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85

DIARY OF SECOND TRIP  
TO GREENLAND, 1827-28.

HOMeward BOUND

NOTE BOOK No. 13

1.  
icebergs grown blue in the twilight  
and an still waters of blue.

A little voice quavered in the  
adjoining room. "Only five days old".  
The nurse and Miss Schwartz had  
been our hostesses. I should like  
to have met the mother, but was  
fortunate in meeting the nurse.  
She gave first aid to my heel  
punctured by a nail in my shoe  
during the climb.

We strolled home to our ships under  
a sky verging from pinks to heliotrope-  
twilight colors now returning  
only after long absence. On a  
sand spot was a football  
game - at one. In the town  
<sup>was</sup> our crew bound in festivity,  
and already somewhat exposed  
to Danish hospitality. On deck  
was Hendry just returned and  
lounging for coffee. He ate appa-  
puffs instead. He had been  
out onto the Nioko Ice until

turned back by crevasses.

Tuesday, July 31. Afloat Umea Mara.

On Iceberg Excursions I had been surprised at the number and picturesqueness of the icebergs along the ocean beach toward the Arctic Station - gables and columns and matterhorns projecting above the tops as seen from our deck. The number was due to stranding in the bay and their picturesqueness to their disintegration. They had often been the subject of my pictures and this morning, I paused still again when on my early way to visit my North Greenland mother, Mrs. Percival. So close, they were too thickly set for individual pictures. Yet <sup>they</sup> gave the skyline <sup>the</sup> effect of a skyscraper city.

The water was covered with ice debris, silent monuments of

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disintegrated bergs. But I witnessed  
the practical explosion of one, for  
there was a sudden roar and  
geyers of water and the pounding  
of the succeeding surf on the  
shore. I had conceived the  
possibility of standing on some of  
these bergs to photograph others.  
My idea too has been exploded.

Leaving Home. I met on my  
way and met Mrs Percill and  
Elsie on their way toward ship.  
It was a picture in life of  
"Leaving Home" — Mother and Son on  
their parting walk down the beach  
road from home. She would go  
only to the bend of the road  
and then turn back. Two sons  
were in Arctic Canada, she was  
now sending her youngest to school.  
Yet quietly, as if he were going to town,  
she took leave of her boy, and father,  
who had now come up, and son  
strode on together. I staid to

4.  
walk a space by the mother's side. I wanted her company. The lad will be my mate.

A Member of Parliament. The father, grey haired and books in hand was hastening to Parliament. To be the only white chosen to a Native parliament was a tribute in itself to the man, but his zeal and earnestness shown were proof of their wisdom. However, I found him on shipboard to take leave of his son and the ship, for levying of the ship is a colonial function in these waters. He explained that Parliament never sits when a ship is in port and besides that the Landsfoged, the presiding officer, had also played hooky to come to the ship.

Superhospitality. Our West is hospitable, but must yield to Greenland. Miller has stayed

home nights to maintain connection with our Expedition - and wholly without pay. He sent my long letter yesterday without charge, for the line is private.

Now the Governor and the Landsfoged tell me that the entire expense of the trip to Jarsbakk has been charged to Lange Koch, that is to the Government, because Koch wanted Tobias Gabrielsen brought over and would have sent a boat anyway.

And when at parting I asked Magister Parsild if he possessed a picture down the gorge, he offered to have one taken for me. So it will not be untaken pictures but forgotten hospitality that I am leaving behind. Verily hospitality there is without money and without price.

Ties Again Broken. Secretarily



6  
seems somehow deeply personal.  
The <sup>the handshakes,</sup> shaking of flags, the  
waving of hats with even hats  
blue in the distance leave  
their benediction. It is a home  
we are leaving - and now  
for a last long time.

The Concert of Bangstad. Halton  
Miller <sup>or</sup> make it plain as we  
walked to the ship. Doctor Holbe  
is somewhere at Camp Hlypl.  
The boys are on the ice. The  
Hvalrossen on her way to  
Godthaab is coming to Camp with  
supplies. Bangstad is accordingly  
using this means of catching  
the Hans Egede.

Curving Far Out. Our next  
stop is Halstensborg, but men  
are curving far out. There  
are rocks near Egedesminde  
that would be dangerous in  
a fog.

Fog Once More. The fog of

yesterday still persists out at sea. The whistle has been blowing and the screw turning intermittently at laggard speed. The fog mist has even blown across the vessel. The boat is heavily rolling and the "fiddle" has been put on the table again. We no longer talk of "Halstenborg tomorrow" but "when we come to Halstenborg." It seems a long time off, but both icebergs and fog should soon retire to the Baffin land coast. The Nordsee Stromfjord seems to be their limit southward—at least, for the summer icebergs.

The Secret of the Whistling. Not to warn other vessels, says the Mate, but to seek echoes from icebergs. If an echo is heard, the engines are immediately cut down, until

no echo longer is heard.  
Hence the irregular whistling  
and the slowing down even  
when the fog is thinning.

Full Speed Again. Tonight the  
fog is beginning to turn about  
to rain and the vapor  
horizon is broadening. The  
ship is now going full speed  
and has settled to moderate  
rhythmic roll. This is more  
like the Southern night. The  
lamps are lighted. It is  
half after ten. It is time for bed.  
Wednesday, August 1 - a New Month.

"Another and yet the Same". This  
may be August, yet it differs  
not from July, and September  
will not differ from it. Months  
are merely hours on a dial  
and their difference is un-  
appreciable. In terms of month-  
hours, I shall reach home in  
one hour and a half. It seems

as short.

Sounding. I was awakened this morning by the stopping of the engine and the rattle of sounding. Had we gone at full speed, we should be sighting Helstemborg, but we were slow yesterday. However, the net fog has closed in again and the Captain is taking no chances.

Another sounding has just been made - only 25 fathoms - sand shells and pebbles were brought up. We are over the fishing banks. And now at eight another sounding of the same depth and shells only. The log reads 145 knots. The distance from Godhavn to Helstemborg is 170 knots but the current counts for about 15. So when we are at 160 knots, we are there. The

horizon is now broadening and the sun is bearing fitfully thru, but the sea is cold and restless. It looks like the North Atlantic. The wind is whistling in the rigging.

We must now wait for a sight of the coast. I am saving the pebbles and shells to show Hendry my first sight of land.

Jones <sup>one</sup> Stern has been trying my power of identification on the accompanying brittle. It <sup>was</sup> is a whincker from a young walrus. What type of safety razor should he use?

At table yesterday (the Captain had dropped into English and reverted to the days of John L. Sullivan) I told the story of our <sup>Native</sup> boatman the night previous when landing to climb Nisko. He pointed at me and said "Amerika" and at Hendry and said "Englund."

I nodded. Hendry retorted: "I'm glad that he raised the question". The laugh was hearty and against me.

After having ridden with tourist Americans, who wanted their bath every morning, Hendry insists that I am not American but Irish and should be taking not of Nevada but of Cork. And I insist that he should be taking of London and not of India after his outburst of "ridden hitch". Tho' of ~~an~~ one native land we both are colonial and apart from it. It must be the air we breathe.

Land! Our first sight of land had been from the lead but now the dim shore line showed fitfully and far to south a high mountain headland curved down to the sea. But it seemed unnatural.

Then breakers thru the snow.  
 Our log read 160 knots - I wish  
 that I could have remained on  
 deck to fit the opening landscape  
 into my recollection. But  
 lunch call sounded - and  
 presto! thru the part I saw  
 the islands of our harbor  
 gliding by. The Captain had  
 found the battle near. Thin  
 clouds only covered our sky  
 and the fog bank lay behind us.

Old Friends. First a small  
 boat - two masted with huge funnel -  
 the whaler Sonia, appeared, not  
 seen since Godthaat last year.  
 Then the Srimper, high in water  
 as when on the rocks, looking  
 in her towering hull quite out  
 of place in these Northern waters.  
 Finally, the little Noah Ark town  
 my town - but the snow  
 on Nerlingerhuetten was entirely  
 gone.

