

IX

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DIARY OF SECOND TRIP
TO GREENLAND, 1927-28.

SPRING IN GREENLAND
NOTE BOOK No. 9

Tuesday, April 24.

A Book a Month. "Kindly there is not a thought that shall not be revealed", but I fear that I must now be repeating thoughts. I shall surely need more books unless I compact my thoughts.

Old Faces. Einar Carlsson is old and he is so helpful. He is sure that we shall get along well together and I'm certain of it. My "Angel bracelets" came in today from Kertorruok. He wants a two-bladed knife from America and two pipes. But I can't get them until 1929. Then Erik and Matthias Olsen called. Came in unicek all way from Sarvathlit with the piccaninnies too. Good ice tho no snow to Kangerluksua. Dazed at the idea that I am going, my bandages look so large. But I swing my left arm from the shoulder and right arm from the elbow and tottos with my feet to show that I am irregular. They laugh but look troubled. They can not believe that I'm going.

New Faces. Jens Bertelsen, plainly not of this turn stopped in, confronting three

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Americans. He wanted only one. We
got busy. He explained that he could not
speak Danish and I claimed the same.
He had come regarding a statuette -
I was looking for the Harpooer by Peter
Poung of Kjanamint. He had it, wanted
a meeting, and would bring it up later.
Bill, that is Carlson, took him to the Germans.
How near and yet how far our understanding!
Peter Poung had sent Jens to explain that
the statuette was not fully completed and
would come up by next steamer, if I
were still here. I could pay for it whenever
I wished. Here at least was one
businesslike sculptor - and he a native.

Then Anisse (Paul's Mary Jane) brought
in a tiny lad to greet me. It was
an ordeal but he was brave, tho
his lip trembled. Then I held him
across the room to the bed for a lump of sugar
and a handshake and a second lump.
He grasped them but his Kaimon (throat)
had tears in it. He got to the door ahead
of Anisse but could not open it. Then

the outburst of despair came as he was led away. He had braved the foreign lion.

But the old face of Captain Andreas of the Hvalrossen and the new face of the doctor have not yet appeared. Every evening brings "Hvalrossen namit". I want the verdict and I want to get up and at least bid the Disko Goodbye.

Wednesday, April 25 - Everybody Goes.

Disko Namit - Hvalrossen Namit. The Disko has whistled for all on board and the Hvalrossen has not appeared, I am falling between the dock and the boat - almost literally speaking. For the Governor won't release me until the doctor arrives and he also refuses to delay longer in sending Carlson in. To bridge matters I have sent a note to Clarence that Carlson is in need of a month's training with theodolite and not to return with the sleds unless greatly worried, for I can get him out ready by the land route

by using a guide. Meanwhile I shall try to get well and be sent out to station. I must reach ^{Lemnaak} Lemnaak before the water starts down.

Quiet. Since a sudden entry from a stormy sea into a quiet haven - uncannily still. The ^{porters} porters were crawling into the room for Paula's trunks, Paul was following eager to get on board, the nurse was here to rub my shoulder, Bill and I were sorting baskets for his trip to camp. Then the steamer's warbling and scribbling of hasty notes, and the rushing of a lad to carry an overlooked memorandum to Bangstad.

Finally a tiny whistle as if the steamer were leaving the bay - I lay back on my pillows - lousama. Then a knock - Bangstad to say Goodbye. He the most nervous yesterday was cool today. I thought that he had been left. "No hurry", said he, "the mail has not yet gone on board". His was the last face, ^{mobile} mobile, sensitive, haunting.

"Goodbye, Bengtad, I had a good winter".

"Goodbye, I'll see ^{you} ~~me~~ in Copenhagen", and I was alone.

That Governor and Father of Mine. Now I understand why Bengtad was so cool. after the steamer whistle had blown, the slogan: "Don't foul with the Governor is still timely". MacMillan tried landing here without a certificate of health. He didn't. Captain Hansen tried going without the formal exchange of messages that ^{occurs} occurs when the ship has completed unloading and loading and is preliminary to receiving permission to start. He blew the whistle and cut off all lines except one, but the Governor failed to appear with the mail. The Captain finally came ashore and sent up the official notice. The Landsvojde, or Governor General for Southern Greenland, was absent, but that did not matter. He also is keeping me here in bed - but for my good. He believes that I smacked that table too hard.

Alone. Paul on the high sea asking that me

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pray for fair weather to hasten his voyage.
I suggested that he sit at the stern of the
ship and blow. It might help a trifle.

And Bill has gone with David Olsen.
Matthias and Marius Olsen are taking him in.
The Governor will use every means to
get Clarence out in June. Thus Bill will
get the month's training desired. He is
taking in hydride and sending beer milk
for the babies. The goat is thoughtless
and giving less milk. Copenhagen was
thoughtless and failed to send more than
one case of condensed milk. I fear that
we have only melted milk but even
that will do. It seems very quiet - almost
too quiet - without Bill. He has been having
a hilarious time with Christina Olsen
and Annisee (Mary Jane). He pinned my
Ice medal on her and put his necktie
and knapsack on the letter and took
their pictures.

Visitors - The highest and the
lowest, and Abla. Abla brought me
candy and word that Bangsted had

chosen my portrait in the Rabbit Fur Hat for his house. It would be quite superior to a baldheaded portrait. The latter looks too cold for an Arctic book. She guarantees final delivery to me of the original drawing. And the Landsvogde wanted the little watercolor of the interior of the Old Church painted for me. She could not let him have it nor would she paint a copy of it (even at 500 Kerner, she told me.) Artists are idealists and sensitive. She would paint only under inspiration.

Governor Birtrop came in. Up till two this morning, up till two again tonight to attend to his correspondence. Boats are still in the harbor. The schooner from Sukkertoppen that brought the Landsvogde up (the dishes sailed too soon) returns tonight. If only we had had wireless or the kayakers had got there, the doctor would have been here and I might have gone in with Bill. The Kerak (Keerak) has been permitted to

visit until tomorrow morning, when she must go north. The Hvalrossen has evidently been delayed by the absence of the doctor. If the Kerak sails before he comes, the Hvalrossen must take him back. In that case the Governor promises me the trip to Egedesminde before sending me in. That will be consoling. But any way, I am to be permitted to get up tomorrow.

The humblest looked in - he of the weakened brain. Just to see that I was here. I called him over for some candy. He soon returned. I called him to hand me a tin box. He turned the key so as not to step on it with sailed kamises. He turned quickly to go but I called him back for the cakes I was getting him. I have had three prized visitors today.

8:30pm
P.S.: My humblest has just come to the door again to say: "Gud Morn" - "Farevel"
I raising my arms and said "Ingulok"

(getting an all right). What else is life?

Thursday, April 26. Doctor Day.

The Doctor! The Hvalrossen has come. The Kevak is still here. I have lost my trip to Egedesminde, but would have lost it anyway, for the doctor consigns me to bed for another three days. But I am not the only disappointed one, the crew of the doctor's motor boat lost most of theirs too.

What a complicated web just because one thing viz. a radio was lacking. Two boats from Sukkertoppen to bring the regular doctor and the duty of coming twice each year. The need of speed and assurance, which sent the Hvalrossen north to fetch the doctor from there. His boat might prove too small in winter seas. Head seas which drove the Hvalrossen to shelter only four hours from Egedesminde and held her there five days (This wind slowed the disks to four miles hourly. The Hvalrossen's propeller was out of water)

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A routine radio from the Disko to the Governor at Godhavn asking permission for the Doctor at Egedesminde to come and authorization in reply for the Keras to wait till this morning to transport him home. The enthusiastic Doctor weary of waiting for a ship that comes not starts down the coast in his own boat - a venturesome act but the wind is behind him. He finds the Hvalrossen, sends his disgusted crew home, sails all right and is with me before breakfast. Seven days of struggle. The actual coming of the Doctor required a day and a night. We need either a doctor or a radio. But would the latter help in the winter?

Not Bad but Long. The Doctor thought it a shame for me to have overhauled the Inland Ice and got overpowered on the Coast. He marvelled that I had smashed the table so badly and broken myself so little. I

told him in paring some thrusts of the
 Governor's that possibly it was due to
 the fact that I did not drink - and
 he agreed, tho he wanted me to rub
 a little on my shoulder. The ribs
 are merely cracked, if even so bad -;
 he thinks that only the muscles are
 bruised. The right arm has suffered
 "dis-tortion", that is tearing apart of
 the joint with water forming. The
 cartilage is stretched and the arm sags.
 He has banded everything up and thinks
 that even the shoulder will readily knit
 together, if I care for it. At least another
 half week in bed and a fortnight here.

A faux Pas. (a Baner). The Doctor,
 his name is Sven Svendsen, came in
 during the day to practice English. He speaks
 well and attended Boston University. He
 wanted to know of our Ice Trip. He came
 up for only a year but he and his
 wife like it so much that they plan to
 stay several. He believes in the "white"
 Eskimo as do I and the "Golden Age"

of gentleness and the elemental virtues.
I talked of spending a year on the
Ice Cap coast, he said to be sure to
invite him to go with me.

Speaking of Bangsted's nationality, which
I said was partly Italian, he said that
some had thought him a Dane.

For example, Captain Jorgensen on
meeting him first at table and hearing
him speak Danish fluently asked
him when he had been out of the
country. Is this partially the cause
of Bangsted's dislike? Possibly the
telling of adventures lies at its bottom.

But the doctor admires his hospitality
and his stories, as do I, and wishes
only that he could write as he speaks.

Settling the Bill. I asked Garenman
Bishop to get the doctor's certificate
so I could repay all my care. So
after dinner, he and Captain Jorgensen
and the doctor came over, as he said,
to kill me and take all my blood
in settlement. He says that he will

pay the major part of the cost of the
 Hvalrossen because sent also for
 Mrs. Bistrup's sake. The doctor for
 his services asked if ten dollars was
 satisfactory. "Yes", I told him, "eminently
 so, if I had gone to his office, but
 he had traveled a day and a night
 to reach me and now must
 travel as long to return". But he
 said he was satisfied. Could anything
 be more generous? I told the
 Governor to include the table in
 the charges for surgical attention,
 but he said "no charge for that".

The Keras starts south immediately
 tonight. So two more friends - a man
 and an old - depart.

"The Vicar of Godthaab". The doctor brought
 me greeting from an old acquaintance, the
 former minister at Godthaab who is now
 at Egedesminde. "A fine fellow", said the
 Doctor. "yes", said I, "very tall and would
 rather dance". And, he replied: "He asked
 me to see if there was not some good

Dinner
 Tonight
 Dinner

Warr
 Melvinson - Able
 Kumpfer - d. Chicago
 Lane

liquor here at Helsingborg, but not to tell Church. He was the antithesis of Pastor Bugge, head of the Seminary at Godthaab. He had the joy of living - so much so that I wonder whether his Church is not a living rather than a profession. The Pastor has a fine balance of the two.

Friday, April 27.

The World. When Bill came he was asked what the World had done. Well, Nobile was going to fly over the North Pole again to show that the Italians could have done it. Lurie was going as Geologist with Byrd to the Antarctic. Prohibition was sluggish, neither side boasting. And the news reported that Captain Wilkeson had flown by aeroplane from Point Barrow to Spitzbergen. Well, the news does not seem more important than that of our North. Indeed, it is nearly North. It is merely more wide in extent and interest than ^{ours} ours - but not so intense.

Ready to be marked up
Baptist Church material
Caves, first etc

"Self-Reliance" - I have been reading much - almost the whole day long and until midnight. I started to write my diary, but my reading had commanded and controlled my thought. "Miles Standish", "Christ in Flanders" and other tales by Belgae, Emerson's "Self-Reliance", Barnes's "a Tillylous Scandal", and "Bak's Ballads" - all portions of my Little Leather Library which Ayla sent over at noon at request to vary my computations on Europeanization. They were so different from my thinking here that I felt transported South again to all its pettiness and its worry. Only Self-Reliance remained as a benediction - an echo of my thought and living. The others left me decayed, weary at Earth's struggle.

Visitors. Ever new and yet the same. The Governor to chat a little, glad to aid us any how and happier when most busy, but sorry for the gift of the Radiophone from Doctor Hobbs

because he can no longer get angry. Then Aala with figs and candy and an admonition to aid the doctor and a little visit, and Poo and his Girl Playmate to call, and the Nurse with the boy led that "banned the lion". This time he was quite at home and shook hands and said Kainak (Thank you), and waved his hand Good Bye. Lars came in — in words "fust", as I once said, and in small "stala", as Paul rejoined; but my little well-wisher and helper. He now proposes to send a letter of "Thank you" to the Reno children for the Christmas.

In late evening, my mental-cripple came in. I gave him one cookie (instead of two) with promise of another today. He ate but still lingered. Finally, he beckoned for another. This he placed in his pocket with proper gesture of obligation and ^{quickly} departed. Evidently some one at home

was waiting for it. Last of all like a
fresh breeze Annsie and her little helper
Maria strolled in before going out for
the evening.

Moods -
Thus passed the day in a
blend of Northern faces and Southern
settings, leaving a discordant
impression. I shall be glad when
this reading is over. Arla suggests
that I face the window to see the
people go by. The quiet walls of the
room seem better. It's only rest
that I want.

Saturday, April 28.

Wary but Still Reading - A weary night,
a sluggish waking (Chimiputnar, "very
sleepy" commented Breezy Annsie). Then
to my reading again, happy and sad,
Stearns's "Will O' The Will" (health every bit),
Thoreau's "Friendship" (strength), Helen's
"Ghosts" (a cell Northward), and
Stearns's "A Child's Garden of Verses"
to relax me again.

The little band
When at home does I sit

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And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the air—
And just come back, a sleepy-head,
Late at night to go to bed.

Old Faces. The old faces are faithful.
My mental-cripple boy leaved in early just
to bid me "Good-bye". A morning call
from him is unusual. It was a
Thank-you call, I think, for last night's
cookies. In a moment he was gone.

At noon Lava came in. He saw
a passage of figs with leaves inside and
by pantomime showed how they hang
from a tree — and an actual tree
he never has seen.

Tonight the Governor came in for
a long visit. Another illness more
slowing than mine. The arm of my
host the Manager at Steiner is badly
swollen by infection thru scratches
on the hand. Ward came last night
at eight o'clock. At nine-thirty Martin
Hansen had started for San Francisco.

to arrive at one. By two-thirty David Olsen was speeding south with the Kana Tok and should now be at Njanamint on his way with the patient to Saarskottoppen. My Governor-father is quick and sure. The Kralossan was up Fiard, no fishing boats were in harbor. So Martin Hansen and the Governor's private motor boat were conscripted to reach David. The north wind had blown the ice from the islands. There should be no delay, the disease will break none.

Tomorrow Mrs. Bisthof and I can get up. My these days have fully deepened. But my shoulder will be in swaddling clothes for many a day to come.

Snowing. The snowflakes are falling. The sky is overcast. Yet here at nine-thirty I can read the writing on my diary page. It seems odd this winter and summer in one. Perhaps I can still get a colored picture of Hattensberg in a month or so of snow.

Fortnight. A good old word, coined when nights were sure means of reckoning time than suns. The Doctor said that I could go inland in a fortnight. The word caught my fancy. So I ^{partook} ~~partook~~ ^{partook} to my native friends that in fourteen sleeps (shiniks) I could go Kangerlugssuk. It is easier to use "sleeps" than "nights".

But our ^{own} "months" (do not months) and our fortnights and sunnights are fading. Our calendar has taken away our "self-reliance", but our sky is still somewhat our calendar here.

Rainy
 April 29th

Sunday, April 29.

Preventing the Day. In a double sense too. In the quaint wit of Samuel Newirth, I have come-ahead (pre-venio) of the day, and in the modern meaning, I have stopped it. It will be a dull day from now on. It happened in this wise. I awoke. I thought it was time

to awake. I thought that I heard the fire building. I picked up my last volume of the little leather library unread and read it then: Maeterlinck's "Pelléas and Melisande". The morning seemed far spent. It was Sunday. Late coffee perhaps. I rolled over to sleep, when Annise came in with my tray and her smile. As I started to eat, I looked over at my watch. It was just eight o'clock, the week-day coffee time I had done a half forenoon's work but had taken the spring out of the rest.

