



# INDIAN RECORD

A National Publication for the Indians

L.J.C. et M.I.

ies 10 cents

VOL. XXII, No. 11

WINNIPEG, CANADA

JANUARY 1959

JANV. 59 P. 6240  
MONTREAL 25, P. Q.  
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PAUPANAKIS



MISS NANOWIN

## Two Manitoba Indians Win \$500 Govt. Scholarships

WINNIPEG — Two Manitoba Indians training in Winnipeg were awarded \$500 scholarships by the federal Indian affairs branch at a special ceremony December 13 at the Assiniboia Indian Residential School.

The scholarships were among 15 awarded to Indians across Canada for higher education and training. The awards were made for the first time last year.

Winner of the vocational training scholarship is Joe Paupanakis of the Norway House band, a mechanical drafting student at the Manitoba Technical Institute. He received his elementary education at Norway House day school, and later studied at Fort Alexander residential school and Qu'Appelle Indian residential school, Lebret, Sask. He began his course at the Manitoba Technical Institute this fall.

A second scholarship for \$500, for the most outstanding junior or senior matriculation student in the Manitoba region accepted for registered nurses' training, was presented to Helen Nanowin, also of Norway House, who is training at St. Boniface Hospital. Miss Nanowin went to school at Poplar River, Fort Alexander, St. Mary's in Kenora and Qu'Appelle residential schools.

Some 27 Indians were selected for the awards by principals of the high schools they last attended.

All Indian students may apply for tuition grants provided by the Indian Affairs branch. The special scholarship awards cover part payment of vocational or academic training and provide surplus funds as a reward for their outstanding achievement.

## Helping Indians Find Own Social Leaders

By BOB LYONS

KENNETCOOK—Believed to be the first of its kind in Canada, a folk school for Indians of the Maritime Provinces concluded a six-day session in the community hall here.

Jointly sponsored by the Indian affairs branch, department of immigration, and the Nova Scotia adult education division, the school has been directed by Miss Edith Appleby, Indian affairs, Amherst, and Tom Jones, adult education division, Halifax.

The school is an outgrowth of various courses which have been held to develop social leaders among the Indian population. Its purposes are to develop further qualities of leadership and to make the students more aware of the needs which exist in their communities.

### Government Pays

More than 36 students are attending, all as elected delegates from 21 Indian reserves through-

out the Maritimes. Tuition, transportation and board for the students is being paid by the Indian affairs branch.

The school's program has dealt with health, education, recreation, home management and family relationships. Discussions of these topics have revolved around present conditions and desirable changes for the future. Discussions on health and education have been led by Miss E. Robidoux, zone supervisor of nursing, Indian health services, and P. MacGillivray, inspector of schools, Indian affairs branch.

Instructions in music, folk dancing and drama, as well as outdoor recreation, has been given under the direction of Elizabeth Murray, music adviser, adult education division, while discussions on family relationships have been directed by Mrs. J. M. C. Duckworth, parent education adviser, adult education division, who has also directed the study on home and child management.

### Future Discussed

Future possibilities, including the part the Indian leaders could play in making a better future for their people, were dealt with under the supervision of Rev. W. Roach, St. FX extension department, Sydney; and Miss Mary Gillis, also of St. FX, Sydney. Topics covered included the present potential for social and economic development, leadership and the duties and responsibilities of chiefs and councils, and the part co-operatives and credit unions could play in the economic development of the reserves.

Instructions and discussions have been held in both morning and afternoon. The evening programs have been planned and carried out by the students themselves, taking the form of films, games, dancing and the informal exchange of ideas of common interest.

● John Pashe, 91, leader of Sioux Indian village, died at his home and was buried December 20 in the Sioux cemetery following a funeral service in Portage la Prairie.

## Indian Survival in the Great Plains

"The question is being decided by our generation whether the Indian people of the Great Plains shall survive with self-esteem in communities simultaneously Indian and American, or whether they shall survive as landless individuals — forlornly reproducing themselves where their lands used to lie or migrating desolately from camp to camp."

With this sentence Miss La Verne Madigan, executive director of the Association on American Indian Affairs opens her report on the WE SHAKE HANDS movement, started in June last year in the Dakotas and Nebraska.

The Association feels that the Plains Indian communities have reached a critical stage. Thousands of acres of reservation lands have been sold to meet the economic needs of the surrounding white population, and many thousands more are in imminent danger of alienation. Government

officials at both the Federal and State levels have done little to stop these sales, feeling — according to Miss Madigan's report — that "the Indian communities are as good as dead and should be deserted by the young." Many of the younger Indians have in fact left their reservations for distant cities, and those who remain tend to live out their lives in a socially disorganized fashion on land which will no longer support their numbers.

The picture as a whole, however, is far from black. There are citizens and officials who believe that the Indian communities can be restored to social health with proper direction: and there are the tribal leaders themselves who have now formed the Midwestern Intertribal Council for the purpose of taking effective political action, nationally and locally. As the first step, this Council is co-operating with the Association and the American Indian Fund in a race relations program in the Great Plains. It

### Indian Co-operative

The Chippewa Indians of Grand Portage, just a few miles south of the Canadian border on Lake Superior, have organized a Maple Sugar Producers' Co-operative, with help from the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs, the Minnesota Department of Agriculture, and the Iron Range Resources and Rehabilitation Commission.

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## INDIAN RECORD

A National Publication for the  
Indians of Canada  
Founded 1938

Published 10 times a year by the  
Oblates of Mary Immaculate  
Indian & Eskimo Welfare  
Commission

REV. G. LAVIOLETTE, O.M.I.  
Editor and Manager

All correspondence is to be sent to:

INDIAN RECORD  
619 McDermot Ave.,  
Winnipeg 2, Man.  
Phone: SPruce 2-3469

Subscription Rate: \$1.00 a Year

Printed by Canadian Publishers Ltd.  
Winnipeg, Man.

Authorized as Second Class Matter  
Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada

# Many Problems Faced By Migrant Indians

The plight of the migrant American Indian becomes more severe almost daily as an increasing number leave the reservation for work in larger U.S. cities.

But Church, civic and government groups are facing the problem in a realistic attempt to solve it. These groups point out that, after leaving the reservation, the Indian usually is not eligible to receive public health or welfare aid, because of residence requirement, and that he often has an extremely difficult time finding a job in the strange and, frequently, hostile city.