We merely dropped anchor in the central harbor. There would evidently be no skua here. But old friends might come out - and did. The Governor, then soon little Pen, West Bishop, Arla, Nicolai, Master Bishop, Bengsted. No nervous hurrying now, no exhaustion. So greetings and final partings were warm and normal. "I had been missed." "The music had given them much happiness." "Was North Greenland as good as they said?" a few familiar Native faces also were there. But most were away at the fishing banks and only a few at work on the Skuaface.

\* The new Native venture at fishing was somewhat beyond expectations, for the Independent Boat was catching more fish than all the others - except as Bengsted later said the best of the new venture fishing boats.

Bengsted. The query regarding the Expedition was now answered. Hassell had raised his own funds. He must wait another year to raise more. Bengsted's



\* The Strifera Guakumut. a ship is already on its way from Copenhagen to tow the Strifera home, and should arrive in a week. So including will be washed. The Fulton will tow the cargo to Sourabaya and Siddak. An Slips Inspector will come complete his name. Ask and Winkel will tow the Ship home. That man has changed many plans.

kidneys were increasingly bad and he was going home for treatment. Else too would be gone, if he could have reached Hassell in time for permission. Bangsted had caught the Waldrossen out for Godthack but fortunately had been able to transfer to a fishing boat coming to Halstenborg. Bangsted had messenger for me, but they could wait.

\* Maudslø's Law. The blending of races is seemingly an irregular thing. Mother Bistrop tells me that Knud Rasmussen and Superintendent Balle were cousins; that their mothers were sisters, yet Knud looks strongly Indian and Balle most typically Southern, not even Danish. And Captain Balle, <sup>a brother,</sup> is a Southern "bear" brown. Thus from mothers of a David.

Arctic family come two diverse types - fine had, but ethnically at opposite poles.

Into the Fog, Twentyfive hours to Godthaab, but the fog is waiting outside and closes quickly upon us. Whistling, stopping and starting we move our slow way along. But icebergs are few and dangers are slight. In the late evening a ship, going our way, was seen far inshore - a Norwegian trawler perhaps or a tender carrying iced halibut to market. But at bedtime the fog had drawn close to our penthouse again yet the ship ploughed on.

Thursday, August 2.

Under a Wide Horizon. We have passed perhaps for good from the Arctic fog. The sky is still overcast but the feeling of coming autumn has gone with the fog.

Under long soft up the two sides only our actual living. That kind's water in printing some shells found in, mostly present living in pasture and through. That he is a cotton house and the long thin green line.

and the fog perhaps has gone with the ice to the western shore. The only thing to check our progress now is poor coal. On these quiet waters we should make ten knots but are going only seven. This batch of Native coal is worse than others.

A Loring Chase. The kisko left Iqiglut Tuesday. This means that we are only three days behind, but we can not travel so fast. So the kisko will probably be unloaded by the time we arrive.

I had hoped to meet Knud Rasmussen but he has already reached Jakobshavn on the Island Falk and the Sue Kong, on which I hoped to see him, is just leaving Iqiglut.

Camp News. The fishing boat reached Camp in thirtyfour hours I told Doctor thirty. The tide may have been against them. But the Overland Party arrived in

three sections badly exhausted, and Ralph worst off. "Seals not heavy", Saugstad says. Then I can't understand.


All buildings up and all supplies except coal now elevated to the observatory. One hundred thirty gallons of gasoline up. A tent erected at Capop Sloyd with sled walls for the winter. The Holmsoen has not yet been able to bring in the coal. The boys carried up three sacks per day. \*

The four boys - Ralph, Stewart, Bill and Patten are surveying the Ice Front. Doctor seems less driving and more consulting than before. He is merely nervous and jumps from one thing to another inconsistently.

Doctor La Cour's Plans. Yesterday Doctor La Cour and I made a spontaneous interchange of weather views as pertain to Greenland. He too feels that the Glacial High

\* The Holmsoen was ordered in some hours. There were two instant boats and the lumber was made into a raft with the oil cut on top.

affects the passing loss but wonders if the wind current does not completely cease and then restant on the other side rather than merely slide over the top of the heavier surface air. He agrees too that the circulation from the equator extends farther northward and much returns southward thru the cold Davis Strait.

He accepts Wegener's theory that "föhn clouds" are really "hidrance clouds" caused by the forcing upward of a moist current of air, as over a mountain obstruction . Such is our lenticular cloud in the lee of Mount Rose. The hidrance theory may explain the <sup>normal</sup> presence of the föhn clouds in the southwest near the Coast Range, but these clouds appear also over the edge of the Inland Ice and occasionally

at the edge of the sea. Can they not be formed <sup>much</sup> by the collision of cold and moist air currents the accentuated by up-flooding ranges?

When I suggested that Föhn winds, as shown by Föhn clouds, did not extend out to sea, as mountain torrents do not extend out into the level plain, he cited the Bora in the Adriatic which affects inlets but not the open sea, and blows down buildings, if constructed on the uplands, but is completely tranquil a short distance further down.

Then from charts he showed how the temperature on both sides of Greenland rose with each passing pressure depression - due to the fact that the low drew after it warmer winds from the south. And he quoted

a recent theory of Exner(?) in Vienna that temperature divergencies do not cause cyclonic movements but that cyclonic movements create the temperature changes. I wonder how this theory accords with that of variation in solar radiation.

Doctor La Cour is planning to build an observatory in South Greenland near the coast but elevated above it to be free from local influences. He has selected the south to be nearer the track of the lows but is studying the weather of the sea, especially of Davis Strait, and not of the ice caps. As a preliminary investigation especially of pressure changes, he has turned his thoughts toward the Niars Plateau, for at Godhavn he has specialists in Doctor Olsen and his assistant. When he has

proved the feasibility of his plan, he will see funds to erect the mountain station south. So this was his motive in climbing Dicks.

Early Rising. I went to bed early to rise early. Stage Percill desired to be called early too. I awoke at four. The clock with its hals in the dial looked seven. The boy recognized the mistake immediately. We went then to sleep until he called me toward seven.

Most of our ship's companions sleep until breakfast at eleven, taking their coffee in bed so I puzzled the Steward this morning by making a special request of table coffee at table. After much explanation he laughed.

Sounding. Still stopping at intervals and sounding. Some fog, but the purpose is to locate two fishing banks at the records of which we were inward

--- 10.24. --- 12.11. ---  
P.M. P.M.



toward Godthaab. However, no bottom yet and no faceted stones for Hendry. Everybody thinks of him and his collection of rocks when the lead goes down.

By clock we are due at Godthaab in two hours, but by fog and bad coal we shall probably arrive at eight. It is dark by ten for we are going south beyond the Circle. We take on only the Oxford Party and some furniture. So I fear for my plans for last pictures.

Washington and Lincoln. New mysticism gathers round our heroes and dims the vividness of their thoughts and personality. I have heard much of their thoughts but have read them for myself only at this late day. No Providential chance in their selection as leaders. Greater intellects,

more cogent reasoners, more fearless prophets, more eloquent pleaders have I rarely seen.

If these be Americans, and their spirit still lives, I am proud to be an American.

Selfish isolation was never a part of Washington's creed and peace with righteousness was Lincoln's longing. To read both has been a benediction.

A Book of Greenland Gossip. I chide Handy with writing little <sup>in the diary.</sup>. He retorts by calling mine a Book of Gossips.

And so it is - a book of reaction toward nature and people. It is the most precious thing I am taking home.

Sounding In. We have been feeling our way to the second bands, in fog mostly, as a blind man taps the water with his cane and gropes for the curb. The results were the following:

## - DEPTH -

DISTANCE  
FROM  
HOLE TENDERS

	DEPTH		DISTANCE FROM HOLE TENDERS
	102 Fathoms	No bottom.	
3:40 pm.	76 "	Bottom.	179 knots
4:00 "	68 "	" Sand	
4:25 "	30 "		183 "
4:45 "	24 "		185 "
5:00 "	19 "	" Tiny pebbles and shells.	187 "

Anchoring. We immediately anchored. The fog is thick and mist is falling. We are about fifteen miles from the outer islands. Once the Hans Egede lay here three and a half days waiting for clear weather.

