

Entombed in an Iceberg for a Thousand Years

*The Startling Discovery Which Came When
the Grand Floe Drifted Ashore and Revealed*

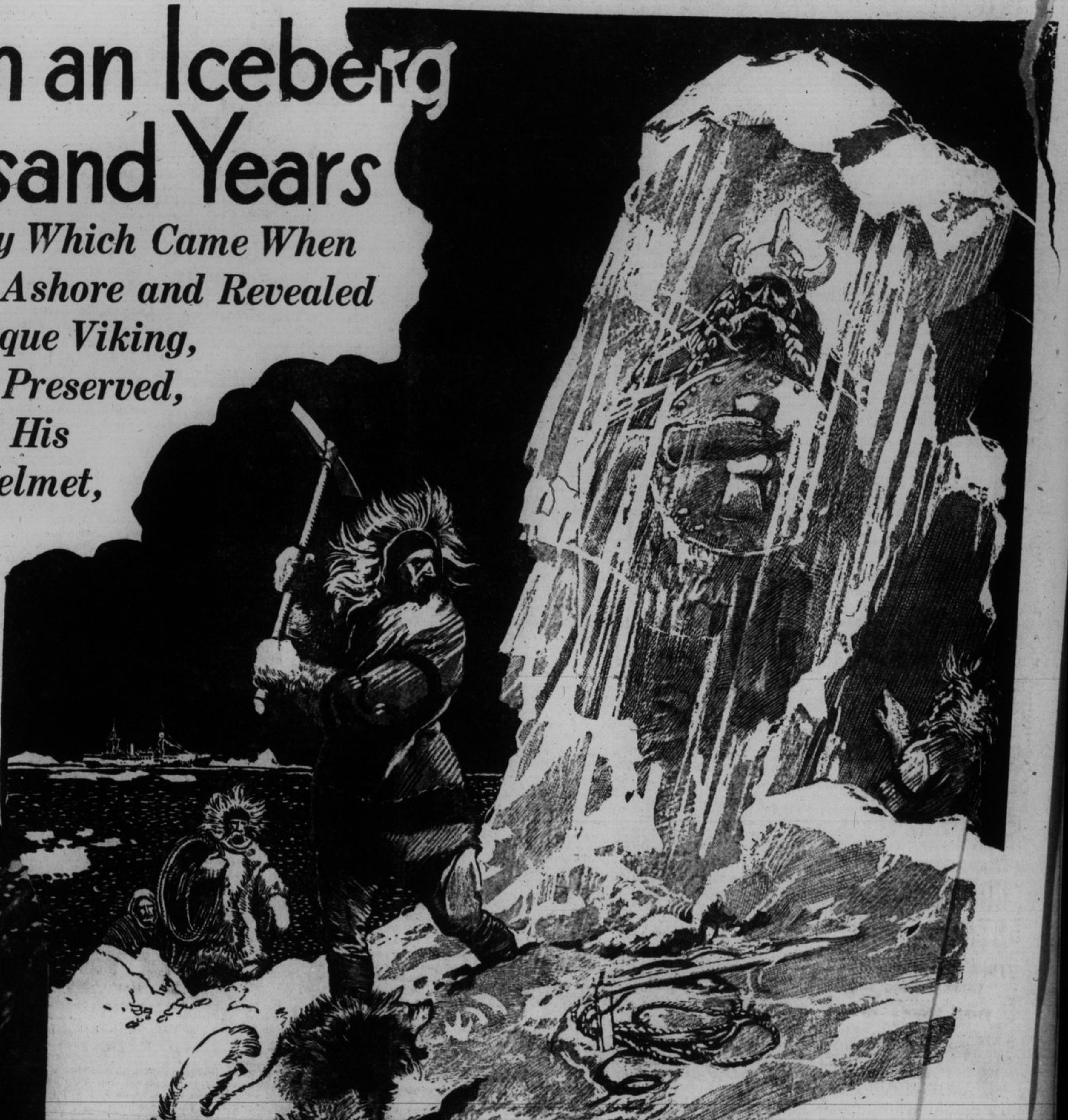
DRIFTING for ten centuries through the uncharted seas north of the Arctic Circle, traversing heaven knows how many thousand miles of snow and silence, perhaps pushed by the ever-grinding ice-floes to the North Pole itself, the body of a Viking king a thousand years old has been returned at last to civilization.

Encased from head to heel in a frozen winding sheet that preserved it more perfectly than any Egyptian mummy, the Viking's body was discovered by Danish doctors standing upright in a huge iceberg cast up on the east coast of Greenland.

