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DIARY OF SECOND TRIP  
TO GREENLAND, 1927-28.

ON NORTHERN WATERS

NOTE BOOK No. 12

Thursday, July 19. "Another and yet the same"  
Sleep. It was now 4 a.m.

and we had been about for  
ship since 2 p.m. of the  
previous day. The guides had  
come not knowing where  
we had long. They had asked  
occasionally on the trail and  
by gesture and watch I tried  
to answer. Once I told them  
that we were going over  
the mountain to Jakobshavn,  
Egedesminde and Godhavn. This  
produced astonishment, then  
due to their Irish temperament  
it produced a smile. As we  
approached the summit, however,  
gesture made it plain that one  
should go only to the top, then  
down to camp, <sup>as the house was in,</sup> food and sleep  
merely became subjects of merry  
humor.

At the tent we had two  
sleeping bags. How should we

share them? I thought that the guides owned them but they said that they belonged to Lange Koch the main leader proudly claimed ownership to the Primus. So as we had shared food and Nandy even his precious stock of cigars, we shared the bags in the only possible way by laying them down lengthwise and flatwise and lying upon them. They would at least keep us from the ground while the tent would shelter us from above.

Thus I slept soundly and warm until noon, while a storm that gathered swiftly from the mountains as we descended beat in wind and heavy rain upon the tent. Fortunate was the forethought of Magister Koch who had discussed this contingency and provided the tent. Without it

we should have spent a miserable day wholly without shelter for I and the guides had brought no rain clothes. Handy had his leather coat.

Waiting. Breakfast in warm water was our only meal. No boat had arrived by noon tho ordered for 11 o'clock. The storm was abating but Umanak itself was more exposed. In the late afternoon a speck was seen on the water. When it passed by the face of an iceberg, we knew it was a boat and probably ours. The spray could be seen breaking at its bow as it breasted the waves. It also was the Doctor's boat, generously loaned for our trip. We had feared that it had been called suddenly away to some sick summons. A wedding was due and we had been

invited to the wedding dinner. We might possibly still have time to attend - but, we feared, only in our rough clothes,

a Danish Colonial Wedding. One does not always go to the home land to wed. This year and last had girls of high official families come with their parents to the husband and land of their choice for the wedding. At Godthaab, the girl was marrying a Native, here our girl was being married to a Dane but by a Native pastor.

As we swung in from the sea and under our ship's hawser, the Captain and crew were already on deck in formal costumes and order ready to take boat to the little church.

I feared that I might not be ready even for dinner, but was

surprised to find myself dressed just as the church bell rang and the bride with only the new girl attending walked slowly across the village square - now deserted - to the church. I hastily followed and the courteous Natives throughing the vestibule parted and beckoned me to a seat within.

It was the type of wedding that a lover of Greenland would desire. The music was Greenlandic, I was told. It seemed to be in a minor key set in the full, rounded hymnal tone. Two Greenlanders presided at the tiny pipe organ. The ceremony, however, was in Danish. In the chancel was the priest at the altar and facing each other sat the two groups of Daythen and Father and Bridegroom and Brother-in-law.



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In the audience on quaint  
benches sat the tiny handful  
of Danes in the colony and  
opposite our ship's company.  
Greenlanders sat behind or  
stood in the vestibule and  
outside. Outside the chapel was  
humble but inside its pillars  
gave somewhat the atmosphere  
of the Old Church at Helstedsborg.

After the pledging of husband  
and wife, the train set together  
and father and son sat opposite  
them and all shared in  
the closing hymns.

Then a leisurely walk to the  
wharf, where a canopied  
barge awaited the couple.  
The canopy was red and  
consisted of a heavy blanket  
converted for the occasion and  
together with the Danish flag  
gave vivid coloring to the  
white shipboat. Around a

small island it rained until the rest could get aboard and form a reception line to give them welcome.

Dinner and lunches and refreshments gave both here and background for singing and seals (toasts) and minor dancing. The formal dinner had been held in these rooms but the succeeding gatherings were held on the promenade deck draughtly but sheltered somewhat and gay with flags.

By 2 a.m. I thought the ceremony over and started for bed. But the Father, the Greenland Inspector of Ships, summoned or rather headed me up on deck.

To the sharing of the wedding cake and re-singing of the songs of the evening. I am glad that he interpreted my non-attendance as merely

ignorance and gathered me in. Other nations would probably have said nothing to me but would have been appraised.

Finally at 3 a.m. bride and bridegroom rode away home in their barge with first mate as steersman and showered with rice. Then a sandwich lunch for the rest which I escaped.

Friday, July 20.

Expeditions and Jokes. Handy had returned from our mountain trip with a severe headache which he attributed to the bread diet. When we charged the Steward with giving us only a puny and ill-assorted lunch, he retorted that Expeditions always bragged that they went wholly without food and sleep for two weeks at a time and we had been out only one day.

We had no answer for this, for it was a "home thrust" at heroics.

Then at the evening festivities Handley's previous expedition was the butt of much criticism because of Mail Superintendent Jensen's unwillingness to approach the front of the glacier for fear of falling ice. This was called the Jensen Expedition and he was charged with unwillingness to step on the Island Ice for fear that the ice could not bear his weight.

Photographing DeLonga. I had determined to retrieve the loan of yesterday - possibly to turn it to "Church beer", and obtained the loan of the doctor's motorboat for six in the morning. However, the Steward let me oversleep until I awoke of myself at shortly after seven, for it was raining.

To be captain of my own boat

and with a willing crew was a delight. a beautifully blue ice berg of stately form was waiting and a place to take it from. But one touch of my foot to its surface showed the futility of the attempt without crampens or ice chisel. I should quickly have slid into the sea. There was even no handhold for the boatman who rescued me over. We returned for an ice chisel but decided to take a view from the rocks. One must have a solid foundation, a small camera aperture and much deliberation to take icebergs successfully.

Across the Fjord. Then across the fjord is a freshening wind and head sea to take Komarov in proper setting as its island base. The crew was alarmed at the spray coming aboard and

urged turning back. I feared that they would insist but attempted to cheer them by pantomime demonstration of the pitching and rolling of the Martha and Lars Tabaas and the fun we had. Their smile showed that I had succeeded.

Elsa

Topspe-Jensen's Grave. "Topsy" in America is slang, in Denmark it may be noble. But the story is a blend of both spirits.

Elsa

Topspe was the daughter of the Admiral of the Danish navy, and had his spirit. She ~~to~~ would see the world and came to Umanak a year ago on the Hans Egede to be governess to the Bestyren's children. Within two months she died from typhoid fever. She now lies in the little cemetery in sight of the sea and the white-winged icebergs. Our Captain brought wreaths and a plant to place

on her grave and desired to take home a picture to comfort her parents. I promised to take one in black and white, but almost unconsciously I decided to dedicate a color plate to such a spirit as the girl's and to the consoling of the parents. A worthy monument too that tomb. No guarding fence, but massive stones around and pillar boulder at the head. Inscription none and I hope none will be. How meaningless and trivial with the lapse of time, as I wrote of Robert, the girl's life was well worth while. I should rather see Greenland and remain there than lose such life experiences. Nobler resting place one can scarcely have.

Farewells. Farewells became personal with such hosts as these. Their spirit seemed to

be everything for nothing. The motor boat, medical treatment, medicines, with reimbursement wholly refused except for the guides and the crew. General hospitality too and deep interest in your ventures. They even permitted me to smoke with a mere salute and laughed appreciatively when I offered swearing as my one sufficient "redeeming vice" in place of drinking and smoking.

Too Much Responsibility. But in my turn, I pressed the picture-taking too far. The Governor's daughter had asked for a picture of herself and two Native friends. I agreed if they would come to the ship another day. I remembered my promise too well. She was present at farewells on the ship but cringed when I urged the picture. She probably felt too self-



conscious in the crowd, but she bade me farewell. If only I had had the language to explain

The Day's Pictures. Once past the harbor rocks and last farewells from the Inuar people clustered on them, I set my dark room in order again and awaited the day's results. The Iceberg a long step in advance, Inuar Island worth both trips and more over the fiord, and Topop's Grave one of the richest color plates I have ever taken. Our Captain says: "It is good, it is very good", and his words are always laconic. He shall bear it to the parents.

