

# **FROZEN JUSTICE; A STORY OF ALASKA**

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Frozen justice; a story of Alaska by Ejnar Mikkelsen & A. G. Jayne

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**EJNAR MIKKELSEN & A. G. JAYNE**

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STORY OF ALASKA**



**FROZEN JUSTICE**  
**A STORY OF ALASKA**

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**TWO DEAD MEN**  
*Jens Anders*

# FROZEN JUSTICE

## A STORY OF ALASKA

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH OF  
EJNAR MIKKELSEN  
by A. G. JAYNE



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## I

**F**AR up in Alaska, at its northernmost point and walled in by ice, lies an Eskimo settlement. It is a big one, for more than five hundred men with their women and children call it home.

Among the Eskimos the settlement is called Nuwuk, but in the white man's language its name is Point Barrow.

Along the low, sandy foreshore, on a stretch of four or five miles, stands hut after hut, built of wood, made snug with turf; and outside each hut is a platform, raised high above the ground. On this all the household goods are stored: meat, blubber, skin-bladders full of oil, hides tanned and raw, clothes old and new, dog-harness, kayaks, sledges, spears, lances, weapons and tools of all sorts—everything an Eskimo has use for is here, lashed together with stout sealskin thongs, safe from the furious winter storms, from being buried under the snow, but above all from the evil designs of the dogs.

In summer the promontory is green and gay with flowers; the houses are forsaken, and up on

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the highest ridge, a little further from the sea and looking out over it and over the great lagoon, stands tent after tent—the E'skimos' summer camp.

Outside the tents sit the women shouting to each other while their busy hands clean and scrape hides. Old women, bent with toil and racked by rheumatism, whose faces bear the deep impress of half a century's battle with all the forces of Nature, with hunger and want, are warming their aged bodies in the rays of the sun—following them around and finding the warmest place. But they are not idle, nobody in Nuwuk is that; they are still at work, chewing hide and mending old clothing.

There are children everywhere, running in and out among the tents and playing. The boys, who will one day be hunters, are practising manly sports, throwing spears at birds or the beasts of the field, while the little girls stand in groups looking on, the smallest with a scrap of fur over their arm—their doll—the bigger ones carrying on their backs a little brother or sister, who looks out upon the wide world with great wondering eyes from the warm shelter of the fur anorak.

Round about, among the women, among the children, in the tents, all over the settlement, dogs roam searching for food or hunting for an enemy; they howl, bark, show their teeth with