

Frobisher Bay

Inuksiak

9th Aug From Inimo to Frob

Unloading HBC boat

water carriers Aug 14.

Aug 21 and trip to

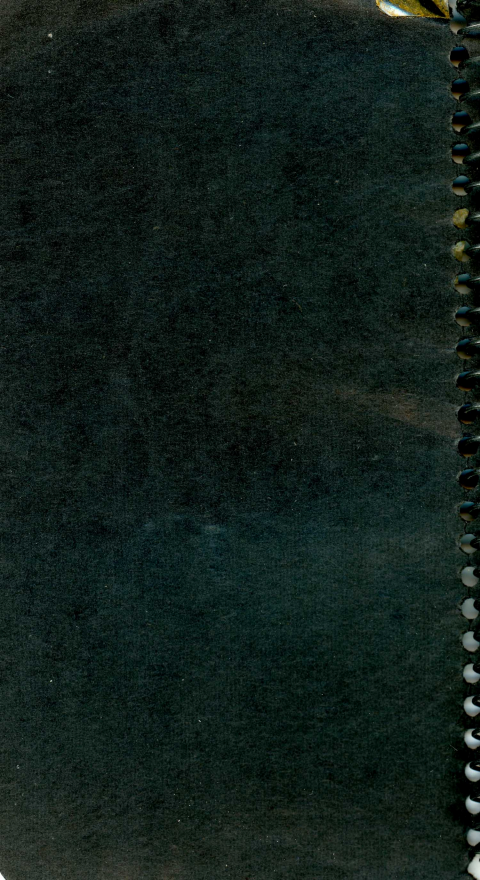
Cape Dorset in Canso

Niviaksiak's story

Trip to Tellik

MacKenzie Porter

Mallik - Aug 25.



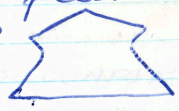
Original American  
town - with  
3 shacks and  
the original  
church - a little  
steeple -

Figured Eskimo  
Handicraft Store.

Houses

Built from scrap  
monuments to  
ingenuity -

Rigid frame  
houses



5 arches 4 feet  
apart

Eliminates joists  
building material.

No stamp pouch  
for equipment, so  
left lying around outside  
houses <sup>NOT</sup> designed  
for the North  
go but these were  
adapted

1/ We don't want  
people to see this  
mess.

2/ Construction  
workers are looking  
for girls - and -  
3/ prohibit sharp practice

EMAPIK - Little  
water on JACOB.  
mother & different  
people gave her  
names - the interpreter

~~ITUKO~~

ITUKOOLOOAPIK

## INUKSIAR -

beautiful person  
sleeping ledge of  
old mattresses &  
an accordion  
old clothes, a saw  
2 Rifles slung on a  
hook, a radio  
on a ledge,  
a saw on the bed  
tool boxes,  
hammers, files  
and chisels  
a french fry  
dipper, grate  
which broom, mop  
enamel pail & steel pans.  
Water comes from the  
stream. Urdine goes into it  
Frize from a school  
with colored tawns

puzzles & faces.

walls of corrugated  
paper, brown  
paper with  
Merry Christmas  
ornament

2 dredgers

a bowl of sputum  
~~beaded~~

~~a seal skin~~

~~UGJUR~~

The skin from UGJUR  
for boot soles.

KUMIK are worn  
on the feet.

The caver

Inubsiak / filed  
a stone, smiled  
for the photograph  
or made fishing  
net for char. for  
Ches Russell.

Bar in KOVIK  
NE Hudson Bay.  
800 miles from  
Ihaluk. came in  
on an ocean going  
boat.

Outside the shack  
was like a roped  
bundle - ground  
anchored by rocks  
green grey black



KOPANUAK

Snow hunting.

009

9

lines of caribou  
used for sewing  
seal skin trousers  
from near Lake  
Harham in South  
Baffin

Lined & married  
in Cape Dorset  
She still fishes  
with a spear,  
and draws her  
old age pension.

"I must be getting  
old, the last fish  
I tried to catch  
- but I caught it"  
Material of  
Ishuit, spoke  
chatty

2<sup>th</sup> generations

OOA, INGA, KHALAPIK

It was Ooa who said "Yes they will go to Hee classes"

On the roof on  
airboard ~~note~~

rolls of tarpaulin  
high chain yellow  
pram, wheel barrow  
and a spade  
— inside a  
washing machine

General smell  
in the hut.