Saturday, July 21.

The Open Sea. Last evening we passed many old fairs of icebergs on the way out, for they were traveling more leisurely. Inuar Fiord with

its gigantic terraces, its Grand  
Canyon lakes, and broad  
islands seemed even more  
impressive than when we had  
entered.

This morning we are gently  
pitching on the misty swelling  
sea. Scud clouds surround  
us. We are steering by compass  
and dead reckoning. I am  
really ill. I should like to lie  
in bed. Governor Bistrup would  
put me there. He is my best  
doctor. I am itchy and scratchy  
too and now feel convinced  
that some insect is preying  
upon me. I have been promised  
a bath when we reach Upernivik  
and can remove the plants  
from the conservatory bathroom.

Rough Weather. At breakfast  
the sea had roughened until  
the table was a field of sliding  
dishes. The bottles and castors

were quickly removed but smaller dishes shot across the table with too great momentum merely to be stopped on the other side. We each had to grasp a whole section with extended fingers and arms. The "fiddlers" was quickly put on the table before the story of the loose cannon on shipboard could be reenacted.

Upernivik. I lay down to enjoy a rest from the rolling but went on deck just as we were passing dim islands. The Hans Egede was now plugging like a race horse in a falling sea and to my best sense of direction was going south. Soon one whistle sounded. Upernivik must be ahead in the mist. Fjord mouths opened. Then on the open shore a village appeared but over

the hill beyond it projected two  
masts. A haven must lie there.  
We need not anchor in the open  
sea.

Soon a whale boat lay waiting  
in our course superbly roused  
and steered in the rough sea  
by Natives and bringing off a  
Native pilot. A strong wind and  
driving rain made our  
northern part seem almost white  
in its bleakness, while a small  
iceberg grounded in the harbor  
disrupted our approach to anchorage.

But here seamanship won  
its usual victory over the abate.  
With bowsprit practically over  
the surfbeaten rocks, the  
ship was drawn back into  
the offing by means of an  
anchor previously dropped and  
the ship drawn <sup>stern</sup> inward again  
to the berg by a long line passed  
by the whaleboat to shore.

Then a side line was passed to the side of the harbor and the ship drawn in a circle round the berg until it rode close inches by the side of the schooner. Thus the wild open shore was gradually exchanged for a snug re-circled bowl. Precision and perfect control were the sole key to success. Range marks on the shore - the result of long experience - steadied both nerves and eye.

The Northern Frontier. Quers was the first large ship to visit the colony in nine months. The schooner <sup>(Sigid)</sup> Thyra, lying alongside, had been as far south as the coal mines <sup>at Kutalliat.</sup> Radio reception, however, had given the town hearing communication with the world. One other ship, the Sisko, would come before the season's

end. And the season will be short, for snowbanks still lie on the slope above the harbor.

The hills are rounded here but show vivid the scant green. And the winding broad path over the hill from harbor to town is picturesque. High up on its winding stands the usual flagstaff.

Those Who Control. Out of the rain came the Governor and staff. He, a man of dignified bearing but sunken far away eyes. He looked older than he was. Had the North aged him? And his staff from Doctor Lane were tawdled headed, as unkempt but as vigorous as the rain. One old Matins with grey chinwhiskers might have been taken for a Japanese statesman in the South. Dignity and kindness clothed his features. I noticed his kamies only for their neatness. The nurse, who came

to suaving tea was robust but neat in her denim gown with safety pins hanging like a watch on her breast - symbol of the instancy and efficiency of her calling! Her face and brows had much the roundness of the Mona Lisa.

Better. Tonight I am decidedly better. My cough is decidedly less and my reserve of strength is growing, thanks to the doctor at Luanax.

Sunday, July 22.

Quiet. This is a real Sunday in quietness. The wind has died down. The rain is falling quietly. The clouds sit gently on the hills. Even the electric lights are off today. But no Church services will be held. I miss it after having had it on the risks. Later I shall go ashore just to get closer

to the roars and the noises.

Tomorrow Handy and I hope to go by motorboat to the front of the Island Ice and afterwards to seek more pictures among the icebergs. My fire means until the university opens and I<sup>am</sup> here at the top of the world. How time flies. Am I "playing hokey"? Well, we shall soon turn back from our land of the Lotus Eaters and awake once more.

The Human Reaction. How strange the feeling to hear about a man and then live with him. Doctor Hobbs was quite right in insisting that there are always two sides. Sarge Koch, abrupt, shant-spoken, but thoughtful and efficient. How I miss him. He is not the past nor interpreter but rather the doer of practical deeds. He may be cold but hardly arrogant. He never boasts.



He may possibly be critical. But, as he himself says, when disaster befalls their nationals, the Danes never criticize. They know that the leader did his best and lives lost in a worthy cause are full-lived lives. To criticize after the act is small indeed. Mylius Erichsen was perhaps not a balanced leader (and lost his life), but he roused Denmark to national fervor in winning Northeast Greenland and gained the object of his quest. The nation will revere his memory even more than the man if he had returned.

Frontier Hospitality. We went ashore in the afternoon to photograph a frontier town and found a hospitality to match. Here new faces are few and hands are extended in welcome. As ever in Colonial Denmark women

as well as men introduce themselves.

At the Doctor's home a group came forth to greet us. We had met some of them the previous evening but now came the Doctor's wife. "The Island Ice?" "A boat to it?" English was a difficult language - so few of English speech ever came here and Eskimo <sup>must</sup> be learned. "Would we come inside and talk there?"

Out of the group and into the house. Then individualities grew. Here were the Andersens and little Hans. Was he named for Hans Christian Andersen, the dreamer of fairytales? The parents were perfect replicas of the Doctor Alkans of Suxertoppen - he tall and quiet, she plump and vivacious - perfect friends all four.

Not only could we have his motor boat for the trip to the Inland Ice but we could remain several days for an ascent to the Ice fields if we desired. If too late for the Hans Egede, we could be taken in seven hours to Pröven to overtake her. Christopher, the Governor's <sup>lect</sup> Kajaak, was called in as adviser. He had been with the Putnam party fishing at the Inland Ice in 1926. The ice was heavy but at least one of the two channels up Upernivik Fjord should be open. Christopher was willing to go as guide. We would trust and obey him implicitly. "Oo-onga nooloo, ischlit ap" (we don't know, you yes). Our shipmate Doctor Holm, bound for Thule, was recommended as companion because of his knowledge of Danish and some Eskimo.

A Narsajunga Dweller. Thanks to Miller of the radio, I and my place of abode in Greenland were known in a mythical sort of way to every dweller of the long coast. But here in the Anderson house I found one - one of our two stoery curly-headed Assistants - who had spent two months in 1923 or 1925 on Nangerhagsuak hunting Caribou. They had killed 85. Their base camp was at Lusa Anjmalortok up Kugasuak River on the South Torv and they had gone out to the mountains in the Inland Ice. To talk of Narsajunga with him was to talk of home.

Calling on the Governor. I had not thought of calling when I went ashore and so came in rubber packs. But I found the Governor in rubber boots and

onoar. But the hospitality was <sup>sweet</sup> sweet and unstudied. Spirits coffee, cakes, smokes. The room was full. His wife was a motherly as Mrs Parsild. Fine pictures as always were on the walls and there was substantial furniture. Two plants were in bloom in the windows. The weather had been too dark and rainy to coax more color out.

