MacMillan

IV

CROCKER LAND EXPEDITION

OF THE

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

AND THE

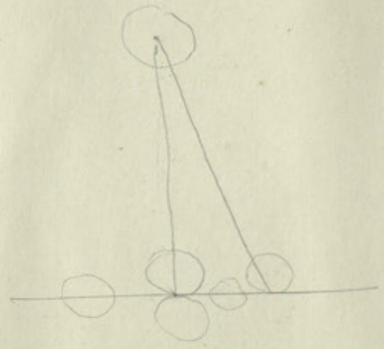
AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

1913 - 1915

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#22.





April 3, 1917 – Aug. 24, 1917.

Copy of letter written by Sir Allen Young to Capt Nares of British Expedition of 1875/76

"Pandora"
Cape Isabella, Aug. 6. 76

Dear Capt. Nares:

Our record here will give you an outline of our proceedings and you will see that I did my best last year to land your letters in the desired position but the weather was so bad on all these occasions of our visits to the Carey Islands that I was unable to remove them from their original position on the N.W. Island.

Your depot on the S.E. Carey Island is all right.

If you are sailing homeward this year I think you may safely strike across from C Yorke towards Upernavik so ---- is a broad water in that direction. I unfortunately took too northern a route with a S.E. Gale and thick weather and got beset and driven out of sight of water into the head of Melville Bay but after a series of violent gales I fortunately escaped and

came on here.

The best harbour I can recommend is at the head of Mc Cormick Bight. We thoroughly (?) canvassed (?) Hartstene Bay and landed out (?) Louche Fiord up to the fast ice just above Estah - I cannot recommend it. And if my opinion is asked as to the best harbour for the relief ship of 77 and if she is to proceed to the East side of ____ I shall give it in favour of Mc Cormick Bight as the soundings are even and bottom very good stiff mud. We anchored in 6½ fathoms and rode out a violent South Gale.

We have experienced awful weather on this passage so far and narrowly escaped leaving our party on Littleton Island as I was driven out of the anchorage between it and Mc Gary's Island by ice which soon surrounded the neighborhood during the stay of our landing party on shore. This anchorage between Littleton and Mc Gary Island is quite unsafe and far too small, but as we were obliged by the ice to go between Littleton and the Main I had no other alternative to - - - - the Island.

Everybody at home feels the greatest

interest in your glorious Expedition and I sincerely trust that you have been successful in your arduous work. Yours kindly came to see Pandora off.

If I do not find any news of you here later than your outward passage I shall try to proceed northward to one of your other stations.

We came across last night in a thick fog through streams of ice and I have just made out the cairn here. It is blowing hard from the north with much loose ice under the shore but I hope we shall be able to reach the Cairn which however looks an awful way up the hill.

- - Wishing to find some news of you hence I write this in frantic haste with - - - - - - of everyday of your gallant Expedition and with the assurance of my deep sympathy and interest in your undertaking.

Yours very sincerely
Allen Young

I shall land here part of the letters and it will depend upon the information found as to what I shall do with the remainder and the despatches. Lieut- Charles W.

will land and be guided by the information found.

1917 Tuesday, April 3.

Baird Inlet

Baird Inlet-

Absolutely the worst going I have ever experienced. Evidently no wind here for ages. The snow has no bottom at all. Fortunately we we dropped our loads at mouth of inlet, and have nothing on our sledges but sleeping bags or our dogs could never pull us.

As far as I know we are the first to ever enter this inlet. The Eskimos tell me they know of no one ever having been here before.

For some time we could find no snow suitable for building, but finally we noticed a compact snow slide on the ice foot and into this we half burrowed, constructing a front out of snow blocks.

E- showed me a trick to-night of how to light up the igloo by lighting collar of burner of Primus Stove at bik. No more candles on the trail!

1917 Wednesday. April 4.

Sledging so bad that I left the boys at camp this morning and walked up to a point where I could see all the interior of the Inlet.

By picking my way carefully along the ice foot I found fairly good going, but at times I fairly crawled on hands and knees to keep myself up on the surface of the snow. Was never in worse mind in my life than that of last fifty yards.

When I at last reached that point where I could see everything the view was well worth all my efforts. On the north side of the fiord there were three small glaciers tumbling down almost vertically from the heights above, deeply furrowed and cracked similar to small glacier below Sulwaday.

At the head of fiord in the west there was a magnificent glacier a mile in width ascending with gentle angle back to sky line for a distance, I should judge of some ten miles. At its junction with salt water it was joined by a small glacier at right angles.

On the south side of fiord there are two long glaciers, one a mile

1917 in width and the other one half mile both running parallel to large one at head of fiord.

Between glacier at head and No 1 on south side there is what appears to be an isolated bluff or island at least 800 feet high. A branch glacier can be seen running in behind it from No 1, about one half mile from sea. On left or southern side of glacier No 1 there are three branches, the main glacier dividing into two branches five miles from the sea.

Evidently these glaciers are very active judging from numbers of small bergs filling the fiord.

9 P. M.

Back to Eskimo Point of Greely having had a long hard pull to our loads. Dogs a bit tired and needing urging on last two miles.

Thursday. Apr. 5.

A double disappointment, - no record and no bone at Cape Herschel.

This morning we all visited Eskimo Point to examine the three bones

1917 found by the Greely party on its retreat south in the fall of 1883.

They reached land Sept. 29 near Wade Point, moving to Eskimo Point on Oct. 2nd. They had rations for only 35 days.

On Oct. 1st Rice and Jens started for Cape Sabine to examine the English Depot of 1875, upon which Greely was depending for food. They returned Oct. 9th reporting loss of Proteus and Thirteen hundred rations at or near Sabine.

Began to move camp on Oct. 10th. to Camp Clay, situated on the north side of Bedford Pim Island.

The three houses built and occupied by the three parties under command of Greely, Kislingbury, and Brainard, were easily found not far from the ice foot. Digging through the snow to the ground in the upper house the butt end of the horn of a narwhal was found. This is interesting for we find in Greely's book: "Among other articles was a toggle of walrus ivory for dog traces, a narwhal horn, and large bones of a whale." My Eskimos

1917 said at once that it was cut off by a white man.

In the middle hut was found part of the stern post, ^a boat with bowline ring bolt attached, and also a piece of red cedar, probably from the same. This undoubtedly is a part of the English yolly boat 'Valorous' which was cached on a rocky ledge in Dobbin Bay in 1875 and taken north by Greely in 1881. When retreating he had four boats: the steam launch, a whale boat, the English ice boat "Beaumont", and the above named which was the only one not abandoned.

From Eskimo Point to Cape Hershel Pass we encountered a strong head wind and drift. As my dogs started up the slope with sore dragging their heavy loads, I thought of Rice, Frederick and Lynn trying in vain to drag their frozen companion Elson up over the hill on Nov. 10th - my birthday. Here they camped in a northward gale with temperature at -22° F. while Rice hurried on to camp-day for help: "Not only were Elson's hands and feet frozen solid, but his face was frozen to such an extent that

1917 was but little semblance of humanity in the poor fellow, as he was dragged through the narrow door of our wretched hut that November night. He begged piteously for death the first week, but within a month" — etc

Every point along here was of interest. Ahead of us a few miles was Erik Harbor where Peary was landed in August 1900 being unable to reach Cape Sabine.

Upon Cape Hershel at our right a cairn was built by Low in the Neptune in Aug. 1904, and formal possession taken of Ellesmere Land for the Canadian Government and copy of document left.

Building our igloo some three miles on north side from point A and I drove down with light teams in search of cairn and record while E scanned the hills for hare. The demolished cairn was easily found and record gone. Returning to camp E reported having seen two hare.

-22° F at 9 P.M.

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Friday, Apr. 6.

North Pole Day! All honor to Peary in whose hut we are encamped tonight with three stoves going trying to thaw it out.

Arriving here early in spite of heavy head wind and drift with thermometer at -16.5° F. I set out at once for inspection of cairns on Brevoort and Stallknecht Islands.

On the very summits of the former I found the English cairn of 1875 with three others but a little distance away. Here was found first information of Greely party by Lieutenant Taunt and party. The latest record was dated "Sunday, Oct. 21, 1883." "My party is now permanently encamped on the west side of a small neck of land which connects the wreck-casks cove or bay and the one to its west. Distant about equally from Cape Sabine and Cocked Hat Islands All Well.

A. W. Greely
1st Lt. 5th Cav., A. S. O. and Asst
Commanding Expedition

I failed to find cairn on Stallknecht Island in which Ensign Harlow found Greely records also.

1917 Have cut grasses to-day for the first time. Eskimos not complaining. Find here a beautiful skull of a polar bear which I shall take home.

Saturday, April 7.

Mid Channel Smith Sound
-13° F at 9 o'clock A. M.

Another spot visited which I have always wanted to see,- Camp Clay or the Starvation Camp of Greely.

Leaving Peary's hut about 9 A.M. we hastened up the north side of Bedford Pim Island in order to have the sun for pictures. We arrived just as the shadow of the hills was stealing over the rock walls of the hut.

Extremely rough going caused our sledges to capsize again and again. When we finally pulled out on to level ice we were covered with sweat.

Both my men had visited the camp before; therefore we had no difficulty in finding location. To my surprise the spot was rather attractive and not as desolate as I had pictured it. Back of the home was the small lake which tempted them to build

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live and on a pine back of this, where it received fair shelter from a large boulder the rocks were found which held down the tent of the starving men. As a matter of interest there were numerous tracks all about the grounds of hare, ptarmigan & and lemming. I have photographed to my hearts content and am now anxious to develop.

This is not a pleasant camp. My noble husky dog lies cold and stiff yarely buried in the drift where he died March 29 in the blizzard which held us up for two days. I must try to get him to Eskimo where I shall bury him with honors with a head stone. He has been with me four years and has pulled me many a mile, ~ 6000 miles together.

-30° F at 10 P.M.

Sunday, April 8

-25.° F at 4 P.M.

Ka-mooriy-

Here early, but as dogs need rest shall not go on to Eskimo until to-morrow

I gave to E and A each one can of

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pemmican, 5 qals. of oil and a 12½ case of biscuit for their prospective trips.

It is the former's intention to go bear hunting up the Sound; the latter to go after musk oxen.

A- has been telling me tales and traditions of his people; one of which is common throughout the Eskimos race, namely, of the girl who married a reddish colored dog. This husband, he says, at Kangerd-lords-suak, and there he and the dog are buried on a small island. It varies a little from what I have read in that the dog weighted a real stone with stones, which he fastened to his body in order to the submerged all excepting tip of nose.

"The earth is flat according to our old people, and circular in shape. a long time ago two young men walked to the place where the earth meets the sky, and here they stuck their fingers through. Looking in they saw another sky above as clear as ice".

Monday, April 9.

-9° F on bed platform this morning. Small stove burning

-20° F outside

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Etah

We busy here oil, biscuit, and pemmican for spring trips.

There was much excitement when we rounded Provision Point, all here thinking that we were the Rasmussen party, which is expected at any minute.

Jot, Ao-kee-yah, Ahkomoding-wa, Kiota, and Kpo-ka-ping-nah are just about to start for Ellesmere Land for musk-oxen.

Tuesday, April 10.

After trying to sleep for some hours I finally gave it up, rising at 3-30 A.M. About 4 o'clock, hearing a suspicious bark from a dog I looked out of the door and to my amazement counted 27 sledges crossing the fiord toward the house,— the Rasmussen Expedition bound for Peary Land. Sledges continued to appear until 36 had arrived.

With Kpt. Rasmussen are four white men,— Dr. Knuth, Kpt. Koch, who are to accompany him north, and Kpt. Nielsen, mate of the "Danmark", and Kpt. Sorensen, chief Engineer.

The expedition will proceed north within a few days, most of the Eskimos returning from Hartington Land.

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Wednesday, April 11

We finally succeeded in getting everyone a place to sleep. Mr. Koch on floor of electrical room, Dr. Knuth in the attic, Kaisana in engine room, which Mr. Rasmussen refused to take, preferring to remain in his tent on the ice, but later going to Arkeio's igloo.

Jot and his party left to-day. We have hardly dishes enough for our guests. Etah has never been as large in its history as right now.

Have delivered to Dr. Knuth at Dr. Hovey's request 4 rolls of motion picture film out of the twenty which he brought up on the sledge.

A dance to-night for the Eskimos, our Victrola furnishing the music. Every one to bed worn out.

Thursday, April 12.

Jot walked back from Kablo-na-dingue over the hill after things forgotten.

Kpt. Nielsen and I take an inspection of our power boat and walk to the island to look at equipment which is to go home on the "Danmark" in order to facilitate loading upon her arrival.

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Silver cleared again to-night for another dance.

Busy taking pictures of Eskimos and Expedition party, and measuring all.

Hoyes filled with sleeping bags and all in the greatest confusion.

Friday, April 13.

Every one got away to-day, sledges going north and south. The Rasmussen party were delayed because of Dr. Wulff finding our films, four reels of which I gave to him at Dr. Hovey's request, were wound on smaller spools, necessitating a modification before it was possible to use them on this machine.

Rasmussen's sledges are very heavy, some of them at least a thousand pounds, I should judge, but are drawn by fourteen and fifteen dogs, all of which are apparently in good condition.

The relief party will go as far as Washington Land. The main party, consisting of seven men, namely, Rasmussen, Wulff, Koch, Hanish, Borman, Pingarut, and Harrigan will go on to the Peary Channel, remaining in that vicinity until some

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time in June, and return to Umanak or Ivak-to-lik-mak late in the summer.

We have supplied them with 144 lbs pemmican, thirty gals. oil, some alcohol, and fifty pounds wholewheat biscuit. At Mr. Rasmussen's request I have given a new pair of snow shoes to Ahng-o-do-lik-o. It seems as though Eskilaw had promised these.

Heavy wind to-night and drifting. Everyone tired out and to bed early.

Saturday, April 14.

An ice leg but trying to remain quiet. When taking pictures yesterday of the Rasmussen Expedition I stepped on hummock of ice in the ice foot and badly sprained my ankle. Have had Capt. Comer bandage it very tightly with adhesive plaster and shall endeavor to give it complete rest.

I must get ready for a survey of the coast between here and Verkerdalen after which it is my intention to return to Ellesmere Land for a survey of coast below Cape Isabella. Within a few weeks the seals will be out on the ice, enabling us to travel with light

1917 sledges over knolls - beds of open water along that coast.

Copying meteorological data and filing away plates.

Sunday, April 15

-19° F. is a bit chilly for a spring day. With our double windows off of our main room we feel it.

Developing negatives and repairing tripods with help of Ah-pood-a-shalo and Eo-took-a-shoo. Am ready now for an active season. Have a little over a thousand plates and some three hundred film exposures. What fun I shall have. I wish it were June thousand!

Arhlio returned day before yesterday with a good bear to his credit. Reports many leads. Below Isabella. Came from Cape Sabine, where he left his furniture, utensils, and oil, to Etah in one march, which must be at least fifty miles.

At 7 to-night Kyetik and D-o-jung-wa arrived from their musk-ox hunt with sledge piled with skins. They are via the sledge, myah having met them at Annoktok and taken his dogs from

1917 his son D-o-jung-wa.

