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DIARY OF SECOND TRIP
TO GREENLAND, 1927-28.

SUMMER IN GREENLAND
ON NORTHERN WATERS.

NOTE BOOK No. 11

Sunday, June 24. Last Sunday in Inner Greenland

A Sunday Morning Stroll. I was restless this morning. Perhaps it was the radio message of yesterday and the depression of change. Also I had seen some cotton flags last evening and I was eager to see how they fared during the rain and whether there could possibly be a field of them during the rain.

A half-inch inch of rain had fallen and it was remarkable how it had brightened the colors and softened the carpet of vegetation. The moss invited at every turn to linger, tiny red spires unnoticed before gave color to their gold. The eye, lover of dryness, added springiness to its drooping curves and lustre to its soft green. Birds hopped in and out of the avenues of low tundra and moss and turned a sprightly head to my greeting. Only the cotton flags looked

bedraggled and mindblown, but even they will look better with dryness and warmth, for tho' the children of the bog they look fluffiest when the season is driest.

Two pictures were selected if the quivering of cranes can ever cease. The flags seem ever fluttering and the sage nodding. I can wait, for they are rare in beauty. The flag is set off by a rug of moss with spikes of red and stands on the edge of the lake. The sage is aristocratic in its solitude but has a tuft of red grass paying it distant attention. Near by a foundation of laid stone in the shelter of a boulder caught my attention. I gazed again. It was the test site when the boys built the Observatory but seemed too far above the lake. The stones might have been laid decades ago, so completely has the soil returned to

except the natural timber.
 its natural state. Only some canyons near
 by indicated its ~~presence~~ ^{existence}. It seems
 also long ago when the Observatory
 was built and that I was an old
 resident. I fear that my roots
 have struck deep. I must take a
 view for memory's sake.

My stroll ended with a circuit
 of the northern ^{and eastern} brow of the hill. I never
 realized before what a lookout it
 furnished deep down to the level of
 the Sacred Heart and far away
^{up} the Fiord, the nothing less
 magnifying the perspective. Our
 East Peak, nearly chosen as the site
 for the Observatory, seemed far away
 and the valley between wide and
 deep. Yet up this very lookout
 our trail was originally laid
 because it was so direct. What
 would the boys think of it now
 after their hundreds of tedious
 ascents under burdens to our
 summit? I stand and gaze.

This place seems so new tho
so old. Is it the morning or
my last view?

Watchful Waiting: I am waiting for
the Hochrosser but I hope that it will
come while I am waiting for the
weather to settle down to calm and to
sunshine. So it is a case of double
waiting, while the weather takes its time.
I went down with Gustav to photograph the
shore of the Sacred Tent, but ripples were
breaking up the mirror of its surface.
Gustav went on to botanize but I returned
to read. It has been a quiet day.

Monday, June 25. Father's Birthday.

Colder. Day after day continues cloudy
with rain showers around the horizon,
and the wind is stronger, being 11 miles
an hour. Still enough for summer Greenland,
but ruinous for the subjects coming
to photograph, for the cotton-wool and the
sagebrush given in the lightest air.
This morning we could see the
vapor from our breaths. It reminded

A Seal at Pelly
August 102. - June 25

me of early September. It is chilly today but the mosquitoes - that is, most of them - have been forced to bed.

Washing Windows. The windows were so dusty and rain-spotted that they invited cleaning. Lux, warm water, and newspaper did the job. Gusto scrubbed the floor.

I polished the instrument cases. So now we have the modern architectural style in New York of black-bald buildings with light or gold trimmings. For we have brown walls, a black ceiling, hot yellow floor and crystal windows. Our wind-direction dial of clear asbestos and our hardwood instrument cases stand out like quality furniture against ceiling and wall. We hope that the newcomers will love our smoozy home.

Father's Birthday. Mother 1836. Father 1839.

These were the first dates I learned. Subtraction indicates that Father is 89. I wish that I could send him a radio greeting, but I shall be home when he is 90. I am pretty young yet, it seems

and today too was his wedding day.
So ~~nothing~~ enters into the day.

Another ship. A cargo ship arrives at
Halstenborg on Wednesday. I wonder
whether the Hvalrossen will come
before or after. The wind is rising
tonight and my pictures seem
farther off than ever.

Nohla. No word from Nohla and
Amundsen has failed to return. He
has risked his life for his enemy.
Perhaps his life may yet end in
sunset instead of the grey night
of loneliness and suspicion.

Evaporation. Is this an "extra
dry" season? It doesn't seem so,
and yet inner Greenland is
bent on consuming herself as
she did last winter, for in
three weeks in April she evaporated
1.90 inches of water and in
three and a half weeks in May
she evaporated 3.40 inches! This
occurred at the side of the lake

where the air is wisdest and the

NEVADA STATE JOURNAL, RENO, NEVADA

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Nevada—Hal Lauritzen, over 21, and Nan Spence, over 21, both of Reno; Joseph B. Kenny, over 21, and Pauline Symanski, over 21, both of Reno; Raymond Blackmore, and Ruby Lee, 19, both of Reno; Rodney C. Reid, 33, and Dorothy Indany, 18, both of Reno; Loren Comyn, over 21, Reno, and Nes- H. E. Hill, over 21, San Jose, Calif.; Curtis H. Young, over 21, and Lillian D. Snow, over 21, both of Reno; Robert W. Pfitter, over 21, and Kadoline N. Labetich, over 21, both of Reno.

California—Hugh S. Thompson, 8, and Esther Mae Plummer, 31, both of Soledad; Albert Walsh, 31, San Francisco, and Doris Wetmore, 4, Santa Cruz; Archibald J. N. St. Clair, over 21, and Irene Ferguson, 19, both of Santa Rosa; Eldor

21, Oakland; Russell C. McGowan, 39, and Dorothy Messengers, 29, both of Sausalito; William Lewis White, 25, Sacramento, and Dorothy May Schwartz, over 21. Lancelotti; Clyde Harrison Koorik, over 21, and Viola May Sullivan, over 21, both of San Francisco; Harry Lewis, over 21, and Anita Peters, over 21, both of San Jose; David McCoy, over 21, and Alleen Stmas, 18, both of Modesto; Albert H. Andrews, 21, and Marion Perow, 20, both of Modesto; Dana R. Moilisen, over 21, Vallejo, and Anne M. McMeekin, 21, San Francisco; James W. Sutton, over 21, and Alta Farnham, over 21, both of Woodland; Bert White, 25, and Geraldine A. Sherman, 23, both of Sacramento; Wesley Greent, 22, and Angelique De Lacerol, 19, both of Santa Rosa;

COOLIDGE BIDS
SUPERIOR ADIEU

Crowds Jam Lawn of
High School for
Final Talk

SUPERIOR, Wis., Sept. 10.—(AP)—Standing bareheaded in a drenching rain, with the crowds whistling and singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," President Coolidge tonight said good bye to residents of the head of the lake.

Pictures at last. The weather

and today too was his wedding day.
 into the sea

NEVADA STATE JO

Tuesday, September 11, 1928

The Greatest Triumph



occurred at the side of the lava

where the air is moister and the
wind lighter - to the



ROALD AMUNDSEN -
WHO GAVE HIS LIFE TO SAVE
HIS ENEMY

O - CARRILL

(Pictures at foot. The weather

The Greatest Triumph



occurred at the side of the line

*day too was his wedding day.
The entire party the day*

and today too was his wedding day.

ELY MAN WEDS AT RENO RITES

M. C. Wetzler, well known resident of Ely, and Mrs. Katherine Ferns of San Francisco, were married in this city yesterday morning, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Father P. J. Moran, of St.

and Kathryn Goddard, 21, both of San Francisco; George Shadrach, 21, and Esther Mifflin, over 21, both of San Francisco; Stephen E. Martynovitch, over 21, and Anna Hopfinger, over 21, both of Oakland; Richard W. Hartman, over 21, and Laurel M. Quirke, over 21, both of San Francisco; Frank E. Johnson, over 21, and Thelma M. Carroll, over 21, both of San Francisco; Joseph Capps, over 21, Los Angeles, and Frances Schuchert, over 21, Redding; Clifford A. Lewis, and Vera Finherly, over 21, both of San Francisco; Clarence J. Howard, 21, Yuba City, and Sarah Jakeman, 18, Wheatland; Clarence Wheeler, over 21, Roseville, and Ruth E. Herbert, over 21, San Francisco; W. Jerome Dorris, over 18, Berkeley; Howard S. Aturas, and Lois A. Coughran, over 18, Berkeley; Howard S. Murphy, over 21, and Lillian M. Fry, over 21, both of Los Angeles; Milton W. Gresser, over 21, Los Angeles, and Alice M. Bauer, over

Ferns, over 21, and Mary C. Combs, over 21, both of San Francisco; Matthew Worthley, over 21, and Kate Ferns, over 21, both of San Francisco; Gay C. Shelley, over 21, and Agatha R. Hise, 23, both of Vernal; Karl Scholtz, over 21, and Mabelle Murchison, over 21, both of San Francisco; Cecil Hague, over 21, and Jessie Gentle, over 21, both of Fresno; Don H. Dutton, over 21, Sacramento, and Mimmie F. Thompson, over 21, Los Angeles; Leo A. Ross, over 21, and Irene E. Ayres, over 21, both of Belvedere; Phillip Simon, over 21, and Rose S. Barron, over 21, both of San Francisco; Chester W. Colley, over 21, and Laura Douglas Carey, over 21, both of San Francisco; John Welch Brown, 25, and Gaudy A. Bond, 28, both of Oakland; Samuel W. Crawford, 23, and Louise Mautsby, 22, both of San Jose.

Miscellaneous—James F. Ferris, over 21, Fargo, N. D., and Maxine Olson, over 21, St. Paul, Minn.

The Weather

Tuesday, fair, mild.
Highest temperature yesterday, 73 degrees; one year ago, 72.
Lowest temperature yesterday, 42 degrees; one year ago, 38.
Mean temperature yesterday, 58 degrees, which is 3 degrees below normal.
Temperature yesterday at 5 a. m., 48 degrees; humidity, 58 per cent.

and on the front lawn of the Superior High School when the President and Mrs. Coolidge arrived by automobile from Cedar Island Lodge, where they have been the last three months. Factory, engine and steamboat whistles were blowing as the chief executive entered the city for the last time and they resumed their blasts as he left the building, which has served as the executive offices this summer, for his train.

Apparently as oblivious to the rain as the crowd that anxiously awaited his farewell, Coolidge stood smiling some 15 minutes with his head uncovered. Cheers and applause interrupted the president so often he had difficulty in completing his talk.

Farewell Speech

Mayors of Duluth and Superior called the attention of the residents of their respective cities to the fact that the president would make a short talk in the late afternoon at the Superior high school, where his executive offices have been maintained. The speech was in the nature of a farewell and an appreciation for the entertainment he has received at the head of the lakes.

Workmen at the lodge and high school were busy in the course of the day boxing up the last of the household effects and gifts received by the president during the summer. The executive offices had

occurred at the side of the lake

where the air is moister and the wind lightest. On the exposed slopes the evaporation was still greater. Very ^{id} this is a semi-arid region and only non sweating plants can exist here. Cold and drought have set severe standards but like the Scotch and Scotland the severity has wrought an excellence in character and beauty all its own. Even in this season of scant snow cover, nature is putting forth her blossoms tho the leaves seem almost dry.

THE WEEK OF EXODUS

Only after a week can I sit down to write again. Travel, loss of sleep, wear, death have taken heavy toll of my mood. Yet it is a fitting last week for it has shown the essential tenderness of the Northern heart.

Tuesday, June 26. Day of Departure.
Pictures at Last. The weather

left me broody (may I coin the term?) when I went to bed last night. The pictures were so far and the Walrossen so near. But with morning the wind was still and the hilltops covered with fog. The fog should lift and then —! But suddenly Gustav dashed in. He had seen the Walrossen from the roof of the observatory. There it lay like a painted ship in the hollow of the rocks far below. I had expected it at night but scarcely in the morning. They had been running all night. They must be hurried.

But I had not been summoned yet. So the time was mine and we sped to our flowers even as the boom of a ^{gun} rose thru the quiet air.

A Visit. Almost with the gun came Captain and some of his crew tailing in warden Kloosman up the

trail. The import of the mail was "Heavy", "Come on, All Chab", "Rush Chund Out". I was willing to rush, but I did not want to fly the coop, as the others seemed to do.

Besides Bill wanted to go down and could not leave until after changing the wind sheet at twelve. So I left Bill with his letters and started ahead with the Captain who would aid me to photograph on the way. So the face of the Sacred Heart was brought away and bluebells on the trail.

Bill's Letters. My letters would keep but Bill's - I was leaving him behind. He had had no letters from home. They would come on the discs. But he had a dozen from his girl. They spoiled his day and, I fear, many more. Bill has ideals and one of them is non-smoking. The girl frankly confessed that she smoked and liked it. I admired

Center - makes another
 copy of each - completed

her for her honesty but Bill saw cleverness there too. He will let the girl go, but I urged him to be appreciative but ^{tho} frank and let her make the decision.

Bill has a growing ambition to explore and a waning desire to marry. So aside from the revulsion of feeling, the ^{separation} parting will be friendly.

Unloading. The unloading was not going to be so rushed after all.