Maeterlinck. But I have had an unusual experience: Love and Life, in medieval setting but in hues of Watts, and "Where the Blue Begins", and Maxfield Parrish. It has all the shimmer and softness of a sunset and a dream, how different from Deben's shorts, a wondrous picture of the struggling flesh.

Overcast. The day is still overcast, a few snowflakes still are falling but the landscape is still piebald

with snow drifts. No new covering has formed. The early church bells have rung. A bird has been singing. Have I heard one before? This seems my first one. Somehow I have been back to that March Sunday when Florence and I walked under the leafless trees around Starnberger See at Munich and heard the chapel bells peal faintly over the water. Somehow I love the break up of winter when earth and nature still sleep in silent strength and unexcept gray is slowly taking the place of the mantle of white.

Fruit. Paul received some bananas. I had one. It was like strawberries out of season. I was not hungry for it, I have scarcely thought of it since. "Brix Top" brought me apples and I have had several oranges. I had not missed them tho I am now steadily building up an appetite for oranges. This climate does not seem to require much that it does not produce.

Even the candy and cookies have
 produced no craving tho now
 served in abundance. Am I forming
 an anti-taste like that of the
 old prospector against sweets and
 pastry of all kinds? Bacon, coffee,
 tobacco, liquor were his staples.
 Did the two groups conflict?

Service. I missed church service
 this morning to have my bandages
 changed. But a good old hymn has
 just burst into fullness in the
 adjoining ward and the voice of
 the Chatachete is heard reading
 the scriptures. I understand no
 word, but worship has a universal
 language like pictures and music.
 and this service is hallowing my day.

Out again. But the world seems
 different. The Danish flag is there but
 it seems just a flag. The ground is
 rapidly becoming bare and covered with
 pools of water. The paths are more
 level and no longer slippery. The old

Harbor is ice free.

But things look dizzy. I have forgotten how to balance and must practice walking. Old Thomas would now be my "son" and have the task of supporting me. Finally, I acquired assurance thro' the slow process of refilling the evaporation pans.

My Blue-eyed Waver of Counties. This little fellow to whom the Christmas handkerchief was sent - I have found where he lives. Back of the Church on the Rock. I sat on the Rock watching a sewing-bee of women rapidly putting its rowlock cover on a kayak below. A child came from a neighboring house and called "How-dye-doe". It was plainly for me. So I answered in kind with a doff of my cap to the merriment of the women. It was my blue-eyed lad. The presence of a sad-house wholly of seal and with tiny patch to match brought me back to photograph. Six goats the children ^{scrambled} were up the rock. I took Blue-eyes dancing and his sister and a couple.

"America — —", there could be no doubt of the message, tho' in words unknown to me, he was spreading the news that I had taken his picture. He and four others preceded me home. I had tried to tell them that picture-taking was over and that I was going home. They were there when I arrived, entered the room and stood attention. Nothing for it but to pass out the cookies. Was this courtesy due from me because I had taken their picture, or was my gesture toward home an invitation to a treat? They nodded and darted off as if it was. The fame of my cookies is steadfast and growing, but the cookies and their days are surely numbered.

Monday, April 30.

Every Day a Massage. So every morning my breakfast in bed. To be ready for the nurse.

Setting My Stride. Not in speed, but in getting my routine work started. I am very deliberate.

and distances seem long. I found a leak in one of the evaporation pans and had to make a trip across the town to the sawney. I dreaded the suspension bridge and ^{cliff} rocky trail and ladders leading to it but arrived and returned safely. The Governor has spread my prowess among old friends newly returned with ^{the} spring from Denmark, by declaring that I broke an inch and a half board with my body. That was a heavy table, I must.

I prepared too for taking color views but the scud lies too close to the ocean to permit the sun to shoot its colors far upward, the red church attracts me and the old Bakeshop. They are quaint.

[Baffled. My deceitful friend asked if he might come again today for cookies. I mentioned that he could have one - but only one. He came in the late evening.

I tried to cut him short with one, and showed him the camera to divert him. But his taste was to tongue and not to eye. His mouth watered for another cookie and he became voluble. I emphatically warned him that he would get no more, if he took the second. (Nami, Nami, Nami-suar). You would have thought that that second cookie was saving the drowning. He gulped and waved Goodnight. I was downright angry. If he could have understood, I would have thrown him out. But plainly he could not see why he should not have the usual treat so long as there were any in the box. Moral: Don't cut wages or rations.

*Tuesday, May 1 -

Rebelais. I am not helping my nurse. I am reading too much and too long in bed.

Gangsted and Paul have accomplished their wide reading that way, but I am paying too dearly for it. Rabelais is my last, but far less than one-tenth of his thousand pages will satisfy me. More ludicrous and less absurd than Baron Munchausen and far kinder than but fully as effective as Juvenal. A purveyor of learning also quite after the droll and apt manner of S.P.F.

Every Day in Every Way. - So it seems with my arm hanging high in its cradle of bandage and slowly doing new things. But when I start to rise or straighten up, I think that I must be fatter and thirty years older. My back must have been used as a battering ram. The wonder now is that I didn't break it. Only a meek

more before I am due to go.
 Somehow I am losing my eagerness,
Some Color Success. But bitter
 sweet. That's the way we all
 feel but mostly for physical illness.
 My bitter arose because my color
 plates made while the winter was
 still on are slightly defective. Yet
 they are a splendid promise of
 success for those still to come.
 Fed has sent me five dozen.
 The Brown Cliff at the head of
 our Fjord at Camp is good.
 "Christine", David's girl, is splendid
 the tone somehow at the feet, which
 however are awkward anyhow.
 But my best, the Sunset at our
 Bay of the Midnight Sun, perfect in
 every way became scratched in my
 eagerness to be too careful.
 And my Blue Morning up the Ice
 Fjord is out of focus and badly
 timed. We always want more
 than we get. Possibly it is a

rocky, slippery progress. I am growing weary of falls.

Three Cookies Settled. Why hadn't I thought of it before? I decided to give the cookies to the patients in the ward and to the nurses and leave only one in the box as eye evidence of the actual disappearance of the rest. My lad appeared expecting "No" but ready to take the chance. He accepted the single cookie with some astonishment but played a good sport without hesitation. He may possibly absorb his Golden Goose lesson that you can't eat your cookies and have them too. But we all have shown a similar appetite.

Wednesday, May 2. Per's Birthday.

A Perfect Picture. Just a view from our Hospital of the path and bridge leading by the Pastor's garden, and a slip of a girl holding her little brother patiently

in her arms. Background high red
 palings, some roofs and the Old blue
 Church. Snow borders the path and
 the palings. Rural repose and
 Danish neatness pervade the view.
 Tones and colours likewise give
 mental repose. The little human
 figure is the grace note. The
 "Ah! Il-la" repeated over and
 over by the Natives was my
 reward. Even my mental-cripple
 said "Ah! Il-la" and Rammel,
 my sled comrade who treads the
 path daily said "U-ouga namie"?
 (We, No? = Won't you give it to me?
 We have to speak in monosyllables,
 he and I do understand.) We posed
 the picture long before we took
 it. It simply grew on us.
 Passing figures up the path suggested
 the grace note. I wish that I
 could be a Cambax with pictures -
 that is, that I could have a
 thousand phases of Nature to

pose at my leisure and then choose those that grow. But Nature won't tarry and comes so infrequently in her supremes. With me it's a case of the Poul and the Paralytic.

Pee's Birthday. Four years old. A skaald to him led by his father and mother and joined in by us all at the luncheon table.

Then at one o'clock, a treat of candy and figs to all the Native children, and to the elders present with a shower for the lads to scramble for.

Pee was present with his new Danish flag standing by the pans of figs and candy on the steps of the Old Church. Baby Sister Hannah was near by in her buggy. We all took snafis, but the film jammed in my Leica. It had become torn. So I got nothing. I am slowly learning

To avoid and understand Leica failures,
 At three we all had chocolate,
 Per and special playmates at the
 diningroom table, the rest of us
 and special friends of the family in
 the tearoom. The children prattled
 in Eskimo. Some of them looked
 wonderingly when they heard the
 elders speaking Danish. One new
 word I learned, when Per admonished
 one of his mates "Im-mung-wup"
 (just a little), when the latter
 was trying to play with him on
 his Musical Bars. And his two
 inseparable girl playmates:
 Andreas' daughter is aggressive,
 the father is diffident, and
 Augustinus' daughter is quiet
 while he is reckless. But
 physically the girls are a close
 copy of their fathers.

Ice. - Word came today from
 Bangsted that the Aliso was
 indefinitely blockaded by the

ice from leaving Iqitut and that a ship outside could not get in. They hoped, however, to reach home by Christmas. Why could not I be there? I am sorry for them but for myself more

Marooned. David Olsen and Anna are here. They bring word that Carlson got there but that most of the dogs died from the heavy pulling over bare ground. If I get in I must walk overland. The mouth of the Fiord is open and the dust has melted the ice off Naxajanga. But when will a gale break the ice up? My side hurts too much to start soon. Plainly ribs have been broken. Stopping today in passing thru a gate brought quick physical protest.

If Bill can measure the cross section of the river at ~~Imanek~~ next autumn after the water recedes, we can still take

streamflow measurements this summer. But I fear that even now the Inland Ice is melting and filling the stream bed. At best, I can now only plan to walk in with the guides that go to bring Clarence out.

Erlansson Well. How do I know? When he is weary, he is voluble. So he told me last summer after a day of weary rowing in the canoe against the wind when returning from Norrajanga, and he thought that he was dropping into too great detail. And today Governor Bistrup heard him, he said with a chuckle, over the radio speaking to Kallquist:

Mr. Muller, introducing: "Mr. Kallquist, Mr. Erlansson will now speak to you. He has much to tell you."

Erlansson: "Hello, Kallquist, I am well, hm, hm, hm, hm. I'm going to stay here all summer, hm, hm."

him ——. "Good bye". He must be in the best of health.

My Good Sport. My mental cripple has been more friendly than ever, even calling "Good Morn" and waving from a distance. Tonight he dropped in just to ask, if by chance there might be more cookies, but the answer "Nani" was promptly accepted. He is now more talkative than ever. Evidently understanding has been fully established.

A Native Dance. On the way home last night, I found a dance — in the wing of the old house back of the flagpole. A crowd about the door, the walls lined. I found my way to a corner seat on a carpenter bench, the one seat unoccupied. Here in a space ten by eighteen feet, ten couples were dancing. The ceiling was less than a foot above

their heads. Their feet sounded like sandpaper on the rough knotty floor, for it was only a carpenter shop with carpenter materials pushed to walls and ceiling. No wax was on this floor. Here plainly were still the "Great Grandchildren of the North" to paraphrase Badger Clark.

Accordian music of course — and smoking while you dance. But the women were not smoking. I never have seen them smoke. I wonder if the Danish women are the only ones that have the habit.

All in all it seemed like the dance of my first schoolteaching days in the log house at Schiestal's. In fact I had more acquaintances among the Natives than there and more responsive faces. But in those days mine was not responsive either. That

was the sole and only time I even tried to dance. I wanted to try tonight again.

Dusk. as I was without candles, I decided to leave the dance and go to bed before dark. It was then ten-thirty and only the bright moon hinted that night had come, for landscape and faces were still plainly recognizable thru the window.

Thursday, May 3.

Annie Gene. She brought me my breakfast yesterday and hastened away. I thought that she had been called to some sick home. But it is the call of the Cannery - higher wages, more bustle, more fun. She has wholly forgotten the permanence of her old position and its service with a chance to go to Denmark for training.

It is the old here and the old hosts. Our little nurse is trying to feed me and clean my room, but I have rebelled and completed the cleaning myself. But I wish that I had something better than a wing with which to sweep. Tomorrow I go to breakfast. She is not to bandage me until ten o'clock. Dear little soul, she has her own home also to care for.

Umiax Rich. Yesterday the Governor confessed that he had paid for a whalebone umiax for me that had failed to be delivered, but that such a umiax was sailing the seas on the Disko seeking an owner. Dear Governor-Father, he had forgotten that he asked the Pastor to help me get a umiax when we went to Suvvertoppen last autumn or never knew that I got it. He never forgets a request.

I told him then of my order for the Harpooner, still unfinished, and my contract: My name and address in his care and a drawing of the Harpooner, made by the agent, all given the latter as my answer to Sculptor Rosing's enquiry as to whether I still wanted the statuette.

That Fur Onoax. I had sought it long, built up theories regarding its falling into Abla's hands only to find it a waif still and at my probable disposal. — the onoax that Doctor Hobbs had left with me and I had loaned to Bangsted. I had wasted emotion on it for weeks and had fully decided "to forget it." So had been left hanging at the Governor's, had been lined to fit her better, and loaned her for the winter. I do not hesitate to pay for the lining but what will Doctor Hobbs

say to having his coat lined with
flaring, flaunting red?

Clarence, my Adopted Son. The
Pastor brought letters from
Mt Evans. He had met the
returning sled-teams. The
dogs were covered with sores
and had to be lifted from
the boat. They or some of them
died soon after. Poor dogs,
that's where the hardships up
here falls hardest.

Of this Clarence did not know.
For him only happiness - I wish
that I could share his letters
from Sara. Also he likes
Bill, and will wait for
guides out. Gustave will remain
for the Hvalesen. So my
plan is clear, viz. I shall go
in with the guides and send
him back. He will not expect
me sooner, for he urges me
to be careful to get strong. I am

so glad that he wants to be my son along with my "many daughters". But my Governor-Father is beginning to wince at becoming so often a Grandfather.

Friday, May 4, Prayer Day: Thanksgiving Day ^{without} the Feast.

Up for Breakfast. I love the experience and the long day. I have gone four times over the Suspension Bridge to the Little Island, but am tired. I have agreed to have breakfast in bed tomorrow. "I must take a long rest while here."

Over-Careful? My color pictures today have been faulty. The Pastor's home is a charming bit of simple architecture and the picture was perfect except — in my care not to draw the slide too far out, I failed to draw it far enough. Consequently a tiny end of the house is cut off. And the view of the town

from the harbor was perfect in composition of bay and boats, wharves and cliffs, houses and snowclad mountains, but I exposed it too long. I have now made the slide foolproof, but in exposing I must follow experience rather than the Justiphot. "The letter killeth."

My Vain Son. As I was taking the picture of the Pastor's house, Old Thomas came by and asked for his portrait. So tonight when I retook the picture, I went for him to stand in the foreground a gammel ^(old) man before the gammel house. Thomas is badly stooped and walks with a cane. He would look natural standing only with a cane. He arrived with his cane, but when I posed him the cane was gone. I expostulated but the vesper bell was ringing and Thomas had been on his way to

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church when I met him. He had hidden his cone too carefully and I was too much in a hurry to hold up the picture. Old Thomas is some young yet, I fear. He is also the town philosopher, dividing man into two classes: "Much work, little eat and little work, much eat." He wrenched an artistic concession from me this time. I shall watch that cone next time.

A Privilege. The Governor has offered me a chance to go with the Hvalrossen to Saftangvaer, but I shall stay closer home for a little. He has also offered me the use of his motor boat to go to the islands to photograph the sunsets if I will pay for oil and engineer. So I may become a captain yet.

Saturday, May 5.

Getting a Grip on Strength. This morning I lay abed until eleven.

There was a slip in the coffee. It failed to arrive but I did not greatly miss it. This afternoon I have been craving things to do. For the first time this trip I climbed the cliff to the thermograph. Tomorrow I may climb higher to the wind gage. I shall make up some records and start water- and tundra evaporation. Then I may not mind so much being wearied.

Following Quin's instruct. I have got still another grip on myself. Now I know when a color plate is under or over exposed. My instruct was far wrong. I have been underexposing my pictures these last days. It is only when pictures are grievously overexposed that the colors fade. So an entire winter's mystery is cleared up.

Rule: If the finished plate is opaque, that is, you can not easily see the picture when holding the glass between your face and the light, it is underexposed even

if the colors are all there.

