Remembering the years of my life

by

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These stories are dedicated to my grandson,
Roland Maggo, who has looked after me in my old age.

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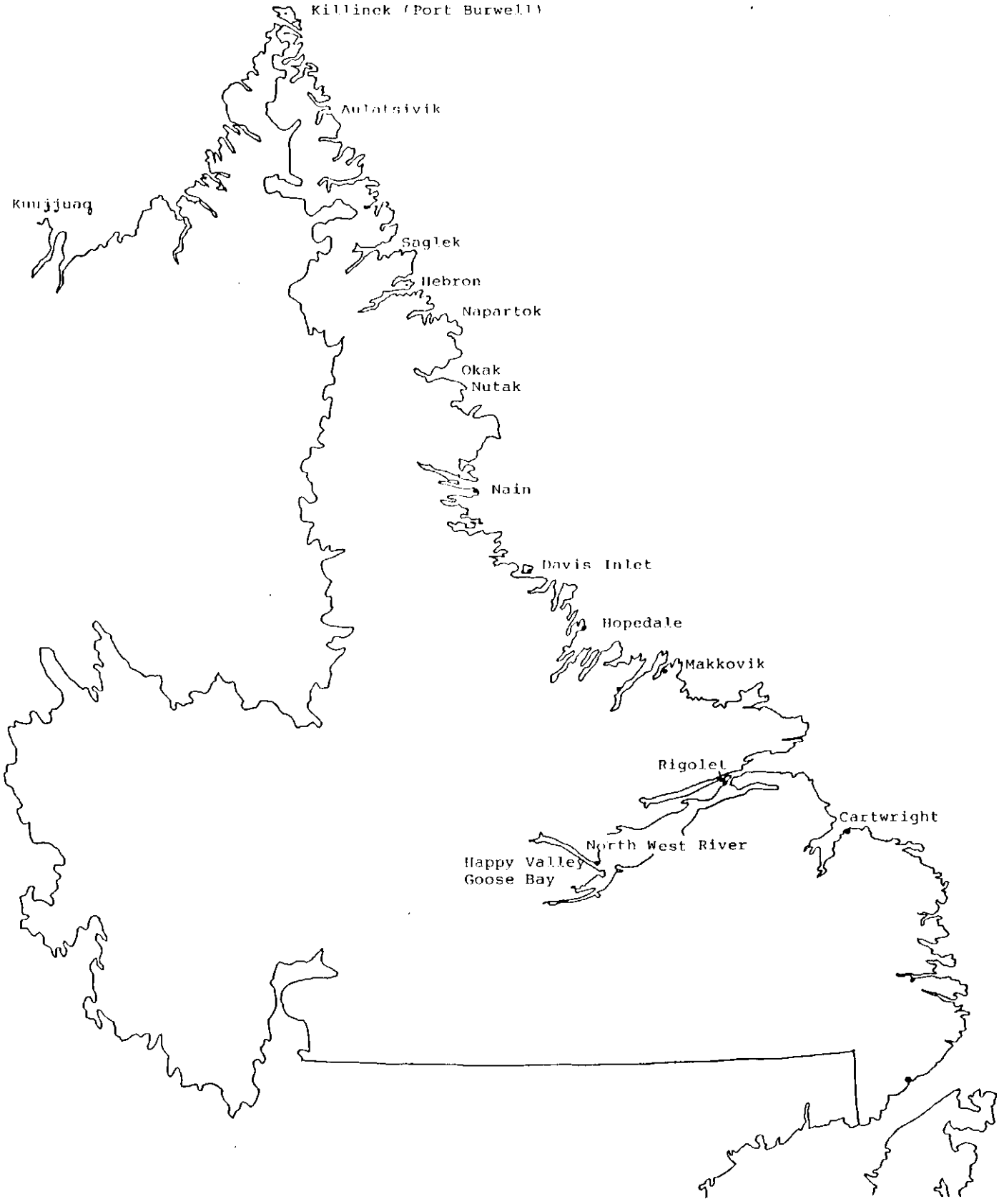

PLACES IN LABRADOR MENTIONED IN TEXT

I. Childhood memories

I was told that I was born south of Makkovik, at a place called Salmon Bight, on April 27 in 1910. I went there once to see what was left of the house where I was born and the only part still standing was two uprights where the door would have been and sections of the porch. My family did not live in Makkovik itself but at a place called Lance Ground, which is Kangatjak in Inuttitut, until I was eleven years old. It is just north of Big Brook point, and you had to cross a little ways to get to it. We Inuit were born in many different places and our homes were everywhere along the coast. We did not live all together in one community as families do today.

I cannot determine exactly where my father, Tobias Maggo, was born but he may have been born in Zoar because he said that he grew up when a village was there.[1] My father said that his father, who was called Renatus, was originally from Rigolet so I think his family name was actually Mucko because there were Muckos in Rigolet. The name Maggo was given to him. I don't know why they left Rigolet but they may have just moved from place to place.

My mother's maiden name was Regina Stone. She was born in Nain and her parents were also from Nain. I was named Renatus aftear my father's father and Paulus after my mother's father. I had one sister, her name was Ernestina, and she was older than me by several years. My sister married Ephraim Torrorak, who was originally from Okak, after we moved to Makkovik. Ephraim came to our place by dogteam with Martin Martin when he was looking for a wife. He and my sister had one child who was Tobias Torrorak. One summer Ephraim was trying to get on board a punt early in the morning during a storm and he fell from the wharf into the water. He drowned in the fishing season. Our family adopted Tobias and we kept him from the time he was small. When Tobias was about four years old, my sister married a man from Hopedale, Markus Pijogge, but he became sickly after their marriage. My sister's children are some of the present Pijogges. We also adopted her youngest son called Mikuluk ["Little Mike"; Michael Pijogge] and we kept him from the time he was small. He was always with us until he moved to Goose Bay to work, and then he went to Makkovik and got married there. Those were the two children who my parents adopted.

When I was growing up, we lived at our hunting places and stayed in a sod house during the winter. Aside from my family other Inuit living in the area were Ephraim Ikkusik with his sons Zacharias and Julius, Abel Lucy, Ferdinand Joshua who was the father of Titus Joshua, Ephraim Torrarak and Joshua Atsatata. Zacharias Ikkusik got married there but his brother Julius was married at Nain in the 1930's. Abel Lucy and

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[1] The Moravian Church maintained a small community at Zoar from 1866 to 1894.

Ferdinand Joshua lived at Niunguak, the Inuttitut name for an island south of Makkovik outside Big Brook.

I will tell you about my childhood as I remember it. Although we always had neighbours, they seemed to be away most of the time and they only stayed at their cabins for a long period during winter. As a result I mostly played by myself and I'd play with anything. When ducks appeared in spring, I would cut branches from little trees and pretend they were my wings. I would make toy ducks using tree branches and put a crook or bend where the neck should be. Then I would throw them out into a little pond and pretend I was hunting and killing them. When we had small pups, I would pretend I was on a dogteam or I'd make them follow me when I went sliding. I used to do that alone as I had no one else to play with. There were no ready-made toys then so we children had to invent our own games.

I had a lot of fun playing outdoors in winter. When I was nine or ten years old, I would help out with chores around the camp because my mother always had a lot to do so my sister and I would help however we could. My father would get adult and young ranger seals in winter and my sister and I would have to make the skins soft and shiny before my dad sold them. We would reeve lines through the holes that were made when the skins were put on frames to dry, and clean and soften two skins at a time by trampling on them in the snow. After we softened them and when the hair was washed, we'd slide on them which cleaned and made them shiny as well as removed any unwanted dead or loose hairs. There was constant work on seal skins in those days. They had to be softened, cleaned and shined in preparation for selling them or making them into clothing. Not all of them had to be shined and softened though because the ranger skins are the nicest looking skins but when they were properly treated, my father got higher prices for them so my sister and I helped in this way.

Inuit had many games and did other things for fun. In the springtime we'd play throwing games with teams and partners. We would put up small rocks for targets at a throwing distance and attempt to knock them down by throwing at the targets with rocks. Children and even adults would play this game especially at hunting camps, playing together during nice spring evenings. Each time a team member hit a target a pebble was placed in a pile that would indicate number of targets hit. It was a lot of fun.

We children also played a game called "alluk" [meaning porpoise] using boulders or some other elevated places as safe or home bases. One child would be picked to be the alluk and had to move off to a distance. Then we'd leave our safe bases and challenge the alluk to chase us and try to tag us before we got to our base again. Before the chase began we'd get off our base and walk around pretending there was no danger, saying the child is not a little porpoise, the child is not a little porpoise. The child would

starting chasing us all of a sudden and anyone who was caught would be out of the game.

There was another game I learned only after we moved to Nain that we would play when a group of hunters killed a white whale at a hunting camp. The game was called Killalugaujak, meaning likeness of whales, and we used the backbones of a whale as a toy. We'd tie a piece of line to the blubber left on the backbone and throw it out off a point. When it was hauled and tugged, it would go under and come up again just like a whale. We'd make little harpoons from wood using short fishing line for harpoon thongs and attempt hitting the "whale" with our harpoons when it surfaced. We children always had fun when we were growing up and we always tried to outdo one another.

I learned quickly how to play with other children when we moved to a populated community and lived at Hopedale. We children played together and had a lot of fun sliding, batting a ball, kicking a football, and playing a mitten game called "pualussi". For pualussi, we'd divide into two teams and one child was picked to collect the mitts from all the players. This child would chase the rest of the players and throw mitts at them. Both teams would attempt to pick up all the thrown mitts and collect them for the team. The losing team players would have to endure the cold without mitts on their hands while the winning team kept them for fun. It was an enjoyable game to play.

We also played a form of baseball that was known as the Indian ball game. The game had four bases which runners had to go to in rotation. A pitcher would get into position at a base and throw the ball. When the batter swung at the ball, whether hitting or missing the ball on the third swing that was not caught by the catcher, the batter had to go close to the pitcher. When the next batter hit the ball, the person by the pitcher would take off, running to the bases in turn. If the ball was caught, the runner would be out but a runner could also be put out by a player picking up a ball that was not caught, and throwing it at and hitting a runner. When all players were put out on one side, the other team would have a turn at bat. We had to make our balls because rubber balls were not available then. We made balls from cloth with string wound around it but the ball was better if a piece of sealskin was wrapped over the cloth. Even older people joined the games in the evening when there was nothing to do and we played into the night until we couldn't see the ball any longer. Those were fun times.

Another game was called "Who Got The Button". One person would have a little button and go to every other person with cupped hands, pretending to drop the button each time. No one was supposed to notice in whose hand the button was actually dropped. One person would be picked who had to guess which person had the button by pointing at who was thought to have it. Everyone would hold their closed hands outward and the person chosen had to open their hands. If the button was not there, another person had to be pointed at and so on. When the right person was found, the guesser had

to run as fast as could be done because the person who hid the button would hit the guesser who had to run to the person with the button and run back, all the while being pounded and beaten. Some of the beaters used all their might and we used to laugh a lot when the runners got a good beating.

We had many outdoor games but we also amused ourselves indoors in the evenings at our camps. We had fun by doing things just to make each other laugh. At times we played with partners or in teams but individuals also acted up, told jokes or did silly things just to make people laugh. The natural comedians were the best performers. They would dress up and talk and we had to try our best not to laugh. The person who laughed the loudest had to take over in trying to make others laugh.

When hunters visited from other camps, they would often think of some game to challenge and compete with each other. The visiting hunters would be on one team and those in the camp would form the other team. A man would crouch down on the floor or on a chair and a challenger would approach and try to pull the person's hand off their chest. The one succeeding took over and challenged all newcomers. This would keep going until none of the men could pull the hand off the challenger's chest. They would also lay on the floor, head to foot, and play a leg hooking game. The challengers put their legs that were next to each other up in the air and swung them to and fro at each count. They'd hook each other's leg on the third count and attempt to summersault the other using quickness and strength.

All of the different things we did gave us enjoyment and laughter. There was always a time to play as long as and as soon as all the work was done for the day. I don't know how some of the traditional games started but I suppose they were passed on from generation to generation, with older ones teaching the younger ones what they knew. The games that we had involving either just children, teenagers, married adults or a combination of age groups helped to build strong relationships and bound all of us solidly together, especially at our hunting camps. Those games are not played anymore and you don't see children and adults playing together now.

People used to tell all kinds of stories. When adults got together they told each other stories and discussed many things. We children were sometimes asked to leave the house and go outside, maybe because we were being too noisy or certain subjects were being discussed that it was best for children not to hear. I really don't know but many times they'd say "you can't or shouldn't listen to this. Go outside for awhile." They could have been discussing pregnancies or some other serious or confidential matter which did not concern children. We were just as happy to be sent out because we ended up playing and having fun with other children.

My father told me stories about his childhood at Zoar. He said in that time, around the 1800's, Inuit and Indians were not very friendly and avoided each other due to some kind of fear. Those before them, the stories said, fought battles. They were still not very friendly towards each other when my father was growing up. Inuit would see Indian footprints in the springtime but they could never see any of the people. The footprints and other signs were fresh but never would there be any Indians in sight. Sometimes they would rob char during the night from Inuit nets that were set in the bays. They had no boats and only their footprints would be visible.

My father told a story about an Inuit fishing party who heard what seemed to be a group of Indians among the willows close to their tent in the middle of the night. They could hear whispers and sounds like they were trying to keep from laughing. One of the Inuit grabbed a gun and crawled out of the tent. He aimed in the direction the sounds were coming from and fired in the total darkness. After he fired the gun it sounded like one of the Indians had been hit and wounded. The Inuit knew the person wasn't dead because they could hear cries of pain which grew faint as the Indians sneaked away. It was the last time that sort of thing happened as far as anyone knows.

My dad also told a story about a group of Indians who were the first ones ever to arrive at Zoar. They came on foot hauling their toboggans laden with their children, the old, the sick and the very little gear that they had left. They were sick, hungry and close to starvation. The Inuit fed them and nursed them back to health. My father told that story many times to others and said shortly after that the Indians and the Inuit began to get friendly with each other. There was much more mingling and no more sneaking around and stealing. They started trusting each other and became friendly.

I knew that Indians were around before I ever saw them. I heard about them when I was still very young living close to Makkovik and I remember the first time I saw them. My dad, mom, sister and I had been visiting Nain from Makkovik by dogteam and on our way back, it must have been somewhere close to Davis Inlet, my father shouted "Here come the ol' Indians. The Indians are coming." He startled me and I was in real fear. I hadn't seen an Indian before. I was just a small boy. I could see their dogteams coming towards us. We kept going and they kept coming. When we got abreast of each other, we were not close so I couldn't even see their faces. My mother saw I was afraid and assured me that they would not come anymore and we were well past them. I remember that clearly but I can't remember where we stopped for the night. I was already a young adult in Nain when I first saw an Indian up close. There was no sign of any fear of them by that time and young children were already used to meeting them. Other young people teased me about them but I was not afraid anymore.

My father wrote stories in a notebook about how Nain became a village when the

Moravian missionaries came to Labrador and how the Inuit lived. I read parts of his diary once when we were forced to stay for awhile in Tessialuk because of bad weather. My father's second wife [Emelia Noah] took the diary to a place called Antone's, where Edward Noah's older brother Amandus lived, and it was destroyed when the house caught fire in the early 1940's. I didn't keep the notebooks because I did not know that they would be of use to me. They would indeed be of much use now but as I did not keep them, they are lost forever.

I remember Esak [Isaac] Saksagiak, Anta's father, talking about a trip that he made to the United States and across the Atlantic Ocean for an exhibition. There were quite a number of people who went from Hebron and other villages along with their dogs, komatiks and kayaks. The only ones that I can remember going on the trip were Jonathan Nathaniel, Esak Saksagiak, Joshua Bennett and another person by the name of Ittuagulak who I never saw. Esak told us that they were gone for quite awhile and the President of the United States was shot and killed at that time[2]. One person in the group also died while they were gone due to excessive consumption of alcohol. I don't really know why they had to go on that trip, if they just wanted to earn money, but Esak told us that they did not receive any money at all except for their expenses to return home.

When my family first moved to Nain, we did not have a house to live in year-round so for awhile we lived with an elderly woman named Harriet who was Miriam Fox's grandmother. She took care of us, what you call today babysitting, before we got our own house and she would tell us stories especially when my father was away getting firewood. In the evenings when she put us to bed, she told stories about her own experiences or about events, places and people that I heard about previously and so could relate to.

I remember one story she told about when she was married to her first husband and living in the Hebron area. She would go caribou hunting with her husband because she was a very fast runner and could keep up with the caribou. When they saw caribou, her husband would pick a distant spot from the caribou and wait while she ran up to them and herded them close to her husband for easy shooting. She was his only hunting partner and they would always manage to get caribou or whatever they wanted. They not only hunted for themselves but they also got meat to share with other people. Harriet also told stories from the past, old legends, like ones which can be heard on the Iqaluit radio station. There is one story that is always told about a whale called "Luuma" and another about a man who married a fox. I can't recall the stories now because I enjoyed them so much that I often fell asleep in the middle of the story. Harriet got married again when

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[2] President McKinley was assassinated in 1901 at the Buffalo Exposition

a man named Henoch came to fetch her.

Today, although we elderly people still get together telling stories in our own language, in Inuttitut, some of the young children around us don't understand our language anymore. It doesn't seem to matter whether we talk about simple or serious matters because they don't understand anyway. Everything about us today is different from those who came before us, even our culture and traditions. I grew up with the traditions and had all kinds of experiences. When I reminisce, some of the traditions are as real as they were before but some seem to be forgotten now. We still know them and will not forget them even though they are no longer in effect. They are still in our memory and I am grateful for that.

When I was growing up and a squareflipper seal was caught, the skin was stretched and pegged to the ground for drying. Some of us children would stay up all night keeping the dogs from eating the skins. It was fun on clear spring nights as we found all kinds of things to do and games to play so the nights passed quickly. We ate anytime we felt like it and had mostly sun-dried fish and meat. We made a lot of sun-dried seal meat at our camps. We'd do for long walks around the islands, up on the hills, looking around, having fun and passing time.

I didn't eat only wild meat when I was growing up because we had sugar and other store-bought foods but I always ate all the foods that Inuit normally ate. My father taught me about all the edible foods in the wild and he'd feed me bones such as seal shoulder bones, tips of rib bones and other bones with soft gristle on them I can't eat that sort of thing now because I have no teeth left. When I was a boy, I had to swallow a special seal bone that was shaped like a dog and called "akuk". It was located in the shoulder area and old people told me that I would have large dogs if I swallowed this bone. Men were not supposed to eat the tailbone of a seal because if they did, their kayak would wobble in the sea or tip over when they were travelling.

A boy always had to give all or part of every first kill that he made to the midwife who helped his mother give birth. Even the first snowbird killed with a rock by a little boy had to be saved and given to the midwife. If the first kill couldn't be given to the midwife immediately, it had to be put away and saved for later presentation. I remember the first snow bunting I killed with a rock. My mother picked the feathers and hung the bird up to dry. It was to be presented to Nancy Tooktushina who helped in the delivery when I was born. When I later presented the dried bunting to her, she bit me on the hand saying that was for good luck and success in all my future hunts. I was more startled and caught off-guard than hurt as she didn't try to hurt me, I'm sure, but it stung. This was one of the customs we followed at that time.

After we became grown men, we kept giving the midwife all kinds of presents whether it was some store bought items, meat or part of the money that we made from the sale of furs and pelts. Our parents always reminded us never to forget the midwives and to always keep on giving them presents as a token of appreciation for having helped our mother when we were born. I often thought of her during my hunts. It was only after we moved to Nain that I became a real hunter and she had passed away by that time. I'd think about her more often when I was being successful and when I was alone and content in what I was doing, hunting and fishing, but I also thought about her when I was not so successful. I'd just lay back and have fond memories of her.

It was also our custom that when a boy shot his first seal of any kind, whether a jar or harp, he was to have the skin made into a lashing line, trace or bridle depending on what the type of skin was best suited for. The shoulder part with the flippers was kept by the person who shot the seal and the rest of the carcass had to be shared and distributed to each person in the camp. As well, the pelt or sun-dried seal meat of the first kill had to be given to the midwife who helped the boy's mother during delivery. The meat had to be sun-dried.

I still have here, right now, a short piece of sealskin line which came from a first kill. It came from the first seal that Phillip Hunter ever shot. He lives in Hopedale now but at the time his family was staying at Evilik, outside Nain, where his father Jonas was the chief. Shortly after Jonas died, I had a little free time on a nice spring afternoon so I decided to go and look for some basking seals with Phillip. He harnessed some of my dogs with most of theirs, weaved the traces through a bridle and hooked that on to one komatik.

Not long after we left we saw a seal basking on the ice. When we got to a small island, I let Phillip go after the seal which was among a bit of rough ice. I climbed up the island to watch what he was doing after having made sure the dogs were fine. I also looked around where other seals might be basking and noted where they were so we could go after them later. I sat and watched how Phillip was doing and wondered whether the seal would go down its breathing hole or he'd get a shot at it. I had my spy glass so I paid close attention when I saw that he was aiming. As the seal's head came up, he fired and the head flopped to the ice. Phillip took off running as fast as he could with his gun in hand, toward the seal he had just shot, leaving his taluk behind.

I ran to the komatik thinking the dogs might take off on hearing the shot. I could see he was excited because his arms were waving and he was running around from side to side while I was going toward him. When I got close to him I saw that he had dragged the seal by the flippers away from its breathing hole but the seal had come to life and was trying to get back to its hole with Phillip doing everything he could to block its

way. The dogs surrounded the seal so it had nowhere to go. Dogs, no matter how many of them, will not attack live seals knowing they have a nasty bite. Here we were with a live seal surrounded by dogs and the two of us standing and watching. Phillip wondered what he should do and how a seal could be killed in a situation like this.

I had my komatik drag with a piece of chain on it so I hit the seal on the head with it to knock it out and hit it again until it was dead. I told him that when he was preventing it from going back to its hole, he should have shot it. You can't whack it on the head with your gun because the stock will break. He may still remember the sealskin line that he made for me from his first kill. I put it on the Christmas tree every year and some of the hair is still on that line today. I just cherish it, bringing back good memories as he chose me to have a part of his first kill.

During the fall freeze up, when the ice was not fit for travel to Makkovik, people living in outside places would run out of food supplies like flour, molasses, tea and other things. The only store in the area was at Makkovik. People came to our place when they ran out of supplies and my father would spare what he could although we did not have much. Because the ice was too thin and my father did not like going across the land we could not go to Makkovik for Christmas services but we always went there for Easter services. I knew when the Christmas and Easter holidays were coming up because we were told about them even though we were away at our camp. Services were held at our camp in the same way as a church service. My father always read the Bible every morning. Sometimes he would read early in the morning while I was still asleep and I would wake up seeing him reading with my mother. Every now and again my sister would be with them. My father would read before he had breakfast and got ready to leave for the day.

At Lance Ground or Kangatjak, my mother would sow rhubarb seeds in a little box inside the house in spring and plant the seedlings after the last frost in May or early June. She had a small fenced garden by the side of the house and the rhubarb was left to grow when we went to our codfishing place for the summer. Inuit learned about gardening from the Moravian ministers who had several large gardens in each community and grew different vegetables as well as rhubarb. They would give Inuit rhubarb or potatoes in exchange for caribou meat and ducks which was convenient for people wanting to barter. As more and more houses were built in the community, the gardens became smaller all the time. People dismantled and saved the garden fences but not many of the plants were kept. Rhubarb plants were saved by people like August Anderson, Miriam Brown, Regina Sillett and Adam Okuatsiak's mother Lizzie. They are still growing rhubarb for their own use today. If all of the plants had been saved, there would be rhubarb all over the place now. It never entered anyone's mind to save them I guess.

When I was growing up I remember that all the Inuit and Kablunangajuit did whatever they could to make a living. Everyone got along well and I will never forget the people who were my friends when I was growing up. I remember well the family of Robert Mitchell, who was the father of Albert, because we stayed at their home when we went to Makkovik for Easter services. John Andersen's wife, the mother of Edward, could also talk in Inuttitut. Edward was my good friend and I've never forgotten him Some of the people who I grew up with may still be alive but I might not recognize them if I saw them because I haven't been to Makkovik for a long time. The last time I went there by dogteam was in 1930 and I returned on a longliner collecting char in the 1970's. I would be able to recognize the older folks but I have forgotten the children they had, although I would know from their family names who their parents were.

There was a school at Makkovik but children like me didn't attend it because our parents lived away from the village all the time in order to hunt for food and make a living. I went to school in Makkovik for three months when I was eleven years old and I was taught only in English. I could have spent more time at school but I didn't want to be separated from my parents so I stayed with them wherever they went. The school term was very short and lasted from after Nellajok Day on January 6 until just before Easter on Palm Sunday. When we were thirteen years old, we didn't have to go to school anymore. I was thirteen and participated in my first Young Men's Day in 1923. No wonder those of us who are elderly didn't learn much.