The Godthaab Again. In the open roadstead before the Governor's lay the Godthaab anchored and in the Governor's home sat Captain Carstensen. on country call. He was amused to see me and laughed heartily at the impossibility of taking me to Dyffin Land because of fear of not catching the Nisko and now finding me at far Upernivik. He had again attempted to cross

Davis Strait from Disco but have  
 caught again in the ice and  
 hindered from penetrating it farther  
 than before by fog and storm.  
 He declared that now he fully  
 expected to meet me again  
 at Etah. I assured him that  
 I heartily wished that his expectation  
 might come true. The Sea King  
 would be sailing to Thule soon  
 but the disco would not sail  
 homeward from Upernivik on her  
 third voyage before October first.  
 So further Northern ventures would  
 mean a half year of teaching here.  
 "But could not some of his men  
 share our trip to the inland sea?" he  
 queried. "Could not you too go  
 with us?" I asked; "I would be  
 willing to ride in the little boat  
 to make room for you." He heartily  
 accepted. I was glad that in  
 his Danish directness and  
 simpleness he had expressed

the desire, for I could never have ventured to make the invitation. The morrow's plans were now big with promise, for we had a boat, a guide, and companions.

a Brief Night. We returned to the Doctor's on promise to have tea with them, for Mrs Andersen had been called away for a talk with the Captain of the Hans Egede, and been delayed by his sleeping a catch-up nap. Here we found all the young scientists of the Godthaab - doctor gathers doctor and youth gathers youth - and more rubber boots. Calls exact no formality. "Would we take tea or coffee?" The hostess smilingly bided coffee and had no tea. So even Hendry took coffee.

In the early evening Hendry had the younger officers of the Godthaab on board and then returned with

them until eleven, for we were  
 to start by seven. Meanwhile, I  
 developed colored pictures and  
 loaded my cameras. But chancing  
 by ten to hear music in the  
 officers quarters, I stepped in  
 to find Doctor Anderson's group  
 present. The nine months' hunger  
 for company and music  
 had brought them down. By  
 eleven Henry was back. On  
 return calls like his, it is a  
 Danish tradition not to allow  
 the guest to retire until dead  
 drunk. But promptly on the  
 hour, as promised, they permitted  
 him to return and in condition  
 to dance until one, when our  
 Captain's return from a dinner  
 party at the Governor's sent our  
 guests home in haste. But  
 apples and drinks, and American  
 gramophone music, and dancing  
 for Mrs Anderson and our Stewardess



in a space 5 feet by 10, and my colored pictures made their evening happy and ours likewise. It was a good schooling in other brief nights to follow.

Monday, July 23. A Wonderland Day.

Loaded. The Doctor's boat <sup>the Mitan (Eiderbark)</sup> had carried twenty-one from Upernivik to Pöinen. We were twelve: six from the Godthaab, three Natives, and three of us from the Hans Egede. We three had food enough for five days <sup>equipment of the</sup> under the Danish maritime law.

I wanted an ice-chisel and a pair of wooden crampons with nails for climbing icefloes. We delayed to get the first. I could find no material for the second. Then we took on board a Norwegian punt such as we saw at the coal mine but scarcely large enough for three. We were due to start at seven

but managed in waiting for our  
guides to show off near eight.

Then on to the Godthaab, now  
lying in our own harbor. Boxes  
of bottles and food and armloads  
of blankets and enthusiasm.  
The Captain, whom we had  
dreaded to offend by being late,  
Vira Vira still larnied in his  
cabin and joined us last.  
Yesterday had been rainy. So was  
well that today was fair, for  
roof space was limited.

An Arctic Wonderland. A  
wonderland it is whether in  
sun or storm. But today  
soft clouds and placid waters  
gave it summer charm. Upstairs  
from the sea looked like a  
Tahoe villa. But soon we  
rode by brown gibelterns  
matted with vivid green at  
their base and crowned  
with glaciers. They are both

above and below us, for they were mirrored on the waters.

These cañons and lakes and lanes of water one road becoming increasingly a fairyland of white ice. These waters might well be called the National Gallery of Icebergs, but unlike statuary they persisted in moving. We found bergs that allowed us and glass from which to photograph them, but while I was setting up the camera the berg had withdrawn or turned its face away. At first I thought that the motor boat was pushing the glass on which I stood but found the current swirling.

Still I persisted. Far to one side stood a two-pinnacled berg with arms outstretched like a theater and softly blue.

Only one piece of ice was properly situated for a standpoint — and a point only it was. In reality a pedestal of ice deep sunk in water. Here I was landed and farewells given as the boat drew away. Then I became a gyroscopic top in slow motion as my overload started the ice into motion.

Hopeless the task of picturing the berg and imminent the risk of soaking my camera. So I was delicately taken from my pedestal and looked to find that even my subject was turning its back. I had often wondered what a man would feel like if suddenly placed on an asteroid too near for his weight or how he would fare if he leaped from one into space. My wonder is now satisfied. No longer will

icebergs be great headlands and hills, immovable, against which waves are vainly breaking but a world of living ice. Even in this gallery of ice, only rarely could I hope to find opportunity to obtain a masterpiece picture.

An Inland Village. Its native name is Augpilagton. I should call it "Dealing House". I took a picture from above including one and a half quaint buildings, the Danish flag and the sea. Captain Carstensen said jokingly that I took half the town. A view taken from the rocks of the sea included reflections and views of the village including the tall Captain in a group of villagers. They were happy at the mail and our call, and the length of the mutual salutes as no pistol was limited only by sight and sound.

Flags were dipped, hats waved, guns fired. It seemed as if gun beat gun, for we were suddenly startled by a salute from ahead where a Native was returning home along shore. The loss of gunpower may save the game. However, the salutes were merely grace notes in intensity. To the thunder of bursting icebergs that began here and accompanied us the remainder of our journey.

a Green Bay. Of course one that I did not get. Most beautifully banded with green at the water-line where the overhanging ice reflected the green of the water like the green and blue grattoes at Capri. It was also in a Cañon canal near a lookout point up which we all climbed to look upon it. But at first it was too close, then too flat as seen from above. As we pushed

off in our boat, it turned its narrower face to the rock in perfect position, but the cry was then lowering and our leader calling for speed ahead. At the perversity of inanimate but living nature. After nearly a week (for I am that far behind in my journal) I can still see that greenbanded iceberg. No other came our way again.

A Coming Storm. The Doctor had assured us that wind was never to be feared in the fiords - the storms were not strong and the ice broke the waves - and that fair weather might always be expected at the Ice Front. He was climatically right but in weather wrong. For clouds came swiftly up from the sea and our landscape in sun became one in mist and in rain.

We became Vikings pushing into the unknown but a true instinct seemed to guide our course. To left the broad fiord seemed choked with ice but ever to right a lane in the hills seemed to open up which we drove as if on summer seas. We were turning the flows of the ice which lay heaped by the intervening hills. The Ice Cap still lay dim like the sky in the distance.

Raining. Most of us had raincoats but some had only rainies. Most of us huddled in the cabin or beneath the tarpaulin spread over the cockpit amidships. a few of us rode in the rain. Fuel was passed up from below. We were running to the far southeast but finally in late evening from out the islands appeared the continuous Ice and a bit of ground at



its base. Here we found a sheltered bay and a tundra platform for a camp. This was Harrissey Bay whether the Harrissey crew had come in 1926 to film the inland ice while the ship was beached near Upernivik for repairs.

The Goslings. Such I called the rest, for I felt like an old mother hen keeping dry while her goslings ran out into the wet. It might or might not be bad for them, but they were nevertheless happy.

Our bay beneath water and above the ice was covered with glacial clay, as sticky and yielding as quick sand <sup>to the solid ice beneath</sup>. A few slopes of bare rock projected like knees with an occasional platform of <sup>silly</sup> rock or of tundra. We selected the tundra as the site for the tent and fortunately

the Captain gathered other tundra for beds. All was dripping with rain but before the storm ended water was coming up from below, for we were in a natural catch basin. This was the reason why the tundra grew there.

Fourth went the Gaskings to ascend <sup>while the weather still permitted</sup> the Ice. They descended the mud. Kaminas were pulled off. The ice chisel saw run deep from sight and could be rescued only by exploding in the sticky mess. Gray and baginmed they returned <sup>as if from the tangles.</sup> Then the Captain and Third Officer set forth to show how to climb the Ice without touching mud while the rest crossed the bay in the corkshell boat to reach the Ice from the flank. It was now tea and time for bed. I sat petulant, dozing in the tent while the

rain came down more heavily.