Monday, April 16

Taking pictures of "Alert" records, looking over sledging equipment, and studying books on photography.

Ahhle much better and should be able to get away south in a few days for survey and pictures.

Miserable weather, - wind and drift.

I receive to-day a part of the boat, the English yolly boat Valorous, which Greely used on his retreat, and which we found at Eskimo Point. This was brought back by Arhlio.

Tuesday, April 17.

Kyo Eskimos bound for the musk-ox grounds. Ah-pellah and kyeelik with wife, followed later by Kood-look-to, arrived to-day.

The first mentioned, who was one of Coolis companions, drew for me on two different charts the route followed in 1904, which agrees almost perfectly with that drawn by Es-took-a-whoo for Dr. Hovey some weeks ago.

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Wednesday, April 18.

Eskimos got away to-day for Ellesmere Land after musk-oxen. At first Ak-pood-a-shak-o thought he would go, thinking that I did not want him for my trip, but finally asked me if he could go with me again.

He and Jimmie left to-day for Annoritok to hunt seals at their breathing holes, hoping to get enough meat to put his dogs in shape for our second trip.

Thursday, April 19.

Ahlio, Ee-took-a-whew, and wives leave for Yorky where the former has meat in cache, and where they might get walrus for their dogs.

Ahlio Ee-took-a-whew leave for Yorky

Am sending Samik to Cape Alexander Glacier for meat left by Kood-look-to on his way here. Am very much in doubt as to his getting it because of southerly winds and heavy clouds over cape.

9 P. M.

Samik back — no meat

Developing negatives all day of last trip

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Friday, April 20.

Ee-we's baby learning to walk to-day; can take about eight steps alone. She was one year old on March 17.

Developing the last of my pictures of trip. All good and very important collection, in as much as they are the only photos ever taken of land below Cape Herschel, of Baird Inlet, of Greely's first camp at Eskimo Point, and the best, I think, of Starvation Camp. At least, I have never seen any published.

Saturday, April 21.

A dance to-night — a family affair, no invited guests. En-a-wak-suk began her duties as dancing instructor as she promised. "Boola, Boola" of Yale is nearly worn out. It is by far the most popular with the dancers of anything which we have. Our Eskimos are even singing it!

Sunday, April 22

Sunday weather! Couldn't be better!

Busy with sights and pictures.

Have Eskimos after musk-oxen. The following arrived this afternoon: Ee-say-o, a-nah-we, Sattuo, Sauna, Kud-la, and

1917 ah-we-ging-wa.

Ee-ging-wa and Kla-shung-wa of the Rasmussen party came in from the north, having gone as far as Cape Scott, a distance up and back of one hundred and eighty geographical miles in nine days.

They report that Sipsu and En-yo-gee-tō will go on as far as Fort Conger instead of returning from Washington Land as Rasmussen planned.

Monday, April 23.

Eskimos not leaving to-day because they think it will blow later.

Have given the following articles to En-a-wah-suk telling her they are given to her by George Bompis father, Col. Bomp: One looking glass, one package needles, one fancy card of sewing material, one cake scented soap, one wash cloth, one towel, one fine comb, one fancy belt, one pack of cards, one necklace, two brooches, two fancy handkerchiefs, one pair scissors, one yards knife, one skein yarn, two yards and a half fancy cloth for "anorak", 5 yds red ribbon, one yard border for anorak. Also a watch for Ee-ging-wa, her husband.

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Working all day in the attic chopping ice from ceiling and moving boxes to prevent them from becoming wet when the thaw begins, which will happen very soon now.

Among Sangmang's and Ekblaw's effects I find much which will be of great help to me in my spring work. In one of the former's boxes, packed by Ekblaw, I find two books belonging to me: "The Story of Ab" and "Letters from a Son to his Self Made Father". The former was presented by Dr & Mrs Smile and the latter by Rural Doubleday in 1912. There were also two belonging to Expedition presented by Henry Holt & Co: "Psychology" Vol I and II by James. One other book, "Principles of Botany" by Bergen and Davis I have taken out as a reference for prospective work.

Tuesday, April 24.

Begin survey of fiord and as much of coast north and south as time will permit. Have measured a base line of one half mile on the level ice of the harbor. Walking over this fine time I find that my average stride is 2.56 feet. Recorded bearings from both ends of

Begin survey of coast

1917 the line and later drove to Starr Island for a pound of angles.

Eskimos leave All visiting Eskimos left to-day, Equing-wa, Iu-a-nak-suq, and Klay-shuig-wa south. Ear-say-u, Annah-we, Sattoo, Sanna, Kudla, and Ah-na-quig-wa for Ellesmere Land after musk-oxen.

When skinning my hind dog Ah-me-nak found imbedded in the left hind foot a sliver of glass 1.5 in. long and 0.4 in wide tapering to a point. Last December he became slightly lame and has continued so ever since. Evidently he has carried this glass for some three months. And I have whipped him into his place in the team thinking he was becoming lazy! What suffering we cause in our ignorance and thoughtlessness! Another lesson learned.

Wednesday, April 25

When whirling the maximum thermometer at mid night I shattered the bulb of the minimum, No. 11671 U.S. Weather Bureau.

Fortunately I have one in reserve which I have brought to-day from top of Thermometer Hill.

A strong north wind is taking the ice out of the Sound. Yesterday it appeared

1917 to be a continuous pack to the limit of the ice.

My fifty five sights yesterday nearly ruined my eye sight. Both eyes blood shot and with slight head ache.

Koula-tin-a brings me the skull, skin, and leg bones of a one year old musk-ox, a good addition to our series of specimens.

Perky Thursday, April 26.

Eleven and one quarter hours to Perky. Have often done it in nine; forty five miles I call it.

At Cape Kendrick open water compelled us to take to the ice foot, which was very dangerous in places, being narrow and with steep gradient toward the sea; a slight mistake in judgement might have been fatal.

Rounding the Cape Alexander Glacier on the south side of the cape again we were confronted by open water. After travelling some two miles on the ice foot we descended to the sea ice, four of us handling one sledge. Within a few minutes two of the sledges broke through but were saved by quick

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work. We passed the thin ice on the run. Out off again we followed a lead south west off shore for a half mile where we discovered a strip of thin ice only six feet wide, a trifle too much to bridge with our heavy sledges. It looked like a retreat to land until some one suggested that we cut out a raft of ice which was quickly done and all ferried across.

At Peterairh two boys were seen descending the talus. We stopped and awaited them to give them a ride down to the igloo. They proved to be Arkio and Ku-yos-ta, brothers, hunting from Iq-lwo-da-hum-e with Ivi-tee-a, another brother.

We had not gone far when they were seen galloping after us. The musk-ox meat on Ruck-up-roonah's and Koo-ka-tim-ah's sledges was too much of a temptation.

Here at Perky I find Aha-ting-nah and children, Kyo-e-hing-ma and two boys, Ah-wee-gee-a and wife Ah-me-a-good-lwo, Ivo-eima and two children, (new baby), Evik and Paulina, An-auch-a-hing-ya and children, Ah-aul-e-ha-tee-a and wife Al-nah-gee-to, and Ki-me-ark-shah. They are now getting walrus and seals.

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Eb-lwb-a-whud and Arkio and wives left for Iq-lwo-da-hummy yesterday, but are expected back within a day or so, evidently on their way to Etah according to my request.

A round of nights no nights of all prominent points.

Thermometer —7° F at 11:45 P.M.

Go bed at 4 A.M.

Friday, Apr. 27.

A very uncomfortable four hours sleep in Abercrombie and Fitch sleeping bag at a temperature of not lower than +10° F. It is a good summer bag.

Peterairh

Up at 8 for double altitudes for longitude. A meridian alt. gave me 26° 14' 30" with temp. of +10° F.

About two P.M. heavy clouds obscured the sun rendering my morning's work nil. Completed sights and decided to leave for Peterairh where we are now in camp in a very dirty foul smelling igloo, littered with walrus old and new and other refuse better not described. Sleep will be torture as bad as it is

+6° F at 8 P.M.

Some one has slaughtered the hare; there are at least twenty pounds of this under the ice

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Saturday, April 28.

Sulunday

Paced a base line this morning from sul ugloo to point west; found it to be a distance of a mile and a half. Secured angles from each point of islands south.

Samik and Ah-pood-a-shah-o were out hunting bear until 3 this morning. Found them so wild that not a one was killed. The seal meat for which I traded at Yerky tastes like an old rag; boys declare it is an old woman.

Driving up here today we saw two seals on the ice. Samik crawled up to within shooting distance of one and failed to kill, but hit hard as shown by amount of blood on the ice.

While I pitched camp the boys went to south side of glacier after the meat left there by Kood-look-to the which I paid him. Upon it Samik drove nearly to the ice cap searching for it. Upon both he discovered it almost on the ice front.

In the meantime Ah-pood-a-shah-o was spending his time firing at bear, missing them all. Another two hours on the hills tonight netted nothing.

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Sunday, April 29.

Eclab

When we left Sulunday this morning Ah- said he thought it was blowing hard on the glacier. I laughed and replied I hoped it was as it would blow us home seeing that the wind was south.

All went well until we were within a hundred yards of the ice foot on the south side. I slipped off the ridge gleaming to walk the remaining distance just as a terrible gust struck at our backs. Away went dogs, sledge, Samik and I. Sliding upon the coat of my bear skin pack I soon acquired such a momentum that I knew that if I should strike anything I should be killed or have something broken. In vain I pounded with my heels into the hard ice of the glacier, when suddenly my flight terminated in a bank of soft snow.

Through the drift I saw Samik, dogs, and sledge right on the brink of a large hole surrounding an immense boulder. We together swung the sledge party away preparatory to turning it completely around when another gust

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equally strong blew us and sledge into the hole, the sledge bottom up and I bottom down, so hard that I wondered if the watches on my breast were stopped. I knew that something had!

Burying our heads in the furs of the sledge we awaited until the cutting, stinging ice particles had passed and then surveyed the wreck. Samik waved over his rifle, I over my kamik. The hamelah-o and a harness were missing. I remembered then seeing them flying down the glacier a second after we started. We never found them.

Each following heart repeatedly, making our work of uprighting the sledge and getting it out a bit unpleasant. It was just warm enough to have the drift melt on our warm faces and freeze again to eyebrows and eyelashes.

In a few minutes we heard through the drift up the glacier Ah-pood-a-shah-o yelling like mad endeavoring to control his dogs and sledge. I was a bit alarmed lest he repeat our wreck and land on top of us in the hole. We managed to get out and down before he appeared dragging half of

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his dogs and pushing his sledge which was "braked" with "ag-loo-nark".

Arriving at Cape Kendrick we preferred to take the ice that rather than trust to this ice. While working to pass a different slope at a very dangerous angle, Ah-pood-a-shah-o hitted gayly by on the sea ice, cracking his whip and grinning his widest! We beat us into Etah by a half mile.

I find Ve-me sick abed with cut glades on her stomach, glad she has by Capt. Comer, our ship doctor. Was taken sick yesterday.

Panikpa leaves for south.

Panikpa, Ah-took-sung-wa, and Ka-ho-tchee-a left to-night to make their home somewhere down the line, Qerby probably. Am sorry to have them go. Have been with me from the very beginning and would remain if I needed them. Jimmie (Ka-ho-tchee-a) is the finest boy in the world, I think. Would like very much to take him home but circumstances forbid.

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Monday, April 30

Last year Got made a new kind of a skin scraper for ah-took-sung-wa. While I was away she removed the steel edge, rubbed dirt on the wood, and traded it with the Captain for a package of tobacco as something very old! I would hardly believe it of the old lady!

Captain puts up tidal gauge

Captain puts up the tidal gauge with the help of Samik and Oo-dee. Lost his precious ice chisel when within a few inches of completing the hole large enough for his weight.

Developing negatives taken down the line. One roll of ten, now four years old, shows signs of four hard years in the Arctic. Possibly it may have become damp. One 1/5 sec. on my smallest stop (F.6) seems to be the correct exposure for distant snow covered lands.

Am going through all my traps searching in vain for my pocket barometers.

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Tuesday, May 1st.

Arklio, E-took-a-whew, and wives came in to-day from the south as I requested them to do. They have been as far south as Iq-loy-da-houny; their dogs are apparently in excellent condition; their wives equally so and as brown as nuts.

Wednesday, May 2nd

Doug-we returned from the Rasmussen party this morning and was followed this evening by Oo-bloi-ya, Poo-ad-loo-na, and In-yoo-gee-to. They bring a letter to me from Rasmussen and several bags of specimen rocks to be placed on board the "Danmark" when she arrives in August.

We are planning to get away to-morrow.

Thursday, May 3rd.

Temp. -2°.8 F at 10-30 P.M.

Ka-mowits 11-25 P.M.

With light sledges we travelled rapidly to-day, although I have only eight dogs and two of these lame. Two, heavy with pups were left at E-tah, - "Ey-ing-nee-a" and Dirty Face.

Cak-food-a-soo-ah-suk brought up with him an old dog left at E-tah by Kood-look-to, which as soon as it arrived turned around and

1917

Started off homeward & Utah.

Good sights at 10 P.M. of Cape Sabine, Cape Herschel, and Wade Point. Very clear. Evidently no open water.

Was never so banged up on the trail; have a punctured wrist, a sprained ankle, and a tooth-ache. But I have one good whip hand, another good leg and lots of good teeth.

Friday, May 4.
2nd Day

Temp. at 1 A.M. (Monday) at 10 P.M. +5° F.

No sleep last night for two reasons, namely, a painful wrist and a sour sleeping bag. The Abercrombie and Fitch sleeping bag is of no value at zero temperatures.

Temp at 5-30 P.M. +4.8 F.

Smith Sound Camp

First seal of the season shot by Eshiah-a-whew. From now on it is "Play Ball." The season is on. Six others were seen on the ice but one only tried for by Arkilo, who overshot with his heavy 35.

The sledging is perfect, - a hard slippery surface and patches of ice. Dogs are in excellent condition, playing as they run and biting each other as if they were pups.

1917

"So fair and foul a day I have not seen" might be quoted as regards the weather. Bright sunshine, falling snow, no wind, and drift have alternated throughout the day. Now blowing a 5 from the south-west. The Eskimos have walled the back of the tent in anticipation of another such spell as we experienced before.

My whole hand is now swollen; have chills and a bad headache. Shall be all right to-morrow.

What a fitting scene for my reading of Jack Londons "By the Shores of Dasman," - the middle of Smith Sound north east of Cape Sabine, latitude about 78° 45'. In such an environment, viz., living in a tent with three Eskimos of the most northern tribe in the world, eating real meat, driving dogs day after day, pushing to unexplored lands, brim full of good health and energy, one can readily be in sympathy with the spirit of it all.

Saturday, May 5th.

A seal near our camp. Ah-pood-a-shah. o has gone to try his skill with rifle and harpoon-line.

He is back. Drew blood but lost him.

1917

Camp somewhere near C. Sabine.

The Arctic Devil had his eye on us when we left camp in the sound, giving us just enough good weather to entice us out of our tent and then smothering us in drift.

