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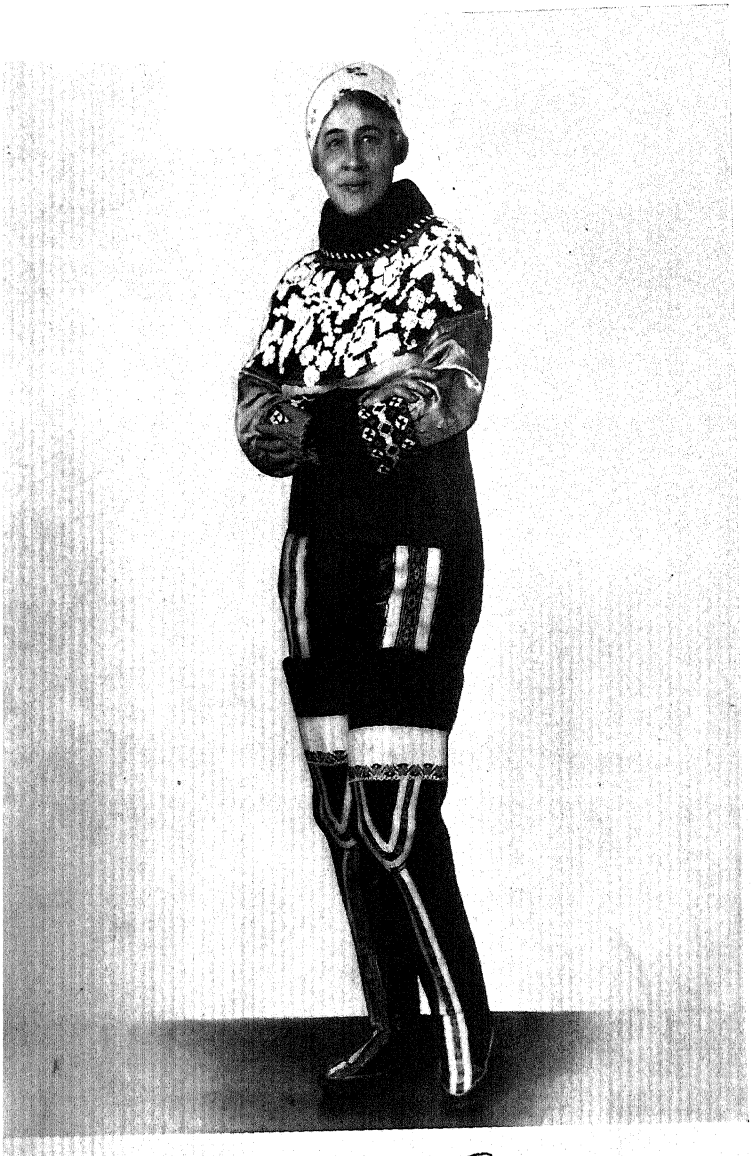
LEAVES FROM A GREENLAND DIARY



Ruth Bauman Green

Leaves from a GREENLAND DIARY

By

RUTH BRYAN OWEN

Illustrated

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Illustrations

LEAVES FROM A GREENLAND DIARY

July 28th

AT REGULAR INTERVALS A WAVE SWISHES ACROSS THE porthole of my cabin, darkening it with a bank of gray-blue water. I am on board the *Disko* bound for Greenland.

This is no floating hotel with one's cabin several stories above the water line. We on the *Disko* are living intimately with the sea. Our fourteen hundred tons do not displace much of the Atlantic Ocean, but we are setting forth, some fifty-two of us, passengers and crew, with a nice flavor of seafaring about us.

Captain Hansen and Direktor Daugaard-Jensen, the Governor General of Greenland, smoking their long meerschaum pipes in the smoking room of evenings, are wise and weathered seamen. Their pipes, with long, flexible stems, are not to be taken lightly. No less than nineteen hang in

their special racks in the Direktor's cabin. I cannot think the Captain is less adequately equipped. These treasured *objets d'art* are capped with silver. Their bowls are colored all shades from white through the amber tints to deep brown. They are smoked in some studied rotation, as an organist moves from tone to tone on his instrument.

Our departure from Copenhagen was worthy of a great adventure's beginning. The Greenland wharf was packed with people. Our passengers had each his group of well-wishers. It seemed to me that all Copenhagen was there to bid us farewell. Winding, journalist on the *Berlinski Tidende,* a fellow passenger, told me afterward that out of the confused impressions of the throng he distinguished only the magnificent beards of the Prime Minister and of Peter Freuchen.

For myself, I feel that every detail of that scene is going to be etched on memory forever—my two daughters and my son-in-law there on the wharf, my household and the Legation official family, the crowds of friends, American and Danish, and members of the Diplomatic Corps, whose presence recalls so many kindnesses that have been shown to me during the first busy months of my service in

the new post. It would have been so easy at times to make me feel that I was a novice, but at each moment when an awkward little situation might possibly have arisen, there has been invariable helpfulness. No, I will never forget or become less grateful for all this. And I think, most of all, I appreciated the presence of Staatsminister Stauning.

Mrs. Knud Rasmussen was there to say good-by to Emmy Longberg, who was her explorer-husband's secretary and is now making the voyage with me.

The number and beauty of the flowers which were carried on board, and which filled my cabin and the nearby corridors, took me completely by surprise and caught my emotions off guard. How glad I am that these are not final adieus which I have been saying!

There was a crush of people at the gangplank. We did not have far to go when the boat whistle warned us of sailing time. The lower deck was almost flush with the low wharf and the upper deck was not far above it. I stood at the rail with Helen Lee and, as the gangplank was pulled on board and the boat began to move, there was a chorus of *"Farvel! Farvel! God rejse!"* and all the space be-

tween the old brown building with the pointed roof and the sea was filled with waving handkerchiefs.

Farvel, Farvel—old water-front buildings with your quaint tiled roofs, Amalianborg Castle Square, glimpsed through the cross street, with your four castles! *Farvel, Farvel,* the wharf by Lange Linie where I first set foot on Danish soil three years ago, and passed through the tall, wrought-iron gates as if I were stepping into the pages of my Hans Christian Andersen book! *Farvel!* Top of Grundvig Kirche rising above Copenhagen skyline like a tip of a great organ—*Farvel* to you too. Edna Larsen's motor boat with our family party followed our ship for a while. I saw my daughter with her coat unbuttoned and the chill wind blowing on her throat and called to her to fasten her collar and then realized how futile the gesture was! The launch finally turned back with a final waving of "Farvels."

On board there was a formal luncheon with Danish and American flags on the table and *"Skaal!"* to the good journey and *"Skaal!"* to those who remain behind. At Helsingfors the pilot ship carried back to land a party of relatives and friends,

Captain and Mrs. Hansen with Ruth Bryan Owen

our last link with the shore, and from the *Disko* and the pilot boat we gave three Danish cheers. Then the *Disko* began her journey out past Sweden, past the overhanging bit of Norway, toward the North Atlantic.

July 29th

I HAD NOT REALIZED UNTIL ALMOST TIME TO BEGIN this voyage the extent to which Greenland is a closed country. One cannot visit Greenland as a tourist or a trader. The Danes realize that the Greenlanders may have no resistance to the diseases which our systems can throw off, and that they may have no immunity to our bad habits. So Denmark has sent the church, the school and the hospital to Greenland, but the rest of civilization must remain outside.

If one is a scientist one may obtain permission to study the ruins of the ancient Vikings or the mineral content of the hills, or as a botanist one may study the Arctic flora. It is even possible to secure recognition of the claims of art—witness the presence on board of our American artist, Rockwell Kent; but, unless one has a convincing rea-

son for one's voyage, the permission to visit Greenland is not forthcoming.

Until quite recently, my sole impression of Greenland was furnished by the words of the hymn. I sang, "From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," and did not pursue the matter further. I had no accurate conception of its size and was astonished to discover that, if the map of Greenland was placed on our own, with the southern tip on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, its northern edge would stretch almost to Canada.

I find the apparent inconsistency in the naming of Iceland and Greenland confusing. That a green country should be called Iceland, and an ice country Greenland, seems unnecessarily complicated.

I wonder whether the Icelandic discoverers of Greenland caught their first glimpses of the new territory when the mosses and lichens had spread a verdigris over the bronze rocks, or whether the choice of the name, "Greenland," could have been the earliest recorded instance of real estate promotion.

I am beginning to become acquainted with our passenger list. The Governor General of Green-

land and Herr Brun of the Danish Foreign Office and his delightful wife I already knew—and Rockwell Kent, of course, and his son Gordon.

Captain Hansen's wife is making her third visit to Greenland on this her husband's one hundred and first voyage. Herr Bang and Professor Berlin, at our table, are evidently old friends of both the Hansens and the Governor General.

July 30th

M/S *DISKO* MAY NOT BE ONE OF THE GREAT SHIPS of the sea in size, but in certain formalities the floating skyscrapers cannot compete. Our evening meal is not concluded until Captain Hansen, of the circumflex eyebrows and neat two-way beard, has said, *"Velbekomme"* (may the meal agree with you) to which we respond *"Tak for Mad."* (Thanks for the meal.) Little Paul, round-eyed, fair-haired and just the height of the table, hurries over from his place across the room and says an individual "Tak for Mad" after each meal, accompanying it with a bow.

I have wondered why in hospitals and ships the timing of meals is arranged on a basis entirely different from that of other institutions. I have recollections of hospitals all brightly astir and breakfasting while I was sure the most expeditious

lark still had its head under its wing.

Here our stewardess (Frøken Stilling) announces *"Klokken er syv"* (7 o'clock) as if it were a distinguished caller at the British Legation. Luncheon is served at 11. Tea at 2:30. Dinner at 5:30. Late tea with biscuits and cheese at 8:30. I can see in all this a danger to one's waist line which can be averted only by careful attention to the reports of the substantial weighing contrivance placed significantly just outside my cabin. The *Disko's* food is both bountiful and intriguing. Friday we had a soup contrived of tapioca and sweet fruit juice. It looked like soup but tasted like a pudding flavored with rum. Yesterday a thick vegetable soup was served, and I discovered that one was expected to place this at the side of one's plate and eat the soup with the cold bacon, cold sausage and cold salt beef which were served at the same time.

Emmy Longberg has adopted a ship costume, blue trousers and blue mess jacket with wide lapels and brass buttons, which makes her look like a young English boy of Beau Nash's period.

Rasmussen, a fellow passenger, is the Colony Manager of Holstenborg, (Greenland). He looks

startlingly like the Prince of Wales, both in profile and front face. When I couldn't suppress comment, Rasmussen confessed that it was not the first time the likeness had been remarked. I discovered also that Rockwell Kent plays the flute excellently and that Brun of the Danish Foreign Office came on board equipped with the piano scores of a number of operas which he executes admirably on the piano in the dining saloon.

I have today made the acquaintance of some of our fellow passengers not included in the official census—six silver foxes, each in his crate. Carrying foxes to Greenland seems a little analogous to the coals to Newcastle, but apparently these silver foxes are needed to supply the particular breed which is required for the protection of fashion's throat. Then there are the three cats going along to be foster mothers to the as yet unborn fox cubs. Winding said, "Their mission, though they do not know it, is to furnish milk for foxes. We each have our rôle in life!" We have also on board eight pigs, whose quarters lie on the direct line between Rockwell Kent's cabin aft and the bathroom. ("Bathroom" is in the singular on the *Disko*.) Rockwell tells me that he mounts a

rope ladder and climbs over the railing of the deck above in order to find a different and less odorous route to his bath. I am less interested in visiting the pigs since Winding said, "The foxes are stinking a little, but the pigs, they are *really* stinking!"

A new menu item appeared today, identified by Direktor Daugaard-Jensen as "sheep's faces." The faces have been evidently split asunder and fried. The flavor of the meat was delicious and I managed to continue to enjoy it, even when my knife had laid bare a jaw bone and set of teeth. The Governor General of Greenland said that he felt some hesitancy in introducing the dish to foreigners since his son's English fiancée had fainted at the dinner table on uncovering the sheep's dental remains—although just why we should find a sheep's loin less horrible than his jaw, I pause to wonder.

July 31st

WHILE THE RAIN HAS BEEN DRIVING AGAINST THE porthole of my cabin, Emmy Longberg has been telling me about the Eskimos, her friends—how once there had been for a long time no food in a certain settlement, and, as the settlements are separated by weeks of trekking from each other, it meant that there was no food between these Eskimos and starvation. Some were lying weak and dying, the children could no longer run about. Then suddenly one day the hunters found a reindeer and killed it. "I would have expected them to rush the food to the village and fall on it and devour it," she said. "But no. They got down around the reindeer and prayed, all the hunters, in thankfulness to their God. They had to thank Him before they would eat."

She told how another time, when famine had

fallen on a little settlement, a group of men had rowed through heavy seas until the oars had cut through the flesh of their hands to the bone. One man could never use his hands again—but that journey to bring food to their friends was regarded as nothing by the men who made it. What else would one do when others needed food?

She told some of the reactions of these people carried suddenly into New York. Dr. Knud Rasmussen had taken a few Eskimos from the Polar north into the midst of our civilization. Their first bewilderment was the way the people in New York got their food. There was no one carrying a gun; no one was hunting. Then one Eskimo said, (indicating the high buildings and the street cars) "Now I know what these are used for. Men go up into these high places to see the animals afar off; then they can ride on these cars until they come to them!"

Tonight Rockwell Kent and I improvised the music in the dining saloon after dinner. On flute and piano we ran through a random repertoire and finally led the chorus singing, with Fru Rasmussen's love for music drawing us all together.

August 4th

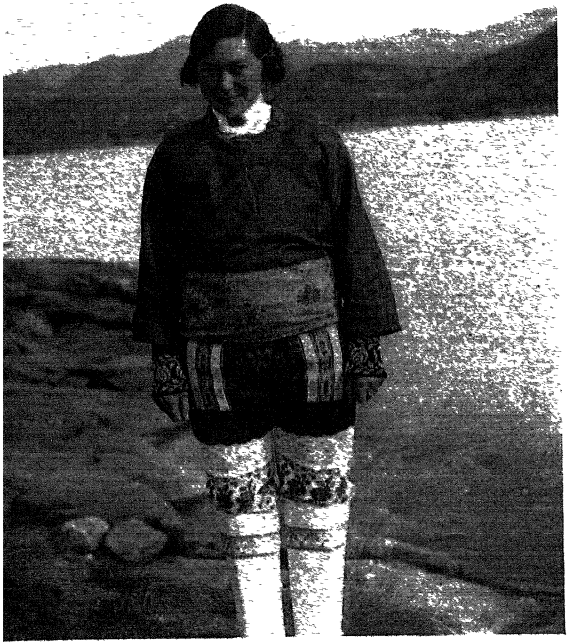
THE MIRACLE OF TODAY WAS BORN OF THE SEA'S travail. All through the night there had been mighty labor of the waters, and with the coming of morning, a new world was born—a world of blue waters, dazzling white ice with clear green shadows under a sky of faint singing blue, a world around whose far rim is set a mirage with inverted phantoms of the floating ice and, above the fata morgana, sharp and clear through forty miles of dazzling light, the mountains of Greenland with the inland ice like a rosy cloud along their summits.

Disko passed through the blue water where fantasies of ice were floating—a cathedral with gothic doorway; an amphitheater rising steeply from the sea in a glittering semi-circle; the proscenium arch of a theater, with floor and walls and

curious beautiful wings of ice; an ice castle sculptured on the summit of an ice mountain; icebergs like a flock of great, quiet animals, gigantic and with smooth rounded backs, moving with the movement of the waves; a great flower of ice with opened petals.

As we, the *Disko's* passengers, found ourselves in the presence of this strangely lovely world, with all the virgin beauty unseen by other eyes than our own, I think we were all a little bewildered. Plunging into this sharp light, after the dark and fog of the past days, dazzled our senses. We found ourselves greeting each other with a new enthusiasm and interest, but after a while we all fell silent, alone, or in little groups along the ship's rail. For myself I was struggling with the impulse toward tears. Perhaps all of us felt as if we had blundered upon the scene of the creation—the first coming of light, the birth of a new, strange beauty.

Julianehaab lay beyond in a quiet harbor at the foot of steep, rocky hills. This first Greenland colony of our visit is no mushroom growth. Twenty-five years before our American Republic was born, Danes had built houses at Julianehaab;



Greenland girl

Greenland mother and child

and now, after almost two hundred years, it is the home of some five hundred people, Danes and Greenlanders.

Julianehaab has a hospital housed in quarters which were once a concentration barracks during the war. Now, carried across the sea and rebuilt on the rocky slope above the harbor, it ministers to the little colony and the 3500 Greenlanders in the surrounding district.

Julianehaab also has a barley field. In all the mile on mile of granite and ice, there is no other. For twenty years Herr Walsoe, whose sharp-gabled house lies highest on the hill, had watched over the clearing of stones for this little field where the barley waves green in the short Arctic summer. And Julianehaab has a village green, with a fountain with jets of water around its rim flowing to meet the center spray rising from the cup held by four iron dolphins, as playful as the copper dragons on the green roof of Copenhagen's bourse. The fountain and the tiny, trim green, with its rim of whitewashed stones, speak eloquently of Colony Manager Ipsen's thrift and progress.

This Danish official boarded *Disko* to greet us.

In an elegant uniform and in the faultless shine of his gold braid, he was a picture of the Danish public servant who carries into the remote colony a bit of his well ordered, tidy homeland. Under his administration the little outpost of Danish life and culture thrives through the short bright summer and the long, dark winter.

Julianehaab's houses are painted in strong colors, with a trim of white around the pointed eaves and around the windows. There are many houses of maroon red, of green and of a deep shade of yellow. Colony Manager Ipsen's house, with its finely carved door, is in part of gray shingles. Under its pointed gabled roof, Fru Ipsen and her husband have built two rooms, dedicated to the aviators who have occupied them. How Balbo and the Lindberghs must have savored the luxury of those snug, built-in-the-wall beds with their bright curtains and the view of Julianehaab's little houses clinging to the steep rocky hills, after their long flight over the North Atlantic. Fru Ipsen's home is a bit of Denmark, even to the window sills with the pots of blooming flowers and the little glassed-in porch full of flowering

plants; and Fru Ipsen's table dispensed true Danish hospitality, with the host proposing a skaal in fine formality and Herr Bang responding the thanks of our party.