Cod Fishing. The Steward is fishing for cod - with all the luck we had in 1926 at Maligiak. Fids of all sizes are coming aboard - some by the mouth, many by fin and belly. They must be both inquisitive and slow - too slow to escape being snaggled. He had tubfuls to clean and must be awfully weary. The

Captain said that he was looking for this shallow spot and anchored here for the fishing. Handy declares that not every ship anchors as does this to give the passengers a quiet dinner. He must anchor elsewhere next time, for this spot is surely fished completely out. The gulls to the number of twenty five and more are circling round for the cleanings as they do behind the steamer Takoe.

Clearing. It is clearing now by eleven. The horizon is mild, its edge is silvery where the moon(?) shines thro'. But it is nearly dark. The ship is riding with anchor lights. At three she will weigh anchor and be ready to look at six and to leave by nine. I have been repairing my drawers and suitcases in preparation for the coming of the Oxford Party and have

have up late reading "The Man without a Country". So this will be a short night again for me, for I want to go ashore to take last pictures at Godthaab.

Friday, August 3. Soaring Time.

Still Beating In. I heard the propeller churning at four-thirty and wearily got up. But the fog was thick again. Later I noticed the sun over the stern. Either the celestial waves had got reversed or we were running out. The latter proved to be the case, for the course to Godthaab is too thickset with islands to venture in thru fog. At one point the ship must pass within two shiplengths of the rocks. Pity that the fog will does not lie a little farther out. At some last night it was clear on land, as at Godhavn.

But a lost man is preferable to a lost ship and cargo. That

Ready Dawn. It is really dawn at eleven or twelve latitude of Godthaab. We had twilight and further at one lot Godhavn. It was all right at Godhavn. Have we come so far south?

the Hans Egede has sailed more than twenty years along these rocky, unseasoned coasts is a tribute to the caution of its mariners.

Now at nine, we are heading in again, for the fog had momentarily parted. As its limits widened, we could see far outside a three-masted Scotch or <sup>probably</sup> Norwegian probably fisher - boat up the coast. We have made only 15 miles since starting this morning, so slowly are we traveling.

Romance. <sup>gone</sup> The radio has taken the romance out of things. The Oxford Party knows that we are on the beach as much as we know that a belated train is on the siding in the outskirts of the city. If there were no radio, we would be a ship of mystery now a half moon late. Likewise we should have had no pilot at Godhavn when the Captain radioed in for the carpenter pilot to guide us.

More reading. "The Man without a Country" seems so informally told, yet the very informality increases the realism. And the end of the tale rises to eloquence. It should be ranked with the better hymns of the Republic and Lincoln's appeals and has more subtle power. All three are the spiritual products of war, but the latter for the young.

If the Manparciant represents the best of short stories, then give us Langens. No whit better than O. Henry and more saddest. I have had only four to read, but of them only "The Wreck" has a warmth in its pathos. They are merely clever shocks. If they be masterpieces of their group, then the group itself must rank low in power as compared with other groups of literature.

A Cold Raw Morning. It was a cold raw morning but

warmth now as we drew  
 inshore. Handy was up at ten.  
 I wondered why so early. He  
 declared that I awakened him  
 by my loud voice on deck.  
 It was not a day to get up  
 early in and I too had gone  
 back once or twice to bed in  
 my clothes.

A Dark Day. The Captain had  
 been cruising slowly outward,  
 but at a favorable thinning  
 of the cloud, he drove  
 toward shore. A blue coast  
 under the rim of clouds, low  
 island bars in the sea,  
 a beacon on one. When the  
 first island was gained, another  
 beyond it appeared thru the  
 fog to guide us to land far  
 inward. Reminded the Captain,  
 as he peered us: "I caught it".

Blue Bore and Birds. First  
 I thought that it was blue



smoke from the steamer, but it held steady. It must have been a blue hole or bow from the sun cast on the vapor.

And in the midst of it, one island gray like frost with gulls which the boats whistle startled into the air in a cloud.

Godthaab. The tall "Antlers" and the <sup>Hjortetativan?</sup> seemed to hold a low sagging background between them <sup>and</sup> ~~over~~ <sup>but the hills behind some of them</sup> the colony of Godthaab. This time we shall anchor off the colony. We are to have two hours ashore. The town looks large after the hamlets of the north and slightly more picturesque than before. The sea wall and landing steps are massive, Hans Egede's old house has been retouched, there is a tiny white bridge over a gully, and a clock

in the church belfry. An ocean-  
going tug took us ashore. But  
this seems to make the town  
cosmopolitan and link it with  
the South.

A stiff wind was blowing from  
the north but I went to the  
Academy Hill to take a panorama.  
The welcoming statue of  
Hans Egede stood out against  
the skyline, the fiord behind.  
The town peeped over the pass,  
the meadows toward the <sup>border</sup> ~~Ship Haven~~  
gave graduation and ~~border~~  
to the town. The composition  
somehow seemed better than  
any I had seen - due probably to  
the length of the pictures. When  
trying to shield the face of the  
camera from the wind, I struck  
a leg of the tripod with my  
foot and caused earthquake  
in the center of the pictures.  
I was my last film. So I took  
three separates to form a series.

The Oxford Expedition. The O.V.K. it was signed on their boxes all of our ship's company had gone to the Governor's (The hospital was out of town). So I followed especially since Governor Sistrup's sister was the hostess. In the office a tiny sharp and sunburned nosed individual, sandy haired and alert, met me with enthusiasm. He was Doctor Longstaff, head of the Reports, and wanted "to pump" me on the limits of Inner Greenland. Inevitably, I met the hostess, a plain little brown bird sitting quietly in the center of a roomful of sturdy roughbreasted young Eskimoes. Her husband, the Governor, was a massive man, imposing among the others and looking like a Tyrolean hunter in his green peaked hat set with a feather. I lived here for her

very quietness. She will mean  
 In my native suit I felt at once  
 at home with my infamously

Seaward Once More. Three times  
 our tug started for the ship  
 and as many times returned  
 to the jetty to pick up belated  
 returners, running full speed  
 down the hill. Each time we  
 wondered who next. Finally came  
 the Governor and mail and  
 our hostess, Mrs. Simoni, who,  
 however, waved us farewell from  
 the seawall.

Meanwhile a small iceberg  
 had bumped the Hans Egede  
 from her anchorage and  
 she was cruising like a  
 graceful frigate in the offing  
 waiting for us. No seals in  
 the cove this time, for we  
 were under slow way as we  
 clambered aboard. But farewells  
 were even more earnest from

our Oxford friends to their boats. Up the rigging even to the cross-tree climbed Doctor Langstaff and two of his boys to lead in cheering. The whistle blew, flags were dipped and new and old slowly blended. The "melting pot" was being overlaid. Ten English passengers to five Danes. How could they ever absorb it? And the noisy hearty enthusiasm? It was not cold but rather hot water being deluged into the pot.

Handy suggested that we put up the sign over the cabin entrance: "English spoken here." At table, they took a count of the English-speaking members. I disclaimed inclusion (American English is a "dialect"), and the Captain promptly announced my speech as Eskimo and good.

In age and nervous speech their leader resembles Doctor Hoke.

In dress and enthusiasm even I must yield to him. I no longer hold preeminent place.

Last Sight of Greenland. A black necklace of islands, grown tiny; a gray background of mountains cut off at the feet by a curtain of cloud slightly raised; a fresh sea. Off our beam a broad ship, with rigger sail only and it loosely drooping, tending three dories tossing on the deep - reapers in the harvest field of fish. Far out a three-masted in striking against the clouds.

Our wake suddenly curved. We had reached the deep sea and were now swinging south on our course. The coast was accompanying us afar.

"Guard Carefully". I had written <sup>these words</sup> on one of my colored views.

Now I must write it on all.

I did not realize that I had such a treasure and that they were so delicate. Doctor Langstaff and his boys are enthusiastic. "Not scientific there (in the old sense) but artistic". Composition remarkable. yes, photography can be made an art for science and humanities both, I replied. That is my pleasure; hunting for subjects.