Most of the older children went to the minister's house for classes while the younger ones went to other people's homes. In Nain, Natan and his wife Fredericka were Inuit teachers who took care of the first year starters. We were in class for about two hours a day and sometimes for three hours but only in the afternoons. We didn't have to attend class if we stayed at home to help our parents. All of the little boys were encouraged to go with their fathers when they went hunting or were going for a load of firewood.

We didn't have many subjects and learned what was called God's words. When we began learning to read, we mostly used the Hymn Book, Book of Matthew and other chapters in the Bible. We had to learn one, two or three verses by heart from the Hymn Book or the Testaments and recite them in class. Reciting wasn't too difficult because the minister would prompt us if we forgot a word, phrase or a line. We were all different as some of us were not able to memorize, while others could and some required more help than others. We didn't learn much about numbers.

We also had a book of questions which I liked that was written in Inuttitut. The first book of questions related to the creation of the earth and the beginning of the world. There was another book of questions on the Testaments. We skipped over some of the

material and concentrated on the more important subjects that were typewritten. We'd work on a question at home and had to be able to answer it back in class. Some of the questions required long answers. Our parents always had all of these books at our hunting places but I did not learn as much from them as I should have. Certainly we did not learn all that there was to learn as the subjects were so encompassing and our learning periods were so short.

I enjoyed the three months that I spent learning English at Makkovik when my parents were able to stay in the village for so long without leaving. It was easy for me to learn the English language when I was a child but I stopped learning it when my parents decided to move to Hopedale to live near my sister after her marriage. When we moved to Nain, English was not used as everyone spoke Inuttitut even the Webbs, Voiseys, Edmunds and Winters; they all spoke Inuttitut. Although I could speak the English language when I was a child I have forgotten it now. Sometimes I try to talk in English but knowing that I can not speak it properly, I just leave it out. I can understand some of it but I'd rather not speak it now for fear of mispronouncing words.

When I was a child living south of Makkovik, I remember seeing a magazine for the first time when a Moravian minister showed one to my sister and John Ikkusik. The minister, Mr. Lindsay, learned our language from living in several communities and he was then stationed at Makkovik. All of our ministers would visit families staying at their hunting places either by dogteam or by boat to hold services. Mr. Lindsay showed me a picture of a motor car and I wondered how it could ever go ahead since it didn't have a sail and I could not see its engine. He explained that once the engine was started you had to make it go with your foot. How was it made to move with your feet? It was beyond my understanding how that would make it work. We hadn't seen a real automobile at that time. We didn't have many things which were common and taken for granted in other lands.

I was even awestruck by motor boats as I was just a child when they first came around. I'd wonder how the engines kept going once they were started because they were very noisy and made loud bangs at times. I once was told when I was very young that engines could blow up if they got too hot. One summer when we were cod fishing around Ironbound Island, a small boat arrived with one occupant from a fishing schooner. A Newfoundlander had his crew on the island with two sets of traps and boats, and I think he came to do some shopping on this tiny little boat. I was used to seeing bigger boats at that time and as I was struck by the small size of the boat, I went out to the wharf to have a closer look. It was a sunny day and I looked down at the little engine from the top of the wharf. The sun was shining brightly and directly on the little engine. I was just a child and began to think the engine would blow up from the heat of the sun so I ran away. I was awed by a lot of things that I had not seen before.

I first saw a radio when I was berry-picking with my sister and another friend. A radio station was located outside of Makkovik on Dance Island and it was operated by a man who would visit our houses. I think it was erected during the First World War but I don't remember exactly when. We got to know and visited the radio station. I was awed by the lights flickering when the man operated it. I couldn't understand how the lights went on and off when he pressed on the thing. I could hear the clicking noise it was making but I couldn't figure out how it made the light go on and off. The radio sent messages in morse code which was the only means of communication available.

I heard a voice radio for the first time when I was thirteen years old and we were celebrating Young Men's Day. We paid the minister our traditional visit and he let us all try the radio. It was not very big and operated on an external battery. When someone turned a knob, we heard different sounds and a faint voice. Then the minister handed a thing to us with wires attached to the radio and put it against our ears. The sound got really loud and I heard a strange language that I didn't understand. What made it do that? I didn't know what it was. I was astonished. That was the first and last time I tried that radio.

We started buying radios that operated on dry cell batteries from fishing schooners and also from the freight boat "Winnifred Lee". Those radios were really good because we could always hear Greenland and other stations which we can't get today. Rev. Peacock and young Grubb[3] used their radios for making broadcasts of services from the church. We listened to the services on radio but they had a short range so you had to be close by to pick up the signal. I once picked up a signal from a distance, all the way from Nutak, and as time went by the newer models were better for long ranges. Radios are convenient today and we use them in many ways, for communicating between boats and with people staying at hunting camps. They were very useful when we started using them for communicating between char fishing camps and collector boats.

After radios came gramophone players that had to be wound up and had a needle which could be taken out and changed. When the needle wore down, we would hone it by filing and sharpening it with a wet stone so we could reuse it. A worn needle didn't sound very good and scratched the records so it always had to be kept sharp. We had one of those gramophone players when I was still a child. The spring on it broke so my sister and I would make the records spin with our fingers. We played slow speed, fast speed, backwards and had all kinds of fun. We'd listen to music for hours at our camp until our hands and fingers got tired.

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[3] Rev. F.C. Paul was the son of Rev. F.M. Grubb and was stationed at Nain in 1944.

When my sister married her second husband who was from Hopedale, my family moved there to be with them. We stayed for only one year and my mother passed away during that time. We didn't have a house of our own so I lived with my sister while my father was away at a hunting place. He decided to move to Nain after the church, stores and other buildings burned down because he could get work as a carpenter. I remember that the fire was in 1921 during the spring because there were young pigeons around and I shot a grumpus which we towed to Hopedale. While we were cutting it up, a dogteam arrived with the news that there had been a fire in Nain on the previous day. We left Hopedale soon after that by dogteam for Nain but we returned to Hopedale after breakup to get our boat. When we were travelling back to Nain, my father celebrated his 50th birthday on July 9th while I had just turned eleven.

As soon at the ice broke loose, four or five people from Nain went to Okak in their own boats to dismantle the church there. Martin Martin was the Chief Elder of the community at that time and he went with Gustave Sillett, also Miriam Fox's father, and a man named Ludikuluvinik. The boards were brought to Nain on a mission boat but I don't remember what it was called. Inuit also made boards by hand for no pay and they paid for the paint, violins and everything else that was needed to build a new church.

My father worked on building houses and at the sawmill. In those days lumber was made with a manual long saw operated on a platform by two men. One man stayed on top of the platform and the other one was on the ground. They sawed the lumber for flats, kamotiks, floor boards, house sidings and foundations, and kamotik bars. Usually there were two specific people assigned to do the sawing for the general population while people wanting wood cut would watch and occasionally help with the sawing.

They sawed straight lumber for many uses. My father used to say it was difficult to saw straight and you had to be skilful. When the saw tended to sway, they'd file and sharpen the blade to correct the problem. My father always had Joshua Atsatata for a sawing partner because they worked well together. He was originally from Makkovik and had to go to St. Anthony hospital for treatment on his leg. After he returned from the hospital he had only a small limp. I knew him well because he spent a lot of time at our house when I was growing up. He was agile and smart and good at whatever he did.

Even with a physical impairment Inuit still excelled, worked hard and tirelessly in whatever they had to do. Take myself for example, whenever I don't feel like doing anything now, I just put it off, and wait until later. It surprises me at times, considering all of the hard that work I did and all the hard work we did tirelessly, including our able bodied elders. There was no such thing as putting anything off. The work had to be done and it was done for no wages. I'd chop wood or fetch water for the widows and enjoyed doing it because they gave me candy for it. In those days too, candy seemed to

be in abundance.

My father always had a kayak and brought one with him when he moved to Nain. A kayak was made with the skins of three kinds of seal, a young squareflipper (lassie), a jar and two harps. The frame was put in boiling water to make it flexible and then it was covered with a piece of cloth so that it would not make any noise. Then the skins would be cut up to fit the frame. Sealskin and wooden parts were used to make a kayak so it would be noiseless on the water and seals wouldn't hear it.

My father made kayaks which were noiseless. He had equipment on his kayak for hunting seals including a dart [harpoon] and a float. The point of the dart would often break off when it was thrown into a seal. The float was made from a sealskin with all the hair shaved off and the arms and flippers cut off. The skin for a float had to be cleaned very carefully. With it you would know where a seal was when it was harpooned and you could go to it and pick up the float.

When I was a boy and my father went hunting on his kayak, I would go to a point and wait for him to return. If he had too much of a load he would not pick me up but if he didn't have a load, he would pick me up and I would ride home on the kayak. Later on I tried using it to hunt seals but I never really learned to handle it properly. The first seal that I got on the kayak was a squareflipper seal that appeared right in front of me. When it went down I decided to wait for it because I didn't know how far it might swim away. It came up again right beside the kayak so I had to back paddle to get it. Paddling was hard on the stomach and inside arm muscles . I was not very good at it but I may have gotten better with more practice. Being on a kayak was fine in calm water but it was scary when the wind was blowing hard.

I remember that Inuit in Nain were still making and using kayaks when I was nineteen years old, and many of them were around. My father had the last kayak and he gave it to the community. I don't know what happened to it as I was no longer living with him at that time. I remember that he had one after I was married and that kayaks disappeared from Nain by 1935.

I am reminded of many things today because of my personal experiences of what I have lived. I have lived in Nain ever since my family moved here, and because I grew up here, some people think I was born here. It seems I was born here even though I was actually born in another place. I feel that I belong here and that Nain is my homeland now, because I grew up, learned to hunt, became an adult, and got married here. This is where I settled and made roots. My wife Naeme was born in a wooded area around Ukkusitsalik in Napatok Bay and she moved to Nain after her mother remarried but they later moved to Hopedale. Our places of birth were far apart and elsewhere but since we

were married in 1932, our home has been in Nain. I have never left Nain and my father passed away here.

II. Hunting and trapping in the country[4]

I gained experience as I grew up and started doing things by watching others, going along and following others where they went, and trying to do more and more of the things that I saw my father do. I tagged along with others when I was young but I didn't start going away by myself until after my father's death. It was a process of learning with the passage of time, by watching and trying, gaining more experience and becoming more able. When I started going along with my father, he taught me the seasons when different animals would appear, and where and for how long they were most likely to congregate. As I became more able I really enjoyed all aspects of hunting for animals. There seemed to be no other more enjoyable thing to do. I always followed what my father told me and and I still remember today all of the things he taught me.

I remember running out of food on hunting trips when I was still young. This happened due to bad weather or when snow was too soft and deep for travelling even on fine days and we couldn't go further. We could be three or four days trying to get home in deep snow and at times we'd run out of food like tea, flour and biscuits but we'd be carrying caribou so there was no chance of starvation. We always tried to get back before we ran out of grub.

From the time I can recall I always went with my father. I was fourteen years old the first time I went up in the country with my father and Zacharias Ikkusik. We were at the end of the brook going to Tasiujaatsuk and camping in a tent as we were still within the treeline. When I went in that first time, I saw what I thought were trees at a distance which turned out to be rocks and boulders when we got close to them. When we were travelling on level spots, I thought we were going over lakes and ponds but as I looked closer, we were going over little rocks and pebbles. That's how little I knew. It was solid land where I thought was water and boulders where I thought were trees.

We stopped when we came across caribou tracks which were, they said, about two or maybe three days old. They built an igloo and left me there, and that was the first time I saw an igloo. They left an opening through which all I had to do was enter. Before they left, they put on a fire and we had tea. They were going to study the caribou tracks to see which way they led. My father instructed me to take the gear inside the igloo, take the harnesses off the dogs and feed them. I knew the seal meat had to be chopped up with an axe before giving it to each of the dogs. After taking in the gear, I took the smallest hunk of seal meat and put the rest of it inside the igloo by the doorway.

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[4] The country refers to a high barren plateau in the interior beyond coastal bays.

I took the seal meat and axe to chop it on solid ice rather than on soft snow. Some of the dogs followed me and when I was just beginning to chop the seal meat, a fox came by and the dogs chased it. On reflection I thought that fox had come by to help me as I didn't have to fend off the dogs while I chopped the seal meat. By the time some of the dogs returned, I was just about ready for them. I was even able to wait for the rest of them so that they all could eat at the same time. They gave up the chase and eventually came back and had a good meal.

It was now getting toward evening and the sun was getting low over the horizon. I was still outside when the moon came up. It was dark, I was alone and this was my first trip in the country. It was dark for some time and they still had not returned. I didn't want to go inside because I wanted to see or hear them coming as I expected them back hours before. I walked around, back and forth, but it never came to my mind that the igloo was wide open. I waited and I walked and there was still no sign of them. I began to get sleepy and decided to go to bed. I spread out all of the sleeping bags on top of each other and put my own on top and crawled in. I was asleep for what seemed only a short period when they arrived. They had finally been able to locate the caribou herd and caught up with them while the caribou were resting and grazing when it was still daylight but they were caught out in the dark on their trip back to the igloo.

My father asked me if I had cut a block of snow for the doorway and I just said "no, I didn't." They didn't say anything, just looked at each other and smiled. I guess it was rather comical to them that I didn't know the difference at the time whether or not anything was supposed to be placed in the doorway. I didn't know I was supposed to do that. They had done everything else to the igloo, shovelled out the inside with snow shoes and made it ready for use except for the block which is normally cut from the inside with all the rest of the blocks when an igloo is built. They didn't cut a block for the doorway before they left because they were in a hurry. I had also rolled up the dog harnesses and traces, looped them through the drag for braking the kamotik, and put them under my sleeping bag because I thought people slept on them. We had to take off the harnesses, stretch the traces and Zacharias had to make a block of snow for the entrance before we went to bed.

All of that was a part of my learning experience that began when I started accompanying various individuals and groups of hunters. I watched what they did and how they did it. Travelling inland in the country is different from travelling along the coast or out to sea, as is travelling in the day compared to travelling at night. My father always told me that when I travelled by dog team to always look back and study where I had come from before losing sight of the area. Knowing where you came from will ensure that you can get back to known and familiar grounds. He'd say that I was to pay close attention to various rocks, looking for recognizable features on or about them when

passing them by, and be able to recognize at least some of them on the way back. From what he taught me, I was able to start recognizing at least some of the more obvious features and landmarks.

With passage of time and as I made more trips inland, just about everything in the country became familiar to me. Along the more often used trails, previous hunters had placed rock piles consisting of rocks and boulders of various sizes and shapes, each of which I learned to recognize. I was no longer lost whenever I came across any of them even in the roughest storms. Rocks and boulders were not the only guiding marks to look for; there were many other features, land formations and shapes to study, all of which my father pointed out to me. When travelling on newly formed sea ice, I was always to study my surroundings, paying close attention to the formation of the new ice. The little ridges and frozen ripples indicated wind direction and were a reference point in your mind's compass. My father would tell me to watch for and be able to recognize hazardous places and spots on thin ice, whether it was on the sea, lakes, ponds or rivers. I had to learn to recognize the dangerous features of shale, thin ice, bridged, suspended ice or potential sink holes in the snow with water underneath. My father told me about all of that and much more. He'd point out to me and show me the tell-tale signs of potentially dangerous places and spots whenever we came across them during our travels.

My father taught me the most when I first started going along with him to hunt or set up camp. I watched what and how he did everything. I went hunting with other people, mostly Martin Martin, and learned from them as well before I really went on my own after my dad died. When you are with experienced hunters you can learn a lot from them just by watching. There is no need for words because their actions can teach you a great deal. For instance, you can learn to predict that something can be expected by looking at what they are doing at any given time. Their mood may reveal a trace of concern or their pace may quicken. They may start picking up snowknives, axes, harpoons and the like and stick them all up in the snow which can indicate their expectation of a snow fall. They may pile heavier items on top of things which may indicate their expectation of stormy or windy conditions and so on. A lot of belongings have been lost by being buried under snow or blown away in the wind at many hunting places in the country.

Travelling in the country was not difficult in fine weather but it could be a problem during a storm, if you were unfamiliar with the surroundings or unsure of your direction. The snow can shift in winter especially before a snow fall. Old snow can move and change from over time. You can tell the direction of the prevailing winds from rocks and boulders and from the formation of the snow. Knowing that, one can't get lost. We always paid attention to the lay of the land. We were always aware of where we were going and where we had come from. We didn't always travel on familiar routes although

they normally took you to specific and recognizable places. Once we generally recognized an area, we could always travel straight or direct to a specific place.

We were taught well in those days and we were always prepared. We had to have the knowledge and ability to take care of ourselves on hunting trips in case of unexpected circumstances. We knew what to do as the training was instilled in us and we could take care of ourselves in all kinds of weather conditions, whether fair or foul. We were always expected to be back from a hunting trip before it was too dark. There were certain landmarks indicating the direction to our igloo that were easy to see on a starlit night. Night travel is difficult but it had to be done at times and the stars were our guide. We kept track of them and made mental calculations taking into account the rotation of the earth. Stars were almost always visible even during wind and blowing snow conditions. When you navigate by stars, you will never get lost.

Our older folks had different ways of hunting as well as different methods and customs. I almost missed that era but I got a taste of a small part of it as I started hunting with my elders when I was very young. Our hunting camp leader was in charge of everything and if he did not accompany us on trips, he would give us instructions to return early when he expected windy conditions later on that day or when he knew it would be snowing later on during the evening. When he felt or expected adverse weather conditions he would demand and actually command us.

Some Inuit had a weather glass [barometer] but many others could actually predict the weather from pain in different parts of their body. For instance, when a certain person had a brief acute pain on the knee, it meant windy conditions and bad weather could be expected. When an old healed scar on any part of the body began tingling with pain, it was a sure sign of change in the weather. They could actually tell when it would be blowing, snowing or raining. They could even predict when the weather would be fine. We believed in them as they were accurate in most of their forecasts.

I learned to hunt after we moved to Nain and I accumulated my hunting equipment and clothing here. I had a qulittak [caribou hide parka] at our outside hunting camp that my stepmother made for me. It was a very nice parka and I never got cold wearing it on bitterly cold days. Once while we were visiting Nain, some dogs broke into our cabin and they tore it apart and ate it along with a lot of other things in the house. Sometimes the qulittak was almost too warm for me because I was more used to wearing an ordinary dickie [duffle parka]. I'd prefer having a qulittak even more today than at that time because I get cold right away when I have to go outside. I'm not used to moving about very much now.

When I was hunting all the time, I would never get cold. I'd move about and do

things to keep warm and I'd even make myself sweat on cold days from running with the dogs. Turning the kamotik, keeping the runners from going over rocks and avoiding rough spots was hard work but kept you warm when you were in charge of the kamotik. The older Inuit, the ones before us, were much hardier than we were and more used to the cold. They would be out all day without a parka and they would only wear a silapaak [outside cotton shell] when they were caribou hunting in the middle of winter. They would put on a dickie only towards evening when they were getting close to having a stop and rest for the day. At night they would take off their vamps, insoles and socks and pull them inside of their sleeping bag to dry them next to their body while they slept. They would also turn their sealskin boots inside out for drying overnight and make sure they were not placed anywhere on snow or near anything that might melt.

We always carried firewood into the country for boiling water and for cooking because we didn't have any primus stoves in those days. When I was a teenager, I would have to go outside our igloo and boil water to make tea for breakfast. I'd be shaken awake early in the morning and asked to go outside to boil water for everybody in the igloo. I'd do it on some of the coldest and windiest days. It was hard to get the fire going sometimes so we'd have to make a windbreak from blocks of snow. We'd eventually get a fire going as long as there was not too much blowing and drifting snow. My feet would get very cold so after having put the kettle over the fire I would run around and hop to keep my feet warm while I waited for the water to boil. I wasn't always alone because all the younger people in the hunting party were sent out early to do chores around the camp.

When primus stoves became available, we used them as well as regular camp stoves with firewood inside an igloo, making sure it didn't get too hot, just enough to cook meals and boil tea. We'd use a stove pipe for a wood stove just like any other regular wood stove in a house. A piece of caribou skin was placed around the hole where the stove pipe came out through the top or crown of the igloo. The skin was used to help keep the snow from melting around the pipe. The skin had fur left on it and a hole was slit in the middle to fit the top stove pipe through it. When the snow melted too much around the crown of the igloo, we'd cut a fresh block of snow and replace it because that area tends to melt when an igloo is used for any prolonged period. While the fire was going, we'd gather all the damp clothing and it dried quickly. The first little primus stoves that we had would often clog up. We used a little poker, which was a metal instrument with a hair pin wire at one end, to clear the point where forced air and fuel mixed to create a stream of fire. Those flat squared camp stoves being used today are better to use inside an igloo because they can heat it up in no time.

In the middle of the winter when it's blowing hard, the snow on the inside of an igloo can become soft and melt through. To prevent that from happening, we'd light the

primus stove and dampen the inside part of the snowhouse facing the wind. Making the snow damp there forms a skin of glazed ice which prevents the wind from making a hole in that area. The winds can eat snow away from inside of an igloo and make holes around the sides where the wind is blowing.

My father had different ways of making an igloo depending on whether only the two of us were going to stay in it or we were with other people on a hunting trip. If we expected to stay in an igloo for some time, he would do extra work on the outside so the wind wouldn't eat away around the sides. He would scrape snow from blocks with his snowknife making it soft and powdery, stuff it into the cracks and pack snow all around the sides that faced the prevailing winds. He didn't do that completely around the igloo but only on the sides facing windward. The two sides most prone to prevailing winds, and a little beyond those points, received the extra protection of powdery snow. We didn't have a primus stove then and couldn't melt snow on the inside to get a glazed skin in those spots. We didn't actually melt the snow but just warmed it enough to dampen it.

One time the winds cut a hole in an igloo we had at Tasiujatsuk around Qiqqualuk. We had just climbed up into the country and stopped on a bank and we built the igloo right there. It began to blow at night and we had no stove. The wind began sucking the snow out from the inside walls. I got up when my father woke me and started dressing. As I was on my way out, I put my hand on a dark spot by the side of the igloo and it went straight through to the outside making the hole much larger. Our igloo was almost completely eroded by the wind. I was told that it could happen and experienced it myself. We were fine because we just threw a tent over the igloo.

My father told me never to build an igloo too close to the edge of a lake or a pond as those places tend to get wet and watery under the snow, and the ice can crack in lakes and ponds causing water to run and seep under the snow. When ice cracks, the weight of it will sink deeper making the water rise and creep along under the snow. My father always said not to build an igloo at places like that because water under the snow can melt it from the bottom creating a thin level layer of snow with a space between it and water below, making an invisible sink hole. Knowing all of these and other things was very important as we did most of our travelling by dogteam and stayed mainly in igloos.

My dad and I were in an igloo once that was almost buried during a snow storm. He built the igloo in a nice, well protected area and when he finished it, he noticed that our dogs smelled caribou. He decided to go looking for them because it was only snowing a little and a bit of wind was blowing from the east so he could easily return to the igloo. The wind changed at night and our igloo was buried under a snowdrift. At dawn the igloo was still bright from the inside. We stayed in our sleeping bags because

we heard the wind howling and we both knew it was not good for travelling anywhere. Although it was daylight, the igloo began getting darker. We could see from the inside that the lower portions of the igloo wall were darker and the block above the snowdrift line was much brighter.

After awhile the dark part and the snowdrift line reached right to the top of the crown of our igloo. We couldn't keep our candle lit so dad got up and went out in the storm by climbing out through the top of the igloo. The weather was so bad he didn't want to move or build another igloo but the snowdrift was very deep. He worked away at it with his snowknife and came back in through a different place than the one he used going out. He made a long air shaft like a chimney upward from the crown of the igloo so snow would drift around but not pile up over it. He also scraped away enough snow to make a new entrance and stopped it up with a block of snow cut from the inside. There was no more danger of us being buried alive under the snowdrift.

We stayed in the igloo all that day and until the next morning when the weather got better. When we cut a peep hole in the wall, we saw a clear blue sky with only a bit of snow drifting at ground level. We were able to get out by evening and we were both fine. We stayed there for another night and my father only built another igloo after we tended our traps. I noticed that the new one was very close to the buried one and then I realized that my dad placed it to connect with the old one which was now below us at a lower level. We used the first igloo as a storage room for our food and put a caribou skin across the entrance to it to block cold air from coming up. As anything can be done, that's what my father did. We didn't plan nor did we expect to do what we did when we got buried. It snowed for several days which was a heavy snowfall for up in the country.