August 5th

TODAY IT HAS RAINED, BUT OUR ENTHUSIASM FOR church-going was not dampened. I wanted to go into some house of God where I could think gratefully about seas crossed and humbly about beauty wrapping my spirit like a shining mantle, so we rowed from our anchored ship with rain falling cold in our faces. There was no crowd of Eskimo children in bright *kamiks* (sealskin boots) at the wharf, as there was when the *Disko* passengers came ashore yesterday in sunshine. The sound of the church bell rang through the rain and mist which dimmed the bright color of the red and green and yellow houses. Eskimo girls, in their *anoraks* (hooded upper garments) and sealskin trousers and high red or white leather boots, were hurrying down the steep paths and over the granite boulders toward the little wooden church with the white cross over its door; and one, run-

ning down what looked to be a perilously slippery descent, carried a baby in her arms, the baby whose christening we were soon to see.

Entering the church portico, we found that every inch of the wooden pews was occupied, except for the front bench where Herr Brun of our ship and Fru Brun were already seated. The women sat at one side of the church aisle, and the men on the other, and many were humbly seated on the floor of the church at the back and in the little vestibule where we left our rubber boots and sou'westers.

The church interior might have been that of any Danish country church, with its white painted wood and its sparkling crystal chandeliers and the altar before which stood the young Danish *praest,* with his black cassock and the stiff Elizabethan ruff around his neck. Above the altar hung a large painting of the Man of Galilee stilling the angry waves. Those who know the menace of Arctic seas can understand—though they may miss some doctrinal points—the reassuring sense of this symbol.

The white organ with touches of gold was partially hidden from my view by the side benches,

but I could see the long sealskin boots of the organist. A volume of sound filled the little church. My attention quickly turned from the unfamiliar accents of the Eskimo language to the volume and harmony of the Greenland music. High, clear and true sounded the voices of the sleek-haired women in bright *anoraks;* deep and melodious came the basses and tenors from the men's side of the aisle. Then the *praest* poured water into the brass bowl of the white and gold baptismal font and the little Eskimo mother, in her sealskin trousers and bright blouse, with a beaded cape hung from such a high collar of dogskin that only half of her brown madonna face showed above it, brought to receive the church's benediction on his shining black hair, little Heinrik Abraham Jacob Hans Isaacsen.

After the service was over and the benediction said, we climbed up to Julianehaab's hospital where the blond-bearded Dr. Laurent-Christensen, with one trained nurse and young woman dental surgeon, battles against the ills that flesh is heir to. Aided by five young Eskimo girls and a few Greenland orderlies, he administers a medical center with an average of fifty patients in its wards

and every variety of operation to be provided for. In those small bottles of detached fragments which surgeons invariably preserve in their laboratory, the doctor counts, among his unusual exhibits, an Eskimo appendix containing five shot, a feather and several leaves.

A little Greenland nurse-apprentice hurried past us with steaming plates of boiled sea gull, and we saw the sprouted beans which the doctor has his patients eat raw from time to time to supply the vitamins which the Arctic diet lacks.

In the ward for tubercular children, the nine small patients sang Eskimo songs for us while the doctor, with his finely chiseled, ascetic face like that of a young biblical saint, moved kindly among them. The doctor is himself a musician, singing the songs of the classical Danish composers, in his private drawing room with its Victorian furniture and black concert piano. In this atmosphere one could forget that wide seas separated one from Europe's concerts and recitals.

Two evenings in Julianehaab. In the Petersens house, six couples danced in a room, by actual measurement, twelve by fifteen feet, to the music of an accordion—not the languid modern dances

but robust Danish folk dances in which one trips forward three steps and backward three steps, and then swings one's partner round and round with occasional rhythmic stompings and well-timed "Hi's!" The three little Eskimo women danced with enthusiasm which we all shared, as we all shared the supper of ptarmigan breasts.

Then, at Walsoe's hospitable board, we feasted on lambs' kidneys served with lettuce fresh from the garden. I shall always remember the picture of that Greenland dinner party, seen through the rounded archway of Walsoe's living room. At the lacquer-red refectory table such a motley group of guests! Laura Petersen was wearing a black satin evening dress (for we were going on afterward to dance at the Colony Manager's house) and heavy hob-nailed sailors' boots (for it had been raining). Rockwell Kent was in blue *anorak* and black *kamiks* trimmed with bright leather work. Emmy Longberg in yellow oilskin coat and hat looked like the little boy in the Uneeda biscuit advertisements, and our host like an English country gentleman in faultless tweeds. Over the red table hung a many-candled brass chandelier. Through the window I could see the shoulder of

the hill and then, far below, the *Disko* like a toy ship at anchor in the harbor.

Walsoe represents the arts of agriculture and animal-husbandry in this land of 640,000 square miles—for the most part, ice and rock. And to the question, "What will the Eskimos do when the supply of seals is exhausted?" Walsoe replies, "He may then raise sheep." But this implies slow and patient process of educating the Greenlanders to the care of sheep, of carrying the beasts across the ocean, of helping the Greenlanders to acquire and manage their little farms. So Walsoe has for twenty years gone out from his peaceful house with the lacquer-red furniture and taught the science of farming to the young Eskimos. The fine Scotch shepherd dogs which caper about the paths of Julianehaab and sit by the chimney corners looking silky and wise are animals of his breeding, as are the rabbits who hop around their open pens in summer and live in the snug winter quarters when the early snows come. And the spotlessly clean slaughter house on the village square, with its mutton carcasses, is his provision against the possible cruel hunger of a seal-less winter.

August 6th

Disko set sail before daybreak today and by midday we were far up the deep fjord at anchor before Qagssinssuk, home of Erik the Red and his son Leif Erikson, and one of Walsoe's little colonies of Eskimo sheep herders. Here Greenlanders have studied for three years in Julianehaab and been rewarded by the loan of from three to five thousand kroner and sheep to establish their herds. The ruins of fine old Viking houses lie in the center of a sweep of meadow land. The new wooden house of Otto Frederik has been built near by, and the three tents of Jon and Laura Petersen's camp are pitched there. Petersen's expedition is studying the minerals which are locked up under the rocks and snow.

The Greenlanders of the little settlement, with their women and children, were all at the land-

ing place to greet us. They are smiling, friendly people whose attitude toward the stranger is reflected in their comment:

"She is very beautiful!" But as this greets all strangers, it must be regarded merely as a *phrase de politesse.*

Otto Frederik invited us into his house, the interior freshly painted lemon yellow and strawberry pink; and his wife, in Eskimo dress, offered us cups of milk, with a hospitality which had a proud, fine gesture about it. Seated in his new house we heard how Otto Frederik had paid back the government loan and the cost of his sheep and had saved the fine sum of 1700 kr. ($340). He now plans to build a little church with his own hands to show his gratitude to God for all this good fortune!

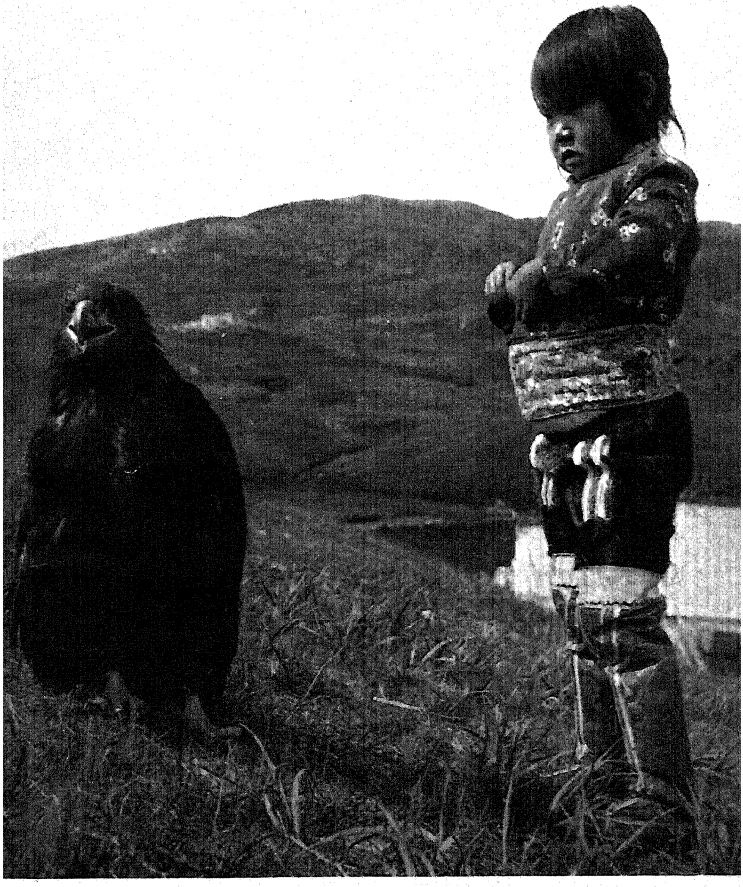
There were features about the tea party in the Petersen camp which if recounted in a book would be branded as pure fiction. Who could print on a page that the host had rowed out to an iceberg to chop off ice for the cold drinks and that the two tame eagles had sulked in a corner of the tent because they disapproved of noisy visitors? Then there was the silky sheep dog puppy

who had so patently monopolized the cot that the guests decided to leave him in peace and demanded only the edge of the cot when every chair and box had been pressed into use.

This evening we made a trek across the divide to the neighboring fjord on whose banks lies Igaliko. As we landed from the small boats, Eskimos waved green branches in welcome and then went ahead of us as we climbed past the kayaks drawn up on shore and covered with rocks to keep them safe, and on up the mountain side.

The *Disko's* passengers plodding up the long slope looked like small dots on the great still hillside and, as we looked back, there was below us a wide panorama of mountains and deep fjord—all faintly blue in the long Arctic twilight. It was the white gleam of the floating ice which gave the touch of fantasy to the blue, dreaming, evening world, which seemed to spread out in wider and wider expanses as we climbed.

After an hour of walking, there suddenly came to us music almost like the sound of an organ—a majestic hymn sung with parts for many voices. The Greenlanders, in a group at the top of the divide, were singing. It was music worthy of the



Eskimo child and tame eagle

scene which lay below us beyond the crest of the mountain. The songs of the placid-faced singers rang nobly through the cool air as we looked down from the ridges into another fjord and beyond that to a range of mountains with snow in their folds.

Direktor Daugaard-Jensen took my arm and we led the descent of the mountain. Behind us, the Greenlanders came, singing. and Rockwell Kent carried a little Eskimo child high on his shoulders.

Around Igaliko, with the twenty houses, is a low wall at whose gates a group of women stood waiting. Fresh field flowers were fastened to the gate posts and a little Danish flag was fixed above each bouquet. The old man with the face of a Chinese mandarin came forward alone a little way from the gate to greet us. It is the first time in three years that an ocean going ship has come up the fjord to visit Igaliko. If those who live in Igaliko wish to visit the metropolis of Julianehaab, with its five hundred inhabitants, they must travel for six hours in the motor-driven boat which all the village owns jointly. Before the day of the motor boat, it was a formidable undertaking to

travel to the settlement where great occasions like the visit of a steamer are celebrated by a dance in the carpenter shop. Not only was the ship's arrival worthy of celebration but King Zebulon, who advanced alone from the flower decked gate, was unquestionably the man to give the official welcome. There has always been a "King" in Igaliko —but the title itself was bestowed by custom after the "King" discussed the powers of the monarch of Denmark.

"You call him 'King' because no one would dare disobey him. Is that not so?" asked the dictator of Igaliko. "That is true," replied the Dane. "Then as no one in Igaliko would dare to disobey me—surely I am also a King!"

The houses of Igaliko are for the most part of field stone and with their flat sodded roofs they have almost the protective color of the rocky hillside about them, but inside one can see that the flocks of Igaliko have brought the evidences of wealth.

There was a big bowl of milk placed on the table, and the guests could dip in their cups and refresh themselves and eat the slices of pressed cottage cheese spread with butter. King Zebulon

received us with fine dignity and his wife in her gesture of welcome had the bearing of a *grande dame,* Eskimo costume and diminutive stature to the contrary notwithstanding. I could barely stand erect in the Igaliko houses. The men of our party had to stoop to enter, but around the milk bowl, or seated on the edge of the sleeping platform, as we made room at the bowl for other guests, we were a congenial company, smiling across the language barrier understandingly.

King Zebulon, in his talk in his own language with the Governor General voiced a half humorous complaint that, although Danish regulations permit no alcohol to be sold the Greenlanders, a special dispensation should be granted him as an old man who would not abuse the privilege of an occasional bottle of schnapps. When Direktor Daugaard-Jensen and I agreed that we felt his request to be reasonable, he nodded knowingly and said, with perhaps a lapse in gallantry, "We old ones must stand together."

Outside King Zebulon's house are the ruins of a Viking cathedral of about the year 1000 and the council chamber of the Vikings where the legal hearings took place. The span of a thousand years

seemed negligible there in the twilight on the fjord, where not a feature of all the broad prospect has changed since Leif and his comrades looked upon it and dreamed dreams of exploration and conquest. The atmosphere of grandeur and exaltation in the surrounding nature made the descent of the mountains, with songs and waving branches, fitting and without a thought of the theater, on whose studied effects it might have dangerously bordered, and brought us close across the imperceptible passage of the centuries to those who were, to all of us, Danes and Americans alike, our common ancestors. When we came back across the mountain, we saw that an iceberg shaped like a crouching lion had floated close to our anchored ship.

August 7th

THE *DISKO'S* HORN HAS BEEN BLOWING ALL DAY. Sometimes the *Disko* anchored until the thick fog lifted a little. Once this evening there was a call "Iceberg" and we rushed on deck to see a gigantic form, paler than the surrounding fog, looming up on our portside.

Our Captain has not left the bridge today. As we crowded to the rail and, accustoming our eyes to the dim light, could distinguish more and more clearly the contour of the mountains of ice, I was told of the one occasion when the *Disko* slid through a fog onto the sloping "foot" of a berg. The accident came because the ice mountain was so large that it had no contours which the ship's officers on watch could distinguish. It was half a mile in width and, as it rose to a tremendous height, it was imperceptible in the fog. When the

Disko, fortunately proceeding slowly, slid up onto the pedestal of the iceberg. there were two great dangers—that the impact might cause the iceberg to turn over onto the ship, or dislodge some tons of overhanging ice. In either case, the ship would disappear pretty effectually from human sight.

Calling for help with the radio would be more effective if there were more vessels in these far waters. Waiting under such circumstances for ships to steam for days would have been an anxious business. In the midst of the grave conference of the navigators, burst Laura Petersen, so eager to see the fine spectacle of ice that her shirt-tails were not yet tucked into her trousers and shouting to her husband, "Oh do come, John, and *bring the camera!*"

The *Disko,* after half an hour, managed to slide back safely into the sea. ("It did not disturb the iceberg at all," the eye witness recounted. "*Disko* was only a little fly crawling on a table.")

Once the danger was past, the relieved passengers did some hasty calculating. This one iceberg, if its ice were to be transported by sea, would have required all the combined shipping of the world on three trips to carry it all, and the

value of its ice, at the current cost of ice in Copenhagen, would be 5,000,000,000 kr. (something over a thousand million dollars).

Tonight in the smoking room, Captain Balle, cousin of Knud Rasmussen, with a lifetime of Greenland experience, was telling me about the Greenland language, which sounds pretty fairly baffling to the newcomer. That it has pitfalls was evidenced by his tale of the Danish *praest* who, after studies in the Eskimo language, attempted in his sermon to explain to his Greenland congregation that Jesus went up to Heaven. He should have used the word *"Kilaliarpok."* Instead he actually said *"Kilalugarpok"* which conveyed to his hearers that Jesus had caught a white whale. Probably, to his audience of hunters, the white whale was almost as beatific an experience as an ascent to Heaven, although it fits less smoothly into the New Testament narrative.

He told us about one Greenlander who was taken to New York some years ago and, returning to his native village, attempted to give an account of his experiences. He said there were houses as tall as mountains and street cars which ran with no dogs pulling them. Before he could

proceed further, his outraged companions turned on him and said: "Do we wish to hear a liar? No! You had better go back to the land which tolerates liars! We wish none of you!" And forthwith he was ostracized. The honest Eskimos turned their backs when he approached. In vain he pleaded for a chance to convince them and finally withdrew to a hut on the edge of the settlement. At any rate he had seen the things they could not imagine.

I heard how the arrival of airplanes did not greatly excite the Eskimos but the folding tables and chairs brought by the same expedition made a far greater impression. The airplanes were obviously things the Greenlander could not have. Why, therefore, dwell on the matter? With folding tables, it was altogether different. These he might quite well reproduce for himself. To hold the mind from desiring the things that are out of reach has a solid sense about it, which one could scarcely patronize as uncivilized.

I have been hearing stories of the Kivitok which are also said to be able to fly, although the Kivitok's flying is by so curious a method, according to legend, that I am not surprised that there are few if any first-hand witnesses. An Eskimo who,

through familiarity with the Devil, in the solitary dwellings in far mountains, gains strange and terrible powers, can, it is said, fly by placing his thumbs in his nostrils and wiggling his little fingers. One leg floats out behind the flying Kivitok like a rudder and the other leg is held before him for steering—certainly not a pleasant spectacle for a God-fearing Greenlander on a dark night. Sometimes because of some domestic infelicity, or sorrow, an Eskimo "goes Kivitok," Withdrawing alone into the mountains, he becomes a thing of evil repute and terror. No man can safely venture into his presence, living or dead.

An old Greenlander at Kragsiasissuk often sees them, he says, and he brings back tales of people, in the far mountains, with two heads and other monstrous shapes.

Captain Balle told me that one Greenlander had told him that, seeing in a mountain top the lonely cairn of stones where a Kivitok had lain him down to die, he reasoned with himself: "You are a Christian man. You need have no fear. It is cowardice to fail to walk bravely into the taboo space around the Kivitok's cairn!" And he started

forward. But suddenly he felt a hand on his stomach, pushing him back, and even though he still tried to push on, the hand held him back from the horrid spot.