However, the heat of the lantern may burn the starch granules upon which the color depends. So a water screen must be used and the picture displayed very briefly, especially if a strong lamp must be used. And in England possession of such slides permit no one else to touch them and place them in the lantern themselves. Where then will be my "Chitra-dita" the tarrying at pictures and making

" Doctor Langstaff refuses to touch mine "

them live? Worse than that, can I use black and white slides with them? Will they not seem insipid? And worse still, must I speak, hereafter, only to pictures and not tell my Greenland story? Plainly I have a treasure but no easy means of sharing it with the masses. Besides "my message" has grown complex. I am greatly puzzled.

Bedroom Notes. My lab, Ave Stearn Percild, drew me aside at the Ship's Departure and whispered me to ask the Papal botanist to join us. Both had met and had common interests in plants. The Steward approved. The botanist turned out to be a Classicist with a love of plants. So I have a mutual interest unwarred. Our fourth is tall, far too long for the lab, a magnificent athletic Oxonian with a love for sailing. All are contented.



and we chat long before going to sleep. Handy and Bangstad are bunking together. They both take tea in bed and sleep long.

Saturday, August 4.

At Naval Again. The sky is canopied with clouds with the sun shining dimly thru. The coastline is hidden in mist. The ship is throbbing steadily. The roll is still gentle. <sup>The air is mild.</sup> We are in the North Atlantic in landscape but without its swells.

The American De Patrol. Commander Smith has just been at Godthaal and at Godhavn we learned that he was coming <sup>thither</sup> there. This seems like duplication, for Captain Carstensen in the Godthaal has already been from Iceland to Cape Farewell and Labrador. Perhaps it is only

essential overlapping.

Two Last Icebergs. Toward evening two large flat-topped icebergs <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ passed by on our coast side. One was sailstained above. On the up voyage many icebergs were seen here. These seem to be the last of the east coast ice, which imprisoned the ships at Triguet.

a Deck Stroll. Handy and I took a long stroll for converse and exercise. It has been a rare exercise for me so far this trip but I am beginning to feel the need of it. The deck does not roll enough yet to prevent it. The evening, a companion, and the fresh breeze are a spirited trinity.

Sunday, August 5.

Sunday in Externack. Clean linen on the officers, chocolate and cake at tea, chicken at dinner.

Church service here is unknown.

For my part, I have had a hot bath to allay that "idden hiter", have arranged my colored pictures, and discussed plants and climate with the Oxford Botanist. But I have also read Turgenev's "Kassian of Fair Springs", almost as rare in suggestion and spirit as Reilly's Kusa Deep in June: One line suggests much more: "A marvellously sweet occupation it is to lie on one's back in a wood and gaze upwards!" I wish that I were with Bill tonight and that we could read a chapter from the Bible together.

Sailing. The sea has a mild roll today. The wind is north and astern. The temperature is a degree lower. Cause, "the north wind," says Doctor La Cour. Why the north? "Because in a wind comes

like the Davis Strait, the wind must go up or down the strait, as it must in a street in town. We are too far from the coast to feel the east winds.

At dinner time a traveler passed northward bound. This makes four travelers we have seen. They may grow fewer, for the Danish consul at Hull, England warns that the market there is being oversupplied from the North Sea, a source close at hand.

Now at eight, the fog has shut in and the whistle is frequently blowing. The Steward reports icebergs since three. Have they chilled the air and condensed the fog?

At Cape Farwell. Rather, so Master La Cour has since pointed out, we are off Cape Farwell, an atmospheric corner where

It must be condensation  
 falling from the slipping

air currents <sup>meet</sup> and  
 storms brew. It is a wet  
 night, the vapor falling in  
 large gobs of water with dry  
 spaces between. By midnight  
 we should be opposite the Cape,  
 but the Captain is veering far  
 off, for the temperature of the  
 water has suddenly dropped from  
 $+9.0^{\circ}\text{C}$ . to  $+3.5^{\circ}\text{C}$ ., indicating  
 the near presence of icefields.  
 So not only the night but the  
 fog and ice will prevent our  
 having any view of Cape Farewell.  
 Tomorrow we shall be jangling  
 eastward even farther from America.

The diver, <sup>in storm</sup> The diver is  
 ahead and in a heavy  
 storm. The barometer there  
 records a very low pressure  
 of 739 mm. Since no strong  
 winds have been felt by us,  
 Doctor La Caze thinks it local.  
 It is to the east of us and

may keep ahead.

Monday, August 6.

In the Storm's Swell. At six I was awakened by the sound of things falling and sliding everywhere. I hustled to the upper deck smoking room to rescue my films from mopping the floor.

It was a gray rainy day with great swells from the east and wind from the west but the latter was light.

The disks laboring in the storm's center was two hundred miles ahead. The storm had been blowing for several days.

We may enter it yet. By the way we are safe now passing Cape Finlay.

But scenically this sea now surging in the stuff pictures are made of. Great gray swells beneath a leaden sky, with dominant swells of recurring and the horizon

one <sup>rows</sup> ~~simultaneous~~ line of water.  
 Only a touch of sunlight is  
 necessary to add contrast  
 and vitalize the picture.

The ship dips deep down  
 over to her <sup>rows</sup> ~~bow~~ in the  
 larger swells and the  
 stern stands tilted high in  
 air as it passes. I sit  
 far forward with neck and  
 chest braced against the table  
 as I write.

We passed the <sup>gulf</sup> Thompson  
 last night bound from Iniguit  
 to Denmark with Kyllita. So  
 there are three of us in  
 a row off Cape Farewell  
 homeward bound.

"Set her Blow". At evening  
 the engine room bell sounded.  
 I went to promenade deck  
 to watch the sea. Then a  
 front down one can watch  
 the bows, or sitting braced

shaft the funnel we can  
 look from ~~under~~ <sup>open</sup> covered  
~~seats~~ <sup>seats</sup> as at Ahrammengan,  
 upon <sup>an open</sup> a stage where the  
 sea is playing its titanic  
 role.

We are heading now more  
 into the sea and taring the  
 swells on the quarter. If we  
 continue this course, we  
 shall ultimately reach Iceland.  
 The baropit lifts and falls  
 then an arc of at least  
 forty feet. The sea is  
 a waste of lather with  
 streaks of grey winding me  
 of the cracks in the ice of  
 PASS ETSSUAK  
 Passersuar. — Salah —

~~Salah~~  
 which in English is plain "Damn", at least  
 in this journal, for the pibling of the boat  
 has brought both writing and thinking to a close.  
 Only on Wednesday has it been resumed  
 under difficulties, which I fear will last



Throughout the voyage, viz. the exaggerated  
and persistent rolling of the ship.

Better Ahead. We are in a westward  
wind of B. 8 to 9, but the heave is in  
an east wind of only B. 5. It is  
physically better even now, <sup>the rollers are running only half speed</sup> for  
the boat is merely pitching. The sails have  
checked the miserable rolling. If  
only we were gulls - to soar and  
dip and slideslip with never  
a jar, <sup>no jar</sup> in the greatest wind. There  
is something superman in them.  
They too can go eighty miles an hour,  
we are going five. We are a day  
out from Greenland, they could return  
in an hour and a half. If God made  
man in his own image, either God  
is mainly intellectual or deficient in  
perfection.

Tuesday, August 7.

Inside. We are again at the "rolling"  
depth. The weather must be abating, for  
we are traveling now at full speed.

My head is crosswise. Consequently I have been slid up and down all night, head over heels and heels over head, my center of oscillation being somewhere near the waist.

There is a persistent rattling of cutlery and bottles. Are they sitting on the table or are they being piled like type. I shall never care more on earth for the sound of silverware and the clink of cut glass. Precious they maybe, but utterly discordant in my ears.

I must sit on the floor to dress. It is perilous to stand, whether for pants or kamies or shoes or plain washing. I am not seasick, but just plain sick, like a squirrel in a cage thrown end over end or as Hardy expresses it "in a barrel over Kingara".

