allusions
 in his letters. He read me one,
 saying he hoped it would not move me
 proud's "Take good care of Doctor Church
 He is our 'all-right' man, remember
 he is old and has had his sorrow
 in life. We love him here". and I
 too love them all deeply. Life is rich
 with such friendships.

To start me easily, I am put
 to bed in my sleeping bag on the
 table and sections of the bureau.

The floor was considered too cold.

Sunday, January 15.

Weather - a gale had been blowing
 since Friday night when the temperature
 started to rise. On Saturday the wind
 abate was strong and lenticular
 clouds swam lazily in the southwestern
 sky like a school of whales. At evening
 great curls of cloud change were
 in the south. Sunday morning
 the wind had been blowing and
 the sky was overcast. The wind

was bare again of its snow. But Bengtson had been out in the previous fashions and had not found it bad. So to me the weather was not a matter of consequence and brought me forebodings. I was merely alert to more good.

Off - up at 6 a.m. I start at 9. Bengtson hopes to be off in two hours. Full meal of "catsmeal". Then: "Nothing more until night". But that was to be Tuesday not Sunday night, I am to keep the men fed and pioneer the trail. My goal is to be the big tent at the base of the waterfalls above Umanax. I kept faith all the while, there were no instructions to turn back.

On the High Seas - On the high seas of Narsajunga and among its pressures helgas. Last time on these waters, I had been spray beaten. Now I slide along

over an alabaster pavement, gently undulating where expansion and tide have been active. It served good the afloat - my own vessel and motor. I have Kaxajungu aboard as I head for the cliffs higher up.

Hello! Hello! a bluff of rock and moss and snow. Take this in colour.

A Sand-Snow Blizzard. In the shifting sands of the flats, the river could be found only by the curved ice which formed a vault over the river bed.

at Seal-shoals a sand-snow blizzard shot across my course from the south at sixty miles per hour. Here was the long awaited opportunity to use the movie on a blizzard but it was five miles away. Never a worse, I thought, had I seen. I knelt on the ice to put on my cloth anorak to keep driving snow from my sweaters. I was too active to require further clothing,

used ^{after the} Cape York style I had left the front of my bear skin trousers down to increase ventilation.

The sand and gravel blew horizontally and I was slid along on the blast to the north shore, where I kept my bearings by coasting. I never dreamed of the howl such a wind could work on dogs and loaded sleds. I was racing, supposedly with a dog team at my heels.

The Passages - The Cascades were impossibly dry and revealed the great barrier at its winter rest. To take the current backward was merely to climb over crumbled ledges. The wild river like a sleeping giant, was concealed only in its frequent pools.

Sand Cliffs - Wave them over the play-ground of the winds, which need starting to sweep the river again but this time from the west. But it was the mild southeast directing it all. Their great bases were still buried in sand, like some night monument of Egypt.

Rounding the Bend - I both advised and marveled at the canoe trip by Ralph and Fred last summer. They must have fought a fight like mine, but theirs was a deluge of water, mine was a downburst of air. They had rapids on the flats, I only where the stream swung north. For the southeast was going cross-late and only where the river paralleled its path, did it reach with full force into the bed.

Then quickly into a herd of rock
wells. In one corner, like a
Roath Valley scene, a tiny awayback
tent. Home at 4:15, only seven hours
out, a record for me.

Settled Down, heavy hay on the
floor of river ice. A sack of amaranth,
a bag of provisions. No oil, no lamp,
no bag of provisions only figs and
malted milk tablets prepared, but figs
and tablets are good.

My teeth are filled with sand (a good dentifrice,
my lips are saved with it. My mittens and
kinniks are filled with drift snow. I thrust
feet into moccasins and beneath hay to protect
them, and keep one side warm at a time
by rolling in my nest.

Tent down. Got tied down canvas to prevent
too much flapping. A sudden gust of wind,
a dash of sand sounding like rain - so
futilely did the blast reach down into
my refuge. The roaring at one end a
half hundred miles or more at our
observatory on the distant peak, & his the
night wore thin.

Monday, January 16 -

Next Morning, The storm had
settled itself out when I awoke. Feet still
with feeling, getting hungry.

Out into the Open. a trip to dry feet. Up hill
and down falls. Can actually transport stuff
up river bed with six loadings and one
short portage up a sand-tough bridge.

One devastation! I dreamed this ridge to Hell!
"Country beyond. Wind-swept even an ice, only
route is the tiny ice ribbon in the river bed
from Narajungu to the Ice Port, This might,
as well be the lower cliffs and slopes of Arizona.
It suggests the valley of the Nile after devastation.

but frozen." But the gray agate ice gives
the river floor the quaintness of mosaic.

Cooking? Yes, matches and brush on the hills
but not fuel or coal. No water since
yesterday morning, but I have not missed
it. Yet it will be worth while to go to Sand
and catch. There is pemmican there and
possibly cooking dishes. I will wait. I am
tired and the boys may come today. Pictures?
Ray filter on sled. This was to have been
a joint camp. It is sadly disappointed.

Sand. Set on rock out on ice and
cleaned ^{up} Sand into the very depths of my
kamiks. Sand in my spectacle case.
Sand still in my teeth. But I feel warmer
and better.

Landrope, As I sit outside ^{salmon}
hued clouds overspread ^{and harmonize with the brown slopes} my bench. Two
tiny dust storms play down the river
a pavement of ice is my floor and rooves
form my rock gardens. The air is
still. The dogs should pull well today.
My bag is resting well. Massaging will
keep the muscles enclosed.

Night. Writing by flash. No sled. Need
only sleeping bag, kil, lamp, boots, pemmican.
Then could stay indefinitely, used in
comfort. Frost is gathering on my
fur overcoat. Will it be colder tonight?

Tuesday, January 17.

To Sand here. Now I have pemmican
and cans. Wanted to get up last night
and eat sardines, but today am sick
of them. I have lost my appetite.

Review. No meal since Sunday
breakfast. Also no water after a rather
hard hike. No heat and ^{felt} feet ^{part 3}
lay awake last night for fear lest my

feet might frost while I was asleep.
I am getting jaded but not lonely.
The feeling persists that I must keep
quiet so as not to wake Paul from
his sleep. However, I am getting adjusted.

The Alabaster Falls. Tried coming down
last yesterday and today. Through the transition
from the heat of summer which must
only be peeped into by walking down
a staircase of silence. For instance
it might be compared with the
aisle of pillars at Kinnak, yet it
seems dwarfed by the over-arching hills
and among the gigantic blocks on the
glacis. I do not realize its size.

a candle sipper. Must have water.
Alecit Monday tho tired. Today, Tuesday,
had lost the must sleep. Odd how
little evaporation occurs in a person
when the human is covered with furs.
So two pemmican cans to support a tin -
a candle length. Ice water and condensed
milk. The drink of the gods!

Rescue. Thus on my knees, I melted
and mixed and drank. Then voices and
the grating of runners. Banged and Marins
nervous and weary, the sled empty save
for a caribou skin, some provisions, oil, and
lamp. It was plainly a searching party -
with an ambulance or a horse.

Why? Why had I broken orders? When team
can not advance, retreat must turn
back. He had been slowed around by the gully,
had anchored his sled runners in a furrow
cut into the ice and ran ahead to the river
mouth to overtake me. Why had I not followed
the river windings? But I was really
outrunning him. At 1 pm he reached the
river mouth, at 2 pm I was three hours
farther on at Lemnait. In fact I have
covered the entire trip in the storm in

10.
to camp near
* about 1000 ft
to make

the same time as they today - with
the sleds
I thought that I was following orders
to "keep ahead". Plainly I had won his
admiration for that. Only at Umanak
had the wind fought me down, and
it was then to Upernivik. So ahead,
he would surely come next day, but - the
wind had been 156 miles an hour, the radio
was down, the day falling, the big tent
muzzled, base camp weather station torn
to pieces, roll of Hudson wool gone. The
dogs had surely fed the wind "Florida punch".

And how and where was I? No fire,
only one pair kamiks and they wet, no
sicks, and no water. The great Anster
pearl is ^{the} lost in a waste of ice and snow
with no means to melt them. Is the
ocean itself for uselessness. Too windy to
travel loaded Monday, but they reached
Tuesday they had come after oil, coffee, with
Clarence's kamiks, the pemmican, and oil.
They believed me dead, but forbade Paul
sending out word until their return. That
was lovely unconscious nobility.

Wednesday, January 18.

Starting all over again. We spent a cozy
night together in our mutual warmth,
the hay and skin over mattress. I was
sorry that in dog parlance I had run off with
the golf ball and stopped the game. It
would take four days for the team to go
back for repairs and return with the relays
caused by the present condition of the trail.
I could remain since I plainly prepared.
all navy for my future welfare be the
ice trips had completely vanished. Evidently
I would be no further hindered. I should
even go to the cause cache for the ice and
then go down to Umanak to drag up the weather
instruments, I thus became a part of the team.

Clarence's huge kamiks had been and were of
warmth. Now I should have only the caribou
skin, but I had the lamp.

I am the lamp all night

Off King. Still fighting it somewhat that
pleas. Head all bloody and swelling but
his teeth are gone. Wish I were his dentist.
I proposed leaving him here, but to save
himself he should go home.

To Inland Ice. The two men tent was
there ^{and} supplies. I wanted to see them.
Banged: "What put that idea into your head?
I might want a drink of running water and
see the chances of moving up." Only twenty minutes
from camp scale."

Banged and Harius returned at 10.
Then I set out - north - four hours to the
tiny tent and there and a half across Vaulth
ice was my slippery roadway. Sand dunes
upon sand, gravel bars, rocks floating
below the surface of the ice, sand and
snow finely cemented, sand and snow
in strata formation showed the alternating
character of wind and precipitation, with
the wind the overwhelming master.

The tent had been flooded and frozen in
a foot of water. It would need no further
glycerates but the fever was deep down
beyond the power of giving comfort even
if I could move in. The "quice ice" from the
drainings of last summer melting had taken
it as till, and then solidified like some cold
lava stream. But I got a drink at an unperf
flow farther out. Only coffee this evening.

Still I am dry and weary. Supper tonight must
be a triumph. ^{with good food} I must cook. I had punished
myself too much. Now I must get back to standard
rations and maintain them.

Down the Falls. Frightened a bird in the dark.
It frightened me. Both intruders? Had to be
very careful - shell ice, smooth ice, ice
steps, ice slides. Sand and snow to accident
the unway. I must be careful now, for I am
on my own responsibility and alone. The
high walls, the giant boulders attend my path
give background to my thoughts. It has been
a day with Death Valley, somber yet peaceful.

Tonight. Cozy in tent. Lamp burning beneath
drying kauris. Lying on cushion rug with
skin of amussites for blanket. Do I hear voices?
No and far from near the Native world and
rarely, even a bird is seen. But roars

roll and nights the river ^{ice} but ^{ice} breaks
from too much expansion. We are on the
river ice backed up against the mixing
well where the river gets a new start
part of the fall. The strong sun will soon
start life to thudding again and force us to
leave the bank of the anxious river.

Thursday, January 19.

Killed - Pres yesterday crossed apple pie.

Today I am fed up - but on oatmeal and
perumisan. I am also full tawed. But
facer knife! The large blade has suffered
a broken spring on the perumisan tire,
I am sleeping cold. My boots are damp.

To Lumanak - trip to Lumanak 10 to 2:30.

Four hours ~~twenty~~ minutes but only one
hour twenty going down. Near the weather
instruments up on the ice. Quite easy,
except for invisible dirt on the ice, which
increased friction.

Picturesque - a long figure, trailing along the
immense river course, a river patrol?

Yesterday ^{sun} ~~sun~~ and a half hour north, today
pear and a third hour south, heading
Karelats Greenland.