August 8th

WE SAW FREDERIKSHAAB THROUGH COLD MIST AND rain this morning. The *Disko* was tethered in the deep fjord with stout cables from her prow to iron stakes fixed in the rock on either shore. The little low houses on the settlement seemed to be cowering down against the cold rocks, whose faint green lines of lichen and seaweed made them even more bleak than bare dry rocks would have been. Not far to the north of Frederikshaab is the *Is-blink* where the inland ice pours through the mountainous rim which edges Greenland like heavy clotted cream, congealed as it flows from the lip of a great jug. But at the little settlement, one can see neither the *Is-blink* nor the high rim of the mountains which separate the inland ice from the sea—only the rocky skerries over which waves and wet mists sweep.

Going from the landing wharf, with its cluster

of houses, to the wooden church, with its curious succession of gables and spires, our road lay between the codfish sheds where Greenland girls, their bare arms red with cold, were scrubbing the flattened out cod with stiff brushes and piling them, shining with salt, in great, uniform stacks, with a pattern of black tails at intervals from floor to ceiling of the stacks. Ten thousand tons of cod go out yearly from the little harbor.

Before the codfish came there was poverty in Frederikshaab, and the stone houses, not well and trimly laid of matched slabs as are those of Igaliko Village, but piled in a cairn, with deep crevices for the lichens, still speak of the lean years.

Now the village has a new church, with a brass candle holder on the arm of each wooden pew and an organ loft at the back and a high side pulpit with a text from St. Matthew— "Hear and try to understand"—carved on it. And in the new schoolhouse, there are green desks in a room painted terra-cotta and white. Sometimes in winter, the small distances between the village and the school, which takes only five minutes of walking in summer, requires half an hour of struggle through snow and wind.

The American Minister with Greenland children at Kagssiarsuk

Although Frederikshaab is not big enough to have a doctor of its own, the Danish nurse Frøken Nielsen, in charge of the little hospital, cares for all but those who are gravely ill. These a motor boat must carry for two days to the hospital at Godthaab, if the waves and the ice permit.

Frøken Nielsen told me that when a child from some distant place is brought to hospital, his father, mother, brothers and sisters all come with him. Their house is closed and the entire family moves into the settlement, cared for by their kindly Greenland neighbors or sometimes pitching tents around the little hospital to be near their patient.

I shall never forget the five small Eskimos seated in a row on the wooden bench in the ward, regarding, with still, shining black eyes, a small patient who was gazing back at them, quite as motionlessly.

Visiting hours at the hospital are from 3 to 5; and, from 3 to 5, the little row sits there, quietly; for did not the large, blonde presiding spirit of the place say that quiet was the rule? They can see their small friend, or at least half of a small brown face and two very round bright eyes and a

fringe of shining black hair. So the little row sits as immobile as a row of dolls in a toy shop and far prettier, with the glow of red under the yellow brown of their cheeks.

Little Grethe who traveled with us on the *Disko,* has come back from school in Denmark to her Greenland home circle. She is the Colony Manager's daughter. And Storm, of the gentle eyes and endearing smile, who has been segregated for most of the voyage because of suspected measles, finished his quarantine in time to disembark here. He is the son of the Greenland *praest.* His tall, kindly faced father in white *anorak* was at the boat to meet him, and his five little brothers and his mother, in her soft embroidered red boots and trousers of sealskin, welcomed him to the cozy home where we all feasted together on fresh seal meat. The little brothers followed Storm about in a flock and laid their faces against his sleeve.

Although Grethe and her little sister were dressed as Danish children, and their mother had exchanged her *anorak* and *kamiks* for a modern frock and given her home the atmosphere of a Danish home, she will not venture a word of the

Danish language. The grandmother clings to her Eskimo dress and wears it with a fine dignity which makes it seem entirely conventional in her daughter's modern parlor and at her modern table, where our ship's party enjoyed a banquet of caribou meat and flaky pink slivers of smoked salmon and—wonder of wonders—fresh lettuce from her garden. The Danes have a saying: "Where there is room in the heart, there is room in the house," by which measurement there was room for all of us in these friendly Greenland homes.

How I hope that the codfish which providentially appeared at Frederikshaab continue to frequent these waters, bringing, with their silvery cargoes, prosperity to these kindly people, keeping what seems a perilous hold on life among the slippery boulders of the rock-strewn hills.

When our launch carried us away from the harbor, there were little groups of Greenlanders up on the shoulders of the hills at vantage points whence they could watch the departure of the *Disko* which would slip away into the mist, not to reappear for another year. Beyond the reach of telephone or telegraph, the three Danes and their

Greenland neighbors would see summer end and the big ice lock in the harbor and the blubber oil lamps shine yellowly in the darkness. Then the fine leather embroidery on the *kamiks*—delicate, tiny squares of red and yellow and blue and black—can be made, for one little band below the sealskin cuff of a boot represents days of labor. And there will be time to fashion the wide capes of colored beads which, suspended from a standing collar of dogskin, will give the Greenlander girl a gala dress such as no *couturière* could contrive by a mere draping of silk or satin. And the man who can carve little figures from the black sandstone of the hills will have long winter hours at his work while I am carrying home to President Roosevelt the tiny, sleek walrus, clinging to the rim of a shallow bowl, which was his last winter's masterpiece. And the days will pass and next summer the *Disko* will come back again and there will be visitors and more waving of "Hails!" and "Farewells!" So they wave from the wharf and the shoulder of the bare hills, and we wave at the ship's rail until the curtain of mist has dropped between us and we can no longer see our Frederikshaab friends.

August 9th

WE PUT INTO FAERINGERHAVN TODAY SO THAT OUR Captain could give his counsel about a wrecked ship; and we found a birthday party—or, rather, we found Bergitte's birthday and made the party ourselves. Although the Faroe Islanders, who cross 1500 miles of sea to fish off Greenland, make this harbor their headquarters, there is only one building in Faeringerhavn proper, the little slate-colored station where Bergitte keeps the house of Johan Moller. We clambered up the rocks and invaded her domain and there was much reuniоning of old friends.

Those who know the Greenland coast know the little Eskimo widow and her boy Lars, who was not quite sure that he wanted his mother swept into the clatter of the dance which was literally in full swing as soon as the office furniture could

be pushed back and the concertina commandeered from Bergitte's kitchen cupboard. He laid a little brown hand on his mother's sealskin trousers, but she put him aside gently and was soon skipping along in her soft red leather boots, three steps forward, three steps backward and then round and round with her partner, in the Danish folk dances which all Eskimos dance with such skill and zest. And Lars was soon beguiled to show us the pictures which are his only companionship unless the young of the sea birds come to play on the rocks.

There was much news to exchange, for months had passed since the *Disko* had last put into the harbor, and, among neighbors who meet only once in a year, there was much to crowd into the minutes, while Bergitte, her eyes shining under the orange-colored scarf which binds her hair, was celebrating her birthday with a party which filled the little station with noise and merriment. When Captain Hansen had pronounced a wrecked ship beyond repairing, and we rowed back to our ship, we put a finishing touch on the celebration. We made up a little parcel—material for a bright blue *anorak,* a blue striped remnant of silk for a

sash, a string of blue glass beads and, best of all, for small Lars, a little toy soldier who beats his drum, when you have wound up his clockwork mechanism.

August 10th

GODTHAAB, CAPITAL OF GREENLAND, LIES BACK from the sea on the rocky side of a deep fjord whose chain of guardian mountains are seamed with snow. Just behind the settlement Saddle Mountain towers up against the sky. I have never seen its summit, for a cloud, high up on its bare granite side, has wrapped it round while the *Disko* has been in port.

South Greenland's Landsfoged (Governor) Svane stood at the landing steps to welcome us, in a blue uniform with gold braid, which suggested the American naval officer.

Our party stood at attention in the launch, and Landsfoged Svane and his party at salute on the steps, as the cannon of Greenland Capital City fired its official salute of three guns; and then, while the Greenlanders along the stone parapet

above waited in a colorful row, we were handed from the launch to the stone steps on the face of the sea-wall and greeted in perfect English by the Governor and his gracious young wife.

During the dinner party at his home that evening, I learned that the Governor is well acquainted with the United States, having crossed it in the course of a motorcycle tour around the world. When I think of some of the stretches of our large continent which would have to be traversed in the course of such a trip, I realize how many and varied must have been the Landsfoged's impressions of America.

Only the border of matched bird-skins on the blue felt cover over the Landsfoged's council table marked out the interior of the Parliament room in his house from a similar room in Denmark, and Fru Svane presides over a gracious Danish home set down in the midst of Greenland.

August 10th

SO HAZARDOUS IS THE PASSAGE INTO GODTHAAB HARbor, for any but small craft, that the *Disko* anchored in a snugger harbor near the sea, with an hour of walking over a rocky promontory or half an hour by motor boat from the settlement; and if any passenger questioned Captain Hansen's reservations about Godthaab harbor, it was before he had seen the dread Southwester blow up without warning, churning the sea into a foam of spray and driving humankind to seek the nearest shelter.

We had been making our calls in the rain—how often I have had cause to bless my purchase of the high rubber boots and sailor's black rubber storm coat during this Greenland voyage. When it rains in Greenland, one does not leap lightly into a taxi or put up the curtains on one's car. There is

only one car in Greenland, and that is the truck which conveys the freight from the *Disko's* berth across the promontory to Godthaab along Greenland's version of a roadway.

Although Hans Jacoby of the brown beard and red cap edged with fur had said, as he helped us jump from the launch to the wharf this morning, that there would "be bad weather and that soon," I saw nothing to suggest it, except a wisp of fog lying low on the harbor where two icebergs were floating. We had climbed to only two houses when the wind began to whip our raincoats around us and we found ourselves fighting against a gale which had seamed the harbor water with white threads of foam. The storm grew wilder and stronger by the minute. We struggled on to Pastor Bugge's house and pushed the door shut against the storm. We found the Pastor and his wife and little Eivind making ready to sail with us on the *Disko*. Fru Bugge must go to a dentist several hundred miles further up the coast, and Eivind had his big canvas hold-all packed and mounted on his five-year-old shoulders when the Southwester drove a flock of storm-locked travelers in upon them. The gale blew so furiously that the *Disko* had to be

tethered with stout cables out in her sheltered cove, her ship's company taking shelter each where he might be, until the wind abated. Now with Godthaab's telephone—there are twelve numbers on its exchange, as against Julianehaab's ten—it was possible for us to report our whereabouts to the *Disko,* to reassure ourselves about the safety of the party which had started out earlier to walk to the ship.

In the old days it must have been a different and more hazardous story, for in winter, when the Southwester carries blinding snow, a man may be lost in his own dooryard. But the hospitality born of the sterner early days remains. Those who are driven into any house, by the storm, find a hearty welcome. Fru Bugge—all packed for a journey—conjured up a banquet of reindeer meat for all of us and stowed us away in snug, warm sleeping places. She put me in her own bed up under the eaves.

When we were wakened by the message that the *Disko* would sail at daybreak, the world had forgotten yesterday's tempest and was smiling serenely, and the harbor was again unruffled.

A bronze statue stands on the crest of the hill

above Godthaab. From the sea it looks like a sturdy cross, but, as one nears the settlement, one can see the long robes and the stiff neck-ruff of the Danish *praest,* Hans Egede, who, with his wife Gertrud Rask, undertook the renaissance of Greenland after the several hundred years of dark ages, when the last trace of the last Viking colony had finally been obliterated by war or gradual absorption into the Mongol tribes.

Greenland which became nominally a Christian country in the year 1000, had by the day of Egede become almost a legendary land. Boats which, for the most part by accident, touched the highly inhospitable shores kept alive the story of the remnant of a Nordic colony among a fierce and savage people. The plight of such ones took hold on Egede's imagination. For nine years he struggled to persuade the authorities to let him carry Christianity to Greenland; and then, in the fifteen years during which he and Gertrud Rask and their children lived and labored there, Hans Egede built a monument for himself and his God, in Greenland, more enduring than any figure in stone or bronze.

Now the Greenlanders want to erect another

statue somewhere on their rocks or fjords, and they are painstakingly collecting their öre or kroner, or their paper bills (worth about one dollar of our money), with the picture of the spouting whale on them. It will be a memorial to another beloved Dane who has lived and worked among them, Dr. Knud Rasmussen.

In Godthaab hospital, so near the sea that the view from the doctor's little surgery shows only rocks and waves and a glimpse of the wharf, I met my future goddaughter, Ruth Holm. Two Greenland mothers and their new babies occupied one ward together. On the infant which was just being bathed, the nurse showed me the "mongol spot," the curious patch of bluish color which is always found on the back of an Eskimo baby. The other baby was already wrapped up in its nightdress, looking like a rosebud. I held both the little soft things, supporting their heads very carefully, and after I left the hospital, Dr. Svensen came with the message that one of the mothers—the one in the bed on the left—had asked what my name was and whether it might be given to her baby.

To name a baby after one has always seemed to me the greatest possible compliment, but here in

Greenland, the tradition that something of one's spirit goes with one's name makes it an even more significant business to name a child, with a definite tie thereby formed between the child and the bearer of the name. My little Ruth will be, as Dr. Svensen put it, "Christianized" when I come back to Godthaab, and I shall have a lasting bond with Greenland in the person of my namesake and goddaughter.

August 11th

THE *DISKO* HAS A NUMBER OF UNIQUE INSTITUtions. Among them is the brass money box with a slit in the top which is placed on the plate of any one who is late to a meal; and, amid a barrage of humorous comment from the length of the dining table, he must deposit his 10 öre fine. One does not sit down to lunch until Captain Hansen has said *"Vær saa god,"* and one waits to take a drink until the Captain has raised his glass and said, *"God Morgen!"*

Sometimes the Captain tells us tales of earlier voyages—this is his 101st voyage between Denmark and Greenland—tales of the days when each passenger received a daily liter of water. Whether he chose to use it for drinking or washing was his own affair, but, once used, his supply was exhausted. Sometimes he tells of days when the

storms which have a way of raging around Cape Farvel held his ship for nine days in one place. "Sometimes, after sailing these seas for a time," said the Captain, "we get blasé about the things men make—their little shows and theaters. They seem pretty small things after all this!" He waved his arm toward a great stretch of deep blue sea with icebergs sculptured in beauty which recalls the wonder of the snow crystals and the spangle of stars overhead.

I can well imagine that a hundred and one voyages through Arctic seas would sound like a dreary penance to some land dwellers. To Captain Hansen, it has been almost too rich a glory.

August 12th

BECAUSE THE SOUTHWESTER HELD US STORMBOUND for a day, the *Disko* did not reach Sukkertoppen until the late afternoon, when we should have made the harbor by daybreak and lunched with Captain Evers on the sleek gray Danish gunboat *Ingolf,* already riding at anchor below Sukkertoppen's walls of rock, which rise so sharply from the water that there seems perilous foothold for the little houses of the colony.

All about the harbor are scattered islands which are no more than great shoulders of granite or sheer walls of rock or giant heaps of boulders. The stone steps at the landing place lead up to a road hewn out of the rock, connecting the colony houses. Seen from the harbor there seems an unbroken face of cliff rising from the sea, but there is room for man—who is so infinitesimal a part of

the Greenland scene—to build his little dwellings and hew out the paths connecting them.

When Captain Hansen had picked a way for the *Disko* among the rocky islands and anchored our ship within sight of the colony, I saw, waving above the group of Eskimos on the landing steps, the Stars and Stripes and the Danish Dannebrog side by side. When we were enjoying the hospitality of Colony Manager Bistrup's snug home close by, we learned that the whaler ship *Sonja,* had brought the flag in response to a radio message from the Colony Manager's wife. I doubt if there is another American flag in all Greenland's 640,000 square miles.

Perched in another cranny of the precipitous rocks is the house of the painter Fiskmester Nielsen and his Greenland wife. All alone with the incredible beauty of the Greenland country, Nielsen has been painting and developing a technique of his own—water colors with something of the Chinese spirit about them, delicate studies of snow and sea and sky.

I can understand why one finds so many people painting in Greenland. There is the impulse to try to record the dreaming beauty which lies over

these great still stretches of noble hills. No mechanical device can catch the atmosphere of Greenland, for it is not alone the form of the mountains that eludes one—although how could a camera picture give any sense of the illimitable spaces? It is not what one sees in Greenland but what one *feels* which one longs to express, and so all of us seize pens or brushes, and Nielsen has succeeded in capturing what the Danes call the *stemning* and the Germans the *stimmung*. Our word "atmosphere" says the same thing a little less well.

As the *Disko* steamed away from Sukkertoppen, a Greenlander in a kayak fired a salute with his shotgun. Then Sukkertoppen's little houses became dots of color against the rocky hills and were soon lost to sight as range on range of mountains unfolded themselves to our view—mauve mountains in the nearer range, pale blue mountains, softly gray mountains, lying between a sky and sea of twilight silver. As we stood at the ship's rail watching the stately procession of the hills, Direktor Daugaard-Jensen told me of a friend of his who once said: "Many years ago I woke up suddenly one night with the thought that the time

would come when I must die, and the thought brought an inexpressible terror to me. I lay there cold with fear and dread of death. But one day, while I was in Greenland, I had climbed alone into the hills above a still fjord. All around me rose the mountains, majestic and silent, and I had gone to sleep on a carpet of small sweet flowers. Suddenly I awoke and thought of the time when I should die; and my spirit was calm and happy, and I said, 'Why should I fear death when I will become a part of all this beautiful nature?' Nor have I ever feared death since!"

I know I shall fear neither death nor living so much when I know that this great beauty of mountain and sky and sea lies wrapped in eternal silence through unbroken spans of years—that across its dreaming face will be drawn veils of color, rose at dawn, gold at midday, blue at twilight, day and night, year after year, century following century.