In F B, squads  
of men were  
hauling up the  
garbage, piling  
& collecting

outside the DNA  
office, crossed  
maps were propped  
beneath the N.W.T.  
coat of arms

TO BE INTERVIEWED ON TAPE

Ches Russell, Chan fishing.

JOYCE MCKINNON Home Ec

Meteorologist

Pierre Williams on Control Tower

Don Soley Oil Mgr

Franka Delante Administrative

Irus Page HBC store

Royal Bank

BILL CHISHOLM

Country's Ltd  
~~Bill Chisholm~~

MADGE

Postmistress

TO BE INTERVIEWED ON THE

1/15/68

1/15/68

1/15/68

1/15/68

1/15/68

1/15/68

1/15/68

1/15/68

1/15/68

9th August 1960

TUESDAY

Sam, Cedee, Marnay  
Kennie & Eric came  
down in the jeep to see  
us off on the twin  
engine DC 3. They  
stayed at the airport -  
us for a long time -  
nearly an hour and  
we said Goodbye -  
knowing we should  
see them again.

We boarded CF-1HV  
in the sunset light  
& took off North for  
Frobisher Bay. I  
sat on the East side  
and looked through  
the purple air in the  
direction of Grey  
River & Port Burwell

The whole air seat  
sky was a diffusion  
of violet, rose  
colored cloud tips  
changed to purple  
and deep powder  
blue - sky & sea  
blending into a  
diaphanous web of  
colour.

I looked towards  
Grage Point Beacon  
Island where Joseph  
& Noah had made  
land fall on Thursday  
night. - Beyond  
long Pt Barwell &  
I wondered how Max  
was making out  
his prey.

Below the thin  
layer of cloud, close



to 100 souls were  
battling to make a  
living from a precarious  
foothold.

"Good fishing & calm  
seas" is all you  
can wish them &

I said a little prayer  
to the Gods to spare  
them all.

The clouds lay in  
cotton wool furrows  
over Ungava Bay  
ploughed by some  
share of wind.

The plane we boarded  
had carried in 3 DNA  
engineers & 3 more tourist  
type visitors, - a couple  
of doctors from Toronto  
& a Mrs Powers who  
was suffering from

laryngitis. She croaked  
"Hello" looking very  
attractive in kakke  
drill anorak & trousers  
- poor Dedee - she had  
just got rid of one  
pair of visas and  
problems to be confronted  
with half a dozen new  
ones. All without  
food or beds.

There was only one  
other passenger and  
the air hostess in the  
plane with us, so  
there should be little  
difficulty getting our  
bags off at the other  
end.

10:10 PM approaching  
Frolisher - we passed  
up the bay through

some very bumpy  
air streams. — somewhat  
not sure if it wouldn't  
have been better in  
Phil's single engine  
job — I know a  
long liner is best!

Please fasten seat  
belts flashed on the  
electric light signal  
system at the head  
of the cabin.

There were seats &  
both sides this way  
up North but only  
at the tail end.

Forward, boxes of  
battery electrolyte  
marked up were  
stacked

Must remember to give  
in silhouette photos

from Sandy & David  
- the 2 mad Scotsmen  
they had been seal  
hunting with Inoche

(?) -

bannibals - 2  
missionaries - taste  
of religion.

Over Frobisher the  
clouds cleared &  
we had a second  
sunset. Scarlet  
& salmon ahead,  
below to starboard  
the welcome lights  
of Old Trade!

A sleet storm was  
blowing & we  
pulled up in a  
very short space  
& we could see

Barter had truck  
he was busy -  
bulldozers were working  
by powerful acetylene  
and as we taxied  
down the new apron  
I saw a truck go  
down the parallel  
runway. No  
wonder we pulled  
up short. Met Gerry Maloy  
from McLeod out  
as he was delayed  
to learn Claire Bolton  
had left.

He asked for him  
"He's been cannot  
gone to Montreal."  
He went to 92-2, next  
door. Fulford the  
schoolmaster is living  
next door. He was at  
O'Brien

we lidded down  
— in blue sheets  
& a tropical  
atmosphere. After the tent  
& things the heat was  
unbearable. Windows  
wouldn't open. We are  
hermetically sealed inside.  
So pruned over the  
front door with a fest

GLORIOUS HUBBUB OF HUMANITY  
AUGUST 10<sup>th</sup> WED.