A special report made at a meeting of the Indian Committee of the Protestant National Council of Churches in Atlantic City, N.J., is typical of the special studies being made concerning migrant Indians. The report was given by the Rev. Mr. Harold B. Lundgren of Phoenix, Ariz., who described Indians in the large cities as "the most poorly paid, ill housed, and most generally exploited of all people." He saw

their future as "dismal and discouraging" unless aid is offered.

Basic to the many suggested programs that have been made are several fundamental concepts: 1) A thorough study of the Indian and his special problem must be made; 2) an extensive educational program will have to be carried out to acquaint the public with the Indian's problem; 3) an increased number of scholarships should be made to young Indians, especially in the field of higher education (this is a special recommendation endorsed long ago by Catholic leaders); 4) Churches and communities should conduct campaigns among members to eliminate discrimination and to foster Indian integration; and 5) residence requirements necessary for health and welfare aid to Indians should be lessened.

## More Homes Needed

The 1958 Pastoral Letter of the Bishops of Canada deals with the family. Among points discussed are divorce, birth control, inadequate housing, duties of fathers and mothers and the role of the government in helping families.

The Bishops echoed the words of the Minister of Labour who recently said that many Canadians are living in houses which "no Canadian should be living in." The Letter continues: "Poor housing has been identified as a major cause of delinquency on the part of all members of the family" and "it causes parents to place unnatural curbs on the growth of families."

Inadequate and sub-standard housing has been the plague of Indian Reserves ever since their creation. A survey of housing on reserves would indicate a vast number of unsanitary, ill-lighted, overcrowded one-room shacks which are unfit even for a stable. (See photo No. 1, p. 8.)

At the present rate of new house construction on the reserves it would take 50 to 100 years to get caught up with the current needs. Yet thousands of Indian families are practically living on government allowances and on direct relief. Would it not be wise to alleviate the unemployment situation by initiating a crash program in housing for Indians?

It is generally agreed that, to be fit for normal family life a house should have at least three bedrooms plus a living room and minimum sanitary facilities. Such houses can be built for about \$5,000 per unit. (Storey-and-one-half, 28 x 18 feet, no basement.) Five million dollars spent on housing for Indians each year would change the face of the reserves; within ten years 10,000 decent houses would have been erected and work would have been given to thousands of unemployed Indians to the amount at least \$2,000,000 each year.

# Open New Homes For Aged On Sandy Bay Reserve

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, Man.—The first large-scale housing project for old aged Indians in Manitoba was unveiled late in November at the Sandy Bay Indian reserve, north of Langruth.

The 11 brightly-colored frame buildings mark a real advance in Indian housing, said Q. P. Jackson, superintendent of the agency. Many of the Indians were living in filthy log shacks. Some of the old homes had no floors and none of them were painted or home-like.

Most of the old Indians were living with relatives. The quarters were seriously overcrowded, Mr. Jackson said.

## Four Rooms

The housing project was first discussed early last year with members of the Sandy Bay band council. After they approved the scheme it was sent to the Winnipeg regional office and later to Ottawa.

The four-room units are 12x20 feet. They are set on partly wooded lots 210 x 300 feet. Each house has a concrete foundation, outdoor toilet and a small shed where the Indians can store garden tools and wood.

The houses are wired for electricity and many of the aged Indians have already ordered electric stoves.

The houses were built largely by local workers. Mr. Jackson said that most of the money spent on labor actually stayed on the reserve.

## \$1,790 Cost Tag

Each house cost \$1,790. Of this the Indian band council contributed \$116 for the wiring. A good deal of the money used by the Indians was put into the band funds by the provincial government under the unconditional grants scheme.

The houses were designed for two people but because of their heritage of communal living the danger exists that before long the houses will be crowded. The Indian Affairs Branch intends to prevent this.

In the past, because of necessity, the Indians shared their hunting kills and their homes with others who were in need. Examples of this still exist on reserves where an Indian couple with a good house will accommodate as many relatives and friends as the house will hold.

This leads almost inevitably to a slum condition. Mr. Jackson and his assistant, W. Preloski, plan to take firm action if the old-age housing units attract other families who have no right in them.

Arrangements have been made, however, that if a single old Indian has a house she can have someone live there to care for her.

(Continued on Page 8)

## LOWER POST, B.C.

I call Lower Post Village my home although my mother and father spend most of the year at Cassiar because my dad has a job there. Lower Post Village is at Mile 620 on the Alaska Highway. When all the Indians are here, there are about fifteen families. However, there is no work in Lower Post, so most of the people have moved to Cassiar. Just now there are only about five families here.

All the Indians' houses are built along the banks of the Liard River because before the highway came through, the river was the only means of travelling in summer. Even the old Hudson's Bay trading post was near the river so that the Indians could take their furs there easily. The old building is still there, called "The TAKU Trading Post."

A few of the Indians still keep up their trap lines, but there is so little money in it that most of them do other work besides. But they do go hunting, especially for moose, because this means food and clothing. The moose meat is cut up in strips and hung up to dry. From the moose hide we make moccasins, mitts and jackets.

Our missionary is Father J. L. Caron, O.M.I. Our little village church, Holy Family Church, was built in 1944 by Father P. Poulet, O.M.I. Right near the church is our missionary's house, also built by Father Poulet. There is a beautiful little chapel in the house. I like it very much because it is real Indian. The Tabernacle, where Jesus stays, is made just like a tepee, and the candle sticks are totem poles. Our missionary is so kind that we like to visit him. No matter how busy he is, he always has time to talk to us and to tell us stories.

There are a few white people living in Lower Post. They are the people who work at the hotel, the post office, the garage, or the Hudson's Bay. There is also a public school for white children.

It is good to live in Lower Post because it is so close to the residential school. **MINNIE DICK,**  
Lower Post, B.C.

## Book Review

THE BLACKFEET. John C. Ewers. University of Oklahoma Press. \$5.75. For nearly two centuries the Blackfeet have been known to white men. Now, the history of these Indians, from the travois up to modern times, has been written by one who knows them well. The author was the first curator of the Museum of the Plains Indian on the Blackfoot reservation. 1958, 337 pages. Illustrated, bibliography, index.

# Indians Began Observance of Christmas in N. America

By JOAN KARLEK

At a time when it was illegal to celebrate Christmas in New England, Indians, under the spiritual direction of the Jesuits, were observing the birthday of Christ in isolated parts of New France. And so, to Indian converts should go the credit for what probably was the first observance of Christmas in the New World.