It towered before their amazed eyes like an incredible phantom—seven feet tall, clad in rude ancient armor, gripping spear and shield, head crowned with the winged helmet of Norse royalty, the whole dimly visible within the transparent tomb of ice. Men with axes chopped away this natural casket. Then the Viking stood as unmarred by time as though he had died but yesterday. He was not dried or shrunken. The skin was white and firm. The hair of the head and the bushy mustache was long and red and silky. The ice had kept him imperishable for posterity.

The body is being taken on a ship to Copenhagen. There scientists will endeavor to perpetuate the process of preservation by the injection of chemicals. If they are successful, the body of the Viking

*a Picturesque Viking,
Perfectly Preserved,
Even to His
Winged Helmet,
Armor
and
Red Hair*



years ago), he heard from his uncle, Bjarni, a noted navigator, of a vast new land to the southwest. Erik followed the lure of the unknown. By the account of his voyage preserved in Norse story, historians judge that he finally reached what is now Cape Cod Bay, sailed back to Greenland. There he died—violently, as became a king. The old sagas tell how he and his fellow chieftains pledged their last "skjal" in foaming horns of mead before they roared forth to battle against an alien invader. But, before the raider was driven into the sea, his archers and spear-men slew "Erik the Red" and many of his warriors.

They buried Erik, according to Viking custom, in full armor. His helmet, with its twin wings and its gold encrusted lining, was upon his head. His shield was buckled on his arm and his javelin was in his hand, that he might be fit to sit with the high gods. Buried with him were

those of his companions who had fallen in battle. But the earth was not their grave. They placed the body of Erik and those other bodies in galleys. They rowed out to the ice floes grinding past the Greenland coast. In niches carved deep into the ice they laid the dead Vikings; then watched them disappear—slowly, majestically—into the red eye of the sunset on their long journey to Valhalla.

Thus, since the old sagas, passed "Erik the Red" in the year 922 A. D. or thereabouts. Now, a thousand years later, the ice mountains of the Arctic have given up their secret of the centuries.

Years passed. In the steady, ceaseless grind of the flows, immense chunks, mountain tall, were broken off, to become icebergs at the mercy of ocean currents. By what freak of ocean wind and tide the iceberg containing these eight bodies was brought to that particular spot on the Greenland coast, only Providence knows. But eventually—possibly after completely circumnavigating Greenland—it was thrust

up by the waves onto a promontory on the southeastern sea.

Here the iceberg may have rested years before a human being had come upon it. Even did some lonely fisherman come upon it, he might have missed the bodies buried in its side. Only gradually the iceberg melted under the action of sun and wind, until the helmeted chin was visible for the first time in thousand years, through the thin sheet through a window.

The discovery of Vikings by the Danes came about in an unusual chain of circumstances. Many months ago, coming into settlements, had brought ghostly tales, spectre-haunted point on the lonely past. But white men paid little attention to the stories. They were used to superstitions in the frozen, North Pole lands of beach-walkers and dune-birds; of the ghastly "Yee-Hoes" that stalk the trails of hunters; of the phantom cries of lost ships heard in the night when not singing, but

whistling—for the man who steered them to the giant starting out of the side of an iceberg, and another yarn.

Then, at the mines at Ivigtut, an epidemic of the Danes broke out. The Danish Government, a party of physicians to the town, heard the story of the phantom in the iceberg, and the more adventurous spirits of the party proposed an expedition.

The young doctor, more in fun than in earnest, believed they were stalking a ghost. Guided by Eskimos, they started the end of the journey on that century—the Viking king, set for a thousand years, released by their swiftly chopping axes for the first time since he set foot in Valhalla in the dawn

of the tenth century. History has made that rivals the strange discovery in fiction can anything similar, and that in a novel of a dead ghost. "The Frozen Pirate," a fantastic name, who was found back to life, who was found back to life, who was found back to life, and was finally refrozen and re-entombed in the ice.

To that, for though his body is in perfect preservation, no human hand will touch the soul of Lief Erikson—if it can be found—and years

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The Celebrated Painting of Wotan and Brunhilde—Characters in Teutonic and Norse Mythology—Showing Winged Helmet and Armor Like That the Vikings Wore.

King in the Copenhagen museum will be the most remarkable relic on earth. Millions will come to stare at the Norseman who lived and loved and fought a thousand years ago.

