KOGEAHLOOK: AN ETHNOGRAPHIC STUDY OF A CANADIAN INUIT WOMAN

By

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Abstract

“Kogeahlook: An Ethnographic Study of a Canadian Inuit Woman” is descriptive of one Inuit woman’s journey of early life on the land, to institutional care, and finally, independent living, despite severe hardship. Evacuated from her home and family in Gjoa Haven, NU, circa 1952, she experienced loss of mate and family life, the use of her own language and the use of her legs, becoming paraplegic. After living more than twenty years on the land with her people, following the traditional way of Inuit life, her life came to an abrupt and permanent interruption with her contraction of polio, and subsequent paralysis. No longer able to return to her home near the settlement of Gjoa Haven, she was relocated first to Edmonton, then Inuvik and finally, Yellowknife. The far northern community area where she originated had no facilities to care for her special needs. I spoke with Kogeahlook in interviews in Yellowknife, NT, in her home and mine from 1981 to 1998. Some of the sessions were dated and recorded and some were casual conversations where she related how she survived and thrived in successive new environments. Despite her successful adaptation to life in the south and acceptance of non-Inuit ways, she continued to hold to the values of her basic belief systems, including the traditional view of the fearsome power of the angakok (shaman). At Kogeahlook’s request, I recorded our conversations, printed some excerpts for her use, and documented the information passed on to me. My research method will demonstrate the reliability of Kogeahlook’s recall of her early life and validates, by given detail, a study of Kogeahlook’s Inuit culture. The conversational contents are situated in a social context. Kogeahlook and I developed an egalitarian relationship over twenty years of friendship which facilitated her disclosures. As a model of ethnographic scholarship I have applied
the disciplinary traditions of Franz Boas and Julie Cruikshank, and other cultural anthropologists. My approach in the preparation of this paper is aimed at relating Kogeahlook’s story as an accurate social reality, set within the constraints of one woman’s personal experience. This oral history is vibrant evidence of the strength of the human spirit in her life and her people of Canada’s central Arctic.

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Kogeahlook told me this one day after I had known her for a number of years. We were sitting having tea together and looking out the window at the snowscape. I was confused and didn’t know what this story had to do with anything about her life that she had told me thus far. But I just nodded and we carried on with small talk about the weather and I made a head note to record it later. This written record of the oral history of her life experiences include several exchanges with the angakok of the settlement. The foregoing was one of these encounters, an earlier encounter angered the shaman and subsequent occasions resulted in tragic consequences.

This paper is an ethnographic study descriptive of one Inuit woman’s journey of early life on the land, to institutional care, and finally, independent living, despite severe hardship. Evacuated from her home in Gjoa Haven, NU, she experienced loss of her mate and family, loss of the use of her language, and the use of her legs. I spoke with Kogeahlook in interviews in Yellowknife, NT from 1981 to 1998 where she related how she survived and thrived in a series of successive new environments. Kogeahlook told me her stories for an historical record that I could share with others when we first met in 1978–79, and I began making notes in 1981 at her request.
When we met, Kogeahlook was a mature Inuit women in her mid-forties confined to a wheelchair after contracting polio in her early twenties. (All early dates are approximate as they have been recorded by others and Kogeahlook was not concerned about their accuracy.) She was born in the central Arctic, somewhere near Gjoa Haven, NU.

I became acquainted with Kogeahlook in 1978-79 when a friend brought her down to Yellowknife from Inuvik in his small plane. She wanted to relocate from the senior’s home in Inuvik, where she had been living for some years after relocation from Edmonton, to an apartment for assisted/independent living in our town. As paraplegic, needing a wheelchair to get around, she told me that going back up to her home area of Gjoa Haven was out of the question. She wanted to settle where facilities were available to fill her needs. My friend asked if she could stay with me for the weekend. She decided she liked Yellowknife, and said her place in Inuvik was full of “people who didn’t speak her language” and were “much older” than she was. She moved to Yellowknife a few months later and we became good friends. After I had known her for a few years I asked her if she would like me to record her life story and have me make a copy for her to keep. She was happy to do this and we began to have semi-formal interviews, between tea and visits, off and on, until she became progressively more ill with post-polio syndrome illnesses, hospitalizations, surgeries, and COPD, and then her death in 1998. I did print up a small copy of some of her stories for her, which she enjoyed and gave her nurses and home-care workers to read. She said they liked it and it helped them to understand her better.
Other than our very first conversation about her early life, everything that followed came in no particular order in time or sequence of events. Similar narrative style in relating oral history has been noted by others about Inuit oral history projects. Julie Cruikshank records:

“…neither oral nor written accounts can be treated simply as historical evidence to be sifted for ‘facts’…Instead both of them have to be understood as windows on the way the past is constructed and discussed in different contexts, from the perspectives of actors enmeshed in culturally distinct networks of social relationships” (Cruikshank 1996:435).

She continues:

“Paying attention to the symbolic and structural nature of both written and oral accounts direct us away from a simple search for facts and closer to an investigation of the social processes in which all narratives are embedded” (Cruikshank 1996:453).

Lisa Stevenson quotes anthropologist Murielle Nagy’s remark on Inuit oral history: “first childhood memories are not translated in a consistent way” (Stevenson 2006:10). These researchers assured me that my interviews were typical, especially when Kogeahlook recounted events in no particular order.

Works of anthropologists Franz Boas and Margaret Mead impressed me deeply when I was a young student and have continued to influence my studies and the method of preparation used for this project. Franz Boas, the so-called “father of North American anthropology,” is claimed to have “discovered” culture in the sense in which we use it today (Stevenson 2006: 4, 21). In particular, Boaz’ findings reveal that what had said to be an “uncivilized” people (Inuit) possessed a cultured, organized social system. Being Metis myself, and reflecting on my mother’s Cree heritage, made me appreciate scientists
who challenge the accepted mores and standards of industrialized societies. In this paper, I follow Boaz’ method of investigation in *The Central Eskimo*, which, like Margaret Mead in *Coming of Age in Samoa*, uses careful observation, conversation and recording findings with informants. However, I did not need an interpreter as Kogeahlook was fluent, though ungrammatical, in spoken English. More recent studies by anthropologists Jean L. Briggs and Nancy Wachowich and their participant observer and participant interaction approach provided me with the model used in this project. Jean L. Briggs’ *Never in Anger* was a close portrayal of Inuit family life obtained by actually living with her informants and Nancy Wachowich’s *Saqiyuq* relays the stories of three generations of Inuit women with whom she spent years conducting interviews. Their informative processes of obtaining data have been valuable sources for me in developing my procedure.

