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DIARY OF SECOND TRIP

TO GREENLAND, 1927-28.

~~Book~~ SPRING IN GREENLAND

NOTE BOOK NO 8.

Manco

Friday, March 23.

Just Two. And evening and confidences and early sleep and long rest in the best bunk and comfortable Wood's Bay which Paul had had. A soft, colorful sunrise, a mild day. Clarence is filling me up with food and helping me snow survey. I am still sore all over from much falling and tired, but this life of quiet and deepest friendship will bring me quickly back.

I have put the panorama camera into shape and will take a panel of the five lakes in the basin to the north where Clarence has botanized much as a present for his new home. He will be married in August to the girl who wooed him in days past and been faithful in devotion during his unhappy marriage to another girl. He prized her too highly then to accept her. He will not let her go again.

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She gave him "Lost Estey" and "An Understanding Heart". Her ideals are in those pages. I look forward to seeing her sometime face to face.

Paul's journey. He must be near at Sarsvick. Nature has been very kind to him - an "unhappy lamb" in weight of clothing, for yesterday the temperature rose to $+16.0^{\circ}\text{F}$. and today to $+26.0^{\circ}\text{F}$. or thereabouts. Muller at Godhavn is continuing his afternoon talks to the Station. The Hans Egede reached Sarsvick today and does not leave until next Wednesday. Paul and Bengsted could just catch this boat, if they can hire a motorship down from Holstenborg, Hainan, they will probably prefer to wait for baggage and rest up at Holstenborg. Bengsted also wants my evaporation data. I hope that my sled will not come for several days yet. I can thus stay longer with Clarence.

Frost Work. The prettiest garden

of grasses and plants was traced on the inner glass of our east window this morning when I looked at the sunrise colors over the inland ice. It would have given inspiration to an etcher on glass or an embroiderer. I could possibly have photographed it, so clearly did the incoming light set it forth.

Gadhame Harwood. Only forty eight miles from Gadhame to Egedesminde but the mild winter has ruined the sea ice for sledging without leaving a safe passage for boats. So the southernmost mail can not come out. But the radio keeps them from being solitary. Eklundson has received a stipend from the University of Michigan and will remain all summer. I hope that he can still go to Cape York.

Night Scene. Just as I was going to bed. I had been looking over my color views to get the color

touch again and add something finer to the group. Then I went forth to find old song friends calling to me. A long band of clouds almost unvarying circled the horizon. The new ^{evening} moon peeping over. The fiord like a white valley with Nakajanga partially veiled. Overhead an aurora corona falling in long folds like a wedding veil or a Madonna's halo to earth. The wind was soft, the air was mild. I could have lingered. But to have seen these old friends and know they were near was sufficient benediction for the night.

Saturday, March 24. Winter Picture Day.

Picturing Mt Evans. This has been a fruitful day. I have photographed the Observatory and Lake and Fiord from the vantage point of Success Hill and the range to northwest. Panoramas mostly. This will best represent

Mt Evans in its winter dress -
 from its source of water to the
 harbor at the foot of the hill.

It was a day of loitering, studying
 scenic effects - just the life I lived
 to live. One picture was my
 particular delight: merely the
 crooked radio mast, often wrecked
 but still sending messages two
 thousand miles. I shall title it:
 "Battered but Still on the job". And
 tomorrow I shall photograph Chance
 at his theodolite with the title:
 "Only a Sivede but Always There".
 On such as these does the world
 depend.

Our Sleds. As we were completing
 snow surveying, we heard voices -
 four Greenlanders laden with heavy
 packs coming up the trail. They
 were bringing supplies and desired
 to start back tomorrow ^(aqio). Finally we
 persuaded them to wait until
 (aqio-in-u) day after tomorrow.

There is kerosene to bring up for Clarence and I abhor melting. I have been better all afternoon at this rush out. The steamer will not arrive until after April 20. We did not need to leave Clarence for two weeks yet. It is fine of him to insist that I go. He has promised not to leave the hill and can use the SOS radio if in distress. I must get back within a month with Carlson. I should not mind staying alone but somehow I do not so readily think it on others.

Word from Paul. His sled made only the first of the portage. He writes: "You must take a picture of ^{fiord} ~~bay~~ from our camp - superb, Grand, etc". I am glad he got the Fiord tower. He ignored the Fiord as his way in. He preferred to sleep. The tent has been left in place, but the natives say that he has another night on

the trail before reaching Sarvathlit.
However, he has the fur sleeping bag.
Baryatal and Marine can well sleep
in the open.

A Slow Trip for Me. Much sign language
has won the men to go slowly for
photographing and snow-surveying. Two
of the men have come from Helstenborg
and been on the trail since the
twentieth. Really a quick trip and
all by land. I shall return by land
with them but take two days from
Sarfanguar to Helstenborg instead
of one. Since I am traveling alone,
I can regulate my speed. No
flying the coop again.

Sunday, March 25. Farewell.

Care. I should have mentioned
care - joint care, pound care - a box
full sent by Aela and Mrs. Bostup to
Baryatal and the Amurians. The
care fell mainly to Baryatal last
Christmas, we have attacked it
this time without recourse. However,

Care
the Amurians
the Amurians

I was not as sore hungry as I thought but am rapidly acquiring the appetite.

My New Name. The Greenlanders came up early this morning with the necessary and took breakfast with us. They thought that I might possibly start today. It was windy with traces of fog in the ^{air} and they were anxious. Yesterday they found the name "Oop" written all ^{over} a ^{wooden} box - in ^{their} hut - but they were evidently gillains. Upon ^{learning} the reason they were inclined to attach the name to me. But this morning they found me with my cap off and immediately called me Ne-a'-no, the smooth-surfaced one. This is probably the chest I will get to the "Coulson Bay".

Finally leaving. It seems so good. Pictures of Clarence, at his Charlotte and at the box. A cup of Split Beer. View of the Ice Foot

and a soft evening view of the
 Fjord in vapor and drifting snow
 Sweeps of the *Emmeline* in succession
 at the ten foot toe line - all in broad
 measurement. Shame that I probably
 overexposed them. Such pores come
 rarely.

The snow survey was finished in
 the gale by the bucket method - the
 cores being collected and weighed
 together at the close. Only 0.6 in. water
 in the snow cover of Mt. Evans, less
 even than on the inland ice. But
 the mass says that the snow is
 deep - apparently waist deep in the
 hills between Saffersquut and
 Heltshang. So this trip will after
 all be timely and fruitful.

The Last Task. This was being the
 anerometer, the sledging and some
 saw of matted milk up to the
 observatory from below so that
 Clarence need not leave the hilltop
 during my absence. He had a heavy

dinner ready for me. Then
 leisurely packing of last rucksack,
 putting shelf and bed to rights.
 Laying my ratchet gently in my hand.
 Clarence is waiting there. Clarence
 watched the sunset to give me
 the time for starting down the
 trail before darkness overtook us.
 Then a hug, even if he is larger,
 as we went out onto the hilltop.
 He will be a happy boy even
 alone, for he has everything to his
 lot. He will be happy. He always is -
 for the past week's writing has
 put him fifteen bellores behind
 in his plotting.

A Soft Sunset. We gazed together
 until the fresh chill wind drove
 him in. The sun was setting
 in vapor haze with soft rays
 behind range in far perspective
 and took the imagination far beyond
 them. Then the clouds became a
 soft blue washed by the faintest

reflect of salver. It was a flock rather than a sunset. It rose in the heavens as I went down over the brow of the hill toward the gray vapor cloud that veiled the upper fiord.

Slowly downhill I strolled on the trail now fast becoming dry & smooth. Then I realized that two of my old friends had not been pictured: The Sitting Stone and the Hillside trail. But there and the two on the hill will bring me back.

First Night Out. We are all housed in the Radio Hut, the Grandfather on the floor, myself on the bed. They have had whole meat for supper. It gave me a new appetite, tho I asked only for a cup of coffee. Danish coffee is different from ours. You crave it for its own sake.

Maurius. Such it is, not Marins. It is new to me as a first name. and his family name is German!

(pronounced Kleest and by David Olsen Kleist)

Kleist. I have heard it often but forgotten it repeatedly. It is an old and honored name here in Greenland. I found my connection and prompting on a box of his we are carrying on one sled.

Monday, March 26. Caronte.

a Poisonous Night. Five men all night and a primus evening and morning shut up tight in the Radio Hut. My bed was higher. I needed little bedclothing, the others used none (they slept on their bags). It required half a day of fresh air to put me to rights.

a Sunrise. It has been long since a sunset and sunrise of the quality of last evening and this morning. But like the leper I was present when the waters were stirred but could not avail myself of them. I am saving my few colored plates for Holstenborg and the old Native Harbor and Svinging Land.

these. But such rich sky blue
this morning with salmon clouds
passing in caravans. Perhaps I
should call them the golden cliffs
of the blue sky.

On the Fiord. We are away by six
o'clock - a procession of four teams
two miles long; for we could
not and should not start evenly.
The teams might mix. Some
snow still covered the Fiord, but
there were long leads of ice, dirt
covered and dragging heavily. But
soon we passed from the region
of patches to continuous snow.
The tide was low and the ice
flat at the headlands was a
high wall of pure white and
made background in abundance
for photographing the teams in
winding procession as they later
joined closely.

A Land Wind. We had some
split winds on the Inland Sea

This morning we had one out of the bay second west of Hakkajung. The snow there was flying in clouds and a storm cloud was traveling north overhead. My fur avoak was packed on a front sled. I skinned for a time. Then passed by this bay into quiet air and beneath cloudless sky. Finally I obtained my avoak and basked in the sun the remainder of the day.

Dogs' Names. At least the names for the dogs are not taken from the Bible. And I have found one name twice. It is Kor-uo-tok, like our "Sam". Only it is "Blackie". The two dogs bearing the name, were black. I guessed "Blackie" and now tonight find that I am right.

A Cautious Native. Who would have dreamed it these days? But my driver when lighting

his pipe asked me if it was isopore (bad). I quickly replied unguleda (good). He believed it.

Portage - at noon we arrived, six hours out. Slower than our motor boat times. I obtained a dazzling picture of the Gates and the Ice Caps and a few large cumulus clouds. The Ice was a perfect dome. I thought it at first a bank of dense clouds. As the trail ice I found an inch of water in the snow - more than further up.

Back and Drag - which has been our climbing over the portage. My grand and snow drifts. I thought our large lake just over, but it was six hours away over nearly a dozen lakes, one two miles long and over many a dry divide. Now I appreciate the paddle and carry experience of the previous last summer. The portage never camp

is shorter for myoxus but steeper. Doctor Robb would have been exhausted if he had attempted to walk out even from the Pastages

just at dusk we entered a tiny stream winding thru a meadow and dashing thru into our large lake. The stream would just hold a oxen and was too winding for our sleds. So we ran the straight channels and cut the banks. It seemed odd, racing down a meadow stream with the banks almost touching the runners on either side.

In Camp. At the large lake - rather the lake with high cliffs - our leader Matthias Alsen suggested that we not go around (now). It was dusk. So we rode along the shore looking for projecting rocks to which to tether the teams. Then the sleds were hauled into deep snow. Two were placed

side by side to make a floor and a tent was stretched over them. Furs were laid down, the primuses were lighted, we were cozy warm. Snow as usual was trodden upon the skirts of the tent. It is so quick. It is dry, but probably held directly over the snow would be warmer.

A Sunset. A scarlet sunset reflected red on the ^{ice} leads of the lake. The ice itself is little green but transparent. The mended ^{cracks} crevasses start one guessing how deep the ice really is. Here in Greenland it really is deep rather than thin. Matthias indicated today that it was about four feet.

A Guest. I thought I was called out to see the sunset but it was to see a speck down here. Minus Alvan, they thought, a tupia was pulled out to buy ^{length} lead. So was he. As cautious as ever - quite like his brother David. He

"Our lunch had been simple and not too; black bread, & raw bacon, and coffee, the bread and bacon in our first on the trail, the coffee at the Postage, I had lived before I sailed. I now live it better now; tonight for dinner."

was our guest at supper.
A Mixed and Double Supper. They brought in whole's fish. I suggested Eckersweet and Black Beef. It was thick. Only five cups and one plate and spoon in the crowd of six. I served and ate with my cup. The spoon was passed round. I used my finger to clean my cup to the admiration of the others. Then they made coffee and I made melted milk. They called for more - another brewing, and one asked for the remnant of powder in the can. The man without a cap drank from the pan. Then we had whole's flesh all voted themselves gorged and delighted.