There was another time when our igloo was almost buried after a heavy snowfall and drifting snow but it was not as bad as that first incident because part of our igloo was still visible. Two dogs were covered over by snow and we were able to find one of them and not the other. They weren't our own dogs but they belonged to another hunter who was with us. When it was bitterly cold our dogs wouldn't want to move around very much even if they were hungry. We ran out of dogfood on our way back from further inland so I don't think the dogs wanted to move around because of hunger. I think they would have both been fine if they had not been so hungry. We knew where to look for the one we saved from the howling sounds it had made during and throughout the storm that night. The sounds had come from immediately outside of our igloo and we were able to dig snow from outside and pull it in. Our kamotiks and all of our gear outside were buried too but we knew where we had left it all and eventually we were able to locate everything. We were all fine and we were not hungry.

I learned how to build igloos by watching my father make them in his own way.

Everyone had their own way of building an igloo. Even after I learned how to make one, I didn't take it upon myself to initiate building an igloo when I was with a group of men because they were older than I was. I knew and could see mistakes they were making but I let them build the igloo the way they wanted. I didn't feel that I could correct them or tell them how to do it as they were older than me and I had no authority or right to tell them how they should build an igloo the way my father had taught me. I just thought they should have known better. Blocks of snow improperly fitted and improperly bevelled will slide and fall causing a cave-in either during or after construction. Improperly bevelled or poorly placed blocks can be shoved in from the outside when powdery snow is being pounded into the cracks and seams also causing a cave-in after construction. The crown block has to be properly fitted with correct bevels and angles because it may slide and later fall even when it seemed as though it fitted perfectly.

I didn't mind telling or showing those with whom I was well acquainted or those with whom I regularly hunted how to build an igloo. I was by no means clever at everything about hunting inland when travelling by dogteam was the only means of getting into the country. I'll say though that when the weather got stormy or when we had to travel at night, they would ask for my assistance when they no longer knew what to do or where to go. They would come to me because I was familiar with that part of the country. I knew the land well so I didn't mind taking charge of a hunting party and did it to the best of my ability. I was always able to take them back to home base in the dark or through stormy weather as long as it didn't get too stormy and we were able to keep on moving and as long as I could see the stars at night. I've even taken hunters back through fog and drizzle when nothing could be seen. Although I was not the most clever hunter, they'd always pick me as leader. I guess it was because I had the most experience travelling in the country.

After my father died in 1934, I travelled with Martin Martin and Isaac Rich. I learned a lot from them about travelling everywhere on dogteam. Isaac Rich was really nice and told me all kinds of stories about animals and many other things he wanted to talk about. He had lived in Hebron when he was young, then he moved to Ukkusitsalik, and then he came to Nain and lived here until he was old. He had a brother named Saugaluk whose hunting place was around Aulatsivik.

Old man Isaac would always want to be leader of every hunting party in which he was involved. He and I would go off on our own, just the two of us, and I would always ask him where we should go, which way we should travel, when and where we should stop. I'd ask all the questions. He always knew and he'd always lead and be in charge. After a few years and many trips later he began asking me the same questions, let me lead and take charge when we hunted. Me? Instructing the one who once was always my leader? The first time it happened was when we were companions on the same kamotik

and we went quite far inland where we had not been for some years. I asked him which way we would have to go and he said he didn't know exactly anymore and told me to go the way I thought would be best. So I headed toward where I would come across a familiar route and we were able to return to our igloo when we found the trail back to it.

Once we had to form a search party. Most of the people I had with me during that search have passed away now. There were a couple of dogteams that had left Nain to go north to Nutak and one of them was lost on their return trip. We went overland to look for them, climbing up through the brook at Itillisuak. When we were crossing the sea ice outside of Webb's Bay, it was blowing very hard and our dogs wanted to go there because they smelled something from the cabins. It later turned out that our dogs had been smelling the two lost hunters which we could not see because of the storm.

By that time the hunters were walking ahead of their dogs which were all still bridled to a kamotik. When they were coming down to the ice from the land and they started their downhill slide, they had taken the wrong brook from the pond. We began following their trail when we came across their tracks and we could tell they had gotten off their kamotik shortly after they got on a lake and had started walking ahead of their dogs. They had walked close enough to have seen the cabins at Webb's Bay from where it appeared they had recognized that they had taken the wrong brook.

We kept following their trail and saw they had gone through rough and very deep snow. Their tracks indicated that one of them had walked ahead of the dogs all the way while the other had gotten off only occasionally to help push and pull the kamotik. They had had to go a long distance through rough terrain and very deep snow and they had gone down a long slope through the trees. If they had taken a straight downhill run, they would have ended up at Webb's Bay brook but instead they took another lead which took them to another small oblonged-sized lake.

We found that they had fallen through the ice and gone into the water. They had crawled out and stopped a very short distance at a little clump of twigs although there was a forest with lots of trees within easy reach. Instead they stopped very close to the hole into which they had fallen and managed to put up a little tent. That's where both of them froze their feet but other than that, they were still alive. They managed to get up the following morning and started walking through the trees towards Webb's place but the younger one died just before reaching the houses.

Abia Green was alive but his feet were badly frozen and he eventually lost both of his legs. He and his brother Levi were lost in the middle of winter, in January. There was an older man who had gone to Nutak with them on his own dogteam who stayed behind when the two brothers decided to return, saying he would return on his own later.

It was thought that if that older man, Fred Merkuratsuk, had been with them, they would have both been fine. We should have gone to Webb's Bay when our dogs had wanted to go there. When we saw their tracks leading directly to the houses, we had turned around and returned to Nain. We should have suspected something was amiss had we only taken the time to study more closely the footprints they were leaving in the snow. We should have been able to tell the difference between the tracks of a normal person's walk and that of someone in trouble. The tracks were clear and visible and we now know from hindsight, we should have known better. We got to Nain on the same day that the Webbs brought them here.

Where they fell through the ice was the kind of hazard my father used to tell me about. A thin layer of frozen ice, with water below but not touching it, creates an air pocket between the ice and the water beneath it. This is called aKauk and it can form at inlets and outlets of any lake, large or small. It's visible if you know what to look for. They had gone straight over it when they could have avoided the dangerous spot by going around it. From what we could see of their tracks and trail, I think they had been taking as many shortcuts as they could without having to follow every little hook and turn of the brook. There were two dogteams in the search party and five people including me, Jonathan Bennett, Titus Joshua, Johannes Green and the Ranger. The Rangers were the police force here before the RCMP. The Ranger's name was Goodyear and he was a magistrate here later on.

There were happy times and not so happy times. Certain unpleasant things happened, as in the case I just talked about. It was sad to hear that one of them froze to death but thankfully the other one lived. Isaac Saksagiak also froze to death when he was lost in the country after having been separated from his hunting party. He was not found when the others were located after the weather cleared up. Isaac was still alive when he reached Tasiujatsuak and he had been fine at the height of land. It was only after he reached the treeline and was travelling along the brook that he froze his feet. It was said that he would have been fine if he was wearing sealskin boots because apparently he was wearing caribou skin moccasins with cotton leggings. He got his feet wet somewhere along the brook when he walked over some freshly fallen snow which covered shallow water underneath. By the time he realized this it was too late to turn back. He got wet and froze to death. There have been other people who froze to death although not all that many in my lifetime, thank goodness. Still, it's always sad to know and hear about these things.

George Dicker's older brother, Freeman also perished when he went for a load of seals with Arch Dicker who had trouble walking and could not run at all. They used to go out to various camps and bring back loads of seals for the Hudson's Bay Company for whom Arch worked. It was during one of those trips that they were caught out on the

ice in a storm so bad that they could not move. They crawled into their sleeping bags out in the middle of the ice during a raging storm. Shortly after, Freeman got up saying that he was going to walk to his mother's place. Archie tried to persuade him not to go and begged him to stay but he wouldn't listen and went on. It was blowing very hard with snow drifting over the ice. A dogteam came by soon after the storm subsided enough to see the land but Freeman had already left. His mind got the better of him and he was unreasonable and uncontrollable by the time he was found. He was still conscious and breathing when they arrived back at Nain but not aware of what he was doing anymore and died shortly after.

Another time when I was hunting in the country, two men travelling to Nain by dogteam from Zoar perished on Kauk Island. Not long after that, although not in the same year, it happened again when two men travelling by dogteam coming this time from Kammaasuk to Nain perished at Kauk due to cold weather and a storm. They made it to the outside part of the island but had they gone to the inside area, they may have been able to reach the trees and survived. They might have also gone into the harbour where Mr. White had built a house. They were actually quite close to the house but they couldn't see it and did not know that it had been recently built there. Their kamotik was found close to shore and the two men had found protection under a cliff where they died. I don't remember their names but I think one of them was an Edmunds and the other was a Ford.

From the time I started going on my own and as I gained more experience, I went where I wanted, when I wanted and did as I saw fit. I didn't always stay in and around the village. I enjoyed hunting and fox trapping because the seasons were always different. In some years there were only a few animals around and in other years they were plentiful so it didn't matter. Hunters can't stay still. They have to be out hunting whether trapping foxes in winter, travelling inland for caribou, or going out toward the sea for seals and ducks. They were happy hunting for anything. It didn't matter if they got a lot or just a little or even nothing in some cases. There was no discouragement in failure. They knew they would succeed sooner or later. They were patient and familiar with playing a waiting game. Hunting was the only way available for most of us to earn a cash income in those days. We didn't have any place of employment as you have today. The sale of some of our harvest, mainly seal skins and fox furs, was the only means we had for getting a cash income. There was no other work. It's not like that today.

From my earliest memories I recall that wildlife was more plentiful back in those days than today. Some years, according to their cycle, animals were scarce but later there would be a lot of them. All kinds of wildlife such as foxes, caribou, species of birds and partridges were around more often. It was that way from the time I started hunting on my own. Because I am telling about those days, I am not saying that we always had

everything but there was more before than today. Our fathers also did more hunting and even I did when I started to live on my own. On good hunting days I was able to bring home meat. Right to this day I am grateful for that even though I cannot get around anymore. In talking about those days, I am not saying that we had everything but when wildlife was plentiful we never went hungry.

Some animals were not as tame as they seem to be now. I think they are more tame because they have become accustomed to all the noise from planes and jets flying overhead. When only a few caribou were around, it was very difficult to go after them because they were spooky and would run off as soon as they heard a noise or a dog howl. It was hard for hunters when caribou and also foxes were so wild. We had to have caribou for food and clothing, and foxes for selling their fur to make a bit of money.

Caribou and fox were tame when they came around in great numbers. I thought caribou were the toughest animals to hunt but they were easy to get when a lot of them arrived together. We'd just look which way they were headed, get a spot somewhere ahead of them and wait for easy pickings. At other times a large herd of caribou or a large pack of foxes would seem to come straight towards us and all we had to do was stop and wait. We would be able to shoot away at them and they would not run away.

Normally a caribou hunting party would consist of a group of men having strong dogs capable of hauling 12 or 14 caribou, slowly but comfortably. I sometimes thought that we would never be able to load or carry by dogteam all of the caribou that we killed but our elders were capable of many things in those days. I know as I saw them when I began going along on hunting trips with them. The men would kill only what they were able to carry back. They would remove the skin, cut up the carcass, stuff limbs and other animal parts into the rib cage and other cavities to make a small "package" out of the whole animal. The "package" was called qumittuk. It allowed the loading of a lot more whole caribou than if they were just loaded on without first cutting them up. Hunters would criss-cross them on the kamotik bars, three or four at a time and stuff intestines and other small parts into all of the nooks and crannies to make a solid base. They would lay other qumittuk on top of this, making another layer, and do the same thing again. They were able to load a lot of caribou that way.

Once three of us went caribou hunting by dogteam and we loaded and hauled eleven caribou on that one team. They were not all small caribou either because I think we had three large male ones among the animals. You can load a lot of unfrozen qumittuk on one kamotik and our dogs were able to haul the load. We were not too far inland at that time, near the place where you have to slide down Ittukuuffik.

Some Inuit were clever at packaging and loading. It's not something you learned by yourself. You had to learn by watching how it's done and you would get better by doing it often after watching others. We never left anything behind. Even the bones we ourselves would not use were gathered and loaded for use as dog food. Nothing was wasted. Sometimes we would chop up the heads and lower leg bones for our dogs to feed on while we were loading. We did many things that were passed on down to us and we were taught well by our elders. Those old ways are not being used today. When people kill caribou today they just load the whole thing without cutting it up. They don't even remove the skin anymore. We would never load caribou with the skin still on it.

In those days caribou would often stampede long distances. I remember a stampeding herd on one trip. Our party managed to get four caribou from the herd when they were stampeding close by. I had an old used 44 rifle that came from the south; I think they were used in the First World War and then sent here. I haven't seen any of those rifles around for a long time. We had to load our own cartridges and we had cartridge-making tools here for all our rifles which were 44's, 32-40's, 38-55's and 45-70's. None of the old rifles and tools are around now. They were fine old guns and we also had 12 gauge and 20 gauge shot guns. We hand-loaded all of our cartridges using gun powder, lead, exploding caps and oakum for the padding. The making of shot gun shells was an acquired skill because they had to be loaded properly and with care otherwise the pellets or lead would scatter in a wide range and not be able to kill anything. My father used to pick up and save all the spent shells for re-loading. The regular shells had a rim made of brass and a paper part. My father saved the brass part and my mother would make the other part from squareflipper seal intestines. They would glue the intestine to the brass rim by burning and melting dried caribou fat.

We had 30-30 rifles too after awhile. We didn't load or make the 30-30 cartridges, only the shot gun shells. Over time the type and variety of cartridges changed. In the 1950's and 1960's the same kind of shells began to appear in varying sizes and had a number marked on them. Some had a good range of distance and others shot way under. You had to learn and know what size and what number was best suited for what type of game. It wasn't good to mix numbers. With the right size and number you could load, aim and hit the target. With a different size or number you would shoot over or under the target even when you aimed at the same target from the same distance. Everything is ready-made today.

The 30-30 cartridges we bought from the store contained different numbers on the outside part of the shell indicating that their force and velocity were not the same. I found that out not too many years ago, close to the end of my hunting days. I didn't pay too much attention in the beginning when I was told about their differences. Once other friends and I were hunting on a boat and we were all shooting way over our intended

targets. I thought it was only me at first, that I was shooting poorly. We each had bought the cartridges which bore the same number and that number turned out to be different from what we were all used to.

We used our dogs a lot in those days because they were our only means of transportation in winter. My dogs brought me to the community on several occasions with no assistance on my part. At times when I was ready to return from a hunting trip, I'd just command the dogs to go. They'd take me right to my door from long distances, without having received further instructions from me. I remember twice when we were lost in the country, our dogs took us to our igloo. They just kept going although we couldn't see them in front of us during a big storm. The only times they'd stop was when they hooked up or got their traces tangled around rocks. We'd grope around to unhook them and they were on their way again. After a few hours of rough going our dogs got us safely home.

Only some dog teams were accustomed to travelling inland, those which were used more frequently for caribou hunting. Almost all dogs were frequently used and familiar with the coastline. The only thing that stopped the dogs was when the snow melted and formed icicles around their eyes. When we took the snow and ice from their eyes, they were fine again. Every dogteam was different. The ones that were very good and well trained waited and behaved when they were going to be fed. They were patient when seal meat or other food was being chopped up. Those which were not trained were hard to handle and would run around all over the place, growling, darting in and out, and snatching every morsel. Run away, come back, grab and dart for some more; very unruly. There is a special word in Inuttitut, sukutaittuk, to describe dogs that are unmanageable and do not obey orders from their masters.

Some people took good care of their dogs and fed them regularly but others skipped a day and fed their dogs on the third day. Those dogs didn't get skinny as long as they had their fill each time they were fed. Some dogs that were fed too much each day were not ideal on hunting trips. When at rest they would chew on or eat their harnesses and traces. Even when travelling, some dogs would lag behind the kamotik and dart in and out trying to grab food laced on the back of the kamotik. This kind of behaviour is called aqunniak and those dogs were not well taken care of, not well trained, left too much on their own and fed too much too often. They would get hungry quickly. At times dog food was not always plentiful or available for long periods. Ignored dogs would get bulging stomachs, fat and lazy when food became plentiful again. Well trained and cared for dogs may have become a little skinnier but they would perk right up, get full of life and be raring to go again.

There was a great deal of pleasure in having a sufficient number of dogs. You

could travel anywhere by dogteam hunting for animals and looking for food. Some people would return on the same day but others would sleep out any number of days. I was more used to staying out for two or three weeks when I was fox trapping. At times I would be gone for a month as long as my family and I were well. It was enjoyable being all alone, just as enjoyable as hunting with a party. There was a great deal of joy, happiness and satisfaction in being on a dogteam. That was the life.

When we were trapping, foxes would not go for bait when they were plentiful. They would ignore any bait we put out at the traps and they'd even run away after smelling it. What joy it was when they began taking bait but it was a different story when they refused to go for bait. A skinny fox will not go after bait as much as a fat fox. Inuit before me as well as my father told me this and I know it to be a fact because we had more fat foxes in our traps.

A fat fox will take bait more easily and tend to want to eat anything. When we were in the country hunting for white foxes and they were fat, they would eat a cache of caribou overnight that we piled up to retrieve later. They'd hardly touch the caribou if they were not fat. Coloured foxes as well as white foxes acted in this way. We wouldn't get many foxes of only one colour when we were hunting or trapping but about an even number of various colours. Foxes will not go after bait when they eat the hard red buds on a willow. They also will not take bait well when the weather begins to warm up and it's no longer frosty. They go for bait more during the coldest part of winter.

I used tom cod for bait at our outside hunting camp when there was still open water in the fall until freeze-up at Ingigganialuk. I used seal or caribou meat for bait in winter when I was fox trapping inland, in the country. Fresh tom cod was the best bait. Sometimes I ran out of bait when foxes were taking it and I kept trapping them with mussels. I'd just pick up mussels on the beach, smash the shells and spread that around my traps. I don't think the foxes ate the shells but they would smell them and start sniffing around and get caught in my traps. I used to watch foxes sniffing around on the beach at low tide. They were all around my camp where the tide went out quite a distance. I went to check what they were eating and I could see nothing but mussels which lead me to try using them as bait. I tried it out of curiosity and it worked when I had no other bait.

In one two week period when white foxes were really taking bait, I trapped forty foxes. I had twenty or twenty-five traps and found a fox in most of them. By resetting the same traps, I was able to catch quite a few as I tended my traps by dogteam. That was the largest number of foxes I ever got on one hunting trip. I caught a few more when I went back inland to hunt and trap until the season closed but I never caught as many foxes again. As I've said, every year did not produce the same results although

foxes could be easy to get and plentiful at times.

Our fathers and elders hunted and trapped foxes and sold furs to make money. They also sold the furs of beaver, mink, ermine, otter and other fur-bearing animals, whatever was in demand. There was never many of these animals to be had around Nain but they were more plentiful further south. I don't think there were enough trees around here for those types of animals. Foxes were more abundant in this area during the winter months so our hunters trapped them almost exclusively. The other animals had at one time been more plentiful but when I was hunting not many of them were around, or none at all at times. That's why we hunted and trapped only for fox. We'd get an occasional beaver here and there when we happened upon them but we only shot them with a rifle as we didn't spend any time setting up traps because there were not enough of them around.

Hunting and trapping were really good times for me. I didn't hunt or trap for other kinds of four-legged animals such as mink, otter, martin and other species by choice. I have never had a beaver with a gun although I had two in traps in my lifetime, and I found a third one that may have frozen to death. I found it in winter at the end of a brook coming from a large lake and I had no way of knowing whether it died from cold or sickness. It was just there and I picked it up. I don't know their habits because I didn't hunt for them.

High grade arctic white fox could fetch as much as fifty dollars but I don't recall how much each coloured one was worth. Some of them were worth very little especially when the pelt was full of bald spots. The prices for mixed colours varied a great deal. We had no way of knowing their real value at that time because information from the outside, from the south, was not available and we didn't have a radio. We had no gauge to go by when our cod fish, seal skins and fox furs were bought and sold. There was never any bargaining. There were no licenses and no price lists. Inuit took whatever they were given even when they felt they should have gotten more for their best pelts and furs. Rumors slowly began circulating among the sellers that they were offered more when they said they wanted to check with Mr. White to see how much he would offer.

Mr. White had his first store in Nain and a store at Tasiujatsuak [Voisey Bay] which he operated in winter from his house there, while his wife ran the store here. Mr. Hammond was their clerk shortly before Mr. White closed the store in Nain and moved to Kauk. He had supplies for sale or trade only there as he closed the store that he had at Tasiujatsuak also. I think that he began wintering in Kauk because of his age and because he didn't want to travel too much anymore.

Mr. White purchased furs and was very helpful to Inuit. He would even lend

brand-new rifles to hunters as long as they supplied their own bullets. There was no charge on returning the guns. Inuit didn't have to pay for their use and they could borrow other hunting implements like fox traps from Mr. White also free of charge. He really helped Inuit by lending them his fox traps at no cost. The rifles he had were the best around in those days and he just lent them out for use by Inuit. It was much appreciated. Whether or not he did the same with the Indians, I don't know. I personally did not borrow anything from him. He saw to it that the borrowers were able to get the same rifle from season to season which was another indication of how good he was to the hunters. When they wanted to purchase those rifles they had been borrowing, they were able to do so at much reduced prices. It even seemed ironic that some Inuit felt rather sorry to see someone purchase a rifle which they had gotten well familiar with and fond of from repeated and borrowed usage.

No doubt Mr. White paid Inuit a certain amount for their furs and resold them at a higher price but by how much more, we don't know. He may have taken advantages too but I'm only speculating and not making an accusation because I have no way of knowing. There were never any questions raised prior to an occasional non-native visiting and buying furs for their own collections. They usually paid much higher prices indicating they were still getting them at bargain rates compared to what they would have had to pay elsewhere on the outside.

Around Eastertime Indians would come to Nain whenever caribou herds were scarce at their own camps or when the herds were too far inland for them to hunt. They knew that most of the Inuit would have already made their spring hunt in the country so there would be lots of caribou meat around. The Indians were not used to travelling long distances by dogteam. They preferred to walk and would travel for days on foot. They also preferred living and hunting within the treeline. They didn't camp, hunt or live in the country where there were no trees. They always camped in the woods and close to lakes, ponds and rivers where they could catch freshwater fish such as lake trout.

Not all of the Indians came to Nain but usually about one hundred of them would be in the area. They would put up their main camps somewhere close to the village at places like Anattalik, Anattalaak, Tasiujatsuak, Tasiujaatsuk and Kauk Harbour near Mr. White's house. They would trade just about anything they had for caribou at those times. They had biscuits, tea, tobacco and molasses but they wouldn't want to trade much of their molasses and tobacco. They couldn't get very much of those and other items for long periods in the same way and for the same reasons as us. They had to pay for those things as we did and they, like us, were also limited by how much they could charge on their personal accounts.

The Indians would visit Inuit houses with a toboggan load of firewood to trade for

caribou meat. They would also bring freshwater fish, prepared or raw tree gum and other items for trading such as snowshoes. Cash was required for most brand new snowshoes which were strung with caribou skin line. They were really nice round-style snowshoes that were much better than the longer ones that were available for purchase from catalogues. They didn't snag or hook up as much and bore up better on snow and they were comfortable to use in the woods for carrying a stick of firewood on your shoulders. We would pay three dollars at most for a new pair but for used ones we traded flour, tobacco, molasses or whatever was satisfactory to both parties. We had other things to trade with them too such as caribou and sealskin clothing whether finished or not, new or old, as well as many other articles that they could use or wear.

The Indians I knew were helpful and were appreciated when they delivered firewood to trade for caribou meat especially by the older Inuit who were not very able to get wood themselves. Some of them brought wood that was already sawed and chopped, ready to put in the stove. Those Indians were not stingy and they didn't demand or expect much in return for what they had to offer.

Some of those Indians must have been very tough. It didn't seem that they had much bedding, although I don't know for sure whether they did or not. I know though that some of them kept their fires going throughout the night in their tents. Some of the Indians wore caribou clothing with the hair worn away. The hoods were made from the skin of the caribou head with dark velvet where the antlers would normally grow and the eye holes tied together. They wore other pieces of skin tied around their shoulders and worn in the fashion of a cape. Instead of skin boots, they had cotton legging tops and moccasins that were made from smoked, tanned and very soft caribou hide. Most of the men wore a qulittak [caribou hide parka] but the women wore long dresses touching the ground. Some of the Indians traded moccasins for our used dickies [duffle parka] which they liked to wear in winter. They were accustomed to making caribou hide parkas and our women were accustomed to making duffle parkas. That's the way I remember them dressing.

Some of the Indians, not many and not too often, came to church while they were staying here. A few of the Inuit and the Indians became acquainted and those Indians came to church more often than others. They would not go to church with us on Easter Sunday but on Easter Monday when tea was served during the service. I guess they came for the tea but I'm only saying that because I don't know for sure. Some of them spoke a little of our language, especially one family including their children. If Napiu is still alive, his son and his two sisters were quite fluent in Inuttitut as they were very young when they started coming around here.