Then the tent door could be seen the Captain and Officer Hanson, the former in cloth snow and kamiks, with sheath knife cutting footholds in the ice face. A hundred feet or more they rose laboriously and so slowly that long intervals passed between their steps. A slip would have wrecked them. Then down - the Officer sitting tight with legs spread wide on water-soaked ice.

Finally, all returned - the Captain and Mate to the boat, for they were soaked, the rest to the tent. They were younger and more resilient but two often were soaked to the waist from sliding down a glacial stream. Out to bed and let the marrow care.

Going to Bed. Never had I gone to bed in water like this now

in sower mood. The blankets must be brought up in the drizzling rain and laid on a bag of water.

I would venture my caribou bag but the rabbit-skin bag would be ruined. I planned to sit up in the cabin but found an extra canvas sleeping bag and two blankets. So I too lay down in the bag, my feet sloshing the water and my back and chest sandwiched between benches of blankets, for I could not spread them out easily in the bag. But we all slept the sleep of the just and most of us far into the next forenoon, while the rain fell intermittently. †

Tuesday, July 24.

The Day After. The day after was the day before unrolled in reverse order. The clouds slowly broke, the Ice Front boomed, as the ice split off. Pictures

In an many words we mentioned her feelings  
 with his staff when we "Bury" who please also put  
 his last words have remained the night

softened by mist were taken. Wet clothes were put on and quiet smiles were resumed. All were happy as before - even the Third Officer who became for the day a Highlander in blanket kilt, for his trousers were lattered and <sup>still</sup> soaked.

Rough of visage and mien he had always seemed since I saw him first on the deck of the Skinfane, but gentler and more tranquil man I have ever seen.

In thickened Ice Fields. We were under way home by one o'clock and were soon in placid waters. But thunder peals accompanied us all the way. Plainly the rain or the storm had started the ice to rapid disintegration. Cliffs would burst without warning. Usually the place was indicated only by the reverberation

but sometimes we saw the  
 fragments. One small berg tilted  
 over before us while the cause-  
 a broken-off ice foot bubbled to the  
 surface. <sup>11/9</sup> Once we stopped  
 at a large icefield to land  
 upon it and get the feel  
 of sea ice - its hummocks,  
 its crevasses and its rough surface.  
 Here I found "tapioca ice" exactly  
 similar to that found on the  
 plateau glacier above Lunenburg.  
 So it is plainly disintegrating ice  
 and not old snow as previously  
 believed.

Again we stopped at a  
 tiny island to take a panorama  
 of floating ice and the distant  
 Inland Ice rising above it  
 as if one continuous sheet.  
 We would have lingered here  
 for lunch but the crowding  
 ice forced early departure and  
 we slowly threaded our way

"That is, after I had frightened off a  
"big" rilling bull, into my pond  
and staidly after."

out of the ice herd, as if a  
pany on the Western plains.  
As Hendry expressed it, "We were  
saturated with ice". Finally,  
on a tranquil shore we  
found our "masterpiece" quiescent  
and all climbed the hills  
while I photographed my subject.  
It was my one and only success  
on the trip, but was worth  
two such trips to get it.

"Marrisey Cove. We had come  
by one route but were returning  
by another. In the lee of a high  
Sibraltar two and a half hours  
from Upernivik Captain Carteren  
pointed out a bay where the  
Marrisey had been beached for  
repairs after running aground  
on Northumberland Island. Here  
he had found Captain Bob alone  
while the others had gone to the  
Ice Cap. I enquired regarding  
charges for salvaging vessels

by the Island Falk and found there were none. Thus the old gossip of Buttram's refusing to pay fell to earth. The exact story is odd. When the Island Falk arrived, Captain Bob was very reticent for he scented success at least to his purse. Finally the Commandant of the Falk told Captain Carstensen, then his First Lieutenant, to tell Bob that the repairs would not cost him a shilling and if he then continued uncommunicative to do the work without further parley. But Bob soon linspired up and a happy four days were spent on the work, the crew of the Falk living on shore in a tent because of lack of quarters on the *Marriscoy*.

Captain Bob himself was helpless because of lack of tide fall to uncover the *Marriscoy*. Only at Halstenborg or more certainly at



Godthack could he find sufficient fall. However, the crew of the Falk needed only to draw the Marrisony into deeper water to permit the diver to get under. It was only in the payment of the diver that any question of compensation could be raised. He, the ship's carpenter, received a bonus of the fractional part of a krone per hour when serving as diver and this bonus was paid by the recipient of the service. But the amount was so trivial that the Commander refused to lay it and thus the Marrisony got off Scot free.

The Trial of Byrd. Much did Captain Carter and I chat as we stood at the railings gazing at the brownstone cliffs and their touches of green. The spreading placid waters and our near approach to the salt sea and

home seemed to unlock our thoughts. His father had been a naturalized American but he had never seen the land of his dreams. He had been a lieutenant twice on the royal yacht but loved the Greenland waters and the active duty there. "No, Norwegian fjords and that at Oslo were not as beautiful, at least not so desolately wild as this". "Yes, he lived Norwegians. He had married one, but the Greenland ownership question was never raised". "as a boy he had lived near Hamlet's Elsinore, but automobiles had spoiled the place and he revisited the site only with regret. Now wife and children lived in summer in a fishing boat in a one-story cottage eighty feet long, formerly house and stable

combined. In winter they lived in a flat in town.

Hauley's general resemblance to Commander Byrd caused him to speak of "reflected glory". When Byrd had come North with MacMillan, he and the Captain had become intimate friends. So when Byrd gained the Pole, the Danish papers promptly published the Captain's picture as representing the "Danish Friend of Byrd". "So reputation is gained easily", drily remarked the Captain. His present adventure is more substantial but is modest in name, merely "The Godthaab Greenland Expedition".

Water Temperatures. We all had been busy with our personal sciences from geology and botany to surface dredging and temperatures. Kulerich, meteorologist of the Godthaab handled the bucket. I had the warmer task of recording. Expectations

and addities were both redized. Disco Bay was warmer than Upernivik Fiord if the open stretches alone are considered, the former being approximately  $8.0^{\circ}\text{C}$ , the latter  $3^{\circ}\text{ to }6^{\circ}\text{C}$ . In their harbors both were much the same, being  $4^{\circ}\text{ to }5^{\circ}$ . But close to the Jakobshavn ice tongue the temperature fell quickly from  $+6.0^{\circ}\text{C}$ . to  $-0.3^{\circ}\text{C}$ ., while in the ice stream at Upernivik the temperature fell only to  $+1.7^{\circ}\text{C}$ . and at the ice face rose to  $+5.3^{\circ}\text{C}$ . Among the icebergs themselves the temperature was usually  $3.0^{\circ}$  or higher.

Why the difference? Does the Jakobshavn Glacier send down a greater stream of water and does the wide fiord or ocean at Upernivik dilute the glacial water almost to its source? The high temperature at one section of the ice front was plain, for very little ice and practically no water entered the

"At this point at least the ice cap is retreating and its few  
 tilt bear. Also to the north, a long point indicated on the  
 map is connected with the ice if now separated from it,  
 an island by the sea. Its name is KANORASSOON."

fjord, thus permitting the water  
 to be warmed by the sun and  
 the shore\*.

The Hans Egede. "Was the Godthaab  
 still in harbor?" Her crew grinned.  
 "But was the Hans Egede?" She was  
 due to leave at nine and it  
 was now ten so we swung  
 round bluff to see Tasee villa  
 of Upernivik. "Yes, the Godthaab". Then  
 appeared a second set of masts.  
 The Hans Egede was still at her  
 moorings and all was quiet on  
 deck. Were all on shore or asleep?  
 Merely asleep. The rain at the ice  
 front had been a wind storm  
 here that had delayed loading.  
 We should not leave until  
 noon tomorrow. So our luck  
 still held.