Outside. We are on a rising, rolling, spungy sea. Last night we made 5 knots in one watch, that is four hours, and 60 miles for the day. There were days of this and we must stop enroute for coals.

I should like to stop at Sapa flow or Kinsall-  
 yer, even at this price. The Captain hoped  
 to reach Copenhagen three days after the  
 Sisco. Now he says "or later".

The sea is "good now" ... "merely the swell".  
 The wind is B.7 and still whistles  
 thru the rigging. yesterday it was shrieking.  
 But the ship is apparently finished and  
 rolls like a log. The Oxford Expedition  
 heard that she rolled clear over  
 and so had sails to stop it.  
 It doesn't roll clear over but  
 returns to do it again. I  
 can't write, I can't read. I am  
 on the end of two elastic -  
 a plunge and a roll - that  
 leave me groggy. Is this looping-  
 the-loop in an aeroplane?

Maara's Irish Melodies fall on me.  
 I have taken to my bunk. There  
 I have been able to read Sherburne  
 Holmes, <sup>but not</sup> without some mental  
 exhaustion.

Caribou Meat. The season

for hunting caribou opens August 1. But a Native at Halstensborg "was out walking when two caribou came straight to him. Why should he not kill what had been sent to him?" The meat was confiscated. Some of it was sent to Mrs Simson at Godthaab, Gunnar Bistup's sister. But she would not allow it brought ashore "for the Natives would not understand". So we are now eating it on the Hans Egede, where there are no Natives.

Question: "Should anyone have been permitted to eat it?"

The Godthaab at Thule. The Godthaab has arrived at Thule - and I was not there to meet them. It is the first time I failed. They will plainly escape wintering in the North and should be home by October as they have planned. I would gladly

change places with them.

Ove Sten (stem) Porsild. I call him Ave Maria. He's my mate. Even he, the child christ of the A. Hals, the Arctic Station boat, is seaxier. He is comatose as are we all. Very few claim exemption. Even the uptrip passengers are wretched. The Steward thins that Ove Sten is going to Denmark to school four years too late, that is, that his standards and thoughts are Greenlandic. From our Western point of view, we are glad that he is going late, for he will not have he in danger of being weaned away from the North or of giving the North alibi service.

Wednesday, August 8.

Climate and Civilization. I am convinced that the Havn Egade is not the optimum place for high civilization. The weather is moderating, but this boat rolls

and jesus lives a train at full speed over a switch. I have had body massage all night. But this does not conduce to philosophy and, if it did, one could not record his thoughts. Your pen arm is jersal from position and you would miss the keys of the typewriter if you tried to strike them. Only finally today have I succeeded in writing by sitting brookside to the ship and conversing with her.

Am Dick Bull. This morning the Stewardess asked me whether I would get up or lie in bed. I told her that I would get up if the damn ship would permit but should later lie in bed to write. She took the pitcher and wastewater can to fill and empty while I was washing. To be helpful and leave the bowl clean, I pulled the plug and ran

the dirty water over the floor. We all yelled at the absurdity - except the Steward, who said that he had provisions below. At table I cited it as a strong case of "professional forgetfulness" but Doctor Longstaff declared that in England it would be proof of intoxication despite my claims to abstinence.

Breakfast in Pajamas. Porridge is being served today to the invalids in bed. Doctor Longstaff did not know this, and after coffee in bed came out in pajamas to table to get porridge. Then came Hendry in pajamas and dressing gown, drawn in by the sight of the Doctor. I had turned to dress and sat between the two "beauties" and warned them of danger. Suddenly out came Miss Schnatz but it did not freeze them. With a laugh they commenced

combing hair and beard with their fingers while I in protest blow their hair dust off my nose.

Doctor, however, did not dare to rise. So I offered to bring him a blanket as a gift. And all this in the Captain's immaculate and proper dining room. What if he had known it?

North Atlantic Normal Now. Same sun, long swells, foam patches growing smaller. The wind is only B.S to 6. The run since yesterday noon is half longer than the day before. The icebergs are slowly coming out. Sun and cessation from rolling will quickly cure them, but unfortunately the sky is overcasting again.

Thursday, August 9.

Weather Slowly Improving. The sun is shining this early morning, the swells are smaller, but the waves are foamflecked.



We are farther from Cape Farewell and its area of storms. The wind, however, is still from ahead and may yet force us to seek coal. Doctor LaCaze suggests the Fane Islands - a Danish possession as the likeliest spot.

Afterfeelings. I feel drained and exhausted from the lining of my stomach to the coating of my brain. I have the feeling of ague when I look at writing or books. We all prefer to doze. No vacation this. We shall need a rest to recover. But the invalids are coming forth. I can now understand and condone Doc. Cook's act. After riding home in the Hans Egede he felt that the only thing that would give him the worth of his fare was to claim the North Pole.

Informal Breakfasts. Partridge

served in bed. Then the porters  
 are invited to get up and go  
 on deck. One humbly, the Stewardess,  
 by a sharp order and upward  
 thrust of her thumb makes  
 her meaning plain. Doctor Longstaff  
 sneered out again in pajamas  
 with the preliminary: "my ladies  
 present?" and was just filling  
 his teacup when Miss Schwartz  
 appeared. Precipitate retreat and  
 laughter. But promptly he was  
 back in a raincoat saying:  
 "Windy on deck. I'm quite wind-blown."  
 and he looked it. Then a  
 roll of the ship sent milk  
 from his porridge into his  
 lap. Hindu profanity - which  
 she said she also understood.  
 Then the breakfast went  
 merrily on.

At Dredport day. My bunk  
 seemed to call me and I answered, "yes".  
 None seems a burden and reading

is sickening. Somehow it goes to the stomach. In mid-afternoon I went on deck and was surprised to find the sunbath awaiting me and general discussion with Major, so-called The General by the boys, on the subject of Irish independence and American prohibition. My complaining decreased ten percent in two hours, — a fine profit for the time spent.

Land Sounds on Sea. Strange the suggestiveness of sounds. But the throb and jerk and echo of the propeller imitate exactly in our cabin the sound of two engines puffing and jerking up a heavy grade. I can not quite cast off the feeling that I am lying in my berth in a Pullman and speeding across America home. However, the illusion is lost on deck.

Weather Talks. In reality they should be called Popular and Personal Sciences, so simple yet so intimate they are. Dr La Cour, the tall and sedate, is

my teacher.

1. The Anticyclonic High is the child of the Pole - not of the ice - merely because the Poles are colder than the Equator. And whatever "classical Anticyclonic Highs" may appear in Greenland are merely fingers of the Polar High reaching down as made to appear like highs because of excessive local radiation from the Ice Cap. Thus some valleys of Norway have local highs, as compared with the sea, merely because of local valley radiation. If there were no High Antarctic Continent, there would be still the Antarctic High.



Thus, if the Arctic High were the child of the Ice Cap, we should have winds along the sides of Greenland where the Ice Cap is widest instead of mild weather, whereas our stormiest weather is off Cape Farewell, where the Ice Cap is narrowest. And this stormiest spot is due to its being the corner - where two air systems meet, as is Cape Hatteras, Cape Horn, and

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over Mendocino of our California coast.

2. Observations on the East Coast are strongly probable. There is no objection to the German Seewarte for even an indefinite number of years, for the Danish Meteorological Institute and the Seewarte had jointly prepared a daily weather map of the North Atlantic for thirtyfive years before the war and have now been requested to revive it. This time it will be a map of the Northern Hemisphere. So cooperation in Greenland will be natural. Furthermore, the Seewarte is now suggesting that their observer come to Godhavn to collaborate with Doctor Olsen to create <sup>resemble</sup> similarity of methods before establishing the German station on the East Coast.

"No, the International Committee has made no decision regarding Mont Evens. It will not meet until next year. But the preference of the Chairman, from Holland, is also for an observatory near

the coast and far south."

3. The Explanation of the Blue in the sky is simple, that of the water is not. If at the entrance of a harbor a row of piles were driven, as , the long streamlines of the tide would pass thru with little deflection. However, if short waves attempted to pass, they would be badly affected and broken up . So the particles of matter in the atmosphere are forced by the color of long wave length, such as the orange and the red, but these particles <sup>and</sup> break up or diffuse the shorter waves of blue that thus are scattered and fill the air.