We unpacked our goods  
— dried milk, cocoa, coffee  
vegetables, soaked prunes  
& onions. Had buttered  
toast & honey for breakfast  
& a tin of mandarins.  
Went over to the laundry.  
Mop full of wool. His  
dry cleaner had put  
his hand in a jar,

The clown, and had lost  
the tops of his fingers.

He's no use now - he'll  
have to go home to his  
father, - he came in  
for only 3 hours yesterday.

In case we leave for  
Lape Ousset soon, I  
declined to leave R's  
trousers & my shirt.

We called on Mr Delanté,  
who welcomed us.

We had have taken  
my story on the Girl Guide  
Weekend.

Mr Delanté asked us to  
go over to Lape where  
the HBC was receiving  
stores from the

Peter of the offshore  
- The sea front was  
a litter of great mounds

of cardboard cartons &  
packages, 14 new canoes  
and flat bottomed boats  
dozens & dozens of women,  
children, boys, mothers  
& babies in their parkas  
kids in wellingtons &  
waders. - none of them  
high enough. -

Flat barge loaded  
in great pyramids  
ferried tonators, chewing  
gum, baking powder  
canned salmon, <sup>pure</sup> wool <sup>socks</sup>  
chocolate, cigarettes,  
candies and corn flakes.  
The barge was ferried  
ashore by a motor  
driven boat - ? -  
and swung round to  
be deposited stern  
first on the shore in a



receding tide.  
Immediately nearly 100  
Eskimos fell on the  
sawgo.

Staggering & fumbling  
for a foothold in the  
sand as they staggered  
under huge bundles  
& boxes unable to see  
where they were going.  
One child was having  
particular difficulty  
& I went to the rescue.

It was so heavy I  
bent double to carry  
it & put it especially  
on the duckboard wall  
at the head of the beach.

HBC man examined the  
label & said "That will  
have to go back!"

A boy walked up the

back with a crate  
a mammalade mark  
glass jars."

He paused & it on  
his head, leaned  
forward & extended  
it - kept plank - on  
the sand.

hances covered in  
sewn flour sacks  
warehouse doors  
yawned wide open, nearly  
empty, waiting for the  
victuals which would  
see them through the  
coming winter - and  
maybe the one after that!  
To the South, fog lay  
over the ice still lying  
in Frisviken Bay.  
The nearest islands  
looked dark & char

against the blue hills  
of meta Inognita.

A fine drizzle began  
to fall on the unloaded  
pavement. The barge  
unloaded, children  
began sliding down  
the roller ramps.

- work over -

without the volunteer  
labor I felt they would  
be unloading 'til Doms  
day.

We returned for lunch &  
called on Mrs Delante  
on the way home. She  
asked us to judge the  
wild flower collections  
made by the Girl Guides  
& inspired by Rosemary.  
Called at the Bank for  
my mail - despite  
Had a letter from Alvin.

Telling Mr Doyle I  
could not accept his  
offer as I was unable  
to keep my half of the  
bargain - he has  
put me back on the  
payroll. - Half pay I  
think. - Very kind.

Did some letter writing  
on the very fine air mail  
paper Mr Doyle sent  
me. Received no letters  
from England.

Went to the Belmont's  
& had tea. Very pleasant  
to see us & we judged  
the wild flowers.

Lucy's was beautifully  
done. Each flower  
was mounted on a  
separate card, covered  
in cellofilm & sealed

with cello tape,  
went bare and cooked  
Canadian-style biscuits  
& a rhubarb sponge  
then dinner of soup,  
biscuits & sponge. Dick  
Delaney called & kindly  
brought 1/2 dozen cans of  
beer. I had just  
settled down to writing  
when Gerry Makoney  
called. Clare's successor  
an irritating, brash  
stubble jumper from  
Winnipeg. A hearty  
"I'm only a ldn" type  
boy.  
bored & bed at 11.  
Slept well.

AUGUST 11<sup>th</sup> 1960

THURSDAY

Fair day temp about  
50-55 light breeze  
2/10th cloud.

After breakfast, went  
up a story for the mail  
on Port Burwell &  
Messrs Delante &  
McPhail called to  
make an inventory of  
the furniture.

Set off at midday to  
Apex Hill to see the  
sea-eyk.

300 tons of goods for  
the HBC being man-  
hauled up the shore  
to the forest warehouse.  
The Eskimos shuttled  
to & fro, 50 lbs, 100 lbs

4150 lbs at a time  
on their shoulders.

