

UNIKAAVUT: OUR LIVES

STORIES FROM THE LIVES OF THREE GENERATIONS OF
IGLULIK INUIT WOMEN

Prepared for:
THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON ABORIGINAL PEOPLES

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PREFACE

It was late September of 1992 and I was amidst the eight foot stacks of periodicals at one of the University of Alberta's libraries. It was mid-afternoon, three days before catching my flight to defend my Master's dissertation in the Department of Anthropology at the University of Western Ontario. I was alone, sitting on a shelf surrounded by arctic anthropology journals, flipping somewhat absent mindedly through the pages of one of these texts, when a friend I had known in my undergraduate years (now working on her Ph.D.) headed for a volume on the shelf beside which I was sitting.

Not having seen each other for several years, we were quite happy to meet once again and spent several minutes catching up on the recent events in our lives -- we talked about academia, thesis defences, the Arctic, and anthropological research. Our conversation progressed and after awhile we put aside the texts through which we had been looking. My friend pulled out a notice that had been sent to Anthropology departments throughout Canada by the Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples. It called for proposals from scholars, researchers and writers wishing to embark on Three Generation Life History Projects.

The universal aim of these three generational studies is to document the changes that have affected the lives and cultures of Aboriginal families throughout Canada over the last century. The idea of documenting three women's experiences which have arisen within the complex and multi-faceted colonial relationships of the Eastern High Arctic was of immediate interest to me. Not only was this project a chance to document a wealth of unrecorded traditional Inuit knowledge but it was also an outlet through which Inuit voices could counterbalance the various academic and anthropological texts written about their culture. Once my thesis defence was complete, I contacted Rhoda Katsak, a friend I had made in Pond Inlet, NWT., and informed her about the project. After several phone-calls and consultations with Rhoda, her mother Apphia Awa, and her daughter Sandra Katsak, we prepared a proposal and couriered it to the Commission.

GLOSSARY OF SOME INUKTITUT WORDS COMMONLY USED IN THE TEXT

<i>amautiq</i>	woman's parka with a pouch at the back used for carrying a baby
<i>kamiks</i>	traditional Inuit boots (most often made from sealskin)
<i>Qallunaat/Qallunaq</i>	non-Inuit or white people
<i>qamutiq</i>	sled
<i>qullik</i>	seal-oil lamp
<i>ulu</i>	woman's knife

I first came to know Apphia Awa, Rhoda Katsak, and Sandra Katsak in the summer of 1991, during my first fieldwork trip to the Canadian Arctic. I was in the North Baffin community of Pond Inlet for three months, conducting a set of interviews for my Masters research on Inuit women and issues of representation. As a newcomer to the community, my research started off at a disconcertingly slow pace with only a few individuals volunteering to take part in my study. I met Apphia, Rhoda, and Sandra socially on several different occasions during this first month and, as they witnessed and sympathized with the pressures I was experiencing with my research agenda, all three women graciously volunteered to take part in my project. As the summer wore on, the "formal" interviews were accompanied with many, much more gratifying, informal moments. Being in my early twenties at the time and feeling somewhat lonely as an outsider in a close-knit community, I began to take more and more comfort in the family's hospitality. I spent many of my evenings visiting with Rhoda and her family, sitting in their living room, having coffee, talking, or watching TV. When the summer ended, I left Pond Inlet to go back to university and for the next year our communication dwindled to a few letters and Christmas cards. A year later I returned to Pond Inlet for the month of August. As we spent more time together, our friendships matured.

The introductory chapter to this report is my own narrative, my own story of how this collection of life history narratives took shape. However, before discussing the recording, editing and presentation of the numerous accounts, it is worth reviewing the culture and history of the North Baffin/Igloolik Inuit.

THE CULTURAL AND HISTORICAL CONTEXT: THE EASTERN ARCTIC/NORTH BAFFIN REGION

The setting for most of the Awa/Katsak family's stories is a territory that extends across the North Baffin region of the Eastern High Arctic and to the edge of the Melville Peninsula. Until her move off the land in the fall of 1972, Apphia spent over two thirds of her life travelling to camps located across a wide stretch of territories. Her homeland extends from the flat expanses around the Igloolik region (where both herself and Rhoda was born) to the mountains, glaciers and high escarpments surrounding Pond Inlet (where she has spent the last twenty years and where Sandra has been raised). Geographically the area referred to in this collection of stories covers the shores of Baffin Bay east of Baffin Island, to Eclipse Sound (where Pond Inlet is located), Bylot Island and Lancaster Sound north of the settlement. From there, the three women's narratives go west to the Brodeur Peninsula (around Arctic Bay), to the Gulf of Boothia, Melville Peninsula (where Hall Beach and Igloolik are located) and down to Foxe Basin. Apphia, Rhoda and Sandra also mention centres that they visited outside the North Baffin region, places such as Iqaluit, Montreal, Fort Churchill, and Ottawa.

Despite the severe temperatures (ranging from -45 C in the winter to 20 C in the summer), the alternating light and dark seasons, and a somewhat fragile ecosystem, the North Baffin is extremely rich in natural resources supporting many species of migratory and non-migratory animals. This access inhabitants of this region have to game from both land and sea

has contributed to one of the longest histories of human occupation in the Arctic. Radiocarbon dates taken from numerous archaeological sites around the Pond Inlet region demonstrate almost four thousand years of continuous occupation. The oldest sites (dating back to almost 2000 B.C.) were inhabited by the legendary "Tuniit" (also known as the Paleo-Eskimo, the Pre-Dorset, and Dorset people). By the 10th century A.D. the Tuniit way of life was replaced by an influx of highly successful whale and sea mammal hunters, the "Thule" culture which spread from Alaska across the top of North America and into Greenland. These Thule people are the ancestors of the modern day Inuit.

Throughout much of the period before the arrival of non-Inuit to the Arctic, the North Baffin Inuit operated in small, often nuclear-family groups travelling along traditional migratory routes. Seasonal rounds and travel routes were oriented to the annual cycle of game and to the location of other family groups. During the summers and autumns, groups of younger hunters and their families moved inland, to small caribou hunting camps on the land. Elders remained in coastal sod-houses during this time hunting walrus and other marine mammals. In the late fall, extended families congregated in these coastal camps to store food and sew clothes for the dark season. The winter months they spent in large sealing villages made up of groups of igloos on the sea ice and in the spring, when weather and travel conditions improved, these larger groups would disperse once again into small family units. Travel was by dog-team and qamutiq (sled) throughout most of the winter and spring months, and on foot or small boat in summer. The diet of the Inuit consisted mainly of caribou and seal, different species of fish, along with polar bear, walrus, narwhal, goose, ptarmigan, and rabbit (arctic hare) in season. Meat was eaten raw, frozen, aged, and sometimes boiled. Homes were heated by qulliks (seal or whale oil lamps tended by the women); these also supplied a source of light. Hunting was done using such instruments as harpoons, lances, traps, knives, or bows and arrows made from whale bones.¹

This mode of subsistence and social organization was gradually altered with the arrival of Europeans to Arctic lands. As early as 1576, explorers such as Martin Frobisher began combing the southern regions of Baffin Island in search of a Northwest Passage and a trade route to Asia (Neatby 1984:377). While the North Baffin people had most likely heard legends about these sporadic visits (and had already had centuries of exposure to European merchandise through the extensive trade networks which branched across the Canadian Arctic and over the Bering Strait) the first "official" records of contact in the North Baffin regions was not until 1819 or 1820 when three Scottish whaling ships ran aground in waters around Pond Inlet. During this same period explorer William Parry, leading a British Naval Expedition, also visited the region. When their ship became trapped in the sea ice, Parry and his crew spent the winter of 1822-1823 in Igloolik territories interacting with the Inuit camped near the ship and providing them with

¹ The early writings of Boas (1888, 1901-1907), Mathiassen (1928), and Rasmussen (1929, 1930) provide detailed descriptions of early North Baffin/Igloolik Inuit culture, as do the more recent writings of Damas (1963), Mary-Rousseliere (1984) and others.

access to southern trade goods.²

While these sporadic encounters with Qallunaat (the Inuktitut name for white people or foreigners) introduced the North Baffin Inuit to European trade goods, as well as a supply of wood and iron, it was not until almost forty years later, with the growth of the whaling industry in the mid-1800s, that contact started to have its first permanent effects on the North Baffin Inuit economy. Whalers harvesting the waters north of the camps began employing Inuit families as seasonal ship-hands at their whaling stations. Rifles, ammunition, knives, sewing needles, flour, sugar, tea, tobacco, metal pots etc. were gradually introduced into the Inuit culture in exchange for menial labour, meat, meat, skin clothing etc. The occasional story emerges Inuit women who became part of this exchange, acting as seasonal wives for whalers from the visiting ships. As contact with the whalers escalated, wood began to permanently replace bone and antler, changing the style of sleds, tents and sod houses. Metal replaced rock and was used in such items as arrow and harpoon heads, knife and ulu blades, and pots and pans. This trading relationship remained firmly in place until the turn of the century. In the early 1900s, the bowhead whale had almost entirely disappeared from the Arctic waters and whaling ships which had been so numerous in the late 1800s were reduced to only a few vessels.³

As visits from whalers dwindled at the end of the 19th century, independent traders took their place exchanging trade goods with the Inuit in return for Arctic fox furs. Hudson Bay representatives succeeded these independent traders in the early 1900's establishing trading posts in Pond Inlet in 1921 and in Igloolik in 1930. The RCMP also branched north during this period, establishing a station in Pond Inlet in the summer of 1922. The police did not have a permanent presence in Igloolik until the mid-1960's when large numbers of the population began to move off the land.

Accompanying the RCMP and the Hudson Bay into the North Baffin were the Anglican and Catholic missionaries. As early as 1910, syllabic bibles, developed by Anglican missionary Reverend Peck, began circulating in camps around the Pond Inlet region. The Roman Catholic gospel was disseminated northwards via the Hudson Bay area and became more prominent in the Igloolik region. In September of 1929 and 1930, Anglican and Catholic missions were built in Pond Inlet and a Catholic mission was established in Igloolik. Thirty years later in Igloolik, an

² Mary-Rousseliere (1984:443) describes the history of the Igloolik Inuit and their contact with non-Inuit. Original accounts of early encounters are also described in the travel narratives of Parry (1824), Lyon (1824), Mc'Clintock (1859), Low (1906), Bernier (1909, 1911), and Trembley (1921).

³ For a history of the Arctic whaling industry, see Lubbock (1937)

Anglican church was also built⁴. These churches were often set in competition against each other, with the various missionaries engaging in a race to convert the North Baffin Inuit.

With the arrival of Euro-Canadians into Arctic lands, the Inuit economy shifted from one of subsistence hunting (interrupted only sporadically and seasonally by the whalers) to one split between hunting land and sea food and trapping white fox furs. Seasonal rounds and customary long distance travel routes based on the migratory patterns of game were altered as families began to direct their activities to the location of trap-lines and individual trading posts. As hunters converged in certain regions, game was gradually depleted. Visits to trade centers such as Igloolik and Pond Inlet rose as families became increasingly dependent on Euro-Canadian officials for food, ammunition, and medical care. These dependency relations grew throughout the 1940's, 1950's, and 1960's as the market for white fox furs plummeted and epidemics of measles, tuberculosis, and smallpox raged across the Arctic killing hundreds of people.

While the Hudson Bay managers, RCMP, and missionaries increasingly established themselves as authorial figures in the Eastern Arctic, for the most part social organization in extended family camps on the land remained much the same as it had in the pre-contact era. However, family units were disrupted in the 1950's when the Canadian government intensified its involvement in the Canadian Arctic and imposed mandatory school laws. Families such as the Awa's were denied any form of social assistance if their children were not put into school full-time. Children from the area were initially sent to mission schools in such faraway places as Chesterfield Inlet and Fort Churchill. Classes in these residential schools were held exclusively in English and Inuit children were taught with southern curriculum. Day schools were opened in Arctic Bay in 1959 and Pond Inlet and Igloolik in 1960 and hostels were built to house children whose parents continued to live on the land. If parents did not voluntarily bring their children into the settlement at the end of the summer to attend school for the year, school officials and RCMP would make the trip to the various camps by boat to pick up the children. Rather than contend with the anxiety of being separated from their children, one by one families migrated from their out-post camps on the land into settlements at Pond Inlet and Igloolik.

Living together in large groups year-round was new to the Inuit and individuals often found it difficult to adapt to a sedentary lifestyle. Many moved back and forth from the land to the settlement. By bringing the people together into a community setting, government administrators found it easier to keep social statistics and manage the growing need for health care and social assistance. In an effort to encourage settlement, small, low rent, matchbox houses were constructed, containing oil stoves, lights, and water tanks. These houses were poorly insulated, difficult to maintain, and were often overcrowded. Nonetheless, as government pressures intensified, more and more families abandoned their life on the land and by the early 1970's most of the North Baffin Inuit had moved into settlements. One of the last families in

⁴ Mary-Rousseliere (1984:443) describes the establishment of mission stations in the Arctic.

the Pond Inlet area to move from their outpost camp to live year round in the settlement was Apphia Awa and her husband Awa in the fall of 1972.

As settlements like Pond Inlet developed, previous reliance on subsistence hunting/trapping was replaced by wage labour. Southern values and lifestyles were increasingly popularized with the introduction of television, southern curriculum in schools, and the attitudes and behaviour of non-natives in the settlement. The economic viability of the hunting economy also began to falter when, in 1983, in response to years of anti-sealing campaigns in southern Canada and Europe, the E.E.C. placed an embargo on sealskins, plunging seal fur prices in Pond Inlet from \$16 to less than \$5 a skin. In this same ten year period (from the early 1970's to the early 1980's), the exploitation of oil fields in the High Arctic and a lead and zinc mine in Nanisivik provided employment for groups of North Baffin men, bringing considerable amounts of cash income into the communities. As these changes took place, hunting was slowly relegated to an activity engaged in after work or by the unemployed.

As people moved from the land to settle full-time in communities, the development of government infrastructure in Arctic settlements picked up a rapid pace. A nursing station was built in Pond Inlet in the early 1960's and replaced by another in the 1970's. The day-school was replaced and a gym was added. Planes that had previously landed on the beach or on an airstrip built on the ice were landing on a new, wider, longer airstrip built in 1973. The Toonoonik-Sahoonik Co-operative took over the running of the Co-op in the community in the mid-1970's and added a grocery, hardware and clothing store to the sale of carvings and handicrafts. The new Co-op also transformed a student hostel into a hotel for government employees and the growing tourist industry. In the spring of 1975, the Inuit community in Pond Inlet also took over the running of its affairs from government administrators and Pond Inlet was incorporated as a Hamlet. Local telephone service became available in the community in 1970 and telephone communication between Pond Inlet and the rest of the outside world was opened in 1975. Television was also introduced at that same time. Today a private cable system provides the settlement with 7 channels linking them to cities such as Yellowknife, Ottawa, Toronto, Edmonton, Newfoundland, Vancouver, and Detroit.

From its origins as a trading post and a mission, Pond Inlet at the time that these narratives were collected, was home to approximately 1000 individuals and had approximately 200 government built houses, a Hamlet office, two schools, two churches, a nursing station, a Northern store (formerly the Hudson's Bay company), a Co-operative store, a small hotel, a community hall, a skating rink, a curling arena, and an RCMP station.

THE STORYTELLERS

Apphia Awa:

Looking back on my life, the stories that I have told, a lot of them are from tough and difficult situations that I went through when I was younger, from back when I started remembering things. I had a very difficult life back then...

When I first met Apphia in the summer of 1991, I was twenty-four and she was sixty years old. It was a sunny afternoon in July and I headed over to her house, with an interpreter, to ask her a series of questions. While Apphia's health has improved considerably from the day of my first interview with her, I entered her house on that day to the sound of her wheezing and coughing. She was sitting on the edge of the couch mending a pair of kamiks. Two of her grand-children were playing at her feet. On the walls of either side of her were large, hand-made, "No Smoking" signs. On the table in front of her was an enormous oxygen machine.

The interpreter (Rhoda's sister-in-law Rosie Katsak) introduced us and we smiled and shook hands. Although Apphia understood some of the English words I was using, she (like all women of her generation in Pond Inlet) is a unilingual Inuktitut speaker. Just as I was about to launch into the series of written questions I had brought with me, she intercepted my prolonged glimpse at the oxygen machine and began talking to me about the various problems she had with her lungs. Her lungs had been bothering her for many years, she told me, but these problems had not always been with her. She recounted how the previous spring, when she had been out camping on the land for several weeks with her family, "far away from the noise and the dirt and the Qallunaat", she "had breathed just fine".

Apphia Awa was born August 13, 1931, in a camp called Ammittuqmiut in the Igloodik region of the North Baffin. Apphia's mother, Sullaaq Atagutsiak, was a young teenager at the time of Apphia's birth. Soon after giving birth to her, Sullaaq, following the custom of Inuit adoption, gave Apphia up for adoption to her uncle, Arvaluk, and his wife Illupalik who at the time had no children. Apphia (then known by her Inuktitut names Siqpaapik or Agalaktee) lived with her adopted parents until her adopted mother died in 1939. She was eight years old at the time of her mother's death and spent the next five or six years travelling around the North Baffin region with her adopted father. Around the age of thirteen, a marriage was arranged for her with Matthias Awa (Awa). She left her adopted father and her extended family at that time and moved to her husband's family's camp. She never saw her adopted father after that. He died two years later at a camp outside Hall Beach.

Apphia and her husband spent the next thirty years travelling to camps, trading posts, and hunting spots around the North Baffin region. They were baptized Anglican at their camp by a visiting minister when Apphia was in her early twenties. They were given the Christian names Apphia and Matthias. Between 1946 and 1968, they had eleven children: a daughter, Oopah, a son, Arvaluk (also known as James Arvaluk), Simon, Martha, Jacob (also known in the transcripts as Jakopie, Jake, or Jako), Rhoda, Joanna, Solomon, Salomie, Phillip, and Ida. They adopted a twelfth child, a son, Nary, in the fall of 1972. All of the Awa children, (except for

Oopah, Solomon and the younger ones who were raised in the settlement), left the land as youngsters to attend residential schools in communities such as Fort Churchill, Igloolik, and Pond Inlet. Responding to numerous pressures put on the Inuit throughout the 1960's to move into the settlements, Apphia and Matthias Awa moved into Pond Inlet from their camp on the land in September of 1972. They were one of the last families to move off the land in the Igloolik/Pond Inlet area.

When approached about this project, Apphia was enthusiastic about the chance to document her life and share her knowledge. Her testimonies are extremely personalized, touching on her childhood, her experiences of being adopted out to another family, her relationships with her siblings and both sets of parents. In her testimonies, she talks about "traditional" Inuit practices and the changes she encountered in shifting from a land-based hunting economy to a wage labour economy living in the settlement. She tells stories about her arranged marriage, her initial feelings towards her husband, experiences with childbirth, living with her in-laws and raising her children.

Apphia also discusses her first contact with Qallunaat and how those relationships have changed over the years. She describes the measles, tuberculosis and other epidemics that spread through the Arctic in the 1940's and 1950's and the hardships she and her family endured. She describes her first plane ride when a crew of government officials landed at her outpost camp and picked up her family for tuberculosis testing. She recounts stories told to her by her parents and grandparents about the turn of the century culture -- stories about traders, and of the whaling ships that would visit Inuit camps. She discusses traditional Inuit burial practices, traditional healing practices, shamanism, hunting strategies, tattooing, and the numbered disks or "dog tags" given to Inuit in the 1950's. She talks about preparing hides and sewing traditional skin clothing -- she talks about insects, alcohol, and the pain she felt having to send her children off to residential schools. Apphia also recounts the stories of famous people from the Pond Inlet area - individuals such as her step-father who could run "as fast as a caribou" and an aunt named Attagutaaluk dubbed "the Queen of Igloolik" who died when she was a young adult. Her collection of stories demonstrate, in vivid detail, the countless changes brought to the Inuit in the last one hundred years of Arctic colonialism.

Today Apphia lives in a house on the edge of Pond Inlet with her husband, her son Solomon, his wife, and five grand-children. She is a very friendly, jovial woman, known in both Igloolik and Pond Inlet as the woman who sings "Happy Birthday" to people on the community radio. She also spends a great deal of her time teaching caribou skin sewing to her daughters and grand-daughters and to the children in school. She was interested in participating in this project because she wanted the younger generations to learn how Inuit used to live. As she put it in our first session in the spring of 1993:

I want to let them see what our lives were like back then. I want them to see what it was like for us. I want them to know.

Rhoda Katsak:

"When I was young I used to have dreams about my future, about what I wanted to be when I grow up -- I always thought of people from the south, movie stars and musicians like the Supremes. They were my idols. I would have given anything to be able to sing like them, or look like them, or be as popular as them at that time. People loved Elvis Presley."

Rhoda Katsak is Apphia's sixth child and third daughter. She was born on April 18, 1957 when Apphia was twenty-six years old. At the time of these interviews Rhoda was thirty-six. Rhoda was born in a wooden shack outside Igloolik at her family's winter camp. Her Inuktitut names are Padluq (after the man who raised her father), and Kaujak (after her mother's maternal grandmother). Rhoda spent the first part of her life living on the land, hunting and travelling with her family. At the age of eight, not knowing a word of English, she was made to leave her parents, her family, and the land to attend residential school. This transition and its effect on her life emerges prominently in her narratives.

Rhoda attended grade one in the Igloolik elementary school. Skipping grade two, she completed grade three in Pond Inlet, then moved back to Igloolik living in a student hostel and attending the school there until the age of fourteen. At age fifteen she moved to the Pond Inlet area, completed her grade nine, met her husband Josh and started working and having children. She lived with her in-laws for the first few years of her married life, then moved through a series of houses before building and then settling down in the one that she has today. Rhoda has six children: Sandra, Mona, Sheila, Dawn, Lucas and Ruby, and one grandson Terry. She has worked in a number of positions in the settlement: from a local newspaper reporter to a legal interpreter, and from a finance clerk to her present day job as the Hamlet accountant.

While Rhoda's testimonies are much less extensive than those of her mother, she touches on many similar themes. Like Apphia, she talks about her childhood spent living on the land, and then about her experiences with motherhood, moving into the settlement, and the impact of culture change and Arctic colonialism on her life. Experiencing firsthand many of the assimilation policies that governed 1960's residential schools, her testimonies highlight the drastic turn her life took when she was taken from her parents at age eight and put into school year-round in Igloolik. Focusing more on her own personal experiences than on objective descriptions of Inuit culture, Rhoda describes the impact government policies have had upon her life. She illustrates encounters she has had with Euro-Canadian agents (teachers, ministers, nurses, researchers) and her feelings about being born into one cultural milieu and then trained for another.

Rhoda's goal in participating in this project is to see her own, her daughter's and her mother's texts join other Inuit texts and replace the southern books and curriculum that engulfed her when she was growing up. As she put it one afternoon as we were chatting over a coffee: "I want to make up for lost time".

Today Rhoda lives in a house on the beach in Pond Inlet with five of her six children.

Often described by others as "constantly on the go", Rhoda works full time at the Hamlet council, tends to her children, and is studying by correspondence to become a Certified General Accountant. She has spent the last few years using her limited free time to learn from her mother and mother-in-law how to sew traditional clothing for her husband and her family.

Sandra Katsak:

A lot of times I really don't know what to do. I think about a career, about having a family, about acting Inuit or acting Qallunaat. I really don't know what I'll do...

Sandra is twenty years old and the oldest of Rhoda's six children. She was born on July 20th, 1973 at Iqaluit's Baffin Regional Hospital, when her mother was sixteen. She has spent her entire life in the settlement. As one of the oldest grand-children in the settlement on both sides of the family, she was partially raised by her father's mother Angutainuk Katsak, and is very close to both sets of grandparents. Sandra attended school in Pond Inlet since kindergarten and skipped several grades during her elementary years. She remained in grade nine for three years between 1986 and 1989 and then continued with the rest of her age class into her high school years. Half-way through her last year of high school she stopped to take a part time job. She has recently returned to school to finish off the last two courses of her high school diploma.

Being just nineteen years old at the start of this project, Sandra has had one of the hardest tasks representing herself and her life experiences. A very kind, sensitive, introspective person, her narratives describe many of the problems faced by women her age who juggle the demands and values of two distinct and opposing cultures. Like her mother and her grandmother, Sandra's narratives are often extremely personal. She focuses on her childhood, the pressures of school, and the friction between acting "traditional" and "making it in the modern world". She recounts her experiences with and feelings toward hunting, smoking, drugs, religion, her relationships with her grandparents, her trips on the land and her trips to the south. She talks about her on-going battle with chronic eczema and the frustrations she has had with the health care system in the north. She discusses her ambitions and hopes, and the prospects she envisions for her future. She also joins her grandmother in presenting several, somewhat more objective descriptions of Inuit life. When I spoke to her on the phone about participating in this project, she said "It will be good for people to know what is happening up here with the younger people".

Today Sandra is working part time as a receptionist and attending high school. She spends much of her free time helping care for her little sisters and brother, going to dances at the community hall, watching NHL Hockey games aired on television, reading, and learning to sew kamiks.

LIFE HISTORIES AS COLLABORATIVE PROJECTS:

Looking back at the way in which I became aware of the Royal Commission on Aboriginal People's Life Histories Project, one might say that I stumbled upon the chance to work at such an intimate level with Apphia, Rhoda, and Sandra. Before working on this project, I had been involved in more objective social science research. As the life histories project progressed, I became increasingly cognizant of the richness of subjective narratives and the value they hold for Inuit/academic communities. The complex ways in which the three generations of women negotiated their lives through their testimonies, and the complex collaboration that took place in the production of these texts, reveal in a convincing manner the challenges Inuit women face, enmeshed in the complex webs of colonial and neo-colonial relations.

The complex ways in which Apphia, Rhoda, and Sandra negotiated a path through their lives with through their testimonies represents a powerful, age old tradition of storytelling in the Arctic. While Inuit have indeed been recounting stories to each other for thousands of years, the discipline of *life history writing* which the four of us engaged in is by comparison a fairly new phenomenon. The collaboration between a storyteller and anthropologist to record and document the history of a life emerged with the development of Anthropology and the Social Sciences in the early 1920's. Paul Radin's 1920 work *Crashing Thunder: The Autobiography of an American Indian* is often referred to as the first work in this genre. One of the earliest and most renown collaborations with Inuit women appeared twenty years later with Washburne's and Anauta's 1940 work, *Land of the Good Shadows: The Life History of Anauta, an Eskimo Woman*⁵.

Acting as extensive records of people's lives, life histories have often been classed with works such as biographies and autobiographies. What distinguishes life histories from these two genres however is the manner in which they are produced. Life histories do not take shape through the efforts of a solitary author. Rather, they are the products of ongoing encounters, resulting from a series of different dialogues. Their genesis is social, arising from a complex collaboration which extends throughout all stages of the research. The storytellers's words inscribed in life history works are often produced by a group of narrating subjects. Not just the narrator and interviewer/recorder contribute to this textual production, but also other listeners in the room, interpreters, and even typists hired for the project. The final product, however, rarely acknowledges these embedded voices (at least not overtly). Life histories are most often presented as clear, coherent, linear texts, masterfully camouflaging the numerous embedded discourses as well as the extensive process through which the words were collected, transcribed, organized and edited. This "clean up" is rendered innocuous as spoken words are written as connected monologues.

METHODOLOGY: THE WAY IN WHICH THE RESEARCH WAS CONDUCTED

⁵ Other Inuit/Eskimo life history works include Nuligak and Maurice Metayer (1966), Blackman and Brower Neacock (1989), Bodfish and Schneider (1991), Pitseolak and Eber (1993).

The relationship of trust which must exist in order for life history discussions can take place takes months and sometimes years to establish. As I noted at the onset of this introduction, I had known the Awa/Katsak family for close to a year and a half before the proposal for the project was accepted by the Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples. The endorsement by the Royal Commission in November of 1992 triggered a series of phone-calls between my home in Edmonton and the Katsak residence in Pond Inlet as Rhoda, Apphia, Sandra and I coordinated schedules for the project. The project was divided into separate planning, fieldwork, and production phases organized around two research trips by myself from Edmonton to Pond Inlet and one by Sandra from Pond Inlet to Edmonton.

The first phase of the project consisted of planning the research and preparing for the first set of fieldwork sessions in Pond Inlet. An Arctic/anthropological literature review was assembled and parts of the anthropological literature on life histories and the Eastern Arctic Inuit were sent to Rhoda and Sandra. Supplies were purchased and phone-calls were made to discuss interview schedules, possible themes to be considered, the framework of the project, and potential interpreters who could be hired to sit in on Apphia's Inuktitut sessions and assist in the oral translations of her tapes.

We decided during this period that the first, and most extensive, fieldwork session would begin upon my arrival in Pond Inlet April 1st, 1993 and last six weeks. The April 1st date was chosen for two reasons. First, it marked the time of year in the High Arctic when daylight is back and the -40 C temperatures moderate (a relief for me with my thin Qallunaat blood). It also marked the end of the fiscal year for Rhoda, finishing off a very busy period for her as the Hamlet accountant.

Storytelling or "story-collecting" commenced almost immediately upon my arrival in the settlement and lasted throughout the six week period. During this time a large portion of Apphia, Rhoda's and Sandra's life histories were recorded. The three generational nature of the study and the similarities and differences in experiences, worldviews, and knowledges shared by these three women made cultural change and inter-generational differences an undercurrent which shaped much of this work. Fortifying this focus on internal cultural differences were the different manners in which the three women chose to narrate their lives.

Interview sessions with Apphia took place in various locations and in a range of conditions. At times Apphia, the interpreter, and I would gather in Apphia's living room or sit on the floor of her bedroom and begin talking. Sometimes it was just the three of us grouping together for a session -- other times different combinations of her husband, neighbours, children, and grand-children would be present in the room watching TV, talking amongst themselves, or listening to Apphia taping her stories. At times, when the sound of the TV and the noise level in her home became overwhelming, we would pile on to her beat-up snowmobile and move the session to the living room of the house in which I was staying (just down the hill from Apphia's).

Approximately ten sessions were held with Apphia that spring. Apphia would often talk

for three to four hours a session. She produced in total thirteen ninety minute tapes. She would often sew and mend caribou clothing while she talked. When she was at my residence, away from her sewing utensils, Apphia would flip through English magazines or Arctic anthropology books and articles that I had brought with me and look at the pictures.

Apphia's narrative style displays many elements of an Inuit oral tradition learned on the land. Sessions would often begin with Apphia taking the cassette recorder from me, placing it in front of her, turning to the interpreter that we had hired or to the various children and grandchildren that happened to be in the room. She would then embark on stories about her life. While I had originally envisioned these fieldwork sessions structured somewhat by my questions, I soon became both aware and comfortable with the fact that the language barrier which existed, coupled with Apphia's own narrative style made me more of a catalyst than an actual participant in those early meetings. Most often I prepared a set of questions before the session and usually, at the beginning of the session or at breaks in the narrative, Apphia would ask me for suggestions on themes she might address. Apart from these interventions, however, Apphia for the most part had her own agenda for each meeting. She came to the sessions knowing which stories she was going to tell and what themes she was going to address. Twice she brought a piece of paper with her from her home on which she had written notes to herself in Inuktitut syllabics.

My role in many of these early meetings was therefore limited to organizing the timing of the sessions, controlling the operation of the audio equipment, and often providing the meeting space. Apphia spoke in Inuktitut; translations or outlines of what she had said were communicated to me during breaks when she turned off the cassette to pour herself some tea, have a piece of food, or most commonly, to cough. Sometimes themes and stories were relayed to me in sketchy recapitulations after the session had finished. While my thirty or forty word knowledge of Inuktitut combined with my observations of her body language and the expressions on her face sometimes gave me an idea of the general topic she was addressing, for the most part I had to wait until much later, after the Inuktitut tapes were translated into English and typed into transcripts, to be enlightened as to the details of her stories.

Finding an interpreter to sit in on the interviews and undertake the lengthy translations of the tapes was a more difficult task. We needed someone who had strong command of both traditional Inuktitut and English so that she could do a verbatim translation of the tapes. We also needed a person who was available to work during the day as well as someone with whom Apphia would feel comfortable and at ease with sharing the details of her life. The first evening I was in town, we telephoned Lucy Quasa, Apphia's forty year old adopted younger sister, and she agreed to participate. Sandra Katsak also sat in on many of these sessions, listening to her grandmother's stories. Half-way through the first fieldwork trip, Lucy was offered a full-time day job as a cashier at the Northern Store (formerly the Hudson's Bay Company) so Sandra volunteered to interpret for her grandmother at the remainder of the meetings.

The task of translating Apphia's taped Inuktitut sessions onto cassettes in English once the sessions were done proved to one of the most challenging components of the project. Skilled interpreters and a significant time commitment were needed to effectively complete these

verbatim translations. Time, however, is a resource available to few middle-generation, bilingual women in the settlement. Most of these women have large families and full-time jobs. Nonetheless, the richness of Apphia's testimonies and their prospective value prompted the first interpreter, Lucy, and a neighbour and friend of the family, Apphia Killiktee, to join Rhoda in the translation process. A distant relative and friend, Bernadette Dean joined this group during the second fieldwork trip in September, also as a translator.

While story-telling sessions with Apphia often consisted of long monologues in Inuktitut with very few interruptions, the sessions with Rhoda were of a very different nature. Constantly juggling the demands of her job, her large family, her correspondence courses and other unforeseen commitments, interviews which fit into her schedule were often difficult to arrange. Meetings were often set tentatively and conducted in the evenings and on weekends in one or the other of our living rooms. Stories were recorded in English, making my participation as an interviewer much more prominent than in my sessions with her mother. A few times, to try to balance time constraints, Rhoda took a cassette recorder to her home and attempted to record stories on her own time. While this conveniently fit with her busy schedule (she could do it late at night once all of her children were asleep) after a few attempts she told me that it was difficult to keep her train of thought when telling stories to a machine. She said she wanted to have someone who could help her keep her focus, someone she could look at when she talked, someone who would listen, nod, and ask questions. The rest of the sessions we held together.

While Rhoda's stories exhibit a loose continuity and a knack for storytelling similar to that of her mother's, the meetings that we had, to a certain degree, mirrored the structured upbringing she was exposed to in residential schools. They had a subtle, business-like quality to them with a questions/answer format followed by crisp, directed accounts of her experiences. We met six times during the six week fieldwork session in the spring and filled four ninety minute cassettes.

Sandra was raised in a settlement inundated by southern media and the school and government systems. Experiencing much more disengagement from the Inuit oral tradition than her mother or her grandmother, Sandra had a somewhat more difficult time when asked to construct and narrate episodes from her life. Her contribution to this work was made in various different manners.

Being fairly shy and initially feeling somewhat uncomfortable with the structured interview setting, she informed me after the first few taped sessions that she wished to write out her life history on paper (like she would an assignment at school) and present it to me in portions. An avid reader, she has a strong command of written English and had spent over five years writing in a diary. She talked about using parts of her diary to structure her life history. At her request, and to help her become motivated, I wrote out questions that I would have asked in an oral interview and made a list of suggestions to her on a set of possible themes that would connect her testimonies to those of her mother and grandmother. We talked about addressing themes of childhood experiences, camping trips, education, health care, and the impact of colonialism on her life etc. She came to the house where I was staying several afternoons and

evenings during this period and, over coffee, used the word-processing program on my lap-top computer to type out portions of her narratives.

I returned to Edmonton in May of 1993 and began the transcribing process. Somewhat overwhelmed by the volume of work, I commissioned a friend and neighbour to help me covert the tape recorded interviews into typed transcripts. Once this transcribing process was complete, I was confronted with over two hundred pages of English transcripts of Apphia's words alone. Once I familiarized myself with these pages, I wrote out a list of questions pertaining to the stories. I highlighted parts of the stories that I did not understand or details which were omitted or lost in the translation/transcription process. I made up similar lists addressing the sixty or so pages of Rhoda's stories and forty-five pages Sandra's testimonies.

With the transcripts intact and the questions formulated, I returned to Pond Inlet for one month in September of the same year to follow up on the earlier fieldwork sessions, clarify points, and collect the last sets of contributions. I spent eight afternoons with Apphia during this time going over the English transcripts and asking interpreters to read portions of these transcripts to her in Inuktitut to see if they corresponded to her original stories. Apart from the last two sessions (where she embarked on monologues "finishing things off") most of these sessions were much more business-like and interactive than the earlier storytelling sessions in the spring. I usually sat on the floor or at a table, with my inch-thick pile of transcripts and questions spread out around me, and asked Apphia to re-explain certain incidents where fragments had been lost in the translation from Inuktitut to English and from spoken to written word. Sessions with Rhoda and Sandra were of a similar nature. Sandra, feeling less intimidated by the project as it progressed and having grown tired of writing, came over for two taped interview sessions and independently filled two cassettes during that second session in Pond Inlet. I left the settlement with six tapes from the sessions with Apphia, three from Rhoda and three from Sandra.

After returning to Edmonton, these follow up interviews were combined with the previous transcripts and made into a collection of stories from each of the women. This collection was then sent by mail to Pond Inlet for Apphia, Rhoda, and Sandra to review. After they had been approved, Sandra then flew to Edmonton for two weeks in late November, 1993, to help edit the stories and add her grandmother's, her mother's and her own input into the production of written texts. Following her departure, questions regarding minor details (dates, Inuktitut spellings etc.) were carried through the mail, long distance telephone calls, and fax.

EDITING THE TEXTS:

The position I have occupied as editor of these testimonies is a role I deliberated over for a substantial amount of time while writing up this account. Editors like myself, working with narratives such as Apphia's, Rhoda's and Sandra's in which the English used has been learned as a second language (whether it was spoken by the participant in an English interview or translated into English by the Inuktitut speaking interpreter) face an interesting dilemma. A tension exists between the need for these testimonies to remain as much in the women's own

words as possible and the need for the text to be easily understandable and "reader-friendly". Apphia, for example, conducted her sessions in an eloquent and fluent Inuktitut. Her taped stories would then often go through one or two interpretive channels (worked on by a translator and sometimes a typist) before I was able to listen to them on cassette or read them on computer disk. Further complicating this process was the fact that these stories were communicated to me through the voices of the five different women who translated Apphia's stories, each of whom had her distinct command of the English language. Also Apphia, along with Rhoda and Sandra, expressed to me that they wished to be presented on paper in a "grammatically correct" English.

What I have done in this work, therefore, is to try to find a way to manage the tension between spoken and written word, while at the same time being as pragmatic as possible. Perpetually conscious of the fact that *editing*, (along with translating and transcribing) is a *concentrated act of interpretation*, an act which plays a critical role in the construction of narratives such as these, I have tried, as best I can, to keep the accounts as close as possible to the spoken words which initially appeared on tape. I have attempted, for example, to keep the same sentence structure as used by the women. When Rhoda, Sandra, or Apphia through the translator, repeated herself, most often I left it in the testimony. At times, ideas brought up in conversation were expressed in ungrammatical English (as is often the case in spoken language); other times phrases which may have been quite eloquent in Inuktitut suffered in translation. Therefore, in an attempt to avoid confusion, and to present the stories clearly, I have made corrections to grammar and syntax. At times, I added certain statements to clarify points. I have also edited narratives for consistency. Apphia, for example, mentioned the story of the birth of her first child, Oopah, on four separate occasions during the fieldwork. I combined them into one story changing as few of her original words as possible. In this editing process I have also omitted parts of the interviews that were not connected to the research. These include questions and statements made by myself, the interpreter, or by other people present during the interview as well as statements made "off topic" by the story-teller⁶. At the request of Apphia, Rhoda, and Sandra, I have also omitted specific stories recounted, and statements made during the interview sessions, that were of a confidential and personal nature, ones that they did not want included in a public account.

ORDERING THE TEXTS

One of the most challenging tasks I faced with this project was imposing order and

⁶ At various places in the testimonies section, slight shifts in stories take place which I have highlighted by inserting the following symbol (*****) between two texts. These symbols represent breaks in a narrative which occurred **within** the context of a single recording sessions, (in which the speaker changed her approach to a topic in the middle of a session) and also narrative shifts **between** separate interview sessions (in which coinciding stories addressing the same topic, collected on different days, were put together).

continuity to the collection of stories. Initially, while preparing for the first phase of the project, I had anticipated a final draft organized into four main chapters: an introduction and then a fluid, chronological account of Apphia's, Rhoda's, and then Sandra's lives. This order corresponded not only to the structure of many other life history texts to which I had been exposed, but also with my own Euro-Canadian culture's notions of individuality and the linear, sequential order of people's lives. As our fieldwork progressed however, the three women presented their lives not as linear, continuous, chronological narratives but instead as a collection of isolated episodes. A story would be told, and then retold with different details in combination with another tale. Other stories would end abruptly as memories shifted, and then re-emerge several days or even months later in another conversation. As time went on, and I familiarized myself with this complex collage of experiences, the idea of squeezing these tales into a structured framework seemed more and more restrictive. Because of this, I began to conceive of the narratives as organized not into three extensive sections which chronicle each woman's life but instead as collections of individual stories, told together by Apphia, Rhoda, and Sandra, centering around specific themes.

While structuring the manuscript around specific themes risks emphasizing those incidents which fit the framework at the expense of others, some form of organization was essential. Using ages or life-stages to organize the first portion of the narratives (with quotes from the women acting as headings) the collection of stories begins with the chapter entitled "**I was born...**" (accounts of birth and early childhood experiences) followed by "**This happened when I was just a young girl...**" (stories from childhoods spent on the land and at school), and "**I was about fourteen...**" (incidents from the youths of these three women). Chapter 5 is entitled "**I will tell you about my marriage...**" (marriage stories), followed by "**When I first found out I was pregnant**" (incidents centered around childbirth), and "**When my kids were just babies...**" (stories about raising children on the land and in the settlement). Chapters 8 and 9, entitled "**...when there was a lot of sickness...**" and "**The time we were baptized...**" focus on themes of illness/health care and religion, whereas the Chapter 10, "**As Inuit...**", presents diverse narratives describing various elements of Inuit life. "**I wanted to tell you a story...**" touches on famous people and folk tales, while the final chapter "**They spent all those years trying to change me into a Qallunaq...**" presents Apphia's, Rhoda's, and Sandra's closing comments, their reflections on settlement life and the pressures and changes imposed on them by Euro-Canadian involvement in the Arctic.

One of the driving forces behind this amalgam of Apphia's, Rhoda's, and Sandra's voices into one connected and yet fragmented text is that it emphasizes, in a pervasive manner, the uniqueness of each of the women's testimonies and the chasms which separate these three women. This emphasis on differences that exist *within* the constructs of a culture (as opposed to *between* two cultures) is a significant element of a study of this nature. It gives three-generational life histories the power to illustrate the drastic changes imposed on Inuit women with their contact with colonial powers. The complexity of the narratives and their inherent contradictions illustrate the many ways in which the three generations of women have adapted to those changes.

The second impetus influencing the order of these texts is that, by organizing them by theme rather than time, they reflect most clearly the manner in which the texts were presented to me during fieldwork. At the outset of the recording sessions, when Apphia, Rhoda, and Sandra were telling stories about their childhoods, all three women ordered their accounts somewhat chronologically. As the storytelling session progressed, however, this structure gave way to more informal, unstructured testimonies. Recollections lost their linearity and became a discontinuous collection of eloquent and graphic episodes evolving, dissipating, and then re-emerging as memories flowed one into another. These episodes were woven together not according to a specific time or place but instead according to related memories and events. The diverse threads connecting different periods from the past with the present and the future were spun by each individual in the immediacy of the fieldwork encounter as she tapped into her own distinctive ordering system or manner of structuring events. Properties of time and place in a narrative changed with the blink of an eye as one memory fed into the next one. In an instant Apphia would shift from a story about when she was four to a story of a similar nature that occurred when she was in her twenties and then back again to a story when she was four. The same day, an hour later, in the same living room with the same tape recorder running, Rhoda or Sandra may have spoken about a similar incident in her life and made a similar type of shift. The texts are ordered to reflect this mix of voices from past, present, and future -- they attempt to preserve the connections in this account by maintaining the threads spun by the women to unite their narratives.

PRESENTING THE STORIES

The following section consists of one hundred and twenty five stories narrated by Apphia Awa, Rhoda Katsak, and Sandra Katsak. The tales span a century of life in Pond Inlet, from the turn of the century to the 1990's and beyond. They connect bone tools, skin clothing, igloos and dogteams with televisions, two-story houses, Sesame Street and Nintendo.

Many of these stories touch upon issues and themes that link them to the anthropological and historical literature on the Inuit. While it would have been possible for me to garnish the stories with a multitude of explanatory footnotes and endnotes directing the reader to various literary sources written by outsiders, I have chosen instead to present the testimonies as solitary texts. Interjections of my own and other academics' comments would, in my eyes, trivialize the stories, marking Apphia's, Rhoda's, and Sandra's portraits as secondary texts, as a form of "evidence" or "raw data" backing up the descriptions of Inuit culture offered in the formal, academic works. What I have done, therefore, to connect these two types of knowledge is to attach to the end of this work an extensive bibliography which addresses various themes which emerge.

I started this introductory section with my own narrative and with a description of the background of this project. Now, as a listener must, I will stop talking and let Apphia's, Rhoda's, and Sandra's testimonies transpire.

2.

I WAS BORN...

Apphia:

"I will start with a description of my ancestors, my family."

OK, Yes, I will start talking now. I am Apphia Awa. Now I will start. I will start with a description of my ancestors, my family. How is it? Just a minute. I have to think of where to start... who to start with... Just a minute now...

Now my ancestor family, it goes like this. The Arvaluk family was my adoptive family. Arvaluk and his wife Illupalik, they were my adoptive parents. My adoptive parents were Arvaluk and Illupalik. The husband was my adoptive father and his wife Illupalik was my adoptive mother. Arvaluk had a mother named Aaqaaq and a father named Atadjuat. Arvaluk's brothers and sisters were Nasaq, Alasuarq, Maniq, and Naqitarvik. There may be more but that is all I know. Now, Arvaluk's own children were from both his first and second wives. His children were Kyak, Qattalik and Kutsiq. I never heard who Illupalik's parents were. If I tried hard enough to find out who Illupalik's parents were, I could.

I was adopted but I consider these people my real family. We are like that when we are adopted. Since we grow up with these people, we feel like they are our own family. We feel distant from our own actual family. Anybody can have that feeling if they are adopted.

Now for my actual relatives. Koobloo was my real father and my real mother was Sullaaq. I don't know all of Koobloo's ancestors but I do know who his parents were. His mother was Koolerk and his father was Iqpaaq. These were his parents that I know but I don't know his distant relatives or his ancestors. As for Sullaaq, my real mother, her father was Nutarariaq and her mother was Kaujak. Those were her parents and again I don't know who her ancestors were. I am the eldest in my real family, then a second younger brother, Maktar, then a third one who died young, Piku, no Koolerk, then a fourth one, Thomas Nutarariaq, and then a fifth after Thomas, Koolerk, Paul Koolerk, also deceased, after that Bernadette Koobloo, then my youngest brother Leeno Koobloo. These are my actual relatives, four brothers and two sisters. The other one passed away at a young age. That is how we are as a family. There are lots of us now including cousins and grandchildren. I have twelve children, 6 boys and 6 girls. Maktar had twelve children also but one died not too long ago. Also Thomas, the fourth born, has children but I am not sure whether he has eleven or twelve. My brothers and I have many children so our relatives go on and on.

That is how we are, alive and well even though we had such hard lives back in the olden days. Sometimes we struggled to survive. We survived when we had only country food to feed ourselves.

We barely saw white people when we lived around the Igloolik area. My adoptive parents are from that area, Ammittuqmiut. My actual father used to travel a lot. He would travel around the High Arctic, also to areas around the Keewatin. He has even been to Fort Churchill.

He used to travel everywhere.

A long time ago, before the Qallunaat arrived among the Inuit, or even when there were just a few Qallunaat around, shamans were the spiritual people. Inuit had never heard about Jesus or God at that time. There were no Bibles. People tried very hard to please the spirits, to be good to them because if someone angered them or committed a sin, there might be a shortage of food and the whole group might go hungry. The shaman would help the people by telling them who it was who had caused the bad things to happen. Like, for example, if a young woman had a miscarriage without letting anyone know that she was pregnant. If she didn't tell her parents that she had a miscarriage or if she didn't tell them she had her first menstruation, then game might become scarce. The only way to clear up this situation was by her guardians or the shaman confronting her and having them all deal with the problem. That was the way it was at that time.

Back at that time the Inuit used to name their children after animals. I recall that my adoptive mother's name was Tiriganiaq (fox). They never used to use the Bible when naming their children. They never used to give them saints names. They never heard about God or Jesus at that time so they didn't have Bibles.

I was born when they started to believe in Jesus and God. When I talk about these beliefs I am talking about way back, that is the way they were before they heard of God. Even my mother, Sullaaq was born when they had started believing in Jesus and God. It was long ago that Inuit believed in shamans and followed their weird rules, back around the 1600's, 1700's, and 1800's, maybe even at the start of the 1900's. They used to use their shamans to cure a sick person or fight an enemy. And they were asked to love one another especially those who were orphans. They gave blubber and meat to those without fuel or food or had less than what they had. So they lived through times of happiness and sorrow just as we do now. When the first white men arrived by ship to live amongst the Inuit, that is when they finally realized that they had to be Christian. That is when Inuit were asked to forget their old beliefs about the powers of the shamans and other things like that.

People used to travel a lot by dogteam or by hiking. Some even went as far as Greenland. If they knew how to hunt, Inuit could go almost anywhere without starving. Just as long as they caught animals, they could survive and keep on travelling, miles and miles and miles. They never stopped for any length of time because they were always looking for animals to hunt. They never really settled down in a camp. People would starve and die when the animals weren't around to hunt. They really had a hard life. People in some camps starved, and in other camps people would hear about this. Starving did not happen everyday, not every year either but every once and awhile.

This story could go on and on, but from what I know it is real. In the olden days there was happiness and there was sorrow. We used to play games, like baseball, tag, or any other games -- that is how we were. We weren't always just trying to survive. We used to have fun sometimes too. We would have challenging drum dances, and sing "Ajaajaa".

I was born on August 13th, 1931, not too long ago. When I was born there was only one Qallunaat man around, the priest. When my actual parents went to the outpost after they had me the priest marked my name and my birth-date down. That is how I know my birth-date.

In my real family, Nutarariaq was my grandfather, his wife Kaujak gave birth to my mother Sullaaq. Nutarariaq had a sister named Attagutaaluk and she was the eldest in the camp. She was the only one I knew who could relate to my grandfather. I recall that their mother was Arnajuar but I don't know who their father was.

My mother got married very young and when she was pregnant with me, they migrated to the mainland towards the Keewatin district. They started in the early spring and moved through the summer. My parents had another family with them, Tuglik, Tasiuq, and Qamukaq.

At that time my mother was just a girl, not even fit to have a husband. Her family gave her to a man who was old enough to be her father. His name was Koobloo. That is what she used to tell me when I asked her the story about herself. She didn't have a baby sister and she was desperate to keep me because I was a girl. Her parents were separated and her father kept her and left her mother, Kaujak, to go live with another woman. Her stepmother Ittukushuk couldn't have any children so she raised another woman's daughter. My mother was desperate to keep me when I was born because I was a girl and I was her first child. Her new husband, my father, didn't want to keep me. He was hoping for a son and I turned out to be a girl so he wanted to give me away. My mother was not a very bossy woman and she was having a hard time at that point so she had to listen to her husband. He was so much older than her -- she wouldn't say no to him even though she was crying so much inside at the thought of having to leave me.

My father Koobloo didn't want to keep me because I was a girl and he had another three daughters from his first wife. He had never had a son and when he got married to my mother and I turned out to be a girl, he was disappointed. That is why he wanted to give me up. My mother felt shame in front of her new husband when I was born and thought to herself "If I keep having girls, what will I do?". That is how my mother felt when I was born. She felt better though when her husband said he wanted to give me to Arvaluk because Arvaluk was my mother's uncle. So they gave me up when we came off the ice, when we got to the seashore to start caribou hunting. The camp that they gave me up at was called Akniq. My mother had me for a month or so before she gave me up -- she was breast-feeding me at the time. When Illupalik, my adoptive mother, found out how much it hurt my mother to have to give me up, she let my real mother keep breast-feeding me, even when I was living with my adoptive mother. She fed me for another month or so, up to when I could smile.

All of the sudden my real father, Koobloo, wanted to leave to go to the Keewatin area and the Repulse Bay area. That is when she finally gave me up even though she really wanted to keep me. She told me later that on her way to Repulse Bay, she had a really hard time. She had been breast-feeding so her breasts were swollen and filled with milk.

The reason that my real father, Koobloo, wanted to leave all of the sudden was that he had committed a crime and he needed to escape to the Keewatin area. I am not sure what particular crime my father committed. I asked Sullaaq much later on, much later I asked her "Why did you leave me all of the sudden. Why did you go away? Why did you have to leave so fast?". Sullaaq did not know. She was very young at the time, she did not question her husband. Later on I questioned Kanuk, an elder from around here, about that. Kanuk told me that Koobloo was not a "perfect Inuk", he was sort of a prankster, someone who did not care for traditional law.

Back then, there were only a few crimes that people could commit. One was when they stole a white fox from someone else's trap and traded it to the trader. Another was when they got in a fight and hurt someone, something like that. If that happened, then the group would meet with the person who had committed the crime and he would go to court. Kanuk said that he was probably caught taking fox furs. So he left before they found out that he had committed a crime, just before he was supposed to go to court.

They were gone for a long time. I began living with my adopted family in the Keewatin. They had another child after me. My real mother also had another child, a son, Maktar. Before Maktar was born my mother had lost a baby. Maktar was born after. During that time they reached Fort Churchill and Chesterfield Inlet. So between Maktar and I, my mother gave birth to a boy but he died at infancy. My mother got pregnant very soon after this second child. Then she had my brother Maktar.

So I was born when there were barely any white people around the Igloolik area. I recall that there was only one white man. He was the priest. He had a sod house and a qullik, an oil lamp, and he used to run out of tobacco since he smoked. He used to make us look for cigarette butts when the tents were taken down and when his oil lamp ran out of oil he made us light it. He was the only white man around and his nostrils were always filled with smoke.

At that time we had caribou skin for our clothing, nothing else, just caribou skin. Even during the summer we wore caribou skin clothing since there was no other choice. Even when there were hardly any caribou around, we had to make do. There were no fabrics back then for us to make clothing, nothing at all, only caribou skins.

I start to recollect bits and pieces after my real parents came back from the Keewatin area. By this time I was about 5 years old and Maktar he was about 2 years old. By this time I really thought that my real mother was my older sister. Her husband Koobloo was just a stranger to me. He was not like a father to me at all. Every time he left to go hunting I stayed overnight at my mother's house. My adoptive parents really loved my mother. She was their niece and they loved her very much. They treated her like their own child. They made a fuss over her even when she was older and had a child of her own. In my adopted family I had a younger brother, but when we got together my actual brother Maktar and I usually played together. My

adopted brother was about three years younger than me.

One time when we were playing together, the three of us, we heard that some hunters had come back from hunting caribou with meat so we went to where the hunters were to eat it. It was kind of windy that day and I remember all of us holding hands with our two mothers because we were so small. We were different ages but all about the same size. Since I was a girl, I didn't grow very fast. I was quite small and my brother had grown faster than me so we were the same height-- I was a lot weaker than my younger brother. Every time he used to push me, I fell down. It was like we were twins.

The people who caught the caribou were Koonooruluk, Arulaaq, and Niaqukituk. After we ate some of the caribou meat we went back home and started to play. My brother Maktar used to play with his father's rifle. On that day his father hadn't emptied the rifle-- he had probably forgotten to empty it. The rifle had been sitting in the entrance-way to the igloo so he started to play with it. His father let him play with his rifle because he was his first son and he spoiled him rotten. Maktar used to play with it when his father was feeding the dogs. I remember Maktar would imitate shooting the dogs while they were being fed.

On that day his father didn't empty the rifle. As soon as we came home from eating caribou at the neighbours house, we started playing with the rifle. My adopted little brother who we were playing with went inside the igloo. We had a door on the igloo and an entrance-way dug about two feet deep into the ground to protect the inside of the igloo from the cold. That is how they used to make igloos they planned to stay in for a long period of time. My adopted little brother was leaving the igloo to come back outside again. He had a cup of hot water and he wanted to put some ice in it to cool it off. My other brother Maktar and I started playing a game. We were pretending we were walruses trying to defend the shore from each other. My other brother was on his way out of the igloo. Maktar pointed at him and said "He is the walrus going down to the sea". I said "I'll do it, let me catch the walrus". As I was trying to pull the rifle out of Maktar's hands it went off with a big "bang". We were so young we didn't know about shooting and we were not scared. We didn't know what it was all about.

Then my younger brother went falling down with the cup in his hand. My actual mother came running out of the igloo with her kamiks off. She came out and screamed "He's been shot!". I became very afraid all of the sudden and my mind went blank. Maybe because they started to yell at me or something like that. When I regained consciousness I remember seeing lots of legs around the door of the igloo and it was kind of dark. I started to crawl through the legs and realized that there was slippery ice on the floor. My own mother always kept the floor clean but at that time it was slippery from the water that my bother had been carrying before I shot him.

I must have fallen down again because when I woke up the snow had melted where my face had been and I had a nose bleed. There was some blood in the snow. No one had been watching over me since they were tending to my adopted brother who I had shot. Then I tried to crawl through the legs and someone pushed me aside and told me not to go inside because I

had just shot a person. I was really cold and I was crying because nobody seemed to care for me now. Then all of the sudden someone grabbed me and threw me inside roughly, put me face to face with my little brother. He was alive at that time. They yelled "Look at him, you shot him!". They started to scold me loudly and it was then that I realized what I had done. I saw the blood. He died the next day.

It was spring and the day after it happened and the sun was shining outside. I was out playing with the other children. I didn't realize I was wearing my dead brother's mittens. Some adult came up to me and grabbed the mittens I was wearing and yelled "Your brother died and now you are wearing his mittens." He took the mittens and didn't even give me another pair to wear. I don't recall the funeral.

After the accident, maybe a week or so, my actual parents left the camp without a warning. They went to the Pond Inlet area to escape from the RCMP. My real father, Koobloo, was afraid of the RCMP and he was ashamed because I had shot and killed my little brother with his loaded rifle. He didn't want to be blamed for what I had done. That is what my actual mother told me when I asked her later why they had left me behind without a warning. They moved to the Pond Inlet area and lived there until they died.

After the accident, my adoptive parents became abusive and the hatred towards me for killing my younger brother became worse. This hatred was from my mother. My father never changed, he was always good to me, but my mother became very abusive and full of hate. She was ashamed of me -- that is why she became abusive. Both of them were old and couldn't do much so I became their slave. I was their only child at this point. Before the accident I used to sleep between them since they had loved me so dearly, but after the accident my mother started to make me sleep way on the edge of the bed. I felt cold when I slept, dark and alone. She didn't feed me any more or make clothes for me. My kamiks were ruined, out of shape. I played outside for long periods of time wearing those kamiks.

While I played outside, neighbours in the camp would invite me into their homes and feed me. I didn't know how low I was at that time. I never felt sorry for myself or realized that I was being abused but the neighbours, they felt sorry for me. When I went visiting they made me clothing and combed and washed me hair. Since I had long hair I had head lice. Since my mother didn't care for me at all, they washed my hair and got rid of the head lice.

Some people took me to the eldest blind woman in the camp. She felt sorry for me and was full of affection for me. She fed me cooked or frozen meat and she melted ice for me so I would have water to drink and wouldn't go thirsty. After she fed me I felt hot and cosy -- I felt a lot better. Sometimes I wouldn't have eaten for days and days.

This went on through the winter. When spring came we left the camp to go hunt for caribou. I often woke up in the night to hear my mother crying. She said she had bad nightmares about her son. In her dream she used to say "Oh, Alarut wants me to join him" but she couldn't go to where he was so she would start to cry harder.

I remember one day my father went caribou hunting and came back with four caribou. I ran to him when he arrived and he said "Utagannakulu". That is what he used to call me "Utagannakulu". He said "Utagannakulu, I have been given four caribou". I didn't understand what he meant by "given four caribou". At that time I didn't know anything about hunting or God.

It wasn't too long after my brother died that my mother got sick, she had an infection on her breast. The puss went to her lungs and she got an infection from it. She was slowly dying. At that time I was eight years old and all my relatives were mourning for her. My father didn't want her to die so he went outside to pray so he could be heard more easily by God. I went with him. It was the middle of the night and some people from the camp were crying inside of the sod-house. We went outside to the side of the house and my father started to pray. We closed our eyes as we were praying and through my eyelids I saw a bright light. I opened my eyes and looked up and there was a light so bright I couldn't look at it. The bright light went into the sod-house and my father said to me "Utagannakulu, it has come for your mother.". Then he started to cry and he went inside. I followed him and listened to everyone crying very hard. Then somebody pulled him in and he went to his wife to try and bring her back to life. He couldn't bring her back to life. That light came at the right time. The reason that it came was because my mother used to pray a lot. She used to pray that she would be saved by the faith she had in God. She used to pray to God that she wanted to go to heaven and follow her son.

After she died, they wrapped her in caribou sheets. At that time we couldn't wait for the relatives to come from all over the place. They buried her body right away. After the funeral, the rest of the family left to go to the floe edge to hunt seals. We were alone, just my father and I. He didn't want to leave my mother's body. The floe edge was where the food was but he wouldn't leave her body. He had loved her very much. Since I was too young to be left alone in our old sod house, I used to go with my father everywhere. We would go out hunting and would return to a very cold home. There was no one to keep the house warm with the oil lamp. Everyday we went to her grave and prayed beside her. Sometimes I wondered why he was doing that. Sometimes he prayed in our house in the middle of the floor. We stayed by her body for a month. Then we moved to the same camp my grandparents Kaujak and Nutarariaq were at. We lived with them until I got married.

After that incident, when I was a little older, there were people who used to tell me "You should be a Christian because you are a murderer. Be a Christian, pray a lot, and you will see your baby brother in heaven". People were trying so hard to make us become Christians was because we were both murderers. My father had killed a person too. He had killed somebody before but it had been a long time ago. He had done it to protect the people because that person who he had killed was killing innocent people. So he killed that person. It was the old Inuit law and order.

Those people called me a murderer for a lot of my life. They were people that didn't like

me at all. They were blaming me for the incident with my little brother but they didn't know the whole story, they were just being nasty. I think that those people who were always trying to make me feel guilty, those people were probably related to the man who had gone insane who Arvaluk had killed. They were probably the relatives of that person. They had been trying to get revenge, to get at Arvaluk anyway they could. They couldn't get him though because he was probably running too fast. He learned to run fast so he could defend himself against those people. They couldn't keep up with him so they would give me a hard time instead, call me a murderer. My mother told me that Arvaluk had killed that person when he was very young, he was probably about eighteen or twenty, he always had nightmares after that about what he had been appointed to do. He had a hard time sleeping and had nightmares because he was always anxious that someone from the family was out for revenge.

Since we were both murderers, my father and I, the people in the camp wanted me to believe in God. They wanted me to follow God's word. My father always prayed, everyday. He used to have nightmares. While he was having nightmares he would start to moan, then he would sit up and scream "Satan, keep away from me!". He would grab his knife and start stabbing at nowhere, trying to get rid of Satan.

I used to call my step-sister when he did that at night. She told me that my father had been really scared after he killed that man. He was afraid that people would go after him for revenge. At that time he had been able to run very fast on foot. He could run as fast as caribou. He had exercised a lot and practised running so that he could protect himself. After I understood that about him, I didn't mind when he did things like scream at Satan. When he had nightmares I began to pray right along with him. Then, as he was praying, he would fall asleep again.

