

LAPPS GO TO MARKET:

It was the big day of the year for lapplanders. Mostly by reindeer transport they converged on the little town of Jekmoik, which is just about on the Arctic Circle. Here Sweden makes contact with the nomadic life of the North, and every year for more than three-and-a-half centuries the Lapps have brought skins and antlers to sell, or barter for the goods of the South. Much that they buy makes life easier for them, but they tenaciously cling to their traditional way of life, never settling, but always on the move as the grazing needs of the reindeer dictate.

What appeals to these romantic people of the eternal snows it's hard to say. Perhaps they just like looking at the washing machines and refrigerators. Understandably, the visit to the market is the high spot of their year.