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DIARY OF SECOND TRIP  
TO GREENLAND, 1927-28.

HOMeward BOUND

NOTE BOOK NO. 14



~~8. A Short Cut Home.~~

~~a - The Islands and Highlands of Scotland~~

8. a Scotch Way Home.



1  
"The Hingston - Church Expedition." Our party was scattering. Doctor Tom, Colin, Bill, and the Hanhams for England, the Nicholsons for their home in the Scotch Lowlands, Hendry for Edinburgh and Major for Ireland. I still persisted in my desire to go to Glasgow by the water route. Major decided to join me. I made him leader.

A freight ship had left last night. No other until Saturday. It proved fortunate for us, for it would have taken us too far out to sea.

Steerage. The Mac Brayne's steamer would take us all to Kyle and the railroad. So we went on board to develop our plans as we proceeded.

Steerage for us all - except that Doctor Tom stals away to a cabin. With sleeping bags or without, with packs for pillows we stretched out on the lower



deers with a pillow for company. Hendry used the caribou bag but unfortunately lay on a hot iron plate above the boiler room. Either one would have sufficed separately.

Thursday, August 16. In Scenic Dreamland.

Morning - The night had been black, <sup>so unlike the Arctic night.</sup> Our packing to ship had been stumbling and difficult. The ship had not sailed until after midnight. But fortunately I awoke while the morning was still gray and the morning air quickly took all grogginess away.

Green Scotland. We were just entering the throat between the Island of Skye and the mainland. Just under the clouds shined the Sugarloaves of Skye, fantastic in the vapor, and the fresh green of Scotch slopes with here and there the more vivid green of oases, called crofts,



which supported a humble home. Soon we approached a one-street village on a winding highway and from a waiting rowboat took on a lady with a bouquet - both fresh with the morning.

Skyle of Lochalsh (The Narrows of Loch Alsh). Presently our fiord narrowed. A white wall and a light house seemed to form a haven entrance as in some medieval picture. Here was rest for final decision. No boat from Mallaig to Oban but there was a railroad along the west coast to Fort William and Glasgow, and the scenery was more beautiful, said Doctor Tom and a Parson we met in the night. So we parted our men for England taking the train for Aberdeen, the rest taking the Glencoe, which was coasting the Island of Skye to Mallaig.



Scotch Rain. Yesterday veils of mist had swept over us at Stromsøy but now the veil lowered and dropped its contents. Our raincoats ran water and only the steamer tarpaulins protected the baggage which was piled on the open deck. However, we could still see the shores and watch the people quite untroubled by the downpour. Light raincoats, tramping boots, or less sweet socks in slippers protecting the conventional stocking of silk.

The Highlands. But the rain did not persist. The clouds thinned and lifted sufficiently to show the depth and height of every range but remained so soft as to soften the detail. The day became a beautiful ending of our Greenland trip. We were gently returning to earth



and its normalities, nature's  
 austerity here was softer and  
 gentler than the primal  
 austerity we had left. But it  
 was still "Nature's rugged  
 memorial of a rugged race"  
 to which Tennyson's *Cornwall* could be applied,  
 And one ruggedly religious  
 as well, for we passed by  
 Loch Hainn (the Lake of Hell) and  
 Loch Nevis (the Lake of Heaven) in  
 close succession.

One grizzled Highlander in  
 kilts and chapped knees represented  
 his ancestors, a companion as  
 old but in golf trousers and  
 stockings suggested his  
 descendants. The suits are  
 not unlike, except that the  
 second represents a concession  
 to the weather.

The tomb of Flora Mac Donald,  
 the girl who harbored Prince  
 Charlie (Charles the Second) during  
 his flight from Cromwell



was at the far end of the Island of Skye which we were spirting.

Expert Docking. Hendry, being an engineer, was much interested in the quickness with which our boat could tie to a dock. For smoothness and speed it seemed to surpass anything even American. Perhaps it was the skill alone of the Captain - a man large in build and age, clad one moment in blue, then in raincoat, with watch in hand, who stood at the telegraph on the paddle box. This seemed his sole task.

At full speed, it seemed, we passed the dock to cast a line, and then reversed to be pulled thereby to position alongside. The passengers, bundles in hand, did the rest. We were roched to elevate



our numerous bags to the pier which the falling tide had put headhigh above us. The gangplank route was too long.

Railroad Maintaining. At Wallaig there was no boat and it was better so. It was Church's luck again, for we were destined to ride midway between mountain peaks and lochs, and closer to either than we could have been by sea. Here leather, flowers, falls, glens, torrents, trees, crofts, highland sheep, cattle, and deer passed in ever recurring succession with deep-vested valleys, winding lochs and rugged hills as background. It was a miniature world but it swelled the heart with strong yet controlled emotion.

Travelling Companions. "Church has got a great bunch together", laughed the Major, when our crowd got beyond control in



argument over crime and politics while I endeavored to watch the landscape thru the window. At Stornoway Parson Pritchard had left his trunk in my care until boat time and had tied to me. He had spent a lifetime among the Indians in the Canadian Northwest and to educate his children had sought a church in his native Scotland. Between Skye and Mallaig, a hatless tramp drew near and acted as guide with his roadmaps all the way. He was Welsh and a student of Gaelic, and had just completed a ten days tramp across the Highlands and thru Skye. He became my "bide", and I have had none more faithful. It was the person who burst into argument, but I read the riot act, somewhat too



fiercely I fear, emphasizing that I had come to see scenery not to hear crime. I shall get my deluge of that later.

Ben Nevie Power Don At Fort William at the foot of the Caledonian Canal we lost Hendry and gained another engineer. In the morning Hendry had abated my loud talking to the Oxford boys on shore by saying that it got on his nerves. He always had insisted that I was Irish.

We were now at final parting. So I promised to be a good Irishman but a quiet one.

The person had suggested that we hold the compartment to ourselves: "all occupied," etc. The stunt of old when Florence and I wanted it entire for sleeping. But we were more fortunate. Our companion who sought entrance was construction engineer for the British Aluminium Co. at



Fort William. "Yes," he would show us Ben Nevis, Britain's highest mountain and explain the power plant on the hillside.

So as we rode around the flank of Ben Nevis, he interpreted Ben Nevis did not look high tho it was 4,400 feet in altitude.

But it was craggy on its far side. Snow is perennial. Thanks to the original terms of the grant that the land should revert to the crown whenever snow ceased to exist on the mountain.

Consequently, in dry years canvas is spread to shake any remnant from completely melting away. Or is this another pretty tradition?

The power plan, the greatest in Scotland, is to draw water from Loch Spean? thru a tunnel 15 feet in diameter and 15 miles long which will wind round the flank of Ben Nevis to Fort



William where a fall of 800 feet can be obtained. 95,000t has been paid for the privilege of digging the tunnel. The landscape will be uninjured. The fast talus slopes created follow the contours of the slopes and will soon be reclaimed in this wet climate by nature. Only the lock will be affected by having its level raised 35 feet for storage against dry seasons. The heavy rainfall will provide current needs with only partial diminution in the volume of the streams. Fort William will then become a refinery of aluminium.

Wild Scotland. To cross the summit to the Grampians and the Clyde <sup>with double engine, as well by,</sup> we climbed, then a miniature Wyoming to 1350 feet. with rough landscape and long haired cattle. For unacceptance it might readily have been the rough tundra bogs of Greenland.



Here we found more electric material to be worked down hill for a Grampian power project which involved a smaller volume of water but a series of plants. There was still another project, we were told, on the Clyde. So the Scotchman's protest that the Highlands may be beautiful but raise no partridge is coming to naught. If he can tolerate tourists as the Swiss have done, it will raise partridge in abundance.

Loch Samond. We touched its upper end. Florence and I had traversed its foot. It looked like Damer Lake expanding into a lowland lake. Double rainbows spanned the glass across it. Thick forest verdure clothed the steep banks, <sup>rough Sirmion jutted into the lake</sup> a castle-like villa or hotel nestled near



the shore. I had taken no pictures all day. I had no desire to take them, for this is an artist's paradise and pictures can only be taken in the quiet and reflective spirit. I would rather return and <sup>was</sup> my subject. Too many snapshots and flats have already been taken. Scotland deserves to have its supreme moments <sup>and in color</sup> pictured, such as our home volumes on Scotland contain.

The Clyde. Here hills were lower and fields wider. In this respect it was New England. But the broad fiord with ocean ships at anchor recalled the Hudson. Soon came suburbs in close succession and telegraph wires and shipyards and factories. Here Scotland's nine million was centered.

