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N.C.I.C. Plans For Centennial

OTTAWA — The National Indian Council outlined an ambitious program to the centennial commission recently for emphasizing native Indian culture and lore in Canada's 100th birthday celebrations.

Centennial Commissioner John Fisher said after their meeting that the program is ambitious and will require intensive work. He congratulated the three-member delegation and said he hoped other national groups were as energetic and as advanced in their plans.

Wilfred Pelletier of Toronto, leader of the group, said the council plans a program of exchange visits of Indian students, chiefs and councillors between various parts of Canada, starting this autumn and working to a climax in 1967.

The council also wants to emphasize the contribution of the North American Indian to Canada through pageantry, preservation and display of Indian lore, and promotion of the Indian culture.

The council was to meet in Winnipeg Feb. 4 to review the committee's plans which include participation in the 1967 world's fair in Montreal.

Mr. Fisher said his centennial planning group would work with the Indian council and with the Indian affairs branch.

Indian Land Transfer Set

The provincial government last month approved the transfer of a 510-acre section of land in the Cassiar district to the federal government as the site of a new Indian village.

An order-in-council passed by the provincial cabinet said the transfer was requested by Ottawa in July in exchange for certain federal lands.

The village will be built for the Gitlakdamix band.

The cabinet also passed an order permitting transfer of another tract of provincial land in the same area for the use of the Atlin-Teslin Indian band.

Deadline for the next issue is Monday, March 2.



AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW INDIAN-METIS CENTRE in Winnipeg, guests of honor included (l. to r.) Mrs. and Mr. A. Leslie, Hon. J. Carroll, Archbishop G. B. Flahiff, Alderman D. Mulligan, Very Rev. A. Lizée, OMI. Second row (from right): Fr. A. H. Fitzgerald, Mr. Lloyd Lenton and Rev. Ian Harvey. (Napoleon Studio)

Spiritual, Social Aims Of New Indian-Metis Centre Praised

His Grace Archbishop B. G. Flahiff, of Winnipeg, praised the aims and objectives of the newly opened St. John Bosco Indian-Metis Cultural Centre at 87 Isabel Street here.

"The noblest task incumbent upon the directors of the new centre are the spiritual and the socio-economic development of the native people of Manitoba who will seek guidance there," said the archbishop, adding that "it is the aim of these people to develop their potential so that they may have a fuller and more abundant life."

The Archbishop also thanked the Oblate Fathers for staffing the centre and for the work done by many in transforming a former factory building bought by the archdiocese into an attractive social centre.

Other speakers at the opening and blessing ceremonies were Mr. A. G. Leslie, regional supervisor for Indians Affairs in Manitoba, the Hon. J. B. Carroll, Minister of Welfare, Alderman Dave Mulligan and Father Carriere. Mr. D. Hanley was master of ceremonies. The Betz family provided entertainment. Coffee and cakes were served by CWL and St. John Bosco club members.

(See picture on p. 8)

In The City

Many of the difficulties Indians and Metis face when they come to the city stem from their lack of knowledge of city ways. Being

segregated on reserves, they do not even know the fundamentals of looking for a job in the city.

The St. John Bosco centre was established to help Indians overcome these difficulties.

A. G. Leslie, regional supervisor of the Indian Affairs Branch, told the crowd that there was a crying need for Indian leaders — "Indians must gain experience in management problems," he said, if they are going to help themselves.

Provincial Welfare Minister J. B. Carroll said the Indian problem dates back to the time of the original treaties, which were a "good deal" when they were made, but no longer satisfy economic and social conditions.

"We find the reserves can't even support most of their people now," he said, "and we must find new ways to help the Indians earn a living."

Thanks Expressed

Thanks were expressed by Father Carriere to all those who contributed time for the renovation of the building and for its furnishings.

The director of the centre now enjoys canonical jurisdiction as

(Please turn to p. 3)

New Head Of Indian Affairs

OTTAWA (CCC) — Appointment by the Civil Service Commission of R. F. Battle as director of the Indian Affairs branch has been announced by Hon. Guy Favreau, minister of citizenship and immigration.

Mr. Battle, who was assistant director of the operations division of the Indian Affairs branch prior to his appointment, succeeds Col. H. M. Jones who retired in November 1963.

Deputy Minister

The new Deputy Minister of Citizenship and Immigration, Claude M. Isbister, is a native of Winnipeg. He graduated from the University of Manitoba, studied at the University of Toronto and obtained his doctorate degree from Harvard University where he became an instructor in the Department of Economics.

Mr. Isbister joined the civil service in 1945 and worked successively as Assistant Dominion Statistician in the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Assistant Director of Economic Research in the Department of Reconstruction and Supply, Assistant Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce and Assistant Deputy Minister of Finance.

A report on the annual Winnipeg Indian-Metis Conference, Feb. 4-7, will be published in the next issue of the Indian Record.

INDIAN RECORD

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Plight of the Indians

by Bob Cameron

The little girl lived two months and four days. In that time, according to some descriptions, she gained 14 ounces. She died on Christmas Day, 1963. Some said it was malnutrition. Others said it wasn't. At any rate she was dead. And with her, in the space of a few months, four others from the same area, all apparent victims of lack of attention.

So, you might ask, what else is new in darkest Africa? Cease yawning, gentle reader. The little girl who died on Christmas Day, and the others who preceded her, died in good old fat, comfortable Canada, where such things never happen. The five little children were Canadians, in a sense more so than most of us, because they were Indians. All of them were born in 1963 on the Loon Lake Reserve in northwestern Saskatchewan.

According to Dr. Frank Scott, of Loon Lake, the death of the two-month-old girl on Christmas Day was not due to malnutrition. But, he added, cases of child neglect among Indian families are common. "It is horrifying that this condition exists and continues," he said. Amen, Doctor, Amen.

Rev. H. E. Taylor, of Punnichy, Saskatchewan, an Anglican clergyman with long experience among Indians, said child neglect among the native population is "a general condition" in Saskatchewan.

Sad to say, the deaths on the Loon Lake Reserve promptly were turned into a bit of a political football. Two government supporters in the Saskatchewan Legislature immediately pounced on the federal Indian Affairs branch. The leader of the Saskatchewan Progressive Conservative party blasted off at the provincial government for setting up a liquor store in an area that is populated predominantly by Indians.

