



L.J.C. et M.I.

INDIAN RECORD

A National Publication for the Indians of Canada

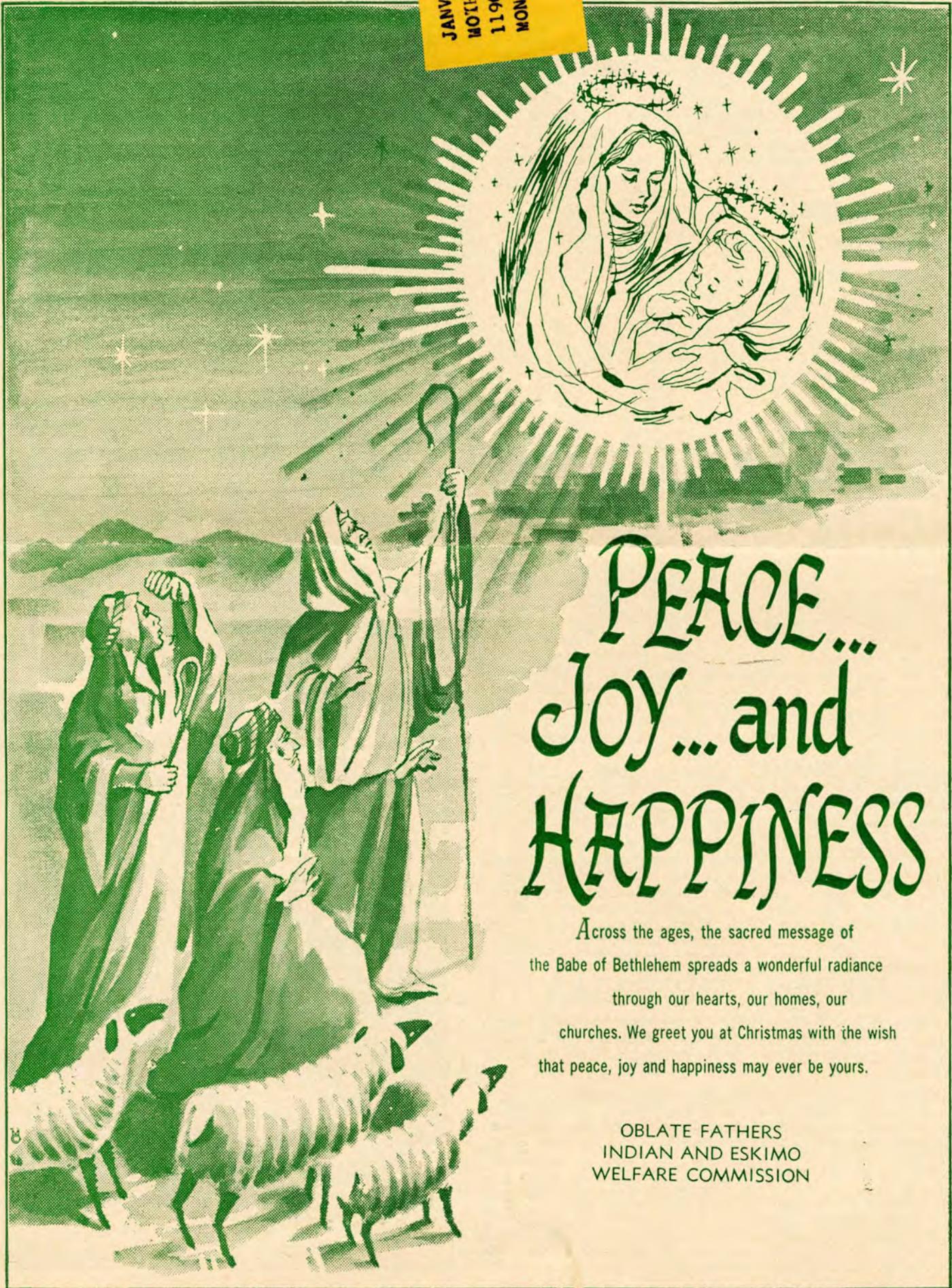
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PEACE... JOY... and HAPPINESS

Across the ages, the sacred message of the Babe of Bethlehem spreads a wonderful radiance through our hearts, our homes, our churches. We greet you at Christmas with the wish that peace, joy and happiness may ever be yours.

OBLATE FATHERS
INDIAN AND ESKIMO
WELFARE COMMISSION

INDIAN RECORD

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**The 1961 Winnipeg
Conference**

The 7th annual conference for the Indians and Metis of Manitoba which will be held February 21-24, 1961, will be the most successful ever held if its organizers receive full co-operation from all missionaries, teachers, nurses, traders, and government officials in the field.

It is necessary to hold in each community (Indian reserve, Metis village) a meeting of the headman, or chief, councillors, or other elected officials, with the personnel of missions, schools, nursing stations and government agencies, in order to achieve two things: An investigation and discussion of major community problems and a decision as to which are the most urgent to bring to the attention of the Conference; The selection of able delegates, with a mandate to represent their community and the provision of travel expenses for them.

The chief, or headman, should choose a chairman and a secretary.

The chairman will make sure that the discussion bears on common problems, such as unemployment, housing, fishing and trapping, co-operatives or credit unions, or any similar subject.

The secretary will faithfully record the recommendations of the meeting and will forward them without delay to the conference secretary:

Book Review

**“Cross In The Wilderness”
Reveals Pioneer B.C. Missions**

By Rev. Dermot McInerney

CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS is the story of the early history of B.C. seen through the lives of the pioneer Oblate missionaries of this province. As one reads the exploits of Father Chirouse, Father Ricard, Father Pandosy, Father Cocola, he perceives a new world unfolding — for a new province is being formed from primeval forest and unbroken land.

In this story the author has captured all the romance and heroism of the lives of these great men, yet has also retained their humanness. I use the word ‘romance’ purposely, for these men were profoundly in love with God and the souls of the Indians entrusted to their care.

I use the word ‘heroism’ as understatement, for their accomplishments in such a short period of time, over such a large expanse of territory and in the face of overwhelming odds cannot justly be described in words. Miss Cronin’s simple account of their deeds will move deeply even the strongest man.

I use the word ‘humanness’ with joy, for these missionaries were not, in the words of the author, “plaster saints”, but truly men with both strengths and

weaknesses. The accounts of Father Pandosy, Father Grandier, Father Cocola particularly illustrate this. They could be angry men, but even their anger was mitigated by their charity.