August 13th

HOLSTENBORG'S HOUSES CLING TO THE GRANITE slopes like sea gulls on the face of an Arctic bird cliff. Seen from the sea, the houses of the settlement are dots on the surface of a great rock at the foot of the towering dark Witch's Blood Mountain, with a little red wooden church perched on the rock's summit. But after one has climbed the steep zigzag path and looked back again from the doorway of the church, one can see that Holstenborg is built on a rocky promontory jutting out into the ocean. Across the deep defile at the right, a wooden ladder of steps runs zigzag up the face of another granite cliff to where little houses rest one corner on the rounding rock, with a support of flat stones tucked in where the rock slopes away. Insecure perches these, when the Southwester tears in from the sea in summer, and still

Danish *praests* before a Greenland church

Church at Holstenborg

more insecure when, in winter storms, snow covers all the crevices and hides the little staircases on the face of the rock. This hilltop church, with a brown unfinished wood interior picked out here and there with lines of clear blue and salmon pink and gold, is new. Further down the slope near Colony Manager Rasmussen's house is the old church, painted periwinkle blue, now the schoolhouse consisting of two rooms with lithographs of Danish scenes on the walls and the date 1773 on its metal weather-vane.

The new church has an organ. Only half hearing its deep notes, I stood looking down on the colony, with its cluster of little houses and its groups of Greenlanders, at the small boats of the French ship, so lately wrecked on Holstenborg's rocks, now lying bottomside up in a ravine above the high water mark; at the crowds of sledge-dogs, with their mangy summer coats, prowling hungrily behind the huts and staring suspiciously at passers-by. Around each side of the rocky promontory reached an arm of the sea. There was a glare which made one half shut one's eyes, although the sun seemed to be partially hidden by clouds. Rocky islands and single great rocks were strewn

about in the sea and a wide expanse of range on range of mountains spread away at every side.

The organ in the little church began to play a stately Lutheran hymn, while up from the settlement came the sound of the sledge dogs' whimper rising to a howl—only those two sounds to bewilder the listening ear as the sharp glare of light smote upon one's eye nerves.

August 13th

THERE IS A STRANGE PARODY OF LAUNDRY WORK IN Holstenborg—women scrubbing at their tubs and clothes lines stretched everywhere—but it is flat codfish and halibut that the women are washing, and it is fish that hang by their tails along the clothes lines. By the first snowfall the fish will be dried and stored against the winter hunger. The small silver fish laid out on the boulders in the sun will be provender for the "huskies" who are now idle and "on board wages," as the Danes say. In summer they must forage for their own food, and even the smallest husky puppy, scarcely able to stagger out of the hole where his half-wild mother has borne him, knows how to seize a fish head as big as himself and deal deftly with the bones and fight off all comers who threaten his feast.

These dogs who pull the sledges are not domestic animals. The Greenland dog looks at you with the hard yellow eyes of a wolf, and if you are venturing off the main path which leads under the arch formed by a whale's jawbone, you do well to carry a stick with you. But these half-wild creatures, who prick forward their tails so alertly at moments and relax again in an inert heap, become quite other animals when the work of the dog teams begins. There is a caste system among them, so rigidly observed that when the leader of a team is beaten in combat he will slink away and grieve himself to death. To be boss dog and suffer a beating is not to be borne. Sometimes the dogs of a team will band together and raise a certain dog to higher command by united effort of tooth and claw. But for the most part the boss dog is an unconstitutional monarch. He can take the food from another dog, and, although the victim may show his teeth and yelp to Heaven, the will of the boss dog is still law.

The new red house near the landing steps is a canning factory for halibut, and in the house on the boulder above the little factory lives Fiskmester Marten Hansen with his wife and their

Governor General Daugaard-Jensen at the arch made of a whale's jaw-bone, Holstenborg

son, and there is a vegetable garden the size of the top of my writing table.

Julianehaab with an entire barley field, how can you know the value of these fresh lettuces and radishes growing from the rich peat with which the Greenlanders built their houses? To share one's last crust seems a poor simile when one sees Fru Hansen behead three of her finest lettuces for Fru Kaptain Hansen and me, and courtesy can find no finer example than her young son whose smile and bow as he takes your hand is as spontaneous as it is charming. He carried the precious green stuffs to the anchored *Disko* for us in an enamel saucepan.

August 14th

THE SITE OF EGEDESMINDE (MEMORIAL TO EGEDE) is nearer horizontal than the two last settlements we have visited. There is something almost hospitable in contrast with the bare rocks which rise from the sea to the sky in a rise no steeper than an uneven giant stairway. Egedesminde was in a holiday mood today for the whaler *Sonja* brought in two whales during the past week, one of them so large that its tongue weighed 3000 pounds. After packing away 30 barrels of blubber and great stores of whale meat for mankind and dogs next winter—a work which occupied all the village's 300 inhabitants—they left enough food clinging to the immense skeleton to have all the village dogs swarming over it, gorging themselves.

All the Eskimo men in their blue *anoraks* and black fur-edged *kamiks* were at the wharf to greet the Governor General, with welcoming smiles on

their weather-beaten brown faces; and the women and children waited in a crowd beyond—laughing when we took a moving picture of one young mother who carried her baby in the hood of her fur *anorak*. We rewarded our sitters with the gift of a piece of chocolate.

As at all the ports, the women take the principal part in unloading the ship, and, in a land without any express companies or delivery wagons, one carries pianos or sewing machines to shore in one's own boat, and then a group of girls trot along in their soft-soled red boots carrying almost any burden without apparent effort.

The young Eskimo girls who have traveled by the *Disko* from the southern settlements to Greenland's one high school, shouldered their boxes and bales at the wharf and hurried along the path to the red and white building, built on the lines of a toy Noah's Ark, at the north end of Egedesminde, where the icebergs from Jacobshavn Glacier rise in great spires and turrets—dazzling white with green shadows. The young Danish head master had all in readiness for his twenty boys and twenty girls, when we visited his school.

In the boys' dormitory, the simple wooden frames which form the row of upper and lower bunks are painted in fresh bright colors and each has a feather bed for a blanket. In the girls' dormitory, the two-tier wooden bunks have neatly made beds, with the pupils' initials cross-stitched on each sheet where it turns out over the down-stuffed coverlet.

The two schoolrooms are bright with red paint, and a Danish flag embroidered by the girls bears the Eskimo words: *Kumut, Supumut* (Upward and onward)—the motto the graduating class has chosen—showing that graduating classes have a good deal in common the world over.

Although the only animals in Greenland are the polar bear, the Arctic fox, an occasional wolf which has wandered over from Alaska and the small rodents, the schoolroom wall shows pictures of the horse and lion and tiger. There are engravings of Denmark's kings and her poet, Hans Christian Andersen; and in the brightly painted class rooms, these chosen boys and girls will learn to be teachers and absorb in the process a sense of the cleanliness and order of Danish life.

As we were leaving we met another procession

of school girls hurrying up the path, carrying their boxes as big as trunks, swinging between them. Tonight the tiers of wooden bunks will be occupied.

The Greenlanders' counsel of each settlement comes on board to confer with Greenland's Governor. Tonight, in the smoking room, I was close enough to observe the men chosen by popular vote of Egedesminde. The six Eskimos had the air of having cut their hair by the simple pattern made by a bowl on their heads. They all wore their blue or brown *anoraks*. From their faces, weather-beaten and lined, very keen bright black eyes looked levelly at the world. Kaptain Hansen has several times said: "The Greenlander is a born aristocrat. One can see that he has never been a slave." He very obviously respects the Danes who rule his land, and the Danish officials greet him with invariable courtesy. One could read a whole history of beneficent colonization in the warm hand-clasps and easy manner of the Eskimos at table with the Danes on board the *Disko*.

August 15th

WHILE THE DIRECTOR WAS RECEIVING THE HOMAGE of the Greenlanders of Godhavn who were his neighbors for the twelve years that he lived in the Colony Manager's red house with green wooden shutters, I saw a similar scene in a slightly different key enacted on the top of a boulder of rock close to the improvised flag pole. The boss dog of a dog team—large and black with the fur of a bear—was surrounded by attentive courtiers. Seven huskies in varying shades from tan to dark brown capered around him with elaborate playfulness or made little games with one another with an obvious eye to effect. The boss dog sat erect, with his ears pointed forward and his eyes on some point on the horizon, perhaps some height on the distant escarpment of brown rocks overlaid with a faint film of green, perhaps the tip of one of the

icebergs lying like frozen music on the blue waters of Disko Bay—at any rate, something far above the antics of his little court.

Nearby, on the rocks where the whale skeleton still provided toothsome morsels for the huskies—and the source of continual snarlings and occasional sharp "ki-yi-ing," sat another yellow beast watching his team with detachment while they ran to and fro to play with the Landsfoged's little girls, blond Ingrid and Astrid. It was plain to see that this business of running out to look over the newcomers landing in small boats was well beneath his dignity. Once when the dogs of another pack came dashing down the rocks in front of him, he rose and took a few deliberate steps toward them.

I could not overhear the colloquy which ensued, but there was no doubt about the result. The intruders set off pell-mell across the rocks, with their bushy tails out of curl. Later, when I discussed these two pashas with a Godhavn resident, I learned a good deal about sledge-dog local government. The black fellow was easily identified as the leader of Olsen's dog team. Only six months ago the old leader had died, and this

young fellow had succeeded to the command of the pack. He had been taken to look at the dead boss and from that moment assumed leadership. His pack, although ready to plunge into the frequent battles between the teams, would await his order before the onslaught, and, guarded a little at the rear of his storm troops as befits the general, he would move with the charge and then throw his weight to reinforce the weakest spot in his line.

At Magister Porsild's tonight, over a cup of coffee in the book-lined study off the laboratory, where scientists of the Arctic may come and use the facilities and benefit by the advice of the Danish scientist, we talked of sledge dogs and their ways, so strange to us who think of dogs as pets or, at most, kindly burglar alarms. Opposite me sat Captain Hansen, in his blue and gold braid, and sweet-faced Fru Hansen and the scientist and his hospitable wife whose hair is whitened by many Arctic winters. Through the window behind them I could see great icebergs afloat in waters now touched with sunset light which, broken by the shadow of the hills, fell unevenly on the near and far distance so that the distant icebergs were

a luminous rose color and those near by a faint blue. Although it was past nine o'clock at night, the summer sky, with a bank of fleecy clouds, was streaked with soft, pastel colors.

Fru Porsild has what our Southern colored folk call "a growing hand." All along her window sills are flowers in bloom—unbelievable foreground for a view of the ice field. One begins to understand the preciousness of these bits of growing green in a continent of ice and rock and why Fru Rasmussen carried so tenderly down the ship's steps as she left the *Disko,* a tin can containing a small plant. Over the coffee we heard how three times this year it has happened that a husky has mauled a child. Perhaps the child had been running and in a fall had spilled the blood which had let loose the sledge dogs' inherited savageness. The child was found cruelly torn, and not only the attacking dog but all of his team had had to be shot. Only by the killing of all the pack could the taste of human blood be wiped out.

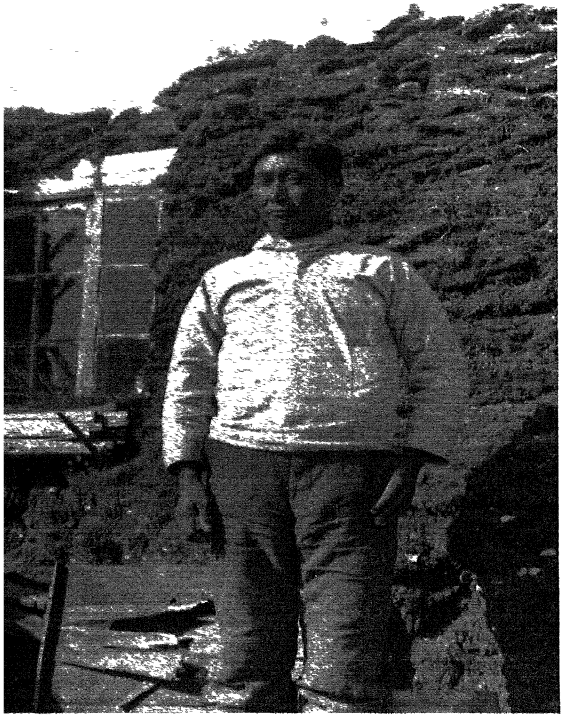
They also told me how, even in an Arctic winter, the sledge dogs sleep outside in the snow, never asking nor expecting the shelter of a house —how they lie curled in their thick fur under the

snowfall, showing only as mounds of snow until they leap up at the word of command, shake themselves free of snow and, after a meal of dried whale meat, set gaily off for miles of sledge trekking. They told me that dog teams can travel 70 miles in a day.

I asked that one of Fru Porsild's own dogs be invited in and given a share of our tea. The big yellow fellow came in uneasily and crouched warily down in an adjoining room. There was something of the bear and much of the wolf about him, but very little of the dog. He looked questioningly at his mistress, too uneasy to eat the tempting cakes we offered. Plainly the spectacle of a roomful of people was disconcerting, and he watched us with alert yellow eyes and was relieved to receive the signal to return to the open air.

In Godhavn as in Egedesminde the windfall of two whales has caused general rejoicing. A festoon of black looking chunks of meat hangs along the eaves of the Eskimo houses. Along the shore, where the offal still lies in noisesome puddles, the huskies wrangle over their feast.

Over the door of Godhavn's church, is a design as effective as it is simple. In a triangle from



Greenland man

Greenland woman

which the boards are set in rays, is a design showing three crosses on a lonely hill. It is simply done in two colors of wood, yellow for the sky and brown for the earth.

August 16th

THE DECK OF THE *DISKO* IS BECOMING INCREASingly picturesque, in spite of the fact that just the same assortment of boxes and bales seems to be unloaded and loaded on again at every port. We now have a row of large halibut hanging by their tails along the after rail, and Eskimos bring their wares on board in old gunny sacks. One merchant today produced from his sack two knives carved from walrus ivory, the skin of a black dog, a pair of worn and patched black *kamiks* and a string of walrus ivory beads. Another had two small kayaks made of skin, with all the little harpoons and spears carefully modeled to scale and a footstool of reindeer skin.

One does not barter with these merchants. There is no custom of oriental haggling over the price, nor does the Greenlander importune you to

buy. With no little dignity he digs around in his gunny sack and produces his wares, wrapped in well-used paper; and not until you ask the price does he indicate that his stock is for sale. If you take it, all very well. If you do not, he is prepared to wrap it again, stow it away in his sack and wait until a more profitable customer finds his way through the ice fields to Godhavn harbor.

Yesterday we sailed from Egedesminde to Godhavn through the ice fields formed by Jacobshavn Glacier. In spite of the cold, we went up to the bridge deck whence the whole circle of the horizon was visible. I have found that my high red *kamiks,* riding breeches, Emmy Longberg's reindeer skin *anorak* and leather aviator's helmet make an ideal costume for cold weather. I am as snug in this kit as a baby rolled up in a blanket, even though my face feels the sharp wind. The icebergs are larger here than in the first ice field outside Julianehaab where there were these great blocks of shining ice larger than our ship. We are now passing through a sea out of which rise ice mountains, ice skyscrapers. The white sculptured forms add immensity to their phantasy of shape and color.

I counted 230 visible at one time in the near and far distance. Sometimes a line of clear sapphire blue will vein an iceberg where a stream of water has flowed through the glacier ice and frozen there. Rims of jade green fit the iceberg into the sea, and there are shadows of clear pale green. When one hears that one eighth of an iceberg is visible above the water, one's imagination begins to toy with a total structure the size of the tallest skyscraper, and the computation becomes credible that if all the ice in Greenland was to melt it would raise the water level of all the seas more than a hundred feet!!!

A triangle of ice as long as our U.S., from Canada to Mexico, and 3000 feet in thickness challenges one's imagination.

August 18th

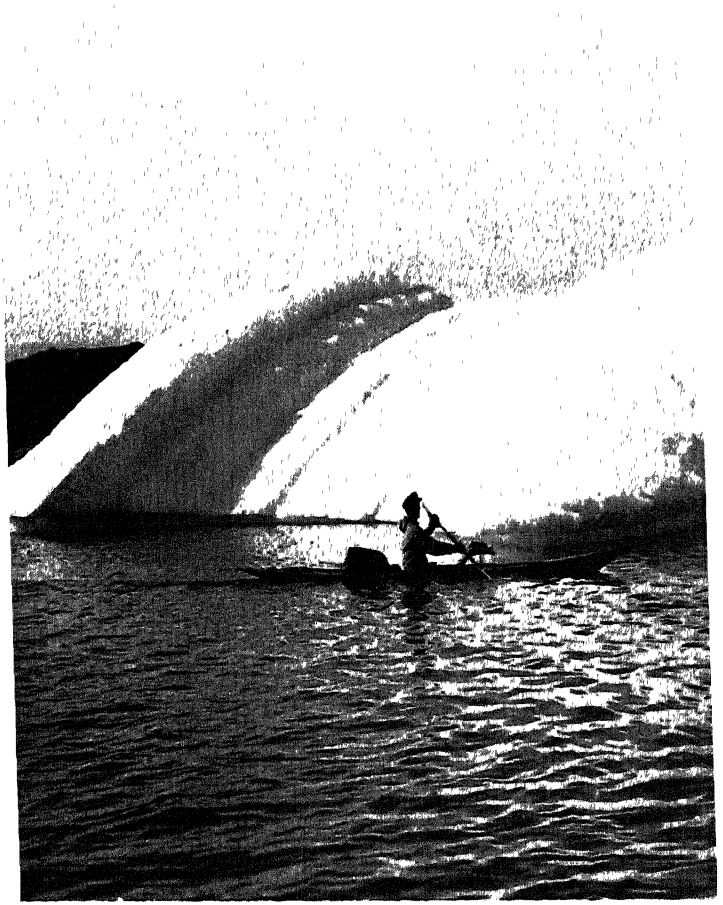
RITENBENK IS NOT ONE OF THE LARGER TOWNS. When I asked its population, one of the Danish officials said, "It is just about the right size for a town, i. e. 200 inhabitants. Of course one has Julianehaab and Godthaab, which have 500 and 600, but if a town has only 200 or 300 inhabitants, then every man can hunt his own food and one has a *normal* life. When towns get larger than that, people begin living off each other's labor, and that is unwholesome. Evidently in Ritenbenk, with the ideal size for normalcy, the business of hunting one's food goes on energetically.