Because of their strict Puritan beliefs, the Pilgrims did not celebrate Christmas in New England. To avoid the excesses associated with the feast which were prevalent in Old England at that time, the celebration of Christmas in Massachusetts was made a penal offense in 1659. This law was repealed later, but it was many years before Christmas was observed.

In 1604, French settlers under the leadership of De Monts made a temporary settlement on St. Croix Island, off the coast of Maine. When Christmas came they held religious services in the chapel they had built.

After Mass the rest of the day was spent in games and sports, much as it would have been at home. But before another Christmas had come, the settlement was abandoned.

Aside from the Mass said on St. Croix Island, the first regular Christmas observance in North America was probably that of Jesuit missionaries and their Indian converts in the vicinity of Quebec.

Jesuit accounts of their first years in America tell of the devotion that the Indians had for the anniversary of the birth of Our Lord. In 1644, it is recorded, they fasted on Christmas Eve and a small chapel of cedar and fir branches housed the manger of the Infant Jesus.

Many penances were performed in preparation for receiving Christ in Communion on His birthday. Those who lived more than two days' journey from the chapel met at a given place to sing carols. Deep snow and severe cold could not keep the Indians

from coming to adore their Lord. To them the small chapel seemed like a little paradise.

The Jesuit chronicles describe in detail their Christmas celebration in 1645, including even small mishaps which occurred. Bells announcing midnight Mass began to ring at eleven p.m.

A half hour later the congregation began to sing French Christmas hymns, "Chantons Noel" and "Venez, mon Dieu." Monsieur St. Martin played the violin, while Monsieur de la Ferte sang bass. Someone else played a German flute which was soon out of tune.

The hymns were finished a little before midnight when a "Te Deum" was sung. A cannon shot at midnight announced the beginning of Mass.

By order of the governor, the sacristan was supposed to give a signal at the elevation when the cannon was to be fired again. But

We urge our correspondents to send their reports, photographs, news items, regularly to:

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Deadline is the last day of the month for publication the following month. Thank you.

the sacristan forgot to give the signal. At the end of the Mass, the faithful received Holy Communion, then remained to hear a low Mass.

Early next morning the chapel caught fire. It had been heated for Midnight Mass by two great kettles of fire, which were supposed to be removed at the end of the Mass. In the excitement of the moment, the kettles were forgotten and the floor underneath one of them caught fire at five o'clock in the morning.

The cook, Pierre Gontier, who was preparing breakfast in the kitchen below, noticed the flames and immediately extinguished the fire. After breakfast the faithful assisted at an eight a.m. high Mass.

The devotion of the Indians, it is reported, increased throughout the years. By 1672, their devotion was so great that they continued the singing of Christmas songs and hymns until Easter.

## Indian Survival . . .

(Cont. from Page 1)

is this program which has been called WE SHAKE HANDS.

Funds for this action program have been donated by the Association and the Fund to the extent of \$15,000. But, significantly enough, the program itself is being conducted by the Midwestern Intertribal Council. As one Indian delegate expressed it: "We want to have and be better neighbours, and are ready to take the initiative and to give Indians and non-Indians a sense of common citizenship." Miss Madigan went further: "We think a significant moment has come in the history of the Great Plains people when a national organization can turn over \$15,000 to the Indians themselves in order that they may take the initiative in improving relations with their white fellow citizens. A generation ago, our organization would have felt that it knew what was good for the Indians better than the Indians themselves. Today it is clear that the young and thoughtful leaders of the Midwestern Intertribal Council know where the Indian people want to go and how to help them to get there."

WE SHAKE HANDS will provide for inter-racial membership. A Women's Committee has been formed with a program patterned on that of the League of Women Voters. A Men's Committee is sending Indian speakers into non-Indian communities and inviting non-Indian speakers to address Reservation audiences. A Youth Committee is studying governmental processes and organizing itself as a first voters' league, whilst an Arts Committee is being established to develop an historical pageant.

As WE SHAKE HANDS looks back on the first seventeen months of operation, it believes that the fullest expression so far achieved of the way of advance it has set for itself has been provided by the Omaha Reservation. On this Reservation, these have been the results: first, a full scale youth program looking to the preparation of tribal leaders of the future; second, the acquisition of a community centre building; third, the improvement of tribal business management; fourth, the organization of a frontal attack on unemployment; fifth, a speakers' bureau, disseminating information about the Indians and their problems; and finally, a women's group studying community problems and organizing for action on these programs.

Indian-originated and Indian-operated, with support from friends and neighbours who are not Indian, WE SHAKE HANDS is a portent not to be neglected by any one in Canada.



Wearing part of the costume of his Tuscarora Indian Tribe, Wallace "Mad Bear" Anderson stands on steps of federal courthouse in New York where he and other Indians are fighting court battle to prevent New York State Power Authority from taking part of the Tuscarora reservation for power project. He holds copy of 1784 treaty which Indians say give them right to land near Niagara Falls.

### THE SISTERS OF MARY IMMACULATE

. . . invite young Indian girls who wish to dedicate their lives to God. They serve Him in the works of teaching, nursing, social service and caring for the poor among the Indian people. For further particulars, write to:

Sister Mary Immaculate,  
Mistress of Novices,  
Sisters of Christ the King,  
Hanceville, B.C.

# 5,000 Northern Metis Present Big Problem Regina Leader Post

PORTAGE LA LOCHE, Sask.—A Métis, it has been said, is a man who, when he has money, lives like a white man. When he has none, he lives like an Indian.

That definition of the half-white, half-Indian native of northern Saskatchewan was made by a fur trapper, himself a Métis. There are 5,000 of his kind in the wilderness that stretches north from La Ronge to the Northwest Territories.

The Métis is accepted by neither white nor Indian. Indians regard him with suspicion; whites call him "lazy," "unclean," "unreliable." His rehabilitation is a major problem of the Saskatchewan government.

### Trappers, Hunters

The Métis, originating with white fathers and Indian (Cree and Chipewyan) mothers in the early days of the fur trade, are traditionally trappers and hunters. In a world of shrinking fur markets and increasing scarcity of game, they face the invasion of white culture resentfully.

Originally a nomadic people, the Métis are undergoing a con-

fusing process of change brought about by the impact upon their culture of what social science experts call Euro-Canadian life.

The provincial department of natural resources, attempting to cope with the problem, says the cultural invasion has caused a breakdown of the Métis family structure. Parent-child conflict has been intensified through education and as the population increases, faunal resources have decreased.