Rhoda:

"I was born on April 18, 1957."

I was born on April 18, 1957. That was just before Easter time, Easter Weekend,... My parents were supposed to go to Igloolik for Easter holidays, and my mother gave birth to me on the 18th. They went off to Igloolik the very next day by qamutiq.

It was possibly my grandmother who helped my mother give birth, my father's step-mother but I am not sure. My grandparents were the ones who were living with my parents at the time. I don't know... I suspect it was my grandmother, who helped my mother deliver me...

They had been living with a few other families at the time I was born, Mablick's family and some other family. I think they moved down into the Igloolik area before I was born. I think they hit some hard times. Yea... my mother loves that story -- she always used to tell me "I gave birth to you one day and they next day we went off on the qamutiq". I am number six of eleven kids, right smack in the middle.

It was spring time so I have no idea how we travelled at that time,...by dogteam I would

imagine. By summertime we started to use boats. At that time they usually went to Igloolik at certain times of the year to trade. They would go in the fall to get set up for the winter, either September or October, and this would be by boat because the ice hadn't frozen up yet. They would go again around Christmas, during Christmas holidays, and they would do some shopping. They always went shopping every time they went into the community. Then another time would be during Easter break, because that is when everybody would play games and activities and stuff, and another time would be early summer... or late summer depending on the ice. They would trap white foxes to trade for things.

My parents stayed in that outpost camp outside of Igloolik until either 1970 or 1971. I think it was 1970, because it was a very short while until they moved here to Pond Inlet. They stayed in the same camp from my birth...but way before that they moved around the area.

After I was born, and I am not sure where I was born, but after I was born, possibly a year or two later, we moved into a shack, a little match-box shack -- that is where we had our camp for the winter. We would stay there all winter and in the springtime we would go to another camp which was about six or ten miles from this winter camp. We would do our fishing there. Our summer home was a tent, a cloth tent. The land was kind of flat, but not too flat. It was part of Baffin Island. It was on the mainland. Igloolik was on an island facing it, about fifty miles away from the camp we were in... not that far unless you have to travel by dogteam or a nine horse-power motor. By dogteam it took one day, a little bit more than a day.

Yes... that is where I lived until I went off to school.

Sandra:

"I was born on the 20th of July, 1973 at Iqaluit's Baffin Regional Hospital."

My name is Alexandra Pikujak Qiliqti Katsak. I was born on the 20th of July, 1973 at Iqaluit's Baffin Regional Hospital. I am named after my maternal grandfather's late sister, Pikujak (pronounced Pikuya) and after my paternal grandfather's late father, Qiliqti. Most people just call me Sandra. There are six children in my family, five girls and one boy. I am the eldest.

My mother, Rhoda Kaujak Awa, was sixteen and my father, Joshua Inukshuk Katsak was twenty-three when I was born. They met at the Federal Day school in Pond Inlet, I think. My father said he started grade one at the age of fourteen. He went on until grade eight or nine. My mother quit school at grade eight when she became pregnant with me. When I ask her though, she always tells me she didn't quit. The Federal Day School in Pond Inlet only went up to grade eight or nine and you would have to go to a different community to finish your schooling. She just didn't want to leave. My father, I think he did go for awhile. I hear a few stories of him going to Churchill, Manitoba, but that is all I know.

I have been living in Pond Inlet (Mittimatalik) all my life. I am the eldest grandchild on

my fathers side and one of the eldest on my mothers side. Being the eldest gives you the advantage of knowing your great-grandparents before they die. I got to know Sullaaq, my mother's maternal grandmother. I also got to know Uyarak, my mother's paternal grandfather and Hannah, his second wife who is still alive. They were married when my grandfather was very young, just an infant really, so she adopted Awa and treated him like he was her very own. My father's maternal grandmother, Tatiggaq, is the only great grand-parent on his side that I have known. She is still alive. My mother parents, Apphia and Mathias Awa have twelve children. My fathers parents, Ishmailie and Jokepee Katsak, had six children. Two have died so now they have four.

When I was a child, every year on birthdays my mother used to tell us stories about the day we were born. This story is kind of short. It is about when I was born, July 20th, 1973. My mother was sixteen. She lived in Pond Inlet and she had to go down to Iqaluit to have me. She went alone. She stayed at a stranger's place. I don't recall the names she mentioned. She didn't know them very well. When I was born she was all alone and she was scared. She was very young -- she was just sixteen. I was her first baby and she didn't really know what to do. She was lying down on a hospital bed with me when this old man accidentally came in. He saw how young she was. He looked at her and then at me and he said "I could keep the baby for you". He thought she was too young to have a child. My mother didn't say anything. I think she was too scared of him. I think she thought he was drunk. He was really old and she was kind of scared because she didn't know him or what to do. She kept me in her arms and the man just kept on staring at her and then he finally closed the door and he left. That is all I know about that story.

I remember lots and lots of things from back then. When I start saying "back then" or "at the time" I am referring to the mid 1970's, that would be my early childhood. I remember the first house we moved into, just my parents, Mona and I. I was four and Mona Lisa was two. Up until then, we were living with my father's family. There were nine or ten of us living at my father's parents in a three-bedroom house. There are three main sections to Pond Inlet: Qaiqsuarjuk, the cliff area, Mitimatalik, the beach area, and Qaqqarmiut the upper hill area. We were in Qaiqsuarjuk, the oldest part of town. I remember there was an old photo of my grandfather, Ishmailie Katsak in a group picture. He is standing with a group of men that he worked with at a small coal mine a few miles from Pond Inlet. After that he became a sealskin trader for the Hudson's Bay Company. I would assume the mine closed down. Jokepee, my grandmother would fondly tell me how he was a good hunter and made money trading the skins. The only recollection I have of him was as a stock clerk at the Bay. He would bring home sodas for us children after work. After some years, he switched stores and started working at the Co-op as a stock clerk again. He retired some five years ago. My grandmother, Jokepee, has been a janitor at the Health Centre for the past fifteen years or so. She became a janitor after my family moved out of their house and she is still working.

Both my grandparents do not have formal educations but they have learned some things about reading and writing and English from the Bible. I am not very clear on this, but I think maybe at one point they did go to school. Jokepee told me once, just once, how she learned to

read a little. We were in the bathroom and we were scrubbing and cleaning. She picked up a Cow Brand baking soda box and read it. I was very surprised. I asked her how she knew English writing. She told me they taught her to read a little when she was a child. I knew they had learned the Inuktitut alphabet, the Roman Syllabics as children. They learned syllabics from the bibles given to them as kids. Until she picked up that Cow Brand box, I didn't know she knew English.

My mother's family, the Awa's, live just down the road from my father's parents. My mother's father, Mathias, has been a garbage truck driver and pick-up for as long as I can remember. He is seventy-three and is still going at it. It does not look like he is slowing down at all. He also works around the Hamlet garage working on heavy machinery. Apphia used to work as a janitor at the Hamlet Office and at the airport before her health got bad. Her health got bad as she got older so now she stays at home.

I remember back when I was growing up, I was with my grandmother all the time, my father's mother. I practically lived at her house until I was a teenager. I was really close to my mother's parents too but Jokepee, she was like a mother to me. I remember my mom. I don't think I was all that dependent on her. I tried to be independent from her. I was proud of her. I was proud of her having a job and I wanted her to think I was capable of taking care of myself and my sister. My mom was working a full time job when I was growing up. She was working as the assistant manager at the Hamlet office. My father was working too. He worked fixing up houses for the Housing Association. He is a carpenter. He was also a volunteer fire-fighter. He is now the Deputy Fire Chief. When I was about ten, he switched jobs and left the Housing Association to work for the GNWT's Department of Public Works. He is still working there.

I don't think I cried much as a kid when my mom went away. Like I said, I was pretty attached to my grandparents. We also had a very good baby-sitter that lived very close, just next door. She took care of us when my parents went to work. I remember when my mom picked me up after work to take me home, I used to be really glad to see her. I remember sitting on her lap watching TV.

I remember the day that we moved out of my grandmother's house and into a house of our own. I was four and my mother was twenty. She was the age I am now... The house had a slanted roof and a big slanted window on the front. Those same types of houses are still around now but they are used as sheds for clothing and equipment and stuff. When we moved in I was so proud of our new home, I wanted to fix the porch floor, I remember hammering nails into it. It had one big room at the end of the house, the kitchen and the living room were at the other end, then it had one small bathroom. My father made a wooden bed and they got nice new furniture; a couch and a record player with a dome cover. Our house was above the creek.

My sister Mona, Mona Lisa Inoogook is her full name, she was born on the 1st of June, 1975. We are eighteen months apart. I was born and my mother got pregnant right after. I remember being with her all the time as a kid. I remember when Sheila was born, Sheila Sullaaq. It was in 1983. She was different. She had big eyes compared to all of us. She was

really pretty. When Dawn was born in 1984, Dawn Nuqallaq, my mom was away in Iqaluit for awhile. It seemed like a long time and I missed her. I was over at my grandparents when I heard Dawn was born. She was a girl. My grandparents heard the news and said "Oh no, another girl". I was so happy that Mom had another baby. It didn't matter to me that she was a girl. I couldn't express my joy though because everyone was saying "Oh no, another girl". Dawn was born cross-eyed and had to go down to Montreal for surgery. My mother came back, we went to the bedroom where she layed her on the bed. She was born premature so she was really tiny. We looked at her and they left the next day. Dawn didn't come home for a long long time. She had an operation on her knee and her eye. Mom and Dawn went away for a long long time. My mother came back without Dawn and I thought Dawn had been adopted out, I didn't think we'd ever see her again. She was down at the hospital in Montreal. I remember her coming home with her eyes still crossed so she had to go back to Montreal again.

After Dawn came, Lucas Nattiq was born in 1985. Mom was away in Iqaluit again and phoned with the news. Everyone was really happy because my mom finally had a boy. I was happy for my mom because she had a boy and nobody would bother her any more about having girls all the time. It was kind of tough on my mom having girls, she was supposed to have boys. My mother's sixth and last child was another girl, Ruby Panipakoochoo. Ruby was born on the 18th of March, 1990. She will be four this year.

3. THIS HAPPENED WHEN I WAS JUST A YOUNG GIRL...

Rhoda:

"In this summer camp there were three small lakes."

My beautiful lakes. Growing up we had both a winter and a summer camp -- they were about ten miles apart. The summer camp, it was a little bit further from Igloolik than the winter camp. We camped at that same spot every year. We used to camp there all alone. By the time I started remembering things, we were all alone on the land -- my grandparents had moved to Igloolik.

In this summer camp there were three small lakes. There was one lake that was really close to where we put our tents -- that is where we used to get our water. On the left side,

facing the water, there were two other lakes. Both of these other lakes were set on solid rock. The one closest to the water was quite small --it was used only to wash clothes. There would always be a soap film on the edge of the lake. We would just go there and wash our clothes.

The third lake was a little bit farther away. This lake was solid rock all around, like a swimming pool and it had this rock canopy overhanging. We had a great time there. That is where we would bathe ourselves. The sun used to hit it mid-day and warm the water -- it would get quite warm in the summer. The swimming lake had little fleas or lice in it, some of them looked like tiny turtles. They die very easily with heat up here. You might see them swimming around in the water tank but when you heat up the water tank they die.

For some reason in this area there is also a place where I thought there was a buried treasure. Maybe I had read about buried treasures at school. There was this one spot and I used to stomp on top of the gravel because it sounded hollow underneath. I thought that buried treasure was hidden there. My husband tells me that is where there is frost or pieces of ice between the layers of gravel -- that is why it sounded hollow.

Just next to this summer camp, not very far away, there was an old camp -- it had maybe four old sod-houses -- it was a very old camp. Even at that time, in the 1960's, the sod-houses were maybe about six inches to the left of the original building. It was either broken up or the soil had grown so much it went up to the height of the sod-houses. There was a big lake up there too. Apparently this old camp -- this kind of surprised me because it was inland, not on the shore, just a little bit inland from the summer camp -- apparently my grandparents and the Mablick's family had lived there for quite a number of years. I think that is where I was born. It was an old old camp. It had been used for years and years, maybe by some other people who lived before my family's time.

Sandra:

"The first time I remember camping..."

The first time I remember camping it was winter but it wasn't that cold. I remember frost coming out of our mouths in the tent. I was about two years old. It was my first long trip so I thought we were camped really far away from the settlement. Apparently we were just five miles away.

We were fishing, it was me, my parents and Mona. We set up a tent near a big hill and my dad went hunting. My mother was telling stories about my father and how he was catching fish and geese. She was trying to teach us about hunting. My parents brought a tape recorder with them on that trip and they taped us singing and talking baby talk. We listened to that when we were older and laughed. I remember seeing my father coming down a hill carrying a ptarmigan or something like that. I thought he walked the whole world, far far away to catch

that ptarmigan and I was so relieved he came back. Even though I was so young, I remember the feeling that I had then, my mother telling stories to my baby sister and I and my father coming down that hill with the ptarmigan.

Rhoda:

"We would start our jigging on the ice right next to the land where we would set our tents."

The incident that I am thinking about happened when I was a kid. This happened when I was just a young girl. Growing up, we had a winter camp and a summer camp. The winter camp was the one where most of my stories come from because it had a shack, a matchbox shack, and it was more of a permanent home. We also had a summer camp which was about five to ten miles away and we would go there in the early spring-time when the ice was still good. We would go by dogteam. We would pitch our tents there for the spring and summer. That is where a lot of the good fishing spots were. We had fish for most of the spring and summer -- hardly anything else, maybe an odd seal. If the men went out caribou hunting from there, it would have taken them a long time to travel to where the caribou were and then come home. I don't remember having caribou in that place.

That summer, my older brother, Arvaluk, was home from school in Fort Churchill. He was maybe fifteen at the time and he was home for the first time in a long time. Usually, when he came home for the summers he spent his time working at jobs in Igloolik instead of going to the outpost camp. He hadn't been in the outpost camp, at home for a long time so this was kind of a rejoicing.

My uncle was with us too at the time, my dad's brother. He was there just for a little while, maybe to spend a week or a couple of weeks with us. We went there that spring before the fish started running. When it is springtime the fish start coming down from the lakes on the land and into the ocean -- they always go down from the lakes in the springtime to the ocean. Usually we would have to wait maybe a week, maybe a couple of weeks before they came by on their way to the ocean. There are a couple of weeks where you couldn't find any fish, even if you did some jigging on the ice. When someone caught the first fish from the ocean we would know that the fish were on their way. We would start our jigging on the ice right next to the land where we would set our tents. We would just go down on to the ice. The ice on the beach had cracks that go right into the water and you can jig from there. You don't have to drill a hole or anything because the cracks are already there to fish from. So that is what we usually did in the springtime in the camp.

Anyways, my brother Jakopie, he and I had ongoing childhood contests. He is almost two years older than I am but ever since we were children, we acted like we were the same age because we were born so close together. We would do things like compete to see who could learn syllabics first, who could be the first one to be fluent reading syllabics -- or running, who

could be the fastest runner. We were always competing and I was always trying my hardest to beat him because in his opinion, I am just a woman. He thought that because I was a woman and two years younger than him, I didn't ever know what I was doing -- that kind of thing. So, anyways, we had this ongoing competition and he was challenging me that spring, saying that he would catch more fish than I could. That spring we were jigging, counting all the fish that we caught, both of us. I got up to about two hundred fish the whole spring, from mid-June to July, before the ice went away.

When the ice went away that summer, Jake quit jigging and started helping my older brother and my father -- he was helping them pull in the fish-nets and take the fish from the nets. They were using the nets to catch fish at that time because the ice had left.

At that time we had a canoe with an out-board motor and a little tiny boat. The tiny little boat was just for the net. It didn't go very far -- we used it mostly to get easy access to the nets from the shore -- we used this little boat. Me, being a girl, I wasn't allowed to get on the boat or help out with the nets. Jakopie and I, we were still having this contest and he told me he was at about three hundred fish -- he had counted the fish that he took off from the nets. He said he was winning and I got furious. I thought we had finished our contests when the jigging was over and here he was continuing to count his catch from the nets.

Everybody was in the tent, my uncle, my older brother, Jake, my dad -- everybody was in the tent, playing cards I think -- at least they were not outside -- everybody was inside. I think they were playing cards, hanging around, waiting for the next fish to hit the net. They would wait for a little while before they would pull in the net again. They would pull it in maybe two or three times a day. My father was painting the canoe. He painted it over and over again in the summertime to seal everything up so that it wouldn't leak. He would re-do the whole canoe with paint. It is because canoes were made from canvas cloth at that time -- when the paint peels off, the canvas shows and water gets in.

He had just painted the canoe that day and he had it upside down on the land, drying. All we had besides the canoe was this small little boat. Everybody was inside and I decided it would be a great time to go pull some fish off the net so that I could catch up to Jakopie in our contest -- I took the little boat and pushed it off the shore. I was hanging on to the net -- the net had these bobbles I could hang on to. I was moving along the net like that, pulling it up, looking at the net to see if there were any fish. I was going along like that. I don't remember whether I found any fish on the net but when I got to the very end, I was supposed to turn around go back the same way, hanging on to the net and heading for the shore. By some freak accident I let go. As soon as I let go, the small boat started drifting away. There were no paddles in the boat, all there was the little dipper to get rid of the water that leaked in.

I started drifting away so I started screaming "Hey, somebody help me, come get me!". The water was a little bit rough -- it was a little bit windy outside, just enough to push the boat off the nets. I was drifting away, drifting. Finally I started screaming and crying because I was

getting so far away -- I was trying to paddle with the dipper and the boat was getting more and more water in it because I wasn't bailing it out. Finally they started coming out of the tent -- I guess they heard my shouts. They started coming out of the tent and my dad came roaring down on this outboard motor and the newly painted canoe. He wrecked the paint job. I thought he was coming to get me. He came with Arvaluk and I thought he would put the small boat next to him and put me in the canoe and we would be right home. He screamed to me "Paddle!". He wanted me to paddle with my hands. The water was so cold, the ice had just left, and I was paddling like this with my hands. I paddled all the way back into shore. He was running the motor slowly right behind me. I had to explain to everybody why I was getting on the net. Oh, I was mad at my brother -- I was furious with him.

Sandra:

"My grandma adopted a newborn a year prior to my birth. They named him Nary... Nary and I, we grew up close."

My grandma adopted a newborn a year prior to my birth. They named him Nary. He was the first adopted one in her family and the last of her children. He was number twelve. Nary and I, we grew up close. Some people thought he was spoiled but he was always good to me. He always showed his goodness to me. We were really close. My grandmother, she adored him. He was the youngest so he was treated very specially. He was even spoiled a little. He would lie down on the couch and say "Mom, I want food, bring me water, bring me this, bring me that" and she would do it for him. Nary and I, we spent a lot of time together. It seemed as if everyone in my family, my aunts and uncles were all into Mona. I felt left out a lot of the time. Nary, he always made sure I got some attention. When we were kids, all of my grandmother's children and grand-children, we always helped ourselves to the food she prepared at lunch. There was always some shuffling. Nary, he was like the king of the house. Whenever I went to my grandmother's for lunch, Nary made sure I got food.

When we became teenagers, Nary became really protective of me with boys. He was a grade above me at school. Whenever I complained just a little, he became really angry. When he became a pre-teen he started experimenting with drugs. He was into sniffing and drinking, smoking cigarettes. I was always curious about that kind of stuff but whenever I asked him about drugs he wouldn't tell me anything. He told me that I shouldn't try myself. I was just curious but he didn't want to talk about it with me. He didn't want me to start. One time I visited him and saw him and a friend sniffing. His friend wanted me to sniff but Nary didn't want me near it. That friend kept persisting so I did and Nary didn't like the idea very much. He got pretty angry.

When I was growing up my grandmother, my father's mother and my father, they always told me not to take drugs, not to smoke. They were really strict about that and I was afraid of them at that time so I didn't get involved with that kind of stuff. My father is scary about that

kind of stuff. For the past ten years or so Nary has been away a lot. After he was about thirteen or fourteen he was in juvenile detention centres and correctional centres. I never got to see him much after that.

Sandra:

"I remember one story about when we were out on the land."

I remember one story about when we were out on the land. It happened out on the ice, near an iceberg. I was with my grandparents and my Uncle Nary, the youngest uncle. He is only one year older than me. We were on a trip and we had four hours to go. We stopped for awhile to take a rest and we were having some tea and bannock, just the four of us. After some time, my grandfather started packing the Coleman stove and the cups. I guess we were taking too much time for Grandpa's taste because he suddenly began to tell us to hurry up. We had to zip up our wind-pants (ski-pants) and scramble up on the qamutiq. At this time, my uncle decided to "use the toilet". He took off his jacket and put it on the qamutiq. He had to get through all his extra clothing. He had to un-zip his wind-pants, then his jeans. My grandmother and I waited patiently on the qamutiq thinking he would get on in time.

Without even looking back, my grandfather turned on the skidoo. Us kids, we always loved this part. While the snowmobile and the qamutiq slowly started moving, revving up, we would run behind the qamutiq, even though we were supposed to be safely on already, and we'd compete to see who could run the longest before the snowmobile was going full throttle. It wasn't usually a very long run.

My uncle must have thought it would be like that for him because he didn't even move when the snowmobile sounded. Grandfather started driving and didn't look back at the qamutiq behind him... so we kept going and going. Still my uncle was peeing and peeing. It was not until my uncle was almost just a speck against the huge iceberg. He was trying to zip up his jeans, his wind-pants. He was running for his dear life. My grandmother and I were screaming at my grandfather to stop the snowmobile. It was not until he heard our screams that he stopped the machine.

This is the way my grandfather was raised. Out on the land and back in the past, everyone had to learn to get ready quickly, you were always supposed to be aware of what is going on, never let the others wait. There was always an urgency to get somewhere, whether you were going home, going to a new campsite. It is because we used to have to follow the land's changes. It might not be good travel conditions later on. Things like climate, ice and water conditions can change so quickly.

Apphia:

"I was visiting an old woman whose daughter was dying."

There was the time when we were in a camp with a group of other people. I was with my father Arvaluk. I was just a child -- I was very young. I was out one day visiting -- I was visiting an old woman whose daughter was dying. This woman who was dying was Awa's first wife. She was a lot older than me -- she was the same age as my husband and she had been sick for awhile. She had been sick off and on. She kept trying to get pregnant but she kept on having miscarriages. Every time she miscarried, pieces of the fetus would be left behind in her uterus and these pieces were making her sick. Today we hear that there are some women who have membranes left in their uterus and they can bleed to death. That is what was happening to her.

She was sick when they were travelling in the springtime. We heard that from some other people, that she was very sick. In the summer she got a bit better. She was well enough to walk around. They had a sod-house near the beach and in the late summer a narwhal went by one day. When she rushed out to see the narwhal, she fell and got sick again -- that is what we heard. I met her when she was really sick. She never got up and she was really skinny. I never thought that her husband would be my husband in the future.

I was visiting this woman's mother when I was just a child. She was Awa's first mother-in-law and she asked me to pray for her daughter. Awa's first wife was the only daughter and an only child so the mother was really grieving for her dying daughter. She really wanted her daughter to live. When I was visiting the house, her mother told me to pray for her, to pray that she would get better. I was a child and I didn't know how to pray that well -- even though I was a child, she asked me to pray. I think that she was hoping that the faith of a child would make her daughter better. I was really young. I never knew that her husband would be my husband in the future.

At that time I didn't know how to say prayers on my own. I used to watch my father pray so I could recite the "Lord's Prayer" and "The Grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ" prayer. My father used to pray from his heart all the time. I could say these two prayers along with my father, but I had never prayed a prayer on my own. I remember as a little child, praying for the woman. My father used to say "Oh God" when he was praying but he would say it in Inuktitut "Oh Gutu", kind of like "My father". I didn't know what "Oh God" meant, but I used to say that too, just like my father. I didn't understand what I was saying but I prayed as hard as I could for this dying woman.

In the fall after that, my father and I we moved -- we went to live in another camp. That fall we all heard that she had passed away. She died of her sickness. I am remembering this because I know.

Rhoda:

"The first time I heard about flour being used to extinguish fire was when my brother Arvaluk came back from Fort Churchill."

The first time I heard about flour being used to extinguish fire was when my brother Arvaluk came back from Fort Churchill. He had been to school there and he had learned some stuff. I remember he always had lot of fun teaching my dad and the rest of us all of the things and the English he learned in the school. There was this one time he taught us all about cakes. He had learned about cakes in school, he had eaten them there. When he came home, I guess he missed them so he started imagining making a layer cake for us out of walrus meat and walrus fat. He was explaining it all to us. I guess the walrus meat and fat reminded him of cakes -- I guess the fat was the icing. We were always really amazed at all the neat information Arvaluk brought back with him. That was the first time I had ever heard of cakes, layer cakes.

Anyways, there was this one particular incident that happened one spring when Arvaluk came home for awhile. There were two other men with us at the camp at that time, one was from Igloolik, the other guy was from Pond Inlet -- they came into town with my uncle. They came into our camp. I think that was the same spring that my sister Oopah's husband came with them. I am not sure.

Anyways, we had a small stove in the shack in our camp -- a wood stove and it had a chimney. It was just one of your standard steel chimneys attached to the wood stove that we used. We put wood in it to keep the stove going. It had an iron top to it. A lot of people were in the shack at the time because there was a big blizzard going on and for some reason the stove had been overloaded with firewood. It was getting so hot that it was melting the pipe, the chimney was very thin steel, it didn't have any insulation, just the steel. I was asleep at the time and I remember being woken up and told to get out of the house. I remember I had no clothes on -- I was maybe eleven years old -- it was quite cold outside -- it was still spring. They put a blanket on me and my mom. It was kind of a surprise to be woken up to this fire in the stove and have to get out of the shack. We went out and the men were trying to put out the fire with water and cloths. Arvaluk helped putting it out by grabbing my mother's flour and throwing it all over the fire.

When we got back into the house the fire was out and the building was getting kind of cold. There was all of this flour on top of the stove, flour and baking powder. My mom was yelling, "My precious flour, what did you do to my flour". She knew she wouldn't get another supply for three months or so. Apparently Arvaluk had learned that you could use powder to extinguish gas flames and stuff like that and so that is what he used. That was the first time I ever heard of powders being used to put out flames.

Apphia:

"I was 8 years old when my adoptive mother died..."

I was 8 years old when my adoptive mother died of an abscess in her breast. The abscess grew inside instead of outside. After she died she was buried. We wrapped her in caribou skin, a really clean caribou skin. We wrapped her in the caribou and put her in a wooden box -- it was left on top of the ground. We didn't dig a grave for her. The ground was too frozen so we just put her on top of the ground. My father and I used to go visit her grave and pray beside her. Every time my father would go to her grave, I would go with him.

The grave is still there and there is nothing inside the box. It was a long time ago that she died. My father, as I remember, he used to go to that camp where she was buried as much as he could. Since he was very old, he couldn't marry or live with another woman after my mother so he would go up to her grave and pray. When I look back, I can still see my father going up the hill and looking at his wife's grave.

We were grieving more back then because we didn't believe in Jesus. We didn't know that if a person died they went to heaven. We thought that if a person died, they died forever. People would grieve for a year and once a year they would visit the grave and cry. It is really different from the way things are today. In the old days people were alone in camps and when someone died, they would have to look after the body themselves. They would take the body out of the house and put the body into a grave. Even though they were grieving, they still had to look after the body. They grieved so much because they weren't taught that if they die they would go to heaven and be with Jesus. Today we hear these things. In the old days we believed that we were going to lose that person forever and never see them again. We would cry. We weren't thinking about their spirit.

Today we live in a big community. We know that when someone dies, they are not lost to us -- they go to heaven and we will see them later. In the old days, nobody would visit a grieving family. There were no radios or telephones to announce that someone had died. The only sound we heard back then was the sound of dogs howling or barking. I think that is one of the reasons why it is different today, because today people visit people who are grieving and we know for sure that when a person dies they are gone to heaven and they are not in pain any more. We were told that if we are Christians, we must have patience and know that we will see our dead relatives again in the future, not on earth, but in heaven. I think that is why we don't grieve as much as we did before.

Sandra:

"I remember the day my father's younger brother died."

I remember the day my father's younger brother died. I was just a kid, but that is one incident I remember quite clearly. I was living with my grandparents on my dad's side and I hadn't seen my parents for a long time. I was playing with my cousins on the living room floor and my grandparents were sitting on the couch. My parents came in and I ran up to greet them. My dad, he said something about the police. Everything got chaotic. I was trying to listen but

everyone started going crazy. My parents started crying and my cousins ran out of the house. I went outside with them. I was pestering them, asking them what had happened. Looking back, I must have sounded quite rude. I was asking them and asking them and then my cousins told me that my uncle had died.

My uncle, they said he had committed suicide while taking pilot training in Iqaluit. He was twenty-seven years old. My grandmother had to fly to Iqaluit to identify the body. I remember the funeral took place a few days later, when the first snow came. We had a new minister at the time and I remember during the graveyard service, I was thinking that the minister was new and didn't know my uncle. I remember thinking that he shouldn't be there doing my uncles funeral because he didn't know him.

There was an Oriental tourist and photographer in town at that time. During the long days after the funeral, he was at Grandma's. No one was minding him. He was just sitting around. He had his camera with him and after awhile he started taking pictures of people crying. He took one picture of Grandma sitting on the sofa. She was really worn down. Grandpa got really upset at this, he took the camera and started smashing it on the floor, cursing. The photographer tried to take the camera back from Grandpa before it got broken but someone stopped him so he just watched. My grandparents were so upset.

Since then, I had been quite apathetic whenever there is a funeral. There have been lots of deaths in town but I haven't been to a funeral since then. I don't go to church that much any more either. It always reminds me of that.

Rhoda:

"My brother Jakopie, he had a dog."

One incident I remember, I think my mother would remember this better than I would.... I just get flashes ey. My brother Jakopie, he had a dog. He wasn't a St. Bernard but he looked just like one, a really big, brown, dark disgusting dog. My brother really liked this dog though. This dog was the love of his life or something like that. I felt so sorry for the dog. One summer we were out caribou hunting -- we had gone by boat and we had brought the dog with us. We were going back to the outpost camp from somewhere, I don't remember where we were -- I remember we were ready to go and the dog was nowhere in sight. We all got into the boat. My brother was getting pretty upset. His dog was being left behind. Then, after we had left the shore and were on our way home, we saw the dog on the beach. He jumped into the ocean. He was splashing in the water, swimming, trying to catch up with the canoe. I remember watching him swim. The dog caught up and we pulled him into the boat -- he got the boat all wet. I remember that incident really well because I know Jakopie really loved his dog. He was heartbroken that we were going to leave it behind but that was what you had to do back then.

You couldn't wait around for dogs to show up...

Rhoda:

"We used to keep different kinds of birds, sort of as pets."

We used to go egg hunting a lot when I was a kid. We would look for eider ducks eggs and, what are those called, those birds, they are smaller than eider ducks, tiny ones -- Arctic terns, that is what they are -- they are tiny tiny birds. Anyways, we had these little islands not far from our winter and summer camps and we would go there to look for eggs. The birds, they have their nests up on these cliffs, under the big rocks. They built their nests right under the rocks high on the cliffs of the islands so we would have to climb up on the cliffs and find the nests. The eider ducks, they have great big fluffy nests and great big eggs. They taste good those eggs. The Arctic terns are really scary birds, they are small and fierce. When we were gathering eggs we would have to put on little metal hats -- we put pails on our heads when we were egg hunting when the terns would get too fierce. They would come rushing down and hit the metal. It was kind of scary.

We used to keep different kinds of birds, sort of as pets. We would find them as little birds and feed them throughout the summer. They would get used to us and hang around. The pets that we had came from this area -- they would follow us sometimes but they wouldn't travel outside their nesting area even if we were going far away. Sometimes, one time, one spring that we were here, I had a snowy owl, a baby snowy owl. I can never tell the difference between a falcon and a hawk but we had one of those too. They are kind of fierce though. They are very demanding as pets. They eat a lot. So do owls, owls eat a lot. We used to feed them fish -- seagulls loved fish, fish and seal fat. In the fall they would migrate.

Every summer we had pet seagulls. Just next to our summer camp, there was a seagull nesting area and my dad would get us tiny little seagulls from there to keep. They would get so used to us they would be like pets by the time summer was over. Once they got used to us feeding them, they would just hang around the camp until they went south. They wouldn't go anywhere else. There was one seagull we had once, he was my brother Arvaluk's pet. He was hardly ever in the camp -- he would come in maybe just to have a meal. He knew our family -- he was used to us and he could recognize our boat from all the other boats when we went out on the water. Arvaluk's seagull would fly around, then he would recognize us and come flying down alongside the canoe and stay with us the rest of the trip. I remember it was late fall and Arvaluk's seagull had been gone for days and days -- we thought that he had headed south for the winter. It was late fall -- most of the gulls had migrated already. When we got on the canoe and went out on the water, there he was hanging around again. He wanted to stay with us so he held off migrating. My brother started throwing meat on to the water for him to catch. I don't remember seeing him after that. He must have gone south.

Sandra:

"My first impression of the south..."

My first impression of the south is from when my mother and I went to Toronto when I was seven. The thing I remember most about that trip south was the smell in the air and Coke sold everywhere. I was happy about that. The smell was very different than in the North. It was really hot down there and there were lots of insects, there were lots of flies and crickets at night. I remember long drives and being so hot I had to wear pyjamas during the day. I remember golf balls in big baskets and swamps with frogs. I remember going shopping and my mother bought me a Barbie doll in a swim-suit. I remember seeing so many trees. I tried to climb one but there were little insects on it. I remember seeing lots of vegetable gardens and learning how to peel corn. Mom and I tried to get around by ourselves but lots of times we got lost. I remember nice people helping us out.

My mother had a friend there at that time, Paul, he was an exchange student and a friend of my parents and he invited her down there. My mother was supposed to go alone but I was crying a lot so she took me with her. I don't remember that part, crying to go. You'd think I would remember that part,...crying a lot. We went to Mississauga and then after awhile we drove a long ways and we went to his parents place.

His mother, I thought she was very strict. I was patting her puppy and slapped his bum. Did she ever scold me. It was scary at first but I wasn't too appalled. I was pretty used to Qallunaat ways and accepted them. It seemed like that was the way things were down south.

Rhoda:

"When we got to Hall Beach we pitched our canvas tent far away from the community, on the Dew Line site probably about three miles away."

This warm feeling, this good feeling, I have it when I remember this incident. My mother was away -- I think she was in the hospital having Ida, my younger sister. I don't know how long she was gone, most of the summer I think. I remember her going off to the nursing station and I didn't see her again for awhile. By that time my mother was a little bit older -- she had given birth to a lot of children. Because of her age and her condition, she ended up being hospitalized for her last two kids, her tenth and eleventh children, Ida and Philip. Ida was the first one that she went away with for the last part of her pregnancy. She went to Hall Beach -- it had a nursing station that she stayed in and close access to a hospital. We went there from Igloolik by boat to be near her, my father, my oldest sister and all the kids. My older sister was looking after all of us. We went to Hall Beach to see my mother.

When we got to Hall Beach we pitched our canvas tent far away from the community,

on the Dew Line site probably about three miles away. My father at that time was a bit of a loner. He didn't mingle well with other people, especially Qallunaat. Thinking about it, maybe that is why we took so long to move off the land, he didn't mingle well with people.... Anyways, we pitched our tent -- there was Joanna, Solomon, myself, Salomie, Oopah, Jake, six of us. Martha was with my grandparents in Igloodik. Both Simon and Arvaluk were out at school. I remember it was probably early summer because it was really really warm.

I don't remember much about the Dew Line site itself. I remember there was a great big airstrip. There must have been a construction crew working there. Also, there was a garbage dump there for the community as well as for the Dew Line workers. People would come to visit us at our tent. It was very nice. Some workers and people from the community of Hall Beach would walk over and stick around for the afternoon. There were some Qallunaat guys from the Dew Line hanging around, maybe buying carvings from Dad sometimes. I remember we didn't have much to eat because we had moved off the land to the edge of a community. We were far away from everyone in the settlement -- we weren't sharing any of their meat and Dad wasn't hunting. In the Hall Beach area the water was shallow. I think the only hunting there was walrus which was maybe twenty or thirty miles away. It was hard for us.

When we were back at home on the land, we always had meat around. Dad would go out hunting everyday and come back with meat. We usually had a cache of seal meat five miles away, a cache of caribou forty miles away. It was like that. We would have a supply of frozen meat next to the house, or dried meat, like fish drying on the tent. We always had meat around. This time we were away from home and Dad, he was just hanging around. We didn't have much to eat.

Maybe it was kind of hard for me, maybe I was acting up, maybe I was hungry, or maybe I was just cranky but for some reason I think maybe my father felt sorry for me. I remember falling asleep one night not having eaten anything, except maybe tea or something like that. I was whining and making a fuss. The next morning I woke up to these wonderful smells. It was a nice sunny day, a beautiful day. I woke up and my father had fried up hotdogs in a pan, I don't know what else he had, some type of luncheon meat or something. When I woke up, some beautiful smells were coming out of the stove and he was frying them up and putting them on the plate. I hadn't even gotten up yet and he gave me tea and gave me some delicious sausages, wieners to eat. I remember that morning so clearly because it was sunny and I was late getting up. I had a good nights sleep and it was kind of a lazy summer morning and my father gave me this beautiful stuff to eat, Qallunaat food, hot dogs.

I found out later that he had gotten those sausages from the Dew Line dump, where all the Dew Line guys tossed out their garbage. They were unused meat, packages of unused meat. They had never been opened. I don't know why the people at the Dew Line site didn't just give the meat to us directly, they just dumped it out. And it wasn't,... you see, I know what sausage smells like when it is old -- I know what meat tastes like when it is dirty. It wasn't like that. They were fresh wieners. That sort of stuff happened all the time, teachers or workers would leave perfectly good food out because they were frozen or old, things like packages of meat,

oranges and apples. We would just take the top off and they would be fine.

I mean... getting meat from a garbage dump, thinking about it today, it is kind of disgusting... but for me it was a treat, to get that kind of food on a nice morning, summertime - and the smell was just delicious. Even today when I fry wieners (my mom boils them but I always fry them), when I fry them, the smell always reminds me of that morning, the first time I ate wieners. I never thought of it as my father feeding me from a garbage dump. He was doing me a favour, he got me some food.

Sandra:

"I remember always asking my parents and grandparents what it was like going hungry."

A few years ago when I was thirteen I got pretty hungry camping out on the land... I have always heard stories about people in the old culture going hungry for long periods of time. I remember always asking my parents and grandparents what it was like going hungry. Sometimes I really wish we could go back to how people used to live. There would be no TV, no cigarettes. I just want to know what the feeling would be like not to be dependent on Qallunaat things. I always tell elders that they are lucky that they grew up that way, in kamiks and skins and stuff like that. They always say negative things about back then. They talk about having lice in their hair or they say it was too cold or that they didn't have enough wood. They are always saying negative things about the way things were. I've always wanted to tell them that I wish I were given the chance to live that way.

Some of the stories I used to hear from my grandparents time were about people who were so hungry they had to eat a dead person. One of the people who did this was the wife of my grandma's uncle. I remember hearing that story. That lady, I heard she could never eat polar bear after that because the taste reminded her of that dead person. She never ate polar bear after that. That was a long time ago.

Every since I first started to hear these stories about near starvation, I started bugging my parents to tell me more. When I was thirteen we went camping, the whole family and my mother's sister Salomie. That is when I had a taste of what it would be like to go hungry. It was only just a taste really, but I started to understand why they never wanted to talk about it.

It was supposed to be a great trip. For one thing it was supposed to be a whole week long. Both my parents worked all week long so we used to only get out on weekends. We went to the floe edge and ran out of store-bought food. We were supposed to stay just one week and we ended up staying a week and a half. We had brought only enough food for one week. There were myrrh eggs and seal to eat but I throw up raw eggs when I eat them and I didn't want to eat seal. For about two or three days I didn't eat. I got really weak and I couldn't walk. My father got angry at me for not eating seal even though I was really hungry. When we were packing to go back home I just sat there and didn't help pack. He refused to carry me to the qamutiq and he was angry all the way back to the settlement because I wouldn't eat seal. The

other kids ate some seal so they were OK. I was happy that I finally got that feeling that they used to have all the time. I finally got to feel what it would be like to go hungry, to starve.

Rhoda:

"I was crying 'I am hungry. There is nothing to eat. I wish my daddy would get here.', stuff like that."

The incident that I am thinking about was maybe when I was five or six years old. I was a very picky eater. My mother always used to complain that I was a picky eater. I wouldn't eat any aged meat or old meat, like day old meat or anything like that. I just wanted delicacies. I don't know what my disposition was at that time but I don't think it was linked to me being a picky eater. I ate meat all the time then so I don't think it was because I was fussy that I didn't like old meat. I felt nauseated or vomited after I ate it... I only liked delicacies, like caribou fat, caribou bone marrow, eyeballs, tongues; things that the elders would get and the children weren't supposed to have. So my mom didn't really like me for that reason... I was hard to please.

At the time that I am thinking of, we were quite hungry. I remember now the incidents when we were hungry. I don't remember starving, no, we never starved -- but we would go a couple of days without food. We would be hungry for awhile...

The incident I remember happening was when we could get good day-light. It was springtime so the sun had come back. We had been hungry and I was feeling really nauseated, I was hungry. I hadn't had anything to eat -- I was about five or six. When I woke up that day, I hadn't had anything to eat the day before, no tea, no biscuits, no bread, no meat. Whatever meat we had was about a week old. It was an old seal. I remember feeling like eating but not wanting any of it.

That day my father took off early in the morning. When I was a kid I never thought my father slept. He was up early in the morning, before I got up, and I was always asleep before he came home. When I woke up that day he wasn't there, I thought he had gone. He had made some plans to go to Igloodik by dogteam -- he wanted to buy some supplies because we were hungry. So he took off that morning. I had no idea where he had gone. By late afternoon I was crying and crying. I was crying "I am hungry. There is nothing to eat. I wish my daddy would get here.", stuff like that. And my mom kind of screamed at me, she screamed "Your father is never going to get here if you keep on crying", something like that. I remember I cried and whined all day long.

By late evening it was just starting to get dark but we could still see out on the land. My older sister went out and climbed to the top of the little hill just behind the match-box house. She was looking around to see if any dogteams were coming back. We didn't think they would be coming back. My mother had said that they'd be back the next day. They couldn't make it in one day. She knew that when she scolded me, that they couldn't be back in one day. It was

a one day ride to Igloolik each way. My older sister went out and I went out of the house with her for a little bit. I remember not having a parka on -- you know how kids are, they'll run out for a minute just dressed in a sweater. I saw her up on the hill and she was yelling "I think there are dogs coming". She came down from the hill and we went into the house and we were all kind of getting excited -- there were dogteams coming, we thought maybe they were from another camp or something, stuff like that. About half an hour to an hour after she sighted the dogteams, my Dad came in with his supplies, everything. He wanted to make it in one day so he came back in one day. He had bought all of his supplies and come home and it was not the end of the day yet. It had only been dark for about an hour.

We went into the house and my Dad came in and we were all excited, getting all these supplies out of the boxes, all these treats like chewing gum and oranges and candy. I still had tears on my cheeks from crying. I was telling my mom "I thought you said that if I cried my Dad wouldn't come. I cried and he came. You liar!". She accused me of being spoiled. All I have to do is cry and my Dad comes.

Rhoda:

"We would put these supplies in a little can ... We would hide these cans in small cracks between rocks or caves -- we would cache them."

We had bannock and tea and other store-bought things a lot as children but we didn't have them all the time. Quite often we would run out of things and have to do without for awhile. My mother, she was a cigarette addict. I mean, she was worse than I am today. We all knew this so when my father brought supplies, the first thing we would do as soon as we got the supplies is put away a little bit of tobacco, a little bit of sugar, a little bit of tea, sometimes if we were feeling good, maybe something else, but those three basic things, just a little bit of each. This was Oopah and myself usually. We would put these supplies in a little can, maybe something that wouldn't get wet, usually the can that the tobacco comes in. We would hide these cans in small cracks between rocks or caves -- we would cache them. We would hide them like that and not let Mom know. Then when we ran out, and if my mom was going hay-wire thinking about cigarettes, we would get the cache out and bring over a little bit. That is what we would do, surprise her with our caches.

One time, my mother was going into hysterics about not having any cigarettes. Our caches were all gone and I think she spent the whole morning screaming. That particular time she was screaming at Joanna. Joanna was standing there by the doorway, just a tiny kid, just standing really still listening to my mom, and here we were behind my mother on the bed all cringing, wondering what was going to happen next. Poor Joanna, she was getting the worse end of it. My mom was screaming-- she was standing in front of her and then finally my mom

stopped screaming and turned away. Joanna looked at us and said "Oh good, she stopped talking." So she didn't really care.

I remember one of my mothers tantrums, she didn't have any cigarettes and she was screaming at us because she lost her sealskin scraper. My older sister Oopah used to be scared of Mom a lot when she was like that. Oopah was like a mother to us because we had such a large family. When my mother started having her screaming fits, Oopah would try to listen to everything she wanted us to do and get us organized. My mother wanted to clean some skins that day -- she couldn't find her scraper in the house and so we were all ordered to look for it. She had been spending that morning screaming, or being generally grouchy at the rest of us. Oopah was telling us where each of us should look for it, saying things like "you check the outside, you check the floor" stuff like that. She was telling my little brother Solomon to look for it in the bed.

Solomon was just a little kid at the time. He went to the bed and he put his head on the bed -- like he was crouching on the bed on the bed hiding his face in the covers. Oopah kind of bumped into Solomon, he was scratching like that in the bed. She was pulling off bed-sheets and looking under the mattress. She kind of pushed him off and asked him "Solomon, what are you doing, you are supposed to be helping me look for the scraper, Solomon what are you doing?". Solomon answered "I am looking for the scraper". Apparently he had heard one of my father's stories about how if the shamans lost anything, or if they were looking for things they had lost, that is what they would do, crouch over and maybe pray or something. That is what he was doing. He was pretty funny.

Apphia:

"When we were growing up, we stayed with our mothers and our mothers would ask us to do things for them..."

I didn't go to school when I was a child. We didn't have schools. Young girls stayed with their mothers constantly. When we were growing up, we stayed with our mothers and our mothers would ask us to do things for them, like go and get ice, or take the bucket out. Also we would learn to sew -- our mothers would teach us how to sew or clean skins. We were always helping our mothers out with this kind of stuff, cleaning the skins, sewing, taking the bucket out, getting ice, making oil for the lamps and chewing the sealskins. Working like this, it was like going to school because we would be woken up early in the morning to start our daily work. They would wake us up and tell us to get up and get ready because we were going out hunting or we were going out camping. It was like going to school.

Towards the evening we would finish our work. We went to bed early because we had to get up early in the morning. We went to bed at around 7 or 8 at night and we would wake up around 5 or 6 in the morning. All of us in the camp would wake up early in the morning. It wasn't like it is today with some people sleeping and some awake -- it wasn't like that. Our

parents weren't like this. We all had to get up early in the morning at the same time.

Often, in the middle of the night, they would wake us up. They would wake up the boys every time the dogs had a fight. They would ask them to get up and stop the dogs. The boys, they would get up in the middle of the night and go out and stop the dogs and then come back inside and go back to bed. Sometimes they would wake us up and tell us that there was a polar bear outside. We would have to get up in a hurry. Every time they would wake us up, we didn't stop to have tea. We got up right away and put all our clothes on and went outside. We were taught, like soldiers, that we had to be on guard all the time. They taught us how to get up and put our clothes on in a hurry. If there was a polar bear outside, the men would go out and hunt the polar bear. We were always on guard.

Even when we were woken up in the middle of the night, they would still wake us up again early in the morning. We had a lot of things to do between the time we woke up until the time we went to bed. The men always had to make sure the gear was ready in case we had to go hunting or camping in a hurry and the women would always make sure they were ready to go. The teenage girls were always chewing sealskins. I chewed on skins all throughout my childhood -- I always had skin in my mouth. Every single day we would work and then towards the evenings we would relax and play games. In the springtime the little ones would go out and practice hunting with targets and birds. They would hunt birds and take them home and the rest of the family would eat them. Even the teenagers would eat what the family ate. We ate every type of food and everything was useful.

That was the way it was for us. We were asked to do a lot of things and we would listen to our parents. It wasn't that our parents were mean, they did this so that we could learn to help others and help ourselves. They did this so that we could survive. In the future, in adulthood, we had to learn to look after our own kids. They did this to teach us the way.

Rhoda:

"That first winter I was in school was really difficult."

It was really rough that first year, going into Igloolik to go to school... My grandparents were in Igloolik at the time and I was staying with them. I was only about eight years old. I remember my father taking us into school. I remember my first day of school. We had this Qallunaat teacher -- I can't remember her name. My aunt had already been in school there for a couple of years before me so she was helping me out the first day, trying to take care of me. When I first went to school I didn't speak any English at all, absolutely nothing -- I was eight years old. My aunt was showing me where things were, telling me that I had to ask to go to the bathroom, that I had to raise my hand if I wanted to ask a question, stuff like that. She was showing me all this in Inuktitut. I remember all morning that first day of school she made me practice the words "Can I go to the bathroom?". Those were the first English words I learned "Can I go to the bathroom?". It was hard to learn English.

That first winter I was in school was really difficult. I had a terrible winter those first three months. Just thinking about it, that first year, I think "Gee, I feel sorry for that kid, she was only eight years old and she was all alone". That was the first year I had ever been away from my family. I had never been in a day-care centre, never been away from my family -- I had never even stayed alone visiting my grandparents. I had always been right next to my mom. That was the first time I had ever been out of my family's sight and I was in a totally different community. I couldn't just go out and walk home. Maybe for a child it is worse. I knew that my parents were going to be coming at Christmas time or at Easter time but it seemed like a million years away. Kid mentalities are like that, one day is one day too late, that type of thing. I think that was why it was really difficult.

There was so much I was not used to, different schedules, set schedules. We had to get up even if we were sleepy and go to school at 9 o'clock. In the out-post camp we used to get up when we wanted to. It is not as if we slept all day -- we got up early in the camps -- and my dad was always out hunting before we got up -- but we got up when we were finished sleeping. In town we had to get to know the teachers, the Qallunaat environment -- we had to learn a new language and all that .

All that time I stayed with my grandparents and my other grandmother, my father's step-mother. My grandparents weren't that old at that time. I remember my grandfather was really nice. Today I really love my grandmother. I want to be with her all the time. I love seeing her and I support everything that she wants to do. I send her money and all that. She is a really great grandmother to me now. But back then, as a child it was difficult for me at times. I guess what it comes down to most of all was that I was living with strange people. Sure, they were my relatives but we hadn't spent much time with them when I was a child. They had visited us at the outpost camp -- I remember them coming to visit us by boat -- but I don't remember being with them all the time, like the way Sandra is with her grandparents now. I was the only kid in my family living with them. Jake and Martha were being put up in other places. That year I felt really alienated, maybe because I was away from home.

I remember that first Christmas that my parents came for the holidays. I remember having a really difficult time. I was enjoying myself because my parents were there, being with them and staying with them, but when they were ready to go back to the camp that was heartbreaking for me. I was crying and crying. I remember my father was sitting upright on a chair and I was kneeling at his knees, crying and crying into his lap. I stayed like that for hours and hours. I was crying and begging him to let me leave but he couldn't do anything... even if he had wanted to he couldn't do anything. At that time I was really mad at him for not taking me with him -- later I realized that we had to be in school. He had no choice. The Qallunaat authorities in the settlement said so and there was nothing he could do. Yes, the first time I saw them come and go away it was really hard...

When school ended, going back out on the land in the summertime was fun. Arvaluk and Simon had been in Fort Churchill. Martha, Jake and I had been in Igloolik. The whole family

was back together again. We came back from Igloolik around June and my older brothers didn't get back until late July. Then, after a little while, they had to head back out again... They had the long trip to get to Churchill.

That first year was really really hard... I don't know, one of these days I will forgive them, the Qallunaat, for doing that to us. One day I will...

Sandra:

"During my elementary years..."

When I first went to school, I wasn't that scared. I wasn't surprised or amazed about the school. My uncles and aunts were in school ahead of me and I sort of knew what to expect. Before I started, my mother took us, my sister and I, to the school, just to see what it was like. We went in and looked at the kindergarten class. There were two doors in that class. They were closed but they had glass windows so I saw what was happening in there. My mother said that is what we were going to do. I don't know what happened but I got scared. I didn't want to leave my mom and Mona. I started crying. I got scared, just for a little bit.

When I went to kindergarten class, that fall, I was shy and nervous. Our teacher came up to me and told me not to be scared. She told me her name was Sophie. I was looking at her hair. Her hair was curly and I had never seen curly hair before on an Inuk. She introduced me to her son who was also starting kindergarten. He was half Inuk and half Qallunaat and I was really interested in what he looked like. We became friends and I wasn't so scared after that. We were neighbours so we visited each other quite a bit.

During my elementary years almost all of my teachers were Inuit. Our principal at that time in those early years, he was a Qallunaq. He had a family. In grade two my first Qallunaat teacher was the principal's wife. She was pretty excitable. She was fun to be with. She would talk loudly and laugh a lot. After school or during recess I would watch her secretly. I wanted to see if she would kiss the principal at school. The only thing I ever saw her do was hug her husband. I was pretty disappointed.

I remember my grade two teacher very well. Today she teaches my younger brothers and sisters. She still looks very young, she is very pretty. I remember that year, in grade two, we had a Christmas concert. I was the Virgin Mary and one of the boys in the class was Joseph. We just sat on the floor in front of the manger, but I was so shy. I wasn't trying to be shy. There were so many people looking at us that I just stared right ahead. All the other classmates sang behind us. All I could think about was my mom. I was wondering where she was in the crowd. I wanted her to see me.

I never went to grade three. I skipped grade three and went on to grade four when I was eight. I began going to the same classes as my uncle Nary. I made sure that I sat behind him

or close to him. I was with older kids and I was pretty scared. I was eight years old. I was always shy because there were so many older people in my class. After awhile, all the older kids, they started noticing me, paying attention to me. I started hanging around them. I remember this one girl, she always wore eye liner. One day, she took me to the washroom and asked me if I would like to put some eye liner on my eyes. I said "No thank you." She kept insisting so I finally said OK. She watched me do it and she nearly laughed her head off. That is about all I remember of those years.

Apphia:

"All the kids from the camps started going into town, going to school, my older sons went too."

The year Joanna was born, 1961, that is the year that school in Igloolik opened. All the kids from the camps started going into town, going to school -- my older sons went too. Arvaluk, he was the first. That is how he learned English. We were still in the camp at that time and every time we took the kids into the community, Arvaluk and Simon went into the school. When we were leaving the community, they would come with us back to the camp. Arvaluk, he struggled to be a good student and to learn English. He worked very hard when he went to school. He was different from other kids, Arvaluk -- I used to laugh at him because he was so funny.

Arvaluk, he told me one time when he came home from the school trip, he told me that one of the teachers slapped his hand because he was speaking Inuktitut. That is what he told me when he came home -- he said that she slapped him. At that time, when the kids attended school, they were not allowed to speak Inuktitut, our language. They had to speak English right away. Since there was no teachers in the camp, it was hard for the kids when they first arrived. They didn't know how to speak English. Arvaluk, he really struggled when he was a child going to school.

Whenever he came back from school, when Arvaluk and my husband came back to the camp after picking him up, Arvaluk would get to work. He would teach the other kids and my husband the English he had learned in school. My husband, he really wanted to learn English. Arvaluk taught them all the ABC's. The teachers would send papers and pencils back with him so that he could keep on learning to write at the camp. He and Simon were given papers to write their daily activities down on. He would write on the papers the teachers had given him and his father would bring them to the teachers when he went to trade. The teachers would check them out to make sure that they were correct. I remember the papers were dirty and greasy from kids' hands. Since the kids never washed their hands, all the papers from that school were dirty and greasy. When my husband took them back to the teachers for them to correct, I think the teachers could smell the dirt and the grease on the papers.

After awhile, we were told by the Qallunaat that our sons had to stay in the community

all year long. We would miss them very much when they were gone. We would miss them so much. They were gone all winter and in the springtime we would go and pick them up. After grade 6, Arvaluk and his brother Simon were sent to Fort Churchill to go to school. They left the community. Oopah and Martha didn't want to go to school. Oopah never really attended school because her father didn't want her to go.

Arvaluk and Simon, they attended school in Fort Churchill. We didn't see them much after that. We couldn't communicate with them because there were no phones and since we were in the out-post camp, we didn't receive any letters from them. We didn't hear from them for a long time. We didn't know what they were up to. I remember being so worried about them. Finally Simon wrote a letter that someone brought to us at the camp. He said he was very homesick and that he wanted his parents to talk to the teachers and ask them to let him to come home. I found out that he was scared of the other kids in the school and it was difficult for him to be away from us for so long. He was just a little boy. I wrote back telling him that he had to be patient and wait for the time to come home, that would be in the springtime.

When Arvaluk and Simon started school, it was hard for them and they were confused. When they got home, they started getting odd jobs, they started working in the settlement when they came back to Igloolik. Simon and Arvaluk, once they started working, they never came back to live at the camp with us. After they went off to school, they never really came home.

Rhoda:

"The nurses washed my hair, got it all clean, dried it up. Then for some reason that I don't understand, they cut it."

It was my first year at school. I was in Igloolik. It was winter, maybe the first month of school and my parents had just brought Jake and I into the community to go to school. I was away from my parents for the first time. I was living with my grandparents. I think I was in shock a little bit. I think we had some lice or something like that -- I remember we were told that we had to go to the nursing station. I can't quite remember who was with me at that time. I was eight years old. I remember there were other children besides myself. I had long hair at that time -- it was at my waist and I always used to wear it combed and hanging straight down or braided. I had never had it cut -- it had been long since I was born. That was the Inuit way. It was shameful for us to have short hair as a girl.

I remember it was my first month of school and the teachers, they noticed I had lice. I went to the nursing station with some other kids and they washed our hair with some sort of shampoo, a special shampoo, I can't remember it's name.... The nurses washed my hair, got it all clean, dried it up. Then for some reason that I don't understand, they cut it. They hacked it off just below my ears, just at the neck. I don't know what the idea was because the other girls that were with me at the time, they didn't get their hair cut. I was the only one -- mine was cut.

My hair was really thick and they didn't try to taper it off or anything, they just kind of chopped it off, hacked it off. I remember it was crooked. I had never had short hair before and I was kind of embarrassed walking around the settlement with short hair. In those times, when you went to church you either had to wear braids or have your hair fixed up, pulled back. If you had a haircut, then you had to wear a kerchief. You couldn't go to church with a haircut and show it off. You had to hide it. I had short hair when my parents came to visit us that Christmas and then all that year. I grew it out again as fast as I could. That was my first haircut.

Rhoda:

"My father was probably intending to take us into school but the boat came to pick us up instead."

The first year that our father took us to school, I was eight years old. This was in Igloolik in 1966. The next year we moved here to Pond Inlet. I was nine by then. I remember we were out at Qaunat, we spent the summer at this out-post camp outside of Pond Inlet. It was early fall, early September, and one of those big Peterhead boats that we have here came to Qaunat. My father was probably intending to take us into school but the boat came to pick us up instead.

I was nine. I know that my father had taken us in to school in Igloolik the previous year. The previous year had actually been my first year of school. I don't know what it was with that particular year in Pond, whether he had decided to keep us out of school for the whole year or whether he was going to wait until the ice came in to travel. I don't know what he was planning at the time -- all I knew was that he wasn't planning to take us to school, at least not that particular week when the boat came. He hadn't planned to take us to Pond.

We were still in tents, it was early fall and people in the camp were starting to work, building sod-houses. Well, actually, the only sod-house that was being built was my father's because everyone else already had a sod house that they could just fix up for the winter. We had just moved to the Pond Inlet area so we didn't have one yet. That was our first winter there at that camp so we were building a new house. Everyone was working taking out the peat, that hard stuff. Most of us kids were just playing outside running around. It was still summer outside.

Just a couple of days before, my brother Solomon had burned himself quite badly. My brother and I had been playing around in a tent and there was this great cauldron of soup beside us that we had been eating. I can't remember what kind of soup it was but it was quite hot. There must have been some oil in it because it was very very hot. It was on the floor cooling and my brother and I were play-fighting. I think we were playing ball with socks, rolled up socks or something crazy like that. I remember he was falling down and he stuck his hand out to support himself. He stuck his hand in the pot by accident. That is how he burned himself.

This was about a couple of days before the boat came. Solomon had this burn on his arm and it was sore and infected by the time the boat came in. It would have healed eventually... When the boat came, most of the other men besides my father were away in the community. I think we were all working building my parents a sod-house. I remember there wasn't anybody out hunting.

I don't think anyone in the camp knew the boat was going to come. I am not sure. All I know is that I had no idea there was a boat coming to pick me up. Anyways, the boat came. It was the local administrator. They were called "administrators" at the time, the government people. He was not a teacher or a principal. Principals and teachers were not involved in this kind of thing. It was the administrators that ran the community and made sure everyone followed the government policies. He was the one who came to pick us up. I assume the boat was driven by somebody else, probably a local person employed by the government, someone who knew where the camps were. I think they had planned to leave the next day, the day after they got there, but the weather changed so they stayed a few days. It was kind of stormy, not very rough but it was cloudy -- it wasn't like the nice summer days that had been around when we were building our sod-house. I remember getting ready to get on the boat and I remember that the weather was not that great. It was cloudy and the water was a bit rough, a little bit rough, not too much. I remember there was some discussion about my brother Solomon. I know it wasn't a smooth process at that time. I think there were some heated words about my brother getting on the boat.

From what I know, what my father understood from all this discussion was that Solomon was going to go to the nursing station because of his arm, the one he had burned, the burned arm, but that after that, he would be coming home. My father was bound and determined that Solomon was going to stay out of school. If his girls went, OK, fine -- and Jake had already had a couple of years -- but Solomon he was going to stay on the land. We had the afternoon to pack, get our things together to go off to school. Jake and I got on the boat -- Solomon got on the boat -- I don't know who else was on, maybe the driver and the administrator. My parents were not certainly not there.

I think that my parents had been making plans to come to Pond Inlet. I think there was some plans to go get some shopping done before the early fall, because in early fall the water begins to freeze and you have to wait until the ice is thick enough to travel. There is nothing you can do when the ice is just starting to freeze. You can't travel by boat and you can't travel by dog team because the ice is still too thin. There are about 3 to 4 weeks in the fall when it is really impossible to travel.

They were making plans to come to Pond sometime in the fall in their own boat. They had their own boat, much smaller than the administrator's. So I thought fine, OK, we're going to see them in a couple of days maybe. I wasn't hysterical like I was that first winter. When we got to Pond Inlet, we had nice foster parents, Rhoda and Joe Koonoo, so I was quite comfortable with them. Solomon's burn had been treated at the nursing station when we came in and the next day, Solomon and I went to school. He had his arm in a bandage when we

went to school the next day. They didn't bring him back to my parents camp like they said they would -- they put him in school instead. He was in the same class as I was. I had gone to school the previous year but this was his first year. I think that at that time a whole bunch of classes were put together. So he was in the same class room that I was in.

I remember the incident so clearly. The first day of school we are sitting there getting ready at our desks. And then in the middle of the afternoon my father came into the school and grabbed Solomon by the arm. He took his arm and dragged him out the door. I didn't even know my father had come in from the camp. I remember that so well, at the time he was a great big man, muscles and all, quite a bit bigger than he is now. He stalked into the room, grabbed Solomon's arm, and walked out. Never mind the procedures or the teachers ways. He did this because he told the people on the boat that they could take his kid to the nursing station, not to school. Solomon got to stay at home with my parents that year. I was so jealous of him. That much I remember from the incident.

