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97/25

DIARY OF SECOND TRIP
TO GREENLAND, 1927-28.

SUMMER IN GREENLAND

NOTE BOOK NO. 10.

Saturday, May 26.

A Day at Home. We all slept in the Observatory last night. I was weary, but more from the excitement of the homecoming than from the trip.

THE APRIL CALENDAR torn off and placed in my new diary showed snow and whimsie. A clean wind-direction dial and neat dooryard marked the passing of spring cleaning, and the brown landscape and helmy air indicated the presence of summer.

Clarence revelled in the warmth but somehow I missed the snow and sensed the dry summer before us, if summer rains were not plentiful. Even now the tundra seemed dry.

The evaporation pan had been found two miles down the ravine together with the

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raingage that had departed in the same storm, and water evaporation measurements had been inaugurated during my absence. Even Gustav had washed all my clothes, and Clarence had put my locker to rights. I rubbed my eyes with the feeling that perhaps I was strolling about home on a Sunday morning after an absence from home.

Letter-writing - I was soon directed to get busy with writing letters home before Bill and Gustav should return from Umanak, for quietude would then be broken again as when we ourselves had burst in.

All Home. I expected the boys the next afternoon and was frequently sorry that I had not set out early to meet them and have them aid me measure

Umanax

the stream flow at Umanax. But the chance of passing them and wasting my strength had deterred me. It was well, for in mid-afternoon, it seemed, the after one dinner, they struggled in chilled into retreating and unwilling to return ^{repeat their adventures} "for a whole summer's wages".

Conditions toward the Ice. The river was roaring. The willows high and the slopes were in leaf, the ipangax were already appearing. There is plainly more sun and less water toward the inland ice. The white water at Nakajanga had already given me intimation of the heavy flow.

Gustav (the boys playfully call him "Gustina"). I had thought to use him to stay all summer to help me with the camera trips. But I got the worst shock of my Greenland life when he

entered with Bill. A tiny choir
of a boy, all excitement and
boots given him by Bill. Talking
as fast as a magpie and
as pert as the spoiled young son
of a ^{rich} American woman. No
Native this. I was repelled
and he in his turn was sizing
me up. But when bad time came
he was quickly won by my
yielding to Nathaniel's request
that I take his bed in the
Observatory and permit him to
have my place with the boys in
the tent. So it became a man's
night inside and a boy's all-
night outside to their delight.

Disco in Copenhagen. The disco
had got loose from Dwight about
the time we started, apparently,
for when we arrived Clarence
declared her to be only one day
from her home port and tonight
Godhavn reported her arrival.

So Paul has finally come to the end of a long, long wait. "So many days till March 20 and then the days will be longer and slower still". But March 20 to May 26 - two months and a week - he was scarcely prepared for this.

The North Pole. And Nobile kept his word and went to the North Pole, and actually landed to show that he too could do. But he is calling for aid and Godhavn closed until Tuesday because of Whitsuntide, a holiday, as Muller, the operator, explained in England and Denmark, the message by us.

Add the actual and facitious - the Atlantic and the pond. Our boys go over the "North Pole" to toilet. I couldn't resist requesting them to please not disturb Nobile. When Bill departed, he left instructions to hold the line in case any telephone call came for him.

A Sunset. One of those you are

willing to wait six months for
 to see for five minutes. Clarence
 said that he had reserved this
 especially for me. Just a few
 thin bars of cloud and a ^{cloud} bank
 on the horizon. But a pillar
 of golden light mounted upward
 and an aureole of gold radiated
 at its base. A purple haze overspread
 the low hills, and the thermometer
 shelter stood like some lonely block-
 house at the edge of the scene.

No more will the Observatory enter
 into the evening picture, for the
 sun has now swung its great
 circle and sets in the north.
 Within a month we shall have
 the midnight sun. A year since
 that night in the Native burying ground
 above Stivler has nearly passed.
 This time our midnight sun will
 roll along the mountains instead
 of the seas.

Sunday, May 27.

First & later impressions

* And Billie foot provided by Evensen Bistrop failed somewhere. Consequently will fail to eat except the blood bread in water in the land and coffee furnished by Matthias. It was certainly an expense of Antarctic or bit.

The Fatality in the Dog Teams. First impressions were again worst. The minister just returned from Sarsathlit had seen them lifted from the boat and fall dead. David Olsen said that all dogs had very sore feet and that two of Matthias' team had died. Now Bill reports that on the out trip one of Carl Olsen's dogs died and one of Matthias' team had to be cut loose. It was a hard trip at best.*

Down to the Boats. Clarence suggested the motor and we spent much time getting ^{it} at pliable. It had lain uncleaned all winter. A fresh-water motor uncleaned from its seawater salt is naturally rheumatic in its joints. Then it plainly would not fit the stern of the dinghy and the day was open

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as a sieve. "And I should not row" for fear that I might be back in bed again. So the canoe was suggested by Clarence and casking of it down Fiord. I couldn't refuse. The idea was no more hairbrained than many of mine, and Nathaniel and Enoch were expert. So the boys mended the hole made when the canoe was blown down the beach by the January gale, and taking a watch Enoch suggested getting away by six o'clock on tomorrow's morning tide.

Boats. I had promised the boys rubber packs to wear home. So we went to the Radio Hut to pick them out. I gestured that they were to be turned back to Clarence at Sarsathlit and in merriment doubled up my fist at Enoch and showed what I would give him if he did not do it.

With a veiled childlike look, he gazed up at me and said "Do-ouge"? (me!) i.e. Do you mean that you can thrash me? The idea was so utterly absurd, ^{to him} and his questioning look so whimsical to me. Really he could break me in two. I laughed as I petted his head.

Nathaniel will come. My problem of the summer seems settled. Nathaniel will come out on the Hoabrossen and go down Kanger-lygroun and up to Camp Cooley with me for five kroner a day, and then go home along tomorrow's trail. So the matter now goes to Doctor Hobbs. If only I could have Enok too.

Per and Sister Hannah. I found their picture in the Radio Hut - overlooked by Bangsted. It has been given the guest's place on my bookshelf. I may take it home, if unclaimed.

Vespers. Not a song nor prayer service. Just a teeth and face wash indulged in by all the staff. It was instituted for Gustav and he was wisely made Master of Ceremonies. So he joys in heating the water and calling us all out after the other to wash and scrub. Thus endeth my accumulation of travelsoil for eight days.

Smells. Clarence and Bill still claim to be very sensitive to Native smells. Have I lost the power of smell? Lars, "stale" Lars, is the only one who seems to me to have any odor and kamiks have become as pleasant now as boots.

Monday, May 28. Parting Day.

at the Beach. Up at 4 a.m. both Clarence and Nathaniel and Enok by two different watches. Clarence still gets

up like a shot. All are at breakfast, pictures of the Rescuing and the Rescued are taken - the coming squad and the departing, all under packs. A quick descent to the boats. The tide was just ebbing and the wind was offshore and behind. So brief farewells - we know each other too well to speak much. Ersk took the bow, Clarence the passenger's seat amidships on the bottom, and Nathaniel the stern. Tide, wind and paddles took them swiftly yet stably on their way. A dot along the cliffs, a speck off the distant point, then they were gone.

Thus friendships. In March he saw me go and turned back to his task. Now I have seen him go, until the point has hidden him from sight.

We may never meet again,
 but we shall remember. He
 gave himself that I might be
 a Peter Pan but in his turn
 has found himself. We are
 both the richer.

Moss and Grass. Plainly the
 grass grows where the snow
 failed to lie and the moss
 where the snow lay deepest.
 The distribution is a complex
 of slopes and prevailing wind.
 But even the moss this
 season looks dry and the
 waterholes found last season
 are already gone. Last season
 the snow was plentiful, this
 season it was scarce. The
 lakes have not risen but
 fallen instead. Only occasional
 rains can keep the hillsides bright

Home. I panned to look
 at the face of the Sacred Heart
 and the Sitting Stone as I went.

up the hill to my summer life. The others had had their thoughts and homesickness too, but had turned briskly to duty and the morrow. Bill had remained at the Observatory that the observations might suffer no lapse. Gustav had elected to stay with him. I found the floor swept and scrubbed and Gustav baking biscuits. He realized his part to play and turned cheerily to Bill as his new guide. Today he has mended his chamois of Paul's, fetched water, prepared lunch and dinner and placed himself generally in charge of the housework. Bill aids with dish-wiping and general suggestions.

I likewise have shaved and turned to my routine duties. Tonight we have kept Vespers and shall continue to keep the traditions of industry and faithfulness.

That Clarence established

Tuesday, May 29.

Cirrus Clouds. Today's sky made me keenly regretful that I had not brought the large camera. It was one great pattern of cirrus plumes and branches, so symmetrical in its parts that a bank of cumulus clouds lying near the horizon was an offense to the eye. Tho' every cloud was changing detail constantly, the general pattern persisted thru the day. To study the direction of the currents aloft, Bill sent up balloons twice. The wind swung round the compass evidently because of a very slight pressure fall shown by the cirrus and the barometer.

Nulu-issuar (the Man who does not understand). This seems to be a new name for me.

I thought that it might mean "Fool" but Gustav says that it is ungrateful. So I suppose it means that I do not understand what they say (for I use the sign language almost exclusively), or that I leave the final decision to them and do not boss.

Bill thought it the equivalent for "Easy Mark", for the story has gone round that I treat the Natives better than myself and am taken advantage of by them. I assured Bill that I would treat them as well as I would him or myself if we were physically able to stand it but that the Natives had deliberately safeguarded me on many an occasion. I am fully satisfied with my experiment.

Gustav. The little fellow is a jewel. Yesterday he brought in a gun, which Bill said

he had used to hunt with. It was much longer than himself and so heavy that I do not see how he could aim it unless he laid it upon some support. yet he had killed a hare and stacked the storeroom with ptarmigan.

Today he resumed his regular task of helping fill bellows. He was expert as compared with efforts of yesterday. Later he and I did kitchen police duty together, but he tried to anticipate me and do it first. ^{He does all the plain cooking and makes} Then at vesper he ^{begin} set out the table with end toward the window as he thought that would be best for our eyes. and this evening at the radio, when a quartet was on and Bill offered me his headphones, he urged me to take his saying "Manga, manga, aprile" (I had very, very much in April).

Cassadabellments

But I accepted only one earphone, turning it around to my ear so that head to head we both listened in.

The lad does not act as one under orders but as one who feels that he has his part to play and will play as well as the rest.

Wednesday, May 30. Memorial Day -

Flies. Flies were heard yesterday but they are droning today. The dizziness of the spring may act as a birth control. I suppose that the ipanyax and the black flies will come in their turn but the plague of last summer seems very remote.

Ann's Bird Hat. I asked Gustav the name of the bird that provided the feathers. He said: "Okatsuk" (O'ka chook). The feathers are only from the neck.

A Dream. Just a picture of the sunset of last Saturday, and the glory of color was on the rolling hills

rather than in the sky. a picture
so contrary - dark hills and luminous
sky. I took two exposures one showing
out the best in the sky, the other in
the hills. Each has its glory. a
compromise might have captured the
best of both.

And the views of ^{Lake} Kewertalon are
impressive - the scene seen only
by beaver men except myself. Gustav's
eyes sparkled at the pictures.

The hills are slowly growing brighter.
Perhaps the vegetation will become
colorful.

Memorial day. Bill told me yesterday
and again this evening. But it seems
unreal. Two years now since I
have laid a tribute on old friends'
graves and met with those whose
mood was mine. That was to me
the Sunday of Sundays in spirit.

This evening I went to Florence's
hill to seek a site for a sunset
view some supreme evening over the

little lane. I have found the site. Now I am waiting.

Thursday, May 31.

Horner's Lane. But I did not wait long. Upon starting for bed, I went ^{aboard} to the wind. Long lens of delicate cirrus in a sky of blue and rose lured me forth. The Sabbath stillness of the waters and the restraint in color seemed unbecoming of the day. So I have taken my picture and named it "Memorial Day in Greenland". It is "Gray's Elegy by a Mountain Lake".

Evaporation Station Established. I now have two pans well placed in tundra on the windward and leeward sides of the Observatory Hill. Both are water pans, I need another for tundra. The pan blown down country two miles was so badly jarred by its collision en route that Bill was obliged to resolder every seam and mended holes. Gustav and I went down to the baras tonight to look for snow and tundra to photograph.

and found my ice separation pan ^{the latter} and a coil can used as a bucket, even as far down as the first lane, and pieces of paper carried until they had stuck against an opposing hillside.

Paul Marriest. On Monday last said Godhavn. The dogs had arrived the end of the previous week. So Paul's stay was at Svigtat rather than at Copenhagen. Now life will speed up for him.

Nobile. And Nobile lost between the Pole and Spitzbergen. I wonder why. At least, he landed at the Pole. City that he could not have brought his story back. This was his third flight to the Pole.

Friday, June 1.

Computing. Just plain computing of monthly weather summaries for Bill. We have no adding machine, and he dreaded the outlook. He marveled that a

college professor could do clerical
work. I laughed and explained that
I had spent twenty years computing
snow and runoff. It is easy if you
add by instinct but it must have
been a computer who invented the
adage: "He who hesitates is lost."
Napoleon and others merely stole it.

Bill for his share went down
with Gustav to clean the motor so
we could be free to navigate the fiord.