There was a cargo of gasoline to be unloaded and supplies of food to be brought ashore, and no motor boat to speed it. "The Ralph" ^{colours} was not yet cleaned and the dory's seams were open. So I had a chance to keep Bill with me.

Observations including balloons were called off for the day. Dad Governor had sent my cameras and colored plates, and sage and blue bells were at their best. Bill has an

... the incongruous and row in

National Traits. Goster was so excited at the coming of the crew that his little treble voice rose queer and shrill almost like a Sackwood nutcracker in its speech. No Eskimo this had I thought when I first met him in May and the crew thought the same for they nervily pointed at him and said "Amerike".

And when they saw the bushel basket of bottles outside to be taken to Kaktovik, they grinned and said "Baptled." It seemed a grim joke that I - the non drinker - must carry the bottles home,

But as he started up the trail, the

eye for the incongruous and saw in me the same old hobbs under load, as I packed my belongings to the beach. I loaned the camera and posed as well. I should like to get a good hobbs picture. I know that I lack the part.

But a picture intarum was of Gustav and a little fellow packing boxes of hydride. They would strain my back to the limit and the knees of the smaller boy seemed wobbling under the ^{load.} strain. This is what makes Eskimo life shorter.

A Revelation. To save time the gasoline was being unloaded at the Point. Bill was now in mood to go home up the hill and it was nearly time for Gustav and me to meet the boat, for Gustav had been ordered home. Bill was to stay alone and boxed forward to it with satisfaction for its quiet. But as he started up the trail, the

stranger had pursued. I thought that perhaps the crew had left something behind and had sent him to get it. Besides I could not find Bill's outgoing mail. If found left behind, Bill could send it down by the lad.

From far up the slope came a final injunction from Bill not to forget to write to his mother as I had promised. But we had not yet parted. I tarried in a tiny tidal meadow to photograph the sandlips that decked the grass as in a Botticelli and to see evening hastened apace by obscuring clouds. Then suddenly came a sweater and scurf and black bread and Kloompau ashore to be cackled with the cause, and an explanation from Gustor that the lad was from Sakkadit and sent to take his place. Poor Bill!

And with the speed of a clavis

appeared also the lad *Svesna*? bearing a farewell from Bill - the most precious thing I have found in Greenland - for Bill has found the Infinita.

But hastily scrawled on a second sheet was "Keep this lad. I'll go crazy if he stays". I tried to explain to the boy but the look of disappointment on his face was too deep for me, especially after his own willing feet had fastened my farewell letter and his doom.

So I sent him back to Bill with my farewell reply and hope that the lad might be just the cure he needed to turn his thoughts elsewhere. Then we went aboard.

Farewell. It was a perfect evening as we sailed from Radio Bay & the perfectness both winter and summer that we have come to associate with Inland Greenland. As we passed the base of Mt. Evans, we looked at the skyline thinking

of Bill up there. The crew were thinking too, and dipped the flag and blew the air whistle. I "dipped" my hat. It was the only outward thing I could do and gazed hoping to see our Expedition flag. But the distance was too great. I only hope Bill heard.

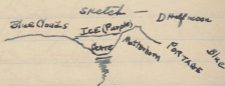
^{Letter from McNeil}
Night on the Fiord. In the matter of deep night would be day to me for we were running continuously and I had water temperatures to take. Night too was my time of scenic enjoyment. But tonight I had the delight - a parent's delight - in realizing how his children have grown. The long silences are well worth while for the realization is more startling. Willie's perspective is but longer grown. He shall be the interpreter of architectural beauty. Donald has learned the supreme lesson: "accomplishment, yes but live while doing it". Both boys

will ever be Westerners. As Donald expresses it, "the mountains and freedom and friendship without formality have been too much a part of my life to be so lightly thrown off."

Sunset at the Gate. I had hoped that we might coast the northern shore searching for the cause and visiting the best sites at Portage. But the channel seemed to lie along the southern wall with the northern wall forming a skyline with dips at the passes. Far off Portage we passed under slow engine while the water tank was taken to a steep rocky stream for "refilling" - the only stream which so far seemed to fall in abundance over the canon wall.

The sunset was expressed mainly in whites and blues with the Golden half moon as a grace

note. The purple color on the Ice Cap made me eager to photograph it, but cruising permits no such delicate task.



Then came sunrise in the east - sweet and sunrise continued and growing more colorful.

Wednesday, June 27.

Down the Hall. One might almost call it the Hall of Many Brothers, so similar were the members of each mountain group, whether nuttallhorns, or escarpments, or miller ridges and a ribbon or string fall was in every ravine, ^{and one fall was double.} In front was the fog clinging to the cold walls and increasing with toward the sea. Behind the sunrise was sending a warm hazy glow far into the Gletsch and

icing my sleeping bag.

2. Ekblaw drinks water heavily and sweats profusely - even over the tops of his kamiks says tradition. So he is an impossible winter traveler

3. Kach's pemmican liked by Eskimos. He tried to imitate Peary's North Pole pemmican. Mac Millan had good pemmican but it contained too much salt.

4. a camp on the back of the ice for a year would be a good thing.

Eskimo Language in Greenland and Alaska - a Contrast. Probst Sauratzen in charge of church and schools in Greenland and compiler in part of an Eskimo lexicon tells me that the American Bureau of Education hopes to eliminate the Eskimo language in Alaska by 1930. and regrets that the Ketsia is

is being Americanized so slowly. Apparently the old tradition of live language, like loyalty still prevails at home.

Colds and Weather. Possibly it may be colds and the virus.

Everybody in the colony has a cough and cold. We change it to exhaustion over the skinfare and infection from the virus. Lange Koch says that a dog team will bring infection in the same way. However, we have been having rain and snow.

The clouds are beginning to break and reveal a sprinkling of snow on the mountains.

Two Last Pictures. The clouds broke conveniently and I obtained studies in gray of both the old town and the Harbor. It is raining again. I have reported to Captain Hovgaard that he can now go. He laughs.

Arks Exhibit. All of the colony

and passengers on the *Sivro* attended. Her mass filled two rooms at the Hospital. Her types were good. Baby Hannah was exquisite. Nickolsai seemed almost cubist. But now that she looks at him with eyes of love, his peculiarities have all vanished as have those of the Natives in my eyes. So he is no longer a fruitful subject for her brush. She has a future as an interpreter of Greenland.

Two Services. In the morning I found the church empty and thought that all had gone to Sarfanguaak to dedicate the church for me had an abundance of ministers in town - Provost Lauritzen, Provost Ball, Superintendent for South Greenland, Begge of the Seminary, and our own Hoegh. But they were all at the Captain's

Breakfast at eleven and announced
 a Danish service at three and
 a Native service at seven. Proost
 Laurentzen preached at the first
 and Proost Bailler and Pastor Hægh
 at the second. The first seemed
 heavy as a Bishop should make
 it. The second seemed closely
 personal and precious.

7. An untroubled way home.

To Unanuk and Upernivik. Near

Governor-Dad. He told me aside
 that the Hans Egede was now
 between Iceland and Cape Farewell
 and would go north to Unanuk
 and Upernivik, and suggested
 that I transship to her at Godhavn.
 That seed took root. The trip
 would take little longer than
 the Disko's and I might even
 catch the Disko on my return
 especially if she stopped to carry
 the Skinsax's cargo south as
 she was now carrying it north.
 All the good things now seem

to be coming my way and conceal me completely for the best of the original summer plans.

A Night Scene. The clouds are parting at leisure. Silverstar has a cap of snow. It would make a good picture in black and white. The grass is dripping and fragrant.

Too Much Coffee? Four cups of coffee. My stomach seems touched for the first time. Or is it the Citron?

Monday, July 9 - Leaving My Greenland Home.

A Day Scene. There is still more snow on the hills but this afternoon clouds lie only in the passes and the sky is again a rich pattern of cirrus.

Goodbyes. Saying goodbyes to Nature, yet they are old friends very dear. Luisa - hands wet from scrubbing kamiks. She has a red plush satchel from her sewing for me. Old Thomas is back with bandaged feet but face white

and smiling. "We seek none, Oye
and bye God, You father to me." I
promised to come back in 1935
but his wife looked serious.
He was too robust to do other
than ask for a picture. To
Baletta I pretended tears. She
had been my favorite in the
Governor's household, Captain
Andreas? Doves around him.

Frederick Olsen, my observer, gripped
hands warmly. Stephen his son
was going with us on the *Disco*
to Copenhagen for sex treatment.
He had been on the voyage of the
Uvalrossen for me at Camp and
had grieved deeply at Christian's
death. Dorothy, the nurse, remembered
my Ice mittens left in the kitchen
and surmised by me to have been
taken by Clarence. Such is the
faithfulness of Natives. and finally
three elderly women who came
specially to bid me Goodbye - as

samest and fine as any South.

The face of Lars, my devoted mentor, peered out a goodbye from the bridge of ^{the} schooner as my boat went shipward.

Arm Tested. I have bounced much on the waves today getting my stuff aboard. and pulled an oar. My arm responded well but is weary. It is a long way yet from its original strength.

Leaving Harbor. Just a hearty goodbye to the Governor. The ship had been long delayed getting last cargo aboard from the Skinsfaxe, and early afternoon had slowly drifted to dinner time. Arla and Miss Bistrup and Alex had grown weary and gone away quietly long since. I felt much alone.

As we drew from harbor, the scenes when first I came on the Morrissey were reviewed.

First Kaelingerhütten and the
 painted village at its base.
 The church persisted. Then
 the Hvalrossen and Skinfaxe
 at the head as it were of a
 principal bay, and suddenly
 rounded barren rocks. What
 austerity, what hominess, near.
 White men were here, Natives
 still are. It is the sliding
 place of a race.

far down the hall. The walls were tins - of shadow and sunshine. Between them fresh wind and gray crests.

Ice, Clouds, and Fog. The tongues of ice were moved by clouds anchored above their surface, for the air was still above them as the water was cold below them. Here the water temperature had fallen to +1.0°C. Beyond the longest tongues, whose size seemed a harbinger of moisture, rose Simintak with the smell of the open sea. Then fog (paik) and mountaintops riding on clouds. This was the scenery I had hoped to photograph and an island lay before Simintak well adapted as a view point. But I shall carry only memory pictures away.

At Anchor. Rolling in the open sea in fog soon drove the captain

to anchor. "Amungrup" (a little), he said, "Sopok". So I went to sleep to be awakened by the clank of anchor chains overhead. I had had a good sleep, for a dinner of fish had been saved for me.

Kangamint. The Suroctoppen or Sugar Loaves - the misty points I had so often wanted to photograph from Simintak harbor - were taken from close by. And the view of Kangamint from the hills was made possible by Bernard - the generous, German-looking manager of the colony. He had stayed the coffee and sped me on my way led by his respect (servant) while our captain gave me an hour.

But the Nantahal of Suroctoppen bearing Governor Esleman of that place came in as I returned. He was forwarding mail to the

Springer, even that have due to
Halsensberg and offered me a
trip there, thinking that I planned
to catch it. Here I got an insight
into the helplessness of Danish officials
and the solicitude of my father Governor
for he had written a letter asking
that I be well fed.

a Captain's Gift. An unusual one
for a native. It was a letter case.
He had learned its value in carrying
many letters from place to place - just
cardboard but a fine memento.

In Court before the Governor. I was
anxious to meet the Corings but did
not expect to be brought before the
Governor by one. Karl had sent me
the bone union without address - the
one that was mauling on the Risto.
But he had received only 15 kroner
instead of 20 kroner, as expected and
understood. When I appeared before
Peter, asking my "Harpsooner", he
recognized me and placed his case

in my presence before the Governor, I laughed and told him that I had paid Governor Bistrup 20 kroner and had received no coin at all. I agreed, of course, to get that extra fine started in his direction. Peter for his part had already sent his "Harpoon" to Governor Bistrup, as promised, but did not recognize me until after he had sold me his "Sancer" which I thought to be the "Harpoon" but without harpoon. However, later he came on board to explain but I kept the second statuette. The pair are worth while.

A New Table Style. At tea we had bread, butter, macarons, cheese but no plate. I wondered what to do with my knife (we spread our bread from a common butter plate).

Too late I noticed that the square or oblong porcelain mats that we used to use for coffee pots were to lay our silver knives upon. It is

really very simple and dainty and the tea gives from the table simplicity.

a Rare Sunset. Last autumn



Hamburger Sand had impressed itself on my imagination because of pears floating on clouds. This time it was the background for a triple sunset. Behind a bold, high peak to the north, shot upward beams of rose, as if the rays of many searchlights hidden there, and illumined an alto-cumulus sky of blue. To northeast, the slanting sun spread salmon-gold upon alto-cumulus clouds of blue and sky of blue. Then mottled crimson, which fades in its turn and the east becomes a pale gold only. Mountains, on the inland ice in the south appeared parallel ^{or rather splashes} flushes of purple and pink. ~~Purple~~ ^{Rose sky} ~~Pink~~ with a rose sky. But soon the splashes fade to white tho' the rose persists. But the boat chugs on unmindful of the

sky. I could almost wish that I had never seen it. To look helplessly on, unable to photograph it, is disheartening.

Startling News. We were just near Sussentoppen and in the midst of codfishing boats, when suddenly the Captain reported: "Shiff brons. Rovers. Helstenborg. Man gvar Gullthaus and Kertud Ross on their way".