A driving snow storm from the southward and so thick that we could not see one hundred feet. We travelled until we lost each other and became hopelessly entangled among the bergs which we think are north of Sabine.

Fortunately the shelter of a berg offered a good shelter for our tent and here we await better weather.

Et-took-a-whew reports a stretch of young ice but a short distance to the southward, which must put us near the end of the cape.

+13° F. at 8 P.M.

Wind south 6. Snow.

1917

Sunday. May 6.

4th Day

When we awoke we found Ark-food-a-suo-ah-suk gone bag and baggage. Through the drift the land could be seen faintly outlined about south west from our camp.

Breakfast over, we hitched up and started toward the end of the cape. Arhlo and Et-took-a-shue soon bore off to the right and left me, following, presumed Ark-food-a-suo-ah-sug's trail. It then occurred to me what they were after - narwhal cached on shore three years ago.

I drove on toward the Peary hut, encountering much rough ice and deep snow, keeping well out toward Brevoort Island. Before my Eskimos arrived I had taken a round of sights from small peninsula east of hunt and had cleaned out all the snow that had drifted in through the open door.

I smelled them almost before I saw them. Ye Gods! "Fish like and ancient" would have been roses in comparison with what impregnated the whole section!

They said it was fine for the dogs; at the same time I think their own bellies were full of it.

1917

Monday. May 7

5th Day

South side Cape Herschel

The boys were very reluctant to start this morning. The weather did not look promising blowing and snowing, but a hurried breakfast and got right out just if the weather was excellent.

Again open water prevented our rounding Cape Herschel, compelling us to take the pass again. A little more snow than last time enabled us to cross more easily and quickly.

When Arhlis passed here a few weeks ago he killed two hare and saw many tracks. Was in hopes that we might do the same but Ark-pood-a-woo-ah-sug failed to get anything.

Has been snowing all day. Is now so thick that Cape Elizabeth cannot be seen to the southward. Hope to get a sight of it to-morrow to enable us to direct a straight course.

Very bad going here in the bight, soft, deep snow: Some distance from the land, however, it should improve as surface must be wind swept.

1917

Tuesday. May 8.

6th Day

Blowing hard from the southward, as I should judge, at least. "Yee-qilso" the Eskimos say. We delay starting hoping it will clear by evening. Travel by night and sleep by day would be preferable for many reasons as it would give me an opportunity for better sights for longitude, latitude, and azimuth

11-20 P.M.

Have walked to front of Alfred Newton Glacier to determine certainly of what was apparently a small island. Found it be such, lying off shore about three hundred yards.

From the summit I took a round of sights; then paced a base line of 3500 steps to midway point of C. Herschel from which I took another round. I then climbed up over Cape Herschel to secure a panoramic photo of Cape Sabine and Bedford Pim Island.

Ed and Ark-pood-a-woo-ah-sug drove to the edge of the ice after seals, while Arhlis tried for hare. Got a dinner. Biscuit only for supper.

Have made a checker board on top of my

1917

tent- boy which the boys are enjoying very much.

Ah-pood-a-wo-ah-sug says it is cold to-night- because the Kauya gulls have come! It is -9° F. It appears that there is generally a cold spell at about the time of the arrival of the gulls; hence, the belief. Another cold night- in my cloth bag.

Wednesday. May 9.

7th Day

Damp 1 below zero at 8 o'clock

Below Cape Elizabeth

A dandy good day and a dandy good march. We are in camp to-night on south side of Cape Isabella a point I have wanted to reach for some months. From now on it- is new country, only two points of which man has touched, namely, Cape Faraday and Clarence Head by H. S. Bryant of Philadelphia in 1894.

Owing to the late storm the going is not good. Fortunately our loads are light or we should not have reached this point. Open water all around the end of the cape; therfore we ascended and came over the Wyville Thompson glacier. The perspiration ran down our bodies

1917

in streams. And what a time coming down! A shoot- the chute and a loop the loop and aerial railway all in one! It was certainly exciting; I felt like going back and trying it over again, especially following an ignominious finish.

Archie was ahead and knew where he was going; I didn't. I saw him disappear around a sharp turn with his dogs in tow. Whipping my dogs to the rear I grabbed my handle bars and followed. There is a law of falling bodies which runs "Sixteen feet the first second and thirty-two the next", etc., etc. It was not many seconds before I was in the etc, etc. and still going somewhere. As I shot around the corner with all my brakes on and wheel hard a starboard I saw Archie crawling out of a snow bank at the foot of the slope. Would I clear him or fling him? was my first thought. In spite of my best efforts my sledge slewed around broad side on and away she went over and over so rapidly that although my sledge bag and biscuit tin were open not a thing came out! I hoped only once and "My God!" came out very forcibly.

1917

We cleared the wreck from the track for the two unsuspecting express trains which we knew were to follow at any moment. Around they came one close behind the other, - E-kok-a-shoo and Ark-pak-se-ow-ah-ung. Braced back to the limit with his sturdy short legs ploughing a furrow and his tail almost dragging the ground E was a picture going for to see. If anything happened he was a "goner" as he would have been spitted sure. But down he came like a bird as did the man behind him.

Kessling among the hills we found two lakes, of which one was perhaps a half mile long and a quarter wide; the other nearly circular and about three hundred yards in diameter.

Near our camp is the remains of ah-wa-ging-wah's sledge, which was left here in 1914 by a party of Eskimo bear hunters, who failed to find bears, lost nearly all their dogs, and barely reached home themselves.

Arkhio is repairing his broken sledge from pieces of the wood.

The ice is all in motion along this stretch of shore; therefore we are compelled to return part way and descend to the sea at base of cape.

1917

Thursday, May 10.
8th Day

Tadogan Inlet

We delayed starting until noon in order that I might get a meridian altitude for latitude. Temp. at noon +1.°5 F. To-night at midnight it is 14 below zero.

A hard day for us and our dogs. Have been plodding through deep snow on snow shoes for nine hours. We tried successively in and off shore for a harder surface but found it all the same.

Open water confronts us at every headland. It is a cross country hike. There is a large glacier about six miles from end of Paget Point heading south; this we shall try to-morrow.

Have taken midnight altitude of sun and also exposed films in two cameras at fifteen minute intervals for a little over two hours to show angle of inclination.

It is either cold for this time of year or this coast is much colder than the opposite side of the channel. Everything is buried deep in snow and glaciers descend to the sea in an almost continuous line. There are literally hundreds of tide water glaciers not depicted on our Admiralty maps.

1917

Friday. May 11.
9th Day

Peninsula camp

Our fates are not a bit kind. Another day of deep mud and consequent hard going. However it is what I should have expected from all I have heard about this coast: "Deep mud all along shore and in the summer time ice prevents a ship from landing".

The results are worth all our work. It is a delight to look upon new land and into new finds and note differences from published charts.

In Cadogan Inlet are left for our return three gallons oil, one tin whole wheat biscuits, and forty eight pounds pemmican.

At foot of glacier on this side the boys tell me there is a spouting stream of water winter and summer.

Two seals were up on the ice, but went into their holes before we could reach them.

As soon as camp was made Ashlio descried a bear to the southward with the aid of his binoculars. The boys are now after him.

Temp. -22 at midnight

1917

Saturday. May 12.
10th Day
Noon

Peninsula camp

Twenty four hours without sleep.

Kill a bear

It took the men about three hours to catch and kill the bear, and not as long as that for us and the dogs to eat him up completely. It was then so late in the morning that I decided to stick it out until noon for a meridian altitude.

Am bottling some bear liver to take home to have it analyzed. It is strange that such a healthy looking piece of meat should be poison. Even the dogs will not touch it. The Eskimos tell me that the liver of the bear and fox only make them ill, although that of the bearded seal is rarely eaten.

Sixteen below zero at midnight
We are steering for the south

Sunday. May 13.
11th Day

Another ten hours and a half through soft snow. Dogs are very tired. It is pity that we cannot put snow-shoes on them.

There are bear tracks crossing and

1917 recrossing in a perfect maze. Strange that a bear has not been seen.

Five hours sleep only at last camp.

Sunday. May 14

Glacier Camp

We left camp at 11-20 last night. Camp. 10 below zero. Good going and a bear! Has your luck changed?

I had planned on another wallow to-day, but to my surprise the surface hardened up in front of the glacier, enabling us to go along at a rattling pace following one of the numerous bear trails South. When about half way along in front of the nearest glacier to Cape Faraday we sighted a bear making all possible speed along its edge, now and then looking back to see what kind of an enemy we were.

Arhlio and Ee-kok-a-shoo jumped ahead with their teams, not rapidly enough to overtake him before he had covered a good two miles, where they found him up to his neck in a pool of water. One dog he had pulled in with him, to save which Arhlio shot the bear through the head. He is 7 feet in length.

Have taken a double pound of sights

1917 from a measured base line of 2000 feet; also observations for compass variation and photos of land south.

At 9 P.M. Temp. +7°F

Water at foot of glacier here is 77 feet deep. Ice foot from top to bottom is 8 feet 3 in in height.

Tuesday. May 15.

13th Day

Left Glacier camp at 11-15 last night arriving here at Roger Point at 6-30 A.M., covering at least sixteen geographical miles.

A bit rough to-day. An hour out of camp we ran into a heavy wind and drift coming out of Talbot Inlet as if the Devil were behind it. In a very short time our clothes were driven full of fine snow. Naturally the surface was very hard and in places cut into deep sastrugi which caused our sledges to pitch and roll like a ship in a heavy sea.

Under the lee of Roger Point we encountered deep sloo of the very worst, full of holes and as granular as small shot. It seemed to flow right through my snow shoes. And as an additional

1917

aggravation this was covered with a crust of about an inch in thickness of just enough hardness to catch the snow shoe and trip as one stepped forward.

In the midst of such going a mother bear and two cubs were sighted. She leisurely climbed up the sloping side of a berg and looked us over; decided that we were dangerous looking company, and with long strides headed for the glacier which encircles Boger Point. I thought that possibly her two cubs might so delay her that our dogs could overtake her, but not a bit of it. Her snow shoes were admirably adapted for just such work; and the cubs, being light for the size of their feet, had no trouble whatever.

We yelled, waved; and encouraged such as we could not gain. At one time our heavy rifles might have reached her as she mounted the glacier to take a backward look. Covered with sweat we gave it up and pitched our tent on top of a flat berg in the endeavor to find something solid under our feet.

From here we can see two mothers and two cubs off on the ice and are helpless.

1917

The two islands, Sonders and Kyttie cannot be found. The coast is so different from what is charted, fairly buried in snow and ice and outlines gone, that points named sixty-seven years ago by Inglefield are identified only with difficulty, and then found to be very much different viewed at such a different point than from a ship's deck. As an illustration. On our latest map, "Polar Regions Baffin Bay to Lincoln Sea" issued by Navy Department on Feb 21, 1911, from C. Sabine to Clarence Head there are nine tide-water glaciers. I have counted, photographed and mapped fifty-five, one being at least twenty miles along its face.

Wednesday, May 16.
14 th Day
9 P. M.

Remained up twenty-four hours again yesterday not getting to bed last night until 9 o'clock. Getting to be a regular thing.

E-koo-a-whee and Arkio both have their bears; consequently they persuaded Ark-pat-e-ewo-ah-eek to take a double team of dogs and follow our bear with

1917 her cubs, which could be seen going south across the bay. The snail like manner in which those four tired dogs moved away from camp was not a bit suggestive of bear steak or cub ribs. If he gets her, I thought, she will be found dead. He returned in four hours with nothing but two burning inflamed eyes. He had forgotten to take his snow glasses.

In the meantime I had suggested to Archie that he take my dogs and with E-took-a-shoo try for mother Mo.2, which could be seen in an easterly direction distant about six miles.

While they were gone I walked south of Boger Point to examine coast and geacier and to look for a possible cairn and record, thinking that this might be Cape Faraday, or that H. S. Bryant of Philadelphia had taken it for such. I certainly thought it was until I reached it, Cape Faraday being very much different from that depicted. No signs of a former visitor were seen. I built a small cairn and left a record via eastern summits of a lateral moraine of the first glacier south of Boger Point.

1917 The record is on Crocker Land Expedition paper and inclosed in a Colgate shaving stick metal box. Returning I fell into a crevasse, extricating myself with some difficulty with the loss of one mud shoe which I later secured.

Arriving at our tupic I found three dogs loose and looking like balloons. They had cleaned up our commissary department in a very efficient manner. My dog I swore I would not feed for a week seeing that she was apparently provisioned for a month.

Archie soon arrived with the meat and skin of one of the cubs reporting that E - had dropped to sleep en route on his sledge and no telling when he would awake. I hoped that his dogs would not turn and eat all the meat from under him. He came in, however, in about two hours.

We left camp at Boger Point at 9-15. Came through what is evidently the daily blizzard emerging from Talbot-Tuck and reached C. Faraday at 3-15. Walked all along shore around the end of the cape searching carefully for signs of a cairn but not a thing

1917 faintly resembling such could be found
Where did Bryant land?

Reached our old camp at 5, and
this new camp situated about three
miles from southern end of what I
shall call the American Museum Glacier
at 8-15.

Ash-ford-ap Shah-o is suffering considerably
from his carelessness in not taking his
snow glasses. Can't even find the door
of our tent. Such a mishap dampens the
spirits of the whole party, to preserve which
I must be on my continual guard and
advise them as a mother would her
children.

Thursday, May 17.

15th Day

Midnight-

We are endeavoring to overlap our
previous marches: Have accomplished on
the return more than we did in three on
the advance. To my surprise and chagrin
as well I missed our old camp to-day.
E and I had driven far off shore to an
enormous berg following a new bear
trail. The other two men had left us
on a similar pursuit some time before.
Joining us we proceeded on together, I

1917 heading more toward the north while
they drove toward the land. When they
rejoined me later I learned that they
had been to our old camp after the
rifle and can of alcohol in cache
there. The laugh was on me as I
thought it still ahead of us.

We are in camp to-night off the
twin glaciers on headland north of
American Museum Glacier. Have taken
lower meridian altitude and sights
to all prominent points.

We feed pemmican to our dogs for the
first time on the trip. If they could eat
tacks they would burst. This is the
home of the polar bear when he is home
but just now he is visiting.

For eleven hours we drove to-day
along the face of the Museum Glacier. It
is a gigantic mass of ice reading with
a very gentle slope back into hills
not more than one thousand feet high
through one main outlet, that is fed
from north and south by numerous
small feeders. Have taken a panorama
view of it all from large ice berg some
eight miles off the coast. Its northern
end begins in back of Twin Glacier

1917 Headland and may be continuous with large glacier in bay south of the peninsula head which so closely resembles an island when coming down the coast. Its southern boundary is within six miles of extreme end of Cape Faraday, with an interval of only one quarter mile between it and glacier south which is about three miles in extent along its face.

Friday, May 18.
16th Day

Peninsula Head — Six hours and a quarter from Ice Berg Camp to our old camp at Peninsula Head.