They have since been visiting at Marins' tent to let me write, but have now come home to sleep five of us tonight in two sleds.

Tuesday, March 27. Sarskathlit.

Up at dawn. Last night they announced a start at five and arrival at Sarskathlit at ten. Why the great hurry or the necessity of traveling from Mt Evans to Sarskathlit in one day and a half? Did Marinus Alsen bring a message or were boat schedules involved? I had no language to enquire and decided to obey and smile.

Fortunately only four of us slept on the sleds. Matthias slept with Marinus Alsen in his tent. But my sled mate used both nose and elbows to my great geying afterwards. It was a restful sleep for all that and we were up at dawn.

Our Parting Guest. Marinus Alsen was going slowly up country and after three shivers (sleeps) he would reach Clarence. I made him promise to stay with him the one night he is there. I hope that Clarence gives

him malted milk. I neglected to mention it specially. In return he invited me to stop at his home at Kertanussak on the way from Sarfangnak to Holstenborg. That is great friendship indeed.

Mosaic Ice. It is more than that. It is antique ice and pinaxox, as my companions remarked as they saw me looking at it. It was too early to photograph our great lane this morning and very overcast. Moreover, the lane was too windy to be seen in effective units. For this very reason seemingly it centered all its power in its ice. On the entire traverse of the lane I kept my eyes down not up, looking into the depths. The ice was a close pattern of cracks like ancient glass or pottery - some large, most of them tiny. The crossing of two large cracks formed the center of the pattern. The cracks hung down like

the curtains of the aurora in the
 heavens and seemed to disappear
 in the depths but not at the bottom
 of the ice. Indeed, other cracks running
 crosswise to them could ~~have~~^{be} seen
 lower down like crossing cirrus
 banks in the sky or nebulæ in
 the heavens. Matthias again showed
 me the depth of the ice in terms
 of his height. I measured it. It was
 the same feet he had mentioned
 yesterday. But one's eye could not
 determine the depth from looking any
 more than the height of the sky.
 And in color it was just as
 attractive except that the enamel
 surface gave it coldness. The
 frequent fields of snow gave the
 eye rest after one marvelous gaze
 and zest for the next. Could I
 possibly obtain a colored photograph
 with the limpidity and depth, or
 is this achievement also reserved
 for the movies?

The Snow Cover. We have plainly run into deeper snow. I failed to get one snow survey last evening because I thought that we were going to camp at the far end of that lake. Lakes are rare where the snow lies uniform upon them. I was discouraged, but obtained another chance this morning. As usual my tools were distributed among the teams and our sled - the rear one - always far behind. But in desperation I used the sampler only - the spring balance was churl - and used the snow cores in a can to be weighed later. The story of the snow seems to be this: more on the Island Sea than at Mt Evans but an ever increasing amount from Mt Evans toward the Coast viz. Mt Evans 0.60 in., the Firck at the Gates (just east of the Coast Range) 1.0 in., and below the big lake within the Coast Range 1.7 in.

The snow is plainly rami this evening

yet its remnants are measurable.
 It should be more farther on.

The Open Sea. Down a winding
 ice stream between sandbars,
 then a plunge down ice cascades
 and we stood on the shore of the
 open Fjord. Kangerluksuaq over the
 mountains to the south frozen deep
 and rigid. This had merely an
 ice foot and some drifting floes.
 The ^{mountains of the} former ^{were} was almost bare of snow,
^{there it} the latter were white and cloud
 capped. Such seems the anomaly of
 nature.

Sarathlit was far down the fjord.
 Yet two rifle shots brought us boats.
 These people are sharp eared as well
 as sharp eyed. Matthias on at least
^{three} ~~two~~ occasions noted things that I
 had unconsciously dropped and
 retrieved them. And today his boatman
 heard despite a strong opposing wind.

Into a umiak and a whale boat
 we loaded our train. The dogs

take the throwing as a matter of course. Matthias' little son was helmsman and Nathaniel was a member of the crew. Matthias must be the leading man. He owns the umiak and hires fishermen to go out fishing in it. He is a hunter and owns the only dog team.

The clouds were low over the headlands and the wind fresh. It was a typical March day in New England - bleak, snowy, snowing, and a landscape of headlands. Yet these rose unscalable into the clouds. (My Leica refused to wind the spent roll. So I missed the headlands and the floating ice. However, the fine by seven did good service at the ice fort.)

Sarkadlit. We had expected to go direct to ^{Sarfenagak} Sarkadlit to skinnix tonight but Matthias brought us ^{to his} home for lunch. Perhaps he knew that we could not go farther. Here the

The red snow
 all over the
 ground

Catechist (teacher) welcomed me and gave me letters from Dayetal. The Danish flag too at the schoolhouse was flying in honor of my coming. This is the first time that a public flag has been flown for me. This tiny native town is proud of her explorers.

Emox and Abraham too were at the landing. So it was also reunion day. After native lunch an whaler fin, whale's meat, and coffee with a slice of black bread especially for me, I photographed my host's household, then invited all the children to the school house to be photographed with the Danish flag. We had them all, babies and mothers included. The men had the privilege of looking in the camera. The Catechist asked me to photograph the interior of his schoolroom - almost a simple altar with three pictures, a reading desk, a table and neat benches. His heart was plainly in his work.

My Catechist-host. I little realized then that this room was to be my home till the morning and the catechist and his wife my zealous hosts. The wind was i'opax for rowing. We were windbound; only Matthias had attained his evening wish, that is, to sleep at home tonight. Hans and the rest of us were bound for Sarfaenguar.

So I was moved into the schoolhouse to sleep on the table. My new hosts have kept the fire warm, brought me mirror, water and towel. But they had no soap - could not obtain any. So I divided my comb of Palmolive with them. Bengstad and Marine spent the night here, but the teacher took Paul to his home to snore the night in sheer weariness. But Paul is gone. He has left a note urging me to go all the way by sledge for the sake of the new experience. The North is finally laying

hold of him.

Coffee Suite. Matthias came in and invited me to evening coffee just as I decided that my only meal would be black bread and dried beef in my sack. Evidently the family of natives does not eat with guests but stands and waits or serves. There were five china cups for us men of the team set on a chest covered with newspaper. But a large raisin loaf, still warm, was a surprise. A remnant of flour at the Radio hut had been begged by the men, who said that at all four towns here it was impossible to obtain flour. In gratitude they are serving back to us the flour in care. There were no sugar. They have none except the cubese Clarence gave and we are being served these with our coffee. Such is life, tho they have money for buying. We had a merry evening. The

belly decided to venture my lap and a tiny lad industriously washed himself at the basin. His poses would have done for Poiré's soap advertisements. The weather will try to pose him outside for me tomorrow.

A Canoe for Kangerlugssuaq.

Bangstad obtained Nathaniel's consent to take the jollyboat ride down our fjord for photographing in June. I am to pay him four kroner a day and ^{for} his food. This should take only twenty days. I wish that I could also take him to the ice and Camp Cooley.

That Nose. It is starting to peel and itches some. It is not red from sunburn. So it must be too frosting - poor thing. All frostbites and bumps are now recovering slowly, except one foot and the arm. The foot recovers my heavy tramping and the arm is painfully lame. It should

he put in a sling to hasten recovery
for the summer's work.

Night out Down. The wind still fresh
and cold, but light is breaking
beneath the clouds. The smells are
attractive. They are native again in
motion. The ground is freezing. Spring
here seems far away.

Tomorrow we are to start for
Sarfanguar whatever the weather
and I must vacate this place by
eight o'clock for the "pikaniimies".
It is now half twelve. So I must
push into my bag.

Eating. I do not eat in my sleep now.
I merely forget, but I ought to record
that I eat more than my companions
and am less particular about my food.
They are satisfied with only one
cup of coffee and eat only the
cartilage of the whole fish. I crave
two cups and prefer the bladder to
the cartilage. It is softer and
sweeter and richer, but they think

Differences in eating habits

Smiling Photographs. It was a morning of face-tiring, closeups. Rigid indeed. The natives live us struggle to get a good picture and look stiff. So I took to baiting them: "manarox (eat)", "shinik (go to sleep)". The absurdity was contagious. The victims relaxed. One resisted until the baiter of the crowd broke him. Possibly they now look too hilarious.

The little washerman was also brought forth into the cold morning air to wash. I laid down a caribou fur to cover the frozen mud. He acted his part perfectly until the crowd became hysterical when he looked pained and enquiring. No putness developed.

Childs Inexpressivity. The children seem unusually impassive. Yet they respond. I was called to second coffee. For the rest, men first, then women, it was only coffee. But I was served a tender slice of

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whale fin and delicious fat and
the last piece of cake with my coffee.
The little washerman had consented
to sit on my lap but he paid
no heed to the cake. We merely
compared the size of our thumbs
and hands. When offered a piece
he silently accepted. Two tots by
his side remained impassive.
Finally I noticed them and offered
each a piece. It was silently accepted
as by the first. But later on the
evening the little washerman showed
action tho still silence as he helped
one of the oarsmen by pulling heavily
at the oar. My attention was quickly
called and a photograph resulted.

A Salute. a flag welcome yesterday,
a gun salute today. We were
departing fully twenty five strong
not including twenty four dogs.
Nathaniel who rowed yesterday remain
behind. As the train receded I heard
two shots and enquired. "They were

His father said his name was Seth - a still bill
name for a still bicker fellow.

for me". Then a succession of several shots. I had wavered at the first. Now I knelt on my furs, hat off, at attention. I had never been saluted before. So I felt very personally about it. This has surely become a faster land to me.

Voyaging. How like old times to be swinging on the water again. Two boats in rivalry - a man crew and a girl crew. ^{The girls won.} Two sails dotting the landscape. From the girls' boat came the sound of fighting between the three teams of dogs they were carrying as cargo, and the excitement of the girls. Three men aboard acted as dog policemen.

In our skin umiak was a crew of ten, and Matthias as helmsman. Two mothers sat on the furs and packs on a sled and sang to their babies. Back to them, I lounged facing the helmsman and protected from the wind.

We passed old headlands. For the

first time I saw the houses of Akuliarait which Larry and I had missed. South of the Amerlook fiord the hills were continuous white, but on Maligian the snow level scarce. So was open water there. Plainly I could scarcely have got there had I made the sled trip via Tassersuar and Pingo.

At Home Again. There the hole in the wall we found our fleet of fishing boats, the Kana Jan, and passing over a rocky point the two men which betrayed the Hvalrossen. David Olsen and Mrs Olsen were on the rocks to welcome me. I forgot everything else in my welcome. Lunch of course - all I could eat. David asked if I had not got concave at Suvathlit. The Hvalrossen was bringing in food. It's plain now that they were giving me all they had.

Tells Customs. at Suvathlit the

men seem to eat first, then the women. I did not locate the room of the children, tho they sometimes received a piece at the meals of the elders. But at Sanfanguax Mrs Olsen always eats with David and me, tho the children, Christina and her brother and the help seem to eat later. Christina is grown, but serves.

Scenic Sanfanguax. I never thought that I could apply this term. It fails to look it from the water front. But from the cliffs this hillside town takes character with its rocky points and bays. The little church is high up on the slope and built long and low to fit it. I hope that my photographs may be good. I want them for David. But I fail to understand why I find a raw film occasionally on the outside of the film pack.

I took a colored picture of Christina to take to America. She is a fine

dear girl - refined yet energetic
in the household work.

Baggage Lane Wrong. The helpful
thing was done. The umiak was
embaded into the Hvalrossen but
my obviously necessary baggage was
brought to the house. The snow
sampler was not obvious.
Rasmussen had not seen me
use it. He was always in the lead.
Mrs Allen was sure all baggage
would be kept on shore until the
Hvalrossen had returned - this she
said when I broached the subject of
putting it on board myself. So I
went photographing, Mathias found
me to say Sledge (he was taking
the chance to be towed home), and
the Hvalrossen sailed away as I
photographed her from the cliff.
Now David's motor bay is having
a night run until ten o'clock to
fetch back all the baggage and
let me select what I want.

