

# Great Swarms of Mosquitoes By the Millions

## Something to Reckon with in Arctic Interior

Mosquitoes are some of the most brazen pests that plague humans and animals mercilessly. They seem to have little regard for their own lives. Their main ambition in life is to suck blood of a human or animal and to heck with an angry slap of the hand that crushes them to eternity.

One mosquito is a holy terror in a room all by himself and it can create violent itching on the skin let alone creating ill tempers that spell doom for the pests but for which they care not.

In the interior of the Arctic regions, mosquitoes abound by

the millions and more millions. In some areas they can blacken the sky accompanied by an ominous, audible hum.

There are some legends among the Eskimos that caribous had fallen victims to the swarming pests suffocating them to death. They attacked the eyes, the nostrils and anywhere they can reach a blood vessel.

"I know they kill dogs," said Chester Seveck, a 75-year-old Eskimo oldtimer.

There is also a story of a hunter who went into the interior from Point Hope in search of game. He got caught in a huge swarm of mosquitoes. There was no wind, an ideal condition for the blood hungry pest.

He ran for a time trying to escape the cloud but it was no use. If he continued to exert his energy and tire out, he was almost sure the mosquitoes would suffocate him.

He came across a small stream and plunged headlong into it. He immersed his head and hands that were covered with biting blood suckers. The man stayed in that stream for hours immersing his head every few seconds.

It had been hot during the day. The evening approached and it began to cool. The flying mosquitoes began to diminish and a northwest wind

came up and increased in velocity.

The hunter came out of the water and began walking partly into the wind and toward home.

THE NORTHER, community newspaper published at Fort Smith in Northwest Territories in Canada, came out with a mosquito story recently.

THE MOSQUITO TERROR  
(From the journal of Ernest T. Seton, in the summer of 1907, and reprinted from "The Arctic Prairies.")

"At Smith Landing, June 7, an estimate of those on the mosquito bar over my head showed 900 to 1,000 trying to get at me day and night without change. The air was ringing with their hum.

"At Salt River one could kill 100 with a stroke of the palm, and at times obscured the colour of the horses.

"A little later, they were much worse. On six square inches of my tent, I counted 30 mosquitoes and the whole surface was similarly supplied; that is, there were 24,000 on the tent and apparently as many flying around the door. Most of those that bite us are killed but that makes not the slightest difference in their manners or numbers.

"Frogs are among the happy ones. One day early in June I took a woodfrog in my hand. In a few seconds, 30 mosquitoes were on my hand digging away; ten were on my forefinger, eight on my hand... and yet not a mosquito attacked the frog... and those that did, leaped off again as though the creature were red hot."

At this point, we would like to call on our native people to train a native scientist so he can research and find out what the heck the woodfrog has the demoniac mosquito hates.