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M&Z 418

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Amount is *afrighted*

DIARY OF SECOND GREENLAND
EXPEDITION.

P 27-28 [An Interpretation rather than a Journal]

BOOK 4 - WINTER TRIP WITH DANNESTED
AND MARIUS TO INLAND ICE
[Continued]

A real winter outing, practically
a vacation - so well has the trip
been planned and conducted.
after 5 weeks out.

Tuesday, February 21 - A Day of Discovery.

Health and Weather - The day is neither good nor bad (Squirrels for medium) but is gradually improving. Temperature 23°F . this morning but we did not realize it. We were ready for moving, yet the dizziness of yesterday persisted. Maxine was not certain whether he might not tip over suddenly on the trail as he had on the bed. So we are resting while nature works our recovery.

Soup and Oatmeal - In finding an invalid dish last night, we improved our Erbsmurst. That pensando that last Germany the war had been permitted to come on the trip - but only one stick. To this we added bacon and oatmeal. The oatmeal added marvelously to its substance and smoothness. We had a hundred pounds at camp. Here with the

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obtained would have been a splendid relief from the suspected perimian. All agreed on its quality, but not on what we have yet.

Sun and Pictures - The sun is out. We are in "Snow Band" land, so uniformly does the snow cover mountains and ice knobs and ravines. But fissures look even better in their beds of white than their faces of green. An ice face sparkling in the sunlight gives a picture of needles. Soling waiting has been cancelled and I am now ready to leave with no backward glance.

A Mether Excavated. Sabani's head has appeared in camp. One of the younger dogs insisted on bringing it up. It is only a massive skull showing what the life had been. Bengtsh not

believes that the mother dog did not eat her puppies but brought the sole surviving head to him for protection. She seemed not to be eating but guarding it when I passed her in the tunnel.

Temperature Bore in Casaross.
Baigstad has been taking bore temperatures today. Because of the fountains at the ice front, he believes that with depth he can find temperatures of 32°F or higher. He almost succeeded. The temperature rose constantly from the surface down, but he could not penetrate to the bottom.

Shoveling Out. My job today has been shoveling away the accumulated drifts for a quick striking of tent tomorrow. I did a thorough cleaning over the roof. Tonight I am regretting it, for the thin canvas is radiating far too much heat. I can appreciate now the value of a snow house for

insulation and warmth.

A Maltese Red Sunset. The sky seems to be acquiring more vivid coloring. Today (it was still 4 o'clock) the color at the horizon was molten red grading into red gold above, showing thru a thick veil of fibrous vapors.

Samples! Only one lamp and a hundred miles planned. It was cold and we were trying to light a second. But gas was developing. The cold laid an icy hand on my shoulder. What if our only lamp failed. Should we send back again to base camp? Three new lamps and two already failures!

But Wangtut had existed three months on the heat from a seal oil lamp and the hot tea he had been able to make overnight from it. Besides the heavy lamp could be used for

working in the open so the cold removed its hard.

Changing burners from one decrepit lamp to another and so creating a second best was a task, for we had no vice for holding a broken stem while we screwed the burner out. Necessity was ready again with suggestions. We froze the stem into a can of water that thereby we might have a hard hold

Playing Joshua. We decided that if we could not hold it thus, we would freeze it into the Inland Ice and then twist. It might stop the earth for a little and spoil our time, but we were determined to have the burner. We finally got it.

Wednesday, February 22 Washington's Birthday

Old Pyramidal Peak Camp: Two sled trips and heavy packs for two. Two hours up a winding

* Different views, as in the valley of the camp, were but things merely for appearance
of the subject, as with the glass and gold.
Not a scintilla of blue was in blue, but
a landscape for instance seen in
or seen.
Trail three weeks deep went
up into the sun with closest
ice peaks around us - 2000 feet
above the ice, I was lost
It arrived with my burdens
and blocks of ice had already
been chopped to near the tent.
The greeting was: "Hallo, Sweetheart"
The reply: "Yes, Sweetie is here".
By night the entire camp was
in shape and the weather proved
at business again without a
break in the records. Bangsted
has set this as his ideal.
* Harmony. Tonight Bangsted
reinsured: "The longer we
are together, the better we work
together". This was ⁺ contrary to his
experience, so the more
deeply appreciated. I am
understanding him too. My
ambition is for complete satisfaction
on both sides. He wants me now
to see him and his family at home.

Thursday, February 23. Wind.

Discomfort? Out of the shadow into the sun, but out of shelter into winds. The sun still seems to have little warmth when its rays are ventilated by this deep wind, which might well be called the "Trades". Yet sun and wind together move to an petty annoyance. The feet still press on our tent walls, and the constant rippling of the canvas (it is scarcely flapping) shakes the snowflakes down upon our faces as we sleep while the sun at noon peels off the remainder in wet strips. So both wind and sun are gentle but nasty. You can't quite swear at them tho' you think ineasy thoughts.

Ed. The wind makes the weather seem cold. Baryatid is taking ^{fragment} observations and between them is pacing outside the tent. His silhouette falls upon the

sunlit canvas, you can see that
he is cold. His pipe is held
so tightly in his lips.

Saving the trail. - I went to
old Ice Edge Camp this afternoon
to determine the elevation between
the two places. Since yesterday
the landscape had completely
changed, the night wind had
actually provided the entire distance
the fifteen mile wind had
removed the new snow from
every rock ^{and} planted deep drifts
between. The sledge trail was
gone except for a few traces.
Of course I lost it when it
turned sharply away and followed
an inviting ravine into the
midst of pears and coverings.
Fortunately, I had taken my sharp-
tipped spring balance with me
to steady my footsteps. Rising in,
lodging back, issuing my off, I
entered the trail near the lower

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camp - It had been a steep ^{and} ~~trip~~
trip - Once both feet with a
crack but it was ^{narrow} narrow and
friendly. For a spell it was a
reversed trip - only an hour and
ten minutes - for I had started
late and would gladly have turned
back except for repeating failures.

The sun was setting as I turned
back - It had no colors for me.
I merely asked it to stay as long
as it could. I had been careful
to make my foot prints plain
for I felt that I must follow them
back. The old trail followed a
natural depression but turned
among the Ice peaks. I ^{did} dare
not venture to leave it in the
face of the night. There was
no shelter between our tent
above me and the Observatory
a whole day away. My plan
was to make slowly all night
on the Ice & keep warm until

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mornings I was sweaty
from my mental and physical
exertion but my garments
were windproof. I had even
deliberately allowed ^{myself} to
become sweaty rather than
remove either socks or mittens
and take the chance of becoming
wet by falling into the snow,
which in the gully was
over knee deep. I preferred being
warm wet to cold wet.

as I retraced my footsteps,
I felt great respect for Marin's
ability as a trail finder and
my awe as a trail lover. Will
I ever love this inability? It
seems native to me. At top
speed I climbed and when
believing that I must be at least
half way there, I suddenly
saw Ralph's old beacon near
which the camp had been
pitched. I gave a rayless yell

of relief and swung into ^{our nest} ~~our nest~~
only an hour and two minutes
later. B, who had thought the
trail three hours long for a
walked out a runner with the clip
accepted my time as quite usual.
He knows my age but has
evidently accepted my statement
that people consider me fifteen
years younger.

In place of afternoon lunch
I had early Starnigan supper
and bedtime pemmican and hot
snacks. I needed them both,
for the lamp burned low and
I must dry myself with my
sweaty clothes upon my mittens
and boots I could fortunately change.
I must learn to travel fast
yet keep dry. Even my fur mittens
became soaked from condensation
within - I shall try slipping
and going barehanded or use
sawdust mittens. Pity that I can ^{not}

fit mittens and snow
with a ventilator does like
my bearskin pointer. They
never seem to sweat. The
cape your mittens do have a
hole in the back of their
shirts.

Friday, February 24 -

^{creating}
~~Creating~~ Comfort. Why be
uncomfortable if effort can prevent
it? The snow is shaking
against our beds and fur.
The wind has grown stronger.
It is a nasty day without.
Snow is drifting from every
shumrock and racing merrily
along every ravine not too
deep. The sand reaches to
our waists.

I grow ingivantine. Could
we build a snow wall and
prevent the endless flapping.
It would of course keep out the
sun, but even it was

melting us in return for its
 light and warmth. Only a house
 of snow shutting us in would
 be practicable. So I suggested
 scraping the tent walls each
 day. It would take two hours -
 but two hours of warming labor
 - and I was shrewd!

The result today has been delightful.
 We have been cozy. The wind
 and the flapping have acquired
 a congenial effect. Let the
 Southeast rage. We shall enjoy
 the spectacle now and learn
 more about drift snow.

Exchanging Tapes. The first plan
 was that Bungeted run the expedition
 and I do the scientific work.
 He is doing the scientific work
 and I am housekeeper the
 rest of the week. I am quite contented.
 I sleep, he gets up, I sit inside,
 he works out, I am teaching
 him all I know and he is

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giving rich training in Arctic
winter travel and the easy
end of this trip it is an
even trade, but a mass of
baggage for a berthright.
I told her that it reminded
me of President Eliot who
traded time with Mrs Eliot
in vacation times, she
answering his correspondence,
he running the house.

Besttime Tales. Last night
we were talking over the
killing of Mannin. Strangely of
the six murders committed
in Greenland and Arctic America,
an American was the aggressor
or victim. Why will they fail
to understand? Two threatened
and frightened, one robbed.
The native was always defending.
* In this connection or leading
up to it, the manner of life of
the Hudson Bay native was

discussed. A snow igloo in winter, a tent in summer. No hunt, ^{in winter} for the inland natives, for they have no seal oil and the tundra is buried deep under the snow. Yet they are busy until late evening hunting for food. Caribou chiefly. Hence the tent in place of a turf home. No Arctic hare or few. Ptarmigan plenty but they are taken.

Starvation rather than Torak them. Fishing only when starving. They will not build an igloo of sea ice but only of land ice. The wise traveler appreciates their beliefs and will not offend.

Hans Christian Andersen, Danish known and saw him. Son of a mother only, born in the country, never married. Determined to become world-known - Wrote bad fiction and plays, but masterly poetry and

his Fairy Tales He wrote
 for the masses and for
 literature but was grimed
 to be accepted only by children
 odd he must have been
 an animated board. Tall,
 protruding nose, projecting
 feet which were the first
 to catch the eye childlike
 himself, he could not fail
 to write for children even
 tho he had no thought of them
 But he died loved by many,
 lauded with honors and
 invested with an honorary
 professorship in the University.
 These do not matter and will shape
 our destiny.

Loss and Gain. I have lost
 another half tooth and am
 beginning to feel like the dog
 in Peck's Bad Boy who chewed
 all the teeth off "Father's set
 when invited to aid his shaving

I am very tired today. I have been working hard for the last few days. I am still feeling the effects of the cold. I am not sure how long it will last. I am not sure how long it will last. I am not sure how long it will last.

But I have recovered two toes that are aching in the effort to restore themselves. Even my thumbs have grown new "meat". So I am becoming accustomed to guarding myself from over-exposure. Must I now share the bread and the permission? *

[Time for heavy work. Bengel has been wearing his heavy fur over for his outside work. In the tent I have merely hung my light one over my shoulder. He looks warmer than I feel when the lamps burn low. So I better dig my heavy one from the depths of my clothing, cached in a snowdrift. **

Revising Blancets. As water blanket worn at night found his shoulders had become filled with patches of snow. Mains let it play flop yesterday on a bamboo pole stuck into the snow. Some snow was flying, yet at sight it was dry.

I had a very good night's sleep. I was very comfortable. I was very comfortable. I was very comfortable. I was very comfortable. I was very comfortable.

Why Not? Caught a wielder of
 good if quaint, English say: "It was, I do
 why shouldn't we follow his usage?
 We have already discarded all the
 other provincial endings of our verbs.

Saturday, February 28. A Wild Day.