In the past, the Métis found in nature all they needed in the way of food, clothing and shelter. Today, nature is not as abundant but the family head still feels he has discharged his responsibilities when he has provided the simplest food and shelter for his family.

Visitors to the north find a wilderness that provides only a bare existence for its native inhabitants but with a potential development, once opened up by roads, almost unlimited.

The Métis settlements in places such as Buffalo Narrows, Ile a la Crosse and Beauval are almost identical in their appearance of poverty and drabness.

Perhaps the poorest is Portage la Loche, a settlement of 520 natives and a half-dozen white administrators and merchants, 300 miles northwest of Prince Albert. It dates back to the late 1800s when a Roman Catholic mission was established.

Income from commercial fishing is unstable and trapping provides little more than \$100 a year for each family. Family allowances and social relief provide the settlement with most of its income.

### Homes Are Poor

Métis houses usually are one-room log structures, chinked with mud and heated in winter—when temperatures often go to 60 and 65 degrees below zero — with a small wood-burning stove. They are sparsely furnished — a rough wooden bedstead, a "grub box," a few cooking and eating utensils and a small table. Children

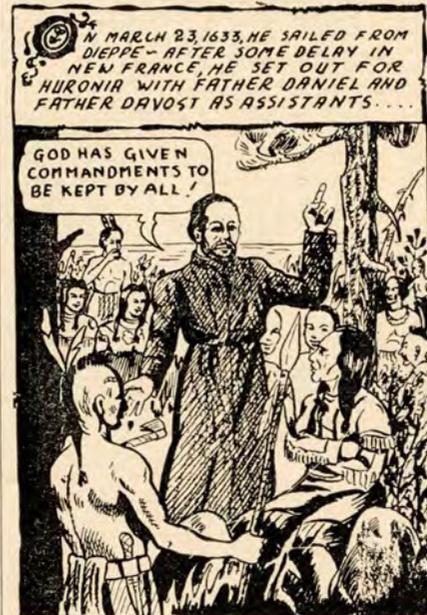
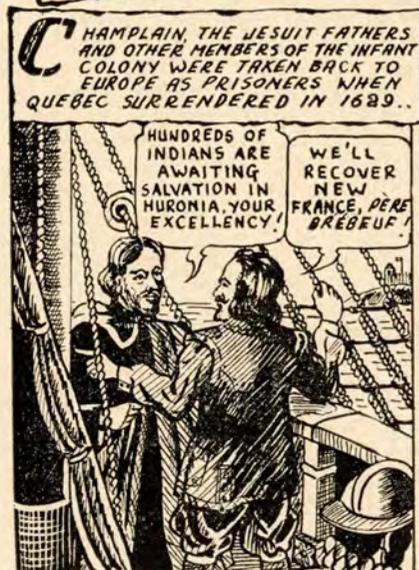
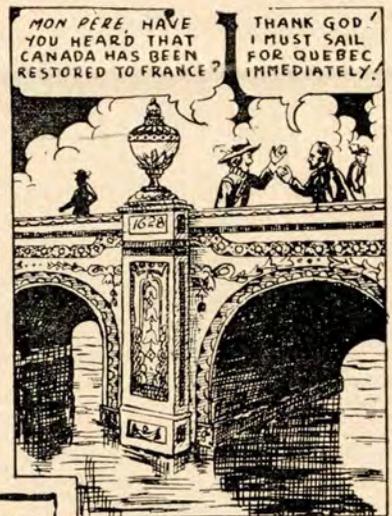
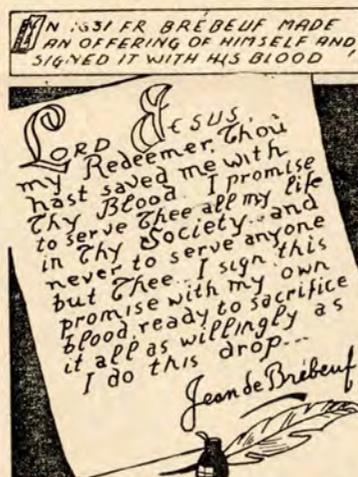
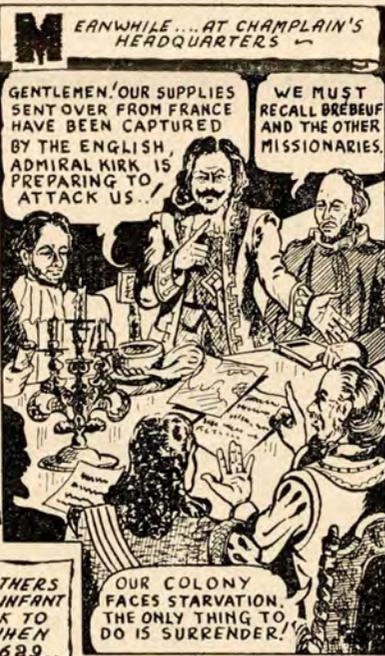
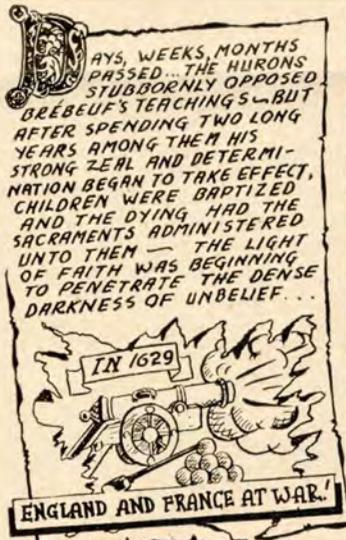
sleep with parents with babies slung across the bed in a hammock. Floors are spotlessly clean.

On the wall hang religious and personal photographs. And in many Métis homes is a picture, clipped from a newspaper or magazine, of Prime Minister Diefenbaker.

The department of natural resources is trying to provide work and income for the Métis. It contends that merely providing social relief does not, in the long run, assist the native and this is undertaken only in cases of extreme need.

The department's approach is to try to help the people to help themselves. A community development research and action program is the immediate goal. This calls for an anthropologist and a staff of trained community group or social workers assigned to work inconspicuously with the native people, encouraging them to assess their resources and plan their development.

Departmental administrators say the program works. Three years ago Métis of Ile a la Crosse,



### 5,000 Northern . . .

75 miles south of here, were encouraged to form their own co-operative store in competition with the Hudson's Bay Company trading post. The store, which has a Métis manager, Métis clerks and a Métis board of directors, did \$40,000 business in 1957.

