

Raven Lake's Few

"Nunamiut: Among Alaska's Inland Eskimos," by Helge Ingstad (W. W. Norton. 303 pp. \$3.95), is a handsomely illustrated report on a remote and anthropologically significant tribe.

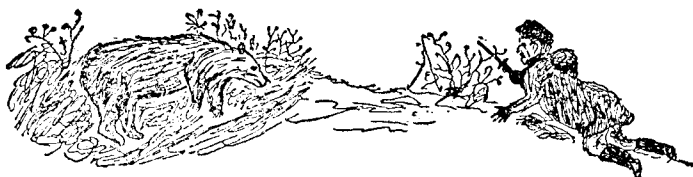
By Raymond Holden

IN THE central portion of that great and little-known range of Alaskan mountains which stretches from the Canadian border to Cape Lisburne, lies Anaktuvuk Pass. The Anaktuvuk River carries the snow waters of the Brooks Range northward, by way of the Colville River, some two hundred miles to the Arctic Ocean. Southward the John River joins the Alatna and the Koyukuk to swell the great Yukon, reaching the Bering Sea hundreds of miles to the southwest, below Norton Sound.

To Anaktuvuk Pass, Helge Ingstad went unannounced, by plane, to join a small colony of almost unknown people who had been reported to live there. What was remarkable about the Nunamiuts was that they were Eskimos, yet they lived apart from other Eskimos, without recourse to that great source of Eskimo economy, the sea. This separation suggested the possibility of a connection with the remote past before the civilization of the people of the Arctic had become diluted and debased by white infiltration.

Mr. Ingstad, a Norwegian anthropologist, discovered, to his great delight, that there was such a connection. The Nunamiuts, less than a hundred in number when he arrived at their Raven Lake camp in the fall of 1949, were an isolated group, physically and culturally different from their seacoast relatives. True, they hunt with rifles, no longer with bow and arrow, but they have retained to a great degree the manners and customs, the beliefs, the simplicity of character, and to a large extent the implements and dress, of their ancestors.

They seem to average an inch or so more in height than the Eskimos of the Beaufort Sea or Kotzebue Sound and the chief item of their economy is the caribou rather than the seal. They are necessarily nomadic, since they must live where the caribou are, and caribou are among the world's most noted wanderers. The life of these primitive hunters is hard, but it is gay and friendly. They seem to be full of laughter and good will. They are skilful with their hands and extremely musical. They



—From *Nunamiut*.

Eskimo drawing of hunter creeping up on grizzly bear.

are not communistic, for they have definite ideas of personal wealth—although the articles of wealth may be nothing more than caribou skins and fat—but they live by mutual aid. Wealth or no wealth, the means of living are shared.

MR. INGSTAD's book, "Nunamiut: Among Alaska's Inland Eskimos," is a fascinating record of a full and revealing year as the only white man in this primitive community. He lived as the Nunamiuts lived, with the exception of the fact that, having no wife with him to gather fuel and prepare his meat and skins, he probably worked harder than most of his male neighbors. His story, although it suffers somewhat from being in between adventure narrative and anthropological report, is a revealing portrait of a type of life which cannot long maintain itself. Already the long and lethal arm of white civilization is beginning to reach toward Anaktuvuk Pass. Hunters must barter skins for cartridges, and over the bridge by which such trade is carried on, even though it be an airplane, pass things which are neither skins nor cartridges—diseases and ideas, wants and envies which can have no place in a simple life.

What Mr. Ingstad tells us of the Nunamiuts he tells with no attempt at dramatic emphasis or exaggeration, yet the drama is there, and it is essentially tragic. Vilhjamur Stefansson's report on the Eskimos of Coronation Gulf was more important from an anthropological and literary point of view, but we are glad to learn, before they vanish into oblivion, of the people of Raven Lake. Not the least of what we learn of them comes from Mr. Ingstad's excellent photographs.



Bear impales itself on lance.

Rome in Turkey

"Travel Into Yesterday," by Mary Gough (Doubleday. 305 pp. \$4.50), is an account of the four years the author spent in Cilicia, Southern Turkey, with her archeologist husband. Here it is reviewed by Linda Braidwood, who told about her experiences with her archeologist husband in "Digging Beyond the Tigris."

By Linda Braidwood

TO THE educated American the Turkey of fezzes, harems, sultans, and Armenian massacres is a thing of the past. One thinks now of the Turks of the magnificent battalion in Korea and of the country with the only really functioning two-party political system east of the English channel.

It would be best if we could call on these new neighbors and get acquainted at first hand. But since we can't all call on them personally, the next best thing is to become better acquainted with them and their ways through the eyes of other travelers.

This is where Mary Gough does us a really definite service with her "Travel Into Yesterday," an enjoyable book that in manner of approach lies about midway between Pamela Burr's "My Turkish Adventure" and Willie Snow Ethridge's "Let's Talk Turkey."