I think the reason my father pulled Solomon out of school was that he had seen Simon and Arvaluk and Martha leave for Fort Churchill. They had been there for two or three years. He decided that he was going to teach Solomon the traditional hunting. He was determined to teach Solomon that. Maybe it was because of Solomon's personality, looking at my other brothers, Simon and Arvaluk, I think they're more the administrative types, the intellectual types. I think my father recognized that so he left them there and decided that Solomon would be the one to learn to hunt. He was the youngest at that time.

My father came and pulled him out of the classroom. I think it was 1968. I don't know. He didn't go to school that year. I think he missed a few years after that as well. It might have been in 1970 when my parents moved into Igloodik that he started going to school. He is younger than me but even today he doesn't have the same grasp I have of the English language. He could only speak Inuktitut before he went to school. Even when he was brought to school, he didn't always complete the school year because he had been brought up to go hunting. That is what he liked most.

I don't know whether my parents knew before that the boat was coming. I don't know what happened to Arvaluk, or Martha, or Simon. I don't know whether they were picked up and forced to go to school or whether my parents wanted them there. I have no idea. They had been in Fort Churchill for 2 or 3 years when that incident happened. I am not sure if my father already knew about this whole system before we got picked up.

Jake and Martha and I, we spent the rest of the year there, I was with Joe Koonoo. At the time I am told they were in their twenties then. There were maybe ten of us there at the hostel and they had three children of their own, little ones. That winter I learned how to smoke, or find a cigarette or a butt. I knew what a cigarette was. I did this with a friend of mine. There used to be a wooden bridge that crossed the creek near the Hamlet office. And there would be all sorts of butts lying around there and this friend of mine and I would go down there looking for butts. I didn't smoke very much but I found lots of butts for her. I found out what cigarettes were,

what they were for...

Apphia:

"With Solomon it was different though -- we kept him out of school."

In the 1960's, it seemed as if all our kids were leaving us to go to school. They had to -- that was the law of the teachers, that every student had to go to school. All my kids were so young when they went to school. It seemed as if they got younger and younger. I remember when Joanna started. I went down to Iqaluit to have Ida. It was August when I left and I came back in January. Joanna, the 5 year old that I left behind, she came to meet me at the plane in Igloolik. All the older children were in the community in school and my little Joanna, 5 years old, she didn't want to stay at the camp all alone while I was away. She wanted to go to school with the older ones. She was only 5 years old when she went away to school.

When I came back from the hospital, from having Ida, I stayed overnight in the community with my parents-in-law. I slept with Joanna in the same bed, my little Joanna... I left for the camp the next day and I left her in the community -- I left her in school with the teachers. I went back to the camp and I felt hurt inside, knowing that my little Joanna was in school and I was going to leave her behind. I left her behind and I was crying and we travelled by dog team back to our camp. Later on, Ida, she started when she was four. That was when we were living in Pond Inlet. Ida was only four years old and she started school. She stayed in school.

With Solomon it was different though -- we kept him out of school. This was before Ida and Joanna went away. Arvaluk and Simon were far away in Fort Churchill, Martha was in Igloolik, Rhoda and Jakopie were in Pond Inlet. Joanna and Salomie were young and Philip who was just a baby in my amautiq, he wasn't even a year old. We asked that one of our sons stay with us. We asked the teachers that if we let them take Rhoda and Jako away, that they leave Solomon to stay with us. Solomon was just seven years old and at the time -- my husband had nobody to help him when he was going out hunting and camping. When the teachers came to get him to take him away, my husband told the teachers that he didn't want his son in school. We asked for Solomon to stay with us because he was ours.

We were out at a camp, we were at Qaunat at that time, we had moved there from Igloolik and we stayed there through the fall. The boat came to pick up the children at the camp and take them into school. There were only a few buildings in Pond Inlet at that time and Rhoda and Jacob were moving there as students. When the boat came my husband started arguing with the teacher. He was telling him, "He is mine. He is my son. Since you have taken all my other sons away, I am going to keep this son. He is going to help me. He is going to learn how to hunt and how to look after the family". He was telling the teacher how he would rather see Solomon learn the Inuit way instead of the English way.

We were still living in a tent when the boat came. It was early fall and we had a pot of seal soup on the floor. Solomon and Rhoda were playing on the day that the boat came and Solomon accidentally put his hand in the seal soup and burned his hand. I had to cut up his sweater, his only sweater, the sweater that he was wearing. When I pulled off the sweater, some of his skin came off with it. Since the boat was already there we put Solomon on the boat so he could go to the nurse in the community. We had a smaller boat and we had to pack up so we arrived in Pond Inlet a few days after the kids.

It was the RCMP that looked after him when he got into town. There was no nurse around at that time. The RCMP, we called him Pangnialuk, "big male caribou". He put a bandage on Solomon's arm and looked after him. When we were ready to go back to camp, my husband was looking for Solomon around the community. He thought he was visiting people. It was around 1966. He was 7 years old at that time. We couldn't find him. My husband went to the school to see if he was there, and he found him in the school sitting with Rhoda and Jakopie in the classroom. He was one of the students. He was the only son that my husband didn't want in school. When my husband went into the school and found him there, he told the teachers that Solomon wasn't going to go to school -- he was going to stay with us out in camp. The teacher got really mad. My husband asked the teacher if he could take the boy out of the classroom and the teacher said "No" so they started arguing. They got into a big argument, and my husband just took Solomon by his hand and walked him out the door. He didn't even stop to get Solomon's parka. My husband gave him his own parka to wear back to the camp. Solomon was upset at that time -- he wanted to be at school with the older kids.

After this, the teachers told my husband that if Solomon didn't go to school, they would cut off the family allowance that we were getting for him. My husband said that was OK and that is what the government did -- they cut off our family allowance. We were poor at that time, not like today when we live in the community. We were out in camp. We didn't have anything like food from the Bay or clothing from the Bay. We didn't have any jobs so we sold things like sealskins and other types of skins to make money.

After that incident, we moved back to the camp that we had lived in a long time before. This camp was Nauyararulu -- it was right near Igloolik. We had Solomon with us. He didn't go to school for a long time. We cried before we left the community of Pond -- we were sad knowing that we were leaving our two kids Rhoda and Jacob behind in school.

We stayed in an out-post camp near Igloolik. There was an Inuk minister and his wife living in Igloolik at that time. The minister and his wife lived in a small shack. Simon and Arvaluk were back staying with them for a little while that fall before they went back to school in Churchill. The minister gave us a house in the community so we could stay all together for awhile. It was a small house, like a matchbox. It belonged to someone else at the time but they gave it to us. It was heated by a wood stove and we stayed there for a little while to be with our sons. After the school year finished, we picked up Rhoda and Jacob from Pond Inlet and moved them to the school in Igloolik. It was a small community at that time -- you couldn't see any houses around. We stayed at our camp Nauyararulu, not far from town.

When we settled back in Igloolik, Solomon was asked to go to school again. At that time, ITC had just started up. We talked to ITC -- since Solomon was taken off the Family Allowance we talked to ITC about him. We were told that when he got to be fourteen, he would have to go to school. They told us that when he was fourteen he was going to be a student and learn how to write in English and Inuktitut. He was going to learn about the animals and how to hunt in school. That is what we were told. We were told that he would be an interpreter. We were told that in the future he was going to take Qallunaat out hunting and take them out to see all different kinds of animals. He was going to learn the names of animals in English and Inuktitut. Finally we agreed to let him go to school. He stayed in school for one year, until he was fifteen.

There was a company called Panarctic that used to take people on tour to go work drilling oil. He was told that Panarctic was looking for people so Kilukeshak asked him if he could go. Kilukeshak asked him how old he was and he said he was fifteen years old. The job would only hire men who were sixteen and over --they have to be old enough to know how to look after themselves. He was only fifteen but Kilukeshak put his age down as sixteen and put him on the board to go to work. That is how he learned his English, not from school but from working with the white people. Jacob also started working with him at the Panarctic site.

We sent our kids to school at such early ages. We sent them to Igloolik and to Pond Inlet and to Churchill. They only went because we were poor and we couldn't support all of them. It hurt us a lot that we couldn't get jobs and keep them with us. I think that is the only reason why they went to school. We couldn't support them all alone.

Rhoda:

"We stayed in the transient centre there -- it was called a hostel. I think we stayed there quite a number of years, me and my sister Martha."

Once my Dad took Solomon away, when he took him out of the classroom, there was just Martha and Jake and I in school in Pond Inlet. I was living with foster parents at that time. I remember my foster parents clearly. They were Rhoda Koonoo and Joe Koonoo and their family. They had four children, something like that.

We spent the winter in Pond Inlet. There must have been some Christmas holidays because I remember my parents being here. I remember there was a lady in town that made a big impression on me. She had a great hair-do -- you know that style where they kink up their hair and make it really puffy. That was the style then. She was local lady in town. She had gotten this new style from either Churchill or some place like that. I remember those few days at Christmas time -- I remember not being in the hostel, like I was free. It must have been around Christmas time because it was dark. In the hostel we had a curfew but at that time I remember being free.

That spring we moved back to Igloolik. It was after school had ended, just before the ice broke. I was ten years old when we moved back to Igloolik. We were there until 1972, spring of 1972. I was ten in 1967 so how many years is that, five? I had grade one in Igloolik, skipped grade two, had grade three here in Pond Inlet and then grades four, five, six, seven, and eight back in Igloolik.

When we went back to Igloolik from Pond Inlet after grade three, we didn't move in with our relatives again. We stayed in the transient centre there -- it was called a hostel. I think we stayed there quite a number of years, me and my sister Martha. Solomon wasn't around. Jake must have been somewhere else. Me and my sister Martha were there. Joanna was still too young to be in school.

I remember my sister Martha got her first boyfriend at around that time. She was having a romance with the guy she married later on, the RCMP's son, I mean the "Special Constable's" son. It was difficult for me at that time because I had to take the love letters back and forth. She used to get me to take letters to her boyfriend in the middle of the night, 10:30 at night. We had a curfew in the hostel and we weren't allowed to visit around very much. We couldn't hang out in other people's houses. We could visit but we weren't allowed to hang out for too long. Understandably so, we weren't allowed to burden someone's family because they were supposed to be taking care of us in the hostel. My sister would wait until the foster parents would go to their room. The foster-parents had a room at the very back. There was a long corridor. She would wait until they had gone to bed and then she would ask me if I wanted to sleep with her in her bed. Then a few minutes later she would ask me "Want to deliver this letter" so I would have to get all dressed and sneak out. They lived in the RCMP staff house a few houses away. Of course, at that time they had a house of their own so everybody was wide awake at that time of night and kids would be playing around. Nobody was curious about this little kid coming in the door.

I would sneak the letter to my brother-in-law and then I would stick around and wait for him to answer, take his letter and sneak it back to my sister. If it wasn't good news I had a rough night cause my sister cried or kept waking me up telling me she didn't want to be awake all alone. I was Cupid. I am just thinking how silly that was... A few years ago, they got a divorce and that really boiled me. All that trouble that I went to for them and they went and got divorced.

Sandra:

"Grade five is a grade I remember really well... I started to think about vampires a lot during that year."

Grade five is a grade I remember really well. I remember there were about twenty-five people in my class and I became really close to all of them. We hung around a lot at school.

I thought that nothing would change. That year, our teacher, he was a French Canadian. He could speak French and he always included some French things when he was teaching. He had a gold ring, a big thick gold ring on his left hand. He had long hair and a long beard. We played with his beard a lot because it was a kind of a wonder to us. Sometimes, after school he would put a pencil or a pen through his beard and it would just stay there. One summer he cut his hair and his beard and we were disappointed. He looked like a totally different person.

I remember in the beginning of October he promised to read us a horror story for Halloween. On Halloween day at school, we had a party and then he told us a story. I remember that party because we had a little tent you could go into. It was like a horror house. There was macaroni in containers and we pretended they were brains. The story that he read after the party went on and on until the middle of April. It was a very scary story and it went on for a very long time. He told it once a week. One of my favourite things about school that year was the horror story. It became a special event. Everyone got excited on the day he would tell the story. We would talk about the story all through the day, we couldn't wait to hear it. The story was about vampires and people with leprosy. The vampire in the story was a very fat vampire.

As this story went on I began to believe that vampires were real, not now but a long time ago. I looked up vampires in books, I did research on vampires. The books said that vampires were regular people. They were people who had rare diseases. It was the people around them that made them into scary things. They made up things about them. This teacher told us that a long time ago people had leprosy and other people would treat them horribly. They treated them like garbage. Lepers were thrown into colonies, into prisons so that they couldn't get out. They would be treated as prisoners. It is just amazing what people did back then. Vampires, the books said, were sort of like lepers. They had rare skin diseases and they couldn't go out into the sunlight because it would ruin their skin. Their blood wasn't that good so they had to depend on other people's blood. The books said that vampires had normal teeth, they didn't have big fangs.

I started to think about vampires a lot during that year. I guess a lot of the reason why I became so interested was because of my eczema, because of my bad skin, my bad blood. During that year I was really into medical things and it was around that same time that I started thinking about being a doctor. Since then I have read everything I can about medical things.

Anyways, I remember in that grade 5 class, I had a lot of classmates that I became really close to. I had a big rivalry going with a boy in my class, Simon, he was the principal's son. We competed all the time. Sometimes things got so tense we would start hitting each other. He would talk pretty mean to me during class, when the teacher wasn't looking, and I would throw things at him. One time I hit him pretty hard with a stick and the teacher told me I was going to get the "golden hand". He said that I was going to get a spanking but all he did was scold me in front of all my classmates. I was so embarrassed. Having him yell at me like that, it was worse than getting the "golden hand". Simon and I stopped fighting a little while after that.

Simon and I competed all through grade 6, then in grade 7 the class split up. Some of

the kids moved away, some went to different classrooms. My friend Simon moved back down south and finished high-school there. I had no more competitors. It seems like a long time ago now... I remember thinking back then that we would all be together, that we would all graduate together. Two of the kids from that year have committed suicide. Terry committed suicide two years ago in March. I don't know what happened, I hadn't seen him since grade 6. Eva, she committed suicide just last spring. Those two, they always seemed like kids who would succeed. They were good students. Of that class, most of the kids dropped out of school in grade 9 or grade 10. Only two have ever graduated, Simon and my friend Gabriel. Most of the other kids are still in town. None of them have graduated. Most of them do not have jobs.

4. I WAS ABOUT FOURTEEN...

Sandra:

"Nineteen eighty eight was kind of hard. That was when the Coffee Shop closed."

Nineteen eighty eight was kind of hard. That was when the Coffee Shop closed. That was... I guess that was like the greyest day for me.

I remember when the Coffee Shop opened. A Qallunaq in town started a video game arcade, just at the back of the Co-Op, just a little corner at the back. People started coming in and they expanded. They got more machines and tables and chairs and a juke-box and they added a hamburger and ice-cream take-out. It had seven tables altogether with chairs and eight machines. It was a really small place but it was great to hang out in. There were two washrooms.

I remember this new guy came into town around that time. Everyone was crazy about him. At first I couldn't figure out why and I started liking him too. I started going to the Coffee Shop and I made some new friends there. The friends I made were older guys but we were still just friends. They knew I was just a kid. This one guy and I started hanging out. He was almost six years older than me. We became almost like best friends. He was a special friend. We didn't talk much, we weren't like boyfriend and girlfriend, we just hung out. We went to the Coffee Shop every day, played games, played songs on the juke-box. We had this table together that we would never let anyone else sit there when we were there. It became like our own place, just this one table at the back. I was thirteen and he would have been nineteen so he was pretty old compared to me. It didn't matter to me that he was that old because he was just a friend. We went to the Coffee Shop after school, right after school until ten at night. On weekends it was open until midnight.

It was from this friend that I first found out about drugs. He was pretty into drugs. For the longest time I tried to keep him from doing drugs. I always said it was good not to take drugs and all that. I always encouraged him to be drug-free. I was like that for awhile and then

during the summer things got pretty boring around the settlement. I got my first job and I got some money. I paid a hundred bucks to buy myself some drugs. The year I was thirteen, it was a long, long year for me...

When I went to go buy the drugs, that was my first time ever actually seeing what they looked like. I bought five grams for a hundred bucks. Drugs were a lot cheaper back then. I got some pretty good pieces. When the guy gave them to me and I was kind of surprised and appalled. I guess I was a little wary, I mean, all year long I was telling this guy not to take drugs, telling him how bad they are for you and then, all of the sudden I had these big pieces in my hand. We went to my grandparents house. He was good friends with my uncle so we went there.

Before that, I was always considered sort of like the straight kid in town. A lot of my friends had been doing drugs for awhile and I'd never tried them. I'd always said how bad they were for you. When everyone found out that I had spent a hundred bucks on drugs, a whole bunch of people showed up at my grandparents house. I remember we were in my uncle's room and people started coming in. There were so many kids in there, like the coolest guys in town were there.

My first try I coughed a lot but I was determined to get high like the rest of them. I took probably about two hits, I think. Everything was so different. I got pretty high and really scared and I wanted to be alone. I wanted to be by myself and absorb it all, so I went to the living room and there was my grandma. She started yapping at me, she started talking to me and I got scared and sweaty because I thought she'd notice what was happening to me. I thought it was really obvious. By this time I wanted to go home pretty bad. I tried calling someone to help me, someone to take me home... I was looking at the telephone for the longest time trying to remember what the phone number was and I was pretty lost I guess. I noticed I was the on phone, that I had the phone handle on my ear and I was just sitting there. I got pretty scared cause I thought that my grandmother would see me that way and wonder what was happening. I pretended to look for something to eat and I realized I was staring at the fridge for the longest time. I was staring at it for a while and then I closed it and went back into the room where everyone was.

I saw my friend there and I saw his eyes were all puffy and red and he was slurring. I had never seen him like that before and I didn't like what I was seeing. I mean, he was a totally different person. I left the room and asked my aunt Rosie to take me home. She was our age but she wasn't toking, she was in the other room. She was just staying home. We went to go leave and all the guys went to the window and asked why I was leaving so soon. I kind of grumbled something at them. I said I didn't like what I was doing. And then I realized that I had the pieces of hash in my hand. I had them with me so I gave them to the guys in the room. A hundred bucks down the drain...

I remember on the way home we passed this cool guy that I had always had a crush on. I was walking by and I didn't even notice that he was there. I was too stoned. He said "Hi",

he had never said "Hi" to me before but he did that night and I didn't hear him. The next day he asked why didn't I answer back and I said "Were you there?" and he said "Yeah and I got pretty pissed off when you didn't say anything back." He said he passed pretty close to us but I didn't see him. When I went home I went straight to my room and fell asleep. I didn't take drugs again until two summers later. I hated that night.

Anyways, back to the Coffee Shop... That is what I was talking about. When I found out the Coffee Shop was closing I was pretty sad. I was working at the Co-op. It was attached to the Coffee Shop. I worked there as a store clerk. This is back when I was thirteen. I'd finish work every night and go spend my money at the Coffee Shop. I'd spend twenty dollars a night there playing the video games. In February my family went to Mexico for a couple of weeks. When we came back and I started hanging out like I used to and some guy came up to me and said that the Coffee Shop was closing. I got mad at him for saying that. I thought he was joking.

A few days later my boss told me that it was true. I became really, really depressed about the Coffee Shop closing. I practically lived there. I was there from four o'clock in the afternoon until ten at night every day. I would eat there, stay there, do my homework there. When they decided to close it I began to see the members of the Co-op as really, really mean. I remember thinking to myself about how they didn't think of the kids at all. They were like dictators. They just saw us as pests or something. I asked all the time why they were closing it and I always got the same answer. Looking back now I guess they were reasonable answers. Parents were complaining that kids were spending too much money there. It was mostly kids that went there. I always said it's only quarters, only quarters. I sort of realized a long time later that I was spending close to twenty bucks a night there on games.

For the whole month before it closed, I didn't work. I went to work but I just slacked off. I became obsessed with it closing. I was counting the days until it closed. I spent all of my time at the Coffee Shop. At this time they were cutting jobs at the Co-op, laying people off. I was one of the lucky ones, I got to stay on part-time. Even though I got to keep my job, I wasn't that happy about it. I said I couldn't keep going to work next to the Coffee Shop when it was about to close down. I said I wanted to quit and the person they were laying off took over my job. My boss started asking me why I was depressed all the time, was it because I was quitting my job, did I want to stay on? I said "No, it's the Coffee Shop closing" and he thought I was joking. I mean, he didn't quite believe me, he didn't understand how I could be so serious about it.

I still remember the day that it closed. My friends don't but I still do. It was March 31st, a Thursday night. They usually closed the Coffee Shop at ten on Thursdays but since it was closing for sure they closed it at twelve. It was really, really, really crowded in there that night and you could barely walk. It was the very last night and it seems like everyone was there. Usually I was always the first one to play the games. I never used to let anyone play this one game until I had the most points but there was so many people there that night and a lot of people had already reserved the games, I mean they already paid in advance and were waiting

their turn. So that whole night I waited and waited and I never played again. I just sat there.

The Coffee Shop meant a lot to me. It was a place to go to, to see my friends, to hang out. It had music, you could talk to your friends there. That last night that it was open, I saw my friend there, my special friend. I was really sad and I could see he was pretty depressed too. That night, that was the very last time we were close, I mean real friends. When we were hanging out when the Coffee Shop was open, we used to always walk home together after it closed but that night we didn't even say goodbye. I didn't talk to him much after that.

Apphia:

"I remember when we got our first outboard motor."

There have been happy times and sad times in our lives. I remember when we got our first outboard motor. It was a 9 horsepower. Before we got our motor we used to paddle or sail everywhere we would go -- we would paddle when the sea was calm. When we were headed to an island, it would always take us a long time to reach the island because we were paddling all the way. It was really tiring. We would paddle all the way to other strips of land just to go out caribou hunting.

I remember travelling in a boat -- it was in 1953. We didn't have a motor at that time. We went out caribou hunting -- we were gone for a month just my husband and I. We left in June and we came back in September. It was over a month that we were gone. We paddled all the way around until when the wind started. When the wind started, we put up our sails. That is the only time we would travel fast was when we were sailing. My husband would control the boat. When we were facing the wind, it was really slow for us sailing around.

We had a sealskin tent. That time we didn't have any material to make tents, like canvas tents, so we had sealskin tents, made all out of sealskin. We had a string that ran across the tent that we used for hanging our clothing. I used to live the Inuit way and we never used to see any white people. We dressed in caribou clothing. I had a caribou amautiq and caribou wind pants that I wore all the time -- I had kamiks. That is how we lived. Every time we went out camping or hunting, I would wear my caribou outfit. I would sew these clothes for my husband and my children. When we were out caribou hunting, our dogs would come along. When we got a caribou the dogs would carry caribou on their backs and also men would carry caribou on their backs. We didn't have any 4-wheelers. We had needles that we could sew with and qulliks that would light up the tent. We didn't have any tea or any biscuits. It didn't bother us because we weren't used to them. We didn't even think about not having them. It is only when we started having modern things in our life, that is when we started caring about not having things. That is when we started leaving our culture behind.

Since there was no rubber boots at that time we had to make caribou or sealskin boots. We had to sew them. We used caribou clothing as well as caribou mattresses and caribou

blankets and that is how we lived. It was alright -- it didn't bother us. I would do sewing and we would eat and drink the blood of caribou and seals. The tent was made out of sealskin, that is how we lived. My kids didn't have pampers -- we would watch them and pull them off the bed or out of the amautiq when they were about to pee. In the summers we ate lots of caribou and caribou fat. We would pick blueberries and blackberries and we would mix them up with caribou fat for our Inuit ice-cream.

We would go out caribou hunting for a long time in the summers and fall. We would use twigs to light fires to boil caribou meat. We didn't have any stoves -- we would pick up twigs and moss off of the ground and that is how we cooked. We would boil the meat, fry the meat, or eat it raw. We would mix hot water with different mosses and leaves and drink it as tea. We would boil the water outside and put the leaves in and use it as a tea. We would eat seal fat and keep it in our mouth for a long time like candy. We didn't have bottles at that time so we used our breast to feed our children. One time I had been eating lots of seal fat and caribou fat, so my youngest baby had a lot of trouble with his poops. Finally he pooped and it was just white. I think that it was caused by the caribou fat that I was eating. Our food gave us lots of strength but at times I think it gave us problems.

I remember we stayed out too long that time with my husband and we ran out of matches. We didn't have any light any more so my husband started looking for ways to start a fire. He got caribou antler and started rubbing it on a rock along with moss. It started smoking, but there was no fire. He thought of something else. He got a piece of paper, he wet it and put gunpowder on it and started rubbing it. He took a piece of flint that he picked from the ground and he was started hitting the flint with another rock. The paper and the ashes started smoking and once they started smoking, a fire started. We had some fire. It was really good to see a fire again. We hadn't had any light or fire all day long. That night we started having heat and fire. It felt like our tent was really hot.

The next morning after we made that fire we headed for our camp. We folded our tent up and took our lamp and put it in the boat. It was still lit when we put it in the boat. It was burning caribou fat. I was really careful to make sure it that it wouldn't spill anywhere. We had to keep it going with caribou fat so that we could use it when we went out camping. That is how we kept our fire. We were really poor at that time.

We were so poor that time that we had a boat we had to paddle. We didn't have any motor or any light or any matches. When we got back to the camp, we got out of the boat and went to the tent. When we got to the camp, my husband's mother was boiling caribou meat and making tea for us on the qullik. She had two pots one with tea, one with meat and she was putting them one at a time on the qullik. We would have to boil meat to make it tender. That is what she was doing.

I looked around and saw the pot on the floor and the tea pot above the qullik. She was

boiling some water with some old tea inside because she wanted tea. We hadn't drank tea for a long time. It wasn't regular tea, it was older tea that she was boiling. It was good. It wasn't leaves from the tundra like what we had been drinking -- it was Qallunaat tea. We had our tea and my husband started smoking. I think I was smoking too. I used to smoke.

That fall when we finally got back to our camp, I was really happy. There were good times and bad times. I was really happy when we got back to our camp. Those people that we left in the camp had not had caribou for a long time. It is no wonder, we left them in the camp in springtime and we came back in fall. When we came home we brought them caribou. They were happy about that.

Rhoda:

"Anyways, this incident that I am thinking of happened one particular Sunday. I was about fourteen."

I think it was the eighth grade, my last grade in Igloolik. I had the same teacher for a couple of years, for the seventh and eighth grade. The first year he was here, it was just him and his wife and his child that were here. The second year, that summer, his sister came to town. She was about my age, maybe a little bit younger. Since I was friends with the teacher I hung around with her, I became friends with her. We were friends for a long time. She was kind of like, what are they called... dumb blondes. She was kind of like that, not really but kind of. We weren't used to that kind of behaviour, Qallunaat behaviour, at that time. Even though she was a Qallunaq she treated us as equals. She was no stranger to us at all. She played with us -- she hung out with us -- she had a boyfriend with one of the boys, that sort of thing. It was the first time I had made friends with a Qallunaq my age. There had only been adults in the settlement, the teachers, the nurses, you know.

So we were quite good friends, really good friends. I hung out with her a lot. She would come over to our house. My dad would give her a hard time. He teased her about her hair, wanted to cut her hair, dye her hair black. I don't think she learned much Inuktitut, maybe a little bit but she didn't try very hard. After all, we were all supposed to learn English at that time.

Around that time there was a thing going on at the church. During Sunday school, the preacher or the lay-person used to stand up and announce who had done something wrong during the week. It wasn't always the same lay-person, different adults, different lay-people did it at different times. They thought that the teenagers should be taught a lesson in public. It was a way of embarrassing people, shaming people into being good. That is how they dealt with bad incidents in the traditional culture so that is how they did it in church when I was growing up.

I think there was a pressure from the church at that particular time to be a, how would you say, a "goody-two-shoes". We weren't allowed to visit the Roman Catholic people, not unless we wanted to get a reputation as a sinner. My mother's family was Catholic, my

grandmother and my cousins were as well so it was a pretty big restriction for me. Usually I ignored it and visited them anyways so I was considered a sinner. Also, we weren't supposed to have boyfriends at that time -- we were like whores or prostitutes if we did that. There were stories always going around about women hanging out with the bad boys. People had seen me hanging around with those boys so I had a reputation as a bad girl -- it was like "you outpost camp tramp" kind of thing. I think that all those judgments from the adults started to get to me.

Anyways, this incident that I am thinking of happened one particular Sunday. I was about fourteen. The Sunday school teacher stood up in front of everybody and told the whole church that I was smoking drugs. It was the early seventies and there had been drugs around the settlement but I didn't know anything about drugs at that time. I had only heard about drugs and their existence from Cheryl. I remember hearing my name and jumping a little on my seat. I couldn't believe it. I was so embarrassed to have my name mentioned in the church. I wasn't expecting it at all. There was no way at that moment that I could protect myself and say "I didn't". I was just sitting there. I couldn't believe it was happening to me.

I was furious. I mean... if I had done the drugs that would have been one thing, but I hadn't. I remember it was spring, early spring, March or April. I remember it was light outside. I learned from the people at the church that it was the teacher's daughter that had told them that I was smoking drugs. I ran straight home from the church and grabbed my mother. I said "Come with me". I didn't explain to her what I wanted. She followed me over to the Sunday school teacher's house. The guy was sitting at his kitchen table. I don't know what he was doing, he was reading his bible or having tea. He had just got out of his service. I told him that what he had said was a lie. I told him that I didn't know anything about drugs or what they looked like and what I was supposed to be doing with them. My mom was just standing there behind me. She didn't say anything. I don't remember his reaction. I don't think he said anything either. I was crying by that point, I was so angry.

Cheryl's house was just behind the Sunday school teacher's, just right across the street behind it. We went over to her house after that. I remember that house had an upstairs. There was a living room, a kitchen and bedrooms upstairs and a basement or rec-room downstairs. My teacher came down, probably to find out what I wanted. I told him I wanted to speak to Cheryl. He went up again. Cheryl came down the stairs. As soon as she got close enough, I screamed at her "You liar!" and punched her in the face. I was so upset. She ran up the stairs crying. My teacher was probably wondering what the heck was going on. My mom was really shocked. She was standing behind me and her mouth was hanging wide open. She didn't know what was happening. She wasn't used to seeing Qalunaat being treated that way. In her day they were always treated like gods. We left -- we went home.

I might have told my parents about the incident, explained what had happened because my parents didn't punish me at all for all the stupidity that I was causing. I spent the rest of the afternoon crying and being very upset. That is not usually like me to scream at my Sunday School teacher and punch somebody. I was really upset.

After church, in the evening, about eight, eight-thirty, the minister's wife came over. Evening church was between seven and eight. She came over -- she wanted to know what the heck was happening with me because I was supposed to have done choir service that evening and I wasn't there. I didn't go to church that night. Later on the teacher came around and wanted to know what was happening. I explained it to him and apologized. I cried on his shoulder and he held me. I never saw Cheryl again. A few days later or a week later he sent his sister home. I guess she had been causing all sorts of trouble besides the thing with me, something to do with one of the boyfriends. I think that is why he decided to send her home.

I was good friends with her except for that one incident. I think I probably still have her picture somewhere. I think that was the first and only time I ever punched anybody.

Apphia:

"We got stranded because there was no more snow to travel on."

That was a difficult time. It was a difficult time and we were not happy. We got stranded because there was no more snow to travel on. This was when I was quite young. I had no children at the time but I had a husband. We were going to the Igloodik area from Arctic Bay, from Tununirusiq. We had gone to Arctic Bay to trade. There was no trading post at Igloodik then. And while we were over there, that spring, it seemed like there would be no spring at all. It was colder than usual and the snow was still everywhere. We thought spring was never going to come, then all of the sudden it got really warm. We were with my brother-in-law Qayarjuaq, his wife Ipiksuati and their kids, Nakta and Hanna. Their other children Isiqaittuq and Inuaraq, they were with their grandparents so they were not there. Qaataniq and Pilakapsi were there, so were Amiimiarjuk and his wife and his kids, Tapitia, Joanna and Auqsaaq. This was the group.

There was me, my husband, and a whole bunch of us travelling -- we were coming back from trading. When we got to the middle of the land, we over-nighted. We were OK. We weren't worried about anything -- we cooked caribou outside and it was really nice time. The caribou were losing their fur because it was spring. There was no fat on the caribou, but the meat was still really delicious. We were having a nice and easy time just settling in for the night. When we got up it was warm. It was snowing just a little bit. The whole land was wet, really really wet. It was like it had thawed overnight. There was water everywhere. We had been planning to travel along a particular path but the land where we were going to travel was all filled with water. We had a lot of things on our sled that we were needed for the whole spring and summer. We wouldn't be going trading again. That was our last time so we had lots of stuff on our sleds to use for the year. And that time there were no Qallunaat in Igloodik so we weren't going to be able to trade there. And it was really really wet.

We started travelling as soon as we woke up. We were trying to get back home. The unners on the sleds, they were brand new pieces of whale-bone. We didn't want to wear them out travelling with no snow on the ground. They were quite thick bones, very pretty looking,

and the men didn't want to wear them out. We started travelling anyways on just bare ground. We tried to go on bits of snow and then we camped again overnight. We started trying to travel again the next day but it had thawed even more.

It had become really warm and it was really hard to travel -- we came to a river that was flowing already. The top part of the particular river was flowing even though underneath it was still frozen ice. We started travelling straight through the night without getting any sleep. We were tired and we walked ahead of the dogs just to keep them going. We put the supplies we had bought on the qamutiq, moved them ahead and then came back for the people. We would pick up the people, start travelling again, drop them off and pick up the materials, travel with them forward and then come back again for the people.

We didn't sleep at all that time. I don't know how many days we travelled for but we stayed up late into the night and we travelled all day. We were trying to get to our camp before all the snow thawed. I remember there was an old man and woman who were shouting at the dogs, telling them to go, "Just keep going, keep going", that is what they would keep telling the dogs to do. They were a white haired old couple. They were even older than the elders today but they were quite capable of travelling during such a difficult time. They were quite energetic. They would get ready quickly in the mornings and start travelling.

We would walk ahead of the dogs. We would walk and walk -- we would get really tired and sleepy. There were times when we would suddenly trip and fall forward. We would lay down on the ground and fall asleep. After having a little bit of sleep someone would eventually wake us up and say "You are being left behind" so we would get up and start walking again. We would pick up the materials, move them forward, take them off and go back again.

At one point, when they were getting the sleds ready, packing them up, I started walking ahead. The men were helping the dogs pull the sleds. Our dogs and Qayarjuaq's dogs were put together and Amiimiarjuk and his father Pilakapsi put their dogs together too. My sister-in-law, Qayarjuaq's wife was quite a fussy lady and she would scold people often. She was quite tired - she had nobody to scold so she was quite silent. She was exhausted and she had a baby on her back. At one point during this particular time when we were travelling we were kind of slanted to one side, travelling on a very bit of snow and she slowly slowly slowly fell off the qamutiq, right into the middle of a puddle. Her husband didn't realize what had happened, he was shouting at the dogs and getting the dogs to go, and he didn't realize that his wife had fallen off. Even to this day I can hear her husband telling the dogs to keep going. The way he was screaming at those dogs, I'll always remember that. The wife, she fell in the puddle and was being left behind. I told my brother-in-law "Your wife, my angajunguqtara, she fell down, she fell down on the ground" And Qayarjuaq said "Never mind, I want to get to steady ground before I go back to deal with her". She didn't get up -- she just lied down on the ground and fell asleep. Even though she was on a wet area, she didn't seem to care. Even though she fell off the qamutiq, she just kept on sleeping. We were really sleepy at that time.

We didn't carry a boat with us that particular time, just the stuff that we had bought. We

went to the lake that was used for fishing now, it is called Iqalugasugvik. That is what they called it at that time. And there were some people fishing there. We met with them, the guy's name was Siqujjuk. He had caught a lot of fish. We stopped to jig for fish there and we had lots of fun jigging for fish. I was doing well, catching fish, and my husband said "Don't catch any fish". I asked why and he said "Because they are too heavy and we can't carry any more on our load". We started crossing a river then and the men were shouting instructions to the dogs, and I was the only one on top of the sled. If the river had pushed the sled to one side, I would have fallen into the water. We were crossing the river that time and the dogs were really hard to control. Even if we told the dogs to go a certain way, if they decided that they didn't want to go that way, they would turn. I really really wanted the dogs to listen. We finally went across the river, and then the rest of the party crossed the river. We finally all crossed and then we went to the ice. We didn't want to leave anything behind so we went back and forth, picking up the materials and then picking up the people.

We finally arrived at the beach and we slept overnight there. We really slept a lot that time. I don't remember much about what happened afterwards, after my good night's sleep there was no more tragedies or heavy problems that I can remember. I don't even remember packing up the next day. The next day we stopped on a little island and started picking up birds eggs. There were pittiulaqs, sea birds, there. And then the big group split up and we started going in different directions. We were going to Agu, our home community, and the rest of the group were going to Kapuivik and Qaiqsuk. We separated and started travelling. My husband and I were alone then -- we had no children.

When we got close to our camp and the snow started getting really soft again and we could hardly travel so we bedded for the night. We began travelling again the next morning. We were less exhausted and there were lots of materials with us on the sled. We knew that my in-laws were travelling the far route past Arctic Bay through to Agu. They were going to travel that particular way. We were supposed to meet in our home village, our home community. We got all settled in for the night and we got into bed. Then, all of the sudden, we heard a bee. I got really scared. I jumped up and started running. I had just bought a new skirt at the trading post. We were running around and the bee was flying around. I just had my skirt on and my husband just had his long underwear on. I was crying and screaming. I didn't like bees at all. My husband was scary the way he played with bees. He would pretend to hang on to the bee and throw it at me. We were just playing around. How young we were just playing outside...

We fell asleep and I woke up watching my husband putting little kamiks on the dogs feet. Our dogs had sore feet so he was putting little sealskin kamiks on them that he had made. He would cut a small thin sealskin strip, and he would place the holes on the skin to fit with the nails of the dogs feet. The nails would stick out of these holes and he would put sort of a band-aid over the bottom of the foot to keep it from bleeding. And that is how they put the booties on the dogs.

Finally we started going. We travelled on pieces of ice-floes, and we finally got to land close to the camp. I was quite scared, travelling on the floes. When the dogs were taught very

well, they would know what to do. They listened to the owner telling them where to go and they would go exactly where they were told. They jumped floe by floe. The dogs behind the lead dog would follow the one in the front. Finally, without falling into the water, we got on dry land. My husband was screaming at the dogs that time, shouting at them and telling them what to do. This was not the way he usually instructed the dogs. Usually he wanted them to be really good at listening to him so that he would talk to them really quietly. When he spoke to them this time in a loud voice, the dogs handled themselves perfectly getting us onto the land.

When we got on the land we looked back to what we had just travelled on. There were big pieces of water and it seemed really amazing to us that we had travelled there. It seemed like we had not touched any water at all cause we had been jumping from floe by floe. When we got on dry land we were kind of wet from the splashing and we had no waterproof clothes that particular time. We were tired after all that shouting and screaming at the dogs to get them going. We wrung out our clothes and we went by land over the hill to go see what was happening. There were lots of snow-geese that couldn't fly. We started running around again, trying to catch the geese. We would catch up with them and we would wring their necks to kill them. We got a lot of geese that way, without using any guns. Oh how fast we were at running!... Just thinking about how is my life now, I would never be able to do that again, what I did back then...

So we were eating geese and geese stomachs, and we had lots of supplies from the trading post with us. We never gorged ourselves with that food. My husband told me that we would travel to a little point a ways away on the land and that was where we would wait for my in-laws. We would walk on the land. We were quite full and I was pregnant at this time, my first pregnancy. I never thought about taking care of myself. I never thought of being delicate. I was running around, thinking that there was nothing wrong with me.

We started walking towards the spot on the land to meet my in-laws. It was probably because I was quite full but I was feeling cramped-- like I had cramps. I was getting behind, trying to walk with him and eating plants on the ground along the way. My husband was quite a ways in front of me and I ran to him and caught up with him. I wanted him to hold my hand so he held my hand. He kept leaving me behind and I was scared of bees.

My husband said he had to go to the bathroom, and he had sealskin wind-pants on and kamiks. They are the ones that prevented you from getting wet. They weren't totally waterproof like the stuff we have today but they are the ones that kept you from getting wet inside. He was carrying his gun and he gave his gun over to me. I put it on my back and he was trying to pull his pants down. I continued to walk while he went to the bathroom. I thought he would catch up to me really fast anyways so I started walking. I was walking on the beach. I thought I was seeing things and I saw something on the beach. I thought I saw antlers. We didn't expect any caribou in that particular area but all of the sudden I saw this set of antlers and they were moving.

My husband was quite a ways behind by then so I ran back and I told him "See, look,

there is a caribou." He said "Oh, you are kidding, you are lying". And I said "No, look, there, there is a caribou". I don't remember him taking the gun off my back but apparently he took the gun off my back and he got rid of his sealskin wind-pants. I saw him start crawling on the ground, trying to approach the caribou. I was walking low behind him. The caribou didn't even realize we were around even though we had really been playing around and being loud and getting up on the land and running around. It was a big caribou with lots of caribou fat and when he shot at it he didn't think he had hit it. Apparently he had wounded it. The caribou charged, he started running towards us. I wrapped my hands around my head, I thought I was going to be stampeded and started screaming. I was really terrified. This was serious business-- I was really scared. The caribou got really close to me and then he fell. My husband started walking towards the caribou and I said "Oh boy, we got caribou ey? How amazing!". After we cut up the caribou we didn't eat anything. We had already had all those geese to eat. We were full.

We started walking again to the place we wanted to go. We left the caribou there and we were planning to pick it up on the way back. We had left our dogs and our stuff there as well. We would be coming back for all of it. My husband wanted to get up on a hill so he could look around for my in-laws with the telescope to see if they were coming in. We had not seen them for all of the spring and we had to figure out whether they were coming or not. They were travelling from a place quite far away. We got up on the hill and there was a dogteam out on the ice, right in front of the land we were on and they were headed for our camp-site. We started running back to our camp and we were really happy because we had been alone for a long time, just the two of us. We were so happy to see people. We got to our camp, to our dogs -- we were waving a white flag to get their attention. When they saw us we took the seal meat off the qamutiq and put the caribou on top.

Looking at how much the ice had broken up along the sea-shore, we were wondering how they were going to get on to the land. It was all water -- the ice was far from the shore. We started trying to get to a place on the shore where there was still a bit of ice so they could get on the land. When they got to a place where the ice was close enough, they went to the edge of the ice and their dogs swam to the shore. They made a boat out of their qamutiq and floated to shore. When we finally met up with them we cried and hugged them. My father-in-law was praying and saying thanks and we were singing "Thank-you for the food", that song. And then after that we went back to the camp and cooked the caribou. Oh how happy it was...

Rhoda:

"...we went off to Grise Fiord through Resolute Bay to go to a home economics course that we were supposed to attend."

In the winter of 1972, when Josh and I had been together for a few months, we went off to Grise Fiord through Resolute Bay to go to a home economics course that we were supposed to attend. It was called a home economics course but it was more of a money management

course for young families. We were supposed to take the course and then come back and teach it to people here. There were only a few people that were doing it. His grandparents were living in Grise Fiord at the time, in 1972. They were some of the "Arctic Exiles", that is what they are called now. That is why they were living in Grise Fiord, because they had been moved up there from Pond in the fifties.

Josh's grandparents were the only relatives that we had in Grise Fiord so that is where we stayed. I remember my first impression of Josh's grandmother. I was quite scared of this old lady that was in the house. They had one grandchild, Samson, I can't remember exactly his age, he was maybe four or five years old. Samson had a whole bunch of gum in his room and we stayed in Samson's room. He had a whole lot of gum and a whole lot of cereal. I don't know where he got them from but back then it seemed to me that this family was really rich. They were rich enough so that Samson could have this huge supply of southern treats. In our family, we ran out of things like that overnight. He was the only child there. The others were all adults. We stayed in Samson's room and he had a whole bunch of these supplies and it was quite enjoyable.

One day Josh's grandmother asked me to braid something. I think it was rope for a pair of kamiks. I had braided three strands of wool before but I had no idea how to braid four strands. When she asked me to do this braiding, I was scared to ask her how it was done. I was a little embarrassed. I was almost sixteen. I should have known how to braid four strands. I was old enough but they had never taught us that in school. I was scared to death of asking her and very embarrassed.

When she gave me this wool for me to braid, I went in the bedroom. I had no idea what I was going to do and Josh was with me. Josh taught me how to braid four strands that winter in Grise Fiord. If I had known then what I know now I would not have been scared because Josh's grandmother is such a nice woman. She is very quiet -- she is not talkative. She is a very nice lady. From Grise Fiord we went back to Resolute Bay. As we were going back to Pond Inlet -- this was all by airplane, a twin otter -- in Resolute we got quite sick. I went to the nursing station in Resolute Bay but they didn't do much. When we came home to Pond Inlet I went to the nursing station again to get a test and I found out I was pregnant. I had problems a few months before that, before we went to Grise Fiord -- I suspect I had a miscarriage. The nurses at that particular time gave me birth control pills. By the time I left for Grise Fiord, I was on those pills. I guess I must have gotten pregnant before I started the pills.

Sandra:

"They had dances at the Community Hall at that time..."

After the Coffee Shop closed, the summer that I turned fourteen, I started noticing that there were a lot more drugs around the community. It was really sad to see so many around because it seemed like everyone was doing them. Even people that you would never think would

so them started doing them. I think the kids were getting bored, kind of restless cause they didn't have anywhere to go.

They had dances at the Community Hall at that time, like when I was thirteen, fourteen, but nobody was really into dancing the way they are today. We had the Coffee Shop so it was mostly the older kids, older than teenagers, who went dancing. They danced to slow music back then. A lot of the people who were really into drugs used to hang out at the Community Hall. The back is really dark. The washroom area is really, really dark. There were so many dealers out there. The supervisor never did anything about it. He was an old man, he was fifty or sixty and he thought that everyone was having fun. He didn't throw out the dealers. He didn't mind them. You could always see one or two dealers at the back, always waiting. It used to be scary in the dark areas of the Community Hall. There were always pushers there. I used to be uncomfortable going to the washrooms.

After the Coffee Shop closed though, little by little everyone started going to the Community Hall and there was this big boom on dancing. People started dancing a lot more. They started going there on weekends. They started letting younger kids in. Everyone started a really crazy kind of dancing, like really moving. We got a new D.J. and then we got a new supervisor. He was youngish, pretty young compared to that old man. That new supervisor really got tough on the dealers and he threw them all out. He started kicking them out and today you can't ever see any dealer out back. He stopped letting drunk people in and there are no fights. There hasn't been a fight for a long, long time. There used to be a lot of heavy smoking there too. You can't see that any more either. Everyone just goes there to dance.

Back when the Coffee Shop was open, I had spent all my time there. After awhile I started doing the same with the C-Hall, kind of like making it my home. The dance hall purchased a few of the video games so I started going there to play games. My mom had seen how hung up I had been on the Coffee Shop and she tried to stop me from being the same way again. She would mention it here and there to me, drop little hints about how I should stay home. After awhile I started to listen to her. I started staying home for supper, spending time with my sisters and brother. Now I only really go about once a week or so. That's enough.

Apphia:

"There was a hill behind our tents and on top of the hill there was a grave."

This was when I was fifteen. I was pregnant with Oopah and we were living in a camp, one of the fishing camps not far from Igloodik. That is where we placed our tents and our camping gear. We were going to hunt seals. My in-laws weren't there at that time -- they were in Arctic Bay -- but we had planned earlier on in the season to meet them at that camp at a certain time. We didn't have much of a dogteam then -- there were only puppies with us at that time. It was spring-time and my husband was going to go out and meet my father-in-law on the ice. He went looking for them on the trail but he came back early though because he kept on getting sunburned -- he had problems with his eyes from the sun and the snow. He went out

again the day to meet my parents-in-law. He didn't find them but he caught a seal so he came back. He tried to go out again the next day, hunting and looking for the in-laws, but he kept on having trouble with his eyes so he kept on coming home.

My husband left us alone during the days, just the three of us, me, my sister-in-law Amarualik, and her husband. We were alone with one dog, a pup. It was spring-time so we had tents. We were not in igloos. There was a hill behind our tents and on top of the hill there was a grave. The dog kept barking and growling at the grave. It would run towards it, bark, and then run away. The dog was scared of something -- it was only a pup.

I was very young at that time and I got scared easily. My in-laws were trying to tease me because the dog was making me scared. They took me up to look at the grave. They were trying to show how they weren't afraid like me. We didn't see much of the body but we could see black hair. I remember we were spooking each other and we started racing. I was the first one down the hill, even though I was very pregnant. We couldn't sleep at night because of the howling and barking so we started taking the dog inside the house so we would be able to sleep at night. He would stop barking and howling when he was inside. We would close the door and lock the door.

My husband came home for awhile and after a few days, when his snow-blindness had healed, he decided to go back out looking for his parents. I didn't want to stay in that camp with the haunted grave any more but he insisted that I stay in the camp. I wanted to go with him very badly so I started crying and crying. I cried really loud so he finally asked me to go with him. He changed his mind so we left the camp and went out together, leaving the couple behind with the puppy. We were riding on the qamutiq across the sea-ice and when we looked behind us, the puppy was following us. He didn't want to be left behind with the grave either.

While we were riding we both started getting nose-bleeds. I was bleeding so badly that I was starting to lose my strength. We stopped to put up our tent and I was really tired and I was really thirsty. I was losing too much blood. We didn't have the strength to go on so my husband melted some ice and heated me up some water. He made some tea. It was spring time and we had just bought tea in Arctic Bay. We never used to drink too much tea at that time. We had some tea and then went to sleep on the qamutiq. We slept there without a tent, just on the qamutiq.

When my husband woke me up the next day, the nosebleed had stopped. We travelled the next day and we met my in-laws so we turned to go back to our camp. We had left most of our stuff back at the camp so we took half their supplies to help them out with their loads. I told my in-laws about the incident with the grave. They just laughed at me, they didn't believe what I was talking about. They told me that the grave had a cross on it, a huge cross, so the body had gone to heaven. The body was named Killukishak, the person who died.

When we got back to the camp, the people that we had left behind, the husband, , had become really sick and he was unconscious. It was scary. I guess we hadn't realized that we

had left them alone long enough to get so sick. We didn't have any radios or telephones and they had been alone in that camp almost a week. He was really skinny, very skinny. He hadn't eaten for a long time. Later on we found out that he had a problem with his lungs. He was coughing up blood and he almost died. Amarualik had used some mouth to mouth resuscitation and revived him. It was really frightening to see him that way. He looked like he was going to die. We stayed in that camp with them as a family until he got better.

Apphia:

*"I remember my husband and I were alone with another couple and their two children ...
That woman's husband, he had a boil."*

I remember my husband and I were alone with another couple and their two children. My sister-in-law, she was a young girl she came with us to go fishing. People took us there by boat and dropped us off. We stayed there. We stayed a long time out there camping. That is when I had my first menstruation even though I had been married for some time. I was ashamed. I was scared of my husband. He had been married before and he already knew everything that I was ashamed of. That is when I was quite young.

We were in one tent. Since we were all young people we would play around in the tent. The wife of the other couple was always mad. I didn't know anything about being mad or grouchy. Apparently the women got mad because they were jealous, especially when we were laughing and talking a lot.

Her husband was Koonoo and she was Qaaqiuk. The children were Ittukushuk and Aula and Ulaayuk. She would be abusive to the children sometimes. She would do things like throw them around when she got mad. If she didn't like the meat that she ate, she would throw her ulu at her husband. She would even try to kill him. Because the wife was weaker than her husband, he would be able to protect himself. One day when my husband and I were out walking, I asked my husband "I wonder what is wrong with that woman? Every time we are happy, she gets grouchy". I asked him "Why? What had happened? What did it mean?". He explained to me what the situation was. He told me that it was because she was jealous and after that I understood. After that I did every thing on purpose, like talking a lot and laughing a lot. She started to get even madder and I started having fun with her, getting her grouchy.

At that time people used to get big boils inside their skin. You would put a lemming skin on top to get the boil out. If there was tobacco around we would use the tobacco pouch. They used to have hard covers on them. Even though there is a lot of puss inside, the boils wouldn't always burst by themselves. They would have to be cut to get the puss out and there would be a lot of puss. That was how the boils were dealt with. That was our way of doing medicine.

That woman's husband, he had this boil on his shoulder. Even though we tried to do all the medical things to it, the puss wouldn't come out. He got sick and he was sick for a week. We had been camping with that couple for two weeks.

We had caught a lot of fish the first two weeks we were there. We filled up all the caches in the area with fish. There were so many fish, we didn't even use our harpoons -- we would just use our knives and kill them like that. We had so many fish, sometimes we would just feed them to the dogs.

We had long boots. They were made out of sealskin. We would use one whole seal and sew the boots right up to the thighs. For both legs, we would use two sealskins. This would prevent us from getting wet when we were fishing.

We were very happy, having a great time -- all of the fish that we were catching didn't seem to make us tired at all. When we were finished we would play dolls. That woman and I, we would play dolls with the children. Sometimes my husband would play with us. He would pretend to go to the trading store or something.

There is this one incident that I really laugh about. My husband was playing dolls and pretending to go to the trading store. Then he was pretending to come back to the community. The other guy asked him, "Did you get any oatmeal?" -- he was playing with words. My husband said "No, it is very expensive". We were all laughing.

Whenever we laughed, that lady, she would get mad. She was sleeping so we were trying not to wake her up with our laughing -- we were trying to be very quiet. It was very hard not to laugh. We would say the word over and over again, what my husband had replied about the oatmeal and we would laugh and laugh.

That woman's husband, he had a boil. We were trying to take off the boil with the lemming skin but it wouldn't come out -- it wasn't rising to the surface. The guy with the boil thought that if we moved our camp to another site, if we moved the tent it would help his boil to get better. We cared for him and wanted him to get better so we helped him move that tent. I had been helping that family out, like getting the caribou skins to dry when the kids pee on it and helping dry up everyone's kamiks. He helped a lot and did a lot the work and the wife didn't do nothing much around the house. She just sat around the house, not doing anything. I would dry their caribou skins myself because their kids would pee on the beds. I would scrape them off and dry them. I helped them with their boots. When she went out she would just leave the boots there even if they were wet. Her husband and I would dry them. I figured that perhaps if we moved to a cleaner place, it would be easier for us.

After we moved, during the moving, the guy who wanted to move just sat there and put his hands together and just watched. He looked really weak -- apparently he was on his last breath. The dogs were hanging around him and he was playing with the dogs. He was sitting there for a long time while we were moving the tent. After we had moved the tent, I asked the

wife what was wrong with him. She didn't know. As we finished moving the tent, my husband went and told the man that the tent was ready for him to move into. Apparently that guy was crying saying that he can't do anything any more. When we went into the tent, he went straight into bed and didn't get up at all.

Apparently the boil went inwards, right into his ribs and into his lungs. That is where the infection went. That is what the elder people said at the time. We had no idea. He was vomiting really black stuff and he wasn't eating at all. He didn't want to eat any more.

I was really young at the time -- I was perhaps 14 years old. I was dealing with this sick person and I didn't know anything about sick people. There was no elders around, just us young people.

The wife just kept running away and she was on my bed. I was beside the husband. Her husband had asked her to move into the bed with him so that he could sleep. She didn't want to move closer to him -- she was scared of him.

When he wanted to sit up, his teeth would chatter. He would start talking, saying things that didn't make sense so I would make him lie down again. Even though when he wanted to sit up again I told him that each time he sat up his teeth chattered. He agreed and stayed lying down. Apparently he was loosing his mind. When he talked, I would talk to him. I didn't know then that he had lost his mind. My husband was going to go by dogteam to get some seal fat because our lamps were getting low on fuel. By that time it was early fall and there was fresh snow on the ground. The ground had frozen so my husband hooked up the dogteams. He was gone for a long time. He was taking a long time to come back. The guy was saying "Isn't he back yet? Isn't he coming back?". I would say yes he was coming back. After asking the same question several times, he wouldn't ask that question any more.

He wouldn't ask anything any more and he was facing backwards so I couldn't see him. I asked him if he was tired of being in the same position so I lay him down on his back but he didn't move when I put him on his back. He was sleeping all night and I wasn't sleeping soundly so I went to my sewing and sewed for the longest time. He never asked me anything - he barely moved.

My husband came back so I went out to help him out. When my husband came into the tent, he asked me how Koonoo was. I said that he had been sleeping well for quite some time. Apparently he was dead and the body had become hard. My husband went over to Koonoo. His eyes were wide open. Ava said "I think that he is dead now". He was shouting at him "Koonoo! Koonoo! Wake up! Wake up!". We couldn't wake him up. The wife was crying. I wasn't crying -- I didn't feel like crying. I was told that I wasn't crying because I had no energy left. That is what the people told me.

Eventually we were trying to dress him up because the body had stiffened up so much and he was crooked, it was really hard to put his clothes back on. I hadn't realized that he had

died. Then I got scared of him because his eyes were open. We couldn't remove the clothing. It looked like he was going to speak at any moment. I was trying to hold him, trying to help dress him but I got really scared of him. I was crying and crying. I didn't want to touch him any more. My husband scolded me. He had never scolded me before at all. I think he really felt sorry for me. He said "Look, you know that animals die. When they die they never live again. They don't breathe again at all. You should know that. This is how it is with this person. He is not going to breath again. He is not going to be alive again. He is dead".

He told me that the guy was not going to say anything any more, he is not breathing any more and that he wasn't going to look at me. When I finally got my senses back, we clothed him up and wrapped him up in the only blanket that we had and we took him out of the tent. We were trying to take him out of the tent but the wife didn't want to let him leave the house. We got scared of the wife and put him back inside the tent on his bed. It felt like the tent was really large. Even though the tent was made of skin, we scrunched it down a bit and put some rocks on it to make the tent smaller. We fell asleep that night.

Early morning we tried to bury him. As we were putting the harnesses on our dogs, his own dogs were lying down. His dogs were lying down on the ground. They didn't even try to stand up. We put him on the qamutiq and left. We took him a little ways by dog team. I was on the sled with him and my husband was walking. It was still summer, maybe early fall, and there was just a little snow on the ground. His own dogs were howling as we were leaving. They were howling so loud. I asked my husband why the dogs, even though they were lying down, why they were howling. He told me that they were mourning for their dead owner. Earlier that spring, before this had all happened, when we were seal hunting out on the land, the dogs were already howling because they were mourning already.

We went to that place where there were flat rocks. We cut a box that we had gotten when we had gone to buy supplies. We cut that box in half and placed half on his head and half on his feet. There was no other wood around. We put these flat rocks on top of him and that is how we buried him.

When we got back to our tent, we started getting prepared to leave to go back home, to the place where somebody would pick us up by boat. It was time for the boat to come pick us up so we left to go travel to the place where the boat was supposed to come. I kept on looking behind me as we were leaving thinking that the guy would come and follow us. He didn't follow us. "He is not coming yet", that is what I thought, "he is not coming yet".

The wife was crying -- she didn't want to leave. Because she had not been nice to her husband, she was grieving more. She was feeling sorry for her husband. We went to the beach and it was dark. We pitched our tent and waited for the boat. When we put out the tent it was too big so we fixed it so that it was much smaller and that is how we slept. We heard the boat coming. It came the next day. It was an outboard motor with diesel. There were a lot of people in the boat, my in-laws as well. The water was calm that day and you could hear it really well. We were crying. We could hear the motor cutting off but apparently it was just low tide, so they

beached quite a ways away. They didn't come towards us right away so we fell asleep.

You could see them when we woke up but they wouldn't come. We didn't try to go to them so they walked to us. We were just inside the tent and how scary that was at the time. I thought that they were going to blame us for letting that person die. It was like killing him, like the wife had killed him. The guy's older brothers came but their father didn't. They had dropped him off at a camp along the way. I don't know why he stopped in a middle camp -- perhaps he didn't want to meet his son right away.

Apparently when they stopped in that camp along the way, the father started telescoping around, looking around. He had sat on a piece of rock where there was nothing around and he was twirling his pipe around and around. He put his pipe down after he had lit it. He went to retrieve his telescope but he couldn't find it. He couldn't find his telescope at all. That is when he found out that he had lost a relative. That is when he knew that there was something going on that he should watch for. The guy that died was his son and he really loved him. He loved him like regular family.

That guy, Mamatiah, came to pick us up. Mamatiah was his real brother and Uyukuluk was his step brother. They came to pick us up. When they came into the camp, I wouldn't leave the tent. It was really scary. I was so scared I didn't want to go out. I had a lot of fear when I was young. I took fear with me wherever I went. When they came over and peeked inside of the tent, we all started crying. Of course they didn't see him inside the tent. Even though my husband told them what had happened, they didn't understand him. He was telling them that Koonoo left us. Uyukuluk was so shocked he was saying "What? Did somebody kill him? Did he shoot himself?". My husband said no but he couldn't explain further. He was too upset. Finally they understood us when I told them that he had died from a boil. People don't die from boils but that is what I told them.

They prepared to get us ready to leave. We couldn't do anything by ourselves at that time so they took us by boat. We went to a camp where his father Atita was. We beached at that place. We didn't get out of the little cabin on the boat. I didn't get out, perhaps because I was so tired or scared. You could hear the dogs howling. We took Atita on board and kept on travelling.

We went to my in-laws place at another camp. It was rough water when we went there. When we beached, I saw another person who was crying. It was my sister-in-law. The guy that died was her other brother. She was rolling herself on the ground even though it was raining. She was rolling herself on the ground and crying. I was so scared of her.

Apparently we were wrong to be so scared. Apparently everyone was really grateful at how we had taken care of that person who had died. Everyone was happy we had buried him properly. We were really scared when they said that. I thought that they were trying to scare us. Later on though, Atita came to us -- he came to talk to my husband and myself. He talked in a calm voice. We didn't talk back to him. We were quite young. We never answered him--

we just listened to him. He was thanking us and crying a little bit.

Because it was fall, we had to start getting back to the place where we were going to spend the winter. We left that camp behind. We didn't move anywhere else. We left as soon as we could and went to camp with my in-laws in the sod-houses.

That fall I was pregnant. I was pregnant with my first child. I started feeling really creepy. I had never felt creepy like that. I had never felt haunted before. I used to really feel haunted. Apparently the guy that had died, he wanted to be named. I wouldn't take out the pee pots by myself or pick up ice. I wouldn't go by myself. I thought that I was going to have haunted people come after me. Because I was so scared at that time, I would wake up with a very heavy body. I would know everything that was going on but I couldn't move. That is how it was at that time. I would have no ability to move, even though I was awake. Because I had been so scared at the time, I would get into those kinds of situations.

When my husband and father-in-law went out to go hunting, only the women were left in the house. Because I was so afraid of being alone, I would go to bed with my mother-in-law. I don't know how many of us were under the same blanket. There was my mother-in-law, her three daughters and myself. There were five of us under one blanket, yes five. I would put myself in between the children. Nobody at that time ever thought of helping me or protecting me. I told them how scared I was. I was really scared. When I talked to her about it later, my mother-in-law told me that she had been scared too.

My mother-in-law had a baby daughter at that time. We weren't supposed to use old names, Inuktitut names. The Qallunaat told us so. We gave her a name from the Bible. We were scared to give her Koonoo's name because we were afraid she would get sick and die the way Koonoo had. Since we didn't have any small babies, we really liked that baby. She was scared so she gave her Koonoo only as a second name. It wasn't until much later, when I had Oopah -- I had Oopah and I gave her away for adoption-- only when Oopah had grown, when I took her back, that is when we had named her after Koonoo. That is how it was at that time.

Apphia:

"We had gone out to trade in Igloolik ... It was February and I was pregnant for the first time..."

We had gone out to trade in Igloolik. Coming back it was really hard to travel. It was February and I was pregnant for the first time and I was hungry for meat. All we had were the biscuits that we had brought with us, our Qallunaq food. Even though we had some meat for the dogs, seal meat, there wasn't enough to go around.