The author has allowed the men to shine forth and, in truth, to speak for themselves. In reading the book, the reader is led to some inescapable conclusions, even though the author quite obviously had no thesis in mind and no axe to grind.

The two most important conclusions that this reader arrived at are, first, the whole school system that we have today in this province owes its beginning in great measure to the pioneer work of such men as D’Herboomez, Pandosy, Chirouse, McGuckin and Fouquet.

The second conclusion concerns the character of the Indians. In times of discouragement, the missionaries were anything but complimentary in their descriptions of the Indians’ character. How, then, could one account for the later accomplishments of the missionaries? You cannot make jewelry from lead. The only conclusion seems to be that the Indian, in spite of his weaknesses, possessed two qualities — the

ability to love deeply and a strong loyalty to those who befriended him.

Much discussion has been taking place lately about Canadian culture. No people can have a culture unless they have a knowledge and love of their own historical antecedents. This is a knowledge and love that few Canadians possess. Books such as CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS, by imparting that knowledge and instilling that love, will do much to nurture that Canadian culture. It is to be hoped that this first endeavour by a new author will be followed by others.

A comment must be made on the quality of the published book. It is a tribute to all who played a part in its publication. The attractive cover bears a reproduction in color of a photograph of a Mission Church taken by Bishop O’Grady. The binding and printing are excellent. The quality of the paper is good. The book is well illustrated and the historical photographs themselves are worth the price of the book.

CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS, by Kay Cronin.
Copyright — Mitchell Press Ltd. \$4.95.

Mr. Lloyd Lenton,
Indian-Metis Conference,
460 Main Street,
Winnipeg 2, Man.

No attempt should be made to solve local problems; what the Conference can do to best serve the delegates to Winnipeg, is to transmit to the authorities concerned resolutions which will have been adopted unanimously by them.

These resolutions will be followed up, as in the past years, and a full report on the action taken in the past year will be presented to the delegates.

The success of previous conferences is due mainly to the fact that all the people concerned with community welfare, economic and educational, have worked together for the common good.

Fort Smith High School Yearbook

Fort Smith, N.W.T. — The first year book has been published this year by Fort Smith High School; called “BOREAN”, it is dedicated to all who are contributing to the development of Canada’s boreal regions.

Put together by a large staff of volunteer teachers and students of the local Federal high school the yearbook contains a wealth of photos and articles which truly reflect life under northern skies.

Personal messages from Government officials, the Missions, and from the school staff as well as historical notes on the region and its varied institutions make

of Borean a valuable reference book. Its deluxe presentation speaks highly of the talented publishers.

Presently there is an enrolment of 110 pupils in the high school and of 400 in the primary school at Fort Smith.

The Christmas story “Little Shoe”, on page 3, is reprinted from the Borean.

STRANGE BUT TRUE
Little-Known Facts for Catholics

By M. J. MURRAY Copyright, 1960, N.C.W.C. News Service

The Church does not maintain that December 25th is the exact day of Our Lord's birth. Early Christians celebrated it on a variety of dates, including January 6th, March 29th, and September 29th before the 25th of December was declared the official anniversary.

The IDEA OF THE CHRISTMAS CRIB WAS FIRST INTRODUCED BY ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI (1181-1226)

UP TO THE BEGINNING OF THE LAST CENTURY SPECIAL "BIRD CAKES" WERE GIVEN TO CHILDREN THROUGHOUT EUROPE AT CHRISTMAS. THIS WAS TO COMMEMORATE AN ANCIENT LEGEND THAT THE CHILD JESUS BREATHED ON CLAY BIRDS AND BROUGHT THEM TO LIFE.

APPROPRIATE TO THE JOYFUL SEASON IS THIS LOVELY OLD FLORENTINE STATUETTE ENTITLED "THE VIRGIN AND THE LAUGHING CHILD".

Kateri Tekakwitha to be Beatified Soon

Holy See Studying Miracle

Vatican City (NC) — The preparatory work for the beatification of Kateri Tekakwitha, 17th-century American Indian woman, might be completed within the next year.

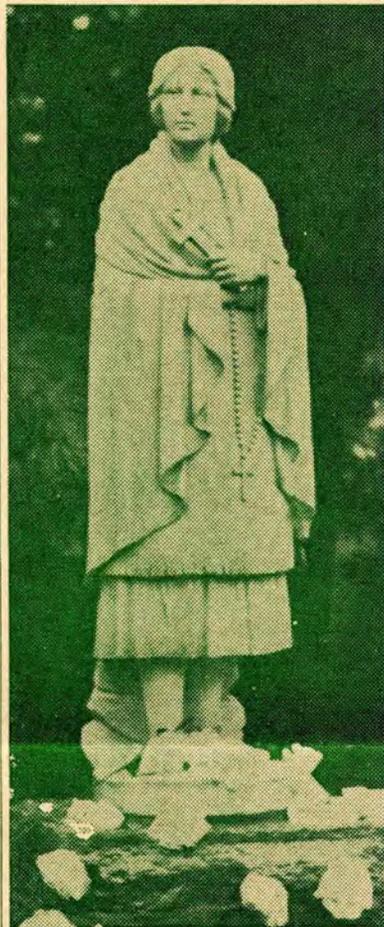
Authorities of the Sacred Congregation of Rites revealed that the beatification procedure has been speeded up by beginning an examination of a second possible miracle said to have been granted through her intercession. If the miracle is approved, they said, it could take less than a year to clear the way for declaring her "Blessed".

Approval of two miracles is required before the steps leading to beatification can be completed. One miracle performed through the intercession of Kateri Tekakwitha was examined and approved several years ago.

Tekakwitha was born into the Mohawk tribe in 1656 in what is now the town of Auriesville, N.Y. Her mother was a Christian Algonquin. When the child was about four, her parents died of smallpox, and she was adopted by a pagan uncle. Her first real contact with Christianity came when she was about 11, when three French missionaries on a peace mission for Quebec spent several days at her uncle's lodge. She is said to have accepted Christianity then, and she lived the life of a Christian virgin despite attempts to force her into marriage.

She could not be baptized, however, until she was 18, when Jesuit Father Jacques de Lamberville arrived to take charge of a nearby mission. She was given the local form of the name Catherine. To her tribe, she became a foreigner, and she was threatened with death unless she returned to the cult of the tribal gods.