Both points of view are gross over-simplifications. If blame must be laid, then let it be laid where it belongs — at the feet of all of us, in all parts of Canada.

If some Indians are backward, if they drink away their money instead of buying food for their

children, if they lack initiative, or anything else, they are not that way because they are Indians.

Take any group of people and hide them away in dark corners of the country and let them get along for a few generations on government handouts, forgotten by 99% of the population, and the results would be precisely the same.

J. G. McGilp, Supervisor of Indian Agencies in Saskatchewan, said in the wake of the furore over the Loon Lake deaths that federal-provincial co-operation is needed to handle child welfare problems on reserves. Meyer Brownstone, Deputy Minister of Municipal Affairs in Saskatchewan, said some steps have been taken in co-ordinating provincial welfare and education programs for Indians. But, he added, these programs cannot be extended to reserves, because they come under federal jurisdiction. "We can treat a problem outside of the reserve, but we can't go onto the reserve and treat the source of the problem," Dr. Brownstone said.

One is left to wonder to what extent plain and simple government red tape is hampering efforts to assist Indians in making better lives for themselves in this supposedly enlightened country.

There is a glimmer of hope on the horizon. A federal-provincial conference on Indian problems is scheduled for May. Perhaps if the delegates will remember the little girl who died on Christmas Day, there will be enough incentive to slice and throw away the red tape for good.

Emancipation of Canada's Indians, however, isn't the task of officialdom alone. As Mr. McGilp observed, "We who are deep in Indian affairs work . . . look hopefully over our shoulders at the flash of interest in Indian child care problems being shown by other residents of our province, but I can't help recalling some recent words by a prominent American:

"The posture is heroic, the sword is being waved, but alas, the movement is nil."

Must it always be so?

"In seeking out the Indian legends, in visiting the unexplored interior of Canada's forests, plains and mountains, Paul Kane, not as an official but as eyewitness and participant, unearths and records what is truly 'the Indian way,' a 'timeless' way — until the White invasion": Thecla Bradshaw in her abridged version of Paul Kane's journal, WANDERINGS OF AN ARTIST, appears in the 1964 issues of the INDIAN RECORD.

Groping In The World Of Little Boys

by Rev. Herbert Dunlop, OMI

What can a little boy say in three little words?

Let us count all the things he can say: He can say that long ago you left his little world and never again can you enter therein. He can say how little you know of his thoughts and his feelings; how little you know of his strivings to become a man; he can subtly say how disappointed he is in you.

And that is what a little Indian boy said to me in just three little words.

We were outward bound from Nanaimo, BC, on the M. V. Chinook and heading for Horseshoe Bay on Vancouver's North Shore. Several of the boys and girls from our school at Kuper Island had gathered on the upper deck. It was a lovely day. A stiff breeze curled the blue waters of the Pacific into small combers and embroidered the edges with white lace. That black smoke which streamed down the sky from the funnel lost something of its ugliness in the dazzling light of the sun that day. How nice the children looked in their red and white uniforms; how excited they were, for we were on our way to march and play in the North Vancouver parade.

A few feet away from where I stood, four boys were leaning against the taffrail and engaged in solemn conversation as befits little boys. My friend Tommy was among them. I called to him. He turned, smiled his broad boyish smile and came towards me. There was trust and confidence in Tommy's bearings as he came towards me, for we were friends.

. . . I believe there was a time when Tommy might have thought I was worthy to be accepted as an honorary member of the sacred world of little boys . . . that I understood their fierce determination to be recognized; their daily efforts to prove their budding manhood; their need to live every hour of every day on the narrow edge of near disaster; their driving urge to destroy the wrappings of infancy by climbing the highest tree and hanging from beams and ledges; their unconscious need to dominate by diving from the greatest heights and swimming farthest from shore; and the joy of testing their growing muscles each day by wrestling and pushing and pulling and teasing and fighting . . . and their needs to explore their emotions by sometimes crying and sometimes laughing, and sometimes being brave beyond their years and sometimes being

very lonesome for mommy . . .

But adults are always clumsy in this little world and I guess I was the clumsiest of them all.

Yet Tommy trusted me . . .

. . . It was only last September that I had gone to his home. Tommy had not returned to school. Tommy lived on an Indian Reserve where inhibitions ran as rampant as the vegetation. It had sneaked up on the little dwelling in which he lived and you expected momentarily it would gobble it up altogether.

As I drove into the yard Tommy stepped out the front door looking unkempt after a summer at home. His mother and father hung back in the doorway. When I announced that I had come to take Tommy back to school, Tommy edged a little away from the house and closer to the undergrowth.

His mother said, "Aach, Tommy, you go back to school with Father."

His father said, "You go back to school or I go call the police."

And Tommy, because he knew all such talk was meaningless, he had heard it often enough before, said nothing.

I said, "Tommy, why don't you want to go back to school?"

To this he answered, "I don't like school."

He did not embellish his answer. You don't give reasons when you are a little boy why you don't like school. You don't give reasons why fire burns, it burns because it is hot. You don't like school because it is school, that is why.

So I changed my line of approach. "Don't you want to play on the school soccer team?" I asked.

"I don't want to play soccer" — but he did not make this statement with the same conviction.

"Okay, then, Tommy," I said. "If you don't want to come back I am not going to force you, but come here and let's sit down and talk like friends."

By way of encouragement I sat down on the end of a punky old fir log which I presume his father, in a burst of energy in the early days of his marriage, had knocked down for firewood. But it lay where it had fallen as his energies ebbed and had deteriorated over the years with his declining ambitions.

Tommy did sit down, on the very farthest end of it, but I was unable to raise our conversation beyond the monosyllabic level, so I stood up and said, "Alright,

(Continued on Page 8)

Criticizes Education

Hard to be Indian Child

MONTREAL — Miss Alanis O'Bomsawin of Trois-Rivieres, Que., is a Canadian Indian who sings folksongs and legends of her people, the Abenaki nation, to help preserve their culture.

Born on the Odanak Indian reserve near Sorel, 50 miles east of Montreal, she was named Koli-la-wato, meaning "she who gave us pleasure."

An Indian girl, she explained, is given an appropriate name by the tribe when she is a few years old.

Her father was a leader of the Abenakis — a group of tribes that lived in the New England states before moving to the Odanak reserve.