It was his solution. I had given up, expecting to lose another day until the Kochsen returned.

First Cut. The first cut for a year and by a case knife on cheese. David is now showing me how to cut without attacking my thumb. The nurse bandaged it well after first aid by the others.

The latter is a mother indeed. She found that my lame hand was cold (it always is) and warmed it. No wonder. Pippa and Arla love her.

Overland. We could all readily and restfully return on the Kochsen but we are still going by land. Up the first cliff is a gulch with snow, but the boys threaten a case of peeing. Bengsted was here two days ill. He is plainly worn out or lacks resistance. They call Matias and me plump and well.

Saurovina. A umiak and a kayak from Peter. Bengsted is plainly right in saying that an expedition has

ruined the market; Peter wanted fifty kroner for the unisek but readily accepted twenty, and cut the price of the kysok from fifteen to seven. But an eiderdown babies cape was offered by a neighbor for five and was promptly accepted.

Mrs David has a beautiful eiderdown coat, threefourths length, that sells in Denmark for one hundred kroner. Shall I buy it for Ann? I fear that I shall if it stay here long.

A Comrade for Clarence. David tells me that Maurine's younger brother is going in to stay with Clarence. (after all the boys were ^{skinned} wearing. Paul insisted on sending in a visiting team. Now they are sending a comrade) I heartily approve and hope that Clarence will accept. All the natives disapprove when I say Kallquist and hold up one finger indicating that he is alone. They know best and their experience

has been long.

Two Native Towers. On either side of David's porch are fastened two birch trees about ten feet high. A group stood near when I returned with Peter from photographing. I enquired whence the trees. One said: "from Sarovok". Right enough as drift wood, but he was trying to spoof me. So I pointed the finger of derision at him for being so sleepy and held my hand only one foot high for birch wood here. These were from Julianchaab. The crowd was now merry. I turned to go in, when another pinched my leg as if a dog had snapped me and dashed away to work. They are ^{as} responsive as Irishmen when they have passed from the baby stage. Strange the complete change. Perhaps the baby is merely shy.

Thursday, March 29. Steep-chasing with sleds
Maintainering with sleds. Thirty eight
 miles from Sarfanguar to Sisimint
 (Halotemborg) and we made it in
 one day. To us at Maligiak in
 1926 it was crossing the major
 part of a dozen Kyber Passes. To those
 at home it was crossing as many
 Crystal Peaks from Truckee to Reno.
 It not only put Hog Valley grade into
 the shade but into utter blackness.

How the trail was ever found
 or used seemed a mystery to me at
 first - probably a desperate venture
 to reach the coast in winter time.
 In summer the travel is wholly by
 boats and footpaths.

The drivers and all others call the
 trail up and down. That does not
 describe it at all. From Kangerbyssuar
 to Sarkathlit is also a mountain
 climb but is mild in comparison.
 If emotional language is not used,
 then a graph should be substituted.

this in laying and physical training. Without the first I should have been frightened and certainly unable to keep the pace.

The Start. Before going to bed last night, David called my attention to the distant cough of the Hoalrossen. She would not anchor at Savathlit all night but was returning and would reach harbor by midnight.

In the morning I lay abed for sounds of stirring labor and they were keeping as still to let me sleep, until finally Christina brought me the morning tea. I still waited. Then came

Rammell saying me I got my things from the Hoalrossen. I scented an early departure of the boat and scooted. But it was only his eagerness to be on the way. Snow sampler and most of the packs had already been taken across the fjord to the trail.

I am glad that the Olsons had another breakfast ready - a plate

full of bread and butter, marmalade, headache, coffee. They insisted we should fill up. I can't march like a native on an empty stomach. The others suggested rope crampons for the hard snow. I had not been so green in this matter after all.

Farewell to the dearest and most solicitous of friends and a quick pull over the fiord - with Peter and some of the boys ferrying the dogs. The divines pointed up the galech, with the impressive "ispek". It was carrying and dry dragging at first. Then a snow tongue. I bluffed and remarked "picasok" (fine), then pointed up some terraces saying "inguler" (good). So we started the day with a challenge.

Sledging and Drugging.

But no sooner were we at one summit than we turned at right angles up toward a still higher one, moving inland from ridge to ridge to escape

the arms of the fiord. Steep slopes - almost gibraltars - made V-shaped passes, steep but safe. In one bend we stopped for lunch and a snow survey. The wind was chill and almost destroyed their enthusiasm for further stopping except for pictures.

Then down to the fiord we ascended only to make a fish-bone turn. Down island again. The Kane-Tok was below us evidently on her voyage for Marini's brother. Back to the fiord again to make its isafast for a dry climb up to Five Lakes.

The Dogs.

The dogs of our first team were becoming exhausted. One poor fellow too much courted lay down utterly wearied. A retaced dog with body to match could scarcely keep his tug tight. He had a good name Ikathluk but a poor physical start in life. He was plainly outdone

by the others. He didn't belong there at all.
But we kept on.

Then to Sissimint. The day was in
mid-afternoon and I suggested
"tupix" (tent), for we must have covered
fully half of the journey and we
had planned a two-day trip.
But Rammel pointed at the sky
and with laughing fingers suggested
storms. I parried by "tupix" and "Pinnix"
(tent and lamp), but he was
stampeding.

We found water. Paulsen would
stop but Rammel wanted farther on.
We compromised on crossing the next
range where he said was good
snow to survey. But immediately I
found ideal snow. It was then
too late.

Over the range he said "three hours
to Sissimint" ^{"(What's name for the tenting days?)}
"It was really fine". I
immediately lost interest in tenting.
I wanted that ideal snow covered.
So I suggested Sissimint (not "nami", tent

"nami" and "agio-siuo" (day after tomorrow) a return trip in one run. The idea took, tho it meant a long day's work. It actually meant a long forced trip that night - down the ice of a long crossford at top speed and over a long divide. At its summit the second lunch of the day became imperative, tho ^{night} darkness was coming on fast. Malted milk and crackers - Hollick should know that his gods have man the top of the world.

Slats and Steering. I had smiled at the cumbersome slats. Now I knew their perfection. High runners that kept the bed above ^{surface} and projecting rocks; higher bars that climbed every roughness; pliable frame that adjusted itself to this; steering handles that studied the driver in the soft snow and breakneck dashes and made it possible for him with a ^{side} thrust

To deflect the sled; nets and lashings that held all things tight.

And steering! It is an art and a profession. Not a rope crampoon was used on the sleds all day. It was a case of steering at tremendous speed to a safe landing - the driver using feet and bells as control or dragging the dogs behind. Pennel could force his dogs to one side, run the sled over their traces, and use the team as a drag without slackening speed.

Late in the day I had been put at the handles to aid me in keeping the pace. Finally, I was kept on the sled as we dashed down one slope after another. Rosses bounded ahead but the sled rode them as a ship the waves. I had learned confidence in my driver and shot every hill with exhilaration. Soon we came to Karlaengen-hittin and the

familiar lanes. Then a long dip at top speed toward a church on a rock and a light. It was home. Over obstructing sleds and round posts the dogs tangled in their eagerness. Many hands pulled them loose. Near the hospital we came to a final stop.

We had started at seven-thirty. It was now nine at night. We had climbed much, pushed some, ridden fast. Little weariness had been felt. The drivers on the trail had called me "isongaluk" (allright), meaning a good sport, for everyone prefers the easier water route and even they had been promised it when starting for Kangerlussuaq.

Home. Only a moment. Then Father-Governor was at my side. He had heard the commotion and was quickly across town to take

me to my hospital quarters and then
to supper. Mrs. Ostrop and Arla
met us on the way.

Eats, then music - the Fifth Symphony
kept against my coming. I had
clean forgotten the small symphony,
tho I reentered it gladly. We
heard it there for the first or second
time in Greenland, for several
attempts had failed because of
conversation. The Fifth Symphony is
only for the silent or the solitary.

Friday, March 30. Arla's Engagement.

Sleepless. At midnight I went to bed
just healthy tired but not to sleep.
I had thought ^{myself} immune to coffee
wearfulness and so had drunk heavily.
The homecoming and the music had
also worked their excitement. It was
morning before I could sleep. The day was
stormy for a channel had formed. Snow fell.

Arla's Engagement. Saturday was
little sister Hanneke's first birthday. So I
postponed my trip up the trail until
Monday. It was well, for parties began

to crowd in.

I had sensed a subtle change in Arla, tho at times I thought myself wrong. But at dinner, we were invited to a party at 8:30 at Nikolai's. Here were some of her pictures - a Christening in the Old Church, an Aurora, as told Governor Bistrup announced the engagement of Nikolai and Arla. It is a formal Danish custom, but at his own engagement party, he was in far Copenhagen and his brother took his place.

Coffee, cake, drinks, skolds. "How surprised?" "Not unexpected". I gave a scallous congratulation when my turn came: I was happy that they would spend their lives in the land where man is small and nature big, in the land of musical silence where I had found my life's greatest happiness. Here he could serve the folk and she by her art interpret them. It was a fortunate blessing

clothes. The two women looked like a dream, we men felt like a nightmare in split coats and vests and tight collars. It was a night of drinking and skulls led by talky gey and grose. At its center was the reunion after the trip to the Inland Ice. Governor Bistrup skalded his wife: "Dige". She wittily replied: "Governor". To me also she gave a skald, saying: "I am glad that you are sit at my side".

Then a formal welcome to the Americans by the Governor, translated sentence by sentence by Arla: the great land, the friendships, the desire to visit it, the hope that we would not forget. I replied on my new home, the Viking women, the hospital, Arla, Astrid Hansen, Kaia Jensen who were bringing Denmark and America closer together, and my hope to spend some future years in Scandinavia. Finally, I spoke on the flags and their suggestion not of armaments and navies but of friends.

of Rippe and Kaia. Sangstad interested
"pinner", but the party lost itself in the
vision of friends, especially America, all alone,
to whom the power of all a final will.

At coffee, further toasts. By Sangstad
to me and then ^{to} Paul our companionship.
In English but full of feeling. "We have had
fightings much together, ^{you have not always understood me;} but I have learned
much and enjoyed the companionship.
Paul is near my own age and we are
living in spirit and enjoyment."

And I: "I know you seven rights and
I believe that I understand the other eight.
I admire your ideals and life plans,
learned as we lay in our sleeping bags,
and you talked Eskimo to Mewins on
one side and English to me on the
other with never a word of your native
tongue. You were solicitous, I was a
happy passenger. The lad was a half of
our expedition. I know you better and
admire you more. Why should not an
expedition grow more closely together?
Let us walk in a next day. Here's
my hand". The arm clasp of the Governor

This tiny party was a splendid illustration of how one can rise from the best to higher things.

was my reward. Then for the Governor, Bangsted offered a tribute to mothers, whose memory is always back of the skulls and especially to mine in far Nevada waiting until I should return. This touched me deeply and to the skull, I added my tribute to her - a mother-in-law - as mother, mother, Mother who had held the boys together, and had let me go never expecting to see me again - and concluded by reaffirming my devotion to women as representing the motherhood and uniting element of the race. To the Governor I referred as the Explorer's Friend.

I never realized before that a tiny party could grow so eloquent. The liquor was not at the base of my feeling, tho the two drinks continued their rivalry of drinking until all was gone. Dancing, with Helena our native sewing girl invited in, was engaged in until after one in the morning

Paul wonders that he can drink so much without intoxicating effect. He attributes it to his run-down condition (he has lost ^{possibly} thirty pounds) and his need of tonic, such as wines offer.

The ship sails today (April 1), removes Paul after the midnight hour. He had been thinking one thought.

Sunday, April 1. A quiet day.

Storm. Clouds, wind, drifting snow as we went home this morning. Today is crisp with a touch of snow and sun at intervals.