Night Thoughts and Words. Sleep! Up at 10:30 p.m.
Eat oatmeal. Up at 2 a.m. Eat perumisan. But
I didn't get up to eat. I'm very sleepy and
very cold. "No papa, no mamma! I
want to go home" all so babyish to

sit out and freeze when you can keep
warm. Hardly any sleeping bag or a pair of
kamiks. Either one would give me sleep.

The days are normally pleasant. This is
a tent, but I can stand it with a Primus
a candle would have driven me out.

Bed: a sack of furs, a ~~layer~~ of ~~Sand~~ flat
grass, a koopeak, a caribou skin,

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my own clothing. Now I understand how
Success or Failure? They lie in the
transport and net mileage gained,
I have covered distance but one
seem not to have advanced. It's all
in the plan and the grip. We can
not play rubber ball with it.

When can I go to bed again?
Up again at 5:30, then at 9:30. Four
hours are my limit with present boots.
My feet constitute all thoughts in their
discomfort. They are the key to my troubles.
The snow is warm.

Friday, January 20. Drying Out Day.

Weather and Moods. Set up the barograph
at 11:15 am. Sky overcast. Snowing slightly,
almost calm. Can hardly expect Sargent
and Marine today. Feet too cold in tent
or out. Live up trip to Sand Lake. Nail hatchet
or shovel to dig out the frozen cables.

But life is too dreary this way. The
days have become a blur, but I am getting
a "frigid kick." I can't do nothing because
I can't feel good.

Warnings from the Amuratta Alvan.
My boots are off. My bare feet are in
the arms of my fur socks. How
delicious the change. The feet merely need
a half chance. They are getting cozy and warm
of themselves. How wondrously I could sleep
with such feet! The boots are hanging over
the lamp to dry. I'll dry them long - at
least until my body demands that
socks from my feet. I have no
spare parts at all. Good that Sargent
told me to carry the socks in my

Knapsack

Have Forward? That tent at the ice front is solid but I am neither fish nor seal-skin to stand extremes. Must we now advance together? We are limited to one tent.

Bangsted has his troubles. Even the pemmican is frozen in. The pace will be too slow. We need a baggage handler and truckman on legs as well as on sleds.

Maine's Recipe for Dying: Place the grass pads from your kamiks in the seat of your bearskin trousers, and sleep on them. Place your wet mittens in front. But in both cases you can't keep your underclothes next your flesh - yes, do. I have been drying my boots for a week on my feet. But perhaps he is right. The pants are warm. We have to leave the ventilators down even in storm to avoid overheating."

Saturday, January 21. Back toward Hannah

Up and down. Tabled at 4:30 pm. Up at 1:30 am. Hannah; ate pemmican. Up again finally after long protest by semi-frozen left hind foot. Had 9 dried boots yesterday. A very cold night, minus 10° F. Had only caribou skin and it fitted me on only three sides like a tiny pancake encircling a fat wienermeat. Besides both ends were open. "I want my sleeping bag!!" The ice was ceasing all night. Slabs of rock sometimes seemed to fall.

Tent life in the Arctic. The tent today is a fairy palace of tiny crystals of frost. A straw pallet occupies the center at front

and, an altar consisting of the
provision box with candle and lamp
beside it. a figure in furs (and in
mittens) ~~swells~~ on a cushion before
it. Clouds of steam arise. Fingers
only briefly at cooking utensils, then
over flame to warm them.

a slab of ice for water sets by the
flame as dry and hard as crystal.
There is a can of DEBBO oil and a box
for a cupboard, a hollowed wooden
stick serves as ladle and spoon.

The day shines dimly thru the brown
canvas. It is calm and still outside.
Inside the jet flames of the lamp are
beaming.

To Said Lake. just must exercise.
My stomach demands it. It is revolting
a trifle. Besides I need a knife. My
game knife is an uncertain tool for
carving hard pemmican. Found there
a bladed ^{a carbon or iron} and a sheath knife but
brought away only the knife and more pemmican.
The bladed and pair would be too useful
in summer to use using them now - and
I was learning to sleep. So I took chance on
finding Baughted and Marive waiting me
with full sled. on my return, I did not
know that these comforts were there,
for my list of cache supplies was also
with the main team.

a Plan. I am even forming plans
again. If there is any retreat place
me on the Island Ice for six weeks
and then come and get me.
Souliness is pleasant - at least for

more so than lying shivering & covered
early rising.

Plumigun - This morning a trail
of plumigun on the plain of Falls
Gorge suddenly terminated in deep
wide scratches. Had a falcon
swooped down? No it was not
a tragedy but a domestic scene of
scratching.

Marion. I was descending the
Gorge. Suddenly below me a little figure
telling up looking like a miner in
some Western gorge, with pickaxe in
pocket. Hello, Marion! - and a grin
upward smile and gesture! "Hello, Marion!"
So they have returned in strength
ready for anything and will bear my
stomach.

New Home. "Well, Barton, how are you?"
Four days seem like one for shortness.
"Speak up so I will know you are well."
Thus Roughted, who had already
moved in and by tightening a few yaps
had given the tent a homelike aspect.
"Only a little extra heat is needed
at night," I replied, "I'm sorry, but I
have your sleeping bag." Good enough, then.

Now we have a sleeping compartment
behind and a sitting and eating circle
next the door. Coffee, crackers, butter, marmalade,
then later mutton and broth and coffee.

A great movie, but poor series; before soup
rising so thick that Roughted can be seen
only in silhouette carrying while the candle
is merely a flickering tip of light in fog. Not aware

The candle threw a feeble, and Marime
whisker hidden in his corner. The
sound of the hissing jet gives a
wild realism, but pure fantasy
lingers when the fading vapour
reveals the delicate frost work on
the inside of the tent.

A letter from Kalljuot, Nean bay.
Evidently thought that he had lost
his "dad". But this is not the first
such expedition that was full
of tragic expectations, "wade the path
by the stream, just seems to take them"
I have seemed to more good, No doubt
now regarding what I can stand, the
best now seems to be mine. I'll not
run off with the golf ball again. On
the ice the rules of the game are
strictly against it. There is no
fixed and findable destination ahead.
The team is the camp.

Banged singing catches bed with Marime
by his side. A good night's rest and
breath after a week's light sleeping in
midwinter without midwinter gear.
A heavy overcoat and dry nightboots are
considered quite sufficient as a substitute
for a sleeping bag, but these have been used
only in spring and in the warmer igloo.
But I believe that I could have been
comfortable even in the tent with such.
Unfortunately I had only a light overcoat and
no night boots. So this has been a
real Arctic experiment and test. Did I
am I anyway? Is the calendar correct?

Nature. However, in reality Nature
had shown me her velvet with
only a touch of her claws. She was
Kind.

Li

- PLAYING THE GAME ACCORDING TO RULES
OF NATURE AND MAN.

[Bear & Mammals near Waco]

Sunday, January 22 -

Cold and Sleep. Routine from now on
even on the ice. Slept in cory bed. Clothes
off after a week. Feet very warm. Only sore
was cold, it felt lousy and wanted a
cess. "Poor old nose, not even an sock
to cover you!" Well, it shows me at least
to know that I am remembered, and it continues
its cold vigil against the frost-entangled
mull of the tent. Crossing! Wish I were
a polar bear and could grow those
fanta on me; they are truly immense.

Repairing Match with a Breath: Bengsted's
match had absorbed gravel in the big storm
and had stopped; a conference was called
on repairs. He blew a mighty breath
then the opened works and dried away
the vapor over the lamp. The match
[decided to run.

Another Storm? Cirrus yesterday, followed
by drop in barometer last night. Today
snow on ice is all gone as by magic.

Humidity is 64%, Temperature high ^{in 70's} 51.
 Sky cirro-stratus with cirro cumulus
 as its top layer. Wind southeasterly and
 descending into our pit.

Once More to Sandfere. This time
 to get the back-carriers. We shall
 begin passing up the Falls Staircase
 soon. On way home I gather
 grass for my kamiks and bind
 it into a sheaf in sudden recollection
 of my farming days.

Camp. Meanwhile Bangstad had dislodge^d
 the tent from the ice and by new guys
 had made it more commodious. He is
 master of things Arctic.

Water or Dog Team? Both equally delicate.
 A light wind today nearly held up the team from
 its trip to Amabar. The dogs nose are
 very sensitive and can not stand wind.

A Tri-partite Dog Conversation. Bangstad
 in the middle talks Eskimo to Kamik and
 laughs with him. Then two of the
 conversation with me where he had
 momentarily left off. He a Dane and
 speaking in foreign tongue. To his nature
 neither of us can see his. Our conversation
 is understood or misinterpreted by the
 occasional wail of a dog.

Monday, January 23.

Driving - Another long sleep with side space to roll in. Even my shudder said "Thank you".

The barometer was still low but no longer falling and the southwest wind was taking its turn with calm and overcast sky. The river ice would soon again be covered with snow. It was a day for packing the net so good for picture taking.

Maxim went down river for but had of the rock at Lumanas while Bengstad and I had the grand staircase of the Frozen Falls packing supplies to the upper river.

A Scuffed Muscle - a Blistered Foot
 A pleasure joint storkading and chatting. B. fell to his waist thru dry shell ice and had to be unhampered before he could climb up, so effectively did an immense sack of amovettes hold him down. It showed the need of two in company - at the top he

showed me a badly blood-thirsted
 feet gained in passing me during
 the strugle up the river and I
 promised him surgical attention, for
 walking on his heel was causing his
 ramie to lose shape. We talked
 of accident insurance and laughed at
 its uselessness, when I slipped on
 an ice stain and collapsed so gravely
 that I nearly snapped a leg muscle
 in two, like a boom rope when the
 sail suddenly jibes. I didn't realize
 that I had such cables inside me.

The poor thing still bitterly aches,
Vaporized Ramie. Don't leave
 your ramies hanging up to dry if
 breakfast is cooked before they are
 taken down. I wondered today why
 mine were so cold. They had
 merely been steamed, & then
 chilled. So I merely wore the
 warmth and comparative dryness
 back into them.

5 days on
 ramie

Eight days was very firmly set as

the desired life of each pair of my
 kamiks. The present ones with one
 throat reedying on Friday have lasted
 now into the ninth day and were
 worn both day and night. I shall
 avoid vaporizing them again and
 see if I can make them last two
 weeks. The spirit of experimenting
 is not fully thawed within me.

Breakfast Greenland. These last
 nights I have ^{been} playing somewhat in
 my bare feet, for we are not
 permitted on the beds in our wet
 boots. Walking on the snow inside
 and outside the tent, wiping down
 the sandalstone feet with my
 feet greatly amused Wainoo's
 amusement. It just made rosy
 feet, I shaved him, but he
 rejected all offers to run a barefoot
 race. On the other hand, he
 will walk in the snow with
 bare hands or wet mittens
 all day. It's all in the traditions.

Lahaviseen. Name of all my dog

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But the term banyet Arctic
is not extreme. The natives are
often almost naked in their
igloos and I can sit in and
on my bed with entire
comfort with only the Peimur loop
burning.

In striking contrast is the
marble dryness of the ice floor
upon which we are sleeping.
Last night I slept over an inch
crack and pushed ice blocks
out of my way with my feet
& course than the walls of my
sleeping bag. We were just uncon-
scious of seeing more room in
which to stretch out.

A Good Trail. Bangsted's
definition is a narrow
ribbon of ice, no obstructing
rocks, and a thin layer of
snow to give the dogs traction.
Last winter the rocks were
entirely covered. Tonight it is

snowing heavily for Inner Greenland
 and tomorrow may bring the
 good trail. Maxine proposes to
 spend the amusettes at the sea
 front while B. and I pass the
 remainder of the camp to the
 head of the falls.