Dressed in deerskin, Miss Alanis sings without accompaniment, or with only a tom-tom or rattle.

She left the Sorel reserve when she was eight to live in Trois-Rivieres, but returned often to see "the old people." There she learned her songs and became concerned about the loss of Indian cultures.

Language Dying

"The language is dying and it is very sad. But my songs and

legends are ones that children can learn."

Miss Alanis represented Canada's Indians in a festival in New York in October, 1962.

"Before that I sang only for groups of friends and the old people," she says. She feels that education given children about the Indians in schools is largely to blame for the treatment and attitude towards Indians.

"It was hard to be an Indian when I was a child," she admitted. "I don't like to think about it. It is difficult to realize how cruel other children can be."

She said there has been a marked growth of interest in Indian culture lately, but it is difficult to recapture what has been lost over the years.

"When the missionaries came here, they forbade us to sing our songs. They did not like our dances. Instead they taught us hymns set to the popular French tunes of the times."

Her favorite song is the most modern in her collection. It was written 110 years ago, and gives advice to the Indians on the Odanak reserve.



Miss Alanis O'Bomsawin
Her Songs Preserve Indian Culture

Boys Against The Sea

British Columbia's Indians may have their problems in modern civilization, but the toughness and bravery have not been bred out of them. Witness James Martin and Richard Tom of Opitsaht Reserve on Tofino Inlet.

There was a strong tide and a high wind in the inlet. Rain drove before the wind and night was falling. A boat bringing five men back to the reserve capsized.

The two 13-year-old boys did not hesitate. They launched a canoe and set out to the rescue. It was a small canoe. When they reached the three men who still lived, it was too small for any of them to get in. The men clung to the sides and the boys skilfully kept it afloat in the dark and the smother until a trawler picked them all up. It was a man's job and they did it like men.

Like heroes, you might say, but we prefer to think, like men of Opitsaht. Behind James and Richard are uncounted generations of men who faced the sea and won their living from it with canoe and paddle, line and harpoon, who faced its rages and its treacherous smiles with skill and courage.

It took men — and women — of that sort to breed boys like the boys of Opitsaht. That is something to remember the next time you sit in a comfortable easy chair considering the plight of Indians in 20th Century British Columbia.

—Vancouver Sun

A Sense Of Identity

by George Manuel
in Amerindian

In spite of innumerable setbacks and complications, a new era has dawned upon the Indian people and changes of the most significant magnitude are taking place. For the first time in our North American history, there exists an Indian sense of identity and common interest with other Indian tribes.

As one of our great leaders has said: "We must respect the old ways and accept the new." This does not mean a negative approach to life, but rather a determination to preserve our great cultural heritage which we, as a free people in a free world, have the right to possess.

Many non-Indians believe that we should be assimilated into non-Indian society, and reserves should be abolished. This would be the greatest tragedy that could befall us.

It is our basic belief that the ultimate salvation of our race can only come from qualified responsible Indian leadership. Distrust of the motives of the white man is so deeply rooted in the Indian mind that non-Indian leadership is unacceptable to the average Indian.

Indians must learn to stand on

their own feet but this cannot be done by taking our lands away from us. We cannot help but resent the past, but to create a better future we must take a positive and constructive attitude toward it.

GEORGE MANUEL (Shuswap) is president of the North American Indian Brotherhood of Canada.

Band Council Earns Praise

Waywayseecappo Band Council was without departmental supervision from September 1, 1962, to May 21, 1963, and earned favourable comment for its wise conduct of the Band's affairs.

The members met in Council, properly conducted meetings, carried out a community employment program, administered relief, dealt with road problems, set up a priority list for housing, made recommendations on admissions to residential school, supported the Community Health Worker in his efforts to provide proper sanitation, emphasized the value of gardens, and encouraged the community club.

Chief of Waywayseecappo Band is Lynn McKay, a war veteran. Two of his councillors are women.

Behind Times

OTTAWA — The Anglican Church is 30 years behind the times in meeting the missionary needs of the Canadian north, Rt. Rev. H. G. Cook, suffragan bishop of the Arctic, said recently.

Bishop Cook, speaking at St. John's Anglican Church here, said missionary-aid thinking is based on a concept of the north that envisaged only Indians and Eskimos and a fur-trading economy. Financing was based on conditions that vanished more than two decades ago.

Centre Opens . . .

(from page 1)

assistant of St. Mary's cathedral territorial parish in whose limits it is located. Mass will be said at the centre every Sunday and holy day by its director the Rev. A. Carriere, OMI.

Among the guests of honor were Rt. Rev. Msgr. O. J. McInerney, Very Revs. N. J. Chartrand, C. A. Halpin and Aimé Lizée, OMI, Fathers J. H. Fitzgerald, A. St. Jacques, J. Kucharczyk, OMI, C. Lafrenière, OMI, G. Laviolette, OMI, Rev. Canon E. Scott, Revs. Ian Harvey and Dr. J. F. Douglas.

Paul Kane - His Record of Canada's Indians - 1845-46

Abridged and Edited for the Indian Record by Mrs. Thecla Bradshaw

Part II

Paul Kane, the Irish-Canadian artist, was thirty-five when he arrived at Fort William to join the group of voyagers heading west across Canada. It was May of 1846 when he wrote in his journal: "I found a gentleman named Lane in charge of the brigade, which consisted of three canoes with eight men in each. We all camped immediately, and at 3 o'clock next morning were again en route in our canoes. These are constructed of the bark of the birch tree, and are about twenty-eight feet long and four to five feet beam, strong, and capable of carrying, besides their crew of eight men, twenty-five pieces; but at the same time so light as to be easily carried on the shoulders of two men. All goods taken into the interior, and all peltries brought out, are made into packs of 90 lbs. each, for the purpose of easy handling at the frequent portages and discharges; these packs are called pieces."

(These figures indicate that the "frail" birchbark Indian canoes could each carry from three to four thousand pounds.)

Kane describes a non-Indian member of the party arriving at the evening camp fire in a fine rabbit skin blanket. Mr. Kane asked him where he got it. "He replied," writes the artist, "that he had found it among the bushes. Mr. Kane, knowing that it is customary among the Indians to place offerings of all descriptions upon the graves of their deceased relatives . . . and that they hold in the greatest abhorrence, and never fail to punish, any one who sacrilegiously disturb them, ordered him immediately to return to the place whence he took it, and replace it exactly as he had found it, unless he wished to have us all murdered. When the man understood what he had done, he replaced the blanket immediately . . ."