My approach in formulating this project was to broaden my understanding of a culture very different from my own. Knowing Kogeahlook as a friend informed me of the inherent sensibility, humility and unusual sensitivity to surroundings possessed by most Inuit people. I have met and worked, and become acquainted with many Inuit people in various jobs, in the health services field, held over my fifty year residency in the Northwest Territories, but Kogeahlook and I had a close relationship from her middle years to her death. This gave me ample opportunity to learn about her and her people.

I began to take notes of some of our conversations, which I am submitting for this paper. Much of the time, though, we talked about our daily lives, visited friends, drank tea, or I watched her make ‘Eskimo’ dolls or cut fur. The notes I did make are written longhand in three steno notebooks, samples of which are in the appendix. Kogeahlook
made sketches on some of the pages to help to explain what she was telling me. She also made a few sketches on some blank paper.

An analysis of Kogeahlook’s oral history as told to me reveals details of an Inuit life now gone. Examination shows a remarkable memory of times past. The following exploration of the particulars of her daily life describes one person’s unique experiences. I have supported our conversations with references to works by known ethnographers and anthropologists, who have researched, written and published studies on the Inuit people.

We usually spent our afternoons together during these times, two or three hours at most. Often we were alone, in her apartment or my house. Kogeahlook was under no pressure to tell me about her life – she would often initiate discussions about the past and how living used to be for her, when she was young. We were almost the same age; I may have been a year older. We shared many things in common: I am nonwhite, always in poor health, enjoy sewing, and have close family ties, each of which balanced our relationship.

I came to understand some things about the Inuit culture unknown to me before being taught by Kogeahlook. She helped me to recognize family value in new ways. Survival often depended on reliance on close family. Not just for food - the hunter’s value, but also loving relationships, warmth, comfort, and socializing in a large, often hostile environment. Kogeahlook also helped me understand that eating raw meat and fish was an acquired taste from childhood. She described the Inuit people’s use of clever, innovative housing, clothing and tools to accomplish needs; they travel without maps and never lose their way, they know how to protect themselves and educate their children. In fact, in countless ways Kogeahlook taught me to overcome any bias or prejudice I may
have harbored about their way of life. The more I learned about her life, the closer we became.

Kogeahlook was consistent and credible in maintaining certain details about her history over the years. She did not vary when stories were repeated or when her memory was refreshed. When I printed up some notes I had made of our early conversations, she was satisfied and confirmed their accuracy, pleased with the results.

During our first interview I asked Kogeahlook how old she was - where she was from and who her family was. We talked about baby care and what kind of food she ate. Little did I know that such a series of questions, fired one after the other was considered rude and “not done” in her culture. Researcher Jean Briggs writes of her work with the Uktu Inuit: “At best, Uktu consider questions boorish and silly, nevertheless, they will sometimes politely attempt to answer them” (Briggs 1970: 3). Kogeahlook answered all my inquiries quite willingly although she sometimes accompanied her replies with a quizzical look. However, Kogeahlook answered my questions in an entry dated October 21, 1989.

She began:

Kogeahlook mentions “Henry” – this would be Henry Larsen, an RCMP officer in the Arctic for twenty-five years (1928-1953) travelling on patrol in the areas of Kogeahlook’s people. It is likely he who assigned Kogeahlook her birthdate (Larsen 1967:100). Kogeahlook continued:

Lived in bush. Spring to town and Easter. We eat seal meat, fish, caribou meat, ducks. Boil, cook with seal oil. Use moss for baby, collected in fall. When visiting, someone gave me round, brown thing. I guess it was bannock.

Kogeahlook drew a cooking lamp for me. (Figure 1)

Later I asked her about how they travelled, and when and what they lived in. She replied:

Spring time. Travelling dog team, five or six to bush. Bags made of caribou skin. This big [she indicated about 24” in size] carrying bags, sew by hand. Caribou sinew and caribou hide. Sometime seal skin, same shape. People carry, roll up and carried on back, round head. Mostly separate in spring and summer. Winter together.

Kogeahlook drew a sketch of the carrying bags, saying they were placed on dogs, and tied on. (Figure 2)

Travel all the time. 19 years Gjoa Haven mostly still igloos.

Small store, tiny, Hudson Bay. George Porter, half Eskimo,

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1 Sgt. Henry Larson travelled on the ship St. Roch in the high arctic, but also made many long land trips by dog team, some as long as 800 miles. In 1935 he reports seeing Explorer Amundsen’s ship Maud’s foremast used as a flagstaff at the Cambridge Bay Hudson’s Bay store and “the rest of the ship lay on her side near the shore, looking like a stranded whale...” (Larson 1967:100-108).
half white. Gave food – when ran out of food – rations. Some families had hard time. Some men lazy. People shared food.

Not anymore.

Kogeahlook spoke of “George Porter” - of the Hudson’s Bay Co. at Gjoa Haven, also known as Peterson Bay. A post known as King William Island has operated there from 1927 to the present (Usher 1971: 116).

Kogeahlook then described the kind of homes they used:

- Tents: held down by stone, warm inside, fire in stones.
- Sketched tents – (Figure 3). Snow houses, not same all winter.
- Cut with knife, ice for windows. Warm, snow covered after making. Sometimes a stovepipe. Large enough for family.
- Went out hunting even in winter. Igloo would get dirty, made new house. Sometimes we had stovepipe so air could be clean.
- Window made of ice. Her sketch: (Figure 4).

Hudson’s Bay Manager Alfred Copeland wrote in March 1942 a description of Inuit housing at that time: “There are varying degrees of comfort in the snow dwellings of the Eskimo and one must wear the loose-fitting, well ventilated skin clothing of the natives to appreciate it fully.” He then describes the method of heating igloos: ” When the ingenious, half-moon shaped, shallow soapstone lamp has been filled with pounded seal blubber, and the wick set alight, an even heat fills the dome-shaped interior. This even temperature is maintained, as the heat passes through the fine texture of the snow walls at its higher level.”
Copeland also describes summer houses: “…a skin tent…oddly shaped, almost bell-like in appearance, but in shape strangely reminiscent of the countless tent rings of moss-grown stones that have lain, undisturbed for centuries, throughout the great islands, and by the shores of the inland lakes. They are awkward and dull-looking beside the smart canvas tents that are so convenient, but the sharp night cold does not penetrate them, and mosquitos avoid their dark interior,” (10-12).

Jean Malaurie writes of his travels in the Central Arctic and describes Inuit living in igloos: March 1950:

“The Utkuhekjalajninguit…the men were lined up a few feet in front of the torssuqs (front entrances) of their igloos, their arms crossed as was their custom. Their women and children were clustered behind them as if for protection…The two Netsilimmiut Eskimos from Gjoa Haven, who had accompanied me stood, whips in hand in front of the quiet dogs,” (Malaurie 1982:181).