A Surprise in Fochs. Wind yesterday
 barometer was falling. Directed last
 night. Clouds expected to day. They
 came. But the barometer kept falling.
~~Anticlockwise~~ Clouds appeared in the
 southwest and the east, Had the
 struggle just begun? Was it to be a
 struggle of upper and lower winds on
 the ice? at noon the wind came
 in a burst and from the east,
 not southeast. We are marooned
 in a flapping tent with a blizzard
 beating around us.

What you Plan you Do Not, but what
 the Weather Suddenly Requires. I should
 have known or been warned,
 but thought that I knew the
 way of the Greenland storms, all

morning it was mild in temperature
 and winds the tent was drying out
 I lay in bed to write my notes
 in the daylight and prepare for an afternoon of work
 outside. I even planned to take my
 sleeping bag out to dry. Marissa mended
 my mittens. I was quite at ease
 despite the drawings of foehn clouds
 Comsted brought me. The wind
 was only light and the snow
 being moist and compacted refused
 to drift. There was a good
 lay for weighing evaporation.
 Comsted ever alert planned snow
 density studies but was diverted by
 drawing the clouds. Our expectations
 were high.

Then at noon burst the blizzard
 as heavy as Rooster Hobbs could
 devise. Those who went out
 returned so plastered with wind-
 driven snow that they looked
 like willows covered with plaster.
 I see now the danger of wearing

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furs in a blizzard. Canvas
or light green cloth seems the only
thing. Even scraping and beating
and combing the furs merely left
them wet.

So Mairies has covered the
tent with snow to prevent the
wind from cutting beneath. It is
a simple, but masterly technique -
this planting of tents. Have tails to
your tent as you have to your shirt.
Then load the tails with ice and
cover the ice with snow finely
powdered. Not a breath of air then
ever comes under.

But I sit here with my bedroom
work completed but the toilet work
undone. The evaporation pans are
weighed, the therm^o-hygroph
unwound. Meantime the barometer
continues steadily falling. Do not trust
a Greenland steamer, tho' the steadiest
of the race.

Heureka! The barometer has

reached the bottom of the grade
 and has started abruptly up. I saw it
 arising. In two hours this wind
 should be still. I am go to bed
 in comfort. Our snow truffles does
 our happiness depend.

(The Watahig the Cook.)

Hard Floors and Hard Water. You said
 share the one now pump the other
 Both are handy for ^{winter} water housekeeping,
 for neither can freeze harder. We can
 chop pemmican on the floor as
 William Shuckersa chopped kindling on
 his hearth. But we use a pillow
 of buffalo pemmican between. It also
 is frozen. The resonance is cold
 and deep - no cavernous reachings
 beneath. Our laid water is piled
 in the corner. It keeps dry and neat.
 It never melts unless urgently ^{needed} pressed.
 This tale was started when the pemmican
 was chopped - The hard water now
 is boiling - The pemmican is done.
 The effect is ^{maxim} maxim.
 So at last housekeeping in the Arctic
 isn't hard.

Ditties; In solitude ditties come
 unsummoned and abide. Hessein
 is their peril. I have been fortunate.
 Two harmless but comforting ditties
 have lingered long but soon I have
 excluded all others. "Peter, Peter,
 Pumpkin Eater" in waltz as Miss Dechen
 taught it and the German "Ru Bäcklein
 silber hell und klar" which crept into
 one of Bangsted's tunes. There too
 Mariner's nice harmonica tune which
 resembles "May Riddle Riddle, the cat and the fiddle"
 all are genuinely Colonial House ditties,
 never persistent, never obtrusive.
 Strangely the "McRose octopus, 'School
 Days, School Days', has not visited me
 this season.

Storm Sounds. I "hurled too
 soon, The pressure went lower
 The gale regained its fury. The
 snow beats on the tent like driving
 rain. The walls quiver with a
 dull rhythmic jiving, for the piling
 snow holds the canvas taut. Mariner's

harmonica gives musical undertone.
The lamp casts dark shadows.

Sunday, February 26 - Still wilder.

A Sturdy Tent. Had it not been sturdy, "had no one what ^{it} would have happened." Wind eighty to ninety miles in the night.

The tent half buried on one side ^{by} accumulating drift, the guy lines pulling out under the strain. The walls snapping and jerking the snow sounds like a torrent of driving rain.

The Blizzard. Oddly, I have heard but not seen this blizzard. I am a guest and am kept inside to be dry. They say there is nothing to see. The ice is bare. Snow has been eroded two feet deep. There is no far view - not beyond fifty feet yesterday. But to succeed the returners is view enough. Sleeves snow covered, hats - fur and tops - snow filled.

* as I lay in bed I preferred to be covered, like the tent when any.

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Transverse a coat of animal suet,
a knife & scrape with is the
first-aid tool, then beating,
than long sitting over the lamps
to dry, for they are dripping
wet. The temperature of 34°F.
outside and strangely high
humidity turns the snow to
water with no chance of drying.
There is no change of clothing and
the weather may soon turn
cold, this is the human side
of the blizzard - Some day, I may
see it in landscape actions

Reinforcing, Inside it now
looks like the trenches in winter
or the beginning of a snow hut,
Our tent now has three storerooms:
a high street front, a pit for the
kitchen, and a mezzanine floor for
the beds, ^{*} before the storm, street
and kitchen and bedroom had
been on one level. But our
kitchen floor has been removed

* Four feet and a half rise from the street
to the kitchen floor. Entrance thru the
gap in the tent.

to build an inside wall of snow
to withstand the encroachment of
the outside snow upon the tent.

Other efforts had been puny - I had
been to "Bay at the River" to push
back the snow thru the canvas,
Karius had used his sailor's
needle to reinforce every guy
line from within. Dargstad
had gone forth to excavate
and returned drenched. The
barometer was plainly determined
to go lower and the snow to
pile higher. Hence the rebuilding
within. We are no longer
commodious but we can
now stand out the gale.

The dogs seem indifferent,
They fight some, they yelp when
their food is coming. I saw one
sitting calmly in the gale.

Madenism - Doctor Hebb,
unconscious inventor of the
"Mt Evans Reversible Loop" would

* One just came to 900 in the
depth of the tent and I immediately
They travel like to advance it. I
I can let loose in order to run and they

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be anxious of the Eskimo
patterns. No outside toilet
possible in this Arctic storm.
Hence a pit cut deep in the
kitchen floor and immediately
refilled. For the Arctic it works
as well as a water toilet.

The physical relief from stagnation
gave the spiritual zest of a
symphony.

The Goal Attained. The storm has
been trying desperately to attain the goal
of 27.0 in. flat. It seems to have done so.
The sky is clearing - but the wind finds
no time to stop.

Yes it has attained, but success
gives discontent. It has now
fallen to 26.85 in. The tent jives
viciously, shocking the air and our
ears; the floor trembles; the wind roars.
We can readily imagine
ourselves in an aeroplane,
or in a dirigible in a gale.
But all seems tight. The average

wind has been ⁴ 119.5 miles per hour
 last night it was only 86.75 miles. We can
 We believe that we are prepared for
 200. So to bed and to sleep.

An Arctic Fire Place. Marmox
 has stuck two sticks into our
 snow wall and set an oil
 oil lamp upon them. The over-
 arching snow blower form a
 mantel piece. The whole wall
 glows like a fireplace but in
 sparkling white light.

One glimpse of the storm. At
 evening I had a single glimpse
 from the door. As overcast sky
 broken into long bands. Blue
 green hummocks with white
 fields between. A thin veiled of
 vapor/snow was flying at and
 to twice the height of the hummock
 and traveling down slope at
 express speed. The landscape
 looked bare. There seemed
 but little more snow
 available for travel. So from

They have not been by our door

the barometer I could realize how thick the snow at its worst must have been. Tonight late one can go out with impunity.

Nine-Thirty - We have sat up figuring wind measurements. Suddenly the wind has ceased. Our flying express must have stopped at a station. "And there was a great calm" - how much that Bille phrase now means.

Monday, February 27 - Summer Snow.

Where's Here Because - We're here and can not get away. Marooned completely. The ice hills look as bleak and soiled as after the other great fresh. The fiord is brown again. So are the near edges. There are no narrow pathways for the feet - only beaten drifts in the lee of each knob. It is dangerous to attempt to walk. If you sit down, you slide to

the bottom. We planned to send
 Marcus to the ice front for fuel,
 to give the dogs a good job for
 the "forward thrust". The problem
 now has grown larger, viz
 how to carry enough supplies
 so we can wait for new
 snow if narrowed on our forward
 trip. Snow does not always follow
 "sweeping". Meanwhile we wait.

Snow losses, our next problem
 of snow sampling looks futile.
 There seemed so much, there
 is now so little, I believed that
 this area at least would
 retain and protect its snow.

But it has taken wings and
 gone high overhead. ^{Some} is
 elsewhere. Much has evaporated -
 not even melted. Even the
 ice - solid ice - lost 0.219 in.
 in this three days' storm. That
 means one-fifth of an inch of
 water. The snow, eroded, powdered,

vaporized must have lost much more.

High Humidity - We wondered why the humidity was high in this fashion - No marvel now. Both ice and snow were locking the air with vapor despite the latter's increasing capacity. Today when there was no more snow to blow, the humidity readily fell to 59% in a moderate southwest wind. Thus our scorching ^{vanish} vorish.

A Summer Day - Cumulus over the ice this morning and thunderstorm clouds over the southwest and gradually moving in. The barograph made Sierran ^{this early morning} peaks, as if it were a thermograph. The southwest wind rushed in aloft bearing the clouds, while the southeast wind rushed out. The far southeast was clear, but the clouds forced in for a time before finally yielding and

disappearing or fading in the mid-
 The pressure during the day has been
 going steadily and quickly up. The
 crest of the storm is past. The
 southeast will again have mastery.
 It is an active ending of a
 frequently inactive storm. But
 the outshooting stroke between
 the two conflicting streams of air
 is nowhere present.

Readjusting Our Home. "Fortunate",
 says Sangster, "that we were
 in a tent, not in a snow house".
 The snowhouse would surely
 have evaporated or blown away.
 We have again relooked our
 street front. Our snow wall
 inside has been removed, for
 the snow outside has become
 solidified. The kitchen floor has
 been further removed and the
 deep level retained. But the
 crest of snow around the sides
 has been retained as shelves

Sakun & Chao
Chinchen
Sakun - wife
Chao - 12 years

and the snow dug out beneath them to make cupboards. So now we have sitting and shelf room a plenty in the kitchen with a chance to stand up. We step up ^{one} stair to bed - which is my favorite place to keep out of the way.

Ralph's Flag Down. This morning it too was gone. It had stood bravely since last August and must have withstood the terrific gale of January 15. Its pennant was lost on the staff but the bamboo survived. The fibres however still hold but the pennant is flat on the ice. Too bad. It had been our guide. Its pole condition made me hear the "Star Spangled Banner" inspired by a storm and a staff - but it bore the spirit of a nation. Was this the last surviving staff of Ralph's five. The one nearest

the Ice Boat was already down we
 are carrying it as our travel flag.
 Knowledge and Civilization. Distances
 taken are almost the ancient University
 with Baigted as teacher and
 myself as willing disciple. He
 would left his hat to an Eskimo
 woman more heartily than to
 one of the Southern race because
 of her physical normality. Over
 refinement has brought to the
 latter physical degeneration.
 Childbearing now means to the
 Southern woman at least temporary
 invalidism. To her Northern
 sister it is a matter of even
 less than hours. In the hardest
 birth case he knew, a first time
 mother after a night of travail,
 was up the next day, cooking
 and sewing "and smoking" as
 usual - quite proud of her baby
 girl.

He resents too the indifference

scientists show to the
 knowledge of the Eskimos in
 the fields of their life experiences.
 The world's greatest specialist
 on codfish believed that ^{codfish} they
 could not spawn in the cold
 waters of the North. David Olsen
 found spawning in abundance
 beneath the ice of the fjords.
 He doubted that the cod of the North
 were a distinct variety. Yet
 fishermen and natives disputed
 him. For years scientists doubted
 the origin of the Cape York meteorites.
 The natives declared that they
 came from the sky and used
 them for their knife material.
 They said that there were faves.
 These have been found. The
 fall may actually have been observed.
 In the fields of their interest they
 are not less clever or detailed
 than the "civilized" man. For the
 caribou, of complex economic value,

they have probably thirty names, to distinguish sex, age to seven years, desirability, of the thirtyseven bones in the salmon's head, they have a name for each - this might stem in Aggasig - for each has its use. In weather forecasting they are expert. It may mean their salvation. and for each weather wind and type of precipitation, they have a special name. They have seven or eight names for ice over which they must travel.