We saw the kayaks sliding smoothly out toward the open sea, the Eskimo inserting himself deftly in the very small round opening in his very small and incredibly narrow little boat made of skin stretched over a wooden frame. As with the seal-

skin trousers the women wear, one has to wiggle about very skillfully to get in; when one is once in, one can defy the elements. The Eskimo hunter not only fits himself with some difficulty into his kayak but he proceeds to button the bottom of his waterproof *anorak* around the hole into which he has inserted himself, so that he and his boat are joined together—for better or for worse.

Today we saw the seal hunters starting out from Ritenbenk—dressed in white in order to be invisible against the snow, and with a small square sail fixed to the front of the kayak so that the not-too-observant seal might mistake the whole object floating toward him for a small iceberg. The hunter crouches behind the small square sail as his kayak floats toward the seal, then the harpoon flies forward and the balloon-like bladder of sealskin, which is carried on the kayak behind the hunter, suddenly finds its use, keeping the wounded or dead seal floating while the kayak returns to Ritenbenk, propelled by the single, double-bladed oar.

We watched Jens Rosing, son of the Eskimo *praest* of Ritenbenk, turn his kayak over to lie half in the water, and then turn completely over



Rosing in his kayak

and roll up again as unharmed as a seal by the icy water in which an iceberg floated not half a dozen yards away. Jens Rosing and his kayak moved as a single unit—a unit full of virile grace and beauty.

The *Disko* was able to go almost into the Bestyrrer's (Colony Manager) front yard to anchor, so deep is the water in Ritenbenk harbor. The single Danish resident Bestyrrer Schults and his sweet young wife and baby, Elsa, a miniature of her blue-eyed Danish loveliness, came out to meet us, as did the Greenland *praest,* father of Jens Rosing, and his wife, in her sealskin trousers and high red boots. It was another son of this fine old couple whom I heard speak so impressively at the Mindefest to Knud Rasmussen in the Copenhagen city hall last autumn. He is a *praest* on the east coast of Greenland.

In Ritenbenk I got an insight into the habits of the sledge dogs. Here one puts not only one's kayak but one's sledges up on a high improvised frame; otherwise the sledge dogs would eat the boats made of sealskin and also the leather thongs which are used to bind together the sledges. It makes driving a dog team seem an even greater feat when one hears a man talk of feeding his dogs

so that they would not eat their harness.

Tonight I heard of a man who was driven ashore by a storm a few years ago, onto an island where there were a number of wild and hungry dogs. When the man had removed his clothes to wring them out after falling into the water, the dogs set upon and devoured him, leaving only his head. The widow, who was left in want by the tragedy, asked the Greenland Administration for a pension, and the pension has been granted her.

Tonight we climbed the hills which rim Ritenbenk harbor to watch the sun set, at well past nine o'clock. It dropped down behind a range of mauve mountains, and sent a pattern of fiery dazzling gold across a great stretch of pale green satin water which seemed to shine with some luminous quality of its own. Some thirty miles separated us from the range of mountains behind which the sun was setting and there must have been hundreds of miles of mauve mountains and hundreds of miles of luminous green water with hundreds and thousands of icebergs which caught and held bits of all the strange glory of color in the sky and sea, in each subtle change of gold to red, red to rose, rose to purple, purple to gray.

A line of mist lay along the far shore, and the mountains seemed to hang suspended in a dreaming world. I could imagine waking, after pain and the transition from living, into some such world as that in which the great towers of ice floated. As we waited, a little breathless with the wonder of it all, we heard the muffled thunder of the new icebergs breaking away from the parent glacier to drift through beauty to dissolution.

When the sea had finally paled to a shimmer of greenish silver and the floating ice to faint shapes of silver and blue we called ourselves back to living again. For myself I felt as if I had been hearing some great, overpowering symphony. I was not quite able to cope with the impact of so much beauty on senses tuned to a 24-hour day of human living.

August 19th

RITENBENK'S CHURCH IS SCARCELY LARGER THAN the stable at Bethlehem, but it stands a little away from the piles of sod and stones and the tiny wooden structures which serve as houses. As the church bell rang, the Eskimo who struggled with the bell cord, which hung by the church door, could be plainly seen as we rowed toward the shore. Pastor Bugge, in his long, black robes, his Elizabethan ruff around his neck, was already making his way along the rocky path with Pastor Rosing, in his high boots and blue *anorak*.

They have painted the wooden floor of the church in big squares of black and white and hung a brass chandelier near the altar rail, although the ceiling is so low that the chandelier is only shoulder high. While Pastor Bugge knelt on the red cushion inside the altar rail, a Green-

Greenland family at Ritenbenk

lander, whose face had in it an expression of exaltation, read in a hushed voice the text of the Pastor's prayer; another Eskimo pressed the pedals of the cabinet organ, and the occupants of the wooden benches filled the tiny room full of the rolling notes of a Lutheran hymn.

When the *Disko* made ready to set sail, we saw, silhouetted against the sky, what by actual count must have been almost all of Ritenbenk's population gathered on a high rocky promontory. And as our ship moved past the point of rock, and the setting sun shone on them, there was the incredibly lovely bit of color which a Greenland group always makes, with its boots of red and yellow and its *anoraks* of mauve and blue and green, and knitted caps as varied in color as the stripes in Joseph's coat.

As the *Disko* rounded the point, we, at the rail, shouted the Eskimo word for farewell, *"Inuvdluaritse."* Back from the crowd at the top of the rock came, *"Farvel!" "Farvel!"* There was a flutter of waving hands and handkerchiefs from the Greenlanders until the cries of parting were faint whispers and the waving hands were lost to view and the little group on the rock melted into all

the wide panorama of bare mile on mile of granite mountains.

The days are growing longer. I watched the sun set and the twilight deepen as the *Disko* passed through the ice fields. Night did not fall. There were a few hours when the forms of ice showed purely white in a world of deep blue—blue shining water which met a blue sky with scarcely a shadow to mark their meeting place—and there were blue mountains, fold on fold of them, which sent a sharp chill from their snowy summits beyond which the inland ice was dreaming.

August 21st

THE BASALT OF THE MOUNTAINS BEHIND KUDTLIGgsat is in blocks with a concave surface, like the stone lamps which the Eskimos used to fill with whale oil; so the mountain and the little settlement built along its base are called "The Place Where One Finds Lamps." But it is not lamps which they find today in Kudtliggsat. Coal is here in seams running horizontally into the mountain, and Swedish Engineer Giesing, whose house lies a stiff climb up the mountainside, directs the operation of the mine which sends its coal to all the little settlements along the thousand miles of coast.

The Giesings' sons—Bjorn (Bear), Ulf (Wolf) and Thor-Erik—were born in the cozy red wooden house with tomato plants growing high and green on its window sills. If, in summer, it is difficult

for small feet to clamber down over the rocks to the village lying like a toy town below, where the Eskimo children play, there is the great stretch of blue water to watch, with icebergs drifting slowly through it and making an ever-changing panorama with distant purple mountains for a background. And there are the ships to watch from the time they appear on the horizon until they have dropped their anchor at Kudtliggsat, and two or three times a year the *Disko* comes. Fru Giesing said that Bjorn and Ulf could not sleep last night for excitement over the *Disko's* arrival. They had watched at the window for the coming of the ship —the link that joins them with the world outside until winter locks in their little harbor and the Arctic night has fallen again.

The Eskimo children, with their fur lined boots of red and yellow and white, and their caps and *anoraks* of many bright colors (there must have been an especially large supply of purple cotton cloth in Kudtliggsat store this year, for there is a recurring note of purple in the Kudtliggsat groups) gathered at the wharf and laughed when we took a picture of one of them—a boy of

perhaps six, struggling along with a codfish fully as big as he was, which he and an equally small companion had caught and carried ashore from their boat.

August 22nd

THE *DISKO* CAME TO A FULL STOP TODAY. THERE was a fog which seemed to hang like a white curtain a few yards from our ship. It would serve no purpose to sound our foghorn, for the dangers in our course were not so much from icebergs, which, catching the sound of the foghorn and throwing it back, warn the mariner of their presence, but from rocks lying just under the surface of the water.

Two years ago the Colony Manager of Upernivik set out with his wife and family and all his household possessions, for he was retiring to Denmark after years of Greenland service. His ship left Upernivik harbor—one can picture the cluster of Greenlanders out on the shoulder of rock waving their farewells until the vessel was out of sight in those waters scattered with submerged

rocks and floating ice—and nothing was ever seen or heard of ship and cargo from that time, nothing except a bit of ship's scupper which was washed up on the rocks close to Upernivik.

We waited for the fog to lift. There was a feeling of suspended animation with the ship's engines quiet and the sea smooth and silky and a curtain of dense pearl gray hung about us.

There was something curiously dramatic about the lifting of the fog. It did not come gradually, with distant objects resolving themselves more and more distinctly from the mist. At one moment we were looking into a thick gray curtain and the next at granite cliffs and boulders. It was like the silent rising of the curtain for some great spectacle of mountains of rock towering into the sky, with mountains of ice floating past them.

It was late afternoon when we caught our first glimpse of the northernmost settlement of our voyage, its small, brightly colored houses set against one side of a rocky peninsula and following the line of a path up over the ridge and down the farther slope where the ships come to anchor in a safer harbor than that of Upernivik proper. The cannon's salute showed a puff of smoke on

the colony side of the bare ridge; then we could see the moving figures along the ridge path following the progress of the ship which is already, in August, bringing Upernivik's Christmas gifts. And down the steep rocky slope they came to the little harbor where one of the "blue boats" of the Danish Geodetic Survey was already anchored.

It does not even pretend to get dark now in Upernivik. It is well past the season for the midnight sun, but the fiery globe drops behind the rim of mauve mountains for only a short while throwing a rose light on the ice fields. It cannot have gone far, however, for it is ready to slide up into the sky again in an hour or two, and for that hour or two there is a clear greenish twilight.

This morning our first trip on shore was a trek over the rocky defile to the grave of Navarana, Peter Freuchen's Eskimo wife who lies in Upernivik church yard. One cannot say she is buried there, for one does not try to hew out sepulchres in the granite hills. Upernivik lays its dead upon the rock and then covers them over with a mound of stones, and fills in the crevices with bits of sod in which moss or tiny wild flowers grow in summer. Above Navarana's mound of stones there is

a slab of granite with her name cut upon it, and a chain from stone to stone fences it about; but most of the mounds which lie around and below Navarana's have only a wooden cross or no marker at all.

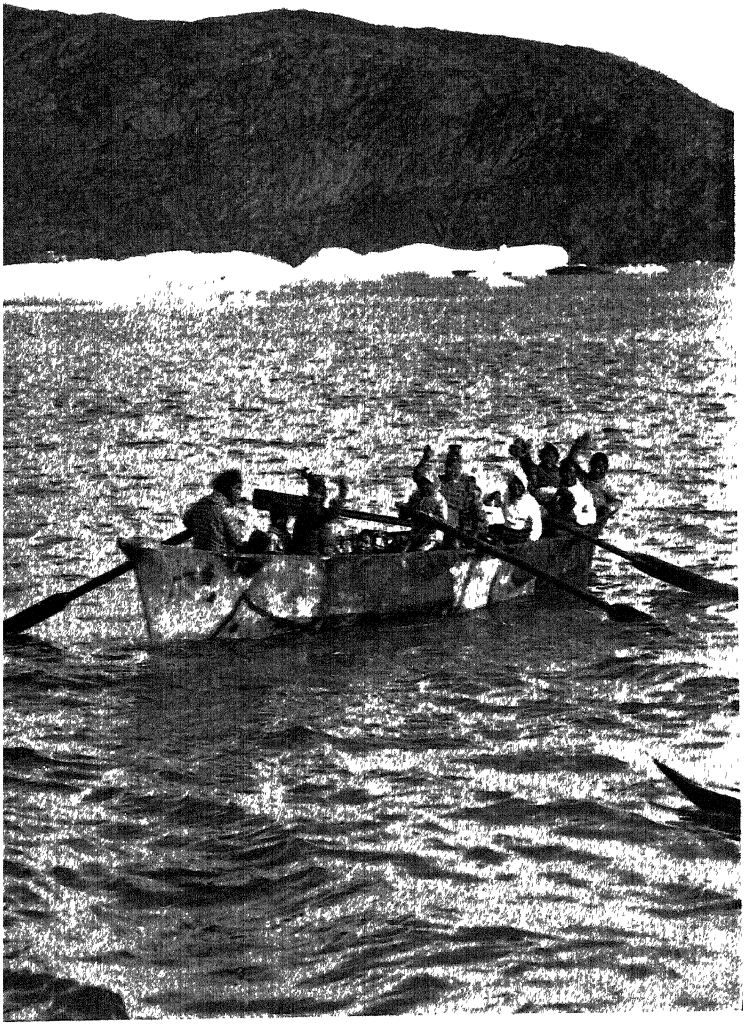
As I laid the wreath of purple everlasting flowers on the granite, I looked down past the burial cairns, past Upernivik village to the sea and the ice of Melville Bay. Man's part in the scene, living or dead, is so small in all that wide expanse of sea and rock and ice. The ice blocks which have been born of the fecund glacier made Melville Bay look like a solid white mass. This bay has been called the "Graveyard of the Arctic," so formidable a barrier has the ice made against man's attempts at invasion.

The Franklin expedition went out past that white barrier, and, when no word came back, expedition after expedition was sent in search of it, until fifty-eight ships had set out to look for the couple of hundred mariners who had all been poisoned by some faulty foodstuffs—dying, the whole ship's company of them, before the first relief ship had started north.

The sun was shining so warm today that the

sledge dogs dozed luxuriously on the roofs of the sod houses; and all Upernivik's children, Danish and Greenland, were playing on the mountain paths. Little Jens Bjernow, whose father is the Danish doctor, and whose mother is the pretty Eskimo Katherina, ran about, his black sateen trousers tucked into the tops of little fur-topped *kamiks*. At two years he is already learning to command the big half-wild sledge dogs. The top of his head is not quite as high as the dogs' rough backs. Jens balances on his small *kamiks* and shouts his orders, reinforcing them with a blow from his fist on the thick fur, and the dogs take themselves off, sensing a master—albeit a very small one.

There is snow on the ground—not only on the heights but lying along the shore and in patches along the hillside by the path. I have been wearing my Greenland dress, for in spite of the bright sun there is a sharp chill in the air which finds its way through my own clothing, even when I pile one woolen garment on another. The sealskin trousers and high red *kamiks* are snug and warm. The *kamiks* are really two pairs of boots, the inner ones with skin side in, and the outer of



"Woman boat"

dressed and painted leather. If one wants to add an extra covering against the cold, one can put woolen socks inside the inner boot and trot cozily over the ice.

I watched Katherina dig the heels of her *kamiks* into the snow and keep her foothold in the most slippery iced slope. While we explored the hills and called at the cozy home of the hospitable Colony Manager and his wife, a *varde* (cairn monument) in memory of my visit was rising on the shore of the harbor near Staats Minister Stauning's high cairn, whose inscription reads "Raised in memory of Staatsminister Th. Stauning's visit to Upernivik 1930." On a rocky ridge across the harbor is another cairn which records the visit of members of the Danish parliament. Some of my fellow passengers went over to the rocky promontory, and each placed a rock on the cairn which will mark the northernmost point ever visited by a foreign diplomat. The inscription to be made in English and Eskimo will read, "Ruth Bryan Owen, American Minister to Denmark, visited Upernivik, Aug. 22nd, 1934."

Before the two cairns extend the ice fields, stretching north to Ultima Thule and the North

Pole. To the south lies our route homeward—down the almost 1000 miles of Greenland coast. I could understand Emmy Longberg's mood when she faced north rather than south, shading her eyes against the dazzle of the ice, looking longingly toward the white distances beyond Melville Bay. I can understand the fascination in this blending of beauty and danger, and I can myself hear the siren call of the Polar country.

Upernivik's people gathered on the rocky ridge to watch the *Disko* begin her southward journey. After we had returned the last waving of hands and seen the little puffs of smoke which came so long before the boom of Upernivik's cannon, we went into the *Disko's* dining saloon, and, at the celebration of my *varde,* I made my first effort at a speech in Danish, in answer to Professor Berlin's toast. Then Rockwell Kent toasted the Captain, and the Captain toasted Emmy Longberg, Helen Lee Doherty and me, and we all stood and gave our Danish cheers. For who can be expected to remember to go to bed when there is no darkness outside and the merriest sort of feast going on indoors?

August 24th

WHEN WE WERE WATCHING THE SUNSET BEHIND the mountains at Ritenbenk, I said to Direktor Daugaard-Jensen that the scene was set to the music of a string quartette. He remarked, "you will find some mountains here in Greenland which will call for all the wind instruments and brasses." We have reached that place now. We have found the mountain for the full orchestra at Umanak. These are not mountains as we usually think of mountains—heights with earth and rock and trees, or even with earth and rock. The mountains around Umanak are great peaks and citadels of granite, thundering up from sea to sky—unsoftened by any gentle slopes or any touch of green. The *Disko* looked a little thing beside the glistening icebergs at their base. These in their turn were dwarfed by the towering cliffs

of granite, which have increased in immensity and impressiveness during the voyage from Upernivik.

I remember when I first heard the Nibelungen Ring in Hanover years ago. I felt that the music and the settings made credible the personification of the elements. The old gods with the power of thunder and storm and the overmastering human passions beat the rhythm of their footfalls on my senses, and I found it difficult after the final crescendo of supermundane music to return again to pavements and pension. What those Wagnerian operas had suggested lives here in the silent grandeur of embattlements of bare granite. Umanak Mountain, which gives its name to the settlement tucked into a fold of rock at its base, means, in English, "the heart," but the form of Umanak, which for five days I have been able to see from my porthole is really the wing tips of Brunhilde's helmet—laid aside for a little moment of human centuries while the ancient gods beyond the cliffs love or war or sleep.