Church. It seems good to be at church again. The natives accept me as one of their number. I feel as in the church at home. I met my old pilot of the Bigtwinigan Tarn as at Itlak and Thomas, the aged stone mason, and walked down the hill with Claf, perhaps the most aged of them all. But he accepted my support only on the slipperiest part of the slope. "It would be summer later," said he. "He had had

a summer in winter, but also much wind". Everyone greets me. Is it the result of the Christmas party? My old sweetheart, the "grandmother" of the trip to Surrastoppen, is nursing here at the hospital. She is about as well. Mrs. Bistrup says that I have many sweethearts among the people. I am glad that we feel heart to heart. Paul and I are tired of race distinction.

Monday, April 2. "Day after Tomorrow Day".

Back to the fine boxes. It was storming yesterday and so I sent word to Rannal that I would postpone the snow trip longer if he wished. But he sent back word that we would start at six o'clock.

He was harnessing and I left for early coffee. We had no tent. He had already sent Hans Olsen's bear skin at Sanfugus by uniak. So by snow picture (I mean drawing in the snow) I suggested that he take a uniak sail to keep Paulsen warm while cooking lunch. Otherwise we were

prepared for a day trip only.

Frost vapor filled the air both morning and evening and reached fingers and nose and toes repeatedly until taking snaphite ceased to be a pleasure, then ceased entirely. Toward noon comfort came again. It must have been a cold day, tho it was only my front teeth that ached.

Clouds were luminous with light and gave a delightful canopy for the soft yet luminous vapor below. The long slender fiord so seen from above became the one art object of the day on our inward trip, and again on our outward when its white walls became bluish white in the shadows cast by the evening sun and then faded to dark white as the sun sank from view.

The view from the thicket where we climbed from our valley to the slender fiord (the natives call it the "little fiord") revealed the way to the route to Sumpangum.

North of our home Gibraltar lies this slender fiord that penetrates like a cañon here far into the interior and by its upper valley gives a long easy route to the alpine valleys that then intervene. Only we must climb high to get across into the fiord at the upper end of the fiord lay our second heavy climb over to our five horses.

The trail was heavy. Three inches covered the valleys and five inches the hills. At the head of the fiord Remond remarked that with such snow he could not make Saipayuar and ten days previously he had made it in ten hours. He was quite right, for at the head of the fiord valley we found it one-third or more than six hours since we started.

Should we go amelos (further)? My ideal snow course lay over the next mountains and seemingly out of the drivers' native land.

Rammal had objected to stopping here before because of storm threatening. Now they could not go there and return in one day. So we parried - by three words and many signs. They: "I must sleep in Sisumut". I: "Nami, shivik here". They: "No sleeping here". I: "You can have my Kaledak (fur coat)". They: "No amusettes for the dogs. They will eat their harnesses". I: "They can have our black bread", at which they decisively said the dogs would not touch it and I replied that our dogs were eager to eat it on the dead ice. Then the tent, which was only a flimsy sail. They quickly suggested an igloo (house) on the fiord. I agreed. It was a near shove, but they went on - at first angrily.

We were really venturing beyond our depth but I just had to gain that snow course, even if I camped out or sat up on the trail. We gained it. They made a tent house of the

two sleds and the sail and set out to cook. Here our trouble began. The primus that forced and brought us home again played the role - it will be its last success. Jete from the base of the burner and smoke until one could not stay with it under the sail. However, it furnished a dinner. Our scant petroleum was used up in the effort.

So back to Siciuicint again to shinin (shin)
 It felt chilly without the primus and soon the returning frost kept us all in the mood for running to keep warm. We were a half day's run from home but better run all night than sit one hour. The moon was high and seemed to furnish us warmth. At least, when it was hidden behind heavy clouds or we rode in a mountain shadow, we immediately felt cold. It seemed odd but was true.

But it was a worthwhile ride.
 a slide on ski down the soft snow

slope

hill, sunset and blue shadows
 on the snow-clad hills, distant views
 on the sea and the lowlands where
 men dwell, but actual rocklands when
 we descend to their level, staking a
 passage (real) in the gloom but
 in vain, clinging to a leaping sled
 in the swift descents, riding beneath a
 mountain parapet lighted by the moon
 softly thru a changing train of cloud,
 charging down snow lanes from here
 to here, then speeding by promontories
 on the ^{hard} packed highway going with haste
 to the water hole on a nearby lake
 and exchanging hearty salutes, and
 finally a sudden halt and escort home
 with eager hands carrying my packs.
 Such scenes may chill the body but
 they warm the heart.

Eats. As I was unmaking our provision
 sack for the black bread, I notice a ^{covered}
 plate ^{with the name written} on my table bearing the note
 "Eat, drink and be merry with the
 compliments of the Governor". I did a

coffee, sandwiches of all kinds - and slept soundly.

Agaa^{oo}-aoo. Before starting back we all agreed that agaaoo-aoo (day after tomorrow) we would return for the lower and find courses. Sixteen hours traveling to do two hours surveying, but such it was and was in the Sierra last year. So often had agaaoo-aoo trips been mentioned that Adama (Paulsen) laughingly mimicked the words and drew them out into agaaoo-aoo-aoo ("Sweet bye and bye trips"). And as such we these shall always remember them.

Tuesday, April 3. Snow Day.

Snowing. Odd that every time we fail to camp out it snows. This snow has been heavy and the wind is now rising and may blow our Thumb Pass full of snow. The sun is now shining and the mountains are clear, but tomorrow is uncertain. After tomorrow we

have a succession of Easter holy days. Will our agass-oo trip be long postponed?

Easter. Paul warns me that the next several days are holidays and must be avoided in making my plans. The table, especially Paul and Baupsted, think it a great joke that I, the one churchgoer, do not know that next Sunday is Easter. I retort that I do not attend church because it is Sunday or Easter; that any day is as good for that purpose. Church for some is unfortunately a matter of creed and calendar. However, I shall be glad to see a Native Easter.

Wednesday, April 4. Agass-oo Day.

Reckaboo Weather. yesterday we had blizzard. Today is sunny. So it has been for several days. My agass-oo trips have fortunately fallen on the alternate sunny days. At last night the Governor was afraid that the snow might have drifted too deep in Thumb Pass,

but Rammal said we could make it. As it happened, there had been little snow-fall beyond our own valley.

Old Eighty but New. At six we were out for our last return to the snow survey courses. My experience on Mt Rose seemed duplicated, whereas the first fifty trips each gave me something new.

This time I coasted very close with the snow-spraying from the feet of the dogs causing me live spume. At times we outstripped the dogs, when some of them preferred to be dragged at the end of their ropes to living their speed accelerated by the tugging sled. The soft snow cushioned their bodies and checked the speed of the sled. Otherwise I could not have ridden. As it is, I marvel at the speed and endurance of the driver whose hurrying feet sound like the drive of engine pistons until I failed to hear them at all. Then he

is probably making his heels sense
as a brace and rest.

At the ski-slope where we
made the climb in fifteen minutes
on ski and in two hours without,
I was brought down on the sled.
Here confidence becomes faith and
faith a gambling chance as the
sled takes the air like a plane
and you look at the landscape
below. But a gambling chance is
repaid fully by the exhilaration -
except that one of the dogs was
run over and dragged to his
terror. This might well be
called skiing on sleds. It beats
skiing, for you have dogs on the
upgrade.

Ironically, the small fiord was
more exquisite to look down upon
from the pass than the previous trip
when it was soft with vaporous
light. For this time the overcast
clouds gave the entire fiord a delicate

blue. Were not blue in the
shadows of a snow landscape
so universal, I should like to call
this the Blue Fiord.

Seal Hunting. From the pass
Adam saw seals basking across
the fiord. Of course he could hunt
them, only I urged him to go continually
I sat ^{lying} in the sun on the sled
keeping company with the sleeping
dogs. ^{But} Rammell had gone on ahead
to ^{bring} his seal nets. ^{After}
after an hour ^{he} returned
excited but disappointed. He had
got within ten rods of three but
they dove too quickly for him.

We saw overtook Rammell at his
nets. Where a point jutted out
into the fiord, he had hung two
nets across the tide cracks
beneath the ice. The seal either
rounds the point of necessity or
sees the tide crack to breathe,
and runs against the net. Like
obstinate people, it never backs

up and soon becomes enmeshed in the net. The hunter chops a hole in the ice with an ice chisel where the rope comes up and peers down to see if any object is below. Cammel had just pulled up a seal thru a hole no larger than a post hole. It was dead, for it could get no air. Then Adam chopped out the next net and obtained another.

I wondered how they managed to lay the net beneath the ice. Governor Dietrich says that they chop three holes, then throw a harpoon shaft with rope attached thru one hole so it will rise at the mouth of the next. Also thru these three holes depend the supporting ropes of the net. An ice chisel on a long wooden handle is used to chop the ropes clear when it is necessary or to move a hole to drag the seal up thru. Cammel was a devotee of the efficient net and Adam of the spectacular

stalking of the game, and today
Rammel pored much fun at Adam.

But the most Christmasy hunting
was done by a little fellow who
went further inland whether we
were bound to our snow suaying.
He climbed high up the face of a
mountain with his dog team of
five (we had two teams of eight)
and returned home with ^{some} ~~us~~
with two Arctic hares and perhaps
a dozen ptarmigan.

Sunset. We returned early enough
this time to see the sunset in
our own valley. Saw down and
far our valley opened out like a
plain mottled with low rocky buttes.
A scud with curling upper edges
lay upon the sea. As we descended,
the scud appeared to increase in
height and became a smoky
red in the sunset. But the
ruts of the much traveled trail
became indigo blue in their

depths and a brown cliff stood out the browner in its mantle of snow. This part of the sunset gave character to the commonplace sky. What opportunity for patch in these blue shades on the snow.

Thursday, April 5. Snow Day.

Snowing and Resting. It is snowing today, as it should this far-a-boo snow, and I am sluggish. I was not weary last evening until I sat up playing Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and reading. But I felt muscle weary all night, the not leg weary, and today I am dreary. I was going to survey snow here today, but perhaps I have a right to this day of rest.

The folks expected me to go to school. Perhaps I shall tomorrow. I have had a white snow make for Easter, but the black bands of trimming are "narrowing" wide. Louisa Linvate is narrowing the bands for me, what should I do without her constant

help?

Friday, April 6. Half-Mast Flag Day.

Wane Peexaboo Weather - It was clear today, as it should be, for it was snowy yesterday. So I ate a breakfast of black bread with butter and sugar and went forth to sunny snow.

Good Friday. Why the word "good"? Bengtstet wonders whether it is a corruption of the word "God". Perhaps this deathday of Christ is counted good as is the crucifix. Flags are at halfmast today as a emblem of mourning. It is also the custom in Europe too, they say. Certainly not a bad way of dramatizing the death of Christ. It is the counterpart of the hymns of rejoicing sung at Munich on Easter Eve when the tomb was closed and the stone of the risen Christ borne in triumph to the altar. I could not well go to morning service, but attended vespers.

Horace's Christmas. Today we were all invited to the pastor's 10 afternoon coffee. The home and cake were delightful as ever.

With Ayla as interpreter the pastor asked me to take home the hearty thanks of all to the Reno children for the Christmas here.

The town plainly feels the same way. I am greeted by everyone - men and women as well as children. Hats even are lifted. At church I am taken, as Paul says, at face value. I am not "ashunning" but considered as one of them. Both Alf and Thomas have welcomed my assistance in descending the winding path. It is like helping Father, a little girl consented to my carrying her baby brother down hill, but the baby recoiled too far to make it safe for me to urge. At least, I feel at home and among home folks.

A Comedy of Errors. I was over the hill snow surveying. The wind was rising. The index of the spring balance was jumping. I was feeling profane. A figure appeared at the top of the hill on ski. I thought it was Paul, but decided that it wasn't. Soon a gentle voice bade me Good Morning. It was Mrs. Bestrup in cap and knickerbockers out for a coast on her ski.

When I returned to lunch, I explained my failure to recognize at first. She laughed and said that she had ~~she~~ thought me a native hunting.

A Covering for Ski. Instead of our ski dope, seal skin with hair out seems to be used to face the bottom and the footrest of the ski. At least, Mrs. Bestrup's and Arlin's are fixed this way. The snow does not readily stick and the skin serves as a stocking when chiseling hills. The ski runs readily on

the level or on down slopes, the net fact.