On the other hand, if the plate is very transparent and the colors pale, the picture has been overexposed.

I did this letter on a Scarlet Sunset last autumn. The Governor's house and icy courtyard were true, the sky was faded-out rose.

The lesson is worth most of the loss - but I had a narrow escape.

The Pastor's house - a gem of simplicity and soft color - is losing its golden roof for a tight one of new shingles. Yesterday I was photographing it at leisure but sped on by the flag at its peak - not thinking that improvements would touch it more than Ann Hathaway's Cottage. Today Native carpenters are tearing off and replacing shingles with all of a Southern's energy. Durny! Did that roof really last?

Clouds. Yesterday the Governor

laughed when I spoke of clouds and said that I must be getting well. But I was thinking of clouds for sunsets, not for theory. And today the clouds have come driven by a southwest wind. They may bring us colors later.

No Mirror. Since Paul went with his metal mirror, I have been forced to feel my chin for loaves, then borrow to clean up. There is none in the hospital. The loan comes in from outside and varies each time. It would be cheap to many here where needs are so few or furniture so scant. It reminds me again of my first teaching days in the Michigan woods where a young man had built a cabin with leather hinges as his main preparation for marrying. However, the store here is now stocked with mirrors, "big and little". So I shall finally invest. My roommate and his

No mirror - cheap to many - Mirror in leather hinges in Mich

mirror more too often.

"The Protestant Betsyren". So the Governor is called at Styrelse Headquarters. He protests most loudly of his group. Is this why he has received necessary supplies while Godthaab, even over the Sandvogde's urgent request, and Sukkertoppen have been left without? However, Halstensborg is generously dividing with the others. The Sandvogde is sending a stinging protest and may become the Governor's rival.

Radio. The "Disco" is still at Ivigtut - now five days delayed. The ore steamer has worked its way in. It may be the triumph of steam over gas, in the former's ability to start slowly.

and Dumbrava at Angsmagssalik has finished his meteorological observations and dismantled

his wireless station. He now goes up the fiord to take bear-pictures. Pity to cut the observations shorter than necessary. Possibly the open summer season is calling him to other plans, especially hydrographic. He can not leave probably before August.

Gutzon Borglum Arla's Mother's Cousin. So I learned today when discussing some clippings of his Black Hills Monument she had loaned me. Her mother had sent them. That mother's branch evidently had quality beyond the Grandfather of Arla. But why did her father object to another artist in the family? Gutzon and his brother, the latter even more talented, should have been a guarantee of the artistic strain. Arla merely says: "He probably thought that two were enough." The father was plainly practical and successful. The others to him were probably neither

Sunday, May 6.

Rain and Reading. It rained in the night, then it rain-snowed during the afternoon, finally it snowed in the evening. An overcast, mildly drizzling day that gave me hopes of cloud effects when the sky cleared.

I climbed the rock for church service the first time since my fall. The mornings in bed are yielding increased strength for the afternoons.

But today I rested the whole day long except for reading Max Pemberton's Gold Wolf. Anything rather than continue Rebelia's. I don't like to pick my humor and satire and wisdom from the tub of an outhouse. I started as usual in the middle of The Gold Wolf and read every page, then started again at the middle and read backward

toward the beginning. I might not have finished it otherwise. It is not so forced nor so hurried as The Red Moon, and ends in high idealism. It is a portrayal of the second chance in marriage with heightened values and the love of a sought-out child.

Monday, May 7.

The Color Problem Salvaged. The mantle of new snow last night gave me high hopes of getting the best effects in a view of the Red Church on the Rock from my window. At least, the great grey roof would be white. But morning showed all the mantle gone during the night.

However, the pictures taken are irregular if not pinakor. We have plainly been underexposing our pictures. The Instiphot is correct or undertimes rather than the reverse.

The Agfa Company desired an

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Arctic test made of their color plates. What better testimonial than today's pictures made from plates whose guarantee had ended nine months ago. I believe too that the old developer would have worked too, but I became skittish and threw most of it out.

With the fresh plates, I began on a sunset from the Native Burial Ground. I wanted color but tonight it was mainly a study in blues with a faint flush of rose.

a Full Snow. I wondered why. But the evaporation pans showed a full inch of water from the last storm. Such would be a phenomenon at Mount Evans.

Still at Inight. Life must be getting burdensome for the boys. The ice pack now closely besets the harbor and extends sixty miles out. The ~~ice~~ boat that

came in considered the ice so perilous that a following ship put into Frederickshaab until conditions improved. When now will the second Disko arrive?

Tuesday, May 8.

Yes, "Plenty Rain". Frederick brought in his record book this morning. Rain and snow for the sixth and seventh 23.5 mm (0.926 in.) or the same as the pairs recorded.

And a trace fell last night.

Ill. And I am ill. "Always colder in the autumn and spring when the rain-snow comes", says the Governor. So he has put me to bed.

It seemed strange to feel so drabby. My breakfast was brought in and placed on a chair, but I never noticed it until it was cold - that is the coffee-pot, and it was large. Just hoarseness and rheumatism and fever. At lunch I was detected as off-tone and taken in hand. Notense oblige is

the Bestyev's conscience in Greenland. It is a patriarchal or paternal system and protects even the fools. It is my old "beneficent despotism".

A Flattering Joke. In memory of the old days at home when Mother put a hot flatiron to our ear to iron away our ear-ache, I went to the hospital kitchen to borrow a flatiron. Pantomime of course was my only resource. The girl soon understood and dashed for the nurse's house, bringing both hot flatiron and a blanket for ironingboard.

I then put the iron to my face. A puzzled look resulted. But when with an outward tug on my ear and a vigorous Nanni as I pressed the ear down, I indicated that I was not planning to iron my ear smooth, the outburst of laughter was loud and spontaneous both from the young girl and the old domestic, crippled at the hips like a half-opened jackknife but as alert as a motor.

How expansive these folks would be
 if I were not so dumb with my tongue.

My Iceberg Game. It had been off the islands for days, then had started for the harbor's entrance. I planned to visit it with the motorboat. But at noon it had passed to southward around an island's shoulder. And I am in bed. I had always thought that the current on this side of Davis Strait flowed north. Here seems to be an exception.

Wednesday, May 9.

a Midnight Visit. Not dark yet, tho ten thirty o'clock. My warm flannel and I were dozing to sleep, when a knock on the door and the Governor was with me. He had just finished a fourteen hour day and was weary, but came to enquire and remained to visit. It became one of those Belting Talons on the Inland Ice.

The District Parliament. Writing, writing for the coming parliament had made his days extremely busy - that and

distributing the recent cargo of the *Aliso*.
 "Yes, there were district parliaments besides those for North and South Greenland," but no parliament for Greenland as a whole".
 So here was my nation advanced in the making quite beyond the point I had supposed. The *Hatstenborg* District had four Communes (counties perhaps with us) and self-elected commissioners, i.e. elected by the residents of each commune. These communes were: ⁽¹⁾ *Hatstenborg* and *Isortok*, (2) *Sarfanguak* and *Sarkathlit*, (3) *Etivlok* and *Sarkok*, (4) *Kertorussok* (an Gate in the wall), *Ikerassok*, and *Lunarsok* (the towns of ^{all} *Maccius* and the *Eisledom* Bay). *Timor* hamlets doubtless joined with neighboring ones in the election, but each of the towns forming the centers of the commune had representation. For example, *Sarfanguak* had two commissioners but *Sarkathlit* had one, and of the three towns in the last ^{commune} each had one. Thus minorities had representation.
 I am wondering now whether *Louisa*

Sinnett's husband Peter, who wore the large medallion on his arm on Easter, is not one of the commissioners for this commune.

One each of the commissioners of these communes with the Governor and Assistant and the District Representative in the South Greenland Parliament form the District Parliament due to meet day after tomorrow. Advisory only ^{are} its powers, but effective - loans to individuals for building boats, that is public service not public gain. Out of it will come individual responsibility - to repay the loan and strengthen ^{its} source.

An Honor about King's Gifts. Governor Bistrup is an Alternate Representative in the South Greenland Parliament from Haldensborg itself, not for North Greenland, for which he struggled so hard. He was defeated by Frederick Olsen, a native, by seven votes to six and that soon after his coming here. David Olsen received only two or three votes. David

is a "great man in Greenland". "He does too many things, like his new motor boat. They don't like him". Apparently too energetic, too successful for a Native. Thus is greater public service foster in the perspective.

On the other hand, the Governor is a crusader
 considers at personal loss for the Nation
 The new fishing boat better than any
 on station, valued at 13000 Kroner, is
 the biggest venture by Native individuals
 yet tried in Greenland. It will be
 turned over to the six best fishermen
 in the colony to be paid for at 1000 Kroner
 a year, with ^{assessments} assessments in bad years
 if the Governor remains here and has
 his way. The Director was "in trouble"
 (under fire) last autumn and hesitated
 at so large a venture. He sought the
 Governor's most careful opinion and
 received his guarantee. So he has
 assumed the burden. It means
 much for individual initiative. In the
 coming election (each commissioner of

commune and possibly the Governor has a vote), the honor of six votes may become greater and he, a Dane, be sent to plead the Native's cause in the Native Parliament.

Diesel Motors and Ice. The Disko is still icebound and it may be three weeks before she is released thus the summer schedule will be greatly delayed. Steam and sail are the only motive power for ^{you} Northern waters. The Disko was a much-appreciated venture, economical if skill, and repair depots, and the elements permitted. The Governor could only say: "I told them". Ice lies at the background of his thought.

Comfort. I am still in bed. He ordered another day for me here. He is right. My kingpin tooth, that is the one upon which my third set depends for its being, developed a feeling of ulceration. This is probably its last trip abroad but it must hold out until I can get home.

Today only a slight tooth and ear ache remain, but somehow I feel dull. So long as the sky keeps ^{over-}clouded, I don't mind, but a misty sun or a sunset would be calls hard to withstand.

And that dear Governor-Father insisted on a waterbottle in place of my flattery, and another pillow in place of my sweater, and proposed that my fur securities and boxes and trunks be stored upstairs to make my surroundings less redolent of bird ^{life} and more pleasant. To me the room was a palace as compared with Mt. Evans. So I was left with my treasures. Nestors in a room in the Governor's one failing. If it extended to Native dooryards, life would become unbearable for him.

Doctor Nicolai. Mrs Bistrup and Ben came to call this morning and brought me macerous and the last orange. Their hospitality never flinches. She decided that I should have more

200-1901 in Ecuador
 Nestors
 Honey
 flowers
 (Selling)

powders for my neuralgia. So
 Arla and Nikolai come later with
 details and explanations. The medicine
 is fundamental in driving the poison
 by sweating from my system. This is the
 reason why I must keep covered up in bed.
 I am to keep my bed at least another day,
 and Kipling's Many Inventions have been
 sent to while away the time.

It seems ridiculous to be ill. It
 spoils my reputation just like that
 illness in Greece in 1901, when I "a
 hardy winter mountaineer" became the
 invalid of the party while the ^{previous} ~~previous~~
 invalid loaned me her chair. Getting
 broken up is one thing but becoming
 bedridden for a cold is quite another.

A Trial for Thievery. One will be held
 at the end of the District Parliament.
 It startles me as much as if it were
 murder. I have a personal interest
 in the honor of this race.

Flowers. Yes, but artificial ones, got
 colorful on two small genes. I saw

them in the Burying Ground above the Old Harbor when I went to picture the sunset. And soon a father and mother with tiny child came to smooth down the freshlaid soil.

Music. I am fortunate in being so close to one of the classrooms where music is daily heard and to our hospital ward where prayer and song suggest some gathering of the Early Fathers. In both places deep, sonorous, solemn. Numbers would add merely to its volume. To listen is to pray. Such was the germ that produced the music of the Mormon Tabernacle. Music is the product not of ambition but of love.

Thursday, May 10 -

Better - Fever, sweet, fantastic dreams with a touch of superman, heavy slumber ushered in my day. It was merely the medicine on night shift renovating my system. The throat is fast clearing without painting, but the kingpin tooth is long and loose. Can

I have it pulled and yet eat until
 autumn? The Hurais son Peter can pull
 it. Everybody learns to pull teeth up here
 as they learn music. It is inevitable
 and indispensable. This evening he came
 in with a handful of forceps and
 selected what seemed to me the proper
 pair. Of course, I would want them
 boiled and would use iodine in the
 cavity. But it seemed best to wait.
 He wonders why?

Parliament. My Father came earlier
 today. The Parliament has convened. It
 will continue two days more. Bilingual
 see its proceedings, for Nikolai,
 Assistant, is not fully expert in Eskimo
 and the Landsvogde, who will read
 the proceedings, knows only Danish.
 So the Governor, who presides, bears
 the burden of the session. To his
 right sits the Assistant who is
 Secretary in Danish, to his left sits
 Frederick Olsen, Representative in the
 South Greenland Parliament, who

records the proceedings in Eskimo.
The Governor must put the question
for discussion in both Eskimo and
Danish and after the discussion is
ended and vote taken, he must state
the resumé in similar way. The
spirit of the whole is a Greenland
parliament for Greenlanders.

However, the Governor is sole judge
in trials.

False News.— Today Godhavn phoned
to Clarence that the Doctor had been
sent for again from Egedesminde
for me. A canard you can not
correct is especially bad. The boy
will surely worry. I may now ^{have} ~~be~~
to leave the sooner to relieve his
doubts about my getting in or fetching
him out. The only consolation is that
the Disco is still icebound at
Svigtet, so that there is no immediate
hurry regarding his coming ^{out}.

Old Friends and True. Mrs Bestrup,
Arla, Per with candy and chocolate,

and this evening Arda and Nickolai
to talk dentistry. My housewren is
pronounced better but I must take another
powder tonight.

Scissors Cases. The market runs to
specials. One sale starts the movement.
The children were first, now my
indefatigable Amelia Olsen has persuaded
me to buy more and better ones.
Mother will prize them as mementoes
to her faithful friends.

Much Neuralgia. Borchsen has sent me
greetings. He also is sick again and the
Governor says that there is much
neuralgia in the Colony. I recall now
that Maurino had laryngitis when the
Hoolrossen called at his home. That
seems to be mainly my trouble now.
The winter does not kill all microbes.

Friday, May 11 -

Still Overcast. The wetter it is, the more
sickness; and the sooner the sun shines,
the sooner I must get up to take color
photographs. I planned to get up today but

Must neuralgia
abound
Replying to early

See B. - over morning
of

with Harry Sanders it's nicer to lie in bed.
I am still drowsy and my throat has
not entirely cleared.

A Moratorium. We are having a
Michigan Expedition Moratorium. I am
stopped, Clarence is stopped, the disk
is stopped, Doctor Hobbs is stopped.
If only the Summer and the University
of Nevada would stop, the circle
would be complete. But the snow
is going and the summer will be
shortened. I wonder if even Joshua
paid a late bill.

Even Kipling Tells. Clever? yes.
Varied also. I read yesterday by the
hour. But too often the tale seemed
trivial. The silences seem too vast
and deep for all save the great.
Even Governor Pietsup felt the same.
Before marriage, he read much
and eagerly. Now he reads little. Home
has taken away the loneliness that
is natural to him and with it the
comradship of books. To me books

are mainly cathedral windows. The human experiences in the books of ordinary power I find abundantly in the life about me. I am more than ever a disciple of the "Five Foot Shelf of Books".

Coffee with the Members of Parliament. I had gone to the hospital after lunch to lie down but I gladly rose to answer an invitation to coffee in honor of the members of Parliament. All natives except the Governor and assistant. The Manager at Kerotassok (Gate in the Wall) had been honored as representative from his district, so likewise had the Manager from Itivlek but he was ill in Sukrentoppen. So the place was filled by his alternate from tiny Sarsok. The representative from the Safanqak Commune had been a kayak mailcarrier to our camp last summer. In rugged virtues and poise all seemed to equal or excel our representatives of the South - save the alternate from Sarsok. Like his town he

had been shut off from contact with the rest.