Some of the Indians went as far north as Nutak. They moved there when Max

Budgell was the store manager and stayed for only two years before they returned. I don't remember the exact years that occurred but I know it was when a little boat owned by Captain Earl Winsor brought supplies to the coast.[5] The Indians were transported north by boat but they found that the wooded area was too small for their hunting grounds. When they lived briefly at Nutak, their footprints were seen just inside and a little north of Webb's Bay and all over in the country there. They had to walk too far from Nutak to hunt so they moved back to Ukkusitsalik [Davis Inlet] and a village was made for all of them there.

Once over fifty years ago a group of Indians from Seven Islands came to Nain and did some shopping when the store was still operated by the Hudson's Bay Company.[6] There were quite a lot of men and they seemed to have plenty of cash because they paid for everything they bought. Those Indians had the most money that I had ever seen before. The store manager said that they spoke both Indian and French but I could never tell the difference when I heard them speaking.

Max Budgell went with them when they left in March to return to Seven Islands. They travelled on foot, walking as far as the children were able to go each day before putting up their tents for the night, until they reached a place where their canoes were and they paddled the rest of the way. I heard that they got back to Seven Islands in August. This was the time of the Second World War and Max Budgell was put in jail at Seven Islands because the authorities thought he may have been a spy. I don't know how long he was locked up but they let him go after investigating him and found out that he was not a spy. He signed up to go to the war shortly after that and came back when the war was over. He was stationed at Nutak until the store was closed there[7] and then he was transferred to Nain where he stayed for a year.

I saw Indians frequently around Anattalaak travelling by dogteam or in boats but I didn't witness any of their hunts. In winter when I went fox trapping north of Tasitsuak, they wouldn't come in that far. One winter three dogteams of Indians attempted to go fox trapping north of Tasiujatsuak at Tikkuatakqak but our Chief Elder Martin Martin made them go back telling them that the area was his hunting ground. He said that place was his hunting ground, it was his territory and fox trapping grounds and had been for ages. He told them to go back to their hunting grounds and they obeyed him. One of the

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[5] The move took place in 1948.

[6] The HBC controlled trade from 1926 until 1942.

[7] The Nutak store was closed in 1956.

Indians, his name was Charlie and he came from Kuujjuak,[8] was able to understand and speak Inuttitut. There was no harsh exchange of words and everything was straightforward. They didn't hesitate and just turned back and went to Tasiujatsuak where their wives and other Indians had their camp.

There was never any sign of retaliation on their part or from any of the other Indians but I think that they may have been a little fearful or apprehensive. Shortly after that when we saw a group of them, especially when we were alone on a hunting trip, we would get a sense of uneasy feelings. They would always be after tobacco from us which in itself was not as bad as the very loud and quick chatter they would have among each other, none of which we could understand, before pointing out anything they wanted. It was an uneasy feeling seeing them smile, chatter and laugh not knowing or understanding what was going on.

Quite a lot of Indians used to come to the Nain area and they also camped at Tasiujatsuak but others stayed at Davis Inlet. They made exchange visits on a regular basis. The Voiseys lived at Tasiujatsuak at that time and most of them were able to speak and understand the Indian language. Their children mingled and played with the Indian children during the spring months so they were well acquainted with each other. Most of them have passed away now but a few are still alive. Old man Voisey had a shop there and Mr. White, Douglas White's father, had one at Kauk. They both traded with the Indians when they would arrive on foot although there was a Hudson's Bay Company store in Nain.

My father took care of everything for me when he was alive. Everything I caught, everything I used was included as household income and expense. I was never really in need of anything. My father supplied me with food, bullets, tobacco or anything else I needed. I may have run out of a few things at my camps but nothing ever serious. He sold all my furs even after I was married. I took home my catch, he skinned and cleaned the animals, dried the furs and pelts and sold them while I would be out hunting, fishing or getting loads of firewood. That's the way we worked together; it was a family affair. There was no need for me to go to the store personally although I did a few times. When we were away at our hunting camps, he would send me to Nain with a list indicating what was needed which was always charged to his account. He'd give me a couple of fox furs or seal skins to sell so I would have money to buy anything extra I might need.

When he was getting older, he let me do more and more things on my own and I was already married by that time. He did his own shopping when we were back at the village and I would have to help carry things for him. I had some hard times in the

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[8] Formerly Fort Chimo in Ungava Bay

beginning, just after my dad passed away in 1934. We were not allowed to accumulate too much on our accounts, only about fifty or sixty dollars and maybe a little more for some people was the usual limit. Later on, when I went on my own and had my own boat, I was able to be debt free during the winter months from my past summer's cod catch and to make more from trapping so I didn't suffer.

I'm not a hunter anymore. It was hard at times trying to eke out a living from hunting by dogteam but other times were not so bad. Occasionally it was unbearable in winter but the worst times were going up through the brooks in deep, soft and slushy snow in the springtime. Looking back at it though, it didn't seem all that hard at the time. We didn't seem to tire easily. Today people return on the same day from caribou hunting by ski-doo travelling the same distance where we may have taken four or five days just to get there. We took our time going into the country and hunted on the way to supplement our food. We weren't always successful in our hunts but we didn't hunt just for the fun of it. All of our hunts were necessary and were carried out with a purpose.

Dogs which were accustomed to going inland most often and which were more conditioned for rough and up-hill hauling would leave behind those dogs which were used less often for travel inland. The dogs most frequently used for inland travel learned the tricks of the trade so to speak. They didn't bother with any of the old caribou tracks. They'd sense, smell and be able to tell whether or not the tracks were getting fresher. When they knew the tracks were getting fresher, they'd perk right up and become much more lively, as would the hunters. They could smell caribou from long distances too. Many times our dogs smelled caribou when we may have passed them by and we got caribou and did not go hungry or empty-handed entirely due to their ability. Even when we could not see the caribou, we knew roughly how far off and in what direction they were just by looking at how our dogs behaved.

When days began to get longer in the spring around March, we used to travel two to three times the distance of a normal day's run by dogteam under favourable conditions. Then we'd take only two days travelling one way direct, with no distractions or other hunting on the way. Dogs are not that slow when the ice and snow conditions are ideal for travel and when they are well fed. Nowadays a ski-doo can get to the same place and back in one day and people on ski-doos go full speed among the caribou and start shooting. In our case we had to be very quiet and approach them on foot, leaving one of our party to watch the dogs. We knew that the caribou would run off in the distance if they heard noise from us or our dogs howling. Caribou do not seem to run as far away these days and ski-doos can speed up close to them.

Everything is flat in the country, there are no special features to the land. We always reached our destination as long as we were aware of our location, surroundings

and direction. We studied the hills, banks, mountains, number of peaks, variations of valleys, size and number of ponds and lakes along with any number of things which could be used as distinguishing landmarks. It's not like that today. People travel great distances in a very short time today on ski-doos. Dogs had a keen sense of smell and direction and they could deliver you to your doorstep by day or night. Ski-doos can't do that so people go astray and get stranded more often. They have no sense of direction and travel too far, too fast. They have no time to study the lay of the land. I've been lost, though not many times, and my dogs always got me home. Dogs can smell tracks and follow trails. We have no trained dogteams now. Young people have to be taught but no one is actively doing that. I appreciate and feel good when I see young people going along with or following older and more experienced hunters knowing that they, the younger ones, will pick up and learn from the older ones.

Recently I was thinking about the dreams I used to have. When you have a strong belief in anything, it can turn out to be true and accurate. Take me for instance, I have a strong belief in dreams and I believe in my dreams. When I dreamt of a lot of trees or a huge forest, I knew I would be successful in my hunt for meat or foxes on those days after that dream. It may have been just a dream but I willed myself to believe in it. It made me more optimistic and more expectant during my hunts which, most always, turned out to be more successful. My dream turned out to be true more often than not and I really began believing in it. If you strongly believe in something, whatever it may be, it is bound to become true. When I had that dream, I expected and I honestly knew I would get something whether it was a fox, seal, caribou or whatever. I would be up from my bed, raring to go, very expectant, no hesitation as to where to go, my senses and wits at their peak. I was much more alert, more keen and sharp. It made me a better hunter.

I got to know in my dreams and became familiar with that place of many trees. I, along with many other people, went there to cut firewood many times in my dreams. As more trees were cut down, we had to go further up the side of the hill. The sliding distance down the hill with a load of wood to the ice became longer and longer in my dreams. It meant having to go further and further up the bay to get a load of firewood. It has turned out to have been a true dream in more ways than one. We all have to go long distances now to get a load of firewood. Today there is less firewood close by and fewer animals just as what I began to see and predict from that dream of mine. It has all turned out to be true. Funny how just a dream can become a reality.

III. Fishing and sealing on the coast

As I said earlier, my father and Martin Martin were the two people from whom I learned the most. I learned much more than about hunting inland from them. I also learned about hunting out to seaward along coastline and about seal hunting and fishing. They did just about everything in much the same way and they had much the same traits. I learned to do many things just by watching them before I was married. They were always aware and alert about any impending danger as was always the case when travelling over newly-formed ice in the fall or over soft melting snow in the spring. They would talk to me and show me all the places and situations that might be dangerous. They taught me everything, whether it was about safety, how to make nets or whatever. I am everlastingly thankful to them both.

From the time I grew up our lifestyles, communities and people were constantly changing. I would go to our hunting grounds by rowboat, rowing all the way or using a sail on windy days. My father and I would go seal hunting in a punt which was the only means of transportation at one time. Only in later years, when I was a teenager, did people start getting motor boats. My brother-in-law had two boats and we used one of them to take our belongings from Lance Ground, south of Makkovik, when we moved to Hopedale.

We used tents at our hunting and fishing camps during the summer. Today's tents have walls and a roof like in a regular house but in those days we had a tent pole in the centre creating a cone-shaped structure. A tent was large enough for one family. Although we mainly used canvas tents when I was growing up, my father told me that earlier on most of their tents were made from hides. There were very few animal hide tents in my time. Dogs didn't disturb the tents because Inuit made sure that meat and fish were not stored too close to the outside walls of the tent but were piled up in the middle of the tent. We didn't have a way to store our food so we found means of taking good care of it. What we had to do in those days may seem like too much work and bother today because we always had to watch our dogs and prevent them from entering our tents. Dogs can be trained and trusted as long as they are well cared for and well fed at all times.

In the late 1930's, after my father died and I was married when I was on my own cod fishing, I could never make enough money. Even in the '40s, some of us had no cash before Newfoundland joined Canada. When I was cod fishing on shares, the government paid us by handing out slips of paper [credit notes]. We would go to the store with that slip of paper and an amount was deducted equal to whatever we happened to buy. Everything had to be itemized on paper by hand. The first "money" I made was from cod fishing on shares. The credit note usually put us through the winter and sometimes lasted

until spring. At that time we were able to get advances from the store and charge things on our account based on an estimate of how much we were expected to catch from cod fishing or seal hunting.

The amounts of the credit note varied. It used to seem like an awful lot when the note went up to five hundred dollars or more at times but some Inuit didn't make as much as that. With only two to three hundred dollars, they ran out of "money" in the fall. I was not poor because I had my own boat with which I went hunting, fishing and seal hunting. I would go anywhere and do anything to make money. I was pretty well off compared to some other Inuit although one time, when I was cod fishing on my own, I could not get credit to buy supplies.

I was getting low on food at my fishing camp so I started rowing to Nain when Tom Flowers, who had a crew at Taattuk, came by in his motor boat and towed me all the way to the village. Tom went to see the manager and arranged for more food and supplies on his account. I went in next and the manager asked how many quintals of cod I had so far. I did not have enough to satisfy him so he refused to give me a further advance on my store account. I walked out and rowed to Kauk where I was able to get enough food and salt from Mr. White and could continue fishing. I salted and dried all of the cod I caught during the season and sold it to Mr. White.

I totally ignored my account at the Hudson's Bay Company store and expected a visit from the manager at any time. I still did not pay off my account when I caught a lot of foxes that winter but I had been getting all of my food and supplies from Mr. White. I was able to pay him all that I owed and still had some money left over. Although I was still mad at the store manager and had not received any word from him, my account there was a source of worry to me so I just walked into the store and paid my account in full. I felt much better afterwards.

In keeping up with the times and as I learned to do things on my own, shortly after my marriage I bought a boat from a man who was moving to Goose Bay. In the 1920s and 1930s the earliest motor boats had a single cylinder engine called Myannus. My first motor boat had that type of engine and I bought it for $250.00 including the engine. It was in good condition; it was not leaky and the engine was only two years old. I bought another boat without an engine when the owner could no longer afford to buy one for it. I paid $150.00 for that one and bought a 6 horse power Acadia engine for it.

The Myannus engines broke down often but we kept them going by repairing and making parts for them because very few spare parts were available. The parts were mainly handmade and the most common tool for making them was a file. Some Inuit were able to use anything to make or replace a part. Kurry Manugak used caribou antlers

and cartridge shells for making parts and the things he made from bone worked exceptionally well.

Once we were gathering eggs in Ado Ikiatsiak's boat around Black Island and we left after visiting the people living there. The engine began knocking and making a lot of noise. It broke down and when we took it apart the place where the crank shaft fitted was worn away. The part was made from lead and had melted. When we saw that we thought we were marooned because we had no part for it. We landed on an island and our wives and children gathered wood and began cooking while we attempted to repair the engine. At this point we were willing to try anything. You know that schooner sails were made from thick material. Ado happened to have pieces from an old sail in his boat and he measured and tore off a piece to fit around the crank shaft. He started wrapping it around, dabbing hard grease at every turn. He kept wrapping and applying hard grease and cut off the sail material when he thought it would fit in tightly. We wiggled it in place and found it was nice and snug. The bolt holes aligned perfectly and the part was good and tight with no movement from or to either side. It could even go round and round the way we wanted. We put it all back together, tried the engine and it went. That's the way we repaired the engine from an old piece of sail material.

The following spring Ado talked about wanting to make a new part for his engine. He planned to get a stick of wood as big around as the crank shaft, make a mould and pour lead into it. When I saw him again later on working on his engine, he told me that he should not have taken apart what we had fixed last summer. He was sure it could have lasted another full season. He said it was perfect and was still working well with only a small amount of movement from normal use; there was no noise and no knocks. Inuit did everything to keep their engines running as parts were not available. All moving parts will break down sooner or later. Today you can send away for parts which take a long time and a lot of expense.

We were still using those engines for a long time after the store stopped supplying them. We were able to get various parts from Newfoundland fishing schooners although they did not always have the same Myannus engines as we had. We didn't always use money to purchase engines or parts from them. We traded mainly with sealskin boots or cod fish since, after all, the Newfoundlanders' main purpose for being here was to catch cod fish.

Our women made seal skin boots year-round but boots were made in summer mainly for trading purposes. There were plain boots and fancy boots. Boots made from jar skins were beaded to make them fancy and fox or hare skins were used for trimming. The sale of skin boots produced extra income for us. Decorated skin slippers fetched maybe $1.50 a pair while sealskin boots sold for between $3.00 and $3.50. The

Newfoundlanders liked using our sealskin boots, new or used. The fishermen from the fishing schooners were very helpful too. Some of us were able to get punts from them, the kind that had two sets of oar locks. They were nice and easy to handle, especially in the spring for jigging and general use. They were cheap, even the good ones, and we could get them for two to five pairs of skin boots or up to ten pairs for a brand new rowing boat.

From the time I was growing up and started going on my own, Newfoundland schooners were coming here to fish. The same fishing crews came back summer after summer and we got to know some of them really well. The schooners began coming around even before we had our own cod traps. As time passed and as we began to have our own traps, the Newfoundland fishermen would come to us when we were cleaning our cod on the stage to ask for permission to haul and get cod from our traps. We had the best berths, you see, but we didn't have a lot of the things that they had. After they hauled our traps, they would send the cook ashore to give us potatoes and other items that we didn't have. They did that to show appreciation for supplying them with cod when they didn't have much in their traps.

When cod trapping was coming to a close, the Newfoundland fishermen would have parties after their work was done. They'd come ashore to have a party and would often dance through the night. We had music with people performing on an accordion, fiddle or guitar. We'd play and sing with whatever instrument was at hand. I had two partners in those days but both of them are now deceased, one of them a long time ago and the other just recently. The Newfoundlanders were happy, friendly and would party with the Inuit. I don't think people believe that today. We became good friends and got to know each other well. We had a lot of respect for each other. I don't seem to know what Newfoundlanders are like anymore. They seem to treat Inuit with some fear today. We didn't understand each other's language then but when we saw and recognized each other, we each knew we were among friends. It's not like that today, maybe because we don't know each other anymore.

The fact that everything in Labrador stores was much more expensive compared to the south was also surprising to the Newfoundlanders. They were able to buy the same things back at their homes for about half the price they had to pay down here. The Newfoundland fishermen knew that we had very little compared to them and they told us that our life would not get better for us if we were not willing to start doing things for ourselves, for our own good. We had to start controlling our own lives. They said that they didn't have much when they started either but they involved themselves to make things better for themselves. They told this to Inuit who understood and spoke English. They also said they had dogs too which were different from ours; I guess they were crackies [mixed breed]. They talked about fox and caribou hunting back on the Island.

Some of them were experienced harp seal hunters at the floe ice off Newfoundland and they would ask what we called the different seals that we caught. They would recognize the harp seals but other species we had were new to them.

When the Newfoundland government took over running the stores from the Hudson's Bay Company[9], Inuit were able for the first time to send for anything they wanted from the outside. Before then, we couldn't even get a pair of decent rubber boots or rain gear. Some of us were able to get these things from the Newfoundland schooner fishermen but rubber gear was scarce. We settled for whatever was available with no regard for fit so most of us ended up having rubber boots that were several sizes too large. Mr. Haynes was in charge of the government store and he was a good manager. He knew what Inuit required for their living and saw to it that things were made available. Only after Mr. Haynes arrived were we able to get nice fitting rubber boots in different sizes and oil suits; about the same time we began getting cod traps of our own. Mr. Haynes treated all of us with fairness and made sure we had whatever we wanted.

The union of Newfoundland with Canada was a new beginning for us and we got a good boost when Premier Smallwood became involved. He started everything and really helped us Labradorians. His government issued cod fishing supplies such as traps and so on and built a saw mill at Anattalaak at about the same time. Wharves, salt storage sheds and cabins were constructed at our cod fishing camps, all without cost to the Inuit. It really helped the cod fishermen as we only used tents before that. A wharf and codfish storage shed was built at Ikqilitsingivik and Killisuak. The sheds were not very large but they were adequate. The one at Killisuak didn't last very long though because it blew away in a big storm. It wasn't a total loss as parts of it was salvaged when it drifted ashore after the storm. All of this was a great deal of help to us fishermen.

Some Inuit, in accordance with their past efforts, were even supplied with two man punts for fishing. Those who showed prior effort and willingness were the first to be given the punts which were treated as if they were owned by the users. Inuit could use them when and how they pleased. It became better and better as the owners started getting a higher share from cod fishing and their income increased. Some Inuit were even supplied with motor boats, with or without engines, which they could get on a time payment plan. This was very helpful. The engines were mainly called Acadia and ranged from 8 horsepower for a single cylinder to 10 horsepower for a double cylinder engine. You could even send for other engines like the Atlantic. I once had a double cylinder Atlantic but it often broke down so I replaced it with a diesel Lister. That's all gone now. Boats are very expensive today, maybe because material is no longer readily available or

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[9] This transition occurred in 1942.

the tools for making them are hard to acquire which increases the cost. Now everyone has a boat and most people seem to prefer speed boats because they are faster I suppose.

After I bought my first motor boat I was chosen to be the chief of a cod trap crew fishing at Paul's Island close to where William Ford was fishing. The crew chiefs were selected by the store manager because the store owned the traps and the manager chose men who they knew or thought would make appropriate crew chiefs based on their past record of fishing. Mr. Leaman, who was married to Sarah Webb, asked me if I would be willing to take over as crew chief because a former one had died and they had no other crew to take over that berth. I agreed as I had my own boat and I was chief from that time on. The store manager picked the chiefs and the chiefs picked their own crew.

I was chief of a cod trap crew for eight years. I was placed at Evattak after William Ford passed away and I trapped there for one summer. Paul's Island used to be a good place for cod traps but I didn't really like it because it was too windy and there were not enough people around in the fall, when the weather began getting cold, to help load the cod when the fishing season was over. We didn't catch much cod that year, only five hundred quintals[10] of salted cod so I moved to another place called Umiatannak, close to Ikigasaatuk, where I took over Boas Fox's berth when he died. After two summers I moved to Natsatuk and fished with Gustav [Sillett] who was the crew chief until he moved to Goose Bay. I stayed there for five years then I started fishing for char thinking that I would make more money, but the first season didn't turn out very good because heavy moving pack ice delayed the opening of the char fishing season.

The cod fishery was not always a success. Some seasons were better than others; some seasons were short and others were longer but it didn't matter to us. We got whatever we needed to start the fishery such as food, gasoline, salt, kerosene for our lamps and other necessary supplies on account [credit] from the government store. Every crew member was responsible for getting their own articles like rain gear and rubber boots. All of these items had to be paid for and settled first at the end of the cod fishing season. The government took whatever amount of cod was required to settle the accounts and also a share of the catch for the use of the cod trap. The fish that was left over, if any, was divided and shared among the crew of fishermen.

The crew chief received the same amount as any crew member, no more and no less in those days. That was when the government owned all the cod traps but later on when crew chiefs began purchasing their own traps and boats, they began paying for the required supplies as they received a full share for themselves. They got a full share for the trap and a full share for the boat. It worked out well because there usually was

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[10] A quintal was 112 pounds of wet salted cod.

money left over for other things after everything had been paid for from the season's catch. We earned very little money for our fish in those days, only five dollars for a quintal, but even then, we always managed to pay off our summer's supplies when I was crew chief during the cod trapping season and I'm proud of my crew for that.

Natsatuk and Ikigasaatsuk were the best trapping places but Evilik and Umiattavik were also good. There were five main trapping berths close to Natsatuk. We guarded them well and no schooner fishermen took them away from us. We never had really large catches but never less than five or six hundred quintals each season. We were unable to catch any more than that because we spent a lot of time fetching and carrying boatloads of salt bulk. Sometimes the schooner carrying salt would come to our camp and we would unload as much as we could in our salt storage boxes but it would come only once or twice during the fishing season. The rest of the time we would have to go to Nain for a load of salt, carry the salt and load the boat at Nain and then unload the boat and carry the salt to our storage boxes at camp - all by manual labour. Doing this was time consuming and prevented us from catching any more cod. We lost many quintals of fish by having to spend so much time going back and forth for salt bulk. The most fish that we ever got from our cod traps was in about 1954 when we had six hundred and forty-seven quintals of dried fish. Our storage shed, which was not very large, was full to the rafters just at the time the season was over and we couldn't handle any more due to a lack of space.

Being the crew chief and being in charge of a crew was a learning process for me. I became a crew chief at a seal netting place too after I spent time as a crew member. I treated my crew in the same way that I would have wanted to be treated; we did what we had to do. Each crew chief chose and recruited the people who they wanted as crew members. I almost always had the same crew members at my cod trapping and seal netting camps although all of the men were not necessarily involved in both crews. Some of them stayed with me for both activities and new crew members were needed from season to season, especially for seal netting, due to sickness, old age, pregnancy or other reasons that prevented people from leaving the community for long periods. We got used to each other and I did my best for them.

One important lesson I learned from my father and Martin Martin is how to treat people with respect and handle crews at outside camps. I tried to show respect, to be trustworthy, to be fair to one and all in the same way that they both were everywhere they went and in anything they did. Everything collectively they taught me was important but respect for each other was especially valuable. Occasionally there were unhappy moments at some of the hunting and fishing camps because being together and living together for long periods can sometimes cause conflict. It's not a happy situation when one person or another brings or causes conflict or sadness. Some people, without cause, are apt to

instigate or do and say that which aught not to have been done or said. Some people do not bestow kind words or good thoughts and deeds towards others.

There was a rule relating to the treatment of one another in the community and at various camps that said people should live in peace, understanding and goodwill. There was a lot of respect for those who promoted that rule by their actions and how they treated their fellow Inuit. Anyone who did not respect the rule at my sealing or fishing camps was encouraged to conform and anyone not willing to do so was encouraged to leave. If amends were not possible, negotiations were made with other hunting parties where those people might be accepted. There was another regulation that stated if a member became sick or was unable to continue to help in whatever the group was doing collectively to harvest, that particular person was to receive a fair share of whatever was harvested only up to the point and time of having become sick or disabled. All of those rules worked well when properly enforced by those who knew and followed the regulations.