If there is any place on earth more subject to change of character than the Arctic I should be interested to know where it is. I had thought that when we struck our old trail, four miles south of camp near which seven sledges had arrived in the funnel of the bay killed here a few days ago that we would trot along merrily. We found it drifted full, in places obliterated, and even worse than no trail at all.

No overlap to-day. We are satisfied with getting here.

1917 Have taken time sights for longitude and azimuth, also run a base line of 876 feet from the ends of which bearings to all prominent points have been taken. Am planning to climb to summit of headland to-morrow for a round of angles and view of country inland.

Ash-kal-e-roo-ah-suk tried for a seal since we got here but lost him. They seem to be very timid, and constantly on the alert. I wonder if it is not due to presence of bears in this region.

My! but it was music to hear the note of the first glaucous gull and to see his white body gliding along the face of the cliff. Summer is here although our temperature of zero does not indicate it.

Cadogan Inlet — Saturday, May 19.
17th Day
Cadogan Inlet
Temp. at midnight +7°.7

We awoke this morning to find a snow storm upon us, the flakes of which were hard and dry, sounding upon the walls of our tent very much like hail. The weather was so thick that we did

1917 not deem it wise to start until a quarter to three. The recent gale had hardened the surface a bit, and the new snow being light, we came along at a fairly good clip to the south glacier in three hours and five minutes.

The big glacier back of Paget Point was vastly improved, although E and I used our snow shoes constantly on the ascent. To cross from sea to shores of inlet consumed at least four hours. Paget Point is almost completely ice-capped; in fact, is ice capped but almost completely covered, the projecting headlands being really nunataks. From the very end issues a magnificent glacier, projecting out into the sea for a half mile or more.

When ascending the glacier to-day I noted three large mountains conspicuous enough to receive names. One is high and very massive lying some ten miles to the west beyond head of inlet. It extends in the general direction from north to south. The other two are on the north side of the valley just beyond the head of the inlet and some three miles back. One is double topped and one is cone-shaped. Have taken bearings from ends of

1917 base line for position and heights.

The dogs kept us awake a large part of the night, or rather, we did each other by terific intermittent yelling at the lone dogs which we could hear foraging around camp. They even carried off my big bear skin; the skins of the cubs I had taken into the tent anticipating a raid in the night.

It is strange that my best female dog is so better: She has been lame now for three weeks and has hardly pulled a pound since leaving Etah. Arhio tells me that it is a common thing for a dog to strain the muscles of the leg so badly that he is ruined for life. In a man I should diagnose it as a strained tendon or in athletic parlance: "She has pulled a tendon". I fear she is done.

Sunday, May 20
18th Day
Temp. +17 at noon

North side of C. Viaella

A very satisfactory march with good going excepting from south shore leading to lakes under W.N.W. Bolton, where we almost pushed and yelled our hearts out. We came right over the glacier, camping on the

1917 ice foot on the north side of Isabella.

My dogs broke loose from the sledge coming down the glacier but after galloping on a half mile returned wagging their tails to my call.

Have taken lower meridian altitude. height of Mt. Bolton, and sights to the Greenland coast.

Temp. +11° F. at midnight

Monday. May 21.

19th Day

C. Sabine Weather a bit rough but we do not mind it if it is not well below zero.

Snowing, blowing, and drifting when we left camp but with the wind at our backs and good sledging, we covered the distance to the Reary hut in nine hours and three quarters. Open water at Cape Herschel again drove us inland.

As we swung around the lower point of Cape Sabine a flock of eider ducks arose from the water. Such signs of approaching summer never fail to receive their fullest attention.

The boys remained for some time at the edge of the ice hoping for a shot at a seal while I went on to the hut.

1917 Although I have worn my amber colored glasses steadily my eyes pain me a bit tonight.

Temp. +19° F. at midnight.

Wednesday. May 23.

24. May.

Smith Sound 21st Day

Tuesday got away from us before we could get into camp owing to several delays en route. Open water at Cape Sabine gave us some hard work and also dangerous work as a slip or a snow slide meant a cold salt water bath following a bad fall. There were two danger points, owing to vertical cliffs and narrow ice foot and large sloping snow bank, where cautious work was imperative. By cutting a furrow for one runner and using ropes we got by in safety.

As we rounding C. Sabine with sig seals on the ice it looked like the promised land ahead of us. It was not long before we had two of them into our dogs. Was very much interested to see Ark-fale-ero-ah-tuk go at his in the old fashioned way, — imitating the motions of a real — and get them.

1917

4-45 P.M.

A gale from the south with drift and snow. Every time that I awoke I wondered if the tent would stay with me. Kept my hands and mittens within reach if she decided to rise. If it were not for our seven guy ropes in addition to eight fastenings through holes in the ice it would have gone into the air long ago.

The Eskimos sleeping on their sledges were a mass of drifted snow. I could hear a smothered yell now and then asking about the weather.

Akbio to my surprise has only four of his toes showing when the foot is viewed from the bottom. The toe next to the big one rests upon the big one. He says that when on the slip (Peary's) in our last trip, he wore white mans shoes almost continuously.

Signs of clearing. We leave at 7-30 P.M.

1917

Thursday. May 24.
22nd Day
Ka-mowitz-
3-35 P.M.

We made the land at 2-30 this morning. Thick all the time, blowing, drifting, and snowing.

We noticed where the Eskimos had camped twice on the way across.

Evidently Samik and Ao-dee have been here real hunting as we find lots tupic, and hometahs's in cache.

By our time, seven and a quarter hours from camp, I should judge we slept twenty nine miles northwest from here. It has been a savage old camp. May the Devil take it.

Arh-fal-e-ruo-ah-ruh says that the God of the sea had his eye on us. Yes, and both feet as well!

Friday, May 25
23rd Day (omit-)

We reached Etah at 1 A.M. Our dogs were tired with wallowing through deep snow.

Inside of Littleton Island open water compelled us to take the ice foot; at one place so narrow that, to handle our sledges,

1917

three men were necessary.

East of Sunrise Point a seal was seen on the ice. Knowing that there must be but little meat at Etah we tried for it but lost it.

Jot had just gotten to bed when we arrived. He was soon up, however, and had coffee and musk-ox meat ready. He and his party had been in from Ellesmere Land only twenty-four hours.

They bring some good specimens, among which are two male musk-ox calves, a six legged musk-ox, and a baby bearded seal. Only one bear to their credit, but musk-oxen galore. Their sledges were piled high with skins and meat.

I remained up forty hours and knowing that I would not sleep well the first night home. Having much to do.

Saturday, May 26.

Jot, Ao-dee, and Samik left to-day for Ka-mowdz- seal hunting.

Am busy developing my one hundred and twenty negatives. The water is so dirty that I am about discouraged.

Think I sending Eskimos to the lake for a fresh supply.

1917

Cloudy weather prevents me from obtaining a good double altitude for correction of chronometers.

Captain Comer is very busy with his tides, therefore I take all meteorological work off his hands. My time is more than full now. Every minute-counts from now up to the arrival of the ship.

Sunday, May 27.

The warmest (+28°) and best day which we have had for some time. I develop a few pictures but give it up for lack of good water.

The Eskimos are busy with their bear skins and catching little auks, which can be heard chattering at the cliffs.

Ice conditions are very much different from last year. From our door not a particle of open water can be seen.

Monday, May 28, 1917

Getting my camping outfit together for a short trip to Cape Alexander. It is now blowing so hard that I have given up my trip to Petermann by way of the ice cap. We may possibly be detained by open water or bad weather and I cannot spare the time.

1917
Wee-ark-lä-hownee

Tuesday, May 29, 1917.
"Wee-ark-lä-hownee"

On a survey and photographic trip with Es-took-a-whew, ak-pal-e-soo-ah-auk, and little Wegishoo. It is good to be in camp again.

Have taken a panoramic view from C. Alexander to northern end of glacier.

There was a heavy wind when we arrived at 8 o'clock, but now at 11-40 P.M. it has subsided.

Shall run a base line in the morning and ascend to height of glacier to determine altitude and secure pictures of Sutherland Island and south shore of Cape Alexander.

I requested Ah-wee-nah to put a patch on a rip in my tent using a Riegel Sack Co. bag with lettering on the outside in order that it might be read. To my surprise she stitched up the rip and sewed the bag on the front of the tent-!

Temp. at midnight 35°.1 F.
Bar. " 30.24

1917
Elah

Wednesday, May 30, 1917.

I left camp this morning with dog team to ascend glacier for height and pictures. Barometer on sea ice read 30.345 at summit 29.53. I drove down until I could get a good view of Sutherland Island which was photographed with some difficulty because of a violent wind which necessitated my holding on to the tripod continuously at the same time endeavoring to prevent my whip, mittens, and shirt on my sledge from being blown away.

On the return I stopped on the crest for pictures of the inner end of Cape Alexander which presents a very bold and rugged aspect, also pictures of the Crystal Palace Cliffs, distant between two and three miles.

Returning to camp I drove in the two men who had been out to try for a seal but lost him. They had finished what I had given them to do, namely, lay out a base line of 1000 feet and place rocks at each end.

After taking sights to various prominent points and altitudes of both Cape Alexander

1917 and the Crystal Palace Cliffs we packed up and started for home. At the end of the cape I stopped for pictures and a round of sights. The wind was so violent that I feared for safety of both camera and kāmik. I decided to await better weather before continuing my work.

Thursday, May 31.

Have been on the pump all day as I shall be until the ship comes. Drove twice to the point for coal, wood, waterings, and crated demijohns. Our coal is about gone; therefore I am continually picking up all the wood which I can find.

Water is now trickling down over the rocks at the falls. Have tins under every trickle and hope to keep us supplied. Have spent much of my time boiling and filtering water for developing one hundred and fifty negatives. Large pools of salt water now on the harbor ice will furnish me with wash water.

Have had Ne-we clean our Hamburg machine, which got put aside some months ago, with the result that we are enjoying some excellent muck-uk Hamburg

917 steak.

The wind has played havoc with E-kah-a-whees kipic, - it is flat and he and his wife are in our cellar for the night.

At the head of the fiord it looks like a smother. A heavy bank of fog seems to be rolling down from the ice cap. As it reaches the hills the wind tears it apart and rolls it into large cumulous clouds which go flying past the house into the south west.

Friday, June 1, 1917

Still blowing very hard but not as violent as yesterday.

The vast stretch of ice outside of the islands stretching from Sunrise Point to Cape Alexander has all gone. Water is now inside of Starr Island and will soon eat its way into the harbor.

Have been picking up wood about the grounds nearly all day, filling our big water tank which is now our wood box, also bringing water and developing pictures.

To-day I suggested to Capt. Comer

1917 that I remain up all night in order to get hourly tidal observations from midnight to seven to-morrow morning; this he has been omitting which, in my opinion, greatly lessens the value of his work. He agrees with me that it should be done; therefore I begin night work, going to bed after breakfast. This interferes seriously with work which I ought to do but it will continue only for a short time.

Saturday, June 2, 1917.
3-45 A.M.

Doing tidal work and trying hard to keep awake, having omitted one night's sleep.

Wind is subsiding and head of fjord clear. Good weather promised.

"Dirty Face" having pups. Thinking it was about time, I visited her a home yesterday. Two of the pups were apparently lifeless; I thought they were dead or would soon be. To my surprise, upon going into Ah-me-nah's tupic at 2 o'clock, I found me suspended over the stove in a handkerchief, uttering good healthy contented grunts. The other was being similarly treated in Almay-ah's tupic.

1917 Ah-fat-a-zoo-ah-cuk tells me that some years ago there was one hanging above the Eskimo lamp, and it fell into the cooking pot! I presume they left it right there.

11-30 P.M.

When I go to bed to-morrow morning at 9-30 I shall have been forty-eight hours with only four hours sleep. Have so much to do that I hate to go to bed at all.

Have developed, fixed, and filed away thirty-two negatives to-day. This means considerable walking as I carry them all out to a final in the Harbor ice. At midnight I begin my hourly tidal observations.

Nine pups born to-day. Have now three bitches with pups, - sixteen in all, I think. It keeps me busy providing shelters, grass, food, and water in addition to attending my own team of eight and one dog with rabies which I must chloroform at once before he breaks loose and bites every dog in the village.

1917

Sunday, June 3.

At 5-30 this morning Jot, Samik, and Ao-dee came in from the north, having secured about sixteen seals, and what was of much more interest to me the eggs of the Gyrfalcon. This is our second set and an excellent addition to our collection.

At point this side of Rensselaer Harbor they met Sipro and En-yos-gee-to, the last of Rasmussen's supporting parties, returning from Fort Conger where they had been hunting musk-oxen. Among other relics, souvenirs, and things of interest he had my record left there in June 1909, with Eki's addition left in 1915.

Jot had a thrilling experience and possibly a narrow escape with his life. When walking along the ice foot he fell into a crack up to his arm pits; held for some time but finally dropped ten feet or so into water up to his waist.

There was no possible escape without help and Ao-dee had gone on. ~~He~~ With the rising tide he would drown if he did not perish from cold long before that. To say that he yelled would not half express the noise which he made.

1917

But finally it was effective. Samik heard him and thought he was back in the hills somewhere. When the boys finally found him they were unable to pull him up because of his weight, augmented considerably by his saturated clothes. They fastened the line and he worked himself up with their help. (End)

The bucks of the little auks seem to have just arrived. Great clouds are passing in and out of the fiord.

Water is now apparently inside of Starr Island.

Monday, June 4.

Only five hours sleep last night and no breakfast. Turned in at 6 p.m. in my tent near river bed hoping to get a good eight hours. The Eskimos, however, all left for the head of the fiord after dovekies leaving behind them three or four young dogs which, feeling lonesome, howled incessantly compelling me to get up and go to work.

Have finished my sixty-six negatives and all but two dozen plates of my spring trip.

1917

Tuesday, June 5

Developing negatives all day and salting skins down in barrels. Am preserving specimens in pickle this year instead of drying.

There has never been a time when we have had so few Eskimos at Etah; only Kpney-shoo-a, Samik, Neime, and children are left: E-took-a-wheu, Amayah, Shoo-e-ging-wah, Ahmee-nah, ah-pah-e-soo-ah-suh, Kpeqiluo and Sahsa-pa started for Kpeky this evening to visit and to catch seals for their winter meat supply. They will go over the ice cap.

Co-dee brought me in from the islands to-day some beautiful specimens of black guillemot and one murre.

"Dilly Pan" continues to lie down upon her pups. Four have been squashed by their inconsiderate mother, leaving only two, which are in danger of their life at any moment that mother decides to go to bed. May the Devil take her for his own!

Jo's dogs attacked the pickle barrel to-night and dragged out two skins just when I was congratulating myself that they were put away so nicely.

1917

Wednesday, June 6.

I spent most of my six hours watch walking around the harbor taking pictures. With the midnight sun throwing long shadows over the hills to the north, the fiord is very beautiful at times. I hope to improve the quality of my negatives by an increasing use of the color screen.

To-day I have driven to Knox Island for a round of angles and a series of pictures.

The ice below the islands has all gone; nothing but ice foot left clear to C. Alexander. With a light southerly wind rippling the surface there was a longing for a good canoe trip or two about North I shall make up for these four years when I get home!

