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Virgin And
Child With
The People
Of God

—By Virginia Broderick

Carrothers**Report****Promising****INDIAN RECORD**

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Political Sophistication Moves North

The Carrothers Report is not only a document of great significance for the further political development of the Canadian federation; it may also, in one important respect, be unique. It is doubtful if major political recommendations of this character to the government of Canada have ever before been so decisively influenced by indigenous peoples whose mother tongue is neither English nor French.

There is only one political division in Canada — the Northwest Territories — in which the Indians and Eskimos constitute a majority (roughly 60 per cent) of the population.

The Eskimos, some 9,000 in number, are the more numerous of the two peoples and, despite a very high death rate, are increasing at such a pace that the community is expected to double in size within 20 years. But both these groups are suffering painful readjustments in their very swift passage from the old primitive way of life to the new society created by their white neighbors.

Disastrous Mistake

Not very long ago the government in Ottawa killed a bill which would have divided the territories into two parts: Mackenzie with a white majority in the west and Nunassiat (the Beautiful Land) in the east.

Although the plan was supported at the time with plausible arguments, it seems clear from the commission's report that it would have been a disastrous mistake. The end result would probably have been the creation on Canadian territory of something very like the Bantu enclaves in Southern Africa.

This is not to suggest that the movement for division originated in white supremacy notions among the people of the Mackenzie Valley.

Their motives were very similar to those which prompted the agitation in Western Canada in the days of Sir Frederick Haultain. The North has long been administered in semi-colonial fashion, not because Ottawa is bent on empire building but because Parliament is called upon to sustain the territorial establishment.

But the citizens of the Mackenzie naturally desire self-rule and responsible government as soon as possible. Being far more advanced than the people of the undeveloped

by Maurice Western
Winnipeg Free Press

and far less favored East and North, they saw in division a short-cut to provincial status.

"Among them," says the report, "they built up pressure for provincial status, a pressure engendered by a sense of isolation and pioneering, by political self-consciousness, by a sense of rejection or neglect by the central government, and by a feeling of urgency to claim responsible government as their patrimony."

Strongest Case

The commissioners gave great weight to these claims. But they found the "strongest case against division" in the danger that it would be "prejudicial to the political interests of the indigenous peoples of the Northwest Territories as Canadian citizens. With division there would be a very great risk that the eastern Arctic would become sealed off, would remain dominated by the central government, and might never acquire anything more than a nominal form of self-government."

Division, they further report, would cut off the Eskimos from influences from which they have much to benefit.

By preserving the unity of the territories, the people of the East will have the same opportunity as those of the Mackenzie to participate in their government. (Since the report was written, the first Eskimo has won election to the territorial council.)

Even if there was division, the Mackenzie Valley could not yet aspire to provincial status; it lacks a tax base broad enough to sustain provincial responsibilities but such a course "would create a white majority in the Mackenzie, with the very great likelihood of white government. Division could have the accidental and unintended effect of gerrymandering the indigenous peoples of the North out of effective participation in territorial self-government."

Meanwhile there are some hopeful signs. The commission noted that "the level of political sophistication in the East is rising rapidly." It found no little difficulty in communicating with the Indians (because of their wide-spread resentment

against Ottawa and their own divisions) and with the Eskimos who, in the nomadic existence, had no political institutions and no clear concept of government.

Variety of Subjects

But it is of considerable interest that, in response to their notices, the commissioners received no less than 73 letters from Eskimos; only three submissions from the Indians.

Moreover, the Eskimos who appeared addressed the commission — as appears from an appendix to the report — on a wide variety of subjects.

As might be expected, in the miserable conditions which are so prevalent, a great deal was said about welfare.

But they also discussed division (most were against it), local representation, education (which came up again and again), equal rights, local employment, transportation, preservation of their cultural heritage, support of private enterprise, health, the location of the capital, price supports, redistribution of constituencies, the need of more staff and all-Eskimo advisory council, revision of the game laws, an arts and crafts centre for women, control of natural resources and many other matters.

For a people who have only recently emerged from the Stone Age, the list becomes very impressive.

What they lack are leaders from among themselves both at the community and higher levels. Recognizing this need, the commission has not confined itself to strictly political recommendations.

Local Government

In addition to offering a blueprint for the evolution of the territories over the next decade, it also recommends the establishment within a department of local government, of an institute of public affairs to assist civil servants, persons elected to public office, indigenous leaders and promising young persons.

Of even greater importance is a recommendation that the territorial government institute a "crash program of university education for selected Indians, Metis and Eskimos."

It is a case of making up for lost time and the commission believes that such an investment will "repay handsome dividends" in the development of the North.

"Tillicum" Program Launched

The new "Tillicum" program, designed to help young men and women in the United States understand the needs and problems of the people of the world, was launched last week at the University of Maryland. The program, which is being developed by the Tillicum Foundation, is a comprehensive educational program that includes a series of films, a book, and a series of lectures. The program is designed to help young people understand the needs and problems of the people of the world, and to help them develop a sense of responsibility for the welfare of the world.



The program is being developed by the Tillicum Foundation, which is a non-profit organization that is dedicated to the development of educational programs that help young people understand the needs and problems of the people of the world. The foundation was founded by the late Dr. Tillicum, who was a prominent educator and social reformer.

The launch of "Tillicum" featured an hour-long program on the life of Dr. Tillicum, the late founder of the Tillicum Foundation.

Canyon Dwellers Subject Of Social Study

A social study of the canyon dwellers in the Southwest is being conducted by a team of researchers from the University of California. The study is being conducted in the Grand Canyon area, and is being conducted in order to help researchers understand the needs and problems of the people of the world. The study is being conducted in order to help researchers understand the needs and problems of the people of the world, and to help them develop a sense of responsibility for the welfare of the world.

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The Nonchalant Dynamo

by Kay Cronin
in
Oblate Missions

Because of his remarkable ability to evoke total dedication and cheerful co-operation from people of all walks of life to any cause he cares to name, Father Stuart Gordon, O.M.I., is frequently described by his fellow priests as "a born leader."

Because of his craggy good looks, easy-going manner and towering height (6'4"), the 38-year-old pastor of St. Joseph's parish in the small northern town (pop. 3,200) of Smithers, B.C. is also often teasingly tagged "the Gary Cooper of the Oblates."