In Portage la Loche, where 60 per cent of the population is under 16 years of age, there is nothing. The natives demand a road to the south to open up the country and to provide work. Incongruous in the settlement, where youths lounge idly with nothing to do, is a log-hut pool hall with two small tables. It is opened for business twice a month — on days when family allowance and social relief cheques arrive on the mail plane.

To those who contend that the Métis are shifty and improvident and beyond help, provincial administrators retort that they have proved this assumption to be false. They point to clean, well-dressed Métis, leaders in their communities, who have had an opportunity to get some education and a job and who provide well for their families and save money.

### Appeals for Help

Allan R. Guy, principal of the school in the tourist centre of La Ronge, 200 miles southeast of Portage la Loche, appealed for help for the Métis.

"Our (school) courses of study are geared to the white men's way of living, and it is only a few natives who can learn the subject matter and bridge the cultural and social gulf at the same time.

"The fact that so few natives finish high school is not due to the subject matter being too difficult. They can master that, but we will not let them master our way of life to the extent where a native and white student with the same academic standing can apply for a job, and the native boy has an even chance of obtaining the position. Until this is possible, we do not have true integration."

Officials of the department of natural resources admit that the plight of the northern Métis is a blot on the social scene and a hindrance to development of the country.

### COLLEGE LIFE

by OLIVER X. Beauval, Sask.

When I was asked to write an article for your school journal, I immediately consented. I know that not all of you, schoolmates from Beauval, cherish the idea of a higher education, and because you might never have a chance of experimenting college life, I want to tell you a few facts about it.

I had only one reason for coming to St. Thomas and this was to receive a higher education which I am aiming at through efforts. This higher training will assist me in my future life.

Education, nowadays, is very important to anyone who wishes to attain a worthwhile goal. Perhaps it was mentioned to you by someone, that you, at the residential schools have a splendid opportunity to receive a free education. Estimate, for instance, the amount of money my dad will have to pay for my four years in college! With this sum, he could buy a new car, but he knows that education is far more important and he provides me with the best in life.

In a college like St. Thomas, one accumulates numerous experiences. Evidently this is true by

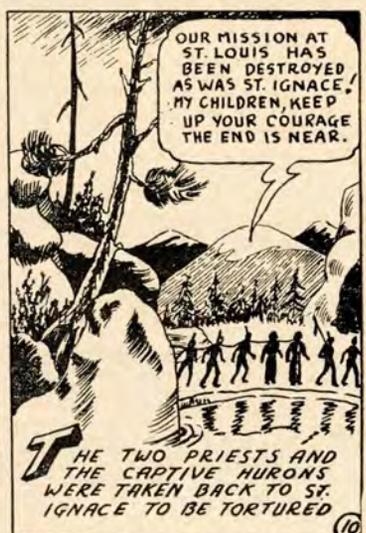
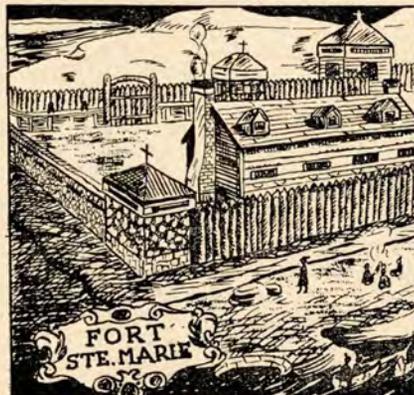
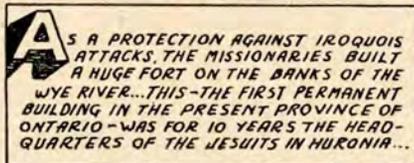
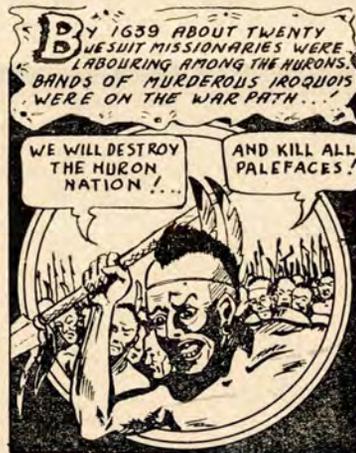
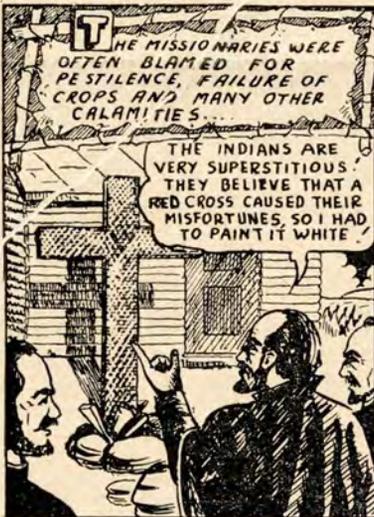
the fact that one meets many different boys with their individual character. Some come from the States, some from British Columbia, Alberta, Manitoba, while others come from far places such Yukon and Trinidad.

As for the classes, one learns to work independently and is pained under punishment if he seeks aid from a fellow student. In the classes themselves, there is one professor for each subject.

Through the proper nourishment and the adequate exercises, we keep in good health. Sports, like hockey, are participated in by all and enjoyed by everyone.

One of the most important assets in forming a good student is DISCIPLINE. A student does not act as he wishes. He is subject to his Principal and must obey all rules. A person who willfully attempts to break any rule is punished. A student also learns to work by the clock.

I have only one advice for you, companions, and it is to study and work hard. The result . . . satisfaction and success. If any of you have planned to continue your studies, stick to it, and you won't regret it.



(To Be Concluded)



# Amber Moon

by Woonkapi-sni

Tunkansila onsimalaye  
Oyate wani kte . . . !  
(Grandfather, shown thy mercy,  
Grant that my nation live!)

Edited by Gontran Lavolette



## PROLOGUE

The Lakota (Sioux) lived and died unknown. His very existence was to the white man as mysterious as the silent ages passed. The civilized man could see nothing of interest in the savage man who stood barring their way to gold, fame and fortune. The Indian was looked upon as a little above the beasts, which prowled on the earth, and he was dealt with accordingly. When the Indian was vanquished he seemed to disappear from the face of the earth along with the buffalo.

