

and far apart but gradually the cakes got larger and larger until about 5 this morning the *Peary* and *Bowdoin* were completely surrounded by an apparently unbroken field of ice. A number of the boys went over the ship's side on the ice and walked several miles from the ships seal hunting. [Bromfield?] from the *Bowdoin* shot a seal in the head (a seal floats only when shot in the head). The seal was in a lead opened up by the *Peary* as she came through the ice. We went after her in one of the *Bowdoin* boats. The *Peary* has been under a great strain bucking ice for the past seventeen hours. She is however very staunch and powerful and has stood the strain well.

10 PM A lead opened up for us about 8 AM and we got out of the solid ice but there was continual bucking of large flat cake[s] of ice until 6 PM. Now the water is a dead calm and only a few ice bergs are in sight.

*Wednesday, July 29, 1925*

About 5 AM ran into fog and thick ice-caked field of pack ice. It is now 10 PM and the fog still envelops us. After lunch we walked a mile and a half to the northward but there was no break of any kind. It was a curious sensation to be enveloped in fog out on a flat field of ice in the middle of the summer. [Peter] Sorenson and [Floyd] Bennett [both of the naval aviation unit] went with me. We did not pass a living thing the whole way.

After dinner walked two miles to the westward with [Albert] Francis and found an open lead that melted away

in the fog. It ran northwest and southeast, the direction we want to go. I told MacMillan about it hoping that we would follow it through. He could get into it by following the lead we came here in. MacMillan says we will get underway if it clears a bit. Another precious day has been lost. We saw the track of a huge polar bear near the *Bowdoin* but no sign of [the bear] Bruno.

Our plane could probably get off this snow with skis.

The snow is quite sloshy in places and I was glad to find my eskimo boots water proof. Francis went in up to his knees. I had two close squeaks from getting a wetting.

The trouble is that we are heading for land too far to the eastward. We are bound to get into ice.

*Thursday, July 30, 1925*

Fog cleared sufficiently to get underway this morning. *Peary* bucked her way through ice until she got completely stuck and couldn't move forward or astern. *Bowdoin* got stuck and *Peary* had to back and turn with great difficulty to help her out. The *Peary* smashed the ice around her so that she could get clear.

About 5:30 this morning [Vold?] saw a seal and fired at it, hitting it. But a polar bear had been stalking the seal and jumped up when Neld shot. She evidently had a cub on the other side of the lead from her for she swam across the lead right ahead of the *Peary* about 50 feet away.

McDonald shot her through the head. The *Bowdoin* came up and took her aboard. We will get some fresh bear steak now which will be a treat. Sorenson shot a seal today.

I seem to be the only one worried about this terrible delay. I wonder if the others realize how serious the situation is as regards having sufficient time to accomplish our mission. I urged MacMillan to get underway when the ice broke some at seven o'clock but he wouldn't go as the fog had come down again.

I am the little ray of sunshine on this ship for I am continually after McDonald and MacMillan not to lose time. Of course we have been in ice. Should not have played game so damn safe.

*Monday, August 10, 1925*

I plead today with MacMillan to go north along the coast instead of over land. I believe there will be landing places here and there along the coast. McDonald knew of my desire to stick to water so he preceded me to the *Bowdoin* and had everything cut and dried before my arrival. He always does this. I was most vigorously turned down. This will probably mean the failure of the whole plan.

*Thursday, August 13, 1925*

Good weather has at last come. The NA-2 & 3 are out of commission. Bennett and I are going tonight for the

blessed old navy. We must make a showing for her. Everything went wrong today. NA-1 lost cowling overboard. NA-2 went down by nose. Almost lost her. NA-3 nearly sunk by icebergs and injured lower wing on raft.

Later. MacMillan wouldn't let me go. He seems to have given up.

MacMillan seems to be in [a] great hurry to pack up and go back. Wonder what is in his mind.

*Sunday, August 16, 1925*

I have concluded that MacMillan's hurry is due to coal shortage. I do not invite any confidence as long as McDonald is in power. He seems to be suspicious of everything and every one.

*Monday, August 17, 1925*

Begged MacMillan to let Bennett and me go today to Cannon Fjord but he would not agree. Wonderful day. Probably last chance.

The saving of the NA-3 from destruction by fire today was just another example of the fine spirit of the personnel the Navy has assigned to me for the duty. Whether we succeed or fail they deserve the highest success. They have overcome almost insuperable odds that the poor facilities and elements have brought about. They have

been near indefatigable and courageous and whenever they have a job to do they have needed no commanding officer to tell them to do it or to spur them to greater effort. What they have accomplished on this trip has been almost superhuman and even if we succeed in the highest measure it could hardly increase my pride in them. Their one thought seems to have been to live up to the best tradition of the navy.

*Saturday, August 22, 1925*

A remorseless cruel universe grinding out its destiny.

*Sunday, August 23, 1925*

To have Marie in the midst of chaos, that is enough.

*Bowdoin* went aground today 3 miles west of Karna.

*Monday, August 24, 1925*

Laying in Booth Sound on account of bad weather.

*Tuesday, August 25, 1925*

Captain doesn't know where we are. So won't send a radio tonight. Reached Conical Rock finally. Laying behind here on account bad weather.

*Wednesday, August 26, 1925*

Laying behind Parker Snow Point on account bad weather.

*Friday, August 28, 1925*

McDonald suggested to MacMillan over radio today that publicity be procured from reporting coal giving out on *Peary* and that probably she would have to use wood work on ship, etc.

*Saturday, August 29, 1925*

Arrived Anootok. Danish minister of Interior and director of all Greenland [illegible] on a Danish government steamer of about 40000 tons. Arrived here with just enough coal to make it. Pretty dangerous business in case of ice or a bad blow. We have had many close squeaks on this trip.

*Sunday, August 30, 1925*

Iceberg rolled over somewhere in bay making a tidal wave that nearly drowned bay, a very dramatic incident.

*Monday, August 31, 1925*

Cleanest dwellings I have ever seen at [blank]. Beautiful eskimo girl named Nuckleron [?].

*Thursday, September 3, 1925*

During the storm last night *Peary* missed an ice berg by about 15 feet—the third close squeak from destruction. We have certainly had good luck.

*Saturday, September 5, 1925*

Coal short. Must make port as coal is giving out. Laying off [illegible] somewhere. Not just sure where we are. Ship very light. Rolls dangerously. A bad blow would put us on rocks. Not enough coal to buck wind.

*Tuesday, September 8, 1925*

Terrible storm tonight. Wind 80 miles per hour. Two small boats from Danish gunboat *Island Falk* could not make their ship. Came alongside our ship. Both boats sank and came within an ace of losing several of the nine or ten Danes—a very dramatic moment. I have only once before experienced such wind—a typhoon in the China Sea. Much excitement on board last night.