Thursday, June 7.

With Samik I drove to Knox Island to secure from cairn there a round of angles and photos of Starr Island, land to the south, and Smoke Fiord. A gentle breeze was rippling the surface of the water engendering in me that same restless feeling that I have in the spring at home, always coupled with the strong desire for

1917 a good boat, strong enough, and big enough to sail away into the unknown. It is interesting but not at all surprising how my thoughts dwell continually upon the islands of the south seas. Heavens! What a paradise! Long stretches of warm white sands, bright sunshine, waving palms, and warm water for bathing. Shall I ever experience it? I trust I shall never be content to remain at home. Where next?

Friday, June 6.

I am often asked the questions at home: "How much can dogs pull?" "How fast can they go?" etc. etc. To reply intelligently I am planning a series of tests over what is now a very good sledging surface.

Do-dee, Samik, and I today measured a half-mile course on the harbor ice, and placed at one end of it six tops of oil, a weight of four hundred and fifty pounds. Shall increase this by at least eight hundred, and may possibly try a ton. To the Eskimo who makes the best time I shall give a hunting knife.

This morning To-night I have utilized our measured course for a base line for harbor survey, taking a round of angles to all salient points. When driving

1917 this I repeatedly heard the yelping of dogs from up the fiord and surmised that Eskimos were coming from southern settlements. At 5 o'clock Kpo-ha-ginguah, Akhonwoing-wa, Inah-loo, Kai-wee-ark-sha, Arkio, Poo-edda-mah, and Kaivang-wa arrived. We receive letters from Ekblaw, Dr. Hovey, and Peter. The former was at South Upernavik at date of writing. Because of open water he may remain there for some time, and possibly await the Danmark.

Dr. Hovey had practically finished his trip and was well on his way south.

Peter writes that on October 4 the war was still on, that Roumania had joined the allies, and that Germany had made no advance.

Capt. Hanson of the Danmark requests that I have everything ready for quick delivery upon his arrival about August 1st. He seems to be worried over weather conditions in this vicinity. The motor boat he does not want to bother with if I can dispose of her to Peter.

Fresh water is now to be obtained from a small brook west of the house. This is truly a godsend to me struggling with my many negatives, and especially since my plates are 'backed', which requires thorough washing. Photography with inadequate water facilities is anything but a pleasure.

1917

Find first gull's eggs of season

Saturday, June 9.
1-30 p.m.

Am just back from four or five hours work at Alida Lake and head of fiord, photographing and surveying.

A few days ago Samish was so fortunate as to find the eggs of the white-gyrfalcon and to bring me the mother as a specimen, of which as yet we have had none.

I photographed Samish at the nest. If well done, it should be a striking thing, the setting and background being excellent, however the cliff is there to stay, and it may means to keep at it until I get what I want.

Sunday, June 10.
12-30 p.m.

Am very busy. Have developed twenty plates, all of which are good. Am now washing my negatives in a small brook some thirty yards west of the house.

Walked to the point with Akhomuk-na to give him instructions about painting the bottom of our sailing dory.

Have prepared six guillemot, one murre, and one gyrfalcon skin for museum and blown and packed away four gyrfalcon eggs.

One of the boys who arrived day before

1917

yesterday brought with him an old bark which was brought down from Fort Conger by Sipiro a few weeks ago. I told Capt. Comer he might keep it as a souvenir.

Co-dee called at Radcliffe Island to-day and, according to my wish, turned our flattie bottom up in order that she might dry for painting.

Dogs entered my tent last night and stole the only thing eatable in sight, - a pound of butter. I got part of it back however before my morning lunch. When walking across the grounds I detected a dog behind a rock with his nose in a butter tin which I instantly recognized as mine. After a close chase for some minutes a well directed stone against his ribs caused him to drop it to be saved up later for my breakfast.

Monday, June 11, 1917.
3 p.m.

Overcast and threatening to snow for the last twenty-four hours. A southerly wind with consequent rough water is breaking away the edge of harbor ice; open water now inside of Knox Island.

Last evening I catalogued negatives, and packed away birds and drapers.

Got finished covering the kaiyak and is

1917

now anpour to be on the water after seals and walrus. The latter he does not dare to harpoon but hopes to shoot.

Tuesday, June 12, 1917

1-30 A.M.

To Radcliffe Island.

After dinner yesterday Yoo-ha-ping-wah and I drove to Radcliffe Island for sights and pictures. Returning we stopped at Bronson Point to put another coat of tar on the bottom of our sailing dory. Last evening I developed a dozen negatives all of which were good.

Paint dory

Yoo-edda-wah and Arhlio got away about 9 o'clock for Iq-loo-da-lumny by way of the ice cap. By them I am sending payment to Yellcha-lee-a for specimen hamihs, also a box of biscuit to Spero with the request that he send me my record which he removed from Fort Conger some weeks ago.

Ropes leave for south

A seal on the ice to-day which Kai-we-ark-wah missed. Got tried his remodelled kamak and likes her very much

Got tries his kamak

The purple saxifrage is in bloom; the first I have seen this season. Grass is getting green for the last two days. Brook running west of Camp but no water in river bed as yet.

1917

Wednesday, June 13, 1917.

3-30 A.M.

A hard but enjoyable day, as every hard day is after it is over especially when results are important and down in black and white.

The six hours of tidal observations so interferes with consistent work elsewhere that it is rather difficult for me to do all that I have planned for the remaining time.

I have delayed a re-survey of Brother John's Glacier with reference to stakes which were set last fall to indicate motion, fearing that with time limited to the interval between dinner at 3 o'clock and midnight I could not do satisfactory work. The warm weather of the last few days, however, warned me not to put it off longer or its accomplishment would be impossible, as conditions to-day proved.

With Samik, Yoo-ha-ping-wah, and Kai-we-ark-wah I drove to Alida Lake and began work at once. The upper margin of the lake is rapidly melting away; in a few days to regain the shore might be attended with a ducking as was threatened to-day. A fair sized stream is running over face of glacier and down the bed bordering the glacier. Anticipating some difficulty in the ascent we provided ourselves with a hatchet for cutting

1917

steps in the natural face of the mountain became necessary before we had gone a quarter of a mile.

Arriving at the back, or on the summit, of the glacier, to my surprise no stakes were to be seen or found, at which, naturally, I was somewhat mystified. Was it possible that the surface of the glacier had so melted away that they had fallen down and blown or rolled away? A slight surface depression where one should be led to an investigation with the result that the top of one was just some fifteen inches below the surface! It had gone down boldly in an upright position! All the others, found later, had fallen over and sunk horizontally from eight inches to a foot. The drilled holes, fortunately, were still visible in every case, enabling me to align them all with the help of the three Eskimos who stood on them. All

the movement has been slight, not more than six or eight feet in nine months. The angles I have not computed yet.

From the surface the north cairn could not be found search as we could. A descent here was out of the question; therefore we were compelled to retrace our steps to the place I meant where I had the men to go on to

1917

the lake while I walked along the talus slope in search of cairn. This walk will be remembered. With every step there was a movement under foot of detritus from the cliffs, anywhere from the size of gravel up to good sized boulders of five hundred pounds weight, entailing no little danger not only to myself but to a very valuable theodolite to which a bad fall meant destruction.

Covered with sweat I at length reached my cairn built last September, where a sight was obtained of cairn on south side of fiord.

On the return we collected four eggs of the glaucous gull, one nest of three complete and one single which Sanikh unwisely took from a nest.

Bearings were also obtained from Pee-wah-to Point which completes my survey of head of fiord.

High on the cliffs could be seen my glaucous gulls on their nests and, if I am not mistaken, one gyrfalcon. This lady I must visit to-morrow.

We reached home at exactly midnight.

Ne-me is packing up her things preparatory to moving into her tent to-morrow.

1917

Thursday

June 14, 1917.

After developing my negatives Samik & I drove up the fiord to investigate what appeared to be yesterday the nest of the gryfalcon. A closer examination proved it to be such but last years. I think. Owing to the difficulty of the ascent I could reach only within three feet of it. A slapping with my canvas hat and a bombardment with stones failed to produce any flutter whatever in or about the nest.

The Eskimos are very anxious to get away for Littleton Island for eider duck eggs; have hinted repeatedly about the loan of the dory and to-day finally asked for her. I refused, stating that it was too early yet and that I could not get away until Sunday anyway as tidal observations are as yet not complete.

Nee-we is now in her tupik; consequently we are rid of two very funny children. One or the other seems to be continually crying; and often both in concert.

1917

Friday

June 15, 1917.

6 p.m.

To Snell cliff last evening with Samik in hopes of bringing back a large collection of eggs. We even planned to cook a few for our supper as they are preferred to those of the eider duck, being, I presume, much more fishy. Not a single egg did we find. Pulutis of Arctic Lake and Brother Johnson's glacier well repaid me for my time and climb.

This morning had duck dogged my heels wherever I went. Lost a lens and broke my tripod. The former I hope to find and the latter to mend, however, as soon as I have had some sleep.

Akhomoding-wa, Koo-ka-ping-wa, and Jot-are back from Littleton Island. To their surprise there was hardly an egg, which defers our contemplated egging trip for a week.

Not a walrus or seal to be seen in marked contrast to the activity of last year at this time. Akhomoding-wa remarks that the walrus are now bringing forth their young on the floes of ice; this year, migration will begin. He and Nee-wah-to witnessed a birth some years ago at this time.

1917

Saturday

June 16, 1917.

5 A.M.

As our tidal work ceases to-day I remained without sleep for twenty six hours in order to be ready for Crystal Palace trip which I contemplated this morning. Went to bed at five yesterday and went on watch at midnight. It is blowing now, however, which will prevent our getting away.

Developed twenty plates yesterday which entailed much walking between kitchen, dark room, and river. To add to my difficulties the water is full of sand, necessitating the cleaning of every plate with a wad of cotton.

Ahkomowdingwa brought me a gaucous gulls egg yesterday. It was certainly as delicious as it is credited to be. The egg of the murre he thinks the best of all.

11 P.M.

Another twenty four hours without sleep. I think in time I could accustom myself to this interval without a slight dull feeling which seems to persist.

After breakfast I rounded up all the male Eskimos in Ootah — six — and led them to the spot where I lost my lens night before last. I showed them the

1917

duplicate and explained how I stood and where I went after finishing my work there. It was a load of at least twenty-five dollars to me if they could not find it. Within three minutes old Ahkomowdingwa uttered a "yow ii-ō" and picked it up some fifty feet down the side of the hill where it had rolled.

As a reward I gave him a new dollar watch with which he was very much pleased.

During the day the wind subsided enabling us to get away for Cape Kendrick for a load of walrus meat for our dogs. Both trips leaked constantly owing to their dry condition.

While the boys were loading the meat I took a panoramic view of land south of Cape Kendrick. I viewed the looming air and photographing that noble headland - the Crystal Palace Cliffs, so named by Inglefield in 1852. There is a certain grandeur and dignity about it such as I have never found in any other headland.

On the return the wind and swell increased from the south west which will aid materially in breaking up the harbor ice.

1917

About noon Ak-pud-a-shak-o and family, Akiis and Aningnaq, Ee-tuk-a-whu and Aenaya, Iviteeah and Ermisoo, arrived from Yerky by way of the ice cap

Sunday, June 17, 1917.

All getting ready for Littleton Island to-morrow. A beautiful day with every one seated in the sun in front of tupiks and Victrolas going. The women are busy on skins and men on kaiaks.

Have repaired and fitted to the kaiak for our spring campaign.

Monday, June 18, 1917

Immediately after breakfast Jot- and I got away for Littleton and Eider Duck Island, the Eskimos following in the sailing dory. Fifteen of them.

Littleton Island (Mountpeace)

Arriving at the island dead low water presented an inaccessible wall of ice, the ice foot-, or collar, as sometimes called. We all camped in Beebe Cache Cove on Littleton Island. While the boys rowed to Polaris Winter Quarters after our lunch, I crossed the island in search of eggs, of which I found only two.

On the high water we rowed

1917

to Eider Duck Island. The ducks were about half through laying, I should judge, as there were in the majority of nests two eggs only. Jot- and I together collected three hundred and twenty-five.

Three nests of the brant (Branta bernicla glaucogastra) were found, two of the nests containing four eggs, and the with six. I also found one good set of glaucous gulls (Larus hyperboreus) eggs. While two of the Eskimos brought me two sets of two each.

It was raining, strange to say, during all the time we were on the island. With one tent for seventeen people and with no sleeping bag, I decided to row home while wind, weather, and tide were fair. Reached Etah in three hours. Walked a couple of miles after my dog team and drove back for the eggs. Got to bed at 7 o'clock, twenty-three hours up.

Tuesday, June 19, 1917

Got up at 2 o'clock to-day and went to work at once on eggs and plants. Have all finished, labeled, and packed

1917

away.

Raining and snowing. The Eskimos will not enjoy their crowded wigwams.

Wed. June 20, 1917

At seven this morning I heard a "Huk! Huk!" and knew all were back from Littleton Island. Sitting up in my bunk to look out of the window I rejoiced to see a good half mile of ice broken away from the harbor margin. Fortunately I sent Ao-dee and Kai-angwa out last night to grease the floattie on the ice foot, not daring to hunt to her position with the present warm weather and high tides.

To Bump Glen

After breakfast of fried eggs, boiled eggs, and eggs in our coffee (perfectly delicious), Ak-pood-a-shah-o and I drove to Bump Glen at the head of the fiord for eggs of the glaucous gull. Am trying to collect clutches of three for the museum and also material for a habitat.

With some difficulty I managed to climb the pillar of rock again (my third ascent). My old bit of last year was hanging from the cliff, but not daring to trust my life to such an old bit of rope, I pushed my way up without it. The Eskimos

1917

stopped about half way up. On the summit there were three nests each containing three eggs.

On the south side of the glen I found two nests of two eggs each.

River running

Returning to the lake I took a dozen photos of the fiord, lake, and glacier with and without color screen, with single and double lens.

Since returning home I have blown and packed all the eggs, and developed six of the negatives — all good.

Eskimos are pushing work on their kaiaks. Walrus were heard yesterday.

Our river began running yesterday morning — a very pleasant sound in the village.

Thursday, June 21, 1917

Developing pictures, pressing flowers, and packing boxes.

Friday, June 22, 1917

Rowed down to the gull cliffs in Sowdlaq Monument Bay, from which I secured six clutches of eggs, also eggs of black guillemot to my surprise, as I did not think they were laid yet.

On Starr Island I found five nests of the eider duck. This is the first time the

1917

ducks have had their nests here in four years.

Saturday, June 23, 1917

With four of the Eskimos I rowed to the Crystal Palace Cliffs after a load of meat. Returning we called at Cape Kendrick for eggs of guillemot (Cepphus mandti) of which we secured sixteen.

Exposed nine plates to show breeding locality and also characteristics of the ice foot which seem to be so little understood by geologists.

My big white dog slipped his harness yesterday and killed a small pup belonging to his aunt "Whitey". The dispute as to the ownership of the child was on when I arrived on the scene with a club.

The esprit has had his head and tail down for several hours wondering wherein it is a criminal offense to eat good tender juicy meat.