Possessing, then, both the substance and bearing of a hero, Father Gordon is ideally suited to his role as commander of the current crusade to rescue one of the most backward tribes of B.C. Indians from the ravages of ignorance, poverty and squalor; for it takes an heroic man to tackle what many seasoned experts have declared to be an apparently impossible task — to "integrate" the Hagwilget Indians of the Moricetown Reservation, some 20 miles west of Smithers.

When Father Gordon took up his assignment as pastor at Smithers four years ago he was told: "If you can integrate the Indians from Moricetown you can integrate Indians from anyplace." Since then Father Gordon has confounded the experts and, in the process, just about set the parish of St. Joseph's and the Indian community at Moricetown on their ears in a frenzy of activities which are rapidly meshing to establish one of the most progressive and compassionate integration programs in Western Canada. And the pastor of St. Joseph's goes about this supposedly impossible task so unobtrusively, and with such an air of nonchalance, that none of the hordes of people working themselves to a standstill for him seems to realize what has hit them until they are totally enmeshed in one of his schemes and committed well beyond the point of no return.

In addition to his personal attributes, Father Gordon has several happy coincidences working in his favour. Unlike most settlements across the northern wilderness of British Columbia, Smithers is not a get-rich-quick, frontier boom town, but a quietly industrious, settled community. Thus the parishioners of St. Joseph's are the kind of stalwart

citizens who can be relied upon — not only right now but for years to come. In addition, Father Gordon is blessed with a top-notch community of Sisters — five Holy Cross nuns of the sleeves-rolled-up variety — who teach in St. Joseph's School and are knee-deep into absolutely everything that is going on in the parish. Likewise the go-getting group of five Frontier Lay Apostles — four teachers and a nurse — who work hand in glove with the Sisters and parishioners in the multifarious projects assigned them by their pastor.

Arriving in Smithers four years ago, Father Gordon settled into St. Joseph's make-shift rectory — two small rooms in the school — and began to probe the problems involved in supporting and running both a white and an Indian parish and a newly-established integrated parochial school, Grades one to nine. (St. Joseph's school was part of the gigantic school-building program masterminded by Bishop Fergus O'Grady, O.M.I., who simultaneously built eight integrated schools and a college in his northern vicariate of Prince Rupert. Following completion of the schools in 1959, numerous day schools on nearby Indian reserves were closed down and the children taken into town by bus each day to attend the new parochial schools.)

After studying the school operation, Father Gordon soon realized that while the principle of an integrated education for Indian youngsters was sound enough, in practice it left much to be desired. Through cultural deprivation, the Indian youngsters were seldom able to complete Grade I in their first year at school and many dropped out altogether. Thus, as early as in Grade I, the word "education" was becoming synonymous with the word "failure"

in the minds of the children from Moricetown. So the co-education of white and Indian children in the classrooms at St. Joseph's, Father Gordon decided, was actually but a small part of an all-out education program which would be required to provide the Indian community at Moricetown with the kind of confidence and encouragement and training they needed in order to adjust from their own simple way of life on the reserve to the demanding pressures of the white man's push-button civilization.

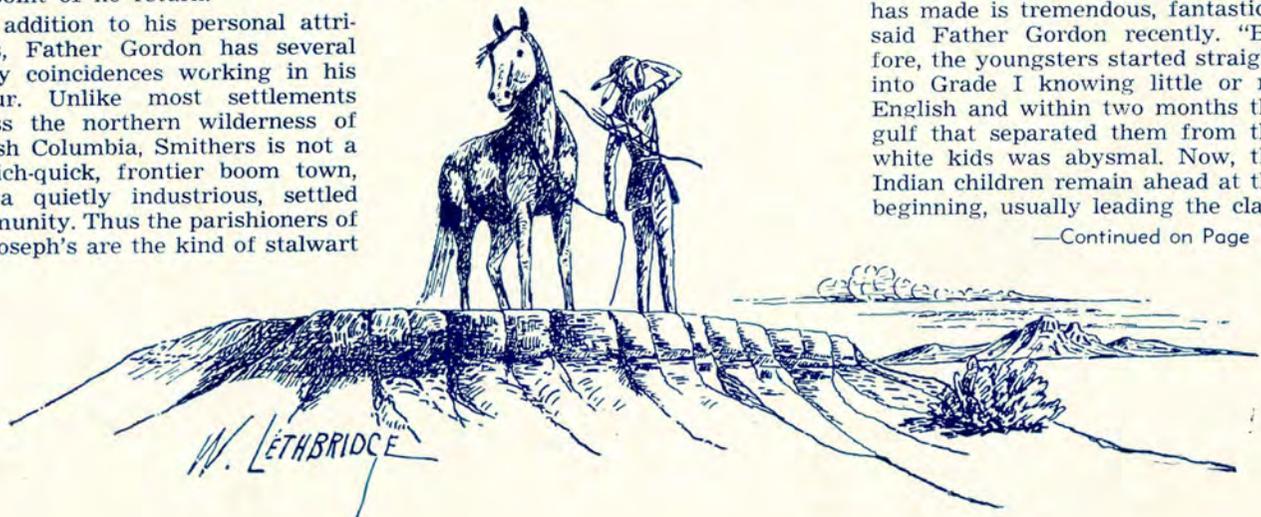
Thereupon, taking one project at a time, he began to build up a massive educational program to help the Moricetown Indians of all ages — from pre-natal care to adult education — and to keep them and their white neighbours in St. Joseph's parish busier than bird dogs with one or other of these activities every day and night of the week.

The first problem he tackled was that facing the Indian youngsters coming in to Grade I at St. Joseph's school. With the help of a small per capita grant from the Indian Affairs Branch he established a two-year pre-school program on the Moricetown reserve. The kindergarten is conducted by Sister Mary Gregory, a veteran of northern Indian missions who was a founding member of the Holy Cross community in Moricetown and a former teacher at the Indian day school on the reserve. The day school building now serves as headquarters for the kindergarten, Home Makers' club, adult education classes, and all manner of like activities initiated by Father Gordon.

Sister Gregory starts the Moricetown children at four years of age and has them for two years before they enter St. Joseph's school. Her main aim is to teach the little ones how to play together, to become accustomed to the discipline of the classroom, and to learn English.