King Dogs, Old and New. The new
 king dog, like the new Zeus, is
 showing his authority by bullying
 one of the dogs and preventing it
 from eating. The old king dog sits
 kindly on his block of stone, joying
 in the comradship of the faithful
 black pup. He welcomed me today.
 Massive, scarred, kind, except
 when the hatred for his new suc-
 rices in him. He is still willing to
 take punishment tho he can inflict
 none. If I could forge him teeth,
 how gladly would I witness the
 new battle. I placed him in
 his quiet power on his pedestal
 "Labanison", Wine! Brought too
 to blessen

just asked me how I would like the old dog's tongue, I told that I could, if need be, but I was vaguely hoping that after all the old dog's life could be spared and he could be put into another team. He had noted my sturdy defense of the old dog's qualities of leadership. It was plainly a case of the old dog's head and my heart. With a smile he made the dog mine - to wander with me the summer thru and find a home for his old age at Heltenberg.

Salmevan - a noble name - live me is old - Eight years now or more. No marvel that the younger dogs have sharper fangs and better bodies than he. But he is a massive mount still. I hope that he will not be too lonely with only me.

Sloxy Roof - When it snows in the Arctic the water will surely leak thru your tent roof, if properly

made. For water proof means condensation frost. So if the snow continues falling, you must choose between the water drips and turning off your lamps. The latter is preferable and not uncomfortable, and the quicker you turn off your lamps, the less will your tent become a sheet of ice.

Memories - I put my finger into my ear today and pulled forth a memory of the great struggle of last week. I still have many memories of this struggle hidden in the lobes of my ears, for the secret of successful Arctic travel is to save heavily on the washing.

Tuesday, January 24.

Making way - It is still snowing about one inch every twenty-four hours. a heavy tho quiet storm for us. It seems a good day to sit still, but Bengsted is eager to get on, if only to obtain a clean floor for the tent.

Schensen some day in reference.

B. — said "Why not the young King?
I betted: "Yes — but". Youth and
^{immaturity} ~~immaturity~~ with promise may
win me yet." Is John L. Sullivan
as compared with ~~William~~ Jack Cribb
or Cassius, and Buttram in
opposition of types.

Getting the team up. Maxims
anchored the rig, dog to the ice
midway up the falls. Then rose
the call of the leader, then the
baying of the team at full
jump to join him, and the
lowly distant wail of old King
still anchored to his rocks.

The first barriers by and they
came on eagerly, following at
B's heels as he led the way with
a pack. It seemed like a
crescendo of yelps sweeping up
the cañon. It was both strategy
and morals.

"Whatever They Doest" — The old

piece of delay. I had long planned to take the Avenue between the Falls with its sand staircase and ice floor, but the falling snow left little perspective between floor and walls. So I put my camera away and instead of catching the team in its passage, I succeeded it only to slip and spill my pack before the team. And on the morning the upper river would be snow covered and the sand dunes be covered up.

Errecting Camp. The site looked cheerless - a waste of treacherously slippery ice among boulders. Not a rope held for the frozen tent anywhere. Only the dogs looked contented - just lying where they were tied. We had packed many times up the trail and were sweaty. It was darking fast. The snow was still falling. But eye-holes were soon cut in the ice,

the tent stretched tight and its sides loaded with boxes and sacks of fish. The grass was spread, the caribou skins laid, the box wall placed across the tent, and the lamps and cooking dishes arranged in front. All that entered received a severe beating to drive out every particle of snow. The curtains were closed and coziness returned.

a Wishp. For auro we had the seal oil lamp burning to dry out the tent - it has a dry glow and lasts long. But I in my overcare to avoid Maria when passing out, raised the wrong flap and tipped both kerosene can and lamp on its top into the kitchen. Eskimo outposts from B. and the in unison announced the disaster being enacted. So no more glow tonight. Hereafter I shall try to be less thoughtful of others.

Wednesday, January 25. - Frost of Great Ice
 a Cold Day - Frost on my pillow
 last night, two frosted thumbs and
 one finger today, and icicles
 on my growing beard. I am still
 experimenting with my kamiks.
 I walked all forenoon to warm
 them up and this afternoon they
 have been cooling me down,
 just like the sun's diurnal change
 in temperature. I'm glad that I don't
 have to test the night minimum as
 it would be disastrous; my thumbs
 just froze white this morning even
 while I was using them.

My anorak, that is my blue jumper
 also was stiff this morning but
 yielded gracefully. The mittens, however,
 struck back viciously, they are except
 the seal skin - they soon softened
 into warmth.

a Snow Landscape,
 all this the result of a bright
 clear day with delicate cirro-cum-
 clouds that left the hills a pure

white, tinged with sunshine and
 carpeted with delicate clouds. The
 river bed had ceased to be the
 devastated Nile but ^{might} long well have
 been a long winding lava snow
 covered and bounded by rounded
 hills. An inch and a half of snow
 with less than a tenth of an inch of
 water in it had caused the
 transformations. Such filmy gauze
 will scarce withstand the first
 strong breath of the old South east.

Snow Survey. Snow surveying with a
 Klim cam and Agfa Developer Cam to
 magnify results has given us a
 shock. Bengtson is conducting the
 measurements under my suggestion.
 The snowfall should be heavier with
 elevation and ^{consequent} increase in cold.
 I should also expect the density
 to increase because of the ice
 spicules present, as on Mt Evans.
 yet this storm has left a lighter
 snow cover with lighter density.

at the edge of the Great Ice than
down stream at the head of the Falls
Hell? We must wait and see.
That is what we are here for.

Marching Order - Today I was
promoted by being placed at the
rear of the team with warning
merely to be in before dinner.
I arrived just as the tent was
in place, announcing myself as
the second team of the expedition,
for I carried the rather heavy
outfit of ransacks all the way.
The snow, however, made the
walking steady, tho my sci muscles
seemed again to have been called
into unusual play.

Ice Ice - The little tent is still
solidly buried. ^{Presumably} It was not a
factors that caused the ice to melt
and flow like lava, for today
a gushing fountain was found in
the ice front and a stratum of
slowly congealing water where

we can dip for kitchen use.
 Creeping and falling ice shows that
 pressure and not melting is
 causing the movement of the ice.
 But does pressure cause the melting
 at the fountain? Then why not
 fountains elsewhere along the pass?

Drying Out. With shivery body and
 feet and aching thumbs, I shall
 welcome a dry-out day tomorrow.
 I can hear a fall in temperature
 and rise in meters can express
 your enthusiasm. B calls it
 springtime and left the lamp out
 for a little and the tent door open.
 My thoughts were of the beds. But
 heat and food has made the
 evening pleasant, while I write and
 B and M sing German songs.

I dreamed of oatmeal today even
 without milk and sugar. Tomorrow
 Marins will hunt caribou. Their
 tracks seem as plentiful as last
 summer. Yet on testing passie

and panmican tonight, I found
 that I preferred the latter. However,
 a frozen southern rib was good
Amora. An amorce arch
 overstates the southern beingness
 as usually. There is the sand
 of wind in the sky. The ice
 rumpact rises behind us, the
 stars are bright. Just a quiet
 winter night in Deleaved Greenland

Thursday, January 26. Out into the Sunshine

In the Sunshine. It blew last
 night and snow powder drifted
 in thru the gourmet holes of the
 "Tent".
 "Chubert" had visions of another
 fashion and loss of snow for
 sledging. But the day broke clear
 with patches of snow still remaining.
 The sun rose high over the
 hills and brought out all the
 exquisite tones of light that a
 soft sun-lighted snow scene can
 furnish

a Snow Landscape. But here

we had the tundra peeping from its mantle of snow, the "quiss ice" as it glistened in its thin layers, and the pinnacled ice tongue, going like a mammoth shattered jewel.

Only color could add to the variations. Pictures of course, but pity of pity that I could not have a colored picture. Lyses the snow and ice in the foreground are gone. It is just a case of living in unrealized ambitions.

Boas - Enen takenus broke his tether and went. B. has gone with the team for another load. Marimo is treading the hills for a caribou of the selfsame region where Peter and Nathaniel searched last summer - may be succeed. B. can not thrive on pemmican - Only fresh meat can keep his strength up.

Otherwise he takes punishment evilly. He no longer throws ^{his} respect kamiks out but allows them to

freeze up to become water proof with sound beatings with a stick he makes them pliable. "They are not wet yet," says he, "not cold," and he plans to warm them during the day.

For my part I sit ^{here} with ^{my} feet in rabbit skin bag and saddle in mitted hand writing and much raporing. My metal "Eyes sharp" and my writing hand I keep occasionally warmed in the flames of the saddle and protected from the cold page by a mitten pad, a Pinon keeps the air somewhere beneath the freezing point and the tent walls for ^{myself} relief ^{and} feet.

At the Tent Door - This must be Gungtold's spring, for since returning from his trip, he has been sitting working bare handed at the open tent door with our tiny flames extinguished. It is a pretty view in silver and

In 1864 Tent No. 1

I can now well understand how winter life in the North must be active or killing. One can not just sit around.

Blue over valley and range,
but ^{it} somehow feels cold - as
the day fades - a little fire
in the tent would enliven the scene.
Somehow we mortals are not
yet built for frigidity and life
slows down with the chill.

My "Fields of Targetfulness" on the
wall at home is all too rightly
named.*

"The Quietest" - I like Bangstad's
superlative - It brings our "only"
back from the land of mathematics
and logic to that of emotion where
speech mostly dwells.

Dry Kamiks. My old kamiks have
been pronounced dry, but they
are still comfortable only for
walking in. They are still
bedroom slippers. So from the
new lead, I have drawn a "dry"
pair of kamiks and extra dog-
skin soles for lounging. I am
glad to ^{know} learned how little heat is

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requisite for life, and now
I even more gladly return to
the rest of living. The tallos
of boots on the frozen floor to
keep feet warm tonight seem
like an echo from the Great Ice
age when man refused to retreat
from the frost.

The Caribou Koor? Mains has
returned empty handed. By his gestures
the caribou was headed directly
away and at times was loping.
He may have scented us the day
previously as we came up.

Labansen Still Belligerent - Labansen
broke away this morning. He
met the team returning. Returned
he proceeded to reconquer his
team - Three lay down at once
and together. He ignored me but
allowed me to hold him back,
it would have been a every time
with Campetted disentangling the
dog traces while Labansen was

Labansen - 4/20/1907 - a big ship is coming
a caribou was headed away

free to raid the group. Finally,
Claspie was free to join his
friend and they moved merrily
over to their camp facing their foe.
Sabersaw must needs have at
least one comrade. He will
be very lonesome when the
entire team goes home.

Friday, January 27 -

A Foe is Again. We knew it was
coming. Yesterday the barometer
was falling steadily. The sky was
filled with cirro-stratus and cumulus.
This early morning the wind broke.
The same old southeaster, blowing directly
across and not down our valley.
The temperature rose to 38°F and
the humidity fell to 49%. The
crystal walls of our tent have gone
as by magic. The dreaded task
of drying out our tent by lamps has
been accomplished while we lay ^{still}
in bed by the warm thirsty wind.
Even our frozen garments are

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being hung out to dry or air
net canvas with the rest.
There ever; when it storms you
are warm, when it is clear,
you are cold. Your emotions
are mingled. ^{on the trails.} Therefore we tarry

Disappointed. Our little tent with
floor buried in the "quack ice"
permanently must remain until
spring thaws it out. The fabric is
so delicate that the cracking of the
ice during its excavation may tear
it. So it will be anchored to the
shore in the dim hope that it
may thaw clear and not be
carried away on its ice floe.

I am sorry you had been
fitted out with four rugs especially
for my use at the weather
station. It would have given me
all your greater freedom of movement
out of such one the usual
expeditionary disappointments.

Washed. Marins heated water

and worked today while B. and I are still unshaven and unclean. Evidently race does not decide the act.

Saturday, January 28.