They needed wholen and invented an air-filled suit that would hold them up when thrown into the water. The rest was a grapple of many boats ~~of~~ ^{with} one minute to the death.

They invented the kayak, supported only by the self-righting, self-bailing surfboat of the South - and even they have learned to right their kayaks by a paddle or belt of a

year of thirteen months. They had a
 year of thirteen months, based
 on the moon and have given
 it up because the South has
 the twelve month system. Yet
 the South is now regretting the
 adoption of the four week month
 for its simplicity and usefulness.

The Northern native is not
 a child. He does not count
 above three except by aid of
 hands and toes and his
 abstract reasoning turns toward
 poetry and philosophy. Yet he
 has developed his technique of
 living to the highest point
 adapted to the requirements of
 the North. He has intelligence.
 If he had lived in the complex
 of the South, he would have
 rivaled it in insatiable and
 science. His life however has
 been cast in solitude, free
 from the complexity, the

distraction and fortunately disperse.
He belongs to the best of the earth.

Eximo Family Names. I wondered
whence came the name "Eauve",
given to Peary's son. It appears that
the names of the dead are given
to the newborn - first dead, first
renamed. The reason is not to
keep the names alive as in the
case of ships. But in their philosophy
a person consists of a body, a spirit,
and a name. The body is buried,
the spirit goes to the "Hunting Ground"
but the name is homeless until
taken into another body. Not unlike
transmigration, Valhalla, and
even the Christian religions.

Tuesday, February 28. a Spring Day
a Spring Day. Calm, overcast but
with a thread of clear sky on the
western horizon, only 15 degrees
Fahrenheit above zero. Staring
outside even with bare fingers
is a pleasure.

One Evening on the Hurons
 Meines had made a play igloo.
 I went forth to photograph it:

The day was dull, the evening
 light fading, when suddenly the
 sun shone thru the western rift
 casting a soft glow for a moment
 over the landscape. Then the
 clouds took on a "royal purple"
 rich and evenly spread, as a
 robe might appear, a fitting robe
 for nature's night.

On a snow-clad ice-hill stood
 my comrades one above the
 other enjoying the sunset, illumined
 by its light. But the light was
 fading too quickly to preserve the
 picture. However, it has given me
 a theme for another day.

†The Royal Society. - Requested of me
 to recommend me for membership
 in the Royal Danish Geographical
 Society and also in the Swedish
 Society. Admission to the latter

is the more difficult. The expense is not heavy. I deeply appreciate the confidence his offer implies. The Greenland Society seems to be a close organization of devotees of the country - a bit like daughters of the Revolution. So I have told him to urge, as my only claim, my admiration for the land and the natives. The two expeditions will count heavily.

Poisson Whuman, Sand W Log -
 Strange, unbelievable. yet human
 excrement is safeguarded in
 time of food shortage as both
 life and strength sustaining for dogs.
 Moreover, it is sought by them.
 Kesh's little dog - a pet merely -
 was sustained in this way on
 the hard trip across Greenland
 called by its leader "then the white
 waste", and more apocryphal still
 this dog's flesh saved the life of
 the party. More recently Amundsen

took a mascot dog with him on his balloon flight across the North Pole, planning to sustain the dog amply in the same way. Surely the ways of nature are past finding out.

Wednesday, February 29 - "Gift Day".

"Gift Day" - a day extra. Some are having ration's extra and no account kept. And a special supper of flat cakes, halibut and coffee. Extra Weather Too. Another fact - temperature to 44°F , humidity down to 46%, an east wind stronger and hence warmer and drier than the southeast, the combat of air currents just overhead at the edge of the ice, high clouds stationary over sky and low clouds rushing out. Lenticular clouds finally at the ice edge, not far to southwest. It was a close up battle but we were spared the wind, which passed on either side.

The struggle seemed over with later afternoon. But tonight the barometer is dropping farther, the east wind is roaring, the Ice way is clear, the tent cracks in the gale until our ears ache and the light by snuffing under the air compressions makes our eyes ache. No lamp can warm the breeze that sways through our tent. We are now satisfied with wind.

Immovable. We should like to survey snow. The drifts are all coarse and granular under the high temperature, the the melting has been evaporation, not runoff. But we can not ^{move} move. We sink in the drifts and are helpless on the clear ice. It would be difficult to regain the tent if two hundred yards away.

So we are waiting for snow, as a man caught downtown without an umbrella, is waiting

for the sky to clear. We had a
trace last night but these storms
seem dry.

~~Drum weather~~. I didn't think
it of Greenland or the Great Ice,
but their weather goes on a drum
twice a week and on a debauch
once a month. How can they ever
save or accumulate snow. They
squander recklessly and need
prohibition. To think of four inches
precipitation in one month and
an evaporation of three tenths of an
inch in four days. Too many wind
spices will be skim over. ^{As if the}
Ice is merely wielding an ^{infatigable} ~~undestructive~~
"broom", she is wasting too much
snow by vigorous sweeping.*

* However, her father has given me a dry test.
Only two days severe. Was the first returned.

Ratifying. The milk for night supper
is gone: we are drinking tea, but
it kept me awake last night. Only
two packages of tobacco left. They
have been placed in my keeping as
the safest man to trust, for I

could not swear there if I would.
 One passage only each Sunday. The
 week will be long. We are already
 planning our schedule of return, but
 are saving the next ten days for a
 possible thrust ahead. Even if we get
 snow, we take the chance of being
 marooned far in. The rule of travel
 here is: Go as far as you can, with
 no time or food limit. Cold and
 shelter are minor problems.

Ralph's flag? No, not Ralph's after all
 a beacon set up by Marinos. It was
 brought in today. Are all of Ralph's
 flags already down? At least two
 more should be ahead,

a Shag. But it is Marinos'.
 I haven't had even my first face wash
 yet.

Thursday, March 12 - A new month and
 no wonder. It tells Marinos me to
 complain of the flapping of the tent
 last night. I should have cleared it
 for hanging together so tight. The

wind was blowing 132 miles
an hour, if a guy line had been
the tent would have pluffed itself
to pieces despite the parade of
snow blocks piled round it
practically to its peaks, so fierce were
the blows of the wind that they
struck the tent with the force
but not penetrating power of a gun.
Bangsted had suffered the loss
of the whole end of his tent when
on the ice at ^{Umajon} Umanok and did
not care to repeat the experience.
So like a captain of his ship, he
lay with sticks on the entire night
thru with Marinos by his side
ready on the instant to leap if
the tent should yield. Like a
passenger I lay snugly asleep and
undressed in my bag. But out
of the privilege of our ¹⁰ left and No
Rationing Lay, I gave him an
extra pipeful of tobacco from the
sack being kept for next Sunday.

Lamp. Fixing. We had repaired
 the burners. Now leaves have doubled
 in the books - a very rare but
 indispensable defect for Arctic
 lamps. They simply must not fail -
 yet of our three - and two were
 sent - not one remains intact.

Should we send Marins back again
 for repairs? The road is slippery -
 He must go ahead. I was willing
 to chance uncovered sated and
 cold pemmican if we could get tea
 over the seal-oil lamp. But the
 seal oil was getting low. We did not
 see how to turn our kerosene into
 heat. Sangsted's boots are wet
 and must be dried. He is bearing
 the brunt of the cold. So Marins
 returns with letters and lamp tomorrow.
 He tells me from his watch that he
 can move it in few hours -
 a sort of aeroplane dogteam trip
 it must surely be. He will bring back
 bacon and soup - perhaps tobacco

But in any case these men will find our homes.

Snow - Caught by snow and so and so that we can not remain two months longer. Then the trip would have fulfilled every ideal. But our supplies are failing. There are not enough at base. No longer stay would here necessitated a larger plan and more transports. Our stuff has done well. but is feeling. Even the little alarm clock broke its spring last night. a longer stay means another time - not this. Snow is driving to its natural close.

The Snow House - It is still 20°F above zero, but the dog feels raw because of a strong wind. Marcus' play igloo looked ^{very} inviting. So I went over and stood under its dome while observing the clouds. The roof and side were still open yet it seemed remarkable how

comfortable it felt. If we had an extra lamp, I should be tempted to complete the house and move in for a night and a day. Tents are airy floppy things by comparison.

Bangsted's Miracle of the Thermometer
Bangsted had three thermometers lying on the floor of the thermometer shelter for taking radiation temperatures. In the gale last night he found one missing. The gale had carried it away, a loss in a distress to him. He takes pride in "no breakage".

Today I found it lying ^{uninjured} on the snow blocks reinforcing the shelter but directly behind it. It lay, as if flung there for sun radiation. But Bangsted says "No" and is careful to replace his instruments. ^{Besides he never kept this apt.} Query: Could the wind carry the instrument around two sharp corners in so narrow a circle as two feet? Shall we canonize it with our Miracle of Looping the Loops

on Snowshoes, also the piana
of a gale? I myself performed the
latter tho my companion did not
see it. One never does.

Friday, March 2.

Awaiting Snow - Any amount
will not fright us, providing we can
get even some. Marinus arose
early prepared to depart and shouldered
out the sleds. But he wisely decided
to stay home with a whole sled
than return with a snowed one,
so we are looking at the heavens
but there is no Elij'ah among us.
We can not see a storm cloud of
the size of even a man's hand. Clouds
are above us and turbulence is there,
but it is the best confusion of a
passing storm. The barometer is
is climbing patiently to new heights.
Downy slope wind - dry - over our
portion, unless happily ^{Borussian} Borussian
snow may fall. Like manna
in the cold tranquil nights.

Even the thin as a wafer, it gives stability to sled and feet. Sometimes the seams in our lamps are opening wider and the time for a forward thrust daily shortens. Will both fail us?

II Snow Surveying. The snow looks lean and bare and soiled. But there is more here than appears to eyes disappointed by the gales just past. So we start tomorrow, Marine and I, with picaxe to lay out base lines over the slippery hummocks. It is a new stunt in snow surveying to chop your trail over bare ice.

Saturday, March 3 -

Thijs's Pond. His canoe. Ours may. The stern is down at Umalik, but will it climb the ice, Bengtzel feels that we are out of luck. I grant that the stern does not look thick.

I forecasted wrong last night.

The barometer was climbing, but another storm was on its way or at its heels. It had not yet registered in but did so last midnight. The circumstances very shadowed its possible presence plainly, but I thought that it might be the last struggle of the departing storm. It would have been safer to forecast a new storm, for paroxysms are not unusual in dying storms. They die quietly.

Another Tooth. The lamps just won't mend and my teeth will break. One of these defences must hold up. I should like to be reduced to licking my food. Chewing is faster. We have offered the lamp everything from court plaster to rubber bands but they insist upon solder. We have solder melted from an empty can but only a screwdriver and sheath knife as soldering irons. But we have no acid or flux.

— and the lamps demand Shylock's
 uttermost. We have caulked the
 seam slightly with the edge of the knife.

Knowing not what else to do,
 we continue pumping and caving,
 Captain Koch could do no better.
 While he sat helpless in his tent
 rocked by a caving glacier, he made
 a cup of coffee. When he fell down
 a crevasse and felt the time of
 rescue passing too slowly, he started
 singing. "We may bury our troubles
 in a Sunday dinner & have only one
 less tooth with which to chew."

Spring Coming or Here? Does Spring
 start with March or April or nearly
 with March 21? I never knew. I thought
 that it was March. Cavigated says
 April in Europe. The weather is
 surely moderating. Only a thin
 coating of frost on the tent walls
 last night. Most of it was shaken
 into our faces by the wind, but
 all was quickly dried where the

Lamps were lighted. The days seem to persist considerably above zero Fahrenheit - mainly at +15° to 25° -

The snow is soft in places. The crystals are large - The density is uniform, showing ripening. Is this then the spring brought by the returning sun, or is it merely a March thaw with more winter to follow? We would like the winter.