Washing. Not I, only Bill. He has
put an almost new pair of pants
on to boil and this morning because
his back became soaked in packing
kerosene, he took a bath and
complete change of clothes. I tell
him that I am glad he is not
living in a geyser country, for
if he was seized with the impulse
to bathe, he might jump in.
Bill lacks self-restraint. I have
not had a bath since the
tin-tub chill at Halstensborg.

late in March, but the impulse is now above normal.

Saturday, June 2. Föhn Day.

Just Busy. Nothing much but never ceasing. Looking over my color plates.

Surprised at the quality of practically all. Will Doctor Hobbs let me keep them?

Mending a shirt. Helping with bellows.

Weighing evaporation pans. Evaporation two-tenths inch in this föhn weather.

Humidity was down to 28 per cent so that we had to lower the temperature pan to avoid collision. Then Bill sharpened our knives and has been supervising a ham supper. He thinks that the folks at home would be jarr'd to see the weather experts mainly engaged in domestic duties. But such is expeditioning.

Bibles. Gustav has selections from the Bible which he reads whenever he wishes to relax in his hour. This is his only reading but he enjoys it. In ^{paucity} paucity and pleasure.

Color Pictures Planned

Sitting Stone ✓ Taken. Midnight sunset. June 2 ✓
Split Rock ✓

Sunset for Paul. ^{Same.} → Observatory from
Midnight Sun North Pole ✓
Tundra ✓ White Flowers ✓

Blueberries in bloom ✓
Fiord in blue sky effects ✓
Flag flower.

Ice front
Mühle
Winding streams
Sunset from Ice
Blue and Green on Ice.

Tundra lake - above ~~lakes~~ ^{Sand} fore
" " - with Brown Cliffs mirrored

Goose Lake - Red Flowers + Sand Dune
Recent Plants.
Green Hillside above Falls for Trade
Blue Bells.

Caribou Moss on Naresjaya -
Canon walls of Loman Fiord

Icebergs

Halstamborg from Cannery for Clarence
" - Elders Building.
" - Ministers at Church door
" - Mrs David Olsen

it reminds me of Abraham Lincoln.

Our Bible is the White House Cookbook, so named since the early days of our expedition. But when Clarence called for our Okalutauk (Bible) and then in accordance therewith took out flour from the can and butter and baking powder from the shelf, Gustav decided that there must be some fundamental difference between our Scriptures and his. Now he brings it from our shelf with a laugh, when called for.

Gustav is an odd little fellow and tails longer than a white bag of his size could be expected to do over the cooking. He is a good ^{under study} understudy of Clarence's and shows us how it's done when we are uncertain. He has a pipe quite too large for his size. Some day I must get a picture of him pipe in mouth banding over the cooking.

An Anomaly - An Eskimo, internationalism, the silence Bill fails to get my point

of view, yet says he lives me better every day. He is sure that I am a college professor and a teacher of the Classics because I never express an opinion but say: "let us look at it this way". I didn't realize that only scientists were dogmatic. Do they ^{do} not look beyond their micrometers and scales? But the North is slowly laying firm hands on Bill. Social life as such is gradually fading in significance. The Infinite will ultimately come.

A Bath. It deserves a separate title and heading. Bill has been reading to me from our Cookbook Bible this evening some hints and etiquette on health. The reaction has come, but it started like the "mid-latitude" storms several days ago. The heating stove has been started and the windows and ventilators closed in preparation for the ardeur. Then I am to go

immediately to bed.

Sunday, June 3. Sunday.

First Mosquito. The flies must have awakened the mosquitoes. The first one appeared today. It seemed like the declaration of hostilities. Bill is already stirred to apprehension and preparedness, but my frenzy will come later.

Ice Gone. The tockin with its high temperature and wind has been too much for the ice in the lakes. Only the lake in the east of north still retains any, and yet yesterday our lake in the northwest was half covered. However, the ice was already thin and rotten. The ^{lack of intergl between the} departure of the ice and the arrival of the mosquito show how winter and summer overlap. Indeed the flowers have long been blooming on the banks of icebound lakes and ice can be felt beneath the beds of moss. On the warmer slopes the rhododendron

shows large mats of color and the blueberry is putting out its tiny pink buds. The delicate and early-blooming flowers remind me of our desert flora home.

Sunday Observance. Bill suggested a little less unnecessary work today as it was Sunday. It seemed odd but comfortable to be at leisure.

The very leisure seemed a ^{semi-}substitute for church. I read somewhat in an old copy of the Saturday Evening Post, but aside from present problems, I seem somehow to prefer masterpieces. Current fiction is clever but uncomfortably faulty in power or satisfaction.

"Eustas Pinaroa". So I said to the little fellow yesterday with a pat on the shoulder. He was washing dishes but did not lift his head. The words meant too much for that. But I felt that he had earned them and I wanted him to know.

Bill would be quite willing to spend the winter alone with Gustav as assistant and Gustav smiles appreciatively at the idea. But just now he is preparing to "fly the coop" when the Big Boss comes

"The
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the Da
of ex,
Now
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as
out

Look up
and stick
in that
degree
sign
before
page
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Expedition". It is
visions ^{on} used by
the intimacy
of Kative women.
with a
results at Savvedlid
Expedition passed
that me at
that phase of

mountains. in
rise after early December last winter.
To visualize the many night scenes
We must
above the Arctic Circle.
at midnight
low the rim of the
names it failed to
rise after early December last winter.
To visualize the many night scenes

Bill would be quite willing to spend the winter alone with Gustav as assistant and Gustav smiles appreciatively at the idea. But just now he is preparing to "fly the coop" when the Big Boss comes in.

"The Results of the Expedition". It is a low slang expression ^{on} used by the Danish press of the intimacy of expeditioners with native women. Now comes Matthias with a joking report of such results at Savvudlik as our winter expedition passed out. I had hoped that we at least had passed that phase of the Homerian Age.

Midnight Sunset. We must assuredly be situated above the Arctic Circle. Last night the sun at midnight barely disappeared below the rim of the mountains. In like manner it failed to rise after early December last winter. To visualize the many night scenes

we had enjoyed from the Sitting Stone, I walked down in the twilight amid the chirping of the birds to photograph the soft lights and colors over tundra and rocks and sky.

I should like to have included the Sitting Stone in the foreground of the picture but the hill to the south slopes off too sharply to obtain a standpoint. Oddly, Observatory Hill is all "rights and no lefts". The radio mast, the Observatory, the Sitting Stone are all situated on the southern brow of the hill and could be readily photographed in any southern sunset but resist inclusion in the northern. So how to obtain local color - shall I say setting - for Paul's Christmas gift picture is a problem.

Monday, June 4.

A Record Run. Only a very few black balloons are left and the white balloons soon become indistinct in the blue sky. However, flights

for 57 minutes have been made by Bill with them. Today he placed Gustav at the theodolite. The little fellow is sharp-eyed and had often followed balloons for Clarence. He clambered up the rocks of the base and "glued himself" to the eyepiece. The minutes crept up toward the "57". Bill: "Gustav, nani balloon". Gustav: "What you say?" and with a chuckle "Manga, manga balloon". Then above 57 and still he stayed at the eyepiece. He began to doubt, but the increase in angles was consistent. Then Bill placed his eye to the eyepiece. At first, he could see nothing. His eye was unadjusted. Then: "yes, still there". I suggested putting our fieldglass onto the eyepiece. Suddenly at 70 minutes, Gustav burst out: "No, No, No, nani balloon" and unclimbered his instrument. The balloon had burst. High time too, for he had followed it above 38,000 feet, to the region where oxygen

* Later: Hoge and Cummins
and Bill's team


tanks are used and mountain
peaks are no more. Bill is going
to see if Gustav can break this record
this afternoon - but rubber as aged
as ^{ours} can probably not stand such
supreme tests twice in succession.*


Mosquitoes Amiploo. The mosquitoes
are now active outside - on Bill -
and have entered the house. So
Gustav and I have been giving
Bill mental protection by closing
all apertures with mosquito netting,
including the kitchen ventilator, which
looks now like a lady in a summer
veil. But we are puzzled how to
close the stone draft and the
door. We have no material for
the latter. Better to leave that
open so the mosquitoes can
get out.

Living
Bill
Protection
All apertures
closed
Kitchen
bird stove
Joist
doors

Bookmarkers. I chanced to
pick up Gustav's Okalutit (Bible).
John 3.16 "God so loved the world"
caught my eye by its poetic

form and John 16. 16-22 underlined.
Among the leaves were bookmarks
or keepsakes: labels from one
Swift's ham and bacon and beef:

Swift's

 Premium
 Bacon
 Swift & Company
 U.S.A.

Swift's
 wafer  Sliced
 Dried Beef
 5 lbs Net
 Swift & Company, U.S.A.

U.S. Inspected
 and
 Passed
 by
 Department
 of
 Agriculture
 Establishment 3

But the labels are so modestly
yet richly done in red, gold,
white, and blue that we ourselves
would select them as bookmarks
except for their associations.
These, however, do not trouble
Gustav. It is said that cellar-door
is one of the most melodious
words in the English language —
only it got roughly attached.

Daniel Press News: "America's
aviator Haswell will fly over
Greenland the middle of July and
land at the field in Soudra
Stroufjord". We had hoped and

believed that this would not come to pass. We do not see how it can successfully be done.

"Ptarmigan Store". This word, "The Big Ptarmigan" was invented by Clarence and Bill to explain to Gustav the coming of the flying machine this summer. Bill told him the news again today.

They have even invented names for Gustav: "Dirty Neck" (by Clarence), and "Stinks" (by Bill). Gustav knows the meaning of the first and has become a good neck washer, but he thinks the second nice. So Bill is in a quandry.

The lad is accumulating phrases. "Thank you" and "You're welcome" are ever on his tongue but frequently interchanged, as this afternoon. When I offered to empty the trashbox, he said with deep appreciation "you're welcome". He is quite adept at responsionals.

in Bill's skit "That's my baby"
and sings with understanding:
"It aint going to rain no more

How ^{in Heer going} ~~can~~ I wash you neer
If it aint going to rain no more.
No seems unable to use my the frequency tell.
Perhaps we can find a melody cure
for the smells.

Tuesday, June 5.

Midnight Vigils. For two midnights
I have sat up to see the sunset.
Tonight Gustav and I may walk
all night to Lumarux. Last night
I was fortunate. I caught the sun
as it was sinking behind the
horizon rim perhaps for the last
time this season and casting
soft color over rolling hills and
nestling lakes. When it had sunk,
a canopy of cloud overshadowed
it and caught its gold. I hastened
to the Sitting Stone to get the old
setting for this glory. I succeeded
beyond anticipations, for I caught

also the ruddy brown of the tundra brought out in all its warmth by the sunset glow. So now I have two midnight views from the Sitting Stone, the first in more subdued twilight and greener tones. They together will represent Green Greenland at its tenderest.

Flowers. I took a bed of purple rhododendron and ceanothus(?) today. It was beautiful to observe in the camera but is somewhat overexposed. So my mass picture is still my best of this kind. I must try again. It was flowers that first turned my thoughts to color pictures.

Tumuk. Not Tumuk (heart) as we have called it but ^{UNUK} Tumuk (sugar loaf or similar). So the Natives call it. We have put the question of time of going up to Gustor but he insists that he is ready when I am. I am deeply tired, so I have

suggested sleeping all night in our
bunks tonight; then waking all tomorrow
night. He promptly approved. Bill will
cook breakfast and we shall sleep late.
So we shall be in trim to hasten up and
back.

Wednesday, June 6. Balloon Day and little else

Alas, Poor Rooster! I was up
for a moment last midnight. The
sun had set again but the moon
was bright and the colors of the
near sun stretched along the
horizon. The blue was tantalizing
for a picture.

I thought of the poor rooster. No
sooner to bed than up to crow.
"And what of the owl?" queried Carlson.
He must live like a stone mason —
eat or catch so much in the dark
of the year that he can sleep in
the light. Only the stone mason's
lot is reversed. But perhaps
our roosters, tricked by the
occasional eclipse to go to bed,

may learn wisdom from the gulls. They now ignore the light, and go to bed by the clock and get up by it.

Boils? Bill was alarmed this morning. But it was a mosquito bite, almost as bad as a boil in its poison to those who are susceptible. I'm immune.

a Record Flight. Gustav and I got a twelve hour sleep last night in preparation for our trip to Linnéus. But we are beginning to sing: "We aint going there anymore, any more". These set dates have failed. First was weather, then was pictures, now it is balloons. The gambling spirit is taking firm hold. Today we made a balloon flight of 170 minutes, just ten minutes less than three hours, and the world's record is only three hours and some minutes. The altitude is ^{29070 meters or} nearly 95,000 feet.

Now that balloon must have stretched - if it didn't leak. a mosquito riding on it would have wondered what was happening to the pavement under his feet, and had he known that it must ultimately burst he would have been nervous indeed. a twenty-mile drop or parachute back home is no mean ^{or} run. For a human, unsupported, it would mean meteoric dust.

Reduervain is credited with an altitude at Godhavn of 39,000 meters but the balloon must plainly have leaked and has been questioned by him.

We were lucky, for the balloon crossed and recrossed overhead and drove mainly toward the sun, so that it was well illuminated and not too far away. Bill hoped to exceed an hour. We had got 78 minutes in the flight this morning. But as the minutes increased, toward two hours, Bill began a

series of short relays with Gustav so that the balloon might not fade out thru eye strain. at 111 minutes: Bill "No", then quickly "yes" and the record lengthened, at 138 minutes Gustav took the eye-piece: "Two balloons!" Bill: "Nani, Gustav: Gustav: "He, He", as his jokes sunk in. And in parody of Bill's rhapsody on the sun's spotlighting the balloon, wrote into the record: "

"Shine on, O Sun, shine on"
and signed it Joshua Carlson.
We were now midway in the third sheet and beginning to expect an all night vigil, when as suddenly as a prize fight ends, Carlson exclaimed: "She's gone. Busted". All previous records, save possibly one and that one questioned, were beaten by twice.