The boat Sannemar Esmer was trying to meet had run aground. It was full of water.

Thursday, June 28.

Urgent Hospitality. Even as we anchored near midnight, Jacobs, the Colonial Assistant, the Tutor, and Fishmaster Nielsen were out of bed and on board with the news. The wreck had occurred late that afternoon. They urged shore bed and breakfast on me.

Night Pictures. However, I ^{maimed} ~~wounded~~ them that I should spend the night up, for Thorsvaldson was

making a forced trip and now must speed on at all costs, leaving me only the night for photographing. But necessity demonstrates its own success. The Churchyard was my first. It had drawn me ever since our visit of last autumn and I wished to bear away its spirit. The sunset had faded but the lap and giver of the tide gave pulse and sheen to the waters. One old cross and one edg- was placed with two mounds in the picture. None were avoided. The snow clad hills were distinct in the luminous sky. Midnight Reflections on the Water. Sweetwater is too new and gaudy a town to picture. Yet in the inner harbor basin, I found shimmering reflections of pine and yellow houses on the water. The pool was so still that I ventured to take it - but "tide waits for no man" and rolled the boats as I counted the minutes. Still the picture is beautiful.

The people must have known that I was
 abroad, for a stream of bearing indicated
 every detour and movement I made.
 However, the pups - for they were young -
 were friendly the timid. Finally, I
 turned in on the lounge and under
 a capacious goat-skin coat for three
 hours sleep.

More Pictures - Our crew had likewise
 been up the whole night walking or sitting
 the street with girl friends. Our youngest
 had rowed me over the channel to secure a
 site for a panorama. Here in the early
 morning I took it - looking up the one
 city street between two harbors to the
 pass leading to the Church yards. Of all
 the houses only one - "Miss Carter" is
 artistic. Here rich green lying deep beneath
 paint enamel hides the color money,
 while the building is quaint in having
 one corner cut away at the lower story
 to permit the tiny street to pass. One red
house with flowers upon it was
 attractive but its peaked roof was.

distracting. The waterplant house at Appanimit still seems to me the best of its kind.

The Nielsens. Coffee had been had below in his rooms with Jacobi and the tutor, but the Nielsens wanted me to breakfast. Mrs Nielsen, a native but one of the Krestyans of Kauganimit, was far less native than I thought and a fine hostess. Fred had wanted a picture of Agnes in her native suit. I took one also in color. How natural and colourful the native suit as compared at least with the highheeled slippers she regularly wore.

They had 4000 Kroner of furniture about the wreck, but did not feel less generous for they gave me a half-dozen eggs for the home trip.

The Hospital. Our little Frederick Olsen of the store had come with us for ear trouble. It turned out to be teeth below. Here at the hospital, I met my old doctor friend proud of his patients. And little tubercular who had been bedridden three years earlier.

could now walk with the aid of
braces for his spine.

"Paul Power" - at noon we were
speeding toward the mass carrying
the mass. All boats must go north
to some whiter camp possible and
there were 1800⁺ tons. Our boat could
carry twenty. The colonies might be
great larvae in food. Our stop at
Kangeruit was so brief that our ship
crossed in the offing as the Captain went
ashore, but the landing of passengers and
small boats became much the same
exciting for their endeavor was in haste.

My old acquaintance, he who had been
messenger to me from Peter Bay last
spring, came aboard, ^{with fishing boat and party.} He was an artist
and sketched as we sailed.

Friday, June 24.

Retracing our route. Thus the night
we ran. Still no sleep except as we
each took turns lying down for a little.
As we passed Simiton and passed
again into Kangerluksuaq, we thought
of Carlsson alone up there. and

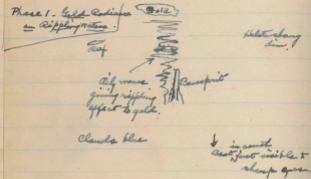
Captain Anders, pointing, said to me,
 "Nami an'olan" (never more), and I nodded.
 Far behind us, could be seen the
 "Karoah" following us but becoming gradually
 dimmer. Her "maskina isopi", said
 our Captain. Little Gustav refused to sleep
 and looked increasingly dinged, as
 must we also, thru lack of washing.
 We playfully christened him Gustav Nami
 Sheenax Klavist.

Another Sunset-Sunrise. The water
 was smooth and mirrored the sky.
 alto-cumulus rose-colored clouds rode on
 the surface with the intermittent and
 gradually sinking sun. Far opposite on the
 skyline was Steiler and El Capitan and
 Helstenslang still dim. The southern sky
 was strata in soft rose gold with
 alto-cumulus above gray.

But the scene was ever changing.
 Supreme among the changing views was
 the sun's path upon the water, such
 as the moon casts on quiet rippling
 lanes. In composition as in color it

was masterpiece - a sketch will best describe it:

Phase 1. Gold Radiance
as Rippling Waters.



As before Breakfast, at 1:30 Captain Andreas and I with Gustav's aid served breakfast to all our guests of the night. As we had severely and by turns shared the beds and lockers in our forward cabin, so we shared the food, our common stove^{4.11.11} and common pumps made us one.

frid

Phase 2. Sun's Path^{in full} We watched as we ate. The sun had not risen quite above the horizon. Slowly it burst thru the clouds upon the undulating

blue water with halo of gold - first a mere thread, then a full dazzling broad path like the moon's path on Taka waters.

Our artist friend sat and watched, but he sought the blue hills for the environment of Helstauberg.

Manga Ships. All were hewn into our boat. Finally, came the cry "Manga-manga Schiff" and a surge on the horizon indicated where. The Kestrel, Rose and Gullhook were already there. However, we veered away to enter Helstauberg and strip for our task.

Ice Permanent Load. All baggage was put into boats to be cared for as best it could on shore. As I put mine off, I failed to find my permanent. Blindly at Sunnesteppen while clearing the hold for rock ballast, some one had considered it merely a stick of bamboo and thrown it overboard or cast it ashore. I could and should have taken it into the cabin with my

cameras. It was my choicest sentimental possession, but like the country that gave it sentiment, I must leave it behind. Only with an effort could I say as Willie in his childhood had said of his doll Sophie, "if you can't find her, I don't need her."

Off for the reed. Gustavo had chosen to go ashore. My artist friend and I remained - he to do some of the heaviest work of the day. We passed fishing boats coming in with full decks of cargo and a smaller motor boat rushing by. It bore our Governor.

We had not far to go. It was near the fishing banks where we caught our treasure of halibut last autumn. No rocks in sight, but there high in the water rode a large cargo steamer with two frigate-like vessels cabled to her stern. The scudge we had seen on the

harizon was the holding of smoke in their effort to pull the wreck free at the five o'clock high tide.

Unloading. Nature was kind after her first hostile act of blinding the Skinfaxe, for that was her name, onto the reef. So tranquil was the sea that boats drew near as to a wharf for loading and were now carrying the jettisoned cargo directly to the Central Reef for unloading. The Godthaab, now fitted as a hydrographic survey ship, had little capacity as shown by the boxes piled high on her deck. The Skinfaxe had now been thirty hours on the reef, and the levy of small boats and the large number of helpers showed how intense the ^{the} ~~the~~ effort at salvaging had been. Only the arrival of the Hvalrossen and the larger Narschal caused any appreciable increase in lightening the ship.

Hungry and Weary. The men on the Skinfaxe were as black as negroes.

at least, some of the Natives were. They had plainly been jettisoning coal. Frederick Olsen and Maurice were there and called down for food. Bread and meringue and chocolate were sent up in a basket. By now David Allen had come with a cargo of halibut and men lined up for dinner. The Woodhouse had now been out ~~six~~ days, sailing almost continuously. The mate of the Gustaf Ross ordered us back for more cargo, but the boys protested "Mittag" (mid-day). They must eat. But even as our cook bailed the halibut, he fell asleep over the cooking and I served the meal.

"She Moves!" Even as we rested from eating we were cast adrift with a cold engine to make room for the Naurohal now coming loaded alongside. The Kangaminut boat with its redbearded captain joined the circle. He had been

detained in harbor by engine trouble. In this gathering of the ships it seemed easy to pick out the "foreign" faces.

Back again at the Sciofare men took off more cargo, while I stood on our cabin to look over her bulwarks. She seemed to be gradually lifting and showing buoyancy with the increase of the swells and the rise of the tide. Tonight at five the tide should be a foot higher than in the morning and the effort to pull her off would then be repeated.

When the hour came, almost without effort apparently, the huge bulk of the ship seemed to slide backward. I was watching the mountain line across her deck. It moved like a panorama, and with hat in air, I yelled: "She moves! She moves!" and all took up the strain. In a wide circle she swung back as

at a launching but nearly rammed the Godthaab. Soon with a hoarse rattle her anchor was dropped, for propeller and rudder were broken, while the frigates sailed stately away toward the far horizon. I wondered why.

Tragedy. The Hvalrossen had started home, when I showed Captain Andrus that the Skinsore with the natives still on board was not following. So we returned and were summoned near to take Mate Nielsen and a companion to make a survey of the extent of the reef and the best course for the Skinsore out of its neighborhood. Mate Nielsen was Second Mate on the ship but for the summer had been detailed as Ice and Coast Pilot for the Skinsore and placed

in charge of her cargo. The companion was later found to be the Second in Command of the Godthaab.

Meanwhile the Bertend Raer had sailed fearlessly before the Skinfaxe as if to reassure her while the Godthaab took station astern. The wind was now freshening. The rescue had been not a moment too soon. The two aiding ships should now tow and guide the Skinfaxe to the harbor between them. Fishing boats like water spiders quickly passed the bow lines. Neilsen had returned to the Skinfaxe but his companion ordered the Hvalrossen to pass the stern lines to the Godthaab. Captain Andreas wished to pass the lines from the larger boats to and from the Hvalrossen by use of his small boat but

was ordered by gesture to
 maneuver the *Wahroosen* close
 enough for a throw. "Japox!
 Japox!" protested the Captain, as
 he obeyed. The transfer of the
 last hawser forced the *Wahroosen*
 on the windward beam of the
Gedthaab. The slackening of speed
 and the wind inevitably carried
 us in, while quick efforts
 were made to throw the rope
 across. The hawse of the *Gedthaab*
 was drawn only half way up the
 davits, and into this we creased
 and rubbed as our vessel
 rolled and grated past. The
 sound of cracking was dominant
 in my ears, when Captain
 Andreas rushed forward ~~to~~^{to} me
 wringing his hands and
 sobbing "Christian ist todt!
 Christian ist todt!!" The boys
 had been ranged along the
 quarter, throwing in turn when

the first throw failed. Christian had been caught unawares between the hanging boat and our pilot cabin. A limp form gushing blood, concealed him over him trying to staunch it. A rush on the Godthach, a figure trying to board us. In its midst a tall quiet figure in mittens on the pulpit-like bridge. We were now on the lee side. Into our small boat leaped our boys to bring the eager figure from the Godthach. Bareheaded he came, cotton in hand. No time for aught else.

We sped for port. No canvas, no covering on deck. "Warmth the chief thing," said the doctor. So the bleeding form was borne to my cabin and to my bed. The blood gushing from the mouth would not

he stayed. The eyes had the stare of death. "Eperuan, Eperuan" was all we could utter as with drawn tearful faces the boys came to the door. The poor brain had burst. As the hills of the harbor showed close thru the porthole, the Doctor covered the face. Speed and hospital faded from our thoughts. Our flag at half mast bore our tidings before us.

a Salomon Scene. Soon with quiet measured stroke came a white whaleboat with figures in white at the oars and a standing figure in white at the bow, all young men. As reverential and careful as Backlin's Isle of Death. Tenderly wrapped in his blanket and placed on a canvas bier, the dead was carried ashore. The Natives ^{had} just been joyous

at the success of the day. Now
 in long throng in bitter sorrow
 and weeping they wound up
 the hill to his door.

S. Truitt Human Touches. I was glad
 now that Gustav had not gone
 to the wreck with us. Christian
 was his cousin. I had not
 realized that until the doctor
 enquired his name. I had
 liked Christian and his relaxing
 strength and had been making
 merry with the boys putting a
 bit of cookie to his lips at
 noon as he slept.

The evening was now falling.
 I had returned to the ships.
 The Swinfaxe could be seen
 crossing the line of vision on
 her circuitous route to harbor.
 Close approaching was a fishing
 boat, her crew singing in
 glee, when my artist friend also
 returned leaped to the rail

and pointed at our halfmast flag. Then when the singers did not comprehend, he stood still higher making the sign of the cross. As they slowed down with injury he explained it all, and quietness fell.

Then came Christian's father and Gustav. I had seen him at the house of mourning. So I understood and explained all to him. How like men are in restrained feeling whether North or South. He took Christian's things but at Gustav's almost peremptory suggestion, the wooden shoes that Christian had worn when crushed and his feather bedblowet, both of which I brought there, were left behind. But we Southerners feel almost the same.

Saturday, June 30. "Wreck Holiday".

Resting. The Governor had declared a holiday for rest. He himself had been without sleep for sixty hours. I had had three nights almost without sleep and last night had been fitful. So for us all it became a super Sunday in the inactivity of the town. It was the essential link between two great days.