Northern Greenland Weather. Plainly  
 built upon the same cause and  
 effect as in South Greenland.  
 The barometer had been low and

"constant" on Sunday at Upernivik. Monday afternoon the clouds swept in from the sea. In the evening the wind veered to northeast from the Ice but the rain continued intermittent until morning, when <sup>the barometer rose and</sup> the sky gradually cleared. At Upernivik the wind was strong; at the Ice front the wind was light except as it came down from the Ice. However, the rain persisted even to the Ice front and probably somewhat farther, for there was no Coast Range to bar it.

Another Night Up. Only three colored picture plates left. I must know my success with these exposed on the trip. So I tarried until one-thirty to learn. It is well that I did so. My "masterpiece" was a masterpiece in fact merely because I kept the aperture at No 11 for detail but made the

exposure brief as for No. 8. Plainly the ice like the clouds requires scant exposure. The same tale was told by the view of the Ice front. Spectral almost despite clouds. Except in foreground it was much overexposed. But I had gained at least one treasure.

Wednesday, July 25. Turning Southward.

Upernivik the Neat. I should like to call it "the Beautiful" also, for it is both. It is an example of what taste can accomplish - an astonishing example, <sup>here</sup> for one does not look for taste along any frontier. The winding path; the seats from which to view land and sea and ice at leisure; the Governor's house and old yellow shop with the sundial before them; the waterfront landing at the Governor's with lamps set on wrought iron

pedestals - all were examples of taste carried out with little expenditure. All were spots where one would like to linger. Upernivik may be "dark and cold and bleak in winter", but to sit on the white bench at the crest of the path and gaze into the tiny pool fringed with green grass and white flowers and beyond it onto the blue sea and its white-winged icebergs sailing away beyond vision is compensation indeed for the long waiting.

The message of beauty was too compelling and I used two of my hoarded plates on the Shop and Sundial with old church <sup>of 1862</sup> beyond and on the Seat and its View. I am glad that I did so, for these views call forth instant praise and our Captain has asked for the Seat.



a panorama too of the town was taken from the island before it and individual views but I unwittingly took the boat of the Governor's daughter to do it and won her frank disapproval.

My Last and Best Color Picture.

I had been lingering over the lesser beauties of the town while a rare opportunity at the harbor was passing by. Six or seven sunsets, it came seldom. It was a stately iceberg with a great "rose window" blue on its shaded side but sun-silvered on its edges. It passed by the harbor mouth like a miracle just as I came already nearly belated to the ship. Had I only known it, I could have hastened, or had I dared I could have raced over the rocks to get it. I had two lads who had served as helpers and were accompanying

me back to the ship.

On board, I asked how long. "In twenty minutes" replied the Captain. His task was duty. I ground my teeth, climbed to the bridge deck to see how far <sup>my iceberg</sup> I had gone, and waited. So did the Captain, but for the Governor. It seemed that my luck had finally turned against me. To leave Greenland without the likeness of that berg would be exasperating and tragic. It might be my last picture for which the first were made.

Then I thought of the Doctor and his motorboat. I would take that picture and overtake the Hans Egede at Piören. Cost didn't matter. Finally the Doctor came. The Mitec was needed tonight but I could have it on the narrow. In that case, I could sleep on the Godthast.

The fellows owed me a meal and a lodging.

I took leave of the Captain and stepped to the stairs. There passing by was my older assistant and a girl companion jauntily rowing a boat. I was in in a moment. They saved the haste as I pointed to sea. Over the waters we sped and outside the harbor pursuing the berg. The berg now seemed smaller and farther away but composed perfectly in the landscape as viewed from an island. We took the island head on but I was ready for the shock. She helped while he kept the boat riding off shore. For once things went with precision and rapidly. We were back in the boat and rowing again, but she had spent her strength. So I aided her at the oar

and then relieved her entirely while she rode as guest. The banners of the Hans were still out as we touched her side. The effort was superb. To each I gave a Krone and to her the tribute "Pinarok". She blushed. The listening Natives approved. I shall remember these two comrades of the North, he lithe but girlish with curly locks and she sturdy like Christine Alsen and with large expressive eyes. Aft had I seen and liked them but now our interest had grown mutual.

Leavetaking.

"I carried my sugar and cameras back to their places and joined the company in the cabin for formal farewell meal to the Colony. I had called at the Governor's to say Goodbye when leaving the town for the ship. He had urgently

\* Merrusak. But I missed the face of little Peter Fruehen (his name, I now find, is Merrusak) - He had gone to the Pastor's to bid me & had seen him only once - on the morning path with others. I had got no picture of him but Pastor Helen assumed the duty. I had deferred the plan too long. He was my pal.

detained me until he could bring me a cigar. "You do not even smoke?" said his querying smile when I refused with thanks, but I assured him that I could swear. So at the Skol, as his eye caught mine, we bowed our leave-taking to each other while he drank his skol to the company.

Slowly we sailed from harbor, the Governor, came in hand, standing in his whaleboat directing the firing of salute from the shore while our Godthaab friends lined their vessel and gave us three blasts from their whistles. Again a salute from town as we passed close by taking the inland passage for Präven. I felt pulled up by the roots even as Handry expressed it for friendships had been spontaneous and genuine there. \*

A Mirage. I did not see it.

The birds were very noisy and I was surprised to find that they were not afraid of the boat. They were very tame and I was able to get very close to them. They were very tame and I was able to get very close to them.

I had been too excited over pictures and especially the iceberg. But Hardy said that icebergs could be seen in the sky."

Bird Rookeries. The greatest rookeries in the world are said to be south of Upernivik. The Captain took us past two and blew the whistle to put the birds into the air. But they were small as they flew in our perspective and the rookeries seemed to be sheer gray faces on reddish brown cliffs. The first rookery was one of albs<sup>ks</sup> or jaegers. The second was of gulls.

"The Pillars of Hercules". Such a gate might have been called in the older days when Hercules' name was billboarded over the then-known world. It was a gate of islands and headlands combined but led seemingly into a great amphitheater where was located our Bröven; only it was

still seven miles away. Here <sup>near</sup> the pillars was located the gelli's rookery. I should have chosen it too for its outline and color.

Pröven, the town of only one ship a year (Upernivik has two), lay far beyond our amphitheater in a cluster of islands peeping forth at the open sea. We entered by an inlet to back into a stall before the curving town between reefs marked by buoys. No easy task to warp the ship in from the shore when the wind blows fresh. And before our stern line could draw tight our ship had drifted over a buoy and the stern had climbed a sloping reef. No ice shock that, but a dull solid bumping and lifting. But we slid down the other side, while the

diminutive Captain and master  
 stood on the high bridge deck  
 quietly gave orders to draw ahead.  
 Drawn faces and mutual grave  
 looks were exchanged. However,  
 the Hans Egede was built for  
 shocks and screw and rudder  
 were intact.

Backgrounds. The short trip  
 revealed several backgrounds like  
 a kaleidoscope as we skirted  
 the cliffs.

The longyear companion of Mrs Otto,  
 the Governor's wife, was returning  
 home to Denmark. She would  
 miss her mother's birthday by three  
 days. I suggested a radio letter.  
 She had made such good cookies  
 when Putnam was at Upernivik  
 that he offered to take her north  
 as cooky-maker (Billy, the cook, surely  
 needed one), but she was "lousy"  
 (alone) at that time for Mrs Otto  
 was in Denmark and so could



not go.

"And these bird cliffs were picturesque in winter. Then you could sledge on a narrow shelf at the base of the cliffs with the open sea and swimming alx just outside. If the ice broke up, then one could sledge among the inner islands". "yes, she hoped sometime to come back".

Then off the "Pillars" we met the Upernivik motor boat returning from Proven. It had gone up the previous day to be ready to help us unload. The message was megaphoned with the hands that the Governor's wife was ill and the boat was returning for the Doctor.