Glasgow and Sleep. Our expedition was still intact and would not



disband until Major, our Commander was on the sea. My Welsh "aide" stayed with us. The parson went to his home. My heart went with him. Esteemed an "empty" because he had lived over seas, he could get no parish in the strong home competition and now longed to return. We remaining three sought modest quarters and were finally successful at the Mackay. Then a belated supper, hot baths and sleep. Major had eaten only three days out of twelve on the Hans Egede. We forced him to the single room for unbroken rest till we should call him on the morrow. We voted it a "perfect day."

Friday, August 17.

"A Fine Day". And the Scotch really meant it. The winter had been wet, the summer had been cloudy and outings untailed. So even a cloudy day



with occasional sun was "fine".  
 And today was really sunny and  
 the clouds merely delicate veils of  
 vapor.

What Constitutes a Friend. At our  
 late supper last night we had  
 discussed the British Empire and  
 its cohesion without force. I  
 argued that the human <sup>British</sup> heart  
 had changed and would hold  
 no colony against its will, while  
 Henry James, my Welsh aide, idealized  
 a small restful country without  
 ambition — as Denmark. The  
 Major argued for greatness as a  
 source of beneficent power, while  
 I suggested that intellectual and  
 moral leadership created the  
 most lasting greatness.

At bed, the Major warned me  
 that I was harboring a socialist  
 or more probably a communist  
 and an agitator. He could scarce  
 tolerate a "Little Englander". I



defended the boy's motives and his honesty. He loved animals and people and music and nature and he dreamed. He had aided me much even to details and been extremely careful in the division of joint expenses. Our pleasures were mutual. On the other hand, Major had served his country so long that he could bear no loss in the prestige he had helped create. He had shared in the army, the navy, the marines and the air forces. He had spent his all for her and had no reserve. This I explained in turn to my "Aide," who in his turn could not understand the Major.

Separation.. The Dublin boat left at twelve. So Major purchased a teddy bear for his little daughter and we all took taxi for the



dock. But it was the Belfast dock.  
<sup>having dismissed the taxi</sup>  
 and we had to walk along the  
 water front to the other. Vera Jones  
 turned to mend his bursted  
 knapsack and we saw him no  
 more. He had been splendid to  
 me in guiding me to the Immigration  
 Office and obtaining for me a  
 book of Highland Gaelic songs. We  
 had even planned at my request  
 to go to Edinburgh together on his  
 way home to Hull to see the  
 War Memorial and — Abbey.  
 But his money had shrunk to 18 shillings  
 and he felt constrained to pass  
 directly thru or delay too briefly  
 to think it worth my while to go.  
 I had agreed for my dream of  
 Edinburgh was still too radiant  
 to be spoiled by a casual glance.  
 So we were seeing Major off at  
 twelve and hoping that Jones  
 might catch his train at the  
 same time or the next one at four.



When I returned from Major, he had disappeared but I sent him a post card of farewell.

Major I left standing alone waving me Goodbye until I disappeared thru the gateway. My aun had been around him. I am glad that of our Northern group he and I could part last. He was returning to the ancestral home near Cork. All the land had been sold. His father had been an Irish landlord but had felt constrained to sell under the Birell Land Law. Only the shell of the home remained.

"Would we ever meet again?" My heart turned toward Greenland, his was in the Himalayas. To them he hoped to return. "Did he have a cabin? Could I help him to it?" No, for he was traveling third class. I left him, thinking softly; "The gentlest,



tenderest of us all.

Courteous Glasgow. I had not expected it. The fellows had praised the hospitality of the remote Highlanders but warned me of the closeness and indifference of the Lowlanders. The day's kindnesses were therefore the more startling.

The Immigration Office had already sent permission to me to enter but had delayed owing to the arrival of the request after the office had closed. They urged me to take the White Star Line.

I wondered then. It was personal friendship, I learned later from the boys of the White Star, but it was a fortunate recommendation for me.

Then Bill's boots - they were a rough job arranged by James, to be finished by four. I shall remember the little Scotch girl with her burning braids who



was as eager as I to rush them at the last.

And movie film - there was practically none in Glasgow. Yet Mr Thomas, an optician, sent one of his clerks, another courteous girl, with me to a wholesaling agency to examine what they had.

It became a real pleasure to ship.

Home via Montreal. Every other route seemed hopeless. No ship from Glasgow to New York until the twentyfifth. My only chance went Wednesday. No connections with Liverpool steamers in North Ireland and Queenstown was too far.

I could not reach Liverpool in time to catch a Saturday boat.

Bill's boots would prevent. Then "Why not Montreal?" The customs might be kinder. I could stop to see Aunt Anna near Albany.

The expense would not be much greater. So Montreal it



was, and I set forth to interview the companies. There were three ships sailing tomorrow, the Cunard Andania, the White Star Laurentic, and the Canadian Pacific Montcalm. I had called up the second line, but it was doubtful whether they had tourist. However, they would try.

The Cunard had room and could carry my baggage on their tender, for all ships sailed from Greenock. But I must get release from the White Star if they had done anything.

Here I found courtesy unusual. They had a tourist berth. They had phoned to Liverpool for it, but they would not hold me. Their expense had been merely the telephoning. Perhaps they could guard my baggage as carefully as the Cunard. They would arrange to let me travel with it all the way.

The Story of a Draft. But my draft on New York for \$500 staggered them.



\* Why had Copenhagen issued anyway  
 an New York and in Dallas too? That  
 I could not explain, but a draft should  
 be good anywhere.

They might get by the identification, but  
 the Scotch cashier could not bear the thought  
 of tying up \$350 for a month or more;  
 for the charge would amount to that much.  
 I remarked to the clerk that the cashier  
 might have been more astonished if I  
 had offered him a draft for \$1,000.

"Oh, no Sir," he replied with a smile.

But they would take up the problem of  
 cashing the draft or getting me a ticket.  
 a man who had lived two years in  
 the North must be honest. Then I laughed.

Bernard Shaw. Again my "Aida"  
 games. He had suggested the <sup>McC</sup> <sup>ona</sup> ~~Macedonia~~  
 Players in Plays by Shaw but we  
 had reached Glasgow too late. Now  
 he was gone but I entered in. I  
 owe him a deep debt of gratitude.  
 I thought that I comprehended Shaw  
 and had rated him as clever rather  
 than great. But here in "The Doctor's  
 Dilemma" was humor, satire,  
 raillery changing abruptly to tenderest  
 eloquence. The subtlety of the whole



was rapierlike. and almost needed slowing down to be pondered at all. But the audience got it. and applauded the brutal yet eloquent outburst: "young fellows bump their head into a bullet and are praised as dying for their country. Why don't they live for it?"

But Sir Patrick, the doctor of a passing generation, and the un-moral artist and his devoted wife were powerfully vivid. S. Esme Percy will inevitably become Sir Esme and rival Booth.

Shaw's immortality of beauty and the continuing of a husband's ideals of joy and beauty by <sup>the wife</sup> marrying again are enshrined like a jewel in the death scene. I shall not care to see this play again, I prefer to remember.

No Relling. Strange, but this is the first time that I have not brought the roll of the sea on shore, nor is there any splash of waves against my bedroom window.



Saturday, August 18.

Candy but "Fine" - The people called it fine because it was not raining. It was really delightful <sup>for</sup> Scientific Purposes. I visited the U. S. Consul General to talk frankly concerning the feather coat and rugs. Doctor Hobbs letter gave me an invitation even into the inner office and a homey visit with Mr. Sprague himself. He thought that my feathers did not come under the prohibition and, if they did, that they could be entered for scientific (i.e. lecture) purposes. He felt the Doctor's letter was sufficient introduction for the purpose. It has really been an "open sesame" wherever I have come.

The Burns Pilgrimage Postponed.  
 Florence and I wanted to visit Bobbie Burns (the Scotch cell him



Rabbie) cottage at Ayr and I thought to include it this time. But it is thirty miles away and my day is busy. My cash too is getting low. It must wait until I visit the Highlands again. I have not visited any of the galleries or cathedrals of Glasgow. It boasts of few. However, it is an impressive city of solid and massive buildings but its spirit is commercial. Its soldier's memorial in George Square had the simplicity and power of a hymn - a low pylon of granite bearing flags and behind it a massive raised slab, as it were a tomb, and on its face a sword with wreath and the word PAX.