Of course, we three must stay on the job while high flights can

be made. One could not possibly do it alone. I have explained to Gustav that Bill wants "Manga, manga balloon" tomorrow. Some shall "shiner" here. He is ^{as} proud of breaking the record as any.

So tonight he is resting in his bunk smoking and laughing saying: "Umanuk Nami; agao. Agao nami" (Umanuk NO; tomorrow. Tomorrow NO). He can read figures somewhat, and could ultimately learn to read the theodolite and record.

He prefers English and answers our Eskimo with English replies. "Me", "Thank you", "You're welcome", "yes, Sir", the latter called possibly from "yes, Sir, that's my baby", and "Butter-Fingers". He can remember "Butte" and if he lets anything slip and fall, he asks for the full word and then calls himself "Butte-Finger".

You Can't Eat your Cake and Keep it Too.
My accumulating boxes of color

pictures are giving me a strange feeling of dissatisfaction, for I know thereby that my supply of fresh plates is equally diminishing. I am proud of what I have, but I want to get more, and there may be better pictures than I've found. Is this the gambling spirit, as with balloons, or the spirit of progress? It's a hard master at best.

Bill feels the same about the balloons. To maintain the present pace, a relay of observers should be had with recuperation at some rest camp every second day. Otherwise aching eyes and heads and weariness of everything. Since it does not cloud up badly in the summer, long runs will be the rule. Record taking and computing must be shared by others.

P.S.: Bill's Mathematics. Balloon

runs 4 hrs. 8 min. Computing balloon runs... twice as long as it takes to make them. Total... 12 hrs for balloon runs alone.

Observations... hardly and increased to one hour and fifteen minutes each time due to delay ^{from} stooping and rising in passing thru two Eskimo doors.

total... 18 hrs. Grand Total 30 hrs (at least in feelings). But Bill says: "No, 67 hrs" if ^{writing} listening to the diary is included.

Thursday, June 7.

Gustav and the Diary. Gustav has become much interested in the diary and yesterday he tried to read it. But he understands me when I read out of it about him to Bill and yells with merriment when I reproduce his jokes.

Last night we thought that he needed pills and persuaded him to take a small cod-liver-oil "depth bomb".* He decided that

* which he laughingly called a ptarmigan egg.

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he wouldn't get into his sleeping bag, because Bill laughed, and intimated that he knew the effect by his laconic words: "Agaos, magna anax". But the bomb turned out to be a plain "dud". However, he says that he feels better.

Colored Glasses for all. These record flights are trying on the eyes of all, for the sun is as bright as in the semi-arid West. Gustav uses only one eye at the theodolite and diverts that often to look for "ptarmigan small" (mosquitoes) on his hands. And Bill has tried to be efficient by working up the results on his slide-rule while reading the ^{mirror} vernier. Consequently, both are now wearing colored glasses to ward off further eye strain, and I have been invited to enjoy

myself following the balloon. But I tell them the story of Tom Sawyer and Whitewashing the Fence. However, I may offer to share my easy job of recording.

Our Record Flight Trimmed. Bill feels badly. I had made it 170 minutes. It should have been 161. In my excitement I jumped it ten. After the exultation of 170, the revised 161 looks so small - just like 99 cents as compared with \$1.00. However, the high altitude was correct and that is what counts.

Today we set out to do something high, but the balloon popped at 77 minutes - a good record at that and equal to all but our best.

Suck. Bill attributes it all to the rabbit foot carried by Gustav yesterday and deposited today by Bill on the head of the theodolite. I quite agree with him but argue

that we are luckier still in having taken an aged rabbit from the pantry and placed it on a rock far down the hill.

House Work. Bill says that I am always ^{late} last to meals to avoid wasting my own time, tho' not that of others. So today I have done penance for my conscience by fixing the screen door and cooking supper. If you bow humbly you can get there the first. The supper also was a change - campfried potatoes and omelet from egg powder. I have offered to show the others how it was done (I never was a cook) and shall go back to dish wiping.

Bails, Bites, and Bruises. The three B's. Bill looks fondly at his bite and wishes that it were a bail - just to be exciting.

and I, immune to bites, have splashed
 the top of my head with iodine to keep
 the ^{provises} lice from spreading. I
 am fully satisfied without the bumps,
 but a baldhead seems to invite them.

Friday, June 8.

What Day? This is Friday by my
 diary, but I would not know it
 otherwise except by the calendar that
 Gustav faithfully scratches out day by day.
 Of course we are tied closely to the
 hours but to be free from at least
 the days is not indeed.

All limits off on Color Pictures. I knew
 that we had more color plates but
 they had just disappeared until yesterday
 when I found them in a paper bag
 imitating food. They are old but
 may still be good. If so, I shall
 take more pictures of the flowers
 in season and a hill-slope view of
 the Observatory with its mountain lawn
 of green and purple flowers. I may
 even take one of the head of the Fiord

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* But we shall have other black and white snow.
So I have been studying the Proflex today in order to see
our supply of Proflex film, especially good if the weather comes.

To show the milky gray glacial water.*
Off for Ummanak. Only one balloon
flight Sunday and that in the afternoon.
So Gustav and I set out surely tomorrow
afternoon. Gustav thought it was a
joke until I told him "Ap-suar" (yes-big).
I hope that he will not be obliged to
unpack again. I spent my extra
hours this afternoon marking a
bamboo into a 15-foot scale. Why
not mark the feet and inches on every
fishingpole? It might produce a race
of truthful fishermen.

Gustav and His Diary. Gustav has
a little diary of his own as Marinus
had last winter. He is making
out a wordlist of our words
tonight. This afternoon Bill
started to teach him to work the
slide-rule, but he quickly protested
Nuloo (I don't know). He counts
readily in English, however. His
"thirteen" sounds like the flutter
or whirr of ptarmigan wings, so

strongly does he flatter his "r".
 Like the Chinese, the Eskimo do not
 have the letter or sound "r" and so
 pronounce it "l" or with artificial
 emphasis. Bill has written a title
 page for his diary somewhat as follows:
 "Diary of Gustav Kleist. His Journal
 in the ..."

Dr. J. E. Church,

amerika	kut	grlsin	kut.	kusav	kustavnukut
America	good	Carlson	good.	Gustav	Gustav, no good.
asassaka	uku	kalsun	tasutst	= Friends both Carlson doctor church	
kalsu n	tanrkijur	jualkam	klasis	kut	ajugnilik (= Eskimo "good").
Carlson	Thank you	you're welcome.	Glasses	good	
Carlson	much	balloon			

agblatuk
 agpun agblatuk kustav kleist
 Typewriter Gustav Kleist
 ikirasak kangirløssuak
 Ikirasak kut. Kangerlugssuak
 good

* Gustav says that the typewriter was all off.
 ** Mis-spelled and so repeated.

ASASSAKA - Gustav explained this word
 by saying "you and me inqulux (all right) and
 Carlsson and me inqulux and (hence) therefore
 friends. What better definition possible?"

strongly does he flatter his "r".
 Like the Chinese, the Eskimo do not
 have the letter or sound "r" and so
 pronounce it "l" or with artificial
 emphasis. Bill has written a title
 page for his diary somewhat as follows:
 "Diary of Gustav Kleist. His Journal
 of Remarkable Experiences among
 the Foreigners".

A Native Try at the Typewriter. Clarence
 let Gustav play with it. I'm glad he did.
 Yesterday or before he had it again. The
 result is the appended letter. Bill
 typed my name. Gustav did the rest.
 With Gustav's aid Bill and I have translated
 it. Its burden is friendship and
 thanks for colored glasses and interest
 in the balloons. The misspellings are
 phonetic and typewriter victims. But
 the message is far better than Mark
 Twain's facsimile of the original type-
 written letter.

A New Form of an Old Joke. Just a hair in the apricots. Gustav found it. It was too long ^{for} one of his and too dark for Bill's. Bill is a Finn-Swede. Then he looked up at me and shook his head. He didn't dare crack the joke but burst out laughing. I was too bald. Some fair niviarssian (lady) of southern lands had dropped it in when the apricots were evaporated. But we didn't save it.

We have had apricots again as a bedtime dish tonight. I had too much and offered Gustav some. But with a gesture curve outward from neck to stomach he said: "all full".

Saturday, June 9.

Bill in Furs. How can a man have been in the Arctic if he has not had his picture taken in furs? So Bill dressed up this morning, bearing the best for the sake

of his picture. We avoided all flounders. The seal skin pants still refused to tell whether their inmate was coming or going, but Bill's smiling face showed that. He persisted in facing the camera, for in sixty years he hoped to show the pictures to his grandchildren in proof. However, I did get one side view in hood and mittens at the theodolite for official purposes. Bill says that they are good pictures. They're sure to be, for Bill is our best looking.

^{and} I in whickers. ^{This was yesterday.} And on a box with a camera in my lap and a grin on my face. "A college professor!" exclaimed Bill. "If you could only see yourself. You make me laugh". "A Cassicist too" I retorted. So with him also I retain the honors of the worst looking and ^{freest} freest talker ^{too} for I had just used the word "bester" as a

comparative for "best" in accepting his recent balloon flights as the best until we had a better. It may be an odd use for a Classical training but I prefer to look wide and forward to the man that is to be and not the perfect man that was.

Close ups. Last night my thought was on the distant view, today it has been on close-ups. When I sat on the box yesterday with that camera in my lap, I was studying the Graflex and learning how to keep all objects in focus. I knew that a small aperture would make the edges of the picture sharper, but I thought that this was necessary only for cheap lenses, not for the best live ones. So I closed the stop of the Graflex from 4.5 to 8 and worked wonders into my picture of flowers.

and tundra, for all now stood out almost as if seen by the natural eye. The sad light of fens near ground and far ground had come out of the haze. I rushed in and asked Bill to kick me. My tradition of good lenses and wide open stops had been proven false no whit too soon. And I pretend to be of an enquiring nature.

A Circus Dream. I was not only up last night looking for sunsets but I stood by the window reading Professor Humphrey's "Fog and Clouds". And then I dreamed. The little balls of ^{circus} cloud thrown upward like a meteor and trailing behind them veils of snow dust became to me a view into azure grattoes of ice, opening ever deeper as giant crystals split from the infinite wall and veils of drifting snow fell over each newmade surface.

It was the view into the ice depths of Dassenear turned upward and into the Jathander heavens.

Lunch Call. "Cum on! Knife, biscuit, butter, spoon, plate, case". So calls Gustav as he plays chef and practices his English. He is so short that his waist scarcely comes up to our low table and he has to stand on a box to reach our six foot rafters.

Boot-mending. But he is willing to serve, where at home he would be served and by the women of the house. He never mended kamiks before, but he has undertaken to mend ^{two} pair for me, heels and soles, inside and out, and disreputably run over at the heels by too large a foot. I am to give him two kroner. He is sitting in his bunk

* A Balloon gone. of course Gustav's and today's. Bill told me to the house to get his goggles after reading the angles. I repeated the figures after he did as him. Gustav as the eye piece: "Choke, but I don't know what this is any more." Bill was a hero.

and working as earnestly as a tailor.

* A Forced Trip. To Lumanek and back in 24 hours, twenty two miles each way Bill calls it. We leave at 4 p.m. and return by 4 p.m. tomorrow. Bill will postpone his balloon flight until then. If we do not return the second day, he may come after us. In our turn, we hope to find him safe when we come back. It's ten hours up and ten hours back, if we don't tire out, with two hours for sleep and two for work at the further ends. But we shall walk slowly and carry minimum packs. We set out on time.

Redolent Humus. At the foot of the mountain trail, Gustav suddenly stopped and sniffed the air and pointed to the deepening green of the leaves, saying "Pincanon".

He was getting back in homeland once more! The moist earth, the vivid greens spoke of the sea and of food, and the pink blueberry blossoms he gathered in his hand spoke of water for the thirsty. The smells reminded me too of the soil lands at home and the green of our own countryside. They are harbingers of spring and of comfort. They precede the call of the misty hills and the sunset, and are essential to the letter. I too said "Pinaxox",

Packs. at the Radio Hut (to Gustar it is the Iglooist?), we made up our packs. Being the larger and the instigator of the forced trip, I took the bulk of the load. But Gustar protested: "Me namu" (me nothing) and would not be satisfied until he had more. Now he has the paraffin half-tent tied to the back of his

knapsack, but still looks at the outfit with a laugh and says "Pickaninny". He is so tiny that Doctor Hobbs Kodak when hung on his back this morning looked like a moderate size pack, for it filled all the space between his shoulder blades.

Many Pictures. I left the Graflex behind to save time and weight but kept a sharp lookout for color pictures. The trail down the hill is full of pictures, especially of fields of red rhododendron. And more even beyond than I thought. In the long timbered aisle leading over the hills to Dory Camp is one stately bunch of rhododendron in perfect flower. We placed a bamboo there and shall return. In the descent too above the Fiord we found the Fire Weed blooming and the "sea urchin

plant" with its dainty pink stars ready for the camera. And at hand on the "buttercups", ^{new} growing in tiny fields, not in small clusters only, and the moss on the rocks was at its freshest.

Most of these must remain memory pictures. The season is dry and it will be long before I can return.