She fled across the St. Lawrence river to Caughnawaga, settlement of Iroquois Christian refugees in southern Quebec. There she took a vow of virginity, the first of her race to do so. In 1680, when she was 24 and



A second miracle attributed to Ven. Kateri Tekakwitha, a 17th century Indian woman whose statue is shown above, has speeded up her cause for beatification. Born in 1656 in the Mohawk tribe in New York state, she is the first native Indian to be declared "Venerable Servant of God." The first of her race to have taken a vow of virginity, the famed "Lily of the Mohawks" died at the age of 24.

in perfect health, she told her friends she would die during Holy Week. Her prediction came true.

The Councils of Quebec and Baltimore in the 19th century petitioned her canonization. The beatification process was intro-

duced at the Vatican in May 1939, and the decree declaring her a "venerable servant of God" was issued on January 3, 1943.

Kateri Tekakwitha is thus the first Indian native of Canada entitled to be called "Venerable".

Christmas in Latin America

In the lands of Central and South America, the Christmas festival reaches its zenith with the celebration of the *Missa del Gallo* (Mass of the Cock) at midnight Christmas Eve.

This traditionally is the hour at which Christ was born. The name itself stems from Christian Rome's early practice of holding the first service when the cock crew.

Christmas feasts follow the midnight service, and delicacies vary according to the country. While roast pig is Latin America's holiday favorite, turkey dominates tables in Mexico, Brazil, Colombia, Nicaragua, Panama and Puerto Rico.

Gift-giving has always been closely linked to the Nativity. The youngsters of many lands look to the Christ Child for presents. In certain countries, including Mexico and Puerto Rico, tots impatiently await Epiphany, January 6, and a visit from the Three Wise Men.

Exchange of gifts takes an unusual turn in Colombia. Merry-makers in masquerade mill through the streets on Christmas Eve. Whenever a friend detects another's identity, he claims a reward.

In Mexico, during the nine days before Christmas, candle-light processions are formed each night. Called *Posadas*, which literally means "lodging", the ritual re-enacts the Holy Family's journey to Bethlehem and its difficulty in finding a place to stay. At a prearranged household, the marchers are barred at first, then admitted with rejoicing.

Children can scarcely await the breaking of pinata. A fragile earthen jar, lavishly decorated in the guise of an animal or other form, is suspended in a large room or patio. Each guest is blindfolded, spun around, and allowed a whack at it with a stick. When the pinata is finally smashed, all hands rush for the shower of candies and toys.

The poinsettia is Latin America's traditional Christmas decoration and its contribution to North America's Yuletide. The shrub with flaming-red bracts was brought to the United States in 1829 by Dr. Joel Roberts Poinsett, a minister of Mexico, and given his name.

Our Lady of Guadalupe

At dawn on December 9th, 1531, on Tepeyac Hill near Mexico City, Our Blessed Lady appeared to an Indian named Juan Diego. She revealed Herself to him as "The Ever Virgin Mother of the True God", and made known Her desire that a shrine be built there to bear witness to Her love, Her compassion, Her succor and protection. "For I am a Merciful Mother", She said, "to you and to all your fellow men on this earth who love Me and trust Me and invoke My help. Therefore, go to the palace of the Bishop in Mexico, and say that I sent you to manifest to him My great desire."

The Bishop was loath to believe the Indian's story. So Juan returned to Our Lady on Tepeyac and told of his failure. She bade him go back a second time. The Bishop then requested that the Lady give him some sign. Juan reported this to Her and She promised to grant a sign on the following morning. But Juan was prevented from coming by a sudden illness of his uncle, Juan Bernardino. The next day, December 12th, when he was on his way by Tepeyac Hill to Mexico City to bring a priest to the dying man, Our Lady came down to meet him. She reassured him of his uncle's recovery and told him to gather fresh roses which he would find growing on the frosty summit of the rocky and barren hill. This done, She arranged the roses in his mantle, and bade him show them to the Bishop, giving an account of their origin. To the Bishop's amazement, when Juan opened up his mantle before him there was painted upon it a beautiful image of Our Lady exactly as She had appeared at Tepeyac. Earlier in the day, in another apparition granted to Juan's uncle, whom She cured, Our Blessed Mother intimated that She wished to be called "Holy Mary of Guadalupe".

This miraculous Picture marvelously preserved, can still be seen over the High Altar in the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe, on the site She requested. Thither, every year several million pilgrims, from all parts of America make their way to venerate Our Merciful Mother and to implore Her intercession.

Mohawks Gain Autonomy

CORNWALL — The Mohawk Band Council on nearby St. Regis Reserve has been granted the right to spend its funds on the same basis as other municipalities, under Section 68 of the Indian Act.

The announcement by the Indian Affairs Branch was greeted as good news on the reserve. J. M. Pauze, Indian agent, said band councils had won the additional responsibility by showing they were capable of administering their affairs and looking after their own welfare interests.

He said the council of 12 members had been seeking the additional powers for the last three years.

The council will now be able to open its own bank account,

appoint a treasurer and signing officers and in general will assume a greater share of responsibility than in the past. Ralph Whitebean, a former elected chief, is expected to be named band secretary.

Expenditures facing the 2,460 band members will amount to approximately \$25,000 in the coming year. The council will be required to strike a budget and win approval of it from the Indian Affairs Branch.

Deadline for January 1961 copy is January 5. Please comply.

Indian Record,
619 McDermot Ave.,
Winnipeg 2, Man.

A star for the Christ Child

On bitter winter nights such as this the boy and Granny would share fire and bread and hear the music of the wind, for the wind truly makes music in mountain countries.

It sighs or hums in the pines or cedars, and sometimes even sounds like the swishing of ocean waves. Tonight, it was blowing fiercely. Now and then it would vibrate a loose board or bang the shutter which had the broken lock.

"Do you hear something, Grandma?"

The old woman did not answer the boy. It is doubtful that she heard; she did not hear well. Neither were her eyes as good as they used to be, nor did she smile as often as she once did. She had reasons for not smiling: Times were hard and she was not getting any younger. She had fallen behind in her duties, too — her sewing, for example. Anyone could tell that by the little boy's clothes, particularly in back where the patches needed patching — although not a great deal could be done about the clothing generally, since it was originally intended for someone much larger, and thus, was more than ample.

The boy heard the cry again and went to the door. He slipped outside. The night was biting. No stars were in the sky. Snow was falling, wild flakes scurrying to the earth as if impatient to join others to form a deeper spread of white.

"Come to me," the boy heard a voice call and hurried toward the sound. He found a child in the snow.