Snow. As expected the barometer is rising and it is snowing. Marine has gone for another load. To take advantage of the better roads. The density of the new snow is still low as during the previous storms. Plainly here even at the Inland Ice condensation crystals seem to yield to those of more open character.

a Station on the Inland Ice. It was a shut-in day. So no lay layer in bed and talked. Somewhat a station at the crest of the Inland Ice seems the next logical step in the Greenland program. Bangsted suggests starting from Angmagssalik as nearer and affording a snow covered trail, for the station should be kept south in the region of passing storms. There would be snow

for the hut and peaving boxes would
 furnish dried walls and leavers. Seal
 oil might maintain warmth. I should
 live the constant glow of comfort.
 Then I believe that I should enjoy
 a year there. Our present Ice trip
 with its new investigations is
 the natural step toward it.
 Maybe a further or rather another
 Greenland stay is looming for me.

Triple Boots - Bangstad has grown
 weary of iced up feet and has
 put on his innermost kamik.
 He conceived the idea at Hudson
 Bay. The inner kamik prevents all
 condensation between the warm
 foot and the cold outer kamik.
 Hence the feet keep dry but for him
 too warm. For this very reason
 I should love them. My "dry" kamiks
 are too wet.

Labeni - a day of trouble for him
 He dragged a heavy rock from his
 heels in his determination to follow

the team, but had not the heart to drag it back when driven home with it attached to his shoulders. Later he broke loose and joined the team. He has the impassivity but the will power of David Star Jordan. I am afraid that I have a "master" on my hands.

First Day - Rationing rations, comfort af, is the day's memory. Not because B. thought I would like it, then afternoon coffee and crackers, late afternoon bread, butter in quantity and sardines when Mariner returned with supplies, tonight corned beef fried, bread and coffee. But with so many rations of coffee and sugar has been reduced from three to two cubes each time. I feel like climbing mountains to keep down my rising tide of strength but I am not ready to lay off my mittens to keep my hands from becoming too warm from eating fat.

Thom - They have them in Greenland - cortices, I mean. One

party is suffering, fortunately but selfishly I am immune. Creaking is reducing them and increasing the night comfort.

Sunday

Saturday, January 28. An Outland Day.


My First Blog Sledge Ride. Address:

"Keep your feet up when meeting snow. Don't fall off; it will jar you". The snow spray from flying feet of the dogs came back into our faces. The traces of the dogs were toward me as each dog sought a new place in the crescent line. The ring dog pulled steadily, the female put her heart and slight body into the task, a black-faced pup jockeyed behind pretending he could not force his way into the line. His mate kept his eye on the diver, a vocal flutter from the diver put them to top speeds. To rise from the handlebars to the deck of the sled was to invite a spill on the part of the runner, yet no

undertow running behind but supported by the handles when we were cold. Thus we sped on without a pause.

Poor Sabani. We had gone to the falls for the last load. As our return Sabani was coming down the trail. He expected punishment but just had to come. He swung into the verge of traces and faced with the rest, the one trace spasmodically jerked one of his legs. He said plainly: "I must save at least a part of the team. Let me fight just a little but I will pull hard." Thus he returned in the midst of his team, limping but contented.

Lenticular Clouds. In the far southeast and also at the edge of the Ice, if we accept the other end of the scale where alto-stratus ends. The lenticulars were moving seaward and changing as they went from the lens form to the stilled dumb-bell and shaving stratus.

at the edge of the ice the dumbbells
 became lugeye shaped 
 ready for transition apparently
 into alto-cumulus. Further north
 the cumulus rods coalescing
 into the continuous alto stratus.
 The shavings form seemed to
 be found at all of the stages
 from the southern to the ice. The
 sky was filled at the time with
 cirrus. Have we a storm brewing?
 The barometer is still steady.
 I took three views of the clouds:
 No. 1. Over ice, No. 2. To southwest over
 land, No. 3. Showing clouds moving
 north to meet No. 1. If this is the
 evolution of the fresh cloud into
 the alto-cumulus and stratus, what
 are the physics of the process? I
 wish that I could surmount this barrier
A Raven. A raven alone home
 toward the ice as I finished picture
 taking near the Cause Camp. Besides
 the ptarmigan, it is the only bird

life I have recently seen. Bengated says that there is a pair here and that they probably have a nest, for ravens lay their eggs about the middle of February and the birds ^{hatch them} are hatched in six weeks. The little fellows have a cold start but a long season. They are the children of hardship if not hardship, for they live on scurvy excitement mainly in winter. They are natural children of the "Blaze North".

Monday, January 30.

Losing my Time Bearings. Last night I found my watch run down. Yesterday I thought was Saturday and looked forward to Sunday today, a double lapse and a double jolt. They should be quite sufficient for the rest of the trip. My watch was the standard and Bengated in consequence did not bother to keep his wound up. The barograph has saved us. By a checkup for eighteen hours, I find

that it loses not more than three minutes a day. But tomorrow I will get the local noon when the sun crosses our north-south line. It seemed today to be slightly ahead of our barograph, running on Reichenberg time.

Frank Mead. Maximo disappeared this morning sans hat and mittens, after long wandering he returned with a large Arctic hare. Strange how he is translated into terms of ^{meat} supper. I can scarcely wait for Bungsted and Maximo to return from pioneering a trail up the ice - the supper

is so appealing. I can listen to their Discovery Letter - ^{-12.0°F tonight.}

Weather. Cold in the sky is covered with cirro-stratus. The barometer is slowly falling. Did I really see Antarctic clouds yesterday? If I must wait, I wish that my feet refer me to Bungsted called this morning an "ephemeral", a great

spring day" I'm going to study the
ranix problem triple boots with
caribou inner soles. I am to call
as I sit and write today keeping camp.

The ice front has been falling
heavily all day. Its activity seems to be
increasing. Will the fall of ice change
the fountains or will this only take place
when the present fountains have frozen
up and increasing head of water forces
new outlets?

A New Heaven. Not a crown and a
lyre, but a triple pair of ranix
with caribou and muskox fur the
inner ones and the usual seal fur
outers. Then possibly they would be
so warm that Heaven would
change to Hell. But I'd be willing
to take the chance.

A New River System? Just over a
low divide to the north, a large river
runs from the glacier into the large
lake west of the range. Conjectured
believes that a river drains this lake

and flows ultimately into Inverton,
probably near Sackville. How easy
now to run down with a sled
and test it out. If true, it is a
long system for Greenland and
uncharted, it is a natural assumption
for even this large lake may not
be able to evaporate all the water
that flows into it. If evaporation
does not balance the inflow, the
lake would slowly flood unless
drained. There is a bit of topography
to trace out. If the water over the
ground in front were only deeper, says
Bangsted, it would be possible to go
up Sandre Stromfiord and down
by this stream to Inverton. Does
it pass thru any large lake?

A way to the Ice. Up this stream
is a smooth road into the Ice.
The hummocks seem to fall
rapidly away — but a sheer
double waterfall bars the way.
Can we pass it?

Colder. Later this evening the temperature has fallen to -17.0°F . or -27.2°C ., a long way yet from Baystet's coldest experience at Hudson Bay of -57.0°C . or -70.6°F .

Just keep the moisture from your face, says he, for such temperature is a bit chilly. The barometer is slowly falling, with wind from the north-west. Maxim says that we are in for cold, rough weather.

Tuesday, January 31. Our Coldest Day -17.0°F

Ice Front Arctic. Last night I that I heard one of our boxes fall, then came a whole avalanche of ice, but sounding like a hillside of dry sandstone falling. Now dry ice is and hot dry and hard it sounds in this cold weather.

I'd like to take its picture in repose here in the moonlight but I have no certain idea how long to make the exposure. It's a soft picture as it looks: pale green ice, pale blue sky, pale

green ice river foreground
 with a lone Arctic sled and
 boxes to suggest the adventuring
 of man. However, the moon is
 only half full and the illumination
 therefore still somewhat weak.
 De Guerin's Iceberg in Moonlight
 & Ice would be far superior
 in values.

a Cold Day. As perhaps it only
 seems so. The north wind is
 blowing, the morning sky was
 full of vapor, the sun is west.
 Yet I have spent the day in comfort
 in the tent with only a seal oil
 lamp by being mildly active.
 It seems odd to see a flame on the side of the
 If we were traveling, the weather
 would be fine.

Improvements. We are closely
 adjusting ourselves to winter
 tent life. I lay in bed all night
 rubbing my feet to keep them
 with a semblance of feeling. Kamiss
 also yesterday had been very cold.

I wondered why - By rubbing my feet dry and clean this morning, I have spent the day in camp. It seems again to be a case of dry feet for warmth. Moist and moisture are poor insulations. (2) Next I need a shave. The frost gathers on my beard and rings like bells - silent bells - and pulls and shells. A smooth face is a warmer face. The Native, being mainly beardless, is fortunate. (3) Today we have a kerosene lamp going to save kerosene. It gives a big and steady ^{than} heat but it gives good light and saves candles during the day. (4) Next we need a tent of double canvas to reduce the condensation of frost within the tent. Tonight our rabbit hutch covered the roof with so much frozen vapor that it fell in sheets on our bed. I'd rather have that vapor in real soup. (5) We are having abundant

fresh meat and broth - all we
 can eat. An Arctic hare today
 keeps the cold away. We shall have
 ptarmigan for a change.

(c) Our last improvement is nearly
 an ideal - to be able to sleep in
 the open in our own clothing
 with the comfort of the dog and
 the hare. I envy the hare. He
 keeps combed and at least
 dry washed. He is always dressed
 with a beautiful coat. Shame
 to take him from his joys and
 turn him into mere man.

A trail up. It's one so. The
 old trail of last summer has
 been found this time. We start
 our first loads up tomorrow. It
 was cold and windy up on
 the Ice today. Fortunately that
 we have now grown somewhat
 accustomed to signs. Admire
 the thought of going up there
 to live in a tent would give us

shiners. Even down here in my tent locker it is +10°F. Today. We need no ice chest to preserve our food. Glad that I have caught up on my diary, for I can now live a more active and a warmer life.

Wednesday, February 1 -

Woods. Question: "How many days in this month?" Answer: "I hope not more than twenty nine."

Cangitad a hard hammer reflex. Last night we went to bed in a tent hanging with peelings of frost condensation, like the bark of a shagbark hickory tree. Cangitad determined to move everything out to day and scrape the tent clean. But the dog team beat us to it. They got loose in the night and became tangled in our guy lines. Fierce orders from the tent caused them to stampede tearing out two guys.

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and covering us with frozen
debris from the roof. We thought
that the tent was surely following
the dogs. Poor Marina had to
get out in the night and call
to tie up the dogs. We were more
fortunate and snuggled down
more deeply into our bags to
extricate ourselves at breakfast time.
For once my feet were warm.
So the avalanches did not disturb
my sleep nor did another
heavy fall of ice from the
glacier, the heaviest heard so
far.

The day has perhaps been
spent mending the tent and
skinning horses. It is a cold
job at -13.0°F ; ~~for~~ then ^{even} a
light ^{even} in a tent feels
good.

Baugsted is a postmaster at
sitting up and arranging a tent.
It is erected against wind.

It would take a herd of caribou to
 tear it loose. The grass on the
 floor, the caribou skins give
 full insulation from the snow.
 Fresh snow is kept strewn on the
 covering pit floor. All things are
 kept in their order, to avoid mislaying.
 It is the rule of the North. He
 tolerates snow outside but abhors
 it in the beds. Hence the mental
 discomfort of the tent. Strangely
 but truly a snow igloo sheds
 no snow from its roof, while
 a tent wall sweats you with
 snow at the least touch.

For primitive food and service,
 Baysted can also make meals
 attractive. Hand frozen beard
 of two months' age he
 moistened and fried in butter
 today so that I thought they
 might be drop cakes. After ^{preparing} so
 good a lunch I don't blame him
 for welcoming me as "Awful", when

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I had wandered away to ^{Grand} Cause Camp
to warm up and kept him
waiting - half hour for my return
a burst and Passenger. I expected
handship and much toil in
accumulating scientific data.
But Baydel has become so
enthusiastic in snow-swinging
and all the details of snow study
that I merely sit at comfort
and suggest while he carries
out the work. I shall become
merely adviser and have the
easy end of the expedition. But
I am glad to trade. We shall
get every result we had planned
and he will get the experience.
Thus the snow studies will
be continued when I am gone
home. I have become an
involuntary but thereby effective
director. He is happy in the
results of our joint expedition,
so am I. It could not have


been better arranged.