Sunday, June 24, 1917.

Developing and blowing eggs. To bed at 2 ½ a.m. and up at 8 night. Am off for a fifteen mile row to Sutherland Island for birds and eggs.

Capt Comer has gone to the lake for water & the Eskimos among the sea ice floes.

1917

Monday, June 25, 1917.

Weather unfavorable for Sutherland Island trip.

Printing pictures about all day for the Rasmussen party. The paper is old and damp giving very poor results.

Began packing boxes for home to-night. All Eskimos busy with their kaiacks and walrus hunting equipment.

Ivi-tē-a, Eveddo, and baby left last evening for their home at Iq-lo-da-lung by way of the ice cap. We could see them from the house climbing up the south side of the fiord.

Arctic shot a seal at mid-night.

Edge of the ice now nearly on to Bunnion Point.

Tuesday, June 26, 1917

We were all ready to get away to-day for Sutherland Island when it breezed up from the nor'ward, compelling us to give up the trip.

The Eskimos were all out this morning in their kaiacks when we awoke. E-tuk-a-whud, Kai-me-ark-sha, and Auk-fuud-a-shah-o all got seals.

Got started for Littleton Island for eggs but turned back because I mind.

1917

Egg and hunting trip south

Wednesday, June 27. 1917.
Thursday, July 5th. 1917

A wet trip from start to finish but with good results.

Seven of us left Etah on the 27th, four in sailing dory and three in kaiacks, for a trip south with the expectation of getting eggs at Sutherland Island and hopes of killing walrus at Saluuddy for our hungry dogs.

Passed around Cape Alexander unseen by the Devil League of the Arctic regions. On the south side I secured three clutches of eggs of the Glaucous gull.

At the island (Sutherland) we found hundreds of eider ducks on and off their nests and also noted nineteen brant flying back and forth. Within a very short time we collected about a thousand eggs including eleven of the brant (Branta bernicla glaucogastra).

All nests containing four and over I left untouched, knowing that at this date they were too much incubated to be relished.

It began to rain when we were on the island and continued intermittently for the next six days.

When in camp at Saluuddy the Eskimos

1917

hinted that they would like to go to Yorky to see the Eskimos, which I decided to do as soon as weather would permit.

Some of the party spent their time digging about the old igloos for ethnological specimens while the others hunted for seals, of which Arhlis shot two.

Rowing along shore to Yorky we noted an unusual large number of hare so close to the ice foot that we shot repeatedly from the boat, getting three. Drifice west of Yorky caused us to deviate considerably from our course. Finally we worked in toward the settlement without being heard or seen by the Eskimos. Entering a fine big tupik, with some difficulty I at last recognized the sleeping man and woman as Kood-look-to and Ah-nay-dwo-a. It took them some time to realize who I was and how I got there. Within a few minutes all in the village were up and out.

There were five tupiks in all, — Kood-look-to and wife, Ah-we-gee-a and wife, Ka-sling-wa and wife, Ah-fellah

1917 and wife, and Su-yoo-tä with bachelor apartments; one of my old igloo linings. Soo-lee-a and wife, who left Etah a few days ahead of us by way of the ice cap, were blocked like my self-ers. As he could reach his home only with considerable difficulty I offered him our boat in which the Eskimos could pull him to Ig-loo-da-lung. They started at once, returning the night of the 30th, working slowly through a large field of drift ice.

On July 1st we left for home accompanied by Kood-look-to, Kla-shung-na, Su-yoo-tä, and Ah-fellah, the latter intending to go only as far as Petrarch, the others to Sutherland Island for eggs.

Some five miles west of Cape Chalon E-took-a-shue harpooned a young ook-pook (bearded seal). Walrus were seen several times, one of which Kood-look-to tried to harpoon but failed, attempting to throw at too great a distance.

Just off Sulmaddy a single one came to the surface which E-took-a-shue harpooned very prettily.

After cutting up both seal and

1917 walrus five of the men decided to continue on to Sutherland Island and to Etah before the wind should prevent. The next morning we joined them at the island where we found them shooting ducks and collecting eggs. Kla-shung-na had six eggs of the skuah for me.

Anxious now to reach Etah at the very earliest opportunity I told the men we would cross to mainland, camp, and round the cape as soon as weather would permit.

The night of the 2nd was very windy with heavy surf, so much so, in fact, that I worried considerably over the safety of our boat moored at bow and stern. A heavy swell prevented our attempting to start until 6 P.M. on the 3rd, and then not without some apprehension as regards the men in kaiacks. They came along nicely, however, riding like ducks.

After rounding the cape we encountered a large herd of walrus which disappeared for some time, reappearing well to the west of us. Even a single was seen. Qo-dee was persuaded to make his

1917 first attempt which I watched with interest. E-koo-a-whew accompanied him, encouraging and cheering him on. Up soon had the vise life Oo-dee's hand when E-koo-a-whew threw, both getting fast. Akhio gave him the finishing stroke with his 35 Winchester.

What was apparently a difficult piece of work was easily and quickly accomplished by ten of his in a very few minutes. An Eskimo cache was used in drawing him out of the water on to the ice foot where he was cut up and thrown into the dory.

Coming now to the Crystal Palace cliffs we were fortunate in harpooning two others. Here I was tempted to camp. We were wet through, tired, and hungry. I knew, however, that Captain Comer was anxious to get away on his digging trip; therefore we pulled on to Eetah, another six miles, with dory down to the gunwale

Koo-ha-ping-ma met us at the edge of the ice with dog team, informing us that all others were up the fiord after deerskies. Working in a drizzling rain we finally succeeded

1917 in getting everything to the house over the broken ice.

To our surprise we learned that it was the 4th of July. Got went to bed but I remained up thirty-six hours in order to be regular in the future.

This evening we fired a salute with our rifles in honor of the day.

Thursday, July 5, 1917

Capt. Comer leaves Capt. Comer got away this afternoon in our little flatti for ethnological work along the coast. He refused to take Eskimos declaring that he had snared on them; took no tent and very little food, expecting to find biscuit and oil at Kow-yard-ee, which Got left some weeks ago.

Friday, July 6, 1917.

Developing pictures and packing boxes. The Eskimos are walrus hunting near the outer islands; we can hear them shooting and through the glasses can make out large numbers of walrus.

Got tried for seals this evening; saw one but failed to get him.

Saturday, July 7, 1917

Nine walrus were killed last night. Got is hunched out completely, vomiting

1917
Capt. Comer returns

and bad diarhoea. Thinks it is caused by the acetic acid which he put in the walrus meat to make it tender.

Captain Comer has just appeared around the end of Provision Point.

He has been to Cairn Point, or in its vicinity. He did not succeed in finding any old igloos but was fortunate in discovering an old Eskimo lamp upon a rock. Four eider duck eggs which he brought back are strikingly different from any which I have. One is almost a robin blue in color, while its mate does not differ from the ordinary. Two others, which I am inclined to believe are those of the King Eider, are very long and of small circumference.

While on the way up a walrus came up under his boat, nearly capsizing it. He reports large numbers of walrus and ducks.

The Eskimos killed five walrus last night. Samish harpooned his first one.

Sunday, July 8, 1917.

Three more walrus early this morning. Weather miserable. About two weeks of it now.

Packing boxes and planning another trip north as soon as weather permits.

1917

Monday, July 9, 1917.

Raining all day long. I pack boxes and pay my Eskimos, Ee-took-a-whee, Arhlis, Ark-pood-a-shah-o, for work on my spring trip. To Ee-took-a-whee, as the best all round man during the four years I give the big Bamp rifle, at the request of Col. Bamp, and as a present from him. To Arhlis I give our sailing dory and Remington 22, also qui vads and a bag of shot. To Ark-pood-a-shah-o my hundred dollar shot-gun, a can of powder, a bag of shot, wads, one hundred brass shells, and one hundred 401 cartridges.

To-night Ee-we brought back a shot-gun and a 44 rifle which Koo-ha-ping-wa has kept "ig-ming". He knows now that such conduct does not pay in the end.

"Arding-yeeh-la", a young, vigorous, sledge dog, died last night. As he was one of the toughest dogs in the team his death is a mystery. Died yesterday he may have boiled too large a piece of meat. He was such a dog I can readily believe this.

1917

Tuesday, July 10

Clearing up at last. Shall get away for Littleton Island and Kow-yard-ee if weather permits - later in the day.

10 P. M.

Littleton Island

In camp to-night in the very spot where Bonup, Captain Bartlett, and I slept eight years ago under an old sail. What memories I retain of that trip! Poor George is dead and Bartlett is some two thousand miles away.

The eider ducks are whizzing past us to drop into the small pond as they did years ago, and will continue to do years hence. Eider Duck Island swarms with ducks. At the lowest estimate there must be eight thousand eggs in the nests, most of them so well advanced in incubation as to be uneatable by a white man. I collected, however, about three hundred for our use at Etah by examining at least six hundred by the Eskimo method of holding them up to the sun.

Koo-ka-ping-wah reports nine eggs in one nest, which is indicative of two female lodgers in the same room. Six is the largest number I have seen in the last three years.

1917

Walrus to the north of us are apparently alive with walrus. The two Eskimos Koo-ka-ping-wah and Ark-ford-a-shah died for me in their kaiaks, the former missing his throw.

Wednesday, July 11.

Kow-yard-ee

Yyy! But this is an attractive place for a camp. Our tent-floor is covered with poppies, which, if tradition is true as to their narcotic properties, are productive of long and restful sleep.

There are four igloos here, three of which are ruined; one was inhabited by Panikpa's father some forty years ago. I was in hopes of finding something of ethnological value. An old broken stone lamp repays me for my fifteen mile row. It appears to have been made of two pieces of stone cemented together with what I should judge to be blood.

En route I stopped at one of the small islands. Although only about one hundred feet in diameter it contained two hundred and thirty-five eggs. To my surprise there were

1917 two nests with eight eggs and three with seven! Another mix-up!

Both glaucous gulls and eider ducks are now hatching. Strewn about the ground were many eggs which had been punctured and eaten by the burgomasters.

Search as we may we cannot find Ah-ah-loo's lamp which she told me about. I am inclined to believe it is still buried under a large snow bank lying along the base of the cliff.

Thursday, July 12.

Beebe Cache Cove

Littleton Island

Jot has presumably gone on to Etah Rough water caused him to lay the land coming south to-day, he planning inside of Littleton Island and me outside. So give the Eskimos an opportunity to shoot some eider ducks I camp here to-night. In the morning I shall visit Wyckoff Rock for gulls nests for the museum

On the way down I photographed the bones of a small whale lying about one hundred yards back

1917 from the shore and some fifty feet above high water mark. There are two skulls, in breadth about four feet, which would indicate small whales.

Long tailed ducks are on the ponds as last year but no eggs. A broken shell is fairly conclusive evidence of the presence of Wyc. Jot.

Littleton Island

One flock of Pinelow male king eiders confirms my belief that the females are nesting in company with the northern eiders.

Walrus were not as plentiful on our return. Yesterday both Jot and I estimated that we passed three hundred on the four mile stretch from Littleton Island to Wyckoff-yard-er. I endeavored to harpoon one sleeping upon the water with my oar but ran short my mark.

Friday, July 13

Etah

11. P. M.

Etah

Just as we were leaving camp this afternoon the Eskimos from Etah arrived in the dory and in

1917 haiaeks. Ugh, but they were a hungry crowd. Raw eggs and dog biscuit were served out to their fine rug feast, followed by what little tobacco I had with me. The men in haiaeks left home yesterday, the dogs this morning. They all fell in behind us and followed us home

Four hundred and thirty-one feet is the height of Littleton Island as determined by my aneroid. When ascending I found one duchis nest containing two fresh eggs.

I have learned something about the glaucous gull. Some weeks ago I removed every egg from the nests on Cape Sabine Rock. To-day I find every nest containing two more eggs. Send for them! Have brought home to be kept for a habitat group nest.

Arriving at Sunrise Point I landed there my camp equipment with a contemplative trip in mind for sun shadow and mid-night photos of our Littleton Island. The tide is so high here at high tide that I am worried over safety of what I left not having the forethought to land

1917 it well above the highest tides. Therefore I shall start back at mid-night, and try to do my work as planned to-morrow.

While away my dogs broke loose from their fastening, and swept through the village, scattering fups to right and left. Captain caught and tethered them with a tent pole. To-night I had Ao-dee and Samik take them all to Dog Island, my Ft. Helena for unruly dogs.

Saturday, July 14:

Sunrise Point

Reached here at 3:30 this morning finding everything O.K. and well up beyond reach of highest tide. Filled up completely on beans, flap jacks, fried eggs, and coffee, and tried to sleep; but something was lacking, or rather, too much was it lacking.

Up at noon to photo my twenty-four hour sun shadow. The day is too good for a continuance of good weather and across is as sharply outlined as though it were only ten miles away instead of thirty. "Ark-fro-ni Back Peninsula. Has never so clearly

1917 visible, which would indicate approaching wet weather. Have taken a panoramic view of whole coast.

At 3 o'clock Jot and Eskimos arrived, including Ah-we-nah, Kpeqishoo and Sar-tā-rah. The men are very anxious to go to Amaitōk after narwhal.

One bearded seal was killed by Eskimos on the way out, and one walrus by Ark-fook-a-shah-o after they arrived.

11 P.M.

At night I started for Littleton Island in the punt after under deck rest for a habitat. When on the island I noticed that the sound was feather white, therefore has-tened to reach Cape Alsop after securing one web only and failing to find Alsop's grave, which I hoped to do.

Reaching the cape I saw the dory coming north under sail, evidently bound for Anoritok. While photographing a cairn which was topped with a barrel bearing names of Leander Verga, J. Connell, and W. Bartlett. I came up into the cove, refed, rearranged the

1917 baidars and started for C. Alsop again. When off the cape the wind blew so hard that the mainsail was lowered. Whether they have gone on or not I do not know.

Ah-we-nah, Kpeqishoo, and Sah-tā-ra are here in my tent; Oo-dee and Akhoondeeq-wa have started for E-tāh, the former on foot. Bad weather coming. Ice closed by prevents me from carrying out my plans.

1 A.M.

Ark-fook-a-shah-o back from the dory, which has taken shelter in a little bight south of C. Alsop. Water so rough that his baidar was smashed. He does not know what the others will do.

1-30

Kaiang-wa comes puffing in from E-tāh on foot (bottom out of his boat) to tell me that all my dogs have gone adrift on an ice pan. It is blowing great guns and very rough, but I must try to get them in the punt.

Etah

1917

Sunday. July 15.

I reached the outer harbor thoroughly without finding a trace of a dog afloat. Arriving at noon lunch at Etah I found Akkomsdingwa in a kaiack and his wife Inakluo on the beach trying to induce my dogs to swim ashore from the main floe, to the edge which they had come from across the harbor after being towed to both sides. "Kai-tōsh-tā" and "ah-mow-mah" brothers plunged in and made the land. The others whined, yelped, and shivered for the first to come and get them which it did - One more at time their tails wagged vigorously. Here they shall stay now if I can possibly find enough line to tie them with.