Saturday, April 7.

Clearing the Harbor of Ice. It has been near zero Fahrenheit for the past several days and the harbor has been icing up fast. Last night the Whalrooom was frozen in and the ice field extended below the Cannery. If the ice field went out, it would take the boat with it, buoys included. So Governor Distrup appointed this as a day of icebreaking.

Consequently, I was up early to get a picture of the harbor. I took it from the Church entrance - an axepole for view. The ice had already split and a lane had formed outside the Whalrooom. But the boat was cleared and set forth making lanes all thru the ice field and starting it with the wind down by. So only the inner harbor and old harbor are still ice-locked.

A Cold Day. My toes, fingers and

nose insisted on being unhappy. The
 wind made sunbathing uncomfortable.
 So I came home early. So has also been
 snowing some. The mass has
 maintained its peculiar weather
 character to the end. Surely there
 can be little evaporation here.

Snow Cover - Inland Ice to the Sea.

I wish it were comparable. It
 represents not so much precipitation
 as savings or climatic frugality. The
 Inland Ice has no disposition even
 to get, and quickly squanders. The
 Plateau perhaps is a better getter
 but squanders much.

The Coast Range is the snow
 getter. better on its ocean side than
 on its inner. But the story of
 gains and waste from ocean
 inland is plain from the few
 and crude measurements of our
 journey outward.

Reversed, as the storm travels,
 the trail of the snow cover boss

as follows (the figures represent water):

Coast Range Region	the Seaside	6.41 in.
	Head of the Fiord	5.52 ..
	Center of Coast Range	6.81 ..
	Mountain Valley of Range near center	7.66 ..

Plateau East of Coast Range.	West Side near Base of Coast Range.	
	Near Inventor's Fiord	1.70 in.
	On Kangerhysvær	1.04 ..
	East Side - Mt. Erane	0.62 ..

Inland Ice	Ice slope at Ice Front	0.66 "
	[Ice slope Mt. Erane 0.94 in.]	
	On Inland Ice (western edge)	0.91 in.

The trip lasted from March 4 to April 7. Consequently, the Coast Range has accumulated somewhat since the surveys were ended in the east. However, the maximum gain has not exceeded 1.04 in. in the west. The gain must have been far less in the east. The relative divergence remains practically unchanged.

Sunday, April 8 - Easter - Pascha.

Music in the Night. Easter is dramatic indeed, happily so. Day before daylight, perhaps soon after

midnight, there was the sound of voices singing in the hospital ward. We had the room adjoining. So spontaneous and grateful was the union of voices that I thought of the primitive Church and the Day of Pentecost. Later came the sound of singing farther away, perhaps in other parts of the hospital or from some serenading choir. Christ was risen but unlike Mary they could not wait until break of day. Easter had become Christmas in its joy.

Easter Calls. Church service today is Matins and Vespers only. No Church at ten as usual. This has been advanced to eight. Soon after seven the church bells began pealing—a bacchanal of slow peals and a foreground of rapid, almost fore, alarms. Two boys were beating the staves. Sometimes the boys' enthusiasm speeded both staves

into fire alarm speed. The ringing continued until after service had started. So I wondered how the congregation knew when to assemble.

Easter Service. Easter time in Greenland looks outside and feels inside like Christmas time at home. There were certainly no flowers and no new costumes except in the case of a few. Three girls looked

and one or two ^{of the older women} elders no more. But on the whole

was the simple ideal of

ee, however, had special not noticed before. The

a seven candlestick piece (center of the pastor) to the large four candles.

all back of the pulpit was some red satin drapes.

too wore a surplice over a white robe and the surplice bore the cross in gold. However,

Resurrection of Christ
Reverent Color
Landing Stairs
Carpenter School
In corner of
capitals had
also, old an upper
and base of
candle stick cups
surplice.
color?
Dinner of wood
rust. Chancel
gates
These are
new since last
I was here, &
thin. But spirit
but rich and harmonious

1916-1917
C. E. ...
Church ...

into firestorm speed. The ringing continued until after service had started. So I marvelled how the congregation knew when to assemble.

Easter Service. Easter time in Greenland looks outside and feels inside like Christmas time at home. There were certainly no flowers and no new costumes except in the case of a few. Three girls looked like brides and one or two ^{of the older women} elders had satin ancoaks. But on the whole neatness was the simple ideal of the day.

The service, however, had special features I had not noticed before. The altar had a snow-candlestick piece (designed by Abla and carried by the pastor) in addition to the large four candles. and the wall back of the pulpit was hung with a wine-red satin drape. The pastor too wore a surplice of wine red over a white robe and the back of the surplice bore the sign of the cross in gold. However,

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immediately after the service at the altar was completed, the surplice and robe were changed for the usual one of black.

The music also was varied. There was more of it and there was a choir which rendered three chorals. I thought that I heard women's voices in the chorals, but after the service I saw only men and boys. Perhaps there were no women; the treble at least was unusually thin and possibly piping like a child's voice. To hear the chorals was to realize after all the power of congregational singing. It is the finest and most helpful feature of the service - at least to me. Frederick, my organist and member of Parliament, is the organist.

Easter Hand Clasp. I lingered for neighborliness but found others waiting to clasp the pastor's hand. At the beginning of the service Louisa had stopped on my side of the church to give me the Paschal greeting. With his black

robe and his staff the pastor reminded me of Hans Egde at Gethse. By returning a few steps I had opportunity to assist both old Olaf and Thomas down the snowy stairway. I love to sleep and walk with them. The companionship with these old men and their responsiveness seems so natural.

I wanted to take a picture of the Easter congregation leaving the Church, but somehow I preferred to mingle with them and besides the stairway seemed too hushed in awe.

This afternoon the people are going from house to house giving the Paschal handshake. Our maid and three of the men visited Paul and me at our room. We entertained them with our novelties. Mary has called at the Gundersens, from the little water boy to Frederick, the organist, and his wife. But women callers have been few. In social features, the Pastor has in effect any Mary's Day.

Per-a-boo Weather loving its Rhythms.

Today should have been fair. It started so. But after service the western or sea sky was filled with Quindael cloud banks - almost thunderstorm clouds. I was planning to take a panoramic view from the Church Box. Sorry now that I did not. Ice fields covered the sea far out and the town was in sunlight. Now a snowstorm is on. The horizon is narrowed, all lights and shadows are gone. The view was changing too rapidly to get it, I fear, even if I had gone quickly back.

Reverse Relationships. At Vespers I again walked downhill across in sun with Old Thomas. He remarked: "you all came ~~as~~ father^{ly}". So since Governor Birtup is my father, and I am Thomas's, then the most aged of us three must be the grandson of the youngest. These are emotional relationships may be the opposite of the biological. Thomas's family name

is Olsen, the Governor tells me, and the green house on the slope above the path to the harbor is his house. Now I must haste Old Olaf's letters they are my Neeson Papers.

Monday, April 9.

The Disco. Paul has finally learned that the Disco is still nearly two days east of Cape Farewell. Bad weather apparently for her. It will be early May before she leaves Iqroet on her return voyage to Copenhagen.

and he has picked up three messages for the Governor much to the latter's delight. Thus the days are becoming full again.

Dinner Out. This time also at the Pastor's. Danish was the language of the evening, for the hosts knew no English. It left me without his help, for I did not attempt to interpret even the familiar words, and thus in an undisturbed mind to enjoy the undertone of music from the gramophone in the adjoining room.

Their woodcarving on the screen of the organ and their oil painting of a blizzard at Godthaab are worthy of places in museums as representative of the best Greenland talent. The organist, Petersen, at Godthaab did the carving for friendship and refuses to do more. Their relative painted the blizzard. He was Danish trained. But he has now been dead some years. So, if I could afford two such treasures, I could not obtain them. Therefore, I hope to receive more invitations to the home of my hosts. I also praise my hosts in their own right.

Tuesday, April 10 -

Routine life again. The holidays are over. We are quickening our pace again. Evaporation has been started today. All the children helped me. They understand and will "narsua" (Not, Not) touch.

The harbor was frozen completely over this morning and the Svabroun

has been busy cutting paths thru the ice to permeate it to men. It was thick ice at anchorage but thin further out.

Architecture.

This is the first day I have been at the harbor. The new warehouse is a gem of rustic architecture - stone slabs in the lower storey and timber above. The old ship nest into the roof. The one touch of curved line is in the dormer entrance. The building would do honor to Danvers.

Picturing. The unusual this time - the new warehouse and icebound quay, and portraits of Sister Hannah and Per in their chairs. The posing was admirable, due to West's superb sideline work. If only film and light have done their part. Pity that the film can not be developed here.

Edo of Horacio's Christmas. One of the larger small boys paid me a long visit today. He is a forward lad in behavior but kindly beyond my

relief. He helped me with placing
 the evaporation pans at exposed
 points and warned me when the
 spring balance was badly hung.
 Later he came to call me a kind
 comelit. He and his mother live at
 the Cataketo's. His name is Mr.
 Lars Absolonson. When I had asked
 his name, he asked for mine. I told
 him Church. Profuse language
 which "picaresqueness" formed
 the center and gesticulation was
 followed by a hearty handshake.
 I was evidently that American
 Santa Claus he had heard about
 at Christmas time. He had a
 very formal benediction: "Forval" and
 a handshake.

News from Clarence. A messenger,
 evidently from Sappugua, placed a
 note in my hand this afternoon.
 Gustave Klavet reached Mt Evans
 April 1, just a week after I left.
 Clarence sent me a note by the

sled, Poor boy, he is worried about coming out by our sled. He would rather remain frozen, but does not want to lose the game birds. His note is decidedly blue. I would give much to be with him tonight. Has the loneliness affected him? He is not even happy at Gustava's coming.

He sent me my Medal of Valor - decorated with a nosegay of plush roses and lilies and illuminated with drawings of the Observatory; a man running with a gun as center piece; a fox howling in a trap, and a tent beneath. The drawings are good but with the roses were a burlesque of a fine bit of humor. However, there is the deeper significance of loneliness that impelled Clarence to add these details. I should like it the more for this.

Add verse

Football on the White. The commons south of our hospital are the nightly scene of football - really soccer. The ball is no longer the baseball of last autumn but a football stuffed apparently with grass. It responds fairly well to the kick and does not require blowing up. The game here cold for the ball is freely handled by the hands, but the rest of the game gives warmth a consistent sunshine forms a seat for spectators or resting. Tonight I counted twenty-five at the game.

Wednesday, April 11. A Warm Day.

Triple Photography. I was attracted by the western ice pack lying out at sea and our frozen harbor to take the panorama from the Church. It would be very effective in color. Even the variation in the tones of white gives vitality to the picture. Of course all the children

helped me. But first time the shutter
 seemed to have failed to open. Next
 time I failed to draw the slide.
 Last time - an attempt postponed
 until after lunch - the fan became
 loose. But despite the loose
 fan the last attempt was probably
 successful. However, to be certain I
 may take a new picture tomorrow.
 This is as bad as building that
 Inchee bridge - and I shiver on
 head, the first failure was instrumental,
 the last two personal. And yet we
 "never make mistakes".

Mrs. Bishop ill. Too much Easter,
 too many Americans, I fear. She
 was wretched yesterday but is
 better tonight after a day in bed.
 I hope that it is nothing worse.
 There is typhus at Unalakleet - polio at
 meter, says Paul.

The Coast Post tomorrow. Finally
 past the Cape and due in Ketchikan
 by Friday. The radio telephone arrives

that it will then come direct to
Haldensborg. This seems improbable
for Sundvåg is also one of
the parts of call. Will the western
ice now offshore between here
and the south bay have progressed?

Thursday, April 12. Blizzard Day.

Spring and Winter Weather. Yesterday
the western ice lay off the shore
and the harbor was frozen. ^{But the day was warm.} Today
is blizzard is on - the heaviest snowfall
of the season, ^{in this place,} and the ice on the harbor
breaking up.