"Only a picture in color of the fleet safely landed in a opening being interrupted by gulls."

Sunday, July 1. "Funeral Day".

The Private Service. I had understood that Christian's funeral would occur tomorrow but fortunately Maurine found me as I was taking pictures and said that he must be at the church by two. The church was empty but Captain Andreas and the crew appeared. They beckoned that they would be gone a little but would return. Soon they came up the path bearing a casket with a group

of sorrowing friends. No minister was there, tho the Catacheta was ^{present} ~~there~~ as spectator. Only a man - an older man - in black onyx was officiating. The doors of the mortuary chapel were opened - it was a tiny room - and the casket set on the floor. Reverential stillness, restrained weeping as the friends gathered at the door to look. They made room for me, gently desiring aside that I might approach. Only an empty casket with a bed of unpressed shavings within, and pallbearers round the walls of the room. Long we all stood, each seemingly lost in his thoughts.

Then the tender deposition of the body in the casket and outbursts of weeping. Then the bearing of it forth under the open sky. Clad but wrapped in a

winding sheet pressed close around and bloodstained over the mouth. An emblem perhaps of the cause of death and a primitive touch as in the old suicide scene of Judas in the Oberammergau Passion Play. All joined in a song - It must have been "Nearer My God to Thee" - at least, that was the tune. The cover was nailed on, and the casket was borne to the chancel of the church to rest among flowers until time for the public service.

Nature was fortunately profuse with flowers - the purple Waidens and the golden poppies. Cut flowers from his window were sent by the Governor. The casket was newly built, as always, and still fresh with white paint and golden stars. The handles were of rope and round staves were furnished the pallbearers

to keep hands from being cut.

The Public Funeral. Suddenly the colony flag was lowered to half-mast. The numerous ships in the harbor below followed suit. Boats traversed the water.

Groups in blue - captains and officers and jacksies - slowly climbed the hill. There the Governor and family and the Landsfogeds of North and South Greenland. I tarried to enter last with my Native friends.

It was such a pageant and gathering as I had never seen in Greenland - a great gathering of two races for a mutual purpose. But the service was in Eskimo - singing and eulogy. However, as the eulogy neared its close, the impressive figure of the Landsfoged for South Greenland suddenly appeared at the pastor's side, and in language brief

but vibrant he interpreted
thought by thought to the Danish group.

The Burial. Except for the
numbers and racial diversity
in the mourners, the burial
might almost have taken place
in some rural community in
my boyhood days. The crew of
the Walrossen aided by two
Danish jockies bore the casket
to the burying ground at the
base of the rock. A mound
of sand showed where the
grave had been dug. There
was no attempt to conceal
it, nor was there ^{or} an
box. Commitment was brief.
The pastor with tiny ceremonial
spade on a handle terminating
in a cross threw on the first
spadeful of earth. Then rapidly
kind but strong arms filled the
grave even to mounding and
covered it with flowers while

friends lingered, Captain Andreas among the last. His glance of recognition showed a great depth of sorrow.

To Baffin Land. I had put aside all thought of Baffin Land. In fact I had not felt inclined to visit the Godthaab tho they were doing the task I had wanted to do. I had met the doctor at the tragedy and some of the boys on land at the funeral. Strange, all scientists in this North land seem to be boys. The venture warms a boy's blood.

I had gone to my room after the funeral. But soon came a pantomime summons by one of the Native help to come at once to the Governor's house. I could not fathom the reason. But at the door, the tall figure I had seen on the bridge of the

Godthaab came eagerly forward to greet me. It was Captain Riis-Carstensen the director of the Danish Expedition to study Greenland waters. Director Dargaard-Jensen had been true to his word and asked him to aid me in my quest. He had even obtained a promise from Captain Carstensen to take me across to Baffinland and now I was fortunately where I could be reached.

So he had come with an offer which he learned from the Governor ^{that} I must refuse. He could take me to Baffin Land and back across to Godhavn if I could find my way home. But I must return to America by the Dickson and the Godthaab might not reach Godhavn in time to catch her. So it was a visit of courtesy and commiseration. It turned out to be one of friendship. Plain,

kindly, genial, he won me at once. I explained that I had already written Director Jensen of my abandonment of the old plan because of the Godthaab's larger ones, and of the lack of necessity to go especially in his crowded condition. Besides I must wait and meet Doctor Hobbs. It was enough for Clarence to have fled.

It was a large opportunity gone, but somehow I did not mind, the Arla expressed deep concern. I still had my trip north. So I listened to the largeness of the Godthaab's plans, realizing thereby the insufficiency of my own and that the trip for me would be merely one of pleasure. Before we parted the death ship had become a friend ship and my interest in her further voyage keenly personal.

A Dance. In the evening the

sound of music came from the old carpenter shop thru my window. The young were having a dance. Thus Christian's burial, as great as Greenland could furnish, came to a natural close.

Monday, July 2. Normal Again.

The Godthaab Departs. Early this morning the Godthaab glided from her berth behind the point and passed noiselessly and almost without wave without the harbor.

No request for departure, no Governor's ceremony, but as abruptly as she had appeared on her mission of rescue.

The crosses bearing the radio looked like delicate crosses afloat.

The Gertrud Pass. Many ceremony attended the departure of the Gertrud Pass in the afternoon. Two Sandfjogeds were present.

One was coming ashore to complete his enquiry, the other, from North Greenland, was continuing his vacation journey to Denmark. He had been on board when the Gertrud Rask had been suddenly called back from Godthaab. Fortunately that the two ships had been in Northern waters when the wreck occurred. The Godthaab had even been at Sukkertoppen and had left for the scene only just before we arrived.

Only on the way to the ships did I realize that I could send Bill's letter to his mother and some word home from myself. So with a chill of regret at my thoughtlessness I sped back on next boat to the shore.

Stampless they went into the ship's mail box for there was no time to linger for stamps.

The home folk may wonder why they had to pay double postage - but they would gladly pay it.

How common in spirit and kindly the governors, that is the Sandfogs, are. One is in wooden sea boots as he makes a last trip in a rowboat ashore. Both insisted on greeting me tho' I kept in the background. Noblesse oblige is plainly the Greenland motto. There is neither sense of superiority nor power, but a desire to serve.

Tuesday, July 3. Speeding up.

The Dixie! Tomorrow or possibly tonight, and I am not packed.

"America". Thus accosted me ^{as I passed by} my little Blue Eyes with outstretched hand and low courtesy but with triumphant voice. He's my pet. He was the recipient of the handkerchief last Christmas.

Thrown Out. Others coming - the Governor's mother and perhaps his sister and her husband, Governor Simony of Godthaab. Then too the Landfoged has come ashore to complete his investigation. Ada must have my room. Niels is living in the schoolroom. Can I not go aboard the Niels as soon as she arrives? Thus the Governor sailing and tender but urgent for "these are precarious times". Thus was I ejected from a home that had become dear, but I understood. Only his wife did not, for she still held my place at table but I had suddenly disappeared.

Evasive Flowers. I went again ^{to photograph} today, but with Lars Absolomon to hold a wind screen. This is at least the third tree for pictures of the Greenland Poppy and Niviasiset (The Young Maidens)

which I had taken for Finland.
 They were still moving restlessly
 but I succeeded in taking some
 evergreen flowers and found a
 clon of old greylocks (cotton grass)
 nodding vigorously in a rocky
 bowl, like dwarf philosophers
 in a tub. I shall steal back
 upon them when they are not
 looking. They seem to be deriding
 me.

The Sandfogged Loves Pictures.

He and the Governor passed the
 Hospital door as I was developing
 and passed to look. He had
 wanted Aelia's water color of the
 Old Church made for me. I was
 up late and should be later getting
 packed. "Be sure to rest. I shall"
 he said as they walked on.

World News Still Lacking. But
 little news still comes thru except
 regarding Nobile. He is our
 main interest.

Wednesday, July 4 - The Disco Arrives.

How We Brought the Fourth to Greenland.

We celebrated July 4 on the Marvis off the coast of Greenland in 1926.

Last year we reached camp just in time for the Fourth and now the Expedition arrives exactly on the day. The ship is having head winds but will come in this afternoon.

Ale and Thomas. The two oldest citizens came at summons and previous arrangement with me to the Church stairs for a colored picture - How characteristic the two men - Thomas, the stone mason, gentle and stooped; Ale, the carpenter, tall and vigorous, bringing his brace and his saw. He was proud of his trade like the Romans on their tombs.

New Faces and Old. Our new party numbers eight. Newton has been even more successful

than before in raising funds.

They were raised quite easily.

He is planning new buildings for Camp Lloyd and four kites and balloons. But his whole mind and Ralph's too is in putting over the aeroplane flight offshoot and getting weather records by plane over the Inland Sea.

Fortunately he has brought an expert on airplanes and landing fields. Doctor is enthusiastic and very genial, but the Governor's coldness worries him. The many faces still confuse me but the fellows are very genial tho plainly of diverse temperaments.

The Captain's Quest. Said I to Captain Hansen: "Now, Captain, if I agree to change to European clothes just before we get to Copenhagen, may I wear an anorak all the voyage?" and the hater of anoraks said: "yes". He even made me sit on

quest at his table the first meal
tho the Michigan group had bid
for me to sit with them.
Dear old Captain had even tried
to visit me at the Hospital on
his first voyage but baulked
at the icy hill.

Sauge Koch. Strange shipmate,
possibly: Bangsted and Sauge Koch.
In temperament, at opposite poles.
Koch heavy and cold with
a distant gaze in his eye,
ponderous also of speech. He
plainly had driving power. Bangsted
had already vanished on shore.
Courteous, however, was Koch.
He honored our meal and
the day by a toast to the
Fourth of July in the Arctic and
to the Michigan Expedition. Twice on
this day had the letter come, on this
day had Peary named Independence
Fiord and on this day had he
himself returned to it.

Generous Indeed. I had several requests to make of the Chief, which might seem selfish but he granted every one and more. I could have the colored pictures which he himself admired for their naturalness. I could have my Ice furs (Samptad had already suggested it) and also my sealskins if he could duplicate them. The boys had a Graflex and Leicas. I could take both and I should keep the Leica as a present from him.

He gave me a draft for \$500 to take me home and watched that I stowed it safely away in my eager talking. He gave me also 100 Kroner in cash for expenses in North Greenland and asked the Governor to give me a check on Godhavn for a similar

Back home
6 P.M.

My dear Dr. Church,

Life has its handicaps - I have found myself to be decidedly subnormal, but is that a handicap? You were right Dr. Church - it never rains, but it pours. First you leave - then mail that was not one bit encouraging - and finally no mail from Lomb.

I feel a little out of sorts, but I assure you that to-morrow I shall dig into my work. My days will be spent betterly myself, so that truly I may live *Sanatophis*.

You have been a father to me Dr. Church and I shall not forget - I am too full to contain, try as I may.

My folks will be reached by:
My Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Carlson

117 Six more St.,
Ironwood, Mich. and of course
U.S.A.

I know how mother will feel.
May I wish you a very, very happy and pleasant journey home and much success in the future.
Finally, - I must confess: - you have made me see Ebenus through your eyes and it is beautiful.
Godbye again -
Bill.

P.S. A farewell from me to Esther would be
sent by you - Bill

PILOT BALLOON OBSERVATION—VELOCITY, DIRECTION GRAPH

Run No.

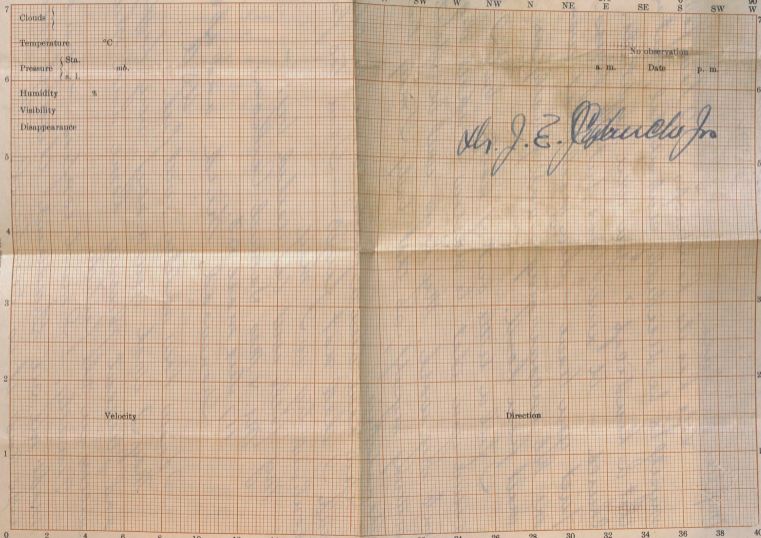
Station

Time m.

.....th meridian

Date

Wind Direction	270 E	SE	0 S	SW	90 W	NW	180 N	NE	270 E	SE	0 S	SW	90 W
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Mr. J. E. ...

No observation

a. m. Date p. m.

Altitude in kilometers along sea level.

Velocity

Direction

Velocity, meters per second.

Prepared by

58
amount. He eagerly sought
and accepted advice regarding
the Station.