The Doctor from Suxkertoppen. At dinnertime the doctor from Suxkertoppen landed. Groups of natives were standing on the cliffs to view and welcome. He had left the Manager, recovered fully, at Itivler. I am glad that he has come. A bit of fever still persists. He will look me over tomorrow. He is young and rugged but not so alert and enthusiastic as my doctor friend from Egedesminde. However, both love the land and their work. Could Godhavn have confused the coming of these two to Halstenborg. Was the Sonia now at Suxkertoppen a radio sending set?

Saturday, May 12.

Bones Solid. I wonder how long the Governor is going to keep that broken table on display. He has shown it to the new doctor. I shall either ruin a reputation

for solidity or the Governor will win in his threat to keep me "in bed for a month." The shoulder bones are moving easily when worked from outside, but the ligament ^{which} reaching over the shoulder to the biceps is torn. Rest and rope-pulling from the ceiling are recommended.

Besides I must have fire in my room. This is the probable cause of the present week's illness. The teeth and ear are nearly well. The deep throat requires painting. I have been lying drowsing most of the day.

Trip Overland in doubt. The doctor has tramped twenty miles over Naxajung searching for caribou. He does not approve my four days' walk. He goes on Peter Rossing's dictum: "Two days for Greenland, three days for white man." He wants me to wait until a motor boat can go in. He saw no ice at all at Simistak but the Governor believes that the upper part of the fiord will not be open before the middle of June — a whole month yet. Of course, the Disko is not clear yet, and will require

a month to get to Holstenborg after that. So the moratorium may solve the problem. But I should like to see that beer country.

Another Nyax. Jans brought in a toy nyax today. Evidently acted as agent for Christiania - he didn't know the rest, on the doctor's boat. At least the nyax was from Sukkertoppen. A well made boat. Price fifteen kroner. Jans returned and accepted the nine offered. This fills Mother's order for Earl Ross' boy.

A Plan that Grows. Bless the Doctor and the Governor. My arm has become theirs. I left them after dinner and stopped on my way home to see a game of marbles. They overtook me with a complete plan and arguments. The doctor will take me home with him to the hospital at Sukkertoppen for special treatment and send me back May 29 on the whaler Sonia, ready he hopes to make the crosscountry trip to Clance. The Governor adds that I can take water measurements and sunsets. I asked only for a chance to get the snowman of Holstenborg from the Cannery. The Governor

retorted "To Hell with your picture. I love your arm". So the father in him must be obeyed. Mother would forget her profanity and laugh to see how well I mind. After all a father is a necessary institution in a family, tho' a rough jewel at best.

I was given tomorrow to think it over, but immediately left it to him. My arm has been greatly eased by the doctor's handling even today. So I look for rapid improvement. Then too I can get a panorama of Suckertoppen, and a colored view upon the Greenland Alps from the "Church Yard" (native burying ground) there. And perhaps a view from Simintar Harbor, and one of fiords and sea and sugarloaf rocks at Nangam^muit, and the linnæus at Suckertoppen. Possibly we may return our old route thru Hamburger Sund and get some views there. (Omit
 is 5x7 films. There are only seven left. The sunsets must be gained ^{re} on the voyage, for we shall be on the backside of the island down there.) The evaporation can readily

be transferred. My luck is turning. I could only wish that it would turn northward to Godham. Perhaps it may.

Emergency Illness vs Chronic. I asked the doctor whether he had been very busy at Sukkertoppen. He said No, but that he had twenty three cases in the hospital. There were only three here. So I understood why he had tarried and why the doctor had been withdrawn from Holstenborg. I asked "Why so many?" He answered: "You have noticed the many stone buildings (stone and sand 7 course) at Sukkertoppen." And I recalled the many wooden buildings here. Tuberculosis is the Northman's one great disease.

Other illnesses ^{or} like accidents are emergency. You must find your own way out. In summer that is reasonably possible but in winter we live on even terms with the beasts of the snows. No doctor can reach us. No boat sails these winter seas, and

* Numerous, includes here are more out
* Sukkertoppen. So the number is around
small.

the mild coast and Inland Ice to the south and an open fiord to the north bar approach by sled from both directions. It is good schooling in self-reliance.

Sunday, May 13.

The Tables Turned. The raw Southwest blew in my window last night. I wondered whether I were the poor old woman in the next ward. Did she wonder the same if my coughing awoke her?

A Week of Rain. Old Ole (I am sorry that it is not Olaf as I supposed) was right last night when he pointed at the southwest wind and foreboded rain. The wind has been sighing and the rain pattering all night and morning. It is a Longfellow's "Rainy day" with sun almost shining thru. But my color pictures are doomed again. I find it hard not to "link 'Damn'". Will the Doctor leave tomorrow? He is an emergency man and wears rubber boots.

The Oldest Citizens, the Best Homes. Is there

any connection? Not in prosperity and longevity but in health and life. These two, Ole Sinnerets and Thomas Alesen, also represent the two great groups of family names tho' not of families. Family names are the missionaries' invention. Old Ole is a carpenter and has the largest native house in town. It would hold a patriarch and his descendants. He lives in the center of homes. Old Thomas the Stonemason lives ^{apart} ~~in~~ a neat green house overlooking the harbor. Both homes are wholly of wood but Thomas' has a stone and mortar foundation. Old Ole stands erect like a spar^{ar} among his gangers, Old Thomas in concession to his profession, is stooped with age. Both ^{were} ~~was~~ my language better than I theirs. Their courtesy unstudied and cordial and gracious puts me on my toes. Old Thomas came plodding up a snowlope just to give me gentle greetings when last I was let out of bed. His ambition is on a par with his home and his wisdom.

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He wants a real portrait negative so that prints can be made. All the details of light and setting are left to me. "you know. You good man". It is my most important commission, for it is based on implicit faith.

P.S.: - And now I learn that Ole is the father of our Catachets, Manasseh Sinnents, and of still another catacheta. His household is one of distinction as his house is one of size. He is the father of catachetes as David Olson is the father of catachetes' wives.

Coffee Out. Frederick found me in the street and placed the following note in my hand: Kaffe № 3 hos Pastor Hoegh. I pointed at the house. He nodded, I understood. I had just twenty minutes to chase and change my boots. I did not attempt to change shirt and overcoat. I knew my friends and their welcome. Their draf rose is already in exquisite bud and blossom. They told Aela that

they hoped I would notice. I did, and their ^{its,} fragrance was strong like musk. Home's delight to give for Mrs Hoegh. and maccaroons! I never tasted fresher and more delicate ones. I never knew before that they could be home made.

I thought that they were always purchased.

A Comparison with Too Much Edge.

Pastor Hoegh was gazing with contentment at his newly shingled roof, raw yellow in its newness of fresh lumber, but watertight, as I chanced to be passing. Pointing to the roof of the bare shop adjoining, golden with lichens but aged, I remarked "Pinarok", and swinging my hand toward his - he caught the word from my mouth and said "Iopok". I nodded. He laughed but protested. Had I called the old roof "Pinarok" and the new "Inregulok", he might have agreed, for he is a lover of the beautiful as much as I, but he

wants a good roof, even if not beautiful, over his head.

On my toes. The poison has gone from my throat, I could run a race for a quarter of a minute. Our storm turned to snow on the mountains and to a cold wind near freezing tonight. But I have been out enjoying it in scant wraps and have been resetting the hygro-thermograph. Stun dead one feels and acts when ill. Life practically stops for him.

Monday, May 14. All's Fair Day.

March Snow Cover. This morning the landscape was white and patches still linger in the nooks and the grass. Tonight the clouds are dissolving even too fast for a sunset, tho an alpenglow may possibly occur in the east where the peaks are still cloudcapped.

Suxertoppen Discarded. My arm is making such fast

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progress upward that the Doctor has decided not to take me to Sussertoppen. I was ready to go if he and the Governor thought best. Now I may be permitted to return to Camp after two weeks. I want to walk, the Doctor wants us to try to ascend the Fiord in a motorboat. But the Governor feels that it is too expensive if we fail.

My waist is still lame but supple, I could soon do the Daily Dozen. My throat is nearly well. Odd that I have been ill only at Holstensborg but the Governor retorts that I have been here only autumn and spring when sickness occurs.

Godhavn Corsets Canard. Good Doctor Svensen. I would like to get him for Clarence's sake. He has gone to Godhavn from Egidesminde and has asked Mr. Muller to

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phone a denial of the recent news
that he had been called to Holstenborg
to care for Doctor Church again. The
phone message was very emphatic
and was several times repeated.
That the Doctor was at that moment
with him, that the news had
come from other sources, that
"Doctor Church should now be O.K."
I could hear it all. If only I
could have said "You bet" or told
them that the Doctor from the
south was even then with me
and pronounced me becoming O.K.

Hunting a Sunset. It sunsetted
tonight but I had a hard time
finding a setting for it.

The Kvalrossen was gone, so
I could not use the bow of
the hill. The houses of the
town spoiled the foreground
in the view from the Church Rock.
The Cannery looked too commercial
from the Lookout over the Harbor.

The tide was too low in Old Harbor for a view from the Surging Ground. Finally, the Cannery wharf was tried. The poetry of form burst into view immediately. A long vista of water flanked by mountain pillars. In the foreground a necklace of boats on rippling waters. On the horizon's rim and rising to the mountain pillars, cloud banks overspread with gold and touched with rose. Twice I photographed the scene. Once because even the composition and lighting were worth while, the second time because the colors had grown brighter than I dared hope. So it seems that it takes more than clouds to make a sunset. But I had not had the fact of possibility driven home so forcibly before.

Tuesday, May 15.

Early Up. It was snowing this morning but mild. The Doctor was out in rubber boots making last calls. He had me on the list for last scrubbing. He and the Gonsen were leaving at eight. I joined the rest at breakfast and at the wharf. The medical boat was bluff-bowed but trim and fairly fast. The crew too was neat. No cabins showed but the space below decks was commodious.

Why Tuberculosis in Greenland. Doctor Halber (I have just learned his name) is making an interesting census and demonstration. He has been going to every home in the following towns and examining every inmate. In Nappason the tubercular were only 3% ^{but} in Sukkertoppen 14%, and in A^{Aggamiut}pagamiut as high as 22%. In the first town, containing 100 people, the dwellings were very good, i.e. of wood and provided with a fair area of windows. In the

seconds, the buildings are mainly stone and sod, tho it is the colony district capital. In the third town the land seemed to me boggy and, ^{all} the houses, except the church and a warehouse, of sod. I remember particularly that one house was a waving mound of water fern - picturesque in the extreme for color picturing.

Greenland itself is a natural sanitarium. Tuberculosis germs are killed by sunlight in six hours, tho the winter cold will not kill germs, especially in occupied houses, the long days in summer will do so, if windows admit sufficient light.

Where the people are nomadic and remove the roof covering of their ^{winter} homes while living when in tents in summer, tuberculosis is practically unknown.

a Death. One of our three patients died today. I was going in with a slice of orange again for each.

Now I am glad that I didn't. The old lady, who had coughed so wretchedly, was the one. I thought her tubercular, but it was a mere heart. She always lay half reclining in her cot. All the afternoon I heard the quiet but kindly singing as of a sewing circle. She had died, I think, in the forenoon. Were the women singing for the sake of the boys, who lay there as witnesses? - to quiet their jaded nerves. In the

late evening the gathering had become a social one of men and tobacco smoke filtered thru into my room.

The body was removed to the mortuary room opposite the Pastor's study in the church.

Crim. The trial has not yet been held. Nicolai says that it is a case transferred from Northern Greenland because the defendant is here. It involves not only petty theft of small amounts but obtaining money under false pretences and by oral forgery (i.e. borrowing it for another

ostensibly). He told me that one of my acquaintances was a lifter of food and small house stuff.

For build and beauty and baly and business ^{ability} I had considered Elisa one of the few best in the town. She has the poise and aggressiveness of the white race. Is that the trouble?

A Soft Sunset. The clouds of the morning faded by evening, leaving a bit of vapor film in the west to afford a soft saffron blush above an open sea of silver. It was a Sabbath evening in tranquility as compared with the evenings previously passing.

Charles Dickens. In convalescing, I have turned to reading. Today I started systematically to read Dickens's last book "Our Mutual Friend". I find it wearying but attracting me on to further reading. The story is now slowly dawning, possibly unfolding. Earlier I had dipped in at several places but could find no coherence, for each section had

its own center and details like a block in a mosaic. I like essays and reflective writing, but not too much preaching in connection with a human experience. It is like moralizing to your neighbor during the progress of a play.

Wednesday, May 16.

A Wind Vane for the Church. I wondered why the platform on the roof and tower of the church. This morning I saw a great gilded ball and finial standing on the Church Road. It was taller than a man. It may add grace and glow to the church, but the austerity of the building seems to resent such decoration. It is the Pastor's idea. His taste is usually good. He may be right.

Sidewalks. New homes of wood are rising in various parts of the town - one with a concrete foundation and very slight. New sidewalks too are rising from the mud - compacted of rock earth filled. If only they could be faced with flagstones, too drained,

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they are too greasy slippery with
earth mixed and filth. Old Thomas
is building a long stretch thru a
sog in the town. He should be
called Commissioner of Streets. The
cold winters will prevent water pipes
and sewers perhaps for ever -
Fortunate that a serum treatment
has been found for typhoid. Lack
of sanitation invites the disease.

Few toilets in town. Only appointed
dumps for major refuse. It would
be difficult but possible to have a
garbage disposal system I wonder
whether in streets and dogs me
are worse than Constantinople.

Moss. Beautiful rock moss, blue
green and yellow green on the cliffs
below Nicolai's house - the place
used as Lookout, the crest of my
Cliffs of Penzance. I obtained a
perfect color picture (4.5 x 12 seconds).
abundant time is what it needs,
slipping. But I nearly went over

the Cliff. I heard the startled breath of the painters on Nicolai's roof as I slipped. The rock ^{moss} was so thin that I regarded it as rock and trod boldly on it. Of course it was ^{greasy} greasy.

Wet lichens are always dangerous to tread on. Six feet below me was the brow of the sheer cliff twice the height of the new warehouse and rising close behind it. It would have been a quick and murderous descent.

I must learn or lose. I fell this morning on a sliny path.

The Old Town in Calcutta. In the lull of winds and clouds I tried again today. And even as I was taking the picture the southwest began heaving up the ^{mirrored} mirror-surface of the harbor and cloud veils formed over Keeling's hat. Last time $2\frac{1}{2}$ seconds was too short, today 7 seconds was too long. Can't I ever get it right? I'll try 5. A view from out a window is difficult to take.

An Invitation to Coffee, Antoinette's sister

invited me to coffee with her and Annise at the Cannery tomorrow. I think that I understood. Nicolai calls Annise the worst girl in town. She is merry and direct. Paul and I both liked her.

Changeable weather - Clear and calm last night, rain by morning, southeast wind veering to southwest with strong wind and cloud caps tonight ^{at 10:45} and still driving in from the sea. Then its rift can be seen higher clouds touched with rose by the setting sun. It is the old story of varying pressure. I have been too busy and weak to notice it much before. But last night the pressure fell rapidly, only to start rising as rapidly this noon. It is probably still rising.

The Lesson Learned? The boy with the decrepit mind no longer comes every night when a treat is on. He dropped out two days

Two/Three days

and I rewarded when next I saw him on the street with three pieces which had accumulated to his credit. He waited two days before coming to the room, when I gave him two pieces.

Thursday, May 17 - Ascension Day.

That Cliff, I saw it again this morning. I shudder even now. There might have been a funeral and I would have lost all reputation.

A Church Picnic. Today is a holiday all day. That invitation yesterday to coffee was not an invitation but a query whether I was going to the picnic. I that that the hand swung farther than the Cameray. It meant across the Harbor.

Thanks to Bärlsen, the carpenter, I learned where the young folks were going and the urging of a man who came for me

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drew me to the wharf. The
Pastor beckoned me in. We were
going to the old Danish-Eskimo
settlement (not ^{Norse} Norse) across
the Harbor.