Hungry Dogs - It may be a sign of health as with us - but their yelping is growing daily louder as the sack of amulettes is brought out. Our Lungs Kook and Kineed Rasmussen permission is being opened for them too. We can leave for it. When the dogs return to Radio Camp, "they shall have all they can eat and a little bit more", says Bengstad. The life of an Eskimo dog is not all sunshine especially like the

Arctic winter. Not even shelter holes
 in which to lie. They do not dig
 them themselves - except mothers
 for their young - but I should
 think that they would appreciate
 them.

That East Wind. Only two winds
 here on the ice," says Bangsted, "Why?
 Have we another discovery to add
 to our list. It has been a rich trip
 in results tho' not in distance in.
 Strangely the Southeast is the prevailing
 but the East is the stronger and
 warmer. Is not the Southeast the
 drift wind when gravity acts,
 and the East when suction from
 an approaching storm is active?
 The storm center is generally to our
 south. I should almost expect even
 the gravity wind to be East, but
 the slope may run northwest.
 The faster wind will naturally be
 the warmer.

But why not the Southwest at

the loss of the storm? The East or accelerated Ekman Wind certainly falls and quite suddenly when the low has passed over. Then it is a question of power between the cold gravity wind and the incoming storm wind. Is the drainage air heavy and cold enough to resist displacement by the lighter, warmer(?) storm wind? at Mt. Conans and at Akhtensky where the East wind warms up, it sometimes yields for a time to the storm. But here on the sea it seems to be fettered with passive, if even not active, resistance. Here it remains the less disputed anti-cyclonic High. The storm wind passes suddenly overhead, to reappear on the eastern side.

Seal Blubber. Do love his fat roast in the lamp. I should like to taste - yes, even eat it. It is good both raw and cooked.

But they told me that it is not good when chopped as here. I wonder why? I had a mind to try it anyway. It looks tempting.

Cave Man Life - Today has been slow. Too little to do, too much time with our thoughts. But it has brought a glimpse of the Cave Man's life modernized a bit. A rude shelter with fur coats on the ridgepole above the lamp, raised high on a kerosene can. On a snow shelf a second lamp of seal oil for light. In the corner a sack of fish. Around the room pots and pans. On a dry snow shelf at the rear a bed of furs.

On the sack of fish sits Mamma far descendant of the Ice Cave Man cooking the supper - Near by sits the child of the ancient Vikings snoring. In the furs live children protected and watching their

elders at the colder temperatures
 myself of ancestors who kept
 far back from the ice line.
 It is a primitive scene, yet
 because of the fire compartments beyond
 the dreams of one who might
 glance in. Fire did not keep the
 Caseman in the ice - Some are
 still here without it. He would
 have dug a little deeper in.
 But it brought relaxation and
 comfort. His passive the healthy
 & resistance was over. He could
 meet nature on more even terms.

Sunday, March 4 -

A Wear Night. The temperature
 was high, the wind was banging,
 the dogs were shrieking, we were
 crowded. Result: Nightmares - called
 suddenly by shrieks to the door only
 to be overwhelmed by a rush of wild
 beasts. All more weary this morning
 In fact the only morning when I have
 been physically and mentally weary this

Trip.

Snow Surveying. Consequently I felt the physical exertion of cutting steps up and down the ice hills in laying out a snow survey course. But exertion gave appetite and lunch made the afternoon round.

We have skids many but there is a great climatic gulf between the days of early February and now. Not even the thin frost snow comes to give us footing, and the continuing slope winds are eating up our snow. The survey today shows only a meager cover. At its maximum it must have been small in water content. the fluffy and fair to behold.

Division of Scientific Credit. Bygones brought up the question again today. I thought that it was settled. I was putting everything into the Expedition's name and credit. I was expecting only general mention. But he had

suffered these absolutions by
 inferiors on other trips and
 even tho' the leader of this was
 afraid of partial absolution again
 I assured him again and at his
 suggestion all now is the joint
 product of the Congregational Church
 Expedition, with the suggestion
 on my part that either of us may
 expand and publish whatever
 problems we like. The present plan
 however is to ask Doctor Hibbs for
 permission to publish the data
 in Weddell's or Greenland.

Native Aptitude. Marine has
 been assisting me this afternoon
 in Snow Surveying. He is now
 running the course, marking the
 ten foot points of measurement,
 handling the sampler and could
 read the figures - only his language
 and mine don't match. He could
 do the entire work tomorrow.
 He is agile too on the ice and

enjoys the view. We must make
him a partner in credit for
the survey at least. So I told Ruyter,
if I could only speak Eskimo, how
much I could learn from him.

Alpenglow. Two scenes in one
one sunset - the western sky
the eastern sea. We had to
change position alternately, not
to lose either. The sun was
sinking behind a veil of at-
tractive rolls and set the whole
afloat with golden red. Beneath
floated the landscape in a
limpid haze carrying the sunset
colors in softer tones. In the midst
dominating all, yet merely passing
from behind a near headland,
stood Pingo clad almost with
gossamer softness of light.

The frame of the picture was
created by the pale green sea
hills and the gray sky.

The eastern sky had previously

been a striking study in ^{whites} and blues. On the horizon line was a zone of blue along which ^{live some long caravans} was ^{slowly} traveling a train of pearl white clouds end to end - the fog of the Inland Ice but rare. Above the gray sky, beneath in far perspective the pale green waves of ice. To northward ^{roaring} ~~was~~ island of land and the sky turning to purple. Suddenly, the far waves of ice caught the sunset warmth of color. Then the blue zone and the white caravans took and retained the glow for a little. The roaring island came within its touch, but the nearer waves remained pale green. Nor did the glow sink the heavens. It remained a narrow panel picture of blue, pearl white, and pale green turned to golden red but with the original

variation in tones and values
saw the radiant vision peep
again to its primitive cell

Monday, March 5.

Waiting - We were all ready to push
on tomorrow today, but the persistent
wind has returned. I was ready
to photograph but the clouds have
taken their strength and the color from
nature - and I was seeking
details and interior views this
time - Marina tried descending
to the lower camp for dog feed
but the smooth ice and threatening
storm drove him back.

Bangsted would like to meet the
God of the Winds for a scrap,
but I assure him that it is
a Greenland god with peculiarities
his own. At least we can
rest and we are resting.

Health and Hunger - I am both
healthy and hungry. Hand pemmican
appears without butter or trimmings.

black coffee and sugar are as
 appetizing as the finest dishes.
 The poor dogs feel the same
 way too. They have lost all
 their fat and look lean. They
 yell in unison at top excitement
 at the sight of what seems food.
 But only a meek meek between
 them and plenty, for then they
 will take our first load home.

The End Approaching - we can see
 it in the emptying boxes
 around us, tho' the quantity of
 our ration has not been reduced.
 We can feel it in the lack of
 new things to do. Our present
 problems can be nicely completed
 if the wind will abate, a
 movement forward is now
 out of the question. Our thoughts
 are turning home, that it is
 with life and nature - forward
 while you can, then inevitably
 backwards to rebuild our mother plan

fortunate. We have been weighing
 luck in the scales today. We
 have lost out on the inland thrust
 but won out on returning. What
 if we had been caught even
 twenty five miles in with this
 ice surface and the present food
 supply. We might have dragged
 beds and food down the icy ravine
 on a caribou skin but we
 would have been pounded blue with
 repeated falling. As it is, we have
 only one or two hours of this
 punishment. Once off the ice we
 can proceed at will and gently
 all the way down hill.

Of supplies the nine dogs have
 one half sack of fish, but more
 at the lower camp. We are dividing
 our pemmican with them, for we
 have flour and oatmeal extra.

Two of the dogs could be spared
 to feed the others, but dogs do
 not readily eat wares dogflesh and

The weather is warm for freezing
 it. Sunday has been set as
 our day of departure and everything
 possible taken in one load. There
 will be no return. We do not
 like the slope. yet our luck
 may turn and snow come to
 give us graceful descent.

Starvation - "Notices such can stars,"
 says Campbell, "and come back to health
 and fatness in a few days": dogs
 are their natural sharers in plenty
 and hunger. Tonight our dogs seemed
 to come up in spirit like a rubber
 ball on a full meal of sweet vison
 pemmican and a hunk each of buffed
 pemmican and a strip of the
 rawhide in which it was packed.
 So came at last, the sound thru
 the wall of the tent: eagerness,
 occasional growling, contented
 eating, silence. They are quite human,
 like a man with his pipe after
 supper. B. told last night a rare

of extreme starvation - at Hudson Bay. Man and wife weak - latter unable to close or close her gaping mouth. After two days careful feeding he was able to take them to the Mounted Police headquarters. "Hunger, he says, has power for only two days. Then it disappears completely with food appears; when self control fails utterly as much as in the case of dogs".

Firemaking - Speaking of the comforts of fire, Langstaff says that the fire stick is known and used everywhere in the Hudson Bay region and that fire can be made in a moment. He considers the invention of the wheel and firestick equally greatest of man's inventions for inland towns, he could obtain one of the finest fire suits for a box of matches - but it was five hundred miles from a store. The Hudson Bay Company had

not punctuated that far yet.

Tuesday, March 6. - A Ray of Show.

"Some Were Damned Lies" - Banzated
 asks if I am going to write some
 more damned lies. That's his job.
 He asks me to read to him from
 the book sometimes. I assure him
 "yes". That they are all lies including
 his being a good cover. Today for
 covers I wrote on the title page
 of this book beneath my praise
 the brief comment: "Some Were Damned
 Lies" - Banzated. He smiled and
 said that it would not look good.
 So we are quite even. I have
 removed it.

Snow Surveying under Penalty. We
 have done much snow surveying
 today. Everyone attacks it. Marins
 our Ice fly, who slips but does not
 fall, found the day slow, for his
 taws were done quickly and ours
 slowly, waiting in part for the wind
 to die down at each weighing.

He remarked that somehow the nights passed faster. Bengsted kept his feet this afternoon when he released me but sooted the topeline intwain.

For me it was a day of falls - all kinds, in all directions, in all positions. Wainio couldn't help laughing, when he saw me enroute. But I was not unscuffed, and lost my promise kept not two days. That Ice was like soap. The ravines were as slippery. I swore "like a trooper" I fear, for my elbow and lame shoulder were frequently points of contact. But the profanity was not as bad as the blows. The snow had shock absorbers and the Ice had none.

Our goal and the tiny ravine on its summit was finally reached. We turned back, Wainio carrying the perishables, except myself. He was soon out of sight. I followed slowly, being a pikar in my arms and the scuffs

staff in my hands. The snow which
 two days ago had been wind-driven
 into smoothness and had the killing
 power of sidetracked saws - that is
 the power to spill you out - just on
 the pinnacle of the highest hummock
 and overlooking camp, I paused to
 take the extra precaution of preparing
 the last two footholds rough with
 my staff beyond them by a snow
 cornice and safe footing. But my
 foot gave way. I started readily and
 inevitably down its steepest side
 toward a ravine half a hundred
 feet away. The slide seemed
 comfortable until I reached [#] the
 bottom. Then my shoulders insisted
 in overtaxing my hips and spilling
 everything inside. I thought my
 spine had given way but realized
 that it was loose and lay awhile
 for recompense - I had got off
 well, and was thankful that that
 pickax, still in my arms, had

not been divine than my ribs.
Baugsted put me to bed for the
afternoon and took my job, declaring
that it is easy enough to smash
yourself up but too hard on the
rest who must pack you out.

Tonight only a lancelet remains
in the small of my back. It is not
specialized. So the favor has been
minim. again the Doc was ^{rude} ~~residual~~
but kind.