4. The Green Ray at Sunset - have you ever seen it? I have seen it once - on my trip up to Greenland. You must keep your eyes unblinded by the sun until the exact moment the sun has disappeared. It is next to the last ray of the spectrum and thus deflection rises enough above the sun to be seen when the orb disappears,

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\* 4. A blue light can be clearly observed. In the morning when  
concrete effort did not occur, they use a paper trail on the bottom  
and a large finder. As a thick blue with two circles in the  
top line can be seen from the bottom could have been used to connect  
with its present position.

thus <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ cloud. But why the  
blue failed to appear I did not quite  
understand.

Fog. Saw fog banks by far  
off seemingly at the horizon, but even  
as we talked the fog swept over  
us and the whistle began  
sounding. It came as rapidly  
as Kipling's "down... across the  
bay". Fortunately there are no bergs  
in these waters.

Explorers and Such. Tonight we  
have sat in the Smoking Room  
discussing Captain Wilkins and  
explorers and nationalism, the  
anti-graft standards of Louisa and  
Canadianism and English and  
Americanism. What a candid clearing  
house we make in these gatherings  
of many nations and much-travelled  
people. Roca prejucida is the  
world's fault most strongly condemned,  
but with pessimism rather than  
hope. Only the slow passage of time

very slow unless you think in centuries - can bring some nations to unity.

Friday, August 10.

Seven Days Out. Each day's run now longer than the preceding, and tomorrow we shall be half way across. This means sixteen days from Godthaab to Copenhagen unless each day's run is like the present. The usual limit is ten to fourteen days.

The Julius Thomsen was still slightly ahead last night. We shall not see her, for our Captain is holding a more westerly course until he sees whether the coal will hold out. If it will not, he plans to run into the Faroes with little loss of distance. All hope that he may stop rather at Lervick in the Shetlands. Then possibly we can catch an island steamer to Scotland. However, the weather is mostly fine <sup>me</sup> ahead. So we may continue without a stop.

will be a long time when the ship is in the air



In the Gulf Stream. We have not yet reached the line of western Ireland. yet the air is sunny. The sun shines softly thru fracto-cumulus clouds whose interstices are filled with vapor-like thin scales of Habbema. The swells are covered with smaller waves upon which even a rowboat could readily ride. Not a trace of crest or foam. The surface of the sea is blue or green as the shadows play.

The Daily Dozen. After more than a year I have been driven to the Daily Dozen today. Stagnation of body has become too pronounced. Thus my Northern life is passing to its earlier Southern.

Cumulus Clouds. Rather high houses to the north, much lower and smaller ones to the south. At first we thought that it might be convection

over Iceland, but Doctor La Cour attributes the clouds to the warmth of the day.

Alto-cumulus fleeces have gathered in the sky during the day, and this late afternoon long tufts of cirrus are showing below.

and rising high over our funnel and forward mast is a piled up cumulus mass against whose flanks the alto-cumulus are drifting. Now inverted it all seems - cirrus below and cumulus above - the alto-cumulus stratum.

Soberly beautiful it all is too - the thunderheads and darkening sky before our bows, and astern small alto-cumulus fleeces partially veiling a pearlgray background of cloud with a golden sun beaming thru. The waters change their colors with the varying light.

The New Moon and Things.  
 At ten thirty Doctor La Cour  
 called us to look. A new  
 red moon was rising in  
 the northeast. A silver light  
 was shining beneath the clouds  
 in the north.

When Doctor was on his  
 way North, he saw the  
 midnight sun circle above  
 the waters. At home in  
 Denmark it was three o'clock  
 and the selfsame sun was  
 rising in the east. "Could  
 one conceive the coincidence  
 without a globe and a  
 lamp to test it?"

"And the phosphorescence in  
 the water?" We gazed over  
 the stern. Only an occasional  
 luminous spark was thrown  
 up in the wake, tho' in  
 the Northern fiords the  
 water is resplendent." Why

not more here, for polar waters  
are far richer in minute  
organisms than the equatorial?

Clarks. Many a talk have  
we had with Doctor Longstaff  
and the Major. Tonight it was  
missionaries and tourists,  
and "Did I select my calling  
of meteorologist after deciding  
to be explorer in the North?" for  
such is now the standard  
joke of us all, being medical  
men or humanists mainly, yet  
busy with science. Doctor  
dramatically "took off" an  
adult tourist at his first  
sight of an Eskimo, and  
prayed to be saved the sight.  
The effort was a scream.

and a protest against illbained  
morals. It would have been  
great as a graphophone records.

By half past eleven the dawn  
was brightening and our moon

was riding high. It might well be high, for in the officer's Cabin the clock registered nearly an hour later and the first Mate with a grin suggested that I advance my watch even twentyfive minutes more to be in time with tomorrow. Green how tired I felt as I gazed at the revised time.

Saturday, August 11 -

Heavy - Heavy of course this morning but I slept until the Stewardess called. A face thrust in at the curtain: "Mr Shurch, get up" is my morning alarm. But my shoulder is especially lame. I can scarcely put hand in my pocket. It must be that Daily Dozen of yesterday, which now must be treated with more preference, my arm or my stomach?

A Stomach Massage. The Major suggested that I play jacquise sitting on the floor. Fortunately I have found a better in Anita Loos' "But Gentlemen, Merry Brunettes". A single chapter makes a good massage for both brain and intestines. It is a scream like the Doctor and wonderfully pat on our foibles. It is Aristophanes without his sting but leaving just a touch of hidden sadness in our laugh.

With it by my side for relaxation I have spent the entire day below writing the tragedy of the Scinface. To fill the gap in my diary. Our deck is for being quietly refining.

A Tiny Visitor. Hendry and Doctor La Cour are my house-ants on deck. The skylight is conveniently open. It is the first time on the voyage. The sea is a millpond with light crests of gray. Suddenly

a call to come see a bird. A tiny bird weary but unafraid sat on the deck. "A wagtail," decided the Oxonians, and blown by the storm from Iceland or the Faroes said Bangsted. So tiny and fluttering a bird to have come so far. "Three days unceasing without food or water can they travel," says the Doctor, "if the weather is right, and at twenty-five to thirty kilometers per hour".

Our little visitor is an insect eater. His kind eat nothing else. Each voyage sees some helpless victim come aboard to rest and starve. Once several were carried down the ventilator into the dark provision chamber. Our visitor has fluttered up onto the bridge. The Oxonian boys would like to capture it to add to their museum

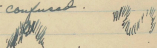
collection, but to kill a bird on board a ship "would raise a riot". Even whistling might raise a headwind.

Spectacular Clouds. Another call. Entirely up. I prize the imitations. A fringe of cirrus Roman candles nested spoonlike close together saucers like the wavy stems of water plants. More there seemed to be behind the alto-cumulus but the veil was closely drawn. On the northern horizon was the usual cumulus bank but in it was a tall plume, or silver vase bearing fruit. Behind and southward rain veils and streamers reached far down. One could easily become a waterspout, said Doctor La Cour. The sea was overshadowed, the wind was freshening, and our funnel-smoke streaming directly astern.



When Arrive? The steamer is running still faster. yet our fastest today was only  $7\frac{3}{4}$  knots hourly. The coal is carrying too much sand. We are still opposite Iceland. We have abandoned stopping at the Faroes. The Captain will give us only ten minutes there. Fairhaven Island Tuesday evening and Copenhagen Friday evening, thinks the Steward. Saturday at earliest, says Doctor Palmer. It will be a full week for me.

An Aurora. Called again to the deck at eleven. In the far north were halos on the light of dawn - wisps almost, dim memories of former auroras. Serpentine curtains - one dim but detailed, the other brighter but confused.

 They soon disappeared, but the company on the stern

stood in the chill night wind still gazing. Music had been played thruout the evening on deck and the spell was still on them. So had come for down the ventilator to me.

Ahead the sky was black. The wind was fresh and the sea was quickening. Sparks fell intermittently from the funnel. There was somehow the feeling of adventure as we drove on.