Snack - Above Dory Camp at 8 p.m. we had our first lunch. All night better be called by that name.

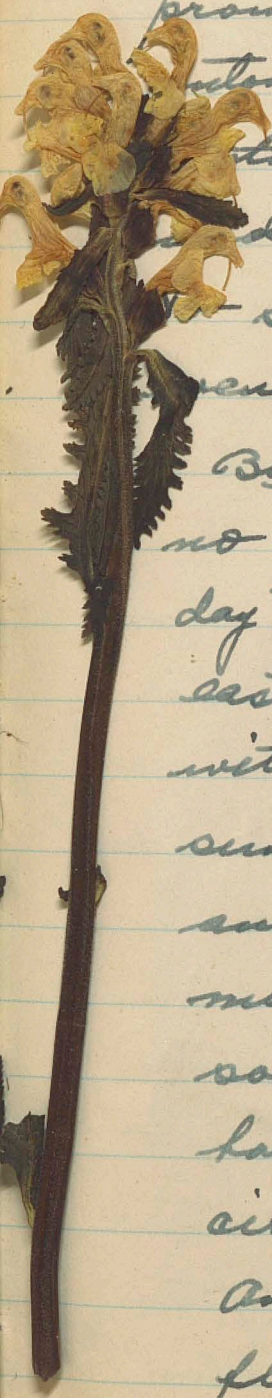
Biscuits and dried currants tied in a handkerchief. Crisper biscuits I never ate. As delicate as pie crust and fit for tarts. Gustav has mastered the secret.

at 11 p.m. at the far head of the Fiord in the "Valley of the Lost Violet" we had a second meal - this time of soup and oatmeal.

The tiny sand stream was still holding out tho reduced to shallow pools.

"Yes, Sir". At times I had turned to the tiny figure trailing me close and queried: "Imngulux?" (all right). and each time had come back the prompt reply "yes, Sir", with proud intonation. "Should we now continue walking until 2 a. m. and our destination?" "Yes, Sir." - sleep for him if I did not sleep, even when we were resting.

Birds and Clouds. There was no night and no transition from day to day. The clouds gathered eastward in alto-cumulus fleeces with rich blue sky between. The sun was hidden by mountains and clouds but threw its midnight colours against the south. Every lake seemed to have its geese, who flew circling overhead at our approach. An occasional ptarmigan was flushed. In the evening a hare was sitting on a distant hill,



but then the night we saw only tracks, wide-spaced enough for a coyote.

Sunday, June 10 -

At 2 a.m. the new day in birdland began with twitterings and chirpings. It seemed to come suddenly tho only imperceptibly lighter. And with it came our arrival at Unanuk and our rest.

Under a Tarp. On the old tent site by the side of roaring waters we lay down in our paraffin tarpaulin. Gustav in Native fashion would have used it as a tent and crawled under, but I suggested rolling up in it to keep ^{out} the dampness from the tundra. He was asleep in a moment, while I thought out schedules of work and return. At first I allotted myself fifteen minutes for rest. Then suddenly an hour had passed. Somehow

another hour did not seem too much, if we worked fast thereafter but it was rest, not sleep, for I shook with cold until Gustav must have rattled. At 4 a. m. at second call, when sleep had been somewhat banished, he answered heartily "Yes, Sir" and our new day began.

A Magstrom. The river was not as high as last summer. The Dory Camp is still dry and the pools of water among the boulders at Unamak are gone, but the sense of power in the waters seemed more vivid. Even in waking from his sleep, Gustav had said: "Magna, magna water". And as we climbed the stream, the impression grew. It was not the cold waking from sleep, for the climb had quickly warmed us into alertness, but rather the change in standpoint

or viewpoint as we approached the gate.

Sloping rocks and roaring water had keyed us up, but the gate was staggering. Here where I hoped that the water would slide smoothly tho' swiftly thru, the water ^{on the distant side} was rearing like a mad courser or in its sudden upheaval like some explosion, while on the near side the stream flowed sullenly. Up stream the waters tumultuously prepared for the mad burst. No chance for getting stream heights here even if the waters were level, for the rock shelf sloped steeply down into the boiling water. There was no overhang. And as far flow, as well to yoke a mad and a balmy horse into one team. The attempt would be as futile as measuring the Niagara swirl.

The shallow pebbly stretch below the south fork or the tiny stream at Cause Camp afforded the only other chances. Elsewhere ^{and summer} ~~were~~ making fireworks of the waters. And yet in March we had traversed only placid ice-banded pools.

The milk-white water was no longer murky and offensive, but life-parent to the soft carpet of grey moss where I stood. We turned back to the meadow and the boulders to quietude and our morning meal.

The Cache, as we came in we had passed the cache under the ledge where it was to have been placed as I left camp last autumn. How Bengtson considered it as on the river bank is still a mystery. The cache had ^{apparently} not been robbed but rather pillaged by foxes. The tents and my sleeping bag cover had

been chewed at the edges. However, I did not inventory the contents of the bed roll. It was now 6 a.m. as we passed it on our way out and our schedule would permit no further delay.

A Last Look. As we rounded the bend of the river, we paused to look up stream and take a picture. The mountain gate widened gradually as it rose and looked tranquil in its greenness. But in its narrow throat the water leaped and glistened in the morning sun.

The distant scene was translated into terms of sound by the relentless roar of waters at our feet.

Lichen from "Last Look" rocks



Footprints. Both up and back we found the footprints of Carlson's and Gustav's trips in May. They had shown a sure instinct for the trail.

Now it was "me and Carlson" and again "Carlson, oo-unga(me)", as I questioned Gustav regarding the marks. He pointed out even the laces where they had cooked their meal and a spot on the trail marked by handtracks where they had eaten on their return.

As we left the river bend, I queried him regarding fresh tracks. He answered "you, me, yesterday". His sleep or keener time sense marked this as a new and second day, but with me it required an effort to distinguish yesterday from last night and today. The bird notes were my only boundary between day and day. Time with me had become God's time of "yesterday, today, and forever".

And all the way back he guided me from behind with

errorless exactness along the ledges where detours must be made. Once over the ground he remembered it fully. If he led, he looked back often to see that he was not leading too fast, but he preferred to follow and kept back step at my heels.

"Ough!" His one relaxation was listening for my "Ough!" when disgusted. It sounded so much like a gruff bear. He would mimic me too. There was something so unhumanly primitive about it that it caught my fancy and we both used it as a jest.

Wear? Yes, weary until falling when my feet tangled in dead brush and rolling down sand dunes when I chanced to sit sideways on their slopes. The first roused Gustav's keen solicitude for it involved my injured arm, but the latter

stirred his hearty merriment and mine too. But we kept our pace and our meals as planned, and by occasional removal of boots rested our feet and strangely relieved growing lameness at the hips.

Boat Harbors. We returned from Day Camp by the more direct route along the head of the bays to look for harbors. One would give shelter to small boats from both southeast and southwest winds if the boat could shift anchorage at the critical time, but a boat could not be left indefinitely alone.

Water Temperatures. If we could not measure the volume of water flowing from the ice to the sea, we could note its quick rise in temperature as it spread itself out to the sun: Umunuk 1.0°C ; opposite South Arm 1.7°C ; in shallow Braided Stream of Sand Flat 14.5°C

for slack water and 11.3°C. for flowing; where stream and tide meet at Base Camp 7.5°C. Thus from freezing to warm and then to chill again. The brook waters tell the same tale: 3.0°C. in the narrow shaded brook in human meadow and 15.0°C. in the shallow sandpools of the Valley of the Lost Violet.

Up the Hill. The change from tundra to rocks and thence to packed sand and again to hills and down grade had relieved our legs so that the ^{smooth} hard trail up the hill was relatively a pleasure. But re-packing at Radio Hut and falling asleep as we sat down to rest lengthened our schedule a half hour at least beyond four. The occasional sleep, ^{lying and better fitting} seemed necessary to renew our steam.

Bill and Balloons. Bill meanwhile had been graving.

partly of his own will and partly
 thru mosquitoes. He had not even
 waited for us but flew his
 balloon and weighed my evaporator
 pans as well. And during the
 flight of the balloon, he had fled
 to the house for a veil and
 returned in time to recover
 the balloon ^{all} this besides keeping
 the record.

To Bed and Early. Bill saw to
 that. I wanted a bath but would
 not make the distance of the lake
 for the water, and a bath when
 less weary seemed safer, so
 said my physician, also Bill.

Gustav fell asleep in his bunk
 and only vigorous dramatic Eskimo
 on the part of Bill roused him
 out of anook, pants, and kamiks.
 It was too cold to leave him
 out of his sleeping bag.

No Airplane Field. I went to
 sleep with one conviction born

of my trips viz. that the sand flat below the Cause Camp was no wise different than the sand flat below Unununu save only in size. And if no different, then wholly unsuitable as a landing place for aeroplanes. Even the hard patches seemed hard only on top, not deep-hardened like our dry alkali lakes of the West. Fjords and lakes, however, look inviting for sea planes.

Monday, June 11.

Rested. Odd it seems but I am not lame and am practically rested. Only my feet are red and slightly sensitive. Gustav is about as usual, our leisurely pace seemed to give the maximum economy of strength. But Gustav would prefer a faster pace and more frequent stops for rest. However,

he refused vigorously to allow me to stop on his account tho he sat down promptly whenever I rested.

Ribs and Arm, But I still feel cracked into and winged. The strain of packing and falling still tells, tho after the Coue formula every day shows steady improvement. Finally and imperceptibly I shall pass beyond their memory.

Nobile. a message last night said that a radio message from Nobile had been caught by an American amateur saying that all were alive at 86° and could live a month. Now to find them and bring them food or get them out.

I can appreciate hunting that little group somewhere in the Arctic ice, for less than a month ago we set out on foot for a tiny house on

a distant peak leagues from the habitation of men. Gradually our food gave out until rations for only one day remained and but a handful of bullets. But we knew ridge by ridge our goal and believed that all was well there. Thus certainty against uncertainty, a little group well and at home and a group waiting relief.

Where would we live to be Buried?
 at lunch Bill raised the question. Except that I could not be cremated I should like to be buried beneath the great rock on Florence's Hill, overlooking the lake and the fiord. Bill preferred to lie near roaring waters and I promised that the boys and I would take him to the gate at Umanuk. No nobler place could I think of for a living son of the North Land. These

to be agreements in case I
 "kicked out" or he — (I finished) "departed".
 Of course, Mr Rose, if I return to
 the Southland. But the burial
 places of Scott and Shackleton
 have seemed so fitting and
 the hunter's tomb on Waijajungu.

Wash or Pack Gasoline. Bill has
 issued the order that I take
 a bath tomorrow and wash
 my clothes. He doesn't believe
 in a clothes-bag. But when
 I suggested a previous plan
 of packing gasoline he quickly
 relented.

Old Color Plates. My smaller
 aperture worked wonders
 but the old Agfa plates are losing
 their color around the edges.
 Still the pictures of moss and
 the observatory with its lawn
 of rhododendrons and green
 are pictures worth having.
 However, a very small stop

with an overcast sky left another picture flat indeed.

Bill seems to think that I am always seeking something better and am never satisfied. He mimics my enthusiastic announcement of improvements to a "T" and how I transplanted conifers among rhododendrons to make a "pretty" picture. I wish that I could record both words and intonations. They are delicious and would make a livelier portrait of me than any camera.

Our Flag Down. Our Expedition Flag has been flying for some days and has quickened the pulse of us all. But Gustav has taken it down for repairs and states that hereafter it shall be a Debbat flag. This will at least make Sunday a more definite day. Pity that we could not continue the

season than the summer.
It might close out that Bible parody
of "Six days shall thou labour and
on Sunday work like Hell".

Tuesday, June 12. Diary Day.

Diary Day. And all day too. Yesterday
Gustav leaned his elbows on the
table and his chin on his palms
to watch me write, uttering
admiringly yet sympathetically
"magna, magna" writing. He knows
that he has a large share in
what I'm writing and understands
the allusions too. To catch up
after the trip has been a long task.

Only Three years Between Them.
Gustav and Bill, the diminutive
and the tall, the Eskimo and
the Viking, one still childlike
as a child of ten, the other
masterful and mature. Yet
cronies both and Gustav
proudly demanding the responsibilities
of manhood and clever withal.

Bible Reading - Bill and I are reading the Bible. Gustav listens and recognizes the Yea, Nay of his own Scriptures as I do at Native church service. Gustav also explains that his Bible in his book is only selections from the larger Danish Bible.

Bill brought the Bible at his Mother's request and his own desire. But I started reading because I called him "Martha" and he wanted to know the story. Now we have agreed to read together, I to do the reading and he the listening. It takes away the feeling of homesickness, he says, and it brings me reverence. Last night I read the first of the Sermons on the Mount. When it is done, we shall read the Gospel of John. It is so loving and human.

Bill's Evolution. Bill and I are having Bedtime Talks, but I fear that I am doing the talking. ^{Last night} Bill wondered if I knew why he quoted the closing lines of *Thaumatopsis*. Life in the North is acquiring a larger meaning. Radio and jazz seem unpleasant and world news seems local.

Bill has dreams and awakes to thankfulness that he is here. His father is a plain laboring man but a thinker. Bill has toiled many summers with pick and shovel at his side. Bill and two brothers have gone to college. They are worthy of their sire. Nobler book, I think, has never been written than President Eliot's tribute to the plain, natural life of his fishermen relatives wresting a living from the sea.

And My Dreams. Strangely too

I had a dream last night of our motor boat in the harbor at Base Camp burning and Vergil's voice saying "Here ye shall abide."