"Help me," said the child. The boy reached down and tried to lift the child but could not.

"It would make no difference anyway," the child said sadly. "I would still need a star to guide me home."

A gust of wind blew the words away. The little boy wondered. He looked at the sky and saw no star. What manner of child was this who needed a star to chart his course homeward. He had heard of the Christ Child. Could this be the Christ Child?

He turned his gaze to earth again — and the child was gone.

Had it been an illusion, a mirage? Was he ill, delirious with fever? He felt his forehead. It was cold. He felt his nose; it was colder.

He searched about, hoping to find the child. There was no sight of him.

"Granny!" The boy ran back to the house, passing through the yellow patch of lamplight where he had seen the child. "Someone is out in the snow." He paused abruptly. "Was out in the snow."

The old grandmother frowned because the boy had gone outdoors without his coat, but she listened to his story with the patience of the old. "It might have been the Christ Child," she told him. "Who knows the mysterious ways of God?" She then chided him for going without the coat, and reminded him that it was Christmas Eve and that he should soon be in bed.

He lingered as long as he could. The Christmas tree was not decorated as elaborately as most. But it was a good tree. The only trouble was that a star was missing at the top. The star they had used had worn out, the year past.

The creche was in its accustomed place under the tree. Granny would never miss putting out the creche. Though it was dusty in spots, where Granny missed seeing them, it was where it belonged, with the figures of Mary and Joseph and the Three Wise Men and the shepherds — and the little angel with the chipped nose watching from the roof, peeking over the edge.

The boy dusted the creche idly, glanced up at the tree then down again at the creche. "Granny!" His eyes widened with amazement.

The old lady turned in her rocker. She had no trouble hearing the call this time.

"The crib is empty!"

The grandmother leaned back and nodded. "I tried to find the figure of the Baby Jesus. It must have become lost."

"But how—"

"Never mind. I'll look for it again."

The little boy was not fully comforted. A creche without the Baby Jesus was not complete — not a creche at all. Even the angel with the chipped nose seemed to be unhappy and not smiling. The star missing from the top of the tree was not encouraging either. The star — that was what the child in the snow had mentioned: A star to guide him home!

The little boy set about immediately to make a paper star from the Christmas wrappings they had saved from last year. He worked painstakingly on the shiniest of the lot.

Granny watched him a moment, then quietly left the room. She went to the mirror of the old marble-top dresser. Thinking of the boy working so hard for the Christ Child, she smiled, and the mirror returned the smile, just as people will do when smiled at.

She glanced down, suddenly remembering where she had carefully put away the figure of the Child Jesus. It was before her in plain sight. She had left it there to have it nearer her during the year, but that it was in plain sight had, over dreary days, made it more difficult to see, simply because she had grown less aware of its presence.

The boy was still busy when the grandmother returned. His fingers did not fly. There was some extending of the tongue in concentration, first from one side of the mouth then the other, and eventually a star was formed. It was not exact. What star is? It shone beautifully. It was a star to be proud of, a star for Christmas — a star to guide one home? A star on a Christmas tree guides anyone home at Christmastime.

But the crib was empty.

"Granny—" The boy started to tell Granny of it but stopped, startled, staring at the crib: "The Child is in the manger."

"I found Him while you were working so valiantly to give Him a star," Granny smiled. "He was where I expected Him least." It was good to see Granny smile; it made her face light up and soften like it used to.

"Do you think, Granny," the little boy asked, after collecting himself from his surprise, "that the child I saw in the snow was truly the Christ Child?"

"Who can say?" The old grandmother stirred. "To bed with you now." She watched thoughtfully as the boy climbed the worn, cottage stairs.

The wind at the panes was breathing faintly, once more making a sort of music in the trees. Flakes, like stars, filled the night. They fell gently, silently, brushing the earth as softly as angels' wings.

The little boy knelt by his bed. "Have I given you a star, My Lord?"

There was no answer, and although he did not know it, a single star peeped out from heaven among the clouds that had gathered with the storm.

Downstairs, the old woman poked the fire and promised herself that mending would be done, for with busy hands again would come more happiness. She walked over to the Christmas tree. In the creche below, the figure of the child Jesus lay sleeping, with Mary and Joseph watching over. The Three Wise Men offered their gifts; the shepherds were adoring — even the little angel with the chipped nose seemed to be smiling in a vision of peace.

The paper star at the top of the Christmas tree was shining, in its fashion, as brightly as any in the universe — a star for the Christ Child, a star to guide Him home. It was, perhaps, a star of hope in a world of need, for without hope there is nothing, even as without love there is no light. But, above all, it shone forth in true glory the spirit of remembering Christ at Christmastime.



OUR LADY OF THE CAPE and INFANT JESUS IN CRIB, from painting of Sister Jeanne LeBer, of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

The U. S. Government and the Catholic Indian Missions

by Rev. Peter J. Rahill, Ph.D.

Unacquainted with the true God, the American Indian was a perfect subject for the fulfillment of Jesus' command. Restricting our attention to the English colonies, settlement and conversion were twin objectives in the Catholic colony of Maryland. Before a landing was made the consent of the Piscataway tribe was obtained; soon almost all of these redmen were converted to Catholicity.

The civilizing influence of Christianity was early recognized by the Federal government. During Washington's administration \$200 was allotted annually to two Catholic Indian missionaries. An agreement with the War Department to conduct a school for Indian boys brought the Jesuits to Missouri in 1823.

Among the group was Pierre-Jean DeSmet, who became the most famous of all apostles to the redmen. Years later came dramatic proof that the redskins recognized him as the ambassador of the Prince of Peace. After Sitting Bull had sworn to kill the

first white man he saw, alone Father DeSmet visited the mighty chief and obtained a peace treaty.

But the Indian was bound to be disturbed as settlers continued to push into lands which had been promised to him "as long as grass grows and water flows." In his message to Congress on December 5, 1870, President Ulysses S. Grant offered a new approach. The President's own words were: "I determined to give all the agencies to such religious denominations as had hitherto established missionaries among the Indians . . ."

Already some reservations had been entrusted to the care of the Society of Friends. With that assignment there scarcely could have been any quarrel, for the Quakers had followed the Catholics of Maryland in treating the Indians fairly.

INDIAN BUREAU HOSTILE

When the plan — soon known as Grant's Peace Policy — was announced, Catholics hailed it with enthusiasm. With a record of continuous care of the Aborigines since 1634, it appeared that the problem of the Church would be staffing all the reservations which would be allotted.