Flowers were there and people passed round it with lifted hats.

Scotch Prudence and Kindness.

I returned as promised to arrange



the ticket. The Scotch plainly did business in a limited way.

The draft was now not only too large but could be cashed only at the bank to which addressed I had offered to cash the draft in Montreal, but now the question was raised whether there was a Hanover Bank in Montreal or only in New York. To them a draft was very restricted commercial paper.

But they asked me to suggest a plan. So I proposed that they send my ticket on board to the Purser and then I would entrust my draft to him as security until I procured money from bank or by wire at Montreal. The Shawinigan Paper Company and Matthew Ball would help me there. They should advance me a local ticket to catch the ship at Greenock.

Then they offered me spending money - which I was glad to



accept in the afternoon to transfer my baggage. I had spent too much for shirt and collars and could not risk further needs. It was ludicrous passing a Five Hundred Dollar draft and borrowing ten shillings. My Danish money had fortunately held nearly out but my course was fully run except for friends like these.

I assured them that my draft had developed a new Scotch joke of Scotch Prudence coupled with Scotch Kindness.

Getting Aboard. Harried at the beginning only to find tranquility and assistance at every turn. The schedule was too close. A truck had been arranged to meet me at Queen's Station at 6-6:15pm. to take my host of baggage to St. Enoch's Station for the 6:45pm. train and place it aboard. under my direction. If the



truck failed, I would have a bare halfhour to find other conveyance. And our steamer was the last of the three to sail. It would be serious to miss it. It was Saturday halfholiday besides and trucks were laid up. Only taxis or cabs would be available. I spent a restless hour while porters advised <sup>w</sup>ays out. But the truck came and went like clockwork.

Robertson, a farmer lad in youth from Arran, and now a white star man, showed me to a first class compartment to ride with him. His courtesy had really won my trade. He in his turn liked his job because he could meet so many people. He asked my opinion of the Highlands. I replied that I was still making an air and that only the excessive



"prudence" of the Scotch on their decline of tourists would check the growth of the Highlands as a place for pilgrimage. The views from mountaintops he had found superb and inspiring, but would cloud caps cause disappointment so often to the hurried tourist.

The view from below would be more certain of realization. However, even with few hotels, the number of coasting steamers and trips is yearly increasing. As we chatted, we rode over rolling hills and green fields toward the sunset.

Gresnock. It might almost be a town on some northern Riviera. Our ship and the Montcalm lay at anchor waiting. The Andania had set sail in the morning. Courtesy again. I became the man without ticket but with personally conducted baggage. I was permitted to see the latter on board but must



return to stand in line to present my passport and be personally escorted to the tender in lieu of ticket. I thus became the most prominent character on the train and greeted by all the office force.

A Scot's Farewell. On the tender was loud singing. Canada had called for harvest hands and the miners were responding. Most of them were young and hoped to find better living conditions abroad. They needed a choir-leader and more melody but gradually acquired the latter. As the tender drew away, they burst into Auld Lang Syne in which we all joined tho I had no acquaintance on shore to whom to wave my hat. It was a solemn moment made almost spiritual by the twilight and the golden sunset upon the



waters.

The "Laurentic". For size she seemed a Nochi's Ark and we entered in thru a door in the side near the waterline. Heads peered down at us as if from some high building. Our Scots boys continued their singing. The ship had a motorboat stern to increase her speed and a flat bottom to navigate the St. Lawrence, for she drew 32 feet. She was only nine months old. Again fate had chosen well.

That Draft. My "open sesame" nearly closed. The shore letter containing my ticket was slow in being delivered. A helpful guide, seeking to get me settled, led me to the Purser. He was a punctilious army paymaster who was interested in cash not in persons. My draft was worthless.



"How did I get on board?" He could do nothing. Arguments and explanations failed, even with a White Star boy's explanation, until he could summon Mr. Buchanan, the chief agent, or receive his letter. I was warm by this time and he was crusty. Upon receipt of the letter, he gave me my ticket but accepted the draft only for safe keeping, not as security, remarking that payment had now become ~~not~~ merely a question of honor between gentlemen. Was he trying to apologize?

Friends. But courtesy welled up everywhere else. No tourist berths on the ship unless I could room with women, bantered the Chief Tourist Steward. I offered to use my sleeping bag. He had only one berth - on the lowest deck and in a room with two foreign Jewish rabbis. He apologized



as did my room steward, but I said that I might find them interesting. And courteous they were. I became their guest and soon found that they could speak German tho actually coming from Roumania.

Out into the Night. I asked for coffee and the Steward made me eat lunch in his room. The ship was now throbbing. Shore lights and beacons were thick on either side. The night was black. The great stern was a promenade.

I exulted in it and watching the triple paths of foam. The Montcalm had weighed anchor as we boarded our ship. She was somewhere three hours ahead.

Sunday, August 19. "The Atlantic".

Rolling. It was not really stormy but deep swells were rolling the ship far too much.



for her size. All were miserable and many were ill. As the boat started rolling the younger of the two rabbis - he looks like Hans Harn - looked up with a smile and said "Atlantic?" I nodded. It was a new adventure for him, but he soon took to his berth.

Speed - We are making 18 knots an hour and should reach Montreal Saturday night. The Commander Andania is just ahead of us to the north. We have overhauled her quickly. And now tonight she is beginning to fall astern, tho still forging sturdily ahead with her one funnel and looking like an excursion steamer with her brilliant lights. How near I came to taking her.

Monday, August 20.

Exercising. I just had to. I was stagnating with headache



and loss of appetite. But unfortunately my shoulder seems almost helpless. I have been carrying too much with that arm. However, brisk walking and abdominal exercises started me toward health again.

It has been foggy and damp but now the sun is shining and the deck is filling up. New faces too. We must have many immigrants below.

Writing and Reading. Our ship vibrates almost like a railroad train. It has triple screws and the bearings are not yet worn smooth. However, I have found a writing desk where the vibration is not visible in the writing. Here I am trying to write my diary. It accumulates when on busy trips as from Stromaway and must be written during the



more tranquil days of steamer travel. As a success I am reading Gilbert Chesterton's, *The Man Who Was Thursday*, a fantastic study of detectives and anarchists, particularly the intellectuals. It is a new slant of view and stimulating tho as weird and unreal as a dream, which he intimates it is.

Community Singing. Blessings on the ministers. I did not take them as such. They have organized the passengers for pleasure and tonight we had community singing. Melody after melody. We all seemed never to tire and I went to bed humming a tune. We ended - British, Canadians, Americans singing together *America and God Save the King*. and in thanksgiving for the century and more of peace between us we sang "Blest Be the Tie



that binds". God grant that it may never be broken. War has become utterly abhorrent. When will nations become as men? We were dismissed with the wish that we would  
 Tuesday, August 21. <sup>not be seasick again.</sup>

Half Way Across. How different from the Hans Egede. The log is whirling like a swift wheel.

This noon we are more than half way across the Atlantic and nearly half way to Montreal.

We are traveling 400 miles and slightly more per day but our days are twentyfive hours long.

The Montcalm is now in sight ahead. She burns oil and loses no speed thru cleaning her grates, but evidently we are slowly overtaking her.

We may yet come in ahead.

Weather. Overcast; tiny crests, moderate swells, which have started our ship to rolling. It recalls the Hans Egede in its quieter

IX

I



moods.

Prayers. My Jewish room mates missed breakfast this morning because there was not time to wash and "beten" (pray). I am asking the steward to let them come to the later breakfast at nine o'clock. They set an example for the rest of us, I told my table companions who enquired about their absence.

I found the older rabbi reading from the Hebrew Scriptures and the younger with a tiny wooden symbol on his head reading, I think, the responsion. It looked almost father and son in the benevolence of the one and the earnestness of the other. They did not mind my entrance. The room steward has also become deeply interested in them. He is happy that I did not object to rooming with them. He dislikes



snobs as much as I.

Hassell's Flight to Greenland, I was fortunate at a barber shop in Glasgow in noticing that Hassell had changed his mind and had started again for Mt. Evans and Sweden. This time he was flying lighter and fueling more frequently. I have gathered the following items from the press and the radio since Friday last. Now it is Tuesday.



\* \* "Dogs. Passengers are notified that dogs must be handed over to the care of the butcher."  
WHITE STAR LINE - PASSENGER LIST.

Has his engine failed? Did fog and the deviation of the compass mislead him? Is he on the coast of Greenland? If so could he land safely or escape if he landed?