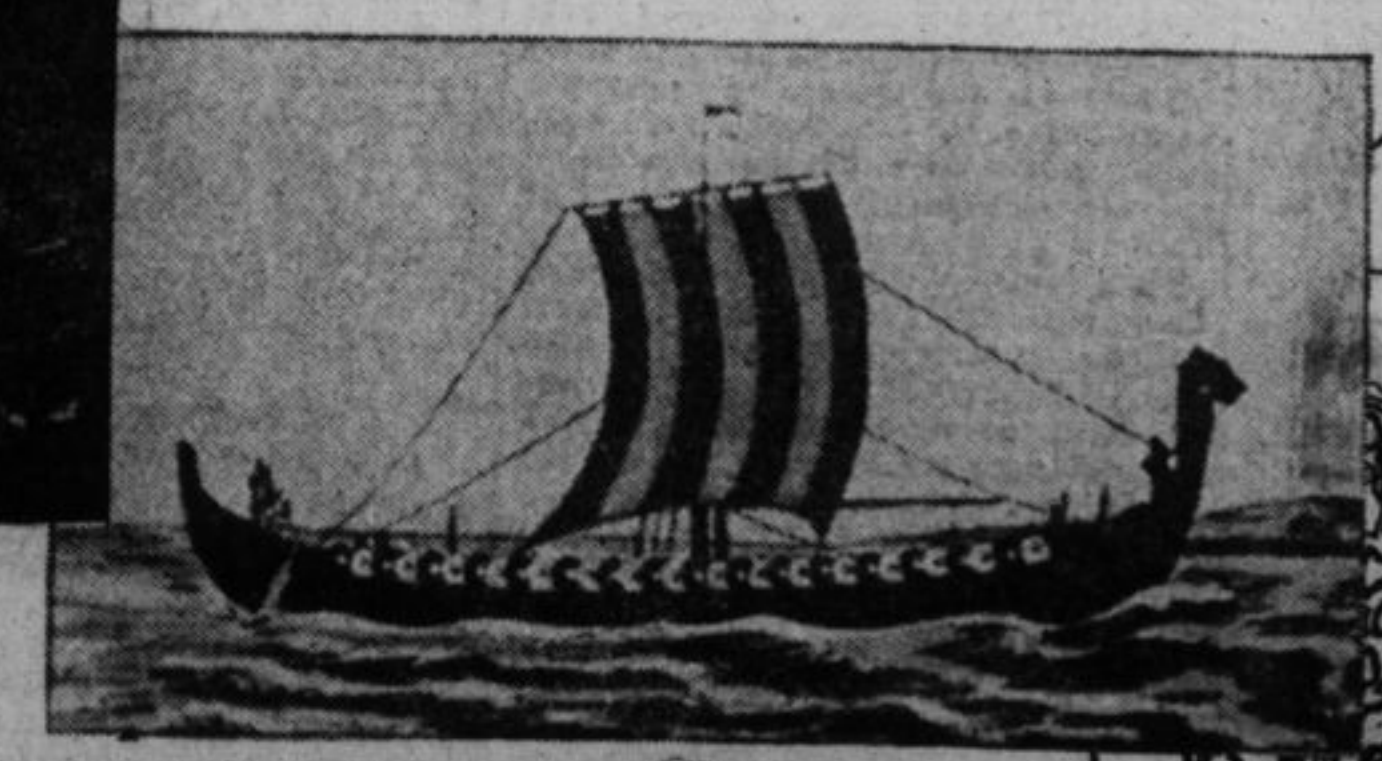
While Copenhagen scholars impatiently await the arrival of the extraordinary find they have dispatched an expedition to Greenland to continue excavations. Word has reached them that seven more bodies, as untouched by the years as the first, have been found. Further explorations may give science the most valuable light it has ever had on the Norsemen and their voyages. The early history of America may be rewritten before the investigators are through.

Already they are considering a theory

that the Viking with his royal winged helmet may be no less a celebrity than Lief Erikson, "Erik the Red," famed in saga and rime as a dauntless voyager, believed by many historians (who base their assumption on authentic findings) to have landed on the shores of America four hundred years before Columbus steered the "Santa Maria" into harbor at San Salvador.

"Erik the Red," according to Norse legend, was an earl banished to Greenland because of his secret romance with his liege lord's beautiful daughter. He was a great fighter, a great lover, a great adventurer. After settling at Brattfeld and building seven-story dwellings (foundations of which were unearthed a few

Reproduced from a Painting of a Viking Warship of the Type in Which Lief Erikson Set Sail About 900 A.D.



along Scituate Beach past Coronet Rock into Boston harbor, and thence up the Charles River into the Back Bay, where he landed near Cambridge and built a large house.

The archaeologists have found to confirm this legend ruins of various dwellings, fish pits, canals, bowls, stone sinks for salmon fishing, a marble cup, all of unmistakable Norse origin. The family of Eben Norton Horsford, on whose property these tokens were unearthed, erected a statue of Lief Erikson in Faneuil Hall, Boston.

"Erik the Red" left a small colony of Vikings in the new world and

Map of the Arctic Circle Showing the Towns of Ivigtut. The Dotted Line Indicates the Possible Drift Route of the Viking Iceberg from the Arctic to the Bay in Which It Was Found.



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