Enmities. But his enmity
for Paul persisted. Paul had
sent me letters by the hands
of Ralph but the Chief was
obdurate. He had signed Paul's
credentials with "satisfactory in
the main" but would concede
no more. He charged disobedience.
I had asked Ralph to use his
judgment regarding withdrawing
Paul's honest but scathing report
awaiting the Chief at Mr Evans, but
finally suggested that the Chief be allowed
to read it. He would then realize
how the other felt.

The enmity between Governor
Bistrup and Lange Koch still burned.
Plainly Koch did not call when
on shore and he had sown
seeds of suspicion in the mind
of the Chief that the Governor had

made money from his office.
 I argued the side I had heard
 but the Chief rightly insisted that
 at least there were two sides.
 Kach also was at enmity with
 Knud Rasmussen. He seemed
 rough or blunt spoken. Could
 this be the cause?

Interchange of Spirit. The boys
 drifted to the Hospital to call and
 see my colored pictures - Beknop
 and Baer and Patten. Ralph
 had had no pictures from last
 summer's attempt and hoped to
 take some when he and Patten
 went to Upernivik on their way
 home. Were I not so selfish
 as pictures, I would share with
 him. His love of the North is so
 genuine the quiet.

Baer, Paul's successor in radio,
 was like him also a boy from
 the city, unattracted by the silence
 but willing to try anything once.

The land seemed strange and monstrous to him.

But Patten, who came late, asked me to show the pictures yet again and lingered over each. Admiration and enthusiasm became intensified with each. We talked of composition and lights and silences and colors and drifted to eternal. He had climbed the Alps, taken their beauties, had one picture in the Salon. He was a Michigan student in engineering who had an artist's heart and had volunteered as carpenter and been accepted mainly as photographer. He became Bill to me in his love of things that I loved, and hoped that the disks would not go North in order that I might return to Camp and he and I might roam Kangerlussuaq and the Inland Ice together.

A Midnight Walk. Even till

midnight we commenced. Then I urged him: "Stay with us". Then we wandered forth a little far ^{in the soft twilight.} a midnight walk. Even before our eyes Nature had wrought out the elements of a beautiful picture but might dissipate them in a moment. Vapor had come in between the shoulder of our anerometer hill and the hill that divides our two upcountry trails and created two planes of cliffs with softest gradation between. By day the cliffs were commonplace.

Thursday, July 5.

Plans forming. The Chief was persistent. The Governor was unable to furnish the Uvalde even possibly for a month, but the Sandfoged was drawn into the conference with the result that one of the fishing boats brought on the Skimpaxa was granted. This would seem to have

in the material most needed. The boat had been injured in unloading but could readily be repaired. The Governor is more genial now since his greatest worry about the Hvalsoeren has been settled. He has been almost distracted tho outwardly calm.

So now at my suggestion, Ralph will walk overland from Sarskaddit with Patten and Stewart and take the Native boys with him as packers.

Maurice and Nathaniel and Peter and probably Enok will make up the Native group.

Doctor planned so first to walk but upon learning that the trip to Camp by boat could be made in thirty hours, he decided to go directly there, tho there was scant room for sleeping.

No More "Perseus". The accounts have grown so complex and

difficult to disentangle of the personal charges made by us all the past year. That hereafter each member of the Expedition must deposit funds with the Governor and draw against his own and not the Expedition's account. I am the big offender but have carefully marked every check. Doctor Lee asked me to run thru the Expedition accounts and determine my own indebtedness which he will accept as correct.

The heavy balance of 7,000 kroner against the Expedition seems to be due to the preparation for the Ice Trip and to our heavy board bills at Halstenborg. The sleds also formed a considerable item and my personals amounted to nearly 1,000 kroner. How high little bills with a few large can climb.

Fathering Bill. The boys seemed

quite startled when I reported that I had been "Daddy" to the others during the winter. I looked rather young for that name.

and when I called Carlson "Bill," Doctor repeatedly asked whom I meant, for he ^{himself} had been Willie and perhaps Bill in his day and the terms confused him. When we were apart from the rest, I told him the story of my increasing interest in Bill and of his "love letter" to me. Then I said "Here is a boy for you to father" and his eager glance showed that he would try. At least Bill is to go to the Island Ice and have his chance to wander.

Mutually Dope. I remembered my promise to Peter regarding giving him my sewing case in 1929. So I gave it to him this week. However, he did not seem over

enthusiastic about it. Later he returned asking me to recommend him to David Olsen for passage with the Expedition this summer and saying that I had promised him my pair of waterproof pants. Then I reminded him that he had promised me an Iceland sweater in 1928 for my coat given him last year. He had utterly forgotten it, he said and called himself ispor. I also had forgotten my promise and called myself ispor too. We both had to laugh but he would not take the pants until he had brought me the sweater.

Kauppa Nami. Here Kauppa nor Pa seem to be used as a term of filial respect. Christine, a most devoted daughter, calls David Olsen, her father, just David. And today, when I showed Karl Olsen, Marini's son, the

picture of Ole and Thomas, he burst out "Ole!" and continued "Ma grandfather". I afterwards told old Ole the incident and he laughed heartily.

Friday, July 6. Sorting Day.

Sorting Equipment. Patten and Bangstad were out last night, they are sleeping today. The rest are busy at the warehouse sorting equipment. The Chief loses no time and shows his old energy but softened with kindness.

I am keeping close to answer questions. Poor Bangstad had come as Interpreter and Manager of the Natives. He had reported most things as O.K. at Camp.

But I was forced to report practically everything as lacking.

I met him later at the Governor's. He was a boy again in merriment and happy to be father of even a girl.

A Vase of Poppies. I had mesined of staining Chinese flowers and decided to photograph the vase of poppies at the Governor's. Patten and Arlan became active assistants and coworkers. No drape on the table. No background. Merely the reflection of the flowers on the mahogany surface and a few petals to give perspective. Time fourteen minutes at stop 11 in the room. We could not trust the open air. Bengstad was first, for he could not keep quiet and Captain Hansen, then calling, was urged to speak in a whisper lest his heavy voice jar the air. We three were tyrants, for we subdued ^{ours} the noise in their attempt to sense.

The effort was wonderfully successful tho Patten grieved that he had not realized that my Graflex was built different from

Nov-Monday. Yesterday I had given the Birtwings half of the
Copenhagen records that I gave them last week. Today I had to
take the good to see that I had not given them Birtwings
to go to find the same thing. I had to go to the
the other way all our money. I had to go to the

his and had consequently made
the picture almost too large for
a lantern slide. During the
fourteen minutes some petals
also had sagged, but this added
to the sense of naturalness by taking
away the artificiality of perfection.

* David and Anna. Anna had
come in at my invitation specially
for her picture. I took her and
David standing before their native
cliffs. They were too representative
of Greenland to be taken in or
before a commonplace house.
The picture would have been better
if the ipanyak (mosquitoes) had
not insisted on being present.

Getting Too Old? Whenever I
suggest the year's sojourn on the
coast of the Inland Ice or spending
a year sometime at Etah,
Doctor Hobbs says "forget it, you
are getting too old. Sauge Koch
at thirty says that he is now

Chambers's letter. The Chief finally obtained Chambers's letter and I finally told me that he had said some hard things about his forecasts and general theories and the usefulness of the Ice Trip. He had it all nicely collected neatly, saying that he had had the forecasts on the reports. Both praised Chambers's "notion" and the "light" detail of his report.

too old for the Island Ice. This, oft reported, is getting on my nerves. It may force me to more than trips in self defence. I am glad at least that I got here before he acquired this age "complex".

An Assistant for Me? The Chief has been trying to analyse his 7,000 kroner expense account. The Governor said that he had felt obliged to employ an assistant for me. He quizzed me and insisted upon my saying "yes. or No". I insisted as stoutly as going into details, for I wanted him to remember. I had really had none whatever, and the Chief decided that a great injustice had been done me. But no injustice was intended. The Governor had spent many a sleepless night in my welfare.*

Letters from Home. Too much to read, I had put my letters away. They were not many, for

I was soon coming home. Father understood that I was broken and was solicitous for my being forwarded home. He felt somehow that the North had done me wrong. Aunt's letter evoked one to her from Donald. He has fled to the West. His homesickness was greater than I had believed. But I must let him seek happiness in his own way. He and Willis are sons of their father.

Saturday, July 7. The Expedition Departs.

Fifth trip. I mean for flowers. It was successful. I photographed an entire slope of Niviarciets with the sky to give it distance. And better still I caught the Grey Heads napping the nodding slightly. Had I dared to wait a minute longer they would have been absolutely still for eight seconds. Such a stillness was a miracle or at least

phenomenal judging from my many trips.

Bangstad Beats the Chief. The Chief "talked" to Bangstad last night. The indirect comments of the winter confusion in equipment and Bangstad's retirement from group activity had reached their climax. Consequently, Bangstad was on duty early and had the satisfaction of sending a note to the Chief delivered midway in the harbor asking if he should proceed with loading the boat. We had a good laugh and I suggested that he held his camp over the Chief's head.

Dog Skins. Everything will out. The Chief asked me about glutting the market with dogskins there paying eighteen kroner a skin. I said "Let me tell you the story". He listened and looked content. The story of that skin and the Governor's refusal to grant me

and interpreter still moves
me bail. Will the Governor ever
get the right of it. It was the
end of following Bangstad's leading.

Gone. The first boat departed
^{after lunch} hearing the Chief, Bangstad, Baer,
Schneidfr Snyder and Edis. ^{Schyliden} Snyder should
take Clarence's place and take
full control of the station. There
should be no divided authority again.
Edis was to be general carpenter,
mechanic and expert in landing
fields.

a half hour later David Olsen's
boat took the remainder to Sarsvick
to follow my trail in and pick
up the canoe. Enok was to join
them at the fishing village. I
sent him my overcoat. Mother
will not see it again. This
will be almost as good as my
return. The departure was
quite Hobbsian. So quiet that
there was no second sight.

The harbor seemed quite empty and
I was alone.

A Ride with the youngsters. The harbor was rough but the children wanted to go to the piers with me. David's little grandson, the son of the Kataketa, was the leading spirit. We had ridden once to Sanfanguat together. The children handled the oars. I sat in the stern and directed when we returned, our mother was waiting smiling but anxious. For the children it was a great adventure.

Finishing Dickens. I am tired but Dickens has finally won me. I went to finish Dickens's Pantheist friend and have brought the Governor's copy on board.

Sunday, July 8.

Dickens in Bed. Last night was not sufficient. So here Paul I am reading in bed.

and here finally brought the long story to its close. It is a sweet story with many morals but the plot seems forced, especially the testing of Rose? But the episodes in themselves and the sketching of character were superb. I am inclined to believe that Dickens's characters are his chief asset.

It is cloudy today. We sail tomorrow. Can I get my last picture - another one of the town? The Queen Mab baguet on the diningroom table is very fragrant. I had not realized it before.

A Chat with Langs Kach. Out of a talk with Langs Kach I gleaned the following ideas, the first corroborating my own experience.

1. He wears heavy sheep-fluce socks in bed. So evidently he does not sweat. I found that I could wear socks too without

Tuesday, July 10.

ON NORTHERN WATERS

Foreword - Life for the last fortnight has been too fast and long and intense each day for me to maintain my diary and record my impressions while they were still vivid. The only way out is to start afresh. Life should be more normal now than the views and experiences will all be ones of grandeur.

On the Misty Sea. By ten last night I had ceased writing and went to bed as my old friends at home had planned to do.

Noariness, chills, wet or rather damp feet, and weariness were unfit companions for a ride on deer.

This morning we are drowsy and lame but have an increased power for work. If a doctor lives at Godhavn, I shall put an end to these games - but I fear that he has the center of his activity at Egedesminde. But it matters little. Nature will right matters tho somewhat slowly.

Our ship is pulling with energy and slipping and rolling slightly. The water

goggles under our parkies. Mist and fog cover the sea. A line of small icebergs accompanied by one large one lies inshore. We are riding a quiet sea. How quickly we have crossed the threshold from the south to the north. Meantime I sit in a warmed stateroom in my sheepskins on a sofa writing. Such is the comfort of northern travel.

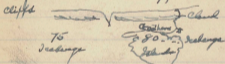
A Sledge One. At Breakfast we passed ice close aboard and one large low berg, new and white as if snow had recently fallen upon it. It was riper in consistency and sheer. The mass of the much washed autumn berg was leaving.

Breakfast Custom. Today all check hands with the Captain before sitting down. He appreciated it greatly. I set record to him this in snow. Near old Captain! he is kind to me. Sledge has graced the end of the table opposite the Captain. Poor

"later I understood. Some the
 Captain's birthday and the all
 into dinner the report of the
 celebration

Kabel Jørgensen was again obliged to retire as last year when the ship slightly increased her rolling.

Land ^{and 30.} Tray rounded rocks and knolls sea washed cloud capped. Islands most of them. Then ice berge on both horizons - first fifty, not counting the tiny or apparently tiny, on either side; then 80 on the inside and 75 on the sea side, as the high parapets of Nicas Island appeared:



Our first land had been Egedermide, but I had not realized it at first. It still is in view from Godhavn.

"The Godthaab". Within the harbor - even at our anchorage - lay the Godthaab. She had actually been to Baffin Land and back by Friday last, but her trip had been expedited by the presence of ice, which was

forced only to the distance of thirty miles before ^{the ship turned} turning back, leaving the coast still fifty miles away. They will try again next autumn when the ice perhaps is gone. They hastened too to place the geologist in hospital at Edeassminde. His influence was not wending in the noise of the tiny busy ship. He may catch his ship as he returns from Etah. Nearly all of the crew are eager to return in the autumn. Reason: Families or fiancées. The home call again, as I met it on the Whitney.