Got to bed at 4-30 and up at 8-30. Have developed two dozen negatives, prepared skins of two bears, and taken in all hopes of again rain which is surely coming.

1-15 p.m.

Ypo-ha-ping-wah has just walked in over the hills from Dog camp.

1917

Says others are coming.

1-30

Raining. If they do not come they will have a disagreeable time in my tent.

Monday. July 16.

The Captain has given up hopes of finding the old igdloos on the north shore of the fiord; therefore in company with Samik and Ao-dak I went up to-day and did some digging. One is not very old as is evidenced by the number of cans in and about, also marks of a white man's saw. One has been used as a grave, as the Eskimo died inside. Last year I secured a skull and to-day Samik found a thigh bone.

Two or three valuable ethnological specimens were found in the sloping bank, which will repaid me for my digging.

The fiord ice is pretty well honeycombed and broken to a distance of two hundred yards beyond Dog Island.

At midnight - we can see the dawn coming in from Storr Island.

Young mountings of the nest

1917

Tuesday. July 17.

I spend a rainy day developing negatives and packing boxes.

Have requested Arkis and others to go to Kerby in the dory tomorrow morning to secure some very old whale bone there from an old igdlo and head of bay. On the return they will dig at Sulwuddy.

The boys killed two walrus yesterday on the way in from the floats. I have enough wet for all my dogs for the remainder of the time.

We are very busy making a pair of seal skin pants for Capt. Comer.

Wednesday, July 18.

The boys got away, - Arkis, Kro-ka-ping-wa, Oo-dee, Samik, Kai-ang-wa, and Ee-look-a-whw, - for Kerby with instructions to examine old igloos at head of fiord and also at Sulwuddy.

Working on boxes until mid-night.

Thursday. July 19.

A very heavy wind from the south-west and heavy sea.

Packing boxes all day.

Captain rows out to old igloo near my

1917

camping ground. Finds a piece of a beer bottle. Decides they are not as old as they look.

Friday. July 20.

Rowed to-day to Sunrise Point after my camping equipment left there some days ago. Big swell as result of yesterday's gale. Jot's Cove was full of walrus feeding on clams.

Young ducks swimming

The young eiders are out of the nest.

The whole fiord seems to be breaking up to-day. Large masses of ice are drifting out with the tide.

Got gets a seal.

Saturday, July 21.

From nine in the morning to twelve at night packing skins with the help of Ark-ford-a-shah-o and Kai-me-ark-shah.

I pulled everything out of the house for a good drying before packing away.

Another disagreeable job of chloroforming one of my sledge dogs, - my small bitch. She had whined continuously for eighteen hours; was weak, and apparently dazed. An preserving skull in Alcohol for examination at home. This is the third to die in a similar manner within two months.

1917

Sunday, July 22.

Blowing hard from the southwest, cloudy and cold, conditions which persuade me to spend a quiet Sunday indoors. I pack my sleeping bag, a duck's nest, an old Eskimo lamp, and develop and file away six negatives.

The ship can come anytime now; everything is practically ready for shipment. Am sorry to leave Hope she won't make her appearance until Sept. 1st.

Monday, July 23.

Noticed a male snow bunting feeding young birds to-day outside of my window.

Still nasty weather and cold for summer, - 32° F. freezing temperature.

I pack boxes for Ah-we-na, Al-ning-ua, and Kponey-Shu-mah, and six boxes for home.

Tuesday, July 24

A very heavy sea outside with big swell rolling into the harbor. Thick to the southward and sky overcast. Bad weather for a ship to be on the coast.

If southerly winds prevail Englefield will remain packed with us, thus preventing the "Danmark" from reaching Kangerd-look-suah.

1917

Wednesday, July 25

A long busy day. In the morning Kai-ne-ark-suah and I rowed to Starr Island in order to secure photos of Eta and vicinity and for eider ducks nests for the American Museum. Secured two fairly good nests, containing to our surprise, fresh eggs.

fresh auks' eggs

Worked steadily on my packing until 9 o'clock in the evening when in company with Kpeq-is-lua and Shoo-e-ging-wa I started for Sunrise Point for a series of midnight-sun pictures in Smith Sound over Littleton Island. One needs to be a devotee of photography to pull eight miles for a single picture and to spend two hours and twenty minutes taking it after arriving, but I have not only done this once but repeatedly.

At the point we met Ark-pood-a-shah-o and Kai-ne-ark-suah returning to Etah from an unsuccessful pursuit of walrus. They returned with us to the point reporting having seen our boat coming from Etah and also having heard a shot.

In a few minutes we discerned

1917 two kayaks coming across from Stars Island. The occupant of one I recognized as Kyo-ka-Ipuig-wa but did not know the other until he raised his cap, as he shot past the point following a herd of walrus. It was Kook-look-to from Yorktown. He had arrived with wife and child to see the ship when she arrives.

Conditions for photographing were ideal. Eight exposures were made at twenty minute intervals from 11 P.M. to 1-20 A.M. On the Speed Graphic I used 1/50-256; on the Graflex 1/75-45.

We got back a little and to bed at four.

Thursday, July 26

My photos taken last night are perfect. After four years of experiment with many failures due to one cause or another, I have at last learned what I want.

Developing, and packing boxes, and putting much of this, and giving remnants to the Eskimos, and cleaning up grounds, and talking to dogs, and selling Kook-look-to and wife up in home keeping in our log

1917 hut, ate, ate. An ordinary day — busy from eight in the morning to twelve at night.

Can hear shots among the islands the boys must be getting walrus.

The trip to Yorky was well worth the time and expense. The men brought back much whalebone and many ethnological specimens of interest

Friday, July 27.

Packing boxes and giving away everything in and out of the home. If no ship should come we are thrown upon the charity of our Eskimo friends. We have very little food and no clothing for another year. Lack of fuel for our stove would compel us to retreat to an Eskimo igloo and become one of them.

Saturday, July 28.

From now on it is watch the south continually. Capt. Hansen informed me that he would be here August 1st. Everything is packed and ready to go at any moment, — over two hundred boxes in all.

1917

Sunday, July 29

Walked the length of the fiord today along the top of the cliff to determine height. The first elevation east of house is eleven hundred feet; the last at head of fiord I found to be 1350 feet. The terminal moraine back of house is three hundred and fifty feet high.

Heavy wind from the southward with white caps in the sound.

After dinner I climbed half way to top of Thermometer Hill to get photos of collection.

Ku-ah-wa has started for Kow-yard-en, a walk of twenty-five miles, to get an old stone lamp for me.

Monday, July 30.

Rowed across the fiord and climbed highhill due south. Find its height to be eleven hundred and fifty feet.

Young bear about half grown.

Rowed to Star Island to obtain provisions left there by Green: Six rats, three of hunter, one salmon, one corn, one onion, and one tomato.

Kai-ang-na shoots a seal.

Hill due south 1150 feet

1917

Tuesday, July 31.

The Neptune arrived at 3-30 this afternoon under command of Capt. Bartlett. At the time of her being sighted by Inah-loo I was busily engaged in turning the crank of the moving picture machine trying to get a photo of the falls. She steamed across the river and stopping behind me inquired if I had seen the ship. Upon my replying that I had not she looked a bit surprised and walked on and told her husband, Akhomo-ang-wa, that the ship was coming. A frightful yell arose throughout the whole village.

Bucking a heavy sea and head wind she could be seen far off shore in the south west. Instantly we knew that the ship was not the "Danmark" from Umanak. With two masts only and far apart she greatly resembled the Robinett at a distance. Upon approaching Provision Point she blew her siren whistle; this Capt. Comer interpreted as a cry for help, thinking possibly she may be commanded by a stranger. I jumped into the punt

1917

and passed off. I did not recognize the red keptune with mainmast taken out of her until I read her name but Capt. Bob's face on the bridge and we were more familiar.

She overtook the "Danmark" at Cape Parry, showed her Captain the orders from the American Consulate, received expedition papers on board, and steamed for Etah through a big field of ice. Capt. Bob states that he has encountered more ice this year than on any previous trip. Was twelve days, I believe, in coming Refolution Bay.

With him as guest is a Mr. Burbank, a friend of Mr James Crane. As doctor Bob selected a man by name of Knowlton, who had applied for the position on the Crocker Land Expedition.

The keptune is fitted out for a year in the emergency of a prolonged delay, being well stocked with everything for our comfort and welfare.

Four of the crew went with us on the Erik four years ago: Murphy, George, Ugate Ekuluny, and a sailor whose name I do not remember.

1917

Wednesday, Aug. 1.

Heavy wind and swell from the south-west. Impossible to work on the beach with the boxes. Pack boxes and take Capt. Bob and Ugate Ekuluny to Provision Point to examine power boat and gasoline.

Bob advises trying to take gasoline home in spite of fact that tins are four years old and liable to rust.

Have broken out boxes from fore hold in search of underclothes for Lieut. Comer, a package for Ark-ford-ah-shah-o, a Victrola for E-quig-wa, and rolls of films for myself. These are the only things which I have taken from the whole list of supplies and equipment.

Thursday, Aug. 2

We began loading supplies to-day from Provision Point, taking on two hundred and twenty gallons lubricating oil, one hundred gals gasoline, and the power boat.

Very windy and rough sea from the south-west.

1917

Friday Aug. 3.

Everything loaded and ready to start for home as soon as weather clears.

All-star Island conditions were very unfavorable for loading boats,- very low water and rough. Kyo Kpesbury swamped his boat quite as he was about to push off, losing six batteries. This necessitated our getting into the water more or less which at a temperature below freezing was anything but comfortable.

Finally we succeeded in getting everything into three boats. My dory was so low in the water that three or four waves lapped in over the gail as we rowed to the ship.

The Eskimos are all on board to bid us good-bye. They are all apparently very sorry over our leaving but not as sorry as I am. Would gladly remain up for another year if I had the proper equipment and could settle up the affairs of the Crocker Land Expedition.

Have decided to take Jacob with me four dogs. I cannot leave them. We have travelled together this far to never companionship end.

1917

Saturday, Aug. 4.

Kyelvik Bay.

At 3-15 this morning the Captain gave her the bell for the homeward trip. Our four years are over. To say good-bye to my Eskimos was certainly one of my most painful experiences.

They slowly drifted away from the ship and waved their hands until we were out of sight.

With a strong southerly wind we proceeded south. Below Cape Alexander it was flat calm. The hills were white with snow, presenting a very wintry appearance at a very early date.

Upernivik was our destination in order to land Ipordlo-Jacob and Ahlnayoo-a who have been visiting at Etah for a week or so. Here we landed the home for Egingwa and books which Harry Whitney sent to the Eskimos. This over the ship was headed for the western shore through a stretch of clear water. Off Clarence Head there was a solid pack of ice. Here we turned directly back toward the Cary Islands in hopes of finding open water to the eastward.

1917

Cary Islands

Sunday, Aug. 5.

Have been in the vicinity of the Cary Islands all day. Wind southward and ice everywhere.

Thick fog in afternoon. Have the reptiles were against a pan waiting for weather to clear up.

Dr. Knowlton shot a seal to-day but lost it. While I was asleep the ship passed at least a thousand walrus. Capt. Burbank woke me with his report.

We are absorbed in the news of the last few years. So many and so strange things have happened that we seem to be returning Rip Van Winkles. The world has moved on and left us far behind.

A large number of Christian Science reports sent up by the sailors are immensely interesting.

Monday, Aug. 6.

Off Prince Patrick Island

Snowing and blowing hard from the south. Surrounded by the pack and nothing to do but wait patiently for weather to change.

Midnight-

Conditions unchanged during the day. Large walrus appeared astern twice, at which

1917

both Dr. Knowlton and Mr. Burbank shot.

We are leaking considerably forward due to loss of two plates off the bow. A coffer dam has been built in fore hold and pumps going constantly. If leak increases Engineer Crossman reports that he can't keep her clear. It will be a case then of utilizing buckets and barrels.

Tuesday, Aug. 7.

At one this morning the fog lifted enough for us to catch a glimpse of Cape Parry and outer end of Prince Patrick Island.

Ship is tightly jammed in large field of ice. No hopes of release until the wind changes.

So wet on deck that dogs have been placed below decks.

We are working in toward the Prince Patrick and Stanley Islands, hoping to hold on under the lee and let the ice go by to the westward.

Wednesday, Aug. 8.

When I awoke this morning we were steaming slowly back and

1917 forth on south western sides of Northumberland and Hakluyt Islands.

Ice extended South and west as far as we could see.

Kyr. Burbank, Dr. Knowlton, Murphy and I went ashore to explore the island and to look for game. We found it covered with wet mud and soggy walking very difficult. Hare tracks were everywhere. Three young and one young bungomaster were obtained and also about twenty-five little auks.

After dinner Captain Bartlett, Kyr. Burbank, and I rowed to the western end of Hakluyt Island to examine the condition of ice in Wyckham Sound. The ice was scattered considerably inducing us to hasten aboard and try to get around the inner side of the island.

The scenery was as striking and as beautiful in its way as anything which I have ever seen. Passing Josephine Head we ran along faces of the Kissel, Parish, and Robbins Glaciers. Walrus were very plentiful, one or two being shot from the deck by Mr. Burbank and Knowlton.

We found the channel between Northum-

1917 berland and Herbert Islands jammed rigidly with ice. Gradually the ship forced her way in toward the large settlement of Oo-loo-set. Tung-we, E-say-oo, Sattoo, Ah-na-quiq-wa, and Kudla came off in kaiaks. I immediately launched the dory and visited their tupics for skins for the American Museum.

E-widdoo, Ah-nah-we, Ah-we-nuq-oo-na and Ah-ka-ting-na returned with me in the dory. Loaded with presents they were towed home in a calf hour. On the heads I distributed everything which I had, all scrabbling for the last package of tobacco.

At 1-15 P.M. we are under way again.

Thursday, Aug. 9.

Steamed across Whale Sound to-day through loose ice to C. Radcliff. Ice prevents us from entering Borden Bay where Koo-ka-ting-wa has a narwhal skeleton for me.

The ice is packed against the land from here on necessitating a delay until wind and tide open it up.

Burbank shot a seal to-day. Got a seal and a square flipper. Fresh meat from now on. Raining to-day

1917

Friday, Aug. 10.

Under way at 9 o'clock. Steamed through loose ice around Cape Parry until stopped by fog at 10-45.

The sailors under the direction of Wyp. Trigg, the mate, rigged up a stage through the fore rigging as a platform for my moving picture machine.

young fulmar gulls seen swimming

Two young fulmar gulls were seen yesterday and to-day swimming near the ship.

Visited our wireless operator, Wyp. Farnell, in his room abaft of bridge. It appears from his instructions that he is ordered here by the government or company and not by Job Brothers.

10-15 P.M.

Ak-bat- Stopped by ice about twenty five miles from Cape York. A big field extending south as far as the eye can reach.

Saturday, Aug. 11

During the night we anchored in Ak-bat- harbor, a beautiful place for a settlement. I was here in January 1915 for one night- when sledging to South Greenland.

The Captain decided to take in water; therefore I accompanied the boat ashore

1917 and remained until noon digging around the old dwellings and photographing.