"On the 29th (May), we passed through the Lake of the Thousand Islands . . . This lake is filled with innumerable ducks, which the Indians entice in the following curious manner: A young dog is trained by dragging a piece of meat attached to a string up and down the edge of the shore several times, and putting the dog on the scent, who follows it rapidly, wagging his tail. After the dog has followed it for some time, he is given the meat; this is done repeatedly until the dog will do so whenever he is ordered, and his motions attract the ducks swimming in the distance to within reach of the Indian, who lies concealed on the banks . . ."

(Today at the Delta Marsh Re-

search Station in Manitoba the same method is used to attract wild ducks which are captured live for banding.)

At the river Macau Kane writes: "We purchased from an Indian man and woman some dried sturgeon. The female wore a rabbit-skin dress: they were, as I afterwards learned, considered to be cannibals, the Indian term for which is Weendigo, or 'One who eats Human Flesh.'"

"The Weendigoes are looked upon with superstitious dread and horror by all Indians, and any one known to have eaten human flesh is shunned by the rest; as it is supposed that, having once tasted it, they would do so again had they an opportunity. They are obliged, therefore, to make their lodges at some distance from the rest of the tribe, and the children are particularly kept out of their way; however, they are not molested or injured in any way, but seem rather to be pitied for the misery they must have endured before they could be brought to this state. I do not think that any Indian, at least none I have ever seen, would eat his fellow-creature, except under the influence of starvation; nor do I think that there is any tribe of Indians on the North American continent to whom the word "cannibal" can be properly applied . . ."

"June 6th — It was a remarkable fact that the trees on each side of the river, and part of the Lake of the Woods, for full 150 miles of our route, were literally stripped of foliage by myriads of green caterpillars, which had left nothing but the bare branches; and I was informed that the scourge extended to more than twice the distance I have named, the whole country wearing the dreary aspect of winter at the commencement of summer.

"As it was impossible to take our breakfast on land, unless we made up our minds to eat them, dropping incessantly as they did from the trees among our food, and the ground everywhere covered with them en masse, we were compelled to take it in our canoes. We met some Indians from whom we purchased seven fine sturgeons, each weighing perhaps forty or fifty pounds. We paid for the whole one cotton shirt . . ."

"When passing a small island about the middle of it, the steersman of my canoe put ashore on this island, and running to a clump of bushes returned with a small keg of butter, which he told us he had left hidden, or, as they call it, en cache, the year before; it proved an acquisition to our larder, although its age had not improved its flavour. We next

made the "Rat Portage" . . . and, later in the evening, "camped a few miles lower down the Winnipeg River; having travelled today a distance of seventy-two miles . . ."

"It is usual to start every morning between 3 and 4 o'clock and proceed till 8 for breakfast, then continue steadily on until an hour before dark, just so as to give the men time to prepare for the night. The only rest allowed being at intervals of about an hour, when all hands stop two or three minutes to fill their pipes. It is quite a common way of expressing the distance of one place to another to say that it is so many pipes; and this, amongst those who have travelled in the interior gives a very good idea of the distance . . ."

At Fort Alexander Paul Kane discovered a very large camp of Sauteaux Indians assembled. "They have a medicine lodge erected in the centre of their encampment. It was rather an oblong structure, composed of poles bent in the form of an arch, and both ends forced into the ground, so as to form, when completed, a long arched chamber, protected from the weather by a covering of birch bark . . ."

"The Indians attach a mysterious meaning to the word "medicine", applying it to almost everything they cannot clearly understand . . ."

"June 13th — We entered the mouth of the Red River about ten this morning . . . This settlement (Fort Garry) is the chief provision depot of the Hudson's Bay Company, and it is also here that large quantities of pimmi-kon are procured from the half-breeds, a race who, keeping themselves distinct from both Indians and whites, form a tribe of themselves . . . (They) are more numerous than the whites, and now amount to 6,000. These are the descendants of the white men in the Hudson's Bay Company's employment and the native Indian women. They all speak the Cree language and the Lower Canadian patois; they are governed by a chief named Grant, much after the manner of the Indian tribes . . ."

"The half-breeds are a very hardy race of men, capable of enduring the greatest hardships and fatigues; but their Indian propensities predominate, and consequently they make poor farmers, neglecting their land for the more exciting pleasures of the chase . . ."

"Exposed, as the half-breeds thus are, to all the vicissitudes of wild Indian life, their camps, while on the move, are always

preceded by scouts, for the purpose of reconnoitring either for enemies or buffaloes. If they see the latter, they give signal of such being the case, by throwing up handfuls of dust; and, if the former, by running their horses to and fro . . ."

"(The half-breeds') buffalo hunts are conducted by the whole tribe, and take place twice a year, about the middle of June and October, at which periods notice is sent round to all the families to meet at a certain day on the White Horse Plain, about twenty miles from Fort Garry. Here the tribe is divided into three bands, each taking a separate route for the purpose of falling in with the herds of buffaloes. These bands are accompanied by about 500 carts, drawn by either an ox or a horse. Their cart is a curious-looking vehicle, made by themselves with their own axes, and fastened together with wooden pins and leather strings, nails not being procurable. The tire of the wheel is made of buffalo hide, and put on wet; when it becomes dry, it shrinks, and it is so tight that it never falls off, and lasts as long as the cart holds together . . ."

"We travelled that day (mid-June) about thirty miles, and encamped in the evening on a beautiful plain covered with innumerable small roses. The next day was anything but pleasant, as our route lay through a marshy tract of country, in which we were obliged to strain through a piece of cloth all the water we drank, on account of the numerous insects, some of which were accounted highly dangerous, and are said to have the power of eating through the coats of the stomach, and causing death even to horses.