Children carried

50 lbs & babies carried

5 + 10 lb packets from

split & broken bags

Occasionally one would  
get split on the edge of  
the duckboards and

(The smiles are as bright

but the faces are wrinkled

and the eyes are faded)

The sugar would be

scooped up in a canky

to be sucked there &

then - or taken home

for tea later.

Came home about 2

P.M., ahead of Rosemary

and worked on a

story for the paper,

wrote many letters and

Prepared tea when R  
came home - She has had  
dreadful luck with her  
cine film. Get was in  
the camera "gate" and  
all her work is disfigured  
by broadish streaks  
of red & purple. All  
the unique, unrepeatable  
Pt Burrell work is quite  
useless for sale. -  
What a blow.

Just as popped a delicious  
shepherd's pie into  
the oven, Captain  
Jayme called  
supposedly guilty. I  
gave him his file.  
Poor man had needed  
it whilst I was  
away - he had even



been to the RCMP to see if it was here.

He stayed til nearly 9 P.M. - had a beer one of the six which Selaney had brought Wednesday evening.

We ate in front of them from tin plates & when it came to coffee he had a tin mug & we used the glasses marked "Pepsi Cold".

"I really must invite you two out to dinner" he said.

Hummmmm.

After he went we simply tidied up and I went to bed - Slept very well too.

Capt Jamme talked

of his days in  
Formosa - the mandarin  
style education of the  
children where each  
age group is responsible  
for the good behaviour  
of the <sup>next</sup> younger group.

Then he told us of his  
days as a store keeper  
in a coffee factory.

He proved amiable,  
sensitive and broad

minded. He looks  
very like George Raft  
about the eyes, has a  
trim figure & keeps  
his uniform extremely  
neat.

AUGUST 12<sup>th</sup>.

FRIDAY

Rained very heavily & we had a leak down the lavatory pipe. — Went to Vic Brown's office alongside the laundry and told him — "Ah, he said, that's a carpenter's shop job" The leak went on.

Collected my yellow shirt & Rosemary's skiving trousers from the laundry & visited Midge at the post office. — She had a tale of woe about underpay & overwork. It's the same the whole world over. After many letters &

a pause in the rain  
we went for a walk  
up to the water works,  
maybe a mile up  
the hill from an  
new alode 92-2.

Watched the carriers  
at work - the  
usual truck carries  
1,000 U.S. gallons -  
which of course are the  
product of exaggeration.  
In other countries it  
would be 800 gals.  
Trucks take 10 mins  
to fill from switch  
on to overflow.

Angnetuk, 37, from  
Cape Dorset said he  
had been carrying  
water winter & summer

for nearly 4 years.  
Had beautiful teeth  
and a pleasant smile  
He went by dog team  
to Pangnaitung & then  
7 years ago came  
to Arbukler Bay,  
round the coast by  
row boat!

Another fellow who  
spoke perfect American  
"Bay!" it was some  
load, 2,000 gallons  
& all automatics & dies  
on his truck.

He was old Tule born  
& bred. - Seemed it  
too.

Came home over the  
tundra which has  
changed in the past

month  
only a few pyrola  
remain with the willow  
herb - already past its  
prime.

Some leaves on the low  
scrub bushes are  
bracken colored, tan  
& bright scarlet &  
look quite brilliant  
& lovely.

We had Dick in for  
a while to have his  
picture taken.  
He thought it fine  
indeed to have a  
pic done by Rosemary  
Gilliat.

I spent the evening  
writing a story on the  
airport.

Phil Sacre met us

on the way to the  
kundra & invited us  
to a party Saturday  
night. Accepted  
with alacrity...

Mr Carter is back  
in town & he is throwing  
it.

Phil said the end is  
in sight of the gamble  
costing over \$7,000,000.

Bed at 11:30 on hot  
cocoon.

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To Mr & Paul

Amshwakalook - (squit)

+ Kookook - (The Equale)

Enosil - (Patty Kattail)

Mantha

+ TOOWEGA Yparents

AKSHUTLEAK

AUGUST 14<sup>th</sup> 1960

SATURDAY

Komatik - earliest models were fashioned solely from the frozen hide of walrus or other animal into the shape of ummuk. - Where driftwood was available, - that was used.

MUKTUK - Whale skin - a delicacy.

BANNOCK - food of land, flour baking powder & water.

ULU - Eskimo knife

KUMIK - shaved seal skin loot - seals are from the thick hide of bearded seal. known as mukluk in west.



KOLETUR - Outer  
skin parka

ARTIGI inner coat  
usually parka fur  
trim is attached  
to this - vulvum  
is best - frost from  
breath will not  
form on it.