"The difference this kindergarten has made is tremendous, fantastic," said Father Gordon recently. "Before, the youngsters started straight into Grade I knowing little or no English and within two months the gulf that separated them from the white kids was abysmal. Now, the Indian children remain ahead at the beginning, usually leading the class

—Continued on Page 15



Harold Cardinal: Hope Of His People

Harold Cardinal is the hope of Indian people whose future is wrapped tightly in a blanket of hopelessness.

The 21-year-old Cree, who is the president of the Canadian Indian Youth Council, wants to free his people from the crushing burdens of a social system which ignores the Indian and perpetuates a subhuman existence.

He is fighting public apathy and ignorance which still labels every Indian "a lazy drunk." He feels the often subtle discrimination of the white man, the heavy hand of government paternalism that gives so-called experts the right to tell In-



HAROLD CARDINAL

dians how to run their lives.

The most formidable obstacle is the attitude of his own people that there is no reason to hope for a better tomorrow.

He also has some suggestions for the Church, which he believes is not helping the Indians as much as it should.

* * *

This intense young man is one of a growing number of Indians questioning everything that affects them as full-fledged members of Canadian society.

While Harold realizes that his people must become integrated into the white society, he does not want forced assimilation which would rob the Indian of his cultural heritage.

What's it like to be a young Indian in 20th century Canada?

This particular young man believes he sees greater purpose in life than most young white people his age. He has definite goals and a cultural base which they lack.

Through the Canadian Indian

by Frank Dolphin
in the
Western Catholic Reporter

Youth Council, he plans to mobilize Indian young people to implement a six-point program that will restore the self-confidence and esteem which his people must have if they are to develop and grow.

* * *

The Council is now being organized across Canada and is the first attempt by Indians to establish a social movement for young people on a national scale.

The immediate objective is to raise \$80,000 for the development of leadership and aid to Indian communities so that they can make the best use of their human resources.

Education is the tool that will unravel that blanket that still blinds and restricts most Indians, just as it has for Harold Cardinal.

He was born in High Prairie, Alberta, one of 17 children (including two adopted), received his first 10 years of education at the Residential School in Jossard, then made the long jump to St. Francis Xavier High School in Edmonton.

He did well academically and was elected president of the students' union.

Harold plans to work for a degree in law. He is taking two courses at St. Patrick's College in Ottawa, this year. He will go into the social sciences next year.

* * *

His job, right now, is to promote the six-point program of the Youth Council:

1. Formation of a task force of eight representatives to visit every Indian community in Canada to explain the purpose and work of the council and gather support for it.

2. A six-week workshop at a Canadian university to study both the

Indian and White societies. A similar workshop was held at the University of Manitoba last year.

3. A national recreation conference of federal and provincial government representatives to establish a pilot sports program for Indian communities which would eventually become national in scope.

4. An international youth conference as a Centennial project, which would attract young Indians from North, Central and South America.

5. A study of the educational system in the provinces to determine whether it is helping or hindering the Indian, with recommendations for changes.

6. A three-year study of the Federal Indian Act, how its application affects the life of the Indian. The study will be carried out by the University of Saskatchewan, Waterloo University and Memorial University in Newfoundland.

* * *

What do Indians feel about the influence and effort of the Church to help them?

Harold said there is a gulf between the two because Christian leaders and teachers have created a philosophical and religious vacuum.

They have removed the old beliefs and have not replaced them with anything that is really acceptable to the Indian in his own cultural terms.

"Christianity is not presented in a way which the Indian can understand. He associates it with European culture," he said.

Harold urged religious and lay teachers working with Indians to adapt Christianity so that it will become meaningful to the Indians, to open up the lines of communication.

* * *

For the future, Harold Cardinal plans a political career. He wants to become Canada's first Indian Member of Parliament, but he wants to represent all of the people, not just his own.

Buffy Strives For True Image

Cree folksinger Buffy Saint-Marie wants the white man to put some truth in his history of the North American Indian.

"I'm insulted as an Indian and appalled as an American that Indian children have to read lies in history texts," she said in Vancouver where she gave a concert at the University of B.C. Gymnasium.

"Children must be raised to realize nations as well as individuals make mistakes," the Saskatchewan-born singer said, "and it's time to

correct those mistakes."

Miss Sainte-Marie said films, advertising and comics all portray the North American Indian as "a character."

"They think the Indian lost to superior odds in fair fights," she said, "when in fact he was beaten by broken treaties."

"I take a few minutes out in every show to tell people the white world must have more understanding of Indians' problems," she said.

INDIANS

by Rev. J. Altier, O.M.I.,
Oblate Missions

Nett Lake is a U.S. Indian Reservation located just south of International Falls, in Minnesota.

Ten miles of hilly, potholed road is a long trek in any car. It is especially long the first time one travels it. "Just over the next hill," Father Coleman informed us, "lies the village of Nett Lake." Our expectations mounted as the car neared the crest of the hill. Soon we would be able to say: we made it!

As we reached the summit of the little hill our fanciful expectations, of a few seconds earlier, sank and our hearts with them. All the imaginative pictures of the Nett Lake village vanished. The stark reality lay before us. This was Nett Lake. And that reality was stark, too!

"You call this a village?" we thought to ourselves. "What a let-down!" We had not expected much, but this was even less.

A turn to the right, one to the left, several hundred yards straight ahead and the car came to a halt in front of a tumbled-down cabin. It was home; so were we. At least what was home to us for some six weeks.

The church was small but recently remodeled and repainted. Across from it sat the rectory which had not been remodeled, which had not been painted. Yet this is why we had come. To add a new roof, new siding, a paint job, insulation, electric wiring and adequate plumbing. In six weeks all this was accomplished.

But, what about the Indians? What kind of housing do they have? Even the term "housing" is misleading because many of them do not live in houses, or at least what, by our standards, we conceive to be houses. They live in hovels, in small shacks.

Most of these dwellings have only one room. Too often the single window-opening is enclosed not with glass, but with a semi-transparent plastic. Although not always the case, the general rule seems to indicate only one door per dwelling. Paint is an unknown item to the Indian. To my knowledge only two Indian houses on that reserve have felt the tickle of a brush for years. No Indian domicile at Nett Lake is equipped with indoor plumbing. Household water must be carried in pails from hand community pumps scattered about the village.