There were forty of us -
afloat in two trim white whale-
boats, two yellow dories, and
two kayaks. Frederica, the athlete
of the colony, was helmsman
of one whale boat and our
colony dwarf scarcely as long as
the tiller was pilot of ours.
Side by side the boats leaped
over the water. A landlocked
bay we were seeking was too
landlocked from the rear because
of low tide, so we coasted
along rocky shoulders - a voyage
of discovery to me - seeking the
sea-front entrance. Here in
the older days small ships had
come and established a settlement
on the high mesa where our

and running water and deep grass gave comfort. Our Gibraltar rose immediately in its rear. Grass now covers all walls and excavations, but the modern town comes to picnic.

Service. - On the largest ruins, evidently of the tradingpost itself, we all gathered for afternoon service, blending prayer and song with basking in the grass and gazing out over the islands and the sea. Rain had threatened all afternoon, but the day remained a comfortable grey.

Games. - The games consisted of running and alertness mainly but this was no barrier to the girls. Both lead equally and kept the rivalry keen. Some details were new to me.

1. First was a Race for Water - the eternal triangle. Boys and girls paired off and stood in

Nelly says that this kind of Swedish

column. The apex of the triangle stood in front facing forward. At a command the mates in the rear rushed forward from opposite sides past the apex. It was then a race of two men to overtake the woman or two women to overtake the man depending on the sex playing the part of chase. The loser in the race

years later: This invention is now employed in Pullman Cars. Was it telepathy or the invent

escape the tigger leaps to the head of one of the groups, thus making it three in place of two.

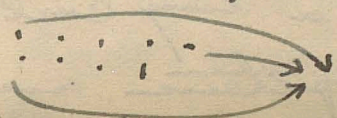
May 17 - Ascension Day
 That Cliff. I should have gone. Might have been a good
 a Picnic. That coffee. Was I going?

Now Would I go. who explained
 Thanks to Carpenter Borchers, and
 a man who urged
 To Old Danish-Eskimo Settlement
 Now Norse.

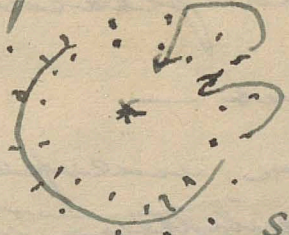
400 ft in 2 whale boats, 2 dories, 2 kayaks.
 Dwarf as steersman

Service - View over bays (large + small)
 Basking albatross.

Games - Running and albatross north.



1. Race for milk between other milk
 and caller in front + facing
 front.

2. Tag.  Frederick on
 one foot etc.
 A splendid specimen.
 See Dwarf King + then
 step quickly - fresh his hands

Lunch - Tea - Plain cake (huge slices)

Race. Boys + Girls (3 each) for
 cake set on rock. Dwarf huddled
 girls race.

Shaver of
 sugar +
 same cake

Games { Football.
 Women { Jumping rope



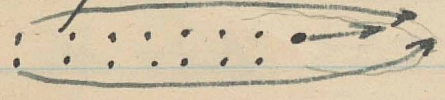
Girls - London Bridge (automatic)

to show sides for two of ways

Religious says that this is British and Swedish

column. The apex of the triangle stood in front facing forward. At a command the mates in the rear reached forward from opposite sides past the apex. It was then a race of two men to overtake the woman or two women to overtake the man depending on the sex playing the part of apex. The loser in the race was to be apex for the next one.

The diagram is thus:



*

2. Tag. A circle made up of groups of two each facing the center boys and girls indiscriminately. The tagger stands in the center. An extra man launches and gives continuity to the game. When this extra to escape the tagger leaps to the head of one of the groups thus making it three in place of two.

also - a semi waltz (?) -

Vesper Service -

also an old foundation.

Home - Racing - Singing -

America called for by younger boys in day. Of course I slid in. We ~~also~~ roared in everybody's way but kept just ahead.

Kyars faintest of all -

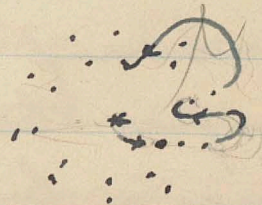
but - all boats esp. whaleboats faintly, and cut the water with a tiny curl. Pretty girls half of them and all energetic.

On street now, we greet with deeper understanding. we have now had pleasure together.

Sudden Orders -

Governor unexpectedly back -
No summer stoppage but camp in morning at 7 or 10 - special opportunity but evidently only to Sarrathit. Must have two or three guides from there, a Bush Night - Two days or three would have pleased. But feel fairly strong now -

cars two, the rear person must leap to the head of another group or be subject to tagging if overtaken. The formation looked thus:



*
Ferdinand, as lithe as a deer, ran mostly on one foot to give the girls half a chance. But the dwarf clung tight and used his head. When he was end man and his group invaded he stealthily quick-stepped to the one adjoining.

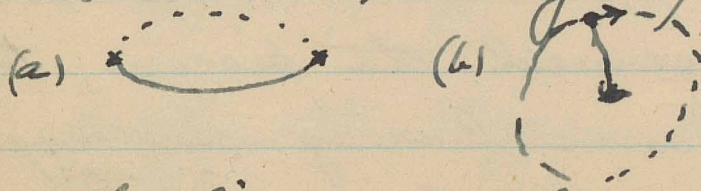
Lunch. Maritime tea was bailing on the old ruins. The cake had been brought in a wooden chest. The dwarf only twice as high - he could have walked round almost in it - served the pieces, two large ones looking the larger when grasped in his hand. The cake suggested races,

Carlson, a fine by accident, has played this.

one for boys and one for girls, three in each sprint, for the prize of a piece of cake set on a stone. Frederick directed the boys, the dwarf was judge and starter for the girls. It soon became a burlesque.

Then there^N was a shaver of sugar cubes and some cake. Then catching falling sugar in the mouth. Sometimes it struck teeth, once it failed to arrive, being intercepted by a totter boy. Such lost effort, when fully expectant, is painful and ludicrous.

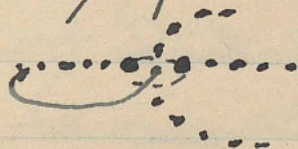
Segregated Games. Finally the sexes chose their own field. The boys made a fair football of grass but Frederick's side was bound to win. Then jump the rope:



The first was the good old way. The second was a rope

with weight an end, whirled
 in a ^{horizontal} circle close to the ground,
 a failure to jump this immediately
 wound the victim tight, like
 the Argentine lassos of a rope
 with a ball at each end thrown
 about a creature's legs.

across the brook the girls
 were playing Sandau Bridge (automatic)
 to choose sides for a tug of war,
 the person caught by the bridges
 alternately ranging herself behind
 her bridge pier.



They also seemed to have a little
 waltz.

Vespers - These vespers brief
 but solemn by the Catachete at
 the old ruins as before.

Home. The tide had meantime
 reached its full. Snowbanks
 there were still at the water's
 edge, but the air did not

corresponds. I was the last to arrive. From a dory occupied by young boys came the cry "Amerika" as they held the stern of their boat to the bank. Of course I slid down. That's the second word ^{that} I have established here. To the others it is plain Amerika or Amerikanaka but to a tiny child with staring fascinated eyes, the Pastor said it was "America-suar". We ramed in everybody's way but like the barking dog kept just ahead.

I could now see the whaleboats in all their trimness, running side by side with a tiny stream of water curling from their rounded bows.

Pretty were the girls - half of them - and all were energetic. I quite lost my heart to one of them for her sweet winsomeness. She and her

companion girl rose quite above
 any suggestion of the primitive.
 Indeed, I no longer see the primitive
 in any. On the street this evening
 we all greet each other with deeper
 understanding. We now have had
 pleasures together.

(c) A New Trail to Mt Evans.
Sudden Orders. The Governor returned
 unexpectedly by the Kara-Jox instead
 of going to Stivler to catch the Hvalrossen.
 Yesterday it was not Sakkentoppen,
 today it is Camp at 9 or 10 o'clock.
 It is a special opportunity but
 evidently only to Sakkathlet. I must
 have two or three guides from
 there.

A Rest Night. Two days notice
 or three would have pleased. But
 I feel fairly strong now. The picnic
 was a good starter.

Friday, May 18 - Storm Day -

A Heavy Storm. Raining, snowing,
 sloppy - raincoats and rubber boots.
 The Governor is glad that I am

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caught by it, so that I will finally appreciate the fact that rain does sometimes fall.

^{"Goodbye"}
Parting. A call from the church spire "Goodbye" from the men putting up the finial windvane. They had heard me say Goodbye to others on the street and were not to be omitted. The look of gratitude for a check given the little nurse. My pursuit by an grateful scrubwoman at the hospital who had been remembered by a check.

Then farewell to Arla. She will be happy for she has created ideals and will live them. I assured her that husbands are only what you think they are - that they are merely pegs upon which to hang your ideals.

and Mrs. Bistrup had just come downstairs from a sick bed.

To bid me good bye. I had waved previously to Ben but was reminded by his tearful protest that I had

Weddelaker Retel -

Stone Kettles ?

Outfit esp. Ice Chisel and Rifle at Sanfanguan.

Fur Coat for Mr. Hobbs.

Sleeping Bag (feather).

→ Tags for bundles.

More writing paper.

Pay Doctor

Nathaniel for help one month or less in
summer.

" to go in for Clarence.

Northwestern & Central

Hirshay & Town (5x7 and Seica also) -

Site - Flag Church - all House 1756 -

[Barn & Woodshed 1800] -

Old House - Great Grandchildren North

Pastor at Christ Doors

not shaken hands with him.

I had forgotten my courtesy, for he always shakes hands "Goodnight".

And the Governor carried my knapsack to the boat landing. Said he: "I may not see you again. I expect to go to Sukkertoppen".

Said I: "For your sake, I hope that you will go, but Halstenborg looks good to me". Somehow the partings and especially this one left me home sick, but the rain seemed less wet.

Afloat. It seemed good to be free again and get the feeling of the waters. I got into a rain-suit and plunged in the snows as we rode the open sea to reach our fiord. It was cold but invigorating. The storm would not hurt me. So I kept steadily at taking water temperatures.

The reason for my hasty departure had now been made plain. I could ride free to the very head

of the Samathli's fiord, and men would now go with me at four or five kroner a day but would soon demand much more because of high gains at codfishing.

Maurius. I wondered whether perchance I might meet Maurius. We found the Hvalrossen in a blizzard in the Hale in the Wall and went over to get warm at their galley. As I came out, I saw a black ryaek with Maurius aboard. Somehow he had learned that I was going up and had paddled across the rough fiord to bring me a note for Gustaf. He has his old arm strength and dexterity again. He raced us with his bow sometimes dipping under. Sorry that I did not get even a snap of him in his ryaek. The black curly hair, the sunny face and the tossing waters made my day's memory picture.

He says yes, that I can have his tute on wax to take to America for my pickaninny Jimmie, but he would set no price. It certainly can not be a gift.

Water Temperatures - Plainly the season is changing. In the winter the shallow land waters were colder than those of the open sea. Now the reverse seems true. Today the open waters were 1.1° C. but the landwaters as high as 1.8° C. Every harbor showed it.

Where Does this Storm End? The clouds were dense on all the higher peaks and all the crests of the ranges this far are grey with new snow. When the sky seemed to clear, the clearing was over the entire fjords except for sea mists on very coast. And tonight a tiny blizzard raged here at Sanfanguan for a moment. So we must seek

as we seek perhaps the rainbow's
ends. The sky did not open
sufficiently for a sunset.

Among Old Friends - Peter at the
landing. The home of the Olsens
at my comfort. Nathaniel and Enok
will be asked to go as my guides.
Fortunately, Nikolai persuaded me to
buy an entire can of candy. I have
brought it along, half for the
children here and the other half
for the children of Sarrakhet. That's
possibly better than coffee for the town.

Trousers & Skirts

Trousers and Skirts. The picnic
brought out the advantage of trousers
and the unpleasant lines of a short
skirt combined with kamiss. The
European dress is getting some foothold
especially among children. I have been
minded to get a color picture of the
two types. The dress looks as impossible
as the long skirt of a generation ago.

Saturday, May 19. In the Free Open.

Old Scenes. This morning with

full provisions we left for the head of navigation. The day was a foretaste of the climate of Inland Greenland. Mild, quiet, with the snow on the hills decreasing.

Old Maligian looked already dry and the Grey Cliffs more as satiny as ever. But it would have required a half day to obtain a color picture.

We passed Sarnathlit by far most of its dwellers have moved up into the southeast arm of the fiord and established a tent town to be near the cod fishing.

Precipitation Zones. The South Arm of Inverar marks the boundary between the zones of heavy and light precipitation as plainly as Truckee Meadows and Washoe Valley.

To the west the Coast Range is covered by drifts of snow but to the east the drifts rapidly diminish in size and number. Even the camera from a single position shows the transition. The snow survey merely reduced the diversity to figures.

An Outdoor Market. Almost as good as the Munich October Fest. The fishing

village needed cloth, soap, sugar, coffee, tea, fishing hooks. The tide was low. The fishing boats lay on their sides on the beach. The water was too shallow to land except on the rocks. Here the goods were transferred from the boat with scales and money box. David directed sales, an engineer acted as clerk. The soap having bright colors found a lightning sale. Most of the natives sat about as keenly but quietly interested as at a picture show. Some were heavy buyers, some paid cash. Some purchased gradually as new goods were opened. All received memoranda of their purchases penciled on small paper bags. Two men with habitual gizzical or whimsical faces held the center. A man as noticeably European as an albino among others assisted in the sales. I noticed him with a shock two summers ago. The shock is now gone. He is possibly a trifle European in glance and bearing. His baby standing at his knee had fallen

asleep upon it. It aroused quiet movement and the father's kissing glance to me.

The Candy Treat. At Sanfanguax a dozen children trooped down to boat, whether I had gone for a moment, saying "Koinak". Then I noticed their first fall of candy. The catechete to whom I had given the distribution soon showed me that the can was empty. I hope that the dozen divided with those at home.

At the Fishing Camp (the catechete had moved with the rest) I expressly stipulated from "babies up". And Christian Johansen did the job well. He is a bundle of precision, energy, and thankfulness. He is the type of the young country-minister at its best.

Plans for Inland Hiking Trip. - David will be back at the Fishing Village May 27 or 28 but has agreed to delay coming until May 30 to give Kallquist abundant time to get back. Thus he will get a free trip to Sanfanguax. Otherwise a kayaker must be sent to Sanfanguax to order the motorboat up. I can probably now have time to go to Inmanak to measure

The cross-section of the river and the stream flow.

Nathaniel is to be my companion and also Emsok, if he will. Emsok was willing but had to spend in kayak back to Serattlit for kamiks.

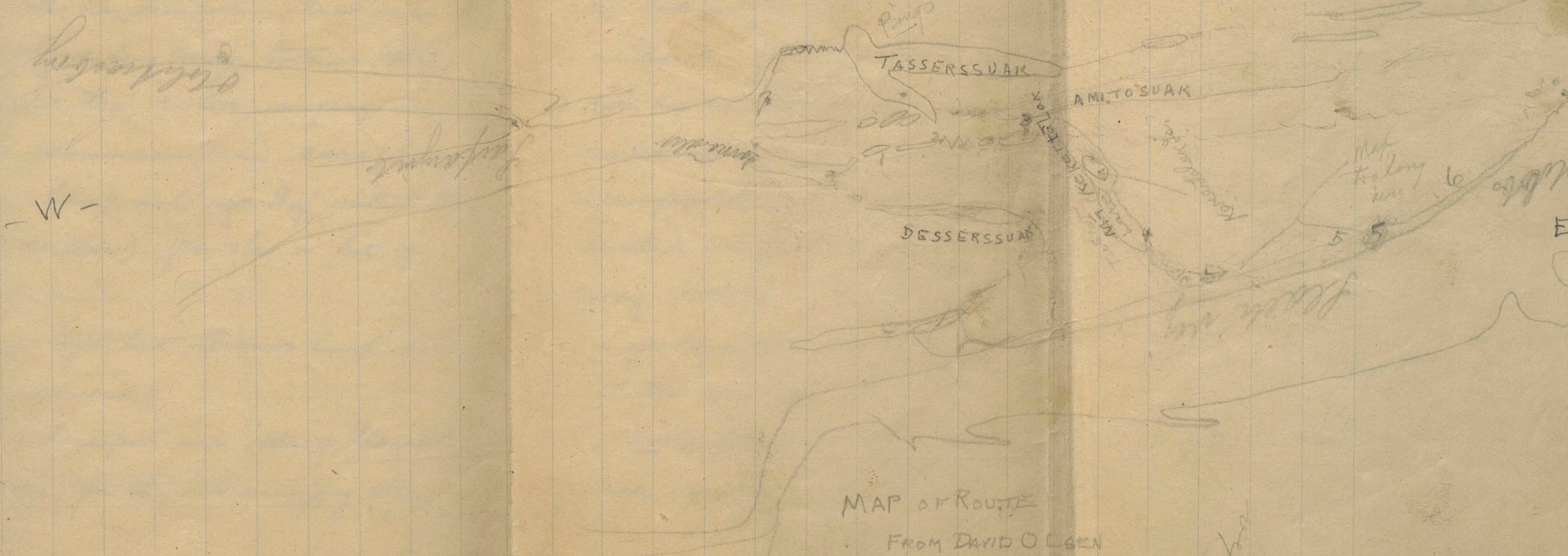
have been quite abundant, both and is really a dirty

Outfit. Meantime Nathaniel and I got our outfit together. He requested salt. We discussed dried fish, and selected three of the best drying on the rocks. Only those thoroughly dry (they are best cured by July) are fit to

most of the burden. As fast as they please, rest when they please, camp (shinik) when they please.