We were hungry and cold at that time. It was hard to travel so we made a house out of the boxes that we had with us, sugar boxes and biscuit boxes. We had those materials with us

because my husband was going to build a new sled. We put duffle material on top of the boxes and it was quite warm.

At that time we caught a whole bunch of foxes. My husband would leave a big fish beside each trap for the foxes. We were checking our fox-traps on the way home. We had a big qamutiq at that time and when we got back home, my husband had caught so many foxes, he filled the qamutiq. We got back to the camp after that trip and we spent the whole night taking the skins off the foxes. We worked all night and we still didn't finish them all. That was the first time that I had skinned fox skins and it took me a long time to remove them.

There were lots of fox skins. I was trying to remove the bone from the ears and I removed them like I removed caribou ears. My mother-in-law was allowed to say anything to me because she was a little bit older than I was. We were young people at that time. My father-in-law, he loved me very much at that time. He was always very nice to me because he had looked after my mother Sullaaq when she was a small child. He had looked after her all the time she was a child so he included me in his circle of love. He talked to me like I was his daughter. He was teaching me how to sew fox skins. He told me that I was not supposed to remove the whole ear but to try and have a little dent inside the ear -- they were not like caribou ears. I learned that time how to do it. That is how I skinned foxes and my husband would remove the fat.

We placed the drying wood that way across and we filled a whole bunch of boxes with the fox skins. We bought a boat and we bought a whole bunch of supplies -- we were like millionaires at that time. At that time the things that we bought were quite cheap. Things were very cheap at that time so we bought a whole bunch of stuff.

We came back from trading and I had bought a lot of little things for my new little sister-in-law, little dresses and perfumes. I gave her all these things when we got back but apparently she wasn't going to keep them. It was the first night we were back and somebody woke us up. They told us that my little sister-in-law, the baby that had been born recently, had died in the night. We were crying. We got up. My husband wanted to hold the baby and told his step-mother this but she wouldn't let the baby go. Her husband, my father-in-law, was trying to take the baby from her and they started fighting over the baby. He was trying to get the baby away from the mother.

Apparently her lungs had been full of water and she had not been coughing. Perhaps if she had been named after the right person she would have lived, but she died. Because she was a little baby I had no problems dealing with the death of that baby, getting her dressed and getting the baby ready for burial. I went to bury that little baby. It felt like I was burying everybody, left right and centre at that time.

After the baby died, we met up with some other people. We were travelling to Igloolik. It was springtime. We stayed at Igloolik for awhile and then we left and went further to Hall Beach. I had lost my father before that --- no, I still had my father -- he was still living. We went there to see him but my father was not there. Apparently he had met up with his nephew

Allaloo and his wife and they had moved him to a camp called Siuraarjuk. They asked him to stay with them, to be the elder in the family, so he was living with them there. He wasn't living in Hall Beach any more. He was such an old man.

Rhoda:

"We moved here the spring my father got his first skidoo."

Our first trip into Pond Inlet was in 1967 -- our second trip was when we moved here. We moved here in 1972, the spring my father got his first skidoo. It was a Bombardier, a small one. It was yellow. I don't know what horse-power it was, fifteen horse-power or maybe something like that. The spring that we were getting ready to move to Pond Inlet, that is when he purchased it. He was working at the time, carving I believe -- I am not sure exactly what he did to get the money for it but just before we left he purchased the machine. I remember right after he bought it I was enjoying myself terribly, skidooing around, having a great time within the community. I was about fifteen at the time. I remember my sister Martha and her husband came to Igloolik before we took off and they were with us for a few days. They were getting ready to go with us to Pond. Oopah and her husband were coming as well as Simon and his wife.

Both Simon and my father had bought skidoos but Martha's husband didn't have one. He was going with us by dogteam. My older sister Oopah had gone to Hall Beach to adopt a little child so she was going to meet us in Pond Inlet by airplane, a twin otter. At that time there were only twin otters.

So we took off from Igloolik with our skidoos and the dogteam. The dogteam fell behind -- it fell quite a ways behind. We would wait for my brother-in-law at the end of the day to catch up with us. I started getting envious of my brother Solomon. They were letting him drive my brother-in-law's skidoo with the qamutiq behind it. I kept bugging my dad to let me drive the skidoo. I had been driving it in town and I knew a little bit about how to drive one so my father finally consented.

By this time, the machine had heated up quite a bit. The skidoo used to get very hot while we were travelling. The hood was off so it would not get too warm running for so long. The muffler was not very good so it was a very loud machine. After one stop for tea, I was going to start driving.

We had our tea and I got on the skidoo -- I was going to pull the qamutiq which had my father, and mother and sister on it. I don't know who else was on it, maybe my mother was carrying Ida in her amautiq,... My brother Solomon took off -- he started travelling. He didn't rush off but he started going and I thought I had better start the skidoo myself. I got on the skidoo, put on the throttle and started going forward. I hadn't thought about the slack on the rope that led to the qamutiq. I started going forward quite fast and all of the sudden the sled I

was pulling stopped the skidoo in it's tracks. I didn't think to go slow at first. I hadn't realized it was such a heavy load. It stopped suddenly, I flew forward and my whole body went upside down on the skidoo. My legs were up in the air and I was bent over the steering rod on the skidoo and my head was right next to the motor on the skidoo. The hood was off and it was really really loud because of the muffler. I was upside down with my legs hanging in the air. I was stuck like that for a few minutes until my father came over and put me right side up. That was my first experience with skidoos and qamutiqs. Looking back it was quite funny -- I was scared and shocked to be upside down right next to the muffler with the noise of the motor in my ear.

Anyways, we travelled quite a ways towards Pond Inlet and one incident I remember quite clearly from that trip had to do with my sister Joanna's cat. It was a tiny little kitten -- we had just gotten it in Igloolik. We were stopping for tea and I had noticed that the kitten was on top of the qamutiq when we stopped. Everyone started preparing for meal-time, getting all the grub out and lighting up the stove and everything. We were having a rest -- the kids were all playing ball and the older guys like Simon and his wife were teasing each other and stuff like that. We were all playing around in the snow beside the qamutiq and my parents were trying to make the tea and get the food out. My father thought it was a good time to ice up his sled because it had been dragging a little. He turned the sled over, upside down, and he added some soil and watered it like they did in the olden days. He was driving with a skidoo but he thought that icing the sled would help out. It would wear out less on the metal runners and make it move faster. So he did that -- he put the ice on it while we were having our tea. This was early spring so it took quite some time for it to freeze. By the time we had finished our meal and we were ready to go, the soil and the water that he had mixed and placed on the sled was frozen. He got it all smoothed out, turned the sled right side up and there was the poor kitten, dead -- it had been squashed under the sled. Poor Joanna, we felt so sorry for her -- her little pet kitten had just been squashed. This thing about cats having nine lives, it seemed kind of false at the time. I don't know how Joanna felt -- I never asked her. I reminded her of the story once but I never talked to her about it again.

Sandra:

"Grade 7, that was the year I started smoking."

My aunts told me not to smoke when I was really young and I thought that I would never do that. I thought that it was idiotic of them to say that I may start smoking when I grew up. They told me not to smoke. They said it was bad for me. I was hanging out with our neighbour. She was a year older than me and she smoked. She already had been smoking for a long, long time. She wasn't even shy smoking in front of her parents at all. She could ask them for cigarettes.

Grade 7, that was the year I started smoking. I was 10 years old at the time. I remember when I first started. It was during the summer, almost fall and we were going out

somewhere. We were going to walk somewhere. I wasn't even thinking about smoking cigarettes back then. I don't know why but that day I felt that I had to impress that girl so I said that I should try puffing. We went under the house. These houses are set way up on stilts so that you could stand straight up underneath the house. We went under the house and she lit one. My first few puffs were pretty anti-climatic so I asked for more. I said that I didn't taste it and that I wanted some more. She said that I had to puff it really good. I started puffing and puffing. I had this strange tingly feeling. Then she said that I had better stop and that we better go. I was in a very intoxicated state. I said no, to please give me some more -- I was asking her while we were walking. She gave me a few more puffs. A few houses away from where she lived, I suddenly fell down and just couldn't get up. I felt very drunk even though I didn't know what being drunk was at the time -- it was like that. I saw my friend walking away, she was just leaving me. I couldn't get up -- I couldn't get my head up. I was watching her walk away. I was calling her for help. I laid there for a few minutes and I kept saying to myself "Sandra get up Get up!". She was laughing at me. After awhile she came and picked me up. For a few minutes I took some fresh air and was OK and then I went with her.

After that incident, I started smoking -- I smoked a lot that year, when I was ten. My sister Mona started smoking about the same time as I did. Actually she started experimenting with cigarettes when she was really young. I guess she always had a thing for them. I caught her one day, early in the morning hiding behind the sofa. She was trying to light a cigarette, but the lighter didn't work. She was doing that for awhile. She didn't know that I was watching her. One time at night, I wasn't around to see it, but one time she was sleeping in my parents bedroom and she lit up a cigarette. She was just a kid so she didn't know about ashtrays or throwing cigarettes out the window. She threw it in the garbage and the garbage lit on fire. My parents woke up and threw the garbage out. She started experimenting when she was just a kid. I guess she was really curious.

Mona, she must have been 8 or 9 when she really started smoking. I didn't know that she had started smoking. She was as afraid of me finding out as much as I was afraid of her finding out. One day we were walking back to school after lunch. We were all going through the hill. There were lots of kids around -- some were smoking. I guess we got together on that hill. This boy said "Here Mona, here is the cigarette that you wanted." Mona said "Not now", as quietly as she could. I heard it anyway. That is how I found out that she started smoking too. After awhile we didn't say anything to each other. I think after school I told her that I smoked too.

I guess my mom didn't know what to do about me smoking. I knew that she knew that I smoked. One day I was cleaning up my room. I put two cigarettes on my dresser. I should have hid them, I shouldn't have left them there. It was just before grade six graduation. Actually it was grade 7 so I was 11 going on twelve. That year I was doing OK at school and I got several awards. On graduation day I had to dress up and get prepared for the ceremonies. As I said, I didn't like my teacher very much and I didn't want to go. My mom found out about the cigarettes. She saw them. I was sitting on the sofa. She was telling me to get dressed, but I was just sitting there, I didn't want to go. She came up to me, she sat on the coffee table and

said that she knew about the cigarettes. She started crying. She wanted to know why I wasn't going to school, especially on graduation day where she said that she could be proud of me. She started hitting me with her fists, not hard. She was crying too. I guess she didn't know what to do. I didn't go to the ceremonies that day. I kept on smoking and am still smoking.

Not that long ago, maybe a year or something, I read this article in a newspaper that said that 77% of women in the NWT smoke. Or was it 77% of all Inuit women smoke?... Anyways, when you are living up here, that is not surprising. I still bum cigarettes off my parents. The last few years, when dad quit smoking, I was telling my mom to quit smoking too. That was pretty hard and she just ignored me or made fun of me. I kept telling her that she was acting just like her mom when they lived at the out-post camp. She told me stories about grandma wanting to smoke so much that she became crazy. My mom said that all her children used to say to her to please quit smoking. Grandmother used to say that she was young, that she could keep on smoking and still be OK. I kept telling her that she was acting just like that. Now grandma has to go to the Health Centre a lot. My mother still ignores me.

There has to be something that will eventually stop this smoking. To some extent, all the smoking is probably one of the reasons why people are having so many tough times here, I mean with money and health problems. People just laugh though. They kind of think "I'm going to die anyway, so why quit smoking?" but that is really the wrong philosophy. If you are not going to die, you are going to suffer a lot. That statement should be banned. If you are going to die, die, but wouldn't you rather have a good life too? I don't like that statement at all.

It is a very odd thing. It is very odd to say that I am trying to scare her into quitting smoking. I don't know what else to do. If I started smoking 1 pack a day or 2 packs a day, then I would have some disease in 2 years or 10 years time or something. I smoke in front of her a lot. Do you get what I am saying? It is like I am trying to revert to a double standard. It seems like you have to go to extreme measures to get kids not to smoke. There are so many mothers smoking already here that kids start smoking at the school and at home. Kids here are very prone to addiction at a very, very young age.

Watching my little sister Sheila turn into a teenager, I knew that this was going to happen sooner or later -- that she would be with a group that smokes cigarettes. Yesterday afternoon I smelled her and she smelled like cigarettes. For a long time I knew that this was going to happen. I wasn't that surprised.

This afternoon I was coming home from work and I saw her with this new friend. Sheila was trying to put something in her pocket. The friend saw me and said very quietly "Sheila, Sheila look who is here". Sheila put something really quickly into her pocket. I don't want her to start smoking. I don't know what to do because I have been through that before. I say that I don't know what to do because the first thing that most people would do is scold a child for smoking, or try to reason with a child. I heard most of this when I started smoking. I heard of parents who find out their kid is smoking and make the child smoke a whole pack in one sitting so the child knows how bad it is. That also doesn't work. It is a pretty tough situation because most things don't work.

Apphia:

"My husband said that he wondered if we were snowed over, like if there was snow on top of us. I thought maybe he was right."

There was this time, a long time ago. We were with my in-laws and some other relatives and I had only a few children. We were inland hunting caribou and we were catching lots of them. There were so many. We were catching lots of them. We would take the skins and scrape the water from them. My husband would stamp on the snow and shake them. When the water is shaken off caribou skins, they dry up, just like that. That was a difficult time then and that is how difficult our life was. When I think about it, I feel sorry for my children when I think of the life they had. At the time it didn't seem to be hard. It was our way of life -- we never thought that it was hard.

We looked after our children carefully at that time. We made sure they didn't freeze and we fed them and made sure that they slept...

We were out camping on the land and we were making warm clothing for the winter. I made warm clothing for the kids and I made myself some pants and socks. We all had clothing made for the fall and winter. Of course my aunts had also made complete caribou clothing. My aunt was a lot older than me. She was an elder in the camp. Her name was Qairniq. She was my grandmother's younger sister. She used to be married to Angugaatiaq and she had her first child when she was an older person. That time on the land we made all this clothing together. When the younger women didn't know what to do -- she would teach us more and more about how to make the clothing.

Once we had finished sewing our caribou clothing, we started heading to the camp on the ocean. We made a sled out of the big hide of a large caribou. Everybody was trying to carry things but there were too many things to carry. We didn't have many dogs with us at that time. I couldn't see my husband's head from all the things that he was carrying. He couldn't see the tops of his feet. It was a very heavy load he was carrying and he also had two children on top of him. Oh how strong he was!... When I think back on it, it was something to be envied, something that could never be done. He wasn't doing anything on purpose -- he wasn't trying to show off -- that was his way. He was so strong.

After a little while my husband and I started falling behind the rest of the family. The other two families were travelling ahead. I was letting my children pee and we were probably hungry so we were getting the kids snacks along the way. We were being left behind. I was carrying Arvaluk on my back. Oopah was on a little make-shift sled. I was walking and pulling the sled. Because there was so much of a load on the little make-shift sled, it was almost round. When we got on slanted ground it started rolling over. Oopah went rolling with it. She didn't

cry. She was lying flat down on the sled -- she was tied to the sled. She had good clothing on so she wasn't cold. She just rolled down along with the sled.

How silly of me! I didn't even think at the time that she would get hurt. She was crying because she was so scared. Of course she was scared -- she had been rolling down the hill. At the time we were laughing at her, at how silly that thing looked rolling down the hill. Of course we were laughing, we were quite young. Eventually we went off travelling all by ourselves because the other family had gone ahead.

We bedded for the night. We used caribou fat to make candles. We would chew the fat to make sure that all the water was out of it. We would chew for quite a while and keep it inside of our mouths. We would place the candles next to the lamp and that is how we lighted the tent. We would melt a small amount of water with the candle so we could drink. Caribou fat heat is much warmer then seal fat heat. It heats up more. It is almost like a Coleman stove - it is quite hot. Snow melts pretty fast that way.

Finally we fell asleep. We had fallen asleep when there was a blizzard going on. When we woke up, the blizzard had died down. It was really dark -- there was no light and my husband was trying to light the candle but it was having a hard time lighting up. I asked him what was happening. My husband said that he wondered if we were snowed over, like if there was snow on top of us. I thought maybe he was right.

Arvaluk tried to cry, but every time he drew a breath he couldn't breathe. He kept trying to cry and breathe but he couldn't. He was having a hard time breathing. My husband was trying to make a hole at the top of the igloo to see what was going on. He couldn't make the hole and that is when he realized that we were snowed in. Since he couldn't make a hole on top of the igloo, he realized that we were snowed in. He used the snow that he had removed from the top of the igloo to climb on top of and he tried again to make a hole. He was digging at the hole and my kids were almost not breathing any more. They were not moving any more and they were not crying. He made the hole and eventually we began to see the tiniest bit of light. He took the kids out in a hurry and they started crying. It was still a blizzard outside. When I tried to climb out he pulled me. We eventually got out. The snow was so high. There was a whole lot of snow.

When we got outside the igloo we were breathing normally. We started looking for our dogs and we found all but one of them. We couldn't find her anywhere. We called to her and she wouldn't come. Her name was Niukittuq, "shorty".

My husband was trying to pick up all our bedding and all the stuff that was inside the igloo. We had built another igloo to try and keep away from the wind. We built it in front of a hill and apparently that is how we got snowed in. We ended up packing up, getting ready to move to another place where we could get good snow for an igloo. We were going to build a new igloo.

We walked and walked, trying to get to a good place where we could build a good igloo. Eventually we reached the beach. When we got to the beach, there was a cache of walrus meat and there was an igloo up there also. My husband made another igloo beside the one that was already there. He didn't want to move into that old igloo. He made us a brand new igloo.

We moved into that new igloo and when we got inside, he started taking out the cached walrus meat and taking off the fat. We used that fat to light the lamp. It was so joyful not to be eating caribou meat any more. We had been eating it all summer. He got out the thick skin of the walrus and we spent the whole night and day there, waiting for the thick skin to thaw out. When the walrus skin eventually thawed out, he made a big sled out of it. There were two big pieces of cut walrus skin and he made runners out of those. The bottom of the sled, he filled with water. This was going to be our qamutiq. At that time my husband could make sleds out of so many things. That was the first one he had ever made out of walrus skin.

After he finished that sled, we started travelling on the ice. The place where we were headed was still quite far. We still had to overnight halfway. We started moving with the qamutiq and the dogs. Oopah was the only one on the sled. We travelled and it seemed to me that we were travelling really fast. We travelled and then after awhile the sun started getting low. In front of us we see steam. I told my husband to look over to where the steam was. I thought that there was steam coming off of the caribou hooves. He said that there was no caribou around there. He thought that it was a dog team.

My husband was right -- it was a dogteam. It was a guy named Amimiarjuk. He was a relative of ours and he had been looking for us. I don't remember who he was travelling with... Anyways, they came to us and we met them. How they smelled! It was a grease smell. We could really smell the grease smell because we had been inland eating caribou all summer. People who lived on the ocean and on the beach ate seal meat and stuff like that. There was a big difference between having caribou fat all the time and having seal fat all the time. We could smell the fat on other people.

When we met them we left our walrus skin sled behind and they put our small supplies of skins and things to travel with, they put them on their sled. They seemed to have a great big sled. There was still room even with Oopah and all of us sitting on their sled. How joyous that was and how fast we were! It was just like driving a skidoo. It was so fast. We went to a camp with sod-houses. That place was called Qarmaq which was "a place of sod-houses". When we arrived, we went inside -- we went to Ulaajuk's place. Kalirraq and Amarualik, husband and wife, were already there. Amarualik couldn't hear anything. Apparently she had been having a lot of very bad headaches and her ears couldn't hear at all. I don't know how but she eventually got back her hearing. She has good hearing today.

I was really homesick then and I was crying. I was crying and being homesick. After staying there for a little while, we heard that my in-law, Uyarak, had come in. He had left on a ship to go to a hospital in the south and we had heard that he had come back from the south. We wanted to go visit him at the camp where he was staying so they all started getting my

husband and I ready to go. They were getting the sled ready and making sure there were dog ropes and sled ropes and stuff like that. I was really homesick and then eventually we left.

We went to Akunniq. We over-nighted there, then we headed to Qupirruqtuuq. That is where my father-in-law was camped. We left very early in the morning again and we reached Qaumaaruk. How dreadful that was! My older step sister was there, Iqallijuk and her husband Ukumaaluk. Their kids were there too, Tapaattiaq and her husband, Siqujjuk, and Nivviya. There was lots of snow but you could see a little bit of the roofs of the sod houses at the camp. We stayed there with them for the winter and in early spring our meat supply started getting low. It was getting so low that we knew that once we fed our dogs, that would be the end of our meat. We were worried about having enough to eat. It was getting to that point.

It was at that time that we first heard that the children got money. At that time we didn't see money very often. We didn't think about money much at the time. Sometimes, to make money when we were getting low on tea and stuff, my husband would make small carvings and take them to the Roman Catholic Mission. We had no supplies that time and nothing to eat so my husband brought one of his carvings into the mission. While he was there he was told that the RCMP had told the Roman Catholic Mission to give Inuit money for our children. We had children so when he was there to sell his carving, he ended up getting money. The store manager had been told to do this. He was given money for the month.

He bought a big supply of goods that time, even material for a sled. Maybe they were cheap at that time, I don't know, but I remember he bought a lot of stuff. He bought great big bags of flour and bags of oatmeal and lots of candy. They were loose candies at the time -- they weren't wrapped up. Of course there was no heat in the store so the candies weren't placed in bags. Only things that could freeze, things that were not perishable were shipped in for supply. Dry milk, great big jars of jam and peanut butter and stuff like that. That is how he came back, loaded down with that stuff.

How joyful that was! We had been given money and we had so much food! It felt like we would never be hungry again. We forgot that we were running out of meat. My mother-in-law would make great big pieces of bannock, really thick bannock. It was so delicious. She would start cutting up slices of the bannock. We would all watch her cut up the bannock and hope that we got the biggest piece. They were all the same size.

The people next door, they had lots of children too, so they ended up getting a lot of money from the Qallunaat. There were other people though who had no children of their own so they didn't get any money. My older step-sister and her husband were like that. Whenever we came back from the trading post, my husband gave them a whole bunch of our supplies. He didn't make them sign anything. He didn't make them pay. He just split everything up. He gave them the supplies. The Qallunaat, they told us that they would give us more money to buy supplies the following month.

Eventually we began to run out of lamp fuel, of seal fat. We were all worried that we

would run out and end up with no heat at all. Then somebody found a drum half full of fat. It had come off the ship, it was abandoned or fell off the ship. It had floated on to the shore and that is how we found it. The fat was a very black liquid at the time. It seemed strange to us because at that time we didn't know anything about oil. We used that oil for our lamps. We used it for heat. When we first put fire to it, the oil would burn out very early. We used it at night. We kept using that oil when night-time came.

We needed meat and oil so my husband and his father went to the floe edge where there were some loose ice floes to go whale hunting. When they wanted to come home, they realized they couldn't come back because there was a lot of loose ice. They ended up getting stuck, staying on the loose ice -- they couldn't come back.

It was around this time that my new uncle came into town from Aukarnik with two bags of walrus meat. He started giving this meat to his in-laws, Ukumaaluk and his wife, and he gave some of that meat to us. He was not a rich man. He had only five dogs himself. He didn't have many dogs because he couldn't afford them. His clothing was poor and his bedding was poor. He was given a low position in the community. He wasn't a mighty man but he was full of love. Even though he was poor, he came over to bring us this meat. I really loved him back then. That is when we started eating and having meat in the community.

Finally my husband and his father came back from the floe edge but they hadn't caught anything, not even seal meat. Their dogs were really hungry. They ended up feeding the dogs when they came back into town. My husband went out hunting again right after he came home. He went to the other side of the island with his brother-in-law Qalliraq. He was married to my husband's sister. They were hunting close to the floe edge again, around Ikpiarjuk. They were having trouble catching seals but Qalliraq caught a polar bear.

At that time we were a little nervous about catching polar bears. After they caught it my husband and Qalliraq came into town with this polar bear. Of course there was no selling polar bear skins then, so we owned it ourselves. It was all ours. It was a very fat polar bear. We used the fat to light the lamps. We split the meat with the people next door.

There was not much meat around the community at the time so my father-in-law cut the meat up and divided it equally amongst the people in the community. There were some people who were very poor and hungry so he gave them what he could. He gave them what he had. My father-in-law had a lot of love in him. He loved everyone, especially people who were poor and couldn't feed themselves. Even if he went to buy some supplies from the store and came back with only a package of gum, he would split it equally among all the children to make sure that everybody got their share. When Qalliraq got the polar bear, we stopped being hungry -- we were eating polar bear meat.

Sandra:

"When I got to grade 9, everything went downhill for awhile."

In grade eight I moved from the elementary school to the school for the older kids. I was still the youngest so I was still afraid of all those older kids. My uncles and my older cousins were in those classrooms. I was catching up to them. I remember my teacher back then... He was like the professor type. He talked a lot and he was a big philosopher. He took forever to explain things. Everyday we would watch the news. All the kids thought that watching the news was an uncool thing but he made it into a big event. Every morning at 11:00 am we would watch the news. He taught us about the stock exchange, about the values of American and Canadian money. We did a graph on it. Even now, whenever I get the chance, I still watch the 11:00 am news and see what the money value is.

Up until grade 9 I was doing very good at school. I was having a great time all those years. School was a big thing. When I got to grade 9, everything went downhill for awhile. All those years of doing well just withered away. I was in grade 9 for three years. The first time I was in grade 9 I guess it was hard for me because I was turning twelve and I was a pre-teen. I was smoking, staying out at night, never going home. I was always late for school. I was with my friends all the time. I thought school was a burden. I wanted to stay out a lot.

Everyone, my parents, my teachers were asking me what was going on. Why was I missing out on school? Why was I doing poorly? I always made excuses. I never told them exactly what my problems were. I repeated grade 9 three times. I was in grade 9 for three years. I just couldn't get my mind on school. I wasn't that surprised the first time I failed. I knew that I was doing very poorly and I expected bad grades when I got my report cards. I wasn't even all that surprised when I failed grade 9 the second time. I dismissed it, I said "To hell with it, it doesn't matter if I fail". I told myself that I didn't care.

I had three different teachers my three different years in grade 9. The first two, well, they didn't do much for me. I had troubles getting along with them. The third teacher was a woman. That was better. She knew that I was doing poorly at school and she tried to help me. She made us write journals and I wrote all the things that I felt. She encouraged me to write some more and since I have written lots of things in my journals. Finally I passed grade 9 and went on to grade 10. By failing three times I ended up back with my own age group so, same peers, so it was really easy for me, grade ten. That year it was good. I worked hard and I learned a lot.

Apphia:

"...I fell asleep with the small children beside me... When I woke up the dogs were barking really loud..."

Later that summer, after we were baptized, when my husband came home from his trip with the minister, my husband and I went travelling inland. We went to go look for caribou --

Arnanuk and Koopa, they went with us. At that time I had only two children. That couple, they had two children too. That lady Arnanuk is not alive any more. She used to be Koopa's wife. I was really pregnant at that time when we walked in-land to go caribou hunting. I was quite pregnant. I was carrying Arvaluk on my back -- I had Oopah walking beside me. We used to try to hold Oopah's hand when she was walking beside us because she was so slow but this time we couldn't. My husband was carrying the other couple's two small children, one in each arm. I was quite pregnant and I had a baby on my back. Under the baby on my back I was carrying some supplies and I was carrying things in my hands. The dogs were carrying meat and bedding on their backs. We walked for a long time. We would walk a long distance, go to sleep overnight and then start to walk again. We would not walk a whole day but we would walk a long distance each day. I remember getting a tingling feeling in my feet so they would leave me behind. My legs would get numb and I would get swollen when walked in-land quite a ways. We were caribou hunting -- we started out in late July and walked all of August.

Finally we reached the land where there was caribou and we made the camp to live in. That is when the men started walking in different directions each day with the dogs. They got caribou every time they went out. They didn't catch a whole lot of caribou at one time but they caught caribou every day. We were all trying to collect caribou skins at that time --we needed them for bedding and clothing for the winter. I wasn't quite twenty years old yet...

It was only when Martha was born that I turned twenty years old. That is when I started acting like an adult. At that time we were quite young. I was pregnant with Simon at the time. We were quite young but I was quite capable. I could make anything back then. When we got caribou skins we would scrape them and cut them into patterns. I clothed all of my family, my husband and myself. The boots that we made were waterproof. I didn't have any store bought patterns at that time but I made Arvaluk a whole outfit, a body suit. He was just a baby. Then I made a little caribou parka for Oopah. I made a little tail on her back. It was a small little caribou parka. I made myself a pair of caribou pants. I could make boots, extra soles for boots, different kinds of sewing things with caribou and sealskins. I could make slippers that go inside the kamiks. I sewed all that by myself, in the traditional way.

My husband used to wear out his soles a lot. He was walking everyday, caribou hunting, and he kept wearing out his soles, making holes in them. I figured this was getting to be too much. Do you know how the walruses have rubbery palms? I took pieces of walrus palm and placed these skins on the heels and the front of his kamiks. He spent a whole summer using those skins. Those were really good. They didn't wear out at all. When it came time to dry those soles though, I wouldn't be able to turn the kamiks inside. They were too stiff to turn inside out. I would kind of turn them halfway inside out, that is how I dried them.

We spent the whole summer caribou hunting. It started snowing then and it came to be September. Well, at that time we didn't have calendars but we could tell from the season that it was September because that snow was coming back. We were alone then. We had a small tent -- a pointed, small tent. It was just enough for a family with two small children. The older one Oopah didn't talk very much at that time. She took a long time to be able to talk but

Arvaluk, he learned to speak early. We would go to sleep fairly early when we were alone. At that time, I used to fall asleep as early as I could. I used to read my Bible before I went to sleep. That would usually make me tired. We were told at that time to read the Bible every day. I would read it even though I didn't understand it. Even though I could say the Lord's prayer, I didn't know how to pray back then.

I remember one night, the men were supposed to be away overnight so I fell asleep with the small children beside me, sleeping with me. The baby inside me really seemed to be stiffening up. We had been sleeping for a little while, suddenly we were woken up. It was by Arnanuk and she said "Aunty". Arnanuk was older than I was but she called me her aunt. Her mother was my older step-sister. She was calling to me "Wake up Aunty, the dogs are barking! Be awake for a little bit!". I was so dead asleep I hadn't heard them. When I woke up, the dogs were barking really loud. It was really dark outside but it was very calm. It had been snowing and there was a bit of snow on the ground so there was some light.

The dogs recognized me as soon as I came out of the tent. They came to me and all of the sudden they were all around me. I was scared. Suddenly all the dogs were surrounding me and they were really scared and terrified of something they didn't know. It was only the female dogs, they were the only ones that our husbands had left behind. The lady that I was with said "Come move to my tent, take your kids with you". I told her "But they are asleep" and she said "Well, carry them!". We took the kids and their blankets and as fast as we could we moved them into her tent. I took Arvaluk in my arms. He was quite small. I would have been able to carry him on my back but I just took him in my arms. We moved into her tent.

This lady had never been religious before at all. Suddenly she became really religious. She started reading the Bible that she had received from the Roman Catholic mission. We could still hear the dogs barking but I wasn't scared any more. At that time I didn't know anything about being scared of ghosts or haunted things. My companion, she was really scared. She got so scared she got really religious and kept reading the Bible and saying things like "Jesus never loved anybody who was scared and if we are scared he is never going to save us". She was reading on and on -- she was talking to me and my children in a loud voice because of the barking. Then she told me "Why don't you go have a look". She wasn't going to go outside herself. She wanted me to go have a look to go see if there was a polar bear over there. I told her "Well, I will go and see but how the hell am I going to see a polar bear when it is so dark outside". We had made candles out of caribou fat so she told me to take the little candle, take it outside with me. Since there was no wind outside, I would be able to use the candle to see what was there.

At that time, both of us were really dumb. If I took the candle with me I would not have been able to see anything because it was so dark outside. If I had not taken the candle I would have been able to see something at least because my eyes would have adjusted to the darkness. Both of us were really dumb so I just walked a little way down to the beach with the candle in my hand. Without even looking around I came back to the tent and said "There is nothing there, I didn't see anything". She said "OK". We were both in the tent -- the dogs just outside my tent were still howling and running away and acting like they were scared, really scared. They were

darting around, jumping around. She told me to stay awake so I lay there, listening to the dogs barking and thinking to myself "What a nice noise that is". I just fell asleep. Suddenly she woke me up again and screamed "I am going to start shooting!". She had a gun in her hands and was going to start shooting all around the tent. I asked her "Are you afraid of a polar bear? Is there a polar bear around?". She said "No, I think it is Satan". She was going to try and shoot at Satan. I told her "Don't shoot anything, I am going to go have a look and see if Satan is around". I went to go have a look but I couldn't find Satan. I came back in.

She had been sewing the door of the tent, sealing it from the wind. She was trying to seal it really tight but her stitches were a bit far apart. She took the butt of the gun and poked it through the holes and started shooting outside. She was shooting like a crazy person, shooting all around. I started laughing by this time. She looked at me and she smiled -- after she smiled it was much better. After she finished shooting, the dogs quieted down -- everything quieted down. We stopped being scared and we slept for a really long time. It had been calm earlier but by early morning, it got really windy. It got really windy and the wind was blowing all around the tents. She had sewn the door shut so there was no way the wind could get at the lamp. It was snowing and windy and we couldn't hear anything outside but the wind. It was just about daylight when all of the sudden I heard a noise amongst the rocks we were using to hold the tent down at the back of the tent. Someone was removing those rocks. That is when I finally got scared. I screamed "Arnanuk wake up, somebody is removing those rocks". She sat up and picked up a rock in her hand. She was going to throw a rock at whatever it was coming in the back of the tent. It was her husband. Apparently her husband had thought that if the wind was coming in too much from the front, he was going to come in the back so the wind didn't come in with him. We thought he was Satan or something. That is how it was. I remember that incident very clearly.

We stayed in that camp for awhile and then we heading off the land and back to the ocean. I remember meeting up with one of my aunts and her husband. I don't know where they came from but we met up with them right there in the middle of the in-land and that was a very happy time. I befriended my aunt, probably because I was quite young. The lady that was with me was quite young too but she was kind of cranky.

I remembered that my aunt had been given a husband back when I was still a child so I guess she was older than me... But she was still young at the time. We had been headed towards the ocean when we met them. My husband and I were tending to the caribou skins. He would scrape them off for me sometimes. We were living in iglavigas, snow houses, at that time. We had ran out of caribou fat. We met them when we had nothing to light the lamps with.

Sandra:

"...those years, grades 11 and 12, I became more aware of the problems around town."

Those were really great years, grades 10, 11 and 12. I found out a lot of things about myself. In grade 10, I started doing things for other people. I did so much I didn't have time for myself. I joined the student council when I was in grade 9. I was very active on it. I worked so hard on the student council that my school work suffered. I just didn't care about my studies when I was on the student council. At first I was just a secretary and then the next year I became a treasurer, the next year vice-president and in my last year, I became the president. When I became president, all my time was spent working on the student council. We held dances for kids and we started accumulating money. My sister Mona, she was the vice-president when I was the president so we did a lot of things together.

Also those years, grades 11 and 12, I became more aware of the problems around town. I knew certain kids were having very rough problems outside of school. I sort of became a social worker for these kids. I started staying up late, talking to them. I listened to them. I was very sympathetic and I tried my best to help them or let them talk at least. Sometimes they would talk to me for hours at a time, days at a time. Most of these kids had suicidal thoughts and bad things were happening to them. It became really important for me to be there for them. I wanted to be there for those kids 24 hours a day.

In grade 11 I would stay in the classrooms after school and clean up the classroom. I would try to make the classroom really nice for my other classmates. I got a civic award that year. Sometimes other kids would stay after school, just to hang out, just to talk. Teachers didn't know that much about what was going on. We didn't want to be bored. We didn't want to go home so we stayed around after school to hang out.

When I quit school, I had more time for my friends. I saw them a lot more. I could stay up late because I didn't have to worry about going to school in the morning. There were so many kids who had problems. When we got together, I always encouraged them to talk some more but to older people, experienced people. There was a poster in the Health Centre that advertised a crisis line in the Baffin region. The poster said it was free and confidential so we started going to the pay phone in the doorway of the Health Centre, the nursing station, to call.

I realize now how long it takes for people to get better. It is hard growing up, so it takes awhile for things to get better. My closest friends are doing a lot better. They weren't my friends before. We didn't start out as friends, but after all the talking we did, that's what happened. My closest friends, some of them were sexually abused. I can't believe some of the things that have happened to people up here. This particular girl, I remember having to be with her all the time at one point to make sure that she was OK. At first I didn't believe her when she told me the things that were happening to her. Nothing like that has ever happened to me. She cried a lot the first months. I held her a lot. Now she is OK. She is happy. She has a child to take care of but she is still in school. She won't give up going to school.

Usually every weekend I talk to some friends to see if they are OK. One week-end this spring I listened to three separate kids talking about suicide. That was one scary weekend. They were desperate, they were ready to act. They showed me marks, their attempts. I remember

staying awake for a long, long time. I didn't go home either for a while. One girl, she was really crying, she couldn't talk any more. She was shaking. She is 14 years old. She is just a kid. So many things have happened to her already in her life and she is just a kid.

5. I WILL TELL YOU ABOUT MY MARRIAGE...

Apphia:

"I will tell you about my marriage."

Arranged marriages, they aren't done any more. We used to live with a guy really really young. Sometimes it was right after we had our first period -- that was when we were seen as an adult -- sometimes it was even before that. My mother got married when she was twelve years old... no, maybe she was fourteen. I was born in 1936. No, it was 1931. Maybe she got married a year or two before that, when she was twelve or fourteen. That was a long time ago - I cannot remember. It was before I was even born. I was born in 1931.

This story isn't about my mother. It is about my own arranged marriage. I am a little

worried talking about this... I am a little worried about saying this on tape. If these tapes become a book, I would worry about people becoming shocked, people becoming upset when they read it... I would worry about that, people being shocked... My marriage, it isn't a nice story, it doesn't sound nice -- I don't want people to be shocked. At first I didn't like my husband -- I didn't like him at all. But as I grew up, I began to realize what a good husband I have and how lucky I am. He is a good man. I will tell you about my marriage. I will tell you anyways -- that way younger people will learn.

I think my mother was 14 or 15 when she had me. I asked her once and she couldn't quite figure it out how old she was when she had me. Her husband, Koobloo, he was a man a lot older than her. It was arranged that she live with him so she moved in with him when she was really young. He already had kids of his own, they were about the same age as my mother. He was a lot older than her. His oldest daughter was a little bit younger than my mother, maybe just a year younger. It was an arranged marriage.

In the old days, even if women didn't want to live with the guy, the elders would arrange the marriage. They thought they were helping the woman. If the woman was an orphan, she would probably get married very very young. If a woman didn't have a mother or father, she would need someone to look after her. She would move in with a guy at an early age so that her in-laws would look after her. That is how it was in the old days with Inuit.

Not all women were married so young. Some of them would turn 17, 18 or even 19 before they started living with someone. They would learn how to sew and they would learn a lot of things before they got married. Sometimes parents and adopted parents wouldn't let their daughter marry early. If they were older people and they couldn't look after themselves, they would want their daughter around to look after them. Daughters would stay at home and look after the parents. They might let their daughter marry if the man who wanted to marry their daughter agreed to stay with that family. That is the only way that they would give the lady to the man to be married. Sometimes it was the man's parents that were old and needed help, then a woman would be given to that family so that she could look after the parents-in-law. Back then, every human being was useful. We would help each other in any way we could.

Yes, the time when I first got married was a really unhappy time for me. I remember it quite well. When I got married, I had no idea what marriage was all about. I didn't know how to treat a husband. I didn't even know about sex. My husband and I, we weren't like the young people today -- we weren't lovers when we moved in together. I was very young and I was forced to marry him -- my family and his family, they forced me. He was a lot older than me and he was a widow. He had been married to a woman before me. I hadn't finished growing yet-- I hadn't even started to menstruate. That is how young I was. I was just a kid.

My whole life, I had been promised to someone else. We had been promised to each other by our mothers when we were just babies. I grew up thinking I was going to marry this other man but he got tired of waiting for me to grow up so he married another woman.

My father, Arvaluk, and my in-laws were from different camps. We met in a big group once and awhile. I lived alone with my father because I didn't have a mother. We lived in a small camp. He wasn't my real father, he was my adoptive father and he was very very old. I used to help him. He was half deaf so I would interpret for him every time somebody was talking. I even used to sleep in the same bed as my father -- I did this until I was a teenager, until I grew breasts. I remember I used to get really cold in bed when I started sleeping alone.

My father, Arvaluk, he was getting old when I got married. He knew that he wouldn't be living on the earth for many more years -- he knew he was going to die early and he wanted me taken care of. I had no mother and my father was afraid of me being an orphan so he asked Awa's family if they would take me as their daughter-in-law. He knew that when he died I wouldn't be able to live alone so he arranged a marriage for me. He arranged it out of love. Even though I was his only daughter and the only one around to look after him, my father gave me up to this man and his family. At the time my husband and I got married, there were other teenage women in the camp who had their periods and were ready for marriage, but I was the one who got married. I was so young -- I had never thought about falling in love or marriage. They took me and we moved to Arctic Bay from Ikpiarjuk, from Igloolik. I was perhaps thirteen or fourteen years old.

My husband, he was a really shy person. When we got married it was his father who told him to come and take me away from my father. My husband, he was a lot older than me and he had already been married but he was still really scared. I remember that day. My future husband came to my house while I was playing outside with a friend. He had a blanket with him and he covered himself. I was running around with my friend, visiting people and he started following me. I noticed that he was following me and I started running away, trying to get away from him. The friend that I was with had her period already, she looked older than me but he wasn't after her. He was after me. We reached a house beside the beach and in the house there was an old lady. It was night-time. She asked me what I was doing there and I said Awa was looking for me. As soon as I told her that she told me not to be scared. She said she had already heard what was going on. I was still scared. Her whole family was in the sod-house. They were all on the bed together. The older people were not concerned with what was going on. They thought I was being silly so I walked over all the people on the bed to where the young people were. I was desperate and I figured the young people might understand. I walked on top of the people who were in bed and tried to hide. My husband, he looked in but he didn't see me. He just came in and took off again. As soon as I noticed that he had gone, I got out of the bed and left the sod-house. As I was walking out he grabbed me and I started crying. I was so scared. I wondered why he was after me. I was so scared of him. I was wondering what he was going to do. I had never thought of falling in love or going to bed with a guy.

My future husband, he took me to his parents house. I was crying and struggling so hard he let me go. As soon as he let me go I started running. I ran over to my friends house and when I reached the porch I hid myself underneath all the caribou clothing. My future husband followed me. When he entered the house I ran out -- I was really young. I went and hid somewhere else on the porch and when my future husband came out again, when I heard him

leave, I went back outside to where my friends were. He wasn't around but I stayed close to the other teenagers playing outside for the next little while and when he came outside again, I started running. He grabbed me. He took me over to his house again. I was fighting so he had a hard time taking me into the house. I was still crying when he brought me in but he held on to me so hard that I couldn't move. I didn't want to stay in the house, I wanted to go back to my father, so I started kicking the door and the wall and crying. He still held on to me. There was an axe close by and as soon as he let me go, I grabbed the axe and I tried to kill him. Since I was weak and he was strong, he grabbed the axe from me. My in-laws were in the same bed as us. They didn't care what we were doing. They were laughing at me. I felt so alone. He kept me in that house all night long. Since I couldn't leave the house I slept inside.

The next morning I woke up, my future husband left the house so I took off and went home. I told my father what happened. He didn't care. He just laughed. All my step-sisters, they heard what I said and they started making a caribou outfit for me. They told me that I was going to need the caribou outfit because I was leaving the camp. They didn't want to worry me so they told me that I was leaving my future husband behind to go out camping. I was so happy.

They put the new clothes on me. It was a beautiful caribou outfit and I went out to the porch to get oil for the qullik. While I was there I heard my future husband and my father talking about me becoming his wife. My father was telling him how he was getting old and how he couldn't look after me anymore. "As long as she is well looked after", my father said, my husband could take me.

When I heard this, I went back inside in the house and started screaming. I was screaming that there was no way that I was going to go with my husband. I asked my future husband to leave the house so he left. I started crying and talking back to my father. I was screaming at him, telling him that I didn't want to leave him. I didn't want to get married. That night, when I went to sleep, my future husband came in and got into the bed with me. I was crying and screaming but no one did anything.

The next morning I woke up. My family had told me that I was going out camping that day. My sister Kutiaq and some other ladies had made me a new caribou parka and I remember putting on the new outfit that they had made for me. I was really happy knowing that I would be leaving my future husband in the camp, leaving him behind. We started on our camping trip and I remember travelling on the qamutiq across the ice. My brother Qayak and his wife were travelling with me that time. We stopped to have tea and I remember seeing a dogteam coming. They were moving very fast. Then a dogteam got close to us and I recognized him. It was my future husband. We were out on the ice having tea -- we were drinking tea at that time so when he pulled up they offered him tea. I found out later that my friends and family had fooled me. They knew about him coming. They had all planned it without me knowing.

After our tea, I went to get back on my brother's qamutiq but before I could get on my brother took off really fast. He left me behind. My future husband grabbed me -- I was kicking

and screaming. He put me on his qamutiq, tied me up and left me. I remember he was very careful tying me up. He took me to his parents' camp. It was getting dark when we got in and the house was dark. My eyes were swollen from crying. I was embarrassed and sorry to be sleeping in my father-in-law's house.

The next day I went out visiting. I went to go see other people in the camp that I knew. I was trying to get away from him. That is how badly I didn't want to marry him. I had never grown up with him. He looked a lot older than I was and I was very young. I had never been told about men, I had never been touched by men before. I hadn't even had my first menstruation. Every time I left, he went to get me from the neighbour's house. I was trying to hide from him but the people that I was visiting always told him where I was.

We used to go to bed but we never had sex for a long time. I would be in bed with him and stay with him in bed and I thought this was the way married life was. Apparently I was wrong. I guess he was waiting for me to grow up. He wanted to be with me and be my husband but he thought I was too young. He was waiting for my body to develop into adulthood. I was small and he waited for a long time. He never bothered me or tried to have sex with me. When I started menstruating, that is when I found out about sex... If it was today, with the RCMP and social services, I would report that I was raped by my husband and they would take him away from me... I remember being so upset after it happened to me. I remember telling my mother-in-law about this bad thing that had happened to me. She scolded me and screamed at me saying "Don't say things like that" and I remember telling her "But it hurt". Sometimes I wasn't too truthful.

When I saw other women, they were treated differently. I remember seeing women that went to bed without fighting their husband. I fought with my husband lots of times. I know a lady, she and her husband started living together in springtime and she fought so much that they didn't have sex until that fall. She would run away from him and he would follow. He would chase her and she would get angrier. That is how life was for us though...

In these new camps, girls wouldn't know what to do, what to say. It was like that for me and my in-laws. I didn't want to be married at all. My husband just picked me up from my father's camp and moved me to another community. I had to live with people I had never met before, people who were strangers to me. I didn't know what to do, what to say around them. It was very confusing for me and I was very homesick. Slowly, though, we young wives learned the way things worked in the new camps. We would learn married life. Looking back, when I think about how it was for me, I feel sorry for myself. It was terrible...

It took almost a year, maybe two years for me to stop being homesick all the time. It took that long for me to learn how my husband behaved and what kind of things he liked. That was how it was...

Apphia:

"Back then, getting married wasn't the same as it is today."

Back then, getting married wasn't the same as it is today. Marriages were often arranged at birth. As soon as a baby was born, it would be promised to someone. If a baby girl was born, and if there is a boy born at the same time, then often it would be arranged that when they grew up they would be married to each other. That actually happened, the two sets of parents would make the decision together and babies would grow up promised to each other. The parents would arrange it when the babies were first born.

In the old days men could only get married when they were ready. If a man couldn't hunt, if he didn't have dogs of his own and if he couldn't support his family by himself, then he couldn't get married. Today, it is different -- today nobody has a job all the time. Today even if a man doesn't have a job, he can still get married.

Back then, if a man was ready for a wife, he would start visiting the family of the woman he was promised to and start living with her. The man would start staying over at the woman's house. He would stay in the house often enough so that the woman would know what was happening. In the end the parents would tell her. They would tell her that she was going to marry this man. In the end she didn't have any choice but to marry him. She would leave her family to go live with him and with his parents. That is how marriages were. They didn't go out together or fall in love before they started to live together -- they just moved in. That was the old days.

If it was an arranged marriage and if the couple were old enough, they would get married even if they didn't know each other. Sometimes couples who had never talked or slept together would get married. Women were just taken from their camps one day and moved away -- we had no say. Once we got married we would start sleeping with our husbands. It was really

terrible that way. I had never slept with a guy before I got married. When we got married I had to open up and fall in love with my husband. That is how it was done in the old days.

When we started living with a guy, we left our families. We wouldn't see them for a year or so and we couldn't call them on the telephone or communicate with them. As parents, when it came time for our daughters to get married, we would worry about them. Sometimes the elders would worry about the women in their families who were taken away -- sometimes there were men who would beat up their wives. We would worry about our daughters. It was like that in the old days.

Getting married, it was fun, part of it, but part of it would build up anger in us. We had to agree. When we went to live with our in-laws, we were supposed to keep quiet and not talk about our lives or the problems we were having with other people. When we were living in it, when we were doing it, it was alright -- happiness was around us. There didn't seem to be all that many stressful situations... But looking back, it was very difficult lifestyle -- it was a terrible thing we went through as women, as teenagers. The struggles we went through, we don't forget.

Sandra:

"When I think about settling down and raising a family, I don't really know what I will do."

When I think about settling down and raising a family, I don't really know what I will do. I'm not afraid of having babies. I know that I know more about having babies, medically speaking, than my mother or my grandmother knew when they had their first few. They were so young. I grew up in a big family and watched my brothers and sisters being born. And I've had lots of experience taking care of new-borns and toddlers because of my younger sisters and brother and cousins. I know that when I have kids, I won't be in the same position my mother and my grandmother were. Still, I am afraid of raising kids as wonderful as my parents and my grandparents did. They are a tough act to follow.

When I think about raising a family though, I am not really sure where I am at. My grandmother's generation grew up being told what to do, who to marry. Their life was set by the parents-- their parents did a lot of their decision-making for them. My mother's and father's generation, they were left alone. They got to choose who they wanted to marry because they were away from their parents most of the time. There was still a bit of traditional culture in them though. They married so young.

A lot of elders now are so afraid of telling kids what to do, who to marry. They don't want to act backwards. It must have been so hard for people of that generation, not having a choice about who to marry. I think a lot of them have come to accept that their traditional upbringing and the way they think about marriage doesn't fit with the way things are today. I think they know that education and jobs are more important now than they were when they were growing up. They won't say much about people's marriages. They are afraid of nasty feedback.

I've had a few spiffs with my grandparents and my parents about boyfriends. Sometimes, when I got a new boyfriend, my parents would drop little hints that they thought I had made the wrong choice. My grandmother has been much more direct. One time she chased a boyfriend of mine out of her house with a broom and told him not to come back. Other times she just told me which boy she thought I should be with.

Sometimes I don't know what to do... I mean, I need advice and I care a lot what they think. I want their approval -- sometimes I almost want them to choose a husband for me. And then again... I don't know if I would accept their choices. Sometimes the people she points out to me, she doesn't know half of what I know about them. Some of them might act nice to my grandmother but they would be terrible to live with... I've asked myself that before, if they chose someone for me would I go along with it? I'm confused a lot lately so sometimes I think

I would probably just go through with it just so I wouldn't have to go through all the hassles of worrying about who to marry... On the other hand sometimes I think I wouldn't go along with it because I'd be thinking about my future in today's career world. If I settled down and had a family right now, I don't know if I would be able to finish my education. What if I had to go look for a job somewhere outside of Pond Inlet. If I gave up getting married for a career though, I would have to leave my family. Maybe I'd even meet someone and raise a family far away. Having a family away from home would be so hard. Sometimes I think it would be easier to start one right now in Pond Inlet. I really don't know...

Apphia:

"...there were our own marriages, and then there were marriages by the missionary."

Marriages back then, there were two different kinds. This is when we started moving in off the land. When we lived on the land, there were our own marriages, and then there were marriages by the missionary.

Myself, I got married to my husband in 1967. I got married by the minister because the government told us we should. The government told us that men were supposed to work and support their wives. My husband was working and even though we had lots of kids, he used to get paid only enough money for himself. He wouldn't get money for the kids. We were told that if we were married, he could write down who he was supporting. That way he could write down all of our kids names and myself. That is why we got married, to support all of our kids on his salary. It was in 1967 that I got married and we got rings, beautiful rings -- we were told to wear them on our hands. I still have mine. It was when I was pregnant with my eleventh child, my daughter Ida. We got married because he was working and we needed money. If he hadn't been working at the time, I wouldn't have married him. It was the government's idea that we get married. They told us to get married so we did.

6. WHEN I FIRST FOUND OUT I WAS PREGNANT...

Apphia:

"I remember when I first found out I was pregnant."

I am going to talk about how pregnancy was taken care of in the old days. When we were children, we weren't told about pregnancies. I was told by parents that I wouldn't get pregnant unless I slept with a man. When I met my husband, after we had sex, that is when I got pregnant. I didn't know that I was pregnant. That was after the first time I had sex.

I had my first period when I was already with my husband. I had my first period, I had my second period, and then I got pregnant. I was only 14 years old when I got pregnant. By the time I was 15 years old, I had a baby. I didn't know anything about pregnancy at that time - I didn't know I was pregnant. I wasn't worried about my periods. I tricked my body and I played outside and did a lot of heavy work not knowing that I was pregnant. I wasn't worried about losing the baby either.

I remember when I first found out I was pregnant. I didn't know anything about having babies at that time. I was so young back then. My mother-in-law, she noticed something was happening to me. She noticed by my face that I was pregnant. My face looked like I was pregnant. Women, you can tell by their faces when they are pregnant and they get cold very

quickly. They are pale and tired looking when they are pregnant. My face was like that and I felt that way -- I felt tired all the time. One day when I was sewing, I was working on a caribou amautiq, she turned to me and asked me to sit down in front of her. I didn't know what she was doing so I sat down. I was holding the amautiq in my hands. She reached out her hand and touched my belly. She said "There it is." I asked her "What is it?" and she said "You are pregnant".

I said that I didn't know because I didn't know anything about being pregnant or pregnancy. When I looked at my belly, I didn't feel pregnant at all. Usually when they get pregnant they get a big belly. She asked me to sit down in front of her so I did. She started feeling my belly and she said "There it is. You're pregnant."

I got really scared when I found out I was pregnant. I got really frightened. I didn't know I was pregnant until then and I told her "Don't tell anybody." I told her "Don't tell your aninook." -- she called my husband her aninook, her dear brother. She said "I won't tell anybody." I was really happy knowing that she wouldn't tell anybody. I was really scared of my husband finding out -- I was scared of him. She said that she wouldn't tell him. It was a big thing that I was pregnant.

When my husband came in from hunting, I helped him undress. I went out on the porch to hang his caribou clothing. He was putting on his ordinary clothing and while I was outside on the porch, she told him. She said "Aninook, you are going to be a father".

That night when we went to bed, he reached out his hand and started rubbing my belly. I used to be so scared of him at that time that I would wake up my parents-in-law every time he would try and have sex with me. I would scream out in pain and my father-in-law would save me. I was so stupid at that time... That night though, I asked him, I said "What are you doing? Why are you rubbing my belly?" He said "You are going to have a baby." I started crying. I was so scared. I asked him "You found out?" Of course he found out... he was going to find out in the end anyway.

Sandra:

"Even when Mona got pregnant, I thought that my parents would get pissed off when she told them."

I never used to say much about my boyfriends to my parents. When my dad found out I was going out with a guy, he would always tell me that he thought the guy was on drugs. I used to go out secretly, not tell them much. They never said anything about Allan, Mona's boyfriend though. Even when Mona got pregnant, I thought that my parents would get pissed off when she told them. Mona said it in a vague sort of way, "Oh Mom, I've been missing my periods lately", that kind of thing. And my mom said "Well you must be pregnant". That was about it. My Dad, he was in the washroom at the time. Mom told him when he came out. His

face was hidden for awhile, he was quiet, then he turned around and had a big smile on his face. That really shocked me. She was fourteen, fifteen, something like that. I thought he would start screaming and yelling. He was smiling pretty hard.

When we were growing up, Mona and I, we didn't talk that much about sex and those kinds of things to my mom. It was embarrassing to talk about all that so I always tried to be there for my sister with her boyfriend. I repeatedly told her to go to the nursing station and get some pills or do something. She was afraid to go, not really afraid, maybe shy or something and she didn't think she'd get pregnant. She was with her boyfriend for a long time, probably about a year, when she had her baby. At first, I was really disappointed in my sister for not listening to me, for not taking the pills. I was disappointed in my parents being casual about it. I guess I was disappointed also because Mona started changing -- she started growing up and it was hard to let go of her. It was hard to see her grow up. When we were twelve, thirteen, fourteen my sister and I were inseparable, we were together all the time. At first I was a little upset with Allan for taking her away but Terry, her son, he is like a gem or something, he's cute.

One time she did listen to us was when my mom was telling her to eat healthy and all that, when my mom was telling her to eat lots and lots of meat. She listened to all of my mom's advice about what she should eat. I remember telling her as well to eat lots of meat. When you are a teenager, eating traditional food is un-cool but when my sister got pregnant, she ate a lot of it and I was proud of her.

Apphia:

"We had just built a new sod-house the fall that I had my first baby."

When women got pregnant for the first time, the older women in the camp would teach us how to have children. They would teach us how to look after ourselves when we were pregnant and what to do when we got labour pains. They would teach the young women what we were supposed to know while we were pregnant and what to do when we were about to deliver.

Today our life style is a lot different than it was in the old days. Before, we had to listen to the elders. We had to listen to talks from the elders when we were pregnant. They told us that every time we had contractions we had to move our belly back and forth and we had to sit up straight and walk around a lot. We had to go outside as soon as possible in the mornings. If we got up in the mornings and went out into the cold, we would deliver earlier and have a more proud delivery. That is how we were taught before we had doctors and nurses. That was a while back.

We had just built a new sod-house the fall that I had my first baby. We were in the sod-house -- it was covered with snow. That was a scary time. Those scary times, there are lots of them for me, I don't know why. I was scared of a lot of things in my teenage years. Sometimes

I think that maybe the reason I was always scared , the reason was because I was always reminded of that time when I shot my little brother. Sometimes I think that maybe it is that. People were always reminding me of that, making me scared because of what I had done. I carried that fear with me all of my life. I was scared of everything.

Giving birth is not a scary thing, but for me, I thought it was scary. We had our babies at home back then. No one had told me what happens when you give birth. I was young -- I had no idea what pregnancy was like. People told me some things. They had told me "This is what you do and this is how you are supposed to act" and I followed what they said. I was taught some things about pregnancy and labour. I was taught things like never lie on my side or hips and if I felt like I was going to fall, try and fall on my belly. They told me that if I fell on my bottom or my hips, the baby would die right away. If I was going to fall, I was supposed to fall on my belly.

I was told that if the baby started moving while I was carrying it, that I would feel it. I would also feel it when the baby had the hiccups. I remember when I first started feeling the baby moving and hiccups. I was told that if I had any tightening feelings, I should try to move my belly back and forth. I was told that the tightening feelings are contractions -- and that they would get really hard and uncomfortable. I was told to move my belly back and forth. The reason why I had to do this was the fetus was living in a bag and it had a placenta that stored the foods that the baby was eating from. The cord was attached to the placenta and into the baby's belly. If I didn't move my belly back and forth every time I felt a tightening, the placenta will stick to the wall of my uterus.

I was told never to sit for a long period of time. If I wanted to have a good delivery, I was supposed to walk around a lot. When I was pregnant I was only supposed to carry things that were light and easy for me to carry. I was told that it took nine months to deliver and if you were going to abort, you would abort at seven months or five months. If the baby went full term, it would come out at nine months. That is what I was taught. That is what I was taught by my elders and that is what I did every time I got pregnant. The first time I got pregnant, I was just fifteen.

I remember when I went into labour that first time, my husband had gone out hunting for the day. It was October and the ice hadn't come back in yet. My husband had taken the rifle, the one we used for seals -- he took that with him and left the bigger, narwhal rifle behind. I remember I was outside the house. I looked up and saw a seal in the water, not far from the camp. I was quite small that time when I was pregnant -- I had a big tummy but I was still growing myself. I grabbed the narwhal gun and shot the seal. When the gun went off it tipped me over on my back. I fell down and then I had trouble standing up again -- I was so pregnant! I had a pain in my stomach and my back and I had trouble standing up. I went into labour right after that and stayed in labour for quite a while. My husband came home from hunting and when it came time for me to deliver, he made a bed for me to lie on. He took the mattress out and he dug up the rocks and made a ditch. He put a nice blanket on it and right there I delivered.

When I was having that first baby I was really frightened. I was in that ditch and I had someone behind me, behind my back, holding me up. Everyone around me was telling me "Try and break the water. Try and break the water. If the water is broken, then the baby will come out". I kept looking for water, I was looking around the tent. I couldn't find any water. They told me it was a hard thing between my legs, something I had to burst. I tried to reach it but I didn't know what I was doing. I tried to scratch between my legs. I was scratching, looking for this hard spot that I would have to burst. Apparently I was scratching at the poor baby's head, pinching the baby's head and scratching the skin out. There was no water -- I couldn't find any water and I was really really sore. When the woman helping me finally checked to see what I was doing, she said it was the head that I had been scratching and told me to push. I tried to push. I pushed so hard my ears were ringing and I fainted.

Afterwards, I woke up and found out I had a baby daughter. I had a baby girl. Poor Oopah, she was born with sores on her head because I didn't know what I was doing. I felt so horrible looking at her head, thinking about how I had scratched the skin off. It wasn't that I was dumb. I so naive when I had my first baby. If I had been told what was going to happen, at least I would have known better. That is how it was that particular time. That is how I had my first baby.

Whenever I delivered, the people who helped me deliver, they would get ready. They would get a towel, thread, scissors and they would get water that had been heated on top of the qullik. Also they would get a blanket for the baby and pads for myself. We didn't have cotton at that time so we used rabbit skin for our pads. Right after the delivery there is always some heavy bleeding. Rabbit skin was the best pad that we used a long time ago. They don't stain and they are good. After we used them we would throw them away.

We used to deliver out in camp. I had my first child when there was no Qallunaat around, no doctors, just my husband and his family. My mother-in-law didn't help me that much at that time. She didn't pay much attention to me. She didn't teach me much. When I was giving birth to my first baby my husband was the one who helped me deliver and cleaned me up. He also helped other women when they gave birth. He always wanted to see what was happening and take care of women when they were giving birth. That was his natural talent, delivering babies. When he heard the screams of a woman giving birth, he would be raring to go.

We were told to do lots of things so that childbirth would go well for us. We were told to move our belly whenever we felt it tightening up so that the placenta wouldn't stick to the wall of the uterus. If that placenta didn't come out during childbirth, the ladies helping out would use their fingers and try and find it. The woman who was helping deliver the baby would cut off her finger nails and put her hands inside. That part called the cervix, they would have to pass that in order to put their hands inside the uterus. With her fingers, she would slowly

push down on the placenta and take it out of the uterus. When the baby was born the cord was cut. After you pull your hands out of the uterus you slowly pull the cord. That is how they save women from difficulties in labour. That is how they saved the lives of the women. If they did that, the placenta would come out. If the placenta didn't come out, they would wash their hands and put their hands in the uterus and find the placenta. That was in the old days.