3rd Another Improvement. Why did I overlook it? We have eight rabbits, just cleaners for our plates and cups. They are great too as crumb brushes. It is Harms' idea.

Thursday, February 2.

Hibernating. An incontinent father was on this morning. Harms started with a sledload for Glacier Lake. Bergsted said that I might suit myself and stay in bed rather than get up to freeze. He always feels colder when the temperature rises, the the temperature is still far below melting his frozen kidneys. It has been a cozy experience all day - and to put with my run to Cause Camp last night. They are the twin activities of the Arctic winter. There is no golden mean except in a heated house.

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But the extra has been too much
for inactivity; a plate of oatmeal and
coffee for morning; nice scones
pannicake and tea for lunch; two
plates pannicake stew, bread, coffee,
peanuts for dinner. I cut out
that comfortably in half. I am
now ready for another night's rest,
which is my winter vacation -
turning in beds.

Acc Accelerated Dawn Slope Wind.
Wind from the east all day, temperature
rises from $-17.0^{\circ}F$ to $+9.0^{\circ}$,
humidity falls. But barometer
slowly rising until mid-afternoon
a long lenticular cloud in the
east dove gray emerging from
an overcast sky  and
other beginnings in the south.
Is this a foehn and is the
overriding even over the ice and
not in the far southwest? We
again must wait till the morning.

Friday, February 3-

An accelerated Keeweenaw wind. The barometer continued going down last night and stopped only this afternoon. The sky grew very clear but humidity rose and our temperatures fell to below -20.0°F , the coldest we have had. The foghorn seemed disinclined to start again after yesterday's faint effort, but cirrus-stratus clouds in the southeast swung over into the southwest. The wind continued barely from the north but light. It seems to be an east wind on the ice was the originating storm far to our south. It was certainly an abbreviated foghorn.

Keeweenaw - Perhaps a good thing that I am learning to hibernate. An Keeweenaw is being burned far too rapidly. We tried a cold tent to day in -20.0°F . It kept us active outside and gave us poignant thoughts of fireside.

66
* How good has the present
equipment and how much
more the tent & tent
equipment.

comforts. The seal oil lamp was
so solidly frozen up that it took
long to get the wick burning
brightly. We are cozy again tonight
but condensation has been falling
on our beds and wetting the
interior. Suggested new plans to send
Marino back for two more pairs of trousers.
Condensation. Condensation of
moisture in our clothing is
a serious problem. Marino has
an overcoat made of a wind
proof tent. Consequently, he returns
from his work each day with
a coat of ice inside it and
today he was wet thru Iceland
sweater and shirt besides.
Marino's face a similar tendency
and because I am using a
rabbit and bird skin sleeping
sack within my caribou sleeping
bag, there is danger that the
latter will ice up inside.
Isn't there a solution for such
problems? I want somehow

also to keep my kamiks warmer and icicles. Necessity is surely here a great incentive to think, but so far my combinations haven't worked long.

Our Inland Ice The dogs have dragged our stuff up the steep hillsides to glacier bars. Now we must force it on our backs over the rocks to the ice slope. We hope to have the tent out there tomorrow, a further advance depends on trying out surface. It is dry but slippery for the dogs' claws. But we may find an easy surprise.

Saturday, February 4 -

Our Slope Wind - Today the expected clouds have come. The sky is overcast. Our cycle of accelerated Slope Wind and Subsequent Depression has proved true here at Ice Point also. Only the details vary, as the long time elapsed between acts.

to be broken by the sled, only the clasp prints showed. Here the team overtook me as I was seeking to maintain my uncertain footing, but their team work engrossed my complete attention. Spread out in four formations, heads down, and shoulders thrust deep into collars, they came at a slow trot. At the cornice they passed for a breath, then with one common impulse they came on, the new king dog grimly intent on pulling his best and apparently paying no heed to the others. But the limit was there, old King and a pup less strenuous than the rest were tied short nearer the sled but were giving their physical best. A prince team it seemed to me then, especially when I was beginning to realize how grueling the task would have been, had we been obliged

to carry the entire baggage as
 seemed imminent the day previous
Over the Pin. Not so hard when
 you have once done it, not so
 cold. Up the little hole to the
 earth bank holding up the Ice Edge,
 where the dogs were stretched out
 like weary but contented athletes
 after their strenuous spell was
 done. Then I carried packs up
 the boulders and sliding earth
 to the Ice shelf where Bengsted
 received and carried them into
 the twilight.

The Ice was not so bad as
 thought, for it was at least dry
 and covered with ice ripples. But
 treacherous beyond ~~over~~ forethought
 if you left a gentle grade. We
 certainly would need crampons for
 the feet of the dogs and knives
 for the sledge!

A Night Camp - On a broad snow
 drift in the front of a mammoth

billow of blue ice, our tent was
 erected in the gloom and our
 living and sleeping comforts were
 gathered about us. The cavern
 of the Great Ice proved a more
 comfortable abiding place than
 the river surface at her front.
 Now that the change had been made
 we wondered why there should have
 been any thrill of apprehension.
 We were merely exchanging a stagnant
 depression of cold for at least one
 better ventilated and hence less
 subject to frost on our walls.
 Of course our ventilating system
 might blow us out of house
 and harbor, but like earthquake
 dwellers we must wait and
 find out.

Counselors. Bengsted complained
 of a lame shoulder and a
 course of laziness. I had strained
 the tendon of my heel climbing the
 hill and done some involuntary

starts on the ice, to wit: a
 bit of the machine bore under
 my feet and sent me down
 an ice cascade to Glacier house.
 This did not take long. Then I
 performed a lightning ^{fall} in mid
 air but merely swatted the Great
 Ice a return and staggering blow
 with the hammer at the time
 in my hand. But soon again
 I fell with a ^{new light} pillow of buffalo pumice.
 It beat me to the ice and returned
 like a baseball to meet me on
 the jaw. But the day left no
 marks. Only the same shoulder,
 the snapped muscle, the sore hip,
 frost-bitten thumbs, and frost-bitten toes
 still called for sympathy. The
 toes perhaps are my one anxiety.
 Individually they have fair glow
 and feeling, but they feel like
 a single toe across the front
 of my feet, unless the "All American
 Spay" I seem to develop some

minor defect each day's trip we
make, but the life is too much
out of ease to permit the defect to
grow deep. Since I outgrow them
I prefer to call them growing pains -
just the lameness accompanying the
development of my unused parts.

Sunday, February 5. Florence's day.

Weather: Still overcast. Our storm
cycle still continues.

An Amethyst Floor. As I lay in bed
this morning, the feet of Marina who
was serving us breakfast seemed to
rest on an azure sea of air. It was
the light filtering up from under
the edge of the tent thru the blue
ice. It was an exquisite floor -
not of mosaic but of one amethyst
of delicate blue. Wonderful of course,
but more so even when we
realized that we could not be
in some ocean cavern but on
some luminous peak.

74.
* On Tuesday, his last day, he
merged with all of us. He is
adapted.

Labani. Labani died at the
Ice Edge. His being meant instead of
the meager feed for the dogs and
they were hungry. He died impassive,
standing alone looking down the lake.
The best way to die. He had done
his final best yesterday, but was
too old. I am glad now that I
have no picture of him. My memory
pictures are best. He fell back into
the land of silence - really his
own native land and on Thursday
day too. His memory will be the
sweetest for that.

Up the Ice Hills. What a change
a little snow makes. Only a film
of snow fell last night. Now I
can travel anywhere. The tent
is cozy but you can't see
anything in the damn thing except
our emphyt floor. It is a
blessed tent for that.

The sled travel may not be
so bad after all. Mariner went

far this morning and reported it
 as neither very good nor very bad.
 The snow drifts are deeper than
 I thought but the snow can
 not have been carried far.
 There are depressions yet to fill.

Station Up. We arose at 11:30 pm
 after Sunday coffee. I went to the
 hills to follow my mood, but
 returned to find work rushing
 on creating the weather station.
 By dark it was ready for
 recording and our routine
 life of observations was
 started, henceforth 8 o'clock
 morning and evening and the
 time between. The program
 feels chilly, but like our
 earlier experiences will be
 found neither unnatural nor
 impossible. We want to amuse
 take — and Bangsted is
 resolved to take them both
 with a leisure life for me.

Monday, February 6. Early Rising! a Full Day

A Quick Wind. Quick beginning quick moving, quick ending - Our first experience on the winter Ice. We prayed that it would not last long for it blew directly into the door of our tent and started to erode the whole thing, from the southeast of course but Bengt thought that the snow drifts showed northeast as the prevailing direction of the wind. We made all things as snug as ^{an} exposed ice slope permits and chumbed inside the tent to hold it down and outwit the gale.

Only twenty two miles an hour but quite sufficient for an imitation. The snow traveled thin but light over ridges as if the wind descended into every depression and lifted it out. I wanted to follow and spy on it, but was called

To emergency sitting in the tent,
next time perhaps I can be free too
as the wind.

For a pechu it was as perfect
and delicate as Dresden china.

Falling pressure, southeast wind strong,
rising temperature, with falling humidity, then
rising barometer, southwest wind,
clouds - all within six hours.

Even the clouds were soon over.
alto-cumulus and alto-stratus
traveling together with the southwest
sky still showing the struggle
of the air currents by its mass
of fibrous cirro-stratus, those
which the setting sun shone
in a blue of golden light.

Bangstad says that all pechos
on the Ice are usually brief
Is this a stroke? Whence came
the depression? Why was it
so slight? Do depressions flatten
out against the high pressure
on the Ice but keep their
intensity thousands of feet above?

The subject becomes fascinating as you try to think it out.

The Chief evidently got that way too.

A Morning - a glow over the ice mountains to the northeast like a prairie fire's soft glow. I waited long for the orb of the moon but it lingered on its slanting course.

A Quiet Night. Later it had appeared in a fuller tho' colder radiance as if in harmony with the night, which was still to us friendliness above our heads yet crossing with the cold beneath our feet.

Harris Gone - He had started early. We hoped that he had reached home and that the dogs were filled with food again.

Tuesday, February 7.

A Morning in Bed. Capt. Sed did the honors today. Since a captain sailing his own ship, he is getting up to take the observations and

is feeding me in bed. It feels good
not to get up until fed and warmed.
It would be indulgent if it were not
the Arctic. The Stromens day yesterday
is making the day long for us both.

Evaporation. But we concluded the
day by getting the evaporation pans
filled and in place for a prolonged
series of measurements.

"The White Mountains" Bear your
tent the ice rises in a high
range that at first covers like
the snowcovered hills beyond.
Ravines, rounded slopes & peaks
in bluish white - sunlight. Down
the gap past their flanks, can
be seen the valleys, fog filled
today, and then sunset. They
have become to me "The White Mountains
quite apart from the ice we
are on.

Wednesday February 8 - - 20°F.

Our Coldest Day - Twenty below zero F.
 Not a breath of wind - ^{Not a cloud in the sky.} Calmer even
 than in summer. Behind us
 the ice hills glow in the
 sunlight. We are the day thru
 in shadow. Today I walked
 up into the sunshine to warm
 my feet. Baryatad is determined
 to move the camp on or up
 into the sun. He is feeling the
 cold. So will save oil to melt
 dry the frost from our tent
 and beds.

Bringing My Sleeping Bag back
to Hournal. The Arctic is the
 Arctic and furs are furs.
 In the Arctic you can not place
 fur within fur unless you
 are prepared to dry out the
 frost that will inevitably
 condense between them. It is
 a case of warm inside and
 cold outside. You must keep

the feet on the far outside of your bag, not between its linings and certainly not next to its fur.