They in turn asked me to lead for fear of their going too fast for me. So we have a Soviet Council on what we shall do.

Sped on our way. There was still a chance to travel by water in small boat to the head of the fiord. Of course it was Christian Johansen who grasped the opportunity. He had built a whaleboat with sail and oars. He would not use it for fishing, for



The cross-section of the river and the stream flow.

Nathaniel is to be my companion and also Enok, if he will. Enok was willing but had to speed in kayak back to Sornathlit for kamiks.

While tramping on the coast we have been quite contented with boiled codfish, black bread, butter and coffee. Codfish boiled in sea water is really a dirty job better than frying.

Outfit. Meanwhile Nathaniel and I got our outfit together. He requested salt. We discussed dried fish, and selected three of the best drying on the rocks. Only those thoroughly dry (they are best cured by July) are fit to eat. They sicken you if the meat is still soft. But Nani and the owners in their eagerness loaded us with an ample. Now we have bread (five long loaves), butter (a little), oatmeal, coffee, tea, cocoa, sugar, soup (Erbawurt), pemmican (1 can), cake (brought by Enok from home), and one loaf white bread (given me by Mrs. Olsen). Yes, also a bit of smoked salmon.*

We have a light tent, Primus lamp and a liter of kerosene.

Schedule. I have put our rate of travel up to the boys, for they are carrying the

most of the burden. As fast as they please, rest where they please, camp (shinik) when they please. They in turn asked me to lead for fear of their going too fast for me. So we have a Soviet Council on what we shall do.

Sped on Our Way. There was still a chance to travel by water in small boat to the head of the fiord. Of course it was Christian Johansen who grasped the opportunity. He had built a whaleboat with sail and oars. He would not use it for fishing, for that would smear it all up. It was kept rather for passenger purposes. In it he had sailed to ^{Tummanarsuk} ~~Tummanarsuk~~ but had not ventured into the open sea to Holstensborg. With his small lad and two schoolboys, he sailed us over the evening waters and then accompanied ^{us} up the pass and like Moses directed us from the outlook on our future way. Hat off, "thank you again for the candy", a goodbye from the boys. Thus we parted at the mountaintops.

In the Homeland Once More. The sunⁿ was warm, the hillside was dry,

at first I thought that the plants were budding*, but the moss was colorful - sage green, smoky green, golden green, blue green, and deep. Would I even get so good a chance for a picture. And below us a lake still white with ice but rimmed with open water. There was no longer a highway for us there - Only the deep tundra and terraces of rock far above.

Camp. At the far^{or} end of the lake, snow flakes began falling. It was seven o'clock. A small patch of tundra was dry. So camp was voted. Water was near and snow drifts just beyond.

The tent was our chief protection. The boys had brought no mittens, saying that it was "iniquitous" and that it was summer. Only one extra Iceland sweater and a torn pair of pants. So I confined my needs to my rabbit sleeping bag and gave them my fur suit and rain clothes to sleep in.

Fresh Meat. Approaching camp, a ptarmigan flew up and alighted stately on a boulder. I gave the suggestion to the

* P.S. - Ad next day I actually picked one.



boys to shoot if there were no eggs. That was a reversion of tenderness for me. They couldn't understand it. Neither scarcely could. We may get more. Each boy is carrying a gun.

Sunday, May 20. In Camp for Weather

Stormbound. It snowed and rained last night. The tundra was wet. The boys have only one pair of kamiks a piece. We can not afford to lie down without floor covering on wet tundra. The wind is rising. Some snow is still falling. The mountains are grey-white with new snow.

The clouds are southwest, the barometer is slowly rising. The weather should be finer tomorrow. Then we can make a long hike toward the land where storms are light. We are still only on its frontier.

When the boys return, they shall wear rubberpacks like mine and bring the paraffin tent halves for flooring. Then they can afford to travel in storms.

Sleeping Campfire. The boys slept soundly all night with only an extra pair of pants on and my fur onose thrown over their

shoulders. Yet that was all I had those three stormbound days at Falls Camp in January. The rabbit sleeping bag was cozy but with a tendency at times to creak. It must be treated carefully. The skin is very crinoly and tends to tear. But it should serve my purpose well this summer.

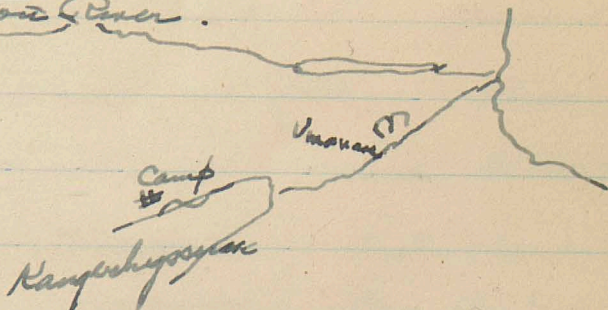
Bird Notes. I know only that the notes are sweet as flowers are pretty. All names seem shut from me. But the birds have been singing since early dawn and ptarmigan have been drumming. It is a land of music - this desert east of the Coast Range.

Map Making. David gave me a map of our route. Nathaniel has been giving the places names. In December, Matthias and Hans and he came in by the Middle Arm of the fiord, crossing near the south arm of Tassersuak and going up a long narrow ^{lake} ~~lake~~ paralleling Tassersuak on the south. Thus they found a lake route practically to Riomysox (Bar Camp). So that Tashu caused them little trouble.

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I believe that this long lake must be
the outlet of that river that flows
from the Inland Ice just north of the
source of Watson River.

AmitosuaK



To map that river would be as important
as to map the Inland Ice. It belongs to the
Michigan Quadrangle. At ^{least} I am glad that I
knew its source as from some Daviers, but now
I should like to be its Magellan.

Teaching Eskothar. They are teaching me
Eskimo, I am teaching them to cook dried fish.
We have a ^{cord} cord of the letter and only half
dry. Why not cook it back to soften like
evaporated apples or possibly jinned meat.

Enok smiled and said Nulva (I don't know),
but cooked up a meat ^{ss} tonight. It was
almost fresh codfish, tho it had no sea-
water to bail in. We shall try some of the
drier tomorrow. We can eat more that way.

In language they have taught me:

Sonana, what is it called?

Kaffisusavit, will you have coffee?

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Tatusavit, will you have tea?

Supatic'savit, will you have soup (Suppe)?
and I defined Dama (no, thank you) as
Nami Kaionok.

Lady Bug (I saw two in our tent) as
Niviarsiak Ipanyak, or
a Beautiful Girl Mosquito.

I am afraid that they will get the wrong
idea, but I have no other name for bug.

Fair Weather and On - At two o'clock
the barometer had risen rapidly two-
tenths of an inch, the sun was shining,
and the clouds were the inland alto-
cumulus. The boys had been sleeping, lying
on each other's shoulders like puppies. So
we cooked a hearty meal of soup and
pemican and started out. The mind bucket
for the store was cached here. The packs
are really too heavy.

Out onto the Ice - Over the pass to
another lake ice-covered but water-
rimmed, a promontory of rocks projected
out into the lake and barred our
progress. Nathaniel leaped to the ice and

showed that it was firm, and explained that it grew thicker with distance from shore. For safety, I objected to possible breaking ^{them} them and melting and to water upon it.

But I left final decision to them. I saw the promontory the ice came to the very shore. Plainly the melting had occurred only in shallow water where the sun's warmth was more effective.

The ice itself was rough and dry, but white with ice-snow. We made rapid progress here as compared with the deep spongy bog and tundra. We escaped readily on the other side by throwing rocks into the water and building a causeway.

Nathaniel is very inventive.

Geese. - as we ascended the pass from the lake we were suddenly startled by the hurried ascent of two great geese from a tiny marsh pool directly below us. We had been on the trail only two hours but ^{the} hunt got into the boys' blood. Geese are as shy as tute, but they have nowhere else to go. So camp was pitched

after a fruitless pursuit with the belief that the geese would return in the night to the original pool. But Nathaniel has been out ever since making the mountain walk re-energetic with his gun and the geese cook with alarm. Even the lesser ptarmigan have escaped. It is well that we have the dry fish.


We have all agreed to move tomorrow a day of travel, for in two days we have covered not more than one-eighth of the journey. We are getting seasoned in a most leisurely and pleasurable way, but one must arrive. Waist and shoulder are tired but are standing their task.

Our Schedule - Tomorrow we should reach the shoulder of Mt KENERTALAK. Then in three more days the Observatory - a total of six days. Can they get back by May 30, if they wait until I go to Inuarak. Today is May 20.

Pack Strap

Pack Strap. I brought only two knapsacks and no pack strap for extra bags. The catachte showed me two coils of small rope, which all yelled with delight.

Evening of May 20. Windy & cloudy. He looked down. Then I departed.

he called Tungulux and showed why. By
 plaiting the rope back and forth five strands
 were arranged parallel to make a band
 over the forehead, like plaited bellybands, with
 a single strand at each end to tie round the
 bundle. Thus 

I had declared that the single strand would
 cut my head thru to the neck. So the catecheta
 showed how the band was made.

Monday, May 21 - Slightly but Ever Nearer our Goal.

Our Next Camp. Not as far as we planned
 but over the divide - really two lakes
 over. We are camped on a promontory
 midway of the second, driven to shelter
 by rain - E.M.R. (Every Morning Rain) might well
 be our initials. This morning we were
 kept in bed by snow and rain until 9:30
 before it seemed a safe venture to break
 camp. This evening at 4:00 we have
 turned in again with our day shortened
 at both ends.

Game foxes. Almost Rare Game foxes
 yesterday and today. Last evening Enos
 was falling some rifle shells with powder

They accepted double of milk tonight. The deer have had a very good dinner. Agwell.

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and sleep. I pointed at the powder and said "Powder". He looked blank. Then I said "Coffee". It looked like the ground article. And mimicking Nathaniel with a rifle, I said "Gesse Caffi-susavit?" (Gesse, will you have some coffee?) and ducking my head as if dodging a bullet, I cowered and said "Nami, Suppe-susavit" (No, I will take soup). The boys yelled with laughter and I joined in. Later, they were still doubled up with laughter. The Gesse's Nami had been so emphatic. To say Gesse and Nami springs the joss ^{around} ~~and~~.

This morning the gese felt no differently about the matter when Nathaniel approached them on the subject of the trail. They whirled and flew with a scream directly above me. I did not expect them till they were by. Otherwise I could have ^{snapped} a close up of them with the Leica.

Near the head of the pass an Arctic Hare was sighted and persuaded by a call from Nathaniel to pose in the far distance until Emox startled him with a bullet.

Charms
~~time~~

Then he sprinted despite shouted charms, and Nathaniel remarked that he would probably shiver (sleep) at Kangerlugsoak. I wish that I could travel as fast.

Native Neatness. Euseb insists on heating water to wash the dishes in despite our scanty supply of resources and our slow progress. No dirt is allowed to remain - tho he must use paper for a wash cloth and drain them dry.

Yesterday he smelted the cheese and called it Jopok. I told him to hold his nose and eat but he was not convinced.

This doesn't look much like eating rotten fish. At lunch today, I gave a long list of the patrons of the cheese: David Olson, Governor Bestrup, Bengsted, the Peters, Captain Hanssen. I ~~thought~~ ^{thought} that it was the Gammel Kase which is nearly rotten.

But it was really mild cheese and the boys were soon persuaded to eat it. So now we have butter and cheese, and smoked salmon to make our black bread palatable.

at the junction of Routes. We had been climbing for two days to cross the divide that forms the eastern rim of the southern arm of Ivortox, but fingers of Ivortox reached far inland to either side of us and drained the water from far inland. From our pass we could continue downward and eastward along a series of valleys and lakes toward our destination until interrupted by the cross divide of ME KEKERTALAK. We could turn southward to DESSERSUAK, (Winding Lake, cf. Big Bend) and cross to the Passage on Kangerlungssuak, or instead we could come and recross northward to AMITOSUAK, which empties into the south arm of Tassersuak (Big Lake), and travel this highway far toward the Inland Ice and Mt Evans.

Have maps of maps

Blessed be the Ice. The lakes are still safely iced over and we have made quick time this afternoon over flat highways. I hope that Kalljust can come out on the ice. The tundra is so grueling and slow. No wonder that

winter is the only time for traveling. Over a pass to a long highway and the ^{pass} is snow covered. But in summer the streams are too tiny between lakes for boats and portaging over passes is backbreaking despite the long acclimating of themselves by the Eskimos to it.

Emox now suggests that we traverse the back of Mt. Karentalik to Kungelhyssuk and ~~walk~~ ^{walk} up the sea ice. He made the trip once in May back in 1921, but he then had a sled. Possibly the conditions are better now, for the surface of the ice is dry and hard. I have suggested ^{Amitosuaq} Amitosuaq, a new land to me, but the boys decline it too difficult to reach. We may follow the straight route or Emox may win out.

In the Name of the Fohn. The drainage wind blew down the pass toward Sarsathlit as we climbed this morning. But from the summit of the pass the wind was still east, but now plainly coming to fill a depression to the southwest.

For clouds were diving rapidly in from the southwest and to the east the sky was filled with foehn clouds. Even the clouds above us were flat-bottomed showing the east and west winds sliding over each other. But soon saturation was complete and the foehn clouds melted into ^{nimbo-}stratus. Sprinkling began. In two hours the clouds had dried into fracto-stratocumulus still diving rapidly north-eastwards.

I wonder if we have found the western normal limit of foehn clouds. They seem quite far west and southwest from Mt Evans. It shows perhaps how far remote we still are from our destinations.

Sharp Eyes. I had thrust my water-thermometer into the outlet of our first icebound lake and while it was cooling changed the film in the Leica. I forgot and started off without it, when I was derisively called back by Nathaniel

and was hauled my thermometer. I admitted that I was Dopor suk and needed more illumination in my head. A Native uses his eyes and his ears. I was surprised how readily David spoke and heard on his detondating motor boat when communicating with Natives on the shore, and how quietly they spoke from rock to rock.

Our Camp Site. On a carpet of low birch and dry ^{moos} ~~moss~~ on a shelf of the point dividing a wide lake into lobes. We face the lake and the west. The ice is rough and gives the appearance of rippling water. The shores of the lake are reddish brown. Our western cloud banks are a dove grey, those to the southeast are deep luminous blue. This noon these clouds gave the illusion of a luminous sea with cloud forms reflected inverted upon it. It was a real mirage. I have been tempted today to take a color picture of both ^{moss beds} moss beds and clouds.