These accounts confirm the accuracy of Kogeahlook’s depiction of their dwelling.

Kogeahlook explains not only accommodation but regular activities. During one afternoon session, October 24, 1989, I asked her about hunting – who hunted, what and how:

taught me how. She hunt by herself with harpoon. Get seal and white fox trapping.

One day, stepmother – look for her, gone. Ready to go trapline, turn around saw me crying by snow house, running. She said: ‘too cold, too slow walking.’ I ran after her crying. Catch up to her. She was smiling. Check traps under snow. Soft snow.

Seal meat, little pieces. Fox put foot on one side.

Hunting seals too far, too hard on ice – wait a long time.


Swimming, shooting, turkey-like.

Kogeahlook said they lived, hunted and travelled from Cambridge Bay² (Iqaluktutiat) where there was an abundance of caribou, seal, fish and wildfowl.

Favored as important place for the Inuit for hundreds of years, its Inuit name Iqaluktutiat means “fair fishing place”. It was the site of large summer gatherings well into historical times (NWT Data Book 1981:50). Kogeahlook’s people customarily travelled from Cambridge Bay to Gjoa Haven³ and back as part of their natural hunting

² Cambridge Bay is located 69°07’N, 105°03’W with an elevation of 90’ at the airstrip. 538 air miles NE of Yellowknife. 1,150 air miles NE of Edmonton in the Central Arctic Region. It is on the southeast coast of Victoria Island, north of the mainland of the Arctic Coast. It is situated on an area of sags and swells, dry debris strewn knolls and moist depressions with very little vegetation. Cambridge Bay has an average annual precipitation of 6.8 cm rainfall, 72.6 cm snowfall. January mean high -30.2°C, low -37.1°C, July mean high 12.1°C, low 4.2°C. Winds, NW 7 knots (NWT Data Book 1981:50).

³ Gjoa Haven is located 68°38’N, 95°53’W. Elevation is 150’ at the airport. It is 88 air miles SW of Spence Bay, 660 air miles NE of Yellowknife, in the Central Arctic Region. It is on an inlet on the southeast coast of King William Island, off the mainland Arctic Coast. The topography is of limestone lowlands covered by sands and gravels. There is an average annual precipitation of 5.1 cm rainfall,
range. Gjoa Haven on King William Island is the traditional territory of the Netsilik Inuit. The channels and bay of their country were ice-bound for most of the year, and they were perhaps the most expert of all the Inuit groups at seal-hunting on the winter or spring ice. They used to travel occasionally as far as the Thelon River in the mainland interior to obtain wood (NWT Data Book 1981:88). The arduous life endured by the Inuit is observed by RCMP Officer Sydney Montague in a published report of 1939: “They do not live much beyond 40 or 50 years, for their life is hard, their travel of the most strenuous, and it wears down the heart. No disease attacks them until contact with the white man is made. ‘The Eskimo eats baking powder and he dies,’ has now become a proverb and so he must be protected from too rapid civilization,” (Montague 1939:102). Early explorers discovered and recognized, often too late, that the hunting skills of the Inuit was exceptional. “The Inuit, with one of the greatest hunting cultures on earth, set the example for them if only the explorers had used their eyes to see it” (Kane 1996:xliii).

Kogeahlook described not only hunting but the making of various tools. I asked Kogeahlook about her ulu, and other tools they used and made:

Ulu. I use to cut myself on this hand [showed me her left hand]. Men make, bone, Caribou and muskox horns.

Lamps last a long time. Sometimes broken, maybe from cold.

For fishing through ice – with hook. Caribou sinew for line, weight – caribou bone.

Summer in lake. Long string and bones, two bones. Meat.

Fish swallow, stuck in throat.

25.4 cm snowfall. July mean temperature is a high of 23.9°C, low 7.2°C and January mean high -23.3°C and low of -49.4°C. Light winds N. (NWT Data Book 1981:88).
That’s how, trout. Also with spear, made of sharp bones.

Dry fish, but with knife and dry with bones in sun. Char, trout.


Thimble – sealskin, dry.

Sometimes our conversations would lag and I would try to prompt her memory of the past. Most often though, once she started to tell me about her young life, words tumbled out. When asked, Kogeahlook described the kind of clothes they wore and what she remembered about her early childhood:

Winter time was hardest. Couldn’t hunt. Wore mostly caribou, fur inside by skin, then thin summer caribou skin. For outside thick caribou skin. Women made all clothes, sometimes men would help for soften skins. Cutting and sewing for parky started in fall (October) before cold weather. Would last two or three winters, hair would fall out. Dog skin used it and hair – black only – looked nice together. Used wolf fur too, grey wolf. Leaders said to be red (on the back). Sealskin use it, not so much work with sealskin, clean and make soft and decorate. Mostly learn from mother. Young girls start to watch people and copy, make own. Not anymore.

Inuit women were expert seamstresses because their very survival and that of their families, in a severe climate depended on this ability. They were kept busy and hands were rarely idle. Corroboration to the skill involved in women’s work has been observed
by Jean Briggs in her research on an extended Uktu family (Briggs 1970:82). W. Gillies Ross also noted of Inuit women “The women…good sewers…the thimble is worn on the forefinger and they sew from right to left (Ross 1997:106).

Kogeahlook continued, changing the topic to recreational activities:


Kogeahlook did not enlarge on this incident, or explain what or who the ‘devil’ might be. She did emphasize the fear the children felt at seeing the black thing.


Later, that same year in November, Kogeahlook told me more of her childhood fears and an incident that occurred during her teens that later turned out to have great
significance for her. However, when she told me the story she did not give it any special emphasis:

Especially fall time; white fox come around, give dogs disease.

Visiting aunt, afraid to go out. Uncle said: ‘Watch out for white fox, run home.’ Only when dogs howling I not afraid. When quiet, I was.

One time I went outside to pee. Then, something touch me on my back.

It was cold. It was medicine man’s dog, touch my back. I fell down. I lay I couldn’t get up. I was paralyzed. I had hard time, but finally I could move my legs. I got up. I had a hard time to get up, but I got home safe.

Kogeahlook was certain that it was the shaman’s dog that touched her back and temporarily paralyzed her. She believed that the shaman could turn himself into any animal he chose and use it to harm others. She later relates this incident as connected with her permanent paralysis and contraction of polio, and as a direct result of her angering the angakok.

Kogeahlook next explains that she was “custom adopted,” a practice commonly followed among the Inuit. She was given to her stepmother by her birthmother to raise as her own daughter.

I was told my stepmom had seven kids, all die in eight years.