Approaching Umanak from the sea we at first saw no sign of the village—only Brunhilde's great granite wings feathered out against the sky 3000

feet above the foreground of bare rocks. Then suddenly we saw the masts of a ship apparently rising from between the boulders at the base of the mountain. There was evidently enough space between the near and distant granite for a ship to be slipped in—but perilously little room, as we discovered when Captain Hansen began to maneuver the *Disko* into the protected waters. We had rounded the point and could see that the wrinkle in the rock's base was really an almost rock-locked harbor, with a settlement mostly of cliff-dwellings of stone and sod spread up the fold of the rock.

The *Disko's* entrance into Umanak harbor was complicated by the presence of a big iceberg just at its mouth. Actually we had to circle around the iceberg, in order to sail in between a Scylla and a Charybdis of granite. Here Captain Hansen, pacing from side to side on the bridge to make sure we were clear at each side, ordered the anchor dropped; and, with the *Disko's* bow tethered close to one rock, her stern was carefully and slowly swung round until she could be backed into the little harbor beside the schooner *Godthaab*.

Here I saw my first seal landed in triumph from

the hunter's kayak and dragged up the rocks at the foot of Umanak to the little rock and sod house of the successful huntsmen. Hungry sledge dogs crowded to the shore to lap up the blood which reddened the water where the kill was landed. They made a little procession behind the hunter and his friends, as the smooth, sleek seal was dragged up the rock to where the wife, in her sealskin trousers and high red boots, performed the rites of skinning and dressing it, while her husband with a long whip drove back the dogs who had licked the rocks clean of blood and showed hungry blood-smeared muzzles.

An Eskimo woman always bends straight over from her waist when she works—not stooping or kneeling. One of the Danish woman told me that when she first came to Greenland she had felt sorry for the woman who doubled over at such an angle to wash her clothes, so she had lifted the washtub up onto a table. Whereupon the Eskimo climbed onto a chair and bent over again easily from the waist until her head almost touched the toes of her soft *kamiks*.

The hunter's wife stood beside the seal for a moment, sharpening her knife, which was shaped

like a small kitchen "chopper." Then bending from her waist, she slit the seal's smooth belly, from neck to tail flippers, and hacked delicately at the pinkish fat until the gray spotted skin was laid back onto the rock like a coat. Watching in an admiring group were the neighboring Greenlanders, men, women and children, while the hungry dogs were driven back at intervals by the swish of the long leather whip.

While we were watching the process by which the seal became meat and leather, for trousers and boots, another Greenland hunter threw into the water, at the shore, a bucket of offal and refuse from the sea birds which he had dressed, and pell-mell rushed all the dogs of Umanak to wrangle in a snarling mass half in and half out of the icy water.

A *kaffemik* is not an expensive or elaborate entertainment. To entertain all the village, with the standard refreshments of coffee (taken without cream and sipped through the lump of sugar held in one's mouth) and dried figs for the children, costs 15 kr. ($3.00), and a dollar's worth of tobacco in addition provides all the men with a smoke. On Sunday, the Governor General and I

were hosts at a *kaffemik*. The feast was spread on an improvised table of clean boards on a trestle. Elsa of the gentle face—a Greenlander whose daughter is soon to go to Denmark to study nursing so that she can return and be a midwife among her own people—had seen to it that pots of coffee were steaming hot and that the twenty cups were washed often enough to serve all the company. As in the church, the women of the village grouped together at one side and the men stayed at the other side of the table. The children, gentle and docile, shyly came to receive the ration of dried figs, whispering, *"Qujanak."* The sledge dogs, scenting food, prowled near and caught the fig skillfully if I threw one to them. One dusty little husky puppy crouched under the trestles. Each time he attempted to join the pack, he was reminded pointedly that youngsters should know their place and remain in it and under no circumstances interfere with their elders and betters. After each skirmish, he would retire to sanctuary under the tables.

After the village had eaten and drunk, there was music. The placidity of the Eskimo faces is striking when a group is singing. Theirs are faces

Greenland children of Umanak

from whose ivory-brown surfaces every line seems to be obliterated. Even the older men and women have a look of rapt absorption in the music and of purity and gentleness, in perfect keeping with the hymns they sing.

August 28th

THE GOVERNOR OF NORTH GREENLAND, ROSENDAHL, and his party, Sand, the lawyer, and Knud Kyhn, the painter, came in tonight from Ultima Thule. New ice is forming in Melville Bay, and, when the new ice fills in between the old ice, a ship feels its way along with difficulty. The *Dannebrog* had to go far out of her course, breaking a way through the ice to the west and finally gaining clear water. They met the Shackleton expedition, with MacMillan, and passed the time of day with the party; but, as the Shackleton boat is especially equipped to cut through the ice, its situation was less difficult than that of the *Dannebrog*.

The party joined us at Dr. Kristiansen's where we were having *hunde bides* (dog bites), *mattak* (the epidermis of the whale, a most toothsome delicacy), and dried seal intestines, which de-

feated me, not because of any personal prejudice about the part of a seal that is most appetizing but because by the time the intestines had been dried they had attained a consistency like that of strong elastic or leather, as had the dried small fish which were served on the platter with them. There were delicious salted and spiced raw fish of various sorts and sliced reindeer tongue which fairly melted in my mouth. We were hugely enjoying our supper by the light of whale-oil lamps and candles. I can imagine how grateful the warmth of Dr. Kristiansen's genial hospitality must have been to men who had been pushing their way along for days through the rapidly forming ice which clots the waters to the north.

I could look across the table, where the yellow lights were shining on the faces of the group, past the snug room to the square of deep blue Arctic night framed by the window. The granite citadel across the harbor and the sea with its towers of ice were merging shapes of deep blue, with only a deeper shadow here and there to suggest the contour of the masses of rock or ice. Then suddenly, as I watched, the floating icebergs in the harbor began to whiten, first to pearl gray,

then to silver white. For a while the ice alone had caught the promise of dawn, then all the deep blue began to pale and I could see the cold damp yellows of the granite cliffs and the hard black and red of our anchored ship and the white hull and masts of the *Godthaab*.

Dr. Kristiansen—who, though not much more than a girl, has years of medical service in the Arctic to her credit, has been for three years in sole charge of the medical work of Umanak district, where her patients must be reached by dog sledge in winter and by long, solitary journeys up the fjords and through the mountains in summer—told me of the stirring moment when one first glimpses the sun after the months of darkness. All the people of the colony are there to watch for the first coming of light. I can imagine them climbing to the highest shoulder of rock, the same little group which will watch the *Disko* sail away. It is the top of the ancient god's great citadel across Umanak harbor which catches the first ray of light. One sees only a bright gleam shining along the rim of the cliffs, but there is rejoicing when that first golden streak appears, for it means that the next day the band of gold will

be wider, and in a few days the shining disk of the sun will appear over the heights of the opposite mountains and there will be light again.

North Greenland's Governor told me of the six walruses which they had seen the hunters of Thule bring in, and how walrus hide is so tough a leather that it can be twisted into an anchor chain. And if the hunter begins at the neck and cuts a narrow strip round and round, one walrus, weighing two tons, can furnish a tremendous unbroken length of the tough leather strap. Landsfoged Rosendahl told me also how in Thule a house had been moved six miles across the snow by a team of 120 dogs. It must have been a feat in dog driving to control such a pack of half wild creatures.

Yesterday the Captain of the three-masted schooner *Godthaab* had a tea on board, and while the other guests, judging by the ebb and flow of Danish conversation around me, were enjoying the occasion as a tea party, I slipped off into the pages of the seafaring stories of my youth. The *Godthaab* has a modern oil engine now and can spread or furl her sails at will, but the saloon of the *Godthaab,* with its roof scarcely rising above

the deck's level, is straight out of *Treasure Island.* And below, the mast grows up through the center of the dining table, and the brass cruet, for mustard, vinegar, salt and pepper, hangs over the table from a hook on the bottom of an oil lamp.

Skylights let the light down onto our group, which had just room enough around the table that almost fills the room. A little cadet, with brass buttons on his clean white jacket, and a ship's cook, showing an anxious face at the doorway, were looking after our comfort as patently as was courtly Captain Rosfeldt and his brother officer.

The highest house at Umanak village is the sanitarium for convalescent children, supported by the Danish Society for the Aid of Greenland Children. Here smiling young Froken Østerby cares for her family of thirty little patients, with the help of three Eskimo girls and Juditte, who alone of all the Umanak women still wears her hair in the old style, pulled tightly up into a long roll which stands straight up on the top of her head. In former days this was the prevailing mode among Eskimo women, and there was a rigid convention governing the color of the rib-

bons wrapped around the roll of hair. Red was for the young girl, blue for the matron, green for the unmarried mother, black for the widow.

The children, who were, all but one, able to run around, met us at the brow of the hill and made friends with us over the box of candy I had carried with me. How I have had cause to bless those purchases of little gifts made with Emmy Longberg's help before I left Copenhagen, for in Greenland one cannot drop around to the nearest store and make a purchase except it be of a plain staple necessity.

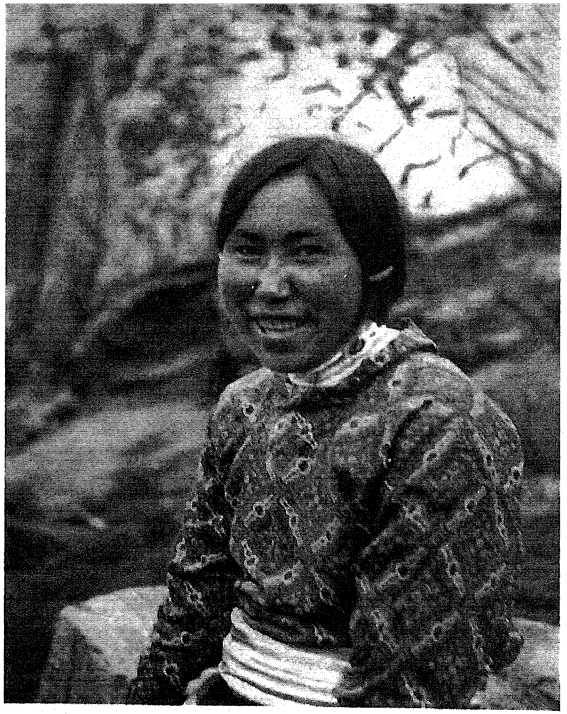
Denmark accepts the dictum of the Greek sage: "To make a man happy, do not add to his possessions but rather subtract from his desires." The government store, which has a close monopoly on Greenland's import and export trade, does not cultivate expensive new tastes in the Eskimos. Although the gun has replaced more primitive weapons, and one may buy stoves and matches and candles and clocks, there are no liquors for sale to the Eskimo, either authorized or unlawfully conveyed to him, and no fine candies and other delicatessen. If the Danish administrator or doctor or nurse wants Danish delicacies, these

must be brought out personally across the 2000 miles of sea, or ordered especially by post.

At Godthaab, the Assistant's little girl asked us eagerly: *"Er der dukker om bord paa* Disko?" ("Are there any dolls on the *Disko?*") My tins of candy have proved treasure chests, and, as the little brown hands closed over as many pieces as they could hold, one knew that, once the restraint of a stranger's presence had been removed, there would be ecstatic rejoicing. This was the moment that the children had been looking forward to ever since they had watched, from their high vantage on the rock, the first sign of the *Disko's* approach, and during the hours when they had seen the ship come nearer, and nearer, and finally anchor in the ice-strewn harbor below them, and during the time they were putting on their clean *anoraks* and, finally, watching the strangers climbing slowly up through the rocks and over the little wooden bridge under which the sledge dogs, tethered to their harness straps, howled mournfully.

Froken Østerby had tried to teach the children to give three cheers as an American gesture, but the little patients, shy and hesitant before any

Greenland boy



Greenland girl

innovation, stood with downcast eyes and found the noisy cheering quite beyond them. However, when we were safely inside the sanitarium, they were unembarrassed and their delight over the handful of candies burst forth. There came suddenly the sound of cheers and the biggest boy, not so very big at that, counting in Danish *"En, to, tre*—Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

There was the little lame one, with one red *kamik* raised on a block of wood, and the two little twins looking identical in their blue-checked *anoraks,* and the sanitarium baby carried in the arm of the older girl, already a little mother to her round-eyed charge. The cheers went on at intervals until Froken Østerby called the children into the dining room, and the little *kefaks* (assistants) came from the kitchen and joined the children in their songs. The older boys harmonized with a nice ear for tone, finding their deeper notes unerringly. I am so glad that the Christmas tree which the *Disko* brought has been carried up to the sanitarium and that I can think of that little group singing around the tree which Froken Østerby will trim for them four months hence. And how the candles will shine in the sun-

less winter day, and there will be another box of candies perhaps and even toys! I made a promise to myself to bring a whole Santa Claus sack of toys with me to Greenland next year, as I saw the children holding so tightly to their bits of candy while they sang with real joy in their voices, and I promised it again as I saw that little group at the top of the rocks watching the *Disko* sail away again.

As the *Disko* maneuvered herself out of the wrinkle in the base of the mountain where the harbor lies, and turned around into the open sea, the little settlement seemed to fold back into the rocks again. First the houses along the shore, then those higher up on the slope slipped from sight; finally only the masts of the *Godthaab* and the sanitarium on the hill were left to view, and, clustered beside the flag pole, I could see them—my little friends who were grateful for so little. I know they cheered, their three cheers *"en, to, tre"*—but we could not hear them across the distance. I could not even see their waving hands, for they were such a little group, but they did not leave their place on the rock. A curtain of mist covered all the crest of Brunhilde's brave helmet.

Only the lower reaches of the granite were visible, wet and cold and yellow, but there under the mist on the ridge of rock, the children stood watching the *Disko* sail away again. I know that Froken Østerby will soon climb up the hill to them (she had waited on the ship to bid us goodby), and that the little one who could not leave her bed and the children who watched until the last speck of the *Disko* had disappeared will be warmed and fed and tucked into the row of little beds; that their normal life will go on through winter into spring and the coming of the light.

There is no reason for me, a stranger at the rail of the ship, to feel an almost unbearable pathos in the little group, so small in all that lonely stretch of rock and sea and ice. There is no reason, I tell myself, but one's emotions are sometimes just beyond the reach of one's reason.

Rockwell Kent leaves our ship at this point to travel by a coastwise schooner over to his home in Igdlorssuit on Ubekent Island, which lies across some fifteen miles of sea from this settlement.

He and Gordon will live among the Greenlanders, for whom he has such a deep admiration and affection. As he said, responding to a toast at

his farewell dinner on board, one can give no greater testimony to a land than the wish to bring up one's children there, and he rejoiced in the prospect of sharing with his boy his enthusiasm for the life and people of Greenland.

August 30th

FOR THREE DAYS WE HAVE BEEN LOADING GREAT blocks of marble into the *Disko's* hold. As the only nearby spot where a ship can anchor has been preëmpted by a large iceberg, the *Disko* has had to cruise round and round by day while lighters brought the marble from the quarry. By night we have steamed up the fjord to a safe anchorage, a wearisome business for Captain Hansen, who must be on the bridge every moment until the anchor is dropped. The anchorage in the upper fjord is close to the spot where Wegener's little hut marks the starting point for his expedition onto the island ice. A climb of about 3000 feet over the rim of mountains leads up onto the great ice cap.

Some of the younger and hardier of our party made the climb and came back like ones who had

seen visions and dreamed dreams. Winding was quite incoherent over his experience, repeating: "A white Sahara! This borderland is nothing. Up there on the ice—there is Greenland!"

I hope I can climb up to the inland ice at Ivigtut. Up on the ice plateau they saw Wegener's shelter and found a horseshoe and other small relics of the explorer whose body, buried in the glacier, is each year a meter deeper in the ice, sinking further and further down into the element which will hold it intact and perfect until more than a thousand years have passed and it is finally brought to the exposed surface of the moving ice again.

The mountains hereabout are streaked with great seams of marble. The peninsula and small island where our cargo of marble has been quarried during the past two months, under the direction of Engineer Galster, are solid rounded masses of white, gray and pinkish marble. The blocks—which are being swung along by chains and block and tackle, with the help of a small engine and a crew of Greenlanders, into the lighter, and then, by the efforts of the *Disko's* crew, swung up by the crane and lowered into the hold—are heavy

enough to knock a sizable hole in our hull and sink us, if one should slip its mooring as it is being hoisted on board, but the quarrying has scarcely scratched the surface of the base of the mountain.

There is certainly marble enough in these mountains to supply the world's needs for centuries, but the question as to the practicality of quarrying it here and conveying it to market must be determined by this experimental cargo now being stored away in our hold.

August 31st

THERE HAVE BEEN TWO MAJOR EVENTS IN THE voyage to Jakobshavn—our journey's largest iceberg and bird cliffs so vast as to eclipse the cliff which we visited in the motor boat from Ritenbenk. We had been passing big icebergs, which had more the look of ice islands than of masses of ice afloat in the water, when we came quite close to this greatest ice block we have seen. It seemed to rise to a height of about 300 feet above the waves and be half a mile in length and width. Lifted out onto the land, it would rise an approximate 2400 feet—more than twice the height of the Empire State Building—and many times as long and wide.

I can see that I shall have trouble making an iceberg of these dimensions credible when I have reached the age of "anecdotage." I can hear the

young people whispering to one another, "Those icebergs grow bigger and bigger as grandmother grows older!" I shall also have difficulty with this bird cliff which we passed today, so near that the *Disko's* whistle startled up, from the surface of the water, such flocks of baby sea gulls that they filled the air like a snowstorm. All the birds in this part of the Arctic seem to have chosen to crowd together on the face of this absolutely perpendicular cliff which rises sheer from the water for more than two thousand feet. The foxes cannot disturb the birds there, and only the hardiest Eskimos dare to climb up that smooth granite wall with no surer foothold than the transverse seams on the face of the rock. And these occasional climbers who risk their lives for the sake of the auks' eggs, which bring as much as 3¢ each in the open market, dare not climb by night, for the sun will sometimes so warm the granite by day that the loosened sections of rock will crash down into the sea after the cool of the evening has come.