Campfire for Self and Sleds. Why worry
about snow that refuses to come if you
can throw your way out. It's good for the
mind and soul too. We have boards and
I have nails. I can easily make wooden
heel plates studded with nail points and
fasten them beneath my insteps without
risk of binding and freezing my feet.
Consider this does not seem to be "freezing"
weather.

The sled is even more fortunate.
The camp possesses two heavy packages
which we can fasten beneath the sled

points down, so that the rear of the sled is running on points not shoes. The front end being slidable can be used to steer by. If the sled slides too fast, we can ride on the pickax points, if too slow, we can place one or both of the points on wooden shoes. Some rope, which fortunately we still have, will bind the pickaxes firmly into position. So whatever happens we shall not coast. I have suggested

that we place crossed pickaxes



on our expedition ^{to B-C island} ~~permanent~~ in memory of our escape from our sea of Ice and drink a "grave-dinner" of coffee to our departed friend and patron Colonel Keck, who suggested that the axes be brought. They served well, as he intended, but he never realized their ultimate use. He will smile from his Valhalla & see us.

"Going, Going, Gone". We had our last raisins last night. The seal oil lamp is dying out tonight. I don't love

* Bayard-Church Winter Expedition Island No.

the end of a trip - It's too much like sitting with bundles in hand as the train approaches the station

Wednesday, March 7. On Our Last Two Weeks

Back sore - A good rest on my back last night has mended me much. Even the shoulder feels better. I am lame in spots. I must have got a blow on one side of my back from crossing the last bump too fast, but it is not deeper than the muscles.

Substitutes - Our Amurra pannicum is temporarily gone but we are using Rasmussen sweet raisin pannicum as care. I handed out the last sack of tobacco this morning four days early, but Bengsted says that he has smoked tobacco on occasion. We shall have that soon. It is probably as fragrant as the "Bag" he is smoking - the only tobacco he could get.

That Kurokawa - Today upon completing yesterday's journal, I read the paragraph on finances & Bengsted

Gravedrill

to mention the Gravedrill was to get it. Marino was given called to the tent. Perfect coffee, a slice of black eye bread, two snuffs of cigar such as our Danish friend would have enjoyed and near tantum to Expeditioners. One ourselves W.C. I am so happy but regretful that he would not be home to see our results.

A Raven! Yesterday we saw him flying close overhead. How did he ^{He brought no string leaf.} ~~know~~ ^{know} of us? ~~There~~ is good picking here for a camp follower if he can pick the camp. The logs have everything else.

Thursday, March 8 - First Sunday Day.

Light Brilliant. By contrast perhaps, for we have not had a real sunbath at this station. But really the sun has been busy climbing the sky. I can now almost use the Leica camera even with rayfilter for slow

snapshots. Summer is surely
 returning. Rangsted who has been
 once snowblind wore his goggles.
 I too felt the intensity of the light.
 He says that only the green goggles
 has been found fully effective in
 the Arctic, unless the crude wooden
 goggle of the Natives be included.
 That in the farthest North, the months
 of March-June are most perilous
 (for the snow is far worse than
 the ice) but that the light is
 softest from 10 to 3 o'clock nights,
 for the sun's rays fall more
 slanting than at other
 hours of the solar day.

Same but Satisfied. I put on
 rope crampons today and went
 forth walking. If I had done so
 the day of Slick's, I would have
 had no adventures. I visited my
 Tarpicarian Rock. To have safely ridden
 that slope proved that I was tough
 or elastic. Thirtyfive feet down

a slope of twentyfive degrees and
 plop into a site-bath tub five
 feet deep, over ripply ice on
 the slope and ugly ice hooks on
 the back of the tub. I could trace
 my course by an elbow trail on
 the edge of a tiny patch of snow
 and ice chips carried down from
 where I was setting footholds.

That bathtub was an incipient
 Whible - a shaft down which
 water pours. I am thankful that
 it was not a fullgrown Whible
 of summer time. I could have
 shot to the depths of the Inland Ice.
 The hooks on that bathtub were
 punishment enough and the
 plunging onto its hard bottom.
 The stop was abrupt, but better
 abrupt than physical. I have
 no longing for Satan's fall.

Pictures. It was a day for
 picturing and Ice and clouds
 furnished subjects in plenty -

ripple marks, sun patches, but also
 clouds showing their life history
 in their changing forms, moon-
 shadow poles. Only my Turpian Bear
 failed in showing good detail, and
 was reserved for a morning haul.

Typhing off. No raisins for night
 tea, but peanuts were furnished -
 our last - and the empty bag thrown
 into the canner with other empties.
 The denties have held out well under
 rationing guards. The milk disappeared
 long since - We eat oatmeal
 without either milk or sugar and
 relish it. Sixwise black bread
 without butter and flat cakes in
 only their fryfat. Our last coffee
 and oatmeal is scheduled to depart
 the next morning of our return. But
 pemmican will outlast - Ammons for
 lunch but only sweet raisin pemmican
 for dinner. Not bad at all such
 close provisioning.

Pinna Lampe. Only the legs have

held up. Every bowl has sprung a leak, two burners have clogged in their labyrinth, one has started to burn out and release raw gas. On a previous trip Baugsted had carried two extra burners for reserves without use for them. Having two new lamps he decided to leave the extra burners behind. He will never do so again. These so famed double lamps have given us a shock. For arctic failure they are a scandal. I would not dare plan to stay a year on the Island ice with less than a dozen of them with two dozen extra burners and a soldering outfit. Why this defective workmanship? We had ^{managed to} live, however, in ^{the} semi-mild weather, with ^{the} tiny flames produced by constant ^{to obtain highest possible} pumping. But today ^{pressure,} Baugsted conceived the idea

of enlarging the holes in the burner and this eliminated the raw gas. Now we are having a warm cheerful flame again at a pressure the bowls seem able to stand.

Friday, March 9. Regaining Strength Day.

Ralph's Glacier active. Ralph's glacier is not winter sleeping, or has awakened. It cracked all last night and the night before. Previously there had been only occasional cracking.

Why not solve the problem of the life or lethargy of the inland ice by camping out toward the center and using a stethoscope or sound amplifier? It is certainly worth while.

Variation from Tanna. Our night talks are looked forward to as much as our meals. They are our mental and spiritual summing up. We were talking of personal interest tonight, and agreed that sometimes

a vacation from fame was worth while. To one who is young the public eye seems good. The older man prefers more quiet. My sole object in coming to Greenland is to see nature's "wheels go round." I'd rather steal back unnoticed, except that I would like to tell of the spiritual meaning of this Land at the Top of the World. The world needs and longs for it. But there is joy rather than glory in that - not achievement but good fortune.

So I am telling the boys all I know of nature's ways and letting them accumulate the data and expand my original plans. They are working like beavers and deserve the credit. I am resting and pondering their findings. I am sowing the seed, they are tilling, and ^{we} both are harvesting. Immortality of fame is a myth -

the work is what matters. Some all are happy according to our years. The Congregational-Church Expedition represents the fair credit and is virtually "swir".

Explorers - Scientists. Scientists do not go exploring but explorers go sciencing. Such seems to be the case in the polar regions of the earth. The lure is the compelling motive, the science is the defense. But achievements in the latter have been high and brought high reward. Nansen, Peary, Kock, Nylin, Erichsen, Rasmussen, Scott, Spocellton, ^{Amundsen} and ^{Stephensen} Wasson may be exceptions, ^{and De Quortain} - ^{Mercanton} are notable ones. Even the staff seems chosen for handihood and enthusiasm rather than their training. But Rasmussen, son of a native mother and missionary father with only high school training and a staff, ^{mostly} as well trained as himself brought home achievements, and scientific collections, and

fulsome that won him medals
 in quantity from all the countries
 of Europe and three honorary degrees
 from Copenhagen, Halle, and St. Andrews.
 But he knew the native mind and
 won its confidence. This was
 his key, more potent than an
 intensive education. But the
 specialist is now slowly coming in
 to consolidate the work, tho' his
 term has mostly been done.

From Winter to Summer. Such
 seemed the evidence of a dry tent
 and icicles hanging from our
 kitchen shelves of snow, now gradually
 congealing to ice. But for two days
 the frost has been returning at
 night to the roof of the tent, showing
 that there is still tang in the air.
 The clouds still overhang and the
 sun is still too near to start
 the melting, and the temperature
 still lingers in the teens.
 However, to my fingers, suffering with

chillblains, the temperature seems far below zero. So bitter do they ache. But that is the penalty, like the dog's whipping for chaining his rope - and no bitter, for the poor dog gets his tea on his tender nose.

Why are Icebergs Blue? They aren't, they just let the blue from the depth of the glacier shine thru. Because their ice is water ice and mostly free from bubbles, as a good window glass should be. On the other hand, the glacier, being made of snowice and thus full of bubbles, breaks the blue into grayish blue or green. The icebergs with their vivid blue bands are only floating chunks of glacier ice broken and water rounded on its journey to the sea. The ocean is, likewise, gray or green according to the water bubbles it carries in its foam. The blue may be due to depth. Ingredients also affect it.

A Resting Day - We are thinking today

[Note: "a Resting Day"]

rather than working. Baugsted has lost his strength. My shoe has taken mine. He changes his food to pemmican and beer of fresh meat. So we are lying down and feeding up. We had two flat cakes (not the usual ones) and coffee and pemmican for lunch. Then bread and coffee for tea, and two plain loaves each and coffee for dinner. There is a cup of tea for night caps. If the wind dies down, we have a full day ahead of snow-carrying before breaking camp. My one activity in this day of rest was to wander forth to see why the glacier crevasses were blue. A few glimpses into the glacier windows quickly told me why. Then a casual glance at the sky showed me lenticular clouds in the morning directly overhead over the Inland Ice. So this day of rest has been business a day of gathering. We have not attained distance, but we have obtained results.

Santa Claus. Another bedtime tale
 one of last night. In Naumuck area
 Santa Claus is many, no larger than
 your forearm, white bearded in wooden
 shoes, ^{riding on cats' backs.} They live with the elves in the
 low knolls. You can tell their homes
 by the rock projecting from the hillside,
 for the rock is their door. They bring
 presents on Christmas and receive
 in return a plate of rice placed up
 under the roof. ^{for Santa's cat} Of course the Danes have
 the fir Christmas tree. The tree and
 the custom both grew there. It was
 an old pagan holiday of the new light year.

The Danes make the goose and
 a plate of rice with a scater of butter
 in the center their Christmas dish
 For the birds they set out a sheaf
 of grain - always done in the country
 and frequently in the city. I should
 like to spend Christmas there.

Our one Santa who drives reindeer
 and lives at the Pole and moves
 says the long year there is plainly

the fullgrown child of our imagination
 the monotheistic conception of the
 polytheistic belief, the hard-nosed
 individual of impossible terms
 in place of many sprites and
 divided toil, the full-ciged Santa
 who still can come down the
 chimney. We have concentrated
 all our thoughts into one and
 given him bulk, but have thereby
 taken away his reality. For the
 things we can not see, as brownies
 and fairies and elves, Treetops,
 Kalydids and evening sounds, we
 shall always accept as true.
 That is merely faith and fancy, and
 childhood is rich in these.

Saturday, March 10. A Calm Half-Day.

Passed? I felt so again this
 morning. I saw the barometer for
 the others. It may have been the
 lamp smoke. But the heaviness
 finally passed tho I felt weary
 the entire day. It must be the

effate of that bump, for every little fall now seems unendurable - it seems to hurt.

Warmed. The lamp burned merrily all day long with little puffing. We could be comfortable with the tent door open. But the kerosene used was startling, it seemed, after our use of the reluctant lamps. We had been frugal indeed, forced frugality after the manner of the Scotch, and healthy. But we had the oil and decided to increase our comfort.

A Calm. To Kauldra, the native god of the winds, be thanks for one-half day of calm. The snow survey was quickly finished. But the fresh wind came with the afternoon, preventing the completion of my photographing and warning us here for another day. The safe wind is surely with us - mild or fast - day and night.

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We may get beneath it at the
lower camp.