These one-room huts sometimes house up to ten persons. There can be found parents, children and grandchildren sharing the same single-celled quarters. And these rooms are not overly large. For example, the old schoolhouse, which

is a fair-sized, one-story building, shelters four families.

The sad part of this whole business is that these conditions could have been avoided. The Indian has the needed money to provide a decent roof for his family. But he does not do it. Why? Because, firstly, the government has for so many years

AT

given outright to the Indian everything he absolutely needs.

Thus the Indian does not realize the value and necessity of upkeep for his home. Secondly, since as a child he lived under these conditions, so as an adult he tends to live under the same conditions. Thirdly, due to a lack of education the Indian cannot, as a general rule, handle money

NETT LAKE

well. To him it is truly quicksilver. It slips from his fingers before he realizes it is even in his hand.

Most Nett Lakers do not have full-time jobs. Some do, yes; but the majority of the 150 or so adults do not, because as of now there simply are not a sufficient number of job-opportunities at Nett Lake. And it would not seem that more will be realized in the near future as personal initiative and enterprise are strangers and aliens to the village.

Outside the reservation, the Indian finds it very difficult to find any steady employment because of social prejudice against his race. This is a prejudice which we "White" Americans formed and which we must eliminate if social justice is to reign.

Where do these Indians get their money? From biweekly county welfare checks and from the sale of wild rice during the harvest season.

The rice retails for up to \$4.50 per pound; the Indians receive from \$2.00 to \$2.50 a pound when they sell their harvest to the local rice mill. Ricing, which is a team operation... husband and wife, brother and brother, buddy and buddy, can net its workers as much as \$3,000 each per year. And the season lasts

only two weeks, or at the most three weeks!

Due to a lack of education the Indians have no idea of what it means to have. So they spend their money as quickly as they get it. They spend it, yes; not for the necessities of life but for the luxuries.

They buy much alcohol. (Here we see the cause of one of their biggest problems, alcoholism, which haunts a great many of the Indians at Nett Lake.) They also buy many used cars. Cars which unscrupulous dealers peddle to the unlettered Indians at so-called "bargain prices." In fact, the dealers polish up their old junkheaps, drive them into the reservation and proceed to sell them to the villagers as good used cars.

During harvest season the Indians also buy scads of TV sets, radios, boats, outboard motors, rifles and jewelry. Everything except a paint job, a new roof or an indoor plumbing system. The luxuries they have, the necessities they lack!

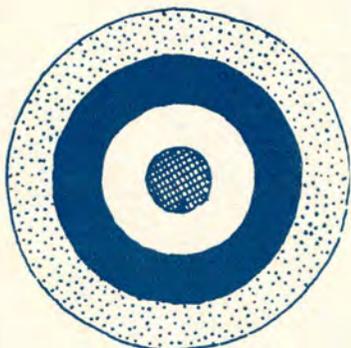
Today all traces of the culture the Chippewa Indians called their own for centuries past are gone. One sees no feathered headdress at Nett Lake, although I once heard it said that one such does exist in the village. Only the very old speak the native language. Beadwork and leather craft, once the pride of the Chippewa

women folk, have been buried with the past. The "good old days" are no more.

The words "papoose," "squaw" and "brave" are used on TV and in the movies only. The romanticism of the American Indian, his war dances and bright costumes, so popular in the movies, have been replaced in reality by idleness, alcoholism and paintless, one-room huts.

All that I have said seems to draw a rather dreary picture of the Nett Lake Indian. But to me the most important side is yet to be seen. And it is this aspect which holds forth a ray of light, a spark of hope. I speak here of the religious aspect of the Indians. At first sight this aspect also looks rather dark, yet a closer look reveals that spark of hope.

Half of Nett Lake is pagan, half Christian. A fairly good percentage is nominally Catholic, at least. Before Father Coleman's arrival in 1959 there had not been a resident priest in the village for some 40 years! Now, at home there a change has already been noted. Sunday Mass attendance is better as is reception of the Sacrament of Penance. There is every reason to believe these rays of hope will grow.



PART FOUR

KINEBIKONS

(Little Snake)

The story thus far:

A poor child, Kinebikons, and her aged grandmother, Teweigan, were taken from the Reserve to live at the Mission School. Although Kinebikons, now known as Lucy, embraced the Faith at an early age, it was some years before Teweigan came to understand and accept it. The old woman has just been baptized and received the name Suzanne.

Chapter 9

From that day on, Suzanne was a different creature. She was so happy and so satisfied. She became meek and indulgent; she co-operated with the Sister without any sign of distrust. She spent her time saying the Rosary and doing a little bead work. She, too, suffered but in a different way now — her sufferings were for Jesus.

Day by day, the Christian spirit perfected her — she became a good practical Catholic. She would never miss Mass on Sunday and even when she was ill, she told the Sister to bring her down to the chapel and, sitting near the door, she could easily follow the holy rites. Very often too, she received Communion, and often went to Confession.

One strange thing which I observed during my long and varied missionary career is the difficulty for a pagan to get rid of his former beliefs after his conversion. This happened to Suzanna. After her baptism, she certainly led a very Christian life, but she was often heard making remarks about her old beliefs and at the same time showed some natural inclinations towards her old customs.

One evening when Suzanne felt very sick and uncomfortable, she called the Sister and told her: "My head aches so much! If I were still a pagan, I would go to Nancy Ackabee, and she would cure me." When an Indian wants to cure a headache, the Medicine-Woman is called. This woman slits the temples of the sick person and sucks blood from there with a thimble. After this, she applies some medicine, covers the wound with paper, and lets it heal. Did Old Suzanna wish to follow this pagan practice of curing her head-

"Sister, you are a great Medicine-Woman! If the pagans knew you, they would come and steal you, dress you in the beautiful costume of the Medicine-Woman and make of you their sorceress. How pretty you would look in that costume! The Sister smiled and said: "Suzanna, you are an old witch."

Chapter 10

Suzanna was now seventy-five years old. Her face was all wrinkled; her hair was grey; her whole person showed signs of old age. She was already thinking of her death.