I remember there was a lady who delivered and the placenta was stuck to the wall of the uterus. That happened to me once too. I was in labour and the snow house was really cold. It was dark and cold. The uterus was contracting but the placenta didn't come out. I asked the lady if it was going to stay in my uterus and the lady said no. She said it was going to come out the next day. The next day I felt like I was delivering another baby and I saw that the placenta had come out by itself. It was like a liver coming out.

Sometimes when people were out travelling a lady would suddenly go into labour and they would have to stop in the cold winter days and make an igloo very quickly. They would deliver inside the igloo without heat. They would still survive. It was their life -- it was the way they lived.

Some women though, they took their time delivering. Some women like to have people around. Some women like to have one person around. I found out that if there were lots of people around I wouldn't deliver. If it was just my husband was around, I would deliver really fast.

Sometimes I would have babies really quickly. Maybe I would be eating in a hurry and feeling fine and then all of the sudden I would have a big pain and then suddenly my water would come out. If I found out that the water had broke and that the baby was coming out, I would tell my husband that I was in labour. Very quickly my husband would make the bed and I would lie down and deliver in bed. It was like this -- sometimes we delivered really fast -- we had to get ready in a hurry.

If it was the middle of the night and a woman went into labour, the men would get up very quickly and dress up and leave the house -- just like if they were scared. They would go next door and just listen to make sure everything was alright. When the baby was born someone would go next door and tell the husband that his wife just had a baby. Then he would come over.

The women would choose how they wanted to deliver the first time -- afterwards they would use the same way all the time. Some of the women like to look after themselves. Some of the women liked to have someone else look after them or check them. Some of the women like to check themselves. Some of the women are in more pain when someone else is looking

after them. A lot of women are in pain when they are in labour, but some of the women have more pain around the tummy, like diarrhoea cramps. There were some women who were checked by different women all the time and they didn't care. That is how delivery was.

All deliveries, all labour pains are different. All my children, I delivered them all in the camp, in the sod-house -- only two children were born in the house. For the last one I went out to Iqaluit to deliver. I was in labour but I couldn't deliver. It took me four days and I was placed on my back to deliver so I couldn't deliver. I had so much trouble with that one. For Before, when I was delivering I did it sitting up and usually my husband was around. It took me four days to deliver my last one. I was in the hospital in Hall Beach. When I delivered in my own house on the land, my husband would be with me holding my hand, I was so used to that that I couldn't deliver when I was in the hospital. Once you deliver by yourself, or with a friend, or with your husband, that is the only way that you can deliver. I was in labour in the hospital but I couldn't deliver because my husband wasn't around. When we were on the land, my husband was my doctor. Every time I delivered he was the only one that would look after me. He would make my bed and put me in a good position. I would deliver and he would cut the cord. He would cut the cord and wrap and wash the baby. I would clean myself. We didn't have doctors back then to look after us. That was it.

Rhoda:

"I remember when Sandra was born."

I remember when Sandra was born. At that time, when we had babies, we were supposed to go down and have them in the hospital in Iqaluit. She was due end of July and I think I left the last week in June or the first week in July. Josh had gone to a fishing camp to do some work so I left before he came back. I stayed at this residence, this home where they take in people going to the hospital. I stayed there for a little bit and then I found out that I had an uncle there. I don't know how I found that out -- we had telephones by that time and we had a local operator so I guess I had called my parents. I moved over to my aunt and uncle's house. They were a family, so I was a lot more comfortable there than I had been in the hostel -- it didn't feel so strange for me in Iqaluit after that. My uncle looked just like my dad. It was the first time I had seen him and he looked just like my dad so I was completely at home in their house. My aunt was very nice. They had all six of their children living with them at that time except the youngest one that they have now.

They had eggs everyday, fried eggs everyday for lunch. They were very fat people. My other aunt, my mother's sister's daughter, Blandina, she was a very good friend of mine. This sister of my mother's, she wasn't from Sullaaq, maybe from Koobloo?... She and I were hanging around together a lot during the month I stayed there. I didn't have anybody else to spend time with. It was her first year working for the government. She had her own apartment so we hung around a lot together.

One afternoon -- this was in July so it was quite warm -- we went out for a walk -- we were picking some plants to eat. There were hardly any buildings past the high-rise in Iqaluit back then. Up in the neighbourhood they call Happy Valley now, there wasn't anything there. That is where we were. We were wandering around, just picking plants and eating. The afternoon that I had Sandra, we had been out for a long walk. I was squatting down to pick a plant -- I was quite big, nine months pregnant -- all of the sudden my cousin screamed behind me -- I got up and ran like crazy. I hadn't run in about two months and then all of a sudden I got up and just ran like crazy because she was screaming from fright. I thought there was a polar bear or something and she was running beside me. She said "There is a bee in one of those tires". I was running just because of a stupid bee! If she had told me that it was just a bee that she was afraid of instead of screaming her head off, I wouldn't have ran.

We came home -- we went to her apartment and I stayed there for quite a long time, the rest of the day. By midnight, I thought it was about time I went home. It gets dark in a hurry in Iqaluit in July and this was almost the end of July. We were looking out the window. My cousin was telling me that there was people drinking downstairs. The bar was on the main floor of her building. I didn't know that there was a bar there until then.

Anyways, I went downstairs and tried going out the front door of the building. All of a sudden I saw a person right in front of the door -- there was this guy coming out from the bar, and he was trying to take a pee on the side of the building. He was hiding himself. He didn't realize that there was somebody there who saw what was going on. I thought "Oh heck, he's going to be embarrassed so I closed the door again". I waited there for a few minutes and he started walking away so I opened the door and started walking home. I started walking down towards where my uncle was staying. The high-rise is on a hill. There is a little bit of a hill that you have to go down to get to where the houses are.

As I was walking down, the guy that had just been peeing, he started coming towards me. I didn't realize he had been following me because my back was turned. He started shouting my name, not my name but "Hey you", that type of thing. I looked back and he was quite close -- he caught up to me and he said "Hi Honey, wanna go to my house". I was nine months pregnant. He must have been quite drunk. Anyway, he was kind of flirting with me and he said he wanted to be with me and stuff like that. And I didn't know him at all -- to this day I don't even know who he is. I was kind of scared and I could smell the alcohol on him so I walked away.

I was trying to pretend that I was not scared so I wasn't running away, I was just slowly walking away. He grabbed my arm and he was trying to kiss me all over so I finally decided that I'd had enough and I pushed him away -- I started running down the hill. There I was, I hadn't run for quite a few months and I was sprinting twice that day. I ran all the way to my uncle's house. It was a ways away. I got home and fell asleep. I didn't have any contractions when I first got home. I fell asleep.

Then in the middle of the night, maybe 2 or 3 in the morning, I got up -- I was in pain.

Both my aunt and uncle were sleeping so I went over to their room and told them I was having labour pains. Since this was my first baby, I didn't know how bad the pains were going to be so I told them as soon as I knew that I was having pain. They probably weren't all that bad. They got up and my aunt got all excited -- she was pacing the room, her room -- she just got up out of bed and started pacing. She didn't know what to do. She was a nervous wreck. I think she kind of realized at that point that I was very young and she was baby-sitting me. Somebody called the hospital and a van came to pick me up.

I had just turned 16 in April of that same year. I went up to the hospital and I was there for the longest time, 18 hours labour. There were these people coming into the room and I wanted to scream, "Go away, I don't know you, I don't want you in my room."

When I first got there, there was this lady in the bed next to me. She was in the room just about to have her baby when I went in. It was the middle of the night and she was screaming her head off and swearing at the nurses. I had just come in -- I wasn't in too bad shape yet and here was this lady next to my bed, screaming and swearing saying terrible things to the nurses. She had an elder with her and they were talking -- sometimes she'd swear at the elder. I think she was having a difficult time. It was her first baby as well.

Anyways, finally I was in bad enough shape that I had to go into the delivery room. They put me on this stretcher. I was so bad off that I was screaming and I was crying. I didn't know what was happening. There was nobody to talk to. I didn't have any elders or anyone to talk to. I didn't know what was happening, whether I was dying or it was the real thing. I was yelling "Josh, Josh" even though he was away fishing a thousand miles away. We went into the delivery room and I don't remember much of what happened in there, probably because I was in a lot of pain. I screamed my head off. Sandra was a big baby.

After I gave birth to her I went into the room and I was really, really hungry. They had taken her to the nurses station. They had this little room next to the nurses station where they took all the babies. They put me back in my room and I was really hungry. I told them I wanted to eat something and they had already had supper by the time they were finished with me, so they gave me a great big steak. It was really big. It covered the whole plate. It was even bigger than the ones we buy here nowadays. I ate the whole thing. I was surprised by how much I could eat. Then, after that I had a pretty full stomach, I felt better.

I remember I could recognize Sandra when she cried. They had me take a bath everyday and every time I was in the bathtub, I could hear Sandra crying. I could recognize her from all the other babies. She was quite noisy, you could hear her from all the way from the bathroom to the nursery. They made me stay in the hospital maybe 3, 3 or 4 days. Nowadays, they don't keep women in the hospital for very long. Back then they made you stay in the hospital for longer periods. Then I went back to my aunt's place to stay for another week because they wanted to watch to see if Sandra developed jaundice. That's what they usually did at that time, they held the baby for 7 days.

When I came back, I remember everyone was at the airport to meet me. It was so embarrassing to come off the plane with a baby. At sixteen, it was so embarrassing... Everyone crowded around me when I got off the plane. Everyone wanted to see what the baby looked like.

When I got home I more or less handed Sandra over to my mother-in-law. But I had fun with her. She wasn't a fussy baby. She slept all the time. She slept a lot. She'd sleep twelve hours sometimes, right through the night, not get up. I had to keep waking her up to breast-feed her. Sometimes it would be hard to wake her. I'd poke her and try to wake her up. She didn't get all that fat. That was a nice spring, that year, '73. It was a beautiful spring -- it was very warm but I don't think the ice went away as quickly as it did this year. It was a beautiful spring.

Apphia:

"We were starving, that is how I gave birth to Simon."

Being fearful of what is going to happen takes away your courage. It keeps you from being strong and doing things you have to do to survive. As Inuit we went through hard times. I also understand that white people go through hard times... but being Inuit we lived very stressful and hard lives.

There was one time when we were really hungry. We had no lights and absolutely nothing to eat. We were living in a sod-house. Sod-houses are usually cosy and warm but in this sod-house, the ceiling was all frosted and some of the pieces of wood that held it together were missing. We were really really thirsty and we had no light, no warmth, no heat. This lasted all of March. In April when the young seals came, that is when we finally got some food. And that time in March, before the seals, I was pregnant with Simon. We were really hungry and we had nothing to eat. We were getting ready to move from our camp, move to where we could find food. The men were out hunting for seal to feed the dogs. We wanted to feed the dogs first so they would be stronger for the trip. This was in 1953. I was just 22.

It was really really really cold and Simon, he was a big baby. And of course since we were living in the sod house there were no doctors and when he came out I thought "What do I do?, What should I do?". A woman who has been dead for many years now, David Mablick's mother Allaloo, she was the person who was taking care of me while I gave birth. My mother-in-law was out hunting and Allaloo lived next door. It was so cold. She took her own baby off her back and put my newborn child, the one I just gave birth to, inside her amautiq. I tried to clean myself. I tried to clean up the placenta. It froze and there was this umbilical cord hanging there still and I was getting scared. I thought that it was going to be like that forever. I got scared having that thing hanging from me. I thought it was going to be like that all the time. When my mother-in-law came home she said "No, when that thing dies it will come out". I was supposed to keep my bum warm, to keep it from freezing, and the next day I felt like I was having cramps again and giving birth again and that placenta came out. That was March

10th and that is how that happened.

Rhoda:

"...I didn't have any children for 6 years until I had Sheila... I had Sheila and then not too long after I had Dawn."

It didn't matter to me much when I was having my babies whether I had my babies in a hospital or at home. I don't think I cared much either way. I am kind of private about child birth. I don't want a whole bunch of people watching me, so for me, I don't think I've ever really wanted a midwife next to my bed. When I had Mona, I decided I was staying at home - I was going to have the baby here. When I told my mother-in-law that I was having labour pains with Mona, she lost her marbles. She called the next door neighbour -- she's an old lady. She called the next door neighbour to see what she should do. The next door neighbour told me to go to the nursing station right away. My mother-in-law, she wasn't about to sit around and hold my hand.

I had Mona -- then I didn't have any children for 6 years until I had Sheila. By the time I had Sheila, the nurses were thinking that since I hadn't been pregnant for so long, there might be complications. They said that just to make sure that everything went alright, I had better go to the hospital. Mona, she was getting her tonsils removed at that time so I went down with her to go the hospital. I had Sheila and then not too long after I had Dawn. Dawn was pre-mature so I went down to the hospital again. This time I went as far as Montreal.

I had been sick with a very bad cold 2 weeks before the day that I had to be rushed down to Montreal with Dawn. I had a very bad flu with a very bad fever and that's how the bleeding got started. So they thought she had a chest infection and that is why she was aborting, because she was sick. I went down to Montreal because they were trying to stop the birth from happening. I spent a week in Montreal in this Jewish hospital, just lying down, taking this medication to stop me from having contractions. Then, they said "OK, you've quieted down, go back to Iqaluit". When I got back to Iqaluit, the doctors there still weren't sure if I was going to have the baby. They told me to stick around until they knew for sure that I was not bleeding or going into labour. I stuck around in Iqaluit for another week. I was kind of lethargic because I was taking all this medication to relax the muscles around my uterus. The medication didn't help at all because I ended up going back to the hospital in Iqaluit to have Dawn. That was terrible. They kept trying to stop me from giving birth.

I didn't like the medication. It made me lethargic and it gave me a stomach ache. When I went into labour for the second time, my labour pains lasted all night and into the morning. By early morning, I told the doctor that I had enough. I told him "Don't try to stop the contractions any more, I've had enough of this medication". The pain wasn't increasing, but it wasn't decreasing either. They took the I.V. that was giving me the medication off and not even

15 minutes later I had Dawn. She was bound and determined to come.

Dawn was born two months premature. She looked quite healthy and fat when she was born but she was very tiny. She was exactly three pounds. She was small compared to the other babies but she wasn't skinny. I saw her when I had her, when I gave birth to her I saw her for about 2 minutes, and then they took her and rushed her away. She went out that afternoon to Montreal. She was in Montreal for a little bit over a month. The doctors asked me if I wanted to go down and be with her but I wanted to get home because Sheila was only a year old and Sandra and Mona were just kids. So, I had to leave Dawn in Montreal and go back...

They said that they wanted her at 5 pounds -- I couldn't have her until she weighed 5 pounds at least. When I finally got her she was tiny, but she was 5 pounds. She hadn't grown much. She was 5 pounds and we couldn't stretch any part of her skin -- it was tight with fat. It seems like we just blew her up. And she was bald on the front half of her head because they shaved the head to put in the I.V.s and the monitors, and all the neonatal things they use for premature babies. Also, that first month she spent at the hospital, they had been putting her head sideways. Like when she was born premature, her head wasn't fully developed and down in Montreal they had been putting her head to the side all the time when they put her to sleep. She must have been left in a crib on her side that whole month because her eye got kind of droopy so she couldn't open it very well. We spent all that year exercising it, trying to help her keep it open but she ended up being cross eyed.

When she came home, after that month, she was OK for about a year and then she ended up developing rheumatoid arthritis. I think that it what it is called where your joints get affected and you get a fever... She was sick with that. This happened just when she should have been learning to walk. Her knee and shoulder were affected so she couldn't walk. When she was just about a year old she had to go down to the hospital again to have someone fix her arthritis. At that same time she also had eye surgery to repair the crossed eye. She ended up spending another month, month and a half in the Montreal hospital. When she was all finished with the sicknesses, she had been through surgery seven times. We were always waiting for her to heal. It was hard for me to go down with her. I was in Iqaluit when she got sick with arthritis. I was down having Lucas so I was in Iqaluit when she was in Montreal.

I had Lucas and then I came back to Pond Inlet. Dawn came back about a week later. So I had this brand new baby and another baby who was a year old but couldn't walk. She couldn't walk because of her arthritis. She was kind of standing up but that was about all. Plus, she had developed an allergy to milk that I didn't know about. She had been on a bottle with formula ever since she was born so she had developed an allergy to milk. When she got home I started giving her the milk she had before and she had diarrhoea all week.

Around this same time when I came back with Lucas, Josh left to go on a four week course -- I was all by myself and I had this brand new baby, this baby that couldn't walk with diarrhoea, another baby who was almost three, plus Mona and Sandra. Mona was nine and Sandra was ten so they were no problem. They were a big help.

Finally when I could get out of the house I went to the nursing station to ask the nurses about Dawn. They told me that the hospital had informed them when they sent her home that she had developed an allergy to milk. They hadn't bothered to tell me. I had to get all these special supplies like soya bean milk and things like that through the Co-op. She had that allergy for the whole year she was on the bottle. Then it went away.

Apphia:

"At that time I started having labour pains and this was with Martha."

At that time I started having labour pains and this was with Martha. It was March at that time. This was early March -- March 3rd is when I had Martha. We had been a bit hungry in the month of February. It was still a bit dark at that time. We still weren't getting much daylight.

My older step-sister, Irqudlijuk, came over for the birth of the baby. She said that she wanted to help me give birth and that she really wanted to pray. She wanted to be behind me, supporting my back when I was having the child. I had never had her on my back before. She was behind me and I was kind of wary of her. I was getting a little nervous. It is like that when you are giving birth -- it seems that the child inside you feels what you are feeling. When you feel like you are in a strange environment, like when you give birth in a hospital, the baby feels as uncomfortable as you do. My step-sister was trying to be behind my back and the baby didn't want to come out.

At that time we wouldn't lie down to give birth -- we would sit up. We would do it kneeling down. She was behind me. I said to my mother-in-law, when that lady went out to have a pee, I told my mother-in-law that I wasn't comfortable with my step-sister. My mother-in-law said that my step-sister really wanted to help me give birth and be behind my back. I told her to give me the sewing machine instead. You know how sewing machines come with the cover? Well I used that to put behind my back and I was much more comfortable.

Eventually she came back and she went behind my back. She was too late, the baby was already coming out. When the baby started crying after she came out, Arvaluk was sleeping and suddenly he woke up. He asked where the noise was coming from.

Both Arvaluk's aunts had little dolls -- they had been placed in the drying place high up so that the little ones couldn't take them. Arvaluk thought that the dolls were the ones who were making the crying noise. Arvaluk thought that it was the doll crying. His grandfather was laughing and said "It is your sister". Arvaluk said "But I want the doll, give me the doll". He was very articulate in Inuktitut, even when he was so young. His grandfather was laughing at him and telling him "This is your little sister". That is what Arvaluk has called Martha since then, he calls her Qitungauyak, "doll" in English. When he saw Martha for the first time, he

wanted me to place the baby in the drying place where we used to place the little dolls.

Martha had her birthday on March 3rd. That was a happy time for me because she was a daughter. It was kind of like she was the first daughter for me because Oopah had been adopted out. Even though I had taken her back, it seemed like Martha was my first daughter.

It became late spring, I am not sure what happened to us then. I don't remember what happened at that time. I remember we were having trouble with our lamps. The sod-houses were leaking inside and it was getting really dark inside the sod-houses. When you went outside and then came inside the house, it was dark inside.

It was at that time that we played outside and had games and stuff. Even at that time when I had children, I was still playing games. We were not hungry any more -- we had a good supply of meat. We were playing games outside.

Apphia:

"...I went down to Iqaluit to deliver my baby."

That time I was pregnant and had to be sent out for delivery, it was in the summertime and I went down to Iqaluit to deliver my baby. I had never delivered in Iqaluit before. I had always delivered with my husband at the camp. I had trouble with my pregnancy this time and the Qallunaat said I had to be sent out. It was Ida, the last baby I gave birth to who I had to be sent out with. My daughter Joanna, she was only 5 years old when I left and Philip and Salomie were just babies, little babies. We went by canoe to get to the plane and I remember looking out the plane window. I remember staring out the window at my children, watching Martha carrying Philip in her amautiq and Oopah carrying Salomie in her amautiq. I felt so horrible leaving my young ones behind, leaving them all alone. It was August and the ice was all gone. I had tears in my eyes when I was leaving the camp and my children. I was so sad. It was the beginning of August when I left. I didn't get back to our camp until January.

Sandra:

"I guess I was around 15 when I started to notice that a lot of kids were having babies."

I guess I was around 15 when I started to notice that a lot of kids were having babies. Kids my own age, my friends, were having babies. Both my sister and I had boyfriends when I was around 15. I practically lived with my boyfriend, almost. I started using the pill when I was 14 and I kept on using it. I remember talking to my mom at that time and saying to her "Please, could I have a baby?" That is what I kept asking her. She said that I couldn't handle the responsibility. I used to answer that I had a lot of experience with Dawn and Sheila and Lucas. I thought that what she said was wrong. I thought that I could handle it. I kept asking

my mom if I could please have a baby. That is exactly what I said. When she kept saying that I couldn't have a baby, I said to her, "Could you have a baby?", so they had Ruby. They said they were already thinking about having a baby when I brought that up but they weren't sure. I kept pushing them into saying yes to what they had already thought of. Personally, sometimes I say "Oh wow, I got Ruby into this world." I'm sure they would say that I had nothing to do with it. I know that I was pestering them a lot.

Ruby was born March 18th and she was more than 9 pounds. Now she is really small. She knows a lot more things than all of the other kids when they were that age, all my sisters and Lucas. She also has this great personality. She is very caring when you are alone with her, when you get up in the mornings. She was a very special friend. It is kind of amazing. She is more of a friend than a sister and she is only four.

7. **...WHEN MY KIDS WERE JUST BABIES...**

Rhoda:

"I had a tough time back then, when Sheila, Dawn and Lucas were just babies..."

I didn't work for a little while after Sheila was born -- I didn't work for one year. Then I went back to work as a secretary-treasurer for the Education Council -- then I found out I was pregnant with Dawn. By the time I had Dawn, there were so many complications with her birth and trips to the hospital, I stopped working again. And then I became pregnant with Lucas. It was the same year that I was pregnant with Lucas that Josh and I started talking about getting a H.A.P. house. The criteria to get assistance to build a house under this program was that the whole income of the family couldn't be more than 35 or 40 thousand dollars a year so I decided not to work for that first year when we were applying for assistance. We moved into a little yellow shack that year -- it was an old house. It was hard for us at first. We had been used to our nice, clean pre-fab unit just up on the hill -- it had a spacious living room and two bedrooms. When we moved into this little shack it was kind of old and dirty. It was an old building and all the edges were dirty and the paint was peeling off.

I remember Dawn had a big accident there. The breaker for the electricity for the building was open -- there was no cover to it -- and she stuck her spoon in it and got herself electrocuted. She was screaming and screaming but I couldn't touch her because it would have just gone through me. She was standing there on top of the counter with the spoon stuck in her hand because she couldn't take it away -- it was like a magnet -- finally she dropped it and the spoon fell. That is when we first moved into that shack and we had no phone. I didn't know what to do. Josh was down the street working on the H.A.P. house we wanted to move into. It was summer time and I was holding her under her arms. I could smell burned hair on her head -- the electricity had burned the ends of her hair. She was't even three. I was surprised

she was OK. She was fine. It was just the smell on her head and that was it.

I had a tough time back then, when Sheila, Dawn and Lucas were just babies, when my kids were just babies. I already told bits of stories from the other house about having Lucas as a newborn when Dawn was not walking and Sheila just a toddler. In this shack they were just a few months older. Lucas was just a baby -- Dawn had just begun to walk. I didn't have running water in that house for the first little while. Josh fixed it later on but for the first while I had to keep using a pail to put water into the washing machine. I got sick of it one day so I went down to the RCMP unit to get my washing done.

I remember there was this one afternoon when I was trying to pick up my dry clothes at the RCMP's drier and transfer my wet clothes. I was on my way over to the RCMP's and I had this big pail of washing -- I had Lucas on my back and Sheila was in the doorway crying -- Dawn was with her I think. Yea, Sheila was crying in the doorway with Dawn. I wanted to go help them, make them stop crying but I didn't want to go back and get them because I had all this stuff in my hands and Lucas on my back so I couldn't hold them. Sandra and Mona were out somewhere and I was stuck in the middle of the road thinking "This is ridiculous". So Josh made a pump in our house that winter and I did my washing at home.

That winter was the winter my grandfather died. I had gone to Igloolik a few months earlier, in the summer to show them Lucas. I remember walking behind him on the way to the Bay and thinking how much my grandfather had aged. He died just a few months later. We went to Igloolik in November for the funeral and then came back.

Josh had started building our new house at the end of August. He put in the concrete blocks for the foundation in July, before the snow. He dug under the permafrost, laid insulation and put in the concrete. We worked on it all through the winter and we moved into it in mid-June 1987, ten months. Josh had a full time job the whole time we were building it -- he was never home in the evenings. He would come in for long enough to have a little bit of supper, sometimes only for ten or fifteen minutes, then go back out again. When the time came to start filling in the drywall, we were all helping out, filling in the cracks and stuff like that. There were jokes in town about my children being white all the time. They had this drywall dust on their parkas and their kamiks.

When we moved in it was all complete. I ordered all this furniture from IKEA when we moved in, a couch, a table, some beds. It cost a thousand dollars in freight to bring it in -- I think it was more like \$1500 in freight. We moved in June -- it was a nice spring day -- I think it was a Saturday. I have been down south a lot so I am used to staying in apartments or high-rise buildings, hotels, two story, three story, eight story buildings -- like I am really used to it. But when we moved into the house we had an upstairs room for the first time. I lay down on the bed and I thought, just for two or three minutes, my only thought was "I am going to fall through to the floor". It was really nice moving into the house -- we finally felt like we were home.

Apphia:

"When Rhoda was born, her father named her Padluq."

It was my husband who was with me when I delivered Rhoda. He helped me deliver all my babies. It was just him and I when Rhoda came. Rhoda was born in the spring -- we were camping with some other families but no one assisted us delivering Rhoda. I think my husband probably waited too long before he went to ask for help. He prepared the bed and helped me give birth. After I had given birth to Rhoda, a lady, Mrs. Mablick, came over.

When Rhoda was born, her father named her Padluq. Padluq was my husband's adopted father when he was growing up. He was his guardian when he was a child. My husband, he grew up with his grandparents. Padluq wasn't his natural grandfather, he was my husband's grandmother's second husband. She married Padluq when her first husband passed away just around the time that my husband was born so he grew up in Padluq's care. To honour Padluq he gave Rhoda the name Padluq. He was his step-grandfather and he loved him very much.

Padluq died many years before my husband even got married. I remember him being sick and dying when I was just a small child. That was when my husband was married to his first wife. That was when I was very young. He was married to someone else at the time Padluq died.

So Rhoda was named after my husband's step-grandfather. I named her as well after my grandmother Kaujak. Even though there are six girls in our family, out of all of his daughters, my husband loved Rhoda the best. Because of the name Padluq, he seemed to love her much more than the other daughters. Because he loved Rhoda very much, he worked hard to provide for her. He would carve carvings or hunt foxes so that he could buy bannock and other things at the Hudson Bay store for Rhoda to eat. He tried really hard to provide for Rhoda. Even today she is the most loved one of her father.

Because she was so loved by her father, I didn't really love Rhoda as much as the other kids -- I mean, I loved her but I didn't spoil her. My husband loved her so much, he would never let her be disciplined in any way. Once Rhoda's father went away, I would take the liberty to discipline her and mis-treat her in his absence. I remember when we lived on the land she would go walking with her older brothers and sisters to look for ducks or for rabbits -- the older brothers and sisters would pick on her and make her cry. On the way back from the walks they would try and get her to stop crying -- once she spotted her father, she would start crying to get his attention.

Apphia:

"One of my younger kids named Philip, he never ate meat."

One of my younger kids named Philip, he never ate meat. He only drank from the bottle and he only drank milk. He would drink a lot of milk from the bottle. I tried giving him meat and other land food but he wouldn't take any. He had two other sisters and a younger brother that I had to look after at that time -- he wouldn't eat any of the seal or caribou meat I fed him - he only took milk from a bottle. We were out at the camp and we didn't have any money at the time to buy Bay food. We never had any junk food or any sweets. Even though we didn't have junk and sweets in the camp, he still would not eat any meat. Every time we sat down to have a meal he would start running around. He would run until he was close enough to us that Oopah could grab him and try and feed him seal meat. She would put the seal meat in his mouth and ask him to swallow, but he wouldn't. After awhile he wouldn't even take the seal meat in his mouth. It was like his stomach couldn't take any of the seal meat that we given to him. Since Philip couldn't eat meat, his father had to buy lots of milk, plus he had to buy oatmeal and he never had any money. We had no money so it was hard to look after him.

Apphia:

"That spring after I had Oopah, I heard that my father Arvaluk had gotten sick."

That time I gave birth to Oopah -- it was in 1946 -- she was my first baby. When I gave birth to her, when the baby was out, I didn't really care about it. I was just fifteen years old. My family really liked it though. They were really happy I had a child.

That spring after I had Oopah, I heard that my father Arvaluk had gotten sick. It was April. We wanted to go over to the camp he was at and see him. It was almost Easter time. She was born in October and it came to be April when we started travelling...November, December, January, I don't know how many months old she was... She was crawling around, crawling a little bit. We started travelling to go see my father. She was my first baby and I couldn't put her on my back by myself. We got close to this camp Aukanaarjuk and when we stopped there for awhile. I took the baby out of my amautiq to let her pee. I pulled her out into the very cold air. The baby didn't have any clothes on, no pants. Then she needed to eat so I put her on my breast under my amautiq. I didn't know how to get her back into the back of my amautiq so my husband took her out into the cold air and put her on my back. I remember her body in the cold air.

We stopped at Arctic Bay on the way to go see my father and they were having a spring festival there. There were games there. The Roman Catholic Mission people, they were the ones who were throwing the games. We were playing a game with beans and rice and our prizes were used clothing. The missonaries threw out lots of things on the ground outside, like tobacco and gum. And sometimes there was clothing that they would throw out and we would run for it. We would try to get as much as possible. We were having fun at the festival, running around, playing games. Apparently my baby's hands had been stuck outside the amautiq during this time. She froze her fingers. That evening she started crying and crying and crying. Her hands

were swollen. I started looking at them closely. My husband said "There is a big blister there." She had a frozen area on her index finger. We were staying with Natic, my older sister and her husband. When I told my older sister about it, she started scolding me saying "Oh, what a mother you are, playing outside, having a good time while your baby is freezing!". I had taken a pair of long-johns, I thought they were really nice. There was no holes in them and they smelled like Roman Catholic mission people. that is how they smelled.

After the festival we started travelling again and we went to a place called Akunniq. We were told that my family was in a place past Hall Beach. And we were told that my father had died. I didn't believe them. I didn't want to believe them -- we kept on travelling and the whole time I thought I was going to see my father just the same way I had seen him before. We travelled and travelled with our dogteam and our qamutiq and when we finally got to Hall Beach we found the tools and gear that my father had used but he wasn't there. The only people around were the people who had stayed with him while he died. My cousin Arquvapik and Ivillarjuq's wife and Avinga were the ones that were there and Arquvapik's children, two children. They were the only ones there. I hadn't seen my father since my marriage. When I married my husband I left to go to another place, to Tunununersuk where my in-laws lived, and I never saw him again.

I didn't cry very much. I really didn't believe what had happened. Every time I left the house, I would look around for my father. I would look for him everywhere, all over the place and when I didn't find him I would start crying. I was crying all by myself. How stupid of them at that time! They didn't even take me to the burial site.

As we were about to leave to go home, somebody wanted me to give away my baby, Oopah, the little baby on my back. How horrible! -- My father had just died and now they wanted my baby. The people at the camp, they told me that before he died, my father had said that he thought that I was too young to have children of my own. I was only fifteen. They told me that he had said that he wanted the family to take my daughter. My mother's cousin's wife, Nakudiaq was supposed to take her. She was Timoti's namesake. Sometimes they called her Qateliaq. I didn't want to give the baby away. I was really happy with my baby. She was at the crawling stage and I had never had a younger sister. I loved her very much. But since they were all older people and since my father had made that statement right before he died, that was the only thing to do, to give up my baby.

We left the camp, just my husband and I. We travelled all of the next day and finally went to sleep that night. My breasts were swollen from so much milk. I was hurting so much under my arms. I was crying and crying. I was screaming for my father saying "Father!, Father!". To help me, my husband would suck the milk out of my breasts and then spit it out into a cup. If the cup got too full he would just pour it out and just keep sucking to get rid of the milk. Finally they drained.

Eventually we went home to a place, Qaqqalik. That is where my husband's family was camped. When we got into the camp, I went inside and everybody was expecting to see the

baby. Of course they hadn't heard that I had given the baby away. We didn't have radios and phones like we do today. When they saw that the baby was not there they started crying. My in-laws, they missed the baby so much, they had been hoping to see the baby when we got back.

My mother-in-law was pregnant at that time. It was her sixth pregnancy. She had lost two babies before that, a baby boy and a baby girl. They died from suffocating, something in their lungs, pneumonia, I guess that is what you call it. I remember the older one, the little girl, she lived only two months before she got sick and died. My mother-in-law became pregnant soon after that. She was pregnant with Peter the same time I was. She had him a few months after I had Oopah. He is still alive. After Peter, the next three pregnancies went well for her, then the fourth one died.

When we came back from giving Oopah away, they asked me about my father. I told them he had died. They wanted to find out whether the baby had died also --- so many babies were dying back then. They really wanted to have a baby in the family. I told them that someone had wanted the baby and that I had given her away.

They were upset at first, but after awhile, as time went on, it didn't seem to matter that much. Since I was quite young and I didn't have a baby any more, I played around, sliding down hills on sealskins with the younger kids, trying to clean them. Sealskins weren't washed at that time, neither were polar bear skins. Polar bear skins were used as mattresses on the bed. That is how we cleaned them. We would lie down on them and slide down the hill.

I would climb up to the top of the hill and that is where I would cry. I would cry and cry. I would pretend that I was OK by the time they caught up with me -- that is how I eventually got rid of my grief. I was hiding my grief. I thought they were going to think I was strange if I cried openly. Finally, as time went on, it didn't matter too much. I got used to it. The grief after awhile didn't seem to matter too much.

Apphia:

"When I finally did get my little Oopah back, she already had a younger brother..."

After Attagutaaluk died, I am not sure why but we started moving to Hall Beach by boat. There were two boats -- it was a lot easier for us to travel with the two. My in-laws travelled a lot. They didn't like to stay in one place for too long. When we got to the camp near Hall Beach, my daughter Oopah was there. It was the first time I had seen her since I had adopted her out. She had very curly hair and she couldn't talk yet. I remember she was always hungry-- she was never satisfied with the food she had. I was in the same situation Oopah was. There was never enough food around. I loved her dearly.

We had carried walruses with us on the boat to Hall Beach, huge walruses. We had

hunted them for food for our dogs. There was a lot of cooked meat around and I remember we used to have barbecues outside. In Hall Beach there were a lot of barbecues outside. We cooked walrus intestines and ribs. We would put the cooked meat on the floor call out loudly "Uujuuq!, food is ready!". I remember Oopah was quite tiny. She would open her legs wide and sit down. I was really amazed at her. I kept thinking to myself "This person used to be my child". While we were there in Hall Beach, we heard that the RCMP people had contacted the Roman Catholic missionaries and told them to tell us, the original parents, to take her back. She was being abused. I took her back then but even though I took her back, I didn't love her as I had before. Arvaluk had been born by then and he felt like my piuti, my little baby. When she was a tiny baby taken away from me I used to cry for her. I wanted her back badly then. When I finally did get my little Oopah back, she already had a younger brother and I didn't love her as much.

Her little eyes were very intelligent and she was very wary of strange people. She would always make sure she got approval before she started to eat anything. She was watching everybody for approval before she did anything. She was one year old, only a year old, maybe two, I don't know. She was born in 1946 and I got her back in 1948, at the beginning of 1948 when Arvaluk was born. She couldn't talk. After I took her back I got kind of tired of her. She was always wetting the bed. At that time we didn't have diapers-- I started becoming hard on her. I didn't love her the way I had before and people in the camp would scold me and give me instructions "This is your child" they would say "She is named after an old person, an elder. He might be ashamed and hurt because of your actions towards her". They told me that since children are named after elders, we shouldn't be abusive to them. This is what I learned. I remembered that and never was abusive towards her again.

Apphia:

"Later on in my life I also took back another one of my children who had been adopted out..."

Later on in my life I also took back another one of my children who had been adopted out, my son Jakopic. He was my fifth. He was adopted out to a couple. They were not my relatives but since I was full of children at that time and that couple couldn't have any more children, my mother-in-law asked me to give him to them. He was adopted in February and they only kept him until mid-March. His mother died so I was told by the RCMP to go pick him up. When we went to pick him up to take him back with us, his bum was so skinny you could see his tail-bone. You could see his eyes and he had a really long face. Oh, I felt so sorry for him! I started feeding him with my breast, even though I was still breast-feeding Simon at the time. He kept wanting more and more. He was quite full but he wanted kept wanting to eat.

His adoptive father was Ujuarasiq and his adoptive mother who had died was Quatuq. I was scared of this old person, Ujuarasiq. Although the RCMP had told me to pick him up, I was scared taking his child away. I told him "I am just going to baby-sit him for a little while.

I will breast-feed him and bring him back to you". The woman who had been looking after Jakopie was his older adoptive sister, Nivirnua. She was just a young child at the time and had been carrying the baby around since her mother's death. She told me that she had been giving Jakopie water when he cried. After I finished breast-feeding him, they asked for him back again so I turned him over to the people next door. I got scared when they said they wanted him back so I did what they told. After awhile Nivirnua brought him back again and said "I think he is hungry again. He keeps crying". So I breast-fed him some more and finally I fell asleep and we slept all that night until early in the morning.

The next morning when my husband and I woke up, the people next door, Ujuarasiq and Nivirnua were still sleeping. We got up and got ready to go, got the dogs ready to go. We were trying to be really quiet. We packed up really quietly-- we left and we kept on travelling. We acted like we had stolen a person. We didn't say anything. Both of us were scared of the RCMP so we did what they told us to. We didn't tell those people that the RCMP had wanted us to take the child. We felt sorry for the old man because his wife had just died. We just took off, we kind of crept out of the community. To this day, we have had Jakopie with us. He was just a little baby when we gave him away. He didn't know what was going on-- he had no idea.

Jakopie and Oopa, those are the two times that I have taken back my children that I adopted out. When young babies are starving and become so skinny, it is pitiful.

Apphia:

"We adopted Nary when we moved here in 1972."

We adopted Nary when we moved here in 1972. He was our twelfth child. It was 1972 and we were on our way to move to Pond Inlet permanently. We were going by dogteam and skidoo and it was going to be a long trip so we sent Oopah and her little baby boy and Ida on the plane. Ida was only four then. By the time we got to Pond Inlet, Oopah's little boy had passed away. He died shortly after they arrived here by plane.

We weren't aware that Oopah's son had died because we had no radios. We didn't know about the death until we got to Pond Inlet. By the time we got to Pond Inlet the people in the community had already arranged for Oopah to adopt another baby. This child hadn't been born yet. Oopah had already lost two children to death -- we thought that Oopah had bad luck keeping children alive -- we thought that she was cursed. I thought the baby would have a better chance to survive if I took care of him myself. I told Oopah that she could help take care of him but that I would keep him. That is how we ended up adopting. Nary is the one we adopted.

I didn't really intend to adopt Nary, my intention was to share him with Oopah. My husband though, Oopah's father, made the decision to adopt Nary permanently when he was a toddler. In a way, Nary was for Oopah. The fact that he survived his infancy gave Oopah a second chance. Oopah helped raise him and he survived. It was a saving grace for Oopah. It

gave her a second chance to adopt more kids. Not long after, she adopted a baby boy from her younger sister, then she even adopted one of her own grand-children a few years ago.

Apphia:

"It was with love that we used to adopt babies."

Now I am going to talk about custom adoption. It was with love that we used to adopt babies.

Today I am an adult and all my kids don't live with me any more. I have nobody to help me around the house, nobody to wash the floor or to clean up. I don't have any children in my house any more. In the olden days, I would have custom adopted a kid to help me. That is how custom adoption worked. Kids were adopted so that they could help out people that needed help.

There were lots of families who didn't have any babies. They couldn't get pregnant or have any kids. That is how the adoption was -- when you love somebody, you give the child to them. Even if a family didn't have so many kids, even if they had only one daughter, they still might give that daughter to another family who needed a girl. When that girl grew up, she would look after that family. Even if they only had one son, they might give their son to another family so that they could raise their child and then later they would help out in the family.

I have heard that the Qallunaat sometimes don't tell their kids they are adopted. For us, once the child grows up and starts to know and talk, the adopted parents would explain to the child that he or she is adopted. In the old days it would be explained to the kids why they were adopted. We would have to explain it to them otherwise there would be anger inside them that will cause problems. These are the things that I wanted to explain. Whoever is adopted has to learn about their natural parents. They have to learn about their relatives, especially teenagers who are going to marry. Because I am adopted, I had to explain to my kids that my natural mother was their grandmother. If I didn't explain that to them, they wouldn't know that they have relatives and that their grandmother is still alive. I told them about their great-grandmothers and grandfathers. By explaining those things to my kids, I let them know that they are not alone. Now they know who their relatives are. They will pass that knowledge on to their children too. This is how adoption is. It was through things like adoption that we kept everyone together.

Apphia:

"...my adopted mother never told me that I was adopted."

I was adopted and my adopted mother never told me that I was adopted. Arvaluk and Illupalik, my adopted parents, they never said "there is your natural mother over there". They never told me. When I think back, I think my adopted mother thought she was never going to die so she never thought it would matter. I never thought to ask...

My real mother, Sullaaq, I had known her in my childhood. I started remembering when I was five years old. We stayed in the same camp as Sullaaq and her husband at different times. Whenever Sullaaq's husband went away, I slept with her in her tent or sod-house. Sullaaq used to take care of me at those times. My parents loved her dearly, so I always thought she was my sister. She was my natural mother but I had always thought she was my older sister. No one ever corrected us. Every time that we would go out of town, like to camp, I was really happy that I could be with my sister again. She used to call me nukakuluk, "younger sister" and I would call her angajukuluk, "older sister" -- that is how I remember. My brother Maktar was her son and he was the only child that she had back then. My natural father, Koobloo, I didn't even bother with him. I thought he was a stranger.

When I was still a child, I was about eight years old, Illupalik, my adopted mother died. I grieved for a very long time -- I grieved for the only mother I had known. People started telling me that I had another mother somewhere else but I didn't believe them.

I began to believe that Sullaaq was my real mother when Sullaaq began writing letters to me. We travelled by dogteams at that time. The only way that we would receive letters was by dogteam. People would pick up the letters in Igloodik or Hall Beach or Pond Inlet and bring them to us by dogteam. Letters were the way we would hear things.

I was about twenty years old -- it was when Martha was first born -- 1951, that is the first time I remember getting a letter from Sullaaq. My father, Arvaluk had been dead for a year or two and I was living at a camp close to Igloodik. Even though we had not seen each other for many years, Sullaaq wrote to me from Pond Inlet. She wrote to me to ask me to become a Catholic. She wrote to me and said "You are my daughter and I want you to convert". I remember that first letter -- it talked about how she was my real mother and since she was a Catholic, and the rest of my siblings were Catholics, I should be a Catholic too. She said that I should convert to the Catholic church because I no longer had parents to support me.

At first I was scared. I didn't believe her and I wasn't sure I wanted to become Catholic. I remember being told about a real mother before, when my adopted mother had died, but I didn't believe it. Then, when my brother Maktar went to Igloodik to get married -- he was marrying a woman from a different settlement -- I met him in the Igloodik area and went back with him to Pond Inlet. That was when I began to believe I had a mother. We went with my family to go get my sister-in-law, Koopa, for Maktar. She didn't have any parents -- she was 17 years old -- it was an arranged marriage. She was taken out of Igloodik by dog team she was

brought into Pond Inlet as a wife. I went with them and that was the first time I met my mother. I remembered her face from when I was a child and I recognized her writing, but this was the first time I saw her as an adult. I asked my grandmother Kaujak, I asked "Is Sullaaq my real mother?" and she said "yes". That is when I started to believe I had another mother. That is when I started to believe I was adopted.

8. ...WHEN THERE WAS A LOT OF SICKNESS...

Apphia:

"Arvaluk... He was the one who was born when there was a lot of sickness in the camps."

And Arvaluk, he was born before Simon -- he was my second baby after Oopah. He was the one who was born when there was a lot of sickness in the camps. In each community, like in Quanaat or Ikpiarjuk, there were a lot of people who died then. There were a lot of people who had died in our own community too but we hadn't heard anything about all the deaths because we had been travelling. My husband and I stopped at a camp not far from our home. We stopped for a rest because we had been travelling and the whole camp that we were staying at, the whole camp was getting sick. I had never even had a cold before, I had never been sick before. I was young then and I was envious of people who were sick. I tried to cough sometimes because I was envious of them. I had to try to cough. I didn't have any cigarettes at that time.

When we got back to our camp, everybody got sick. Everybody in the family was sick but me. Arvaluk was a small baby on my back when the sickness was here. He had been born in April, the same month my husband got really sick. When my husband coughed, he would start haemorrhaging, vomiting blood. If there had been a pail to spit in he would have filled it with blood but we had no pail. The blood that he spit just kind of spread into the floor of the house. It was getting frozen on the wall.

He was sick for a long time and when May came, it started getting really sunny. Everybody was in bed sick and I had two children. We had taken Oopah back from the people who had adopted her. She was a toddler and I had Arvaluk on my back. Arvaluk was always crying. He was a cranky baby. He was sick at this time so it was really hard to get him to quiet down. All my male and female in-laws were in bed with all of their kids. It got really warm and sunny one day and our igluviga, our snow house, it fell down on top of us. The snow fell down on us.

When the igluviga fell down on us, at first nobody moved. Everyone was sick in bed and nobody even moved. I was putting Arvaluk on my back and he was crying. I stood up and started throwing snow out of the igluviga. I was young at the time and quite energetic so I didn't get as tired as I do now. The baby that I had in my back kept crying and crying and my husband

was vomiting and vomiting blood and the baby on my back was crying and crying... I remember my mother-in-law started screaming at me. She was screaming "I wish that this baby would die". She was really serious. There were no medicines then and she was scared that her son, my husband, was going to die. If someone had to die in the camp for everyone to get better, she wanted it to be the baby and not my husband. I didn't want my husband to die either and I thought that if the baby died, at least things would be better and he would shut up... So I told her "Yes, of course, I wish it would happen too." And the baby was on my back, a small baby, Arvaluk, he didn't die that time.

When the igluviga fell down, I prepared a tent for the rest of the family. It was kind of a lopsided tent but I propped it up. It got warmer because the sun was absorbed into it and finally after awhile my husband was able to get up. We were hungry-- we had dogs with us and they had been hungry for a long time. His father asked him to go to another camp to find out what was going on. My mother-in-law was saying "That is why we are not getting any food from the hunt, because we are going to hear about deaths in our family". Before we heard about something bad, like news of a death in the family, it was always hard to catch wildlife. My husband was supposed to go see what was going on in the other camp. He was going to see if the sickness had spread. He also wanted to see if they had food to share.

The camp was Qaksiatik. It was close to us -- about one nights travel away. It was springtime and the sun wasn't going down so he travelled all night. He was pretty sick when he went and sick when he got back. When he came back he told us that a lot of people had died in that camp. He informed us that Ooshookta, Pautuga, and Angnoaliangnuk had died. The woman who adopted Oopah also died then.

Once we heard about these deaths in Qaksiatik, about all the people who had died, on the same day my husband went out hunting. There was sun all day and night at the time. It was very sunny. Even though he was still sick, he went out seal hunting and there was a seal on top of the ice waiting for him. The seal was waiting for him so he shot it to feed the family and the dogs, my in-laws dogs. He shot two more seals after that. The dogs were really hungry.

He shot the seals and it was the first food we had eaten in a long time. It was really difficult to figure out how we were going to cut the meat. The dogs were starving and we had to feed them first. If they died we wouldn't be able to hunt any more. We wouldn't be able to move. When we brought the meat out, the dogs were trying so hard to get at it. I remember I kept whipping the dogs to keep them away. We put the qamutiq in the way to keep the dogs away from the meat and since I was the only one that was strong enough to do anything I started whipping the dogs, waiting for my husband to cut up the meat. My mother-in-law was also strong but she was the one who was taking care of the kids.

We cut up the three seals and took what we wanted from them. All the time I was trying to keep the dogs from barging in. As soon as he said go, the dogs rushed in. The dogs rushed in all together, and since they rushed in so hard, one of the dogs bit the other dogs tongue out and ate it. One of the dogs tongues was bit off and eaten. He was trying to lick his tongue,

trying to feel whether it was there but it was bleeding and the dogs were really really hungry. He was a brown dog and he was called Nirvagta, "something taken out of the garbage". When he saw the dog with no tongue, my husband at that time started laughing. He had been sick for a long time. Finally he started laughing-- after a long long time, he started to laugh. All he could manage was a little "huh, huh". He was weak so all he said was "huh, huh"... Finally he got his gun and shot the dog that had no tongue. The dog that ate it must have been desperate for food...

When the family got better, we started travelling again. It was probably around June, end of May or June and we started heading inland, across the land. The place where we were headed was Narjualuk, near Igloolik. I had Arvaluk -- he was a small baby on my back. We were going to pick up the boat that we had left behind the previous year. We were going to go pick it up. Because my husband didn't have a younger brother, he went to another camp to pick up a boy who could help him out. We travelled all the way, continuously, and we didn't sleep. We hardly ever slept. My husband was the only one doing all the work. That is how he is today, he doesn't stop working.

We went by boat with some people to the place where we had left our boat. Our boat was kind of like a canoe. It was a traditional Inuit boat. We shovelled it out and put it on our qamutiq. We turned to go back to our camp but by the time we got mid-way across the land, most of the snow had melted from the ground and the sled was starting to drag. The boat was on top and it was too heavy. My husband, he got a rope and lifted the boat up. It was a big boat. Boats were made out of wood back then and it was a big boat. He just lifted it up all by himself and we made it to a river. The water was running, the creeks were running. We crossed the river and it was very, very rough water. There were four of us, my husband and I, the boy, and the baby on my back. My husband got back in the boat to travel on the river and the boy and I kept on travelling on the land with the qamutiq. There was no snow on the ground any more so we had to carry it some of the way. When we got to the beach there were bird's eggs already. We got to the beach and we started travelling by boat towards our land, Inajuaruluk.

When we got close to Inajuaruluk we saw a dogteam. Apparently my in-laws were coming to meet us. We hadn't brought that many dogs with us on that trip. When we got to greet him, my father-in-law prayed for thanks. We gathered sea-gull eggs there.

Rhoda:

"We had been out there for a long time and my baby sister got sick."

I remember one story from earlier on, early in my childhood. I had just got a little sister, Joanna -- she was just born when we were out a long ways from home, a long ways from the outpost camp. At that time there were hardly any caribou around Igloolik. We had to travel a long ways to get food. My father spent so much time looking for caribou -- this time he took

us with him. We travelled all over the place. I don't know whether my sister was born before we left the out-post camp or whether she was born while we were out there. Solomon, my brother, he was younger than I am, and Joanna was younger than him. I remember being out on the land. We had been out there for a long time and my baby sister got sick. She looked awful. It was something I had never seen before. Her head was swollen, really swollen. It wouldn't have been meningitis because now she would be dead, but she was sick for the longest time. Her head stayed swollen. It was winter and it was dark outside all day long. We were at least a week's travel away from Igloolik. That was pretty far back then, especially if you were moving a family. We stayed at that camp-site when she got sick -- we stopped moving for awhile. She got well afterwards and we moved on. I was just a child at that time but I remember it quite well. It was a very bad sickness, very scary.

Apphia:

"There was a case of measles going around."

When I think about the sicknesses that we have had, I really notice that there are two different kinds of bodies, the Qallunaat body and the Inuit body -- they are totally different. Maybe it is the food. Inuit live on native food. Whatever it is, the Qallunaat immunity is different from the Inuit -- it seems to be stronger. Every time the ships came in they seemed to bring colds and sickness into the community. That is when the people got sick. The Inuit were not used to these kinds of sicknesses in their bodies. Before the ships starting coming in, we never had measles. It was a new disease that came to the Inuit people.

My daughter Joanna, she was the first one. That was in 1962 -- she was born in 1961. She was the first of my children to catch the measles. There was a case of measles going around. That was in Arctic Bay. It was pretty well a big community then. We were out in camp, alone. We didn't know anything about measles. There was a boat travelling to the different camps. They were delivering some stuff to our camp -- they were delivering food to us. We heard from them that there was a case of measles going around Arctic Bay. While they were coming to our camp with the food and sugar and all that stuff, they also brought in the measles to us. That is the time we started getting sick. All my kids started getting sick. They broke out in impetigo. I never heard about measles in the past. I saw spots on their bodies and wondered what they were.

Solomon and I were the only ones that weren't sick in the camp. Maybe because he was really sick as a child, he didn't catch this case of the measles. He was so young, he wasn't even talking yet. I remember him helping me. He would deliver water and take out the honey bucket. Even though it was too heavy for him, he would still do it. I was really, really busy with the sick kids.

I remember my kids got sick the time that my husband was out caribou hunting on the mainland. It was summertime and Oopah, Simon and Arvaluk were with him. He got sick out

on the land so he sent Arvaluk and Simon back to the camp by dogteam so that we would know he was sick. Oopah stayed to take care of her father. He got better out on the land. When Simon and Arvaluk came home, they told me about their father who was sick out on the land, then they got the measles too.

I was all alone and all my kids were sick. I would give them water to drink when they started crying with pain. They would drink water and they would settle down. Every time they would start moving around, I would take them out and let them pee, and also give them water to drink.

Solomon, he was so young but he understood that I was nursing the other kids. Every time one of them would move around, he would quickly get water and hand it over to them and let them drink. I remember one time when Martha started moving so Solomon quickly went over and gave her water. She was in pain. We had a can that we used to pee in. Solomon was pretty small at that time. He grabbed the can and gave it to Martha. It was too heavy for him, but he still carried it over the other kids in the bed to where Martha was lying. Martha had long hair at that time. The load was too heavy for Solomon so he stumbled and dropped the can on Martha's head. It was about half full when it spilled all over her long hair.

We had lice at that time too. The lice stayed around until we recovered from the sickness. After awhile, my kids got better. My husband also got better out on the land, while he was hunting. After my kids got better, I got sick. I was the last one to get sick and I was really sick. Since I had never been sick in my life, I would scream out in pain. It was really painful. It was very itchy and I was not allowed to scratch. Solomon and I were the last ones to get sick.

One day a boat came in. Everybody was sick everywhere, in different camps all over the place, so a boat went around to pick up the sick people. They were worried about us so they took us to Igloolik by boat. By that time, my kids were all better and Solomon and I were sick. They picked us up, me and all my kids. That was the only way I would have been able to go.

We left our dogs and brought our supplies, our hunting gear, and our tent. We were in the big boat. It had a motor on it. Arvaluk took the family boat and followed us. I remember travelling and the wind started to blow. It got really stormy. The ice was really rough. We were travelling on the rough sea. We could see Arvaluk following behind us but our family boat was a lot slower than the big boat. I was in the bigger boat but I was in bed. Every time we hit a wave water would come in the ceiling.

When we got to Igloolik, the water was so rough, we had to dock at the back of the island. Arvaluk's boat was smaller, lighter so he went straight to the front of the island, where Igloolik is. We couldn't reach that shore, the sea was too rough. I was really sick with measles.

We docked at the back of the island and then people in the community came to get us.

They didn't walk over -- they came with a truck. It wasn't an ordinary truck -- it was a big huge truck. I was lying on a qamutiq and they drove us to the community. They took us where there were some white people. That was the only way that we could travel. They brought me and Solomon. We were sick. I had Joanna on my back. Joanna wasn't sick any more. She just had a few spots. Rhoda was just a small child so she came with us. She got sick again when we got there. There was no nursing station at that time in Igloolik. There was a small building that they used for treating people. Igloolik was the last place to get a nursing station. We stayed in the student hostels -- they were built so children would have a place to stay when they were sick. That was the only place where they could keep us.

We stayed in Igloolik for a long time. We stayed in a little trailer for about two weeks. It was packed with people with measles -- people were sleeping on the floor. Some of them had problems with the sickness -- some of them died. A lot of women who were pregnant delivered when they weren't supposed to, it wasn't their time. I think there were three of them who died of measles. One of them had mental problems afterwards. That is how we were at that time.

I remember they treated us by giving us medication through our rectum. I was really scared of white people at that time. Solomon was pretty small at that time but he could understand and talk a little bit of Inuktitut. Every time the nurse would come over to treat us, he would scream and try and protect his bum from the nurse.

They treated us and after awhile we got better. I remember them telling us we could finally go back to our families. We started heading back to our house. We were going to walk. Since it was my first time outside since we had fallen sick, when I started walking, my body felt sick. Igloolik land is full of rocks. I felt really high when I was walking along the shore. I was really dizzy. It felt like the land was moving around under my feet. I think it was because of the medications that they had been giving me, the needles they had been giving me. I still went home, even though I felt that way.

By that time my husband had recovered from his illness on the land. It was late in the fall. He was staying in the tent that Arvaluk and the rest of the kids pitched just outside of Igloolik. We walked to that tent from the trailer in Igloolik and the next day we travelled to our home camp. We started travelling to our camp. I still felt weak and I was scared to go home to the camp. When we finally reached the camp, all of our dogs were still alive, all except for one. There were also some other dogs that had been left behind by some other families. They were in the camp and we had to look after them. I remember there were a whole lot of dogs that time. We had used up all our caches of meat so we had no dog food. I was still sick and I was also trying to look after the family and the dogs. We were alone in the camp. I had no one to help me. We had to feed the dogs. If they died we wouldn't have had anything to travel on. It was really hard that time... It was hard....

Rhoda:

"One time we had measles, my whole family, every one of us."

I had a fair amount of contact with white people before I was shipped off to school. One time we had measles, my whole family, every one of us. We spent maybe a month in Igloolik before I went to school. I remember we stayed in one of the transient centres, where they boarded the students. They used these transient centres as extra hospitals when people came in sick off the land. My family stayed in different rooms but we were close together. There were four beds in one room, two bunk beds, and there were three rooms in the centre we were in. I don't know how many people were in the other houses.

My mother got sick and my older sister. I don't know who else got sick at this time. I was OK. We went to Igloolik by boat. I remember it was a very cold trip. I remember being very cold. Igloolik is on kind of a "U" shaped island with the community inside of the inlet. Our camp was behind the island so we went to the back of the island because the waters around the bay were too rough -- it had been storming. I think the people in Igloolik knew we were coming. They came to pick us up on a bombardier, a great big vehicle with skis. As usual I was crying and crying. I didn't want my mom to leave me so I went with her to the hostel. I was about three or four years old, just a small kid, a baby. I didn't want to leave my mom. I was fine, healthy at that time, but I didn't want to leave my mom so I went along to the transient centre. My mom had Joanna on her back and me and Solomon at her side. The transient centre, that was where I got sick.

Apphia:

"There were lots of things that we used to use for medication."

The medications that we get from the nurses today, we didn't have those in the old days. We had lots of different ways to treat ourselves. I will tell you some of them so you will know.

If a person had a really bad stomach ache, or really bad diarrhoea with a stomach ache, and if the diarrhoea went on for a long time and if every few minutes the person had to go to the bathroom, we would use cotton that we use for lighting up the qullik and mix it with dirt. There is some kind of special dirt that we would use. We would mix it with the cotton and baby seal fat and eat it. If it got stuck in the intestines, the diarrhoea and then the stomach cramps would stop. We would block the intestines with that stuff. That is how stomach aches were treated in the old days.

We used to have colds once in awhile, not like we do now, maybe once a year. If I had

a cold for a long time and if there were dogs around, we would use their urine. Dog urine has medicine in it. It tastes like "Vick's" and it clears up the cold. It has a really strong taste. You could vomit from the taste, but it gets rid of the cold.

There were lots of things that we used to use for medication. A lot of them I never used them before. I used the cotton and dirt mixed with the baby seal fat but I never used the dog urine. My father-in-law, one time when he had a cold he asked me to go out and get some ice with dog urine in it. I went out and brought them in. Since he was my father-in-law, I loved him very much. I didn't want to see him eat that stuff but since he asked me I went out and got some for him. They were both sick in the house, my father-in-law and mother-in-law. Since I was never sick, I never ate the urine. He was coughing and at the same time gagging on the stuff when he was eating it. The next day his cold disappeared.

If we cut ourselves back then, if we were out hunting and we were cutting meat and we cut ourselves and it started bleeding, we had to pee on it. The acid of the urine stopped the bleeding and it also stopped the pain. If we didn't pee on it the cut would probably bleed more and it wouldn't heal properly. If I cut myself on the hand and if the cut was really big, I was not supposed to put my hands down. I was supposed to keep them up so that the blood would drain down in my veins. That is if I was alone. If I had someone around to help me, this person might have bandages, like the mushroom type plants from the ground. You know those mushroom type plants that every time you break them, they are like powder? They would remove the powder and use the skin and put it on the cuts.

The seal's gall bladder is really bitter. We used to use them to bandage a cut. They would heal the wound. It is alright to use these kinds of things -- they kill the germs. If somebody burned themselves, we would use fish fat, cooked or fried fish fat for ointment -- we would use that oil to put on the burn.

I think I forgot most of the medications that we used a long time ago...

Apphia:

"When we landed, one of the priests came over amongst all of the people and told us that they were going to take chest X-Rays. That is why the airplane picked us up."

I am going to tell you about a story that amazed me very much. It was at the time that my in-laws went to go meet the ship. This was in 1955. Qaliqua and his wife, my husband's sister Amagoalik left the camp. They went to help unload the ship. At that time we couldn't sell our sealskins so we would do odd jobs and get paid. We wouldn't get paid much, mainly tea, sugar, bullets, only supplies we could use for the fall. We needed supplies so they took one boat and my husband's tiny outboard motor to go meet the ship. The boat itself was big -- it used to be a sailboat and then we had bought a small motor to put behind it. They left us behind when they went to meet the ship because we had dogs at that time and we had to look after

them. There were three dogs. There were just me, my husband and the kids left in the camp so we put my in-laws tent on top of our tent to make it warmer and to keep their supplies away from the dogs.

We had sealskin tents back then. I would make tents myself out of sealskin. I scraped the sealskins and dried them and sewed them together. I would sew the skins together while they were still wet. It took seven sealskins in all to make a very small tent. If it was a bigger tent it would be eight seals. Even today I know exactly how to make those tents. We would split the sealskins in two to separate the skin from the fur. There is a very thin layer of skin on the fur. Part of the sealskin is just plain skin. We would do this very carefully even though we had a lot of children to look after. The children also had to have kamiks made out of sealskin back then, to wear them as boots. We didn't have store bought boots at that time. We would have to sew all the boots ourselves. When the soles got worn out we would have to replace them. Soles would have to be replaced continuously. I think I chewed a lot of sealskin at that time. No wonder my teeth are worn out today. I spent so much of my time chewing sealskin.

Anyways, on that day we were in the sealskin tent and it was really warm. We never thought about how we smelled. We didn't have any soap. I had a young child at that time, a baby, a small son, Jakopie, Jakopie Suvujuk Kuutik was his full name before they changed my children's names to Awa. I had a small baby at that time and four other kids. This was in 1955, this was just recently.

We had never ever seen an airplane close up. We had never been inside a plane to take a trip. We never used to have airplanes come up north very often because we didn't have any air-strips. I thought one of the dogs was growling slowly, quietly... but he was taking a long time -- growling for such a long time.