"The next day I arrived at the Pambinaw River, and found the band cutting poles, which they are obliged to carry with them to dry the meat on, as, after leaving this, no more timbered land is met with until the three bands meet together again at the Turtle Mountain, where the meat they have taken and dried on the route is made into pimmi-kon. This process is as follows: The thin slices of dried meat are pounded between two stones until the fibres separate; about 50 lbs. of this are put into a bag of buffalo skin, with about 40 lbs. of melted fat, and mixed together while hot, and sewed up, forming a hard and compact mass; hence its name in the Cree language, pimmi signifying meat, and kon, fat. Each cart brings home ten of these bags, and all that the half-breeds do not require for themselves is eagerly bought by the

Company, for the purpose of sending to the more distant posts, where food is scarce. One pound of this is considered equal to four pounds of ordinary meat, and the pimmi-kon keeps for years perfectly good exposed to any weather.

"I was received by the band with the greatest cordiality. They numbered about two hundred hunters, besides women and children. They live, during these hunting excursions, in lodges formed of dressed buffalo skins. They are always accompanied by an immense number of dogs, which follow them from the settlements for the purpose of feeding on the offal and remains of the slain buffaloes. These dogs are very like wolves, both in appearance and disposition, and, no doubt, a cross breed between the wolf and dog . . . I have myself known them to attack the horses and eat them.

"Our camp broke up the following morning, and proceeded on their route to the open plains. The carts containing the women and children, and each decorated with some flag, or other conspicuous emblem, on a pole, so that the hunters might recognize their own from a distance, wound off in one continuous line, extending for miles, accompanied by the hunters on horseback . . ."

"The following day we passed the Dry Dance Mountain, where the Indians, before going on a war party, have a custom of dancing for three days and nights. This practice is always observed by young warriors going to battle for the first time, to accustom them to the privations and fatigues which they must expect to undergo, and to prove their strength and endurance. Should any sink under the fatigue and fasting of this ceremony, they are invariably sent back to the camp where the women and children remain.

"Next day I was gratified with the sight of a band of about forty buffalo cows in the distance, and our hunters in full chase; they were the first I had seen, but were too far off for me to join in the sport. They succeeded in killing twenty-five, which were distributed through the camp, and proved most welcome to all of us, as our provisions were getting rather short, and I was abundantly tired of pimmi-kon and dried meat. The fires being lighted with the wood we had brought with us in the carts, the whole party commenced feasting with a voracity which appeared perfectly astonishing to me, until I tried myself, and found by experience how much hunting on the plains stimulates the appetite.



MANOMINEE INDIANS spearing salmon by torchlight at Fox River — Kane writes about seeing the same being done in the bay of Toronto. (Photo courtesy Royal Ontario Museum)

"The upper part of the hunch of the buffalo, weighing four or five pounds, is called by the Indians the little hunch. This is of a harder and more compact nature than the rest, though very tender, and is usually put aside for keeping. The lower and larger part is streaked with fat and is very juicy and delicious. These, with the tongues, are considered the delicacies of the buffalo. After the party had gorged themselves with as much as they could devour, they passed the evening in roasting the marrow bones and regaling themselves with their contents.

"For the next two or three days we fell in with only a single buffalo, or small herd of them; but as we proceeded they became more frequent. At last our scouts brought in word of an immense herd of buffalo bulls about two miles in advance of us. They are known in the distance from the cows, by their feeding singly, and being scattered wider over the plain, whereas the cows keep together for the protection of the calves, which are always kept in the centre of the herd . . ."

"Six hours hard riding brought us within a quarter of a mile of the nearest of the herd. The main body stretched over the plains as far as the eye could reach. Fortunately the wind blew in our faces: had it blown towards the buffaloes, they would have scented us miles off. I wished to have attacked them at once, but my companion would not allow me until the rest of the party came up, as it was contrary to the law of the tribe. We, therefore, sheltered ourselves from the observation of the herd behind a mound, relieving our horses of their saddles to cool them. In about an

hour the hunters came up to us, numbering about one hundred and thirty, and immediate preparations were made for the chase. Every man loaded his gun, looking to his priming, and examined the efficiency of his saddle-girths.

"The elder men strongly cautioned the less experienced not to shoot each other; a caution by no means unnecessary, as such accidents frequently occur. Each hunter then filled his mouth with balls, which he drops into the gun without wadding; by this means loading much quicker and being enabled to do so whilst his horse is at full speed. It is true, that the gun is more liable to burst, but that they do not seem to mind. Nor does the gun carry so far, or so true; but that is of less consequence as they always fire quite close to the animal.

"Everything being adjusted, we all walked our horses toward the herd. By the time we had gone about two hundred yards, the herd perceived us, and started off in the opposite direction at the top of their speed. We now put our horses to the full gallop, and in twenty minutes were in their midst. There could not have been less than four or five thousand in our immediate vicinity, all bulls, not a single cow amongst them.

"The scene now became one of intense excitement; the huge bulls thundering over the plain in headlong confusion, whilst the fearless hunters rode recklessly in their midst, keeping up an incessant fire at but a few yards' distance from their victims. Upon the fall of each buffalo, the successful hunter merely threw some article of his apparel — often carried with him solely for that purpose — to denote his own

prey, and then rushed on to another. These marks are scarcely ever disputed, but should a doubt arise as to the ownership, the carcass is equally divided among the claimants.

"The chase continued only about one hour, and extended over an area of from five to six square miles, where might be seen the dead and dying buffaloes, to the number of five hundred. In the meantime my horse, which had started at a good run, was suddenly confronted by a large bull that made his appearance from behind a knoll, within a few yards of him, and being thus taken by surprise, he sprang to one side, and getting his foot into one of the innumerable badger holes, with which the plains abound, he fell at once, and I was thrown over his head with such violence, that I was completely stunned, but soon recovered my recollection. Some of the men caught my horse, and I was speedily remounted . . ."

"I again joined in the pursuit; and coming up with a large bull, I had the satisfaction of bringing him down at the first fire. Excited by my success, I threw down my cap and galloping on, soon put a bullet through another enormous animal. He did not, however, fall, but stopped and faced me, pawing the earth, bellowing and glaring savagely at me. The blood was streaming profusely from his mouth, and I thought he would soon drop. The position in which he stood was so fine that I could not resist the desire of making a sketch. I accordingly dismounted, and had just commenced, when he suddenly made a dash at me. I had hardly time to spring on my horse and

(Please turn to p. 8)

Manitoulin Has Eleven Praesidia

Due to the efforts of Miss Mary Kennedy and our Jesuit Missionaries, and the response and co-operation of our people of the various Reservations on the Manitoulin Island, ten Praesidia of the Legion of Mary have been set up and are now functioning.