Last week I was so comfortable - even sweaty - in my double bag. My feet were suddenly cold. I just had to do it. But two nights revealed the freezing up of my bed. I tried to think my way back and gladly accepted a long lecture on the mistreatment of beds. But must I lie naked in a single thickness of caribou, skinning perhaps, in order to keep it dry? My woolen sweater had caused no harm. Its heat had readily passed directly into the fur. Could I not use woolen on my feet? I tried last night and the foot of the bag seemed warmer and drier this morning. I shall try it again. Much airing out of the body heat may help, for long fireless trips. Bangstad

would use only caribou skins that could be flung open and dried.

What is Wet? A place of snow is not permitted on the beds yet when I start to dry my kamiks and mittens, I am told that they are dry. It must be a relative term depending on the heat available to dry. Here I must try to wear my kamiks for eight days without drying. B. wears triple boots and allows the outside to freeze solid, merely breaking them into pliability with his ^{snow} clearing stick.

With insufficient heat the fine particles of snow that cannot be beaten out merely grow wet and make the garments damper. Therefore have to put them on cold and warm them as much as

your body must with your
 own warmth. The oil flame
 too seems moist. and adds
 some dampness. So the
 philosophy of the Cold Man
 which is far from Golden
 but yet means life.

Marine Back. at two the
 lad came up the trail with
 a load of mail and supplies
 on his back. He had made
 the return trip in seven
 hours, climbing the falls and
 the ice trail. There is little
 snow on the land but about
 one foot on the river. Plainly
 January is the earliest month
 for usual winter travel.

What will be the latest month
 in which one can go out?

The gush of Monday was just
 a fair north wind for him
 but the fother clouds were
 in the way.

all well at McConans. Clarence kept the lad over the last night at least and rose at 3:30 to fill him with breakfast before sending him forth. He has evidently taught the lad some new stunts and some language. He was trying the latter on me: "Dama" not startlingly clear but discernible. I tried a new one of mine on him: "Belloo" No Good. We both laughed.

Paul is getting a surplus of "EXERCISE" carrying gasoline. I wish that I were home to help him, for I am getting too little. This is really my winter vacation on the Ice. He hopes that I'll come back when I am frozen enough.

Thursday, February 9.

My Coldest Night. Not "our", but just "my". I shivered so

thawed that I found myself
sharpened far down in my bag
and breathing into my face.
I needed no alarm clock
for awaking at seven.

The temperature had been only
-11.0°F, a fairly mild night.

^{It is a fair refuser, for the ice from evening}
But my bag was wet and
in my dreams getting rapidly
wetter. The water had reached
then the hide to the base
of the hairs. Must we reap
the outside ever frozen?

But it was not, not all over,
merely top and side where I
had laid my denim inner
bag. That denim seems
to lay its cold clammy hand
on everything, and stars moisture
beneath if there is warmth.
So I have put the denim far
from me and will try
again to win my bag
back to dryness. Some day

we can lay it out on the "sun-kissed" ice hills or expose it to a furnace to dry. Until then it will gradually absorb moisture and early rising, but mine is traversing the face too fast.

A Gray Day. I had planned much for today: a meridian, photographs of camp, density of snow strata. But the day is overcast. A trace of snow is falling. Yet the barometer is steady and the wind is still.

So I have been in bed, having my ripped trousers "shoed" by Marius, and on my bed writing. Sewing leather requires sinew (thread would tear) and Marius is our seamstress. But the day is still only half spent, the sewing and being long, for Marius, our physical computer,

rices at seven to warm us up. Thus we have much time both to lounge and work, and our bed more time to lose its sweat.

A Toilet Work. Only twice, I think thus far has the call to wash my teeth become mandatory and been obeyed. Yesterday the call had a touch of acidity and corrosiveness. I wish that my beard might become preemptory. I am merely waiting for Gangstal to start. Then it would be better grace to borrow his razor. Whatna my beard has acquired all the flavor of a restaurant scitchen table, which has been mopped often but cleaned seldom.

An Interior. Two men with their feet in the scitchen and their bodies on the bed, resting smoking after meal. Myself reclining on my bed elbow on scitchen box

writing in the light of a candle. It is a "Grand Prix" candle, blown hot, and my candlestick is a Hollandia condensed milk can. Coziness and warmth of spirit are furnished by a humming lamp. Outside is the stillness of the depths of the sea.

A Snow Floor. Things beautiful will not stand hard usage. Our amethyst floor needed cleaning sadly but could not take it. So it has been covered by a floor of trodden snow. This floor is white for the moment and it is warmer, to the feet. Perhaps the amethyst may still send its colors upward thru its kindred snow and thus create the softest blue floor of snow we have seen.

A Nation in the Making. Greenland is further along the road of national consciousness than I

had suffered. Sangster tells me that each division, Northern and Southern Greenland, has its parliament of native members, chosen by the colony districts. There is free speech and right of petition to the Secretary for Colonies. Twenty five thousand kroner are set aside for the parliaments allotment to whatever object it deems most worthy. The Governor has the right apparently of moral suasion but not of veto.

The parliaments meet twice yearly, but election is held only every fourth year. Ballot at the school-houses and secret. One Frederik Olsen, who takes the weather observations, is the representative for Helstansborg District. David Olsen had been, but strangely was deemed too visionary by his district. Only two Danes have been elected: Mr Percill at Godhavn and Governor Bestrup, the latter as alternate. That is

an honor indeed, quite above
king's decorations, for it comes
from the heart of a race.

Danish Family Names. Children
born by native women to
expeditioners are facetiously
called by the Danish press
"The Results of the Expedition".
Such results would be overwhelming
if the complete prevalence of Danish
family names in Greenland
south of Cape York were actually
due to this cause. It is merely
one of the bizarre effects of the
complete Christianizing of the
"Rasen", and its train of names,
the fancible enough in the South
were pagan here, and so must
be supplanted by southern names,
once likewise pagan but now
considered Christian. So the
Alacns, thick as autumn leaves
and as diverse, to accompany
the Bible names so lavishly

bestowed at christening.

Fortunately, this custom was not permitted at Cape York and families were baptized with the pagan family names. But expeditionary results are prevalent there as farther south. The Scandinavian countries raise no moral barrier against it. Peary has left two such results by different women. One, Samik, knows his parentage but does not presume upon it. He is a great hunter but independent in spirit like Robert, the accepted son. Are we still in the land of Homer's adventure, and must the hero leave a son behind? It seems not to have led to tragedy. ^{In the eyes of her race} the woman has nearly been honored by the romantic adventures. One Madame Butterfly in our age seems enough.

Pu-ya-ah-sax (Poo-yo-ah-see).
 Like the shepherds at Bethlehem,

92
the Natives are near observers of
the heavens; for theirs is an
outdoor life despite their tight
places of refuge. We have been
trying to name the fine substance
that has been gathering today. Is
it frost? It did not come with
a clear sky. Is it precipitation?
Then it is the lightest of the
snows. It was not fog. It was
too thin. Perhaps we should call
it "snow mist." It comes with
clouds, unless the mist at Mt. Evans
was not cloud-born.

Today it came with alto-stratus
breaking into alto-cumulus. But behind
was a dense nimbo-stratus and
before over the Ice an alto-stratus
pall, ^{all whirling in from beneath} Cirrus did not bring it,
yet it came with a steady and
possibly high pressure.

Its density too seems to be always
high, approximately 80 per cent.
as compared possibly with ordinary

the floor, washed the dishes - eventually
 as satisfying as moving camp. The
 sleeping bags too were carried up the
 ice hills into the sunshine and thrown
 on the snow - But the sun could not
 combat the cold of the day and the
 bags returned cold but frozen
 We ate plentifully and often. The trip
 for kerorene had brought surprises
 too, as ptarmigan, bacon, raisins,
 Arman pemmican, Our half-pound
 daily ration threatened before starting
 has become "all we can eat" with
 hot milk as a nightcap. Under the
 bacon feeding, even the cold is
 fading. No hardship yet in this
 coldest month of the year. I can
 think on such punishment and
 be ready for the next on a day's notice.

The Dogs Up. Marins went down
 trail with a pick axe. In the early
 evening he returned trailing
 behind the sled and the pulling
 team. He had got them over the

moraine and the Ice shelf alone. The dogs were so happy at arriving that they were as hard to stop as an auto without a brake. Finally the sled was anchored and the dogs moved two by two to rope loops frozen into the ice. The new King dog's name is Juliette (?) Yuletide ("Christmas") and is shouted much thru the tent when disturbances among the dogs occur. Evidently he is still fond of tyrannizing.

Saturday, February 11.

An Arctic Surprise. A day so fair that I moved outside all day photographing and studying the snow only to find that it was our coldest day yet -23.0°F . Tonight it is -33.0°F . Is our food on the clearing sog beneath this indifference to cold?

Our Master Scenery. From the peak of our Ice Edge above us, we look down into cirroacs, along ice ridges, down glacier

Lake and then deep into the valley
 with the linnæus sun-touched in its
 center and ^{over} the ranges where
 are the boys and our more distant
 friends. For composition, suggestion,
 depth, distance, lighting - the
 epitome of our upward and
 onward struggle to the Ice - it
 is far the master of any view
 I have seen in Greenland. Of
 course I took it - a study in
 whites - but I regretted immediately
 that I did not take a second
 to assure the first. I shall go
 back. A summer view in color
 will fall far below it, for the
 distance in browns would dwarf

Purjarasak. Today the fog cleared
 slowly and the purjarasak even more
 slowly ceased falling. The air
 seemed saturated with it but
 the best places were as fine
 as pin-points. Seemingly the
 air becomes saturated with moisture,

the temperature falls as the barometer rises and the cold northeast wind comes down from the sea. clouds form and the purpuraceous line fruct - These are mainly the alto-stratus with alto-cumulus, and represent the condensation level of the vapour. The cirrus rises still higher and at too cold a level to be more cold, if they could be brought nearer the surface. But whence comes the alto-stratus moisture? From the sea or from the ice? It is borne when in action on the northeast wind or air drift.

Sunday, February 12.

Time: clear frost, clear

The Real Arctic. This morning it is -34.4°F . for a minimum yet we slept well and warm despite frost crystals falling into our faces.

But our spring balance fails to register accurately, our thermo-hygrograph clock has stopped, my pencil refuses to write when I meet it, my feet are sodden cold

on the bottoms as if planted on ice. Only one reason says Barington, "the Arctic cold - low, continuous, when will man learn to plan for the Arctic". Instruments, guns, clocks, must be deprived of every particle of oil. Otherwise, they will stick. Hence the normal rusty Arctic gun. If I had only brought some gasoline, I would clean them all. Then too the metal case on the thermohygraph would be changed to wood. There is no moisture here in winter to harm it and metal is vicious to touch. Even the black oilcloth of the cover of this diary book and the glazed white pages are too cold to handle comfortably with the bare hands. They are even worse than the metal "Ever Sharp" that I keep warmed in the candle flame. The combination is an ever present suggestion of mittens to write in, but with the occasional aid of the candle I

* Travels: One I had had also / not many. B. believes it to be fact (they became too
soon). I think too about (or more) behind the aim at (see part) - so they a man like by me
complain, done by two. Were they in error? The man had better see by fifty minutes (last page)

am getting my hands into Arctic hardware
a Real Sunday: a deliberate rest by
all. We did not even clean house, the the
camp did make a campaign of drying
clothing, as they rested on the furs.
It was a new program for me in
the Arctic and indeed ever since my return
from Germany more than a quarter century
ago. The Arctic expeditions always rest
on Sundays where possible unless actually
traveling and even then as Catholic
commanders will halt. It's good morale.

The spirit of the Eskimo - which here
we spotted today. The Natives do not
care for Robinson Crusoe and his
Man Friday. They do not seem to
understand it. They also do not
care for Hans Christian Andersen's
Fairy Tales. Somehow, as B. puts
it, they prefer to look thru their
own windows. But they are
most attracted by scenes from
our Southern lands and our
life.