My kids were playing outside. Arvaluk had gone out to meet the ship with his grandparents so only his brothers and sisters were with us, Oopah, Simon, Martha, and little Jakopie in my amautiq. The older one, Simon, he is older than Jako, he was sitting beside me and their father was out on the tiny boat. He paddled away to go hunting because he didn't have a motor. He had gone out seal hunting and he was gone then. I was tending to the udjuuk skins, the great bearded sealskins -- there were a whole bunch of them. My mother-in-law was supposed to have done them but she left to go meet the ship. She left me all the skins so I had to make sure they were all prepared. I had to dry them up and get them ready for sewing. Some of them were getting old and I was scraping the dirt off, making sure everything came off so they could be used for rope. Those ropes were used for dog harnesses. Dogs were the only means of transportation at that time. It was a long long time ago, before the Qallunaat came.

I thought one of the dogs was growling but the dog had been growling for a long time. I was listening to him growl for so long but it seemed as if he was getting louder and louder. At that time I didn't recognize the sound of an airplane. I thought the noise that I heard was a dog growling. Apparently one cylinder, one engine planes sound just like dogs that are growling slowly. The growling got closer and closer and the kids were still playing. The kids suddenly

shouted, "Mom, an airplane. Look a big airplane!". They made it sound like it was a large airplane. I was inside the tent and I thought to myself, "I wonder if they are telling the truth. I wonder if it is a real plane". I put Simon's little kamiks on and we went out of the tent.

We went out, Simon and I. Oopah was carrying Jakopie -- she was babysitting him. He didn't have any pampers on, of course at that time, and apparently he had taken a shit in her amautiq. We had no diapers at that time and Oopa was too young to know to pull him out when he had to go to the bathroom.

We were amazed. There was an airplane. The dogs were amazed too. They started howling. I was wondering why that plane was going over our camp. I was telling my kids "Oh it is just passing us". I was wiping my hands. I had been working with sealskins and I had a dirty old towel that I used to wipe my hands. Since we didn't wash much it was full of grease. The kids were playing outside. As the plane passed I told them all to come inside the tent. We didn't have tea or anything at that time -- I didn't care about cigarettes back then but I was still disappointed for a minute or two that it was just passing by. I wished for a minute that it would land and give us some tea.

Just after I wished that -- all of the sudden the airplane turned around and got really low and landed on the water. The water was very still. I told the kids "Oh no, I shouldn't have wished for the plane to come, now it has come! Go look for your father! See if you can find him and tell him that there is an airplane here!". The older kids ran off. They were scared. Simon was scared so he started running faster than his sister. Oopah was carrying Jakopie on her back so she was much slower. Of course they were slow, they were quite tiny children. Oopah was wearing my amautiq and it was too big for her.

They couldn't find their father so they came back. By the time they got back, the airplane had landed on the water and it was trying to beach. We were wondering what was going on so we went down to the beach. We had a wooden door on the tent and I closed the door of the tent. I was worried that the dogs would get in while we were checking on the airplane. When we got to the beach, the guy who was looking after the plane started talking to us. He was pretending to make the airplane noise. He was making sign language and talking in a language that didn't make any sense at all. Since I didn't know anything I just watched him. I just watched him. Simon, my son was playing in the water, dipping his feet in the water and suddenly the guy picked him up and put him on the plane. I yelled at him "That is my child! Don't take my child!". He was trying to get us to follow Simon into the plane. I was worried about the dogs next to the tent. They were going to get into the tent if we left them.

Oopah kept on holding Jakopie on her back and they probably thought at the time "This must be a little adult carrying this little baby". When we got on to the airplane I saw my older sister Natiq and her husband Iyutuq and her five children, Angutimavi, Arnatauyok, Nuqadluq, and then the last one, the one that used to have epilepsy, Renee -- there were five of them. I was so scared. My sister was saying "Oh my god, what is happening to us". She was frightened. She had her eyes wide open. She was sitting down. They told us to sit down. The airplane was

really full. Simon didn't have anywhere to sit. He kept standing. The pilot put him on his lap. He started talking in Qallunaatitut, in English, and Simon was learning from him. Simon must have stunk like crazy, he was probably smelling pretty bad because we hadn't washed or anything and he was sitting on the Qallunaq's lap. We took off and the things that happened to our stomachs! When the airplane went up our stomachs dropped -- then they went down again and up again and I started vomiting.

It was very hard to hear anything and the trip only took a very short time. They took us to Ikpiarjuk and to Iglulingmiut. We landed on the water there and when we landed there were a whole bunch of people there. I guess we were all being collected. Of course there were no radios or anything so we had no idea what was going on. We had no radios, no communication devices. There were just us Inuit, dogs and Inuit, our country food and our skin clothing.

When we landed, one of the priests came over to where all the people were standing and told us that they were going to take chest X-Rays. That is why the airplane picked us up. "What does that mean?" I said. We had never had that thing done to us before. I didn't know what they were going to do. Apparently, from what the priest said, they wanted to look at pictures of chests. I thought they were going to take out our lungs and snap their picture. That is how I understood it. I was really scared and he said "Just come on". I was scared. I wanted to keep my lungs inside of me. I had good lungs back then. We went in and when we got inside, right away they told us to get comfortable and strip. There were some tools there and two Qallunaat were talking. I did not understand even one word of what they were saying. The Catholic priest was the one that was interpreting for us. They told us to take everything off. We had to take off our tops for the chest X-Ray. He explained to me exactly what was going to be done and what was going to happen to us. I asked him "Are we going to get cut up". I had heard of that before, about surgery and being cut up. He said "No, they just want to take a picture of your lungs".

All of the kids took their tops off, the third one, Simon, didn't want to take his top off. He didn't want to take his top off and he was crying. He had a small T-shirt on, a kind of ragged old dirty little t-shirt. He didn't want to take it off but it had to be removed. The Catholic missionary gave him biscuits and candy and while he was eating those he didn't mind so much having his top taken off. After we had our tea, they told us that they were going to take us back to our camp. Oh, how joyful that was! We didn't even have time to visit with all the people that were there. My in-laws had been there helping unload the boat. They came to us with flour and sugar and stuff. They told me to put it in my hood. We didn't have bags back then. They put it inside my hood. Finally they took off on the plane. We went with my oldest sister to her camp. We went there and it was not as bad as the first flight. We were not vomiting any more. We had drank tea and stuff like that so we were all cheerful. They took us back to camp.

When we were going above our tent, we saw the dogs and it seemed like they were so far away. We could see the tent. I don't remember seeing my husband there or thinking of my husband being there and it was really loud, the airplane. Simon touched me and said "Look".

I looked and Simon said "Look, my father, he is short". I was so amazed. He had gotten shorter. Apparently he hadn't changed but at that time he seemed to have a big head and a shorter body. He was looking up with a knife in his hand. He seemed really short. When we got on the water and beached he was saying "What happened to you" and I said "They took us to Ikpiarjuk and took pictures of our lungs. I wonder if they are going to do a chest X-Ray on you too." I made sign language to the Qallunaat asking if they were going to take my husband and they said "No". I asked why and that is the time I learned how to say "No" in Qallunaatitut, in English. The airplane left and we had plenty of tea then.

Tea was very precious back then. Sometimes we went a long time without tea. We didn't have tea all the time, like today. After that incident, my in-laws didn't come back into the community for a long time. Apparently the ship took a long time to leave the community and it took awhile for them to help unload the ship. They got their money to buy merchandise that way. It took them awhile to come back to the outpost camp.

I remember when they came back. Oopah looked out of the tent and said to me "Look, that ice is really close". There was no ice at that time but apparently they weren't using the sail and they were just travelling with the out-board motor but it was really a small motor so it was quite quiet. Their father went out of the house and said "That is a boat -- it is moving". I didn't believe him. I said "You are lying. It is a piece of ice -- there is probably a walrus on top of it". And then it got closer and closer as we were talking and you could recognize the people. When they finally came back, how joyful that was. That was the most joyous moment at that time. We had been alone all summer. We had been alone for so long.

Apphia:

"That is the story about how my baby Solomon almost died."

We used to deliver out in camp without nursing stations or nurses to help us. We were fine delivering when we were living in sod-houses. Even so, I used to be scared. Maybe the reason I was so scared was because I killed somebody before. That was when I was really young. I remember that I used to be so scared of my teenage years. Maybe it was because of that.

I remember it was 1959 and my mother-in-law was going to deliver a son. She asked me to come into the sod-house and help her deliver. I went over and my mother-in-law was in labour. The baby that came out was a boy. I was really happy. I delivered the baby. I was pregnant with Solomon at the time and my husband had heard the noises. He thought I was having my baby. I went home and said to him "your mother had her baby".

I remember awhile later, I was eating a meal, raw meat, seal meat. I wasn't thinking about having a baby. I was eating a raw meat. All of a sudden I noticed that there was a flow of water coming through my pants. I stood up very quickly and yelled to my husband, "I am

peeing!" I thought I was peeing my pants. My mother-in-law ran in and shouted "You are in labour! You just broke your water". All of a sudden my husband got up from where he was lying and started making the bed for me to lie on. He put a nice blanket on it. Right there I delivered. I was really frightened. I delivered in a hurry because the baby was coming so fast.

After I delivered my baby, I was in really bad pain. That is when I got sick and started having pains and aches all over. We had a new sod-house. We had just moved into a new sod-house right after my baby. I didn't know why it started or how it started but I was in really bad pain. I couldn't eat any more. I started wondering and thinking "Why, why am I in so much pain?". I found out later I was sick with an infection in my uterus. That is why my skin turned dark. Arvaluk, my son, he went out hunting. While he was gone, my skin started getting dark all over. It was really dark. Then, the top of my skin started peeling off. All the dark skin started peeling off from my body, from all over my body.

Finally, when I started getting better, my skin started going back to normal. When I was better I was able to go to my mother-in-law's sod-house. When I went there to visit my mother-in-law, I remember she told me that her baby was sick. She said he was having trouble with his lungs. I stayed with her and after awhile I went home. I was supposed to go back later on that night but by the time I went back, the baby had died. After he died, we went up to dig the grave. It was dug easily, it wasn't too much for us. He was so small. He was only a few months old...

A few days later, my baby got sick. My little baby Solomon -- I never noticed that he was sick. I never had a sick baby before. After I got better from my infection, I was sewing and he was in my amautiq. He was sleeping and my husband was out hunting -- the baby was sleeping on my back in the amautiq. He was sleeping and I never thought about pulling him out to feed him and I didn't realize he was having trouble breathing. When my husband came back, I helped him take off his kamiks. Then I took off my kamiks and went into my bed. My husband sat beside me on the bed and wanted to look at the baby. He pulled him out and said "What is wrong with the baby? He is so pale".

I pulled out the baby and he was really weak and pale. I thought the baby was dead. For a long time I had the baby in the amautiq. When I took the baby out he was looking really pale and he wasn't breathing. My husband grabbed the baby and tried to help him breathe. He tried to help him to breathe, but he couldn't breathe. Simon ran out to tell my mother-in-law what was happening. He went out. When my parents-in-law came in, my father-in-law grabbed the baby from my husband -- they were fighting over the baby. My husband and I let the baby go. The baby was dead. I didn't know what to do, so I just sat there. Every time in my life I ever became scared, I would close up and sit still. I went over to my husband and said "Let go of the baby".

My mother-in-law took the baby home and the baby was dead. My husband and I followed over. My husband went outside and started praying out loud -- he was praying really

loud and my son started breathing again. Maybe it was his faith that and strength in praying that brought my son back. God listened to him. My mother-in-law told us to start packing up our stuff to go to Igloolik for help. We packed up our stuff and the next day we travelled to Igloolik. We didn't have any proper winter clothing with us so my husband found some wood and built a little house on the qamutiq. It was January and I was only wearing my ordinary clothing and we travelled. I took all my kids with me. I had six children and the baby at that time. Solomon was the seventh baby. There were a lot more babies to come...

When we got to Igloolik, we went to the Catholic priest. There was no nurse at that time. There were some teachers but they hadn't started teaching yet. That was the first year the teachers came to Igloolik. That was 1959. When we got there the Catholic missionary gave my son a needle and told me not to breast feed him. He gave me a can of milk for the baby to feed on. They gave him a needle and told us to go to Hall Beach. That is where the nursing station was. We left Simon, Martha, and Jake in Igloolik and went to Hall Beach with the older ones and Rhoda and Solomon. My husband, he was whipping the dogs all the way from Igloolik and it took a long time to get there. I think it would have been faster by skidoo if we had one at that time. My husband was trying so hard to make the dogs go faster. He was running beside the sled all the way from Igloolik to Hall Beach. As soon as we got to Hall Beach, the baby was hospitalised. I had been breast-feeding him. That was why he was hospitalised. I guess I had passed my infection to him through my breast-milk. We stayed in Hall Beach for a long time, almost two months. While we were there someone brought Martha to us. My husband and I stayed in Hall Beach with the kids in a little shack made out of snow.

It was the beginning of spring. Solomon was in bed for a long time but he still kept on smiling. He never got up for a long time. When he did get up, he was really shaky and I thought he was going to be like that forever. He started getting back to his normal self and finally we were told by the Qallunaat that we could go home. It was March by the time we got to leave. It was springtime and really warm outside so we never used our little shed my husband had built for the back of the sled.

When we got to Igloolik, my kids were really happy to see us. My kids weren't well looked after while we were away. They weren't being fed well. Their clothes were all worn out and Simon had an infection in his eyes. They were really red. His hands were really swollen from not having proper mittens and getting cold. I felt really upset. We took them and went home again.

That is the story of how my baby Solomon almost died. I told him after all of that, I told Solomon "Don't you ever smoke because you almost died because of your lungs. You had a really bad infection in your lungs". He never smoked, not until he was a lot older. Even today he never smokes in the house. He smokes when I am not around, like when he is outside working on his skidoo. I tell him that story about how he almost died and he tries to listen to me.

Sandra:

"I've had chronic eczema all of my life. It runs in my family on my dad's side."

There is one thing that I want to talk about, that I think is important, it's about my eczema. I've had chronic eczema all of my life. It runs in my family on my dad's side. My grandfather Ishmailie has it, so do his sister's children. His brother, my great-uncle has it, so do his sister's children, my dad's youngest brother and my aunt, so do my brother Lucas and my baby sister Ruby.

My father's mother used to say my eczema was because I was "augluktuq", she said I had "bad blood". I think what she meant by "bad blood" was that I can't fight off the disease as well as the rest of the people in my family. I have it the worst.

When I was five or six years old, my mother took me to the nursing station. The nurses gave me a special cleansing soap and creme. She took me back over and over again throughout my childhood because it never seemed to heal. My eczema is really bad. It is wherever there is skin. I have huge scars all over, mostly on my calves and the climate here makes it worse. From the time the doctors diagnosed it, I knew there was no cure. When I was about twelve, I started going to the nursing station by myself. The treatments they gave me were strong enough to heal the wounds for periods of time but the eczema always flared up again. Most of the time, it flares up in late fall.

I used to go see the nurses so much. I've seen so many different nurses over the years and their opinions all range. I've seen three doctors. The first one I saw had the gall to say they're scabies. "Scabies all of my life?" I thought to myself. I couldn't believe it. This was in Iqaluit's Baffin Regional Hospital. I think a nurse here finally got tired of me bugging her so much. She wrote down my name and said that I could go see a real dermatologist who was going through Iqaluit in a month. This was seven years ago, when I was 13. When I was waiting that month before the trip, I thought that after it was all over, I'd finally have a normal life. I thought the appointment with a real dermatologist would end it all.

I remember going down to Iqaluit. I packed a few of my things in a suitcase and left on the morning plane. I went all alone and stayed two days. I hadn't been to Iqaluit since I was seven and didn't remember much about it. It was my first trip to the hospital besides my birth. I had always wondered what it would be like to have an accident or a routine surgery, like my sister with her tonsils, and go to Baffin Regional. You know, have a normal accident or something. I remember being there, sitting in the waiting room for out-patients. I waited for a few hours. I felt so grown up and hopeful. After awhile I was sent to an examining room. The doctor, the dermatologist, had on this business-like suit and she walked very fast. There was also someone there, an intern. I have never had long fingernails in my life. I have always cut them short so I wouldn't hurt myself as much when I scratched but I was excited about my trip to Iqaluit I grew them just a little before I left. The doctor looked at me and said sarcastically to the intern "No wonder she has skin problems, she has scabies. I knew what scabies were and

I knew she was wrong. I knew what my problem was. I had read about eczema and I knew I had it. I didn't say anything to her though. They prescribed medication for me. They were in tubes. I never used them. I never even opened them.

When I went back home to Pond Inlet, I left the tubes on the dresser and a friend asked me if they were vaginal creme for STD's. I didn't correct him. I was more embarrassed about having eczema than if I had an STD. I didn't want to tell him that I had eczema. I'm still angry at him for asking if I had STD's. I was only thirteen.

When I was a kid my eczema was just a nuisance. When I turned 10 or eleven though, I started to become embarrassed about it. I became more shy. As I got older this shyness became worse. I remember one guy that I went out with even said I was "too shy". I didn't tell him that I was the same with every boy, "too shy". I never let them get too close. Living in this small community, it is a big thing how many boyfriends you have or who they are.

Another doctor that I saw later on, after the dermatologist, said my eczema would get better as I grow older. It was that way with my aunt and uncle, theirs got better when they got older. I didn't happen with me though. It seemed to get worse. It used to only be on my body but as a teenager it spread to my hands and face. The eczema on my hands was different than the eczema on the other parts of my body. It "bled" meaning that the wounds were full of water. I kept trying to hide my hands with long sleeves and putting them out of sight. I was embarrassed, having to scratch all the time.

There was once a time when I was totally relieved of it. I went south for an exchange when I was thirteen. In that climate it was gone in less than a week. I was so surprised because that was when I didn't put much cream on them. I was trying to keep all the drugs out of my blood. I felt so normal then, my skin was so smooth. I didn't itch. Ever since then I remember that time when I was down south, I tell my parents and the nurses that there has been a time when I didn't have eczema, I hint and hint, hoping that there will be a way for it to be like that again.

Grade ten and eleven were OK for me but I became more and more shy. It became harder for me to associate with friends, harder to open up. I worked the whole summer before grade twelve. I saved up and went south for awhile. I went to Ottawa. The first thing I wanted to do when I got down there was to see another dermatologist. As usual I was shy with the doctor and didn't want to spill out my feelings about how my eczema affected my whole life. I read in a magazine once about how doctors often act as psychiatrists. I didn't want to be a burden or thought of as another sad case. The doctor that I saw gave me a different kind of soap and a cream that actually worked. I was so happy when I was down there. I watched as my eczema healed. I thought of my life as care-free as my sister's and I thought my senior year would be great.

Two weeks after all of this, after I got this cream, my eczema came back. It came back with a real vengeance. It was OK when I was down south, but when I was going home through

Iqaluit, the airline lost my luggage with the cream inside and I had to do without it for two days. The first day I was back, before the eczema had become worse, I went to the hospital in Iqaluit for another reason. While I was there I was still so happy about it going away. I wanted to look for the nurses who had said I had scabies. I wanted to find them and show them that I had never had scabies. I wanted to let them know what a caring doctor down south did for me. Well, I shouldn't have thought that way, thought about paying them back, because not long after that my illness came back. Not only that but my fingernails were eaten up by all the drugs in the new cream. I got back to Pond Inlet and the new cream was sent to me in the mail. I put it on again. It worked a little bit but not as much as it did in the south. Now I was in the dry climate with the wind. When I ran out of cream, a few months later, the Health Centre didn't have it so I went without.

After that trip, my eczema came back with a real vengeance. I felt so exasperated, helpless. I didn't want to deal with the eczema another year. When I got into grade twelve, after that summer, my problems really started to get to me. I couldn't deal with waking up early enough to wash up, put cream on my face, being late for school, washing at lunch, and then scratching my fingers all throughout the day. The itchiness kept me from concentrating, I couldn't write as quickly. I kept on thinking about going home and taking off my stuffy clothing and getting into my t-shirts and shorts. It was that bad. I remembered the nurse who said that everything would be OK when I got older. I became unhappy when I remembered that.

There was one day, I felt overwhelmed, couldn't deal with bathing and going through the same routine so I stayed home from school in the morning. I thought I'd feel better at noon, when I had more time to bathe. I didn't go to school in the afternoon, or the next day. I thought that maybe I'd get better over the weekend. I thought I'd get better if I just stayed home. By Monday, I had lost all hope. I stayed in bed. Two weeks later I still wasn't going to school. I got a notice from school and they told me I had one more chance. I wanted so much to explain to them. I wanted to tell them that I hadn't planned this and that I never meant to miss school. I wanted to write back to them and say "Hey, it is not what you think, I am not partying my life away, I am not sleeping my life away". I wanted to tell them that I wasn't staying out of school because I feel bitterness towards my teachers. Everything was going chaotic in my head. What was I supposed to do? Go back to school and pretend nothing ever happened, pretend everything is great like I thought it would be?

In the middle of all this, I remember thinking about having to go to school next year, going through grade twelve at twenty years old. I thought of not graduating at sixteen or even at nineteen. I said to myself "You had better get your act in gear" so I bathed that day. I got ready to go to school, put on my stuffy clothing. At 9:30 am, I was crying. I saw my face in the mirror and knew I'd be miserable. Ever since then I have never looked forward to anything. I don't want to lift my hopes up.

Growing up with my sister who is carefree and confident, it has been hard on me to see her happy all the time. I've tried to encourage her to look good and dress good. That is how I always hid my eczema, by dressing fashionably. I used to say to her that she would look so

great if she dressed up because she doesn't have eczema to worry about so she doesn't seem to care as much. That is how I am with my sister and my mother. I think they probably think I am bossy, "put make-up on, try this, buy that!". I try to make their lives more colourful even though they think everything is alright. My sister, she is a little absentminded and she is happy the way she is. I think that is how I became a perfectionist though, from trying to hide my eczema.

For the most part when it comes to my eczema, people are sympathetic and understanding. They know it is not contagious. Still, I try hard to hide it. Some people don't know about my eczema and think I have it all, they think I have nothing to worry about. I remember thinking that when I was talking to this girl in town who has an obvious medical problem. I found out one day how it affects her life when we were walking from a dance. We started talking and she explained that she would like to join in dancing too but she was too shy. Even though we have always known each other, this was the first time that she opened up to me. I wanted so badly to tell her that I have been going through the same thing with my eczema but I didn't want to talk and interrupt her. The next time I saw her, she acted embarrassed for having talked like that. I wanted her to be my friend but she never talked to me like that again.

My grandmother, my mother's mother, she prayed for me once. That was when I was probably 15 or 16. She asked God to spare me any more pain. Things didn't change much after that. I don't think of God much since then. To tell you the truth, I think of Inuit spirits probably more. Sometimes I think they are punishing me. I think they have been punishing me, trying to tell me something. I think about them even though I have no idea what they are, who they are. Even if it is wrong to think about them, I've made them into my imaginary friends. I'm a little comforted by that.

I have never told my mother or father why I became miserable. They asked and asked "Qanuikkavit?" but I never answered back. I became sort of a hermit. I'd spend all my time in my room. Even before grade twelve I did this. In the summers and at Christmas, I'd stay in my room with my books, my magazines, my imaginary friends, and my dance music. I'd see my friends once a week in the dance hall. They would exclaim, "Oh how nice to see you! Why did you quit school? Long time no see". The only place I went was to the dance hall. When you dance you don't have to talk. It was dark there and nobody could see my puffy eyes. Dancing is a big part of life for young people here.

Anyhow, I've never exactly told my parents the main reason why one day I'd be smooching my baby sister or playing with my brother and sisters, and the next day I'd be a totally different person, why all of the sudden I'd start cursing at my mother and then stop talking all together, why I'd stay in my room for days and days. This went on for months and months. I couldn't tell them it was because of my eczema. I didn't want them to think it was their fault, that is the last thing I wanted them to feel. I didn't want them to think that I blamed them for passing it down to me. They probably knew full well why I was like that but I never said it outright. Mostly, it was my mother doing the asking but once in awhile, my father asked

and I would be so surprised I'd almost burst. It cheered me a little when he asked. Still I never said much to them.

I went to the Health Centre less and less as I got older. I knew the medicines they gave me wouldn't work. Before I quit school, I'd always keep my room clean, not a thing out of place. That was my pride, always having everything in place around me, at school and at home. I'd keep all my stuffy clothing in place. When I say stuffy clothing, I mean everyday clothing. When I am at home, I always wear shorts and a T-shirt. I never wear jeans at home. My baby sister knows I am going out if I am wearing jeans. When I was having such a hard time last fall, I went into a dream world of my own. My room lost it too. I wouldn't clean it up for weeks at a time. I never finished my chores. I lost hope of having a normal life. The things I used to have for school, books, paper, pens were now only constant reminders of my mistakes. I didn't think I'd ever have the need to find my watch, or find my sweaters and my jeans. That is when I started thinking really bad thoughts, because my room was a mess.

Also, I began listening to the community radio, day in, day out. I was still reading and writing a lot in diaries. The things I'd hear or read about started to weigh me down more. My mother asked me once whether the books were the reason why I was so down and I thought she was being idiotic. As an afterthought I guess she is right in a way. I remember reading things about the north like "Eight hundred students a year quit school in the NWT" or "teachers feel like Social Service workers in the NWT because so many kids in trouble have problems" or "Pond Inlet has it's highest suicide rate ever". I'd read so many of these things...

I felt like such a burden to so many people. Nineteen and still living at home, no decent boyfriends, school drop-out. Around that same time, I tried to get a job but I couldn't work very well for the same reasons I couldn't go to school. Whenever my mother showed me a job opportunity, she found out later that I hadn't even looked into it. On not so bad days, I'd clean the house in a frenzy, bathe my brothers and sisters, wash their clothing, trim their nails, take them out, play Super Nintendo with them. I'd give Mom tons of suggestions. I'd try to make it all up to her for being such a burden. Late in the night I'd go to see my grandparents.

I started taking my baby sister out to pre-school story-hour at the library for an hour. I'd take her shopping. After awhile, she was the one I answered to. She'd ask me if I was crying and she would try to cheer me up. She and I read story books all the time. She liked to help me clean up. She put make-up on herself although I told her not to. That girl is impossible to be depressed around. I don't know where I would be without her. I'd like to think I helped her into the world, she was one of my "suggestions" but I think my mother thought of her and I just coaxed her into the final decision. Whatever, I am happy beyond words she had Ruby.

I never really told my mother why this all came about because I never really thought she would understand. She was so pretty when she was my age. She is pretty even now. She told me once about all the "boyfriends" she had back then. I dread having to think about one but also I don't want to feel left out. I know she knows what it is like to live with the pain of eczema because three of her six kids have it. I used to whine to her when it got really bad but I stopped

doing that. It is like old news. If I told her I think she'd think I was being petty or suddenly becoming hyped about it when I've been living with it my whole life. I think she'd wonder why I'd be depressed about it now.

I had read things, happy ending stories, some cases I'd associate with but never believe it could ever happen to me. I thought "I brought this upon myself, I'll get myself out of this hell-hole I created". My mother suggested a psychiatrist. I made up a reason to not do that as well. They already have so many cases worse than mine! Of course I said this to myself. Also I thought a person who has gone through a lot can be an even stronger person who helps other people. So I willed myself to reason myself out of this state I was in.

I sometimes think I'm better. I try not think about last autumn a lot though. That is when I have flare-ups, moods I can't get out of when I remember those two weeks especially. I used to say to myself, dear goodness, I look twenty years older than Cher, imagine when I am her age. I now think "who cares about Cher". Also I tell myself to take it one day at a time. There is a 99% chance a bomb like Hiroshima will come to Pond, so take your time, don't lose your peace of mind, don't get in such a fluff!

Some good things have come out of it. I never got myself into something I might regret. I was always careful and never got pregnant. Although I don't think that is the right phrase because babies are never a regret. That is what I think. So all I'll say is that I never got pregnant. To think that babies are ever regrets... Anyhow, also over the years I've been taking cortico steroids in the creams and I don't know how much I have in my blood now. So when people asked me to take up or drink I say "No Thanks", not only because it is the right thing to do but because I don't want any more stuff in my blood, no matter how little. If I didn't have any steroids in my blood, I'd probably be a tad bit tempted at times...

It is going to be easier for my baby sister and my brother and their eczema because I know beforehand the things that work and don't work. Hopefully their skin will heal nicer than mine as they grow older. If you are wondering, humidifiers, Ivory soap, and detergent didn't help much in my case. It is the climate that makes it so bad...

9. THE TIME THAT WE WERE BAPTIZED....

Apphia:

"The time that we were baptized, I remember it was winter."

The time that we were baptized, I remember it was winter. That fall was the first time we were going to have our own sod-house, by ourselves, separate from my in-laws. We had always lived with our in-laws before, in their big sod-house, in their tent, all of us, my mother-in-law, her husband and her kids, three daughters and Peter, myself, my husband and my kids, Oopah, Simon, Martha, and Jakopie. My in-laws were saying that there were too many people in their house and they told us that we should build our own sod-house. I remember it was a pretty small sod-house. If we brought a big seal inside the sod-house to skin, there would be no room on the floor for anything else, just the big seal. There would be no place to walk around when my husband brought in a seal.

That spring, in March I think, a minister came to our community. He was a fat man. He is dead now. He came in with Nasuk and Peter Paniloo. He was a little boy then, Peter Paniloo. They came to our camp. I remember it was scary for me to get baptized. I remember they were teaching us to sing songs. When I think about that I smile and laugh. They wanted us to sing properly, sing nicely. I laugh when I think about that... about trying to sing songs properly...

They also told us we had to be baptized. They said it was like when we used water to wipe away the little bits of caribou fur or hairs lying around, stuck to us. The ministers told us that is how baptism worked. We got baptized on the bed of the sod-house. We were kneeling, and the men sat at the edge of the bed. They had a different dialect too, new language, new words. When the baptism happened, the minister didn't hear me properly when I told him my Christian name. He didn't hear me correctly so he baptized me Sapphia instead of Apphia. I was scared. I thought that Sapphia would be my new name forever, Sapphia... All those things came to mind. I was being baptized without really knowing if I was a Christian. I was really confused. I didn't want to become Christian and then on top of it all I was being baptized a different name. How scary it was... They seemed to be really holy and almighty and it was a very scary experience.

When they finished, they started preparing to leave the next day. As they were preparing to leave, they asked my husband to go with them for a little while, to travel with them. Apparently they were going to go a far away, to Quodlukto. It was a long distance. My husband went a ways with them. They went through Pond Inlet-- they came through here. Then they went to Igloodik. They left in February and my husband didn't come back until late spring. The people that lived around here didn't have their husbands with them for a long time. That is how it was at that time.

The Qallunaat, especially the priests and the minsters, they were scary. They kind of forced people to be baptized, pressured us to say "yes". The Anglican and the Catholic ministers, back then, they were sort of fighting amongst each other, fighting for Inuit.

It was like this. They would go to the Inuit person and tell them they had to be baptized. Even before the person ever approached the minister, the minister would get to them first, travel to the different camps. The people had no choice. When they showed up in the camp, they didn't give us a choice, they just told us to get on our knees. They forced us to become

Anglican or Catholic. They travelled around to many camps.

There were more Anglicans in Pond Inlet. In Igloolik there were more Catholics, more priests. I know a story about an Anglican person who took the Anglican minister to Igloolik. He had to go back to his family so he left the minister there. Since there are more Catholics in Igloolik, the minister hired a Catholic person to take him to Repulse Bay. When they got there, the priest who baptized that person got jealous because that Catholic person was with the minister. When that priest got jealous he started scolding the Catholic person. That Catholic person didn't want the ministers to fight over their religions. He told the priest "After the Anglican minister prayed the Anglican way, I prayed the Catholics's way". The priest kept on scolding him so he got angry at the priest. He got really mad so he picked him up and held him in the wind -- the wind was blowing in his face. He held him there until the priest froze his face. As soon as he let him go he ran off.

This was in Repulse Bay but that Catholic person was from Igloolik. Maybe that is one of the reasons why the Inuit got scared. Now we are not fighting any more, the Anglicans and the Catholics. Before they were fighting a lot because there were more people, like they are always guarding themselves. People were kind of pulled by the two ministers.

Unis Arreak, Letia Kyak, and Enooya Enook used to tell me stories about when they were young in Pond Inlet, how they used to visit the priest's house without letting the minister know. They would sneak out and visit the priest. That minister was really strict, very strict at that time. He wouldn't even let his people go to dances because he was afraid of adultery. He looked at dancing that way. He was really strict.

Even my mother Sullaaq used to tell me this -- she was Catholic and she used to tell me that if she wanted to go see a sick person and that person was an Anglican, she would go at night so the priest wouldn't see. Some of our relatives, some of our friends, they were Catholic. My mother Sullaaq was Catholic. We were baptized Anglican that day at the camp so we would have to sneak out at night to see them and be together. We weren't allowed to see each other.

If Anglican people were seen with Catholics, we were scolded. Before the ministers would start teaching the Bible at Sunday school, they would start off by scolding people who had been seen with Catholics. That is one of the reasons why the Anglican people are mad at the first ministers up here. They made us sneak around. They made us feel like we were lying all the time.

Maybe it was because the Qallunaat get upset too easily when the Inuit say "no" to them. We knew that the Qallunaat got mad easily. We were careful of the Qallunaat. We tried not to make them mad. This made it easier for us.

I think I still have that ability to be scared of religious things later on in life. I was quite an adult when I was baptized but I still got scared of things quite easily. At that time I used to be really scared of Qallunaat. I am not scared of them today because some of them are my

relatives. Now I have sons-in-law who are Qallunaat and some of my grand-children are Qallunaat. I used to be really scared of them though back then. I didn't realize back then that they would become my relatives.

Sandra:

"I got a plane ticket to Igloolik for my thirteenth birthday."

When I was twelve I went to Igloolik for the Baffin Regional Games. They are held each year in different communities. Half of our class that year went to Brampton for an exchange trip, the rest of us went to Igloolik. We did a lot of fundraising that year. We sold raffle tickets and had bake sales. We had a chart on the wall showing how we were doing. I remember getting on a plane, a tiny twin otter. There were about fifteen of us from different grades. Igloolik is about the same population as Pond Inlet. It is on a small island and is very flat. I was lucky because my great grandparents lived in Igloolik and I had family ties. I got to stay at their place. The games lasted a week. We did things like play volleyball, soccer, floor hockey, broomball. The best part though were the traditional Inuit games. I had such a good time there, I really wanted to go back. I wanted to move there. When I got back I began bugging my parents, pestering my parents to send me back there.

I got a plane ticket to Igloolik for my thirteenth birthday. I remember my parents were anxious about me going by myself. They were worried and warned me about things that could happen if I wasn't careful. I really wanted to go and I thought they were wrong but when I got to Igloolik it was worse than they had said. I wasn't in a group any more and being by myself was hard. I got pretty hungry at times. I was there for a week, yeah for a week, and I was staying with relatives. In Pond there are three main sections of town but in Igloolik there are two, the hill and the lower shore. There are more Catholics there than here. When I got there they told me that the lower section was all Catholic people and the upper one was all Anglican. They said that there was a big split between the Catholics and the Anglicans in Igloolik. They didn't hang around much together. I thought that was pretty strange. I didn't think it was true.

One day a friend of mine and I took a walk down to the lower section and this guy came up and started yelling at us. He just started yelling "Get out of this part! Get out, you're not Catholic, you don't belong here! What are you doing here? I'm going to beat you up pretty soon if you don't go away". Nothing happened but I was pretty amazed at this. I had never been exposed to that sort of stuff in Pond Inlet. I had never heard about Anglicans and Catholics living in separate sections of town or fighting when I was growing up. I was so surprised. I guess things like that show you how many differences there are between communities.

I made a few new friends but I had a terrible time that trip. I should have listened to my parents. I didn't question their judgement as much after that. I've been there lots of time since then. We go there quite a bit. I've had two birthdays there. My birthdays there... Here

it would be like just another day but in Igloolik it seemed as if the whole town made my birthday a very big, special event. It seems as if the people in Igloolik were more traditional, more Inuit. There are very nice people there. They are very kind. They always say "Hi". I've had wonderful times in Igloolik with my family when we go there but being there alone was kind of hard.

Apphia:

"We weren't allowed to travel Sundays."

There was kind of a can of milk that was filled with blood from my daughter's nose-bleed. Oopah was having a nose-bleed. She was about twelve or thirteen years old and we were trying to take her to Arctic Bay to get help. It was spring-time and even though we didn't have a clock or a watch, we thought it was Saturday. We were poor at that time so we didn't have any clocks or watches. We didn't have any calendars. We knew the time and the day by the sun and the moon. While we were travelling to Arctic Bay, we thought it was Saturday. We weren't allowed to travel Sundays.

It was cold that evening so we stopped to rest. Our daughter was really cold -- she was losing blood. Oopah was the only one of our kids that time who was thirsty -- she kept wanting to drink. It was because she was losing blood. We slept that night and when we woke up we thought it was Sunday. We weren't allowed to travel on Sundays. We weren't allowed to hunt either even though there were lots of seals around. We didn't have a choice so we stopped and rested since it was Sunday.

My husband was a little restless so he walked up a little hill beside our camp-site. My daughter was having nose bleeds all the time and we thought she might be dying. He went out and climbed the little hill, just for fun, just to see what was going on. He was checking to see if he could find any seals with his binoculars, with his telescope. When he went out there he saw a dogteam and a qamutiq passing by. It was my husband's sister Amarualik and her husband Kalliraq. My husband was wondering why they were travelling on a Sunday. He waved them over and when they came they told us it was Monday. We found out that we travelled on Sunday and rested on Monday. I was really frightened.

When they stopped, Oopah's nose stopped bleeding so we didn't have to go to Igloolik. We went back with them to their camp. She was fine afterwards.

Sundays were really important to us. We took it as a resting day. We weren't supposed to do anything important on Sundays. It was really scary to do anything on a Sunday.

We once went out on Saturday, just the two of us, my husband and I. I didn't have any

kids that time -- we were alone. It was in the springtime and the snow was melting really fast. It was getting really hard to travel. It became Sunday and we knew that we had to stop and stay overnight. We knew that we were not supposed to travel on Sunday. My husband and I talked about it. We had to travel before the ice melted. That night we talked about it and we decided to start travelling. We travelled. We were in a big hurry to get out of that camp because the snow was melting really fast. We travelled that night. My husband said that we would pretend that it is Monday that we were travelling, so that we wouldn't feel guilty that we were travelling on a Sunday. We never told our parent's-in-law that we travelled on a Sunday. If we told them, we knew that we would get a lecture from them about travelling on a Sunday.

I remember that not long before that, we were out hunting in the summertime and there was some fresh grass and blueberries around. I was with my in-laws and their family. We knew that it was Sunday and we weren't supposed to pick anything. We were allowed to walk around on Sunday but we weren't allowed to pick anything or hunt. If seals or narwhals came around, we weren't supposed to shoot them. We were walking around on the land and my parent's youngest kids, they asked if they could pick blueberries. They wanted to pick them just to eat them, not to keep them. My mother-in-law said "yes", only if they eat them right away. I was the oldest of these kids. Even though I was already married, I went with the kids to pick and eat blueberries. We ate all the blueberries on the ground, and also the fresh grass, and the leaves. The rule was that we were not supposed to pick things to keep, but we could eat them on Sundays. These are the things that I remember we weren't supposed to do on Sundays. These are the important things that we were told.

Rhoda:

"The next day was Sunday so we weren't allowed to travel."

One time I remember being hungry -- I was maybe six years old. I remember the incident very clearly. It was late fall and we hadn't eaten for days. All we had in the camp was a great big seal carcass. I think that most of the meat on it had been eaten already so all it had was skin and a bit of fat. Most of the ribs had been cleaned away but there were still slivers of meat on a few of the bones. That was the only food we had in the camp, this old seal carcass. Everyone else in the family had been taking bits and pieces off this old seal but I wouldn't touch it. It wasn't good, aged meat, it was just old. It wasn't fresh, fresh. I was a picky eater.

I remember we left the carcass in the shack we lived in and tried to go to Igloolik because we were so hungry. We thought we would go to our relatives who lived in Igloolik and get food from them. We travelled, I don't know how far, maybe fifteen miles, but the water was really rough. That was normal weather for the late fall, windy and rough on the water. The water was so rough we had to stop at an island just past our camp. It was the island where all the eider ducks usually nest...

We stopped at that island and I remember being really really hungry. The food we would have been hunting for at this time of year were seals but because it was so rough, we couldn't catch anything, no seals. The next day was Sunday so we weren't allowed to travel. We spent the day on that little island with absolutely nothing. I remember my sister was braiding my hair, my brothers were playing outside -- by some lucky streak so late in the fall, my older brother caught a snow bunting, a small little bird. In this season most of the geese are gone, ducks are gone, and the buntings are on their way. In windy weather anyways, they would have been hiding. Anyways, he ignored the rule that we weren't supposed to hunt on Sundays. We were starving and still we weren't supposed to hunt on Sundays... Snow buntings are tiny and they have skinny little legs. He took the bunting and he cut it up really nicely. He cooked it and he gave it to me. Nobody else had anything that day. I had the snow bunting. He gave it all to me so that I could eat.

Apphia:

"It was going to be Sunday and we had to stop. I was really thirsty -- we didn't have any tea."

My father and I were alone and I was about ten. When my father and I were alone -- when my mother died -- we lived in Kapuivik. That is the name of the camp we were going to. We were travelling on open ice, and we were travelling by dog team. We stopped to have a rest, put up our tent and we found out that it was Saturday. We found out that we had to stop because the next day was Sunday and we were supposed to rest. It was winter-time -- we were out of fuel for a light and we didn't have any matches. It was going to be Sunday and we had to stop. I was really thirsty. We didn't have any tea.

My father didn't drink tea. He couldn't drink tea, even if he put sugar in it. We drank caribou broth -- that was our tea. When I started living in my father-in-law's camp, that is when I started drinking tea. I don't drink tea that often, only sometimes, even today. While I was growing up, if I was out visiting and if I was asked if I wanted any tea, I wouldn't have any. That is what I was like.

So we stayed on the open ice to rest, but I was really thirsty. We didn't have any fuel so we couldn't melt ice to make water. There were some people in the camp we were headed for and we knew that they had fuel. We had to stop to rest though because it was Sunday. We had no tea and no heat and no water and we weren't supposed to travel. I was really mad at the people who told us that we weren't supposed to travel on Sunday. I remember it started storming. It was really stormy and I started crying. I was cold and really really thirsty. My father took out a piece of sealskin and cut a piece from it. He put snow in it and put it next to his body where it started melting. That is how I was able to drink water.

So we stopped that Sunday and the next day was Monday so we started travelling again.

We started to untangle the dogs -- they were all tangled up. I helped out with the dogs and then we headed for the camp. When I got to the sod-house where everyone was, I was offered a hot water tea. I was really cold and I was really thirsty. They knew I was cold and thirsty so they offered me tea so that I could get warmer quickly. I asked for water instead of tea. I asked for water. The water was quite warm. They knew that I was really cold, so they offered me a cup of warm water. I asked for really cold water even though I was really cold. I went to the porch and I got some really cold water and drank it -- I was filled with water. I didn't have any tea. After I drank really cold water, I got warmed up. Just because it was Sunday, I almost died of thirst.

Sundays were really important to us. In the future, we won't look at Sunday as such an important day. Even today I see people going out hunting on Sunday mornings. I don't really mind people travelling on Sundays coming home from a trip when they have to work on Monday. I don't mind those people. It still bothers me though when I see people hunting on Sunday. That is because I still believe what I was taught in the old days -- I still believe that we shouldn't travel or hunt on Sundays. We are taught about Jesus, that Jesus died for us and there are rules that were given to us by Moses in the old days. We are taught not to totally disregard the rules, but to make them fit with our lives. We are told that we should love one another. Today we are starting to hear preachers say that it is all right to do these kinds of things on Sundays. Nowadays, if we have something to do on Sundays, we can do it without worrying. Even if we have to sew, we can sew on Sundays and not worry about it. We are losing Sunday as an important day and I am sad about that...

When we were living in Igloolik, Sundays were really important to us. Back then, the Anglican ministers and Catholic priests were really divided. There were two communities in one community. One section was Anglican people and one section was Catholic people. We used to watch all the Catholic people. They could play outside, they could do things on Sundays. But us Anglicans, we were strictly told not to play or hunt or do anything on Sundays. I am talking about Sundays. If I remember some more about Sundays, I'll talk about it again. As I understand from the Bible, Jesus is the King of Sundays. That is how I understand it.

Sandra:

"I always asked myself why I didn't consider myself a Christian when I was brought up with it."

I was baptised as a baby. My grandparents were devoted Christians. I always asked myself why I didn't consider myself a Christian when I was brought up with it. When I was a kid, my grandmother, my dad's mom, usually took me to the church service and Bible class for

little kids. I used to have fun there. I was very young and I was surprised at how many other little kids went. After Bible class the instructors usually gave us cake or cookies and we always had tea. We were lined up and counted and then we could go home. The class used to be half an hour long. The elders ran them in their houses and my dad's grandfather was an instructor. There were different phases for the different age groups.

When I got older I started going to a real church with my grandmother. The Anglican church used to be down at the end of town. It was a grey brick building with a church bell and a steeple. It was beautiful. It had beautiful windows. I was pretty young, just a little kid, when we went to that church but I remember walking down the long road to get there. There was always a rush to get to church, everyone was in a hurry and the road to church was usually crowded with people just before church. The church inside had big blue curtains at the front, a big altar and leather little things, whatever, that you could kneel down onto. The male choir was on one side and the females were on the other side. They demolished this church a long time ago, probably around 1980, and put up a church made for the cold up here. It is just a square yellow thing with metal exterior wall. There is no steeple. The new church is more in the middle of the town and there is a big hill beside it. Usually kids go outside and play instead of going to church. The old church was much closer to the graveyard so you didn't have to go that far if there was a funeral. You could always hear the bells. There are no more bells now.

When I used to go to church with my grandmother, after church in the evenings we almost always went somewhere for tea and talked a bit. I mean my grandmother talked with her friends. When I started growing up I began going less and less. My grandparents didn't like that. They wanted me to go to church. They kind of pressured me. They said that I was baptised Christian and that I should go. After awhile I stopped going altogether. I never went. I wanted to watch "The Muppet Show" that came on the TV at 7pm. I watched it every Sunday at 7 o'clock. I didn't go to church much after that.

Besides church, I also learned about Christianity in school. It was around that time that we were doing that learning that I really began to doubt a lot. We learned about the missionaries and the settlers and the more I learned the more I felt that I had to resist Christianity. I wondered how my grandparents could believe so strongly when it is so different from what they used to believe, so different from the old Inuit spirits. I used to ask them about those old spirits, about shamans and stuff but they wouldn't talk about those things. They are strong Christians. My friends didn't want me to think about them either. I didn't want to be a Christian back then because I wanted to get back at the Qallunaat for saying all those bad things about Inuit back then. I didn't like what I learned about the Qallunaat moving in and telling us what to believe in, telling us the old Inuit spirits were evil. It is like they tricked us into Christianity, into believing the same things they believed in.

I guess now that I've thought about it a little, I don't feel as much one way or another. I am very careful about being banged over the head with anything but I guess I do believe in God. I guess I do.

Sandra:

"I always wondered about the angakoks, about the shamans."

I was always curious about how it was back then, back when my grandparents were growing up. I always wondered about the angakoks, about the shamans. Nobody was willing to talk about that or answer my questions. I asked all the time. I asked my parents, I asked my grandparents. I asked a lot. I guess I was the kind of kid who asked a lot of questions. Why? Why? Why? I was genuinely curious, I really wanted to know. I guess that they got tired of my questions, they thought that I was a kid being curious. They never said much to me. My parents, my grandparents, they never talked about shamans much when I was a kid.

My parents and my grandparents, they are really strong Christians, I think that is why they never talk about shamans. There was one time though, I remember, it was the only time that anyone said anything about an angakok. It was spring-time and we had been out camping, a whole group of us at our family's camp-site. We stopped to have tea on our way home and my grandfather, Apphia's husband, said that if you take off your clothes and walk far away and pray to the Shaman's spirits, the Shaman leader or something, and if you suffer the cold to do that, the Shaman would answer you. It was really cold that time when we were out camping. It was windy and he told his favourite grand-son that he should go out and take off his clothes and walk into the wind. He should ask the "Angakok" for mercy. Everyone just laughed. I was a kid when I heard that and for a long time I honestly believed what he said, that you could talk to the "angakoks". From that one incident, I based all my beliefs. I don't know much at all about that... I must be wrong or something. I must be really wrong...

Anyways, that is what I have heard about them. Some people still believe that these spirits exist. Sometimes I wonder myself...

Apphia:

"There were many different kinds of shamans."

I don't really know about shamans. I grew up when Christianity was around. I don't really hear people talking about shamans any more. Today they talk about God, about Jesus. I have heard of shamans but I don't really believe in them.

My husband's father, when we lived with him, he never really talked about shamans even though his father was a shaman. His father, he was the shaman, Awa, the one with the picture in Qallunaat books. The people in the camp treated his father like an ordinary person even though he was a shaman. He had the power to visit other settlements. He was a really powerful man. He would catch many animals and would feed the different camps. He would help people out. Maybe it was because of his powers, because he was a shaman, that he fed all the people

in the camps. He was rich person in the old days. He had lots of kids and none of his kids ever starved. He used to provide a lot of food to his family and his friends when he was younger. He had a big family, he had lots of brothers and sisters.

There were many different kinds of shamans back then. Some shamans had the power to kill other people, others had the power to find out where the wildlife was. Another type of shamans had the power to heal sicknesses and diseases. There were shamans who hated people and wanted to kill them -- there were shamans who could find other people when they were missing out on the land. If people someone was out in a boat and had lost his way, or stuck on a piece of ice which was driven away, shamans would go out in their spirit forms and look for that person. In their spirit forms, they would go out and look for that person. Then the shaman who found him would say, "He is wherever." and the dog teams and the men would go out looking for the lost person and find him. He would tell the community where to look and how they could save that person. That was the power of the shaman.

There were shamans who knew how to find out the cause of something. Like, if people were starving and were wondering why they hadn't had any success hunting in awhile, they might ask the shaman and the shaman would try and find out. The shaman would have power that he would use to find out. If one shaman did not have that particular power, they would ask another shaman who did. The shaman would have a seance and try to figure it out. He might say, for example, there was a lady who was pregnant and she aborted. Women, they were not allowed to eat raw meat when they were menstruating. Maybe a lady aborted or had been eating raw meat while she was still menstruating. In the old days there were some rules for women. There are things that they were not supposed to do. If there was a lady who ate raw meat while she was on her period, starvation might come. Starvation was like that.

After finding out that information from the shaman, the people might ask the lady "Did you do that?" She would agree and she would explain what she did. It was like being in court. The lady would be brought to court. She would not be sentenced or anything. She would just confess what she had been doing. She would apologize to the community for what she did that was wrong. After that everything would be fine and they would go out hunting again and they would catch animals.

When shamans were around, women who were pregnant, they had a hard time. If they were about to deliver, they would stay away from the community for a whole month. They would have their own little igloo in the winter or their own little tent in the summer and they would be kept away from their husbands and children. They would set up that igloo or that tent a little ways away from the community, not too far but a little bit out. The husband could look through the door but he was not allowed to go into the snow house. The woman, she was not allowed to eat raw meat. Other ladies would bring in meat. She would boil the meat before she ate it because she wasn't allowed to eat raw meat. The ladies would have to stay there and watch her to make sure that she wasn't eating raw meat. The ladies helping her cook the meat

weren't allowed to be menstruating. Right after she ate, the ladies helping her would leave the igloo and go home. This would go on for over a month. She would stay until she had her baby and finished bleeding. That is how long they had to stay away from the family. That is the rule that they made in the old days. A woman would do this because she believed that the community would starve if she was with her family eating raw meat. It was an important thing in our community. She would stay alone in the igloo and when she was ready to come out of the igloo after the birth and the bleeding, she would be given new clothing. This clothing would be made for her or maybe she would make it before she gave birth.

We Inuit, we went through a hard times -- we struggled through hard times in order to obey the rules of the community. At that time, the people before my time, they were full of superstitions -- they had all these taboos. Life before my time was even more difficult than it is today, than it is right now. They were bound by superstition and by all these beliefs based on superstition. The shamans, they were really strict people. People lived in fear, fear of the shamans, fear of breaking their rules. When the minister came to our community -- this is what I heard -- when our minister came he preached about life and God. He said that God would give us everything we want. He said that God's power was stronger than the shaman's power. When the missionaries came, they talked about being freed from the laws of the shamans. They talked about Jesus Christ being the breaker of those laws and creating a new set of laws. They told us that we did not have to abide by the shamans rules to be righteous before God. I remember a story from back then about a minister using a seal heart as communion. We weren't supposed to eat seal hearts back then. We weren't allowed. This minister cut up the seal heart into little pieces to show that it was OK to eat the heart.

The ministers prayed for the shamans and the shamans agreed to let go of their power. They thought they would be able to live easier and not have to struggle. The ministers, they would cut up seal hearts and hand them out. Every time they would say, "This is the body of Jesus that you are eating and your sins are forgiven." Sometimes the Inuit would start confessing their sins. They would be so happy that they were forgiven, they would cry out and scream. They would cry out in joy. They would cry out in joy because their sins were forgiven. It is like they were freed from their superstitions. The ministers would say "Your shaman power is removed from your body by the blood of Jesus. I am giving you this heart so that every time you have your period you can still eat raw meat. After this you can eat raw meat when you have your period."

The minister who first came into the Arctic made new rules for us. We could eat raw meat whenever we wanted. If we were pregnant we could eat meat and live with our husbands and our families. We were only allowed to have one husband. Some of the people back then had many husbands. For example, women would have two husbands and men would have two wives. Now, you are not supposed to have many husbands, you are only supposed to have one husband. We were told about Sundays by the ministers because they had rules about Sundays. We were told not to hunt on Sundays. Even if we were very hungry, if the calendar said it was

Sunday, we weren't supposed to hunt. My kids weren't supposed to play outside on Sundays or throw rocks on Sundays. Even if we were out on the land, all alone, it was a sin. The rules were given to us when I was a little child so we followed them.

I remember one story about a shaman who had the power of healing. This shaman, he really liked his power. He didn't want to give up his power. He was told by the missionaries that if he gave up his powers and became a Christian, he would live forever. He wanted to go to heaven -- he wanted the eternal life that the missionaries were talking about so he gave up his powers. He gave them up and started to worship Jesus.

It was the shaman himself who told us the story about that time. He said he cried a lot during his conversion -- he thought that once he gave up his power to Jesus Christ he would not be able to heal a loved one who was sick. He cried a lot when he gave up his power but he was happy in the end. His shaman power did not guarantee eternal life but Jesus Christ's power did.

I don't really know very much about shamans, but what I have heard about them, I believe to be true. I remember when I was growing up, there were many people that wanted to be shamans. Even I wanted to be a shaman for awhile. Some people were prepared by a shaman to become a shaman. But if they are destined at birth not to be a shaman in their life, then even if they were taught by another shaman to become a shaman, it wouldn't work. They would not be able to be a shaman. Women shamans were not very common. They were not as common as the men. Once in awhile there were women that were shamans but women, if they were shamans, they kept their shamanism a secret. They didn't want people to know that they were shamans. It was less common to hear about women with powers like that because they didn't talk about it. They didn't let other people know. Sometimes a woman who was pregnant would wish a baby to be a powerful person, a good hunter or a good sewer, useful to the community. She would wish that the child would be influential and good. Quite often the wishes of the pregnant women came true.

Sometimes, when a child was born, they were given an amulet and that amulet would stay with the child through childhood and beyond. The amulet would protect the child, help the child. The amulet would be the foot of an animal or any part of an animal. If the child was a boy, it meant that he would be a great provider for many people. If the amulet was a part of an animal, like a foot or an ear or something, it meant that he would be a good hunter. One of the wishes put into the amulet could be that the child will live a long and happy life. Not all kids would get an amulet and some were given with bad intentions. If you were an angry person, you would hope for your child to take revenge on the person that hurt you. You would do this out of anger. You put your hopes in the amulet.

We used to believe that animals all have spirits. Birds, lemmings, seals, caribou, any kind of animal has a spirit. Even weasels and foxes have spirits. Sometimes, people would see shamans turn into animals. I think it was because their spirit would move into animal's bodies. They would go in quickly and come out very quickly. Shamans would be able to do that. There were shaman gatherings once in awhile. They would laugh together, have a good time together. They would try out powers for each other. They would play together and try out a lot of things, like turning into animals. They would turn into polar bears, walruses, and weasels. They would use their powers on each other, just to have fun. They had some fun times and good times together. They would laugh...

Some shamans relied on evil spirits. Some of these evil shamans had so much power, they could make themselves appear just as eyes or in the form of an animal. They could take possession of an animal. That is how they did evil.

I remember my grandmother, Kaujak, telling us a story one night. I was just a child, a little girl, and we were all together in the sod-house. We didn't have much seal oil left for the lamp and we were trying to preserve our fuel so we didn't have the fire going. We were all together in bed and we had the lights shut off. She was telling us stories, stories about spirits and shamans. Just before I was about to fall asleep, I heard a noise in the doorway of the house. I turned in the dark and saw these eyes. I was so scared. I thought they were the eyes of demons.

My grandmother, she told us about an incident when she thought a polar bear was possessed by some kind of spirit. It was a time when there were many polar bears around. The polar bear came to this one camp. The dogs started attacking him but the bear did not turn on the dogs -- he didn't even look at them. He headed straight for the people in the camp. The people began shooting at the polar bear and eventually they killed it.

The polar bear had really yellow fur, and when they killed it they did not make use of the polar bear skin because it was possessed by a Shaman and his evil spirit. They learned that the shaman was angry at one of the people in the camp so he tried to get revenge by turning himself into a polar bear.

Even today, you can find shamans sometimes. Those shamans, they were ordinary people but they were special people. Not everyone could become a shaman. You had to be special. If you didn't have that special power, even if you wanted it very badly, there was nothing you could do. Even if a woman was very ill, or she couldn't deliver and her husband wanted a shaman's power to help her, he wouldn't be able to unless he was already a shaman. Some of the shamans could do a lot of things. They had a lot of power, even when they were alone. If

there was open water clear across an inlet, they could walk on the water without dying or drowning. They had the power and that is how all the shamans were. Some shamans were really friendly and really kind people. I knew one like that. It didn't bother us being around him. We believed in Jesus and the Devil at that time, but it didn't bother us that he was around. He was just around to help out if people became sick or if they were having a hard time.

When the minister asked them to give up their power, some of them did and some of them didn't. Some of them became Christian people. They would still follow their old ways though. Sometimes they would do something that they weren't supposed to do. Sometimes they wouldn't do things that they were supposed to do. I wasn't around when they started doing these things.

I am tired of talking about shamans. This is very long...

10.

AS INUIT...

Apphia:

"This is how we spent our year. This is what we did."

January is the time for light. February is the time for bright. Animals deliver in March and April is the month of baby seals. May is for putting up tents. June is time for delivering eggs, like birds. July is for calves of caribou, they start delivering in July. August is the middle of the year and September, half way through the year. October and November are fall. November is for hard times and December is the dark season. That is how the year was called.

This is how we spent our year. This is what we did. I will start with the spring. Seal hunting season, out on top of the ice, it would be in early spring, April, May, June, no, not

June... April and May would be seal hunting season out on the ice. We would live in igloos. Then in June, the sea ice would start to get thin so we would move to the camp on the shore, the camp with the sod-houses. We would go back to the shore because in June we started walrus hunting. We didn't use the sod-houses in this season, we would put our tents right beside the sod-houses. We just left the sod-houses where they were. Everyone would put their tents right next to the sod-houses. We would walrus hunt with boats. We would use boats to hunt because in Igloolik in June, the ice would be all gone in the area where we walrus hunted. It was that particular season that we would go out on the boat and hunt for walrus meat. We would use the walrus meat for the dog-meat cache. We would eat some too though. Some of it we used to age. We would let it sit in rock caches over the spring and summer and eat it in the fall.

In August we would start caribou hunting. We would start working to get skins to make caribou clothing for the winter. It was the younger people who would do this. It was like we had a job-- we worked for the elders. The first week of August the elders would take us to the inlet by boat. At this time the ice would be broken up. We would start walking inland after that. Since the caribou were way up there on the land at that time, we would walk quite a ways. The elders would leave us in the inlets and go back to the camp so they could hunt walrus for food for the winter. The walrus meat would be used in the winter, for the dogs and for ourselves -- we cached that meat. When the weather was good, like better than it is today, calm and flat on the water, we couldn't travel. We didn't have an outboard motor so we would have to use sails if we wanted to travel. We would have to wait for a windy day to travel.

The elders would drop us off in the inlets and we would leave all of our stuff back at the camp with the sod-houses. I grew up going caribou hunting with my father, Arvaluk -- he wasn't too old to go. He stopped going up to the inlet by the time I was twelve years old. That is when he became old. I got married after that and started going with my husband.

In August, we would walk inland from the shore. We would walk for days looking for caribou. We would take our dogs. We would leave our sleds in the elders camp and we would carry everything on our backs, even the dogs would be carrying supplies on their backs. We would walk for four days, five days, or a week. We would walk with our dogs and our supplies until we reached where the caribou were. Then we would settle down with the caribou. We would spend the whole summer trying to get enough skins for the year and we would cache meat at certain points to pick up later on in the winter.

In the fall the lakes would become covered with a thin coat of ice. We would still be out caribou hunting but the elders at the camp would go looking for fish. We would fish in the fall, spring, and summer, that is when we fished char. We would freeze them and use them for the winter. We would hunt anything that was around in order to survive. Up here we don't fish in the winter time but in Keewatin they fish all through the winter. Since they don't really hunt seals, they fish and caribou hunt all through the winter. They don't cache meat either.

Then in early fall, about the first week in October, we would wait for the first snowfall to start travelling by dogteam back to the shore, back to the sod-house camp. We would wait

for the snow to come and then we would start travelling. We would use polar bear skins and caribou skins as sleds. We would be waiting for the first snow and when the snow came, that is when we would fill up the caribou skins we had brought with us and use them as qamutiqs. We would fill them up with all the supplies and all the caribou skins we had prepared. We would take everything off that we had on our backs, make a make-shift sled with the skins, and start travelling to the shore. We would start travelling and caribou hunting at the same time. We would leave the caribou meat behind and bring only the skins so that they could be used for bedding and for clothing. We would come home when the snow was really hard and good. We would use our qamutiqs later on to get the meat that we cached along the way.

On our way back to the camp from caribou hunting, we would build an igloo and use the caribou fat as qullik oil. Caribou oil, it was a lot different than seal oil. To us, it smelled so good. When we set up camp when we were out caribou hunting, we would walk into the tents and they would be so warm and smelly. Caribou fat is usually used for food, it is very tasty. We use it for a lot of things. We make a dessert out of it with blueberries. People would use it as fuel during those times only because they didn't have seal blubber to use as oil inland. We would do this only once in a while, only when we had no choice.

Seal and caribou fat, they smell different. Caribou smells so much better than seal... We would come back with all the caribou furs, and people would like our smell, the way we smelled -- we would smell like caribou. When we reached the camp, the people in the camp would be using seal blubber as oil for the qullik, the oil lamp. To me, after coming from the inland, it was a different smell in the tents, like, what would you say... it didn't smell very good to me -- it smelled like old blubber. I would notice the smell. I didn't like the smell of the seal fat. In the different seasons, there would be different smells in the sod-house. In the summer, we would burn moss and heather and different plants in the qullik. They would make the tent smell really nice...