The chances are now ten to one against him. Our radio can not be out of commission.

A hydroplane and radio sender are the only things for that coast. Poor Doctor's luck seems to run always in the negative scale.

Solitary. I am playing solitary this trip. I have too much writing to do. I am accepting only what chance provides. My table companions are delightful - a Scotchman with a fund of stories, a teacher from Geneva, New York and her party of girl teachers and elderly persons. The rabbi sit next "Nix schlafen und essen gusammen", said the younger when he found me at table.



Tourists are very congenial. The unpleasant man and woman of ams is completely eliminated by the low price.

Wednesday, August 22.

Hot Dogs<sup>xx</sup>. The steamer regulations declare that all dogs must be left with the butcher. Here is something for the Literary Digest. But the Chief Tourist Steward retorted "we serve sausage only on Thursday."

\* "will find a quiet little road way out in the west" forming a refrain.

Singing. I find myself still singing and notice others doing so too. The echoes of that Community Singing still ring in my thoughts, with \*

Heck and Heck. The Montcalm is still ahead of us and slightly closer. at sunset it looked like a filmy iceberg against the golden sunset sky. This morning we passed a Commodore coming from Southampton and quickly left



it behind.

Colder. Today is colder. We must be in the Polar Current. But the air is bracing if we walk briskly. The wind is actually stiff. "Siquid chicken" was served this afternoon. But the people preferred the ginger snaps. They do not seem to care greatly for the forenoon and afternoon teas even if it is beef tea.

Music. The music has been delightful throught the trip. The orchestra is as good as most of our concert orchestras. The graphophone with its range and its power puts you in the presence of the masters - and only occasionally blares with jazz and private singers - the tourist cabin is rich in melody. A huge accordion



gives nerve to the dances. I should like to hear the bagpipes in third. I did not realize that my ears would find such comfort.

### Tourist Class Furnishings.

Perhaps one might call our furnishings those of a summer hotel. Our ceilings are boiler plate but painted in art grey. The girders give a beamed effect and the rivets, though their regularity give a sense of comfort.

The walls are paneled in warm greys with a rich cherry wainscot and harmonize with the ceiling as an architectural unit.

Wicker chairs and settees abound. Art pictures - facsimiles of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Franz Hals, and water colors and oils must have been selected



and hung by some one of refined taste. The tables in the diningroom are almost skeletons in their lightness but the chairs are heavy tho small. They are not swivel but are fastened when necessary by a chain stretched from the bottom of the seat to the floor.

Our bedrooms are partitions erected between decks with <sup>quite</sup> galle stretchers for floors and aisles. The beds are soft. All is new and even too fresh for the turpentine in the paint is still pungent.

Art in its best sense is in the entire boat. It must be so too in the "Cabin Section" tho I have not seen it.

Smoking and drinking. Most of the girls are smoking cigarettes. Possibly it does



not seem so crude to me because all Danish girls do it. However, I still regret it. There is no smoking at meals. It is forbidden. There are no drinks served. They are obtained only in the smoking room. This would jar a Dane.

Hassell. A boy in Connecticut has heard SOS signals and thinks that they are from the fliers. Otherwise dead silence.

Spars on Either Bow. Some say that these spars are for unloading mail at Father Point. But the Purser says that we shall not reach Father Point and that the spars <sup>are</sup> for lead lines. We are entering the narrow St Lawrence and so must sound on both sides in fog to keep within the channel.



Sunset. Alto-cumulus clouds have canopyed the sky all day. Tonight the setting sun is gilding their rim and filling the open sky below with gold. The horizon is luminous. The Montcalm stands out like a filmy ice cone.

Soon the sun sinks into the open, then <sup>rapidly</sup> behind an opaque rim of fog as behind a hill. We looked for the green last ray. Stirling, our Edinburgh table companion, thought he saw a crescent green with points upturned. I saw only a silver edge on the brink of fog. Are there icebergs in it. We are due to reach Belle Isle soon after midnight.

Late to Bed. I wrote late to complete my diary of Skinfaxe week but stepped into the lounge to see the dance. The accordion held me and the enthusiasm of the dancers. I



retired only when they started flashing  
ant.

Thursday, August 23. In the Gulf.

Fog. As I thought, the vessel  
came to dead slow about four  
o'clock this morning and the  
whistle began sounding. It was  
not one of the hoarse dissonant  
ones but sounded pleasantly in  
the depths of our ship. I soon  
arose and found the fog  
dissipating leaving long vistas.

The ship quickly responded.

The remnants of the fog were  
very shallow and lay as soft  
as cream on the water.

Belle Isle. At six I arose  
to find the sun shining and  
Belle Isle off our northern beam.

It was a summer sky of cirrus  
and land and water shimmering  
bright. The air was balmy.

We were taking the  
southern passage in. Whales  
were spouting but no icebergs



were in sight. We were quickly past, for we were traveling at railroad speed, as compared with our passage either way in the Morrissey.

A vessel with single funnel, probably a freighter, was quickly passed, as were fleets of dories fishing near the Newfoundland coast. The Montcalm still maintains her distance ahead and will gain twenty miles over us by taking the channel north of Anticosti. Our company does not care to take the risk. So our ocean race will end as it began.

Sanse-au-<sup>Low</sup>lon. The same plateau descending sharply to the sea. The same lighthouse which we passed in 1926 with boats dipping deep into the swells, but it was astern before I noticed it, for I thought that we had passed it earlier. Here Labrador and



Newfoundland lay close together with lighthouses showing on either shore and <sup>the</sup> Newfoundland town where our wearing tacking began on our first return home.

But the coasts quickly parted and we were in the open gulf, stretching like a sea before us. No wonder that the early navigators thought that they had found the gateway to China and named the La Chine Rapids (China Rapids) accordingly.

Quebec now lies 48 hours distant.

<sup>We</sup> We should arrive early Saturday morning.

Hassell. The radio news is silent. The chance of news of them is rare indeed, especially if they reached the open sea beyond Labrador. I feel sorry for Doctor. The Styrelse is accustomed to ventures but may not deem this sufficiently safe.



Comrades - Seemingly the Lord provides. They are all table companions - Miss Brooks of Geneva, New York and two girl teachers and three older ladies. Also two brothers by the name of Stirling from Edinburgh having Canada and the States. The Scots are delicious for their wit and their stories. Miss Brooks and Miriam are eager to hear about the North and we have long talks and wales. Miriam teaches in Vermont and wears a sorority and fraternity pin, she frankly said when I asked what they were. I told her that I too had had my college romance. But the other girl rode from Paris to London in an aeroplane - time two hours - and ordered dinner enroute. Miss Brooks is a good sport and a teacher of mathematics. She looks like



Mrs. Shepard? , the little woman from Grand Rapids who sang in our choir. She is the leader of her group and goes often abroad. She makes her party sit on one side of the table so that they can form new acquaintances across.

From Sun to Fog. It was so sunny and warm that I hardly expected it. The waters were rippling and quiet save for a subdued swell and everyone was sunning on deck and regretting the near close of the voyage. But suddenly the whistle started blowing. The fog has shut in but the ship is still going full speed. We are still on the border of the Arctic.

That Arm. Evidently it has been strained again by carrying baggage and aches until I am worried. It must have a prolonged rest.



A Crimson Sunset. The ship suddenly passed out of the fog, leaving the wall behind us, and emerged into a vaporous air with fleeting fog wisps. In the southwest the sky was canopied with alto-cumulus and cirrus carrying the most brilliant crimson I have seen since the crimson sunsets last autumn at Holstensborg and Mt. Erebus. The sea was also crimson. The composition and outline <sup>were</sup> was extremely effective even without foreground but might have been two wide spread for a camera. It was a Turner canvas in every way in its green blue sky as in its crimson. I believe that I could have taken it from this steamer, so far distant it was and so quiet the steamer from vibration near the bow. Only slowly did



the crimson fade leaving finally the original gray.

a Black Night. So different from our luminous nights in the North. They seem black and chaotic and almost repellent.

Friday, August 24. Coasting New Brunswick.

Anticosti. We passed this island in the night - two o'clock a sailor said. Owned formerly as a summer home by Meunier, the Chocolate maker of France. Are all chocolate makers wealthy. He made a game preserve of the island. It is now owned by pulpwood companies but is still closed to tourists and hunters.

Coasting New Brunswick Shores. For long I thought it Anticosti, but it was really on the wrong side of the ship and the panorama seemed never to end.

x later: By the map the shores are both sides of the river and Quebec.