Godhavn. a landlocked harbor, imposing brown cliffs lined the pictured rocks of New Mexico, but an odd town. It might be a Nevada hamlet, except for the Norwegian church. Flags three and on large staffs. The buildings are mainly official: The Parliament House, the Landvogt's House, the Postman's House, the Pastor's House, the Church. Across

the harbor, the magnetic Observatory
and out of view down the beach -
a real Palm Beach (without the palms
but fringed with icebergs) the
Arctic Botanical Laboratory. The office
native houses cluster round.

The real Niros Bay Greenland lies beyond
the mirror in the circumference of
the wheel of which Godhavn is the center.

Views? Some of the best if the
weather permits. And it permitted today
but dinner and dressing for dinner
did not. Besides young Perisild assured
me that sun usually did shine
and cloudbands lent height to the
mountains. a panorama of bay and
islands and icebergs in fleet
formation even to the horizon
would be an unusual view and
astounding if one could include in
the foreground a meadow of flowers.
a westerly view was in the Crown
Cliffs, cañon split, rising in bands,
green based with the Godthaab anchored

below and close passed by a
berg that had entered the harbor
in the fresh southwest wind.
So was Church's luck but he did
not seize it. I waited for sun.

Acquaintances. Mueller was seen
on ship after radio duties to welcome
and anxious to learn whether his
telephone service had succeeded.
I introduced him aloud to the hydrographer
as the Man who Brought Smiles to
Greenland. He had lived in America
and England, had served America
in the World War. I had only Danish
tobacco for him - gotten from our
incoming boys. Erlanson was
absent. Departed yesterday with
Mr Persild to gather fossils. He
did not know I was coming. Mueller
thought that I had probably caught
the Kertrud Cook. For all of the
fellows had "caught" the first boat.
But to offset them, I shall catch the
last.

Wednesday, July 11.

Dinner. Dinner lasted from six till three and thus bestraddled two days. I felt as if it had eliminated the night, tho' the windows were drawn. There were three meals each only slightly lighter than the preceding but the diners remained the same. Skells prolonged the meals and dancing filled the intervals.

Dress was European. I'm glad I saved the style. Otherwise I would have been offensively done with my Native suit. However, knives are permitted, yet there was only one pair.

To attend a Captain's dinner is to see the entire colony and to have the Telegraphist of Greenland - as Mueller - as table companion, is to learn the name and present purpose of all on board. To the colony was added the officers and scientists of the Godthaab. The meteorologist and hydrographer was my neighbor at table.

a Romance. Captain Rio-Crosteron

of the Godthaat song at table a song I thought I had often heard on the Island Ice. There ~~was~~ ^{were} devotions and pathos in the song - ^{to me} - without words I enquired, and the following tale was told me. When a young officer, the singer had met a Native girl in the North and sent her fine clothes when he went home. Meanwhile she had died of the white scavage and the gifts he would have given in life were placed by him upon her grave. The song was his own and the revelation of his heart. Oft had he sung it and his singing, so full of appeal, had won even the Queen's admiration. She had eventually become the patroness of the present expedition. Of his two callings, his avocation seems to me the greater, for it touches hearts.

That Old Canoe. Mueller told me how it happened, the Inspector's or an inspector's boat passing up the coast met the Holrossen carrying

the doctor from Egedesminde & care for Doctor Church who had become seriously ill again. Fortunately the doctor from Egedesminde overheard the news to Clarence and Bill and corrected it.

The Parvills. Mother and daughter were present. I am glad that Danish women will smile and speak without introduction. The daughter has ^{physical} strength and attractiveness combined. The mother - only fifty-four - has a careworn face of severity. Muller calls aging natural in the North where one crystallizes quickly by living apart from the world's clearing house of thought.

Nobila. Stranger things may happen but they are events of a century. Nobila was saved by a Swedish aviator who landed on and rose from the ice. The aviator returned for another and damaged his plane in descending. He has thus taken Nobila's place. The next and he will probably never be rescued, for the ice is rapidly melting. All stories were wrong, says

Mueller. Nobili's dirigible descended sharply to the ice, throwing out snow. Then it arose. At about ten miles distance a smoke was seen - an explosion most probably - and the remaining eleven probably perished. Nobili's leg was broken and he suffered other injuries. Thus the reason for bringing him first. Result: The commander is saved, the crew perishes. A number is lost in the Arctic wastes - a fine offering for the life of his enemy.

My Luck. I chatted with both Cassner and Landsvoigt at dinner. Not only will the Hans Egede touch at Lunenburg and Upernivik but will return to Pröven and will probably take coal. Thus I can circle Nioko and compensate in part for the loss of a trip to Jacobshavn. Full compensation - my cap running over for the loss of Kasperbjergmann and the Inland Sea. But it was since only by the chance that I would not take the Central Pass and the very slender

meeting of the Risso and Hans Egede at
 Godhavn. Finally to the interest of my
 Father-in-law who suggested the chance.
 Could these threads mesh themselves
 again? Possibly, for as it turned out
 I could even have taken the trip in
 the Godthaab across the Straits. But
 I would not then have met Doctor Hobbs
 and had his eager consent and
 generous support.

A Day of Pictures. It was foggy this
 morning and I lay abed. My box in
 pictures seemed gone. The Godthaab
 had come close in to the Risso
 and thus removed herself from
 any possible colored pictures. However,
 Stephen Olsen and I set forth for
 panoramas. One remarkable
 composition was found - a curving
 beach with the radio towers at the
 center and a sea studded with
 icebergs. After long waiting, the clouds
 on the gigantic tableland, giving mass
 and power to the picture, parted and

94
I have now done! got a life-sized portrait of the
Kullerby - she filled in 5-7 plates with her spears and
harpoon. A chain was below joining the Swiford's side
to the loggellon.

a supreme picture lay before me
if only I could develop it on the spot
as I had the colored plates I can not
return. a second panorama of the
harbor was too much a backdoor
scene, tho' powerful because of the
mountain background.

Because of picture taking I could not call
on the Landvoget as invited. I hope that
I shall be forgiven. The laws of courtesy
are strict in Denmark.

* Called Dinner. At breakfast I waited
for second bell and was late. The
Captain was hungry and did not
wait for the second. Thus I was
exonerated. But at dinner, I suffered
from over haste. My place had been
changed yet again - this time to the
well side of the table. Before I could
find it a line had trooped or slid
into place, and being an novice, I
moved the cushions behind them.

Consternation and reproof were on
the Captain's face and ^{his} gesture. I saw

done quickly. The fine has had been put before the Superintendent of Barwick for being late. So I called for it and dropped in a large fine. On the box was a list. I enquired what was the crime for which 50 pence was levied. The Captain grinned and said: "Something like what you just did." I was duly impressed.

No. 10, written in Greenland. One couple in North Greenland and one in South.

^{A Golden Wedding}

Weds Day. I have wondered why so many flags today and so many flogstuffs. Private (Supt) Svanthgen explained that there were two golden weddings in the colony - two old couples (pairs he called them) had been married fifty years - a rare thing indeed in the North. Rare probably because the Natives do not live so long, but I did not see further.

Perhaps each official has his own flogstuff. There must be at least eight. Halstenberg has two.

Thursday, July 12.

The Hans Egede. This was to have been the "Hans Egede" day, but last evening from her

position the Captain estimated that she could not arrive before Saturday twelve or sixteen o'clock. So I may be forced to spend at least one night on shore.

A Clear Day. For Godhavn's sake give me cloudy. The town looks too plain and the table-land too dwarfed without the clouds. The sky setting is essential even with the armada of icebergs outside. I must await my opportunity now for colored pictures. Rather studies in grey than bare red heights.

That Cold. The cold and hoarseness brought with the dunks or wreck is very slowly abating. Sleep seems the best remedy. I wonder whether Godhavn will now catch it as Helstenborg did. My back and arms have now too nearly lost their hoarseness. Rowing was a stern test of their recovery. They could stand it but not all. However, I shall soon be my tough self again.

Dogs. Here they keep dogs in cages. They certainly are formidable as compared

with the dogs of south Greenland. Only the best four of our winter team can compare with them. The Arctic Station is solving its transport problem from harbor to station by hitching dogs to a larry.

Müller has a dog larry too. These services are platforms with bicycle wheels at the corners rather than actual wagons or carts.

Jacobshavn. Breakfast was a rather better meal, for it brought the surplus of the entire trip. Basis was the fact that the Hans Egede would not arrive until Saturday noon - an extension of two days. Then came Magister Parvild and Landsfoged Beethelsen to breakfast. I mentioned the trip, ^{and picture of it} to Magister Parvild merely as a subject of conversation, he mentioned it to the Landsfoged. There was a brief chat and a smile, "Could I be ready at once? yes, by three." "Supposing the motor boat broke down?" "Will hold the Hans Egede". Thus I


lost my colored picture but
was a trip. Perhaps I can
get the colored picture anyway.

Another fine. This time I
asked "Warum?" It was an
infraction of table etiquette. If
a dish going down the table
is passed across, it must
then go up the table completing
the circuit of that end, a
second dish is supposedly making
a similar circuit of the other
end of the table. I handed the
dish up table all right for
sanctity to the Provost and Magister
Parcild, but when it was
returned to me, I handed it
down table. "Ten Ore" was
the quick sentence of the Captain.
The previous fine had whetted
his "Merry Andrew" appetite on me,
and with a merry chuckle
he told the crowd how I had
trod the cushions the day before.

Schedule. It would take ten hours to reach Jakobshavn. I should have the Landsfjærd's own motor boat. Furthermore, I should have a bed at the Landsfjærd's on my return and thus be billeted with Løbel Jørgensen. But this night I should not sleep, for the pictures must be taken before six to avoid the sun. Both men smiled appreciatively when I boasted that coming out of Kongsfjærd I had gone without sleep for a week - a boast that I later estimated was just twice too large.

Coasting "Sicily": The abrupt hills and colorings look like the Italian Gato but the continuous high plateau and steep wall give one the impression of Sicily except that the rocks are a rich deep reddish brown. In this

we might imagine ourselves in a watered New Mexico or Arizona.

The whalebone locomot. Later Magister Percell gave me details. But at the low rock point that represents the elbow creating Godhavn harbor at the base of its basaltic cliffs, stands a sawty box ribbed and shaped by the lower jaw bones of a whale . The sides are made of boards. Here lined a locomot to name the whalers in the harbor behind whom and where a whale was spotted. That was when whaling was done in small boats. The locomot is an autograph album of names - many of them famous - carved on the boards, and the locomot is now being preserved.

Icebergs. Jakobshavn Glacier is plainly the mother of icebergs.

By sunset, I saw 95 on one side of our boat and 65 on the other with some slick ice from disintegrated bergs besides. But only a half dozen of these riveted my attention, but these lay close on our course. Others as fine were doubtless among the more distant ones. My description reads like a catalog:


1. Blue cap and white overlay. Soil. Must have been fissured by earth frictions.
2. A square berg. Two water levels.
3. Fredric MacMonnies Fountain. Ice tufts very porous and delicate. Green at water line. Large splash of blue above and seams of blue crossing and crisscrossing.
4. A little berg fit for Solvang's

swan float. Both the Fountain and the Float have the perfection of a Cenova but are fantastic like rococo.

Land Ahead. Saw and blue. The east point of Sisko is now about 90° with our course.

5. Bicklin's Isle of Death. Pure crystal white with serpentine green flush increasingly deep toward the water. A statue as of Black Hawk or the Victory of Samothrace stands before it. At nearer view it was a shaft the massive pillar with square capital. A treasure, but the rolling sea would not let me take it in colour. The winter would be the only time, when ice fields would be a steady platform, but the beauty of the sea washing its base would be gone.

6. Close beside it is

Here cross. Black & much snow
ice with a bluish ^{cast} ~~cast~~. Uninterrupted.
From the east side it shows
symmetry — a square section of
earth on an ice base 

Jakobshavn Ice Front.

The Glacier Tongue. We are now
more than three-fourths way across.
Jakobshavn ice front looks like
a series of icebergs a mile or
more long and thick. But
it creates moods as we
draw nearer and the moods
are fantastic like the ice:

1. Jakobshavn Glacier is a
great white counter ^(a John Karamore's) from which
contented customers in white
are leisurely departing. Even the
waters are becoming still
tho the swell continues strong.

2. Ice Front

"Far flung, our navies
melt away!"

Sunset. Still, just sunset clear on starboard astern.

3. We are now passing a tongue of icebergs thrust out like a lava flow for perhaps two miles from shore. Small fragments floating in water. One large berg loose and drifting away. A good picture but must stand on a berg to take it.

Jakobshavn. We were to one side of the tongue. Our harbor is not in the ice tongue's field but in a pocket close northward. A small boat with two men is trailing in ice-flecked waters. Another is busy close to the ice tongue.