I was astonished to find so many articles of value in and about the four houses: six guns, nine plates, three cups, two pots, one coffee pot, one good "no-bo", one good pair of scissors, two table knives, two hunting knives, two or three feed bags, and numerous other small articles of value. Much of this had been simply mislaid and forgotten, while others had been lost under the snow to reappear upon the disappearance of snow in the spring.

Was fortunate in adding to my ethnological collection three stone pots, three stone lamps, three jar crushers, one vo-vo, one skin scraper, one skin softener, and ~~two~~ two skulls.

Knowing that Kud-la died here three years ago I searched for his grave, which I finally found, but did not disturb the body. He was sewed up in a caribou skin and then in a seal skin with legs flexed. Buried in an east-west position, head toward the east. No personal equipment was found in or about the grave.

1917

When the fog lifted in the evening we steamed to edge of the ice in front of the glacier to await an opening.

Sunday, Aug. 12.

Alt-vat-glacier

A perfect day. Bright sunshine, no wind. No change in the ice.

Midnight-

After considerable bucking and pushing we pass through into open water near Cape York. It was now blowing hard from east-north east with choppy sea.

Cape York

To the east of Cape York the ice appeared to be solid. The Captain thought that by running south-west to he might get around it. Steaming about ten miles he found the pack impenetrable and was compelled to return.

We are now fast-tied to the edge of a floe. Through the rain and fog we can see the dark outlines of Cape York distant about a mile.

Monday, Aug. 13.

Clear weather this morning. Two Eskimo tents can be seen on the point. A little too rough for their kayaks yet.

11 A.M.

Nine Eskimos came off in their oomiaks:

1917

Kai-ō-tā, To-o-ping-wa, Kark-sha, Oo-que-a, and Enoch's son. Enoch and Yip-sang-wa will be off soon. Ahng-na-look-tō has a badly cut hand.

We gave them tea, biscuit, bananas, apples, and tobacco for which they were very grateful.

At 12-30 we started south across Melville Bay. At 5 o'clock we were out in open water and going fast.

Sun on horizon at midnight. Got last pictures

Tuesday, Aug. 14.

Very little ice. Smooth sea. Cloudy. Raining at night.

Last midnight sun. On horizon at midnight- last night. Four photos.

Wednesday, Aug. 15

Cloudy all day. Light rain. Southerly wind. Sighted Hare Island at 4 o'clock.

Thursday, Aug. 16-17.

Arrived Godhavn yesterday morning at 7-30. Gov Ohlsen and Dr. came off at once to pay their respects. They informed us that Ekblaw was here and

1917 at home of Myr Torsild, who is in charge of the government scientific station.

Capt. Bartlett, Myr. Burbank, and I accepted the invitation of Gov. Ahlsen to return to the shore with him and visit his home. Here we were pleasantly entertained with coffee and cigars. While here Inspector Lindow called.

After returning on board Myr Torsild and Ahlsen came on board. The former invited us all to tea at 6 o'clock at the scientific station about a mile east of the station. Within a few minutes I received a letter from Inspector Lindow inviting Ehlers and me to dinner at 7 o'clock, to which I replied that it would be impossible but would call between 4 and 6.

At 4 o'clock Eh and I called on the inspector. Mrs Lindow, a dentist by profession, is with him for the summer. She expects to return this fall.

At 5-30 we all rowed to the head of the harbor in a pouring rain, and from here walked to the home of Mr. Torsild where we met his wife and charming daughter of fourteen years.

To find such a home was a

1917 great surprise. The rooms were beautifully furnished with all that one would see in our best homes. A very large library and laboratory added to the attractiveness of such a life, ideal in many ways. My, how I envy him!

A wonderful dinner of what I called like minced ducks' meat, green peas, macaroni, smoked salmon, the best of biscuits, different kinds of liquors, cheese and coffee. A very pretty Eskimo girl waited upon the table.

After dinner we assembled in the music room for coffee, cigars, and cigarettes. I was surprised to see Mrs and Myrs Torsild smoke cigarettes. The Inspector, his sister, the governor, and the Doctor all came over during the evening. Myrs Lindow proved herself a talented musician. To hear real music after four years was certainly a treat.

At midnight we bade good night to our host reluctantly.

At 6 sharp I was called by request by Ehlers to accept an invitation from

1917 Inspector Lindow and Wife Lindow to accompany them across the neck of land to the old whaler's graveyard, which was built in 1782 entirely of the jaw bones of a whale. It is by far the most interesting thing in Grahams. Here whalemen, visitors and explorers have carved and written their names. The earliest date which I found was 1811.

Near the boathouse is a very old cannon, used formerly in signaling to the men at the whaling station a half mile east.

Arriving back on board I hastened at once with Capt and the Captain to secure pictures of the old "Bug". Mr & Christie's ship. For my request Capt sawed out a section of her rail for souvenirs and canes. I now hastened around the head of the harbor to keep an appointment to breakfast at 11 o'clock with Capt and Wife Lindow.

Very reluctantly I bade good bye to these charming people. At 1-30 we got under way and steamed out to sea dipping our flag, blowing our

1917 siren whistle, and firing a salute which was answered from the shore.

Sat. Aug. 18.

Bright with southerly wind, force about 5. Fairly heavy swell keeps us to his hef.

One of the coal trimmers dropped down this morning. Apparently a fit of some kind

Sunday, Aug. 19

Rough and thick to-night. Wind S.E.

Monday, Aug 20.

Eh and I in bed. Sea sick to-night. Heavy swell from south east.

Tuesday, Aug 21.

Still rough and foggy. Up to breakfast but in bed remainder of day.

Wednesday, Aug 22.

Sighted land at 4-30 P.M. Fine day. Arrived Dunedin East at 10-30. Landed one hundred gals. gasoline and about thirty five gals. engine oil for Will Bartlett. Left at once.

Went visited to museum and

1917

to sister Lettie. Rate very high. Thirteen sent writers, thirteen land wire.

Ehlead, Burbank, Bartlett also sent messages via Wyaccovish.

Passing Iron Bound Islands at 1-20 P.M.

Thursday, Aug. 23.

A good run to-day. Passed Grady at 4 p.m. Smooth, light- so-west wind.

Sword fish and killer whale seen near ship

Small dog has fibrochlo.

Passing many vessels bound south.

Friday, Aug. 24. 1917.

Thick fog all night-. Passed Point Amour at- 5-30 p.m.

Bucking a head sea all day. Blowing hard

1917

1917 Names of northern Eskimos

	Arnanquak		Ama
1	Ailaq	m	27 Anu-kitsoq m.
2	Aininaq	f.	28 At-suku-suk m.
3	Alaga		29 Ano-qu-siaq
4	Aling-na-luk	f.	30 Alanguaq m.
5	Alattaq	m	31 Asi-gait-soq f.
6	Aisivak	f.	32 Anutaq m
7	Arnajaq		33 Anetlia f.
8	Ale-qa-sina	f.	34 Asig-kar-suaq
9	Aminik	f.	35 Agimara-sug-suaq
10	Arna-suniaq	f.	36 Aggien-guaq m
11	Alussaq	m	37 Analuk f.
12	Avivang	m	40 Amerar-sunguaq
13	Arnaqa	f.	41 Anui-terk
14	Atungait		42 Kale m
15	Angusi-naung-nag		43 Kajor-anguaq
16	Aq-faler-suar-suk		44 Kav-saq-suk
17	Aq-fa-ling-nag		45 Kai-u-dak
18	Arnaluk		46 Kaza-luk
19	Aureq		47 Kafurak
20	Agfaq	f.	48 Kulla-bak f.
21	Ere	m	49 Krizuk
22	E-gaq-suaq	f.	50 Egaitd-log
23	Ag-fig-soq		51 Kumaqd-lak
24	Anu-kit-soq		52 Kai-sang-nag
25	Avaloq	f.	53 Kikissoq
26	Avalu	f.	54 Mataq
	Apilak		55 Mer-gu-saq

	Mametsork		
	Mauio		
	Mitsima		81 Aulutana m
54	Matark		82 Aitd-lar-suaq m
55	Minik		83 Aumanga-juk m
56	Mego		84 Aain-gaq
57	Mayaq		85 Ai-ler-neq m
58	Mujaliak	f.	86 Egarussaq f.
59	Nava-ra-na		87 Aisungnaq m
60	Nava-ra-na-faluk		88 Aauviaq
61	Nanoq		89 Aau-talig-suaq (Child stealer)
62	Nav-sar-suaq		
63	Niviq-kana		90 Aauti-jaluk
64	Narra-ji-na		91 Aasigiaq
65	Neruv-kag		92 Aivivoq
66	Ninguna	m	93 Aitd-lag
67	Ning-u-saq	m	94 Auluta
68	Naujo		95 Aulegat m
69	Nitzerk	m	96 Aatitunak m
70	Naviq-kana	f.	97 Aisuk
71	Osarqaq		98 Auitlak
72	O-tag	m	99 Aavd-lu-nat-sait
	Napsar	m	100
73	Panik-fak	m	101 Sorkak m
74	Paluna	m	103 Saqdloq
75	Pafik	m	104 Sitdluk
76	Pautu-sor-suaq	m	Suagak
77	Paeme	m	105 Saterak m.
78	Pauoange	m	106 Sat-lar-suaq m
79	Pivatsok		107 Sala-qa-tina
80	Piu-ait-soq		108 Sakuv-falik m

109 Dor-narz-ruk
110 Dafing-oaq
111 Datiak
112 Dongo
113 Dakuv-faq m
114 Uksuk
115 Umerd-luq--toq (Broad-nosed)
116 Umerd-luq-tor-suaq
117 Usangana m
118 Usark.rak
119 Un-qud-luk
120 Urd-luriak m
121 Ullu-lik
122 Uriza-ka-zek
123 Uzugo-dark (deaf and dumb)
124
125
126 Ziqd-lu

Bowdoin College Expedition

To Labrador 1891

Copy of diary of a member of the group under leadership of Professor J. A. Lee

Members of expedition

1 Prof. J. A. Lee, Brunswick, Me.
2 Austin Cary, '87, Machias, Me.
3 W. M. Cole, '88 Dryeburg, Me
4 M. A. Rice '89 Rockland, Me.
5 W. R. Smith '90 Litchfield, Me
6 W. R. Hunt '90 Bangor Me
7 J. P. Tilley '91 Rockland, Me.
8 J. M. Hastings, 91 Bangor, Me
9 R. H. Hunt '91 "
10 G. A. Porter '91 Strong, Me
11 P. C. Newbegin '91 Defiance, Ohio
12 C. S. D. Lincoln '91 Brunswick, Me.
13 D. J. Simonton '91 Rockland, Me
14 P. D. Andrews Kennebunk Me.
15 C. S. Rich '92 Portland Me.
16 E. B. Young '92 Brunswick, Me.

17	R. H. Baxter	'94	Portland, Me.
18	W. M. Spear	Ex '94	Rockland, Me.
19	Dr. J. C. Parker	86	Surgeon

Julia Decker

June 28 8:50 o'clock

Left Rockland last evening at 7 P.M. and anchored in North Haven at about 9 o'clock, being entertained on the way by Prof. Lee's stories.

Dr. Parker had his first case in dressing my thumb.

All the boys very anxious to continue to continue on the voyage. Captain and two others have just gone ashore for a cable. When they return we shall start.

June 28. 9:30 P.M.

We left N.H. at about 10 o'clock this A.M. very quietly, and in great contrast to our departure

from Rockland the day before when a large crowd bade us goodbye and responded to cheers.

We made a good run of 35 miles to South West Harbor and arrived there at 3 o'clock, spent the remainder of the afternoon in cleaning up the vessel. Most of us went ashore in the evening to carry the mail and get exercise, and some to go to church.

P. D. Andrews secures the first trophy in the shape of a hair ribbon from one of the fair islanders.

Monday, June 29, 1891.

Got underway at 7:15, wind N.E., weather fair. Showers about noon with fog, vessel headed for Cape Sable, S.E. ½ S.

Long ground swell and quite rough crossing the Bay of Fundy. About half the crowd seasick. Porter goes first followed by Dennis, P. & Spenbegin, Baxter, Lincoln, Tozier, Dr. Parker, Rich and Thurmie the Soldier Boy with whom the boys

have great fun, and whom Tilly afterwards found out is no soldier boy at all.

Wind goes down at night and as fog shuts in Capt. decides to lay to in order to keep out of the track of the fishermen.

Tuesday, June 30, 1891.

Having layed to until 3 A.M. we filled away again and passed Seal Islands at 5 A.M. Wind light; passed Cape Sable at about 9 A.M. The coast of U.S. here is very low but seems to grow higher as we get farther along. There are numerous harbors and light-houses are also quite frequent. The unfortunates begin to appear again upon deck, all except Porter who is having a hard time of it. Some of the boys have good luck at fishing, and the result is fish for dinner, fish for supper and fish for breakfast.

Spear shoots the first bird a "Mother Cary's Chicken" or Wilson's Stormy Petral", which is secured at the expense of a good deal of

powder and shot. Wind very light and little progress made.

Wednesday, July 1, 1891.

Wind still light. Have not made more than 4 or 5 miles during the night.

Dennis Cole does the barber act and cuts the hair of the two Hunts, Rice, Young, and Lincoln; also the whishers of the latter, much to the satisfaction of the rest of the boys. Hastings tries his skill on the bird killed yesterday.

The day is fine and Porter appears on deck for the first time but still far from well.

The boys do some more surface dredging but nothing of very great importance obtained.

Passed steamer Halifax in the P.M. bound for Boston; photo-taken of her. Beautiful sunset in the evening.

Thursday, July 2, 1891

When we came on deck the weather was fine, and we were some thirty miles from Halifax. The boys got some

fish eggs during a.m. and at 10 a.m. sighted Sambro Island Light, and at 1 P.M. were hailed by a pilot and were obliged to take him as pilotage is compulsary here. We reached Halifax about ten o'clock.

The harbor is a fine one and well fortified both by the forts at the entrance by war ships, and by the citidel which, situated on a lofty hill in the centre of the city, could with modern guns shell a vessel five miles away.

Most of the forts and fortifications here were built by the Duke of Kent, father of the present Queen.

Halifax itself is an old fashioned English town. The houses are mostly two storied, flat-roofed concerns sadly in want of paint, and the business part of the city is not very prepossessing, but the parks and roads are very fine and its public gardens are among the best in the country.

The most prominent objects in the streets are the soldiers and sailors who are very numerous. About half of the soldiers are Scotch, and they all carried little canes when

off duty.

There is a fine drydock

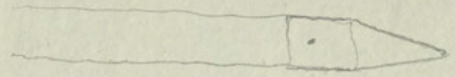
Eq-los-dalang	104
"	104
Crocker Land	1400
Lookout-Lehrmah	
Peleäwich	60
"	60
"	60
Anna-Töh	90
Spitzbergen	
Karmah	130
Merkey	90 240
Os-manah	240
Finlay Land	1400
C. Isabella	
Bryan Point	

Pée-a-ma-nah-dúck-ly 2 mark (object preceding)

26
39
108

75
45.0

1900
111



Pingeley's Euride