The third background was the seat of my pants. They were ripped. I knew it but was too busy making farewell calls to repair them. But the Captain's

all-seeing eyes even from the bridge caught sight of the slit as I bent at the anchor chains and he summoned me publicly back to slyly tell me the secret. Then Hendry confessed that it had been a source of merriment at the Island Dr. So I sat tight until we were anchored and then fell into the traditional custom of wearing pants without seams.

Thursday, July 26.

Two Doctors. By six-thirty Doctor Andersen had arrived with the Doctor of the Godthaab. The patient was better, if one can ever be called better who is bearing a tumor and a child at the selfsame time.

The Captain "would not be happy to take her to Copenhagen". Possibly the North is too hard on sick women where doctors are distant and slow in coming.

Yet women of the Northland are  
 more rugged than those of the South.  
Cirrus. There were cirrus  
 streamers this morning and  
 I hastened to eat breakfast in  
 order to photograph the harbor  
 and town. But the weather  
 was even quicker and scud  
 clouds abated my desire, tho  
 later I took two photos of soft-  
 shadowed landscape - outer Pörsön  
 with the Hans Egede and inner  
 Pörsön without. The sharp-eyed  
 Captain saw me and rejoiced.  
 He is proud of his ship.

Pigs in State. Our last two  
 pigs went ashore today in  
 the ship's boat steered by  
 the First Mate. Tho in sacks  
 they seemed to appreciate  
 the opportunity, <sup>and address</sup> and made  
 no protest.

Jonas Sits. All of our men  
 at Upernivik have come with

us to Prinsen or rather they are returning to their home at Prinsen after unloading the ship at Upanavik. Here at Prinsen Jonas, the Japanese statesman, has his right job of sculling the ship's boat. But when the sailors went ashore, he rode gaily feet up in the sternsheets while the boys rowed and steered, and he let one of them scull back. Where stronger power was available, he did not intend to use his. He had the philosophy of age.

The Place to Rest. A house in the hills with little to allure save a distant iceberg. It might be Catullus' Sirmio if trees were present. It had been a varied and exciting voyage - from glaciers and hardships to weddings. So Nandy was eager to rest and we both were behind with our journals. Here one day passes

- a voyage of 3570 miles; - a day of rest might call it

much as another.

Friday, July 27.

Rain. It is raining this morning. So my "watchful waiting" for pictures must go on. Rain seems overplentiful even for the coast.

Cabin Breakup. The threat of overcrowding down the coast seems to have driven even our best washers and dressers to the two-men cabins in the Native quarters. Julius Jensen, with drawers kept as neat as his postoffice and "Perey" of many styles and pushful, have joined company near the bow. And Hendry, following the British tradition of privacy, has followed suit. So I have four beds to sleep in. However, the Alfred Party from Godthaab will soon be with us. The Captain is worried about quarters, and

\* I wonder if Hendry's "hidden hatch", which I confessed to having had before him I had my part in the going. He claimed that he is Dutch and that his country is only his Godson - residence bearing out.

I am gradually warrying him round to letting me sleep outside on the bridge deck. It's the only deck above water in a rolling sea.

The MITEX Again. The doctors returned yesterday noon, but the Mitex is back. However, this time for repairs to her engine. The Hawk Eyede is the only machine shop on this coast.

The Refinery. Craven is a heavy shipper of seal oil and we are carrying away the cargo for the year. Up the strait is a group of <sup>dark</sup> buildings that strongly suggest the West, and from it barrelladen lighters are continuously coming. After dinner I made the circuit.

It was plain why segregation of industry is practiced even here. Here cauldrons mounted as if in a brick kiln with troughs

running from the top to vote  
 as big as a lighter. Then  
 a massive oil press for blubber.  
 It might almost have come from  
 Pompeii. Neither had come the  
 iron cauldron taken on at  
 Godhavn. No chance of resting  
 here for an emerald of seal  
 oil covered both buildings and  
 ground. But even here is beauty  
 for the water is almost purple in the <sup>evening</sup>  
 The Nisko leaves Godthaab.

The Nisko is just sailing from  
 Godthaab and we leave Proven  
 tomorrow, not far apart  
 after all but with the scales  
 tipped against me. We shall  
 not overtake the Nisko tho  
 following her close.

I had been weighing my  
 chances of returning to America  
 via Dwight. They might have  
 been good, had I overtaken the  
 Nisko. At least, I could have  
 availed myself of any early chance

if one had offered when we touched at Dwight. But it does not seem wise to leave the Hans Egede at Godthaab for the two hundred mile journey in motorboat down the coast unless there is full assurance that no delay can occur at Dwight. Better to continue the longer route to Europe. Besides I should like to consult with the American Minister regarding the feather coat and reg. But once there the negotiations must be developed and the claims of friendships satisfied. Getting home will be a slow task at best.

Life and Death. A pause creates the change from the first to the second. Knud Balle, our facet laughing Church Superintendent of the Aliso, is buried today at Godthaab. I never dreamed that he was the brother of



Captain Balle of the Svendfisken. The one was so gentle, the other so racy. Yet both found their life and their joy in Greenland. He had been at a dinner party with Knud Rasmussen. His heart merely stopped. He has left many children behind him.

The cook's helper and the seer was also buried today. He was merely a boy but his heart stopped too.

Color Convents. Just to show the color pictures is to create convents to color only. If enthusiasm can be used as a basis of computation, the Agfa people will win large returns for their gift of color plates. The question of cost is the only one raised and all agree that one color plate carefully chosen is worth a dozen in black and white. I put it

this way: Select your subject as carefully and as rarely as you do your wife and the joy of the few will outweigh the pleasure of the many. Consider each color picture taken as a painting for your walls. The cost then will fade to nothing and the enthusiasm of seeing the picture vastly increased.

What Constitutes a Picture? Handley would have pictured the shattered icefields in color while I caught the ideal iceberg. I took the white Seat and Vista over the Sea, and he would not. He was seeking things found only in Greenland. I was trying to find exaltation, however universal it might be. I was even trying to show how human and livable Greenland really was. The Seat and the Vista I regarded as least among

my Northern mementoes. Yet strangely it has touched more human chords than the others. Is it gentler and nearer human living? The Titanic is often too strong.

The Glycer Crashes. The ship's radio this evening announces that Hassell, the Swedish-American aviator flying via Greenland crashed only five miles from his starting point. So Doctor Hobbs must have found a landing field. Will Hassell try again? Does Ralph's third summer thus come to naught?

A Sunset. The fitting end of a rainy day: A blue overcast sky, blue water, a sun riding high, a pink-banded horizon. Now the flag comes down. 'Tis eight o'clock, but the sunset does not end.

Saturday, July 28. Homeward Bound.

On Shore with the Flowers. I was hungry for land and hungry for flowers and must abandon my watchful waiting for pictures. So I was roused to the rocks and became a boy for a hour. Green Mobs and poppies in clusters and humble flowers all panned for a word of greeting. And I even got some good pictures by silhouetting ship and point against the sea. Vapor masses set off the misty mountains.\*

Breakfast at the Governor's.

We had hesitated to call because of the wife's illness, but now the Governor was sure insisting that we come to breakfast.

All were invited. I marvelled at it at first and denounced. Then I applauded.

Only one ship a year and the hostess' instinct. Such a combination

The water was very high. I had to pull the boat up on the rocks. The water was very high. I had to pull the boat up on the rocks. The water was very high. I had to pull the boat up on the rocks.

rises superior to pain. So soon  
 from bed room to dining room  
 was opened and a smiling face  
 from the pillows beamed upon  
 us while she blushing around  
 our Oxals with her cup of tea.  
 Her more active duties at table  
 were performed by our girl passenger  
 and her old friend from Upernivik.

The house was of squared logs  
 like the Old Church at Holstenberg  
 and as quaint. The furnishings  
 were, as usual, substantial. It  
 seems a Danish national trait  
 to make a home for living, not  
 for tarrying in, and those who  
 come to Greenland come to stay.