Every ancient tradition of the Lakota disappeared with the old way of life. Only scattered remains of his life remained, scattered by the mighty wind of the white onrush in the land of the vanished camping grounds. From these remnants, the white man has imagined a type of Indian who is unreal, because the true Indian is now dead and beyond reach.

It was better for the red man to give up all that was sacred to him and hide beneath a veil of secrecy. Fate had decreed he was to make room for the white man. It was impossible that he should remain as he was; his very soul had been destroyed by the might of the new race. It became impossible to create a new way of life while the old one was consumed in agony as if burned by an all-consuming fire. So he died . . .

The present tale is not fictitious. Hanwi-San, (Amber Moon) is the true life story of a Lakota maiden who lived long, long ago. Her romance was enacted among primitive people, far from any foreign influence. The stage was set by nature herself, beautiful and wild for a tender story of power, of beauty and of greatness: that of love.

The only symbol of Eastern civilization was the existence of the Sunka-Tanka (the horse) and that of the metal knife. The story of Hanwi-San has survived the destruction of the Lakota; it lives to this day to be recorded and passed on to posterity as a lesson to all the pure of heart, to all who believe in the sacredness of love, to all who are aware of the pitfalls which surge on the path of life.

## CHAPTER ONE

### A Lakota Maiden

The moon was slowly setting over the horizon in this month of June. It was dressed in the fiery color of a war-bonnet; glowing red feathers shot in the hazy blue sky as the dull sun shone like a highly polished mirror far to the East. It seemed that the stage was being set for a great event in the heavens or on earth . . . no one knew . . . not even the Lakota maiden, Hanwi-San, as she emerged from her tepee, gazing at the brilliant skies, awed by the greatness of the spectacle which struck her eyes.

Raising her hands to the sun, she was moved to utter this prayer:

"Anpe-wi onsimalaye  
Oyate wani kte . . . !"

(Lord Sun show thy mercy,  
Grant that my nation live.)

Hanwi-San was mature, her thirty summers had given her much experience. What she dreaded most was the coming of the white man. She had heard, many a time, of the hairy "wasicun" (spirit-man); she had heard many a dreadful tale about him; he was like the fabled Unktomi (Spider-God) omnipresent, deceitful, evil-doer, like the plague of locusts which destroyed every green thing on the earth.

Her prayer ended, inspired by an instinctive fear, Hanwi-San stepped out of her tepee looking around for signs of danger. Peace and quiet reigned over the vast prairie, bathed in the brilliant light of early morn. The birds sang, the river tinkled over the rocks; the air was fresh and full with the fragrance of wild flowers . . . the earth was beautiful and sweet!

The whinny of "Sunknuni" (the stray horse) interrupted Hanwi's meditation. The beautiful black stallion, tethered near the tent, had seen his mistress and had been expressing his joy.

\* \* \*

Hanwi-San had given herself a name when she was old enough to talk. She had called herself "Isnala" (Alone). But the women had given her a fairer name, that of Hanwi-San, shining brightly in the sky.

She was the child of Red-

Shield and of Flowers, members of the Oglala band of the Lakota. Red-Shield was active, intelligent, and well-to-do. He lived in an exceptionally large tepee. He belonged to the "wakiconza" (Tribal council lodge) for his wisdom was held in high esteem. He possessed many fleet ponies for the buffalo hunt.

For many summers the parents of Hanwi-San had given up hope of giving her away in marriage, as their daughter seemed to be set for a unique way, that of maidenhood, (witansna - kan); since she did not believe in love, she became the target of all sorts of gossip.

Hanwi-San had seen too many sham unions ending in divorce (wi-ihoyeyapi); she had witnessed too many failures in married life among young and old; young maidens induced by their relatives to be sold on pretext of honour (hakataku-wokagi) and older women publicly divorced by proud heartless husbands on the occasion of "couptelling dances". Hanwi-San believed in a sincere love that would bind man and woman together inseparably for life; she had sworn to herself that no living man would ever make her his slave, his plaything.

Hanwi-San possessed great charms; she had been the object of the attentions of many an ardent lover; many young warriors had had recourse to foul schemes and even to witchcraft to win her heart. Yet, her only protection being her purity, she had withstood and escaped all attempts made to spoil her virginity. She even used her sharp pointed knife to quell the ardors of evil-minded courtiers:

"I will tolerate a strange dog," she would say, "but I will not spare one that bites."

Her father had a saying "Wicasa owasin wokagi wicaqu qo!" (Give every man the respect due to him"). These words guided her in her conduct. She had been acquainted with many men, but to no one had she given her heart. All the people wondered "how can she ever live alone?" Some crones whispered the answer: "Wakiconzapi naceca lo!" (Perhaps spirits have cursed her).

## CHAPTER TWO

### Lover In Disguise

Although very much inclined to romance, the Lakota is very secretive and never shows his emotions. Lakota etiquette demands that he abide by a strict code of taboos; making love in the open is called foolish (wikot-koka). When he called upon a maiden, the courtier would sweeten his breath, perfume himself and present his loved one with gifts he made in secret (nahmanwa-wicaqupi): such as earrings, bracelets, hair strings with bells.

One bright starry night, after the last visitor left, Hanwi-San had another caller. He emerged from behind the tepee and confronted her. So quick was the man's move that the maiden had no time to escape him. He seized her left hand and held her firmly. The man was dressed in "Wizi" (Smoky Leather) rags from head to toe, and the odor was strong. Hanwi-San was quick to sense the man was disguised, for only the poorest and the slothful used Wizi, yet not in the way this strange man did. The cloak the man wore was of Wizi, the leggings and moccasins were the same. The cloak was so narrow that the man had to draw it tightly about him to conceal himself. He was of medium height, very straight and slender. His leggings were too short, his moccasins too large. He remained quiet except for his heavy breathing, which, Hanwi-San knew, he strived mightily to prevent. Who was that man, what evil motive had he in his heart? Was he a blood-kin who lost control of himself for his love for her? A hundred questions flashed through the maiden's mind.

Her right hand slowly moved under her cloak towards her knife. The man sensed Hanwi-San's move as he released her hands and stepped away, he spoke: "Woman, thank you for allowing me this great pleasure. I shall never forget the feel of your hand." He left abruptly. Hanwi-San kept looking at him. His movements were lithe and smooth, like those of a mountain lion. How slender and straight he carried himself! The feel of his powerful hand still lingered and his quiet gentle voice still sounded in her ears, warning her heart.