Observations and Observations.

When Bill seizes the Emergency Radio and hastens forth at eight o'clock, I wonder whether he is taking the weather observation or an observation at the "North Pole". He claims it's both.

Personals. Bill and Gustav went to Base Camp today for relaxation and to fix the motor for trips to Naxajanga. Next we shall be getting hay and extra slats for our hives.

Bill has been teaching Gustav the word clumsy and using me in illustration. I kicked a bamboo table leg into the radio wires and Gustav explained that that was iapok. I warn Bill that he may get so much from

the side lines that the main procession may sometime turn and gyp him if he slips. But Gustav is turning even sooner. If ever Gustav bungled, Bill would laugh "Oh! Gustav." Now when Gustav bungles, he anticipates Bill by yelling "Oh! Carlson."

Gustav and Bill, rather Bill with Gustav are practicing setting up exercises in the evening outdoors. It would make a movie comedy if we could film it. But Gustav will learn. Then it will be merely long legs with short legs.

a true Picture. Captain Bob has given his portrait to Doctor Habbs with the dedication:
 "To the Man who doesn't care a damn for any Man". That's the pity of it all and Doctor's meanness. If only he could see himself in the other man's place. However, the inscription is perfect of Captain Bob.

Gustav at the Lake. Gustav slipped out after ^{his lunch} lunch with the water pails. I found him later playing with nature on the bank of the lake.

He had entertained some rabbits, found a nest with "picraminy" eggs, and now eagerly aided me ^{to} take water temperatures. His was the life, like Dickens's in the Secret Garden, just being the friend and intimate of nature. That is the real vacation for us of complex lives.

Nobile Near. Only a short distance from Spitzbergen, drifting evidently, but well — and waiting. Can his ship reach him, if not what dirigible is available? Here is a problem to quicken the pulse.

The Disco. The motorship Disco will leave Copenhagen June 21 but last night a cargo ship was reported as

having sailed on June 9 direct for Holstenborg and north. The radio urged Kallquist to catch it and spend some of his time at Godhavn. Did Doctor and his party catch the cargo steamer? Are there benches on board for them? It's a gain of two weeks in the summer plans. We may learn from Holstenborg, if it has a radio. However, mine here and they have but to find us.

Wednesday, June 13.

Mosquito Intensity. The mosquito intensity has increased today beyond the indifference of the most hardened, and profanity is resulting. Veils will come next.

A Severe Color Test. I have only five fresh color plates left and the Walbrossen may not come in until July. So I have put the old plates to a fuller test and found them too good to discard. And the old developer has been

used for a third more plates than recommended. So my series of colored lantern slides is steadily increasing. Tonight I have added five: The Observatory and Lawn; White Flowering Eucalyptus; The Sitting Stone; a Chododendron Slope; a Bed of Anemones.

Wible. At 86° N. Parties moving east and west. Food in plenty but poor boots and mittens. Radio operator growing weak. By the map they are far north of the open water. An aeroplane could drop them clothing but only a dirigible could lift them out. Will the Los Angeles come? This is the time for large effort.

The Creation Epic. We read the Creation Epic or Hymn tonight and the more humanistic story of the First Parents. Man should not have knowledge nor Eternal Life. So he was punished by toil and

suffering for obtaining the first and
driven from the Garden lest he get
the second. Thus begins the story
of a jealous God as every nation
has conceived him.

Gustav could not understand our
the reading, so he got out his
own Bible and read while we did.
Knysted is quite right. If only we
could speak the Native language,
what rich conversations we could
have.

Still Another Ship - This one
reaches Godthaab tomorrow and
touches at Halstenborg on its way
north. Clarence was invited by
radio to catch it. His next chance
comes in eight days. Will Doctor
surprise us by an early arrival?

Thursday, June 14. A Cloudless Day.

Back-Tracking. Nerves got me
yesterday, as I noticed how rapidly
the rhododendron was fading.

For probably by this time the perfect



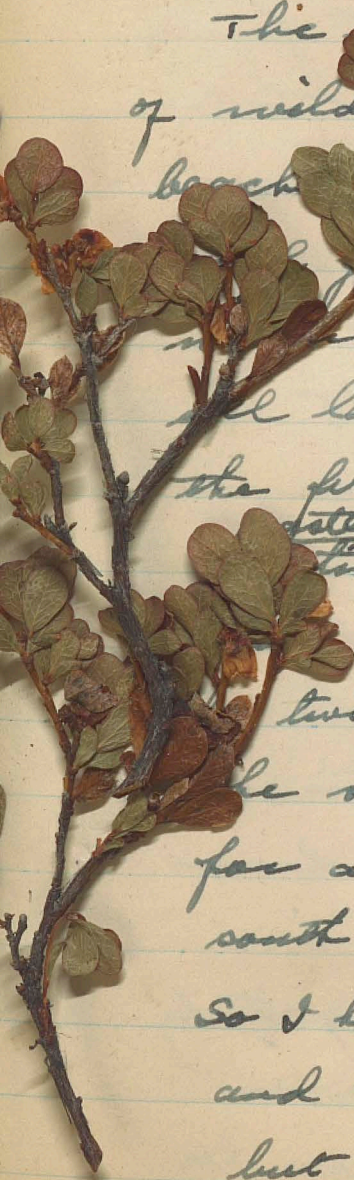
clump we had seen Saturday - Sunday near Rony Camp had begun to lose its vividness, and more than half a week had passed. Time flies whether in a tiny task like this or in rescuing Nobile.

I found the clump fading but still holding out. Not so grand on second sight as I had thought it on first. But the brown wall of rock and the green willow slope rising gently up the pass reminded me strongly of our sagebrush uplands at home transferred to the North. This may be worthy of a color picture if the camera can embrace it all.

The next scene - a chance one - was perfect in time. A mat of blueberry blossoms, delicately red and thick, set off by sprays of scraggly willows. To the clump I transferred some leaves of blueberry that had already turned to

reddish brange. Here I spoiled a plate - my first bouer - by failing to set the camera levels properly and then failing to cover the plate in resetting. I did not think my way out, and thus became even more rattled. I sympathize with the rattled bellplayer that thus throws his game away.

The last picture was a hedge of wild grape bordering a curving beach and a rounded mountain ^{just} beyond. I had lived ^{near} a few minutes of the spot all last summer, but this was the first time I had visited it.



^{later.} Time was now far more than ^{far} for I was due at the Observatory two to aid with the balloons. The sky was cloudless except for a trace of cirrus in the south and of cumulus in the north. So I broke my rule of slow speed and hastened, making good time but leaving myself sweaty, chilly,

Board at Governor's Post ^{morning of} Evening of March 29 to May 18

Tips to girls at House { 50 days
20, ^{10.7 which} ~~15~~ for Helena -

→ Mayors and Hoabrossen

Tips at Hospital (alone since April 25. ^{anywise left 2 weeks ago?})

Agnes B { Annese 10 + washing -
little girl 3 -
old lady 5 =

~~Sale~~

Compensation to Dorothy, the Nurse. ?
25 Kr

Sunset

Injured Tues. April 17

Returning to Camp May 18 - but not recovered

Ovalutun

Tags

~~Fill pens~~

~~Take ink & pen back~~

~~Really sight?~~

3 meters cloth

Scissors

~~Suspender~~

~~Bath~~

~~Throat Med.~~

Oatmeal
Soup

Sausages = ?
one line

Greenland mostly daily and made the isolated hamlets feel like one.

The basic words, "yesterday", "today", "tomorrow" change as do ours, but the words "day before yesterday" "day after tomorrow" resemble "yesterday" and "tomorrow" from which they are built just as also do ours.

Botanizing tomorrow. The boys have decided to do "pinaxoa" work tomorrow instead of fixing the motor. They too are getting nerves, & rather Bill is, for he is anxious to get a collection of Greenland flowers for his home-town high school.

Still another Boat. Godhavn announces still another boat due to reach Hilstensborg tomorrow morning. This is "your third chance, Meester Kallquist", "We expect and anticipate seeing you soon at Godhavn". Thus the thoughtful Mueller, whose drill mit has pulsed along and even across Greenland mostly daily and made the isolated hamlets feel like one,

Friday, June 15. Another Almost Cloudless Day

a Clear Sky. Yesterday's cloudless sky continues still today, and the Inland Ice seems sugar white as yesterday. But today my eye seems to have paused longer to get more of the vision. For the Western Ice shows like the narrowest area above the southwest mountains just a peep thru some tiny notch except at the Gate. But we must go down trail or to our western summit to see that.

"No, from our balloon station we can see the Western Ice above the Gate peering over a saddle in our western ridge."

truths that are Half-Truths. Bill seems to have been fed up with points of view. He'd said: "What is truth?" In the vernacular: "There aint none". It's a relative matter. Paul said that four dog teams were sent in for me. I supposed that only one was sent especially for me. Clarence told him that two were sent for Paul and two for me.

He's probably nearer right. But Paul went out with Bangsted and the entire train of four sleds came in as previously ordered. So I took most of the baggage for the entire party and rode in state.

Color Truths. These seem definite not relative and have come out of the developing of my plates of yesterday. The defects of old color plates are not in losing vividness of color but in showing fog patches where the film has deteriorated. So the temperature of the developer was not the fault of that "Blue Dancer" being dense. The plate was old. Not all ^{old} plates show the fogging equally. Some old people, some bear their age better than others. But now most of the plates are showing age marks, for their age is extreme. The color screens too have a qualitative rather than intensive

difference in effect. I used both on the Rhododendron. The thin ^{screen} plate or No. 20 seems to give the colors of flowers and leaves more naturally, while the thick screen or No. 21 makes the reds more vivid and the greens more pale. If blossoms have faded somewhat, their vividness could be restored by No. 21. This sounds like medicine and is really a color tonic. In consequence of this treatment the old plate is more lively and may be preferred.

Batanizing for Geese. The boys went early today for flowers but returned early with geese. Bill did not know how I would approve of "Our Farm" and so came first with Gustav bringing up the rear with the goslings in his arms. They had batanized well but the petals had dwarfed the flowers. They had come upon six goslings.

playing while their parents were on a lone. Gustav took three, leaving three for the parents. The goslings rather enjoyed the trip and ran peeping and picking thru the room. The boys had already named them Hobbs, Snyder, and Belknap, but in the young state of similarity planned to attach the names by ticket to keep the individuals distinct.

Gustav suggested raising them as Governor Bistrup did to be eaten later. They would be "stor" in July. Bill thought that they might be ducks, for the parents seemed small. But Gustav said that they were "Duc-aks", not "Ducks" and that baby ducks were not good. The raising would be easy, for the goslings were not mouth fed by the parents but ate their own grass and nibbled dry-land grass and flowers as well. So



Gustav had brought a supply of their grass with them. Gustav suggested making a pen of a small box, but the rest of us overruled him in favor of a large nursery built against the sunny wall of the house.

"Au Fami". But our family could not settle down to normal. "Au Fami" says Bill, as he goes out to see if Gustav has fed and watered the geese. It seems as if a new baby had come into the family; they bring renewed life. I am teaching Gustav to paraphrase his song now into "yes Sir, they're my pickaninnies".

Outside I could hear the goslings. "Peep, peep" and the boys answering:

Bill: "What you talking about?"
and Gustav: "What that you say?"

Thus pets and petters answer each other
a Double Flight. Two long flights of balloons filled the afternoon. I must learn to follow and read angles so

Bill can compute as the angles are read
 This will save him much time and
 weariness. The first balloon went
 west and fell so rapidly that it
 must have been borne in a strong
 wind or been sinking from leaking.
 So a second balloon was sent
 up to check the first. After it rose
 clear from the ground currents, it
 followed the path of the other, thus
 showing that ^{the first probably} " was not leaking.
 at 3000 feet the wind was
 fifty miles an hour. I had
 expected turmoil from the way
 cirrus had developed out of the
 clear sky in the forenoon. Clarence
 had the same experience last summer.

But the demands of the balloons
 did not prevent even Bill from
 galloping between minutes to the
 nursery to see how the babies were
 faring.

Back to Nature. Or preferably down
 to nature, when I sit down with

92
my evaporation pans and feel
the restfulness and warmth of the
tundra. Balloon flying is too
intensive to give relaxation even
in this land where your pace
is your own.

Bad Language. I'm afraid Gustav
has absorbed a bit, tho it doesn't
sound so bad on his lips. However,
Bill is trying to cure him. Gustav
at theodolite: "What the Hell you
talking about?" Bill: "Gustav, iopok".
Gustav: "Nuloo-a" (I didn't know), tho
frequently corrected. It sounds too clever
to give it up. Evidently "I don't know
what you're talking about" has been
taught him as the English or, as he
calls it, the American for "Nulooa".

A Native Dish. Gustav calls it "Flour"
and wanted to make it for us for
supper. It was flour and sugar almost
of the fineness of cornstarch porridge.
However, he made it "small" in
case we should not like it, but

we called for more.

a Broken Family. Ours and the goslings. I reported only one gosling come to the net of the pen to see me. That apparently the others had settled down. But the boys must see and count their flock.

Doctor Hobbs had climbed out between the rocks and taken ^{Schneider} Snyder with him. It must have been "Hobbs", for he had not been content to stay in one place any length of time. Belknap had remained because he was so little and couldn't crawl up.

Gustav peered in at Belknap and then crowded deep into the nest. "Ama nani", he reported with a face so drawn and disconsolate that Bill rushed into the house bursting with laughter. But he immediately returned to hunt. Gustav had been on his way for water but his

^{pills} were cached. "Imix, Gustav?" queried Bill. "Imix nani", he replied. He had no heart for it.