When there is happiness and satisfaction within a group, between leader and crew and among each other, there is more productivity and better feeling for and towards each other. When there is cooperation, each and everyone gets to like doing whatever has to be done. I've already said that one unhappy person can be disruptive and that's why I've always felt a great deal of satisfaction and pleasure at not having had one disruptive or unhappy person among my crew when I was chief of camps. I had a wonderful crew with me when I was cod trapping and we worked hard and had fun doing it. I will always be indebted and grateful for having had such a good crew. They were all happy and all did well and I am humbled by the kindness they showed me. I thank each one for having listened to me and for having done things the way I wanted them done. When Unemployment Insurance started, it wasn't very much but it still helped a lot and I thank my crew who helped in always qualifying for the receipt of Insurance at the end of each season in those days. I am proud of them all, right up to now but sadly, most of them have passed away. The wives of some of my crew members are still alive along with their children. I say "Thank you, each and every one of you." Their husbands and fathers were very good to me at the fishing camps. I'm one of the last remaining members of those good times.

We mainly used cod traps and seal nets that were owned by the government. In May we started getting ready for the cod fishery by mending the cod traps on the wharf or inside sheds depending on the spring weather. At about the time that Unemployment Insurance began,[11] we were paid by the hour and so we could accumulate stamps to qualify for benefits. We were not paid for making or repairing seal nets. We did this

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[11] Fishermen began receiving UIC in 1957.

work after our crew members were chosen and on our own time. Most of the nets were repaired at camp and we would also net our own to make them longer. The only people hired by the government to make seal nets were the ones who worked at rendering seal blubber. When all the blubber was rendered, the workers made seal nets, char nets and salmon nets to earn UIC stamps. They didn't make all that much money in those days. They were paid one dollar a day and usually worked from seven in the morning until six in the evening with no breaks other than lunch at midday. When they began getting an hourly wage, it was fifteen cents an hour which seemed like a lot of money at that time. They made more than one dollar a day then.

My very first cod trapping crew members, when I agreed to become a chief as I had my own boat, were Sam Brown, Kurry Manugak, my son Zack, Mike Pijogge and Edward Flowers who were both teenagers, and two others, Abel Lidd and George Brown, who were fishing on their own. Sam Brown was our splitter, cutting the belly of the cod from the throat toward the tail and removing the sound bones with a curved cod splitting knife. He was a good splitter and had worked for David Barbour before he came with me. We were close seal hunting buddies when we were teenagers and we practically grew up together, as we spent a lot of time with each other playing or hunting because our fathers were good friends. The two teenagers also split cod because one inexperienced splitter couldn't keep up with Kurry Manugak who removed the head and guts. George Brown and Abel Lidd jigged for themselves from punts but when they couldn't go out to jig because it was too windy, they helped us and we gave them some of our catch in return. They took turns salting the cod. One would pitchfork cod from the boat to the stage while the other would put away and salt the split cod. They were my two main salters when they were not out on fine days jigging in their punts. That first time, I remember, we caught five hundred and twenty-seven quintals of dried salt cod and it was when they first started building the Saglek radar station.[12] Loaded ships would pass by on the outside of us and we saw loaded barges being towed when I first had my own crew.

Once when we had only about one more week of cod trapping left, the floor of our storage shed caved in. The floor joints snapped in two, due mostly to shifting cod I think, and about thirty quintals of cod in the middle of the floor where our cod was piled fell on the rocks below the shed. We didn't have time to pick the cod up and repile it as we wanted to catch as much as possible before having to remove our traps. It would have meant a lot of extra work to repile it and precious time taken away from cod catching. The shed didn't move from its foundation and the cod was underneath it, not out in the open, so we left it there until it was time to wash the cod in half-barrel tubs filled with salt water.

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[12] This occurred after 1952.

Salted cod had to be washed clean and clear of salt bulk, the salt lumps, before being put out to dry. After we washed the salt off and were drying the cod, our stage or wharf also broke in two during the night. It must have cracked when the floor caved in. A pile of cod that we had washed on the stage to be put out to dry the following morning slid into the water and was scattered all over the place, with waves going over them. We were able to salvage most of the fish and later on we repaired the shed and stage so we could continue using it in other seasons.

I've owned several motor boats and even though they were not always new, they were adequate. I once built a boat to replace one I had that fell off the rollers when we were moving it and had a crack in its keel. The boat was not very trustworthy as it leaked a lot but we knew that and used it constantly by bailing out water. We used it the way it was for some time until I finally decided to replace it. I had one helper, Elias Obed, and the two of us built the boat in spring after there was no more chance of a snowfall.

It didn't take very long to build because we had the ribs, planks and other pieces ready when we started. We had to go and look for suitable logs for the keel and the stern post. I had told Kurry [Manugak] that I was going to attempt building a boat and would be looking for some good logs shortly. He knew exactly where to find them and he chopped them down longer than needed according to my instructions. All we had to do was go and pick up the logs by dogteam from Ingigganialuk (Big Rattle) and then we took the bark off the logs. The planks fell out from the boat when we removed all of the nails. We used the broken keel as a template and made the new keel longer than the one we took out and cut it roughly to size but larger because we wanted to leave room for mistakes. We didn't want to chop away or cut too much off so we just removed a little at a time. We put it in place, marked where we had to do more cutting, and kept marking and planing until we got a good tight fit. The piece in the stern which is placed on top of the keel was made from one piece of wood. We butted the stem part tightly and cut the excess at the stern and it fitted perfectly.

The ribs were made from large naturally crooked branches of trees. They should not have any big knots as they tend to fall out and create knot holes or the knots can fall out when nailing and hammering and you wouldn't have anything there to nail your plank to. Some other parts of wood are not good for ribs or planks. I was making a rib which was quite straight as it was going to be placed close to the stem. It was boxy so I was very careful with it. I chopped with a small axe and finished it off with the plane. I was planing it all around taking my time and trying it for fit. It began to get worse and worse and I couldn't get a proper fit, no matter what I tried. I finally told my partner that I couldn't make that stem rib to fit. I told him that the more I planed to get the hook I needed, the more it seemed to straighten. In the end I had to start all over again because

the wood was a part called ippik which is not good for making ribs.

Ippik has to do with the grain of the wood, close to and at the heart of the wood. The natural grain is not even or straight and when you begin to cut and split it, it will be uneven or narrow at one end and broad at the other. The heart of some trees tends to have crooked grains with soft and hard spots in it. If you make an oar from the heart of the tree, the paddle will bend and warp quickly. The next time you cut down a tree, you'll know what ippik is. It is the darker part when split or has darker wood in some places. You should never use that part when making a kamotik or a boat but it is the best wood for making the entrance or opening of a kayak because the wood bends nicely without splitting, especially when steamed.

When we chiselled out the places where the ribs would be placed, we had no difficulty putting the ribs all back together again. The boat was like brand new and it did not leak very much so we didn't have to bail it out as often. We began using it as soon as the ice moved off shore.

I'd go cod fishing and work for wages whenever I was able to find employment. I enjoyed doing all kinds of work that I was offered and I went wherever there was work to be found. One time we tried to go to Goose Bay when a military base was being built there[13] even though we had no idea what the wages were. We had to return when we met up with another party who said it was too dangerous to continue, although some others had kept going. We never even got as far south as Makkovik and we came back with the ones who were returning. We may have caught up with the other group who were only two days ahead of us but we thought it was best to return when the others told us that the ice was pretty bad further south. I haven't thought about moving there since.

Another time I went to Hopedale on my own looking for work when the radar station was being built[14] and I stayed for six months. I was a labourer for one full week and the following week I was asked to join a jackhammer operating crew making holes with a hose connected to a compressor. There were quite a few of us at first but only three of us were assigned to jackhammers making holes for poles and foundations for the buildings. There was me, a Frenchman and another fellow. We also chipped away solid rock mounds to make them level with the ground. We made roads wider, chipping the rock by the side of the hill leading to the top. It was enjoyable work in good weather. We didn't operate the jackhammers when it was blowing too hard in the winter but on bad days we'd clean up and paint the inside of the buildings.

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[13] Construction of an airbase began in 1941.

[14] After 1952.

I learned to use a jackhammer by looking at other operators. They were noisy and I almost went deaf from all of the noise they made. Abia Tuttauk was my partner and we had to shout to talk to each other. When we got used to the noise, we were able to carry on conversations in almost normal voices. The foreman would come around to give us instructions and I would have to tell Abia as he did not understand as much English as I did. I would show them how deep the holes had to be and how far apart or how large, going by the figures the foreman had written. I acted an an interpreter for Abia and the others. I often visited his house as his first wife was my wife's older sister.

I was told that most of the non-native workers were French. The Frenchman who worked with us was bilingual and I think he was a Newfoundlander but I don't know where he came from. It was something else to listen to them talking in English and switching over to French in the middle of their conversation. There were also two Germans sent to Hopedale to put in the hot water pipes. One of them was fat and a nice person who spoke English but I didn't understand the other one. He acted as though he didn't like Inuit. The Frenchman moved from Hopedale to Saglek where a radar station was also being built. There were stations erected at the same time at Hopedale, Saglek and Cartwright.

Most of the workers stayed in bunkhouses that had plywood walls and a canvas roof. Sam Brown had his wife with him and they stayed with Elias Nitsman in the village. We worked until May when my wife arrived. Elias would go up to the construction site and pick up scraps of wood that was no longer required and he picked up enough plywood to make a house where Sam Brown, his wife, my wife and I stayed after we built it by his house. We put it up in the evenings after regular work and there was no insulation but the house was comfortable enough as it was springtime.

The foreman told me that by the time we got to the top of the hill I would be made foreman but I really wanted to go back to Nain. I was thinking about the cod fishermen and I was concerned about my son who was fishing here. They said that they liked my work and asked me not to leave. I came back to Nain in the summertime and after that, I built a seal storage place with Sam Brown and Ado Ikkiatsiak. The building is still standing today at Black Island.

When I worked in Hopedale, there was no UIC but that was the first time I paid income tax and got a rebate. I first got UIC when I was codfishing with Gus. It didn't amount to much, I think it was because we didn't get much cod that time. I received $12.00 for the first week and then $24.00 every two weeks. I didn't appreciate it very much when I found that others were getting more than I was. The amounts grew each year and helped a great deal. The wages increased too and things began to improve.

After cod trapping and char netting I began working on collector boats. I first started working as a crew member with Joshua Obed and Jerry Sillitt. They went to St. John's to take a course to become captains and later Elias Harris and I were sent to take the same course. I was a captain from that time on the government collector boats. One of the boats, the "Killinik", was hauled up on land here during the winter which was good because we were able to work on repairing and painting it early in the spring before the char fishing season began. The whole crew worked for wages and could earn extra UIC stamps. Anyone working on the collector boats was able to join fishing crews to boost the number of stamps required to qualify for UIC. Sometimes it meant only one or two weeks more to qualify and they were given that much more time at every opportunity. At that period char only had to be gutted and was sold whole and fresh. Before that, char were split, salted, put in barrels and cured in salt pickle.

We don't live the way we used to anymore. Our lifestyles and customs are not the same today - everything is changed now. Inuit and Newfoundlanders don't know each other anymore. The schooners are gone. There is no more cod. Even our cod fishing camps are gone although some of the buildings were taken down and erected at salmon and char fishing camps further north, at Killapait and Silutalik. The rest were abandoned because cod disappeared and have been completely destroyed. Even when cod were no longer in the bays, a few were still around out at the seaward islands. I haven't heard of anyone catching cod in the last few years. Cod are completely gone and I don't know whether or not they will come around again anytime soon. I think it will take many years before they can ever be as plentiful as they once were but I have no doubt they will be back.

At first I couldn't believe, I didn't want to believe, that the cod stocks were depleted even when I saw further north around Hebron, Nutak and Napaattuk Bay that cod was no longer being caught. Parts and pieces of old cod traps were drifting ashore all over the place further north. There were old ropes, parts of old nets and buoys drifting everywhere. I'm certain this gear came from trawlers that were fishing off the coast, especially north of here. The char and salmon fishermen were able to go anywhere and pick up cod trap buoys for use on their nets. I think I'm right in saying that the cod stocks will not be back any time soon, especially in the same numbers they once were. Sometimes I think they may just have moved elsewhere but they're not available even off Newfoundland waters, nor are there any outside of the Labrador coast. That's why I say they can never return in the same numbers they once were. Whether or not it's true, I'm just saying what I believe.

When the cod were plentiful, they even went into the bottom of the inland bays. That's where we noticed the decline at first. They were no longer as plentiful in the bays and we caught only enough to eat. When the fish struck in the bays we used to catch

them in shallow waters. We would just shove a boat out from the shore and catch away. At times, when the first ice formed, we saw some cod through the thin ice around rattles. We fished them at Tasiujaatsuk (Salt Water Pond) usually in November. Some cod would be floating and frozen into the ice, maybe due to the cold temperature of the water. Those are gone too.

Wildlife biologists suspected then that something was the matter with the food or that something at the bottom of the bay killed them off. They were nice cod, very large in size, and they came in spurts. We fished for them through the ice and caught a lot when conditions were right. I haven't heard of any being caught for some time now although tom cod are still being caught there. All of those living creatures are no longer around as they were before. I miss them. The grampus is not around anymore either and I think their food has vanished. There were lots of grampus at one time, out at sea, around the harbour, in the bays and among the boats anchored out. I saw one fellow this summer though who said he had seen a grampus out in the harbour. I think the grampus are gone because the proper type of capelin do not come around anymore, the outside waters type of capelin, which are much larger than the ones that once came around in inside waters and the bays. They'd come around in summertime and bring grampus with them.

Those harbour or bay capelin are a smaller variety. Sometimes I wonder and think that I may know why they don't come around anymore. Once, a long time ago, when we were at our camping place for trapping fox during the winter, it suddenly became intensely and bitterly cold. There were vapour and ice crystals in the air over the water. It was around the beginning of December and we had just bought our fall hunting supplies and food. We had to beach our boat intentionally at a sandy point of land off Killisuak because the boat began listing badly from the build up of ice.. I can't recall what we were hunting but we went ashore on an island to chop away the ice. We wanted to cross and land at a certain place. The water was splashing on the side of the boat and began freezing. The ice on the boat began getting thicker and thicker and the boat started listing from the weight. We had no choice but to beach the boat before we sank. We were rescued by a seal hunting party from Evilik after about two weeks. The boat was eventually towed off the sand bar.

After that bitter, intense cold there was never any capelin. The following spring when the snow and ice began to melt there were dead capelin everywhere. The sea shore all around our camp was full of them. They were around the rocks, in the cracks, floating at rattles and cracks in the ice. Everywhere was full of dead capelin. They were killed off by the sudden drop in water temperature and never came back since. Capelin declined each year after that and are completely gone now. They have not been seen in the waters of Tikkuatakqak, north of Nain and they are also no longer to the south at Anattalik and

Anattalaak. We used to catch great numbers of them for drying to supplement our food supply. Those days are gone.

All creatures decline in numbers. Some wildlife officers say that Inuit are killing too many animals and although Inuit have to be careful not to do this, some things that are being said are just not true. Migrations and many, many other factors have to be considered. Some animals die off from natural causes such as sickness, starvation and rabies. Their decline is not only caused by man alone. Those who say that man alone is to blame may not think or know of other causes, especially natural causes.

I don't believe in everything that wildlife officers say. Take the fox for example. When their numbers get too high they tend to get rabies. When the time comes, the year, the cycle, the sheer numbers or whatever the cause may be, the rabid fox would spread the disease among its numbers. It was the same thing with dogs. When there were too many dogs at our hunting camps, they'd get rabies and die off. I think that the main cause is over-population because they tend to get more sickly when their numbers reach a certain level but I don't know the real answer. All I know is that rabies was the common denominator at the peak of their population. I really don't know whether or not other animals like the caribou, black bear and wolves get sick like that from rabies. There is no doubt that they contact similar and other sicknesses. In those animals which normally don't get rabies, there are any number of natural causes which can and do occur to cull them down without the involvement of any human.

In the 1920's when I moved here to Nain and even after I was married, until around 1935, seals were plentiful here in Nain harbour. They were all over the place, everywhere among the boats anchored out in the bay, on top of each other eating capelin. It's not like that now. Even when people say today that there are a lot of seals around, I know it's not like what I used to see in those days. I know what I saw and do not believe anyone seeing a lot today. I know there were a lot killed and saved but just as many or more were killed and not saved because they tend to sink in the springtime. Most harp seals sink when they are killed but still a few can float.

We made money by selling sealskins and blubber to the store. At one time the Moravian Mission operated the store and owned the seal nets but later on the Hudson's Bay Company and then the government provided nets to Inuit. The ones who owned the nets received a share of seals from the hunters who used them and they sometimes did well from their share as did the Inuit hunters. Some Inuit had their own seal nets too. After the seal netting season, everyone who had seal nets would divide all the seals among themselves. The owner of a net received one-third of the catch and the remaining number of seals was divided equally between the chief of the sealing crew and the crew members.

Material for making nets was always available from the store which supplied the twine and floats for them. We only used the old fashioned twine because there was no nylon in those days. We made our own nets with a seven or eight inch mesh that was able to stretch and conform to the various sizes of seals as they were caught. I liked the seven inch mesh the best because even after wear and tear from long and repeated use, it was the best all around size for most types and sizes of seals. When cod were not as plentiful and material for making nets was no longer being supplied by the store, we would cut up old nets and use the twine to mend and make our seal nets longer. We found other ways and means to do what had to be done. We improvised and eked out a living. Then new material came along and we now had nets made from nylon that were strong, tough and indestructable but they were no match to the old ones we had. I liked the old nets better because they were more flexible in the water and able to catch seals in the middle of the straight part of the net. Nylon was stiff and not able to do that because it could not stretch like twine. Nets made from twine were much better in every way compared to nylon.

We sold seal blubber to the store for about one and a half cents a pound. Inuit were hired to render seal blubber into oil. The workers were always the older Inuit, often older women, or others who were not able-bodied and could not go away for long periods of time to the various hunting and fishing camps. Usually the same workers were hired but not many people were employed to do the work.

The seal blubber workers chopped frozen seal fat into chunks, placed the chunks in puncheons or very large metal containers, and pound them to get the oil. As the chunks melted in the heat of the spring sun, the oil oozed out. The rendered oil and remaining blubber was put in very large copper boiling pots that were placed over an open fire. The workers would mix and stir the oil and blubber until it boiled to render out all of the oil that they could get and then they strained the oil of all dirt and dregs before it was dipped or syphoned into wooden barrels. We used seal oil as a dip for dried meat, sun-dried char or cod. As a matter of fact, seal oil was used as a dip for just about all of our meats and fish. The seal blubber workers would be happy to see a lot of seals being brought in from the hunting and netting camps.

When I first started working at sealing camps as a young boy, I was assigned to chop wood and fetch water. I never received any share of the seal catch but when my work was done, I would go and wait for seals at various places and was able to shoot a few seals for myself. I was not a good shot then but I shot a few. As I got older I began helping with the seals and I was a crew member at various camps for some time before I became a chief. Most of the members of my sealing crew have now passed on but two men who were always with me, Josa Kajui and Ben Saimat, are still alive.

Nets were used for catching seals only in the fall, not in spring, and any seals that escaped from the nets were shot with rifles. People living at Black Island, Ungallik, Evilik and Ujagaaluk always hunted seals with nets. I think Evilik was supplied with the most netting material because shorter nets were used at Ungallik and Black Island so they didn't require as much material. Evilik is more inland than the other two places and that's where the most seals were netted as they travelled in and were trapped coming back out. The water at Evilik is rather shallow. The nets had to be made no more than forty meshes deep. The corners were placed at the outside end of the net which served as a trap. They were not that long, maybe ten arms in length but the main straight part going out from the shore was much longer. Some nets were set having the floats at the surface of the water and some having the floats just below the surface, depending on the depth of the water. Meshes had to be graduated in size and the nets were usually sixty arms in length. As I recall the anchor ropes had to be no less than one and a half times that length.

The nets were not set just in a straight line but they had to have a crook or square shaped corners affixed to the outside end of the net in order to trap seals on the inside part of those corners. The part close to the shoreline had to be about fifteen meshes deep and about thirty-five meshes deep at the outside part, depending on the depth of the water. The longest nets were set at Evilik and shorter ones were found at Natsatuuk and Ujagaaluk. Char nets were set differently. They have triangle-shaped traps on either side of the outside end while seal nets have a square-shaped trap at that end. A meshed wall called simik was placed inside the square trap of a seal net to prevent seals from escaping. The size of these traps varied in accordance with the owner's preferences.

We would put out long seal nets using our motor boats and set small short ones with punts. We put out two short nets at different berths and hauled them in turn but we'd join them together to make one long net in fine weather. The long one would catch more than the two short ones. Sometimes we'd get fifty to sixty seals in a day. We only had a small boat so we would have to go ashore to unload seals when the boat got too low in the water and then go out again for another load. We couldn't keep up at times but if we had had a larger boat, we would have been able to get more seals.

I found two good berths for seal netting. I put out nets mainly in one of them and didn't use the other one as much though I knew it was a good place too. I went to look at someone else's nets who was not getting many seals because it was windy most of that fall and he couldn't haul his nets all the time due to the wind and strong tides. There was a good harbour on a small island and I showed him where I thought would be best to put his net out. Close to the point facing down wind and in line with the waves proved to be a good place because he caught a lot more seals. In another place at Ujagaaluk, the nets had to be put out facing more sideways to keep them away from the wind, waves and

kelp. They'd get so heavy with kelp at times that some buoys would break away when they were hauling nets, especially with the wind and strong tides. I studied the place and tried setting it again following what and where I thought would be best, with the net having a crook only on one side at the end, which worked out well too. I got more seals and the ice did not form as easily as at other places.

When a school of seals were caught inside the trap they would begin to panic and go wild as would all the other seals around the net. They would come to the top of the water and surge on top of each other getting caught in the net. Some would swim wildly and surface very close to shore. There was a place by the net which was completely under water at high tide but at low tide part of it would be connected to the land. It formed a channel of water at mid-tide between the mainland of the island and a bar of rocks to the seaward. We shot a lot of the seals when they surged through that channel of water. The island was called Malta and it had a building on it where all hunters would store their catch.

Evilik, Natsatok and Ujagaaluk were the best places for seal netting. We had good seasons and bad seasons catching seals with nets but as many as five hundred seals or sometimes three or four hundred seals could be taken at each place. Some years the ice would form early in the fall or it would be stormy for long periods and we'd get less than one hundred seals. We'd be unable to tend to our nets for days at a time. The nets would roll up on us and get twisted so we would have to take them up and untangle them before they were reset. We'd have periods of joy and excitement on hearing there was a squareflipper caught in our nets only to find that we had caught a whale which was all tangled up in the net and tearing it to bits and pieces. We'd have to haul it up, take it ashore and spend hours and days repairing the damaged net. It was all expected, that was normal and a regular part of netting for seals. We took it all in stride and did what had to be done with a good frame of mind. We'd put the nets on shore rolled out in a straight line, wait for them to freeze solidly and carry them on our shoulders like a log to wherever was best to mend them. We'd always find something comical about all of that and enjoy doing it. It was all a normal part of seal netting and we had fun.

Some years the nets would even float to the surface of the water, sinkers and all, late in the fall close to Christmas when the frost set in. This didn't happen often nor did it happen every season; they floated only once in a long while. Even when there were seals around, we had to take up the nets when they floated. Ice forms quickly at Evilik because it's a protected inlet and has only a small and narrow harbour with shallow waters. When the ice formed, we broke it up with our boats or we would saw the ice up when people were able to walk upon it. We were able to reset the nets when we had made large enough openings through the ice. I don't know how Inuit managed before they had motor boats. Some Inuit had large boats shaped like a regular flat. I never had

the opportunity of using them before we had motor boats. They hauled up those large boats manually on shore to clear them of ice and snow every evening. It was heavy and labour intensive work but that's what Inuit did in those days. I never actually saw the boats being used but they were around although they were no longer being used for seal netting.

We'd play all kinds of games in the evenings after our work was done. Most of the games would be related to seal catching. We'd form two teams in the house to see which team would get the most "seals", which most always were mitts, caught in a net hung up across the room. We'd write down the actual number of seals which were caught that day or up to that particular time. The team reaching the correct number of "seals" caught in the net would be declared the winner. We'd also make the novices wear mitts in their sleep for good luck. Tobias Kalleo said that he was made to wear a pair of mitts the first night he ever slept at a sealing camp. People say that he used to wake up during the night and find one or two of them had fallen while he was asleep and he'd put them back on attempting not to be noticed.

The women would always take turns cooking meals for everyone at camp. Only one was to cook having another one or two to do the dishes. Any other time they would sew mitts or skin boots. They made sure anything that had to be worn was properly mended. They were always doing something around the house. The women helped out in many ways at those camps and they were capable of doing anything that a man could do. There were a lot of dogs at Evilik and the women could go out in punts to jig for cod and feed the dogs. They took it upon themselves to do it and they didn't have to be asked or told. They did a lot of extra work and were happy in doing it knowing that they had a good happy chief and crew.