Lucy, her granddaughter, was now fifteen; she was the picture of a healthy Indian maiden. Her hair was black; her eyes, sparkling with wit, shone in her copper-like face; her tall, slender form made her movements supple and graceful. Although her attractiveness moved more than one young man, no one dared to talk to her about it.

Lucy was still young, she went to class two hours a day; the rest of the time she spent at the kitchen or in the sewing room, where she acquired much experience as a seamstress. In the kitchen she was renowned as a cook.

But, before graduating from school, Lucy had to go through more trouble. Suzanna was failing. One day, in the fall, she visited some friends with Lucy. She caught cold which developed into pneumonia. Within three days she was at death's door. She was given the best of care by the

By
**Rev. Mathias Kalmes
OMI**

ache? Suzanna reflected on her new state and said: "I am a Christian now, and I know that the Indian Medicine-Woman prays to her Manitou; when she does this, I do not like it."

"Well," remarked the Sister, "listen to me, Suzanna. You complain of a headache; I know that I am not an Indian Medicine-Woman, but I can cure you of this ailment. Take this pill, and you don't have to invoke any Manitou as the pagans do, and I am sure that in an hour or two you will feel much better." Suzanna took the pill, retired to her room, and a few hours later returned to tell the Sister that she was well again.

—Continued on Page 10



On Christmas Night

A firelight glow,
The Yule log there,
Intensely burns,
To fill the air
With incense sweet,
For all to share.

A holy song
The children sing;
In reverence
Their offering
And worship, to
The Infant King.

No human fears,
No greed, or spite;
How blest, if brief,
This rare delight.
Earth is at peace
On Christmas Night.

—Albert S. Reakes

Visit

Journey back to Bethlehem
Of many years ago.
Seek and find the Christmas Babe.
(The heart knows where to go.)
Bring the little Holy Child
A pale blue woolen vest
And croon Him sweetest lullabies
While Mary takes some rest.

—Eileen Burkard Norris

Christmas Legends Remain Alive Through The Ages

By Eleonore M. Marshall

WEBSTER'S definition of legends is "Tales coming down from the past, especially those which are accepted as historical although they cannot be verified."

A great many of our nicest legends relate to the first Christmas in some fashion. This is so long ago that evidence is difficult if not impossible, to unearth, yet this does not impair the popularity of legends in the least.

The next time you see a raven, remember it is credited with being the first bird to learn about the Nativity because it was flying over Bethlehem when the angels came to sing, "Peace on earth to men of good will."

When crowing of a cock keeps you awake, he has taken advantage of being the first to announce the arrival of the Babe—and he is expected to crow all night Christmas Eve.

The little wren in Normandy is called "Poulette de Dieu" because she tried to help keep the little Infant warm by bringing moss and feathers to cover Him.

There are even Europeans who will assure you that cattle turn east and kneel at midnight Christmas Eve. They insist that horses when kneeling blow on the manger, that bees hum the 100th Psalm and that all animals at midnight have the power of speech although you must not listen or you will be severely punished.

A lovely legend among Yugoslavians is that Mary piled straw for the animals but the horse was not content with its share and kept eating the straw in the manger where Our Lord lay. Mary warned, "You will always be hungry and will carry the burdens of others," but she blessed the cow and the ox because they were sharing their food with her Son. (They also make a special ceremony of drawing water on Christmas morning because they believe that angels have drunk from the springs the previous evening.)

Because every shepherd had a gift to offer the Infant: a lamb-skin, whistle, tabor and rattle—the young fellow who had been left to tend the fire when the older men started following the star, wanted to give Him something when he disobeyed orders and followed the others. He remembered seeing a daisy in the snow and went back, picked it, and brought it as his gift. The Babe kissed it—and ever since the daisy has had a golden crown.

The holly has had red berries ever since the little lamb which followed the shepherds got entangled in the thorns and its drops of blood froze.

When the angel Gabriel touched the ground with a staff so that a little girl following the shepherds would have a flower to offer, the French believe that it produced the Christmas rose.

During the flight into Egypt Mary is said to have used the rosemary for drying her Baby's clothes and that is why it has such wonderful fragrance.

Another flower legend concerns the plant that has come to symbolize Christmas in our country. A poor Mexican child saw the congregation coming from all directions to church on Christmas Eve with presents for the Babe. He had nothing to give so he thought at least he could pray. So he knelt down and said some well known prayers. When he arose, he saw there was a beautiful plant growing in the spot where he had just knelt. He took a stalk, hurried inside the church and placed it where the other gifts were piled. His offering was the one we call the poinsettia. Its lovely red blooms have made it one of the biggest favorites of Christmas.

There are many legends concerned with trees. Among the oldest is one concerning the tree of life which could bear no fruit after Adam and Eve were ejected from the Garden of Eden because it had helped our first parents to be disobedient. Even its leaves had been changed until God finally felt sorry for it and permitted it to bear fruit once a year at Christmas. This often is given as explanation for decorating Christmas trees, but there are many others.

In the 10th century an Arabian geographer, Georg Jacob, told of all the trees, even the ones covered with ice and snow, blooming and bearing fruit on Christmas Eve. This, too, is another explanation.

And St. Boniface felled a huge oak the Druids intended using as

the place of sacrifice to Thor of a child by touching the tree with a cross. He told his amazed audience about Christ and advised them, "Take home a little pine and decorate it in honor of the Lord's birthday."

Perhaps that is the best explanation of Germany's decorating the first such tree, yet there is another about a poor forester. He heard a knock on the door, answered it, and found a child in the snow. He took it in, warmed and fed it, and one of his sons gave up his bed to the little stranger and slept on the floor. When they awakened the next morning, they heard the singing of angels, found gifts and food on the table and realized their guest was the Christ Child. Before He left, He broke a branch from a fir tree and told the forester, "This will bear fruit ever after, so you will never be hungry again."

The pine tree was another saddened by not having anything to offer the Babe but needles that would hurt His tender skin. God saw this and told some stars, "Go and rest on the pine tree's branches." The Babe stretched out His arms in delight—and ever since pines have borne lights.

Another version states that Jesus was in a forest and lacked shelter from an icy wind. No building was near and He was very weary. Then He sighted the low-hanging boughs of the pine and decided they would protect Him from the wind so He stretched out beneath them to

sleep. The pine was so happy to be thus honored that it cried for joy. Its tears promptly became icicles and these still are popular Christmas ornaments.