The feathered tenement-dwellers seem to have a presentiment of danger and the instinct to clear their families away from the loosened rock to a more secure perch. The nesting season is past and

the young birds, which have been pushed off the cliff by their mothers and then borne up by her wings, have had their first lesson in flying and are quite at home in the water now. But there seem still to be rows of birds crowded as close together as they can perch along each little seam in the cliff's surface. Nearest the water the small sea gull called *taterate;* higher up the auks (in Danish, *alk*), looking like small penguins with black coats and white shirt fronts; higher up on the cliff's face the black-backed gulls (*svartbag*) have their own section of the bird colony; and still higher up is the nesting place of the *hrvidvinget maage.* To imagine the countless throng of birds which, each in his own appointed section of the cliff, covers its face in the early summer, one must multiply by hundreds the number of birds one now sees—the cloud of birds which whirls and eddies like a driving snowstorm when the whistle of the ship looses them from their moorings.

The Governor of North Greenland told me that in the nesting season "the sky is quite filled with them and for hours afterward your ears are ringing with the noise of all their screaming."

September 1st

JAKOBSHAVN LIES ON A PILE OF UNEVEN BOULDERS which rise so steeply from the snug little harbor that as one clambers up from the wharf one can never see more than two or three houses at a time, until after reaching the crest of the ridge from which there is a full view of the rocky hill slope down to the open sea. Here one can distinguish the modern red frame hospital and the fine new church, rebuilt a few years ago from the old church built by the Eskimos in 1773, with the proceeds from their gifts of whale blubber, and the red frame house where Knud Rasmussen was born, and all the little red houses with their piping of white and periwinkle blue which were so well hidden among the boulders when one climbed up from the harbor.

Above Jakobshavn's boulders lies a high level

plateau carpeted with spongy peat, with little wild flowers growing from the moss already turning autumn-brown. An hour's walk, across the high plateau, with the peat soft and moist under our *kamiks,* and up again over great smooth boulders, brought us to the heights from which we could see Jakobshavn Glacier, a glistening stretch of white from which rise uneven mounds and hills and mountains of ice.

It was curious to step from the meadow, with its carpet of flowers and lichen, to that vantage point above the ice fields, and to hear the fantastic computation of the scientists—that forty million tons of ice flows out daily from this greatest of glaciers to the sea. There was warmth in the bright sunshine, and the sea and sky were a summer blue and the spires of ice glistened under the sun's rays. We sat leaning against a sun-warmed rock and saw the ice pack of the glacier on one hand and the blue sea with its floating ice on the other, and we realized how difficult it must be to judge distance or size when there is only the white of the ice, with nothing to show whether it is a far mountain or a near molehill.

Along the shore line one could see water, with

the suggestion that it would be unwise to venture out on the glistening ice field. An Eskimo guide told us it would be frozen solid from shore in another month. Now there may be fissures hidden under the snowy surface.

Today Bestyrrer Knudsen gave me a young Eskimo sledge dog. Direktor Daugaard-Jensen had promised to try to find me a good one. When we reached Jakobshavn and saw the sledge dog mother with her three *hvalps,* in the wire-netting enclosure by the Bestyrrer's house, the Direktor said that the darkest of the three six-weeks-old puppies was the finest specimen of genuine North Greenland sledge dog that it would be possible to find. Although her Eskimo name is Illulisett (Iceberg), the Greenland name of Jakobshavn, she will be familiarly known as Disko. (There is something which is reminiscent of Kipling about the name "Dog-Disko.")

Dog-Disko looks like a small wolf or bear cub, with a thick tawny coat, and her face is like a fox when her ears are pricked forward, and like a wolf when she turns them back in moments of playfulness. Her tail, which is usually curled up over her back, has a white tip on its bushy brown

flourish. The little thing has not seen much of people and is not at ease with them yet, but there is another sledge dog puppy going as far as Holstenborg. The two are to occupy together the little shed on the after deck. Four falcons which are going to a zoo in Finland occupy the corresponding pen on the other side of the deck.

September 2nd

WE DID NOT REMAIN LONG IN CHRISTIANSHAAB—just long enough to see the little cluster of wooden houses on the faintly green hills and to visit the Bestyrrer and his wife in their red house near the wharf and inspect the twins, lying chubby and pink in their cradles, and meet their big sister, as blonde and pretty as a doll. On the little veranda built out over the water, we saw the vertebrae of a whale, bleached white, serving as seats; and Emmy Longberg forthwith went in search of whale vertebrae for fireside stools in the Greenland room we will arrange in the Legation in Copenhagen. She had four fished up from some spot where they had been lying under water, and they are now on the *Disko's* deck, fresh and clean from their washing by the waves.

Dog-Disko and her little black companion have

been furnishing us with a lot of amusement. The black puppy is larger and stronger and more ready to frisk around on the deck and play with the passengers. Dog-Disko is a little timid where human beings are concerned and watches uneasily from behind a ventilator while the black puppy capers around and plays with everyone; but, once back in their pen, Dog-Disko leaves no one in doubt as to which of the two is the "boss dog." Sitting very proudly aloof, Dog-Disko orders the black dog back onto the pile of gunny sacks in the corner, and there he must sit until Dog-Disko has eaten and drunk; and even then the black puppy has to approach with proper humility. I am told that the personality which will make a "boss dog" shows from the very first, and that size and physical strength are only two of the deciding factors. It is the will to command which makes the little proud Dog-Disko dominate the situation in the deck kennel.

Dog-Disko is beginning to know me. At first when I held her she crouched against me like a little frightened wild thing. Now she has learned to trot around the deck at my side and, although

she is wary about the other passengers' advances, she puts her ears back and capers around at my feet when we are alone and is much quicker mentally than any young dog I have ever known.

September 5th

HERE WE ARE IN HARBOR AT HOLSTENBORG; BUT NO one can leave the ship except the passengers who disembark here, and no one can come on board the *Disko* from the colony. There is a case of suspected smallpox in Holstenborg. A foreign ship put into Holstenborg recently, and some sailor gave clothing or traded clothing to an Eskimo. Now the Danish doctor is doing his best to isolate this case of suspected smallpox and to prevent an epidemic, which is a more deadly business among primitive people than among those whose systems have a certain acquired resistance to disease. So the Brobergs and little Nils and the black puppy have gone ashore and Bestyrrer Rasmussen has circled around the ship in his motor boat and shouted greetings, and now we are to pull out again.

Mrs. Nicolaysen and her children, who were to travel to Denmark on the *Disko,* must wait until the incubation period is over and it is certain that no more cases of smallpox have developed. There will still be a chance for them to sail away before winter sets in on the ship *Hans Egede* or on the last trip of the *Disko* in November.

September 6th

AS WE NEARED SUKKERTOPPEN THERE CAME THE news that the *Sonja* had signaled that she was coming in with a whale. All during the voyage we have been singing the Greenland song with the refrain which means: "*Sonja* is signaling. Maybe it is a small whale. Perhaps it is a big blue whale." The Greenland text in full is:—

Pujok aliv kalermat
Kajup nalatigut
Una aki sugungmat
Snar katantile kant
Sonja Kalipak
Imera Kiporkak
Ime ka lumit
Ime ka lumit
Tumuligssnak.

Pilog kumart it nassat
Nekimarerpata

Utarkilart ihauss
Ate inerpata
Nuanagainakisa
Sonja Kalipat
Tunulerugjug pat
Nelslukars
Makors ama
Pigssagarmata.

Neka momanguarmut
Tamussiuvdlungo
Tupitorgarbalermat
Qunisslugtunek
Pâtinatdlardlugulo
Suvangenartigulo
Sonja Kalipok,
(Chorus, etc.)

Kugissut gssararput
Kabigting *Sonja*
Aperqutigssararput
Nukagsaenasavinga
Quango kalaleg
Kukujok Kingugdleg
Sonja nutame
Tunilisava?
(Chorus, etc.)

A thrill went through the ship at the news that the *Sonja* was really calling and that "Maybe it was a small whale and perhaps it was a big blue whale."

Word came in last night that the whaler would probably arrive in the early morning, and when the shout went up "*Sonja* is coming!" we piled out onto the deck in the raw gray morning, in rubber boots and all the wraps we could seize in a hurry.

I carried a blanket to wrap around me, in addition to my leather coat, for the wind was sharp and cold. There was a gray sea heaving about under a gray sky. On the shore the Greenlanders were running down the wet rocks at the landing steps, their *anoraks* bright bits of color in the bleak gray landscape. *Sonja* came in sight, fighting her way against the wind and heaving water. We could see a long rounded shape stretching along one side of the ship, moving up and down with the wash of the waves. On board the *Sonja,* the crew were hurrying about in shining wet sou'westers and rubber storm hats.

The *Sonja* skipper from his post on the bridge signaled a greeting to Captain Hansen. The

whaler came alongside. Dog-Disko's body felt warm as I held her against me under the blankets and wrapped another fold of blanket around my hands, which were getting numb with cold.

I watched the whalers working at the lines and chains which lashed the great blue whale to the ship's side. Through the gale, we shouted, asking the length of the whale. The answer came back over the noise of the wind and sea: "Something over seventy-five feet."

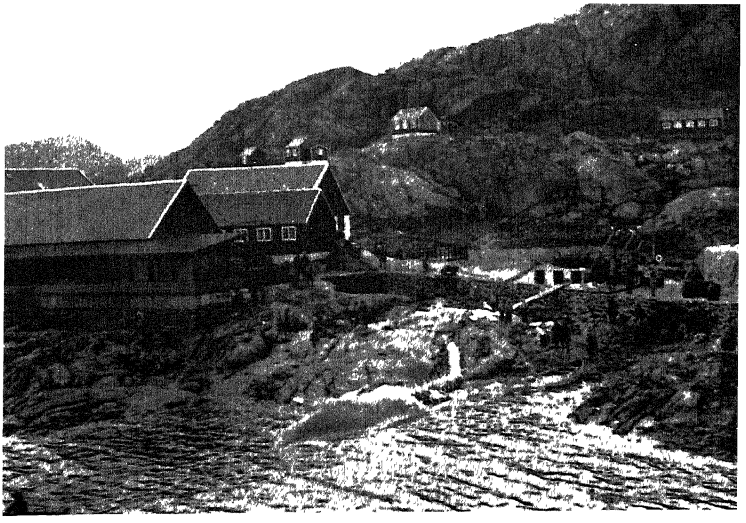
We could see the great blue-black back now with its regular corrugations, and the water around us began to redden with the whale's blood. At the prow of the whaler was the cannon which had fired the harpoon. This weapon not only pierces the whale but also carries with it a charge of explosive which tears a great wound. But even after it has been wounded, the whale, longer and heavier than the ship, may drag the vessel for miles or crush it in its gargantuan death agonies.

The whale's tail had been bound with heavy chains to the ship's prow, and as the Greenlanders came out from shore, to tow in their winter meat supply, the crew struggled to loosen the chains and the whale moved with the movement of the

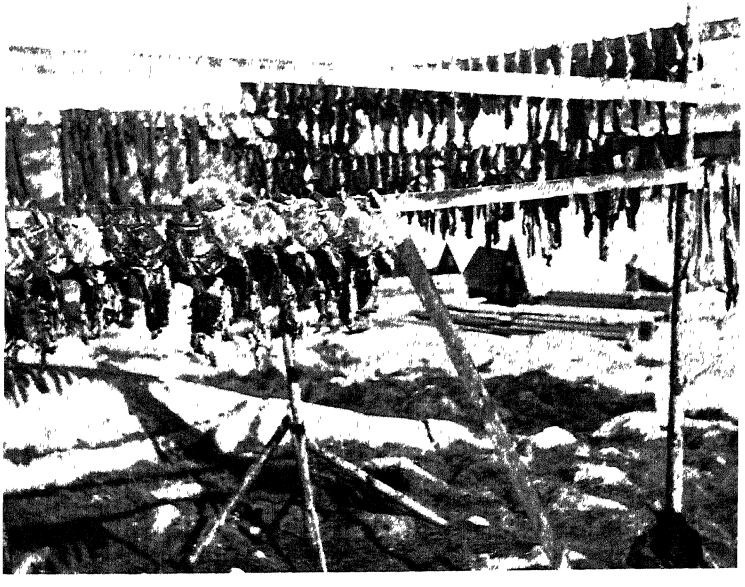
waves as if it were still breathing. When the *Sonja's* lashing tackle had been loosened, the cables were passed over to the Greenlanders' craft, and the *tiemuligssauk* was towed to the shore where all Sukkertoppen by now clustered on the wet rocks waiting.

The American flag and the Danish flag were flying at the landing steps where we went ashore from the *Disko's* small boat. The whale had been dragged up so that its tail was high on the rocks and only its great head still lay in the water. The blood streaked the water beside the whaler and poured out into the harbor, reddening it for yards around. Eskimo men, in oilskin suits shining with whale blood, were sectioning off the squares of blubber and cutting a slit in each chunk. Into these slits the waiting Eskimos inserted iron hooks by which they dragged the meat up the rocks to the place where a long wooden table had been set up. Here great slabs of blubber were salted and packed into barrels.

Back toward the whale's tail, where the blubber had been removed, women were cutting off the red meat and piling it in stacks behind them, stopping sometimes to put a strip of *mattak*



The whale at Sukkertoppen



Drying whale meat

(whale epidermis) in their mouths. Little boys were cutting at the carcass with their pocket knives and eating their fill of the raw steak. Those who stood on top of the whale steadied themselves against the great exposed flanges of the whale's vertebrae as they hacked and cut at the meat.

Bestyrrer Bistrup climbed along the rocks with me so that we could get a near view of the work of transforming the whale into a town's winter supply of food and illuminating oil, but it was not easy to find or keep one's foothold on the rocks whose surface, always smooth with wet lichen, was now even more slippery with blood and blubber. The whale which furnishes the ambergris, that costly perfume base, is not of sweet savor under the hands of the butchers. I was glad that a cold had dulled my sense of smell a little so that I caught only whiffs of the pervading aroma.

Above the rocks where the Eskimos were working feverishly at the whale, against the rising of the tide which will submerge it for a while, are the sheds with their piles of salted cod and their bales of salted sharkskin and their kegs of cods' livers.

While the *Disko* was taking aboard her Denmark-bound freight, I climbed up over the rocks to the sanitarium, where eighteen little Greenlanders are having a chance for recuperation and care under the wing of their Danish nurse.

The plan of the building is much like that of the sanitarium on the hill above Umanak. My supply of hard candies was exhausted but I managed to find enough chocolates to provide a little treat for the children, and I made a solemn vow to come equipped better with both candy and toys on my next visit.

At the hospital, lying below on another shoulder of rock, and across a little wooden bridge, I found Froken Jensen in full charge. The doctor had gone up to Holstenborg to deal with the smallpox case.

Up under the eaves of the hospital is Froken Jensen's Frenchman with the finger amputation and infected arm ("We can none of us speak his language," said Froken Jensen, "which makes it a little complicated, but our Frenchman is getting along in spite of that.") also her patient from the Faroe Islands, a nineteen-year-old boy whose

nerves had given way under the strain of the hardships of his first year of Arctic fishing.

In the little attic room of the hospital, Froken Jensen is giving him the rest and care he needs. In her other wards are Greenlander patients, a big responsibility for young and slender shoulders, but not too big for Froken Jensen's staunch spirit. After we had visited all her patients, and had discovered in the meanwhile that we had both spent a couple of years in Woolwich, London, she in hospital training and I living near the Royal Military Academy where my husband was an instructor, we were talking about Greenland where she has just spent her first winter. I can see that the challenge of the responsibility and even of the life itself has taken hold of the little Danish nurse's imagination.

She told me how the ten Danish residents have really a happy time in winter. There is a study class in the Eskimo language and some other study class, I have forgotten the subject, and there are bridge games and teas at one another's houses. "Winter is not dull by any means. We have a cozy time together, coming in out of the cold and snow to neighborly gatherings. I think I would

never care to go away from Greenland for more than a short visit."

From Froken Jensen's hospital, a path runs down to the harbor, over boulders and around them, past the little Eskimo houses of peat or rock, where children and lean black dogs play in dusty clusters. There are no sledge dogs here. It is too far south for them. Where there are other domestic animals the fierce sledge dogs are not found. They would make short work of the goats or sheep. Here there are only the black hounds whose pelts are used for the Eskimo women's collars and cuffs.

When the *Sonja* was fighting her way in against the gale this morning, a Dane said to me, "It is a life for a full-grown man aboard a whaler." I have thought often here in Greenland that this life for a full-grown human being does not make any allowance for weakness or lack of courage. It requires the full measure of strength, of both body and spirit. Froken Jensen, alone in her hospital, with miles of rock and sea between her patients and the nearest doctor, must be brave enough to carry herself and them through any emergency. Fru Bistrup, when she stood beside

the grave of her little girl and was strong enough to say the words which the *praest* would have said if he had been there, strong enough to carry her own sorrow and to help her husband struggling with his overwhelming grief, was measuring up magnificently to the standard of Greenland, whose people must have or develop some of Nature's impressiveness.

September 9th

AS SOON AS THE *DISKO* HAD REACHED HER ANCHORage across the rocky promontory from Godthaab, a note in Eskimo came on board to Provst Bugge (a recent promotion has made Pastor Bugge "Provst" or Bishop of Greenland) asking what time " 'Ruth' would be ready for her godchild's christening?" When the Eskimo mother in the hospital asked through Dr. Svendson, my name, I replied, "Ruth," and so it was in this way that the latter referred to me. We sent back word suggesting 2 P. M. as a suitable hour for the ceremony. There was to be a wedding in the church at 1 o'clock and the christening could follow immediately after.

As we set out for Godthaab in the motor boat, we could see the winter's first snow powdered over the tops of the mountains. It was a bright,

clear morning and the whole world seemed to have been bathed in pale blue light. There were a few wisps of white misty clouds wrapped around the summits of a distant mountain, but for the most part the whole stretch of sea and mountains and sky was clear blue with the spangle of new snow gleaming on the summits.