J. P. Koch Land. Prøven had  
 been Koch's destination when he  
 crossed the "Wild Waste" and  
 just round the Ice point from  
 our camp at the Island Ice he  
 had descended to land and  
 the region to the south had

received his name. The wide fiord and numerous ice-joint islands had barred his approach to Upernivik. The hopelessness of his access to sea by this route had been vividly apparent to us. His final escape by the pastor's chance motorboat to Prøven seems almost providential. Had we asked yesterday, the Governor could have sent us in eight hours by motorboat to Koch's point of embarkation. However, we had skirted the land where he had come down and could look up the fiord by climbing our islands.

More Pictures. The Governor's Breakfast had revealed more pictures: The Guns before the Governor's House and Hans Egede below; the Green Point with Flag and Sled Rack and Tiny Native House on its skyline; the Old Rambling Shop with Hooded Bell at its Gable;

the Gunnerman's Log House. And as we climbed the heights to view S.P. Koch land, we had an aerial view of the harbor and misty views toward the Island Is.

A Precious Ten Minutes. The Doctor had asked regarding my last drabery picture and I had consequently brought some colored views along when I returned for the afternoon's picture-taking. Then I thought of the patient invalid within. He acted as guide. The large eyes brightened and the voice rang like a canon's as she rose on her elbow <sup>to look</sup>. I arranged her pillows and sat behind to support her as she hungrily gazed and waited for more. How marvelous women are in their appreciation of beauty. Then I tidied her pillows and bade her "<sup>shinik</sup> ~~senik~~". She did not comprehend at first. Then

as I said "Kaua noho, Grouland  
 snallie, snallie", she laughed  
 gaily and lay down. Then I continued:  
 "My wife too was once sick".

Homeward Bound. At seven-thirty  
 we weighed anchor. Only two guests  
 were present at parting Skala in  
 the cabin - the Governor and  
 the Doctor - but I thought of the  
 cheery spirit in the tiny house  
 on shore, awaiting her hours  
 of pain. She could hear the  
 guns booming and so had  
 her silent share in the parting.  
 Native groups stood on the rocks  
 near the water but high up  
 on the Church rock stood two  
 figures against the sky with  
 arms outstretched in salute -  
 the two with whom we had  
 parted in the cabin.

The hills receded. The  
 islands slowly passed in review.  
 Behind us lay the "Pillars", before



us was the sea. "Homeward bound," said the Captain.

Our Schedule. A day at Godhavn to complete our cargo, a touch at Holstenborg to put off the Ship's Inspector and a call at Godthaab to take on the Oxford Party. Twenty days home. Ten days to cross the Atlantic and reach Rand. Well, I have never been late in a better cause.

Helge Bangstad. This noon at breakfast the Captain said that he had received a request from Bangstad to join the ship home at Godthaab. I offered my bed, if the Captain would let me sleep in my bag on his bridge deck. Plainly Hassell will make no further attempt this season.

In tonight's radio Bangstad is quoted as returning for a tractor to perfect an idea

Grønlands Radioavis den 28de Juli 1928.

Meddelelsen om Provst Knud Balle's død modtoges i København med oprigtig deltagelse af alle der stod Grønland nær. Fra Norge meddeles at man vil udsende en hjælpeexpedition efter søgning af Amundsen og hans mænd. Man mener i Norge at Amundsen er drevet over mod Grønlands Østkyst. En norsk arbejdsmand har i beruselse sprængt et Hus i luften med 5 kg. dynamit. Ingen mennesker omkom, hvorimod han selv blev let saaret.

Der meddeles om stærke strejkeuroligheder i Finland, 20 arbejdere i Borgaa er haardt saarede.

I andelsboligforeningen er der ~~stærke~~ opdaget store bedragerier. Regnskabschefen Jacobsen er blevet arresteret. Det meddeles senere at bedragerisagen stadig udvikler sig. Kasserekskone Frk. Jensen er nu ogsaa blevet arresteret, og der rettes kræftige beskyldninger mod hendes broder, J. Chr. Jensen som er foreningens formand.

Da de italienske deltagere fra Nobilleexpeditionen ~~er~~ ankom til den første station i Sverrige blev de modtaget meget roligt og korrekt.

Helge Bangsted meddeler følgende om den amerikanske flyveexpedition i Søndre Strømfjord: Flyveekspeditionen har haft meget travl tid med udsøgelse af benzindepoter til Hassel. Sammen med den amerikanske flyver Elmer Etes har Bangsted opmaalt en startbane i bunden af Søndre Strømfjord. Banen er jævn og har en udstrekning paa 3000 fod. Hassels uheld ved starten har bevirket at flyvningen er blevet udsat til næste aar. Etes hævder, at der i bunden kan indrettes en ideel flyveplads for kommende transatlantisk flyverute. Med en lille tractor planeres en bane let paa mindre end en måned. Bangsted hjemrejser for at købe en tractor samt supplerende radioudstyr.

is quoted as returning a tractor to perfect an ideal

practically the ethical view that

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Pressemeldelser fra København den 27de Juli.

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"Gustav Holm" ligger til Ankers i Aalebækbugten for Vestenstorm.

Det italienske expeditionsskib "Citta di Milano" er igaar ankommet til Varvik med de reddede fra "obile-Expeditionen". Italienerne rejste med Jernbanen til Italien.

Sverrige kræver fuld opklaring af "obilexpeditionen, særligt Spørgsmaalet Malmgrengruppen.

Den 72aarige Gaardejer Jørgen Sørensen fra Thure er igaar blevet halsugget af en Slaamskive.

En tysk Passagerdampet med 1700 Passagerer ombord, anmoder om Hjælp ved Norges Kyst.

Sagfører Lillelund fra Vejen er igaar blevet idømt 18 Maaneders Forbedringshus for misbrug af betroede Midler.

Den svensk-amerikanske Flyver Hassell startede igaar morges Kl. 4 Flyvningen New-York - Sverige via Grønland. Kun 5 miles fra Startpladsen styrtede Maskinen ned og knustes. Ingen af de ombordværende kom til skade.

Motorskonvertten Sekongen er idag ankommet til Iviqstut.

landing place, now discovered, and for radio apparatus. Is he to continue the plans of Doctor Hells or is he merely "slinging a line," as he used to call it, for home consumption? Imitation was also Helge's meanness and strength. At any rate I am glad that he is going home to wife and baby. But why via Galtzack? Does he not know that we are stopping at Halstenborg or is Doctor Hells hastening home via Eriktut?

The Swedes and Nohila. Yesterday's radio said that Sweden would demand an investigation of her National's death in the Nohila disaster. But today when Nohila and party reached the Swedish frontier their reception was kindly. I was greatly surprised but delighted to find the Washington in his young manhood penned practically the ethical view that

the Danes hold regarding their  
exploress: "When a man does all  
he can, though it succeeds not  
well, blame not him that did it."

The King's Wreck. Just outside  
of Prøven was a black island  
where stands a monument  
commemorating the fact that  
the Danish King came to the  
rescue of a Swedish ship. This  
was the oft-told exciting incident  
of the King's visit to Greenland  
at the Hans Egede jubilee. The  
ship could be seen for a year  
after its wreck but ice has  
carried it wholly away.

An Intimate Half Hour. Hendry  
has been reading my diary.  
He chuckled at the "Easlings". We  
have been exchanging life  
thoughts. We feel much the  
same in ideals. He writes  
verse of the mountains, and  
winds and sunsets and age

and eternity, all with the golden thread of a sense in them.

Fog. As I was preparing for bed, the whistle blew. We had suddenly passed from clearing skies to fog. And as I was settling to sleep the engine slowed down. No chances are taken on these unbeckoned coasts. But soon the whistle ceased and the engine quickened. The fog bank was fortunately thin.

Sunday, July 29.

A Quiet Morning. Only myself and later Julius Jensen at breakfast. I had risen at six. It rained or misted last night, for the decks were wet, and the air was cool.

"The Crematorium." It used to be a second story room in the engine quarters but was converted to the use of Notices. Now the Captain has had it freshly painted and

prepared for extra passengers who are willing to accept it rather than forego or postpone their trip South. I visited it. The fresh paint is too pungent but the heat might not be unbearable if we remained here in the North.