Our welcome water-lob appeared and  
 deep rainier. An auto road climbed the  
 slope where it could not reap the shore.

The ship was traveling so quietly  
 that we seemed to be sitting in  
 a theatre - a fresh air open  
 theatre however - and looking  
 at a slow movie. Rolling  
 hills, soft luminous forests,  
 villages like a pater noster  
 string of beads along the shore  
 but gradually becoming larger  
 and better architecturally as we  
 went southward up stream.

It might have been the Hebrides  
 except that the forests  
 here are continuous. The  
 hillside fields are also more  
 extensive. As there, fishing  
 boats dot the waters but  
 mainly of the dory type.

Fog has made us halt once  
 today and the coast is now  
 festooned by a soft cloud stratum  
 that floats between the water  
 and the crest of the hills.  
 It has been a day of soft lights



and balmy air. The decks are full of steamer chairs and games. Last letters are being written in the lounge to strains of Annie Laurie and other heart songs at the piano.

Father Point. We came at Father Point tonight at seven to land mail. I am sending a wire to John for money. I shall not have enough to pay storage on my baggage if put ashore. And I can get no money at a bank before Monday.

Telegrams home can not be sent at least until Quebec, for the steamer will not accept "collect" messages.

The Orkneys - a native now resident in Toronto told me much last night at sunset as we stood on deck. I had wanted to visit Kirkwall. The distinction between the Orkneys and Shetlands



is that the dweller of the Orkneys has a farm and a boat while the Shetlander has a boat and a farm. Fishing has fallen off greatly in the Orkneys but farming is intensive. Per unit of population the Orkneys produce two and a half times more than Denmark, and chickens mainly that are taken out to the fields after harvest to pier their living.

There is a Norse church there dating from the Middle Ages. The islands were given to the English king as mortgage for a dower of 5,000 kroner at his daughter's marriage. Denmark could redeem them, but at compound interest the amount required would be staggering - and the islands are not worth it.

Scapa Flow is really a harbor



created by many islands - and with many entrances. These have been blocked or narrowed by sinking ships filled with cement. The harbor floor has now been nearly cleared of German wrecks. Scapa Flow is really Great Britain's Gibraltar guarding approach to the North Sea.

Cabin vs Tourist. All in favor of the tourist except the meal calls.

The cabin passengers are summoned by bogle, the tourist by tontone. I wonder what they use for plain third.

Farms. The land is gentler and covered with fields to the summit. Forests are now secondary and auxiliary. We are gradually leaving the arctic.

A Kussing Dog. Florence and I saw Father Point in dense fog. This time I saw it in twilight. Flat land with rolling hills in distance.



a dull point and lighthouse flashing four times in quick succession and then pausing for a moment. A compact but small town at its base. Beyond, the river broadened to fifty miles width.

A sturdy ocean tug came out to bring the pilot and take back two small sacks of mail. It tied up at our side door and both boats continued slowly up stream.

We could look directly down upon its bridge and pellets of food were dropping - I thought at first that they were aimed at the captain's cap. But running about him was a spaniel dog who daintily picked up the bits and when directed from our deck would sit up - sometimes leaning against the deck house - in anticipation of receiving more. Before food was forthcoming he quickly



wearied of sitting up and fled to seclusion. Plainly this was not the first liner he had come out to meet. Finally his boat cut loose and started back for the distant Point across the paths of other steamers - two or three - which were passing by.

"The Man who was Thursday". I have finished the only book of Chesterton I have ever dipped into. It held me to the end, a nightmare?

No, an allegory - a fantastic allegory. It is "Thunder on the Left".

Donations to Music. The officers asked for it, that is invited it. I should gladly given but I was "a man without money". The music was worthy of high recompense.

The Masquerade. The stunts <sup>have</sup> are all been organized by ministers.



and joy has abounded. Every form of sport and dancing has been promoted. Tonight prizes were allotted from a small gold(?) clock to souvenir spoons. There were rewards for men, and women, old and young, and for children - tennis, golf, shuffleboard, bridge, checkers. But the gayest sport was the masquerade which the Olympics returning from Antwerp were asked to judge. Originality seemed to be the basis of decision and all approved. The Sweeper, a take off on one of our crew who seems to have stepped out of Pinafora, and Eva and Topsy for women received prizes. The Baby and the judge won for men. Among the children The Little Cannibal and First sitting at table were chosen. I had no idea that



the Tourist Cabin could put up the  
pageant. We are a cabin of groups  
giving piquancy - Birmingham, Alabama,  
with its Southern grace; then  
Iowa, New York State, and Canada,  
with many British. And as  
for dressing, I have not seen  
better. or at least more attractive  
elsewhere.

Quebec Early. <sup>Ten</sup> hours from  
Father Point. This means  
five o'clock in the morning.  
That will be just daylight.

Saturday, August 25. A Nervous Day.

Rain. We saw Quebec our only  
time in fog. This morning it  
is raining. I was up at four  
thirty and saw <sup>show</sup> lights reflected  
like street lamps in the water.  
Then the boat ceased throbbing  
and we drifted to our dock  
just ahead of the Montcalm, which  
we had followed closely across  
the ocean. Great synthetic logs.



were chained in the river along the concrete wharf to prevent our bumping it too hard. Ruth of our table party was up as early as I and together we witnessed the docking.

Ajar in the Routine. All were called at six thirty to have passports inspected and none were permitted to eat breakfast until their landing cards had been signed. — and the signing seemed slow. Protests and complaints were many, but the arbitrary order was changed to the Immigration officials.

Delayed. The third class came to Canada for the first time was taken ashore and will be sent on by train. My room mates also, being foreign, were also forced to land, and because two other ships were ahead of us, they could not



return in time to continue with us,  
we both expressed our delight at  
each other's company and gave parallels  
at their religious services, I  
had a vivid picture of the  
priesthood in its ceremonial dress,  
but particularly of Eli and Samuel  
in the intimate relation of  
teacher and taught. The younger  
hopes to be a profound student  
of the Talmud. In November  
or December they return to their  
Roumania. Courtesy and  
kindness and hospitality have  
received additional illustration  
in them. I may never meet  
them again, but I jot down  
the names Kirschenblum and  
Katz to help me remember them.  
Only at ten thirty did we get  
away. Elexon haves to Montreal.  
This may mean that we shall  
spend the night on board.  
At any rate I should prefer the



day trip past Lake Champlain.

A River Voyage. It might well be likened to a trip up Detroit River in the old days, if one thinks of the <sup>banks</sup> banks. In bed, however, the river resembles the Weser up which we sailed to Bremerhafen; for buoys mark the channel all the way. The water soiled at Quebec as becoming a great city drainage soon became a yellow-green slightly turbid with soil.

The rain ceased as we pulled out from the dock. Point Levy, a bank of vapory spires, spread outward into forests and cultivated fields. The Heights of Frontenac, the old town of Quebec, were sufficiently steep from the water's edge to justify the tribute of historians to the bravery and



unreckoning spirit of Wolfe and the Americans. Elsewhere the top seems to be almost level with the back country and Plains of Abraham. The Hotel Frontenac and the Esplanade above the river are impressive but spoiled by old buildings and advertisements <sup>below and</sup> along the river edges. But the backward view from upstream shows only the barracks crowning the summit and continuing the steep side slope. Here one gets the effect of steepness and adventure.

Close, relatively, above Quebec is the Quebec Cantilever Bridge. No spider web here but a substantial network of iron. I was sure that the masts would be toppled back by the bridge, and gasped as we <sup>saw</sup> moved below and <sup>standing</sup> people stood above our masts. We had cleared it by twenty feet.



The optical illusion showed the bridge no higher than two thirds of the height of our masts. But topmast ships can no longer come this way and the kind has nearly disappeared from the seas. It is becoming an age of steam.

In mid-afternoon we passed Three Rivers (I counted two), a city of pulppaper mills and ships unloading pulp wood with dredgers which took a great mouthful or armful at a time. However, much wood was thus spilled into the river. And below we passed safely beneath a power transmission line stretched from towers across the river, air and water, all fast ceasing to be barriers to man's desire.

It is a nervous-crestful



day. The sky is delightful with thin cirrus, the green fields are cool and soft in the sunlight. The low meadows are dotted with cattle. People are lounging on deck and music is playing. But there is an undertone of preparation to leave. Reservations for trains are being made and baggage from the staterooms crowd the aisles below. I am actually tired from the excitement of today than from the entire previous trip begun July 4.