Sardines. We still have sardines
for we had them for lunch. Still
feeding up our strength. I wonder
if Sardinia is as proud of her
fish reputation as Petaluma is
of her hens. I feel sorry for the
dogs. Their rations are gone.
It is a question now of feeding
one of the number to the others.

The New King. He saw the black-
faced pup chewing his line and
visiting the dump. Why should not
a king have the liberty of his
subjects? So he chewed wood
also. But he could not stand
the beatings as could the pup
and yelled for mercy almost
before he was touched. He has
put the pup often on his back. Can
he longer retain the pup's respect?

Old Sabani never cried tho
the blows fell hard. He was

an immovable rock. Of his kind were old Kings made. New Kings are of a tenderer breed.

Sunday, March 11. First Morning.

weary. I could sleep all day, and that after an all night in my gun. Is it conversion to the elemental life of eat and sleep? I think that I am just invaliding - and will feel quite myself later on. Nature takes her time.

Barjot's Book. The title will be Winter Life on the Inland Ice and published in Danish, German, and possibly Swedish. He has an abundance of pictures from his Ammanor trip, but we are both wondering what are the results of our own. We have done our best, and must wait development.

Jimmie Recommended. A trip in winter across Peffin land in winter in 1930 is now maturing. I have been asked to recommend a

man done in order to obtain funds from one of the "fundations". I have suggested Jimmie. He wants so much to go. All requirements easily met except non-marriage. But he may be forgiven this.

Windbound. We are packing today and removing the snow sleds around the tent in order to start, if possible, tomorrow. The wind has made no concession and is rattling the canvas around our ears. The field valley and the mountains are full of dust. It must be an even rougher day down country. If we are windbound also tomorrow, we shall have only coffee in the morning in order to have oatmeal for lunch. So our thoughts turn down the trail as must also the dogs. We can soon sympathize with each other. My crampons have been made, saintly Japanese clogs with bent-over nailheads in the bottom. They will hold. So no more falling for us.

The thought has made me almost well, I could even go down and carry up some provisions providing I can find the return trail.

Precipitation and Evaporation. This term might almost be called "Vital Statistics" or Births and Deaths. It seems however, mostly deaths. Please pardon the parody but the burial service has been running in my head as I look at the snow: "The Lord has given and the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord". And our Lord here is the Wind. We have had about four water inches of precipitation since we came, and since noon yesterday have lost 0.13th inch of snow by evaporation and this in a sheltered place. We lose half as much ice in the same place. Ten days such weather takes an inch. Forty days takes the entire four inches, and when the snow is not there to take, the Wind takes half as much in ice.

On the exposed alpine it doubtless its tide
and the two gathering wind comes often.

Can any glacier on the great inland sea
survive with such a master? Perhaps
he blows less fiercely farther in.
And the melting and sun of under
the midnight sun! That is a far
larger chapter in havoc. It is only
just now starting.

Farewell Sign! Farewell Beauvais! One
hump at lunch - None for supper. We
have had our last Beauvais pemmican.
I gave my spoon one last reluctant lick
when I turned in my plate. Hereafter
sawet Resmussen pemmican. It was
compounded by the discoverer of vitamins
but makes good cake. Sorry, but
we can grow to it.

The last view:

Monday, March 12. Down into Calum

A second Farewell - I learn now
that we had a can and one-half
of Beauvais reserved for today.
And this morning another hump
of sugar appeared. But there is
no question regarding salt - I have a

The time spent here

poignant feeling of bereavement every time I
eat the unseasoned pemmican

Technique of Controlling Dog. Get their head
between your legs and beat to your
anger's content. "It doesn't hurt" and you
might break bones otherwise. Fury has
ruined good dogs. Asmusen once
struck his king dog with a ski and
wounded him so that it had to be killed.
The dog had grabbed him by the seat
of the pants, probably in playful eagerness
for the food, but Arctic dogs can not
be trusted. Whip any part of the body
if you have a lash, but clubs are
usually handy. Such was the comment
when I read my item: "The New King".

(Evening Dinner)

Our Metabasis. It seems fair to call
it such even tho the present generation
has forgotten the name, for it had
its elements of uncertainty and adventure.
It also had a prosperous ending.
Under favoring conditions the trip
is made in slightly more than one
hour. We were started by dawn but

were not reestablished at the lower camp until night fall, and the distance traversed seemed fully as long.

Weather. We were eager for once to move. Two days had done their worst with the snow. The slope wind still persisted. Baugsted found a Muskrat house up of the river. The day was still overcast tho' the barometer was rising. We could toss our camp down in a wind, could we put it up again? Time was precious. So the nervousness of starting that ever brooks no delay was not further aroused by suggesting that last picture of the snow course on the hummocks. The wind also still seemed too strong. But we took some views of the wreckage of our "ance happy home" with the eyes days searching the debris for tiniest morsels, and turned away. One would have thought it an abandoned Eskimo habitation.

Sled Breakdown - The sled was loaded to capacity and ^{five} ~~four~~ dogs hitched on. They were ^{these} ~~four~~ too many where it is a case of coasting from drift to drift or flat to flat. They can not hold back and may haul you rather at breakneck speed. So over the first ice divide disappeared the heels of maniaes at the handles of the sled and from the bottom came the sound of screeching. I had trusted my cameras to the sledges, but the load had been buttressed on top and sides by furs and sleeping bag fenders. The dry weather had loosened the rawhide joints of the sled and a runner had turned flat.

Four Sledges. Bangstad sat for a time on the load. I wondered why the pickax brakes had not been used. Avalanching is a quick but not sure way down hill.

Finally, he slowly rose and began unloading the entire sledge. Here we staked within sight of our camp flag waving over the ridge. Two caribou robes were laid out on the ice, fur down. Our beds and bags were piled in these and each firmly gathered up at the edges and tied so that the bundles looked like the family wash going to laundry in a sheet. Then two dogs each were attached to them. The plan was daring.

A Dogless Sledge. Then the stangs of the sledge were wedged tight again and the remainder of the load again trusted to it. We trusted our stuff at our own risk, instruments at theirs for we could not carry them. This time the sledge was to travel by gravity alone and such assistance as man power could give it.

again it looked like an avalanche,
off again. The dogs had been
 tethered meanwhile by their
 traces to a piece of bundle stuck
 in the snow. This was abandoned
 and the dogs started off with
 a crack of the whip. No more
 bravaage from them however
 fast they might go. My cameras
 were there but well buffered,
 at once they tangled and the
 two teams became one with a
 tandem load.

The sled followed, propelled
 as needed by one or two. Reserves
 now came into play. On the bundle
 of the sled hung ^{the} long loop of
 coars rope. When the descent
 became steep and too long for
 safe landing on snow at the
 bottom, these loops were thrown
 over the nose of the runners
 and served as crampons,
 if the slope became steeper.

than the crampans could resist, a line a hundred and more feet long attached to the sled was held by two of us from behind the base of the hill where we could maintain our footing by gravity alone if ice ripples or snow drifts were not available. Maciver did the steering and beckoned when a safe landing had been reached.

Slippage - The slippage never fell on the dogs. It was easy down hill for them whatever the surface and over the snow where they could get footing. But climbing an icy slope was guesling. Crouching low down, reaching forward to find the tiniest crease for their nails they struggled forward with full roars while the whip split the air and helping

hands dragged at the packs. Sometimes one of the packs would tear loose, when the team would be off at a bound and over the hill.

Getting the Quax - Bangsted was doing the driving and hauling besides, when necessary to assist the team over rough surfaces. But when the train broke in two, he became the team of the rear section. I was aiding where possible between sled and pack and so was usually late for both. I urgently asked to pull double when the break first occurred but Bangsted insisted that the pulling was light. Then Marins, who had been overtaken by the first section, came back to carry the entire pack on his back but was finally persuaded to pull double.

Such was the spirit of a trying day. Three times or more did the bear occur. The dogs were catching the spirit and started so quickly after each retreating that they dragged Supted onto the pack and tore it loose again. Finally, the pack was tied to the rear of the sled and used as brava the remainder of the way down slope.

Watering up. Once the lamp was set out on the ice. It was a case of firing up under difficult wind conditions. I thought of lunch, but it was a case merely of thirst, where all water sources are frozen. The lamp plays the same function to a sled as a spare tire to an auto or a life preserver to a boat. It is a life saver in the fullest sense.

Trail finding. This was time the mystery

and phenomenon of the day. Our general course was clear, but its details intricate. I should not dare attempt to retrace our path. It was like pioneering a railroad line thru the mountains and taking the subsequent train in one and the same trip. At intervals while the way ahead still appeared the easier, Warner would stop to reconnoiter and usually led us over into another drainage system by an easy pass. That he was right was usually soon shown by a faint trace of the old tracks elsewhere obliterated. Thus with many a transfer from grade to grade he brought us finally to the descent to our old camp. Ralph was a splendid trail finder but I should not venture to pit his against the native skill.

And our Bick-ars? They would have pulled the runners loose or

* And the canvas flaps had not been
visibly worn or even wet by their
a light beating through the mist from the
snow that swayed the most from the
ground that held it up.

dropped too far unless lifted
frequently upon the board chaco
planned for them. Such alternation
would have been interminable.

The divided loads and ease of the
ropes saved the day.

How far Thurs Daily? ^{**} That we
were prevented from going further
into the Ice seems fortunate. Five
kilometers daily would have exhausted
the party and all provisions, if any
appreciable distance out had been
made. That the big fish was a
timely occurrence for us has become
a fact consoling. This is not the
place to adventure the Great Ice.

Old Landmarks, On the way out
we passed a lone flag tilted far
over but still flying valiantly from
its hummock. It was probably
Ralph's second marker and had
been replaced in its hole by August.
Another found nearer our lower
camp but without visible hole had

been brought down previously and then taken as a standard to our upper camp, where it now stands guard.

It is our days after that a seal of the land
resembles a typical part of the land
just above the

Tuesday, March 13. Ice Edge.

Calm. Yes, it has been down into the calm. Often the anemometer does not even turn. Perhaps it is calm now up the slope, for the barometer still is rising. It has also been down into the brown and the dust - full evidence of the previous fall. But we can hear the morning fall of the snow and the drumming of the falling snow.

Snow - But snow has been falling all day - large starflakes like those pictured at Jericho, Vermont, but almost ethereal in density. Yet the film has clad the landscape in white again and removed its bleakness.

In Time. In picture taking, I beat the Greenland change for once. Even as the snow fell, I had taken a view of crevasses and seracs.

To show the hauling or hawing of the drift snow. I took my great Curves again. It has become for me a studio model. I also took the Field in its coat of brown. Now, if only the wind will dust the snow from the river surface, I can take the vaulting of the ice there. But Bangstad halts my suggested wind by "Curves on the wind". It means still further landship getting out.

Restoring our Last Vitamins. Some days ago I suggested Embrocant soup with bacon and oatmeal ^{as our ~~quintessential~~ return} ingredients. It preyed upon Bangstad. He acquiesced the evening and determined to make the soup even before we climbed to the Observatory to eat the meals expected there. But last night I dreamed of an apple orchard with miraculously large and luscious apples and awoke to find my stomach faulty.

Marion was sent hunting and

returned with two hare and two
 ptarmigan. So this has become a
 day of eating. Oatmeal and coffee, coffee
 and bread, fresh rabbit as much as
 we could eat and coffee, then bread
 and coffee, and finally halibut, coffee
 and raisin pemmican. I was
 weary and lame this morning,
 Bangstad's back was aching from
 yesterday's strain. Now we all feel
 better. Maximo too, probably. We
 do not always ask how he feels,
 He just moves. He is our life-essence.
 And tidbits! I never knew a rabbit
 had so many. I had always
 specialized on liver. But the nose
 when thoroughly dewhiskered, the
 eyes, the tongue, the brain.
 However, the eye of the caribou
 is considered the greatest delicacy
 for flavor. It may be a long chase
 to recapture our lost vitamins
 (we have been eating pemmican a
 long time) but we are now surely

on our way.

Our Female Dog. She, the one female of our expedition, is missing. She was released yesterday with the rest but was not seen on the way down and has not appeared. Is she staying by the old camp? She stays where there is food. But she has had none for three days. Has she fallen into a crevasse? We are waiting and wondering.