No such difficulty arose. Out of approximately 80 agencies seven were assigned to the Church. The Indians living on these particular reservations numbered about 17,000. In contrast, such latecomers in the evangelization of the Indians as the Methodists were entrusted with 54,000 tribesmen.

One by one western bishops made trips to Washington they could ill afford. Vague and indefinite promises were the most any prelate obtained, and none of these were fulfilled. As months added into years the hostility to the Church of executives of the Indian Bureau became more evident.

A Paulist priest's intercession offered a happy method of circumventing them. Before his own conversion to Catholicism and study for the priesthood this George Deshon had been both classmate and roommate of Ulysses Grant at West Point. The chief executive received him in the national capital and at his summer home in Long Branch, New Jersey.

His reception was so cordial that Deshon reported with enthusiasm: "We will have all the agencies in which the Indians are Catholic." The Paulist was to return to his previous assignment considerably chastened in spirit. Not a single one of Grant's pledges was executed!

Perhaps improvement could be effected through permanent representation in the national capital? That proposal seemed unobtainable because of lack of money to finance it.

In 1873 Charles Ewing volunteered to be a lay apostle. The non-Catholic father of this Ohioan had been in two presidential cabinets, and during the Civil War Ewing had risen to the rank of General. As a successful Washington attorney he accepted the position of Catholic Indian Commissioner, continuing in the office without a single cent of compensation until his death in 1883.

Aided by a veteran Indian missionary named Father Jean-Baptiste Abraham Brouillet, Ewing promoted the education of Indian children. Here Catholic teachers excelled where those of Protestant denominations failed abject-

ly. Yet no other reservations were assigned to Catholics. In fact, priests were rigorously excluded from all agencies assigned to Protestants.

To a Catholic Indian who asked for a "black robe" the agent on one reservation replied: "Washington has decided that you must get to heaven by the Episcopalian route."

STRIKE AT CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

Antagonism to the Church by the Indian Bureau may have been pronounced, but it was no isolated phenomenon.

When Congress convened in December 1875, the first bill introduced in the House was a constitutional amendment striking at denominational schools. The Speaker, "Silver-tongued" James G. Blaine, sponsored the measure and piloted it through the House of Representatives, but it failed to win approval of two-thirds of the Senators.

Meanwhile Chief Red Cloud of the Sioux had repeatedly begged for Catholic teachers and schools. As early as 1875 the Chicago Times had queried: "If the Indian asks for this kind of spiritual meat, why give him a stone?"

In 1880 Bishop James O'Connor, Vicar Apostolic of Nebraska, determined on a test. A Benedictine priest named Meinrad McCarthy was sent to the reservation in Dakota Territory on which Red Cloud and his tribe were quartered. When the Indian Commissioner in Washington heard of his presence, he promptly telegraphed to expel him. Immediately Father McCarthy left to avoid a fine of \$1,000.00 which neither he nor Bishop O'Connor could pay.

For six weeks the Benedictine camped on the prairie near the reservation. Meanwhile every brave and squaw on the reservation signed a petition to the President, begging that the priest be allowed to enter. Washington did not even deign to reply to the soul-stirring plea.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY FOR INDIANS

After the expulsion of Father McCarthy from the Red Cloud Reserve representatives of the Protestant denominations participating in the Peace Policy were queried about admitting him. Every single one opposed granting to the Indian the freedom of conscience guaranteed by the Constitution.

Late in 1880 an agent on a Catholic reservation carried out the directive of the Indian Bureau and expelled a Congregationalist minister. Now ten different Protestant denominations promptly protested. Early the following year the prohibition was rescinded. Catholics had won the fight for religious liberty for the Indian!

Blackfoot Band Seeks \$5,000,000 From Canadian Government

By RICHARD GOODWIN

In a legal action that will go before the Exchequer Court of Canada, a band of Blackfoot Indians in Alberta is asking \$5,000,000 in cash and potentially millions more in land from the Federal Government, charging that the white man has broken the trust made with it years ago.

The story has its beginnings in 1877, when Chief Crowfoot of the Blackfoot nation, head of the most powerful Indian grouping on the Canadian prairies, signed a treaty with the white invaders. He ceded 50,000 square miles of Indian territory for reserves and protection. During that same year, he received official commendation for refusing to lead his nation, made up of the Blackfoot, Peigan and Blood tribes, with Sitting Bull against the whites.

The suit has been initiated by the Blackfoot band living on a reserve near Gleichen, not far from Calgary, comprising land about 36 miles long and 10 miles wide. (The old Blackfoot territory extended from the Rocky Mountains well into Saskatchewan, and from the North Saskatchewan River almost to the upper Missouri in the United States. Now it is limited to the Gleichen reserve, the vastly larger and richer Blood reserve at Cardston, and the smaller Peigan reserve at Brocket.)

The band's petition of right refers to the 1877 treaty, and states that its signing put the predecessor of the present Indian Affairs Branch in the position of an express trustee having the

control and management of the lands and property of the Indians in Canada. The Indians thus were constituted minors and legal wards of the Dominion.

Their chief argument now is that the Indian Affairs Branch down through the years has depleted the natural resources of the reserve and sold parts of it off piecemeal, and that the band, which about 1936 began to proliferate so rapidly that it now has one of the highest birth rates in Canada, finds itself strapped for room. The Indians also charge that because of their dependence on agriculture, the band hasn't the money or land for expansion. It now wants one or the other, or both.

The petition sets out more than 20 specific items, but the most spectacular is a request for general damages totalling \$5,000,000 in addition to the other items.

Another interesting item asks for \$33,200, noting that a clause in the 1877 treaty states the Dominion shall pay the Blackfoot \$2,000 a year for ammunition and, if ammunition isn't necessary, for other purposes. The Blackfoot claims they have never received their share of that money.

A petition of right in Canada is technically a plea to the Government to allow itself to be sued. In practice, the Government automatically permits the suit to proceed, unless it is blatantly frivolous.

A similar action brought by the Six Nations in 1946 is still before the courts.

(Toronto Globe & Mail)



When Fr. De Smet Met the Sioux

by Rev. Louis Pfaller, O.S.B.
(Dakota Catholic Action)

On October 6, 1840, De Smet and de Velder set out for Fort Pierre, several hundred miles south. A Canadian accompanied them. They proceeded cautiously, for the friendly traders at Fort Clark recommended that they avoid meeting the various Sioux tribes — the Yanktonnais, the Santees, the Oglalas, and the Blackfeet.