Ducks have been quacking and tonight I

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heard my first plaintive loon. They
are coming in ahead of the open water.
Only tiny pools and levee edges are available
to them. We are the only humans within
a score or more of miles of property at
Tahoa becomes too expensive, I may trade
the Marthe to Governor Bistrup for a
thousand feet of Greenland Coast or
some inland where lakes are not even
mapped.

"Rock of Ages". The boys have been singing
"Rock of Ages" tonight. I joined in and
then sang them a stanza of our hymn
in English. Their name for it is
"Egedesminde". It pictures in song or
illustration a umiak (boat) in winter
(Nathaniel said November, December) on a
raging sea. That is even more
logical than our Stone Cross lashed
by the raging surf and to which a
figure in a dry robe is clinging.

Slightly ill, all of us. Nathaniel says
that it is the cocoa. He doesn't like
cocoa. Can it be dry fish or chure?

It doesn't matter much. The tent is fluttering in the strongest wind we have had. It is slightly chilly. So this bright evening, we shall go to bed.

Tuesday, May 22,

More Jones. Yesterday we found sled traces in the sand and gravel of the pass. Enos said that he had been this way with a dog team in May 1921. I grinned but denied his ownership. Seven years weathering even in a desert would have obliterated sand ruts.

The first night in camp, I pointed out my danger in going into my rabbitfur sleeping bag in my trousers. For the fur would stick to them so thick that they might take me for a jackrabbit and shoot at me. The idea tickled them immensely.

And yesterday I gave them a specimen of military setting-up exercises with "Tushum" liberally interspersed. The artificial precision and counting time made them call "Ameloo" (more).

This morning after their yesterday of hardluck hitting gear, I suggested that

Handwritten notes in the left margin, including the word "Ameloo" written vertically.

they cache their guns. Nathaniel immediately pointed to my camera and suggested that I cache it. The reporter was perfect. We both had our hobbies.

Then later in the day when I stepped from a rock upon the ice, they called "Watch Out!" tho the ice was two feet thick. When the ice was really uncertain, they always carefully directed my steps.

Cutting Corners. We are out on the ice again tho yesterday's wind has made it thin at the edges and wet and slippery on the surface. The route along the steep and winding shore would be slow and wearying.

In cutting corners - really cutting corners and detours off - we also climbed over necks of land and divides. Thus we found our old or other geese in their feeding grounds further inland. The boys stalked them well and fired at them from within ten rods - really almost in their face. The feathers

were clipped but the lumbering baidias got safely on their way and away again. This was too great a disgrace for the boys who began polishing the sights of their guns and even other metal work. They then pursued ptarmigan, where the mortality was higher.

Of Course Enos Wins. Suddenly before and below us, stretched an immense lake with ^{mountain} islands reminding me of those in Great Salt Lake. It was larger than Tahoe and in austerity much like Mond. This seemed to me a discovery, for I had no such lake, I thought, on my map. So I said, Sonana (what is its name), and they replied "KERTALAK". So my long-expected mountain range over which we were to climb was a lake, reaching northwest to southeast quite diagonally to all the other lakes and water courses. The route along its north shore led along sharp slopes and into rough country. I did not wonder then that the boys had objected to the route up ANITOSVAK or even the middle route. marked on our

map for us to follow. Eno's suggestion of following the line to Nangerlugssuar and then the Fjord to camp seemed the only thing to do, especially since we had an ice route possibly all the way and the suggested route was not known in detail to either of the boys.

Later Eno told me that Matthias and Carl Olsen had returned this way after taking Carlson in by DOSSERSSVAK and Partage. It was their sled tracks that we had seen in the pass. They had evidently taken this return route to avoid the sea water on the ice of the lower Fjord.

Color and Form. The great lake seemed to invite to a color picture. The curves of its ^{reddish brown} shore, its pavement of grey-green ice, its canopy of blue cloud touched with pink, and a little half-frozen foreground pool, human figures were wholly unnecessary. I took ^{two} ~~two~~ exposures, for a color camera, if any camera at all, might not come again

to this unmapped lake. Only the Natives and I probably had ever seen it. What a place for a motorboat and solitude, my quietude. I still have a home I can own.

And the red-brown moss is now coming into its best, and the grey, and the occasional green. I shall be busy at the Observatory looking for choice mats to photograph when the sunlight is bright but hazy.

The pattern of the ice finally took form and beauty as I quaded my footsteps upon it. The honeycomb or really columnar prisms at the edge of the lake became pyramids farther out, so large that our feet tread only on about four at once. All but their apex was grey-green because of the bubbles in the ice. Then large ^{small} areas of mosaic made of wedge-shape ice, an end appeared far down the lake. The wedges were small and the colour even at the surface was

black-green live basalt. Only a Seica
view could be taken. Only a special
tripod could hold the ^{traflex} color camera
we are using.

Camping Early. We had started before
nine and had had an ice route.
Consequently, we had covered much
distance and were getting weary.

My heels were calling for rest and
Enok's hip was aching. Yet the boys
said "Nuloo", (I don't know), when I asked
if they wished to camp. But Enok pointed
out a tiny shelf on the rock of an
island where we were resting as
a suitable place. It was only four
o'clock but I said "Ap" (yes). One half day
should now place us on Kangerlugseuk
and a day should bring us home, for
we shall have only two-thirds the distance
that our dog team traversed in one-half day.
At least, we are on the downhill side.

Supper. Three ptarmigan, dipped as
eaten into a common cup of ptarmigan
broth. Then Embowest (pessoup) - me

find it more palatable and attractive when thinner as the recipe directs. We had made it a partridge before, but diminishing supply made us cut down the daily amount. Black bread and butter. Because there were only five slices spread, I made Nathaniel and Enoch each take two. Then they gave me cake as a substitute. Finally we had coffee and egg-milk and sugar. During the first of the meal, Enoch had gone out and finally returned with two ducks. From one of these he obtained eggs (manix), one ready to be laid and others much smaller. These latter were drained into a cup and mixed with a small amount of hot coffee. The result looked like milk and was as good. We each had some with our cups of coffee. Of the remaining cake, they urged upon me, and when I refused, they said "Ithshlit again" (You tomorrow) but I insisted "Ithochlit lamani" (You today). So with a spoon they cleaned up the crumbs.

Kamiks Wet. On the way down the lake Nathaniel went ashore to gather grass to replace the wet pads in his kamiks. Of course the soles were wet thru. Enox's were likewise, and the soles of both have holes. Nathaniel is half-soleing a pair tonight ^{from an old Kayak mitten.} But I have promised to lend them rubber packs to wear home.

Wildfowl Breeding Ground? The notes of whirling duces and the course of geese across the lake seem to indicate this. The egg got tonight indicates that breeding time is near. Possibly this is the reason that Enox could stalk them so closely.

No Rain Today. Merely threats of rain. Strato-cumulus clouds mammato below have covered the sky. Clouds have thickened to semi-rainbow at times, and fashu clouds have formed as usual at the crest of the Coast Range. Is this the western frontier of fashu clouds due to the fact that the ice slope wind is

barred by that range from going in strength farther westward? It can not be the west wind descending the mountains, for the frontier has been at times as far east as the actual edge of the Inland Ice itself.

An Evening of Jokes. When I had closed my book at this point, ^{and counted the remaining pages} the boys suggested that it might not hold out. So I told them "Must go Kallquist tomorrow" ^(agaioo) and made my hands go rapidly like the pedals of a bicycle. Then Enok held up a paper aeroplane and said "agaioo-aioo" (day after tomorrow).

Then Nathaniel became interested in ages and sizes, asking if the members of the Expedition were 1 or 11 (holding up one or two fingers and also using the words *one*, *two*, etc). Belknap was 1, Gould was 1, Fergusson was 11, Hobbs was 11; then pointing to Enok, he called him 11. Enok winked at me and I called Nathaniel $\frac{1}{2}$ (5 i.e. a finger bent over). It hit hard but I was not prepared for the bomb he burst when he retorted Kallquist 111.

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I wondered if he knew that he had been divorced. I had already told him that he was to be married in August. Perhaps not, for he used III as Carlson, a great joker and favorite with girls and especially the Native girls here.

Advanced Language. Nathaniel has decided that my Eskimo grammar should be improved. Not that all Natives are not kindly to avoid speech of foreigners and overlook the mixture of words of ^{nearly} similar sound but different meaning (many obscene), but merely to improve my education. He himself is keeping a long word list.

So he has shown me the first and second persons of verbs, as:

Caffi-su-savit, you take coffee.

Caffi-su-sanga, I take coffee.

He has also taught me

Im-mu-slo-at, Goodbye.

and has invented a name for cheese, viz. imuk suak, big milk.

My gesture name for it is to hold my nose and point to my mouth.

The recognition is immediate.

The boys are now frequently using my word of approval "That's it". But their product sounds like "adze it". It first dawned on me when I gave Enok the end of a burlap sack for a headband for his packstrap and he used the phrase in approval.

Angipox. I did not realize that the Native word for medicine man, seer, prophet had been transferred to the minister, who is also teacher. But the boys gave the name Angipox to every Catecheta and agreed to call the head minister Pastor Hoegh, at Halstonsborg, Angipox^{is} Enok.

Wednesday, May 23. On the Rim of Kangerlugssuaq.

Breakfast. More when you have more. Duck dipped in salt duck broth piece by piece as you eat; oatmeal cooked in duck broth. Rich too, and with sugar. Coffee, and duckegg milk, bread and butter.

Seese. Nathaniel came back with one goose, saying that he had shot ^{two} ~~too~~. When we broke camp, he went down lake

on the ice and picked up the goose, that had fallen there. He killed his in the open water along the shore, Emor his ducks in the grass land back from the shore. The boys had little chance to stalk their game and must have made long shots.

Only an Antler. Only an antler lay a rock on the red-brown tundra. But here was the memory of the Monarch of the Solitude in its color setting. So I piled some stones and camera case up for a tripod and took a color picture. I am now beginning to miss that tripod left at Halstensborg to reduce weight. You can pay too much for your gains - a Pyrric Economy.

A Native Cache. On the string of lanes leading from KEXERTALAK to Hangerlugsvak the boys decided to cache their fish, one goose, and a loaf of bread for the return trip. We were now only two more days out from home. So they were willing to venture. The food was

stacked at the base of a boulder, some birch
 brush piled upon it, all covered with
 rocks. A ramrod was stuck up in the
 middle with a bunch of goose feathers
 tied to the top. I mimicked an Ice-bear
 (Polar Bear) snuffing the rocks and pulling
 them down - this to make them put on
 more rocks. But they merely laughed. There
 was more absurdity than truth in the warning.

Last Night's Sunset. I didn't expect one,
 but took a late turn out. The bars of blue
 cloud were interlined with gold, and a
 soft blue overspread the ice of the lava.
 I hesitated but was won over by a tiny
 point with water margin where the gold
 of the sunset was reflected as by a mirror.
 I could label this "A Sunset where the White
 Man has trod for the first Time". But
 brown men here often trod here.
 So my joy is rather to teach the brown
 men to love the sunsets by laving
 into my camera and ^{to say} saying "Pinarok".
 Thus I prize my nomination for the
 Greenland Society and treasure as

my greatest honor the boys' tribute
to me of "Jungulux-suar" (the Big All-right).

A Chance for Ralph. So much drudgery
performed, so little of his own work
accomplished, I have been the even-
lucky individual even when invalided.
This winter I traversed the Dossensuar
route, this return trip I am walking
the Kevertalak route. By giving up
the Inland Ice trip, I might have gone
the Amits-suar route. Now practically
none of these trunk routes between
Ikertok Fjord and Kangerlugssuar has
been surveyed or mapped. Paul and
Bangsted think they were the first ^{white men} to
see the first, and I am probably the
only one to see the second.

By portaging the canoe, Ralph could
easily go up our chain of lakes to
our Kevertalak and to its far northern
ends. Then he could easily tramp over
the range to Amitsuar and Tassersuar
meeting a boat cached either on
Tassersuar's or at the head of the

Middle Arm where Larry and I had those glorious forty hours marooned in tent.

Of course the Ice Front may be of first importance because of the possibility of thus determining the amount of its retraction at some later date. But the map of all the regions from Camp Cooley to Kangerlussuaq and west to the Coast Range has now become our natural task.

If Ralph could remain all winter, two dogteam trips to the Observatory would give him easy access to all these. As he could keep a team for prolonged work.

I should be happy to traverse the Amtoosua route from the Ice to Tassersuaq, but I have seen much of the two ends. So I can dream with some contentment of the middle.

The Kallqvist Relief Expedition. At the cache today the boys asked the name of our Expedition, theirs is the responsibility and the work. I am putting the initiative mostly on them. Nathaniel has now taken my heavy color camera since he has cached

a part of his loads. So I told them
The Nathaniel - Enox - Church Expedition
but they wanted to get Kallgjust into
it. They are taking him back. Hence
the find name.

Our Last Ice. Enox again left choice
of routes to me. The overland route was
up and down - whether good or bad he did
not know. He had never been that way.
We could now look down the last of our
series of lanes and see the place where
Kangerlugssuak must lie. He suggested
cutting across them by a natural
diagonal pass toward our goal.

That lane was our last ice-bound
one, and the ice bent under us as
we left it. It required engineering
by Nathaniel to get the passes and
ourselves across the water gap to the
rocks - and also some nerve to leap
the gaps first unassisted.

A Rain Storm. We had it thought
it possible, tho we had seen it
gathering over our Fjord of Kangerlugssuak.

But by two o'clock we were marooned, in our tent temporarily erected until the storm should pass. It persisted for two hours and was the hardest men had had on this trip. Since I expected it to cease quickly, no rain-gear was set out. Then I decided that it did not matter because the Observatory was only one day's march away.

When finally over, I realized that it was one of the storms drawn up the Fjord and one that might rapidly decrease in intensity with distance east. I was certainly too stammeringly slow to use a valuable opportunity. Now perhaps I may get out in a rain-gear at the Pantages as a penance. The question is the boat.

Medicinal Plants and Others as we rested today on a hillside, Nathaniel plucked a fresh leaf, good as medicinal tea. And Enax an aromatic evergreen good if soaked in water and used on the head as a poultice. Wild cranberries too they picked, as tart as ever from last season, and the cranberries spotted

our pants with blue. But they were watery and alkalia now (so for the Natives called them).

Spring advanced. The hills here were greener with the new leaves of the birch and I found a whole stock of blossoms. The climate is surely less raw toward the Inland Ice. That is Greenland's miracle yet 'tis true.

Novelties for Dinner. Duck, served on dried fish-skins and ^{the} duck's wings; soup thickened with oatmeal but made of Eerbswurst and duck broth as before; seytebrod (white bread given as a treat by Mrs. Olsen, the boys did not know its name; duck skin just well heated in boiling water, and eaten like porpoise or whale fin; coffee scalded by boiling a piece of dried fish skin in it, the skin being first thoroly scraped of all flesh.

On the Reims of Kangerlugssuar, the ground had become too damp outside to move camp to a new site. So Nathaniel said: "Me bang, perhaps ice Kangerlugssuar". I agreed, for

we were anxious to know whether there was ice for us to walk on tomorrow.

I could soon see him running from point to point and then beckoning me. It was only a low ridge to climb, but from there the fiord lay not far below and stretching to Nakajinga. But its surface was rippling water with only a few ice pans on the southern side and a necklace of ice pans at the throat below but such as could be readily broken by the Nvalrossen. We are just below the first bay west of Nakajinga Bay or junction of the two arms ^{Only} the sharp point of Nevertet intervenes between us and Nakajinga.

But we must traverse the hills. Perhaps we can reach home tomorrow. It seems so near. This is now our fifth camp. Will there be a sixth, yet possibly we can speed the return party this far by row or motor boat.

Manga Gese. Gese and ducks have been clanking about us ever since we have been here in camp. The birds refuse to leave the lakes and grass lands tho' the shots of the guns have been persistent and long. The

boys have brought in three ducks, six large goose eggs, many empty cartridge shells and one ptarmigan killed by a stone. Enok was proud of his pocketsfull of eggs and I agreed to make a meal (eat). But I tried to explain that one egg would fill only one person but the goose from it would fill us all. Plainly the reason for the geese remaining in the face of fire was their nest a Grass Bed. We have camped on ground covered merely by lichen and they sub off to dry soil at a touch. So steady old Enok figured out a relief. He immediately brought in two armfuls of tall grass for my bed. He offered it as a surprise treat. I never thought of it and was prepared to sleep on hard ground.