The praesidia are as follows: Senior and Junior Praesidia at Excelsior (West Bay), Kaboni, Rabbit Island and Wikwemikong; Senior at Birch Island, and Junior at Murray Hill. Little Current already had a Senior Praesidium established some years ago.

This makes eleven praesidia now functioning, all of which are already actively engaged in aiding the various missionaries in their apostolate.

About 20 Legionaries from the Sudbury Curia, headed by Marie Frawley, volunteered their help on weekends for the Manitoulin Island project. Eleven others from Pembroke, Ottawa and Toronto spent between one and five weeks assisting Miss Kennedy.

Commenting on the project, Miss Kennedy said she was very impressed with the deep faith and hospitality of the Indians. She also had a word of thanks for the Jesuits who invited the Legion to the Island and helped her in her work.

Miss Kennedy warmly praised the Legionaries for their encouragement and thanked those who sent games, literature and supplies.

Now that the praesidia have been founded on Manitoulin Island, it will be up to the Sudbury Curia to assist in consolidation of the new groups. To do this, the Sudbury Curia has expanded its extension activities and has set up the Edel Quinn Extension Program under the chairmanship of G. Nadeau.

Members of the extension committee will come primarily from Sudbury area praesidia. They will meet monthly, at which time each will be given one assignment.

"I was amazed at the interest shown by Sudbury Legionaries in the Manitoulin Project," Mr. Nadeau said. "It has given the Legion in the Sudbury area added zeal in Legion work. It has also given us much experience in extension work."

Miss Frawley, who is also Curia president, said the new praesidia on Manitoulin Island point out the great work that can be done by the lay apostolate.

The Legion at Garden Village

The second all-Indian credit union in the province of Alberta was formed in May. It is the Bears Hill Savings and Credit Union. The first charter is held by a union on the Blood Reserve, Cardston.

The Samson Band, Hobbema, have also been considering a similar credit formation.

was organized about two years ago under the guidance of Mr. Maurice McGuinty and Miss Ida Bagno, of North Bay. Members from North Bay still show their interest in the Garden Village Legion by visiting them once a month.

Prime purpose of the Legion of Mary is the sanctification of souls of its members. Legionaries meet once a week when prayers are said, instructions are given by a priest and assignments are received.

(Catholic Indian News)

Indian Leaders See Hope For Cultural Restoration

BISMARCK, N.D. — An "overwhelming possibility" to restore Indian culture was foreseen by top Indian performers and cultural leaders here December 3, 1963.

The group told a news conference that Indian culture is becoming lost because of attempts to integrate Indians with the white man's society. They expressed

great hopes for the newly-organized Foundation of North American Indian Culture.

The Foundation began two days of organizational sessions. A board of directors from the United States, Canada and Mexico started planning for the Foundation's three-pronged attack involving:

An annual cultural exposition, an information and education center and eventual construction of a headquarters building, all in Bismarck.

Daniel M. Madrano of Tulsa, Okla., an author, attorney and leading Indian businessman, told reporters the Foundation must remain divorced from any Federal Bureau of Indian Affairs attachment.

Hote Casella of New York City, a mezzo-soprano opera singer and member of the Cherokee tribe, said the foundation would help encourage others to promote Indian culture.

"We always have a battle," she said. "When you say you will present a program of American Indian music, the question always is, 'What's that?'"

Kahn-Tineta Horn, Canada's Mohawk model, television entertainer and writer from Montreal, maintained much of the present Indian pride is false pride.

"Most Indians don't know their own cultural backgrounds," she said. She maintained the Foundation could go a long way by trying to revitalize the Indian race.

"As Indian lands erode, so does the culture erode," said Anita de Frey, a ritualistic performer of Indian tribal chants, dances and songs who performs under the billing "Sunbird of the Modocs."

She said the Indian problem is too much integration and suggested the Foundation "seek out the old ones" who can still remember Indian customs of the past.

"If the American Indian culture is lost," she warned, "it becomes lost forever — it is as one of the sands of the Gobi Desert."

Williamette Youpee, Miss Indian America from Poplar, Mont., said the American Indian is now coming into his own. She maintained the Indian must learn his culture by himself.

"The Foundation," she asserted, "presents an overwhelming possibility to retain the culture that is becoming lost."



THE BETZ FAMILY GIRLS QUARTET, of Winnipeg, sang at the opening of St. John Bosco Indian and Metis cultural centre, January 19. (Napoleon Studio)

Unique Chapel Serves Indians In Chicago

CHICAGO, Ill. — The face of Christ as a Comanche Indian lawgiver hangs on the wall of the newly opened chapel of St. Augustine's Center for Indians. Three feathers in the hair represent the Holy Trinity. The artist is a Comanche — David Williams.

Above the altar hangs a crucifix which depicts Christ as a Cheyenne. The cross is made of Osage orange, once used to make Indian bows. The crucifix, and a painting of the Virgin, is the work of Richard West, Cheyenne artist who heads the art department at Bacone College in Oklahoma.

The altar was built by a Pottawatomie Indian carpenter, and silver candlesticks are made by a Navajo craftsman. Behind the altar hangs a dossal embroidered with a sunburst design. A century ago, this design was painted on buffalo robes which were offerings to the Great Spirit.

St. Augustine's Center, a missionary project of the Episcopal diocese of Chicago, was founded to aid Indians of the city in need

of assistance or special service. Directed by Reverend Peter Powell, the Center assisted an estimated 4,000 Indians last year.

The unique chapel was financed through the Father Philip Deloria guild, a group of Indian women. Philip Deloria was the first ordained Sioux Indian priest.

(Amerindian)

PLAQUE UNVEILED

In July a plaque was unveiled at Crysler's Farm battlefield in memory of the celebrated Indian soldier, Tecumseh. It bore this legend:

"To the glorious memory of Tecumseh, Flying Star, 1763-1813. A Shawnee who dreamed of uniting the Indian nations, he was renowned for his courage, compassion and eloquence. Friend and ally of General Sir Isaac Brock, Tecumseh was commissioned a Brigadier-General by the British and was killed in the Battle of the Thames, October 5, 1813."

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

The Editor, INDIAN RECORD,
207 - 276 Main St.
Winnipeg 1, Man.