SO ALSO are ropes of tinsel which are explained by another legend of a tired mother who worked hard making a pretty tree for Christmas. Her movements aroused the curiosity of spiders who explored as soon as she left for bed. The Christ Child touched their web rather than destroy their work and the web became tinsel.

Not that all legends have such a nice ending. A traveler visited a sinful town in Holland called Been. No one there could take time to welcome such a weary person who was just an interruption to the merry-making and festivities of Christmas Eve. But that Traveler was Jesus and He caused the sea to cover the land so that not even the church steeple could be seen. But on Christmas Eve the boatmen tell of hearing the bells of the church still ringing whenever they are in the area where Been used to be.

St. Nicholas, who has become associated so long with gift-giving, was the youngest bishop—a real answer to prayer.

"Watch for the first man who will enter the church at matins," a voice never heard before told an old bishop praying for some-

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Through The Year

The continuing breath
Of Christmas
Lives in each man
Who can see
The Christ Child
In every infant face,
And trace Mary's love
In every mother's
Knowing eyes,
And who does realize
The meaning of the crib
Is not to be
Enclosed in time,
But should rhyme
With each daily thought
And earnest deed
And deep desire.

—Neil C. Fitzgerald

Shrines

In humble town, on sea-swept cliff,
They rise, in loving reverence
planned;
They shine from a cathedral niche
And on a lonely sun-washed land.
Yet . . . has any pilgrim worshipped
More devoutly than the one—
Heart-enraptured—of gentle Mary,
As she whispered, "Little Son?"

—Ethlyne Folsom Springer

KINEBIKONS

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nurse and the doctor but little hope was held for her recovery.

The Sister lost no time in preparing her for a happy death. She was not afraid. "If it is the will of God that I should die now, I am ready," she said.

I heard her confession and administered the last Sacraments. She prayed with the Sister till she became delirious. In this state she began to sing her old Indian songs and cried for her medicine bag. There were moments when she appeared to forget she was now a Christian. But the Sister was there. She gave Suzanna the Crucifix. She clung to it saying "Lord, my Saviour, I love Thee with all my heart." A few moments later she died with the word Jesus on her lips. Lucy saw her pass away.

Suzanna's remains were placed in the parlor of the Institution. Nearly all the Indians came to pray for her. Her funeral took place two days later, and she was buried in the Catholic cemetery.

After the burial, a few pagan Indians remained at her grave to perform some pagan rites. It is customary for them to take the last meal with the dead person here. This they did. They ate the things which Teweigan liked and threw some in a fire for her. A few days later, some men came again to her grave bringing with them a gramophone. Teweigan liked music and they wanted her to hear the old pieces she liked so much.



Two days after Suzanna's funeral, I was returning from a sick call. Passing by the cemetery, I noticed some decorations on Suzanna's tomb. I went to the grave and noticed a little bundle. Opening the bag, I found in it tobacco, matches and a clay pipe. These articles had been placed there by her pagan friends who thought she would need all these things on her journey to the happy hunting grounds.

Chapter 11

It took a long time for Lucy to overcome her sorrow. With her grandmother gone, and no other relatives, she felt all alone. But as time passed Lucy forgot her grief. She still thought of her grandmother, but she did it in her prayers.

Tall and beautiful, she was now 17 years old. She had become a very good seamstress, could do any work and was very proficient in the classroom.

It was time for her to think of getting married. In those days, it was customary for girls of 18 to get married as soon as they left school. It was noticed that girls who were married when they left school became models in their home.

In this way they were not influenced by their parents in their choice of a husband, which was very fortunate for them most of the time. That is why Lucy had been told to prepare herself for her wedding, while she was still at school.

During this last year, Lucy did much work for herself, preparing her trousseau, and many other things useful in a new home; she was waiting till someone worthy of her and of her race proposed to her.

This young man did not wait long. He was a young Indian from Standjicaming, called Johnny. He was a good hunter, trapper and fisherman, but he was a pagan, and Lucy had vowed never to marry a pagan. She liked Johnny very much, but she refused to become his wife unless he decided to become a Catholic. Everything was explained to him. He asked for some time to think it over and when he returned to the school to see the missionary, he announced that he was willing to do anything to become Lucy's husband.

He was willing to come to the school every week for a catechism lesson, and when he was ready he would be baptized. This he did. After his baptism, he made his first Communion. During this time, Lucy was busy preparing herself for her future life.

When the wedding day arrived, there was a great feast at the school of Couthiching; there was not room for everyone in the church. More than one hundred guests from the surrounding reservations took part in the feast. One must attend an Indian wedding to see all the satisfaction they get out of it. Usually, every-

one is invited. Often dinner is served for two full days, and night. The dance goes on till the early morning, when the people stop for a short rest. Towards noon, the good time is resumed again to go on till the following morning.



For the marriage of Lucy and Johnny, many of these old customs were set aside, such as the Indian dances; nevertheless everyone seemed satisfied.

After the celebrations, Lucy and Johnny remained at the mission for a few days and then left for Standjicaming.

The day of her departure was not without sadness for Lucy. She was leaving the home where she had spent the happiest days of her life and where she was the pride of everyone. She was leaving the place where she was baptized, where her life had been one of goodness, where she had seen her grandmother for the last time.

I can still see her leaving the school to get into her canoe. Her husband was already in the boat and all her belongings had been loaded. Her teachers accompanied her to the shore; there each one kissed her goodbye.

Lucy looked at the school and began to cry. Johnny soothed her, happy to be taking his treasure home. The canoe glided from the shore.

Another page was turned in the life of Lucy.

Chapter 12

Three hours of hard paddling brought Lucy to her new abode, a little log cabin, standing out all alone on a point reaching far out into the lake. Water surrounded all the place; a few pine trees stood in the front of the cabin, while a grove of green poplars were seen in the background.