Sunday, August 12.

Pitching. By four I was awakened by the jitters of the propeller. The ship was sinking deep in the swells and smothering the sound. Our adventure was upon us. Here even in August we were meeting a series of storms.

See Denmark First. At nine there was the cry: "They are

changing the course." The sails were being furled. Scarce headway was being made. The spray was coming over the bows. We were running almost in the eye of the wind.

Thorshavn, Faroes, was our goal. So I ran to the fellows in our stateroom calling: "Change course for Copenhagen, this train goes to the Faroes". But they stuck to their bumps. The Jubilee Thomsen is forty miles ahead in a stiff gale. At full speed we can not make more than four knots. At that rate our coal would not take us to the Shetlands or even the Faroes. So the engines have been slowed down to scarce headway. The log has been drawn in.

Sighting by the green waves

cast up by our hull, we are drifting slowly southwards toward Ireland.

If only we could have called also at Iceland, <sup>(it is still off our beam)</sup> we could live the slogan: "See the North Atlantic first." As it is we shall spend a rather full week on the sea, but this can not match the Captain's experience of 98 days in a sailing ship from Denmark to Greenland.

We had head winds from the west, ours are from the east.

However, our boat is wonderfully dry, but not more dry than the <sup>patula</sup> gulls that are preening their feathers even on the crest of the waves.

Great Circle Sailing. We are sailing the great circle from Greenland to Norway, not the straight course, for the former is shorter. Doctor La Cour which

cut up by our hull, we are drifting slowly southwards toward Ireland.

If only we could have called <sup>(it is still of an hour)</sup> also at Iceland, we could live the slogan: "See the North Atlantic first." As it is we shall spend another full week on the sea. But this can not match the Captain's experience of 98 days in a sailing ship from Denmark to Greenland. He had head winds from the west, ours are from the east.

However, our boat is wonderfully dry, but not more dry than the <sup>partly</sup> gulls that are preening their feathers even on the crest of the waves.

Great Circle Sailing. We are sailing the great circle from Greenland to Norway - not the straight course, for the former is shorter. Doctor La Cour thinks

his time by figuring how much. He surprised us by announcing that the gale was only 18 miles scarcely enough to pay for the wear and tear on the brain <sup>in</sup> daily resetting the course.

Dressing for Sunday. The boys suggested that I dress European in honor of the day. I have compromised by wearing my white frock trimmed with black. Now they ask me: "For whose funeral?" I tell them: "For seals". That is the native meaning.

Once more ahead. By evening we had made two miles backward. I had thought it was foreward for the petrels did not quite keep up as they swam. Perhaps this was the current. The two mizzen sails were put up to hold us into the wind. Thus we went to bed,

but before we slept we were plunging full speed into the night. The wind had shifted slightly toward the north and the Captain was taking advantage.

Monday, August 13.

"Home by Christmas". We were 250 miles from the Faroes. In twelve hours we have made sixty knots, with the sails helping. The pressure has risen only slightly, the swells are shorter, and the propeller is much out of water. The spray is badly windblown.

It was a hot hectic night. Bad dreams, much jinking and quivering of hull, additional to its rolling and pitching. Even in the day the movement seems worse. If the reel were on springs <sup>pulling it</sup> to and fro, the behavior when you expect to glide ahead would be assumed as

a new twist attached to some "Bowl of joy". You are almost convinced that the hull is elastic. The lack of rhythm overcomes to exhaustion. The Disco should now be in Copenhagen, thinks the Radio Operator.

Doctor Tom on Strips. The meal time line was drawn lighter this morning. On the other hand, Doctor Langstaff dressed completely, but arrived too late. "Where's my porridge?" he queried. "Oatmeal Kelt"... "All right, I live Kelt oatmeal". But none came. So he started eating tea, and bread and sugar, and cakes. But he wore out before the bread was consumed. It was a draw. Doctor lost his oatmeal, and the stewardess her cakes. All laughed. We sorely needed it.

Thinking afterwards it was



a deck scene. The boat had heeled far over, the wind was strong. I spat far. It landed on the deck. Clean it with paper? Fellows in the toilet. Water there? The water bottle in my cabin. I bent. The wind lifted my hat. It went over the side, hesitated, and departed. The boat rolled. I grabbed the iron piles in the deck. The glass was shattered. The Captain saw. I gathered up every piece in disgust. Can I explain it? Later. - He said that I should have asked the stewards. "But they had much to do", I replied, and he admitted.

Church's Luck. "It's always darkest before dawn". I have been noticeably over all day. Things to do and nowhere to do them. I get poisoned by tobacco smoke in these

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cabins in storm. The close  
air or the physical derangement  
worse the overload, you get  
up- or down-ended in your  
bunk. However, sitting in our  
open theater and watching  
the ship and the waves is  
restful.

I wondered why the greater  
rolling. Then came the rumor  
that we had changed our course  
and were using the wind  
to aid us to the Hebrides. The  
radio had reported a storm off  
the British Coast last night.

Apparently it had moved eastward  
but little, for the pressure  
continues low and the wind  
is still from the northeast  
and freshening to B.S. in  
the gusts. We, at least, will  
reach the center of a circle  
of landing places and land  
as the wind directs. The

Haras are out of question and the Shetlands in the teeth of the gale.\*

Now in mid-afternoon certainty - that is, moral certainty - is assured. The Captain is radioing to Stornaway for coaling arrangements. In any case he would not stop at Kirkwall in the Oranays because of expense. The coal has to be carried down in sacks. And Stornaway is not far from the course.

\* We did not stop at any of the islands because of the gale.

This opens up visions of a trip thru the Scotch islands, and thru or along the Highlands to Glasgow and a quicker trip home. But it cuts out Kaid and a trip to Fano, and that visit with Mrs. Doctor Olsen. I am so sorry for that.

Now it remains to obtain the consent of Director Noygaard Jensen and our Captain.

A Greenland Boy. Owl Steen is only fourteen. He tells me that he is going to study mathematics, not botany. The botanical work, he feels, is almost done. So he has his eye on the Magnetic Station. If he can not get that, he will enter navigation and sail in the Greenland service. He must return to Greenland.

Tuesday, August 14.

Rolling. The wind seemed even fresher and more astern as we went out for a last throat-full before going to bed. All night we rolled, and so heavily that I slid down my bunk whenever I drew my feet up to rest them. Colin did not sleep at all because of the heat. But all were up for porridge after the prompt closing of the hearth

Twice the ship's stay and  
 from a man as if run upon  
 a spar or ice.

hour yesterday - all except Max and Basil who surprised the Steivarders by even refusing when brought to their room.

Getting South. It was dark almost black night when we went to bed. We are turning sharply southward and with wind on our beam are now halfway to the Hebrides. We shall arrive by four tomorrow. The Captain has already of his own accord radioed to the Styrbse for permission for us to land.

Last Things. So I am preparing the transparencies for Admiral Topsie-Jensen and Bangsted and Ole Steen is making wooden cases for them.

Julius Jensen, the Superintendent of mails, travelling with us will have the unick at Copenhagen boxed and sent to Michigan.

The transparencies are being prepared by me and I shall probably not see them till the 1st of August.

He is as trustworthy as a bank  
Our Oxford Party. As always,  
 I have observed them long  
 and asked their history afterwards.  
 I like that kind of research.  
 I have not even known their  
 names. But now I have  
 asked for their careers. It is  
 the old story of British avocation  
 and competence, and University  
 confidence in her sons.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY EXPEDITION

Thomas G. Longstaff

Christ Church (The House) M.D. Leader

[Explorer, Mountaineer]

Major R.W.G. Hingston

Trinity College, Dublin M.D. Insects

[Head of Military Hospitals  
 in Mesopotamia, Mountaineer]

Sir John Hanham

Magdalen College, Oxford

B.A. (History) Hunter, Art. Botanist

Harry P. Hanham

Magdalen B.A. (Agriculture)

Hunter, Birds.

E. Max Nicholson

Wentford College (Cand. History) Birds.