## AMBER MOON . . .

(Chapter 2, Continued)

The rising moon slowly moved across the heavens. Now and then a coyote cried.

All became still as a grave, lulled to sleep by mother nature, yet Hanwi-San alone lay wide awake. The image of the disguised courtier refused to leave her. How strange! yet she never saw his face, and knew not a thing about him.

Her mother, noting a change in her daughter, asked if she was ill.

"No, mother," replied Hanwi-San, "It is only that I did not sleep last night."

Anxiously, her mother replied:

"Child, this is the first time I have ever heard of you spending a sleepless night, I am sure there must be some cause for it."

Hanwi-San remained silent as her mother continued:

"My child, I saw you last night as you stood watching your last courtier a long time after he left you. I did not think you should have done it."

The daughter never kept a secret from her mother, and as she saw no reason now to do so, she told her mother gaily:

"Mother, it was because of that man I could not sleep last night. The man came disguised in Wizi. I found him so strangely different from all others that had come."

Her mother was obviously interested now:

"My child, I do not believe this man had evil intentions. He may be a proud young man who feared recognition. Should he come again, try to find out who he is. I doubt if he will tell you, but perhaps you may see his face."

The following two evenings Hanwi-San found herself waiting for the disguised courtier, but in vain.

By the fourth evening, she had at last erased the memory of the strange caller, only to find him present again. He had come dressed exactly as before, and behaving the same way. He seemed more nervous however, and his sighing was more frequent; she felt deeply moved by the man's touch, more so than at first. She was first to speak that night, for fear the man would leave her again suddenly.

"Who are you?" she asked.

The courtier was amused. He laughed quietly, then answered:

"Woman, to tell you would be of no importance to you, for I am just another one of the night prowlers of the band."

Sanwi-San heard herself asking again:

"Where do you live and what band do you belong to?"

Again the man laughed.

"Woman," he said, "I would be ashamed to tell you, knowing the lodge you have been accustomed

to all your life. So do not imagine a big lodge with fast buffalo ponies waiting by its door."

Hanwi's pride had awakened. Did this man dare make fun of her? So she said:

"I believe you, you are the first man I ever saw that had the nerve to tell the truth on himself."

The woman's arrow rang true. The man threw back his head, and tightened his grip on the woman's hand, then drew closer to her. A move of challenge this time.

"Truthfully tell on himself, you say?" he interjected, "I know what you mean. I have spoken the truth. I hate liars. I came to you in these rags to tell you that I love you. To hope for your love is far beyond me, so I came to steal the imprint of your hand on mine, knowing that I shall never again behold your person."

Releasing Hanwi-San's hand, he stepped away:

"Woman, you have been so kind to me, I thank you. May you live a long, long time and remember me when you are old and grey."

The strange courtier had spoken the truth to the beautiful maiden. He had fallen deeply in love with her, yet never did he entertain the slightest hope of winning the lone maiden's love. All he did hope for was to feel her hand and to enjoy her presence, a fleeting moment. Now his wish had materialized.

What good could a woman be to him, even by she, Hanwi-San, when the day after tomorrow, he would be leading a war party off on an unknown war trail. Who knew the fate awaiting him on that lonely trail? The heart of the young warrior was sad and heavy as he left the one his heart cried out for.

But he was not long troubled, for he had a way of bringing his pride into play. He raised his head defiantly as he recalled an incident which happened on the warpath. He remembered the brace young comrade over whom he stood protecting him against the enemy. He recalled the dying warrior's lament:

"Ye warrior brave, upon thy return, tell mother for me, tell mother for me. One dies for what he loves. That is why I lie here, I lie here."

His heart swelled with pride as he hummed the song as he hurried home. He too loved adventure, the thrills and loneliness of the war trails. But he dreaded natural death. He preferred to die like his "Kola." The day after tomorrow, he would be going on the trail singing:

"Coyote, howl at me! howl at me! Love your cry as the stars laugh down at me."

(To be continued)

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Kenora, Ont.

January 8, 1959

St. Mary's Indian School is one of the oldest institutions of Kenora.

Built in 1897, the Catholic Indian residential school is located three miles south of Kenora, on Rat Portage Bay, Lake of the Woods. A winding road through the bush takes you to St. Mary's school.

St. Mary's school was opened in 1898. The Oblate Fathers took charge the same year. Shortly after, the Grey Nuns of Charity came to help in educating the Indian children. Father Charles Cahill was the first Principal. Great were the trials and the difficulties he encountered at the beginning, in bringing the Indian children to school, but he was a man of vision and had great ideas for the future of the Indians. His kindness has remained legendary among the Indians.

Since the opening of the school, nearly a thousand Indian boys and girls have received the rudiments of instruction and education. They have learned about the benefits civilization could bring them. Cooking, baking, sewing, woodwork were included in the primary course.

St. Mary's Indian High School was begun in 1952 with six pupils; by 1958, 56 Indian children are in attendance.

More and more the Indians want to advance on the road of education and build a place for themselves in Canadian society.

St. Mary's can be proud of its accomplishments after sixty years and more of existence. The standards of this institution are as high as any similar one.

The question is often asked: "Why do the Indians behave so badly when so many efforts have been done for them?" Remember that the forefathers of the present Indians were considering the whites as enemies and invaders.

The Indians do not always offer a pretty sight. Loafing about the streets of Kenora and of other towns are not the best Indians we know. In search for liquor and illegitimate pleasures,

many Indians mix with the bad elements white society is not very proud of.

A deeper knowledge of the Indian problem has revealed some striking facts about the behavior of the Indians. Heavy drinking and misconduct are not general among all Indians in Canada.

Nowadays, many whites look at the Indian with disgust and disdain. Many missionaries have noticed this attitude and deplore it. Travelling from one reservation to another, one realizes that it is practically impossible for some Indians to live a good life. How can it be otherwise when they see lawyers, doctors, businessmen coming to a tourist town to drink, gamble and live immorally. Only a miracle would prevent Indians from following the wrong habits of those white people. Some Indians by nature are weak and adopt more easily the bad habits of the whites. It seems that bad example has a greater attraction than good example, all men being prone to seek more the satisfaction of the senses than intellectual and spiritual joys.

Racial prejudice is strong against the Indians and they feel it and resent it.