When we reached the camp after hunting inland, the elders would take the caribou skins. We would have nothing to do with the skins after this because we were young. The young people would do the hunting inland and then the elders would take over and distribute the skins. This would be in mid-November. Once we were back in the camp we would start trapping foxes for awhile. In the late fall the fox skins have moulted -- foxes moult over the summer and get fresh fur on the outside.

We would stay in our sod-house camp over the winter, during the dark season. We would stay there until the days started coming back. We would eat meat from the caches-- we would hunt seals through breathing holes. We would hunt narwhals, sea mammals, anything we could find. We would stay there until March. It is always different every year. If we didn't have enough in our caches, even if it was really cold, we would move from our winter camp early. We would start moving when the caches would run out. March, that is when the caches of walrus meat would go down and we would have to go to another camp closer to the floe edge to get at the seal meat.

The birds arrived in the spring. We hunted them as long as they stayed around, all summer long and then they went back down south. As soon as they arrived, we started hunting the birds. Birds can be really useful-- we would use their feathers and their skins. The birds would start arriving in the spring. They would arrive during seal hunting seasons when we were out on the ice, April and May...

Yes, that was our year. As Inuit, we did lots of different things to survive. Since it is a very long story, I have just mentioned the important things. That is all I have told you...

Apphia:

"I remember feeling very lucky when we had a good dogteam."

I always thought that dogteams were the only way to get anywhere. I never thought that anything but dogs would ever take us anywhere, take us hunting or take us places. I remember feeling very lucky when we had a good dogteam. There were always people who didn't have dogteams around. They were poorer than us because they couldn't travel anywhere or go out hunting.

When we had dogs, we would look after them like they were babies. From when they were born until they were adults, we would take care of them. We had to look after them and feed them so they could grow up strong. We had to keep them in the house when they were small to keep them breast-feeding, keep them warm so they would be strong and healthy later on. If they were too young to walk or feed themselves, we would keep them in the house. The mother of the puppies would stay in the house also. Once they started walking around we would let them outside.

Sometimes, once the puppies started walking around, the men would build the dogs a little snow house to keep them warm. That little snow house had an open roof so that we could watch the dogs from above. It was high enough so that the dogs wouldn't jump out. Some of the dogs were aggressive and angry. Every time they would see a puppy, they would try to kill them and eat them. Sometimes other dogs would protect the mother and the puppies. We would put up a snow house to protect the mother and her puppies from the other dogs, so that the other dogs wouldn't get in and kill the puppies.

When my sons were growing up, they would go out and play with the dogs and take them out for a run. They would do this nearby, close to the camp, close to the fox-traps. My sons had little qamutiqs like their father's and they would tie the puppies to them and pretend they had their own little dog team. They would name the dogs on their team and teach them how to pull a qamutiq. Since my little boys were tiny, the puppies would pull them along.

By the time the dogs became adults, after playing with my sons, they were ready to pull a big qamutiq. When the dogs were old enough, my husband would take them and mix them

with the other dogs on the team. We looked after the dogs like they were children, like they were teenagers. We had to look after them, feed them, warm them up. Some people beat up dogs and puppies but that was never good for the dogs. You had to raise them up in order that they will respect you. They are like children, if you keep beating them all the time, they don't listen at all, they start wandering off and they don't listen to you any more.

The kids would name their dogs and the dogs would know the person quite well and listen to the person. The dogs would know their name. Every time they were pulling the qamutiq, if one of them was pulling back or being lazy, the men would yell at them, calling their name and they would understand. They would pull harder. That is the reason why they had to name them in the past, was so that they will know if they were being told or scolded, that they would listen.

Some dogs weren't as good as others. Some were really slow to grow because of hunger and cold. If they were hungry or cold, they would walk around like they had water in their boots, they would tip-toe and often they wouldn't grow up to be very big dogs. My husband and I though, we always had nice beautiful dogs. They understood him. He used to raise beautiful dogs. If they were on the ice with my husband looking for baby seals, the dogs would be sniffing around. My husband would hold on to the dogs and the dogs would sniff around and start digging. My husband would make a hole in the ice where the dog had been sniffing and he would know that there was a baby seal or a seal inside. It was always the dogs that showed us where to catch a seal. It was my husband who taught them these things.

If we went out hunting for caribou, even if we didn't see caribou tracks or see them in the distance, the dogs would smell them -- they would know where to look for them. They knew where to go or how to protect the people from the polar bears. The dogs would bark or howl every time there was a polar bear. If somebody was coming into our camp, they would bark. The only sounds we ever used to hear in camps were the sounds of dog teams. That is the only thing we heard.

That is how it was in the old days. That is how important they were to us, our dogs. They were like human beings. We depended on them -- we needed them. We had to raise the dogs to be strong in order to pull a qamutiq and in order to help us hunt. That is how we lived in the old days as Inuit, before we met white people.

Sandra:

"For as long as I can remember, there has been a Community Hall."

For as long as I can remember, there has been a Community Hall. People here call it the "C-Hall". It is a recreation centre or "pinaguarvik", the place where people go to play games. Every community in the north has one. Most of the time people use it as a dance hall. We square dance with Scottish jig music, accordions and fiddles. You need a partner and you dance

in a large circle. Each community has its own type of square dancing. I cannot describe the steps very well. They are pretty complicated. There are usually lots of people participating. At first none of the teenagers would square dance. It was only the adults that did the dancing. Teenagers thought it was un-cool. They would only do modern type dancing, disco dancing at the teen dances. Now young people are starting to get into square dancing a little bit more. Now there is barely any room to move during Community Hall dances. Sometimes you can hear the adults complain about that. During the Christmas season, it gets especially bad. It seems as if the whole town is dancing. For a few weeks during Christmas the C-Hall is open all the time and we dance almost twenty-four hours a day. During the spring festivals or other celebrations it is less intense.

Apphia:

"I remember when my husband bought his first skidoo."

I remember when my husband bought his first skidoo. Without me knowing, he bought a skidoo. He bought one when he heard that skidoos were really fast and that they can travel easy on the ice -- he bought one.

I remember the night he brought it home. There used to be a plane coming in once and a while. I expected my husband to come in that night, but he didn't. I was looking outside to see if he was coming in. My son Jacob used to take out the garbage and honey bucket. He was taking that stuff out and when he came back in he said that there was a light on the ice. I wondered what it was and I was scared. It was the skidoo light. I thought that it was a star that fell out of the sky. I should have known that when lights are in the distance you can see them flicking on and off. When I went inside I heard a sound, like a plane. I didn't know that it was a skidoo.

Finally a skidoo came in. My husband was driving it and he had a grin on his face from one ear to the other. He was so proud of himself for buying the skidoo. He told me that he left Igloolik at a certain hour and he said that the dogs were following behind. My husband and I went inside and the dogs came in. They weren't tied up but they were tired.

The next day my husband went out to get meat from our cache. He would usually stay out all day long when he went out to get meat from the cache. He was back in less than two hours. He was really happy. He was so proud that he had his own skidoo.

We went to Igloolik for Christmas and we went on the skidoo. My husband was driving and I was on the qamutiq behind the skidoo and the dogs were following us -- they were running behind. We had trouble on the rough ice. The skidoo wouldn't go, but the dogs would run along with no problem. The skidoo kept on stopping. Every time we stopped the dogs would have to stop and wait. I started hating the skidoo so much because it didn't do the work the way I was expecting it to.

We stopped on the ice to have a sleep that night and we stayed all night long. In fact we spent Christmas night on the ice. The next day we woke up. Solomon said, "Listen, there are the bells, everybody is going to church." That skidoo, that was the first time we ever got really excited about what we were given from the Qallunaat. It was exciting to receive a skidoo like that.

After that Christmas, my husband would go out with the skidoo all the time. He had to go certain routes though because the only places you could take the skidoo were places with flat ice. When he went fishing with the skidoo, he brought his dogs along with him just in case -- in case he got stuck out on the ice. He used the skidoo for a long time and then, after awhile, he stopped using dogs. He ran out of dogs. They were completely gone. It was really hard for us to stop having dogs. It was really hard...

Skidoos, they are good in a way and in a way they are not. Dogteams, as long as they are not hungry, they could take us anywhere, far far away, without breaking down or running out of gas. Even if they had to climb up hills or travel on snow, hard or soft, they could still walk, no problem -- they don't get tired. If they are taught well, if they are well behaved dogs, they will respect a person and they will do lots of things. They are slower then skidoos, but I sometimes think that in a lot of ways, dogs are better.

Apphia:

"The Hudson Bay company, they would buy furs from us and sell us food."

Yes, the traders, I remember them really well. I was born when the traders were around. The Hudson Bay company, they would buy furs from us and sell us food. People used to trap foxes to trade for food.

The Hudson Bay, they were the people who bought foxes and sold food and ammunition. They didn't care much about polar bear skins, narwhal tusks, walrus tusks and carvings back then. Sealskins weren't very much in demand like they were just a while back. They just wanted white foxes and they only wanted them in the winter. We were living in an outpost camp back then so I didn't go trade that much. My husband did all the trading. I didn't have that much contact with the traders. My husband would bring the foxes back from the traps and I would prepare the furs to trade. In the winter he would go to the trading post and sell all our fox skins. He would buy enough supplies to last all spring and summer. There were a lot of things we could buy with those furs. The most important things to buy, in order, were ammunition, tobacco, flour, sugar and tea. We could get a lot of things with one skin. If the price of the fox skin was 5 dollars -- that is not much today but back then sugar and flour and everything didn't even cost a dollar. At that time, flour came in great big 100 pound bags. They didn't give you a whole bag, they would just measure you a portion of the bag. A gallon of sugar was not even a dollar. It was a lot less than a dollar. They never told us how much all

the foxes were worth. They just counted them and pressed some buttons and they never told us how much they were worth. Maybe because they thought it was useless to let us know how much it costs because we wouldn't understand anyways. We didn't know the value of money. The trader would just measure out a lot of supplies and give it to us.

The value of the fox depended on what the skin looked like. If a fox skin was really yellow or if we didn't take the time to dry the skin properly, it decreased in value. Some people, when they were desperate for money -- like if they needed something in an emergency, like ammunition or oil or something -- sometimes people used to hand in raw skins, unprepared skins. They didn't get much for them. They didn't seem to have as much value as dried and cleaned skins.

In the springtime, that was the time when we would travel with our furs. People from different communities would travel in groups. We would be travelling everywhere. Nowadays skidoos come and go to different communities a lot in the springtime. It was the same back then. We would travel with families -- we would go by dog team. We would start collecting our skins together and go to the trade store and get things that we would need for the whole summer, like bullets, flour, tobacco and stuff. Then we would take this big supply back home. We would be very careful about our supplies over the spring and summer. Take a little bit of sugar at a time, take a little bit of tea. Even children had certain times to eat certain foods. Like bannock, they would have bannock first thing in the morning for breakfast and that is all. They wouldn't have bannock for the rest of the day. They wouldn't even ask for it. They wouldn't be hanging on to biscuits or carrying bannock around all the time. Maybe a few days later mothers would make some more bannock, but we would be very careful about using it. We needed to save the supplies because we wouldn't be getting any more until the next time we went trading. We would try to make sure that our supplies lasted a long time.

Sometimes, but not all the time, when I would come into the trading post with my husband, I would hear of complaints about the traders. Some of the traders, not all of them, but some of the traders would get involved with some women, get them drunk and have children with them. When it caused disharmony within a marriage, that is the only trouble I ever really heard about some traders.

That is about all I know about traders.

Apphia:

"In the old days, before I was even conceived, there were whalers who would come visit the Inuit in their camps."

I only heard about the whalers from before -- I never actually lived with them or saw them. In the old days, before I was even conceived, there were whalers who would come visit

the Inuit in their camps. I heard about them from the elders growing up. Between Igloolik and Pond Inlet, there were whalers. That is where the whalers were.

There is a story that was told to me. I was with my husband and we were visiting his mother, his real mother. My husband and his mother, they had been separated when my husband was a child. He was just a baby when she moved away. They lived apart and didn't meet each other until they were both quite old, until many years later. My husband had been raised by another woman, his father's first wife, his guardian's wife. My husband and I, we went to see his mother not too long ago -- we went to see her and he started asking her questions about his ancestors. He could never accept the fact that he had Qallunaat blood in him so when we met her after all those years he confronted her. He asked her why she was half white, why she had a Qallunaat father. It was my husband's desire to ask her that. He never liked the Qallunaat blood that was in him so he confronted his mother and asked her why he had a Qallunaat grandfather.

My husband's mother, when he asked her that, she told us about a whaler, Saaquarktirungee, who was up here for awhile. He was a Qallunaq and he had lots of kids up north. My husband's mother was one of his kids. That is the reason why my husband has white blood in him. We were asking my husband's mother some questions because he wanted to find out -- he wanted to know. Before she answered she started laughing. She said "Those whalers that came up here, they were just men". She told us how there were no women whalers. Lots of the whalers were married and had children already in the south. They left their families in the south for many many months to come up here to work catching whales. They stayed up here for a long long time.

She said how the whalers back then travelled with sails, they didn't have motors. I have seen some pictures of whaling boats and the ends of the boats are pointed and they have sails on them. Sometimes, when the ships were frozen in, they would stay all through the winter. When the ice melted, they would go back to their towns.

My husband's grandfather's name was Saaquarktirungee. The Netsilingmiut were the ones who named him. In Inuktitut, in their dialect, it means "the person who throws the harpoon". They hunted whales with harpoons back then. His English name was George Washington Cleveland -- that was his name. When my husband asked his mother why her father was "Saaquarktirungee", she answered "Before the whalers, there were no white men up here. Then the whalers came". She explained how Inuit had never seen Qallunaat before the whalers. They brought pots, and beads and rifles from the south and the Inuit started trading with them. The whalers would put their stuff out and ask the Inuit men to trade the women they were living with for a rifle or a pot or some beads. They would trade. They didn't think about having white blooded children. They traded their wives for stuff like rifles and pots. My husband's grandmother was happily married. It was her husband's idea that she would go with the white man and then she got pregnant. That is why my husband is white blooded. He has Saaquarktirungee's blood. I guess my children do too.

Lots of Inuit had the Qallunaat whalers' kids. It was their husband's idea to trade their wives for stuff. My husband's mother, she remembered meeting somebody from Igloolik. That person's father was also Saaquarktirungee so he was her half-brother. Saaquarktirungee, he was a famous whaler and he moved around a lot so there are lots of women who had his babies. He had kids all over the place -- not in Pond Inlet, but in South Baffin, Pangirtung, and the Hudson Bay/Keewatin area. He had lots of children in the Keewatin area. Myself, I know of four other people besides my husband's mother who are also Saaquarktirungee's children. Only two of them are still alive. They all have separate mothers. One time, I was in Iqaluit and I found out there was someone living there who was named after Saaquarktirungee. He was one of his grand-children, just like my husband. I have seen this man lots of times when I go to Iqaluit.

When the whalers were working up here, people didn't live in a settlement -- they lived out in camps. They lived up here for a long time. My husband's mother, she remembered a long way back -- she was old enough to remember. She remembered a small building that the whalers used -- it was a tiny little house that was in the camp. They didn't use that building all the time -- they used to move around a lot from one place to another but they used it when they went to her camp. Elders, she said, they always wondered what the whalers were doing up here. The whalers didn't explain what they were doing. The Inuit figured maybe they wanted the whales for the oil. My grandmother, she said she couldn't quite figure out what they used the whale blubber for. There used to be a big, big pot which they used to boil the fat. They would burn some wood to heat the pot so that they could put the oil in barrels to take down south. They would take the skin too.

Those whalers, they used to bring up gifts like beads and they would trade them with the Inuit. That is why a lot of women used to have beads. They were really good beads. Sometimes the whalers would just give them to the women. They would also give them food, like biscuits and tea. At that time the Inuit didn't drink tea and eat biscuits. Every time they went back out to the camps after visiting the ships that had docked, they would take with them the biscuits and tea which they got from the whalers. Often they wouldn't even eat them out in camp -- they would eat their native meat and the biscuits would just rot. That is what it was like in the old days. They didn't really know what to do with Qallunaat stuff. They would just leave the biscuits in the camps or throw them away.

My adopted father told me a story once. He told me about how when he was young and he lived in the sod-house -- they were given tea, tobacco and biscuits from the whalers. He said he only used the rifles and the bullets that the whalers gave him. The tea, biscuits and tobacco, he didn't know what to do with them. He put them on the shelf above the sleeping mat and just left them there. Every time the sod-house was dripping from the roof, they would get wet. They started to rot so after awhile he threw them away.

A lot of times, when Inuit would receive something from the whalers, they were confused

and didn't know what to do with the stuff. My grandmother, she told me about how in the olden days they didn't have any knives. Ulu were made of stone at that time. Every time they had to sharpen an ulu, they would use rocks. To find out if they were sharp enough they would hold them up high and see if the sun shone through them. That is what they used to do. When the ulu was clear and thin at the end, then they would know that ulu was sharp. When the whaler brought knives in, they didn't know what they were. They didn't know that steel could be very sharp, even if it was not clear or thin. They were used to using Inuit hand made stuff. There weren't any white people around back then to tell them about steel. That is what my grandmother told me -- that is what she had known before.

Even today, us elders, even though we have lived with the Qallunaat for a long time, when we receive a letter from white people, we don't understand what it says. We ask "What did it say?" and then we throw them away. I feel sorry for people like me who can't read or understand English, especially older people like me. When you can not understand the language it is really hard to try and understand. White people are the same way. If I handed a white person a pair of hand-made kamiks, they would ask "What are they? How did you make them? How did you make them so soft?". When you have never seen something before, or touched something before, it is really hard to know what it is. That is why we have to talk on tapes -- to make people understand.

My grandmother, Kaujak, used to tell me jokes and stories about whalers. I can remember being a child at my grandmother's house. When my grandfather Nutarariaq died, and my father went out hunting, Kaujak used to look after us. I can remember all of us children, we were lying in bed getting ready to sleep and my grandmother would be lying beside us talking about the whalers, telling stories about them. She didn't quite understand all that much about the whalers either but she told a story about how one day she was given beads. A whaler brought them to her house. She said how she was very afraid of Qallunaat, very afraid at that time and she thought the whaler was giving her the beads so he could sleep with her. She was in a tent not far from the ship with her children and he just showed up with the beads. He just came in the door with the beads. She said she remembered staring at the beads and being terrified of this white man. My grandmother, she said she remembered being in the doorway looking at him, just looking at him. She said that the whaler was nervous and that after a while he sensed that she was afraid so he left her with the pot of beads -- he left in a hurry. She had never seen beads before, my grandmother, so she put them in a bag and took the pot. When she was telling the story she used to motion with her hands how big the bag was.

There were a lot of beads in that pot and my grandmother said she was happy receiving them -- they were different colours. She said that at first she thought they were food, so she started chewing them. She crushed them in her mouth and then spit them out. After awhile she took out a sealskin she had been saving and sewed the beads on it. That is what she told me...

She started telling me this story because the pot that the beads were in was still around

when I was a child. She was so old then. My grandmother used to tell me the story about the pot because it was unusual to have a pot at that time. There were no Bay stores, no trading posts when she got it. She got the pot from the whaler that day and many years later, when she was my grandmother telling me stories, that pot was still her prized possession. Even until the day she died she kept that pot the whaler gave her.

When my grandmother told me another story, I was shocked. She said that sometimes the whalers ran out of food from the south and then they would eat whale meat and maktarq, the skin. Since they couldn't get the Bay foods or white food, they would eat Inuit meat. They used to help each other a lot back then, the white people and the Inuit. Inuit people would make caribou clothing for the white people and they would have their own dog teams. They lived and talked just like us after they had been here for a long time.

At that time there were no interpreters to help the communication between Inuit and Qallunaat. Some of the whalers would learn Inuktitut and the Inuit that were working with them, they would start speaking English. They would start speaking English even though they didn't go to school. After working with Qallunaat, they started learning English. We used to call people who could speak two languages "tusaajii". That is another name for interpreter in Inuktitut. They lived a miracle life in the old days. They knew what Qallunaat food to eat and what not to eat. If they thought that the food was bad for them, they wouldn't eat it. They wouldn't touch it. Not like the store food now...

They had a small boat which the whalers would use every time they were out hunting. They would row the boat and they would sing that song. It was the white people that would sing. The Inuit learned that song. I think Inuit had an easy time learning the whalers songs and music. The whalers would give us candies or sweets. Even if they were frozen, they were still good. There was no pop at that time. Sometimes when the whalers would come, they would bring big barrels of molasses. They would make wine out of it and they would drink wine. Just once in a while, not all the time, they would make a big barrel of wine. The whalers that were up here, at times they acted just like the Inuit. They used to have great dances back then, the whalers and the Inuit, not drunk dances, but with an accordion they would dance -- they were very happy. Even in the snow houses, on the decks of the ships or in the big snow house, they would dance. After a hard day of work they would dance. In the summertime they would dance outside. When they started bringing record players up, they would wind up the record player and put the needle on and play the record player -- they would dance away until it had to be wound up again -- that is how they danced. Towards the end, it would slow down. The records they had, every time they would drop them they would break into small pieces. I guess they were not made like today's record players. The songs and music that the whalers had, we knew the songs quite well, even when I was a child... We still use them today.

That is what it was like in the old days, when the whalers were up here. That is what my grandmother used to tell me. That is what I have heard.

Sandra:

"It seemed as if the whole town would go up to the airport to greet arrivals."

The C-Hall and the activities here haven't changed much since I was a kid. Other things have changed though. For example there used to be a big hubbub about the airplane, the *ungmisuuq*, coming in on the ice. Back then, when I was an infant up until I was about two or three, there would be hordes of people going to the bulldozed snow strip, wanting to greet people who came in from out of town. When I was a couple of years older the planes stopped landing on the ice. They bulldozed the gravel on the outskirts of town and made a runway and a permanent airport, a migvik. When I was a kid, it used to be like "Where are you going?", "Where else? Migvingmut, to the airport". My grandmother and I used to go a lot. It seemed as if the whole town would go up to the airport to greet arrivals.

If it were one of my aunts or uncles from Panarctic or from the regional high school in Iqaluit, my grandmother and my aunts and I would clean the house all day and have it all nice and clean by eight at night when the plane came in. I learned how to operate laundry machines and do laundry very early on in my life. If none of our relatives were coming in, we would go anyway and greet the people. Sometimes we would go visit the people who had arrived once they left the airport. Everyone would be out visiting after a plane came in. It was a treat when we had new arrivals because we would go see them at Grandma's super-clean, Spic and Span smelling house. Sometimes groups of people would come in and it would be a big affair. Sometimes it was the Akukitturmiut, the Greelanders, that came in, sometimes it was exchange students from the south, workers from Panarctic, sports competitors from other communities, or kids from the residential schools.

Now with four flights in, four flights out a week, and with people travelling in and out all the time, it is not as big a deal as it used to be to go to the airport. If we ask now "Who's coming in?", people will say "I don't know or I don't care". Sometimes we don't even know what time it comes in any more.

Apphia:

"Women would get tattoos, colouring right underneath their skin."

I am talking about trying to look good. I am talking about that time, long ago, when women tried to look beautiful. Women, back then, they were always trying to look beautiful. They put things on their faces and they dressed like women. If a woman didn't try to look good, there would be talks about the woman's face looking like a swollen gland. She would look like a swollen gland if she had nothing on her face.

When a girl became a young woman she would start putting make-up on. Nowadays

when girls become adults they colour themselves -- they colour themselves on their eyes, the Qallunaat way -- putting liners on their eyes and lipstick on. At that time, when they were trying to beautify themselves, the women would fix up their faces too but the stuff they did didn't get removed at all until they were old ladies. Women would get tattoos, colouring right underneath their skin.

Tattoos would be designed the way the woman wanted it. If they didn't want such a dark shade, the thread that was placed under the skin would be more wet. Soot would be taken from the lamp, and they would stitch the skin. As they were pulling the thread, the thread would leave the soot behind. They would make little designs, little lines on the chin, here and there, two at a time. They would put two on the forehead, also on the eyes, from the end of the eye, across and out. Around the cheek, there would be three across. They would thread the needle with a thread soaked in soot and pull the thread through the skin. They would leave the soot underneath the skin. There would be short lines in between the long ones. They designed it that way and that is how the woman's face looked.

Right after it was done, the woman's eyes wouldn't open because they were all swollen and sore and hardened. There would be little stitches on the eye, on the wrist, and on the shoulders. On the shoulders, they looked like they had fringes. The woman would be really sore -- she would be sore all night. Her eyes would be swollen shut in the morning. This was to beautify the woman. She looked good when it was all healed -- a woman would look like a beautiful lady and would always have make-up on. She wouldn't have to put on and remove make-up -- these would be permanent. They would be added to and changed sometimes but that was about all. That is how make-up was applied for the women.

This tattooing, it wasn't just for young women, women would keep on doing it all through their lives, from woman-hood, right to old age. When I was growing up we didn't do tattoos. It was just the old women who had tattoos. It was from their young woman days that they got them. They would grow old with them. Some ladies had fewer tattoos than others. They had just a few tattoos on their faces, just barely enough to make people notice, maybe a little, maybe only three on the cheeks. They didn't do anything on the eyes.

Some men had these tattoos too but not on the face, just on their shoulders. They would be a picture of something, perhaps an animal...

Apphia:

"Just a needle, thread, ulu, scraping board, cup and teapot and our qullik, that is what we had ... If we had those things we would be happy."

We have a lot of things in our house now -- we have a lot of things. Looking back, when you look at how things were back then, it seemed as if we were really poor. But living in it -- it was alright -- it was fine. All those things that you see today we never had. Just a needle,

thread, ulu, scraping board, cup and teapot and our qullik, that is what we had. If we had all these things we would feel like we had lots of things. If we had those things we would be happy. We would feel rich.

My husband and I when we first met each other, that spring, we didn't have much -- we didn't even have a tent. When we moved to Arctic Bay, that was the time that I was taken away from my family to live with my husband. It was springtime and we didn't have any tent -- that is how we lived. We were on our way to Arctic Bay and every time we stopped to camp, we would make a snow house, just big enough for two of us. We would cover it with sealskin and we would take off our hunting clothing, our caribou outfits. Once we would take off our caribou outfit, we would go into the little snow house. We could only have a tiny snow house because it was springtime and the snow melted fast.

When the snow melted in the summer and we went out camping, we slept using one caribou mattress on the ground, beside the rock, in the open air. That is how poor we were. It didn't matter to us at that time. We weren't cold -- it was alright -- we slept well. We would travel along and be happy. If it was today, we would feel upset about the whole thing. We had enough to eat and drink and that was OK. Living that kind of life didn't bother us. It was fine and we were happy.

In the old days there was some very poor people that I saw. I once saw a family that was so poor they were using a mattress made out of a polar bear skin. The husband didn't have a dogteam so he couldn't hunt. They didn't have any caribou. Polar bear skins, you can't use them as mattresses because they can hurt your skin. They are uncomfortable to sleep on. They would use it and sleep on it even though it was a tiny skin. They had nothing to put on top of it. They had no blankets. It was really cold in the winter time, especially in igloos. They would sleep on this polar bear skin and they had kids. The husband would sleep using dog skin as a blanket. The wife had a baby and the amautiq that she used always had pee at the back. She didn't wash it properly and she didn't have any needle to sew with. I gave her one of my needles so she could sew and make things for herself and the family. That is how we shared and helped each other. Even though it was really hard times that we went through, we shared and helped each other. That is the only way that we could survive in our camps.

Back then, if we had sinew and a needle, we thought ourselves rich people. We would use caribou sinew to sew. We didn't have any thread, like cotton thread and we didn't have any sewing machines. We didn't have any of that. We would use caribou sinew. If we had sinew, everything was alright. One time we couldn't even get any sinew to use as thread. There was no caribou where we were at. The caribou were a long ways away that year so we had to use seal throat for our sinew. We dried it up and took the skin off and when it was dry we used scissors and cut it in strips until there was enough thread to sew. We used it to make kamiks. We would also use narwhal sinew. We would take off the meat and dry the sinew. Also, old things, old clothes, we would take them apart and use them for thread -- that is how I sewed a parka once. Caribou sinew we would use the most though. It was really nice to make kamiks and parkas and stuff like that -- it was really fun. We made a lot of our clothing out of caribou.

Rhoda:

"Up to the age of 11 or 12, I never really thought about money."

I came in from the land to go to school when I was eight years old. When I think about it though, I don't think I ever really thought about money until my parents moved in off the land in 1970. I knew about it. I knew what it was, but it wasn't part of my life. I never felt poor - even when we were really hungry in my childhood, I never felt poor. We might not have had food, but it wasn't that we couldn't get it -- it was just that my father wasn't hunting.

Up to the age of 11 or 12, I never really thought about money. I remember as a kid, my aunts and uncles, I remember they had pocket money in the settlement because they had their parents with them. But we were staying at the hostel. I had food and I had clothing to wear everyday, so I didn't think about money. I never really thought about having it or not having it.

When I was about 11 or 12 years old, my parents moved in to the community. I remember around that time feeling kind of poor at times. I think it mostly had to do with my age but I remember feeling poor because I didn't have the clothing that was the latest trend, the clothing that the other young girls were wearing at that time, the bell bottom jeans and the jewellery and stuff. I didn't have this recording or tape. My father couldn't afford those kinds of things. That was when I was made to feel poor. I wasn't poor but I was made to feel poor. You know how kids are, they tease each other all the time, "you tramp from an outpost camp type of attitude". That didn't last all that long though.

When my parents moved in off the land, I remember money becoming more of an issue for all of us. I remember my father playing games with us -- he would give us a quarter or a dime for every grey hair we pulled out of his head, stuff like that. A quarter at that time could buy a pop, a chocolate bar and some little pieces of gum. People thought about money a lot more then. Around that same time Panarctic Oil started hiring people. Two of my brothers went to work for them. There was a lot money around, I noticed. People were buying skidoos. There were more skidoos available and people were always buying different models all the time. A big part of what I remember around that time was the alcohol. It seems as if you could see a lot more drunks in the settlement. People were spending all their money on alcohol.

I remember when I first started living with my husband and working, it took me a long time to start thinking about money. The first year that we had Sandra, we were still living with my mother-in-law, so there wasn't any pressure for us to provide our own food or our shelter. By my standards, we were living quite comfortably. We had our own room in my in-law's house, my husband had a job, part-time at the Co-op and he was doing very well. We had enough money to get some clothing now and then. I never felt poor at the time -- even today I don't feel poor.

I think for me, I only felt money pressures when we had our second child and we moved in to a little slanted shack. When we moved out of my in-laws we started having to get our own food. Before we moved in, Josh and I made a bed out of pieces of ply-wood. He drilled holes in it so we didn't have to buy a bed set. We brought a little table with us to our shack. That is about it. Mona was about 2 years old at the time. I was working at the time for a newspaper, a local newspaper here just to make extra money. After awhile I switched jobs and started working for the Hamlet office full time. I guess we felt like we needed the money. I think that is the first time I started really thinking about money a lot.

Things have really changed now that I have my own children -- they have changed so much from when I was a kid. My kids, they think about money everyday, they are always saying things like "Mom, do you have 2 dollars, 3 dollars, 5 dollars? Mom, how come you gave me only a dollar? ". They are always in the Bay store or the Co-op seeing things they can buy. I am just thinking of my little child, Ruby -- she is only three years old and she already knows what money is. She is already interested in coins.

Another thing I find with my kids and money is that if I don't have store bought food on the table everyday, my kids act like we have no food that day, no "real" food. It's called "real" food: chips and pops, pizza, hamburgers, tacos, spaghetti, that sort of thing. When we go to my mom's for lunch, my mother feeds us land food. She makes really nice cooked caribou, soup. Maybe she'll have some seal fat to go with it. At certain times of the year she'll prepare a dish that is made with caribou fat and blueberries. If she doesn't have blueberries, she'll use raisins. For us, that is dessert. So we have cooked caribou meat, a cup of tea, and dessert -- that is fine by me. But if that's the only thing available, my kids will say there's nothing to eat cause there's no rice, there's no fried chicken, there's no juice. They have a different standard than I ever had. For them, you're supposed to have toilet paper everyday in your bathroom. You'll die if you can't buy a toothbrush -- you know, that sort of attitude. For them, money is a way of life -- you can't live without it. It has changed so much from when I was growing up.

Apphia:

"At times they would come back with frost-bite on their feet or hands..."

When I was living in Igloolik back a long time ago there was a floe edge near us. The men would go to the floe edge to catch whales. They would travel really fast since the ice was thin. Once they caught their whales they would travel back to Igloolik. At times, when the ice was too thin to travel on, men would have small accidents and fall into the water. At times they would come back with frost-bite on their feet or hands and sometimes they would lose one of their toes or fingers.

I knew one man who was out hunting and he fell in the water. He took off his kamiks and socks and the only reason he survived was that he killed one of his dogs and used the fur to make a new pair of kamiks. He made kamiks with the fur even though it wasn't dried up.

That is how he got home.

Sometimes when the men froze their feet, they couldn't take their kamiks off. Their kamiks would freeze to their feet and they would lose some of their toes. That was before nurses or planes were in Igloolik. I knew a man once who froze his feet. His feet were dead and he couldn't feel anything any more. He had blisters and the skin started coming off. We could see the muscles. The man, he got a saw and cut off his toes. He cut them off himself. That was before there was a doctor. That is how he survived. He didn't walk for a long time, all summer, all year long. There were lots of people who lost toes and fingers.

In those days we had to struggle to live. It is the same thing with white people. They have to struggle to live when they don't have a house or food to eat. They struggle through hard times. It was like that for us. We had to struggle to live, especially in the winter and fall time.

Our life was OK when we lived it. I am telling you about these things that I already experienced myself. That is how it was. Now we are not that way at all.

Sandra:

"There is a baseball season in town now."

There is a baseball season in town now. We play baseball in the summer. The last couple of years there has been almost like a baseball revival. People used to play baseball in the summer behind the high school. It wasn't a big baseball diamond or anything like that but it was a nice open field. The Co-op store and the Pool Hall were adjacent to it. Lots of people went - it seemed the only thing to do during the summer if you weren't out on the land. There are twenty-four hours of sunlight up here so we used to play at all hours of the day and night. I don't know what happened but people stopped after awhile. They built an elementary school where the baseball field was and people did not think of it for some years. The Pool Hall closed down too. I don't know why... maybe because of the vandalism. Also, my beloved Coffee Shop closed down. I loved that place. A few years ago someone thought about playing baseball again in the field right beside the Northern store. Now there are regular teams. I am old enough to play now except I am too shy.

Apphia:

"The elders would know a lot of things. They would use the land as tools."

We knew lots of things back then. We had names for a lot of different things, different winds, types of snow, mountains, clouds. The stars also had names, lots of the stars -- the stars and constellations had names. Because they were always just above the twilight, we would use

them for clocks. We had no clocks back then so we would make a hole in the igloo when it was dark out and look out. If we could see that the stars were far enough away from the twilight, we would go back to sleep. If they were close to the twilight when we woke up, we would know that daylight was going to come soon so we got up. That is how we told time.

When it got dark, in the dark months, we used stars for navigation. Nowadays we have a navigation tool for boats. It looks like a little watch. We use this little watch with its hands moving different ways. That is how we navigate now. Back then it was different. When it was a clear sky and there were no trails, we used the stars to find our way home. The stars were great for navigation.

It was the same with wind, we could tell if a wind was coming by looking at the clouds. Even if it was a beautiful day outside, even if all day it seemed that there would be no wind at all, we could tell by the clouds that a wind was coming. Even if it was a beautiful day, the clouds would tell us if there was going to be a blizzard. We wouldn't leave or go hunting. The men wouldn't leave. The whole day would be beautiful and then a blizzard would come.

The elders would know a lot of things. They would use the land as tools. If the snow was drifting on the land in a certain direction, we would know where the wind was coming from. We would notice that when we were out on boats. We would use the land like that all the time. If it was really foggy and we didn't know where we were going, if we could see a little bit of the sun, then we would know where the land is. If there was a little bit of rough water, then we would guess that the land must be over there. That is how we figured out the weather.

We were told to make note of these things very carefully back then. We were taught when we were young. Today we don't even think about the weather. There are lots of things that we used to think about. Like today for example -- today the sun is warm. It is May and it is warm already. It is going to be a bad summer because the sun is beating down so much now, in the springtime, that it will be colder in the summertime. When the sun was too hot in the springtime, they used to say that the heat goes away. When that happens, we know that it will be a poor summer.

The ice used to tell us things. We would watch it all the time. If it was springtime and we could already see big cracks across on the ice, we would know that the ice wasn't going to go away for a long time. It looks like the ice is going to go away soon because the cracks are so wide, but if the ice is cracking so easily it means that the ice is really thick. If it is that thick, it won't go away in the summer. It won't melt.

In the springtime when there were hardly any big cracks in the ice, it would be more scary because we would know that the ice would move a lot more and it would melt faster. If there are only a few cracks on the ice, it is easier for the ice to go away early. That is what we were told. We were told that if it was going to be a nice summer, the warm weather wouldn't come too early in the spring. There might be little puddles in the snow, but it would be cold. If it is cold enough in the spring, then when summertime comes it will be really warm and it will

stay warm right up to September. It will be a long warm summer.

This past summer was not a good summer. Even the plants hardly grew. It wasn't very warm, but in the springtime it was hot. It was a good spring and it was warm right away. Back in the old times, we would have known in the spring how the summer was going to be. We were weather observers, that is what we were.

Apphia:

"...animals, birds, wildlife, you were not supposed to treat them badly."

Different subject -- animals, birds, wildlife, you were not supposed to treat them badly. Even little snow buntings -- if you injured a little snow bunting on the wing, by throwing a rock at it or something like that, and you broke the wing -- if it was still alive but not able to fly -- you were not supposed to remove the fur. That would be like you were abusing it while it was still alive.

I remember one instance where I saw a person with a duck. He was removing the feathers from a duck that was still alive. He left just the wing feathers and let the bird fly away without any feathers on it's body. After awhile that same person got a big sore on his skin. He still had bones and meat and stuff but he had no skin at all. He was still alive. That happened to him because he had abused wildlife. We had to kill animals right away and not let them suffer. If you are abusive to a wildlife, that is what happens to you.

When it comes to wildlife, we were told that you should never be proud. You should never feel more powerful than polar bears and walruses. You should never pretend that you are not scared of them -- you should never pretend like you are a big powerful person, that you are so fast that an animal cannot get you. You are not supposed to be proud or act proud when it comes to wildlife. That is what we were taught.

There were different kinds of polar bear. An angujuak was a big male polar bear. The younger ones, the young big polar bears were called nukuat. The second older from the youngest were called tiqituar. The young ones are really fast. I knew a guy who went out hunting. He was a really proud man. He thought he was quite fast. A young polar bear showed up for that man. The polar bear was heading towards him. Because the man was proud, he thought he could beat off the polar bear and harpoon him so he started heading towards the polar bear. The polar bear and the man met and when the polar bear rushed the man he got out of the way without the polar bear getting at him. He was an fast man. He went to remove his clothes to make himself lighter and while he was taking off his parka, the polar bear hit him and killed him. That man was too proud. That is why you are not supposed to think you can win over animals, think you are stronger than animals. The animals know that -- they can hear you.

People who talk like that and say that they aren't scared of polar bears, they can't catch them. Same with walruses, with their big tusks, they can stab a person. They can even put a

hole in the boat and make people drown. That happened once when a Qallunaq came up here. A walrus put a hole in the boat and the Qallunaq drown. The Inuit he was with lived. It is for those sorts of reasons that human beings were not supposed to be powerful over wildlife. Walruses, when they are not scared, they give themselves up. They go to you. They die easily.

The way we should act is that we should say things like "I can't catch any animals. I don't know where the polar bears are. Even if I did see one, I could not catch it". We should have that humble attitude, then the animals will come to us.

Sandra:

"...I get pretty sore when I see animals mistreated."

I have a few stories about animals. I have this thing with animals. I have a big fear of them. I can't seem to get over it. I start sweating and breathing quickly even when I see a dog. That is not good because it is inappropriate. We Inuit, we hunt and live off animals. We depend of dogs. When I think about my fear of dogs, it is not a fear of dogs themselves but a fear of the spirits inside them. I think they are a lot smarter than we give them credit for. I think we underestimate their intelligence. I wouldn't be surprised if their IQ's were 150 or more. I think they are smart and I honestly think that they have a spiritual leader somewhere. I become afraid that the spiritual leader is mad at us or mad at the world for mistreating dogs. I am afraid this leader might strike back at us through the dogs. The dogs might get back at us for mistreating them. When I walk down a road, going home, I sometimes feel that there is something behind me, something following me. If I see a dog, I see spirits. Well I don't actually see the spirits but I believe that they are around them. Sometimes I talk to these animal spirits, I say things to dogs in my head.

Another thing about animals is that I get pretty sore when I see animals mistreated. My father calls me "Greenpeace". He doesn't mean it as a compliment. My grandfather, my father's father, he was a really good hunter and trader. When Greenpeace drove sealskin prices down, I think it was the early 1980's, he lost everything, he changed. He used to go out a lot, he was a good hunter and really energetic. Now he just stays at home. "Greenpeace", sometimes it isn't the nicest name to call someone up here. I am kind of known as that in my family. I am the only person, the only girl, I know who hasn't shot a caribou. We went on a school hunting trip and everyone shot a caribou but me. I refused. My father, he doesn't like to take me out hunting much, when he goes to shoot a seal or caribou. They say that we need the food, but at times when I see how the animals are killed, I think there is no excuse that could explain mistreating the animals, killing so many in such a brutal way.

My dad knows a lot about hunting and he knows what is mistreating animals and what isn't. Still, he gets jubilant and happy when he kills an animal. I don't like watching that. Also, sometimes people catch more than they need, sometimes meat goes to waste. That is one reason why I don't eat much meat. If you are going to waste meat, I am not going to eat anything. One time we were on a trip and the men caught a caribou and just left it there. I asked why and

they said that it was a sick animal and we couldn't eat it. The animal we just left for dead out on the land. I thought that was pretty cruel. They killed it just to see that it was sick. They shouldn't have killed it. I didn't eat anything that whole trip. I felt badly.

Back in the old days, people were respectful, they used to thank the animal spirits for giving them food. They weren't happy about killing and they never killed more than they could use. They never killed more than they needed. They prepared for the animal's death, got their food, and said thanks to the dead animals for sacrificing their bodies. People don't do that any more. They didn't do that when I was growing up.

My parents say that I don't eat enough seal or caribou meat. I could eat lots and lots of seal if they were killed in the old way. I never have trouble eating seal when an elder did the hunting. I know they have paid their respect. I make sure that I know that for certain. But if a hunter does it joyously, like he kills the animal happily, then I feel that the spirit is not happy and I do not want to eat the meat. For the most part, I don't eat much meat. One night we were all out camping and we were pretty hungry. We were really quiet. We were not screaming, we were pretty tired. My dad saw a seal. He caught it. You could tell that he was pretty thankful for that. I ate the seal with happiness. I didn't feel guilty at all. I felt that the spirit was grateful for our respect and all that, so I ate the seal pretty hungrily. My father hunts every weekend. I always ask him "How was your hunt? Was your hunt OK?". I say it sincerely but I won't eat what he kills. I usually don't say much about anything, but with animals I make sure I say a lot. Just this week my mom was saying "Oh God Sandra, please do not do this all day". My dad caught two seals and I wasn't happy about that. We would have been OK with just one. It would have been enough.

The Bible says that there will be a judgment day, like the end of the world. I feel that the animals have been treated very cruelly. I think their spirits will get their revenge.

Sandra:

"I can't believe I am twenty and I am just beginning to learn how to sew."

I'm still learning how to sew. In fact, I'm just beginning. I know how to make duffle socks. I learned when I was in grade four. Last year my family went on a big skidoo trip to Igloolik. When we were on that trip my grandmother taught me a little about how to tan hides, how to make them tender for sewing kamiks. I still don't know how to sew them though and I don't know how to cut out the delicate patterns in the furs.

This year I've really showed an interest in sewing. My grandmother, she is happy to see that. She had taught me a little bit about tanning hides and she has taught me some things about how to measure. Still she hasn't taught me anything about sewing. The reason my grandmother has never taught me about sewing is that she thought it would be too tough on my diseased hands, on my eczema.

I have a beautiful pair of kamiks right now. My mother and my grandmother made them for me in a week. They are my second pair. I did all of the skins for them myself. I watched my grandmother measure them and sew them and I watched my mother sew the soles, the "alungit". While they were being made, I learned what kind of skins you have to have for kamiks, summer caribou hides are the best for women's kamiks, and I learned what kind of tools you need to make them. Our neighbour and a good friend of my mother's also helped us out.

I can't believe I am twenty and I am just beginning to learn how to sew. My grandmother and my mother learned to make kamiks in their teens. But then again, when I think about it, I am learning and I guess that is what is important. My over-worked mom and my busy grandmother are taking the time to teach me. I guess I've always felt a little alienated from those types of things before. I never thought when I was growing up that I would ever be learning how to sew kamiks and things. Now I realize that I should have learned how to sew as a child -- that is when I should have started to learn.

Apphia:

We were born with the name of someone who died, someone who was close to our family, someone we cared for, and that is the name we would use.

The government has been giving out names to the Inuit ever since we stopped having numbers. Before we started using the Qallunaat's names, we would use only Inuit names. We named our kids after people who had just died -- usually they were relatives.

In the old days it was difficult for us. People used to travel a lot. If we found out somebody had died far away, it was really painful for us. Since we didn't have any telephones or radios, it was really hard for us -- we would really miss that person -- we would mourn for them. If it was a relative or a close friend who died, we would name our newborns after that person. When a baby was first born, if the baby was crying all the time, the elders would say that the baby hadn't found its right name yet. The baby would stop crying when we named them their proper name. It didn't matter if the baby was male and the person who had died was female -- that didn't matter. We named them the name anyways. We named them whatever their name was. Names were carried through the generations. We were born with the name of someone who died, someone who was close to our family, someone we cared for, and that is the name we would use. That is what we did. This has been going on with us since a long, long time ago.

My grandmother and grandfather are named in my kids. My adopted mother and father are named in our kids too. Like, for example, my son Arvaluk, he was named after my adopted father Arvaluk. Oopah was named Illupalik after my mother who died. They all have Inuit names, all of my children. Martha is named after one of my sister-in-laws, Omik. Simon is Malaq, after Uyarak's older brother, my husband's uncle. Solomon's Inuktitut name is Qajak, after my father Arvaluk's daughter. Jake is named Kutiq, after my brother. Everyone is like

that. As I look back, I didn't even have a Biblical name until I had many kids, that is when I was baptised and I finally got the name Apphia. We never had Qallunaat names before that.

When I was younger and my parents were still alive, I was called Sirqpaapik. I was named after my mother's sister-in-law. I knew myself as Sirqpaapik. That is what people called me. Then, when I was still a child, my adopted mother died and I became orphaned. My father was still alive but he was old and people treated me like an orphan. People poked fun at me. They wanted to make me feel bad -- they did this because I was an orphan and I had killed my brother when we were children. After my mother died, in those years after she died, I was neglected and kind of abused. People used to say a lot of mean things to me. I didn't have a mother and my father, he was hard of hearing so he used to miss a lot of this.

I was given a lot of names as a baby. That was because I was adopted and I was my parents' first child. One of my names, I was named after Agalaktee. He was a man, a crippled man. He had strength in his arms but his legs were paralysed. People knew that one of my names was his so they started calling me Agalaktee to poke fun at me, to make me feel bad. I remember asking my father one time why they had named me that name when I was a baby. I didn't like the name Agalaktee. He said that Agalaktee was related to him. He looked at me very hard and told me not to reject the name Agalaktee. He said that even though Agalaktee couldn't walk, he could drag his legs and still go walrus hunting. Even though he couldn't walk he was a very brave and capable man. That is what he told me about this man, Agalaktee.

They called me Sirqpaapik and Agalaktee, both those names, for a long time -- then I got a Christian name, Apphia. When the missionaries came around, I got that name. They were the ones that baptized everybody. They would come to the camps and do weddings and baptisms. I remember when a missionary came to our camp, he baptised us and told us to pick out a name from the Bible that we liked. I told my husband that maybe the name Matthias could be his name. I said that my name would be Apphia. I like that name, it is short and easy to say. We never thought of the meaning of the biblical names, who they were or what they did in the past. We just used the names.

Some people didn't pick the new names for themselves. They used their Inuktitut names for their baptisms, like Mablick and his wife. The missionaries, they told us to use our baptism names to talk to each other but we didn't listen to them all the time. Me and my husband, we still used our Inuktitut names when we talk to each other. He is Awa and I am Agalaktee. We used these names for a long time. In public, in front of the Qallunaat, we would use our baptism names, then we would use our Inuktitut names, Awa and Agalaktee.

As soon as my children were born, I gave them Christian names even before they were baptized. The ministers told us that we should name our children after Christians so we gave them both Christian and Inuit names. We took names from the Bible to name our children. My children, I always tried to address them by their Christian names because the minister at the time was against Inuktitut names. Once that minister passed away -- he accidentally shot himself -- once he passed away, I started calling some of my children by their Inuktitut names. I would

call James Arvaluk, Arvaluk or like Martha, our daughter, I would call her Omik . We called Rhoda by one of her names Kaujak. She was named after my grandmother.

When my children started going to school, they went by their Qallunaat names. When my son Arvaluk went to Churchill, the teachers and the white people used his baptism name, James. When Arvaluk came back, he told us that his name was James Arvaluk. We didn't call him James though, we only called him Arvaluk. When we all took on two names, Arvaluk took Arvaluk as his last name instead of Awa. That name is very precious to him so he wanted to keep it. Rhoda, when she went to school, her name was changed to Rhoda and we started using that.

I think it was about 1969 when we started using two names instead of one. It was around that time. We weren't living in the settlement at the time but I remember the Federal Agent going around registering people. Everyone was giving him their husband's name as a last name. My husband, he was named after his grandfather Awa so that is the name we took. We were out on the land when all this happened so we weren't around when the administrator gave us a second name. When I started going to the hospitals, the name that was written down in the hospitals was Apphia Awa. Even though it was my husband who was Awa, I was Sirqpaapik and Agalaktee, that was the name given to me in the hospitals. Ever since then, my name has been Apphia Awa. We changed to surnames so that the Qallunaat wouldn't get confused.

Today, the younger generation, they name their children Qallunaat names at birth. They don't wait for the baptism. In the old days, when we were named Inuktitut names, they were easier to remember, easier to say. Today, there are names that we can not say. Today there are names that we have never heard before, like Hazel. People are getting names from the television, not from the family or the Bible.

Apphia:

"My parents and all the Inuit were given numbers."

There was one thing that I was really amazed at. I remember this really well. A miracle happened -- numbers, numbers were given to us. I was about six or seven and I was living with my adopted parents. This was before my mother died. My parents and all the Inuit were given numbers. I could remember my parents receiving their numbers. They were little circular things made of steel or wood. I remember the sound of them clicking -- they were beautiful. They were kind of red and they were round. Some of them were dark red and some of them were bright red, with names on them, plus a number.

My adopted parents were given numbers but I didn't get one at the time. I was just a

child. The Catholic missionaries didn't have translators back then so they could speak Inuktitut. They were living among Inuit all the time and they learned the language. My adopted parents were told by the Catholic missionaries exactly what the numbers were. They told us that the numbers began with E-5 and then each person's number. Different settlements had different numbers. It was all organized around numbers. In Igloolik, Pond Inlet, and Arctic Bay the number was E-5 and in other settlements the number was E-7 or something else, something like that. I can remember when I started playing with the numbers, my mother told me that we weren't supposed to lose them or get them dirty. They told us that we were to carry them with us at all times and never get them dirty. They told us that if we went to a hospital down south, we had to take our numbers with us. That was the only way the government could recognize us was by our numbers. We didn't have second names at that time. My mother made little pouches out of cotton -- so they wouldn't get dirty she put them around her neck. They held on to them for a long, long time.

Finally I got one. When I was older and married, they gave me a number too. My husband and I both got one. All my older kids got numbers as well. I wondered why my kids got numbers when they were young and I never did until later. I can't remember my children's numbers but I can remember mine and my husbands. Mine was E5-345 and my husbands is E5-344.

Today we get first names and last names from down south. They give us names. In the old days, though, before we had two names, we were given numbers. If a person died down south, before they buried them, the government would put the E-5 number on the coffin. They would bury the person with the number stamped on the coffin. The government never took back a number after a person died. Today people go out down south to look for their relative's graves, they use the E-5 number to locate the grave.

Those numbers, those disks, we always carried them. Some of the people carried them around their neck. I just kept ours in the bag. We had these numbers for a long long time. We kept them for a long long time.

Apphia:

"The very moment that he was born, my son knew he wanted to be called Arvaluk."

I was just telling a story of how Arvaluk was born, how things were at that time. When he was a new born, when he came out of my womb, before my mother-in-law picked him up, he was facing my mother-in-law and looking at her very clearly. When newborns are born, they don't see very clearly and they don't know which people they are looking at. My mother-in-law thought when she saw the baby, that the baby was going to smile. She felt kind of creepy. Apparently it was because the baby wanted to be named Arvaluk after my father who had died. We knew right away at that time.

The very moment that he was born, my son knew he wanted to be called Arvaluk. He knew right away. Arvaluk remembers being born because he had told us later in his life that we were there and that he saw us there in our home and that he was really warm. We were kind of wary of him after he said this. We thought that he had remembered exactly when he was born. At the time that he was born he was warm. He was looking at my mother-in-law and she said to never mind and to let him be like that. He was a little boy and we didn't have many little boys at the time.

Arvaluk, when he was a brand new baby, he had just the one name. At that time, people usually named newborns right after they came out. We wouldn't just name them, we would do a little ceremony to name them. Arvaluk was given his other names a few weeks after he was born. The naming ceremony that I know of, they pick the child up and pray over the child. They say things like "God bless you and save you and protect you. Your name is Arvaluk". They would pray over the babies or the children when they were born. When Arvaluk was named, that day of the naming, even though he was too small as a baby, he smiled when the praying was done. As soon as the person who prayed over him told him that his name was Arvaluk, he smiled. I felt really creepy then.

Peter Awa, my husband's younger brother, he was the only boy until Arvaluk was born. My mother-in-law named him just a Christian name, just Peter. She wouldn't name him an Inuktitut name because she was scared of the missinaries. There were a lot of Inuktitut names to choose from. Some of her relatives and her older sisters had just died. Even though she was grieving for those members of the family, she wouldn't name her new son any other name other than Peter or Peterloosie. That is what his name was for a long time. He was really envious of people who had second names or Inuktitut names so when he got a little older, he named himself Nataaq, after my grandfather's older brother.

When Arvaluk thought that he didn't have enough names, he ended up calling himself another name. He called himself Paulak. We don't remember that person Paulak at all -- she was his sister-in-law's step-mother. We don't remember that person at all, but Arvaluk called himself Paulak. Lucas Ivalu, his uncle, started calling him Paulak all the time. Up to this day he calls him Arvaluk Paulak and asks "Where is my Paulak?" when he sees us.

Sandra:

"Saturday night feasts were really, really special when I was growing up."

Saturday nights, I can't believe how different things are now. Saturday nights back when I was a kid, Saturday nights were always a family time. Now, Saturday nights, you have to go go go, you have to get out, see people, see friends, go dance. Now it is a total bore to just to stay home on Saturday nights.

My dad and my grandparents used to always go out hunting on week-ends. The only time

they could hunt was on the week-ends because they worked at jobs during the week. On Saturday nights when I was growing up, while the men were out hunting, the women stayed home and cleaned up. There was always this rush before they left, a rush to make bread and tea and prepare for the food that the men were going to bring back. My grandmother made lots of bread back then. On Saturday nights it was always special. There was always this bread and clean house smell in the air at home. If it was winter, spring, or fall, it would be dark at night so it was really cosy. My grandfather and my dad would come in from hunting to all of this. To see my grandfather and my dad coming in the door, announcing that they had gotten seals or caribou made it all the better, topped it all off, you know?

My dad's father used to be a good hunter. He caught seals all the time. Every Saturday night he would come home with some. Now he can't go out because he has no job. He is too old to have a job to buy the stuff to go out hunting. My grandmother doesn't make bread any more. She rarely cleans up like she used to on Saturday nights. My father though, he still hunts every weekend. No matter how small a catch, my father always gives half of it, some of it, to his parents.

Sometimes if there is a lot, he will give some to my mother's parents too. He doesn't give as much to my mother's family because my mom's dad has a job, he can afford to go hunting. He gets his own meat. He just turned 73, he still works as a garbage truck driver and he still goes out hunting. He had some pretty expensive things. It is pretty expensive to get equipment for hunting. He has a 4-wheeler and a boat and rifles and a skidoo. He has tents and camping equipment.

Saturday night feasts were really, really special when I was growing up. I loved the feasts. People would come to my grandparents' house. There would be so many people you couldn't walk or sometimes you would have to crawl through the legs there would be so many people. People would be talking and laughing. There would be this fresh animal smell, it smelled good. I would listen to my grandparents talk about us, praise us in front of all these people so it was a lot of fun.

For feasts to happen, people would go on the radio and announce that they had fresh meat and invite people over. There would always be tea afterwards. It is fun listening on the radio and finding out who caught seals or caribou and where the feasts were. Elders usually had the feasts. Young people, like my parents age, they never had feasts. Older people would have them. My parents now, they might have a few friends over when my father catches something but our house is too small to go on the radio and invite everyone. If we said on the radio that my dad caught some seal, our house wouldn't hold everyone who would come. We don't have the room. Sometimes, if my dad gets lots and lots of food, lots of fish or whatever, he might go on the radio and tell people that they can come over with bags and take some meat but he wouldn't invite them over for a feast because there would be too many people here.

Community feasts at the Community Hall are really great too but they only come once in a long, long while. The Community Hall smells a lot during those feasts because of all those

foods. People just flock to them. They can't wait to get in. If the Community Hall people say that it will open at 6:00 and then announce again that they will postpone it until 7:00 because they are not prepared yet, people get pretty angry or whatever. They can't wait. People are just crazy for seal. Baby seals are a pretty rare treat. One time there was this contest between my father's father and his good friend, his old hunting companion. Those two competed one night to see who could catch a seal first. My grandfather won the contest, he caught the seal first. They had a feast at the Community Hall. They both caught seals, but the next part of the contest was seeing whose wife could cut up the seal the fastest. My grandmother won. It was kind of hard though because the other competitor was my aunt. She was young. She was good at it even at that age when she was young. After they cut up the seal, everyone went running for it. The ladies were screaming "Move away! Move away!" It was pretty amazing watching how fast people can run when they are headed for a seal.

Apphia:

"Back then, with our relatives, we were always asking to borrow things."

We do not live in igloos any more. We don't do a lot of things we did back then. Back then, with our relatives, we were always asking to borrow things.

If my husband's younger brother's wife didn't have anything to use for soap, unless she asked me, I wouldn't know. I was told never to talk about my husband or his relatives. If things happened, like if my brother-in-law wouldn't let me have tea or flour, I wouldn't say anything to my husband because my husband would be protective of me and not like his brother any more. This would create problems and the family would be distant. That is how we were supposed to act if we wanted to have good relations.

If I had a mother-in-law and she had needles and thread and I needed them, even though I would be scared of her I would still have to ask her. I would still had to go and get stuff from her and say things like "I really need thread". I would say things like "I wonder if you could give me a sharp needle". When she found out that I didn't have a needle, she would give me one. This was the way the daughters-in-law were loved. They would try not to be strangers to their in-laws. If daughter-in-law did not ask their in-laws when they ran out of things, rumours would start. If daughter-in-laws said little things to their husbands like "I don't have a thread any more. I am not sewing", her in-law would hear her and her mother-in-law would not have much love for her any more. If the daughters-in-law acted like strangers, after awhile that is how the mother-in-laws would treat them, like distant strangers.

After they had gone to trade, people would share their supplies. If one person had certain things and the other person had other things, then they would share. If you had a teapot and I didn't have one, I wouldn't think about going out and buying one. Even though I wanted a teapot, I would borrow yours for awhile instead. This was part of being related and being a nice

person. It was a way of binding the relatives, of being close to our relatives. It shouldn't be forgotten. The reason why it used to be OK to take from relatives or ask for things is that we used to be so close. We used to really be close back then. If we borrowed and shared, men wouldn't hear bad things said about their wives. Saying bad things and not wanting to borrow and share would cause bad relations in a family. That is how the Inuit life was.

For us Inuit, we would trade things. We didn't pay each other. Paying makes you distant from your relatives. We would trade things. If my husband needed kamiks and I didn't have any bearded seal for the soles, I would ask someone "My husband is out of soles, can you give me soles?" and of course that person says "Yes, come take what you want". There wouldn't be any mention of payment. That is how the family was kept together. It is not part of our life any more. I never thought that we would end up thinking so much about asking for things. Now we are trying to be like the Qallunaat. They want things to be paid for right away.

I do not like this business of paying for something that you get from your relatives. If it makes me sad. It really makes me sad. When Rhoda couldn't make warm clothing for her husband, I used to help her. I used to make clothing for my son-in-law all the time. She never paid me and I didn't ask for a payment. I never mentioned anything about payment. My son-in-law knows that I am his mother-in-law and he knows that I will make things for him without cost. When he gets animals, he is very generous. I can have anything that I want from what he catches. I never thought about them having more money than me. They always bring things to me because we are not distant. They give me everything that is available...

This business of paying for things makes you distant. I want this to be known. Just thinking of my grandchild -- if she says "Grandmother I want you to make me something", I will say to her "If you chew this particular caribou skin, I will do that for you". If she says that when her money comes she will pay me I get kind of lazy to do it. I get lazy because I am sad that my own grandchild wants to pay me. It makes me really sad. I don't know where they would learn this from, that they have to buy things in order to get anything. I don't know where they learn that there is a cost to everything. I try to instruct my children and my grand-children, I try to tell them that we are relatives and that there is no need to pay for things. That is the way it used to be.

Apphia:

"That is how the judging was done. People would meet together and deal with things that came up."

I remember one incident in a tent one summertime. Apparently this one woman was not bonding to her husband at all. Her parent had married her to a man in the camp but she was always going off with another man. She didn't agreed to be with the man her parents married her off to. Her parents couldn't deal with her.

In a tent we had a prayer meeting. We used to have prayers in a tent or sod-houses. At church-time the women took their boots off and went on the bed because there was no room. The men stayed on the floor. That lady who had been causing trouble, she was there too on the bed. She didn't know what was going on. After the church service there was an announcement that something had to be said. The elders wanted to say something. We were told not to leave. No one left. Even though I was a kid at the time, this really hit me. I didn't want to be like that person at all.

They were talking to her. This elder -- she was a really important elder -- she talked to that person and then another person who wasn't as scary also talked to the person. There were three of them, three elders who talked. They told her that she was not supposed to do what she was doing anymore. How scary it was! That same man that she kept on going to bed with was still around at the time. She never did that again. She stayed with her husband...

It was like that. If there was a person that was gossiping in the community, if there was a person who was visiting different houses and spreading rumours around, if there were people like that and if they were causing trouble within the community spreading those rumours, then the community would get together and the elders would tell that person that they were not supposed to do what they were doing. They would tell that person that they were not supposed to talk like that any more. They would fix up a person's life that way.

That is how the judging was done. People would meet together and deal with things that came up. We had only small communities back then -- there weren't that many people so they would all come together to deal with things. It used to be a scary time on those occasions. You did not want that to happen to you at all.

Sandra:

"Personally I think pleasantries are a waste of time."

There are many books that say Inuit don't use pleasantries much. They say we don't think it is necessary. This is true. Personally I think pleasantries are a waste of time.