We would have occasions to do other things besides catching seals. During the fall we would leave the women at camp while we went hunting in our boats. We'd hunt on and around the islands for whatever game we could find and sleep out many times. The women would take care of the camp and dogs while we men were away. Before we left them to go on these hunting trips, we'd make sure that there was enough firewood for them, the oil lamps were filled with kerosene and the like. We made sure the red drums of gasoline and other containers of kerosene were separated and the women knew which was which. Once we were caught out in a big storm on one of those hunts. There was a gale of wind and high tides so we headed for camp as soon as we were able, worried about our women. The only thing amiss was that our punt had been blown up on land from the beach and had come to rest upside down by the porch. No wonder it was smashed up a bit but everything else was fine. There was only one house at Evilik and we were able to leave our women alone there with no worries.

There were all kinds of stories about camps along the coast. It was said that some of them were so haunted that it was impossible to sleep because of so many ghosts being around. Some people would see the ghosts and be afraid of them while others didn't mind them at all. Early in the fall, just after we had put out the seal nets, we used to hear someone or something dropping firewood on the frozen ground outside our camp after dark. We would all hear it and we knew it was a sure sign of having a lot of seals in our nets the following day.

Some of the camps had ghosts from the past, from our forefathers. I was told about places where I was not to stay overnight. Those places are too eerie for spending all night alone. Nothing may have been seen but all the strange feelings, expectations and uneasiness would overcome us. Dan Henoch once went alone to get a load of seals at Ungallik. He was inside the house at night when a woman entered all dressed in sealskin. He got so frightened that he grabbed what he could, left his sleeping bag and went straight back to Nain without a single seal that he had gone to pick up. That's what he told me. There were many ghosts at some camps and we believed that the stories about them were true.

I had an experience one time at Tunungajualuk, just north of Davis Inlet. I knew no one living on that island but I saw a man waiting for seals there one fall when new ice was just forming over the water. I was on one point and he was at another across from me. I could see him stand, look around and sit down again. No other boat was around except mine and he was seal hunting for sure. I knew it was a ghost because no one lived there. The following spring, a group of us travelled there by boat and we went ashore to boil tea. We landed at the point where I had seen the ghost the previous fall and I went to check out the place where it had been. Sure enough, there was a pile of rocks at the spot where the man had been. The pile of rocks had a skull and bones in it. I had seen his ghost.

We would study skulls and bones at rock piles used for burying people in older times. Some of their belongings and trinkets would be among their bones but we just looked at them without touching or taking anything as our parents had instructed us. There are rock piles close to the village that were burial grounds in the old days which are totally empty now, robbed clean by curiosity seekers and collectors and even the bones have been taken.

There is a pile of rocks, a grave site, at Paul's Island which still has a skull in it. Some of the bones were missing the last time I checked it. That pile of rocks is on top of a hill. It is said that the skull would face one way and turn over to face another way. When it faced north it meant visitors would arrive from that direction. When it faced south, it meant a ship would arrive or pass by on the outside. A lot of men have said that

they saw and shot arctic hares which they could never kill. They say the bones would be transformed into a hare and roam around. It would be shot several times running back to the grave but when the hunters chased it to the grave site, all they would see was a human skull and bones.

In the old days, we believed in what our elders told us. We had respect for them and their sayings but we are not like that now. It is said that all of the old rock pile burial sites have lost their power and magic over the years. Ghosts and burial site spirits are no longer here or there. No one believes in them now and no one would believe you if you said that you had seen a ghost. Maybe that's why they have left. People believe in only what they want to believe in, whether it is real or unreal. They have no respect for others, only for themselves.

At our camps in Natsatuuk, Evilik and other places around there, we would go to Natsatuuk to bury all our dead because a chapel servant was living there by the name of William Barbour. He was much appreciated as we couldn't always get to Nain during freeze up or break up in fall and late spring, and we didn't have to travel so far. We buried the old and the young there but not too many people died so we didn't have to bury someone every year, thankfully.

There was a death at Natsatuuk one spring just before open water. Joseph Barbour, David Barbour's son, got sick in the spring and died suddenly. He was my age and a good friend of mine. He could have been buried at Natsatuuk but his father and mother wanted to bury him at Nain because they had a lot of relatives there. David Barbour's father lived at Natsatuuk. The Barbours moved to Nutak when William Barbour was still living but after he died, David moved back here and shortly after that, David's son Joseph died.

The boats were still high and dry on the ice where we had put them away for the winter. We had to get a message out to all the surrounding camps informing them that we needed their assistance at Ujagaaluk on a certain date to haul Sam Brown's father's boat out into the water. All the men from my camp walked out from Itilliasuk to help with putting the boat out. We put up three tents as there were quite a few of us with my crew from Itilliasuk, a crew from Ikigasaatsuk, Nunaaluk and Natsatuuk. There were enough of us to put the boat out but we just couldn't pull it straight out because it would go deeper and deeper into the snow on the ice so we had to wobble it from side to side. We would push the stern sideways, go to the stem and drag that sideways further out, and go back and forth from stern to stem. We had a long way to go on the ice, from close to shore by the island all the way out to the floe edge. We did everything by manual labour, just pushing and pulling the boat all the way over the ice. We started well before noon and got it out just past noon. We didn't stop to eat until we had it in the water.

The body was brought to Nain in that boat while my wife and I stayed behind to take care of the rest of the tents and keep the dogs out.

I recall during the days when I was becoming more experienced, Inuit looked after the sick and the injured to the best of their ability. If they were in close proximity to anyone who was sick or injured, they did everything they could to make them get better or heal sooner or they would help in other ways such as by doing their normal chores. They went out of their way to help as people were living in hunting camps everywhere. They tried everything they knew that might work or tried things that they may only have heard about in order to help people get better. There were no doctors or any medication then and no pills of any kind were to be had. Now Inuit can visit the clinic to fill out a prescription and get medication for whatever may be ailing them. We had none of that. We did what had to be done and made do with whatever we felt might help the sick.

We made all kinds of medication from plants, roots, bark, trees and other substances found on the land. In the case of chills and fevers where a patient was getting worse, we made sure they were kept warm and comfortable as much as possible. We'd boil leaves of Labrador tea in a kettle, make the patient sit on the bed, wrap him or her in blankets and steam them with vapours from the boiling Labrador tea leaves. We got rid of chills and fevers with steaming boiled leaves. They felt better shortly after a steam bath.

In the case of people who were injured or had sores, boils, abscesses or open infected wounds with puss, we'd pick plants with oily roots from the ground. We would scrape off the outside bark, skin or rind, pound it up in little pieces, roll it in cloth material, pour boiling water on it and wrap that around the wound. Sometimes the raw prepared medication would be placed directly on an infected open wound and it sucked the infection and puss right out of it. Mice and lemming skins, hare skins and dried caribou skins were also used for wounds and the bark of trees was applied on burns. We'd remove and clean the rough part of the bark, pound it to a pulp, roll it in cloth and place that on a burn.

There were several remedies for frostbite that were effective as long as a person's hands or feet were not severely frozen. Some cases were cured when the frozen limb was soaked in human urine. Women who cleaned a lot of seal skins with an ulu often received severe cuts that bled considerably. They would soak the cut in urine and the bleeding would stop. Many Inuit were completely cured by this treatment and very few did not recover fully.

People coughing up blood were treated with the sticky clumps of solidified sap that form on the outside bark of spruce trees, the kind of trees we put up during Christmas.

The sap was boiled and then a teaspoon was given to the patient to swallow. I can say that it's a very good medicine as it has really helped me and cured me in the past. Our forefathers knew what was good for any ailment.

As I'm relating these customs we once had, I am reminded of one incident. Tobias and I went off on a punt to set our fox traps and when we were coming back to our camp, it was windy and quite loppy with good sized waves on shore when we landed. As I was laying a gun down, the bolt must have struck a rock because it went off and shot me in the arm. At the time I was watching my partner who was at the stern of the punt and I did not realize that I was shot. I felt my arm becoming wet and warm, and when I looked at it, there was a hole on the lower part of the arm on my dickie [parka] and a downward rip on the other side. It was just a flesh wound I thought. As if on cue, my father arrived at our camp just as we were entering our tent. I took off my dickie and shirt to examine the gun shot wound. It was not bleeding very much as the wound wasn't too deep. My father took some siva [oil rendered from fried cod livers] which we had cooked and wrapped some of it in cloth. He put that on the wound and wrapped a bandage around it. Siva is very greasy which prevented the cloth from sticking to the open wound. We left the following morning to come to Nain and I didn't feel any pain. I went to Mr. Hettasch who cleaned it up and put a floury yellow coloured salve on it. I wore a bandage for awhile, at least two weeks, but I still could use my arm because it was not painful. My hand and fingers were a bit stiff and numb as a small part of the ligament was damaged. I give a personal example here only to show that we did what we had to do in times of sickness and injury.

There were elderly and not so elderly Inuit who were expert in treating dislocations or pain anywhere in the body. They were masters of easing pain through massage. They'd ask the same questions that any licensed doctor may ask today. They'd want to know when the injury happened, when the pain began, how it happened and so on. They'd recommend rest and no stress on the injury to give it time to heal. They were able to reset any dislocated limb. They'd make a splint with sticks and boards for anyone with a broken limb. They'd wrap a splint on a broken limb and keep it there for a long period to give broken bones time to heal. I know of only two people out of many treated who ended up with a limp after receiving treatment for a broken leg. The old people would say "You'll feel a great deal of pain now but you'll get better soon." They knew their anatomy well. They were knowledgeable about internal organs and took care of people with stomach ailments. There is no one around here now with those abilities.

Once our adopted son Michael Pijogge, when he was a boy prior to his teens, came out to see me off and jumped behind on the kamotik without me noticing him. When I heard a yell, I looked around and saw that he was on his stomach with his arm caught between the bars. His arm was broken. I took him to old man Hettasch who placed a

splint on the broken arm. My son got better as the old man, the father of the young Hettasch who was also a minister in Nain, was pretty good at medical treatment.

There was no cure for some sicknesses, injuries and other ailments. Some Inuit were bedridden for long periods but they were never without help; they always had someone around to care for them. We cared for each other and we took care of each other well during sickness, staying awake through the night and taking turns with others. We had Inuit die while under our care but many more became well again. As I'm relating all of this, the customs we had, the care we had for each other, it's sad to see that most of the old ways are totally ignored today.

In the old days before nursing stations were built, the first nurse we ever had was Miss Jupp.[15] She was a very kind and helpful person. She took care of expectant mothers, people who were sick or injured, bedridden patients and anyone who could not get around freely. She had a great personality and was understanding and caring. She didn't speak Inuttitut but she could understand some words. She was greatly missed after she left because she was the first and the very best nurse we ever had. Those who came after her were good too but none of them could match her greatness.

I can say that Miss Jupp was as great as I say she was because when my wife was sick, Miss Jupp always came to care for her whether it was at any time in the day or night or through deep drifting snow on foot in the middle of the winter. She came without hesitation and I know that well from fact. She treated her job with feeling, care, kindness and dedication. I miss her and think of her often. She always seemed happy although I'm sure she must have had some personal sorrows too but she didn't show it. She treated all of us with care, kindness and happiness. Miss Jupp was a great capable lady.

The ways of treating the sick and injured are ever changing. It's deplorable today that you have to telephone in advance and make an appointment for when you may visit and which nurse is to be seen. I think that's a bit much especially when a person is really sick. I think their method, their policy should be changed. I even suspect there have been some deaths because of having to wait to be seen until the appointed day and time. The nurses should be more caring. I think I've said enough about that topic for now.

Everyone staying at hunting camps would head for Nain when it was getting close to Christmas. We would travel on newly-formed ice so we had to go into every bay and out around every point because the ice was thin out in the open. We would travel in all kinds of weather, blowing snow, wet snow, sleet or whatever but we'd have perfect days too. A fresh snowfall would make the new thin ice sink which froze and stuck on to the

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[15] Miss Jupp arrived in Nain in 1952 and retired in 1974.

runners of our komatiks causing very slow and hard travel. It would be dark by the time we got to Shoal Tickle which is in sight or about five miles across the harbour from the village. The lights from all of the houses would be very bright. They may not have been as bright as they are now but in those days when all we had was kerosene lamps, they looked very bright to us because there were so many houses in Nain compared to our one house at camp.

Some travellers coming into Nain for Christmas would be caught out all night because of bad weather. There were stories about groups who had to sleep out in the middle of the ice for the night because they were blinded by blowing snow and it was impossible to advance while other stories told of people falling through the ice. On one trip when Martin Martin was our chief, we suspected that we were on dangerous ice but when we saw that he kept going, the rest of us followed. Sure enough, they broke through the ice but other than getting wet, they were fine as only the runners broke through because the bars got hung up on the ice which prevented them from going all the way down. The dogs were able to pull the komatik out after breaking through several more times. Zack Obed and his daughter had gotten off the komatik the first time it went through and they were stuck there, too afraid to move. We were able to get to them and everything was fine.

Some mornings we'd get up before daylight and get ready in the dark to come in. The ice would be broken up by a rough sea and we'd have to go over very rough, rocky land. One time we left on a fine windless early morning with just a few clouds. It began to snow but we kept going although we could have returned to camp before it got dark. It was getting pretty stormy and there were three dogteams travelling together. My wife, Kurry Manugak and I were on one team and another team with a lot of children on board couldn't keep up with the rest of us. We would stop and wait for them to catch up but the third team went on to Nain.

The wind from the northeast got stronger and it became really rough and stormy. We headed for the nearest point of land where there was a clump of trees. We were almost blown off our feet by the wind. We had a komatik box with a tent over it for the women and children which kept being blown to one side. It took all our might to keep it upright, hanging on tightly to keep it from drifting away. We made it to land and put up a little tent which was just big enough for our women and the children. We men stayed outside and got a fire going. We cut down branches from a tree, put it all around the tent and covered it with snow.

We were caught there for three nights. We couldn't go anywhere and no one could come out to look for us because it was too stormy. We'd go to the little tent to check on our women and children and each time we opened the little doorway, a puff of steam

would come out from inside of the tent. It began clearing up on the third night. The stars were out and it was very cold but we were not hungry as we had hot tea and milk for the little ones. It was a fine day the following morning so we boiled up, had tea and left.

When we were coming across the bay running with our dogs in sight of the village, we saw an aeroplane. This was the day that Candlelight services are held in the church, the 24th of December. The plane was here for the annual Christmas toy and clothing drop for the children of Nain. In those days the Americans from Goose Bay parachuted toys along the coast every Christmas. One parachute was blowing across the ice dragging a box of toys and didn't stop until it got to a clump of trees across the harbour. I turned my team around to go and pick it up when William Metcalfe came along on his autoboggan. I turned around again and headed for the village.

It was a lot of fun coming into the village to spend Christmas but we were not always able to make it in every year. We had to spend Christmas at our camps four times because there was not enough ice to travel on. We'd hold our own services in much the same way as they held them here in church. We would keep up all the traditions, including the New Year services and festivities. The men would go outside and fire their guns to welcome the New Year. We had a radio and would listen to Reverend Grubb following the church services being held here in Nain. Reverend Peacock used to broadcast church services before that. I grabbed five bullets and went out with the rest of the men to shoot. The radio was blasting, we could hear the brass band playing and when we heard the gun shots being fired in Nain on the radio, we started blasting away at the same time.

As I've said, we had good days and bad days. Sometimes we would have to walk all the way in rough conditions or be able to ride on the komatik all the way when conditions were good. We would stay at our sealing camps during the fall and winter when we did not go inland to trap for white foxes. Some winters at our seal camps were good for fox hunting too around the floe edge. Arctic white fox used to be plentiful, especially when the floe edge was close or when it completely froze over. The foxes would come close to land and we were able to catch quite a lot of them. We'd spend all winter outside sometimes, trapping foxes and catching jar seals at the floe edge. We'd set our traps only on the island, not on the ice because rough seas would break up the ice.

We always had firewood at our camps and we never ran out of it. We'd burn seal blubber with the wood to make it last longer because most of the wood down there was green which did not burn well by itself but certainly burned with blubber added to it. When it was close to the time that we would go to our camps, we went inland to gather firewood and took four or five boatloads of wood to our camp which was usually enough

for the whole winter. We'd also get loads of wood by dogteam whenever we were able, just to make certain that we always had firewood on hand. The firewood on the outside islands was not like the trees inland. It was full of branches and grew very low to the ground, so low that we would have to shovel it out from under the snow before we could cut it. Some Inuit hunted basking seals in the spring where there was no firewood at all. They would leave Nain by dogteam and come back by boat after break up. They would burn blackberry bushes, twigs and willows and any driftwood they could find. They'd wrap sealskin line around the twigs and willows and carry large bales on their backs. They'd make a sack from their silapaak and stuff blackberry bushes into it and carry that too.

One time I was seal hunting at the floe edge and there was nothing around so I grabbed a paddle and started scraping the ice the way I was taught, making scratching noises which was said to attract seals and entice them to come up close. I was scratching away and a big white whale, a beluga, poked up very close to me. I was on new ice walking toward my komatik and it broke up through the ice really close to me. I got such a fright because it startled me and I jumped up which made the whale go down. I was scared by this time, thinking it was after me, and I ran toward a little rocky island surrounded by rough piled-up ice. Not far from the little island, there was an open lead of water and when I looked around there, belugas were everywhere, poking up, surfacing and surfing. Not one was close enough to shoot at and I thought that if I harpooned one, it would drag me underwater as they were so huge but I would have just let go of the harpoon line if that happened. Eventually they went away, out of sight, and I never had a chance to try to get one. My father used to say that he had only two or three belugas in his lifetime.

There is a place close to Ikigasaatsuk called Umiatannak that I know from my own experiences and from stories about the past. It has rocks piled on top of each other which are still visible today. The rocks are not very high, about four or five feet and mark the place where an Inuit family had a dwelling in the old days. The entrance and walls were constructed by piling rocks on top of each other and sod was stuffed in the cracks. I used to play around there and over the years it gradually disintegrated with children playing in and around it and dogs using it for shelter. Inuit had dwellings like that at one time made from rocks piled on top of each other with sod stuffed in the cracks. I know it well. The place was also once used by people around the same age as my father for setting nets to catch jar seals. They netted seals in a little harbour and hunted beluga whales there too, although not many were ever around. It's not like today. You can't even see them there now or even at the ice floe edge; they have disappeared. You could see them almost every day at the waiting places down there. Even when we were still going there, whales became fewer and fewer. I miss them very much and it's the same with seals. Although we still see a few harp seals in the spring, they are not as plentiful

anymore.

Sam Brown and I always hunted and did things together when we were still both single. He was a good person to hunt with and a great splitter of cod. At one time we wanted to learn how to cripple squareflipper seals rather than kill them with our 30/30 rifles because they were the most prized seals but they tended to sink when they were shot and killed in the water. I had heard that the best sure way of crippling them was to shoot for the body so as to prevent them from staying underwater for any length of time due to pain and to allow us to get close enough to harpoon them before they sank. You can go very close to a crippled one and be able to save it with a harpoon.

We talked about various ways of crippling them and listened to other people describe the best ways and means of getting them before they sank. After years of talking and planning, Titus Joshua, Sam Brown and I had an occasion to hunt for squareflippers on floe ice. Each of us was waiting on different ice floes and we each had a flat and were within shouting distance of one another. After awhile a squareflipper poked up close to me. I aimed and shot attempting only to graze it and the seal made a big splash when it went down. I shouted at my two partners to follow the seal with me. We rowed to a spot where we thought it might come up for air. It came up at about the same time it takes them to come up for air after a normal dive.

The seal was quite far away and we shot at it as quickly as we could to make it go down without trying to kill it. It went down and came up again right away. It couldn't stay down very long anymore and by this time we could come close enough to it to see that the wound was only a graze. It started swimming straight for an island so we rowed astern, with Sam Brown rowing between us, coaxing it toward shore because our plan was to kill it when we got to shallow waters. We could see the seal underwater before we could see the bottom of the sea. We kept going closer to shore and then it stopped on the bottom where the water was still too deep to harpoon it.

The seal started coming up for air facing out to sea. Titus and I could see it clearly but Sam couldn't because it was right underneath his flat. We made our plan knowing exactly where it would come up, Titus with a gun and me with the harpoon at the ready. When it came up right at the stern of Sam's little boat, Titus shot and killed it, and I threw my harpoon at the same time. We took it ashore on the island, slit and skinned it and cut up the carcass. We left it there and went to a waiting place for other seals that wasn't too far away, roughly about five miles. After getting enough jar seals for skinboot tops, we decided to row for home after picking up our squareflipper seal.

That was the first squareflipper seal I had the opportunity to shoot in the way I had heard from others. A lot have been crippled, not on purpose or due to any planning as

we did that time because we wanted to gain further knowledge. We put that knowledge and technique to good use several times following that first attempt. I shot that seal in the body instead of the head because we really wanted to save it. They can be crippled by shooting them on the snout, in the eye or anywhere in the mouth, as long as you don't strike the solid bone of the skull. Normally you were considered a poor shooter if you shot a seal anywhere on the body rather than the head. Those are the spots we aimed for and we were successful most of the time at close range. Both Sam and I learned about hunting that way quite well. We couldn't do it when we had other hunters with us because there would always be someone among us who would shoot first without taking careful aim. We didn't say anything or mind on those trips because we had time enough to discuss and plan strategies on all of the other occasions when we would be alone. This was one of the things we did on our many hunting trips.

There hasn't been any seal oil rendered for sale for a long time now nor has there been many sealskin boots made for sale. There is no longer any demand for sealskins and those sent south, if any, fetch only a very small amount of money. The prices of sealskins are so low now that Inuit don't bother to hunt for them anymore except for personal use and seals are no longer one of our main sources of income. We no longer can depend on them for any advances of food and other items of need at the store. It can't be helped because the demand is no longer there. There is no other thing which can replace that around here. We have very little left which can bring in any income and nothing at all which can be used as collateral. Along with all of that, there is no cod, no salmon and no char to catch. All of these animals were once plentiful and our main sources of income. What still may be plentiful is no longer in demand, like seals, and what is in demand is not available to get.

IV. Family and Community Affairs

I was on my own after I bought a house, a very small house, for my family and I have been on my own since then. Our first child was Zacharias and he was born in Nain when I was in the country hunting for foxes. He stayed with us until after he was married and had one son. Our second child Amos was born at the mouth of the harbour at Kauk in January. He was named after Elias Aggek's mother's brother Fred and he lived with Elias and his wife after he was one year old because Elias wanted to keep him while he was alive as he was his namesake. Amos would sometimes stay with us when he was a small child but he usually lived with them. When they died he returned to us but he was always away at school in North West River and would only return here in the summer. Then he went to New Brunswick, got married there and had two children. They separated in St. John's, Newfoundland after the second child was born. Amos gave us his son Roland after his wife left and my grandson has been with me ever since he was a baby. Amos had nine children with his second wife in Nain and five of them are with him now.

Our third child, my daughter Regina, was born on a very stormy day in August when the wind was blowing the water everywhere. After she was married, she adopted her first child and had three of her own later. My daughter died in a house fire with my eldest son's son on October 16, 1990. It was unfortunate that she died this way and although I miss her, that's the way it had to be. Many things happen in our lives with many roads, difficult times, easy times, happy times and sad times. I used to be very sad over her death but I have gotten over it.

When my children were small I talked to them to make them obey and as they grew older, they started doing things on their own. They lived pretty much on their own because there was a law made not to discipline them too much so I didn't want to tell them what to do very much. I am proud of them because they all grew up without problems and were able to help as they were older. I took my eldest son with me more often than my other children when I went hunting and fishing outside the community, although I would leave him here in fall because he had to go to school. I tried the hardest to teach him my ways because when he was born we didn't have any money as we do now. I did many things with my eldest son and as he grew, he learned to do everything when he went off hunting. I am proud of him because he can go on his own now and I don't even worry about him anymore as I did when he first started going on his own. I wasn't able to teach my second son anything but he taught himself as he grew. He is fine now because he has a job.

My children are on their own now and doing whatever they feel like. Their ways are different. The youngest one, my daughter, obeyed the most and respected her mother and father but the two older ones don't talk about us.

Ever since Christianity was brought to Labrador, and even before that time, Inuit elders looked after the community and we didn't have any government people telling us what to do. We always had chapel servants in the church who were appointed by the Moravian minister but the community also elected people to serve as Village Elders. Elections were held just as they are today for the Town Council, Labrador Inuit Association or any other organization where representatives are put in office by ballot. The elected members received the majority of the written ballots and the person receiving the most votes usually became the Chief Elder, although the members could also elect the Chief among themselves. The number of Elders depended on the population of the community with one Elder representing one hundred residents so if a community had three hundred Inuit, it would have three Elders.