Years of experience among the Indians has proven that honesty and sincerity are still the best means to use when trading with the Indians. It is surprising how quickly an Indian can avoid a crooked deal. Their judgment is keen in judging people. This explains why the primitive are so crafty, imaginative, and believe in all sorts of deities; their imagination has no limit when it comes to invent means of survival and religious concepts.

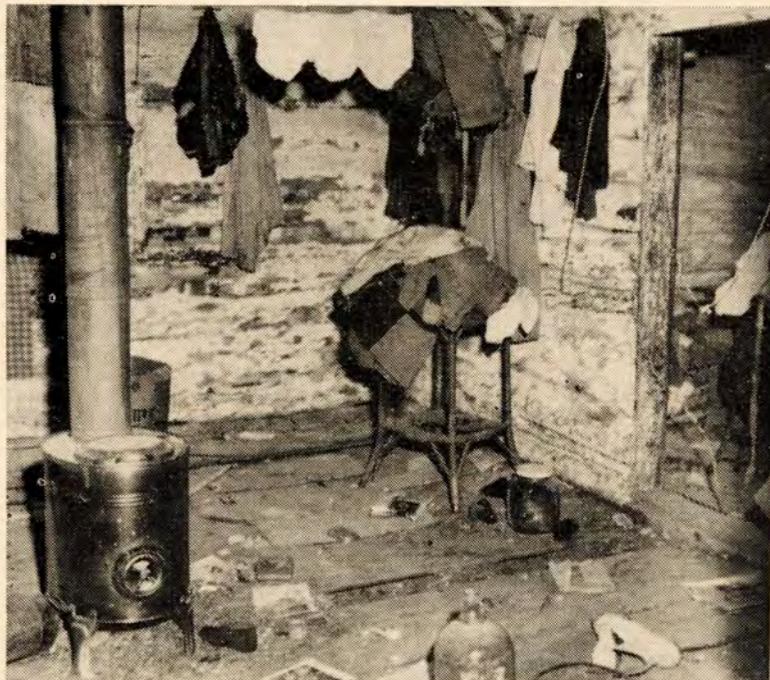
Most people in Kenora would enjoy a visit to St. Mary's Indian School. After such a visit, they would not judge the Indians as harshly as they sometimes do.

Come and get the right ideas about the Indians. It would be a pleasant trip. Everyone is welcome . . . !

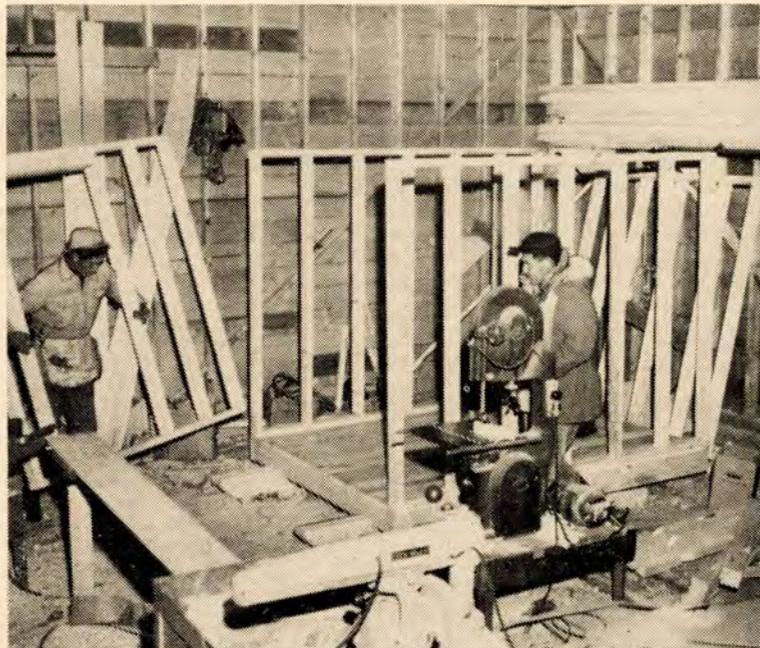
Fr. M. St-Jacques, O.M.I.



Sioux Indian Dance in Saskatchewan



This is the shack that Hebron Roulette and his family used to live in before they got into a new house built by the Indian Affairs branch. Typical of many houses on Indian reserves the log cabin, chinked with clay, was all they could afford.



Here are two Indian workers building one of the small sheds that accompany each of the old-age housing units. Most of the building on both houses and sheds was done inside a large workshop. Indian carpenters provided most of the necessary labor.



Mr. and Mrs. Louis Prince stand between their Indian friends and officials of the Indian Affairs branch at the opening ceremony of 11 old age housing units. The houses are all the same as the one shown here. But different colors have been used to decorate them. They are set on large, wooden lots.



Hebron Roulette holds one of his two children as he and his family pose for a picture in their new house. Mr. Roulette, unlike the pensioners, will pay for his house. Mrs. Roulette has already decorated the house with several religious pictures and colorful calendars.

## OPEN NEW HOMES

(Concluded from Page 2)

### Other Value

The units are expected to be valuable for other reasons. Mr. Jackson hopes that when other, younger, Indians see the relatively high-class houses they too will want to get them. The project could lead to an upgrading of the housing on the whole reserve, over a period of years.

One of the problems facing the Indians is that while they earn enough to maintain a house they aren't able to accumulate enough money to make a big down payment.

With this in mind and with some extra material left from the project, the Indian Affairs Branch built another house which is being sold to a young Indian couple. The man, Hebron Roulette, has already paid \$400.00 toward the house and intends to pay for the whole building.

### A New Start

For Mr. Roulette, his wife and two children, it means almost a completely new start in life in a house which they can take pride in. The couple have already made plans according to modern standards.

## Not Welcome by Own Church Members

OTTAWA — The Anglican Church's policy of integrating the Indian population into the main stream of Canadian life is being obstructed in at least two communities, the January issue of Canadian Churchman, Anglican Church of Canada journal reports.

The source is Canon H. G. Cook, superintendent of the residential schools, who said at the recent annual meeting of the Missionary Society that in two areas he knew of, Indian children were not invited to church

homes and were not welcome at the Anglican Young People's gatherings in town churches.

Canon Cook did not disclose names.

He also said Indian children from residential schools were not allowed in these communities to compete in local sports leagues.

Canon Cook observed that the Indians themselves were not angry about this, and accepted the situation, but, as a Christian, Canon Cook said he could not accept it himself.

Photos By Jack Ablett  
Story By Al Murray

Winnipeg  
Free Press