My mom young, born related. Sorry for her. ‘I’m young and could have more kids’ and she told me my mom was alive. I
not believe her. I grew up with her. Was good to me. Taught me how to sew. Step mother Madeline – her name “Hikoo-ah”, [Kogeahlook did not spell out this name, it is written here phonetically]. Annie – real mom.

Kogeahlook then again returns to describe winter housing and family relationships.

Igloo underground. Ground and rocks put together with. Stone houses – live for a year. Fall, stay in. Remember being cold, had nice warm clothes, don’t take (use) hood. Sickness, not much long ago. Now people live too close together. Mom would tell you who the people were, houses in circle, some relatives, meet kids, play. Some kids were proud, pick on one another.

Father talk and tell boys what to do, and go with dad. Even very small, cry to go. My sister Jackie, nine, goes with dad in small way. Soapstone used for cooking pot – seal. Not whale, walrus. Snares used for hunting rabbits, sinew for string, hang on branch of bush. Used for small kids fur to keep warm. Good meat for boiling. (Here I asked Kogeahlook if she use meat for bait). She looked sideways at me and said: ‘Do rabbits eat meat?’ and smiled. I told her I was dumb.

Later in the year we continued our conversations, and again she moved from subject to subject without any seeming coherence. Anthropologist Murielle Nagy gives
an explanation of Inuit ways of remembering: “…the act of remembering was not the only subject discussed by the narrator, they also were qualifying and contextualizing their first memories…the narrators were indicating cognitive and chronological markers about themselves” (Nagy 2006:81). Anthropologist Lisa Stevenson writes of an “ethical injunction to remember.” She writes of young Inuit “being urged by their elders to remember their language, their values, and their traditional way of life”, these things are seen as being under threat and “even extinction.” Interest in cultural history is being emphasized and “even the most intimate and prosaic forms of memory have become linked to projects of recuperation, cultural survival, and ethnic heritage” (Stevenson 2006:168-69). I think Kogeahlook was well aware of the intrinsic value of her personal history and she wanted to tell her story as she remembered it:

One time I was little girl I saw bag in tent of people I was visiting. I was listening and that person said those things good to eat. It looked like brown rocks. The first time I saw potatoes. I heard them say had to be cooked. One little girl my age started to play with them, was going to throw one to me. But she got a scolding. It was not to play with. It was springtime. Somehow people would know when to start to get ready for when it starts to get cold, especially at night. And by the sun going down.

During this session I asked Kogeahlook if she, or anyone she knew, ever felt that maybe the sun would not return after winter, maybe not come up again over the horizon, with no spring. I asked her this because sometimes I felt that way during a particularly
hard, cold winter that seemed never to end. She looked very seriously at me and said:

No. No, never. We never thought that. Then she continued:

Lots of kids don’t have toys – they use seal bone, the feet, mostly used for toys. They had to be dried first, when they turn brown, all the little pieces and we would play with them in winter. In summer time we collect rocks to play with. We would build snowhouses with them outside. I loved to collect rocks, all different colors, any kind. I play outside all day never get hungry. My mother would call me. In summer tent, a few people there, I was looking on the floor in gravel. I saw a green, red and white rock. It looked so pretty I grab it, it moved. I shake and throw it away, a worm, no fur on it. I thought it was a pretty rock. After that I was careful with the rock. I was so scared. Now today I don’t like them I can’t stand those. I don’t mind spiders, they lay eggs in the ground in little houses.

The next sessions occurred after a delay due to illness and other circumstances that prevented us from getting together to talk, but Kogeahlook continued explaining having rocks as toys,

Wintertime we would play with rocks inside – (she made the motions of juggling).

Her conversation then shifted to the topic of storytelling:
When it storm, had to stay inside, if we had neighbours we would visit. I would hear them tell stories. Some kids were nosy have to know everything they talk about, not me. My mother told me old time stories, some were scary, I was scared. She would tell me stories, I would fall asleep. I ask her for more and she say: ‘you always fall asleep’ – and I say I’m not going to fall asleep and I will stay up and listen.

Researchers Jean Briggs and Nancy Wachowich each describe storytelling as an important part of Inuit life. Nancy Wachowich states “For generations, storytelling has been an integral part of Inuit social life” (Briggs 1970: 82, Wachowich 1999:3) Kogeahlook explains some of the stories about medicine men and medicine:

Could use anything – strong. If a person got sick that medicine men could heal them up and they never get sick anymore.

There were no doctors. I’ve seen a few of those kind of people. I was afraid to go outside after I knew about them, they could do all kinds of things. They had lots of power – over animals. A wicked man, if someone talks behind back – gets mad easy – wants to kill that one thinking with medicine – kill that person. They were very strict people.

She told me true stories only, not made up ones. Some people – one guys, ducks or ptarmigan, make fun of animals, takes feathers off, he died.
The shaman or angakok was feared and said to possess great powers; in the perception of the Inuit, he was a frighteningly powerful individual dominating any interaction he had with them. The angakok appeared capable of causing all manner of extraordinary happenings, including killing those who the angakok targeted for some offense, according to stories told in different research studies by anthropologists Tom Lowenstein and Nancy Wachowich. The angakok was said to be able to take possession of animals, fly, and kill people: Shaman Masiin told us “he’d flown around for a while…saw the Russian boss, 'that’s a bad man…so killed him,’” (Lowenstein 1992:259). Informant Apphia Agalakti Awa stated:

“Before the Qallunaat arrived among the Inuit…shamans were the spiritual people. People tried very hard to please the spirits, to be good to them, because if someone angered them or committed a sin there might be a shortage of food and the whole group might go hungry. The shaman would help the people by telling them who it was who had caused bad things to happen.

Some shamans relied on evil spirits. Some of these evil shamans had so much power they could make themselves appear just as eyes or in the form of an animal. They could take possession of an animal. That is how they did evil,” (Wachowich 1999:19,116).

Kogeahlook carried on:

People cannot make fun of an animal. I don’t like to see a killing and I don’t want to see it done. I could eat meat, but I don’t like to see anything being killed. Women and girls didn’t hunt, the men did. I only would snare little birds.

November 8, 1989 session began with my question about tattoos. Over the years I had seen some of the older Inuit women with facial tattoos when they came down to
Yellowknife for medical and other reasons. I worked for many years in health services and met people from all over the far north. I was interested in how prevalent the practice was, and asked Kogeahlook what she knew about the custom of tattooing:

Not my mother, my stepmother. With needle and make fire outside, black stuff from fire. Needle inside skin, small stick and put inside your skin. Needle in and out. I did it too. On my hand (she showed me her left hand with three small black dots. Little girl.