Our Afto Mailboat. In the afternoon
the shipyard natives reported the
afto mailboat coming up the harbor.
It was my old friend Captain Jørgensen
with the Northern mail. Even the
Southern mail had got across
and most of the rest had been
forwarded even from Upernivik
by kayak rather than sledge. He will
carry the mail back as far as
Jakobsborg. He is willing to forward

me from Agto to Egiksuimuk this summer if I go north to catch a steamer.

He looks two years older than last autumn. Sorry that we can not make that Davis Strait trip this summer as we had planned. I told him our experience with the stropk and on the Great Ice. Even with his experience in east Greenland he found much novel in ours and remarked that after all man could stand far more than he believed possible.

Friday, April 13. Fair weather.

Evaporation in storm, I weighed the ice pan today with its catch of new snow and then without. The astonishment was mine. Approximately .02 inch of ice had evaporated during the storm despite the snowfall fully covering the surface. So was the wind. But nature deposited four times as much snow to replace

the loss. So to play on words
 Nature in Greenland has a dual
 nature - a fugal and a spent thief.
 We have measured the summer
 evaporation in the Coast Range
 at Meligian, now we must
 measure it in the Interior.

Mrs. Ostrop with us again. A
 cold it was caught when we
 all took dinner out. She came
 down for lunch and has sat
 up into the evening for music.
 She said the Governor took a "little
 walk to the first lake"; He has
 been devoted and is so happy
 to have her back.

Souvenirs. Overloaded, I fear.
 Birchskin blankets for all sisters,
 kamiks for Jimmie and Father,
 a hat, cape, muff, and wristlets
 of birdskin for Mother, a walrus
 tusk paperknife for Willie or Donald,
 slippers (urged on me), crocheted hooks
 mainly best but two of quality.

Then my stone sealoil lamp
 still unseen and the big umiak
 hanging over my bed, ^{yes, the baby seal droppings for umiak.} if only I
 could get an ivory sled and
 more kayaks to add to the two I already
 have. Fred wants some.

Dogskins? Nani. Because of three
 languages I have failed. A
 double price has been allowed
 despite my instinctive objection.
 Now I must keep faith. But
 the stream of dogskins started
 my way has been dammed.
 The price started at

Sunsets. The sunset seen
 to me to have been of minor beauty
 this trip to the sea - perhaps
 because the old harbor is now
 frozen and in its whiteness
 a poor mirror of the sky.
 However, after returning from a
 stroll to the hills Aala reported a
 vivid sunset this evening with
 red reflection upon the waters

of the large harbor and with its beauty accentuated by the floating ice.

Two days ago the sun shone flat and red thru a fissure in the evening clouds until it looked like Saturn with its rings as seen thru an ill-focused telescope, and previously to that sunset, there had been one with full stage effect - a curtain of dull cloud in the zenith behind and below which appeared the evening colors, like a scene on a stage and beneath it the stage itself of the murky sea.

Saturday, April 14.

At my desk. For once I have put in a day of report writing, but interrupted, of course, by business calls. It is interesting how some people sense what you want and make a sale each time they come, and others are so earnest but

lack the proper type of goods.

Thus Lars Abrahamsen, my little adviser, never sells tho he tries daily as agent for others, but is invaluable as interpreter. He is my little explainer, and must somehow be rewarded.

A Mother's Gift. I called on Abla this morning to see her pictures and while there was called to the door a mother and her tiny boy had come to give me a little present. It was from

Mrs Antonia Olsen (Eva's mother)
and Son (Tiny child)
Helsingborg

Love us the Christmas card
sent. Send her a present.

It was a woman
suspended from the ceiling Christmas.
The four holes on the sides were
sockets for wires to carry four candles.
In detachable value the gift was worth
5 pence, in sentiment value it is the
best I am carrying home. It is a
token of happiness given others. And

back the proper type of goods.

Thus Lars Abrahamsen, my little adviser, never sells tho he tries daily as agent for others, but is invaluable as interpreter. He is my little explainer, and must somehow be rewarded.

A Mother's Gift. I called on Arla this morning to see her pictures and while there was called to the door a mother and her tiny boy had come to give me a little present to take back to America in return for the happy Christmas we had given them. The present was a bit of carved stone whose use no one seemed to know, until Lars explained that it was a stone candle stick to be suspended from the ceiling Christmas. The four holes on the sides were sockets for wires to carry four candles. In detectable value the gift was worth 5 pence, in sentiment value it is the best I am carrying home. It is a token of happiness given others. And

yet they talk of the disparity of the races.

Ivory Souvenirs. I had loaded up with crooked bone crotchets hooks, when a paperknife of a walrus tusk came my way. The walrus had been caught at Aqto. Then today Captain Jorgensen brought in a collection of ivory articles made at Aqto. I took four forks, a pen holder, and a sled. Governor Bistrup saved me the latter against a rush of others to get it. It is as perfect as jewelry. Now I am nearly satisfied.

A Mother's Birthday. Here they celebrate mothers' birthdays even when the mother is not present. It was Governor Bistrup's mother's eightieth birthday. I ^{did} could not reach her by radio but he did have a dinner in her honor with invited guests and offered a skull to her health. She seemed to rise

a bicycle at the age of seventeen
 and Governor Birrup says that she
 will be ready to take that trip
 with me to Etah, here is such
 a real living mother, the middle
 of three Greenland generations.

Conjuring. The evening was spent in
 conjuring conducted by Captain Jorgensen.
 Those things are beyond my depth
 and I get as much excitement as
 the natives from them

But Daniel jakes seems sometimes
 cross, yet not offensive when broadly
 viewed. As last night, to raise a
 laughter the conjurer swallowed
 a Kroone coin and with quick
 gesture took it from his rectum.
 It had passed clean thru with
 startling promptitude. Men and women
 gasped, then burst into laughter,
 (what the magician explained he
 wanted to raise from the floor).
 The coin was then returned to
 its owner, who pretended to touch

and held gingerly with finger tips. He passed it before the face of his lazing fiancée Dora, but I in my turn, rather than touch it with my hand, held out my coffee cup for him to drop it into a comical form of ^{an} satirical joke. The laughter soon abated and the conjurer continued his rich program. We stopped at midnight.

Sunday, April 15. A Summer Day.

Weather. Settling snow, slush, pools of water - a mild east wind blew, a southwest breeze hurrying in from the sea. It was sunny this morning, it is cloudy tonight.

I took pictures of the Church Steps, the pastor's house, and a pavilion of the town from above the Conway just in time, for the snow had started to disappear.

House Relationships. Our native maid who keeps our room in order and a younger girl saw

me on the hills photographing
and followed. We waved signals
and they soon joined me to help
shield the camera from the wind.
Later I took their pictures in the
landscape.

Yesterday, she had brought a
sister and a friend to call.
The friend explained that she lived
at Dept and came with Captain Johnson.
Her name was Anna Smith - a
girl of twenty, mature, paired and
easy of bearing. Very lovable indeed.
Today the Captain informed me
that she was his "little wife"
and took most earnest care of
his home. Did he mean housekeeper?
In a note written for her to give
to me, he called her "servant".
Is this another Peary wedlock?
I wonder.

Snowshoes. The boys are playing
mables - a form of an ancient game.
But they propel the mables with

a tiny wooden paddle instead of using their knuckles. The latter would involve kneeling at times on the snow and keeping your knuckles half buried in it. So is a summer game but with the paddle can be competently played in the winter. They are pretty good shots despite the rough and sometimes sticky snow.

But the sidelines furnish a not pleasure to me and excitement to the game. One tiny fellow keeps his eye on the marbles when the owners are momentarily wrestling and shows where to start again. A tiny miss stops on the marbles to hide them. Once one stuck to the sole of her kamik - then she excitedly and hastily put it back in place - all more merry - even the boy whose marble was often batted far out of bounds.

As I turned to go they all called Goodbye to me and I moved them

* Being the most and perhaps the only
7. The time was used to take a
few more and take

in return I have found a place - my place -
with them: their type may be mixed, but
that give me no longer - it is the
melting eyes that I now see.

a sea trip however Antrop has offered
me a trip on the Krobosian tomorrow
& Ithra with return set by. of course
I accepted and Captain Anders says that
we shall start immara (perhaps) in late
afternoon. Maybe I can get a glimpse
of the Western Ice.

Monday, April 16 - In Ice and Sunsets.

Back to My Bay of Sunsets. The
whole day seemed planned
for this and I brought ^{my} camera
along just because I hoped
that the sunset visions of earlier
voyages would be mine again.

The western ice was gone
or represented by a score of
sentinel stems backward
toward the skyline. But
in the mouth of Dreter's Fiord
we met large fields of tiny

glass, set loose from an old friend of Kangerlussuaq and Haubergs Sund to drift northward with the coastal current. We threaded them all until we were forced to bisect the last channel which was frozen solid but only inches deep from shore to shore.

This was under the southern face of our Gibraltar of the Midnight Sun and the view astern of a simoniac lake of water than solid ice with Gibraltar filling the background deserved a tripod pictorial rather than one by the tiny Leica.

Once thru the ice, we entered our Rear Haven of Storöa whence we viewed the Midnight Sun. The haven narrowed with high ice-shelf on either side until sea ice covered it from

side to side. A dory reposed high on the shelf and the people of Etivlen, came over the hill by a steep cornice trail, were keeping pace with our ship's boat to meet friends disembarking.

But even as we entered the haven, the sun set golden behind a perfect bank of clouds and cast a rose glow upon grey clouds and purple waters. Ice fields afforded a perfect middle distance and gave note for the picture. I couldn't have all, however, for we had to go farther to anchorage. At the close of the sunset, the disc of the sun set red and cast a path vibrant with color and rippled far toward our boat. I gazed at it long but took no picture of the latter, tho it was a fair counterpart of the midnight

Sam Ford and I tried to take
in June.

Just as I had taken my
only picture of the sunset, the
power sloop of Stolar came
down the sunset and added
greatly to its life. It was
too late and possibly it would
have moved too fast.

It has been a great day
anyway - sea temperatures below
freezing, ice fields, sunset
clouds springing from western
ice fields, ^{sea, ice} sunsets on rippling
waters and ^{floating} white ice, a
tranquil sky, a winter landscape.

Tomorrow we go round the
island to Stolar.

Tuesday, April 17. A Day of Violent Reflection
Am I Getting Old? Yesterday I
was laughing about a heart strain
showing on my right side. Evidently
I had strained a muscle there
by slipping. Only my right arm

persisted in worrying me. Now today that right arm has been forced to cease its invalidism and now while my whole left side has the stiffness of the age of ninety. I have damned my met kamiks for the catastrophe but now believe that I just stepped off backward into space.

We made a pretty run this morning round the snowshadows and slit of a bay at Itiler. We drew up to a snowbank, like a Mississippi River steamboat to the bank and started unloading. I was on shore for the unusual ship picture and the snow was nearly met. When back on board, I suddenly climbed the companion stairs for a part of my camera and then even more quickly backed down. When at least two ^{rather} steps up, I stepped onto air, rammed the table with my back, heaved over

its edge with my left shoulder blade, telescoped the table into the stove breaking the table base half way up. It sounded like a lumberyard falling. I have been dizzy, I have been sleepy, I am afraid not to step at all on the wet rocks particularly where ralph-covered. Once as I stepped aboard from the snow, only a stout clutch left me swinging in air. Those kamiks had shot out from under as if greased. I don't like to lose my nerve but there is something in an Accident Insurance Company's unwillingness to insure a man after 60 or thereabouts. If I had my way I would now wear spikes even in my bare feet all the time.

Living aboard ship. So it seems. I was up to see a soft blue and white sunrise from our porch. Then we strolled ~~down~~ and

all over here facing the open sea. The tide went way down and the snowbanks way up, so we ceased unloading and had siesta. Consequently, we are sleeping here tonight in the belief that the sky will be fair and no sinister develop. Tomorrow we go up Anundlok & Thaurin's home and across. By evening we may reach Haklensberg again. I'm taking back pictures of divler (two good ones of landscape) and personal ones for the Bestyren - a group on shipboard of his five children and himself. I wish now that the mother had been in the picture. She was not here. Putting the father in was an afterthought.