Travel seems normal to me, stopping seems to jar. The Montcalm still keeps in the lead, rounding each bend of the river before us and marking a distant point in our landscape.

Our Ocean Schedule. Just one week from Glasgow to Father Point and 2376 miles traversed. I have copied our daily progress chart and condition of the sea. It



agrees well with the boat's actions  
and my feelings.

The Glory that Was God. Ah I  
would make it present and say  
The Glory that is God. Thus I feel  
when the sky is in its color  
glory. Tonight we have been  
passing these marsh lands  
with tree copses on the distant  
bank. The sky has burst into  
gold and heliotrope overlying blue.  
The colors spread far along  
the bank of the river but  
were intense only where the  
sun went down. It was  
so like the painting of Stewart?  
called Sunset on the Sacramento.

Sunday, August 26 - Traveling with Burgoyne.

Settling my Bills. Traveling is a  
pleasure, so likewise is paying  
for it when paying becomes a  
game of persuasion, and people look  
admiringly on. I had started issuing  
checks for <sup>tips</sup> - a rather severe test



on a steward's confidence. But I was  
the man without money.

Then came the lights of the  
great city, the slow warping into  
dock, the mingling of waiting and  
awaited. <sup>and up stream</sup> Then the throng  
crowding down the gangway came  
the telegraph man. "Yes, he had  
a message and money." So I  
sought early departure for  
the morning for New York. But  
it was one thirty before I could  
pay my debts of honor and return  
finally to the steamer to bed.

I approached the local agents.  
They knew nothing. They went  
to the purser. He had forgotten.  
They sought the Passenger  
List. My name was missing.  
The ticket and instructions  
from Buchanan could not  
be found. There was no  
tag on my baggage demanding  
payment for excess space!



No restrictions were on the envelope in which my uncashable draft had been placed by the purser in his safe. But all agreed that I had traveled tourist. "Why had I not walked off?" Because I wanted the next poor fellow to be given the same courtesy as I.

Still there was hesitation until I suggested that I go on to the head office in New York. Then prudence rebelled. They would accept my draft, as suggested, and give me a letter calling for the change when I arrived there, providing the draft was found to be good.

Courtesies many they did in helping me with customs and forwarding, and then thanked me for safeguarding their interests. I asked them in



turn to write my trusting  
friends in Glasgow. How I should  
like to press their hands once  
more.

This morning I took final leave.  
Two dollars to each - to the table  
steward and the kind old  
steward of my room. Each  
had tried his best to serve  
and the latter had been kind  
to my Jewish friends. I traded  
a dollar bill to the lounge  
steward for my personal  
check. I had a tender feeling for  
the music he had played  
to Mr Johnson, the Chief Steward,  
I expressed the intention of writing  
to the White Star Company his  
devotion to our interests. He  
had once planned to go to Bristol  
as radio operator and wanted  
to talk to me <sup>to</sup> me about it but  
had never found time. And  
he said in leaving: "I am



proud of the hour when first  
 I met you, Sir". The old bed-  
 room steward helped me carry  
 my things to the dock, remarking  
 succinctly: "One can't help making  
 comparisons. The party just  
 ahead - father, mother and child.  
 They had one of my rooms. I hoped  
 to get a dollar from them,  
 but they did not offer me a cent."  
 apparently but all unconsciously  
 I had carried the spirit of the  
 Northland across the sea  
 and was leaving it behind as  
 a golden memory.

Following Cuyugayne - Montreal  
 to New York in nine hours for  
 me. Cuyugayne stopped midway.  
 It was the natural pathway  
 as was the Mississippi for  
 Grant - to sweep a nation  
 in twain. Waterways at  
 each end with a connecting  
 pass between the Green



Mountains of Vermont and the  
Adirondacks of New York.

Ticonderoga was the lock  
& the pass. Burgoyne burst  
the lock but was barred at  
Saratoga by patriot brave  
at the very edge of the Hudson.

But I did not see history —  
the train was speeding too fast —  
but I could see historical  
backgrounds. Here must have  
been the pivotal campaign of  
the Revolution.

Even today the upper country  
is but little changed. Unfortunately  
the lower was veiled in night.  
at first Champlain was  
just a water expanse in  
level ground — merely a  
route southward. Then it  
narrowed between the distant  
rolling hills of Vermont and  
the rugged Adirondacks which  
forced the railroad to a curving



traces behind the lakes  
headlands. Here the scenery  
was mild as Scotland.  
Here was Crown Point, and  
Ticonderoga.

Our pass was a sedge  
stream, almost currentless,  
flanked by steep heights and  
tiny headland crags. It led  
to the deep V-notch of Lake  
George but we tunneled  
the ridge to Saratoga Plains -  
scene now of hot baths and  
horse racing. As we descended  
the plains to the Hudson, a  
colorful sunset and city smoke  
overspread the valley. Tiny  
river beacons flashed out  
and we plunged onward  
into the darkness.

Monday, August 27.

Nights up. This has been  
the second night up. They  
will grow, I fear, into a



series. John and Ruth Willis  
and Anne met me <sup>and a Red Cap</sup> trudging  
with eight parcels at the  
station gate. The railroads  
plainly play no favorites.  
I had hoped to see him at  
the car steps. As I glanced  
hastily at Willis, I thought him  
Francis, to such an extent  
does our family strain run  
thru. Before we were done  
visiting, one third had again  
arrived.

Willis' Book Monumental. To  
look at his plates is an  
art pleasure. They remind  
me of some of the Pompeian  
architectural plates in my  
class room. So sharp, so  
pleasing, so living are they,  
all architectural firms save  
one - and they are yielding -  
have placed their drawings  
and designs at the boys' disposal.



One architectural calls the book monumental. All consider it better than any other of its kind.

New York Into the Air, John and I went for the baggage. but no baggage was there. delayed in the customs. a tracer was sent by wire, fare time is short. from the Hudson Ferry we could get a splendid sky outline of the city. It is rapidly spreading into the air. Soon the Woolworth Building will be only one of numerous peers.

Edward and Dagny. Nephew and Dane. and the boys, vociferously fond of Uncle Ward. In my old days at least I shall establish intimacy with my numerous relatives. The more I know them, the dearer they are. What a pretty name is Dagny (Daughny), Light of Day.



(German Tag).

Pearl - Donald's friend and mentor. a Hebrew, yet not mercenary. a girl of force and ideals. She wanted to meet me. Donald wanted me to meet her. Ruth, who thinks always of others, brought us together at supper. Our visit was all too short, but long enough for me to wish her into my group of boys and girls.

Paul and Astrid. Clarence escaped. They seem determined not to let me do so. Astrid called up this morning. When she gets excited, the brogue runs over. Otherwise she keeps it well covered, so tonight we all except Willis went over to Plainfield. We announced our probable arrival at any time between nine and midnight.



It was near the latter. True to young marriage ideals and Paul's earlier declaration for a first class voyage home, we found them in a pretentious fireproof apartment but on the top deck and keeping house with their wedding presents mainly. A trunk and two chairs were our seats. Chocolate to warm our ice cream was waiting and hospitality such as Paul always craved. My wedding present of five dollars for any pleasure had gone into an "Egg Bomb" which cooked eggs by electric heat and automatically, then like Milton served by awaiting the eater's pleasure. John ordered a hand-boiled egg and the white was tender thrust. Paul is slowly forgetting his Greenland troubles and Astrid



is eager to return. My Christmas gift of a transparency of the Midnight Sun may speed their return.

Tuesday, August 28.

A Day with Kathryn. We had reached home only at half past two, but Kathryn was due at the Grand Central Terminal at nine thirty, so Willis and I got off early. He guided me through the tubes and to some specimens of modern architecture. He would see new ways of expressing the architectural ideal and admires the Louis Sullivan method.

Kathryn had run in an hour earlier for a stamp, but reached the Information Booth as I was scanning incoming passengers from Newport. Near little kid, the people may have wondered as we marched



about hand in hand. She became the canniest detective in finding our way to baggage room and customs. Then comforted some dogs crated for the West and played with a baby, while I was getting my baggage passed. Happily no objection whatever was made to the bid-down articles and only about \$11.<sup>00</sup> was charged in duties. The examination was kindly for declaration and goods seemed to tally. They explained however that they were an careful lookout for liquor.