Before she was married – black marks. They were for like make-up. Kogeahlook drew a sketch of the tattoos. (Figure 5). She told me how. Lift up with needle and put on under the skin. It would make them look nice. She told me that. For make-up, like today. Some were nice, not all. Some had too many marks. I never see it on any man, only women. Some on hands too, was like crossed, but not all. To make their hands look pretty. Her sketch: (Figure 6).

When I see the beautiful moon and stars and you think about what happened long time ago – like last night, but there are some things I don’t want to think about.

The conversation about tattooing seemed to evoke sad memories she did not want to express.

Our next talk together had a focus on her hospitalization and how she learned to read. Kogeahlook was functionally illiterate. She could read simple sentences, but with
poor comprehension. She learned the alphabet and could spell out some Inuktitut words for me, but mostly by guesswork. Kogeahlook began to tell me how she learned English:

I start to learn to read when I was in hospital. Where they start call me “Mary” - they couldn’t say my name Kogeahlook, so they call me Mary. Kindergarten books, Sally look, look Sally look, little rabbit. I was twenty one or twenty two. Read, I like it. I made myself happy when I read. Other books, I would start to read other books. I didn’t stop after many words.

Periods, commas, only grade three and a half.

While in hospital an interpreter was provided for Kogeahlook. In her struggle to learn English, the teacher was encouraging, and she gradually learned how to express herself in basic English:

1953, three or four years I would go to school. I couldn’t understand English much, but she said you’re too smart in grade three. One woman interpreter for me. Then I moved to Inuvik, people would talk to me English and I learn English.

Seventeen years in Inuvik and nine years here [Yellowknife].

Kogeahlook was in and out of hospital countless times over the years prior to and after my knowing her. The reasons for her hospitalizations and the dates, with length of stay each time was seemingly impossible for her to keep straight. Also, many times her illnesses were serious and life threatening and she preferred to forget about what had happened and just carry on with her life when she recovered to some extent. In fact, the only time she wanted to talk about this subject was in connection with what else was
going on in the hospital, e.g. her education, such as it was, meeting her mother, and finally, at the end stage of her life when she had been living on a ventilator too often, that she did not want to be resuscitated again, (she had undergone this painful ordeal too many times).

Hunting and traditional food were the next subjects:

A long time ago people had no rifles. People mostly used bow and arrow, killing caribou in canoe. As long as animals in water easy to kill. Fishing in river, put rock across river. June, July, when fish went down to catches them with spears. They would collect fish, put them together with string from seal — ook ee took — can’t remember, bigger than seal and make string. Cut it all around, took fat and fur off and clean, cut with knife, make long string. Strong. Dry them out in sun. Not kind of string here. Make own. Harness for dogs made from caribou, sometime sealskin. Use leg of caribou it is stronger.

Fifty or fifty-four years ago – Theresa’s mom and dad, [Kogeahlook said Theresa was a “cousin” but she did not know how they were related], I used to see them every Saturday. Made the movie, [Kogeahlook is referring to a documentary made about that family, years ago] mostly caribou skin everything. The dogs could smell the seal hole, mostly follow dogs, then would find seal hole. They would use duck’s fur —

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4 This documentary was made by cultural anthropologist Asen Balikci and became a film series about the Netsilik Eskimo. It was ethnography to reconstruct precontact Inuit life (Searles 2006:96).
put in water at breathing hole and fur would move. Could watch that. Seal breathe, stand, it started to move, man to poke him. He couldn’t see but know, make sure he would never miss. I always watch. I’m not a good hunter. It looks easy but it’s hard. People use seal for cooking, winter time fat, freezing. Use musk ox horn and pound fat (Kogeahlook measures about two and a half inches with her fingers). Some really fat. They cook bannock. Make oil for lamps. Fresh it’s good. But old, taste funny. Young woman ate seal meat.

First time ate caribou meat, fat was on, I took it off. It like seal meat, didn’t like it, seemed too white. Seal meat is dark black.

Lots of vitamins in it. Walrus, white. Muktuk boil in water.

Take water off, make it cooks, then freeze, next day eat it.

All parts of seal eaten, even feet. Cook it. Mostly eat raw meat – fish frozen eat raw. I’ve been away too long now I can’t eat that way anymore.

At this point I realized that in earlier conversations I had asked Kogeahlook how they cooked their food, she replied that they used the oil lamps. They may have done this sometimes, but here she is telling me that mostly they ate their food raw. She was not ready earlier to tell me this, and I felt sorry that I had unwittingly asked some things too soon. My repeated questioning was out of sync with her cultural traditions and I am amazed that she never became impatient or irritated at my clumsiness. Anthropologist Julie Cruikshank has commented on the need for caution in methods of obtaining
information from cultures so different than our own, during oral history interviews, (Cruikshank 1992:9).

The following conversation took place more than ten years after I first met Kogeahlook. She began to tell me about how she first got sick and ended with telling me what a medicine man was called, trying to spell it out for me and then telling me what her favourite food was now.

First time period, thirteen. Mother told me at eleven or twelve this was to happen looking for it. I was going to tell her. I was so shy, no pain, three or four days period would last. Not painful.

When I was a little kid I hardly never got sick, not even as teenager. We always move around, in clear places, in the country, always travel. Even in summertime mainland was clean. Only really old people got sick, then died. In tents in summer, winter time snow houses. Kept warm by soft snow outside, kept warm, no wind. We move to new houses when we need to.

1952/53 in springtime ’52, I never pee for two weeks at a time, burning, hurt, all summer not feeling good. I want to eat but because I couldn’t poo, no feel like eating.

Kogeahlook describes the then sudden onset of her paralysis. She gives no hint here of who or what she suspects is the likely cause of her illness, however, she knows she has been warned. Her story continues:
All at once January ’53 I got sick sudden. Invite people for coffee – I get up with bad headache, told stepmom I want to go home. Lay down fall asleep. Got worse, just had headache. I’m getting worse. Mom told me lay down. Slept again.

Just like that – my legs couldn’t move. While I was sleeping, no more muscle. I couldn’t move. I lay down again. Step mom was crying – she had seven kids died, all dead and she worried when she saw me like that. That’s why I was given to her. I heard her crying next door. In spring time RCMP with needle with interpreter. They knew people were sick, looking for us. Somebody came in, have to go to Gjoa Haven. Doctor was going to go there. I didn’t know what doctor was. No English. They wrap me up caribou skin – no too cold, but foggy. Couldn’t see where we going. Lead dog was good, could find the way. I remember the trip. Not really sick, no headache, short days. Everybody get to Gjoa Haven. DEW line plane. Can’t remember any more about it to Cambridge Bay overnight. Bad weather, two nights. Nice weather went to Edmonton – they help you out. Edmonton seven or eight years. Treatment. After two or three years gave me wheelchair. Food looked no good to me. Seal⁵, fish, potatoes, vegetables, then little by little I begin to eat. They want me to go to school. They

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⁵ Seal meat, in addition to other northern foods, was served to Inuit patients in southern hospitals, such as Stanton Yellowknife Hospital in Yellowknife and Charles Camseill Hospital in Edmonton.
were suppose to help me but they didn’t. I couldn’t speak English.