It was a family bereavement. I was busy but went out later to look at least after the other searchers. They were on the terrace below, and I saw a gosling struggling behind them. I thought that I had discovered one of the wanderers, but it was only Belnap's trying to keep up. He had been taken as a guide to the trail but preferred to follow. The three continued the search until late in the evening, Gustav's spirits rising at the oddity of the gosling waddling behind.

But Bill received his surprise when I firmly instructed him to bring Belnap into the house to sleep, for he would be lonely. Finally Gustav suggested that he be put to bed in the dynamo room where his early waking would

not disturb our sleep.

Saturday, June 16. Off - Day.

Our Midnight Sun. Our sun sets no more. Last night it dipped its lower third behind the range, then rose again. The shadow from Nanajunga's nose grew long, then faded, while a soft haze or satin covered the tundra. The Observatory remained a ruddy brown and the long rays of the sun sent their yellow light thru the open door and into the inner room. Bands of cirrus formed a grill above the sun. The lanes below gleamed like silver in dark velvet. A picture was attempted but the sun dazzled the landscape.

The sun crossed our meridian at 12:16 a.m. or sixteen minutes later than the time we are using. This may be expected if we are using Greenland local time, for this is based on the meridian time of Cape

farewell to our east. The temperature was 48.0°F . and humidity 63.0 per cent.

We were not the only creatures up to see the sun - Bill and I. a host of ipanyak were at the door, and some birds were staying up all night or singing by shifts. So we are a nearer sun above the Arctic Circle - a conclusion we reached last winter.

a Pants Problem. Bill gave me a pair of pants. I tried them on. Was Bill slim or I fat? I could not get them round me. Bill says "Neither". The pants were a mistake. They are as slant in front as an Eskimo woman's is behind. I could get one of their back apron shawls and wear it in front. This might solve the problem.

Nature's Miniatures. I was off again today seeing pictures - the "Willow Slope", the "Blueberry Cluster"

on the Day Camp trail - But in places apparently wide and barren I found exquisite miniatures: a solitary stem growing colorful and vigorous in a thumbful of soil on a rock; a pair of flowers that gave warmth to their patch of barren soil; some dainty Queen Mab flowers beneath a bower of willow thru which the sun was filtering softly. It reminded me of Henry Van Dyke's outings in primeval setting close to great cities. I loitered to study all the details, which outvalued those of the larger views. Then I hastened on to take the "Hellside Trail" and "Split Rock" - old friends long neglected - as I returned uphill for the balloon flight.

An Off Day. Gustav had been using strong language and Bill had been using strong reproof.

The result was an off day for both. They have my regrets for I have at times been in the place of each. But all is well again — and they joined in vespers with Belknap as an eager third. We shall have to furnish him with a tooth brush too.

Belknap at the Balloon. Belknap came to the flight today and dozed by the side of a warm rock. Sometimes his head would fall completely over into the dust when he would promptly awake. Gustav says that Leese sleep only by dozes. One gosling closes his eye from below. He seems now to need us as much as we him. Bill needs a Sunday rest and plans to wander off in the morning in search of some brothers and sisters for him.

Sunday, June 17. Flag Day.

The Flag life. Gustav remembered, and before he lighted the Primus

this morning, he ran up the flag. It has been an emblem of rest and worship all day then as it fluttered in the breeze. It seems to be a golden text of the day's losses and gains.

a Passing Ray. Little Belnap had fallen fast asleep this morning in his box and was Nami. Bill heard him peeping in his box at midnight, convinced by the sunlight that it was time to get up. Perhaps he died from overexertion trying to get out because of loneliness. Gustav merely says: "Nuloo" (I don't understand why).

I am glad to have had the sunshine if only for one day. I have laid the little fellow to sleep beneath a straggling vine in the warm earth at the base of the rock where he played with us while ballooning.

Bill's Best Sunday. ^{Day} Last night Bill said he liked my diary because it expressed the ^{thoughts} ~~thoughts~~ within him. Today he wandered down

the trail to rest and to read. He found nature in her richness as had I yesterday and returned declaring it his happiest day in Greenland.

Worshiping three Pictures. And I feel as if I had been treading cathedral aisles as I developed each picture of yesterday and, as did God at the Creation, "found it good." And as I sat and gazed at the "Queen Mab Flowers in their Willow Bower", "behold they were very good." But here I leave the Creation Hymn, for many more creations still lie before me and each day seems to disclose some gem.

Gustav at the Typewriter. Gustav whiled his morning with the Corona and typed the Lunch Menu for the day with date and participants. I merely suggested the idea, the details were all his. Bill was

Direction

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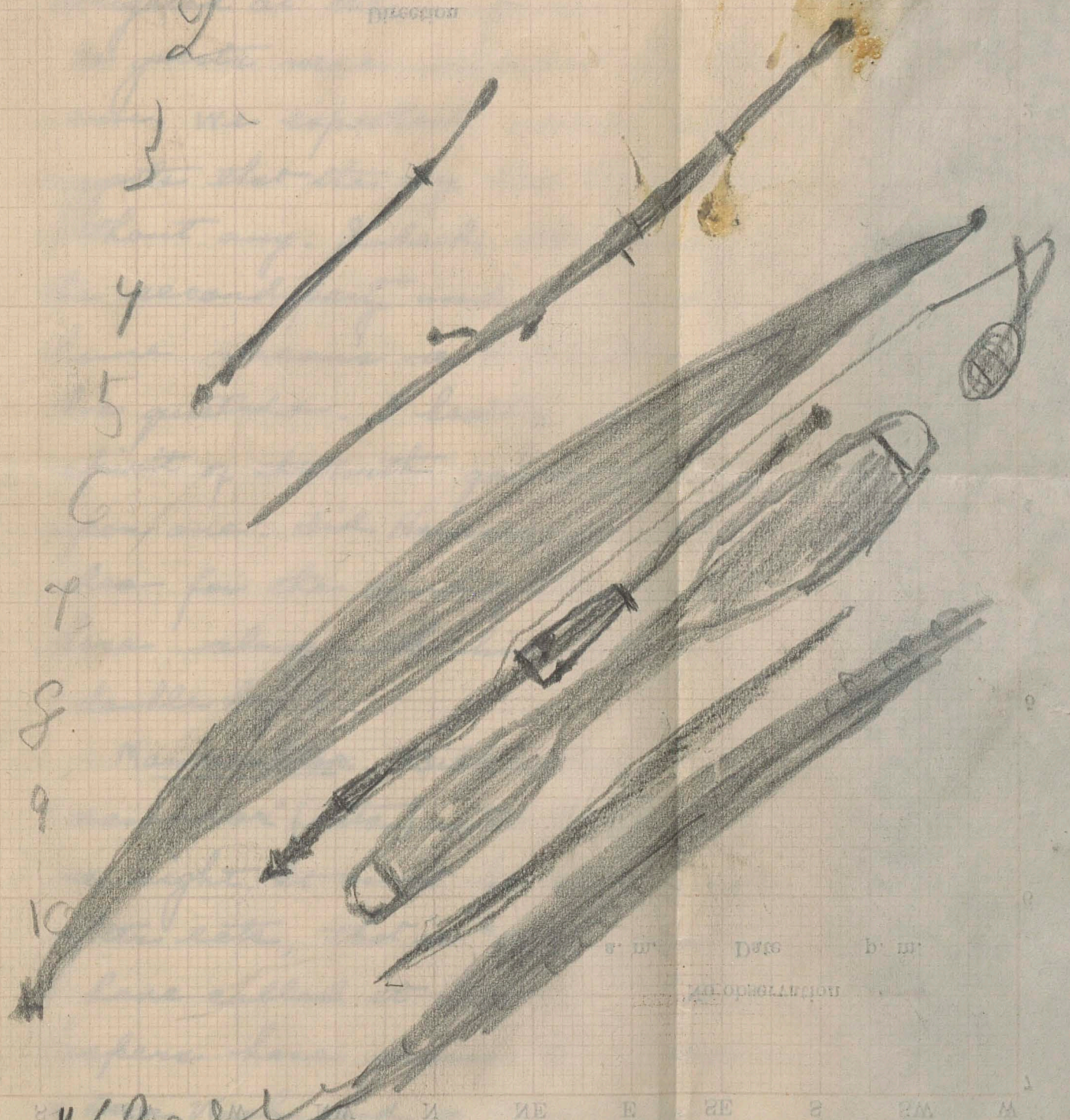
6

7

8

9

10



Mc

NE 180

E 310

SE Gustav

S 0 Kleist

SW 30

ALION-LEGOPLA' DIRECTION GRAVE

Wm 10

* The farland drawing is entirely his own

delighted at the surprise*.

No guests were included in the menu. We expected none. Bill suggests that the day has been happier without any. Indeed, the coming of the second party and mail from home means a distraction in his quietude. I heartily agree. This spirit of the North grows strongly upon one. Did Homer get his idea for the Land of the Lotus Eaters here along with his tale of a "double day"?

Mamakulitor. Bill called it "mamakor" (eats) until Gustav set us right. It must be cleaning up after eats, that is "washing your teeth". I have called it Vespers, but our Vespers have grown to include a Face Wash and a Daily Dozen. It's a happy way of closing the day.

Monday, June 18. Surprise Day.
Sit up Straight Week. Bill has
 begun to establish weekly moods.
 This week was to be Sit up Straight
 week, next was to be a week
 for Establishing ^{- Better - W.S.L.} Moss Jewish Homes.
 But he started yesterday with
 rest and contemplation and
 you must lie down or back to
 do these. So I still lean back to
 drink my coffee. Besides outside
 influences are making the week
 more strenuous than even Bill
 planned and it will probably go
 down in Expedition History as
 "Get Out Sooner Week."

a Pair of Pinks ^{Not Pajamas,}. But they
 took me down the trail and
 I brought them back in picture.
 Exquisite pink heads and delicate
 green bracts and a medley
 of dry grasses for companions.
 If I could take a picture like
 this each day, I should be --"

"wealthy" says Bill — but "happy"
I was planning to say. To find beauty
and tell others has unconsciously
become my inner desire.

* A Dry Season. No water at all
(a Seal at Day)

* a Whale of a Seal. While I was
photographing the pinks, Gustav was
counting the seals by the tiny pin-head
spots of black in the water. But
soon he excitedly called my attention
to a monster that was sending
up a spout of water and then
slapping the sea with his tail
as he porpoised along. The seal
was perhaps a fourth way across
the fiord. Probably far less far
the sound of the slapping came
loudly to our ears. The seal was
evidently having great sport and
seemed to be saying: "Come on in
fellows, the water is fine". So felt
so to us too on the sunny rocks
and I felt inclined to accept his

[over]

can be made a halfway point.
We shall have to develop the canals

Monday, June 18. Surprise Day.

Sit up Straight Week. Bill has begun to establish weekly moods. This week was to be Sit up Straight week. ... to be a week

invitation. It was the first time I had been invited by a seal. I did not realize that they swam for pleasure. Their life had always seemed to me to be a life of suspicious or watchful sleep on a sand bar or ice. But here I saw them in relaxation.

of any guarantee for ...
 If I could take a picture like this each day, I should be —"

"wealthy" says Bill — but "happy" I was planning to say. To find beauty and tell others has unconsciously become my dearest desire.

* A Dry Season. No water at all at Split Rock Meadow and only a cupful of water in Camp Lloyd Creek where last season we got a bucket. The pool under the cliff is a basin for goldfish where last summer Peter floated his kayak. And the stream in the Valley of the Lost Violet was more shallow this month than it was last year in August. Verily this season will make commodity packing difficult even if men are available. Dairy Camp too seems high and dry. Only the lakes above the head of the Fiand will be available. Perhaps they can be made a halfway point. We shall have to develop the camel's

capacity or carry water with our packs
Mosquito Immunity. At ballooning
 Bill jeered me because my hat was
 loaded with mosquitoes attracted perhaps
 by the sweat within caused by the
 hurried climb up the trail. However,
 they had not descended in quantity below
 the brim. I told Bill that he was
 too nervous for mosquitoes to take
 any comfort on him but that a few
 were good, as David Harcum suggested
 in the case of fear and a dog: "They
 keep him from brooding over the fact that
 he is a dog". Bill asked the application,
 but I merely said "Martha" again. However,
 he is fast getting into the "Martha" class
 especially at the Evening Home.

After ballooning was over, I became
 seamstress and made Bill a
 mosquito net creation "fit for a queen",
 and he is queering it over Gustor and
 me immediately. This is my seasonal
 farewell to mosquitoes and I hope Bill's
 also. He should now be mosquito proof.

Ordered Home. Bill at the Godhavn radio, calls suddenly for pencil and paper. Gustav leaped to get it. I thought it news. and went about my sewing. But this was the conversation over the air: "Church, Hobbs Expedition. A very important message for Church. I will repeat it three or four times. It is very important."

Doctor Church, Hobbs Expedition. Leave not granted. Be prepared to leave on six hours notice. Boat coming for you later in June. This is final orders from Hobbs.

Kallquist?

Mr Kallquist leaves on Gustav Halm for Copenhagen tomorrow noon.

I don't like home news. It is sometimes unpleasant. This has left just a heaviness of feeling; that's all. For I wanted more pictures and some very old friends among them. Yet so beautiful have been the pictures already taken that I

can leave in Thaumtopsis mood with "pleasant dreams". Like Venice left unseen by Florence and me I shall have the more to bring me back.