Friday, July 13-

Greenland Huts. We arrived at 12:18, but all were up. The village had looked tiny from the sea, but it was really large, having eighty native houses we compared with

Twentyfive at Godhavn. The town
 faced the inner harbor mostly
 out of sight from the open sea.
 The radio investigated by Magister
 Parvill had sent out directions
 ahead. Este of course. Besten
 Kunder was lost in his large
 house up the hill. He was
 still in early middle life and
 had seen service all round Sivers Bay.
 He hoped to remain at Godhavn
 for its fisheries appealed to him.
 Here the small rabbit frequented
 the glacier waters attracted by
 the tiny molluscs in the clay.
 He had shipped more than one
 thousand barrels of salt rabbit
 last season. They are smoked
 in Denmark and become a
 delicacy in the market.

* In fact part of the Swiftpuff
 are the largest colony there in the land.
 Some fifty people are employed, not
 counting the fishermen.

Two doctors also met me.
 They, as everyone else along the
 route north, asked me about
 the arms. The radio has

made this far flung sparse community one in thought and sympathy.

The natives announced that the sun would shine down the glacier at four. So three was set as the hour for departure.

The Glacier Stream. The two guides were waiting in the kitchen. The older was Tobias one of Langf Kach's ^{recent} companions to East Greenland and destined to return with us to Godhavn for Kach's present trip. It was overcast and sprinkling. But pastel effects and reflections were dominant. The overcast say would after all be better than the sun.

Our route lay thru lush meadows and pools. The moss, races and grey lobs were at the height of their season, not much behind the season in

South Greenland. As at Camp Coaly,
the great ice seemed to favor
rather than deter vegetation.

Soon we reached our boat
where the glacier passed from
a tongue of firm ice to
a train of icebergs. The first
was common place in glacier
landscape, the latter was
full of character and
individuality. If we had
been at the waterlevel, the
icebergs would have looked
overpowering. But from our
vantage height they seemed
so, for the sound of the
grinding rock to us here
that of a triphammer factory,
so that I said to my companion
: "America". It was an endless
belt of ice masses passing
out to sea but no return
Water surged from the
mass being festoons of

* But Miller, commenting on our summer scene, says that in spring the icebergs are fairly close to the shore and the wind so great is that they are behind them.

slush that passed out lazily on the glacial stream of which the winding train of icebergs formed the center. Well out to sea the ice found sufficient depth to float away.

The scene was a study in grays - from the gray green of the water to the gray blue of the overcast sky. Colors and shorts and legs in pictures. Our camera stood by the side of an old ~~table~~ ^{table} were taken. We wandered back from the soft meadows to the house where we took more pictures and started the early day with the town.

A Sunny Day of Following Wind. At ten we were on our way retracing our course. The wind had changed, the sky had cleared and the sea had fallen. My host had given me a lunch. It was sunny and I curled up on the cabin roof to sleep

my dreariness away. But it was a day of physical comfort rather than of spiritual exaltation. It lacked the clouds and the night.

Once the engine stopped. The Danes and Katives call it "maskina". The boat forged slowly ahead under sail. Then the waters felt and even looked like Tchao. Only there were icebergs. However, these looked pretty and not cold.

By eight we were hand and one more. The Landfoged was in Edelesminds. The young Bestyeren insisted upon giving me dinner and Magister Parvild found a bed for me at his home by putting the tutor on a sofa. Thus ended a long day of friendship and landscape in the far North.

Saturday, July 14.

The Arctic Station. Just to wander thru the plain pioneer house is a pleasure because of the pamphlets, the books and the pictures.

Motherly and fatherly hospitality too prevails there, and culture, industry and learning. To find opportunity for work without distraction Magister Parvill works late in the night and sleeps late into the morning.

The son ^{one son} Austin? is going to Reseman to high school. His tutor fears that he will be jolted. I fear rather that the Danes and not he will be jolted. A Westerner, a Northerner, and an Irishman will impress rather than be impressed by their new environment. They are resistant to racial change. They will be Johnny Kellies.

Not again and picture was lost
perhaps because you do not take the
best view as I took from beach and the
Fishing Sea, the icebergs were "walled in"
& all background in the middle

More Pictures. Icebergs from an
Arctic Beach, a Bush of Brilliant
Arctic Roses, Red Basalt Cliffs
over Godhavn Harbor, Green Greenland
and the Isberg Sea - most of
them in color. The plate
taking the Jakobshavn Glacier
in color had proved sick.
I know not why. So I took
many of the others to blot
out my regret. *

[The Hans Egede. Saw after
noon as if true to schedule
the Hans Egede entered harbor.
She could be seen far out at
sea and would linger
until evening. So the day became
a leisurely attention of putting
my fifteen pieces of baggage
aboard, picture taking, and
making farewell calls. At
nine thirty we sailed.
No bills for hospitality to pay
and even my hand luggage

placed carefully on board by the Vestyrar. I went early to bed for I had seen the majestic south coast of Siko and desired to rise early to see the passage thence to the Vaigat.

Sunday, July 15.

Greenland's Dry Mountains.

At four thirty this morning I was up and found the coasts just beginning to narrow on either side. The mountains were lower and grayer and more snow and ice capped. All sediments were evident. Icebergs lined the strait. Finally, the Siko side resumed its basalt-cliff appearance as at Godhavn, while on the Greenland side low red foothills at the base of a higher range showed the fossil beds whence fossil plants are taken. These beds are really burnt brick clay, believed to have been baked by

the ignition of the adjacent coal
seems by some early passing ship.

Kiddie's: at the base of the best
cliffs could be seen the buildings
of our first destination - the
coal city. We should tarry here
throughout the day to load a
hundred tons of coal. It was
a new town. The shore looked
desolate like some opening
coalmine site but higher up
a trace of greenness showed,
the sign of millers. Schooners
from Liverpool and Larkham
lay in the roadstead, for all
coal must be brought out in
lighters and can be loaded
only in fair weather. However,
the lighters can be loaded
directly from a trestle. Better
still the river starts directly at
the beach and runs back as
a level grade into the hill.
Native could not be seen.

kindly economically in placing the coal vein at the sea except by placing it on a protected harbor, for here all boats must compete with storms and the large ships that anchor farther out must occasionally change anchorage to give passing icebergs the right of way.

Two Modernisms - Pictures were made from the ship, then from the shore. But my best novelties were modernized sod houses and surf-beach boats. The houses had a wooden core with turf veneer, laid thick and in perfect and thin layers. The window cases were deep as ^{wide} those of log houses, the native house of America. The roofs were very slight of slope or actually flat. The wells dipped

slightly in. Indeed the simpler
sub houses resemble the Pueblo
houses of the Southwest.

And the surf boats seem to
have been built for this coast,
but in reality are Norwegian.
They are roundbottomed punts
with an upward sloping
rounded bow that rises
so high and projects forward
so far that it reaches over
the beach when the main
body of the boat runs aground
in the surf, thus affording
a dry landing. Three wooden
runners, really keels, on
the bottom of the boat
protect it from much wearing
and serve as aids for hauling
it up. It is adapted either
for oars or outboard motors



Traveling Mate. Apparently I am to sail all the way to Opatkagan in the Hans Egede. The Risso will not tarry at Helstenberg to take more cargo from the Trinifax, for in doing so she would be forced to abandon her fourth trip. Therefore, she will keep ahead of us all the way home. However, I shall get accustomed to the smoke of the Hans's funnels and the pound of her screw and forget them in the pleasure of the companionship.

We are particularly fine. Sarge Keel, Magister Povild's Secretary, Mr. Henry a Mining Engineer from India, and Peter Francher Jr. Young Peter is a Cape York Eskimo, son of Peter and full of smiles. He has frozen to me and tells the steward that he owns me. He is twelve but tiny and

shows no trace of his father. He has been visiting with Peter and his stepmother at Copenhagen. Why he is going back I can't understand. His stepmother likes him and has his sisters. He is said to be somewhat mentally deficient and so may fit better with his tribe. But his table manners are perfect and his Danish good. He is very courteous, doffs his cap often and says "Farevel" (farewell) whenever he steps out. He has full sets of suits: knickerbockers and sweater, overalls and rubber boots, and winter weather coat, and the steward made him a little white cook's suit. He will be the "king out" of Etah when he returns. With his flat face and King Tut hair cut, he looks quaint indeed in Southern dress. His only

fault is to wander off and sit down and stay sitting irrespectively of the lapse of time or change of weather. But I think I can understand that.

Last Mail South. And I did not send any. The Visco will be here soon and will take the mail, but we shall follow soon. Had I thought earlier and had writing material, I might too have written as did my Julia friend. But I have not yet become accustomed to frequent writing.

The Flag Salute. The last coal has come aboard in a rough sea by changing over to the lee side of the ship. And now between eight and nine, as planned, our whistles has sounded and flags are being dipped. The schooner

from Upernivik dipped her flag
 gracefully over to her stern -
 and a sheet of success
 at the day's boating and of farewell
 comes even from the shore.
 It is a pretty custom and
 warms the heart. The resident
 engineers meanwhile are
 leaving on the Annex (deck)
 for shore and hats are
 waved in parting. Our ship
 gradually gets under rapid
 way and I climb the looking
 stairs to the deck once more.

A Growing Town. As we draw
 away the Eskimo Uta in reminiscence
 said: "This will be a big town.
 A central engine plant is coming
 up on the disko. Next year
 ten new houses will be built.
 Last year you five on the flat
 were constructed. Five years
 ago only two Eskimo houses
 were there." The Eskimos can

handle coal. They have put somewhat over a hundred tons on board today and wholly in baskets. Sarge Koch says that more coal seams will be found. Coal mining may become an essential industry.

The White Tragedy Ended. a Russian icebreaker has chummed a path to the last survivors. This is a tribute to Bolshevik Russia. Of the little party of three that started to walk in, the Swede died and the Italians succeeded. Like Captain Cagni of Abegg's Polar Expedition, the warm climate Italians can sometimes achieve the nearly impossible. Amundsen remains a mystery. It appears now that he probably never reached even Spitzbergen. He left not knowledge of the course he would take. So search is difficult.

Monday, July 16. ^{Vaiyat.} ~~Great views of the coast~~

^{Vaiyat} ~~Umanac~~. We went down the ~~coast~~ ^{Waiyat} in the face of a stiff breeze that made tarrying at the bows exhilarating but brief. The hills were plainly sedimentary and soft, for they showed even the minor waves of erosion. It was in fact a physical map of a river system in miniature uplifted for a class to see. The soil too was as dry as the Bad Lands. Here judging from erosion Greenland was a old geologically as over America of the West. Among the hard rocks of the coast we had thought her young.

However, the sky line showed that the cliffs of Godhavn and the high plateau were still persisting. With this scene I went to bed to rise early, for Magister Koch assured us that

the land would become increasing low and distant as we rounded Hugsuar Peninsula into Umanak Fjord.

Umanak^{Fjord.} The Captain had expected delay by head winds, but I awoke in tranquil waters. It was six and we were just entering a broad aisle of rigorous mountains and large icebergs. However, fog was rising behind us and fashu clouds were overhead. We would beat the rough weather to the harbor.

Ahead of us two hours away rose high Umanak Rock with a top resembling a clenched fist. Colours were in the waters about us. The icebergs, especially two large ones, were very delicately tinted a uniform pale green, but commercial steamers wait for no views

tho the Captain called me
quickly for the usual Swiss maps.
One low square bay had an
arched portal that made it
look like a massive building -
the Transportation Building of the
Columbian Exposition of 1893. Another
was pure marble rough surfaced.
As the fiord shallowed, the water
too became a glacial green. But
the impression was mainly one
of gray because of the gathering
fisher clouds and the Inlandra
capping the distant hills.

Unmanak Town. The "Clenched
Fist" lay in the midst of the
fiord at the radiating center
of minor fiords that penetrated
far into the distant hills. Ice-
bergs seemed to form a continuous
line across the landscape,
but give abundant room for
right of way. Only in the spring
breakup do they crowd with

menace. Then they come
 even to the harbor's mouth,
 at the base of the "Clashed Fist"
 and almost behind it lies our
 harbor protected from the
 southwest wind and sheltered
 by tongues of rock from any
 others. Indeed it is a "Secret Harbor"
 like our little bowl at Takoo.
 Only a flag on the cliffs reveals
 its presence from the ocean
 side and so small is it
 that the ships must be warped
 in stern first and then be
 moored by side lines in
 addition to the usual anchors
 and stern lines.

But so skillfully is this
 accomplished that I did not
 realize that it had been
 done until I saw our ship
 from the shore. I was
 interested rather in the
 scene before me, a perfect

bank, like a theatre, with houses
 clustering its sides, the newest
 highest line Nikolai's perched on
 its cliff. In the midst a massive
 wave house of rock laid like a
 sloping rampart but timbered round
 - the whole painted a rich black
 with brown gables. Otherwise, the
 town looks modern in its
 yellows, browns, and greens
 and built here wholly because
 of its perfect harbor, for the
 rocks are almost wholly bare
 and even the tiny threadline
 brook has only the scantiest
 fringe of grass. However, the
 "Clanched fist" rising like a
 monument from its island base,
 the Kibulter island opposite
 and the arrival of icebergs
 makes however the alpine
 landscape center of north Greenland.

However, to one who loves
 ice, far more subtle power

and beauty are the found near Upernivik.

Greenland Weather. I had never seen fawn clouds so numerous and so typical so near the coast, but the Ice Cap also was near. By afternoon the sky had become ^{from the southeast} overcast, and rain was falling. It was the old story of the meeting of the Ice slope wind and the storm center from the sea, but with no intervening land mass to confuse.