Average sled is 20'  
long & 28" wide  
cross rungs are attached  
with rawhide thongs  
& permit considerable  
strain on the sled.  
hails would split the  
weeds

IYUNG-NA-MUT - It  
cannot be helped.

Weather cold, damp & quite a lot of rain.

Did some shopping in the a.m. at the Hudson's Bay Store. - some terribly sorry looking people in there - heads, stubble, dirt and smell. Slept in clothes and crushed trousers.

They have no cheese, no butter, no meat at the HBC - and

certainly no bread.

Dismayed, I produced my treat for lunch

A can of Camembert - husbanded for a rainy

day, was produced from the depths of my

mesae. - We snuffed & savoured it, I ate it

in half and ate mine  
up with the bread-slices  
I had made.

We both feel undernourished.  
Dihydrates are not  
very good as a steady  
diet. - Rosemary cut  
the rind from the cheese,  
said she would eat  
half today &  $\frac{1}{2}$  tomorrow.  
"Oh no you won't" I  
said.

The idea of smelling a  
piece of cheese and  
not having any was  
abhorrent.

Anyhow after giving  
me the rind, she  
decided hers was not  
such a big piece  
after all! - so she  
ate it.

About 3 p.m. we  
muddled up enough local  
guides to go on a wet  
hike. R had to take 6 pix.  
We went thru' the  
motions of passing  
flowers and R took  
dozens of pix.

Then we went to Ikhabit  
- the ledge podge of  
filth, decay, hope  
ingenuity & disease.  
Many of the children  
have impetigo. Their  
faces are covered in  
sores & scabs & look  
quite revolting.

One of the guides Kootok  
lit a fire with 'Ensoil'  
using bracken & rabbit

more than the stipulation  
3 matches. Everything  
was very wet so all  
was for a win.

One terribly disfigured  
case of impetigo kept  
pushing onto the  
picture. — She  
looked quite frightful.  
Poor kid — she played  
tag with another girl  
— just in the same  
state.

Returned home & had  
dressed up dehydrated  
soup — then  
made then dressed  
to go to Mr. Carter's  
party.

Borrowed Mrs. York's  
iron. She's a dyed  
saxoid blonde, with

a mouth full of  
teeth (false ones) who  
mouths them at you in  
a sickening sweetness  
We hear her through the  
wall screaming shrilly  
at her crying children  
It kills any desire  
for motherhood.

These ought to be  
humane gags for adults  
& babies.

The Relant's drove  
us to the party & we  
circulated nicely.

Listened mostly to  
his banter. — His  
airfield is nearly  
done. Terribly glad.  
He's pleased as punch  
naturally as he can

now extract his  
machinery at the end of  
September. One crusher  
is valued at \$250,000 +  
- next step may be  
Ethiopia.

Had cocoa with Delantes  
and washed home by  
1 A.M.

Mr. Carter's 14 year old  
daughter must be a  
winner.

She got all D's one C  
& an E on her reports.  
"That's terrible - but  
at the D's. I'm not  
wasting an education  
on you" he said.

"It isn't so bad - just  
look at that C."

She told her mother she  
was a squint because

she was told to come  
in at 10:30 P.M.  
Some personality.

SUNDAY AUGUST 14<sup>th</sup>.  
1960.

Awoke about 9:30 &  
quite delighted about  
it. Had a leisurely  
tea, then coffee and  
spent the morning  
putting my pressed  
flowers away.

They were left under  
the carpet at 92.3  
and the wretched people  
threw out most of them  
— what a waste —

We spent so many  
hours collecting them in  
the short summer. Fall  
is already here.



ice pans, blue,  
turquoise are filling  
the bay shore line.

different ice from  
the earlier blocks.

- Obviously blown  
in with the South  
wind.

For the sea life - we  
would expect clear  
waters, at least,  
but it is quite  
dangerous - or even  
impossible at any  
speed in little  
boats.

We went up to the  
Waterworks in the  
afternoon

Mr Carter had  
promised to call  
before lunch with

an aperitif. But he  
didn't turn up.

We helped with the  
Brownie uniform  
ironing - the - R  
has to get more six,  
then others were out  
of focus or the park  
failed.

Rotton luck.

After tea - I went  
back to iron on my  
own & watched the  
ice moving into  
the harbour while  
the drier worked on  
my 2 remaining  
good deeds for the  
day.