And evidently I am to go north on the Dicko to see a land I feared I should miss. To think that I am the only man in this Expedition, aside from Eerlanson, who has got that Dicko trip. So this forced departure, like the illness at Halstensborg, may be the door to greater ventures.

^{Gustav Grewer.}
Adjustments. Bill immediately offered to remain alone and let me take Gustav out with me.

But the little fellow immediately chose to remain until the Hvalroosen returned again with Doctor Habbe. I could feel him grow to his new responsibility. To have taken him out would be to humble him.

In the evening he set about reading the watch the "American way", 1:30 (one thirty), 2:48 (two forty eight) and learned it too. Only he prefers to say "one minutes thirty" to be explicit.

Nobile - Farewell. No news. Amundsen leaves in a French plane to search for him. Australian also has gone in search, but as well as on a bicycle to rescue a train wreck. It is sightseeing not rescuing unless more transport is behind them.

The Bible Hour. I shall miss it with Bill. He holds me to the reading, but somehow I want to be held. It mellows our day.

Tuesday, June 19.

One Restless Night. And my only one. Just thoughts and planning. I shall sleep tonight. Pity too, for yesterday we filled in the holes between the boards of our

bunars and abolished the grills upon which the boys have slept for a year. It takes three weeks to get hardened, then like Bryan you don't feel it any more. But it felt so good just to lie flat even if hard.

Water Flowers. Florence's Lake is becoming filled with them. I went down early while the waters were still calm to take them. Delightful is one, the other exquisite in stillness of blossoms and reflection in pool, but spoiled because I forgot to refocus the camera. Double trains of thought are tangling each other - just nerves. I must concentrate. I shall try to take that picture again.

The Midnight Sun will set. But only the least under edge of the disk. To night perhaps it will swing completely clear of the mountain range. That will be only one day before the solstice. So we are

after all very close to the Circle,
but our time is still sixteen
minutes fast.

One Leg. Not an "only one leg"
but an one leg only. Two days
ago Bill razged Gustav severely because
he could stick one leg out forward
and sink and rise on the other.
Today while baking biscuits he gave
us a surprise by performing the
stunt. He had been practising on the
quilt. Now he declared: "Day before
yesterday name. Today manga".
He asked Bill on the quilt whether
he was still angry with him
after the quarrel of Saturday and
that he would be glad to stay with
him if he received no letter to
come home. I hope that he will

not receive my surprise of yesterday's

Will Doctor Come? Clarence's sudden
departure from Halstamsborg makes
no wonder whether doctor after
all is coming up. Perhaps he merely

1928 MAY 1928

SUN MON TUES WED THUR FRI SAT

MANGA SCHNAPPS

DRINK OXO BE STRONG

1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30
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THEY - SATISFY
CAKE SALE 22nd HOME MADE

sta see that & is and abou will but is will disa Paul advertia defe its Bee P So I as orig han continue to cross off the days in mine until I depart.

have the new, in Now reassumen attempt like might the as needed bred me Hence to enter Soccer repeated my love

defeated Norway in International Association Soccer Football. I hope you are overjoyed, Doctor Church."



110 111
 1928 APRIL 1928

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
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			 FULL MOON	FAIR AND WARNER	PIE SALE 24HT	SCRUB DAY

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110 1928  June  1928 111

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
HOBBS ARRIVE 27th	AKUTEK DEPARTS 4	YES  PER HAPS	TIG BELHAB PILLS	Funder STOR	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Paul's
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its

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Sunday

original to my diary. I still
have continue to cross off the days
in mine until I depart.

to listen in anyway. Mainance
defeated Norway in International
Association Soccer Football. I hope
you are overjoyed, Doctor Church.

stampeded as every homegoer seems to do. But Bill believed that I would not be permitted to stay. Now he thinks that Ralph is coming for the summer work and to close things up. Then what about the Stinson plane? Doctor will not stay away if that comes. but his silence about transport is depressing. I hope that this will not be a summer of air disaster.

Transferring Calendars. I wanted Paul's June calendar with its ^{advertised} departures and arrivals and its almanac features: ^{yes} Perhaps, Try Beecham's Pills and Funder's Stones.

So Gustav has made a copy just as good and I am adding the original to my diary. I shall have him continue to cross off the days in mine until I depart.

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him continue to cross off the days
in mine until I depart.

Rescue Closing In. Aeroplanes have found Nobile's balloon but not the men, and the men have radioed in that they saw the aeroplanes. Now if the two can meet. Knud Rasmussen is joining the rescue. Will he attempt to advance by dog teams while aeroplanes drop supplies? It might be possible to hover over the survivors dropping supplies as needed while the latter gradually walked out. But the summer is here and the ice may be open. Hence the need of transport at the outer end.

Denmark Defeats Norway at Soccer. My "Come Home" orders were repeated again tonight with the following news:

"You may be interested. You have to listen in anyway. Denmark defeated Norway in International Association Soccer Football. I hope you are overjoyed, Doctor Church."

112
Bill was at the phone, and was bubbling with merriment at the news. I thought at first that my "Come Home" orders had been a mistake, but it was Muller and the game. I shall tell him when I go north that we had an enthusiastic athlete on the line, but I enjoyed the news second hand.

Baths. "How in heck going wash my neck". Gustav uses "my" now instead of "your". I continued: "and we're going to wash more than that. Have to take a bath before the line gives out".

Bill felt dubious about Gustav, who was timid about baths. But he was merely timid about people. So he and I made a little bathroom by means of a curtain and by the sound and smell of hot soap, ^{he} bathed far more thoroly than I. Bill is

still a tender rose on smells but
 the bath may give some relief.

a False Alarm Sunset. Only the
 sun behind a bank of cloud at
 eleven, but the lakes glistened like
 silver and the landscape seemed
 golden. Was it ^{amber} my goggles. However,
 I was too hurried to pause in
 the presence of the reappearing sun
 and took daggle for paper. Consequently,
 my cloud has merely a silver edge
 and detail has gone from nature.

Wednesday, June 20. A Cloudy October Day.

Cool Weather. Nearly July and
 still our weather is delightful.
 Just the sun and calm to bask
 on the hillside - only the mosquitoes
 have started to bask there too.

a sweater thrown over the shoulders
 is quite sufficient in the wind
 and only rarely is a tiny fire started
 evenings in the house. Today the
 sky has been covered by low clouds
 from the southwest and some streamers

have appeared in all directions around us.

Cooking in Gloves. All our boys do it. It's an easy way to handle hot dishes. My canvas gloves have been detailed to this service thruout the year. Gustavo also likes to work with gloves. It is interesting but natural for them to be sensitive to heat and not to cold, for they have little of the former and much of the latter. A pot that is merely warm to us is hot to them, but they work in low temperatures with bare hands where our hands would freeze.

Greenlanders not Eskimo. The Natives are also sensitive regarding names. They are Greenlanders and not Eskimo as we are Americans and not English, for they feel themselves much above the remainder of the race. The other day Gustavo protested when the name Eskimo

was used of him. It is at least
 a mark of progress.

Church's Miracles. This takes rank
 with Baptist's Miracles on the Inland
 Ice. This morning I took a picture
 of Bill and Gustav standing before the
 Observatory with a balloon. As I
 signalled that the picture was
 done, I realized that I had not
 thrown up the camera mirror and
 so had taken no picture. At the
 same moment there was a sharp
 sound of escaping gas. Bill had
 deflated the balloon even as I
 called. Had the balloon still
 been inflated, I would have made
 a second exposure and on the
 same plate. But it costs
 \$1.15 to inflate a balloon and
 sixty cents for a plate. So I took
 the chance of developing the plate -
 just to make sure - before refilling
 the balloon. However, I knew that
 the plate would be a blank.

When brought forth from the dark room, there was the image on the plate of the scene viewed in the camera. Is this professorial absentmindedness or have I grown so automatic that I do not know what I do? At any rate ^{Slow} Automatic Church and ^{Duper} Hasty Bill did perfect interference today and saved both an extra plate and balloon. Sadly, however, the exposure was slightly underexposed and opaque.

A High Developer Record. The Agfa people may not care for this, for it smacks of quantity rather than quality, ^{and of typical P. H. K.} But I have made one box of old developer that wintered thru and showed slight crystallization some for the development of sixteen plates or twice the number guaranteed. Besides the plates were old, being guaranteed only to August 1927. I am very happy to have salvaged so many pictures from

what seemed worthless material.
Such excellence deserves highest praise.

Washing. a tribute to Lux. It does not injure the most delicate fabrics perhaps - mine chance to be sweaters, underwear of heaviest fiber and an Iceland sweater - but it certainly does all the scrubbing. I merely wring them out and hang them to dry. It obliterates washday almost entirely.

Arctic Voices. This evening Bill has been reading to me from Doctor Hayes's, The Open Polar Sea, his chapter on The Arctic Night. I find music in the Arctic, he finds voices, but they are the messengers of terror, and the silence of the sequestered valley he finds possibly more terrible still. He must have let the unknown obsess him in those early days, as the mariners in Columbus' day, who placed wild

creatures just beyond their ken.

My successor. Bill has been taking over today the work of evaporation and snow surveying - and is enthusiastic over its possibilities. He wants also to establish snow surveying in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, his mountain and ski haunt. To have so long a record here in Greenland is fortunate indeed and to Bill should go major credit for generous cooperation. I shall feel as if I myself were remaining another winter.

"Herbert Hoover Nominated for President"
 Now I shall be the more contented to go home. Hoover should have been nominated eight years ago, but the country is plainly progressing. Or do the politicians fear Al Smith and a heavy pro-liquor vote? Hoover was nominated by a large majority, he will be overwhelmingly

lected.

(Urdloortuner)

Thursday, June 21. { "Midsummer's Day"
"Ljansdag"

The Mid-Sight-year - a holiday in all the Scandinavian countries and in England to whom the light means so much. As Christmas was the festival of the ^{beginning of the} "new light-year", so this is the festival of its longest day. Bill has shared in the celebration in his Michigan home - carried as a tradition overseas - and Gustav suggested raising the flag. Some are keeping the day, long in more than one respect, says Bill, who feels homesick today.

Humbled. Every ^{calon} plate a good picture was my record. Then the "Come Home" call rattled me and I failed to focus my water plants properly. Then I made a high record of fourteen developments from one bottle of developer but failed to notice that my plates must in consequence be exposed

correspondingly longer. Then
 came "Church's Miracles" and hasty
 development with supersensitized
 developer instead of fresh as planned.
 Result: opaque pictures and
 determination to increase the
 exposure. Then today increased
 exposure and fresh developer
 worked havoc in making all
 pictures far too thin. Now I
 must learn all over again, but
 I have lost four plates in my
 troubles. However, I have regained
 something that I knew long ago
 and forgot viz. that fresh developer
 intensifies pictures and stale
 developer tones them down. But
 I have learned a new thing too,
 viz. that the colors with stale
 developer are far deeper and
 richer. So now I must be
 guided by my developer as well
 as by the intensity of the light.
 But I should like to work in

rich, mellow colours if I can do so safely.

Mid-Summer Nights Plans. Plans are worth while even if you can't carry them out. To paraphrase, "It is better to have planned and slept than never to have planned at all". Bill was going to send up a balloon at midnight tonight. I was going to take a picture of the Observatory with the midnight sun streaming thru the open door. But for once in weeks, the sky is overcast. The balloon would soon enter the clouds and as for the picture, there would be no sunlight to stream. It will be light of course but colour effects will probably be lacking. So why not sleep? Tomorrow night will be practically as satisfactory as this save in date. So why not call the sport off because of clouds?

The Dinner. The radio game

official notice that the Arco sailed from Copenhagen today, three weeks late. In twelve days she should reach Halstenborg. So I must move my traps downhill to meet the Hvalrossen that will be here within a week. So farewell for sudden departure.

Friday, June 22. The Day After.

The Day After Last Night. Or is this merely the continuation of yesterday with twilight between? We plan and unplan but in Greenland Governors and Weather reign. Today we're resting up.

a Radio Concert in Daylight. So certain were we that there would be no balloon flight on account of cloudiness that Bill and Gustav gave themselves up to a radio concert by W & Y. The reception was so clear that I could hear portions of the music as it came from the ear piece. This seems the more remarkable in face of

the fact that it was daylight from the United States border northwards. City that Governor Bistrup can get no results with his long wave radio. He is on the edge of the sea with no barrier of mountains whatever.

"Balloon up". By eleven the sky had cleared almost completely from the Inland Ice to our zenith. So when weary Gustav came with the enquiry "Balloon nami?", I told him "up" but to lie down and I would wave him when Bill was ready. On the eve of twelve, they two appeared with a black balloon carefully boarded. But it required four balloons before we were done, for one balloon burst in filling, the second sprang a leak, the third, ^{a white one,} seemed to be leaky for it seemed to be descending as it sailed away. Thus ended ^{of all but one of} the stock of black balloons - wearied after a year by the coloring matter in the rubber.

The the last black was sent in pursuit of the suspected white but immediately began to act the same way. So we knew that a thousand feet above our head and continuing to at least 10,000 feet the wind was blowing from ten to thirty five miles per hour tho there was scarcely a flutter of air where we stood. However, high above our heads the sky was mottled with cirrus plumes, the children of turbulent currents of air. Its duty done, the pursuer suddenly burst and descended in tatters, as dramatically pantomimed by Gustav whose eye was witness at the eyepiece.

Not a bad flight for midnight - 16 minutes for the first balloon and 11 minutes for the second. They were followed farther than were our candle-lighted balloons sent up in the Arctic night.