Deadline for the next issue is
March 2

Miskum

by W. M.

I am Miskum — the one who looks for things. I have been talking about a new way that I have seen for our people to help themselves to get the things they want. It is called Community Development.

As I sit by the stove, I think about what they are doing that we are not doing. I see two things. The first thing is that they decide what they are going to work for. They meet together and talk about what they want. They talk together as they get water; they talk together as they buy supplies; they talk together on the trail; they talk together in meetings. Wherever people are, they talk about the way things should be where they live. They then decide together what they should work together to get.

Sometimes people have to do this anyway. At Cumberland House, Sask., it was like this. The Hudson's Bay Company had a lot of land where they trapped the muskrat. It was not like other traplines because the Company had built dams and other things to make sure that the water in the marsh would be deep enough so that the muskrat would have enough food and there would be many to trap. The trappers of Cumberland House worked for the Company and caught the muskrat. It did not pay too much but the people needed this work because some money came in when there was no other work.

Then the company decided they weren't making enough money and decided to quit trapping muskrat in this way at Cumberland House. What would the people do?

A Community Development Worker went to Cumberland House and told the people that the Company wanted to quit. He had been talking with the government and the government had asked him to tell the people and ask the people what they wanted done with the marsh. He was to ask how the people wanted the marsh run and who should do it. This he did and he told them he would come back again in two weeks and talk to the people again.

For the two weeks the people talked among themselves. Wherever people met, they talked about this problem. It was a problem because they did not know if they would be able to trap the muskrats the next spring. If they did not trap, there would be no money to buy the things they needed for their children. They would have to get rations from the government.

As they talked, they found several questions being asked and they did not have the answers. Would the government run the marsh like the company had

done? Would they be able to get traps and a grubstake like the company had given them? Would they be able to trap next spring? Would the new dam at Squaw Rapids dry out the marsh and kill the muskrats?

They remembered these questions and when the Community Development Worker came back, they asked him about these things. He had some of the answers but he also wanted the people to tell him what they thought.

While he was there, there were meetings for two days and many things happened. Some of the trappers had been angry when the company had the marsh. They said the trappers should be the ones who owned it and when the fur was sold the money should all go to the trappers. It was this idea that was important to them and when they decided what to do a few days later, it was that the trappers of Cumberland House should run the marsh and that the trappers should be the ones who got the money from the fur they trapped.

This is what I mean. The people decided what they wanted. This was a big step.

The second thing that I see is that we need good leaders. We have leaders. These leaders are not always good but they are the best we have. They could be better and all they need is the chance.

I often think about what makes a person a leader. I see many things. I see a leader as a person who helps others when there are problems. He is one who does this in a nice way. He thinks about the problems and tries to find ways that these can be overcome. A leader is a person who get people to work together without trouble. He is a person who likes people and knows that people can do so much when they do things together. He thinks more about what he can do for his people than what he can do for himself. At the same time he is not one who is bossing all the time.

We are a funny people. If one of us is a leader, we make sure that he doesn't get too big. If we think he is getting too big, we make him the same as us. It happens all the time. When we decide the leader has gotten too big, we stop following him. We do not listen to him. We make fun of him. Soon he is more like us but he knows that he cannot get too big. My brother-in-law, Anno-way-tusk — the one who doubts — agrees with me for a change.

I remember when the Monias — the White Man — was coming to a meeting here. My cousin Joe was to be the chairman and talk for us. But he had been getting too smart so we made him small-



Pupils waiting for the plane that will take them to residential school.

W. M. Photo

er. When the meeting started the Monias was surprised that Joe was not there. Where was Joe? Joe went hunting that day.

Maybe this is a mistake. I am not sure. In the old days we had no great leaders because we all worked together and the problems were solved. Today, the problems are so much bigger that it takes bigger leaders to solve them. This is something the people have to think about and decide for themselves.

Anno-way-tusk does not know about this. He says that our leaders must be small because we have not been to school very much and there are so many things we do not know. I tell him that because someone has not gone to school does not mean that they cannot think. I know more about the things that are around here than a Monias from the city. I know how to look after myself in the bush and where to find many things when I need them. The best trapper here is a man who never went to school. The worst is one who has eight grades in school. The school for trapping is in the bush.

I think that our leaders are made right here and that we must make more leaders. We must make our leaders better so that together we can do more for ourselves.

It is like anything else. We start in a small way. Once we succeed, we try something bigger. I think we need all kinds of leaders. We need small ones and big ones and some in between.

With good leaders, it will be easier to decide the things we want. At Cumberland House, once the people were running the marsh, they tried the same ideas on other problems. They had a meeting and made a list of all their problems. If they solved these problems, life would be better there. They put all the problems on a sheet of paper. There were many problems. They then decided which were the most important. They found that some

problems had to be solved before others could be worked on. In this way they were learning. They were able to work together and make Cumberland House a better place.

As I think about the way some places are doing the things they want, I see that most of the people are part of it. Everybody has a chance to say what they want to see done. Everybody can talk about the good and the bad when they speak. Everybody has a chance to vote when the people decide what is to be done. When a decision is made, everybody agrees that they will work together to see that the job is done.

It is here that the leaders are important. Reserves have the band councils which can be used because the councillors are leaders. Many of the Halfbreed places have set up community councils to get their leaders working together. In some places they have set up committees. The council or committee has the job of organizing what is to be done, how it is to be done and who is going to do it. At the same time, all of the people have to be a part of what is going on. Good leaders find out what the people think. The people must know, also, what the leaders are doing. Together they can get the job done.

Anno-way-teusk says that we cannot do everything alone. He is right. However, we do not have to do these things all by ourselves. We can ask many people from governments, from the churches and from the towns to help us. Much of this help will be with information so that we can make our own decisions. Some of this help will be with where to get help that is open to everyone. This may be with money where money is available for certain uses. This may be with help where experts can be used to give information and ideas.

Once we have all the information about a problem we can make good decisions about what we are going to do.

(More next month)

To Study Psychology Of Indian Children

Father John F. Bryde, SJ, educational director of Holy Rosary Indian Mission School, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, has been awarded a Federal grant, under the auspices of the University of Denver, for a two-year study of the psychological and educational development of American Indian children.