Vic Braun came in  
He is in the engineering

Swissing DNA &  
came from banner,  
have scotia, —

Fortunate.

He had 4 certificated  
Esquimos (not what  
Esks) working for him  
came here & Brian  
Pearson was here.

Not to dinner  
though.

We ate curry in part  
of him as he had  
called for only a  
few minutes & stayed  
until 11 P.M.

AUGUST 15

MONDAY — Apex and

met Spylassee again.

AUGUST 16

TUESDAY — Seal hunting

see other books —

10 SATURDAY AUGUST 20

SUNDAY AUG 21 1960

celebrated R's birthday  
- wrong day. Went to

Skabbin to find our  
3 Eskimo friends,  
heard singing in the  
church there. A humble  
place. - Found our  
pals at Apex Hill:

MONDAY AUG 22

Collected mail from  
bank (clippings from the  
 Herald) still no word from  
England. Made appointments  
for tonight. 7 Journalists  
called MOSHA called,  
Capt Jamme, & Mr Porter  
of the rehab laundry.

Recorder failed during  
interview.

TUESDAY AUG 23 - Packed  
all day prior to going  
Dined w Capt. Jamme.

WEDNESDAY R called  
me at 8:15 & brewed  
cup of tea. Had a shower  
& had to rummage for  
my oddst ends in the  
baggage. A weather  
report at 9:30 will  
tell us our fate.

Went with tape recorder  
to see Mr Cowbird  
in Capt. Jamme's  
recommendation, hoping  
to have it mended  
or receive advice on  
it. As I was chatting  
to him Norman McNeil  
arrived to say the  
plane was taking off.

Poor Old R had to  
fling everything in  
at the last minute  
and we had strewed a

few things about  
which were essentials.  
Wash things, footgear  
and hair things.

met her outside her  
bowhounds office and  
we motored down the  
runway to pick up  
the canoe. — He  
waved us goodbye.

Norm McPhaul, in a  
tizzy, said: "What  
the hell?"

The pilot then took  
pity on us and  
waved "come on".

We got in in a great  
hurry.

I was allowed in the  
co-pilot's seat &  
had a glorious view.  
Below, our plane's

shadow was tinged  
in the clouds by  
a number of rainbows  
Anchored in the  
harbour "WALDRINGHAM  
HILL."

The two pilots, Terry,  
and ~~W~~ Blyskam  
unloaded the plane.

In one corner with us  
was 1,000 lbs of flour,  
and wire, insulators,  
boxes of baby food,  
Pabulum, strained  
beef, dried whole  
milk.

We eventually canceled  
ashore in a tip(s)y  
little.

Cape Dorset was much  
larger than I thought  
a large collection of

white tents, a number  
of neatly painted  
houses and two  
styrofoam igloos.

The igloos looked  
yellow & dirty compared  
with the sparkling  
whiteness of the tents  
& houses in the sun.

Surrounded by  
ringed by ranges  
of hills & mountains  
near and distant  
what seemed land  
locked on an immense  
broad blue lake.

Alma Houston  
was waiting to meet us.  
Vally, upright, even  
in blue denim &  
dark hair. She  
has a full mouth



a deep voice which  
does not tire you  
and grey green eyes.  
We were introduced  
around on the rocky  
shore and met the  
missionary.

"... Gardner, I'm  
the missionary here"  
and gave me a  
penetrating look.  
The Eskimos were  
unloading the freight  
and lugging up and  
down the rocky  
beach & green shore  
to the warehouses.

Kegs, cases, sacks  
& cartons, always  
on the right shoulder.  
We went to Alma's for  
lunch & had a whiskey

before a soup & sandwich  
lunch.

Alma has a tray about  
eggs & she picked each  
one with outstretched  
arm, finger & thumb  
gripping each egg  
with disdain.

Some were cracked  
& spilled & mildewed,  
but made delicious  
egg sandwiches.

We pattered round.

The Houston house is  
light airy, curtained  
with hand blocked  
material made by  
the Eskimos.

Kitchen curtains were  
of an ~~other~~ like design.

One wall was brick  
paper and the kitchen

door was panelled  
with acoustic tile  
and painted in geometric  
patterns of blue green,  
blue, turquoise, tan,  
and yellow.

The house was busy  
with Eskimos, cooking,  
cleaning, ironing  
and carrying containers  
& parcels up from  
the landing ledge.

A woman, seated on  
the floor, was nursing  
a baby while one of  
her friends did the  
ironing.