Lucy did not disdain her new home at first; she found it very nice and snug; she liked its surroundings very much, the view of the lake and the shadowy pines pleased her. But her impressions changed when she entered the

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**The sea breeds courage and daring –
Faith and love give them the quality of greatness
But there is a price to be paid . . .**

The Sea And Henry Jack

I SHALL never forget the last time I saw Henry Jack before he died. I was backing the mission boat Kateri away from the floats at Tahsis. Henry stood watching as we pulled away. His last longing look was for his wife Agnes and for "baby girl," Mary. Perhaps there was something of premonition behind those tragic eyes that had more than once looked on death with a level gaze. For in less than a week Henry Jack was dead.

Both mystery and tragedy are bound up with his fateful end. No one can say with certainty that Henry died. There were no witnesses; no certificate of death; no funeral. The sea holds its secrets well. The only thing we know is that Henry is gone.

Easter Morning Fog

It happened Easter Sunday morning, April 18th, 1954. A heavy fog shrouded the Tahsis canal, blotting out landmarks, hugging the surface of the water. All was silent as the town slept heavily in the early hours before dawn. A dugout canoe slipped softly into the water. An Indian stepped into it, bracing his knees against the sides. A paddle brushed quietly on the still surface and the canoe glided slowly into the shroud. It never touched another shore. Only the sea and the fog know the answer to the mystery. But Henry Jack was never seen again.

Henry had been hired on that gloomy Monday that I brought him up from Friendly Cove. He was to work loading the ships that call at Tahsis for lumber for the ports of Africa, Japan, England and the ports of the world. I loaned him a pair of old pants and a jacket till Agnes could send his things.

WHEN word got around that he was missing, his room was searched for anything which might throw some light on the riddle. It told them nothing. But on his table was a note addressed to his wife that had something much more precious to tell. It bore the heading: Tahsis, B.C. April 17.

Dear Agnes,

See I can't make it out (to Friendly Cove) I have no way to get out. We just got through working this afternoon. But I sure am lonesome for you and the kids. I don't like it here but guess we have to get some money. Agnes, if I get my boat up here want you come up. I don't like being without you.

We have other ship in again.

I don't know what to say, Agnes, but that I love you. Hope I see you soon.

Love you always,

Henry.

It would be enough of a tragedy if it were just that Henry was a young man in his early thirties. But Henry was also a father to nine children. Leo is just fourteen. Lillian Rose was born in December.

Flowers for the Altar

The day before, Agnes had cut bunches of daffodils from the garden Henry had planted; the pride of the village. Christina, aged thirteen, brought them to the old house that has served as

a church since the fire in January. Together they had arranged them on and around the altar till the bare interior took on a festive appearance for the great feast the next day. That is what Henry would have wanted. That was one reason he regretted not getting back to Friendly Cove. Tomorrow was Easter!

By trade Henry was a fisherman. But like most fishermen he was under the thumb of the company with a heavy debt on his boat. It was to lift some of this burden and to fill the numerous little mouths that enhanced his table that Henry was forced to leave his peaceful home and his own people to work in the white man's world.

"I don't like it here," he had written. It was no place for a decent man to go. Tahsis is a tough town where the dubious elements from Vancouver's floating population seek sanctuary and a quick stake. "But I guess we have to get some money."

HENRY stood a spare five-foot nine. Always neat, he had a preference for brown clothes. I can picture him most easily in his corner of the chesterfield demonstrating the proper method of rolling a cigarette. The normal size, he pointed out, you roll for yourself from your own tobacco. The giant size you roll for yourself from somebody else's tobacco. The midgets you roll for those who "bum."

It is observations like that which betrayed a strain of Irish blood that ran in Henry's veins. Somewhere, a few generations back, the name of a certain Mr. Dunn appears in the Indian genealogy.

Henry's features were characteristically Indian, but with a certain sharpness in the nose that departed from the true type. Cheek bones were prominent; forehead low; hair straight black. There was a quiver in his lip that matched the twinkle in his eye and warned you that an active brain was working rapidly, calculating every unspoken thought your face betrayed.

HENRY had a keen wit and an exceptional ability at sizing up a person's character. How many nights I spent in the house Henry had built, listening to the tales he told with all the imagination of an experienced storyteller. They were tales of the sea; tales of the Indian people, rich with the romance that such a combination makes. He would laugh at the difficult names he had gathered into his tales: foreign names that told of the hybrid nature of the coast's history.

He once pointed out a Chinese epigram that hung above a door at Nootka. "God bless our home," he translated. And who could offer a better one? The West Coast has been home for strangers from around the world.

Faith Under Fire

Henry's was the first generation removed from the pagan background of these coastal people. He had been too sickly as a child to attend the Catholic residential school at Tofino. Father Anthony, OSB, befriended Henry as a boy and took

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The Sea And Henry Jack

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him everywhere on his missionary journeying. From this association sprang Henry's deep faith and loyalty to the priest. And the way he proved this faith and loyalty is one of the most remarkable chapters in his unusual story.

It was while he was at the local hospital dying, it was thought, from some mysterious malady. While he lay failing and weak, every effort was made by enemies of his religion to pervert him from the only thing left to sustain him; his faith. Objections and arguments were thrown at him that would have tasked the powers and knowledge of a well educated Catholic to answer. But by some mysterious means, the answers flowed from his lips with an aptness and finality that seemed to indicate a special Providence in his regard. He was a real Confessor of the Faith.

But above all Henry was ever the friend of the priest. His door was always wide open to the missionaries who lived at the Cove or who stopped in for a visit. Henry's name was high on the list of those who loved the Church and the priesthood. It was an expression of his faith.

IT WAS that last Christmas that I had an example of the generous nature of the man. He played host at a Potlatch to all the villagers of Friendly Cove and the villages to the north. It was a Christmas party in honour of the coming of age of his daughter Christina. There he demonstrated his versatility as a host with cooking, entertaining, native dancing, novelty dancing in the style of the vaudeville darcy. Everything was there but singing. I can still remember with what fascination I watched him as he became captivated by the wild beating of the drums in the weird witch doctor dance. It was a tradition that he had received through his forebears, and although it had lost its pagan meaning, it still retained its frightening memory of an esoteric past in the erratic gyrations and the mad fixation of the eyes. I suppose the dance is lost forever now. Henry was the sole interpreter.

One Man Against the Sea

But one of the most remarkable pages in his brief history will never be forgotten. I learned of it through a framed certificate that still hangs on the wall in his home. It is the Dow award for outstanding bravery in the service of his fellow man.