Encounters were unavoidable, for the Indians roamed all over the plains. On the third day, a party of Yanktonnais and Santees, who were hiding behind a butte, suddenly surprised the trio. Great was their surprise and relief when the Indians loaded them with kindnesses, and after smoking the calumet of peace, gave them provisions for their journey. The next day they met several other parties who treated them with the same friendliness.

The fifth day found them in the neighborhood of the Blackfeet Sioux. The very name struck terror into their hearts. Writing to his brother, De Smet later relived the experience:

"We crept through the ravines to be out of range of the piercing eye of the Indian that ever searches the plain.

"Toward noon a nearby spring invited us to rest and make our midday repast. We were congratulating ourselves upon having escaped the dreaded enemy, when suddenly a war-cry, accompanied by deafening noises, sounded from the direction overlooking our hiding-place. A band of Blackfeet that had been following our tracks for several hours, armed with guns, bows and arrows, half-naked, weirdly daubed with color, descended upon us at full gallop.

"I immediately rose and extended my hand to the one who appeared to be chief of the band. 'Why are you hiding in a ravine?' he said, 'Are you afraid of us?' 'We were hungry,' I replied, 'and the spring tempted us to take a few moments' rest.' The chief eyed me from head to foot. My cassock and the crucifix I wore on my breast excited his curiosity. Then addressing the Canadian, who spoke a little Sioux, he said: 'Never before in my life have I seen this kind of a man. Who is he, and where does he come from?' Given such an opportunity, the Canadian was not backward in according titles. 'This man,' he replied, 'converses with the Great Spirit. He is the French Black Robe and

is come here to visit the different Indian tribes.'

"At these words the savage softened, commanded his warriors to lay down their arms, and each one gave me his hand. I made them a present of a large package of tobacco, and immediately the warriors seated themselves in a circle to smoke the pipe of peace and friendship.

"The chief then invited me to come and spend the night in his village. Twelve warriors laid an immense buffalo hide on the ground before me. The chief took me by the arm and, conducting me to the hide, bade me sit down. Understanding nothing of the ceremony, I seated myself, and imagine my surprise when I saw

twelve Indians seize this would-be carpet by its extremities, lift me from the ground, and preceded by the chief, carry me in triumph to the village.

"In an instant everyone was out to see the Black Robe. I was given the place of honor in the Chief's tent, who, surrounded by forty of his braves, addressed me in the following words: 'Black Robe, this is the happiest day of our lives, for today, for the first time, we see in our midst a man who is near the Great Spirit. These are the principal warriors of my tribe. I have invited them to the feast I have prepared for you, that they may never forget the great day.'

That night, after the missionary had retired and was about to fall asleep, he saw the chief who had received him with so much honor, enter his tent. Brandishing a knife that gleamed in the light of the torch, he said: 'Black Robe, are you afraid?' The mis-

sionary, taking the Chief's hand, placed it on his breast and replied: "See if my heart beats more rapidly than usual! Why should I be afraid? You have fed me with your own hands, and I am as safe in your tent as I would be in my father's house." Flattered by this reply, the Blackfoot renewed his professions of friendship; he had wished only to test the confidence of his guest.

Journeying down the river, he held a council with the Sioux near Fort Vermilion. He rebuked them for breaking the peace treaty with the Potawatomis, and promised to conciliate the injured nation at Council Bluffs. It was now late in the fall and the Missouri was filled with floating ice. The travelers had to abandon their exhausted horses and entrust themselves to a frail canoe.

The priest and his Iroquois Métis companion engaged in a dangerous race with the on-coming winter.

It was New Year's Eve when the Indian missionary arrived in St. Louis. The rigors of travel, far from deterring him from further excursions, seemed only to whet his appetite for more.

"Little Shoe" — An Indian Legend

by Maria McKay, in the "BOREAN", Fort Smith, N.W.T.

There once lived an old lady whose name was unknown to anyone. She was a poor old woman, a kind-hearted one.

It happened that in the village she lived the Indians wanted to move out and find a better place to live. They packed their belongings and were ready to go, but the old woman did not hurry and so was left behind. When at last, she was ready to go she heard a human cry, but she hastened on. Again she heard a sweet little cry. She stopped and listened. Sure enough it was a cry. Looking around she saw nothing but an old shoe. She was ready to kick it aside when something moved, and there she found a little baby. She took some of her old ragged clothes from her bag, wrapped the baby and carried him away.

It happened that she lost her trail, so she decided to stop and make a fire. She settled herself near the fire and cooked a rabbit and fed the baby the rabbit broth.

It was late at night when the old woman and the baby arrived at the camp. The wigwams were already up and the people were in slumber. No one knew they had arrived. Silently the old woman put up her wigwam and put the little child to sleep.

A year passed and the old woman wanted to give a name to the baby, so she called him "Little Shoe," because she found him

in a shoe. When Little Shoe started to talk, the old woman did all she could for him. It was said that if the old woman didn't do what the boy asked for, she'd feel so old that she wouldn't be able to lift up her wooden pipe, but if she gave him everything he wanted she would remain young.

Now Little Shoe was nearly grown. He stopped growing when he was three feet, four inches, and although he was a short little boy, he had muscles to help at all times.

It happened that one day Little Shoe asked his Grannie to move to a better place where they could hunt for good food and stay nearer their people. His Grannie said, "It is too cold out and the snow is too deep and we don't have enough food to last us till we reach another place." Little Shoe said, "We may find good food waiting for us where there is a little pond." Grannie answered, "The pond is frozen and the ice is too thick, and we may not even find any fish there." Finally, Little Shoe won, so he helped to pack all the things.

While they were on their way, they stopped at the pond and Grannie made a hole big enough to pull up fish. She was very surprised to see that she did catch some fish there.

Later they stopped at a good camping place, put up the old wigwam, and made a fire to prepare something to eat. Days pass-

ed by and now Little Shoe wanted to go out alone and hunt. His Grannie made him a pair of snowshoes. She tied rabbit's feet on both snowshoes (in those days it was their custom and belief that rabbit's feet brought luck to the hunter). Early the next day Little Shoe left and was gone for three days. Poor old Grannie was now lonesome for him, for it was the first time he ever left her alone. After three days passed, the great hunter returned. Oh, Little Shoe was so happy to see his Grannie, and Grannie too was happy. She decided to celebrate and so put up a feast for her hunter. It was held the next day.