On shore all the colors seemed to be intensified —the fresh bright reds and yellows of boots and *anoraks* as Godthaab, in its Sunday best, hurried toward the church; the green of Godthaab's common land where white goats were grazing; the yellows and reds of the brightly painted wooden houses; and the Danish flags flying at each side of the bridegroom's gate, with a festoon of evergreens from pole to pole.

As I hesitated between going direct to the church and tardily keeping my appointment at Provst Bugge's house, I saw the Bishop walking down the path toward me. I told him that I wanted to attend the wedding and we planned that, when the wedding ceremony was over, the Provst should give me a signal so that I could leave my pew and perform the godmotherly ceremony of carrying my namesake to the church.

All Godthaab had hurried in soft *kamiks of* red or black or white to the church, and was now crowding the pews, the women's side of the church blossoming brightly with bead capes of every varied pattern and color.

The inside of Godthaab Church is painted pale blue and white, and at each side of its altar, with the tall white crucifix, are panels of angels' figures in white bas relief against the blue.

When the tall young *praest,* in long black cassock and stiff Elizabethan ruff, called the young couple to the altar rail, the groom in white *anorak* rose from his place on the men's side of the church, and the bride, in red boots, sealskin trousers, brown silk blouse and bead cape of many colors, joined him from the women's side. The wedding ceremony followed so closely the form which we well know that I felt almost as if I were understanding the Greenlandish exhortation to the young couple and the interrogations of the *praest* to which the bride and groom answered the Eskimo affirmative, *"Ap."*

After receiving the *praest's* blessing at the altar rail, the young couple went and seated themselves together on a front bench and Provst Bugge

piloted me quickly out of the door behind the organ and up the rocky path to my godchild's house.

"Ruth's" young father is an assistant in Greenland's only printing office. Her mother had spent some years in Denmark, in the home of a clergyman, so that my little Ruth, now all dressed in her christening robe, whose long embroidered skirt was lined with dark blue sateen, has a home in which there is Danish thrift and skill added to a good Geenland heritage.

The table in Ruth's house had been laid ready for the christening feast, and all the household started out together for the church. The little mother was not quite as high as my shoulder. I felt very tall among the family party and yet entirely a part of it, for were we not all equally concerned with this great event which had assembled the entire village? Those who could not find a place in the church were gathered around the doorway where we removed little Ruth's outer wraps. In Greenland a baby does not go outdoors until the christening, so Ruth's first promenade was an event in itself.

Our little family party moved down the church

aisle. The mother and feminine relatives were in their sealskin trousers and painted leather boots and wide bead collars hung from bands of black dogskin. The father wore a white *anorak*. As in the wedding ceremony, I could almost follow the Eskimo of the ritual as the young *praest* bestowed the church's blessing on little Ruth Dina Holm. Only the instruction to godparents was given in Danish, the rest of the service was in the Eskimo language, as were the hymns which followed. Then we were all on our feet after the benediction and the young *praest* was shaking hands with both young couples, the newly married and the parents of my Greenland namesake; and outside the church there were more congratulations and good wishes from the village people who crowded around. With their caps and coats of many colors, they made a scene as bright as a garden of flowers.

Then, up on the surrounding hills, the seal hunters began to fire salutes with their rifles. Crack: Crack: Crack went the guns, and the reports sent rattling echoes among the rocks. We rolled Ruth up in her wrapping of blankets, for the winter's first snow sent a chill breath from the mountain tops. Then I carried her back up the

rocky path to where the tea table was laid waiting for us. I gave Ruth her little christening gift and Ruth's parents gave me a sea-gull brooch carved from the ivory of a walrus tusk; and, while we drank our tea, Greenlanders came in with offerings. One brought two china plates and a post-card with a view of Denmark. A little Greenland boy brought two tiny candles in tiny wooden holders. Ruth looked at us for a while with her big brown eyes and then went happily to sleep.

September 11th

WE HAD RECEIVED THE NEWS IN LAST NIGHT'S "radio Avis" that the American Coast Guard Cutter *Champlain,* which is to carry me back to the United States, had reached the appointed rendezvous at Ivigtut yesterday morning. In a land where any craft is a source of interest, the arrival of an American "warship" is certain to be a momentous event in any Greenland port, and there has been much conjecture on board the *Disko* about the *Champlain's* dimensions and type. We were all out on the bridge deck to catch a first glimpse.

There is a narrow entrance through which we approached Ivigtut harbor, a space between the rocks so small that it looked scarcely large enough for Dog-Disko and certainly too restricted a space for the ship, as we saw it before our prow. Cap-

Commander MacLane of the American Coast Guard Cutter *Champlain* greets Governor General Daugaard-Jensen on board *Disko*

tain Hansen had roped off his bridge from side to side to insure his freedom of movement as he paced back and forth and maneuvered his vessel through. So great is our faith in our skipper, after having watched him for seven weeks pilot his ship through ice and fog, that I feel sure we would have been quite calm and confident as we sailed forward even if we could have seen no opening in the rocks at all.

With very little clearage at each side, we slid between the rocks, and soon we caught sight of the *Champlain* at anchor, trim and white, and beyond her the little mining town with its erections of iron and steel which are so unexpected on a Greenland scene. Before the *Disko* had docked and the bridge gangway connected us with Ivigtut's wharf, the colony's welcoming committee on its launch and Commander MacLane in the *Champlain's* motor boat, had come out to the *Disko* for their official calls. Direktor Daugaard-Jensen and I met Commander MacLane at the ship's steps as he mounted them, all a-gleam with gold braid and sword (the *Champlain's* motor boat has a little canopy of white with knotted fringes shading the broadcloth covered seat which somehow suggested

Venice, and the American officer, with his fine-drawn dark face and his cocked hat, fitted into a Venetian picture).

The Direktor and I sat under the fringed canopy when we went over to return the official call, and were piped on board, and I had a salute of 13 guns which sent echoes rattling through Ivigtut's hills. We learned later that, owing to a misunderstanding, I had received two guns less than my due. A Minister Resident rates 13 and an Envoy Extraordinary 15 guns; but, as this is the first time I have had a salute of guns as Minister, I was sufficiently impressed with the albeit short measure of cannonading. As we left, the Governor General received his 19 guns as we both stood at attention alongside in the launch. It was arranged that Commander MacLane and Lieutenants Raney and Surrat should attend my farewell dinner on the *Disko* tonight and that all the *Champlain's* officers should come to the later *Danse-mik* on shore.

Herr Bang and I had worked out a speech in Danish for the farewell dinner—or rather I had planned a little speech in English and Herr Bang had helped me translate it into Danish and

coached me on pronunciation, and I had prepared my poem "To Greenland" for its conclusion, but after the Governor General's gracious speech bestowing on me my Eskimo name, Inunguak, I knew how unworthy my little effort would be in comparison.

The *Disko's* vases of artificial flowers and the patterns which Froken Stilling and Jensen and Kristiansen had made with flat green leaves gave the banquet tables a festive air. The table flags were flying from their little standards. Our stewardesses wore the caps and white aprons reserved for ceremonious occasions, and all our passengers were in various forms of gala dress. The American officers' uniforms added a note, but all the while I could not disguise the sadness I felt in going away from the ship which has been our home for so many unforgettable weeks and the ship's company which has come to be like a family party sharing all its Greenland together.

The Direktor's speech was in part addressed to the visiting envoy—and in part to one who, as he quoted in a little Danish poem, "was ready to laugh with our joys and weep with our sorrows." My Eskimo name, Inunguak, means "Real human

being," and it was given to me with *"Skaal"* from the company.

I gave my thanks in Danish—thanks for the privilege of learning to know Greenland's warm hospitality, of having a chance to acquaint myself with Denmark's admirable administration of her colony, which has increased my already deep respect and affection for that country, and I closed with my verses:

To Greenland

When I have seen your mountains sink
Below the far horizon's brink,
And all your icy peaks which gleam
Like frozen music in a dream;
Although I can no longer see
Your loveliness and majesty,
I will not bid a last adieu,
I know I will come back to you

When I have beat my weary wings
Against the bars of little things
Which hedge me straightly round about
And shut the winds of Heaven out,
I'll know the cliffs of Greenland rise
High, sheer and silent to the skies

And, like the creatures of the air,
My spirit will find haven there.

Captain Hansen toasted Helen Lee with a warmly friendly speech and she replied in fluent Danish. It was later in this same evening of farewell that I caught my first real glimpse of northern lights. There was a faint greenish glow in the skies night before last, but it was not more than the light which a moon behind clouds might cast.

Tonight I watched the real aurora borealis which the Eskimos say is the dance of spirits of men who have died while hunting and women who have died in childbirth. First there were wisps of pale greenish light which flowed in an irregular band across the night sky—changing shape like whirling smoke, changing color imperceptibly from green to rose at one place or to lavender at another. Suddenly a brighter light seemed to glow on the northern horizon and, unfurling itself across the whole vault of heaven, past the gleam of a myriad stars, there waved a great shining pennant, billowing and turning as it threw out its streamers of light. Then, as we

watched, the band of luminous green separated itself into dancing wraiths of light, here glowing more brightly and throwing a long plume of pulsing color across the sky, there paling and fading out of sight.

Suddenly a band of light went zigzagging up across the night sky, its color and form changing as we watched; and, at another point in the bowl of night, a great strip of softly gleaming color seemed to shine below the edge of some great curtain between the world of our finite vision and some far place of eternal light.

For weeks we have been seeing mountains and icebergs which have seemed so vast and impressive as to fall quite outside our human scales of measurement. We have been seeing how small were all the works of man's hand beside the majesty of the mountains. Tonight the play of northern lights across the sky made our vast mountains seem only notches along the rim of the sky's great bowl. The immensities before which we have been wondering are only the negligible frames set around the infinite spaces across which the lights glowed and danced. Up across the glit-

The American Minister at Jacobshavn

ter of stars flowed the bright pennants until the waiting universe was veiled in beauty and the swinging worlds in space were bathed in shining light.

September 12th

THIS MORNING WHILE OUR BAGGAGE WAS BEING carried on board the *Champlain,* with little Dog-Disko sitting serenely on top of the load of boxes and valises, I went with Manager Corp through the cryolite mine, a yawning hole not far from the wharf, which grows larger year by year as the steam shovels and drills gnaw into the valuable deposits of these hills. I am told that there are only two other places in the world where cryolite is found—the top of Pike's Peak where it is in quantities so small as to be commercially valueless, and some place in the Ural Mountains.

This mineral, which is used in the manufacture of aluminum, enamel and porcelain, looks in its pure state like ice. Its discovery has been providential, for it has made the altruistic administration of Greenland possible by helping pay the deficit

which Greenland's administration would otherwise be to Denmark.

The *Dannebrog* is at anchor in Ivigtut harbor now, and when we were invited on board by Lawyer Sand this morning, I went eagerly appreciative of the chance to see the stout little ship which had so recently come from Ultima Thule; but I did not anticipate the little ceremony in the *Dannebrog's* cabin, where Mr. Sand, with a gracious speech, presented Captain MacLane with a walrus tooth from Thule and me with a narwhal tusk.

I first saw narwhal tusks in the throne room in Rosenborg Castle in Denmark. I was puzzled to learn that the delicately spiraled ivory column from which the throne is made had been carried on the forehead of certain whales, much as the unicorn is supposed to wear his horn. There is a legend that, if one can find a narwhal tusk which spirals from left to right instead of from right to left, a tremendous price will be paid for it. But I am inclined to place this rumor on all fours with the report I used to hear years ago that, if I could keep from putting my tongue into the cavity of an extracted tooth, a gold tooth would

certainly grow there.

I had never hoped to own a narwhal tusk spiraling in either direction, and to receive this especially fine specimen there in the little cabin of the expedition ship, from the hands of Lawyer Sand himself, makes it a treasured possession. It will be an ornament to the Greenland room, which becomes a more and more interesting project as my little store of Greenland treasures increases. The many gifts from our hosts at settlement after settlement will enable me to arrange a really interesting and complete collection.

September 12th

AFTER LUNCH TODAY I BADE FAREWELL TO THE *Disko* friends and found it by no means easy to do, the Governor General and his son, dear Fru Hansen and the Captain; Herr Bang, my patient "Superintendent of Public Instruction," who has so kindly helped me so much with my Danish at the expense of his own rest and comfort; dear Emmy, loyal, able little companion, delightful Herr and Fru Brun. No, it was not easy to go about saying *"Farvel,"* with a lump in my throat, before going down the ship's steps to the waiting motor boat.

I came back to shout another *farvel* a little later, as the launch which took me with the *Champlain's* officers up to the *Is-Blink* swung over alongside and we gave three cheers for the *Disko,* and our friends at the *Disko's* rail replied with

three cheers.

When we came back from the glacier, the *Disko* had departed for the homeward journey, and Captain MacLane, eager to get out through Ivigtut's rocks to open sea by daylight had all steam up and the *Champlain* ready to set out as soon as our party had boarded her.

The glacier is a mass of ice pouring down from the inland ice to the fjord, and where it meets the water there is a solid wall of ice. As the launch could not come too near, we landed about a mile from the glacier and walked over the pebble-strewn shore of the fjord, where all the stones under our feet had been worn smooth and round by the ice which had finally deposited them there. A boat load of sailors from the *Champlain* were also scrambling over the smooth rocks to catch a nearer glimpse of the glacier and the inland ice lying above it. I wish I might have climbed up and set foot on those ice caps above, but an hour of walking had brought us only to the foot of the glacier. From there, we could look up and see the gleam of the sun on the threshhold of the ice continent.

September 14th

TODAY WE ANCHORED TOO FAR OUT FROM JULIANEhaab for us to be able to see the people of the colony taking their first look at the American ship. (We later heard that the Greenlanders had said that it looked like an iceberg, with its white color and its trim lines.) When Julianehaab fired six times from the shore cannon, the *Champlain's* guns fired six salutes, three with the Danish ensign flying at our masthead and three with the Stars and Stripes. I was glad that this first colony of our Greenland voyage should also be our final glimpse of this lovely land, and that I could show the American ship to Julianehaab and show Julianehaab to the American officers and men. We called at Bestyrrer Ipsen's quaint lovely old house, with yellow zinnias blooming in Fru Ipsen's little garden, and visited the school where the little Eski-

mos sang and recited for us.

The Captain of the *Champlain* went with me to Julianehaab's old peoples' home, where six old Greenlanders are cared for, and to Walsoe's hospitable house on the hill. The foxes who were our fellow passengers on the *Disko* are quite at home in the roomy new cages Walsoe has built for them, and one with a fine white-threaded coat ate a fig from his hand.

Julianehaab has been out in boats and kayaks all day, circling around the ship, and when the Danes and the principal Greenlanders and their wives came on board, for a moving picture show this evening, all the rest of Julianehaab was grinning genially through the portholes and feeling equally a part of the unprecedented festival.

I wondered what the Greenlanders, who were having their first experience with moving pictures, must have thought. Even if the first film, a drama of the covered wagon days in the West may have been a little incomprehensible to people who have never seen horses or a wagon, the antics of Mickey Mouse were well within the range of everyone's understanding. One Eskimo nudged his wife so violently at Mickey's vagaries that he

almost pushed her off the slippery bench. Certainly Mickey Mouse never had more rapt attention or more whole-hearted appreciation!

There were Bestyrrer Ipsen and his wife and Landsfoged Svane on the front seat, of course; and there were Walsoe and Froken Sabroe, the school-teacher, and the telegraph operator and his wife and children, and the young clergyman who is heading the Julianehaab high school of 24 pupils. And there were Pavia, in his white *anorak,* and the Eskimo village councilmen and their wives.

After the movie show, they all came into the wardroom for coffee and cakes and music from the big electric gramophone. All of the blaze of electric lights was actually there in their harbor, close to their candles and blubber-lamps. The big searchlight of the *Champlain* played around over the hills, picking out here a little red painted house and there a boatload of Greenlanders who screamed with amusement as the blinding light fell upon them. All the shining brass and gleaming paint of the ship, all the leather and silver in the wardroom, all of the bit of America, for that incredible hour in their harbor, was being ab-

sorbed, along with the coffee and cakes.

After the weeks during which I have been guest in Greenland homes, it was a peculiar pleasure to be host for that hour; to pass the platters of cake and the paper cups of coffee.

One officer brought, from his stores, some little paper caps, souvenirs of some party. These we gave to Froken Sabroe for her school children. Commander MacLane produced some boxes of wooden picnic spoons and forks; here were favors for the children present and for the Eskimos who had children to whom they could carry them home, and for the school children to receive tomorrow when all the incidents of the wonderful ship's visit are relived again and again.

The *Champlain* set sail just as the first red of the dawn streaked the sky. Julianehaab was still in shadow, but the sky above it was a luminous blue, along the hilltops merging into rose which faded into pale gold higher in the morning sky. The still water of the harbor mirrored all the iridescence in its shining surface.

It was here that we had caught our first glimpse of Greenland, on that morning of sunlit blue and gleaming ice so few weeks ago, as we came in from

the dark and fog of the Cape Farvel waters. To all of us on the *Disko* who were seeing Greenland for the first time, it was as if we had crossed the threshold of some enchanted place; to those who knew the Arctic, that morning of ice phantasies floating between a sea and sky of liquid sapphire was a return to a familiar and loved beauty.

I recall the expressions on the faces of people who, before I began my journey, talked to me about Greenland. "One wants to go back," they would all say. In my office in Copenhagen, when we were discussing the final plans for my trip, Direktor Daugaard-Jensen said, "Each time when I catch my first glimpse of Greenland again, I feel that I am returning to something very great and very lovely," and I could see that he was looking past the walls of my office into some realm of his own, created for him by a land he understood and loved.

All this recurred to me as I looked from the deck of the *Champlain* at little Julianehaab, nestled in the shadow of the hills between the rose and pearl of the sky and sea.

Greenland has already woven her spell about me. I know that I too will say, "One wants to go

back again." I know that I too will often look past walls and pavements into this realm—longingly.

I know that, to me, the waters before Julianehaab will always seem a gateway to enchantment, and as the *Champlain's* whistle called a hoarse farewell to the little settlement and we began to move through the rose and gold and blue of the waters, I knew that the gateway was closing for me— Dear Greenland, closing for a little while.