The Chief Elder was the leader of the community. For a long time the Chief Elder in Nain was Martin Martin. He was respected by the Inuit because he was straightforward in saying how he wanted things done around the community. He was strict and may have seemed a bit harsh at times but Inuit respected him. He was a good leader and was willing to help in any way he could. If anyone was in need of anything he would be there to help. If someone needed food, he was there to provide it even if it meant going to the store to buy it.

Some store managers were not always very kind to Inuit. You must understand that everyone was not able to get the same amount on credit, and rightly so. Martin believed in fairness and when he felt there was too much discrepancy he approached the manager and reprimanded him on his own without being asked to do so by people having difficulties. Whenever he felt there was a hint of unfairness on the part of the store manager, he paid him a visit. He would visit the minister too to give him a piece of his mind whenever there was an inkling of unfairness. Martin was the same with everybody and anybody. He had a certain way of being vocal - tough and strict - but he treated all Inuit with fairness and respect. He shared everything he had with anyone less fortunate. He took care of everything and everybody.

Martin Martin was responsible for rebuilding the church after the fire when all of the Moravian Mission property burnt including the store and the seal blubber-rendering building. The Mission lost everything but eventually the buildings were all replaced. Martin started the construction of a new church by going to Okak on his own to dismantle the old church there. That is the kind of thing he did and how he became personally involved. The church was erected by Inuit with free labour. Every able-bodied person worked on it whenever they could, every time they returned from their hunting camps. The church was erected and in use in what seemed to be no time at all.

There was good cooperation when Martin Martin was our Chief Elder. He didn't

mind the men going off to their camps to fish and hunt on fine days because their first and foremost responsibility was to their family in hunting and fishing. There was time enough for them to volunteer their time whenever the weather and other conditions were not ripe for hunting. I helped on the inside part of the church. Times and customs have changed. I miss those days and how we worked together, helped each other and took the time to care for one another.

Martin Martin was not actually from Nain. He came from Okak and moved here when he got married. He acted and was treated as though he was from this community. His actions and his leadership had no reference to where he originated. It all had to do with where he was now making things better for everyone and for himself within and around the community of his choice. He had a number of relatives at Okak but I think he was the only one who moved here. Perhaps he was the only one left from his family because after he moved here and married Benigna, most of the Inuit in Okak died from the Spanish flu.[16]

There were other Chief Elders after Martin retired but none of them had the ability to lead us as he did. Martin Martin was never satisfied until he got his way or a general agreement was made that satisfied him. Other leaders were not all as straightforward and able to fearlessly speak their mind as he was but they had other leadership qualities so they also did well. Even my late father was the Chief for one year when Martin took a brief leave of absence. Some Chief Elders were replaced when they strayed too far or no longer followed the written rules and regulations.

Martin Martin was forced to step down for having done something that he was not supposed to do. In those days the minister could "divorce" anyone from anything and remove people as he saw fit. Martin was removed solely by the minister and based only on what the minister thought was cause enough for him to act in that way. They can't do that on their own now. Everyone is prone to making mistakes and while Martin was the Chief Elder he did make a mistake in having an affair with someone else's wife. That was considered cause enough for his removal because he did what he was not supposed to have done. He was absent for awhile but as soon as he indicated a wish to return, he was chosen leader again immediately. We were all thankful when he wanted to be our leader again.

The Village Elders held meetings to discuss and resolve any problems that arose from time to time and to deal with other matters of mutual interest and concern. They always found solutions through discussion and cooperation. The Elders of various

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[16] The Inuit population at Okak was virtually wiped out by an epidemic in 1918.

communities would occasionally gather together and have conferences when they would talk about anything and everything that might lead to the betterment of their common interests and aims. These conferences took place infrequently, perhaps once a year or two, and people got together by travelling either by dog team in winter or by boat in summer. Everything agreed upon was written and recorded.

The Elders created rules to prevent misunderstandings and disputes in the community. At one time or another, some people felt that they were being treated unfairly, whether in connection with hunting activities or in their relationship to family members or other community residents. Because of the importance of sharing in those days prior to the cash economy, regulations were designed to guide and help all Inuit without prejudice. When a regulation was proposed, it was fully discussed at a meeting and everyone in attendance, not only the Elders, could express their opinion. Then a vote was taken and if the majority of people voted to accept the regulation, it was written in the records. In those days things seemed to work more smoothly as a result of written rules which could be used as references in settling disputes and misunderstandings.

The first regulations were written in the early 1900's and more were added as time went on. There was a written rule for whatever had to be done or followed and Inuit accepted the regulations without any physical reprimand. They did what was expected of them. Some of the early rules were later altered or eliminated when circumstances became different and any changes were made at meetings. Most of the written regulations have been lost but I have a photocopy of some of them. I'm not certain when the last written rule was made although this record indicates that the last one was dated in 1957 and I am not aware of anything else written later in the 1950's. The specific year was always indicated when a rule was made, changed or copied to another set of records. Some of the rules were deleted when they were no longer required.

We are not going by the old rules today. People have asked me several times whether or not written rules existed in the past. I want to mention some of the important ones that were used often and were serious and meaningful to the community because I want people to know that rules and regulations actually existed and were indeed recorded. The community of Nain had more written regulations than other communities. This was written on February 2, 1912 here in Nain:

> "All written regulations have been discussed and dually passed, and as a result, all residents must abide by and be guided by these rules. Those refusing to follow the rules will be expelled by the minister, the church elders and the village leaders. Disobeying of any rule is not permitted among Christians."

Another regulation stated, "Those wishing to become residents of Nain must agree to and must abide by the community regulations. Anyone disobeying the rules will be expelled by the minister, the church elders and the village leaders as disobeying of any rule is not permitted among Christians."

This regulation applied to anyone wishing to move to Nain from another community and it was also in effect at Okak, Hopedale, Makkovik and Hebron. People who wanted to move from here to another community had to approach the minister and the Elders and ask for permission to move. The minister and the Elders of the community of choice also had to agree and approve of the move. No one moved from community to community without first informing the minister and Elders even if they intended to stay for a short period or just make a visit. If they decided not to go through the church, they had to ask for permission from the other community. There was correspondence between the Elders and people seeking to move and people used whatever means was convenient and available to them to make their requests. They might send their request by dogteam or by boat, use someone visiting another community as a messenger or deliver their request in person. Everything had to be agreed to prior to any move.

When someone moved here they also had to sign an oath. Dan Henoche was brought by dogteam to Nain from Nutak by his relative Simeon Henoche and he delivered a letter written in 1933 saying "This is to confirm that Daniel Henoche has agreed to abide by and follow the rules of the community of Nain." Another person, Isaac Rich wrote in 1915 "I agree to follow the rules of the community" and he lived here until he was a very old man.

Here is another one from Okak, "I will try to the best of my ability to follow the rules of the community", written by Ama Harris, the late father of David Harris. And this one written on January 8, 1945 "I, Levi Aggek, agree to live in Nain obeying the rules of the community." Also his wife, Tabea Lidd, the sister of Eugene Lidd wrote "I agree to live in Nain following the rules of the community." She was formerly from Hopedale. The witnesses were Martin Martin, Abia Green, Lawrence Kojak, Ama Harris, Gustave Sillett and Titus Joshua who were Church and Village Elders.

Before Social Services and the police arrived, the Elders handled adoptions and other family matters in the community. A formal agreement was made for adoptions as this regulation written in 1939 states "It is permissable to adopt an adult or a child from another community so long as the rules of the community are strictly adhered to and that both parties are in full agreement and understanding. This procedure and agreement of adoption must be so noted and so indicated within the book of adoption records. It will be considered meaningless in the event that only one side of the party appears at a hearing." Each party involved, the ones adopting, the ones being adopted, and those

giving up a child for adoption, had to agree. This requirement was written on April 6, 1941.

An oath was signed when an agreement was made for an adoption. Some Inuit wrote what they thought was best for them but forms were later used as some people were not always certain what to write. An adoption recorded in 1943 states, "This child, Nathan Samuel Solomon, I take. I will care for as one of my own as long as I shall live." He signed his name, William Lidd, and his spouse wrote "I agree that I will take care of the child, Nathan Samuel Solomon, as my very own. Justina Lidd." The witnesses during this case were Martin Martin, Abia Green, Ama Harris, Lawrence Kojak and Ama Paniguniak. Even we, my wife and I, wrote on March 27, 1945 "Elizabeth Green, I, Paulus Maggo, take you to care for. Naeme Maggo wrote "Elizabeth Green, I adopt you to care for." This was written when Gustave Sillett, Henoche Saksagiak, Tobias Torrarak, Manasse Fox, Lawrence Kojak, Eli Dan and Abia Green were all present. On April 12, 1947, it was written "Zippie Manugak, I adopt as my own" signed Noah Ikiatsiak. "I adopt Zippie as I will take care as one of my own" signed Ida Ikiatsiak. And the father who was giving Zippie up for adoption wrote "I, Kurry Manugak, so indicate my desire that she will not leave the two of them as long as they remain well and healthy." Ida Ikiatsiak was Abel Leo's mother and Noah was Abel's stepfather. The witnesses were Eli Dan, Gustave Sillett, Abia Green, Lawrence Kojak, Henoche Saksagiak, Tobias Torrarak and Manasse Fox. All adoptions were similarly worded.

The Elders also had the responsibility of settling and dividing property after the death of the head of a family. They had certain rules to follow in relation to handling the personal effects of the dead and they determined what a brother, sister, spouse or other relative was to receive. The Elders designated, in writing, who was to get what personal effects and who would receive the house from among the remaining family members. All of the tools or whatever the father owned had to be divided and given to the sons and daughters. A female member received such things as utensils or effects specifically used by women. It's all written here, itemized, who was to get what or how many. The last entry in this record identifies a father who died leaving a lot of personal effects. It lists everything he owned and identifies what each person was to receive.

There was a regulation concerning newborn infants that died prior to being baptized and receiving a name or that were stillborn. It was made known to men so they would know what to do when they were away at camp when the death of a baby occurred. The regulation stated "At a fishing/hunting camp, where it is feared that the child will certainly die, that baby is to be baptized by his/her father or a chapel servant if/when available, baptizing it with water." Those who performed the service knew what baptizing with water meant. In the case of a stillborn infant the service and procedure at the gravesite was different from that used in the case of a child having been baptized and having

received a name in the church. A baby baptized at a camp could not be considered as having been "saved" because the male parent or the servant could not "save" anyone in the name of the Lord. In the event that the baby lived, it could be taken to the church to be properly "saved." That didn't happen too many times in my lifetime and from memory, I know it happened only two or three times. They had to be "saved" in the name of the Lord. The chapel servants did not have the power or the authority to baptize an infant in the church but that is changed now as we often don't have a full time minister in the community. They go away for long periods and in their absence, the chapel servants perform baptisms and even "save" souls.

Many other rules set out by the ministers are not used very much today. For instance, if there was to be a baptism service, the parents had to visit the minister between Monday and Friday prior to having the child baptized. Young girls who got pregnant before they were married could not baptize their babies in church but only in a private home. If the girls wanted to go to church they had to get permission from the minister to attend special services during Easter or Christmas.

In my day the parents selected who a young man or woman would marry. I decided that I should get married in October when I was fox trapping in Itilialuk with my father and Tobias Torrarak. My father told me that I had two choices, either a girl from Hopedale or a girl from Nain. The parents of both of the girls that my parents had picked out for me had agreed but I had the girl from Hopedale in mind before my parents told me. I went to Hopedale to get her and we were married on the same day, on October 26, 1932. We didn't need a licence to get married and we have stayed married ever since. These were the customs we followed but now if someone wants to marry, they get "proposed" instead of asking permission from the parents and the people have to be mentioned three times in church. If anyone had a reason that the two should not be married, they had to say so in the church.

Inuit respected and obeyed the Elders. When a dispute or disagreement occurred involving a problem between a teenager or an older single person and their peers, parents or guardians, or a problem occurred between any adults, the affected parties went before a panel of Elders to talk about their differences. All kinds of problems would arise as they do today concerning jealousy over a spouse, or sometimes women never went home for days because they were afraid of their husbands, and sometimes husbands and wives would separate. If a married couple couldn't get along, the woman had to go to another house until their problem was solved. The Elders would meet with the couple and try to talk them back together. People could express their concerns at these meetings and they could mention anything from the past or the present. There would be long discussions as the Elders evaluated the problem and tried to find a solution that was agreeable to all the parties. They would persuade those present to do what was normally expected, citing

appropriate rules, and just about all of the meetings ended with some kind of mutual agreement.

One regulation that was proposed by the minister and adopted by the Elders stated "A single lady of sixteen years is not to be harassed. Anyone doing so will be dealt with." I remember a case when I was a teenager involving a man who had an affair with a sixteen year old girl. The church elders and the village leaders sentenced him for having done what he was not to do. He was confined and locked up in a small building outside the mission house that was used as a smokehouse. The hut had just enough space for a bed and he was fed on a regular basis. He was made to do community work, chop up wood and fetch water for the elderly, widows or for those who could not do chores themselves. The Elders gave him instructions each day but they did not remain physically with him at every moment. When they thought he was about finished for the day, they escorted him back to the smokehouse.

That man was locked up in winter, starting in February, for two months as I remember. Then a settler by the name of John Voisey befriended him and took him as a servant. John was to care for him and take him elsewhere whenever he was assigned to do more work. He became part of John's family but I can't recall how long he lived with them. All I know is that man was not free and could not do what he pleased for at least a year. He was served a sentence which he and his actions deserved. I remember the incident well because later on I would go hunting with him. He lived for a long time, got married and never went back to his old ways again having learned his lesson.

In those days Inuit did not consume alcoholic beverages or make homebrew to the extent that they do now. This regulation was made only after the Newfoundland Rangers were stationed at various communities. The Rangers were the police force before the RCMP came to Labrador.[17] "This regulation is now written that any person caught in the making of homebrew will no longer be allowed to purchase or be supplied with molasses or sugar. We, the village leaders, church elders, the minister, the Rangers, the store manager and [White?] agree to and write this regulation. In the event that either one or the other of us who agree to this requirement knowingly supplies molasses and/or sugar to anyone who will make homebrew, that person will be denied future purchase of molasses and sugar. You will be reinstated the privilege to purchase only on the understanding and promise that no more homebrew will be made."

Dogs were also controlled in the community as this regulation shows "A troublesome dog which is prone to entering people's houses looking for food, is to be

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[17] The Newfoundland Rangers were stationed in Labrador communities from 1936 to 1950.

reported to the owner. If the owner fails to rectify the problem, it is permissable to have that dog killed." This regulation also applied to dogs that bit people. The owner had to be first notified prior to having his dog shot. As well, Inuit could not just round up any dog and use them as they pleased If a dog was used or borrowed by someone and that dog was accidently hurt or damaged, like if it was caught in a fox trap rendering it useless, the user or borrower had to replace the dog or give compensation to the owner.

The Elders were in charge of everything including the spring clean up of the community. Brooks had to be cleared, kept clean and bridges erected across them. Holes in the ground had to be filled in and banks and lumps levelled Roads and pathways needed to be repaired and maintained. When little brooks were clogged or stopped up, they had to be cleaned, cleared and made wider. Whoever was able to do the work showed up and helped without payment. When one worker left, he was replaced. No task was too much or too heavy among willing helpers. Inuit took it for granted that it had to be done and they did it for the sake of having it done. Another important rule followed by all the villagers was "The trees are not to be set on fire anywhere, especially close to buildings." That was directed to everyone in the village and was obeyed because houses could easily catch fire especially in the summertime when there was no snow on the ground. It was not so dangerous in winter.

We also took care of our shores and beaches. We always kept the area where we normally parked our dogteams on returning from a hunt or from the camps easily accessible and free of rocks and boulders. In the summer months, we would clear rocks and boulders during low tide from around the small pier that we used. We didn't have a large wharf as we have now. The maintenance, preparation and clearing of those areas was always carried out because of the written rules to the land and in accordance with instructions from the ministers and Elders. People helped each other to clear those areas and they worked there and everywhere around and among the houses without regard or expectation of any payment.

Now I think it would be next to impossible to remove all of the rocks and boulders with manual labour. Rocks and boulders have been shifting, piling up and have come to the surface over time. It's almost impossible to work on it now. It's a very rough place to land and haul up boats now but it used to be a good place at one time when we took care of it. The rocks seem to be more plentiful after this past winter because we had very little snow and I think frost helped to bring them up to the surface. Many things we worked at and took care of in those days are no longer being done. I just mention that because I see those big rocks every day reminding me of our practices gone by. I shouldn't worry so much I guess as there are not as many boats around anymore. Our landwash is too rough in winter now because of all of those rocks and boulders.

All wildlife was more managed and nothing was wasted. We didn't need to get a license for hunting anything in those days and there was a closed season only for foxes. Although we could get whatever we wanted at any time, our parents and elders told us when we were growing up not to go after any animals which had or were about to have their young in spring. They said "the duck is laying its eggs, you are not to harm it." We were not supposed to bother any bird with eggs or chicks or any land animal with young. My father explained to me that the young ones might starve or die from other causes as they were not able to feed or fend for themselves. I followed that advice all my life.

If we had to kill those animals at any time because we were hungry, we were only to go after the male. Nothing stands in the way in times of hunger even today. A rule was written in 1947 stating "Let nothing obstruct anyone from hunger. One is to get food when one is hungry. One is to report, on one's own, to the police prior to anyone else reporting the same. Anyone reported will be made to pay one hundred dollars."

There was a regulation concerning snowbirds, jays and all small birds which arrived in spring. "All children are not to disturb those birds. All adults are to instruct their children not to disturb them." That rule was put in place when the regulations were first written and it was to prevent children from killing snowbirds and all other small birds because they were scavengers in the community. They ate garbage at the slop banks and that's why the rule was put in place. Those birds could be hunted outside the community and they were good to eat, nice and tasty.

I want to mention that when a campsite was considered to be too close to the migration route of seals, a rule indicated that the Inuit would be ordered to move. There was no exception to that rule. People didn't have to move too far away, only far enough so their camps would no longer disturb or prevent the free movement of seals into and out of the bays or fiords. It really didn't matter where camps were set up as long as the seals could not smell the tents and camps on their familiar travel routes.

Another regulation referred to the use of houses in remote places and stated "Houses, wherever they may be, as storms can occur, if the house has to be used overnight, sleep outside." I think the writer may have made a mistake as some of the regulations were handwritten from and to other records. "Sleep outside" was meant to be something else I think because Inuit were permitted to lock up their hunting cabins but they were instructed to keep their porches unlocked. I think that regulation was supposed to read "if possible, sleep in the porch," not outside.

All of the game caught by a hunting party had to be shared equally among the group. Everything was shared in those days, the kill, the supplies, the dog food and the

gasoline for boats. At times it happened that more than one boat load of hunters went after the same seal and a regulation was written that all of them had an equal share in the kill. Some regulations followed much thought and discussion. "If a walrus is caught with only a harpoon, the first and only the one getting the tight harpoon line owns that walrus. If caught with a gun and a harpoon, the one with the gun owns the walrus." It was the same way for beluga whales. Another written regulation stated that "Each one within the hunting party is to share the squareflipper skin equally."

There was a regulation relating to hunting seals at breathing holes that they formed in new ice. If a hunter had an uqutalik [or talik], meaning a shelter from the wind used while waiting for seals at their breathing hole, no other hunter was to wait at that hole. The first person who saw a seal that was trapped on the ice and could not return to its breathing hole because it had frozen over, was to keep the skin and meat regardless who killed it. Those crawling seals are referred to as panguliak.

The price of seal skin lines made from jar, harp and square flipper seals was regulated. The lines were sold in a measure called isattak which was a length including two arms fully extended outward from a person's body. An isattak of harpskin line was ten cents, an isattak for the main line of a kamotik (pituk) doubled was twenty-five cents. Some Inuit used doubled lines and joined them with bone hasps or clips. A thick skin line was fifty cents for an isattak and a thin squareflipper line was twenty cents.

For caribou hunting, there was a regulation stating "The rifle man, shooting caribou alone among the party is to receive more of the meat. When the caribou is being divided, the shooter is to receive the equivalent of two more shares. Should the kill be insufficient, less than one caribou for each hunter, the shooter is to be given the sinew prior to sharing the caribou among the party." Even those who stayed behind caring for the dogs received equal shares. The shooter was the one in charge of dividing the meat, starting with the legs, one piece at a time and one person at a time in turn, to ensure fairness.

A regulation written in 1946 concerning fox trapping stated "If a hunter came across a fox in a trap and there was a possibility that fox may be eaten, the hunter was to take the fox, reset the trap and give that fox to the owner of the trap on returning to the community. The owner of the trap was to compensate the hunter for the favour. This regulation was agreed to by all hunters."

Another regulation said "Pay for borrowed items swiftly and return as soon as possible." Inuit who borrowed something belonging to another, such as a small boat, motor boat, kamotik or dogs, had to give the owner a portion of their catch in return or pay the owner for the use of the equipment. For example, if a hunter borrowed a

harpoon, he had to give one tenth of his catch to the owner. In return for borrowing a boat, a fisherman had to pay the owner $20.00 for the summer season but if only the engine was borrowed, it was $5.00 per month. In the event that a borrowed item was broken or lost, it had to be replaced or paid for. There had to be settlement made to the satisfaction of both parties.

There were also written rules to protect the crew chiefs and crew members at cod fishing or seal hunting camps. These regulations applied to crew members who departed in the middle of the season and to unfair chiefs. "Whatever, wherever the camp may be located, let there be peace, understanding and good will among all camp members. Should there be conflict or misunderstanding, these rules are to be followed and adhered to. If the boarder first becomes dissatisfied or has a misunderstanding with the chief, that helper is to settle all outstanding accounts prior to leaving. In the event that the chief is the instigator, his settlement and judgement is deemed to have been made in good faith. The matter is to be brought before the village leaders and church elders for a hearing after which final settlement will be made accordingly. Should a crew member leave the party prior to the end of the season, let it be noted what and how much has been caught. Allow that member to be well aware of his share and entitlement to that point. An unfair crew chief is to be reported to the authority."

There were many written regulations but I've cited only a few that were used at one time or another when circumstances dictated. As Inuit we understood and dealt appropriately with matters affecting our community but the Elders were stripped of that responsibility when the RCMP arrived. The police just walked in and took over. In the 1950's when new ways of doing things were being introduced, some of us were invited to attend meetings set up by those taking over the responsibilities which we once had. This occurred after the police arrived but I was away. They had a meeting where the police informed the Elders that they were not to get involved in anything that might be deemed to be a police matter because of any number of possible consequences. It was a warning and the Elders had to totally back away. Not all Inuit are aware of that fact. They just said that Elders were no longer to be involved with any police matter.

I can't say whether or not they paid attention to our concerns. The main concern of ours, we thought, was that there should have been negotiations, information sessions and meetings held before they took over. The police should have had meetings with us. They should have had an agreement of understanding with us. They just dictated to us and all of a sudden, they took over. This has been a sore point for a long time, even until today. We didn't know the difference. Our Elders at that time were instructed and warned and they went along with it because they were given no choice in the matter. Even now when people come to us for advice prior to having to appear before the police, we are unable to help them in any way because of our fear of the warnings we were given

by the police.

The responsibilities we once had are widely spread now. It seems awesome at times seeing all of the different groups and agencies, the police, the Social Services, the Town Council and the Labrador Inuit Association (LIA) handling their respective duties. You must remember that only one group, the Elders adequately took care of all of that. Inuit took care of Inuit. It's totally different now. Authority is scattered and not as effective as it used to be. There are too many groups and too many people are involved with no cooperation or coordination. There is no regard for the person being affected. Everything is done on an impersonal basis. The police handling cases follow the letter of the law and focus their attention on the thing, the act itself, with no regard for the person. Social Services are guided by their internal rules and policies with no regard for the welfare or well being of the person. Their policy is more important than hunger. The Town Council is limited by its budget and types of permits. They are guided by numbers with no regard to the needs of a person. Placement on a list is more important than the situation and need of the person. LIA's priority is dictated by funding agencies.

It seems more desirable to go back to some of the old ways now to deal with young people of today. It worked then and it may well work today. Sure, we had young people getting into trouble and doing things like stealing but very few compared to today. The problems and the young people were dealt with swiftly and adequately. Those types of problems affected not only close relatives, it affected the community as a whole and they were dealt with at that level.

The Elders don't get involved in family matters now. It seems that level of involvement may actually help in solving some of the problems we are faced with today in relation to the younger people of our communities. I've been involved in dealing with young people and the problems they faced. No one has actually come forward but there are signs which lead me to say that the welfare of all of our young people is the responsibility of the whole community. It will take time. We won't change it back to the way it was overnight. We had rules and regulations specifically aimed at our young people. Today they just live and do things as they please. There is nothing from the community level to guide them anymore so they do just whatever pleases them now. The older ones move from people to people, house to house. We don't get involved in family disputes now. The welfare, Social Services, are supposed to be responsible for that now.