Thursday, May 24. "Kallquist Tomorrow".

Checking up the Date. I have been so long that I have lost track of time and even of the day we started. My diary tells me that it is Thursday.

This is Camp Six. So we have
 been out six days from Sanjangan.
 But Tapiata Bay, just below
 Nakajanga Junction, is directly across
 and Nakajanga is immediately ahead.
 The surf is echoing far below. So
 we are on familiar ground tho
 the steps are many along cliffs
 and peaks before we shall see
 Mt Everest.

Early up. Ewoke first but whispering
 so as not to awaken me. Heat in
 closed tent stifling in the sun. Off
 at eight o'clock, the first time we
 have kept our original schedule.
 Somehow I have visions of home today,
 so near we seem to be.

Breakfast. Duck, ptarmigan, two goose
 eggs each. Then I understood how
 a defeated team feels when fed up
 on "goose eggs".

Friendly Geese. I went alone to the
 ridgetop to photograph the fiord, then
 down into a depth to get a water
 temperature in a pool. The geese
 stood on the ice and walked

leisurely, but finally went to the far side of the pool. There was no gun there.

The Fiord Ice at Second Blance. The ice field actually closes the Fiord from Tapiata Bay to Portage. The Hvabrossen could not have got thru. There it lies stagnant in the lower reaches of the upper Fiord awaiting breaking up by the wind.

So Near, yet So Far. We are looking into Tapiata Bay, yet ^{hours} after ~~an~~ hour has failed to bring us past it. We are following the cliff contours except when forced down.

The boys said "Aqoo-oo", but I took the early rising as a symptom of sure arrival. Last summer with motorboat and favoring tide we went even to Portage in four hours. but oars and an adverse tide brought us back in eight. But we are walking under load. Our only assistance is wind at our back. Otherwise the going is rough. By night we are only opposite the sharp point beyond the bay

and a mountain ridge still
intervenes between us and Clarence.

The Day's journey recalls
Clinton Scollard's Weary the Miles
but like the old voyager we
would not have it otherwise.

Amitosua! Nathaniel ahead
on a point of rock beckoned me
to join him! I joined him there
to the north and behind us was
the east end of Amitosua and
Pingo like the Pyramid of Cheops
directly behind it. I wonder if the
lake is placed far enough west on
my map. And a gully extended
east, apparently not five miles
north of our ^{Hand} Camp. It must lead
to the large lake at the Ice front.
It will not be difficult after all
for Belnaap to traverse the route.

Getting Back by Thirtieth. I fear, for
distance does not depend upon
hours of daylight for travel but
upon strength. It is now light at
eleven p.m. We lost a day by rain
but my strength even so is waning.

I need a full day of rest. The boys can carry double my load and also outwalk me, but I find them eager for the night's rest. Our packs are heavy. If I could only hire them this summer for camera purposes.

It is now the 24th, tomorrow the 25th. That means five days for return. I told the boys that we would take them back in rowboat. Nathaniel queried: "Carlson?" "No, weather for him. Gustav and I?" "Sand?" "Jump to ropes. No pull up boat. We go back." "But Carlson?" I looked blank. Then he made perfect mimicry of the whirr of the motor. But I pointed to my injured arm: "Couldn't pull string".


But if we save one and half days by boat, still the ice will be melted at the shore of the lakes. This will mean weary tramping over tundra. The saving in expense is it worth the weariness of speeding.

Caffe-Bang! -

Sam Powder - a hybrid but apt name. "Had they magni caffe bang?" "Amungwup" (a very little). The boys have been shooting much. But they have got at least two more ducks today. One shot was long. The side of the neck and head was ploughed. Then followed a long storming and dodging match to get the mate (a female) onto the lee side of the lake where the wind could blow its body, where shot, to shore. Flight could have saved it. But its mating instinct held it unafraid.

a Steeple Chase. Almost sheer cliffs and precarious footholds. Yet the boys step down with both hands full and return to ease me down slowly step by step. They are mountain chamois.

Arctic Hare. "Labbite" the boys call them in English. Three at least - white ^{spots} against the brown tundra. One was long motionless. Then I suggested whistling. But they gone

the faintest call. The rabbit
 surmised that he heard rivalry
 and stretched himself, a different
 call. Then he felt alarm. Up
 steep terraces and up a ridge
 he raced like a streak. Nathaniel
 said, ^{with a grin} "Agooo Etah" (He'll be in
 Etah tomorrow, i. e. North Greenland)
 and we are toiling like snails
 a stone Camp, just a low wall
 of stone extending forward of a
 boulder , over which ^{Canvas} a canvas
 could be stretched and 11 three
 stones on edge near by. Possibly
 a tiny fireplace. a hunter's shelter
 from the weather. Along the
 route an occasional caribou horn.
 Perhaps the one explains the other.

Rabbit Trails. I thought these
 trails of Langer (hunters), so broad
 and well marked they were.
 But each time Nathaniel insisted
 "Rabbits" and showed numerous
 droppings. Strangely they went

almost directly up and down slope. a rabbit evidently is vain of the power of his hind-driving legs.

Choosing Camp. At 4:30 pm. the boys availed the time and suggested camping again. I had realized that we could not make the distance. So I said "ap (yes) when water" and pointed that I wanted to stop in sight of Nakajanga.

The water was soon found and a mat of birch bark in damp ground. I punched a stick into the muck and shook my head. They countered by showing that the tips would keep us out of water for one night. I said "kuloa" (I don't know, it's up to you).

But Enok would not accept such consent. He ran ahead and found a perfect spot on a mat of blueberry, but he had to carry water farther. Thus initiative and counter suggestion work out happily.

Our Camp. High up on a terrace. Cliffs are our back wall, and blossoming blueberry mat our floor.

Our best camp yet. The wind is fresh, the waters below sound like Tahoe. Yet it is not Tahoe, for Nakajanga and the pearl grey Inland Ice are at our tent door. The boys are singing while Nathaniel is half-soling another kamix. One of those now on him has bursted its bottom until the grass padding sticks out. But "Jungulus" he cheerfully insists when I point to it. The boats are the best evidence of the distance we have come.

"Will @'the Mill". Since the fat young man in Stevenson's tale, I would teach the natives to love their own country. This now seems strange to me who once despised his own town. "America is large, their country is iapok" - thus they apologize at first contact. But they have the better part. I feel the same toward the Danes and their tiny

lands

"Easy Maxx" - Glad to accept the honor, but when weighed with "Jungulus suax" in the balance, the latter dips deep down.

Many Blossoms. The snow storm left no doubt in the difference ⁱⁿ of precipitation between the Coast and the Inland. The sky, the bare hills, the many blossoms now leave no doubt regarding the difference in climate. Willow catkins on the Coast, flowers here, and more profuse as we approach the Inland Ice. The sea, the ice; does the Coast Range make the difference?





Friday, May 25. "Kallquist"

a Raw Morning. The wind is strong, clouds cap the walls of the Fiord, snow is falling, and breath shows. So we sleep again. at 10:30 the snow has ceased falling and has disappeared, the barometer is rising. We are away.

The ice in the Fiord has been broken somewhat by the wind. The tide has brought a large field up stream, but in the distance lies the main mass intact.

Up and Down. It is a day of up and down - across valleys and over passes. The boys go like trained hounds straight toward their goal. The Point seems long in passing - like Shasta seen from a train window, but suddenly the vista changes and we are off the Cliffs of Narajunga with yet one more ridge to cross before we shall see our

And across, child. Went my two axak irregular in 1928? i.e. were they alive and well?
So resting on a hillside I told them that my axak was now an architect and the young
strapping & the 4 Teacher of winter. Axak was 1898, little one 1904. Ever's eyes brightened. He was 1902.

own mountain.

Winter Trails and Water Courses.

Before a tall Gibraltar Nathaniel shows the curved route from the Observatory along large lakes and a hillside to Amito-suaq - the route of our Christmas sleds.

Then he maps the lake at the Ice front and traces its drainage not to Amitosuaq but to Tassersuaq. So finally my trunk drainage line has been broken in two. Yet I have learned much geography.

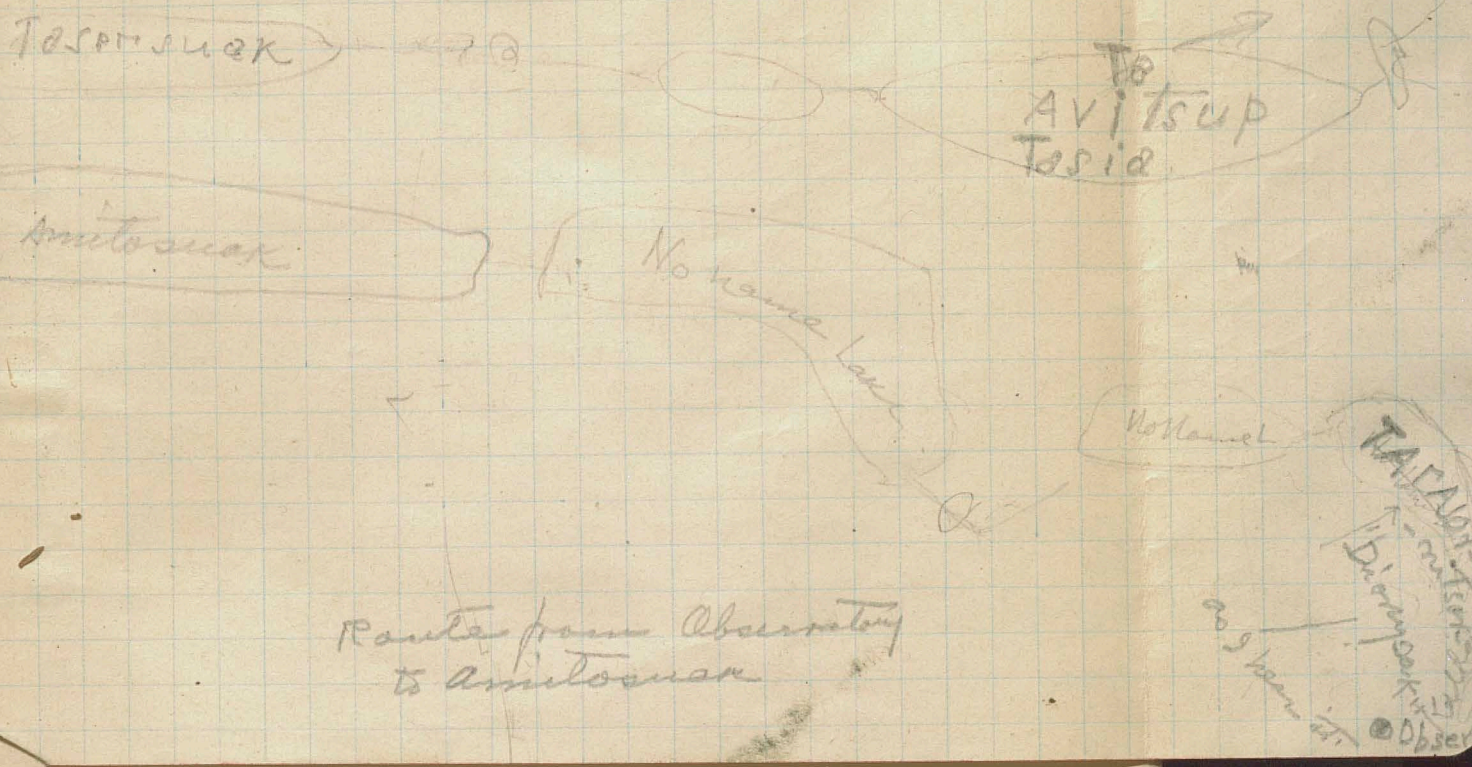
New Words and New Tastes. What a trilingual name for our Arctic Grouse: ptarmigan, rieber, agasuk.

And-suaq and-suit. The first ^{as for "panta"} means large, the second double. Tassersuaq, Big Lake; Kardlingsuit, Double or Saddle-bags Lake. Yet we have given a name to one of the halves of it.

I ^{am} now finding myself looking forward to my share of raw gizzard whenever a duck is drawn. But that piece of liver was better. Did I possibly

get a taste of the galls?

Our last lunch. Beneath an overhanging rock, sheltered by the tent cloth we cooked a Primus lunch of soup and



plain the not yet identifiable.
 I thought I saw Florence's Hill, but it wasn't. Finally we were under its ramparts and like Indians making a surprise attack peeped over the ridge at the low building emerging above. I suggested a salvo of guns under the window if only we had more Caffe Bang.

shia and well?
1 little younger
found. He was 1902

own mountain.

Winter Trails and Water Courses.

Before a tall Gibraltar Nathaniel shows the...

Kellport

May 27 or 28 30

David will be at

Job Camp

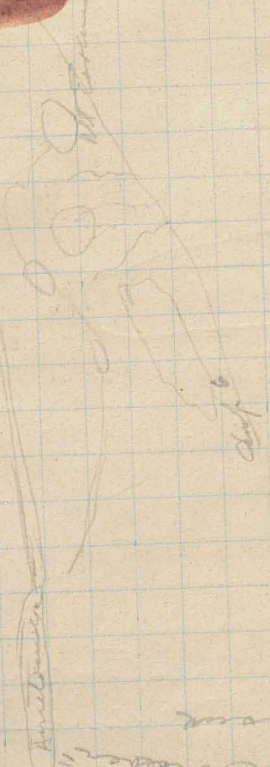
- suit = double of

as Kardlingsuit - Double take
(Saddle bags take)

Panta = Kathli-suit

(double?)

Panta & pants - ~~take~~



Raw gig and sweet

and aces, child. Were my
So resting on a hillside & tall
striding like a teacher of winter.

and suar and suit! The first ^{as for "panta"} means large, the second double.
Tassersuar, Big take; Kardlingsuit,
Double or Saddle-bags take. Yet we
have given a name to one of the
halves of it.

I ^{am} now finding myself looking forward
to my share of raw gig and whenever
a duck is drawn. But that piece
of liver was bitter. Did I possibly

get a taste of the gale?

Our Last Lunch. Beneath an overhanging rock, sheltered by the tent cloth we cooked a Primus lunch of soup and oatmeal and ~~at~~ cocoa and ate our last ^{an} supper. It was our first hot lunch, but it must be a hot one or none. I asked the boys what we should eat to night, and they insisted "Kallquist". Every point and hill now speaks of the nearness of home. As our last soup is eaten, we say: "Escanyan Suppe kak kak, but me Pinakok". (very much nothing)

"Kallquist Magni-Nami". So bawled the boys as we started the last ascent. But the carmains were plain the not yet identifiable. I thought I saw Florence's Hill, but it wasn't. Finally we were under its ramparts and live Indians making a surprise attack peeped over the ridge at the low building emerging above. I suggested a salvo of guns under the window if only we had more Caffe Bang.

Last of food and sweet
 Rain, fire, both

and suggested in its stead that I
 whisper thru the ventilator. The
 boys now put me in the lead.
 The second whisper brought results.
 My shadow had been seen at the
 window but the visitor was a
 mystery until Clarence emerged.
 He was alone, having sent Bill and
 Gustav for a much-needed change
 to the Inland Ice.

But my son was home and
 I pointed him with pride to the
 boys big as he was. "Kallquist
 iingulak - oo-onga picraminy"
 as I had already told them earlier
 in the day.

Home - The old home looked very
 neat especially outside and the
 inside restful. But somehow
 the home cooking gave no new
 zest after the fare on the trail.
 The seventh day of tramping is
 ended and I feel able to tramp
 some more, so leisurely has

our progress been. The rabbit-skin sleeping bag, the Primus lamp and the rubber pacas have put daily satisfaction into all the trip.

No start on the return trip will be planned until the boys come in. We shall all rest quietly. I feel like one who has failed to catch the New York Express but fortunately has been compelled to walk thru. Even my fall was lucky.