The grant, made through the National Institute of Mental Health, makes it possible to conduct one of the largest and most complete studies of this kind ever attempted.

During the past few months Father Bryde has tested more than 700 white and Indian children in an effort to determine variations in cultural impact and define areas of personality differences.

Father Bryde has worked and lived among the Oglala Sioux Indians on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota for more than 20 years, and is a nationally recognized authority on the language and customs of the Sioux.

Holy Rosary Indian Mission

School, of which he is principal, is the largest private boarding school for Indian children in the



Rev. J. F. Bryde, SJ

United States and has been cited in U.S. publications as the foremost Indian school in educational achievements of its students.

Little Boys . . .

(Continued from p. 2)

Tommy, if you don't want to come back you can stay here for all I care, but I can tell you I am going away sad at heart because I thought we were friends."

I turned, and without looking back, walked quickly to the car, got in and started the motor. And then Tommy came towards the car. He was crying softly now and through his tears he said, "I don't want to go back to school."

"Well then, stay here," I said.

And then he said, "Do I HAVE to go back?"

Isn't that what any little boy wants to know? Doesn't his little nature ask that someone take him by the hand and say "This is the road to life and to manhood?" Isn't it the sure and firm grasp of a hand from the land of adulthood that he most wants? How can a little boy be left alone in a great big world to make such decisions?

"Yes, Tommy," I said. "You HAVE to come back to school." He cried a little more but I think there was a note of relief in it.

He went into the house and came back with his little bundle of gear. By the time we had stopped for an ice cream cone the clouds had passed and the tears were gone and he was asking who of his friends were already back in school and if he could play on the forward line instead of full back and such truly important matters . . .

Now I have mentioned all this to show you that Tommy and I were really friends and that he trusted me and this was the reason, that day on the boat as we headed towards Horseshoe Bay

Take Steps to Aid Retain Culture

A good firm step, reputed to be the first made by a private group, was taken in Bismarck Dec. 6 in an effort to cure some of the ills of the North American Indian.

Some 100 interested non-white and Indian persons gathered at the Grand Pacific Hotel for the first meeting and incorporation of the Foundation of North American Indian Culture — an organization dedicated in its by-laws adopted Friday to:

- Provide a clearing house of information on North American Indian culture.
 - To preserve knowledge, history and art work of the Indian.
 - To tell the Indian story through various communications media.
 - To raise the prestige of the Indians.
 - To help raise the Indian's prestige.
 - To encourage more Indian courses in the field of education.
- (See Indian Leaders, on p. 3)

and the North Vancouver Parade, that when I called him he came towards me so willingly, little suspecting what an unworthy creature I was.

What did I have in mind? Well, you see, standing by the companion way was one of the girls his own-age. A little beauty she was with eyes so big and brown and deep you could fish in them. On this spring day of bright colors she had captured so many of them . . . the red and white of her uniform . . . the dusty tint of her face — the jet blackness of her hair. She was a picture indeed! And a picture was what I wanted.

"Tommy," I said. "Stand beside Louise. I want to take your pictures."

The smile was gone. A hurt . . . a puzzled expression took its place. He seemed to be wrestling with the thought . . . how can Father ask such a thing of me and right in front of the other boys too. But I had not finished. I had not completed my dastardly act.

"Take her by the hand," I commanded.

He glanced at me, but it was only a glance for he could not bear to meet the gaze of such a monster and turncoat as I. And then he said in a tone I could never describe, "Aw, Gee, Faw-THER!"

A little boys' vocabulary is not very large but how he has honed and polished the equipment he has. With these three words he took Fagan whom Dickens laboured through many chapters to create and stood him in my shoes; he took the visage of Judas from Leonardi da Vinci's Last Supper and showed me my image.

He did not take her by the hand



First Tom Longboat medal winner in the Northwest Territories is **ROBERT BEAULIEU**, grade XII student at Ft. Smith. Tom had a try-out last fall with the Regina Pats, of the Sask. Jr. Hockey League.

Food Not Sympathy

TORONTO — Northern Ontario's starving Indians need food, not condolences from dignitaries, Ojibway Indian Peter Jackson, a Toronto clothier, said last month.

He was commenting in a statement on a report from Kelso Roberts, lands and forests minister, that Mr. Roberts was shocked by the poverty of the Indians during a visit to the James Bay area.

"The government sends a cabinet minister each year to get shocked but never does anything about the conditions that shock him," said Mr. Jackson.

He suggested the government should organize a "peace corps," to live on the reserves and teach Indians to live properly and make use of existing facilities."

and I did not force him. He went dejectedly back to his group knowing what his instincts had always told him, that adults know nothing of the pains and problems of growing up . . . know nothing of the difficult climb from the weakness of infancy to the strength of adolescence, knowing they wouldn't hesitate to shove you back down the long hill even for the sake of a lousy photograph . . . and right in front of the fellas too; and this he said and more when he said to me, "Aw Gee, Faw-THER!"

And what did Louise say when I asked her if she disliked getting her picture taken with Tommy? As serenely and confidently as a queen she answered, "It should have been Francis."

In the beginning God created man and woman. But how differently He made them. And how nicely the French have expressed it, and in three words as well, "Vive La Différence!"

OBLATE NEWS

Paul Kane

(from page 5)

get away from him, leaving my gun and everything else behind.

"When he came up to where I had been standing, he turned over the articles I had dropped pawing fiercely as he tossed them about, and then retreated towards the herd. I immediately recovered my gun, and having reloaded, again pursued him, and soon planted another shot in him; and this time he remained on his legs long enough for me to make a sketch. This done I returned with it to the camp, carrying the tongues of the animals I had killed, according to custom, as trophies of my success as a hunter.

"I have often witnessed an Indian buffalo hunt since, but never one on so large a scale. In returning to the camp, I fell in with one of the hunters coolly driving a wounded buffalo before him. In answer to my inquiry why he did not shoot him, he said he would not do so until he got him close to the lodges, as it would save the trouble of bringing a cart for the meat. He had already driven him seven miles, and afterwards killed him within two hundred yards of the tents. That evening, while the hunters were still absent, a buffalo, bewildered by the hunt, got amongst the tents, and at last got into one, after having terrified all the women and children, who precipitately took to flight. When the men returned they found him there still, and being unable to dislodge him, they shot him down from the opening in the top."

(To be continued)