Basil D. Nicholson

Balliol (Cand. History) Birds.

Colin G. Trapnell

Trinity (Cand. Greats i.e. Honor Classics) Botanist.

W. (Bill) G. Crouch

Wentford (Cand. History),  
Photographer, Commissary, Cook.

no time to write  
and report to him the things expected  
- he is a very good man  
- he is a very good man  
- he is a very good man

Doctor Tom is a tiny redhead and  
beard, with a near heart and  
inveterate love of tobacco. Yet  
he has discovered the largest  
glacier in the world outside of  
the Polar Regions, holds the  
record for highest peak in the  
Himalayas ascended, was  
<sup>(mountaineer and physician)</sup>  
member of Second Mount Everest  
Expedition, and was member  
of Oxford Spitzbergen Expedition.

Major (called General by the boys)  
was a member of the Third  
Mount Everest Expedition. He is

Dial, white with the rigour of campaigning, small, and gentle-spoken. But we have argued long on Ireland, Prohibition, and Personal Liberty.

The Hawthorns might almost be <sup>the</sup> farmer boys. The elder is a Baronet, his father having died, and a Barrister of this <sup>is</sup> the English aristocracy, give us more of it. The boys are expert hunters and obtained game when the Native helper, who lives from the fields, failed.

The Nicholsons are almost <sup>They are Scotch.</sup> Sawton Klines. Both are <sup>exp. on birds</sup> naturalists. Max has written three books on birds.

Trapnell is the finest in presence and intellectuality of face. He has a large collection of British Plants and has written a book on Ecology of Plants.



Crouch is unusually tall and the ideal Cronian as the Rhodes Foundation seems to picture a him. He seems dreamier, more fond of literature, and philosophizes much. He likes photography, lacery, golf, tennis.

But the expedition was conceived by Trapnell and Max Nicholson. They had been schoolmates in the public school and were now inspired by the Alfred Sjöström Expedition to seek a Northern trip. Trapnell studied Arctic Flora specifically for the trip.

They twain sought out Doctor Tom as leader and man of experience. He suggested the Major and he and the boys thought of the Hankams, already four years out of college. Max brought in Crouch, a college mate. Each subscribed

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\* Now the boys have established an  
Oxford Expedition Club. It had done  
detailed information on forming  
new expeditions.

to the Expedition Funds. The  
University gave the boys a grant  
and the use of its name, and  
more unusual still the privilege  
of leaving college in term time.

The results are to be published  
individually and separately but  
finally collected and printed  
by the University as Vol. III of  
its Polar Expeditions.

The golden test for my  
study of them and their study of  
nature might be found in  
Wagner's Insect No. 141, whom he  
has carefully observed but leaves  
for highly specialized experts to name.

Poison. Sailing is a good  
detector of what is injurious  
but readily thrown off when the  
body is in health. Bill Couch  
and I both here became  
almost excited to death or our  
humors by the smell of tobacco,  
the ordinarily I do not mind it.

At Halatensberg I could drink and crave several cups of coffee each day. Now I have reduced my ration gradually to a half cup at breakfast and am turning against sweet that.

Oatmeal and soup are in greatest demand.

Nearing Shore. A change has come in the smell of the ocean. Doctor Tom says that it is the hewings of Scotland, not the odor of England - at least it is fresh and landlike. The sea also is quieter than the barometer is lower. The ship is rattling onward. From below it sounded like noisy dancing and handclapping on deck, but we found only rain outside. The Captain has received permission for us to land. So I have written letters to friends posted by and messages home of my probable route.

The evening we spent with the

graphophone. It was pleasant as a change for a moment from our silences.

Wednesday, August 15. Land.

after twenty-two years. The water smelled still fresher this morning. Land was dim ahead. Then it grew into a long headland and light-house. The Captain had been here once — in 1906. This was his first return. Out of the mist and dead seining he had come true as a homing pigeon to his harbor. I congratulated him on his good memory — or was it seamanship?

Mother and Children. We slipped by green headlands into a pouch like bay and grove of masts. Plain now why the Captain had sought this port, for here coaling ships lay anchored and clustering round their hung tethered a host of fishing vessels.

live baby pigs or chickens. The  
 cooking ships were old hulks -  
 one of cement - but capacious.  
 With the aid of a pilot we drew up  
 to the Bruce, to be loaded in two  
 hours.

Stornoway. I had expected  
 a humble fishing village, but  
 before us lay a well built  
 town of 4000 inhabitants. It  
 might well have been in Canada  
 except that it was not  
 spread out and had narrow  
 streets, while in an adjoining  
 park at the head of the bay  
 stood a spacious battlemented  
 castle of modern times. In  
 protected ravines and slopes  
 were trees thickly growing and  
 the older ones perhaps fifty feet  
 high. Except for the type of  
 architecture and the trees, we  
 were still on the coast of  
 Greenland.

\* And as we waited for our boat to start at midnight, he aided me with English literature and schedule. Then to avoid the row "they for 'far explorers' ready come to the town. And would not believe my eyes. My friends called it."

Courtesy. Consuls are worth while in a foreign land. A Mr Mac Kenzie, a Fish Curer, was acting as Consul for Denmark. It was Wednesday half-holiday. The town was closed. Yet he became essent to bank, bookshop, store keeper in turn. Since the bank safe itself was locked, he obtained the keys and exchanged our money himself.\*

An Alien. To be an alien in an Englishspeaking land seemed shocking, but I admitted that the joke was on me.

I had not been in town long before I was informed that I could not come ashore except on permit from the Immigration office at Glasgow. Master Tom gently explained that the other nine of our party were British citizens, but that I was an American. I laughed and

admitted that this was what we had fought for. So I filled out their alien card and they hastened a wire to Glasgow, while my British comrades went thru the tedious routine of being inspected.

By late evening my permit had not arrived. So they told me to enter and report to authorities in Glasgow to keep their records complete. But they refused wholly to inspect my baggage of twenty-one pieces and gave me free transit without bond thru their country. As a courtesy in return, I promised that nothing should be removed from my baggage except Bill's old shoes which they should reap the profit of repairing.

Harbor Scenes. Our work on shore temporarily ended, we returned on boat ship. The Hans was the prettiest ship in the

harbor, the tall masts showing gracefully above those of the "matters and chicovi" down harbor away which she lay.

Nearer to us was a low green island fleeced with white where gulls were sitting and a fishing boat with tall and massive sail passing by, I now could understand the heavy, logline foremost they carried.

Out from the deck was a subject for watercolor supreme. A harbor gate of green hills, flanked by a beacon and a coast guard station; a train of massive sailed fishing boats passing with the sunset out to sea.



Quickly they sailed forth, for the first ship in with the dawn



had the choice of the nearest.

Herring. Herring and seemingly no other <sup>are</sup> hauled this coast - one type of herring in the summer and another type in the winter, with only a month's idleness between this the towns chief industry - maintaining and coaling a large fishing fleet, curing fish in which large numbers of girls even from the mainland are employed, and shipping even to Baltic ports.

as I write, a shipload of empty barrels from Aberdeen is piled high on the wharf.

Farewells. This was our last but most hurried farewell. The Steward had provided a dinner in the two cabins for us all, but the customs and the tender, "all on time" were waiting. Dear old Captain seemed to appreciate so much my coming to his room to say Goodbye. I promised to see

him whenever I returned to Norway.  
 "Be sure you do," he replied. Doctor  
 La. Cuvr himself gave me  
 bidding to see him. And Bangsted,  
 the new, seemed deeply touched  
 at my gift of the transparency  
 and its meaning. He has always  
 felt that I was over critical of  
 him. Miss Mortensen, our Stewardess,  
 so-called "the Human Fly" and  
 Ole Sten with my watch chain  
 touched me deepest. Their  
 comradeship was so natural  
 and spontaneous.

From the wharf I saw the  
 Hans going out to sea and  
 watched her masts over the  
 harbor island. Five days for  
 her to Norway and my waiting  
 friends. Tonight she threads  
 the Pentland Firth and its  
 current. May the Captain's memory  
 guide him true.



*Niviasset, "Maidens."*