Then we visited with the curios and about Greenland until John and Ruth and Anne could arrive. Kathryn wants to go to Greenland with me. She could be a companion to some Governor's wife. Little Peter she would put to school.



under her mother's care. She is eager to travel but Gerald clings more and more to home. Her departure was as dramatic as her coming.

a leap to kiss me and seize her book as she dashed thru the closing door for her train. A child still - only somewhat more mature. It seems impossible that six years have gone since we first met.

Willis and John have voted a chaperone for me. I have now met two Katharines here in this station. It is rapidly becoming associated with my girls.

Honesty Counts. Our international joke of an overlarge draft was ended today. My money was waiting at the White Star office. Travelers checks were



issued without charge and my Canadian money was likewise exchanged. Courtesies were eagerly rendered.

Paine of Greenwich Village. I find visiting by phone quite the desirable method especially when Ruth acts as telephone guide. However, Paine was the only one reached. Jarric at Byrd Headquarters was out for the night. Walter Jepsen was living "somewhere" out of New York! Paine may come West this fall. He suggests that I publish my diary.

a schedule. John has worked one out. Tonight to Binghampton for consultation <sup>on color plates</sup> tomorrow. Visit Pippe on the train between Elmira and Corning, spend Thursday in Michigan and leave Chicago Friday evening for home. Thus every appointment



can be kept. I had hoped to meet  
Aunt Anna Chase but, tho she  
is in New York, would come  
from her only today. There  
is now no time and there  
is no phone.

Farewells. Not far long. Willis  
and Anne hope to come home  
next summer and then  
go round the world from  
west to east following the  
seasons and architectural  
development. John and Ruth  
will also come soon. By  
twelve they had turned back  
home. I entered my  
waiting car to sleep.

Wednesday, August 29. Agfa and Rippe Day.

Agfa Rules. This was a  
day of double "Church luck". I had  
made no appointment with the  
Agfa company, supposing that experts  
were always there. However, their  
two experts were usually busy



\* states: Fred has found a reflecting screen that may reproduce the brightness of the colors at low light power!

in the field but fortunately today were in town, tho busy with models at an art gallery for a time. But this gave me a chance to see colored portraits made. Then a lunch together and criticism of my plates. They marveled at the midnight pictures and called some masterpieces. But the most they considered too dense for the standard power stereopticon. [continued after long interval on September 29]

The following ideas were presented:

- 1. It is difficult to reduce plates. Color may be weakened.
- 2. Ripening is doubtful. That is all in my mind.
- 3\* Thin plates make best slides. Query: Can the thinness and clouds effects both be obtained?
- 4. Clouding of plates according to Karl may be due to age. However, danger from light leakage. Query: Can incomplete



fixing be changed with a part.

later: Changing bag found leaking  
light around arms.

5. For Arctic work pack Agfa in tin.

6. Some masterpieces.

7. Pure white attained by short  
exposure and long development.

In my view of the Pictoria,  
pure white very satisfactory.

8. Better overexpose than  
underexpose. Then intensify  
if necessary.

9. In studio, where exposure  
is constant, supposedly, moving  
lights closer to object intensifies  
light. Some failures due to this.

But colors and thinness  
admirable.

10. All parts of object should  
be illuminated, for color  
must be luminous to be  
photographable.

In case of Iceland Poppies  
at Vesturps, a screen or mirror



\* Mrs. Hall had promised that I should catch my train and bundled me off unnecessarily whole still enthusiastic in my visit and declaring my plan of taking camera for use in art classes. However, they are not enthusiastic for amateur use of camera because of chance of error and disappointment.

could have been used to reflect light upon the shaded sides.

Query: But I wonder whether values would not be better if some shade is permitted. Must use light to develop. The "blind" or time development is merely a coarse approximation. If cold water is used, lifting of film is not probable. They keep their developer on ice in summer and then warm it to desired temperature. Later: Gorman suggests lower temperature and increased time of development.

Pippee and Arla's Father. Another stroke of Church luck. Pippee had been in New York City but had fortunately returned to Wellsboro last night. So in darkest of frocks and hat she found me at Elmira looking for her.



She had brought her uncle, as he explained, to be interpreter, for "Pippe was afraid that she could not speak English and wanted a full visit with me". Kaia had been in London - as it afterward turned out, on the very day I wrote her, she was taking the steamer at Harwich for home. In two years Pippe returns to Greenland. "Could I go then?" Aela's father was happy that Aela was so successful in art. He had opposed because she did not have genius and less than that should not form the basis of a career. <sup>Will and energy merely not enough.</sup> He was glad that she would marry. "Could I not come home with them to Pennsylvania for an overnight?" It was the most beautiful land he had seen. All too soon came coming with Aela's brother and the waiting auto. He had his



sister's eyes. His father a Dane  
in mien, he a genuine American.  
Thus quickly is the cycle of change  
completed.

As we passed down the aisle  
of the car, Pippe placed a little  
package in my hand. I opened  
it when alone. In perfect but  
giant English was written on  
the inside with the gift:

"I will be glad if you will  
accept a little Souvenir (bookmark)  
I have self found the amber  
on Faro shore. P-J."

[Bookmark  
consists of  
brown ribbon  
with amber  
sea shells on  
each end]

So dainty, so harmonious in  
its beaus. a Souvenir? That  
means "Till I come again".

She must come West. I must  
go North. For Kaia has been  
naturally disappointed and I  
must return in the seven years  
promised. Splendid that Pippe  
and I could come half way  
to meet as Kaia had hoped.



Buffalo. Sights in the blackness,  
an old depot, then a second.

Railroad Buffalo seems not to  
have changed since I was a  
junior in college.

Thursday, August 30. Home-Return Day.

Sleep. The first full night  
of sleep since reaching Montreal.

But tonight may banish sleep  
completely, for I must divide  
the coming twentyfour hours  
between four places.

Retreat. A visit by phone  
with Pauline Wiers and the  
news that Nettie Wetsely Johnson  
is at Out-in-Bay. Vacation is  
seemingly at its height.

Sitting on the Old Home Porch. Glad  
I did, for now I can get Father's  
loneliness.

John had told me that Father  
had had an outburst of ego  
and taken to himself a wife.  
and that, if I did not wire



ahead, Father might be out for the day to Buckhorn Lake renewing old times. I had missed yesterday but too late. The house was locked. Neither key nor clue had been left behind, save that Francis and Wab were here and had taken Father to Paisies perhaps. The Church lock had apparently turned - unless the day should turn.

A phone to Alin brought the news that Francis had been to see Edna and was even then on his way to Hally. So I sat on the porch and waited. A little dog was sitting too - awaiting as eagerly as I. "Was it for the same thing?" his looks seemed to query.

But a half hour seemed long. Had they detoured to Long Lake to fish? I grew resentful. Then I grew in



understanding of what the weary  
years had meant to Father in  
loneliness and unsatisfied waiting.

Could I wait until he returned?

Should I continue West without  
seeing him? I might never  
see him again. He was happy.

But my act of going would  
put drops into his cup.

But I planned the following  
lines - the little dog and I - to  
while away the time:

"Dear Father: This is the first  
time you ever let me slip into  
~~town~~ without catching me at  
the train.

You must be getting young and  
giddy even beyond my belief, for  
even my telegram failed to head  
you off.

But I am glad in a way to  
sit alone on the old home porch  
as you have done so many  
years - just waiting. I can catch



your mood, or rather the mood overpowers me.

However, I am happy to sit here and let the old days cluster round me in memory. Your presence with me might increase the warmth of the picture but not its depth. For you are in it as truly in memory as in person."

Father and Bertha. Then Father came — and Francis and Wab and Dorothy and Marjorie and Bertha Tiffany — all packed tightly in one auto.

Bertha had been Mother's daughter almost. So when the household had settled down to quietude and Father had asked me what I thought of "it", meaning marriage, I replied:

"You know my views on marriage. But if you must



marry, there is no one of whom  
we could more heartily approve  
than Bertha.

Father wants to die in his own  
home. Bertha knows old men  
and sympathizes. With this  
wish satisfied, his mind is  
again turning to travel.

The only evidence of second  
childhood is his close grasp  
of money and belligerence.  
The first is due to his long years  
of penury, the latter to a  
hasty temper held under  
during long years of sweetest  
Christian character, the gift  
of his mother. An hour I spent  
protesting that Mother and Bertha  
lived in different financial  
ages and that Bertha should  
have at least half of the  
income to handle. But it  
seems almost insuperable to  
him, tho he had promised.