I nearly forgot the tobacco - it has been wrapped with coated cotton and polypropylene for the same purpose.

Wednesday, March 14 - Snow Again.

Snow. It has come to stay while I mean the falling snow. Tonight we have 1.9 inch, a deep snow for James Greenland and has ^{it} has thinned to 6 per cent density of .114 water.

Pictures. The morning was kindly and we were helpful for pictures of the personal type - Mariner and myself in furs sampling crevasse snow with our studio model as a background. Then after lunch

Pictures very easy - very easy here?

Banged measuring crevance
 temperatures - all posed for setting
 rather than actuality.

Reunion. At noon a call from
 Mains & back. Our lost female
 had come, her back tracks pointing
 toward our upper camp. She had
 remained faithfully waiting, thinking
 that we would come back until
 her faith had turned to discouragement.
 Her joy showed in every
 movement of her body and she
 sought congratulation from each
 of the groups of her nesters, lying
 down among them while they
 licked her. Then she was forcibly
 led away to be fed all the dainties
 of ptarmigan wings and caribou
 pemmican, the best that the
 camp afforded. Banged had been
 weary and a trifle gloomy, but
 was now manifestly elated, for
 the possible tragedy in the disappearance
 of the dog had weighed more heavily

that the actual pulling power involved

Snow Surveying Remnants. We planned to make a snow survey but spent the major time arguing the where? Cravanes filled more or less with drift snow that could not be measured to its full depth or the shallower cornice snow among the rounded hummocks? Both manifestly, if possible, so evidently more meager was the hummock snow. It was plainly a case of surveying remnants, not accumulation. So we conceived the idea of determining what nature had left and then adding to it the evident evaporation to compute the precipitation. For purposes of check the precipitation as actually measured will be used. This is a change the necessary reversal of snow surveying in the South.

But by the time we had well

started our new plan among the hummocks, the snow was falling heavier and even wet, tho' the temperature was $+11.0^{\circ}\text{F}$. My sooty oxoak was impervious to the wet but Bangsted's was cleaner. So we knocked off. Repeated bumping from slipping hastened the decision. Bangsted was really tired and I soon felt tired and joined him on the beds.

Final Plans. We are now to attempt to make Tanajanassu (pronounced Danayanassu), our radio hut station, on Saturday. This means the descent tomorrow, whatever the weather, one day at the ice foot, and a forced march home. It is a packed program but there will be practically no old snow to surry.

Thursday, March 15. Descent Day.

Head or Box Work? We had expected the latter for the ice lip had broken down since we had made the ascent and

left us on a shelf. The morning was still vaporous but not too forbidding for us to dump all lost belongings into the newly fallen snow and pack them into bundles for the descent. In fact the snow cover gave hope of using the sled along all parts of the trail.

So three sections of transport were arranged. a roll of burlap became the outer cover of a "grounded Zeppelin" laden with furs and beds and four of the dogs were attached. Then a caribou skin - became the hide of a very natural looking polar (real) stuffed with ^{tents} guns, axes, pemmican cans, and dragged along like a new spile by the nose. The sled carried only the instruments and provision boxes. We slid quickly down the slope, the Zeppelin making a deep trough

in the new snow for us to follow. at least the furrow in the three-
inch-deep snow looked deep after
the gray green ice of previous days.

Over the edge slipped the Zeppelin
at the tail of the dogs was down in
rainspout in the angle of a roof.
Our sled was too short and stiff
for such a gliding sinuous descent.
We were neither tough nor rubbery.
So the fat pannie was attached
as a trailer to our
sled and we moved cautiously
down toward the spout. A single
foot-slip and we would have
shot over. Two tail ropes were
attached and Bangsted and Merino
held the sled by sheer balance at
the edge until I could slip down
to a crack and get my feet braced
against it. I had to slip ^{down} quickly
for Bangsted's feet were giving away.
Then the two lines were slowly
paid out. They seemed slender

cords to trust, but sweet as
 they had never failed in
 the trawling for halibut. And
 they cut deep into our mittens,
 but the sealskins withstood the
 cutting and slow burning. Marine
 accompanied the sled as it slowly
 careened at the spout and then
 went over with nose hanging
 in midair. His Eskimo directions
 to pay out, to hold fast, to release
 ropes came calmly up from
 below. Then we slid under
 all controls we could use to
 the spout to see the Zepplin
 on the shore of the glacier lake
 and our sled on the rafts
 above it. It remained now only
 to climb down and join the
 vanguard. Head wind had so
 far saved our backs. The trail
 looked good ahead.

Lunch was had at the lake
 while we tried to determine the

thickness of the ice. At the depth of three feet we desisted. Mariva had thought that he heard water oozing up but the ice was still solid. We went on with our quest unfinished.

A pickaxe, penknife, back saw and kerseene were cached here for my summer trip, near Sabani's last standing place.

The task now became one of dragging our loads up the lake and the summit beyond.

All dogs were hitched in, even Glacie with the cut side returning to labor. The landscape was white but the sand lay below, and dragged against the runners.

Above the divide, the hill dipped rapidly to the river at the sea front. Large tundra bogs and hard snow made generalship imperative. Paugted had long since slipped down the hill

with his sinuous *zappelin*.
 But we dared not increase the
 speed, and we must employ
 power other than gravity on our
 rough ^{tundra} road. So the dogs were
 retained but two drivers used.
 One to drive from behind, and
 to set the pace and control
 the dogs ^{from repeating this fact} ahead. The dragging
 piece was retained and the
 rope loops kept ready for the
 runners. But for this precaution, Marini's
 heels would have flown like a flag at the tail of his sled.

Suddenly the piece seemed to
 have lost plumpness. Marini uttered
 the laconic "Magni magni nani"
 (Much, much No) and tethering the
 dogs by running their traces
 out the back of the sled, he started
 back up the trail. He finally returned
 with the sack of pemmican and
 tied it on as a separate drag.

On a long impervious snow
 drift he tried an old plan but one
 novel touch. The trace was again

run thru the rear of the sled
 and the sled put under way before
 the dogs could get started. They
 immediately braced to prevent their
 overturn or being dragged backwards
 and became a holding-back team.
 The trip was fast and snow spray
 filled their nostrils but they
 seemed exhilarated by the experience.
 Thus we dropped safely to the river
 and trotted along a winding ice
 trail to our old camp site where
 the zepelin had long been waiting.

Our tent was quickly erected and
 held in place by rocks dug from the
 hillside. The bulge showed its
 friction in increased thickness
 but the caribou hides were again
 quickly beaten to dryness. We
 were safely down and on level
 ice once more.

Pictures taken. It seems as
 if the vivid, most crucial pictures
 were always made in a studio.

Real life does not seem to permit them. We would have required an extra man to handle the camera today and therefore give him ample time to shift position. But, if we had had him, my Leica broke its film and became useless all day. The picture I craved was: Two men on an ice ledge with heels against a crack straining against two slender rods and a sled hanging in midair over the lip of the glacier. The other would have been the Reversible Team, but Bengtson says that he has the latter in a movie film.

One Unlooked Asset. To think that the roll of toilet paper was left in my clothes bag until near the end of the trip. The Danish newspapers have been much used. Bengtson had recored them times over, papers were wrapped in them, and dishes washed with them, their use had

been universal. But here was the handy roll, fitting the tiny table as Ben's soap does the hand, and ready for every use from table sponge to towel and toilet paper. One day's use showed how much we had missed. Our dishes would have been ever clean not finger picked and wiped as previously.

Sanitary Goggles. The new snow brought unexpected brilliance and my eyes quickly felt the strain. As a careful leader Bangstad had brought goggles for all. I had my own but they later proved to be broken. Only green goggles, he said, were adequate and were recommended by physicians. I was glad to have a pair by noon when the paces were opened, but soon I wondered how my hands had become so black in the trail. They had been dingy before, but now they were

actually black. It was merely a card of gross vision but I became consumed with a longing to wash. Was this the motive of the doctor? Are not amber goggles as good?

A New Brand of Tobacco. Wholly of natural now. The first roasting is heaviest on eyes and throats. The actual burning in the pipe is more pleasant than the old. Shag and it seems to satisfy. I have called it "Shag Junior".

Friday, March 16. A Perfect Day.

A Perfect Day. Yes; and a full day and a no-swear day. Tonight I caught myself singing "The End of a Perfect Day" and Aloha Ae - they just came with the evening and the stroll back home toward the Inland Ice, and the thoughts of the last night out. I had been down the trail photographing and had received Nature's

benediction in the sunset.

My singing and lingering had been in unconscious response.

A Full Day. It was a full day for us, each and every one. Marions made a trip with our spare equipment and instruments to the open ice of the Fiord. Rangied snow surveyed the hillslope below Glacier Lake to the Ice Front. I made good our loss in pictures of yesterday by going back to the summit and photographing Ice Front, Lake, Trail, and Chinese Ice Wall, An Ice El Capitan, Ice Hebris Gradient, The Sand Name, Amac Cache, and Lumsden. Bathed in Sunset and Storm, Schedule, Sun, and Clouds worked together to make a perfect photographic day and the sunset loved an extra film

after I had decided that I could not possibly spare another one. I can always risk a shortage for the sake of a surplus.

A Double Supper. Dangled worried much at Marini's late return and went down trail with me to look but preceeded me home. He had prepared a supper of Beauvais pemmican, when the team came wearily in. It had been far. Marini had ^{three} ptarmigan and a hare. So we lorty at our pemmican and then cooked a supper of ptarmigan and coffee.

As I ate my ptarmigan with teeth and fingers (I had temporarily mislaid my pocket knife), I realized how primitive I had become. I could rend and enjoy as completely as my forebears of the tooth and the nail. But the very joy brought the thought: "By what right? By the

divine right of kings, the game?" So my joy was slightly decreased at the thought of the lives that were feeding my own.

Comradeship - The day was not fully a mirage of realities making the entire trip seem good seconds of one day, as the Grocer gives a Thanksgiving turkey at the close of the year. Comradeship had really entered in and grown. Said Bangsted: "if I tell the truth this trip (i.e. its companionship) has been happy and I! I love my companions more than ever! I understand them better."

Realities. However, reality was with us in the frosty walls that covered us. The sea boat was maintaining its cold, carried in remembrance by frosted fingers and toes when last we had passed this way. Fortunately too the

snow had returned to the river surface. An odd coincidence that we should have had snow when we came up and when we go out but with a prolonged interval of business between. But we are thankful for our luck.

Spring Coats and Mittens. Not new ones but the old ones frozen. They became wet yesterday and froze last night. This is the habit of spring. Our aune with the lack of heat was pounding the kamiks with the flat of the ax. The insides had remained dry, but one felt as if he were wearing leather boots.

Our Lamp. The lamp that freed and brought us home. I shall take a picture of it as a tail piece for the book. It was the domed lamp. The dome had burnt at its lower edge and

snow. A tin can cover was
 punctured around the rim and
 substituted but it threw the heat
 against the floor and melted a
 hole in the snow. However,
 it furnished sufficient heat for
 cooking until Bangsted elevated
 the old dome by tin strips at
 intervals to permit the flame
 to burst thru. But frosts are
 becoming wetter and colder and
 bedding consequently sasher especially
 for Bangsted. So he and me
 are looking forward to the move.

Tracks. A shot on tracks as we
 walked down the trail together
 this afternoon - a shot suggested
 by the footprints of the dogs.
 A wolf's footprint can be readily
 distinguished from a dog's. It
 is more aristocratic. The
 nailprints are longer. The dog
 treads harder and his nails
 are short from much travel.

A fox travels by a different system of movement as does the Arctic hare.

Faces. I have been watching the faces of the dogs. Blackie has a non-descript face but shows his character in his actions. The pups looked enquiring but cowed. The rest are too imposing and dominating for them to develop faces.

Sabbat (Sunday) is very intelligent and responsive. He has been tied up very little and has been made a pet. Begeted says that any dog can be thus developed. But the King dog has a face of different mold, a Canoe Age face, square and impressive like a Hindenburg's. It is a face for force. The ^{prince} shows more mobility.