Their poetry and music are self-made but have the universal elements that appeal to us. Their philosophy seems as deep as ours. The gift of poetry was never more fundamentally expressed than by the Cape York poet, grown old in his singing: "I know not why, but when the feeling comes over me, I must sing."

A sense of optimism seems to have arisen despite the hardships of their race. Perhaps rather the optimism original with a primitive race has grown into a philosophy of cheerful endurance. Their sense of humor is almost Celtic. When I told Marions to turn his plate round to prevent the porridge from running over the sawbill edge, he burst into laughter. For wit too, one little poem from Hudson Bay rivals Macaulay. B. translated it into English.

for me between the puffs of his smoking
 He says that no good can be found in
 Greenland itself, the few who were as
 a whole both great philosophers and
 poets are rare. The epigram is
 worthy of a place with those I brought
 home from the Marrisey. Here it is:

The Mosquito

Once there was a little mosquito
 That flew out in the big world
 and so little was the mosquito
 that no human paid any attention to him
 But then a day the little mosquito was ^{very hungry}
 And the little mosquito flew down
 on the hand of a little boy
 and the little mosquito could hear
 the human talk.

And suddenly the little mosquito
 could understand the human talk
 and heard what the human was ^{saying}
 A kill that mosquito, a kill that mosquito.
 And then the little mosquito began
 to be afraid for his life
 and he prayed and said:

[See previous page] of us, both equal. was the definition and I wrote inland than
 at its was? But too much I think that the great out of
 faint. That we thought to continue ourselves under me
 I asked & believe I am a blind or I am a mosquito as I
 had to write we are not as

"I save my life, & save my life.
 If you will me, my little daughter's
 son will cry over my death.
 Think so little and still grandfather."
 Then we fell asleep.

Monday, February 13.

Another foehn. We could sense it yesterday in the slowly falling barometer that deterred Comsted and Maxine from making a forward trip seeking a new camp. By night the temperature was rising. Today the pressure is still falling, but our shore in the foehn seems over a rise to zero F. or better but the fall in humidity was only to approximately 80%. Lenticular clouds gathered in the far southwest.

But tonight the temperature has started to rise again and the humidity to fall. The sky is cloud covered. I thought I saw fog over the lake. Perhaps

This is not yet a return of the
southwest but a further pulse in
the febrile due to continued fall of the
pressure. Why the halt at midday is
not clear.

Clean up day. I have taken over
the beds. I am making a success
of mine. The little shawl for
the fur near my face and
socks and underwear for my
feet seem to protect both us
and the fur. I am also floor-
marker and ice getter. I want
to be paying at least a part of my
feed, which is outgrowing
my craving. No hunger more.

Marines and I washed hands
and faces today. In the stew
kettle, of course. The best way
to clean the kettle. It looks
very white after they are done.
Too much soot now from
the Primus. I am grumpy and
greasy - snore and hands

I can not see my face, but did see hairiness. My turn must come quickly - the first wash since January 14. But as a recompense no chopped hands.

Tuesday, February 14. St. Valentine's Day in America

St. Valentine, unknown in Denmark "but remember that we are civilized in Europe". Thus jibed B, when I asked him about it. Did the day arise to satisfy American sentiment and love of the ridiculous? To me it meant mostly the day before my birthday, a day that I just missed.

A Very Much Shut-In Day. The polar returned in endurance if not strength. Our tent ^{still} faces the southeast. So we go out infrequently or stay out long. The door must be kept tight to prevent the tent from ballooning. Meanwhile the wind whistles by at twenty miles and air feels cold from very ventilation. Indeed it is still $+10.5^{\circ}\text{F}$, rather cold for

the Southland but actually is more than forty degrees Fahrenheit higher than when the pack started. The humidity, however, has not fallen correspondingly - perhaps because of the low temperature still prevailing. In this case the curve of change is not uniform. One thing seems certain viz. that the wind on the Ice is not as strong as at Mt Evans. Is the Ice milder than the traditions?

Making the Day Coff. The "icing" on the tent sailing was badly tattered by the wind's shaving last night and had begun to fall on the beds. Here was my job peeling down and getting the beds dry for bedding. But Maurice joined me quickly and I became spectator of his deftness. Beds and skins were rolled back, the straws on the ice floor was shaken free of snow. Then with the edge of a coffee can cover he scraped down the crusts, saving

The same change over can be seen
 and made after the the sailing free to about 8000 ft. So
 the same change over can be seen



at the space he had cleared. But this did not satisfy. So he spread a blanket over all the beds and with his tiligut (snow beater), beat the whole ceiling clean. It seemed a sacrifice to use a woolen blanket to catch snow. It would not so readily. But he gathered it up and after a throw beating hung it outdoors in the wind for a cold day. Since then he has been laboring outside, ^{building a windbreak, and other things for the day} while we have sat as bear guard within.

Under the Weather. a queer term. It just happened to occur to me I ate something yesterday - was it a cup of vitamin broth? - that has since been moving within me like a slow fever. I feel better now. Was I too much fed up? I am still eager for our boiled bacon in large slices. So it must have been something foreign to my stomach

system. It is so rare that it seems
green and makes me feel like an
invalid.

a clam hand carriage. I might have
changed sooner, had I known that
I had two instead of only one more.
The old one served well by day and
by night, for it guarded Doctor Pulver's
outfit for shaving.

Arctic Improvements. ^{Went in the water but in winter.} Need means

gunny. Campted suffered too much
breakage of his zoological specimens
bottles at Hudson Bay than western
of sleds. Now each bottle rests in
a hollow slice with a thin wooden
cover on the end. . A tiny
tin latch  that slips into a
groove in box and cover holds the
cover tight. The boxes pack together
tightly in an outer case. Thus
the sledge will be unable to
damage the package more than
it would a block of perforated
wood. &

His other improvement was the

When the
hand on the
gunny when
they are
packed in
the sleds
they are
packed in
the sleds
they are
packed in
the sleds

substitution of open textured cloth for the seal-hide sleeping bag enters case, too much condensation in cold weather.

Dream or Reality? Over his maps last night B. dreamed of an eight day trip from our next camp to attain our coveted hundred miles in. "Could I make twenty a day"? I am glad that he thinks I can do it. Such a trip would give us an extra man survey inland and another station for studying the fjords toward its cradle. Things may yet happen. We have gathered richly. Can we now gather far?

Would I do it again? It sounds chilly - so feels chilly. But live cold sea bathing you can become accustomed to ventures and then to live it. Men can stand for more than he dreams, but I still advise the dogs curled

up on the windswept ice with only their tails to cover their nose. I still need more covering than that. I still hope to make that spring sledge trip from Etah to Haktensborg and to enjoy a winter in Iceland. So I think that I might even go to the ice again.

Wednesday, February 15.

My Birthday. Father can't write me a birthday letter this time - the first failure since my college days at least. What does the day mean to me? More this time than a swiftly passing milepost. It means only six years until I can wander where I will - like Odysseus with his ear on his shoulder - to men who know not the South. I shall see the winter in Iceland, I shall go to far Etah - the northernmost town of earth - and drift southward with the new

of fresh snow - Conf. time

S.S.P.

As for the length of Arctic travels and the length of the day - 4/20/07

Conf. time

light to Halstenberg. This will
 be a sledge trip far more beyond
 compare along the lands-ends
 of the silent North. O. suggests
 that I join him in 1930. But
 only a chance to spend a winter
 at the crest of the Inland Ice
 should be allowed to break the
 continuity of my university work.

Cangsted's Philosophy of Arctic Travel

There are no heroes in Arctic
 travel either summer or winter
 only skill or foolishness. The
 skilled man understands the
 absolute requirements of nature
 and adjusts himself to them.
 He will see that his dogs have
 their fur and will feed them
 at night to create greater body
 warmth when the air is
 coldest and the blood sluggish.
 On the Inland Ice they should have
 beds of snow to reduce freezing
 as much as possible.

To love one's dogs is to love one's
 transport. Accident! Hericax or possibly
 disaster so with the human,
 proper clothing and food. The bacon
 skin and all seems to raise
 the outside temperature and the
 hot milk at sleep time raises
 the night cozy. Strangely, we
 have never on this winter trip
 nothing but Iceland sweater and
 cloth shoes. Rarely have we
 snow put on the light fur coat,
 and the Pelz, our heavy caribou
 Qū litsoq, ^(Kob. lit. Taps) good for -100C., has not
 even been taken from the bag.

I shall be sorry not to have worn
 it at all, ^{for its companion, the bear skin pants, always warm} the pair ^{but for my pants.}

To send Mother on our return
 would be: "Just returned from our
 outing to the sea. It was a real
 vacation".

Our Fish. It gave me last
 year at 9:40 this morning and
 died overwhelmed by the southwest

storms that had not veiled the heavens. The barometer had been rising rapidly since 3 a.m. but only when the pressure had grown a whole .20, did the down draft cease and the west-southwest updraft begin. Early then the updraft was light - only 5 miles per hour - showing the passive resistance of the Inland High.

The clouds are thick - nimbo-stratus and snow has been falling since 10:15. By 2 o'clock .028 inch has fallen. Thus the last phase of the cycle.

The end of the fash came quickly when the scales of pressure tipped southwest. Abruptly the temperatures and humidity started to return their opposite ways. Our day indeed has been fruitful. We are ready now to seek another station for observing storm cycles.

Southwest Snow. As believed,
 our southwest wind brings heavier
 snowfall but lighter snows from
 10 to 2 today we have had 0.5 in.
 depth and 0.028 in. water. At
 the density has been only 56 per cent.
 This corresponds with the fact
 just measured at the Ice front
 It has star forms, not pearls, like
 the Puget snow. It is warmer born

Pemmican and Soury. Soury means
 rot because of lack of vitamins.
 All preserves lack them, also the
 salted meats as well. There is only
 one type of pemmican that can
 meet the need, the jewed venison
 and fat made by the Ariz Indians.
 But this must be eaten cold, otherwise
 the fat is unpalatable. It is not on
 the market. Must I then drink
 vitamin soup? Perhaps the other
 soups did not have one. At least,
 I am not well.

Candle Light Waning. Our good "Grand Prix" candles are gone, the others melt quickly. They also are few, we must come soon for the trip to Helmsburg. Recall candle light only after sunset. So we are writing in the distant light of the ceiling lamp. The open doorway is a source of light but still too cold to see. However, we can write, tho not read, the tobacco too, via Santa Shay, tho they call it, is down to six packages. Tobacco and coffee are dearer than gold, they say, but they soon must resume the cinders.

My Pictures. The ice was bare and dust-stained this morning. Even the snow drifts seemed warm threadbare. I began to worry for some of my waiting pictures, but nature is kindly putting the snow all back.

Why we have even
as many in a mystery, for we never see it.

All nature here seems upside down,
On Mount Rose she first snows, then
snows. Here she first snows, then
snows. She seems to relent of the
dirty mess she has made.

Waders in Cooking. I wondered
why the ptarmigan were cooked
and served with their feet
feet on. Merely so they can be
lifted from the boiling water. The
feet are too frail to eat by.

Seal Blubber. I thought it good only
for burning. But it is versatile.
It is eaten also, and hot or
cold. It is the fine and light of
the North - internally and externally.
It is the center of life.

The Katic Style of wearing Pants. The
Cape Yorkmen provide ventilation in
a front lid on his pants and
at the knees. In East Greenland
the natives have cuffs at the knees
that fit slightly over their inside
knees. I have worn my knees

outside, but the boots and the
 pants tumbled to pieces. So today
 I reverted to Marnie's manner and
 have been warm. The top ventilation
 is sufficient for coolness. We
 are excited from feet to waist and
 can ship neither wind nor snow.

The Natives know best - but which
 is best? the closed kennes of the
 south or the open (Scotch) kennes of
 the north? It can't be the climate.

Is it angrier in the north or
 happier in the south? Perhaps the Scotch could

Saving Oil, We took a cell
 sixte from four to six.