I get bored, lonely, I get more homesick. I never saw the cheque of $150.00 week. But that couple spent my money [Kogeahlook was boarded in a private home in Edmonton temporarily, until she contracted TB]. I got a cold. I want to go back to hospital and then one year later I got TB In my kidneys, but I never felt it. Eighteen months in Camsell hospital.

Kogeahlook’s readmission to hospital for tuberculosis in her kidneys, after being boarded out for some time, stretched the limits of her patience. She was homesick for the north and tired of waiting to get well.

Then I began to speak English. I told doctor I want to go home. That doctor listen that I want to go home. In a room by myself a social worker came in, Mrs. Jackson – I hear you want to go home. How about Inuvik? Cambridge Bay or Gjoa Haven? I don’t know how many from Inuvik – a few, [so Kogeahlook chose to live in Inuvik]. I made a parky. In the morning I came from nice weather, I saw snow, blowing and windy.

When I saw this I thought I want to go back to Edmonton. After two years I got homesick. I told social worker I want to see my family, waiting two weeks, I didn’t know she was gone. I was there for seventeen years. Too long. Couldn’t get around. I couldn’t go anywhere. Stairs everywhere. Then I
came here [Yellowknife] more than ten years and it’s gone really fast, I came here October 2nd.

Then Kogeahlook told me the word for “devil” in Inuktitut – tupilak and she wrote in my notebook the word for medicine man or woman, misspelling the word: Aagacok. (Figure 7). Her spelling differed from the present accepted form. I think we were both getting hungry by then and she told me her favourite food was mashed potatoes with pepper on it.

It likely took a great deal of courage for Kogeahlook to put name to paper to acknowledge, or name, the cause of her devastating illness and long-term consequences. The dreaded “angakok” to whom she attributed the curse on her had to be named at some point, to let me know who or what she believed to be the real source of her troubles. The abrupt change of subject, to food, was not unlike the usual course of our conversations. The subjects of our talks often jumped from one thing to another without obvious structure to me, but Kogeahlook was comfortable with our arrangement and so was I.

After a break of several months, we began our conversations again, and she told me about a special rock she kept, what it meant to her, and then began a description of her long hospitalization:

I can’t remember my age when I found this stone.

[Kogeahlook shows me a rock about four inches, rectangular in shape]. Springtime sometime, I walk along edge and found this rock. Summer, pail – I would fill it up, it was worn out with collecting rocks edge of mainland. Kept this rock, my stepmother use it to sharpen knife, needle with it. It looks like
stone, I don’t know how many years I keep it with me, reminds me of long time ago. My mother kept rocks for me, I don’t know how many hours I collect rocks.

In summer, in mainland looking at sand and crazy to look for them. I use to look for something like “ears” shells.

Sometimes find only one. I like summertime, but it was too short. When growing up they seem long. I used to like the little mice.

The rock prompted her to tell me about her long hospitalization:

Step mother missing me, heard they brought her to hospital.

Camsell6. Very strict. Rest three time’s day. That old hospital.

Nine clock bed, Eleven clock get up. Lunch twelve clock.

Twelve thirty, one clock rest. Three clock get up. Five clock supper, five thirty, six clock rest. All patient. Not allowed do anything, be quiet, not even sew, not even talk. Now hear everything changed, 1959-60 changed.

Anyway, somebody told me my stepmom was in hospital.

Have to make appointment. Interpreter, told me what I could do. Visit around three, go to room at four thirty, five sometimes. Young girl from Spence Bay, she use to swear at

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6 Charles Camsell Hospital is in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. The original building that housed this hospital was built in 1913 and was used as a Jesuit College for Boys until 1942 when it was taken over by the American Army. In 1945 the Dept. of Indian Affairs converted it to a Tbc hospital. In 1946 it was named after Dr. Charles Camsell. In the ’70s function changed and it became a general treatment hospital and merged with the Royal Alexandra Hospital. The Charles Camsell Hospital was de-established in 1993, (www.albertaonrecord.ca).
me in English – visit her too. Upstairs TB only room. Then
stepmom moved to my room.

From ’53 – ’55 after gone, my husband7 didn’t look after her –
she was old, and she got sick. She couldn’t recognize me. She
like to see me. Remember me – who are you? My name is
Mary Kogeahlook, remember when I went to hospital. Then
she start to remember. No radio. She didn’t know but I sent
messages on radio. Only radio at George Porter, Hudson Bay.

Didn’t know I was still alive.

I was suppose to speak English, try to teach me - knife, fork,
spoon. She stay ’54, ’55, ’56 – all that time she stay with me in
that same, but she happy with me.

Something inside hurt her. Called her dogs, dogs run over when
she was small. Hurt her liver. She told me my mom was still
alive somewhere on the mainland. I said I was born from you.

Step mother loved hunting. Even in summer and even in
winter. She hunted, didn’t like 22, only big guns, shotguns,
hunting birds and ducks. She told me she had to learn me how
to sew before it was too late. Sew parky cover inside and she
said: ‘not too bad’. I don’t know how many kids spoiled – they

7 Kogeahlook mentioned a “husband” perhaps once or twice in our long relationship. She would not talk about him. In other stories
she spoke about “a man” who did certain things she disapproved of who could have been him, but she never told me anything about
her husband. It must have been too painful to talk about.
don’t know how to sew. People can look after their own
clothes and make parky, mitts and other clothes.

How many years spent in bed – that bothers you. At night,
boring, long. Somebody told me I get my own wheelchair. I
spent so many years in bed. I was pretty happy.

The trial of Kogeahlook’s long hospitalization was relieved with the
time her stepmother was able to spend with her. Her happiness in seeing her
stepmother again was evident in the way she smiled and reminisced while
describing those years. She offered no further information about what
happened to her stepmother after their hospitalization together.