Inuit don't say "hello" and we don't knock. Some say it is because there is a silent understanding, a silent communication going on. The person knows what the other is thinking. There is no need to say "hello" because the other already person knows that the person he is talking to is friendly. The same thing with saying "thank-you". If, for instance someone opens the door for another, the one who opens the door knows the other is already grateful so he accepts his silence. He is not insulted if the other person doesn't say "Thank-you". If it is a small, little thing, there is no need. The other knows the other is grateful. They just sort of know.

Qallunaat who are up North, they shouldn't worry though, if they are saying too much

or too little. People, Inuit, understand these things -- we know that Qallunaat are not always aware of these customs. Qallunaat shouldn't have to work at not saying pleasantries. Inuit will say "thank-you" to a Qallunaq because we know he or she doesn't know those things.

Sometimes I get a bit confused myself though. I hear a lot of pleasantries amongst us now and sometimes I wonder if I should join in. When I stop in at my friends houses some of my friends might say "Come on in, you are very welcome here!". When people come to my house I already assume that they feel welcome, that they feel at home at my house so I don't say pleasantries. I don't have to worry much about that though because I don't have a home, I still live with my parents. It is not for me to say anyone's welcome. Anyhow, except when it comes to kids, I am uncomfortable with saying "hello". I am always in a dilemma, wondering if I should say "hi" or just smile to a friend, to someone who is passing by. There is this word I've been hearing, only in the past couple of years, I think it is a new word. It was adopted. It is "ilaali". It probably means "yes, yes". It is said after saying "thank-you", sort of like "you're welcome". People are saying that a lot these days. It is not bad, it is not good, just different.

This practice of non-pleasantries, it is hard to break when you are out of town down south. You expect people to know that you have this practice but naturally they don't. In some written stories that I have read, Inuit are considered timid. I guess it is just that we are less talkative. We don't say all the things Qallunaat say...

I've gotten into some trouble with those kind of things when I was in cities in the south. I remember one time when I was seven and visiting my aunt who lived in an apartment building. I tried opening some doors but they were locked. I didn't think they were strangers that lived there so I got a hairpin and tried un-locking them. I got into a couple of the rooms. I thought my aunt knew the people who lived there but I found out later she didn't. When my aunt found me she apologized for me.

Another time I went to an apartment complex where another aunt lived. I got the number of her apartment confused and I went to the wrong apartment. It was unlocked so naturally I thought it was my aunt's place. I didn't knock and started taking my parka off without saying "Hello". A lady started yelling at me. She was yelling "Who are you, why didn't you knock?". She was cursing. Doorbells and knocking devices and locked doors, those are always confusing to me. Even when I have been in cities recently, I know certain things, I know what is expected of me, even then I end up leaving places, just leaving places, thinking "Oh well, it is locked, no one is home". I never think to bother with knocking and doorbells.

11. I WANTED TO TELL YOU A STORY...

Apphia:

"Attagutaaluk was the oldest elder in the camp."

That time we went to pick up our boat, we were going into Igloolik by dogteam. When we reached Igloolik, that person Attagutaaluk, she was really sick. Attagutaaluk was the oldest elder in the camp. She was Ituksarjuq's wife and my grandfather Nutarariaq's sister. She was the only relation to Nutarariaq.

It was a nice springtime day. She was dying so we pitched our tents so that we could be with her. All of her relatives, my uncles, my mother's relatives and my grandfather's nieces and nephews were there. It was 1948 and Arvaluk was just a baby with an older sister Oopah. In 1948, Attagutaaluk was a very old woman-- very old. I was staying with my uncle, Aniluq in their tent. They were the youngest of the aunts and uncles Aniluq and his wife Inugjuq. The old lady, our great aunt, she was sick. She had no reason to be sick. It was just that she was old. She died in a nice way. She was quite peaceful because this was the end of her life. Her life was finished.

Maktar's wife, Koopa and I, we were adolescents at that time. We used to warm ourselves with blankets. I remember the time because even though our great-aunt was really sick, even though she was dying, we were playing ball together and having fun. We used to

have so much fun. We were young and carefree back then. There was not much else to do but play. When night came and our children went to bed, we would play ball. When we were in the tent, we would rough around with each other, play with each other. It was during one of those times that I heard that my great-aunt had stopped breathing. She was dead.

I went outside. Nobody really cried that she was gone. They didn't mourn much. I was surprised at that. Maybe because she was so old. My uncle, the oldest, the late Piugaatuq was the only one who cried and said good-bye. He was crying out, saying that his mother, during the starvation period, was so hungry she had to eat human flesh. If she hadn't she would have died. Because of that, he was very grateful. She died very old because she was a good woman. She was always nice and never gave people a hard time. Because of that, she didn't get sick very often.

The story about her that Piugaatuq was talking about, it made her quite famous. There are people in town that know more of the details than me. All I know is from what my grandmother Kaujak told me. She used to tell me stories.

I am not sure what exactly were the details of that incident. I only know what my grandmother told me. I know that they were out caribou hunting for the summer, Attagutaaluk, her husband and her two children. They were between here and Igloolik. They were inland and there was no caribou. They started dying of hunger. Their dogs died and people started starving. After the children died her husband told her "I am going to die soon too, wife of mine. Human beings are made to live longer so you must live and report to other people and tell them what has happened. Try to live with human flesh as long as you can. Make sure you live".

He said that before he died so that is what she did. Even though she couldn't eat him, she used her little child as food. She was all alone over the summer, fall, winter, and then it became spring again. She would take just a little bite of the flesh. Even though she wasn't full this prevented her from starving.

It became spring and she was still living -- that spring some people from Igloolik came by. The people that found her were my husbands parents, Padluq and his wife. They had only one child at the time who just died recently. They are the ones who found her. They were on their way to Pond Inlet to trade and they took the same route Attagutaaluk and her husband had taken. She had been alone all of the winter and it was spring. She was almost starving to death by the time they had found her. Whatever human flesh she had to eat over the winter was all gone. We are told that she lost only two children when she was stuck on the land. She was very young at the time, probably close to fourteen years old. I don't know whether they were boys or girls that died but Kaujak told me that she ate the younger one first. Maybe she was a lot closer to or more used to the older one.

At the time, just before they found her, Padluq and his wife had been travelling by

dogteam. They heard this strange noise. They said that it wasn't a dog noise or a human noise. They couldn't recognize it. It was a very strange noise. Maybe Attagutaaluk was trying to say "I am over here". Maybe she was crying because she hadn't heard a dogteam in so long. They heard it while they were travelling so they found her. Padluq heard the noise and realized what was happening. He said "There is something strange going on around there. Why is she making that noise?".

His wife wanted to go have a look at where that sound was coming from. They could only go there by walking because there was hardly any snow where the voice was coming from. He said to his wife "Wife of mine, wait for me. Wait and we will go there together. If it is scary or not scary we will find out together". They were anxious to see that person but they thought they were going to see some disaster. They went there -- Padluq was walking behind his wife. They recognized her. She was making noises from inside of herself. When they went to her she couldn't stand up. She had no strength. She was really skinny, very skinny. There was no meat or flesh on her face and you could see her teeth and they were really white. Because there was no snow and no way to make an igloo she had been outside for a long time. They asked her if she recognized them. She said "yes", she recognized them and they felt a lot better. They carried her down to the place where they were going to spend the night and they were trying to feed her. They made a separate place for her to stay. That was the only way. They had laws back then that there were particular things you couldn't do. They were headed towards Pond Inlet at the time to trade but they ended up taking her back to Igloodik, to the area around Igloodik. Later on, Iktuksarjuaq married her. He also had another wife but she couldn't make children yet. She was quite young. Because he wanted Attagutaaluk to have descendants, he married her. He had two wives then.

After that starving incident she got fat and filled up and ended up having lots of sons and daughters -- she had five. Attagutaaluk ended up with so many children afterwards that her husband gave away his first wife. He gave her to Arvaluk, my adopted father. Arvaluk ended up raising a few children from that marriage before he adopted me -- Qayak and Kutiaq, they are my step-brother and step-sister. Attagutaaluk had many more kids after that. Now the only living relations of hers that are left are probably the grand-children because all of her natural children are dead now. It is only her grand-children who are alive today.

When Attagutaaluk's second set of children grew up -- when her sons grew up, that is when she was an elder and that is when she started being in charge of telling people where the meat should go. She was the one who distributed the food. If anybody was hungry, if they didn't have any food, she would split her food with those people and made sure that everybody had whatever she had. Little teas, little sugars, she would share with all her community and give them each a little something. She didn't want anybody to be poor. If she had not eaten human flesh, she would not have lived so she didn't ever want anybody to be hungry at all. If she heard that someone from another community that was poor or out of something, she would tell people to go and bring them some meat. If she had extra flour, she would share the flour with her community. When she had finished feeding her family, if she had any flour left over, she would ask the rest of the community to come over and have some tea and share the bread. She didn't

want anybody to ever be hungry and she made sure that everybody got the food that was required. That is how she became a leader. She would tell all the people to share, to never let anyone go hungry. This is not a very enjoyable experience, being hungry. People should not be hungry.

Attagutaaluk, the whalers called her the Queen of Igloolik. She had a headband that was made out of metal that they gave her, it was like a crown. She wore it on her forehead and it was very visible. It went under her braid at the back. When I was a young child, I used to try and find out what it was. She was my great-aunt, my other grandmother, so I used to pick lice from her hair. I would pick lice from her hair and I would try to look at the headband more closely, but when I did, she would hide it with her hair. I used to think it was nailed on but there was this little button at the back to hold it on her head.

When she remarried, Attagutaaluk and her new husband made their living travelling between Pond Inlet and Igloolik to trade. Looking back now, maybe it would be almost like a type of business they ran. There was no trading post in the Igloolik area at that time so people would have to go to Pond Inlet to pick up their supplies. People in Igloolik would give their fox skins to Attagutaaluk and her family to trade for supplies from the south. They didn't want to see anyone be without supplies, that is why they started doing this business. They would buy a whole bunch of supplies, like ammunition and tea and stuff, for people in the Igloolik area. People didn't see actual money handled at the time. They just had credit at the Hudson's Bay, so Attagutaaluk and her husband would trade and then use whatever money they had left over in the account for themselves. They would get extra for the fox skins and support themselves that way. She started travelling a lot when her sons were kids. After awhile the sons took it over. The parents would stay in Igloolik and the sons would make the trip, taking foxes and trading them. Sometimes they would go along with them, only if there was enough food for another dogteam.

People who travel to Igloolik from here, especially her grandchildren, they always want to go and take pictures of the place where she almost starved. Her grandchildren and her children, they are still thankful to Padluq and his wife for finding her. They used to be so thankful. They used to say "If you had not saved our mother, we would not be alive today". Her children gave a lot of things to Padluq and his wife. They were really thankful. They would give Padluq anything he didn't have. That is how he was treated because he had found the woman.

When I had two children, Oopah and Arvaluk, that is when she died. That is how it was then. She was made the leader of Igloolik-- she was like a Queen. She wanted everybody to live well. She had a good life. The Igloolik school is named after her, "Attagutaaluk School". That is what the school is named because she was a good person. They named the school after her. That was that.

Rhoda:

"I wanted to tell you a story about Pierre Trudeau."

I wanted to tell you a story about Pierre Trudeau. It was 1970 -- I was about fourteen and Pierre Trudeau had just recently become Prime minister of Canada. We had learned all about him that year at school and he was due to come to Igloolik in the spring-time. Before he came we were told to make a poster about him. We had to depict some sort of thing that we knew about Trudeau, opinions or whatever. This was the year that freedom of speech came to school. We were "free to do whatever we wanted", that is what the principal told us. Maybe it was 1971... Anyways, I cut out a newspaper clipping with a picture of Trudeau in Toronto. He had sandals on, thongs, and his arms were up and out to his sides. He was talking to a great big crowd in Toronto. I cut him out, just him in his sandals and pasted him to a white paper. I drew a line. At that time I was really dumb about animals. I didn't know much because I was always in school. I drew a walrus coming out of a seal hole. He was in the seal hole. Then I drew a question mark above the walrus's head. I pasted Trudeau beside him. He was talking to the walrus and the walrus had a question mark above his head, sort of like "What the heck is he saying?". That was my political viewpoint, like "who the heck are you kind of thing".

Trudeau came into town maybe a day after they were all put up. He came in on the weekend so we weren't in school. Apparently he viewed the school and looked around at all the things the kids had done to celebrate his visit. He saw my picture and he really really liked it. He apparently told my teacher that he wanted to meet me and give me a medal. My teacher relayed this message to my mom. It was early on a Saturday morning, my mother woke me up and said, "You have to go this teacher's house to meet Trudeau, wake up, hurry up, he is waiting". I got up, got all dressed, and I didn't look very good ey?. I just got up. I went over to the principal's house. He had stairs. When you went in you had to go past a crawl space on the main floor and go up the stairs. I went in and someone told Mr. Trudeau that I had arrived. He started coming down the stairs. I remember he was wearing a very fancy sweater. He had one of his sons with him. He shook my hand, said "Hello. How are you? Oh you are Rhoda", you know that sort of thing. Then he gave me a medal. I said "I am fine, hello, good-bye" and then I took off. I mean..., I didn't even stay around to chat. I was out of there. If I had thought about it a little at that time, about who I was meeting, I might have tried to talk to him more and be more courteous. It didn't sink into my head that this was the Prime Minister of Canada.

That statement that I made with the question mark and the Inuit not knowing what the Qallunaat or the politicians are saying to Inuit has been a big part of my attitude towards politics up until just a few years ago. Right now, today, I think I can make politicians understand if I have something to say, but at the time when Trudeau came to visit, most of the Inuit didn't speak English -- they didn't express many political opinions. There were so few of us that could speak English that even if we voiced a few political opinions they didn't count much anyways. I mean, we were seen as savages that didn't know what we were doing. So at that time, that was my big political statement. I was fourteen.

Apphia:

"My son Arvaluk's grandfather was a really fast runner."

I used to see people running really fast when I was a child, even faster than the dogteams. My father, my son Arvaluk's namesake, he was really healthy and he was really fast when he ran. Some people, like Arvaluk, when they are really energetic and strong, they don't show it in public. They show it when nobody is looking at them. When they are in front of people, they are really embarrassed or shy.

My son Arvaluk's grandfather was a really fast runner. He lived in a community where people looked down on him. People didn't know what he was like and they blamed him for something he had done a long time ago. It was this incident that happened before I was born. My father, Arvaluk, used to tell me about it. There was this man -- I don't know his name -- he was living in the settlement and he started killing people. The people in the settlement started to become scared. They wanted to do something. They wanted to protect themselves. My father was asked to do something because he was the bravest and wisest in the camp and he could move faster than other men. My father was asked to meet him and kill him. Even though he was young he was asked to kill that person. That is what he did. The community asked him to kill that person. It wasn't his idea. That was before there was any RCMP -- that was a long, long time ago.

My father, he told me how he was always afraid of revenge from that incident. He was afraid that the relatives of the man that he had murdered would get revenge on him. He learned how to run very fast because of this. He wanted to be able to defend himself. When he was out hunting, he was really fast. One day one of the people from town was watching him when he was hunting. He was hunting caribou and the caribou were running away. Once a caribou starts to run, they are really fast and you can not catch up to them. He was running towards the caribou and the caribou was ahead of him. The person said that it looked as if he ran like a caribou and he was really fast. The caribou was quite fast, but he was faster than the caribou. The caribou turned the other way and the man who was watching said that Arvaluk was right behind the caribou. He looked away for a minute and when he looked back he didn't see anything. Then he saw Arvaluk and the caribou far away, in the dirt of the wet area of the lake. Arvaluk was running so fast the guy could barely see his legs.

When the guy went back and told this story, the community started teasing Arvaluk, my father. They told him that he looked so old and weak. They said that every time he walked, he walked very slowly and carefully yet he was so strong and fast. They knew about him now. They knew quite well how fast he was.

Since his secret was known by the community, he started losing his energy and his

speed. I think it was because of his shyness. Since the community knew that Arvaluk was really strong and that he could run really fast, he lost the confidence he had in himself. I don't know why he lost his speed, but maybe it was because he was always happier when he kept things to himself.

Sandra:

"There is one story that I remember the most..."

We used to live with my dad's parents when I was a kid so I was pretty close to my dad's mom. I was probably more close to her than I was to my mom's mom. There is one story that I remember the most, probably because it is one of the very few stories that I ever heard from my grandmother. One night, after church service in the evening, my grandmother and I went home alone. We usually went visiting somewhere after church, visiting her friends and having some tea, but that night we just went home the two of us and relaxed. She didn't turn the lights on so it was semi-dark and quiet. I remember the story she told me pretty clearly because I thought it was real and was happening between us.

The story she told me goes like this: A grandchild kept pestering her grandmother to tell her a story but the grandmother didn't feel like it. I guess she was tired or pretty lazy. The grandchild kept asking her and asking her and this went on for a while until the grandmother finally gave up. She started telling her grandchild a story. She was telling her a story very slowly, she was almost whispering. It was a story about the weasels. The grandmother kept up with the story until it reached a climax, she kept the grandchild's interest up. The grandmother was telling her about weasels in detail, saying that if someone did something bad or whatever, the weasel would go up someone's leg and into their anus when they went out to pee. Just as she said that weasels would go into someone's anus, the grandmother went "poof!" At that point the grandchild was so surprised that she turned into a little bird and just flew away. Her grandmother looked and realised that she was gone. She kept calling out her name.

The grandmother, she started to become desperate and was very sorry for what she did. She was sorry that she scared her little grandchild. She didn't think that she would be so scared. She cried and cried and cried until her throat became hoarse and her eye-lids became really, really red. She too became a bird, but a ptarmigan. She flew off and found her grandchild. My grandmother told me that is how ptarmigans came to be, that is how they got their cry and the red under their eyes, because an old granny cried so much when her grand-child turned into a bird.

My father also told some stories when I was a kid. He would usually tell them at night, just before bed. When I got scared I used to go into my parents bedroom and sleep with them. The stories he told me were make believe stories. They weren't traditional stories. He usually made them up. There was one that was recurring. He told it over and over. It was with the

same character but there were different stories on different nights. His stories were about a girl "Tigyik" and her dog and her sled. "Tigyik" means "four fingers" in English. Girls didn't have sleds back then so it was pretty nice of him to say that she had a sled. She was a very brave girl. When he was telling me these stories I always imagined that she lived outside and she didn't have any parents. She was doing OK.

My mother's dad also told some stories while we were picking his grey-white hair with tweezers when we were in his bedroom. We used to sit like that, the grandchildren, in his room picking his grey hairs out with tweezers. The stories he told us those times were about animals, ravens and birds and all that. It is too bad that I don't remember the stories that well, or in any detail because they were marvellous and wonderful stories. I wish I could tell stories well, just as good as my grandparents. The stories they told us were very good stories, in-depth stories. They made you think a lot. They had interesting things in them like birds and animals.

In school they also told us some stories. We heard stories in Home-Ec class. We usually went to this little building, the Tech Centre. The girls would learn to cook and sew and the boys would learn to build things. Once a week we would change places. We had a Bible class every week. Our sewing teachers were all elders, not really elders but older people and they would tell us stories. Our cooking class had all Qallunaat teachers. It is sad to see that the elders that taught us then are so old now. I can't believe how young they were even then. We loved those instructors.

1THEY SPENT ALL THOSE YEARS TRYING TO TURN ME INTO A QALLUNAQ...

Apphia:

"Even in the later years, we never really thought about moving back to the community since we were barely ever hungry."

We were happy living on the land. Even in the later years, we never really thought about moving back to the community since we were barely ever hungry. My husband was a really good hunter. At that time there were some Qallunaat around in the settlement. There was a nurse, some teachers and the Hudson Bay Company in the community. The teachers had our kids and they were trying to get families to stay together in the settlement. Many of the out-post camp people were moving in. They were moving in, leaving behind their camps and their sod-houses or the cabins they grew up in.

In the camps of my childhood, in Kapuivik, that's near Igloolik, there were only a few people left. All of my family had left the land. When people from around there started meeting Qallunaat they started moving into Hall Beach and Igloolik. It was hard for me at first to see Inuit living in a different way, not hunting any more, using fuel stoves to heat the houses.

I remember they started building houses in Hall Beach. Some people didn't move right into the settlements -- they set up their camps near the settlements. That was around 1955. That is the first time we saw white people in Hall Beach. People from the out-post camps began to move to Hall Beach.

My husband and I, we stayed in the camps for a long time. I remember going to Igloolik for our visit during the years that everybody was moving in. This one time when we got there, there was a committee meeting happening. It was the first committee meeting I had ever seen -- it was all about houses. People were meeting to discuss whether elders and people who weren't married should get a free house or not. They asked the people how they felt about it and they said they wanted houses of their own. The government said that once they gave them a house, it would only cost them two dollars a month. After the meeting, they gave two of the new houses to these two old ladies. Those two ladies were widowed ladies so people sort of gathered in those two houses, just to see what the houses were like. Compared to now, I think it was pretty cold inside those houses - we didn't have heaters at that time -- but I remember thinking about how hot it was when we were inside. We thought they were so hot.

We would come in from our camps at times to visit the community, not very often though, just once in awhile. We might come in, maybe during Easter or Christmas to visit our children, or sometimes to watch the boat come in. We never really thought about moving into the community during those years. At times, we would worry about our kids getting hungry but most of our kids were in school so we knew they had food. Most of our kids were away -- I didn't have many kids left at that time.

In 1966 or 1967 we moved in off the land for the first time. The first time we moved into Pond Inlet. My oldest daughter Oopah was there with her new husband and we wanted to be close to them. When we moved into the community, they gave us a house. It was a really, really big house that we moved into. We had just been living in small houses out on the land, sod houses, tents, then a shack for awhile. The house seemed so huge to us -- there was so much space and it was very hot. That is how it was.

We had been in Pond Inlet for awhile in that hot house when all of our dogs were shot. It was our dog team that we used to travel with and we used for hunting. They were the only travelling dogs that we had. The RCMP came around and shot them all. They said that they were loose and that they had to shoot them to control rabies. It is not that the RCMP hated dogs -- they used dogs themselves... I guess maybe they were supposed to be chained up when they were in the settlement. I guess they had gotten loose.

They shot our dogs just after we had decided to move back to our camp near Igloolik. We were pretty upset. Our dogs were beautiful dogs. We had taken care of them from the time they were puppies -- they were really trained. They were healthy and young, just a few years old. They were beautiful dogs.

After the RCMP shot our dogs, we still had to get back to Igloolik by dogteam. There were no skidoos. Only one person had a skidoo back then. We were trying to figure out how we were going to get back to Igloolik without any dogs. After awhile people felt sorry for us. They started giving us dogs but they were only small, silly dogs -- they were very small dogs. Even my brother's dog that was tied up beside the house was given for us to take. After we got

these dogs together we started travelling again back to Igloolik. It took us a long time with those dogs, over a month. We were eating mostly seal meat.

When we went to Igloolik there were hardly any people in the community and there were no white people. We moved back to our camp for awhile -- then in 1972, we moved back to Pond Inlet and stayed here. It was my mother's idea and also my mother-in-laws idea that we stay in Pond Inlet. My mother was getting sick so we wanted to be close to her. That was the first time that we ever stayed for a long time with Qallunaat around us. We have been here ever since...

Rhoda:

"In 1972, we moved here permanently."

We visited Pond Inlet in 1967. I remember 1967 quite well, EXPO year. We learned all about EXPO at school. We learned with southern curriculum at that time, "Fun with Dick and Jane" books, things like that. I went to school like that until 1970. In 1970 the principal announced to us that it wasn't a federal day school any more. We were all free to do just as we pleased... That is how the principal put it "free to do what we wanted". We had more freedom in class after that. We started having Inuktitut classes but our Inuktitut classes consisted of readings from the Bible because that was the only syllabic work around. A lay person came in once or twice a week to teach us syllabics and reading the Inuktitut bible. Then we started doing sewing, sewing duffle socks and stuff like that in school. My mom had never taught me those things because I had always been in school. I remember when I was fifteen, just before we moved here, I was just like Sandra, lying around in my room, reading a book, sometimes for a whole day, listening to records. My mom didn't teach me much.

That year, 1967, we came to Pond Inlet to visit. My mother was in the hospital -- she was in Hall Beach or Iqaluit, having Phillip maybe. My father was all alone and he took us all here, me, Martha, Jake, and the smaller ones, Ida and Joanna with him. My older sister Oopah was getting married and we moved here to be near her. We were only here for a visit, then we went back to our shack in Igloolik.

In 1972, we moved here permanently. My mother wanted to be near her mother, my Grandma, Sullaag, before she died. My parents, I think they were the last family from around this area to come off the land. I remember travelling towards Pond Inlet from Igloolik. It was spring-time and we had all finished our year in school in Igloolik. I think it took us about six days to get here. We had sewing machines with us, washing machines and whatever else we could afford to bring with us. We arrived in Pond Inlet in the very early morning because we had been travelling all night and by the time we reached Pond Inlet the weather was quite a lot warmer than when we had left. I being quite enthusiastic about moving here and thinking about what beautiful scenery there was around this area. We had visited Pond Inlet before but I guess I had been too young to notice the scenery. It was early morning when we reached Pond Inlet

in 1972.

I had a friend Oopah. She was my brother-in-law's sister and she and I were teenagers together. I had just turned fifteen and we came into Pond Inlet at the end of May. Both of us were wearing heavy fur clothing and I think at the time we were kind of pretentious teenagers - we were kind of showy and we decided that we weren't going to let anybody see us with all these caribou kamiks and heavy furs. We were embarrassed to be seen in skin clothing. I remember we started walking on the far side of the road so we could get into her parents house without anyone seeing us. It was spring and there was no snow in the middle of the roads. There was still snow all around the roads and that is where we walked. We walked towards her father's house and it was quite a long walk. It took us even longer walking on the snow. I remember going over to Arreak's right after we came in. We got there and everybody welcomed us to Pond Inlet.

When I got here, during the summer my parents started discussing whether I should go down to Iqaluit because that was the next grade up, grade nine. I couldn't go to grade nine here, school stopped at grade eight. I told them I really didn't want to go to Iqaluit. I was thinking about my boyfriend at the time. They gave in and kind of left me alone. I was living with my grandmother, my mother's mother Sullaaq. My grandmother's house was almost next door to my friend Oopah's house. My parents had a little house of their own, quite small -- they didn't have any space for me. My grandmother had room for me so that is where I stayed. That same spring I met Josh. He was at Qaunaat the same year I was there, 1966, but I didn't know him then. He is older than me. I only remember his brother and sister.

Apphia:

"That is how the elders were taken care of."

I am going to talk now about being an elder, an old woman. Even though I am quite capable of a lot of things, I get tired easily. When I tire easily, I can't get any ice from the outside of the house and I can not carry garbage bags to the box outside. I can't look after my whole house -- I get tired easily.

When our elders were like the way I am now, a long time ago, we children were told to look after them. If we looked after them properly, the elders wouldn't get so tired and they would live longer. This business of being exhausted makes your life shorter. That is what we were instructed.

We had to help our elders back then. Helping elders would mean doing things like preparing the oil for the lamps, preparing seal fat, preparing ice for tea or water, taking out the pee pots, and cleaning the sod-house. We were to make sure that if there was meat and delicacies like fish or maktarq (whaleskin), to give a little bit to the elder. Even though it is a small piece that we give to them, the elder wouldn't say that it is too small, they would be really

thankful. They would keep saying thanks for the little bit of meat they were given.

We were told to visit elders. Not just our grandmothers but all the elders who were not capable for themselves, we were asked to visit them. Of course the elders at that time didn't have telephones so young people would go and see how they are doing. If some things are too heavy for them or if they need us to get them some ice, that is how we would help out. Even if we don't help them out when we visit, at least we are making sure they are not alone. That is how the elders were taken care of. If we did these things for them, our life would be long -- we would live longer. That is what we were told and instructed.

A long time ago there were a lot of good elders in the community. They used to instruct us on certain things. They used to instruct us all the time on what we were doing. They were always telling us how to act. They were listened too. People listened to them. They listened to the elders and did what they said.

I now have a life that is not the exact same as it was a long time ago. I am an elder now. Sometimes I ask people to do things for me when I don't have a skidoo. I ask younger people to do things for me or to use their skidoo. I am like that nowadays, I don't walk far because I tire easily.

Now that I am an elder, I can understand young people's lives. Even though they don't realize it, I know what is going on. I know because I had a lot of the same experiences. I can recognize it and I can instruct them on what to do. I know when a young person is not very happy. I know it even when a young person doesn't know it himself or herself. I sometimes know if they are not satisfied with their husbands or wives or if there is a family problem. As an elder you can recognize the signs that tell you that there is something sad or tragic going on within the family. You can recognize these things and help. I am an elder now. Now I can help.

Sandra:

"When I think about my grandparents, I can't imagine them not being around."

When I think about my grandparents, I can't imagine them not being around. I can't imagine my grandfather being dead. He is over 70 and I guess it will happen one day but I can't imagine it. I don't think that he will ever, ever die. My grandmother too..., she has been sick for a long time. She quit her job a long, long time ago but I can't imagine her dead. It is hard to think about it. Even though you know that you have to prepare for death, I don't ever want to think about it.

I don't think that my grandparents ever scolded me. I don't remember. I am not aware of them scolding me. I remember every time a teacher ever scolded me. Even if the teacher was a kind teacher and only scolded me once, I still remember it today. I don't ever remember my

grandparents scolding me. When they disciplined me they said it in a very matter of fact way and in a nice voice. One time my grandmother, my mom's mom told me not to take drugs. She made sure that I knew what the facts were about drugs and what they could do to you. She also told me to be careful about guys. She always said things like that very, very nicely but thoroughly. My mom's parents have so many grand-children that I try not to be babyish to them. They are so busy at times, I try not to grab too much of their attention.

There was one time my grandma went out of her way to help me. She knew that I had bad eczema and she got sad seeing me like that so decided to pray for me. One time we were alone, she sat on the sofa and I sat on the coffee table in front of her and we talked for awhile. She took my hands and she said that I should give myself to Jesus. I should ask Him to help me. We prayed for awhile but I wasn't really into it. I guess I wasn't ready to have faith. I was just to hesitant to believe. Just recently she asked me again if she could pray for me. Now I am a lot more willing to pray with her. Hopefully that will be some time soon. I think it might help. I believe now that it will help to pray.

For these past few years, I have been noticing that my grandmother, my mom's mom, has been noticing me more. I am not just one of her grandchildren now. I guess this is because most of her family is away now and we are the only family living in the same town with her now. You know that I like giving things to people, giving my time, buying things for family and friends. With my grandparents I have always felt like I never had to give them anything. They never asked for anything from me. They never patronized me or made me do things. It seems like that with my other grandparents, it is not nice to say, but it is true, they aren't patronizing or hard on us but they are always telling us to visit them more. They say that it is nice to see us but that is about it.

Maybe it is because I am one of the oldest grand-children in town, but sometimes I feel as if my grandmother and I are in the same age group. At Christmas parties I help her with her make-up, fix her hair and put perfume on her. Sometimes she acts like a teenager and it is fun. She always asks for my advice about that sort of thing, make-up, southern clothes, that sort of thing. She doesn't ever treat me like a kid. She knows that I am pretty level headed and sensible, just like my mom. She knows I can understand things. Sometimes we get together and go against my mom. We corner Mom. Mom said that we are both crazy at times.

Rhoda:

"This group of scientists, or whoever they were -- they came into town -- they called themselves anthropologists."

I was telling Josh last night about how my scars were itching. They were itching and it reminded me of the story about them. It was in 1971 or 1972 and I was probably about thirteen or fourteen. This group of scientists, or whoever they were -- they came into town -- they called themselves anthropologists. I remember it was a big deal for these guys to come in -- we heard

about it before they came. It was like major news in the community, a big study going on in our small town.

The day after they came in, my family was told to go to this little building next to the nursing station -- that is where they were working, this little building. We went over there, my mother, my brother Jakopie, my older sister Oopah and myself. I think my mother had somebody on her back, Ida maybe, I don't know. I don't know if it was just my family that was tested -- I don't think it was everybody in the community, just certain families I think. They had some sort of a list and I think they were picking names from that list or something -- anyways, I remember we went there.

We didn't know what was going on. First they had us climb up and down these three wooden steps, three steps up and three steps down. We climbed up and down. They wanted to see how much we could do without getting tired. They watched us while we did it for a long while, then when our hearts sped up they got us on this little bicycle and they put respirators on us. I had never been on a bicycle before. I didn't really know what to do but they put me on the cycle and told me to breathe into the respirator. They made us take turns on that for the rest of the afternoon. They did some other tests too -- I don't remember all of them. I remember they tested our blood pressure and took blood samples.

The big thing I remember though was that they took bits of skin off our fore-arms. First they made the whole skin area numb then they took this very long thin cylinder, like a stick, sharp on one end, and they kind of drilled it into my arm to cut the skin. They took the skin off, it was at the end of this little cylinder thing. It was all inside. They did that twice. Once they took the two pieces of skin off my arm, they put in skin from my sister Oopah and my brother Jake's arm. I got their skin. Jake got my skin and Oopah's. Oopah got Jake's and mine. I think my mom was there just to monitor the tests. Of course we were her children so she had to be there, maybe to consent or something like that. I don't think it was a matter of her consenting though -- I don't think she thought of it that way. Then, after they did that, they put bandages on. It didn't hurt that much at the time. It hurt later, like a regular cut would, but it didn't hurt at all at the time because of the anaesthesia.

My grandfather had been on his way hunting that same day the researchers were in. He was probably in his sixties at the time -- I heard they were quite amazed that he was out on the land and hunting every day at that age so they chose him to have this heart monitor thing attached to him. They wanted to know how much stamina he had, how much his heart could take. The heart monitor thing was attached to his body with a set of straps but it was attached outside his caribou parka. For me it seemed kind of silly because the monitor itself was quite heavy so I am sure his heart would have beat much differently if he hadn't been carrying anything for the scientists. He spent the whole day with this thing strapped to him while he was hunting. We heard about this story afterwards from my grandfather.

There was this other time, kind of like that one with the anthropologists, when I got my teeth checked. All of my life I had never thought that my teeth were any different than anybody

else's. That time though, we were told that we were going to have our teeth checked for some sort of study by some Qallunaq who was coming into the community. I don't remember them doing any fillings or dental hygiene or taking any teeth out -- I think they were doing some sort of study on Inuit teeth.

At that time when they looked at my teeth I didn't have any cavities. I didn't have cavities until I was twenty or twenty five -- I was eleven or twelve then. They looked at my mom's teeth and my teeth and maybe my sister's teeth too. They were really amazed at my teeth. I had white spots, white chips on the front of my teeth. The dentist thought that was really strange. He kept looking at them and looking at them, putting my mouth up and looking at them, looking at the bottom. He kept looking at my teeth -- finally he told me to smile and he took a picture. He asked me certain things, like what sorts of food I ate. He thought that maybe the spots were from a big concentration of calcium --that is what he said. He thought they were there because of big concentrations of calcium. I guess I had strange teeth compared to everyone else. I don't know -- they don't bother me.

Those situations for us, like the ones I just described with the anthropologists and the dentists, there were lots of things like that going on when I was growing up. There was lots of research going on about the "Eskimo". There was study after study after study about us -- I don't even remember all of them. It was like they couldn't get enough. There were always researchers in the community and questionnaires going around asking all sorts of questions, what we did, what we wanted, that sort of thing.

The researchers, most of the time, they just did whatever they wanted when they were up here -- a lot of the time they didn't bother to explain themselves very well. A lot of times we didn't really understand what was going on -- we just did whatever they told us to do. People in the community, Inuit, would complain during those years -- they would say stuff like "Oh, here they come again to study us". I think that maybe even today there are some of the same attitudes in town when a researcher goes into a house and starts asking questions. We might think "you again", that kind of thing but we would still be, what is the word... "polite" I guess or "gracious". We would still say "yes" to being interviewed. Even though we might talk about it amongst ourselves, talk about all the researchers coming to study us -- even though we might say those things to ourselves, a lot of times we would still be gracious and agree.

Sometimes I wonder why people would agree all the time, even when they didn't want to. I guess what it comes down to is that the Qallunaat have always been the people with the authority. I learned it in school -- even my parents always treated them that way. It was normal for qallunaat to ask us to come over and do things for them, even things like getting rid of our skin... We just did whatever they told us to do. They were the ones who ran the town -- they were the ones who said what is appropriate and proper and told us what needed to be done. If the Qallunaat say so, it must be so -- we always agreed.

I mean, people wouldn't follow what the Qallunaat say about hunting and stuff like that, but I guess we figured that the Qallunaat must know about beef, salads, scientific research,

books. With things like that we figured they were the authority. So, if a study was being done in a particular way, I guess we didn't question it. We figured that we didn't have any sort of scientific knowledge so there was no way we could disagree. We have lots of knowledge about being on the land and hunting wildlife and stuff but if the Qallunaat told us that a study was going to be done a particular way, Inuit agreed to it. Even with my skin grafts, even then I don't remember my mother being upset about what was going on. It never would have even occurred to her that she could say "no" to the Qallunaat.

I remember with my skin grafts, they told us that they were trying to find out if a person got burned, if they could get a graft from sibling's skin. They told us that is what the study was for. I don't know... I think at that time it was already known that with burn victims you couldn't take skin from somebody else and put it on. I know of burn situations today when they take the skin off the same person, pieces of thigh or something, but never from a different person. I think they should have known that already. They didn't need to run those tests. Maybe they thought Inuk skin was different from Qallunaat skin -- I don't know -- I guess we found out that it isn't when the skin didn't take. It sure would have been nice to know what they were doing at the time...

Anyways, the grafts didn't heal into my skin. Jake's and Oopah's skin fell off and the holes healed over. Those anthropologists are very lucky the cuts weren't on my face... We were told to go back to that place a couple of times because they wanted to check to see if the grafts were staying. We went back but it was nice to see them go and not stay. I remember being happy when Jake and Oopah's skin fell off my arm. I was happy that I dis-proved their theory. I have had the scars ever since. They don't go away.

Sandra:

"Today there is so much of the old ways in us."

Today there is so much of the old ways in us. Even though today we live in a settlement, I was born, I realize, just a hair's breath away from the old life. I always thought my grandparents lived in camps a long long time ago. I always thought we had all been living in a modernized world for some time, my family I mean. Now I realize that it hasn't been that long for them, they moved in 1968. When I ask my grandparents about why they don't want to go back to the old ways, they say they don't want to go back because it is too hard. I'd like to tell them, "It is just as hard for us now". The modern world is just as hard today, there are high prices for food, clothing, gas, snowmobiles, hunting gear. Now we young people must work work work if we are going to get anywhere.

Sandra:

"A lot of times I really don't know what to do."

A lot of times I really don't know what to do. I think about a career, about having a family, about acting Inuit or acting like the Qallunaat. I really don't know what I'll do... I guess I have always felt that I wasn't Inuit enough... I never really learned how to sew. I never even owned an ulu. I especially felt this way during Inuktitut classes when all my other classmates were so good at Inuit things. They were more traditional. They had kamiks and ulus and they knew so many Inuktitut words. They were "university level" Inuit in comparison to me. They were so gung-ho about it. I guess I was just shy. I felt very dumb.

I don't feel any real bitterness about the mistakes I've made so far. I look at my mom and her life -- she is raising kids, housekeeping, sewing, working, and now she is taking an accounting course too... That is a tough act to follow. That is what I think. And my grandmother, she's got a lot of grandchildren around. She is always tending to them. There are a lot of things to look forward to, a lot of things I'd like to do and see for Pond to make it a little better here. Hell, I even wanted it to be the capital of Nunavut but I looked more closely at the map and saw that it wasn't as central as I thought. Come to think of it, I don't think I'd want all those people moving here.

When I think about my career I don't really know what to do. There are so many great people who have been inspirational to me. They are all so different in their lines of work. I admire different people all the time, I am interested in what they do. Sometimes I lean in one direction. I think to myself that I would like to be like a certain person that I know. Then I meet someone else who does something different and I want to be like them. I can't seem to make up my mind. I'm sure there are people who have compromised with their split culture before. They did things so that they could have a little from both. Iqaluit is a very good example of how these things from the two cultures have been combined. I know that what I'm doing right now is good, learning my roots, learning to sew, learning tough Inuktitut words. And when I think about moving, I realize I don't want to leave any of my family, not for awhile. If I had graduated at sixteen, gone to pre-med and med school and graduated eight, nine years later I would have gotten home young enough to have a family and a career. Now though, things are different. Now I don't know what I will do.

It was hard for me when my aunts and uncles started going away, when they started leaving the settlement to go to school, to look for jobs. I missed them very badly. I'm not saying that I never see them -- I still do see them -- it is just that I miss them so badly that I think to myself that I'd never want to leave the way they have. We were all together, a long time ago, we used to be all together. I'm not trying to sound overly sentimental. I'm not trying to dwell on the past to the point where I forget my life in the present. I'm not trying to make them feel guilty. My aunts and uncles, they are better off where they are and they seem happy. Sometimes I think what I would like to do is to absorb as much traditional knowledge as I can and be like my namesake, be a "Pikujak"... take care of them.

Apphia:

"I went through some really hard times."

When I think about a lot of the stories I have told on these tapes, those times, the 1950's and 1960's, those were really rough times in my life. I went through some really hard times. Those things before, the tough life I had, after awhile it started making me ill. By the time the 1970's hit, I was ill. I was sick by that time. We moved in off the land for awhile in 1970 -- we moved to Igloolik in 1970. Because of my illness the Qallunaat sent me away -- they sent me off to Iqaluit. They found out that I had something wrong with my uterus so they sent me away. I got fixed up there and then I came back home to the camp.

At that time, there was just a few of us left in the camp outside the community. My in-laws had moved to Igloolik -- my mother Sullaag was living in Pond. Most of my children had been in school for several years. Oopah was married -- Martha was married and was living in Pond. Simon also had a wife and they were living here. By that time I had my first grand-child and my younger children, Philip and Salomie, were both in school. Only Ida, the youngest was still with us. She was four at the time. We had nobody left except my husband and I and one child. I had diseases and sicknesses in my body. I was barely forty and I felt like I was aging, like I was getting older very quickly. I was getting sick all the time. I felt old. After a few visits to the nursing station from our outpost camp, we were told by the doctors that I had to live near a nursing station. They told us I had to be close to Qallunaat facilities if I was going to live.

When I was 43 years old, that is when it hurt me the most. We had moved in off the land and we were living in a house. Rhoda got married. The other three, Solomon, Joanna, and Salomie left town to go to school in Iqaluit. Four of my children were married and having children. I was left with the three little ones but my illness was so bad I could hardly stay home at home with my family in Pond Inlet. I was going to Iqaluit all the time for hospital visits. In 1972, when we first moved here, I was really sick -- I was sick to the point where I had a whole bottle full of pills that I was supposed to take for the rest of my life to help me with my lungs. The doctors, they told me that I was going to be taking those pills for the rest of my life. The doctors, they saw what was happening to me -- maybe a lot of people did -- they started talking to me, telling me that if I kept up with the same lifestyle and kept all the tension in my life, it wouldn't be long before I died. They told me that I was still young and that I could have a long life. They said that I should try to live longer because I have so many children. It took me a long time to decide what to do about all of that. Finally I decided that I was tired of all of my problems and that I didn't want to die. I decided at that point that yes, I wanted to live longer.

From that point on I started turning my life around. I started talking about all the problems that were inside of me. I started talking about the things that were bothering me in my life, the things that upset me, the things that were causing my illness. I guess I decided that if I was going to live for many more years, I was going to have to stop trying to take care of everything by myself. When I turned my life around I decided that I was going to stop taking

all those pills they were giving me. I don't take any of them any more.

I turned my life around in 1985. That is when I was saved. That is when I became a Christian. In the past, when we lived on the land, we lived in the deepest, darkest sin -- we lived the worse sins. Now, all those dark sins no longer affect us. I don't move as fast as I did at that age but I feel a lot younger today than I did back then. Jesus has helped me -- our family is reunited -- my husband and I love each other. Even though we were very much oppressed in the past, we have reconciled and the whole family is reunited and a lot closer. We are living a much healthier and happier life now. I am fine now. I am happy.

Every so often I realize that over the past few years I have become an elder. I don't feel old but I know that I have become an elder. Some of my grandchildren are young mothers and young fathers. When I was their age I thought I was so grown up. Today it is the opposite. I am an elder now, and I feel that I am young.

When I was growing up, the elders were treated with a lot of respect. They would sit around and we would serve them. We would prepare their tea for them, we would do what they told us to do. At that time, our only jobs were serving the elders. The elders organized all the important work. They organized the skin preparations. They distributed the meat and told us how to prepare it. The younger children were always serving them with tea, bringing them things, getting the ice for water, doing all the menial tasks. People didn't have jobs back then like they do today. Those were the only jobs we had -- we served the elders. We did what they told us to do. That was our job.

If a guy wanted to go to the floe edge and the elder told him "No, don't go to the floe edge, I want you to go look at my fox trap before a blizzard starts" the son was supposed to listen carefully and do what he was told. He would listen to the elder and do what the elder wanted to have done. If the elder wanted him to hunt, he would hunt. If the elder wanted him to stay home, he would stay home because it was getting too windy -- he would stay home.

When it occurs to me all of the sudden that I am an elder, I feel that I should be able to do that, boss people around. Sometimes I feel that I should be able to sit down for long periods of time. I say to myself "Since I am an elder, I should be able to sit down and get somebody else to do the work". I feel that I should be able to act like an elder so I call up my granddaughter Mona and say "Come and do the dishes. I am just going to sit here". Mona will say "Yes but later grand-ma". She won't come so I end up doing them myself.

I'm not treated like an elder today. I'm not treated the way that we treated elders when we were growing up. Inuit now have to go to work all the time. The children, they are always in school. Elders today, we know that the younger generation have full time jobs. We know that

when they get home they have even more work to do, taking care of their children, their houses. The elders today realize this situation, that is why we don't ask to be waited on. That is why we tend to do things ourselves.

Also, things are different because of the alcohol. The elders today are just as knowledgeable but we don't talk or instruct the young people as much any more. If an elder tells a person not to do something, when that person gets drunk he might get mad at the elder for having said that. He might go over to the elder's house and start yelling. He might scream at the elder when he is drunk, tell him what to do and say things like "I won't take it any more". The alcohol, that is why the elders don't want to talk any more. It is because when young people get drunk, they can get abusive towards the elders.

Even though the elders are still capable of instructing people they don't want to do it any more. They are scared. Alcohol also leads to divorces and spousal assault. People fight and get divorced because of alcohol. Alcohol is causing problems.

I realize I am an elder sometimes when I think about how I dress myself. When I was quite young, I was very conscious about how I dressed. I cared about what I wore and what I looked like. Now it doesn't matter to me. Sometimes people come to visit and I realize "These people are visiting, I should have thought about how I am dressed". That is the last thing on my mind. When I think about this I realize that I am thinking like an elder. Most of the time I don't care how I look. When I am preparing skins or something like that, I'll put some old clothes on, clothes that don't matter if they get dirty. I'll have these baggy old clothes on and they will be all dirty and full of fur. Suddenly I will remember that I have to go to the store so I go there dressed like that. I won't even think about what I am wearing. When I see people there they will tell me "You look old" or "You look like you have worn the same thing for a long time". When I was younger I would have never gone to a public place like that! I would have changed completely, fixed my hair and washed up. When I think about how I dress sometimes, I realize that I am much older.

Now that we consider ourselves elders, my husband and I work very hard to act the way elders are supposed to act. We work very hard at being elders. I am proud of the fact that we work so hard governing the family.

Our traditional culture taught us that we should look after our children. If we have things that would help people in our family, we lend them out without requesting money in return. We even lend things to our son-in-laws. If one of our sons or our son-in-laws is going out polar bear hunting and his skidoo doesn't work very well, we will lend our skidoo to him. We won't charge him -- we will do it because it would be less of a worry to us to see him with a good

skidoo than to see him go out with a bad one. We would rather lend it to him than see him get into trouble out hunting with a bad skidoo. We make sure our children are well prepared when they go out hunting. If they are going long distances, we make sure they have gas and stuff. It is not that we are bossy -- we try not to request anything of the children or the grand-children without reason. We would never tell our son to go over there, buy this, or do that without a good reason. We just make sure that we do what we can to help out, make sure they are OK.

The children and grand-children, when they go somewhere they let us know what their plans are or what they want to do. We try to keep good communication with all the kids in our family. Sometimes it surprises me. People will tell me about how I have kids living all over: Pond Inlet, Igloolik, Iqaluit, Resolute, Yellowknife, Winnipeg, all those places. Sometimes I forget how far away they are because we talk on the phone so much. I have known some elders within the community who have children who never tell them where they are going or what they are doing. Suddenly they take off and they are gone for two or three days or a week. The elders start to worry. They wonder if they brought the proper tools or enough gas with them. They wonder when their kids are coming back. If their children had told them first about their plans, the elder would have known about their plans and would have helped out. If the guy is polar bear hunting, a mother would have prepared caribou clothing for him to make sure that person is clothed properly. The father would have made sure that he had enough gas for the trip. I really believe that families have to talk to each other. They have to help each other out.

When our kids go out hunting they usually bring back meat for us. They give whatever they caught to us and we decide who we want to give it to. We distribute it to whoever we want. We might have a feast, have a whole bunch of people over or we might just give it to our family. It depends how much there is. All of this stuff has nothing to do with money. We don't even think about money when we are doing this.

When I think about my children and my grand-children and what the future holds for them, I think about a lot of things. I think about how happy that I am now an elder. I am at a point in my life where I am teaching my children and grand-children things that will prepare them for a happier future. I teach them the things that they must learn, I teach them now so that I don't have to worry about them in the future.

The elders today are used a lot for teaching. Sometimes I feel that is all I do, teach. In my life I have learned a lot. Some of it I have learned myself -- some of it others have taught me. For me, I feel the most knowledgeable when I teach young people about sewing skins, making traditional clothing, mostly caribou skin clothing. I feel that I have learned almost everything I want to know about caribou skin clothing. I worked for the Hamlet as a janitor a long time ago but I was sick at the time. I was getting old. The doctors told me that I had too many stresses in my life and that I should quit. So now I teach people how to sew skins. That is what I do now, I make traditional clothing for people and teach people about traditional clothing. I have even set up a tent outside my house so I can teach sewing to people who aren't

in school. I make clothing for my family. It takes up almost all of my time.

Looking back, knowing the strength I have today, I realize that the life I have had has been a difficult one. Looking back I realize that if I hadn't been that strong, I never would have been able to survive. I was always working, making sure there was proper clothing for the children, a warm place for them to sleep, fuel and food for them. I see families of my size nowadays, young couples with families who are getting larger by the year. Even though they now have pampers for their children and a warm place to sleep every night, a clean house and running water. Even with these extras in their life, I still sympathize with them. I still remember the situation I was in a number of years ago.

Looking back on my life, the stories that I have told, a lot of them are from tough and difficult situations that I went through when I was younger, from back when I started remembering things. I had a very difficult life back then... Knowing today that my children have all grown, in that sense, my life is a lot easier. I am happier now. This is one of the last tapes, one of the last sessions, but I want to mention that there is no ending. I would like to mention that there is no ending to the stories from my life. That is all I have to say.

Rhoda:

"They spent all those years trying to change me into a Qallunaq..."

The stories we told, well, that I told anyways, most of them are from a particular period. They are from the past. They don't really talk about today, now that I am married with children, now that we are living in rural Canada, in small town Canada.

These stories are about me and my life but they aren't just my stories. I mean, they are mine, they have to do with my life, but they are similar to the stories a whole bunch of people my age have. It is the same with my mother's stories and the same with Sandra's. We are the same as a lot of people our ages. I don't think we are any special type of family. The details of our stories may be different, but a lot of the experiences are the same. My mother talks about how it was for people on the land -- I talk more about the people who are the adults in the community right now, my generation, the baby boomers, the people who are making the community decisions, the politicians. The stories, most of the ones I have told anyways, they are from a transition period that we all lived through. It was very difficult for me, this period. I don't know about other people, but for me it was very difficult coming in off the land and going into school. It was difficult for me to learn when I was a child that there are other races, like the Qallunaat, who have the power, who have the authority. It was difficult for me.

When I got into school, everything changed for me all at once. My parents didn't have a say any more in the way my life went. When I came in off the land, the people with any type of authority were Qallunaat. The teachers were Qallunaat, the principals were Qallunaat, the RCMP were Qallunaat, the administrators were Qallunaat, the nurses were Qallunaat, it was them

who told us what to do. We were told to go to bed at ten o'clock at night and get up in the morning before school. Our parents used to get us to bed early when we were out on the land. They did it because they had hunting and sewing to do, not because the clock told them to. It was the teachers though who taught us how to watch the clock. The nurses, they taught us that we weren't supposed to have lice in our hair. We had never thought that lice in our hair was necessarily a bad thing. When I got to town that very first day, they found the lice in my hair, they took me to the nursing station and cut my long hair off. The nurses, they also taught us to take pills when we were sick, those sorts of things. The RCMP told us that we were not supposed to stay out late at night. We had a curfew at night and if the RCMP saw you on the streets in the day, they could pick you up at any time to take you to school. He had that kind of authority, same with the administrators, same with all of them.

Not only that, but once we went to school, we had to comb our hair, brush our teeth, wash our hands, wash our faces, have breakfast, make our beds. We weren't allowed to leave the hostel in the morning until our beds were made. At the camps, we used to be able to run outside in the morning, then come back awhile later for some tea and bannock. It wasn't like that for us at school, we had to follow a certain routine and watch the clock. When we were in school, going to school, we had this bunch of people looking after us and they weren't our parents. They acted like our parents but they weren't our parents. It seemed to us at the time that the administrators, the nurses, the teachers, the principals, and whoever else was in authority were talking above our heads, talking about our welfare and not letting us have a say about it. They treated us like we belonged to them, not to our parents.

We didn't have a say and our parents and grandparents didn't have a say. Well, that is the impression I got anyways. As soon as I stepped into the school system these rules were all forced upon me and it was a very difficult period. They taught us a new culture, a different culture from our own, they taught us that we had to live like the white people, we had to become like the white people.

I moved in off the land and went to school when I was eight years old. That is when they started trying to teach me how to become a Qallunaq. I don't quite know exactly how it was decided that I go to school. I think there must have been something forceful that went on for my father to let them take us away from the family at such a young age. I remember crying on his lap that first Christmas, crying for hours with my head in his lap, begging him to take me home. He said he couldn't. I don't know what happened but it must have been forced on him to give me up and let me leave my family at that age.

That first day of school in Igloolik, when I was eight, I started doing everything in English. English was all around us. It wasn't so much that we were punished when we spoke our Native language. It might have been that way in earlier years but there didn't seem to be that pressure for us. It was just that all there was at school was English so we were more or less forced to learn it. The teachers were brand new in town, they were all from the south and they

didn't know any Inuktitut. We had to communicate with them. Also, all of the material was in English "Fun with Dick and Jane", "Dick Jane and Spot the dog", those books were what we were learning from so we had to learn English pretty quick.

We had to learn to act according to Qallunaat standards and code of ethics too, "thank-you, excuse me, pardon me", that sort of thing. You say a sentence and then you say "please". I could never remember "please". And like I said, there was a schedule to follow all the time. We had to go to sleep at a certain time usually at eight or nine o'clock in the evening even if we weren't tired. We had to be up by seven, get out of bed, comb our hair and wash our face. We never did this in camp. Maybe we combed our hair once in a while but not every day. At school we would have breakfast, have a recess mid morning, go to lunch, have a recess mid-afternoon, go to supper, have maybe a little bit of free time, and then back in bed every night. All of that was kind forced on us because they wanted us to become Qallunaat. We even had to wear skirts in school. They used to get pretty cold sometimes. We weren't allowed to go to school in our caribou clothing even if it was freezing outside. We even had Brownies and Girl Scouts when we were young. We even had the uniforms.

When I was young I used to have dreams about my future, about what I wanted to be when I grow up -- I always thought of people from the south, movie stars and musicians like the Supremes. They were my idols. I would have given anything to be able to sing like them, or look like them, or be as popular as them at that time. People loved Elvis Presley. I wasn't too crazy about him but other people were. Then there were movie stars like Clark Gable and Tony Curtis. We fell in love with those guys.

There were a lot of different things going on back then, things to make us look up to the Qallunaat. We were taught in school that it was Columbus who discovered America. We were told that Franklin and Frobisher discovered Frobisher Bay. There was this mentality that Columbus discovered America therefore he discovered you, you came from him, that type of thing. Frobisher discovered Frobisher Bay and all this area so we kind of owe something to him. We are like his children. It wasn't said literally but that was the mentality. We were supposed to look up to him.

We grew up thinking that we should try to be Qallunaat and that is why we had Qallunaat idols, idols like the Supremes, like Elvis, like Frobisher. That was the whole idea when we went to school. We didn't have Inuit idols, we weren't told about people like the woman Attagutaalik who almost starved to death in this area, the woman they named the new school in Igloolik after. Our heroes were all Qallunaat. It is even difficult today to change that mentality, even to change to a point where you think "I am an Inuk, I am a good enough person as I am". When we were growing up, the Qallunaat were the better people. They were the people who had the authority, we were supposed to look up to them. You didn't visit their houses unannounced. You had to knock when you went in. You had to say "please" and "thank-you" if you were talking to a Qallunaat. It was like bowing to royalty. We even had to sing "God Save The Queen" every day in school, "God Save the Queen" and "Oh Canada". That is why I got mad at Trudeau when I was young. I was mad at the authority he represented. I don't mind him now but back then

I was pretty angry.

Anyways, that whole time, from age eight to when I was about thirteen or fourteen, all my learning was geared towards learning the Qallunaat way of life, learning how to speak in the language the Qallunaat wanted us to speak, learning the mannerisms and ethics and morals that go with Qalluanaaq standards. I am not saying that this was totally bad. It might have been good for some people, but not for me, someone else. Education and learning a new culture is good in itself, but at that time it was forced on us. We didn't have a choice. For example, today, I could decide that I wanted to learn about the French culture. I might decide to go live in Paris, learn the French language and their customs, I would be quite interested in that. But it was different back then because it was forced on me. I didn't have a choice. The standard of living today had been set by the Qallunaat. All that changes your life after awhile.

It is only within the last few years that I have matured to a point where I feel that I have a choice about how I want to live. Like, when I say that I think that I have a choice now, I thinking about both the new and the old culture. Now I have a choice which culture I want to learn about. Lately I have been learning all that I can about the old culture. They didn't teach us much of that in school.

Just a few years ago I have really taken an interest in sewing. I picked it up when I went out with Josh in the middle of winter in a down parka and I thought that I was going to freeze to death. I almost burned my face off it was so cold. All of my early years, before I moved in, I had caribou clothing. After I moved in to town though, I think I forgot how cold it can get out there. Even down jackets are kind of useless in severe winters up here. Well, in town they are OK but if you are going to go out on the land for six or eight hours, or if you are going to spend a whole day outside, it is very cold, especially for your feet because they are touching the snow. All this surprised me. I didn't know how cold it gets because I had been in school in a warm hostel all the winters of my life. I decided not long after I went out that time that I had better start learning how to sew caribou skins. You need caribou skins to keep warm. Josh, he needs them because he hunts every weekend. He is not about to start staying here in the camp and buying steaks at the Bay. It is up to me to sew for Josh and for my kids.

My mother, for the past few years she had been teaching me a lot of things to do with skins, caribou skins. She loves doing caribou skins. Other skins, she is not too keen on them, but she loves working with caribou fur, doing different designs with them, making different types of clothing with them. She taught me all that. I have also learned a lot about sealskins from my mother-in-law and from Josh's aunt too. I still don't know how to do caribou kamiks but I know about the mitts and the parkas and the wind pants. I know how to prepare the skins and sew them up. Also, just recently I learned how to do caribou fat desert. Sometimes it is called "Eskimo ice-cream". We make it with blubberies. Just recently I learned this. How old am I?... thirty six. If I had known how to make this when I was fourteen or fifteen, just when I started having children, my children would have been used to eating it. They would have been

comfortable eating it. It is the same with other traditional foods and it is the same with learning how to sew. I do it and I realize that our traditional culture is still very much a part of our lives.

Us parents today, we were brought up to be assimilated, our children are being brought up the same way that we were brought up... kind of... almost... We aren't teaching them that the Qallunaat is a better person... We are not teaching them that any more, but the standard of living and Qallunaat ethics is still there as a pressure for them. It seems as if, just like we were taught to immerse ourselves in the Qallunaat culture, we are forcing that same culture on our children. Our children all go to school. I insist that my children be home at night. I am always telling my kids to clean their hands, to clean their rooms. I wash their clothes. Even when I was first married, almost all of my life I was told that I had to try to be Qallunaq, so when I had my first babies, I read Qallunaat books which showed me how to raise my children, books like Canadian Family. There are others. I think I still have the books somewhere. I didn't learn about childbirth and child-rearing from my parents. I didn't have the time. I was in school all the time and I didn't see my parents. We learned in school that we had to try and un-learn what we first were told by our parents, things like no bed-times, eating when we wanted to, the way we cleaned...

When it came time to have our kids, we went to Qallunaat books to try and find out what we needed to do to be good parents. We learned about things like bottle feeding, pabulum, straining food, bottled milk, apple juice, pampers, diapers, ways to clean the baby, whatever. I don't dispute doing those things. I am not going to literally have my child dirty or underfed or whatever. But I wonder sometimes, if Sandra had been fed real meat, "real meat" the word makes me laugh,... country food meat when she was four or five months old, country food when she started teething, I wonder if I had raised her in a bit more of a traditional manner according to values from the Inuit culture, I wonder whether she would have had more of a desire to keep the Inuit culture herself, learn about the Inuit culture. I am thinking about things like eating country food, using caribou fur, things like that, I don't know... I don't know whether all the learning I did when I was a child was a good thing or a bad thing.

Like I said before, I feel as if I have a choice now. Learning how to sew skins, speaking Inuktitut as much as I can, making traditional foods like caribou fat ice-cream, things like that, after all of that learning I did in school, after all those years learning how to be a proper Qallunaq, I have kind of decided now that this is the kind of lifestyle I want to have. I seem to have a choice now as to what kind of lifestyle I want to have and I am becoming more traditional. There are people who are a little bit younger than me who are very confused about their lives. They don't know what culture they value most. They are stuck. They can't hunt, not because they can't, it is just that they don't understand the importance. They don't sew traditional clothing. They don't understand the importance.

It is not that I hate the Qallunaat. I was always a bit of a rebel growing up. I never had the attitude that Qallunaat were the perfect human beings. I have never thought that in my whole

life, but I have never hated them. I have had some very good friends in my life who have been Qallunaat. There was a nurse from Montreal who was here for awhile, she was black but she was Qallunaat because she spoke the English language. Also, I had a good friend, Cheryl, when I was fourteen. I don't even have any hatred towards Qallunaat that were a part of my life when I was growing up, the teachers and the administrators that were there. I have nothing against them. I don't even remember who they are. I don't hate the Qallunaat but sometimes though, I get angry. I get angry not at the specific individuals, but at the people who decided to do that to us back then. Those people, I have no idea who they were, the people who made those decisions to move us all off the land, but it is them that I get angry at.

I am trying to say this very clearly... I think about all those incidents in my life, I think about my life now and how I am trying so hard to learn things from the old culture, things like sewing skins, making traditional foods, learning about my relatives, all these things. I think of all this information that I am trying so hard to learn, that I really should have learned as a child, then I think of the life my children have now, school, the schedules, TV, video games, junk food, all the Qallunaat values and expectations. When I look at all that, when I put it all together, I start to question whether or not it was such a good thing, to be totally immersed in Qallunaat culture. I mean, looking back and hearing my parents and grandparents stories, what is so bad about my own culture, so wrong with Inuit culture, that it has to be removed? Why did I spend almost all of my life trying to get away from it? It's like... They spent all those years trying to change me into a Qallunaq, and they couldn't. Was my life wasted? That is about it... I guess we are done.

13.

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