

# The POWDER MAGAZINE

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ELSA, YUKON TERRITORY

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## Mary Battaja: kentson etsí \*

Except for one brief stint Outside, Mary Battaja has spent her whole life in this area. "We moved to Edmonton and I cried and cried every day for three months, till my husband Lino got so tired of it that we moved back. Outside, people go to work, afterwards the doors are shut, and that's it. It's a big mad rush and people don't have time to make friends."

No wonder Mary found the city difficult to live in. Her childhood was mostly spent with her family in bush camps, learning the skills of the Indian way of life. Since hers was an all-girl family, she learned more of the men's work, such as setting snares and shooting.

It wasn't until Mary started school that she began to learn English. "Before that we'd go into Mayo and everybody's jabbering away in English — oh boy! The first words I remember learning were when we sat in a restaurant. I heard people say 'pork chops' from the menu, so I said 'pork chops' too."

"Back then the kids were never spoiled. We didn't have toys and we were lucky if we had candy once in a while. In the bush camps the kids worked along with the adults. We packed meat, wood, and water. In the evenings we might visit old people. The kids would sit quietly around the stove and listen to the stories, or do chores for the old people for a handful of raisins. Now the kids want a dollar or two and they're out the door."

"Because the children helped

\*"kentson etsi" means "moccasin-maker" in the Mayo Indian dialect.

with the work, they had more respect for people's property. Some of the children are still interested in learning the skills, but there are so many things for them to do that are easier, like hockey and basketball."

Mary's father started school in Mayo, but by grade three he and his mother were living on a monthly government cheque of \$8.00. "He said 'to heck with this — we can live better in the bush'. Nobody ever went hungry there. I can still see my dad bringing fish in by the gunny-sack-ful on dogsled. We'd filet and dry the fish; moosemeat we'd dry or hang outside in the winter and cut a fresh piece off every day. Now everybody has freezers and electric stoves — they're so spoiled!"

Mary has learned some of the old crafts in the last twelve years. Her speciality is beadworked mukluks. "Girls my age don't care so much for that kind of thing. My sisters and I knew the basics from my mother's work. Some of the old people helped me too. Different communities have certain styles for their mukluks. Up in Inuvik they make the nicest ones, I think, with solid beadwork on the cuffs."

It takes a week of steady work to make one pair of moccasins. If Mary tanned her own moosehides, that would add another two weeks.

To tan a hide, first the hair is cleaned off, then the flesh is scraped from the hide. A moose brain is tied in a cloth and soaked with the hide for three days. The hide is then cleaned, and scraped again. Finally, it is stretched and



MARY BATAJA



"MOCCASIN-MAKER"

smoked over a fire of rotten wood. "That's the recipe — now everyone will be tanning," Mary giggles.

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# THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY



The **STUFF OF DREAMS** . . . Santa, and a Little Duffer whose name we couldn't discover!



Here I sit upon the floor, I pray to Santa to bring me **MORE!** . . . Kim Lauritsen.



Nah, Santa, I don't want none of that stuff — just renew my **PENTHOUSE** subscription!! . . . Grant Watson.



Geewhiz, Santa, hurry-up, **IT'S MY TURN!** . . . Vern Smith.



Ever hear of the **JOLLY RED GIANT?** That's about the size of it when you're Two-Foot-Nuthin'.



For cryin'-out-loud, Richelle, that's no way to get what you want — **DO UP YOUR BUTTONS!!** . . . David Franke.

## New Year's Resolutions We'd Like To See

Can you imagine the scandal if Don Curry Sr. resolved to "un-tip" his hardhat, and wear it **STRAIGHT**, like the rest of us plebians!

There's a mine in Japan that provides its underground crews with a pint of beer during lunchbreak! Nuff said!!

Be it resolved that the **WORK WHISTLE — GO TO HELL!**

We're sure no one would object if the Beer Parlour resolved to stock nothing but **BLUE!!**

The Federal Government should

resolve to build us a recreation complex, cause we're getting one about not getting one!

Whitehorse radio should resolve **NOT** to provide live coverage of Territorial Council Meetings — a good dose of **LAUGHING GAS** would be just as effective!!

The Rec. Hall should resolve to have toilet paper in its bathrooms, and a curtain to cover the Ladies' **SHOWER** — the Men's Basketball Team is getting rather **EMBAR-RASSED!!**

Bernie Lehman should resolve to

quit **SMILING** all the damn time — and reminding the rest of us how miserable we are.

The Company should resolve to install an **ESCALATOR** from the Curling Rink to the Bunkhouses. After a night in the Lounge — **THAT HILL IS MURDER!**

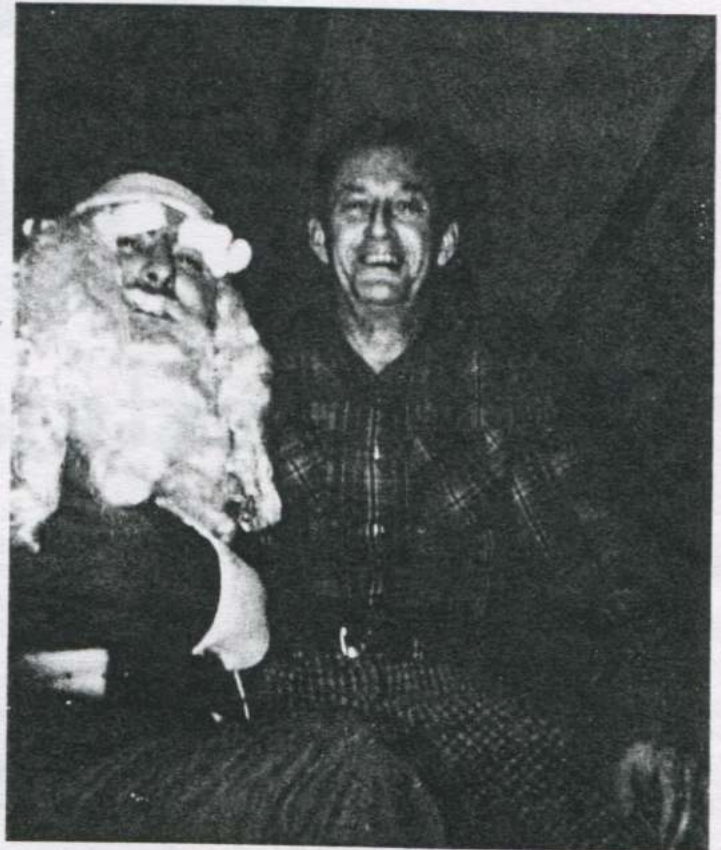
Gary Periard should resolve to quit trying to prove that the more you eat, the **THINNER** you get!!

All the world's most beautiful **CHICS** should resolve to visit Elsa — the married men want to have some fun **TOO!!!**

# Santa Visits The Mine Manager



Word is that Gary "Ho-Ho" Moore really got his Jollies Off when George Dundas sat on his lap . . .



. . . until George said, "Christ, Gary, have you ever got a BONY KNEE!!"



MAWK! That George, he's a WILD-ONE! . . . Peter Parrot Dundas.

When Santa called on George Dundas, George wasn't home — he was at work — ON A SATURDAY!!

However, wife Elda rung him up — what she said is classified — and George soon came a-schreechin' up to the door.

And what did George say he wanted for Christmas?

"Santa," he said, "I want one of them sexy blondes with two legs!"

Kinky, George — we didn't know they came with more!