I feel that some of the ways now are not in the best interest of the community. I suppose some people do not care knowing they have no roots here. In my day anyone who wanted to become a resident of the community had to write a letter of application and get permission to move. They had to sign a letter of agreement and understanding stating they would obey the rules of the community. That's why I think we were more

tolerant and compatible with each other although there were not as many people as there are now. We have non-natives living Nain from everywhere now and some of them have married Inuit. They don't seem to know the rules of the community. They have no respect and live as they please, do what pleases themselves. They tell our young people all sorts of things. Our young people tend to believe them before they do us. I think that's one of the main causes of friction and misunderstanding between us and the younger ones. I'm just saying what I feel.

There were no prior discussions between the non-natives and us and a total disregard of community ethics. Not everyone is like that but some are. They throw their weight around and start living here unannounced. They just appear and put up stakes and by the time we find out we are surprised that they actually live here now. There are not too many like that, just a few. They don't speak our native language. They don't know our customs. They don't care and they ignore customs. And in those matters which take collective and community wide interest and cooperation for things like the church and fees that are to be collected, they do not contribute and totally ignore that sort of thing. Those matters should involve each and every person living in the community but less than half of the population contributes to that which is supposed to benefit all.

We attempted to raise and collect funds for a new church. It wasn't too bad in the beginning but the initial interest is dwindling. The same few people contribute. When and if the church is completed, it will belong to each person living in Nain. We all have to use the church at some time or another for baptisms, marriages and death. I would like to see community wide cooperation for this in the same way we Inuit once had. One of the best regulations we had was that we did what we could even though we didn't always have cash. Not just some people contributed; it was everyone. There used to be absolutely no employment to create a cash income but whenever there was something that had to be done, it was done. It didn't and does not take a great deal of effort. Inuit gave and did things little by little, as and when they were able. This custom I'm talking about is ignored today. It's not respected. It's not used. I mention it because I think it served us well in those days of cooperation and the way we had of doing things together for the good of all, agreeing to live by the rules.

We shared everything from our hunts in those days but that is not the case today. Most people don't share anything anymore. In those days people helped each other and shared things in times of need or in times of plenty. Those days are hard to forget. Whenever a boat had to be shoved out in the water or hauled on land out of the water, Inuit would go from house to house knocking on doors and windows informing people that a boat was being put out or hauled in. Everyone would drop whatever they were doing and go willingly to help. I mention this in longing for the times when Inuit helped one and another.

Today people want payment for any little thing they are asked to do. In those days, Inuit without their own means of transportation asked to be taken to their hunting camps, which was done in all cases. There was no discussion of payment nor was there need for it. Certainly, the person with the boat or dogteam might think that he would receive some seal meat or other food item later on. People would even make arrangements for the time they wanted to be taken back to the community again. Inuit were happy to oblige, as they themselves were grateful for having the ways and the means to provide assistance. There was never cash involved as it wasn't around then.

That was the way things were and that's the way all Inuit lived. Helping each other was the ordinary thing to do and there was an unwritten, unspoken understanding the favour would be returned sooner or later. The way of life we had and our culture, customs and tradition has all changed. It's no longer the same. We were taught by our parents, peers, elders and others because anyone who was older had more experience. People in need of assistance today do not receive help. When we ask younger people to do anything, they do not pay attention nor do they seem to care. It's not like the old times which I really miss. No one does anything without pay anymore, although there are still a few people around who will do things freely when asked. I am very grateful and personally want to thank them.

The tasks of the Elders today are not as great as they once were. When Jerry Sillett was our Chief Elder he was satisfied to have only seven or eight Elders, even though the population of Nain justified having more, as long as the work load was shared equally among them and everyone agreed to do his fair share, keeping in mind that most of the responsibilities have been shifted to the police, welfare, council and others. Jerry was a good leader too and we also miss him now. I want to let him know of our appreciation for having been our respected Chief Elder.

Thankfully the Church Elders still handle church matters whenever there is a death. They still take care of the grave site and borrow a jack hammer from the Council which makes it much easier to dig graves when the ground is frozen in winter. The Elders make the coffins when it's not provided from the outside by family members. We used ordinary lumber for making coffins in my day but plywood is most often used now as it's more convenient and can be purchased from either of the local stores. That's the main responsibility of the Church Elders now, preparing the grave site, putting up and maintaining crosses, maintaining the graveyard, and maintaining and repairing fences. Just this past year we had trees and shrubs removed from the old graveyard as the snow began to get too deep among the trees preventing easy access to the new one. We hire people on welfare or those needing stamps to qualify for Unemployment Insurance and paid them by the hour. I am very thankful and appreciate what the Elders do for us and the burden they must carry in doing what is required of them.

V. Reflections on the present and future

We Inuit in Labrador are not that many but we are the same people and we are united. We have had the Moravian Church here for over two hundred years. We have the same belief and we are given the privilege of having to live together. I am humbled and made happy for all of that. Sometimes it may not seem easy when we have not had a full time minister here. We do the best we can and I feel sympathy for those who have to wait when they want to get married. The future looks much brighter. There is evidence that Inuit really want to get back to helping and caring for each other. There seems to be much more concern for each other both within and outside the immediate families. I'm much more optimistic about a lot of things than I once was.

I have not seen everything by any means. Many of the meetings that I have attended at places like Iqaluit and Greenland have reminded me, time and again, how wonderful it was in earlier days. The meetings involved discussions, co-operation, coming to terms and agreements, and helping each other. That's the way we did things around here in those days. One of the meetings is held once every three years and is attended by Inuit from every community throughout the north.[18] They discuss traditional and cultural matters, and talk about wildlife as well as many other subjects of common interest and concern among Inuit. They talk about holding on to their traditional customs and about the wish and desire of helping each other. After all, they are one and the same people. The last time we met in Greenland, Russian Inuit were present for the first time although they had always been invited to attend previous meetings. They had the same concerns and lifestyles that we had and they wanted to hold on to their customs and traditions too. They wanted control of their own resources and wildlife. They are Inuit. They also feel that they deserve and want what all Inuit want and feel they deserve. Those were meaningful and helpful meetings. We discussed everything.

The Inuit who lived here and those who settled here when I came to Nain are outnumbered now by those who came after us from Hopedale and Okak. All of the Inuit who were adults when I moved here have died off. The Dicker and Harris families have the greatest number of offspring from the original grandparents who were here when I came. There were quite a few Hunters here too but they have all moved to Hopedale. Their grandfather and father were both born here.

It seems ironic and I guess fate has a lot to do with it but if the first Harris and the first Dicker who I knew were here now, they would see the work they did being carried on in the church today. The church work is back in the hands of the Dickers and the Harrises, the same family name from the same family tree. I think it was meant to be.

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[18] Inuit Circumpolar Conference

Those who wanted to settle here have passed away and their children are now taking over many things, such as carrying on the family names. Those grandparents must have had a guiding hand in helping them to choose to live here.

People have moved and settled here from all over the place. Many Hebron Inuit were forced to move here and more of them are here now, living and working than the original villagers. I am thankful that, even though they were made to move here, they came to live with and help their fellow Inuit. I'm grateful for that as we are all Inuit and we should help each other. Although we came from many different places, we have come to settle at this one place and we are all involved in some ways in keeping the community functioning.

I often think about the many customs and traditions that we no longer have or follow. We no longer have a brass band due to lack of instruments and the church choir may end sometime in the future because not as many practices or rehearsals are being held and no new or young singers are being trained. When we had a full slate of choir members, organists, trumpeters and fiddlers, we always recruited young people to teach them whatever they were most interested in. If one or the other had to leave for whatever reason, we were able to replace them from those we had trained. We always encouraged the younger ones and a lot of them had natural talents. Some took a little longer to teach but they eventually learned when they kept at it with a lot of encouragement. We were always able to recruit enough people to keep everything going. No one was forced to participate. Now new recruits don't stay very long and quit before they finish. We will run out of singers and no longer have a church choir, and we may not have organists or fiddle musicians as no one is being trained for any of these positions. It worries me but I hope I will be proven wrong.

We learned to use and repair many new things as they arrived. Some things were awesome at first but we eventually accepted and used them all. When I heard the ministers talk about television, I was flabbergasted and could not imagine what it was. I never thought that I would own a television. Now our radios and record players are all run by electricity and we even look at images on TV. We also have VCR's and cable TV in which you can watch any channel you want. We can know in advance what and when to watch what we want. All of these things that we never even thought about, or ever imagined, are taken for granted now.

We also learned to repair the equipment when items happened to break down but now people have to go outside for long periods to learn and get certified how to operate this and repair that. This prevents a lot of capable people who are not able to go out and attend schools. There are a lot of people with no university education and they, at least some of them, are just as capable. Some people learn about things at universities and

schools and some people learn from experience, by hands on effort and actually doing something. They can repair and replace parts just as well as those who have certificates.

Some of the things that we have to conform to today were not the usual way of doing things for us in earlier days. Some of the new regulations may not be specific or of direct concern to us. It seems necessary now to have to go away for long periods to attend places of higher learning which takes a lot of money. People have to borrow if they don't have readily available cash. I don't think this should apply to each and every person. Some people have acquired skills, gained not through attending outside schools, and they are just as capable and should receive equal treatment. They are self-taught and have both acquired and natural skills gained through the experience of actually doing things. I am just saying what I have been feeling and suspecting for some time. It is evident that some people can take care of themselves and do well without having attended universities. I sometimes don't like the idea of forced education.

There have been many changes. We didn't think there would be as many houses as we have today. There was only one narrow footpath through the trees which was always maintained and cleaned up in the spring with little bridges put across the streams. The ministers, storekeepers and Inuit kept it maintained and clean. The trees were protected with two signs warning that no tree was to be cut down anywhere between the two signs posted at either end of the path. There was one sign at the beginning and one at the end where Julius Saimat lives now. Not even a grave was to be dug anywhere between the two signs. Anyone caught cutting trees was dealt with harshly at a hearing with the Elders and the church, but people could go beyond the signs and cut trees for firewood. The ministers inspected the trees and if they found any rotted or dead ones they would mark them and have them cut down for firewood which was given to the elderly, disabled or anyone who was sick and needed wood.

That wood patch was used for leisurely walks especially by the ministers and their wives on Sundays. They would catch white butterflies with fly catcher-type dip nets and they seemed to love doing that. They put the butterflies in glass containers and I think they sent them somewhere south where there were other people and places collecting them. They collected other insects too, put a little pin through them and placed them in glass containers.

When I was ten or fifteen years old, Europeans were sent to various villages to learn to become ministers and were taught by whichever minister was stationed at that particular village. They were taught the Inuit customs, traditions and language. Some of them were quick to learn how to speak Inuttitut but I don't know whether or not they received other training elsewhere before being sent here. Those trainees were a great help in classrooms and they always visited Inuit houses. They would pick up objects and ask

what they were called in our language and do other things that helped them to learn Inuttitut.

The main language of communication here at that time was Inuttitut and very few people spoke English. The Europeans would often visit to listen to Inuit talking and there would be a lot of one way conversations but in time they started picking up the language and some of them became fluent. When Mr. Hettasch arrived here, he was already an old man but Mr. Peacock was young and single when he first came here for training. Old Mr. Hettasch taught him how to speak Inuttitut. He didn't take that long in learning how to speak it but I don't think he understood some of the meanings. When I'd be walking by his house, he'd call me into his office to show me what was written in Inuttitut and ask me what it meant. I really got to know him and he got to know me, as we paid each other many visits. He was always honing his newfound language and tried to improve on it, asking all kinds of questions, writing it down in both languages when he understood. Mr. Hettasch spoke Inuktitut well and was a good story-teller. He told stories when he visited us or we visited him at his house or when he was working outside around his house. He was apt to tell stories whenever he had an audience. We enjoyed his stories because through them, he made us aware of a lot of things about which we knew very little or nothing at all.

It was the same way with the Hudson's Bay Company store managers. They learned the language quickly as they always had an Inuit cook who was the late Jim Webb's sister. She's living in America if she's still alive and her name was Liza. She spoke both languages and was a good teacher for the managers. One manager who learned from her when he was here is Mr. Mercer who I heard recently was living in Goose Bay. He was speaking Inuttitut by the third year of his stay here. He became fluent and would often go hunting with Inuit. He went on many seal hunting trips on his own by borrowing dogs from Inuit, and he always delivered seal meat for dogfood to whoever he borrowed the dogs from. As I've said, the main language of communication was Inuttitut which made it easier for them to learn it.

The ministers are different today. We have gone for long periods without a minister here. We've been abandoned for a year, two years and as many as three years at a time. Those who do come, leave before they can properly read or write in Inuttitut. When they are here they speak only in English to everyone, even when they are talking to unilingual Inuit and I think that is why they do not learn Inuttitut as much. This is my personal feeling because I really don't know the reason. The earlier ones visited often, they mingled, they made visible attempts, they were interested in learning the language and did everything to get better at it. If the present ones did the same, they would attain the same results. It goes for me too. I can learn to speak English only if and when I have someone to teach me and if and when I want to learn it.

Some languages can be forgotten and I know of cases when this happened. Mike Dyson from Hopedale was adopted and lived here after having spent some time at an orphanage in St. Anthony. He spoke only English at the orphanage but when he was adopted by Boas Obed and his wife, he learned to speak only Inuttitut. By the time he was sixteen or seventeen, he could not speak or understand English. He and Jacko Obed went on board a schooner one time and Jacko told Mike to ask one of the fishermen how many tubs it would take to load the schooner. Mike refused and Jacko got mad at him. They were almost brawling when Mike shouted "How many tub-usik?" He mixed the two languages. Jacko started laughing and Mike got mad in turn. Another case was when Sam and Miriam Brown's daughter had to go away to St. Anthony as a young child speaking only Inuttitut. Before she left, my late daughter Regina and she would play and speak only in Inuttitut as neither of them could speak English. By the time she returned, she was speaking only English. They had to point to things and make signs in trying to make each other understand. That can and has happened which is how I know languages can be lost.

All of my children learned to speak Inuttitut and my grandson Roland can speak it fluently because he has spoken Inuttitut with us ever since he was small. Hardly any of my other grandchildren can speak Inuttitut now. Amos' oldest son is the only one who can speak it and some of my daughter's children can understand a little but they cannot speak our language. They can only say grandfather and grandmother in Inuttitut. Many young people don't speak or understand Inuttitut now and we are losing our language because it is being used less and less. If some of them could realize how important it is, then maybe it would return.

If at all possible, we should never forget our language and we should be thinking of ways and doing things to help our younger ones retain our language. We should be teaching our younger ones and our younger ones should be teaching their younger ones. Only that way will our language not be lost. I am sometimes afraid our language is disappearing because all I hear coming from our younger people is English. It should never have come to that stage. It's sad because we still have a few unilingual Inuit who, when they ask questions, have no one fluent enough in Inuttitut to make them understand what is really being said. Those older ones, when they speak Inuttitut, are not fully understood by some of the bilingual speakers. The situation is critical and more Inuttitut should be used by more of our people.

A few of us families still converse only in our language. My little great-grandchild is bilingual, and he speaks to me only in Inuttitut as it is the only language I use when I speak to him. Some Inuit don't think he speaks Inuttitut so they talk in English to him but most of them are finding out that he can speak both languages and they speak to him now more in Inuttitut. All of my kin speak it, after all they are and I am Inuit. It is

normal and expected or it should be at least. I'm just saying this but I am not preaching. I have tried it and I am using the language with my children and grandchildren to see if it would work and it is working. It can work when properly promoted at home. This makes the young people happy to learn it and makes them proud to be able to speak their own language which is Inuttitut.

I have a lot of grandchildren and great-grandchildren. My grandson Roland is my only caretaker in every way now because I don't work anymore either around the house, chopping firewood or anything else. He can hunt for food and takes care of us, and I am very proud that he is with me. I used to hear that grandchildren can be more loveable than even your own children and I believe that because I love my grandchild's younger child very much. I am also very proud of my late daughter's children because since she died, they have been able to take care of themselves. They still live in their own house and take good care of themselves and I am very proud of the way they are growing up.

At one time Inuit had no surnames. They chose a surname and informed the ministers by what surname they wanted to be called. According to Michael Atsatata, his father chose their surname and he lived to be an elderly man. I remember a very elderly old man with white hair, Natan Illinniatitsijuk, who got his surname (meaning 'the one who teaches') because he was once a teacher. At times he couldn't remember where he was and would get lost on one of his walks but he would be found in the evening, none the worse for wear.

The surnames were chosen and should not be changed now. In the case of a female who marries, they are given the surname of the male. The surnames of all the married Inuit women have been changed through marriage. When their husbands die and they happen to remarry they change their name again. Should they happen to get divorced they can change it back again to their original surname. There seems to be a lot of attention being paid to surnames today. Maybe they want to hold on to the past, hold on to their own father's or grandfather's side of the name. There is more need for personal identification today by those who keep records. Inuit approaching receipt of Old Age Pension have to have their names traced back to their relatives. That's why I think it's important to have and retain surnames.

I am often awed and surprised by our younger single women of today. We don't have that many more single women than we had in former days but they have a lot more children. We have more and more single women having babies and then they are having babies more often, or more of them having babies. Most of them don't seem to care what name they give to their children. They show no regard for their own mother's or father's names. They seem to take whatever name they happen to come across for their children, giving them non-native names and calling them after people with no ties to the family.

This is how it appears to me.

I think Inuit should respect, retain, be known and be traceable by their name. I just mention this because it has been a concern of mine because at one time we had to approach and inform the minister when we married couples had or were having children. We were asked who the child will be named after and we also had to explain why we wanted a particular name, why we wanted the child named after a particular person. The child might be named after a close and respected friend or for someone who wanted a namesake. It's just a personal concern of mine and I don't want to get in the way.

It would be helpful today if we could return to the days and ways of helping each other as we once did. In the past those who could no longer move around freely because of old age were cared for and helped by anybody and everybody. Children with parents and those without did not do anything on their own. They would be provided with food and ammunition and whatever else was needed when they went on a hunting trip. People had to try to survive in any way they could and we the older generation did that providing for our family from morning until night. Our parents did the same for us. Today this tradition still continues but our younger generation can go on their own because they are able to earn their own income and get what they need. It seems better now because they have an easier way to earn a living. In the past we were always given things for our use and nothing that we needed was refused to us. Our forefathers looked after us, not only their younger folks, but they looked after married people as well.

We no longer help each other freely in our communities. We used to fetch water for the elderly, carry things for them and assisted them in many other ways. Now they are abandoned in their time of most need and we just leave them to fend for themselves. There should be more concern and care shown to our elderly and to those less fortunate but by whom is the question. We, the elderly, talk about this subject amongst ourselves. The church elders were involved as were all of the residents of the community on matters which affected our elderly. Responsible groups and organizations have multiplied over the years. I think the organization most responsible for looking after the affairs of the elderly should initiate a program directly aimed at them. As I've said, there are all kinds of groups and organizations holding meetings and discussing all kinds of matters today. I think the Inuit Women's Association is the best suited to look after the affairs of our elderly. They seem to be the most qualified and were initially involved. Maybe they'd be interested if they were asked. They even had a skidoo for use by or for the elders at one time but I think it broke down. I heard them talking about getting a taxi service too. I think the problem of acquiring adequate funding prevents them from doing that and other things. Keeping that in mind, I'll save what I can and when I can and make a donation at their next meeting or go to the executive and tell them what it's for.

It's uncertain what the future holds. There have been many changes in comparing the past with the present. Everything costs money and everybody wants to be paid. There is no volunteerism like before. We are all too used to receiving payment for whatever we do. We really have to get together to discuss, agree and be willing to help each other as to how we would like to see things handled and do it collectively before I can predict what the future holds.

Although much of the way I remember life is gone now, I want to see people getting along with each other and helping each other as they used to do in all the communities. Inuit and Kallunangajuit got along very well and always helped each other in working, with food and in many other ways because money was not used as it is now. They treated each other well and helped each other in any way when someone needed help. Their lifestyle was good because they got along well and helped each other but now they seem to avoid each other, Inuit and Kallunangajuit. Although they should treat each other in the same way as they did before and should really support each other because they live in the same land, it seems in my mind that they want to be separate.

I know that being able to get along well is the best thing that can happen so I hope it can be that way again. We don't spend time together as we used to perhaps because we don't leave the community as much and we spend too much time in one place. Maybe the problem causing us not to get along as well as we once did is that people don't spend time outside the communities so they could miss seeing each other. What I would like to see happen is for everyone to get along well in their communities because that was the way it was everywhere here.

Everything, our way of life and our land, is different from what it once was. I think the future will see that the land will just keep on changing, especially if we don't mind whether or not it's taken care of. Our land and beaches are shifting all the time through erosion, waves and landslides. Land where some houses once stood is no longer there and some existing houses are now perched on top pretty high places because the land has eroded as much as five feet or more. What will be done about it in the future is uncertain. We used to back-fill using logs at one time which helped a great deal and prevented erosion and landslides before the days of the Town Council. We also worked at and maintained our roads using only wheelbarrows and shovels when I was a member of the Elders. I was even put in charge of our roads before the days of the council.

There is some work being done by the Town Council but they always run out of money before any project is complete. At times it seems the season is too short, with cold weather setting in too soon, to complete some projects. I think most of it is due to lack of planning, lack of preparation and lack of the required tools and material. No doubt it will get better. They've been working on a water and sewer system for many

years now. The material seems to have been available and ready for some time but the water supply is too low and the dam is too small to hook up all of the houses.

We had no water this past winter because there wasn't much snow. Even if we had a lot of snow and if all of the houses were hooked up, the water source would dry up in no time because it's too small. It will become more difficult as more houses are built but if they built another dam there would be lots of water. Even now with just a few houses on line, the water dries up and the pipes freeze in winter creating a lot of heavy and difficult work for the Council and hardship for those of us who depend on it. The problem is with the rock and permafrost underground. In some places the permafrost below ground is four feet thick and the route they have to take to get to the water source is full of permafrost. They just laid the water pipes on top of the permafrost which guarantees frozen pipes each and every winter. The solid rock just below ground level is a big problem too. I just mention that subject as I am aware of how hard it is to work on our land. I don't envy the Council workers and I'm even thankful that they hold that responsibility. They're responsible for many other things too but I don't think they will conquer that problem any time soon.

The last group of char fishermen were dissatisfied when the char stocks in nearby areas and they were discouraged from going further north where they knew there would still be lots of char. The char further north go out of the rivers much later than around here and they return to the spawning grounds much earlier and much more suddenly while some char can still be caught around here. All of the char fishermen knew that and were sure of being able to catch a lot more char if they had been allowed to go further north and return here at proper intervals.

The trouble was with the collector boats operated by the government authorities who refused to send the boats to collect char from what was far north to them even at the time I was still working on one of the collectors. There were two boats stationed at Saglek but they were always sent back close to Nain as soon as the authorities felt that the char would be going into the rivers around here, although they were still plentiful in the north. The fishermen couldn't keep catching them as they had no means of getting them to market before they rotted. There were not many fishermen fishing as far north as Saglek but some of them had come from Hopedale. They also were fishing at places closer to Nain like Napaattuk Bay and the Okak area. The collector boats would not have been able to keep up with collecting had there been more fishermen. When the char were returning to their spawning grounds, the fishermen were barely able to keep their nets clear of char when I was working on one of the collector boats.

Combining all of the negatives now can not go close to comparing the past with the present. The comparisons are too far apart. There is very little or no fish to catch,

no animals to hunt, seals are not in demand, boats and engines are in need of repair or broken down altogether because of neglect or lack of use, and all of the equipment and necessary tools are worn out, rotten, eroded or too old to use. Even the few crews that are still trying to eke out a living from char do not have enough being picked up by collector boats to pay for their food. They are not making enough for food and nothing at all for repairs and maintenance. Isaac Zarpa had his boat almost paid for when his engine broke down. His boat was left on land all last summer and the summer before.

There is a feeling of hopelessness for the future. How will one purchase food when there is not enough fish and no equipment with which one can try to make money and there is no place of employment. There are no alternatives and no way of purchasing food or equipment on credit because of too much uncertainty as to whether or not enough will be caught to pay off accumulated amounts. There are a few people who work for wages and have no worries but there is no hope for the hunters, fishermen and others for whom there is no alternative here.

Today my life has changed dramatically. I do not get around as much because of my age and the wind bothers my eyes, bringing tears to them. They are not very good for reading even when I am wearing my spectacles. When I lost my daughter, it took a lot out of my life and ever since then the strength in my legs has not returned. I find it difficult to walk now and I can't do much anymore but I know that there is nothing I can do about it. I envy those who can go off hunting as I can only go off now in my mind.