To reverse the Bible, his flesh was willing but his heart was weak.

When would I see him again? he asked. "When you come West," I replied. Bertha promised to engineer the trip, if given the management of the finances.

Thus I left them as he walked slowly on her arm toward the home. But since my arrival home, Father has been taken suddenly ill and had not rallied. But no news is good news. Shall I see him again?\*

A Night Up. Only one night's rest since Friday last. With Francis, Mab, and my chums Maymie we have traveled to Mt Morris and ridden thru Michigan by moonlight toward Lansing—slowly and haltingly at times because of a puncture—the first in 1800 miles. Only at

\* He slowly but gently slips his life away.



two o'clock did we arrive, and  
Hattie returned to Grand Sledge.

Friday, August 31.

Groggy. Up before six this morning  
to visit with Charlie. My head  
began throbbing like a motor or  
train at full speed. My body was  
quivering with exhaustion. But  
tonight I shall sleep and next  
night and a bit of the next.

A Study in Churches. The family  
of Church, I mean Nancy but  
square. They differ widely religiously  
but know their minds.

The children are now glad that  
Father is married — all except Hattie.  
She resents Father's secretiveness toward  
the children and the public notices  
"May see Father but must wait  
until I am ready" was the only  
answer she finally made. But  
it was said with a smile.  
Father was a study in second  
childhood. Fear to abusiveness  
But he had been too much alone



\* But the sunset of his death was beautiful -  
 as the children - all but me - gathered on the  
 veranda and at the grave sang a psalm song.

on the porch. There had been  
 too much obstruction to his  
 will power.

The Jew Problem. Mab tells  
 me that the Eisenbergs are  
 Jews. That Uncle Sam discovered  
 this when looking up our  
 lineage and then refused to  
 look farther for he would  
 not be Jew! Furthermore, the  
 Eisenbergs in Philadelphia show  
 it. Mab loves her Catholic  
 daughter-in-law and has no  
 objection to a Jew. Mrs. Erlanson,  
 spending the end of September with  
 Mother and me, praises the  
 intellectuality and kindness of  
 Jews and considers their  
 unsmooth friendliness due to the  
 repression they have suffered in  
 the past. Strangely the Catholic  
 daughter-in-law dreaded her  
 Protestant parents-in-law.  
 Creeds! It is time to forget them.



Train to Chicago. The old is gradually giving way to the new. But nature still looks frowsy along the railroad.

Chicago the Beautiful. Chicago is visibly rising from stockyards to skyscrapers, from beef to art. Her Jackson Park and Esplanade grown from the <sup>sands</sup> of her widening water front have given her the opportunity for architectural display, which her narrow streets had denied. The Tribune Building is now merely one among others — a Mount Whitney among sister peaks.

Saturday September 1.

Speed. Only 54 hours home.

These rates of speed but differing only about twelve hours in extremes, we have the second. This is only my second full night's sleep in a week — and bath



on a railroad train. But my head is weary and the air is hot.

a Surprise Friendship. Due to a missing collar button. Could I lend him one? and behold it was Professor Fairclough. Retired for age at Stanford - a forced retirement, - but called to Amherst and Wisconsin and Chicago. Choosing to teach at Amherst for Professor Pease - botanist and classicist - now called to the presidency. Now on a hasty trip to Fellen Leaf to see his son's family. The trip has immediately grown rich in comradeships.

Then Nebraska; where the view is wider, we pass by a rough transition to irrigated uplands toward the mountain foot!



News of Reno. Here another friend - unknown - brings news of Reno and inclines my thoughts toward home. It is Daisy Benjamin, teacher and house mate of Echo Lodge. She had met me once but I had forgotten, as usual. I shall not forget again.

Sunday, September 2. - a Day of Color.

The Desert. Sunrise on the Wyoming hills as we cross the Height of Land.

Then the Devil's Slide with its painted rocks but quickly fading. Above the <sup>vivid reds and yellows</sup> autumnal foliage up the cañon wall evidence that the autumn mountain frosts have already come.

Soon the dry Wasatch and hazy Salt Lake wholly without mirage.

Then soft evening lights at



Montello - with a sunset  
brief but vivid and pearl  
gray clouds at the end.

Those Color Plates. During  
the day I showed them to  
Professor Fairclough and he  
in turn to a group of  
mother and daughter across  
the aisle and I to the  
girl who has the lower  
berth in my section.

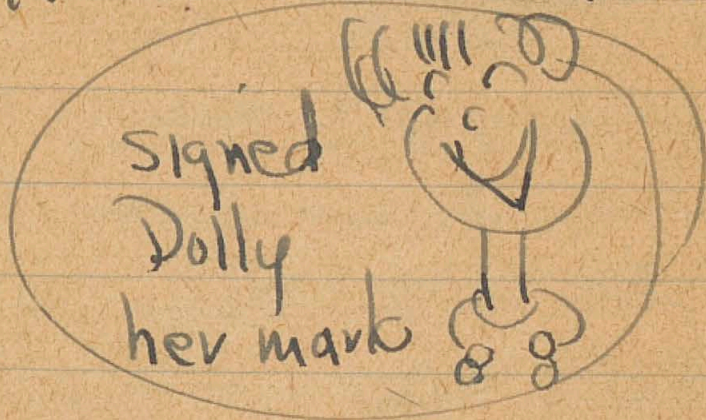
What joy they all had and  
what discussion of the music  
in low tones of color and  
in the silences. The mother  
and daughter were going  
to Honolulu, then to Los Angeles  
to live. The daughter loved  
the West and was an artist  
in colors and spirit.

She gave me the following  
memory quotation from  
Ruskin in confirmation 7



our undertones of music in the  
silences:

Miss Aurelia Wiens  
(alias Dolly)  
40 General Delivery  
Honolulu, T. H.



Miss M. Schelling  
1955 9th Ave.  
S. F.

of the evening lamps, Professor



our undertones of music in the silences:

"The finer the eye for color, the less it taxes to satisfy it intensely; even the absence of color may be lovely, as the fading of the perfect voice makes silence sacred . . ."

Ruskin

Of course I asked their addresses. Such souls are too rare to lose touch with them. She from Milwaukee that made beer famous, I from Reno, the Mecca of divorcees. But now Milwaukee has lost its former flavor.

Said Professor Fairclough as we passed and spoke to the girls in the evening: "you meet all the pretty girls." I am glad that I do. They are kindred spirits.

a fitting close. In the soft glow of the evening lamps, Professor



Fairclough told me of his recent address at Chicago on the Greek's appreciation of Natural Beauty in the Great Greek Period. The presence of landscape sculptural backgrounds in the Pre-classical Period and in the Hellenistic Period with the gap between had left a traditional belief that natural beauty was unappreciated when art was highest. This he combated by quoting the dramatists, particularly Euripides, and the Parthenon Pediment, and I suggested that the grand or religious aspect of their best art caused them to spot-light their themes by eliminating the gentler background.

at nine we parted, for in the grey dawn I should



alight from the train at home.  
I had been just two months on  
the road.

— Epilogue —

I am glad that I came so slowly.  
Otherwise the noise and confusion  
had been breaking. As it is, I  
am walking in unreality and  
dreams. I am weary and  
homesick. Like Peter Pan, I  
find imprisonment irksome.

"Would I tell the story?" Somehow  
I had not found myself. 1926  
massed its experience in  
high lights — scenic and human.  
I was a returning discoverer,  
enthusiastic to tell of the new  
Garden of Eden. But in 1927-28  
I had become a citizen of the  
Garden and felt exiled from  
it into a restless, struggling  
world.

and so to the query "Glad to be in  
civilization once <sup>more</sup>?" I retort: "Where?"



and "I am sorry for you".  
 I had been living in another  
 world where we had time  
 to commence with ourselves  
 and drift almost unconsciously  
 into the virtues, while here  
 we were struggling to attain  
 the virtues against the current  
 of ambition and self-seeking.

I wonder if we are as near  
 them as were our fathers?  
 It is not the head but the  
 heart that makes civilization,  
 and civilization may be in  
 inverse ratio to its externals.  
 Life seems so <sup>needlessly</sup> hurried. In the  
 millions of years we have to grow,  
 we can afford to live.

So I still muse on the lights  
 and twilights, the Sundays and  
 Saints Days, my hosts and friends  
 of the Top of the World until  
 in the fulness of years I can  
 return.



ALLEN  
Fred G. Hassing  
RAADHUSPLADSEN 37