I suppose being into my piece,
 the others are starting to
 cover up.

The Hays & In honor of
 the day and Pippa, I shall
 get out the six flags
 tonight. They will bring our
 friends and make for
 us a formal circle. The day
 will sing Goose Horn

and I will leave my young
America. When will she
have her antennae?

Thursday, February 16-

T Quercetog. Our black friend
of the All King is dead. Too melting to
work. The harness grew wet and
frozen. Then gradually severed one of
his forelegs sufficiently to cause
death. The legs had been inactive
for some days. So the harness had
not been inspected. He was my
special interest for he was so
cheerful yet ready to maintain
his rights. Others are more
husky and as friendly, but he
was loyal to All King.

Arctic Risks. The unseen or
ignored get you first. B's admonition
is even: "Don't keep your nose in
the air". I thought that I didn't.
The surface was covered with
snow and looked uncracked
beneath. I was moving haste

The ...

To answer his call to see a
 rastrugi. a crack just wide
 enough caught my leg sidewise.
 I was thankful that my leg bone
 did not break under the strain.
 a slightly wider crevasse would
 have been safer. a wide one
 would have been seen. So today
 in the new snow there was
 the ice to a depth of two inches
 we have refrained from walking
 among the crevasses and kept
 quiet day at home.

Premature. as Marc Train said
 regarding the report of his own
 death, Quenestoff's death was
 greatly exaggerated, when I
 went out, I found him peacefully
 dressing his wound. The fever
 was gone, but he was walking
 without limping. Since a football
 season, he is out of further
 securing for the present season.

Comrades Three: Our Panamanian -

So Wain has named it. The Buffalo Panamanian is his Comrade, the Beaver is Comrade, and the Amur is mine. - But one slave except that Wain can not tolerate mine. It is either too high caste or utterly without caste for him.

Indian Winter, Can there be "Indian Winter"? I rubbed my eyes as I gazed at the sunset tonight. Yes, a red-gold disc setting in haze behind a range hazy still. But summer beams had given way to bluish white and the silence was so still that my eardrums closed my heartbeat. As the sun sank from view, a soft radiance pervaded the sky. A purple tinge overspread the range. The vapor assumed the delicate quality of ancient glass. Then soft veils

meltens even when my
lightest (heating stove) does most
of the work of cleaning.

The Sun burns Dr. Really
a burst. So unexpected and
so warm so it struck our
tent even previously in the
shade of the southern hills.
But the consternation it made
as it melted the front
of the ceiling into one bed.
With a large Klein saw, I played
excavator along the ceiling,
managing to scarp off the
front in the act of falling. ^{to}
Return home and fill your
beds unincased with shuck by
the sun tears the spirit
out of even an Archa's adventures

So the spring days may be a
newse rather than a joy.

Slippery slopes we had had
a heavy snowfall, and accordingly
I went forth to rescue my

pictures from the next wind
 when I realized how precarious
 is one's footing, when the
 slope however gentle it may
 start will bear you down
 irresistably toward some
 cliff or crevasse. If you
 smaller smooth-shod feet slip
 from the ripple marks, you
 bear down pass seem to
 accelerate rather than retard
 your momentum. Moral:
 Choose only slopes that lead
 to some gentle stopping place.
 Ten feet up and I would have
 been there, but the slope led
 to a cliff. I backed and
 went a half-mile round.

Am I growing old or incontinent?

Slipping forward, I had
 one compelling reason for retreating.
 The others had gone forward
 with the sled to select
 the next camp, and I

did not want to keep them waiting supper to find out if they should know where to look.

They returned early and I assumed that the roughness of the ice had stopped their progress. But they had gone swiftly and far in their three hours and live John's spies brought back word that the ice was good for two hours upon that the traveling was easier than from North Star Bay at Cape York. for the ascent was gradual and elevation once gained was not lost by forced descent. Also that they could cross Greenland here in thirty days, if provided with four teams to avoid relaying.

So our specter seems to have vanished. The sharp wet hummocks of summer

have been succeeded by wider, flatter river valleys and ripple marks that give passing when aided with even a little snow. Finally, the road taken by the dogs at a trot or gallop here, grows increasingly better so a frozen pond, a snow covered river and a crevice in, very early spring before melting begins are the elements of success. On no ordinary winter should any of these fail.

Sunset. a titanic antique - one of Nature's porcelains - a cloudless sky - in the west rosegold, ~~and~~ ⁱⁿ the east heliotrope. As if bedded between the upsloping ice in texture and sheen some blue glass guarded here from ancient years.

Saturday, February 18.

Snow Drifts - It blew hard all night. Today the barometer is falling. Another storm? I hurried because of my entomology pictures but found snow left in plenty. Plainly the inland sea can find storage places enough in her ravines to keep it from flying overboard. The light winds pass it. Then the violent ones can not badly cut it. The drifts ^{too} gave me paths to my pictures, to the very base of the ice pinnacles. It has taught me how "sastruzi" are formed. So I am content with my day of physical and mental adventures.

Lemon Ice - I pass every time I go forth at the bars of ^{maplefall stream about} lemon ice. But I quickly return to Arctic reality. They are products of the night come - as blessed as the furs in the

long hours of night. Captain
 Col Bartlett used his coffee
 cup and refused to have it
 washed to the astonishment
 and admiration of the Natives.
 He is the roughest of the gentlemen
 of the North.

a Story Exploded and Confirmed
 Knud Rasmussen once fell
 into the water. A polar bear
 was there. Both wanted to
 get out. Knud clung to the
 bears fur. Both escaped.
 Both were satisfied.

Now the fact: Knud Rasmussen
 chased a bear onto thin ice.
 The bear jumped. Both broke
 thru. Knud leaped upon the
 bear and shot him. Then
 dragged the body to solid
 ice. Which do you prefer?

The Team. Marines made
 another sledge trip today
 advancing over camp. You

can always tell when he is ready, for the team yelps with delight at being hitched to the sled. They were young and not tired, and eager to bear their mousing. Yesterday Quementog was left tied yesterday to give his leg a chance to heal, with desperate lunges he was soon free and pursued the team. Today he was permitted to go but was tied by the neck to keep team work. He was so eager to pull that his rope was never slack, if a dog has heart, legs plainly do not count. Isn't this the key of life after all?

Sunday, February 19.

Another Real Sunday but Forced. Mania was to have taken another load ahead today to assure our moving camp tomorrow. And I had a full program, taking

* B. remarked: "A good day for your collection (birds) if you if you had become and another, we have the material."

B's article slightly in of change. "Have you had any of the porcupine skin?"

last views of the nesting of snow drifts and walking to next camp site to determine its elevation. But snow lightly but steadily falling has kept us within, cozy and resting, except as each does his part a little more fully to add to home life. Minca has been the beating of the furs and the cleaning of the kitchen I took a half day to do it for I liked looking over each article as I looked at my setting to enjoy it the more. Likewise B. made one Sunday lunch a special occasion. Pancakes swimming in fat became fat for me with sodas, fruit, bread and tea. He and Minca prefer their pancakes cold. The bacon fat now tastes as sweet as the butter to me. Butter is seldom eaten in

pleasant, but rather the vegetable
 and pain free. This is as
 true of the rich as the poor.
 The butter is shipped to England,
 Good taste on both sides but
 [worse economy on the Swiss

Our Storm ^{As Exception:} just another, slowly
 passing - Heavy wind Friday night,
 then a day of practically calm
 with the barometer steadily falling.
 Saturday night the clouds and the
 snow, the latter sweeping south
 on a northeast breeze. But
 next Sunday near the dip
 wind has been shifted, the
^{next} southwest has come. Tomorrow
 it may be clear. So is the
 same old cycle, but for once
 the gale did not precede
 we had the accelerated dip
 wind but it was not swift
 enough apparently to cause the
 temperature and lower the
 humidity - Perhaps we have

The fine distinction here between east and southeast winds. The wind of Friday night was 15 miles hourly thrust or more nearly twenty five at its height and occurred on only a slightly falling barometer. It too was east. The wind of yesterday, the real southeast was only four miles. Today the slope wind was northeasterly. So we have a complex here to study. yet the barometer has fallen nearly an inch. Sometimes neither strips nor fathm are used. Can we tell why and when?

Why? We were talking today about expeditions and the constant employment of new men. Do the men tire out? B. says that they always return liking east a little less than when they set out. Why should not the adventure have brought out

the fundamental traits of loyalty and endurance and the deeper understanding of one's life matters that close association should reveal? Is man essentially small and selfish? Great occasions and hardships reveal the opposite - and only dreamers and ball hearts go worldwandering. My experience has been uniformly of closer sympathy and understanding.

Warm! What has happened? It is +38.0°F. in the tent tonight; with only the usual lamps burning. I went out to consult the thermometer, but no change there. It must be the snow falling outside on the roof and keeping the heat in. There is now snow must be a palace of warmth as compared with a tent. But when this snowfall is over we shall have a test of ice.

Monday, February 20 - Sick Day -

Recovered? we had the fine lamp and a good meal of raisin pemmican last night, suddenly as I climbed into my bag, I had the same sharp headache as last Tuesday.

This morning I was somewhat better. The throats were hoarse. Merina had breakfast ready. He had set long over the lamp. B. came with headache but started with the instruments. Merina held the tent door for me to gaze at the water. As I rolled back into bed I heard him lurch forward and fall unconscious or asleep upon his furs. Then B. suddenly returned and put out the lamp and threw the tent open. He had grown dizzy and recovered after a moment.

He attributed the cause at first to kerosene gas. James & I had bad combustion - After James had slept off his stupor, he gently but impressively told him of the danger of not cleaning the lamp. The Natives are negligent on this point - Seldom have I heard more musically and gently modulated Eskimo as so serious a matter. B. understands the art of gentle persuasion with the Natives better and challenges rather than ordering is his rule.

But I was sick last night and recovery did not come with fresh air. Our stomachs were sore, we had indigestion gas aboard, but not such in intensity as I had last week. My tongue was bitter B. could taste parminian. He could not smoke, Mains was

morning on the 7th. He had
 tried to clear his stomach but
 failed. As now believed that
 we had suffered from the
 pemmican. The new lot sent
 this summer was illustrated
 in size and smell & he
 a remark last "Was it too
 old? It had rancid. Had the
 rancid fermented and eaten
 the tin? At Hudson Bay, similar
 pemmican had left them ill at
 times, but they attributed the
 cause then to insufficient
 nourishment. He will ^{take} some
 samples home for testing.

☞ Meantime we have all had
 Tea and bread and butter and
 are letting nature clean up
 the muck - we have no ^{medicine} medicine
 but we have health. I am
 sorry however that pemmican
 is suspected. It will lose a
 our appetite for it - except for

The Armees and the Buffals, which
are warty. If Mainw suspects
other than the lamp, he will
be afraid, for the Natues has
not the Southern resistance and
offer far worse.

The weather and the dogs
are loose - Two inches quiet
snow cover everything - We should
have been using telly, but perhaps
must have laid idle. But lying
idle well rather than ill would had
sailed far better. We are all
steadily improving.

Arctic Wear and Tear. Most
wear, I think. It is so
inevitable. My thumbs
are beginning to recover,
and are clearing house.
The thumb and also are
black and blue, so are
the nails. My toes
are not showing ^{similar} ~~smaller~~
markings. When I singed

them, I do not mean, but I spent one miserable night with them in my bed.

Wasp kamiks may be at fault but I thought that I tried to do too much and thereby made them wretches

I have been trying further exercise tonight and find that I have lost two teeth - one of my arm (a filling) and one of B's.

187.6
and by bread, acute gnawing are the cause. It's another failure to understand the requirements of the Arctic.

I should have had steel teeth ³⁶⁵ ₃₃ But I the front they would carry it B

Demond that he must have all of his gold crowned - sugar sand is a sure loss for the dentist. He should be hired by the year, not the job.

at night Suspicious all morning agony
continued