Kogeahlook told me she was a smoker during this time and
described how her habit began. She did eventually overcome the habit, with
encouragement from her doctors, nurses and friends, as she had poor lung
function and had developed chronic obstructive pulmonary disease. This
session took place in March 1991:

I was a kid. I don’t know about my age. One girl, big girl,
older than us, too bossy. Told me to get cigarette, or else
tobacco. Somebody empty – houses, have to look for them.
Nobody there. Told me to get some. I was so scared same
time. I remember how I felt. I go into empty house, I got
cigarettes. I never forget. That woman still alive, living in
Rankin Inlet. Right now I’d like to see her face to face. I want
to ask her. You remember you and I? When I was small? You
force me to do something. I used to be scared of you. I was so scared. You used to be so bossy to me. Told me to get it some. Right now I don’t think you’re going to scare me again. Even I was small I remember that. I never forget. If you come back with nothing I am going to pound you. I’m going to beat you up. That’s how I started smoking. I think ten or eleven years, can’t remember my age. After many years I get caught from my mom. I got caught sneaking with my niece. Stay out late, walking around outside, hiding so I could smoke. Always looking out to see if someone was coming or not. That’s how I started smoking. Never got caught stealing, but I know they wondered about tobacco going down. They used to have it in cans then. Sometimes people would buy. Cheap then, a long time ago. Now more expensive.

Kogeahlook spoke with regret over her years of smoking, knowing it had become harmful to her health. She did not linger in the conversation over the facts of being bullied and coerced into theft, it happened, it was in the past, and it was over.

Kogeahlook then mentioned “rations.” Rations were distributed by the Hudson’s Bay Company traders. They were supplies issued on credit to the Inuit, who would repay their cost when trading furs. They generally consisted of tobacco, flour, baking powder, lard, dried eggs, milk powder, tea, coffee, salt and pilot biscuits. In times of hardship, poor hunting or illness, rations were lifesaving to the people.
Tobacco part of rations at Bay store. When travelling with dog team after many hours stop and make tea with pilot biscuit, butter, jam. I used to love that. Sometime peanut butter, honey. Taste so good. Butter in can – in old days. Used to taste good – now too dry, too old because nobody buy these anymore. Sometimes oatmeal, cream of wheat. Mix seal meat with cream of wheat. Mostly caribou mix cream of wheat. Make it not too thick. It taste real good. I remember how it use to taste. We would make fire with camp stove, we would oil, pump it up. Only when travelling and make snow house we use them. Make bannock, but it would get too frozen, get too hard to bite with your teeth but pilot biscuits were good and we could eat that. Black tea, save leaves, make more tea. We dry them, save them in cans. We saved everything, even the cans. Used to get ten pounds sugar, ten pounds flour, come in cloth bag. Get rice, come in cloth bag. Use for towel. Seagull, the big bird, we used to shoot, take the skin off. Dry the skin, put it inside out and use it to dry hands like tea towel.

Kogeahlook remarked not only on the careful use of the Hudson’s Bay Company rations and packaging but also of all things hunted:

Loons we use them, need a little box, we need a suits case. Shoot it. Cut in back, pull out body, take skin off, could put something in it, bag. Never take feathers, so pretty. In bag,
needle, ulu, scissor, thread, thimble, put inside. Nice to remember. I remember the first time I heard that loon cry. So loud I got scared, I was shaky. I was with another little girl. The dogs didn’t care, they were sleeping. Then I saw that loon flying in the air, I scared. One or two eggs only, grow slow, all summer. Easy to clean with the feather on.

There was a long gap before our next conversations. Kogeahlook had experienced some headaches and was sent to Edmonton, where she was diagnosed with a brain tumor and had surgery. When she returned her recovery was slow and she was moved from her apartment to an assisted care facility in Yellowknife. When she was up to it, sometime in 1994, we began to talk again. By now it was a good fifteen years that we had been friends.

In time she began talking about shaman activity. I don’t know why she chose this subject. It may have been her very close call with death once again, but we had become even closer friends by this time and would often have discussions about spirituality and God. We read the Bible together. She probably thought there were some more significant things I needed to know about her Inuit life.

There is someplace scary. One place close to Gjoa Haven. A little island, close. Medicine man, medicine woman live there. Use for anything. The land around there feel different. Hearing things. You were told people keep away from that place. Keep away, even not hunting around there. One old man, really strong power. Turn into bird. He become the bird, go to
someone house and look around. One time my uncle and auntie on mainland know stepdad, he by himself and he know strong medicine man came. Told him: ‘Get away. Don’t bother me.’ Like a flying human. Got scared ran into tent string with head. That man he died. My uncle don’t like that, they feel it something around. A feeling in body. Turned into some kind of animal like fox, ducks, bird, or bee.

One time it was summer. We were living in tents. There was a flying thing. A bee? A big one, you call it bumblebee, we call it egotak. It came walking out of the tent. You know that they can walk just like a little man. The angakok said ‘look how it is walking.’ The bumblebee was walking kind of funny, staggering side. The angakok said ‘that man is going to die.’

There was an Eskimo guy, his name was something like the name of the bumble-bee. Then, not very long heard he died. The Eskimo people believe this way because they have seen these things.

The angakok, that old man he wanted me. He wanted me to go with him. My stepmom did not make me. If I did not want to go I did not have to go. I guess it made him angry.

That was all we talked about that day, and the conversation topic came up unexpectedly. I didn’t keep any notes; in fact, I had put away my notebook when she told me that the angakok wanted her. I have had many years to think about the things she
told me. Especially about her fears and being “scared” of everything, yet all the time I knew her she displayed no anxiety or fearfulness about anything. In fact, she was remarkably brave about the entire trauma she endured and never complained. It is likely her vulnerability, fear of the shaman and the knowledge that she had made him angry surfaced in many of her stories.

The three occasions of her interaction with the angakok: the warning I began her story with, the touching of her back by the angakok’s dog, and her refusal to go with the angakok, convinced her that he was the cause of her paralysis. She held to this belief until her death in 1998. It is also likely that by the time she told me this much of her dealings with the angakok – he had died, and he could no longer do her any more harm. Kogeahlook had good reason to fear the angakok. Among many accounts of shamanistic malevolence is one recorded by Dorothy Eber:

“Joanasee, our oldest brother was caught by some kind of monster. That’s what I’ve heard. The shaman was probably jealous because Joanasee was such a good hunter. I don’t know who that demon belonged to because the people would never let Joanasee’s relatives know. They were afraid of what the relatives might do,” (Eber 1975:64).

Kogeahlook continued to relate more of her story to me as time passed; our conversations were often repetitive with some smaller detail added. She also told me some stories about her mother, sisters and other relatives that I may have opportunity to write about in future projects. Julie Cruikshank wrote: “oral traditions may teach us as much about differences in cultural values, attitudes, and interpretation as about past events,” (Cruikshank 1996:452) Kogeahlook’s oral history taught me a great deal about
the Inuit people and helped me grow to a greater understanding and appreciation of their interesting, complicated, way of life.