Journal Calls. As the entire colony is expected to come aboard, so the ship's passengers are duty bound to come ashore to call, especially on the Eskimor. Young Peter French (his name is Quichek(-shou) had gone with me to hunt out sites for a panorama and me

had been driven down by rain and the lad's own restlessness. Mr Henry had meanwhile joined us. We met Sauge Koch in overalls but with coat on was going to call. He swept us into the path of duty. A change of overalls in the anteroom and donning of coat was his simple preparation. Simplicity and geniality marked the home - Flax-haired children in heavy white washes and Kamiks ran in and out and gave us welcome, one little fellow offering to sit on my lap.

The soul of the reception was the drinking of the Scold, which the Governor performed with each group of guests. I did not drink, but accepted a cake and ate his health with it. Then came cigars. I did not smoke, but suggested

that I could swear. I was
and was one of the crowd
after that. I had at least one
"redeeming vice."

A Coming Wedding. The entire
family of the Thorsens are aboard
our ship - except possibly the
mother, for she may be dead.
The father is Ships Inspector,
the son has been Governor of
Pröven and Lunara and is
now returning from a two
years' stay in Copenhagen to
become Governor of Godhavn.

A daughter is coming to wed
the Assistant. It will be a
family occasion but transferred
to the North. At ship's dinner
the two sit at the foot of the
table, - she a splendid example
of girlhood and womanhood
blended and he of manhood
in its youth. Dignity, sweetness,
health shows in the faces and

bearing of each.

Racial Blends. Sometimes they are not blends but overloads.

Little Quichon, son of the Danish titan, Peter Trenchon, is a typical Cape York Eskimo, tiny, flat faced, and Mongol-eyed. Peary's sons too show no trace of Southern blood, tho' the blood count showed even the family. Koch tells me that they are the sons of one mother, not of two, and that Mrs Peary knows of them, for she asked him regarding them. But tho' Eskimo in feature, they are unusual in quality.

On the other hand, our Governor here has a son by a former Native wife, who would be taken as a Southerner. Only the dark hair and twink eye make him at all conspicuous from our kind.

His alertness and modesty are instantly winsome, at first I thought that he might possibly be the bridegroom but he seemed too young for that. In reality he is the second Assistant.

Onoars. The Assistants are each wearing a blue (bright blue) onoar, but with a tie. They make me feel at home, for I have been the only ship's member dressing in Native blouse and boots. But now Sarge Kach is doing so. However, I could improve much in cleanliness but I feel tired. and our crowded stateroom, called a Testament by Henry, crushes out the desire to wash and change clothes. We are leaving all that to Magister Parsild's Secretary, who keeps immaculate and wears a cane. We call him "Arey".

Tuesday, July 17.

Between Suras. The weather is slowly clearing today. So I am sitting tight to get panoramas while the clouds still touch the mountain crests and give the sky character. On the other hand, Mr. Hardy desires to visit a glacier across the fiord. Klutzy keeps me here as duty taxes him there, but I have agreed to join him in a longer trip tomorrow.

All. Besides I have been miserably ill since leaving Godhavn. That "cold" brought the entire colony of Hvalsteneberg by the sick and lack of rest have combined to dull my vitality. I should have consulted the doctors at Jakobshavn. Last night, I felt alarmed for a little because the cough had reached my lungs. I then took my first medicine -

two tablets of Aspirin offered by Henry. So today I have forgotten the doctor and turned my case back to Nature once more.

The doctor, his Governor Bishop, would probably put me to bed.

Glacial Polishing. I have been showing many examples to Henry but yesterday I found one that would delight the eye of a scientist for its luster. Only it had been retouched by the feet and trusser seats of children. It was a glacial groove child's width at the top of the stone hill above town, which the children had made into a "Kerry Slide Down" like those in the school yards at home. Here they make merry while I took my panorama and then at request of the Governor's daughter took them all in a group picture.

Color Snare. at Godhavn I took color pictures with the utmost care. This morning the reflection of our Gibraltar in the water lured me to take a colored picture from the ship. Just then the winch started up and I shut off, in disgust at having wasted another plate. But tonight this view turned out to be a masterpiece. Even the Captain was enthusiastic over it. For the first time both the rocks and the ice had reality and vitality and color was over all. Was it the shortened exposure necessitated by the winch? "Umanak Rock" is underexposed and poorly foregrounded. I can not find a proper setting. "Icebergs from an Arctic Beach" taken near Pavnilds was overexposed and anemic. But a "Beach of Arctic Rocks" was brilliant and vivid. Why

problem now is to photograph icebergs. A really truly standpoint for the camera is the problem. Colors and reflections can be had but the camera has no place to stand. We need a telephoto color camera, for the icebergs are drifting too far out.

The ship's company is becoming really interested in color pictures. Pity that reproductions and enlargements can not be made photographically from them.

The steward and boys have fitted up a good bunk room for me in a coalhole or tool locker near the galley. So I have water, heat, black darkness and daylight all handy to my work.

It is a family life. As I moved friendly faces of shipmates and natives looked on occasionally, while I received the developing

traps & the music of a graphophone
in the soft evening light and
stillness on deck.

Wednesday, July 18.

Just Writing. It is cloudy and
beginning to rain again today. The
clouds are spreading in from the
sea. Mr. Harty had returned
enthusiastic last night and was
planning an overnight climb for
us two today. He is greatly
disappointed, for he has traveled
too many thousand miles to be
lazing about now on the ship.
But that is just my mood.

With field glasses all the
details, ^{of the neighboring ice cap} even to debris almost can
be observed from the deck of the
ship, but Harty desires to
view and appreciate in terms
of rigorous physical exertion.
He wants to measure its height
and expanse in terms of
nearness rather than miles

He wishes to see the glacial mechanism in action
 on a map. "It is the age-long
 standard of Experience, the teacher."

Just Climbing. And then more
 climbing until today falls into
 tomorrow. It cleared by noon
 and a desk was planned.
 Cameras except the smallest were
 left behind. However, Lange Koch,
 who provided the transport, added
 two sleeping bags and a tent.
 One of the guides had a Primus.
 Both guides wore neat white
 hoods over their caps. Has
 guiding become official in the North?
 The hood at last was neat.
Vain Regrets.
 "We were quickly over the
 fiord - an hour's run perhaps -
 but even this scant distance
 started vain regrets regarding
 cameras. I had broken my
 rule of keeping my cameras always
 with me for it had seemed
 absurd to take them. But
 even at the harbor's mouth

"Did it originate for striking seals?"

was a blue iceberg and a
 low floe from which to photograph
 it. And from the far shore
 and along the climb was a
 panorama unfolding islands
 and distant fjords filled
 with ice. Then clouds came
 on and the depth of the fjord
 became deep blue and glassy
 as if congealed into ice.
 Lumanax lay like Emerald Bay
 Island below us with its
 fingerlike reflections dimly
 mirrored on the water.
 As midnight came, blue also
 encircled it and its contour
 became shadowy but set off
 at its summit by a dull
 glow of red sunrise then a
 rift in the clouds. I had
 been disinclined to set forth
 at all except for my promise
 and now had the bitterness
 of viewing superb scenes with

no camera to record them,
 So the trip degenerated as it
 had started into a mere
 test of climbing.

Food. We had erected the
 tent at the shore but taken
 our food with us. On a rock
 face the string of one box broke
 and its contents rattled down.
 They were not lost but
 revealed a host of "queibach"
 hastily given for the guides.
 In the other box we found
 lunch enough for one of
 sandwiches. Was there coffee?
 "Nami" said the guides. So we
 ate our sandwiches with
 queibach for filling, with
 pieces of bread soaked in
 warm water for the mortar.

Glaciers. However, we were
 hunting glaciers and found
 what we sought. I had seen
 much with the glass from

the ship but saw more ice feet
and enough to repay the entire
climb.

Above the palisade that
formed the fixed wall, the
mountain sloped more gradually
back to another wall which
glacier tongues were still
busily cutting down. Above this
the slope flattened out to
an immense plateau capped
by ice. In the far distance
to the west rose a table
mountain, with gently sloping
base, high ramparts and
small table top. It rose
full 2000 feet above the other
plateau and was cloud capped.
Ice had plainly carved its
sides as it had the
upturned wedge of Linnæus
and the immense
palisade island behind it.
The Island Ice now retreated



had been immensely deep and immensely strong.

Except for an occasional tongue that stretched like a ribbon down a cañon, the glaciers stopped at the top of the ramparts or palisade forming the fiord wall. Here we came upon a scene of desolation suggesting some great abandoned mining camp. Here was a great field of boulders mostly without earth fill but mainly lichen covered.

Absence of lichens. We had noticed areas where the rocks were entirely bare, particularly in the stream bed below. Gradually the cause became convincingly plain. They were areas where the snow lay so long that lichens could not grow, tho' the present season the rocks were quite snowfree. The areas were always in the beds

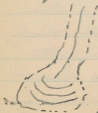
of cañons or on lee slopes. The slopes exposed to wind were always lichen covered. Evidently the past winter had been one of light precipitation here as it had been farther south. The phenomenon of barrenness is paralleled by the killing of the lichens on the rocks of Lake Tahoe by the flood of 1907-08 and their slow return; also by the bare area on Robison Peak where trees never grow because of the great snow cornice.

Glacial Dumps. I thought these were dumps at first until I saw the ice peeping forth. It was in reality a moving tongue thick covered with debris. At its end was a low layer of rock where the ice had melted and begun a thin terminal moraine. But the recent retreat had not been long.

Along its sides and perched precariously on its back were gigantic boulders square broken rather than worn. And where the boulders had rolled down from the glacier back, the ground was covered with rock splinters fresh as if broken off yesterday.

Plainly the glacier was in motion tho' tho'ly disguised by the rock boulders on its back.

From the crest of the upper palisade where the real ice cap began, the stream lines of the ice in the glacier tongues could be plainly seen from the soil markings, varying from the central sinuous line that represented the strongest current to the broad ^{bracketed} curves where the tongues widened out.



A pier of rock still projected where two tongues

joining below into one had failed as yet to cut the mountain tongues entirely away. Thus it still stood the mightiest of mountains.

In another glacier front the ice hesitated and formed two great arches at the brink of a cliff instead of plunging over as an ice cascade as in the Alps - additional evidence besides the desolate slope below that the glacier was withdrawing.

Tapioca Ice. But on the ice cap itself I met my greatest surprise, for here, instead of walking on firm ice as on the Greenland Ice Cap farther south, we waded ankle deep in granular ice. It could not possibly be old ice disintegrating (it does not act that way) but rather the past

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* July 27: But it is granular ice not snow.
The old snow on the lower slope at Upernivik is
only normally granular but on an ice flow coming
from the inland ice, I found the soft same typical
crystals on the surface. There it is ^{by the} ^{glaciers} ^{they} ^{flow} ^{down}

season's snow in its most
extreme form of granular
crystallization, a milder form
of which was seen in March
on the inland ice. Here the
snow has persisted longer,
but is melting before consolidation
with the old ice is attained.

Flowers. We ate midnight
lunch at 4200 feet, then
climbed the more gradual
slope to at least 4500 feet.
The horizon line of ice still
lay considerably above and beyond
us, as we turned back. But
even at the ice edge the
Greenland poppy grew in
sheltered clefts among the boulders.
I had always considered the
"fire weed" called the Niviarset
(Maidens) the most-persistent
flower but it must yield.
The biological trinity of Greenland
must be: The Polar Bear (Osborn),

the Mosquito (Spanax), and the Greenland Puffin.

As we descended, we picked up old friends again: the Diced Wabs, the Niviarset, and dainty bells like Lilies of the Valley but having only one bell on a stem. Many of the flowers of Kangerlugssua were here in full bloom, and together, for the season is later here and shorter. Since the spring geese I had been following the spring northward, I wish that I could turn and follow it back.

Slopes. Only in descending did we fully appreciate the steepness of the slopes. To climb is exhausting but to descend is to maintain precarious balance. On the upper slopes we stepped from block to block in ascending, but we could not do so

when descending unless the block below sloped sharply back. For the momentum of the downward step was sufficient to throw us from our balance and pitch us forward. So we eased ourselves down with both hands and feet. At the base of the first descent, I gazed at its profile. It was steeper than 45° . It must actually have been 60° . The blocks had maintained their places only by wedging. Fortunately there were no rounded rocks among them.

The lower palisades were verdure covered on the terraces with tiny rivulets and beds of flowers. Even when steepest some convenient path was found from floor to floor until finally our tent, being tiny indeed in the depths, was attained.

Jørgen Berthelsen
kst. Landsfoged i Nordgrønland

Godhavn, den 19/7 1878

My dear Mr. Schiøtz.

You can very well take your
baggage on board my motor boat;
but I should find it much
easier ~~not~~ to place it on shore,
than will my Secretary, Mr. Pal-
age take care of your baggage
and bring it on board. Please
reply. It is then unnecessary
to take more baggage on board
the motor boat, when you shall
use during the trip Et fakto-
marer.

I have written to the So-
vernier, Mr. Knudsen, in fakto-
marer in accordance to our
appointment.

May I wish you a good trip.
Very sincerely yours
Jørgen Berthelsen