The Eskimos, fair,  
olive skinned & frequently  
rosy-cheeked, perspire  
in ~~beads~~ of glistening  
beads of sweat

on their noses.  
Ann, Alma & I visited the  
crafts center. The wall  
was hung with prints  
- old & new - ~~52~~ 52  
only are taken from  
each block. - 50  
for the public and  
2 for permanent  
record.

Delicate and stout,  
whimsical and ominous  
carvings lay about.  
~~The~~ Niviarskiak's  
polar bears were  
about.

He became obsessed  
with polar bears  
last year - carved  
them, made prints  
of them and  
eventually went out

## Local Gossip

The RCMP boat is coming in from Lake Harbour.

Pitsolak's boat has about 17 walrus and is coming in.

"I thought so" said Jim "Byon could tell by his waterline. He was very low in the water."

---

hunting them. He was poised - ready to fire at a Polar bear in the snow when he fell down dead.

The Polar bear tracks disappeared and

his fellow hunters  
said Mivaksiak's  
spirit had been  
taken by the bear.

We walked over  
the hills, found  
rocks of soapstone,  
jadeite and lovely  
<sup>coarse</sup> pink feldspar and  
black hornblende.

Sydney Latham was  
ashore taking pix  
while the others

Weyman Hallendy, <sup>DNA</sup>  
<sup>Industrial Division</sup>  
(Balkan extraction)

MacKenzie Peter,  
McLeans magazine,  
and Max McBurnell,

~~the~~ Tourist development  
officer, Industrial Divi  
DNA. were out  
~~and~~ hunting.

bearded seal:  
as we were about to  
eat the others came in  
and after a chat we  
went ahead to go  
to Iellik, the tourist  
camp, where <sup>we</sup> went to  
spend the night.

We arrived in it  
about 10 p.m.

Dined on a splendid  
meal of roast beef,  
tomato hash and  
green peas. Had

pumpkin ~~pie~~ and  
coffee & whisky.

Jim Houston played  
the host royally and  
we listened to  
McKenzie Park  
relate how ~~to~~ as a  
reporter on the Daily?

Express, he used  
to accept the challenge  
sent in by the readers  
"I dare you". To  
be a clown in a  
circus. He had a red  
nose and a curl  
in his pocket & had  
to go round in  
front of the audience.  
"Speed & movement is  
everything in a circus"  
he said "and we  
ran to & go lighting  
noses & I had to kiss  
a big fat lady  
(a plant of course) and  
she screamed & ran  
away."

At a given signal  
the ring had to be  
emptied to let in



the dramatic entry  
of Captain Liberty's  
18 wild horses.

There were two  
tunnels into the ring  
& he dashed down  
a long cavernous  
exit and suddenly  
heard the thunder  
of hooves. He was  
running to meet  
the herd of horses.  
Bolting, he flew  
back into the arena  
ring and fled  
across the arena  
closely followed by  
18 wild horses.

"Ruined the act,  
Ruined the act", said  
the chief clown "this  
is supposed to be

dramatic." The whole audience was sobbing and ~~Keaton~~ Liberty's horses were not doing anyone wild.

I laughed so much I choked.

Retired to bed in a neat white tent. Two air mattresses blown up on red & black blanket sewed letters.

The camp is run by the Eskimos as a co-operative, the boys & girls are trained by Alma & Jim and serve & lay the table beautifully.

The obsequiousness of the boy who served at the table

disturbed me. I felt  
he ought to be more  
dignified.

Jim assured me they  
thought it was  
enormous fun and  
studied their work  
hard.

, the cook  
had gone out to the  
camp after learning  
all winter-long to  
cook well. — his  
tourists had come  
this summer and  
we were treated  
like the millionaire  
class. She had  
confided in Jim  
that if the tourists  
(us) did not show  
up, then she would

not be able to  
return to Cape Dorset  
she would be too  
embarrassed.

I was more than  
glad to save her  
from an  
~~any~~ embarrassing  
situation

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25<sup>th</sup>  
1960

Woke at 8:15 p.m. after  
a wonderful sleep.

A boy brought us  
hot water to wash

- in camp! - and we  
rinsed ourselves at

the little cabinet -

water closet - all

built locally from

wood driftwood etc.

Ran out of toothpaste

this morning.

Had breakfast at

8 am. Grapefruit,

orange juice, zucchini

pancakes, maple

syrup, coffee, toast

& marmalade.