L. Müller-White reports that “For many Inuit the preservation of knowledge of their own past - knowledge connected to the present and to be used for the future – had become of paramount importance for their empowerment to be themselves in their own lived spaces (Müller-White 1984 :224). Kogeahlook believed that her young life on the land shaped her desire for self-sufficiency, and although she had to rely on government assistance, it was only because of her physical inadequacies to provide for herself. She loved to sew, making parkas, kamiks, ‘Eskimo’ dolls, cutting fur and beading. She also made clothing for herself and family members. She was an accomplished bread maker and caribou stew expert. Although all her relatives lived far away in Cambridge Bay or Gjoa Haven, she saw them several times during the years as they always came to visit when passing through Yellowknife for medical services, business or holiday trips. She also kept in touch with family and friends by telephone. Shopping and visiting was done with the aid of friends and the “handivan” provided by the NWT Council for the Disabled. She worked every day at some task presented by her personal needs or the needs of others and maintained an interest in life with a bright outlook. Kogeahlook stated that she never felt lonely or isolated in Yellowknife and treasured her independence.

Kogeahlook’s story highlights her early life living on the land, both with hardship and happiness, her tragic encounters with the angakok which changed the whole course of her life, and finally her settling into a quiet, comfortable home far from her origins. Her experience with the powerful shaman is the main focus of her oral history. It centers
on how influential the angakok was among the Inuit he encountered, a power encountered by other researchers and writers. Shirley Nicholson describes one Netsilik shaman: “A Netsilik Eskimo regarded as a major shaman of his time, had no fewer than seven spirits [including] a sea scorpion, a killer whale, a black dog with no ears, and ghosts of three dead people,” (Nicholson 1987: 121). Knud Rasmussen provides more details:

“All men and women can become Angakut, but women are rarely dangerous as such; they have not the courage to do evil, say the Eskimos. An Angakut who can call down misfortune on his fellows is called an ilisitsok, without showing himself to his victim, he can kill him with a ‘tupilak’ an animal made by the magician himself, as a rule a seal, which appears to the man against whom he bears a grudge... the man who kills a seal of this sort loses all strength out of his body and becomes a cripple,” (Rasmussen 1908:155).

Nicholson’s analyses the effects of shamanistic activity:

“All illness, as conceived even in the modern sense, is regarded as something entering the body from without; something that needs to be removed or destroyed or protected against. In the shamanistic system, the primary problem is not the external element, but the loss of personal power which permitted the intrusion in the first place, whether it be an arrow or an evil spirit. Actually, this is rather advanced thinking, since recent discoveries in medical science support a description of the disease process in similar terms. To briefly summarize the issue, the so-called primary external causes of major illnesses – viruses, bacteria and other invisible elements in the environment – are a threat to health only when a person’s natural protective mantle develops a weakness,” (Nicholson 1987:105).
These accounts authenticate Kogeahlook’s very real reliance on her belief system.

Franz Boas’ study of the central Eskimos states:

“A consideration of the religious ideas of the Eskimo shows that the ‘tornait,’ the invisible rulers of every object, are the most remarkable beings next to Sedna. Everything has its ‘inua’ owner, the genus of man who has thus obtained the qualities of angakunirn (the art of anakoq)... I learned of three kinds of spirits only, who are protectors of the angakut: those in the shape of men, of stones, and of bears. These spirits enable the angakoq to have intercourse with the others who are considered malevolent to mankind, and though these three species are kind to their angakut they would hurt strangers who might happen to see them,” (Boas 1964:183).

Boas’ seminal work in anthropology and in particular, the Eskimo people, continues to interest me and motivate me to learn more of other social systems on more than a superficial level.

Kogeahlook’s story is an ethnographic research work describing this Inuit woman’s early life on the land, forced into institutional care, moving into independent living and thriving despite her disabilities. Her experience of the loss of mate and family life, the use of her own language and the use of her legs becoming paraplegic changed her life dramatically. She was ever conscious of her unique heritage and wanted me to tell people about her life and that she was here. Kogeahlook enriched the lives of those who knew her and became a good friend to many. I listened to many hours of her times past and made careful notes of the thought-provoking particulars. The emphasis in this
paper focused on her dealings with shamanism, only one of the many aspects of her early experience living on King William Island. This documentation and attendant referencing of ethnological studies of similar Inuit encounters verify Kogeahlook’s courage in the face of great odds and happy integration into another, so dissimilar culture. It is to be hoped that the notes I made of her life story made at her request, reflecting Kogeahlook’s oral history, will contribute to this valued Inuit legacy.

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Appendix

Figure 1


He helped her friend. Fast child. Another. Never knew someone

Mother. Great lefthand time. Sometimes

ton - no calendar global moon.

ROAR. NEC.

Henry law. At speed of his foot when

lived. In barn, Spring to town. Eastern

3rd. West. Sturgeon, fish, carrots, mast, duck

oil + coke + seal oil

not moss. Collected in Fall.

when visiting

someone gave me round brown thing. I guess it was

hannock.

have seen 3 long

Cooking stock

2/40
Spring time; travelling dog team 5-6 to 10 dogs. Memory of meeting dogs made of caribou skin.

All carrying bags, sewn by hand, caribou sinew, caribou hide.

Some time seal skin same shape. Luceo carried rolled up, carried on back, supported by head. Usually separate in spring.

Winter together.

Place on dogs, the

28°
Figure 3

Travelling container: 19 yrs. G.J. Hewitt, mortally shot in glass.
Saw him lying, tiny: John Porter, ngr.
No Chinese, no white.
Some food - when ran out of food.

Some families had hard time.
Some men lazy.
People shared food.
Not anymore.

Tents: held down by stones
Some sticks inside.

Tents.

Stakes
Posts
Canvas
String
Stick
Caribou 8'x8'

game

Shoes
Snow houses. not snow on all winter.
Cut a knife, ice for window
Snow, snow covered - after making
Sometimes a stove pipe.
Large enough for family
went one hunting, even in winter

area would get dirty - made a new house
Sometimes we even had a stove pipe to the arn could be clean.
Wintert made of ice
November 2. 1833. 8.30  a.m.

May all anyone in your country have this. Is not measles, any step inside, needle & make fire of back stuff. Clear out.

Heath inside, small stick, put inside your shoe,inkle inside out. I did as this.

In my 2 hand. 3 marks, little girl.

Before she was married, black marks. Then, grey, like makeup.

(Facing end, sketch of face with lines under chin.)
She told me how I put up under the skin. It would make them look nice. She told me that.

Some were nice, not all. Some had too many marks. I never see it on any men, only women. Some on the hands too. It was like crossed, but not all. To make their hands pretty, both hands.
Kogeahlook with my husband and me, her indoor kamiks and ulu

Mary’s handmade dolls
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