All the women helped and cooked, while the men put up the bigger wigwams and everything was settled. The older men played drums and the food was served. It was said that although there was so little meat, half of that amount satisfied everybody and yet there was some left in each plate. When the feast was over, Little Shoe had to leave his Grannie and go out into the world and hunt again, for he is the One who is still hunting for generous hearts of men, and collecting them in his little hunting-sack.

It is this last part that I shall remember so well, for it was said that this was Little Baby Jesus, that this is how He came into the world and how He left it. This legend was told to me by my uncle a number of years ago.



Your Christmas

Is it centred on Christ? By REV. A. NIMETH, O.F.M.

The two children were so excited they could hardly open the monastery door. They were so breathless they could scarcely stammer:

"It's gone, Father. It's gone!"
 "What's gone?"
 "Somebody stole it!"
 "Stole what?"

"The Christ Child from the crib in the monastery yard."

Sure enough. There it stood. Everything in its place; everything pointing to the manger but the Christ Child was missing. Christmas would not be Christmas without a Christ Child. Oh, for the wisdom of Children! They have a way of getting to the heart of a matter.

Now we are not going to ask you to join a crusade to "put Christ back into Christmas." We are simply asking you to reconsider. Let's not become so engrossed in doing the customary things that we forget why we do them. Many of our customs originally had a connection with Christ and His birth and there is no harm in retaining them as long as their origin in Christ is remembered.

For instance: Christmas gift-giving is meant to be an expression of love. Its purpose is to remind us of the great Gift of Love on the first Christmas night. Our decorations and delicacies indicate that inner joy we feel because Christ came into this bleak and dark world bringing light.

Our special regard for the poor at Christmas time is inspired by the poverty of Christ. In the back of our minds we link the poor with Christ who identified himself with them. Even Santa Claus will not detract from the true meaning of Christmas if we only recall that St. Nicholas was one of the Saints who practised the charity of Christ.

If you want a norm to determine how much of Christ is in your Christmas, just ask yourself the question: "Why?" Why are you sending cards? Why are you giving gifts? Why are you helping the poor? Why are you singing carols?

All over the world in hundreds and thousands of homes and churches, in Main Street shop windows and even on Broadway, crib scenes greet our eyes. Some are large, even life size. Some are tiny, capturing interest by their smallness. Some are well made, finely shaped; others are crude, but realistic.

To some people the appearance of these peaceful scenes means nothing but long hours of wearisome shopping. Fussy Aunt Jennie must be satisfied. To others the crib scene spells roast turkey and cranberry sauce — Thanksgiving all over again.

To all people the crib scenes, regardless of shape or size, artistic touch or lack of it, crystallize one central idea — "Christmas is coming." These scenes rivet attention on the most important event in the history of the human race, the birth of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

These well known crib scenes are the offspring of the love of one Saint, the Poverello of Assisi. Seeking a new outlet for his love and wanting to spread devotion to the Babe of Bethlehem, St. Francis hit upon the novel idea of the crib scene. Among the wooded cliffs in the Umbrian hills he had Giovanni Velita reproduce in a lifelong and visible manner the birth of Christ.

As the peasants made their way to Greccio along the torch-lit paths to Midnight Mass, at which Francis served as deacon, songs of praise rushed forth from glad throats and joyous hearts. Here 1300 years after the actual birth of Christ, the wooded glen re-echoed the glorious refrain which the angels sang on the momentous night at Bethlehem — "Glory to God in the highest."

Legend tells us that while the Gospel of the Christmas Mass was read, the Babe in the crib stirred, stretching its tiny arms toward St. Francis. As the poet puts it:

"A sudden hush—then thrills the list'ning silence
 My God! my all! Framed in the straw strewn place
 A Babe — its reaching arms sweetly inviting
 The intimacy of the saints embraced."

This scene depicted for the first time in the 14th century has been taken up by Mother Church and flashed throughout the world. Today it has become part of our Catholic heritage.

There is a lesson to be drawn from this account. In the first place, we see how wise Mother Church is. She knows it is easier to pray, our spiritual being is more easily engaged, if our imagination is stimulated and our thoughts are enlivened through the scenes.

The crib scene is a definite aid in becoming God-conscious, which should be an aim in the life of every Christian. If we let it, the insignificant crib scene crowded into some shop window amidst Santa Claus and a

pack of toys can sublimate the notion of giftgiving.

As we push through the revolving doors with the rest of the Christmas shoppers let the crib help us take what Frank Sheed calls "a God bathed" view of the world.

When we kneel in prayer before the crib let us strive to awaken those sentiments that prompted St. Francis to build the first crib. It was love and love over and over again — intensified, shaken together and spilling over.

The first Canadian carol comes to us as a martyr's legacy

Jesus Is Born

by ST. JEAN DE BREBEUF

Estennialon de tsonwe Jesous ahatonhia
 Onnawatewa d'oki n'onwandaskwaentak
 Ennonchien skwatrihotat n'onwandilonrachatha
 Jesous ahatonhia, Jesous ahatonhia

Take courage, men, take heart today, for Jesus Christ is come.

The devil's reign is now destroyed, his bonds are all undone.

And list no more to what he says, your souls prepare for other ways,

Jesus indeed is born, Jesus is born, Jesous ahatonhia.

The Choirs of Heaven sing above, so listen to Their prayer.

And do not thrust aside Their Word, the Message is so fair,

For God Himself is born a Child, the only Son of Mary Mild,

Jesus indeed is born, Jesus is born, Jesous ahatonhia.

Three Captains, then, from far off lands had talked the matter o'er,

And saw the Star, the so bright Star, that beckoned to this shore.

They followed on where it might lead, the Love of God their greatest need.

Jesus indeed is born, Jesus is born, Jesous ahatonhia.

For Jesus put in their hearts that they should come to Him.

They knew the Star would lead them well, just once its light grew dim.

As one their minds to follow on, where that light shone,

Jesus indeed is born, Jesus is born, Jesous ahatonhia.

To Jesus, when these Captains came they offered may things,

And happiness did fill their hearts, the peace that real love brings.

They told Him Tales of mighty deeds and simply spoke of their own needs,

Jesus indeed is born, Jesus is born, Jesous ahatonhia.

So let us all now come to Him and offer Him our prayer.

Adore Him too and He in turn His wealth with us will share.

For Saints us all He wants to be, so hear His word that sets us free,

Jesus indeed is born, Jesus is born, Jesous ahatonhia.