The Midnight Sun. The sun swung just above the horizon at midnight but dipped slightly below the rim of the mountains just beyond. There were no sunset colors except a rose flush in the far south. But the horizontal rays of the sun burnished our mountain top to ruddy bronze. The observatory, brown in its own coloring, stood out luminous as if spotlighted, and light streamed into the open door. With the utmost care, I tested the light and strove for a balanced picture, but I was not prepared for my greatest success. It almost unnerved me as I developed the others. For the picture I got was luminous and colorful as an oilpainting could be. Even the tundra in the door yard was vivid and even the debris looked like flowers. Two of this quality I took, then a third one for

Paul, containing the radio mast and the Expedition Flag designed by his father. This picture was duller but richer than the others, and one more credible, for the twilight was dim not sunny. This effect was unconsciously wrought by exposing it only 24 seconds instead of 30, as in the case of the others, in an attempt to be more accurate. Or perhaps the sun had actually become dimmer behind the mountains.

Picture Average Impressing. My picture average, to speak in terms of batting average, is returning. I hoped for a sunrise view last night over the Inland Ice and went to bed in my clothes to rise occasionally to be ready for its unfolding. But it was forenoon before my opportunity came. Then clouds darkened the ranges but left the ice and tundra-clad foreground bathed in sunlight. An abnormally short exposure

of 3 seconds, grown out of the hard experience of yesterday, gave depth and detail and color. It is an austere picture but a softened one, and nearly as attractive as the same scene taken last winter under a delicate covering of snow and with a flock of geese upon the Island Ice.

Brown Sugar. The boys have been talking of brown sugar to be used as a substitute when the white sugar gave out. Today we had some. I wonder if Paul - Vermont dweller at times - also called it brown. It is maple sugar for a Sunday treat on pancakes. How has the mighty fallen! Too high priced for ordinary consumption it is in danger of being forgotten by the present generation.

Our Scissors Artist. Gustav occasionally makes very "catchy"

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 as he gazed upon the picture. If I could have caught that expression in a portrait picture, it would have been my best picture from Greenland. It would be a perfect expression of his radiant face.

paper silhouettes with his scissors.
 It reminds me of kindergarten
 out of the cleverness of
 Today I saw the
 fastening in his
 when I pray
 sensitive of
 I turn his
 consent. So
 likes appreciate
 My Critics.
 They are helpful
 talkativeness a
 I set great store
 and Gustav was
 O illa! illa! was
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 my own tongue could
 Bill sold his right to
 in one of them for the right
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 supreme night at home to show

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$$\begin{array}{r} 61 \\ 61 \overline{) 365} \\ \underline{61} \\ 304 \\ \underline{304} \\ 1 \end{array}$$

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his home plus the beauty in which
 had lived in the North.

"Clock Carlson". Just an
 me Bill of eternally
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 call him "Bullet Clarence"

perpetuating the memory
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 of training could not be
 red, for both are ancestral Swedes.

The Disko Tarris. "The Hobbs Expedition
 is on the Disko but she stops at
 Godthaab to put off an English Expedition"

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expression
to that of
blayd
daughter
cutting
New York
hand

paper silhouettes with his scissors.
It reminds me of kindergarten
art of the cleverer sort back home.
Today I saw the mark that I am
fastening in below. He demurs
when I praise him, for he is
sensitive against praise. But
I turn his reluctance into forced
consent. Like the rest of us, he
likes appreciation.

* But fullest of expression was his radiant face
as he gazed upon the picture. If I could have
caught that expression in a portrait picture, it
would have been my best picture from here. It would

My Critics. Art critics, I mean, tho
they are helpful in my leisurely
talkativeness and pattering over details,
I set great store by the Native eye,
and Gustav rose to his height of
O illa! illa! when he saw the
midnight pictures and uttered a
sentence of praise that seemed
even fuller of expression than
my own tongue could be*. And
Bill sold his right to ownership
in one of them for the right to
use the entire collection for one
supreme night at home to show

his home plus the beauty in which he had lived in the North.

"What O'clock Carlson". Just an attempt to cure Bill of eternally asking Gustav: — — — singapak? (What o'clock is it?) and finally dabbling him — — — singapak Krist. It will never stick to Bill, for "Beat the Gun Bill" is far after and expressive of his starting a training from his running under "Heavy lift" post. days. So Clarence's tendency to keep from sleep in bed to the point where he lives like a bullet was probably due to his long navy life. It was painful to hear that I never tried to call him "Bullet Clarence" for fear of perpetuating the memory, more striking example of the power of training could not be desired, for both are ancestral Swedes.

The Disko Torries. "The Hobbs Expedition is on the Disko but she stops at Gotthaab to put off an English Expedition"

many Swedes & Finns I know. They come in by the Arctic, and numerous, a further 20 for unsorted like the Scotch?

* Put Bill as Abide in his own life

unsorted like the Scotch?

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London

paper silhouettes with his scissors.
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My Critics. Art critics, I mean the
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even fuller of expression than
my own tongue could be. An
Bill sold his right to ownership
in one of them for the right to
use the entire collection for one
supreme night at home to show

Handwritten notes on a piece of paper taped to the right side of the page, including the name "Bill" and other illegible scribbles.

his home plus the beauty in which he had lived in the North.

"What O'clock Carlson". Just an attempt to cure Bill of eternally asking Gustav: — — — singapah? (What o'clock is it?) and finally dubbing him — — — singapah Kleist. It will never stick to Bill, for "Beat the Gun Bill" is far after and expressive of his starting — a training from his running days ^{under "Navy" left foot.} So Clarence's tendency to leap from sleep in bed to the floor like a bullet was probably due to his long navy life. It was so painful to hear that I never wanted to call him "Bullet Clarence" for fear of perpetuating the memory. A more striking example of the power of training could not be desired, for both are ancestral Swedes.

The Disko Torries. "The Hobbs Expedition is on the Disko but she stops at Godthaab to put off an English Expedition"

But Bill asks me how many Swedes & Finns I know. They constitute our best officers, artists, and musicians. A further example of training? Or is the Swede joke unimpaired like the Scotch?

So the Hvalrossen may not come quite so soon for me.

The Changing Seasons of Color. We have had the hillides of ^{purple} Rhododendron and white evergreen. Soon we shall have the bluebells. Then will come the ^{white} fields of waving flags and the scarlet masses of fire weed. Finally, the rugs of blueberries and black cranberries, as thick and jet-like as beads, and on the slopes the scarlet birch and golden willow as the frost of early autumn returns, and browned hills as ^{winter sets in}.

I had hoped for a color record of all these. Perhaps I may yet get the bluebells but beyond that I must be satisfied with the moss still vivid along the coast.

Saturday, June 23.

Packing Down Hill. Ten days or more yet before the Disko can arrive but the Hvalrossen may come early. So all "backs" passed my baggage to the Radio Hut at

Camp Lloyd for embarkation at a moment's notice. Gustav could go or remain and have biscuits. He chose to go because he thought that our packs were too heavy for only two.

Returning the "Dux Batters", Gustav's pack was a box of empty batters. The drinkers may think that the joke is on us - to carry back to Hattensborg the batters which they emptied. I shall look rather met with a hushel basket of empties. To look at the collection gives me the same feeling as Doctor had when he found his crackers eaten at Amassok and empty batters in their place.

Bill and Bamboos. I am taking home a tiny bamboo with a silk rag on its tip. It is my weather flag used last summer on the Inland Ice. Bill doesn't mind my sentiment about the bit of silk (it takes

no space) but he is grateful that his sentiment does not extend to bamboos. He'd rather be a young materialist than an old sentimentalist if he must choose between the two. But somehow the silk streamer without its staff seems unreal. The two were one to me - the tiny rod of bamboo standing by my bed on the hummock of ice and the filmy silk at its tip that floated on the lightest air. They were my inseparable companions in sea and in storm. They will help me live again that trip.

Fast Walking. Bill walks fast because it makes him happy. For the same reason I walk slow. Bill turns his face to the air, I turn mine to the ground. It's a case of a Mercedes speedster and a Ford truck. Possibly I am more economical of sweat and of strength. at least, I live to contemplate.

But Bill would make a good First Lieutenant to Doctor in his evening strolls.

than Copenhagen they could cover vast distances if they could flank the traffic in those narrow streets. And he will surely prove a prize as a packer here, for in close time he could readily make three trips a day and even the meals, or two trips and one balloon flight. Only he will tire.

Food Inventory. Three weeks before the annual supplies can arrive. Oatmeal, sugar, butter, milk, baking powder, vegetables practically gone. Bacon, soup, beans, ^{chipped beef, 299,} dried fruits, ^{flour,} a few cans of parmesan and fish, malted milk, cocoa, and a little coffee on hand. Only the bacon and beans ^{and cocoa} can outlast this period and the others must be carefully alternated to avoid monotonous. The lard could be used as a substitute for butter if there were bread to spread it on. The food would last longer if Gustav and I both went out - in fact it would last too long, for the solitary man is in danger of not eating at all.

Perhaps the Trakoscan will bring in the special goods brought from Denmark by Bill or the Governor will possess our probable need. Bread rather than more "bottles of ink" would this time be preferred. No glass to be returned.

Weather and Balloons. Strato-cumulus clouds for three days now with rain streamers. The wind has been fresh. The air seems chill. Probably rain along the Coast.

Twenty three balloons to last thru. a close fit. Yet one was sent up today tho the height followed could not be above the clouds. It was worth while, for it showed all the lower air moving in toward the Ice as were the lower clouds. On the other hand, ^{it showed that} the upper clouds were moving out. However, the total height was not more than 8,000 feet. From our window, the lower or Strato-cumulus clouds stop abruptly at the edge of the Inland Ice.

The higher, or alto-stratus reach farther in and are probably the product of the ice and higher inflowing air, but are stagnant over the ice or drifting out on the down-slope wind. If only we could have followed the balloon above the clouds to get its height.

However, the air movement seems to be a duplicate of what we witnessed in winter from the ice itself. Tonight, as for the three days, the cloud fell remains stagnant over the ice tho the sky is clear at its edge. And here overhead it is now beginning to shower lightly. Convection currents have been strong all over the land or clouds have been coming in from the sea. Probably the latter, for the barometer has been gradually falling.

later: As I write, the shower has become heavy enough to cause runoff at the eaves of the Observatory.

Seven on the Siero. It never

rains but it pours, but it is a good pour, for Doctor is bringing an aeroplane expert to look for a flyingfield near Mt Evans. This should afford adequate protection against mistakes. "Bangstad is also in the party." Is it to take my place, to go onto the Ice, to aid in the flying? Surely not merely to discuss the winter observations.

At any rate, Doctor seems to have raised the necessary funds again. So Bill's desire to spend the winter here will be gratified. I should like to stay in the game, but have been called out. So I shall miss the last quarter.

A Deep Run. The Michigan North Pole - a noble undertaking. Bill has interspersed his note of welcome to the new boys with a —, and a footnote saying that he had been called to the

North Pole.

Tomorrow is Sunday. Over the Godhavn Radio: "No news items of interest for you today, Doctor Church. Please stand by me on Monday. Please stand by me on Monday. No radio tomorrow because tomorrow is Sunday. On Sunday we keep Sunday. So long, Doctor Church, so long."

Gustav Botanizer. This sounds dangerously like "David Gus to Greenland" and it is like it in novelty and enthusiasm. Bill likes children but can not concentrate on his work when Gustav leans over his shoulder or even sits quietly opposite him, as he loves to do. So Bill has been much worried and has wanted to send Gustav out with me. But he needs companionship and the protection given by two. So I suggested setting Gustav to botanize while Bill worked. The plan evidently took "big", for this evening

after the rain Gustav drew on a pair of heavy leather shoes over his kamiks and disappeared. When he returned, he had a bundle of newspapers filled with plants and colored birch - all glistening with raindrops. The plants were dainty and their roots had been carefully dug. Now he is learning to press them. Our only hope is that he will not exhaust the field before Bill exhausts his figures. I have warned Bill to use his head and invest other avocations if this happens, but Bill says that he hasn't any - he means head.

Salomon's Song. We finished reading this love song at tonight's Bible Reading. Pity that so spontaneous and natural a song should have been interpreted as an allegory. Then we read from Matthew Christ's parables on the Kingdom of Heaven - allegories confessed and in deed. I shall miss this evening lecture.

Sat. October 28, 1928.
(Beans for supper)

Dear Mr. Church:-

All going well and the goose Hobbs likes.
The new comers arrived today and I like him
very much. He seems to be a fine lad.

I shall look for Nathaniel anytime
before the "Kisho" arrives in Stoktenborg.

Am sending out my heavy stuff and I
hope that you will see that the box of records
is put in a dry place.

Take care of your arm and ribs. Don't you
do any unnecessary work until you are healed
entirely.

The mail I received was very very good.

Sara, the dear Sweet Girl, has sent me the
most precious letters and I would like to
read you some of them.

Had no news from Prof. Hobbs and I
understand that Bengsted or Oseanyan had
any either.
Is the man totally crazy?

I have much to tell you but it will have
to wait.

From your Son
Clarence.

I hope I am your son. You have so many
daughters in your adopted family and I should
like to be one of your adopted sons.

Gustav Kleist shall stay until "Walrus"
comes in with Hobbs.

From Vol. 9 p 40-41

Mr. J. E. Church, Jr.
Nujan

EMERGENCY BOND

A.P. & S.O.

Mr. J. E. Church Jr.

From Vol. 9 p 40-41

Mr. J. E. Church, Jr
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