Buying. Still buying - a birdskin rug because the peller came down & four crowns, three fine fether pieces at the Bestyren's because they were unusual and cheap, a brief case of sealskin ambrosial with button

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mosaic, and a feather muff.
The latter is handwritten, crudely
made possibly from gull's feathers.
The owner came aboard at noon
and presented her case candidly. She
could not sell her goods either to the
Bastyrer here or at Halstenborg (she
did not use the native name Disimint).
But the muff was "good" and she
must sell. She had children and
no food (croffan). She looked weather
and weary beaten. The price was two
Kroner but she would gladly accept
one. The result was inevitable.
She believed in her goods and insisted
that I accept the muff after I gave
her the check for a Kroner. I gave
her also some sugar. Every inch
a mother and grateful she shook
my hand as she departed.

Community Meals. Captain Anderson
and I eat our earlier meals together
in the forward cabin but our
entire ship's list eat dinner

Together in the galley and foc'stles. I furnish the Ecksomst, the rye bread and butter tea or coffee and sugar. The boys furnish bread to supplement mine, cook the meals and cut and spread my hardbread for me. They have grown fond of the soup - our five sters are already gone in two weeks. We each have half a ster or the advertised equivalent of three plates. But we make it thick. The boys are very thoughtful of my needs and are careful to return all food to my bunk after meals. I do not hesitate to send them there for anything we need. I wish that I could trust other races as much.

Passing It On - Just a case of passing an old organ, old pews from Nalstambay to Stivler and from Stivler to Kermotussax or other village. Yesterday we carried the pews from the old church, repaired

but not repaired, to the little church here at Stivler as we brought down the organ last autumn. And today we have the old pews of Stivler, more solid but less graceful, in our hold for some time an Amundson find. We left some of the lumber of the old church at a village of two or three houses and have still more to distribute. Thus nothing is lost.

The "hand me down" process reminds me of the girls' canton flannel underwear that regularly fell to me. It was a prickly pear on my flesh. Stivler is in nearly the same position, being third or fourth in population in the colony district. Twenty five children got into a picture at the schoolhouse door this morning and the music played there was as excellent as any I have heard here.

Sunset and Ice Flats. I have been too stiff today to be alert, but got a glimpse worth a day's writings. Our ship lies in a narrow aisle in the rocks with her bow pointing seawards.

A wide strait passes just outside with snow-clad islands quite prominent beyond. Scattered ice has been coming northward into vision with the incoming tide, but tonight the scene became automatically romantic in the soft haze and color. A few bars of rose lay along the horizon with rose color in the horizon haze and on the surface of the strait. Flotillas of white galleys were passing by our headlands, far enough away to be tiny yet keeping their semblance to galleys. They might have been Chopticos. They had the grace of swans yet were traveling continuously northward.

see the lazy swell. Better evidence
 one could not get of the northward
 set of the coastal current. It was
 here that the lifebuoy of the Kelua
 was found. But better still I have
 found here the home of the semitic

Fishing All and Now. Tonight
 two boats stopped alongside to
 sell fish. One was a whale
 boat with plenty timber to sail
 or row and slip round in,
 the other was a Kayak. The
 Kayak carried its catch on its deck.
 Somehow it seemed neater and
 swifter and more active in
 spirit to the sea. Both
 proceeded side by side and landed
 their catch and themselves at the
 base of the ^{snow} snow wall at the
 head of the harbor. A few splashes
 of sea water from the paddle
 over the deck of the kayak left
 it clean and trim for the next
 run. The whale boat will continue

slimy.

Rocked to Sleep, we are gently rocking at anchor tonight - just enough to swing us into sleep and happy dreams. We start forth at six.

Wednesday, April 13.

Sept. Lawrence objected but rest assured, so I laboriously undressed and wound my fur sleeping bag up around me. In a six foot bunk it is difficult to enter the top of a six foot sleeping bag unless the latter or yourself is accordion-plated and start telescoping somewhere near the middle of the bunk. Two lame arms and shoulders seriously impaired my efficiency as a worm. But finally I was in place and slept.

This morning my muscles had ceased crying. They had needed a complete rest, but this noon they are protesting. However, no ribs seem to have been ceased,

for I can breathe readily. But sneezing! That's too spasmodic for even rare muscles.

Bucking the Ice. We have been journeying northward today and are now at Umanarsuk. The catachet's family came on board this morning. The mother is David ^{and his close kinsman,} Alcen's probably oldest daughter. They meet David at Maurine Kleist's for a visit at Sarfanguak.

I invited her and other women passengers to occupy my cabin and was busy getting it ready and eating breakfast when the sound, as I thought, of dragging chains on deck startled me. The Captain laughed and said "Eese" (Ice). So it was. We were back in our old lane of continuous ice but it was neither so thick nor so wide as last time. But beyond it we found the pans of ice thickly crowded and almost

frozen together. So we plain bucced them while the boat quivered under the impact of the blow.

The ice soon thinned, however, for the wind was fresh and northeast and was hurrying the fields out into the open sea. So fresh was the wind off Inerton Fiord that we took spray aboard continually.

Out Another Day. One of the two towns we were to visit coming home was the little town of ~~Amarsvik~~ ^{Amarsvik} we called at on our way down. That is the reason why we left a lighter here. We are using it to land more old lumber.

But a letter came off from Governor Bistrup saying that the Niako was to stop first at Suvventoppen and would not reach Halstenberg until the 23rd. Because of threatening storm he advised the Captain not to return until tomorrow. Possibly the fresh northeast wind is the

harbinger of this. The barometer continues steady but the sky has clouded over. So we shinned at Maurinus Kleisto's harbor. That makes a voyage of three whole days.

Great friendship. The Captain took me ashore here at Unanavnu.

At the head man's house. Our ship's load of passengers soon arrived. So we had a combined household of twenty six.

Three windows gave sunshine and warmth. The bedbench extended the entire length of the rear of the room. As in the old farm kitchen, all the essentials of living were gathered from birdskins. The finest birdseye I have ever seen in Greenland.

Coffee, of course, and a basin of water and towel, preceding it after a plate of porcessie. The Captain used the water, I merely wiped. I have become hardened.*

I put instead of putting the sugar in I mixed and
 filtering the coffee. Then it's put the sugar directly into
 my bottles. I washed and washed in a quantity of water
 and drying in a place of

unless you are quite a stranger
you come in without salutation
and leave quietly.

Here I saw the most beautiful and
perfect bird rug I have ever seen
in Greenland. The Captain said
that it was being made for
Nagaa-jensen. I thought immediately
of a gift but Governor Bistrup says
that it was an eiderdown rug
and consequently must be sold
as are fox skins to the Styrola-
nd Dagard-jensen is the Styrola.
I should be happy to own one,
but the price must be beyond
ordinary reach.

Outside was an eagle - head -
stuck in the overturned umiak
on the rack behind the house.
It was sent about 20 he forwarded
to Godthaab. A sea-eagle was flying
over Hattatamborg last week. I am
glad finally to have seen one.

Into warmer waters. It is plain that the high snow-clad mountains, the colder current, and major ice lie to the south. However, the ice is coming out of Anas Absen's Sound and Simintak, but not from much further south. From Umanarsuan north the water measures warmer. But it is all a matter of relativity. The water everywhere was at freezing, i. e. 0°C , for sea water freezes only at a lower temperature, but in the south the temperature was approximately -1.0°C and north approximately 0°C . The floating ice certainly has its effect. That's why we use it in lemonade.

The boat in the Hall: Kaurorturson. He was bringing coal to his town but I found a rare good friend, a native, looking like a Japanese, in Stokan hat came aboard from a trim dory and leading a group of boys. I thought him

possibly the teacher. He became my only
companion.

Merely a Mary Andrew? So I finally thought
him, but as our coal barge reached
the cliff for unloading, he took me
in his boat and guided me up the
steep snow thus the town. The tiny
church, the only wooden or stone structure
in town, standing perched on a rock -
The town was in the gully below
and behind that rose from the hidden
beach. The far view of cliffs and the water
was exquisite but the near view was
before obscured by the hastening spring.

I must have coffee. So I had walked
into the highest house in town but the
humblest in interior. Four cubes of sugar
and one piece of rock candy were placed
before me. So was all they had. "Sugar
sami". I took one cube but promised
half of all I had on board ship.
Would I have "ambon koffee", yes
a tiny bit. But only a drizzle came
from the spout. The older man in

the household had try means to sell. I asked to buy them for his sake but the bottoms were flat.

then my host suggested a visit to the Bestyria's at the new town at the head of the bay. Here was Sunday quietness and nature's cleanliness. The Bestyria's wife in a blue haze of timber smoke roasting coffee in the lee of a rock. a woman with telescope watching hurried far out an arrowhead catch a seal. I could not but think of the line: "For men must work and women must" watch. Coffee again, my host guide showing. He says for me from a Nymund. "Was la the catacheta?" With a look of regret, he shake his head "Nani".

"Had I tea", queried the Bestyria's wife. "yes, possibly" a little. Her sweet face smiled, then clouded when I said that I was uncertain. She bore as much like notice. In refinement she seemed so far apart from the natives at the old

from. He bestowed here to the Eskimos,
 visiting apparently for me in order to weigh
 anchor. The tea was found, my boat
 turned again the lay way - a half
 mile or more - up the bay to deliver the
 gift. He had also practically all of my sugar -
 I have a weakness for such generosity
 as his. We tipped hats and clasped hands.
 He was one man in a hundred to me.
 He may have been poor in house, but
 he was rich in cheer and cheerfulness.

across the fjord to Marino, to Ikerasson.

Boer of high islands it lay on the two
 tongues projecting southward from
 the largest with a haven between.
 A broad strait, almost a fjord, lay before
 it. The island might well have been
 a Capri and the nearer headland

on which stood Marino's home a Sinnio.
 The higher headland contained a grove and a sanctuary.
^{flagpole}

Soon a voice came over the water:

"Professor - -", words which our
 crew failed to understand and saw
 only slowly into my thought. It was
 Marino calling me to come ashore I thought

him at Helatessky. His home was the only wooden one in the settlement. His father was a native of primitive strength and ruggedness - a successful man of the chase. His mother almost a genius in hair and features - the kindly yet dominating personality in the home, a wide-ranged family from a lady in some almost, to a brother of ten, three sisters at Camp, a grown sister and Marina now twenty-eight.

Marina returned my call and on leaving the Hochmann pointed to a girl in a group on the shore, saying: "My girl, Kellymist Nami".

Thursday, April 19.

A false alarm? Last evening was perfect. I even decided to wait till sunshine in the morning to take a picture of Marina's tower. But the sky clouded and no east wind drove down straight all night long. Was the Hochmann's warning after all timely? ... Morning was rough and grey. Our

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single stick on end as it brought
the natives off to the ship. I yelled
with delight at the sight. Then realized
that I was a corpse from the waist
up. I resolved to go to hospital or anywhere
if thereby I could leap again into a
plunging boat. Maris came last evening
his Malayan. He was going with us.

More Tea. The wind soon began
falling. So we went forth. We had
kept the word of the Governor's order
Fair weather an Amendment. We called
at the Gate in the Wall. My angel was
there - this time in a blue navy cap.
A little tea dust in the bottom of the
lunch basket was hastily wrapped in
a paper and handed over the rail.
He smiled and started for the head
of the bay again.

Broken Ribs. Every morning seven
in one spot and that my floating ribs
Only solicitude greeted me at dawn
The hospital - then orders to bed.
The Governor has sent two messengers
to Suroyeffen to call the doctor.

I was not to know, but my little friend, Lena told me the essential facts. Mrs. Bick, also is ill and still others of my misadventure evidently tipped the scales. Ninety miles in kayaks outside the islands, for ice bars the inland passage to Karamint, is the high tail paid for a doctor. I shall ask the Inverness Company to pay kindly on the spot.

My right arm has been forced to labor again, but is as weak of an invalid as my other side. I almost fainted from pain as I used it to reach for under the hat this evening.

Sunset. So business with rose gold on the low clouds and growing mists in the shadows. I stood and looked. If I only could have taken my color camera and roved up the hill to find a better foreground.

However, my plates, ^{in the kitchen} were all exposed and I could not raise any more.