Conference Calls For Indian Reform

Ottawa — More self-government for Indian reservations breeds responsibility and speeds administration, chief Melville Hill of the Deseronto band told the conference of the Indian-Eskimo Association of Canada November 8.

The Mohawk chief from the reservation near Belleville, Ont., outlined the way his band council operates under the system of greater responsibility authorized for some bands by the Indian Affairs branch of the federal government.

Deseronto was the first in the experiment which still requires federal approval of the band budget but lets Indian councillors sign cheques, assign welfare funds and handle other business.

By agreement with the Ontario government, 80 per cent of the welfare bill is rebated to the band.

Chief Hill said the old system, used for most bands among Canada's 179,000 Indians, leans on administration assistance from the Indian superintendent. Many bands lacked funds to run their own operations.

The Indian-Eskimo Association, successor to the National Commission on the Canadian Indian, held its first annual meeting before starting the conference due to end Saturday. It is a private group dedicated to broadening interest in the Indian and Eskimo and ways to assist those ethnic groups.

Developments in Winnipeg's Indian and Metis friendship centre was reported by Mrs. F. M. Bastin and Joan Adams, the supervisor. Miss Adams said the centre stressed recreation, counselling and research, providing a centre where Indians and Metis in the city could forget the tensions of a different environment and join in group activities.

She said it is plain that more education including technical training is the key answer to most problems for Indians who lack

St. Mary's IRS To Open in 1961

The new \$1,500,000 St. Mary's Indian Residential School in British Columbia is not now expected to be ready for occupancy until September 1961.

This was announced recently by school principal Father Michael Kearney, O.M.I., who had predicted a January 1, 1961, opening.

Present enrolment at the school is over 240; this was expected to reach a peak of 265.

The new school is designed to accommodate 270 students and a staff of 20 and is being erected on a 200-acre piece of land overlooking the Fraser River owned by the Oblate Fathers, who operate the school.

Some of the present school buildings date back to the end of the last century.

jobs on the reservation and have difficulty gaining them outside.

Elijah Menarik, an Eskimo with the Northern Affairs Department

at Frobisher Bay, described the co-operatives introduced at the Ungava regions of George River and Port Burwell. Char fishing and handicrafts were raising revenue for people long half-starving on government relief.

Bill Wuttunee, Cree lawyer with the Saskatchewan government, presided as chairman.



Mother O. Lapeyre, superior of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, St. Charles, Mo., is shown greeting the first two Indian students ever enrolled at the 142-year-old school. Father Daniel Tainter, S.J. is chaplain of the Pine Ridge reservation in South Dakota where Cleo Clifford (left) and Coleen Yellow Horse (right) live with the Sioux tribe. The photo on the wall is of Blessed Philippine Duchesne, founder of the academy, the first free school west of the Mississippi River. (NC Photos)

Successful In Passing Tests

Meadow Lake, Sask. — George Merasty, 19, a member of Meadow Lake Reserve, recently completed a training course in the handling of earth moving equipment and its auxiliary services.

The course, taken at a heavy equipment operations school at Edmonton was made available to him under the Indian adult training program of the Indian Affairs Branch.

It covered aptitude tests, care and maintenance of crawler bulldozers, motor scrapers and Tournapulls, highway construction techniques and safety practices in construction work.

George's marks in the various tests ranged from 64 to 95 per cent for an overall average of 80 per cent. On completion of his training he immediately got a job with a construction company in Alberta.

His father, Alphonse Merasty, 46, of the same reserve, an ex-corporal with the Canadian Arm-

ed Forces overseas in the Second World War, was now taking the same training.

Rev. G. Burlot, O.M.I. Dies At Nelson House

The Pas, Man. — Rev. Guy Burlot, O.M.I., resident missionary at Nelson House, 175 miles NE of here, died suddenly November 20 at 6 p.m.

He was alone, except for a few Indians, in his mission house, readying his electric plant for the night when he collapsed due to a heart attack.

Born in France in 1912, Father Burlot was ordained in 1936 and came to Canada the following year. For 18 years he was stationed at Poplar River where he created a flourishing mission. He learned the Cree language and was familiar with five other tongues; a musician, he wrote Cree hymns and edited several prayer-books and hymnals in Cree.

Church Site Marks De Smet Journey

Canmore, Alta. — At the blessing of the new church of the Sacred Heart here, Bishop Carroll of Calgary recalled that it stands at the foot of Whiteman's Pass through which Father Pierre De Smet, S.J., crossed the Rockies in 1845 and became the first priest ever to enter what is now the diocese of Calgary.

Father De Smet had made the difficult journey from his mission field among the Flathead Indians in modern Idaho in order to negotiate a peace with the Blackfoot Indians and to visit the one priest on the eastern side of the Rockies, Father John Thibault, a secular priest of the diocese of Quebec, then laboring at Lake St. Ann, northwest of the present Edmonton.

When Father De Smet had entered the Bow Valley, he encountered a band of Indians and set himself to evangelize them. He administered the first baptism among them, and performed the first Catholic functions to take place in the diocese of Calgary. The new church, Bishop Carroll said, thus marked the site of the first landmark of the faith in the diocese.

Stone Honors 'Great Chief' Of Okanagan

Vernon, B.C. — A handsome granite monument in memory of Inqala, "the great chief of the Indian tribes of the Okanagan" was unveiled last month in a brief ceremony on the Okanagan Indian reserve.

The stone, which rests in the cemetery overlooking the head of the lake was unveiled by 77-year-old Josephine Edwards, granddaughter of the Indian chief.

The ceremony was attended by Indians from the Thompson and Shuswap bands as well as members of the Okanagan band.

Mrs. Edwards, speaking through an interpreter, gave recollections of the old Indian chief.

Little is known of Chief Inqala's history. He ruled the Okanagan more than a century ago, and his name is variously spelled as Incola, Inqala, N'Kwala, and Nicola.

Editor Elected To I.E.A. Board Of Directors

Ottawa — The editor of the Indian Record, Rev. G. Laviolette, O.M.I., has been elected for a three-year term to the Board of Directors of the INDIAN-ESKIMO ASSOCIATION OF CANADA, Nov. 12.

Father Laviolette is editor of Canada's national edition of OUR SUNDAY VISITOR and of Manitoba's WESTERN SUNDAY VISITOR, a diocesan weekly.

He has 25 years' experience in Indian work in Canada, five of which were spent as secretary of the Oblate Fathers' Indian and Eskimo Commission in Ottawa.