Saturday, March 17 - Home coming day. Things under. We had planned to stop at the limonade

far bench and measure the Gate as a station for stream-gaging. We had avoided the Falls by making a detour and found the Gate with merely a jump some distance below for water. Do all expeditions avalanche home? Florence and I did so on our return from Europe despite invitations urgently given and unequivocally accepted. I was sorry, for it will mean a long extra trip. But by noon we had reached the mouth of the river and were out on the tundra.

The Open World. A wide avenue of white snow lay between us and home - level and broad and long. The soft cirrus bands in the distance added to the sense of width. We seemed to be entering the broad world once more. In the middle ground

Removes no. Lager can and makes out of
 them. Such is the inconsistency on occasion
 & non-observance.

was Mount Evans and the boys
making home. I was given the privilege
 of walking in leisurely or running
 with the sled. So far we had
 ridden much, run some, and
 pushed a little. Now the Sand
 Flat lay before us and much
 detouring and pathfinding*. Two
 at the sledge would be better
 than three. So this day as on
 the first I walked the Fiord
 alone, but now directly toward
 my goal. The snow was crisp
 and walking firm. For long
 I kept in advance of the sled,
 forced by the sand to the southern
 edge of the Fiord. An occasional
 root showed the path of last
 years stream and a low
 line of pressure ridges, looking
 at first like a mirage, indicated
 the meeting place of sand and
 tide. Here in short distance from
 home I was picked up by the

sled and we rode rapidly on together.

Eats. The old longing for soup - the promised soup and bacon - returned. We were too hungry to climb ^{the} hill without a meal. So once up the ice foot to the beach and the boats, we quickly released the dogs and set at the task. I gathered ice and a new primus cooked. Saugsted made the meal: melted milk, Esbomest soup double thickness full of bacon. We loaded up. So had the dogs the day previously on fish and been sick from overdriving the entire day.

Up Hill. Mains had his place and its fulfillment. This was to carry his rifle up the trail and salute the boys with a salvo. We all stood at attention while three shots were fired

They were making us that for one ventilation along
phase of Bangalore, proper to this in demand some with
on one side from along the trail. And another, not even, had

had
Hobbs
Kear
3 Miles
Walter

one shot for each of us. The bullets
must have whistled close over
the Observatory but were unheard
within. The window was dark.
The last electric bulb had died
out. One tapping on the ventilator
brought results on the run.

It is worth weeks from home
just to have the reunion. The
weariness of too much presence
has become a longing for old
paces again. Guest relations are
established. The best is offered
each to other. Life together became
one sweet new song.

Messages were aird and
wired home. Congratulations
from Doctor Hobbs were received.
all the niceness of city were
at our unwise disposal. This
was I ushered into my old life

Sunday, March 18. A Setup Day.
The old Sunday. I had decided
not to clean up until I could have

my set of portraits completed. So I spent the day refilling the Seica spools and preparing for the men. Marins had eaten too much raw bacon and was ill. I was still loading up for my descent. A delicious supper of roast lamb was followed by long sitting up sending messages of warning regarding loss of transport for supplies for an aeroplane invited to alight at the Ice Point and the need of horse or man transport in the summer in place of a balloon-tied whalbarrow proposed. I offered to remain until August if I could be transported to Etah to catch a steamer and the University would permit me to delay my return until October first. This midnight came and cold came and lunasade. A storm outside held Bangsted and Marins here. I yielded my house to them and

put my sleeping bag on the floor.
 That's passed a hard and weary
 night.

Monday, March 19 - Sick Day.

Ill. Excitement, overeating,
 undersleeping quickly brought their
 cumulative effect. The boys called
 it seasickness on lemonade.
 I certainly had had too much
 acid in my system and kept
 Clarence's comfortable bunk the
 entire day except when I cracked
 the barriers to get outside before
 dawn and lemon came up. However,
 I was ready for supper and nice
 living.

Conyated's Home Story. A news syndicate
 had purchased Conyated's story and
 wanted it now. So he was spending
 the day writing diligently and
 Paul was preparing for the wearying
 task of sailing it two thousand miles
 thru the air. When it was finished,
 they would be ready to start and had

already ordered the sleds to come.

Tuesday, March 20.

Pictures-taking on the Fiord. We had taken no pictures except scenes on the way home. So as a reward Bengtson had offered me the team to complete the task at leisure. Yesterday the air was still filled with vapor and I had been ill. So I could not accompany Marins when he returned for the load sealed on the Fiord.

However, today was ours, to stay as long and go as far as we pleased, Marins with his gun and I with my cameras. At noon after coffee and black bread spread with butter we set forth to Narajung, the vaulted river ice and the Brown Cliffs at the river mouth. Ptarmigan dotted the entire Fiord-side with their white bodies and trails of Arctic hare were crossed. Marins used field glasses to find

his game but his eyes were too snow blind to risk shooting at their heads. Strangely he missed four times entirely tho always fetching down his ptarmigan. Thus we fastened as much with the hunting as the picturing.

Our sky was cloudless, but today we were picturing rock masses in their boldness and austerity and drifting sands and fields of snow. Sky in our pictures was mostly lacking. The Brown Cliffs I attempted to tone in color.

A Gaging Station that Wasn't. On our return home from the Ice we had failed to stop at the Gate, but at the river mouth we passed down a perfect flume in the cliff which I took to be the river bed. I took tape line and pole to measure the cross section and establish an ideal gaging station near home. But this was an

"extinct" channel. The river had long since cut itself a lower sprawling bed over the rocks where it could not be measured,

As the sun was near its setting we packed cameras away and turned home. It was a long but unbroken trip.

A Cold Day but an Outdoor One. I should have taken a fur anorak with me for we had much riding to do. But I had only my cloth anorak and the Iceland Sweater. Only on the rapid trip home did I think of getting warm. Mariner was riding much and was bundled up in his fur anorak and beating his kamiks with the whip. I rode on my knees and ran occasionally. The air was fresh and frequently my nose felt cold. But only as I climbed the hill did I realize that above an icicle beard protruded a solid nose. No feeling,

Get a copy of program from the Quaker camp in better shape

Went walking up hill!

just an object between my soft
 cheeks. I rubbed and buried
 it in snow held in my fur
 mitten. I had no desire to
 put my hands on the snow itself.
 Paul suggests that I may easily freeze
 my nose still more by using
 super-cold snow. That it should
 be near melting. However, softness
 with tingling gradually came back
 in time to rescue the nose from
 the effects of freezing.

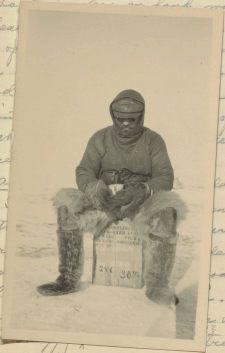
at eight and dark I found
 suffer waiting and a warm
 welcome home. A large home
 it is now since living in a
 tent, no sense of crowding even
 with your goods strewn over the
 floor. The boys had been unhappy
 thru the Chief's lack of understanding
 and the past days had been a
 recounting of troubles. But the
 cold air and great spaces
 had swept it all away, the boys

were in a happier mood; we were all settling down to tranquility.

Wednesday, March 21. Back to Normal.

a Hobe. Over nine weeks without a bath or hair wash.

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had
Bald
wasn't
treated

me so ill? Clarence had brought me water in abundance. The husk began to come off. Then eyes seemed to look younger

were in a happier mood; we were all settling down to tranquility.

Wednesday, March 21. Back to Normal.

a Holo. Over nine weeks without a face or hand wash. A beard like a fur mattress. A yell of delight when I removed my cap and calls of holo and blind pencil vendor. I was maintaining my reputation of the "toughest looking man" and readily agreed to pose for pictures.

a Look in the Mirror. Could it be I? I must really say "me" as the English do. It's earlier and more emphatic. Eyes faded and old. Whiskers as broad and bushy as a Nihilist's. Cold head grimed, and hair ^{was ample} ~~was~~ ^{reg. it's, or Peter Frenchman, the bearded?} and shaggy. Had the Ice treated me so ill? Clarence had brought me water in abundance. The husk began to come off. Then eyes seemed to look younger.

and more natural. Can clothing
 give its aid - My answer was
 shiny black with oil smoke.

Can it ever be washed? Should
 we bury our outfit? Strangely the
 tooth washing had been most
 imperative. Hardly a thought of
 its need on the trail. Food then
 far simpler. But the complex
 diet here seems immediately
 to foul mouth and teeth.

"Flying the Coops". On the trail
 yesterday Danyted asked me
 to hasten getting ready to go to
 "Holtzberg" next week two o'clock,
 his favorite indeterminate date.

But today he came in with plans
 to leave in the morning with
 Marins and Paul and rush thru,
 while I wait for the sleds and
 go out at my leisure. Paul
 finished his radio work last
 night after two nights of hard
 sacking and is eager to leave.

So I have assented. It will leave me here longer with Clarence. He insists that I go for the snow survey on the Coast. It will leave him entirely alone for three weeks. He is a genuine lad. I shall bring Carlson back. Then in June, Clarence goes home to a happy marriage and an approving Weather Bureau Descriptive Names. Bangsted is called "Owl-eyed" in North Greenland because of his large eyes. Clarence is called Akutek "The fair weather clouds" because of his blonde hair. I suggested that if they saw me with my cap off, they would call me "The cloudless sky"; to which Paul duly remarked "yes, that is a bare possibility".

The space before our door Paul has named Urinal Square or the Commons in memory of Excement Hill at Camp Little. It is his last joke as he leaves.

Episker

He and Ferguson surely left their
marks and a smile.

*
Thursday, March 22. Parting Day.

Sled Off. I went down with
Paul this morning early to see
him off. But it was a case of
seeing him down in tight
sealskin pants and new kamiks,
he found the trail sweaty and
slippery. Ninety one times he
had walked the trail. He thanked
the Good Lord that none of us
had been broken. In happier
mood he mounted the pack
on the sled and slipped away
into the west. This is his first
venture in Greenland. He has
staid by his key. The day has
turned warm. He deserves
a good trip.

Collecting my Stuff. It has lain
under a tarpaulin all winter,
evicted by the new tenants from
the Radio Hut. I have found

* A New Week. Kamiks had me sprained. "Big" and "Small" when I fell,
He and Ferguson began to humiliate and I signed the first Kamiks way
to see it out. It is this is my contribution to the Green Language.

practically all and stored it in
 the Hut again. I shall have a
 large baggage to take home,
 strangely much new clothing that
 I found too heavy but too cold for
 the North. My summer Ice Cap
 pendant was rescued from the
 weather and I have sent out
 of the Hut. I played
 and
 are
 are
 Flag. I found
 instrument
 all
 place.
 of silver to us.
 to receive it as



a trophy?

Medal of Honor. On returning
 to the observatory today I found
 on my shelf a large medal
 made from the top of a Klavin Can

practically all and stored it in the Hut again. I shall have a large baggage to take home, strangely much new clothing that I found too heavy but no cold for the North. My summer Ice Cap pennant was rescued from the weather - it had been cast out of the big tent unscathed by the January storm with which I played hobo. This with my tilligton and kamik stretcher made by Abraham are my choicest mantoes;

Bangstad Chival Weather Flag. I found the tiny hunting in the instrument case today when putting all things back in their place. Ruth gave the bit of silk to us. Would she like to receive it as a trophy?

Medal of Honor. On returning to the observatory today I found on my shelf a large medal made from the top of a Klavin Can

and pendant from a red ribbon. It bore the legend:



Red tape was intertwined around the edge. It was not emblematic but merely red.

This medal of honor was to have been conferred at a special dinner this week. But the rest have flown. So it has been conferred in silence but with a wealth of good humor and comradeship. I shall hang it high. It means my boys and their interest in our trip now done.

Wearry. Just healthy weary and lame from hard pacing today. We shall have an early supper and a quiet hour evening and medals. Reading? Possibly, but I haven't once missed it on the trail.