All served up by the

same boy and in

The double benned  
tent that had served  
as alma & jim's  
home when they first  
arrived <sup>in Baffin Island</sup>. It had  
been a school, & house  
for about 18 months.

We boarded the  
Peterhead about 9:30  
after I had bought  
a pair of mukluks  
strongly smelling  
but supposed to  
be warm & waterproof  
by 11<sup>3</sup> year old  
boots at least have  
broken. They  
should have been  
long-sold right  
through.

There were 6 pairs of  
mukluks to choose

from and Jim found  
me the smallest pair.

They kept me warm  
and dry all day.

Quite comfortable, but  
walking over rocks  
was rather like

treading in stockings  
feet. You could feel  
every knob through  
the sole - Amazingly  
water tight though.

We landed on a  
beach and walked  
over a broad col to  
pick up the boat  
which went round  
the headland to  
meet us.

The beach was a  
wall of beautiful  
rock - soapstone  
(steatite)

garnet, serpentine  
Tourmaline, rose quartz  
we spent about an hour  
picking up specimens.  
Found a glorious  
garnet studded knob  
and carried it with me  
over the hills

~~The~~ On the edge of  
a lake, surrounded  
by green turf - was an old  
village  
Dorset culture, built  
rectangular shaped  
houses 2,000 years  
ago. Superseded by  
THULE 1,000 to 1,500  
years ago, built  
circular houses.

Stone houses, whalebone  
2 x 7 - sealskin &  
sods probably.

The ruins had not



Syd Lathan: A great  
afficionado, he loved  
stippers and also  
loved comedians"

McKenzie Porter: Stipper  
friend of his had  
a great, high hair-  
do, it seemed to be  
full of bells. She  
was called Irma,  
the body, or <sup>Norma</sup> ~~Queen~~  
of the Ding Dong girl.

---

been dug by any  
archaeologists and  
were as they had  
been left, years  
ago.

The houses were  
surrounded by  
rich green grass  
and the foundations

were of thick rock walls, which had probably been 3 or 4 feet high. — An entrance corridor, always pointing towards the lake and in some cases, the lintel stones still supporting the sods, were intact.

Around the camp site, whalebone & skeletons and walrus skulls lay in profusion.

The population of whalers & walrus must have been immense 2,000 years ago and the skill & courage of these people

(and courage) remembers

We picked a dry place  
the almost untouched  
site.

Norman Hallendy,  
quiet and diligent  
found several lovely  
artifacts in the lake.  
A broken ivory  
harpoon head, worked  
the same as <sup>the</sup> present  
day weapon.

He found a strip of  
bone, cut 12 inches  
long and bored 6  
6 neat, round holes.  
He gave it to me.

TUNIC + BORSET  
cultures.

Found the Peterhead and  
went over to Cape  
Borset. There must  
be 40 tents there

a school, teacher's home,  
1-130, church and one or  
2 other structures and a  
little hospital.

The ~~crowds~~ parties  
split up. Each  
seeking his own stay  
with a reluctant  
bent. Syd Latham  
gathered Jim Houston's  
right-hand man, and  
disappeared.

There was a certain  
grimness in the air.  
"I'd like some one else's  
chances."

Max McCormell  
overheard R & McKenzie  
Patu speaking and  
determined to miss  
nothing followed  
them.

Wedding in the North

Lighthouse

Furthest north place

Difficulties of bushy in  
FOODS.

Visitors.

Schooling. —

CLAIRE DOBBIN

Sweetburg

Quebec.

I knew a man in Quimper  
who took 7 days to get  
married - I feel sure  
the minister sent him  
home, so they carried  
on the party. - The  
moonshine was a bit  
low

- Small village -  
everyone was paralyzed.  
and the church was on  
top of a hill - He had  
an awful job getting  
up there and a worse  
time coming down, ran  
out of control, see.

Friend of Marx's on VE  
night found up 2  
dentists & their wives

got rather unconscious  
so he took them home to  
their different apts.  
Gunning, for he  
He'd put the wrong  
wives to bed with the  
men.

The red brick of the  
monastery mission bldg  
reminiscent of Roman Villa

6 30 - 9 pm

12 30 to 4 00

10 30 to 11 30

HBC



A series of blue ink scribbles on lined paper, appearing to be a sequence of overlapping, curved lines that form a textured, somewhat abstract shape. The scribbles are dense and layered, with some lines crossing over others, creating a complex, organic form. The overall appearance is that of a quick, gestural drawing or a heavily scribbled-out section of text.