An Iceberg in Cloud Caps. Hendry called me on deck to view it. It was truncated like a mountain in the Agassiz by a thin stratum of clouds. But as we waited for it to come abreast to photograph, the cloud settled and thickly shrouded the berg in fog. Many large bergs stately in mass and delicately lighted lie toward the dim <sup>of another black top</sup> shore. They are the outposts of the Umanak pack, whose fiord we are now passing. The ship is rolling quietly. At eleven we are due in Godhavn.

Monday, July 30. Cropping.

Cropping in Fog. yesterday we were due to Godhavn by eleven night. We are still cropping our way at eleven morning.

The fog gradually shut in and the ship's speed <sup>was</sup> cut down as the night wore on, until by morning we were sluggishly rolling on a lazy sea. We were still far from our port but close to icebergs which might suddenly bar our path. In these waters men take no chances. The cargo outweighs all delay.

Water Shallowing. We are now using the lead and line. They seem to determine the depth by the pressure of the water. First we were 120 fathoms above bottom, now we are 75. I remarked to the Captain that, if I fell overboard, I could now almost keep up (our headway was



only two knots an hour). He paused and enquired how. I replied "By walking." He always is sedate but has a twinkle in his eye.

Coral. At the seventy five fathoms sounding, coral came up on the lead. Of course the piece was tiny and the pores diminutive, like our Arctic cogs as compared with the southern. But it seemed odd to find it. The rarer, the dandelion, the coral - are they universal?

Groggy. I slept uneasily all night and dreamed much and unpleasantly. Today my head aches dully. Is it the sluggish rolling of the ship without the forward thrust to steady it and give it rhythm? However, the roll is not heavy but it is unexpected and the pores of the body does not readily adjust to it. Every knob seems

to spring forth to hook you and the floor rolls unexpectedly. It must be the same lack of parallelism between feet and sidewalk that wrecks the "drunk" when he tries to walk home.

The Fog Cure. The radio treatment cannot work here. Too few stations, too many rocks. The soundproof treatment is <sup>the best</sup> ~~the best~~.

The fog bank is shallow and the sun shines dimly thru but the masts do not raise the lookout above the mist.

The whistle has been sounding thrice in close succession, tho the fog is receding. Is it to call a pilot from the harbor and thus get our bearings? Patience seems the only cure.

The Pilot Boat Sounds. The next sounding shows 150 fathoms. Yet we are slowly advancing southeast toward land.

Then a weird sound as of a fog siren or gigantic fish-horn inshore. "yes, they had one there, the Parilds(?) suggested. Then the lookout pointed ahead. A dim specter - supernaturally large - came out of the fog. It was the pilot boat seeking us. Miller was on board. He had received our radio, giving our supposed position, but we were eight miles farther north. The Captain's caution had been justified. Soon we did not regret our crawl when an immense iceberg was passed still wreathed in fog. No ship could turn out if under full headway. And now echoes were returned to our whistle from the hidden cliffs. So we slowly proceeded with the pilot boat leading the way.

Sunshine. As we headed

straight in, the fog seemed to cease. The blue skies were above us, the red cliffs before us, and the whale-lookout on our beam. Behind <sup>by</sup> the fog blanket exceedingly thin on the water but piled <sup>up</sup> like bed clothing over the bergs. Plainly the cold water and cold ice had produced the fog, and the fog followed the contours of their parents.

We had enjoyed the weird beauty of the vapor mass lighted in halos by the sun and the ghost-like bergs that unveiled their pinnacles only to conceal their base. Still the comfort of land and the meeting with friends allured us.

Climbing the Cliffs. We are to take on some cargo here and shall not leave until ten tomorrow. Hendry feels that it

is last chance to climb the hills and I have agreed to go. I need the exercise before his shut two weeks on shipboard. Julius Jensen had come out arrayed in a new suit and our girl from Upernivik had on her best clothes. I followed suit with my American clothes. Other astonishment of all, for I had been a Native so persistently. My plan was to go ashore to call on the Landryphobes and send a message to Doctor and the boys. When I returned I found our party augmented to five. Doctor La Cour and his staff at the Magnetic Observatory had agreed to join us.

Taken Pictures. We were off by six and back by twelve only 690 metres (2,250 feet) to climb. But the wall rose like the Canadian Rockies in parapet

except where a V-channel had been cut. But our way led either over boulders or steep hillsides slippery with tundra or up steep terraces. I had taken the large camera on the mere chance of pictures but soon caked it as the climbing grew more difficult. However, two mapline pictures were first taken of the Godhavn inlets far below.

We had been climbing in two parties planning to join at the base. It soon became a military shell of front guard, rear guard, wings and a center consisting of Doctor La Cour. I was the rear guard, for I had been delayed by taking pictures. However, rear and center soon consolidated and at the crest the vanguard and right wing. But the left wing, consisting of Hendry, had

disappeared. He had followed the easier slope and gone far up over the icefields.

Here at the summit of the cliffs, the island sloped gradually upward - ice crowned - over the horizon to an extreme elevation of 1725 metres (5600 feet).

Below us, carved from the plateau was a wide U-shaped valley with lateral U-shaped valleys running into it from the east at the mezzanine floor level, so to speak.

They must have been the tributaries of the trunk-line glacier, and the trunk-line glacier must have been an outlet of the Disko Ice. All were merely mountain valleys now faced by red terraces cut in the rock. But at our feet an icetongue still remains stretching from the Ice Cap far



Toward the sea. We tread this glacier, but no Tapioca ice was found. Laurson, our youngest member, made a view of the lateral valleys for me.

We thought that Handy had preceded us down. So we turned back soon. Flowers had accompanied us all the way: the Arctic Rose, the "simple white" in profusion, the blue forget-me-nots, and an occasional pansy. Moss and thick-tufted tundra with protruding <sup>red</sup> gravel and rocks. Lush meadows below near the sea.

But on the downward trail our eyes inevitably sought the far vistas. Jacobsen was a notch in the eastern hills beyond broad Disko Bay. The blue sea stretched in a broad semi-circle before us, studded with a white armada of icebergs. I counted 280 without including



the heart of them in the Javolsko  
Tongue and those under the cliff  
out of sight at Disko. I might  
well have fancied myself as  
Virgil's Jupiter at Heaven's Apex  
looking upon the sail-studded  
sea.

Then as we descended more  
deeply in the Cañon, its broad  
U-shaped walls framed and  
narrowed the landscape. But  
at the base of the cliffs, where  
steep talus slopes lead like  
buttresses to the rear of the  
shore, the river with ~~point~~  
~~a wedge of ice on point~~ had  
cut a deep gorge down  
which the water was falling  
and swirling <sup>and</sup> ~~there~~ which  
the icebergs in white and  
green could be seen logging  
in a tiny bay beneath. The  
walls of the gorge were steep  
and dark and forbidding.

It seemed like a scene on the Pali at Hawaii, so precipitous had the erosion been. The picture seemed too dark to take tho the camera was not so far below.

Out the stream in the tundra meadow near the bay left me most regretful. Here the water was cold and flowed beautifully in low overhanging banks, like some mist mountain meadow stream at home, in races and pools, and the banks were a garden of Arctic roses. Had I had a colored plate left (I had planned to keep one for the "Antlers" at Goddard), I fear that I should have used it here. Disco shall hereafter ever be to me a well-watered paradise of flowers, as it obviously is a land of red cliffs.

Arctic Life at Midnight. When near

the base, Magister Olsen, in charge of the Magnetic Station, invited me to join the rest of the party at midnight breakfast at his home. I willingly accepted and turned aside with them over the rocky knolls to his home overlooking the sea. The breakfast had been a forethought of his and for us all; for in the dim light stood the table fully laid and the diningroom windows open to the mild morning air.

No scene like this could be staged at midnight in our land of the South. The five o'clock hour would more nearly fit it. From our diningroom windows we gazed at the high parapets silhouetted against a sky barred with pink and from our sittingroom opposite we looked close at hand upon