So much to do and the breeze coming. And I confessed to her I have a

right to strong language, for I don't
use strong drink.

Friday, April 20.

In Paul. It feels good to be here. I
could soon march if I could only be
paid. In writing. My right arm can
do that but I must be more.

A Note from Clarence. Dated March 28.
Just in today. Written incidently before
the one of discouragement at the
forced return on our dog sleds. So
Marina Olsen did arrive before Gustave.
I wish Clarence would write Paul.
The lad hungers for a word and
has written at each opportunity. Paul
has changed marvelously since our
return from the Ice. So thoughtful,
so adjustable, so helpful. I could
enjoy him always as a roommate.
He will move Astoria happy.

To marry a possible invalid and
be happy to do so, the steady planning
a change in his home even to the West
for need. Such a man after all is fine.

His New England training and Eastern life are bearing perfect fruitage.

In the Care of Natives. Our maid, Annie Marie (Paul calls her Mary Jane because uncertain), our hospital nurse, and Beletta, one of the girls at Bishops are giving me most friendly care. I just wavered to the fact that they were natives and not whites. Hence this paragraph. The color line has surely faded in my thoughts.

Yes, I nearly forgot how they minister to clothes as well as flesh. When the nurse bandaged my ribs, she found my suspenders also broken. So with a knife, she and her assistant got needles and thread and mended them too as I sat in surgical chair.

Still Another letter. David Olson came in today bringing more letters from Chasmo - one for Governor Bishop, one for Paul,* and one for me, dated as late as April 16. Davina's brother and he are happy and busy as bees. Fifty-four ptarmigan, two rabbits. Airdy in

* Paul and me. I read his letter. It was a genuine surprise. I was on the point of cutting out of his paper only to find the initials. I think, a mistake. It is interesting to know in the future.

working every night, teeth included,
 but "not with same luck". The
 lad must be like Maurice for
 cleanliness. I hope that he will
 stay with us. He will be the connecting
 link between the old and the new,
 for I feel strange there even now.

Surprise and Disappointment. We were
 stony all on the arrival of the
 voyagers at Summitoppe; when word
 came that the slaves would weigh
 anchor at five this morning.

How had she gained two days?
 Our men could not have arrived.

By paddling day and night they
 could not have got there so soon.

So the slave was not bestowing
 help to us but was cutting it off,
 unless the doctor came in his
 own motor boat. Nikolai was here
 at the hospital preparing morphine
 for the Bishop. Then in the
 evening Paul came in with the
 news: the voyagers had been

unable to get thru the ice and had returned. Would the ship now arrive early enough to call Godhavn before four o'clock and ^{here is} send a telephone call to Sverdrup? Why on that hour would the latter be listening in.

"Good-night". Annie (Mary Jane) came in to unspeak Paul's bed and show Christine (our David's Christine) about, before they went out for the evening. They were having great sport with the flashlight. So I told Annie to take it with her. She probably cut capers and figures of light with it. That was her mood so she merrily said "Goodnight".

Saturday, April 21.

"a jiner". Bangstad collected 28 kroner from me yesterday for membership (contemplated) in the Royal Danish Geographical Society and the Greenland Society. It's nice being Greenland souvenirs. The temptation

is too strong - I'm getting old.

Publicity. Bengtson desires to publish my article on Evaporation in the Geographical Society's transactions. I told him that there were no strings on it. It is an unsigned section of our joint report. But I am fully satisfied, for I got a winter acting rare indeed and am quite indifferent to publicity. Paul and I discussed the subject last evening.

He said regarding the Times "you can't get money and publicity." Chose which you please. And I added: "Publicity is good only if it comes as a result of service. Then you feel your responsibility keenly. It becomes a case of Hobbes' oblige."

A Way Out. The German plane while you sleep. When I was served breakfast this morning, I was informed that the Hildebrand was being sent to Egedesminde to fetch the doctor from there. I sent word to German Bishop not to fail to let me go. To die

that I have almost had two chances to make this trip. A broken side isn't worth the loss.

Possibly the Governor may decide to send Carlson in with the first two sleds and send me a man or two later with the other two to bring Clarence back.

This would give me a chance to get strong, to take some color pictures, and to go to Egedesminde with the doctor if he stays here a few days and does not return by the Apto boat. But the Governor says: Go slow. It's merely an idea as yet, not a plan.

Admitt from Aala. Mrs. Bistrup is better. She did not take the morphine. She hoped I was better. I am greatly relieved that she is.

It is Aala who has been preparing the kinty meals - and she so busy with the household cares, I gave her my letter to Pippe and Nina to read. These three girls have given a very personal meaning to the Danish flag and have

make me happy indeed. I am told for a portrait drawing for Bengsted's book. The sketch of Maurine has already been made. Bengsted is either too done & too afraid is too restless between to make a good subject. He is surely odd! Temperamentally a southern native, yet Danish in loyalty to the cause. Of course we talked Greenland. Was just as Kierulff is ^{then} no longer a type but a husband, so the natives are done no longer types but kindred spirits. She likes them and will be happy with them. She is looking forward to a rich life here - and would bring Pippe to live with her, for Pippe loves this land even more deeply than we both.

"Umiasavit!" (The big boat). The call went up this forenoon, but this late afternoon Remmel came in for the field glasses saying that the Dicko was not in sight. Was it been delayed by the ice or was the news of today's arrival a mistake?

Sunset. Rammal had just come in to return the field glasses. ^{"No risks"} But I persuaded him to keep them over night. Then a yell outside, and a happy "Dibs" cry from Annie. So she burst into the room. So it has finally come. So likewise has the Hochrossen gun, and a long way on its voyage for the doctor. Forty hours continuous sailing is in prospect. Michigan's pioneer days scarcely demanded more.

Inventory. Tonight I can raise myself somewhat with both hands, and the left arm can now reach out freely. I can cough but the weight in my side is still there if only the right arm could act. Poor thing, the shoulder seems to be thordy torn. The upper arm will no longer move well in any direction. It always needs helping. I must have wrenched it again when I fell. It will have to be tied down for a prolonged rest.

Sunday, April 22

Mail from Home. At midnight Paul came in with letters for me and Clarence but not a word for himself. The night seemed dark to him but soon a notice messenger from the Governor's office came in with a note and two large letters. Astrid had sent him a white book with full name including the picture of a church roof like the tree - "old and beautiful without and within" says Bengsted - Here where she had once lived she plans their marriage.

And I had a letter from Anna and Willie, and Jimmie and Mother, and Ruth, and Katharine, and Mrs Mundy, and Helen, and Christina, and Kara, and Esala, and Fred. All well at home. Mother waiting with waiting but plenty. She shall not wait much longer and Willie has a promised service

* And former District came over with me and
an apple for me each and a letter from Aunt Peter. The gift
of a radio name for mine is really from King? District to
accept from them.

to architect and eye to the wiring.
And Donald definitely striving toward
a goal. Bless John and Ruth for
being parents to our boys. Hereafter I
shall be merely Vice Father, and I
peer with the vice of roofing. Here
Johnny Kelley, it feels good to be
a vice-president or vice-father,
for you have the pleasures without
the responsibility.

And Francis' Jimmie at Anheret!
The fox and the tortoise. I always
did like tortoises. The Churches
are serving. If only Florida could
know it. Had we would were
this a day of happy pride.*

Carlton. The lot came in this
morning. All the qualities of youth and
health and enthusiasm and adventure.
He wants to see in. And Larry goes
with Byrd to the automatic, and
Doctor Hobbs must raise \$15,000
to obtain the Luggachain grant
of \$5,000. He has place. I wish

that we could prove his theory true. He believes it.

"Brick Top". She's one of my girls and I would go miles out of my way to see her. She and "Subs" are both on the discs this year. Subs didn't expect to. Last evening Brick top i.e. Miss Peterson came breezing in with Carlson with a small satchel containing cream cake within two plates and an armful of apples. Say, boy! her face beamed good. She's a friend, and unmercifully busy. She watched my watch to be ^{sure} to return in time to serve 8:30 coffee. She speaks more English than before. I wish I could return on Third disc with her. Subs, i.e. Miss Andreassen, may come up tomorrow.

Monday, April 23.

Partless. Saturday midnight Governor Bistrup said that the doctor would arrive today! I have most of my letters written but I must get my NB Mail

of films properly boxed. But I am
to lie here until properly bandaged.

The nurse has just come in.
and together we have conceived the
idea of putting my right shoulder
and torso in swaddling clothes, leaving
right forearm and the entire left
arm free. The plan is working
perfectly. My shoulder has become
tight again to my body and I can
move freely. I know that I can
now run about at will and
comfort. So the old body is
temporarily repaired once more.

Happy Confucius. The room is
full of boxes and trunks and
repacking. Ah! came in with
oranges. Bengsted brought me
one of his new books. Carlson
doesn't smoke. He is taking his
Bible in. Surely we have five
[Remind me today]
comrades. And he doesn't smoke,
nor cook. But he eats anything.
He has all kind of knowledge and

is still serving his specialty. He is
 already on every term with the natives.
 Louise's comments pointed at his ring
 and called him "married". He: "Oh you
 don't, old girl". And I with my fingers
 indicated that he was only fifteen. All
 even the nurse doubted this. Then
 Louise guessed my age at 55. I told
 her 59. A close guess and a native
 did it. Carlson indicated that he
 was 21. He is mature quite
 beyond this. We are much alike
 in tastes. In temperament he is
 sunny. But then we are at the
 opposite ends of the age scale.

Native Commission. Captain Jensen
 spent the evening with me, bringing
 his ivory samaras, as requested.
 Every pair, two little shovels of thinnest
 scoops, and beads. Tiny beads cost
 60 kroner for a string of three hundred -
 but they are machine perfect the
 hand made. I didn't want the
 large beads nor the polygonal, and

I could afford sixty, kroner. So I
 showed him those a string made of
 half the size.

Captain is hauling the goods merely
 to give the natives winter wear. They
 get hungry for bread and food other than
 meat and he could not in his heart
 refuse them. But the gift was far too
 expensive for him - 450 kroner in
 six weeks in a population of 115 -
 and bad for the natives. So he purchased
 their cat wear. The story of making
 a bead with needle drill and fiddlebow
 driver, and cotton thread rubbing down -
 then filing and sandpapering until
 perfectly symmetrical and sized is
 the story of the making of a ^{pen} bead.
 Except that he the miniature bead
 and its polishing leaves the finger tips
 bloody. Yet beads sell at approximately
 three to four cents each. What would they
 cost if a hired laborer made them? Not
 sure is love not cash.

And when the natives get the seeds,

they buy all they see in the store & the
 limit of their means. But they divide
 with the entire settlement. It is the old
 custom of the chase. Even now when
 a seal ~~a seal~~ has been caught, it is divided
 away all the families, the ^{receiving} Bestyren
 the best piece in quality but small, for all
 must have a share. In case two hunters
 are successful, all families receive a
 piece from each except the families of the
 unsuccessful hunters themselves. The Bestyren
 gives in return a half loaf of black bread,
 for less would not give the giver fairly
 a taste.

However, the Styrche has established
 a savings system and is trying to save
 the natives some rather than spend.
 But the frequent loss of things to buy
 is probably not due to this effort.

Next Friendship. An community
 entertainment is given to this community.
 And says that Bestyren practices the
 plan of asking the head man to
 invite in the entire community to

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coffee at his expense. The day becomes
a gala day. So at Christmas all in
procession formerly went from home
to home and ate up the household.
This was equitable until some had
a part of their stores but set out
with the others to eat up the ^{food of the} rest.
The custom is now forbidden and
has become a sin.

Daylight at nine. It was still
daylight, as if only six, while we
were taking at nine. At ten I could
see to write. I fell asleep with
ease on my pillow until
Paul came in at midnight. The
radio receiver sent to the Governor's
family by Doctor Hobbs was ready
for use, but somehow it was
silent. Can we have no music
in summer?

No Hydrocoen. Saturday night,
Governor Bishop said Doctor Hurley.
But Captain Ferguson says that with
wind and darkness will lengthen this
schedule. So I must wait.

BOGHALLEN
Alfred G. Hassing
BRANDENBURGER PLATZ 21