Mrs. Gough takes us to Cilicia, a small area in Southern Turkey, where she and her husband—Michael Gough, a classical archeologist from the University of Edinburgh—record and measure Roman monuments that are still observable. Archeology plays an important but relatively small part in the book; it admirably sets the background for the Goughs' activities. Mrs. Gough, though not an archeologist, sounds like an ideal field hand, for she is a draftsman. Her book reveals that she has other qualities essential in archeological work: a sense of humor and a discerning eye.

Each chapter of the book deals with a different site at which the Goughs

worked or of necessity visited. Since these sites were revisited and the work continued on and off over four or five years—from 1949 on—the fortunate result is that this is more than a “first impressions” travel book. Mrs. Gough describes with affectionate familiarity these “second” homes—ranging from tent to simple hotel accommodations—the advantages and drawbacks of their picturesque settings, their neighbors, and a variety of people who helped them in their work.

For the most part the people described are the little-educated small farmers and artisans—honest, direct, and likable—who form the backbone of the country. She shared amusing incidents of day-to-day living—incidents made more amusing by the complications that beset foreigners living and working away from home. Maps, a short historical note by Michael Gough, and photographs showing various sights in the towns visited and people described in the book, nicely round out the account.

One reads another person’s description of familiar places with a certain

reluctance and yet a great fascination. I found Mrs. Gough’s account most sympathetic; it revived welcome memories. I was amused by differences in archeological viewpoints. For Mrs. Gough archeology begins with the Romans—in visiting archeological sites, anything earlier (except for an occasional Greek monument) is ignored.

There is one point that I wish Mrs. Gough had emphasized for her American audience. This concerns the large-scale road building program that is being carried out with American aid-to-Turkey funds. She mentions the overwhelming resultant changes taking place in Turkey, but does not directly mention the many capable American engineers who were sent out to plan the road layout and supervise the program, spending years on the work. The engineers my husband and I met were outstanding men. They deserve the thanks of the United States for the part they have played in personifying Americans and American ways throughout the entire Turkish countryside while doing an excellent job on the roads.

Baptism in the Bush

PADRE TO THE SAVAGES: Father André Dupeyrat, author of “Savage Papua” (translated by Erik and Denyse de Maury. Dutton, \$3.75), a new book on one of the earliest cultures extant, is an old-timer in New Guinea. He arrived there in 1930 and remained there for twenty-five years, so we may take what he has to say as “true fella.” His parish lay inland from Yule Island about seventy miles north-northwest of Port Moresby in country where the mountains are precipitous and the native trails go straight as sight with no regard for foothold terrain. Nights are bitterly cold and wet and the hazards to life and health are omnipresent. To call on his converts in widely scattered villages the Padre walked. And walked.

Father Dupeyrat has a guardian angel and he gets into and safely out of so many harrowing situations one can only conclude it is by special grace. In fact, the Father’s belief in Christian miracles makes him unusually predisposed toward a sober regard for the primitive kind, commonly called magic. As, for example, when a sorcerer whose physical presence in another village five hours distant was later confirmed, appeared one night on the clumping feet of a cassowary, a large non-flying bird. The author leaves us hanging on this one. Then there is his own miracle of removing an eight- or ten-inch section from the infected front leg bone of a native, to have him, twenty-five years later, running lippity-lip “like a hare.”

For those who like their gore fresh “Savage Papua” lives up to its title. Cannibal feasts are in the oven and the appearance of a charred human arm launches passages of barbarity imaginatively enough described to have been personal experience. There is also plenty of encyclopedic information, unavoidable background for the subject, but much is painlessly introduced as conversation.

As an outsider, one wishes that the author had given us even more details of the machinery of conversion, that business of making believers in anything so abstract as Christianity out of people with Stone-Age attitudes. Yet the practical is achieved, if not the ideal: white men, including old-timers, can now tread safely where they never did before because of Father Dupeyrat and his kind. Today the raiding Fuyughés are living in peace next door to the raiding Kunis. We barbarians in civilization could use some of their magic.

—CAROLINE MYTINGER.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

QUEENLY QUOTES



After “Kingly Quotes” (SR November 14, 1953) it was inevitable that “Queenly Quotes” follow. Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to name the royal Shakespearean ladies whose utterances are presented below. Allowing ten points for each character you can identify, a score of sixty is expected, seventy is respected, and eighty or better is spectacular. Answers on page 31.

1. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure.
2. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
3. The Emperor of Russia was my father;
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter’s trial!
4. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.
5. I love not to see wretchedness o’ercharged,
And duty in his service perishing.
6. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten
this little hand.
7. The lady protests too much, methinks.
8. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment:—cold in blood,
To say as I said then!
9. Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would the plants thou graft’st may never grow.
10. Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur’d within your walls!