The scene can never be recreated in all its thrilling vividness by one who never saw it, but the very effort to imagine it tells us how wonderful it must have been.

Henry had been fishing out at sea that February day. A south-easter had been stirring up the waters unpleasantly for some time when he decided to make for port. Suddenly a gale blew up as often happens in the uncertain and treacherous way of the sea.

THE lighthouse keeper saw everything from his perch high up on the rock of St. Michael's Island. By the time Henry passed the light he was running before a very heavy sea. Behind, August Dick followed more slowly. The wind tore fiercely at the lighthouse buildings; an indication of what it was doing to the waters churning below. The little boats rose and fell with the great crests and troughs of the sea. "Cracker boxes," someone called these frail little craft.

The precise danger lay in this: as the boats heeled over in the trough of the wave the wind lay heavily on the tall fishing poles, holding the boat from righting itself properly. Should the vessel fail to return to an even keel in time, the next crest of the following sea would crash down on top of it, capsizing it. It was just this that the two fishermen feared most. And as it happened, their worst fears were realized.

August Dick's boat rolled dangerously to one side as he slipped into a deep trough. The wind beat fiercely on the tall poles, holding them down. Behind, a great crest was building up. In an instant August calculated the danger. He waited the terrible crash. The next instant there was seething water everywhere. He grasped the main pole determinedly and held on. The boat would not right itself now. It floated on its side in the restless water. He realized as he lay there holding on that there was little chance for either him or his boat.

A Friend in Need

Just ahead Henry was looking back. He could see the sea playing havoc with the tiny ship as it lay floundering on its side. If he turned around there might be two boats lost and two lives. What was he to do? The rescue itself was a problem. Nevertheless it must be tried. Slowly he moved back into the oncoming sea. Again and again he nursed his boat into position.

To bring his boat alongside at the right moment required exact timing. One slight miscalculation and he would find his boat thrown against the other with crushing force. It would spring its planking and sink. Finally it came. He moved quickly now. August shot out a hand, grasping the side of Henry's boat as Henry clutched at his wrist. The boat moved along, clearing the floating hull of August's boat.

THEY were heading back to safety now. But August was looking back. Henry looked too. Both of them calculated silently the possibility of towing the floundering vessel back to the cannery at Nootka, two miles away. The decision was Henry's again. They were safe now. He had saved his friend's life. What more could a man be expected to do than that? But he could see the pain in August's face as he looked back. There was his livelihood being smashed by the sea. It took a man years to buy a boat. Again Henry wheeled into the sea. Again he nursed into position for the lightning thrust.

August leaped to the stricken vessel's side, quickly fastened a rope to the mast. But they were drifting dangerously close to an ugly reef that jutted perilously above the boiling waters. Too late, a huge swell was lifting the two boats high on its peak. The surge, the rush and tumble of water, the expected crash were already anticipated. The next instant was like the awakening from a nightmare.

August found himself again on Henry's boat. There had been no tearing crash of wood on rock. The wave had carried them clear over the top! But August's boat had broken its line. Again the same daredevil work. Again the line broke. The third effort was a success. The boat was in tow!

Both men were aboard and just ahead help was on the way. Harry Dick, another Nootka Indian, had picked up the distress signal sent out by Les Smith, the lighthouse keeper, and was coming in a larger craft — full ahead.

Henry had proved his stature as a man. He had cheated the sea in its fury, but it came back to claim its prize when the fog blanketed the still waters of Tahsis Bay.

(From OBLATE MISSIONS)

The Special Love

By Glenn D. Kittler

The bishop disliked losing the young priest. "Are you sure you want to go through with this?" he asked.

"Definitely," said Father Frederic Baraga. "With the exception of the priesthood, I've never wanted anything more."

The bishop shook his head. "But I need you here in Yugoslavia," he said. "There is much important work to be done in reuniting the Orthodox Church with Rome."

"I realize that," said Father, "and I know I should remain here. And yet I have this desire to work among the North American Indians. I've never seen them, but I know I love them. I have no other explanation."

"Very well," said the bishop. "You must do what the Holy Ghost bids. You may go."

Father's love for the Indians seemed inexplicable, indeed. How could a man love a people he had never seen and knew little about? Before Father Baraga and since, thousands of men and women faced the same question and, like him, had no answer for it.

But the love was there. Because of it, missionaries left their homelands and headed for China or Africa or the Pacific islands, for every land between the South Pole and the North Pole, all of them inspired by love.

And yet there was an explanation, one that was intimately involved with the nature of a missionary vocation. In summoning a missionary to a distant land, God filled him with the love necessary to leave family and friends and welcome the hardships and dangers of a new world, among new people and amid new challenges that often included death itself.

Thus it was that, in January 1831, Father Baraga found himself in what was then the village of Cincinnati, Ohio, knocking on the door of Bishop Edward Fenwick, OP, vicar apostolic of the entire Midwest. "I am ready to go to work," the young missionary said.

His first job was to learn the languages of the Ottawas and Chippewas, among whom he would spend his life. The gift of love that God had given him was now enlarged by a gift of knowledge. Father learned the two languages in the remarkably short time of three months. Then he was given his assignment: Sault Ste. Marie, a tiny fur-trading center on the banks of the rapids that connected Lake Superior with the lower Great Lakes.

He was seldom there. His territory included the whole of Upper Michigan and parts of Wisconsin and Minnesota. Great forests covered the entire area; the weather was known for its severe extremes. And he loved

it all.

He would not rest until he had met every Indian within his boundaries. In winter, he traveled on snowshoes or dog-drawn sleighs; in summer, a birchbark canoe was his main transportation. Winter or summer, he was on the move, preaching, baptizing, training catechists, giving First Communion, performing all the duties of his priesthood with the extra joy of knowing that he was winning new souls.

He composed the first grammar and dictionary of the Chippewa language, then taught the Chippewa how to read and write their own tongue. He wrote prayer books and catechisms to be used during his absence. When the Indian village was big enough, he built a chapel and a school.

Some 20 years later, Northern Michigan was made a vicariate and Father Baraga was chosen its first bishop. Priests arrived to assist him and thus relieve him of his constant travels, but he never felt right sitting still and so he continued to travel as much as ever before. In 1865, he moved to the more centrally located town of Marquette so that he could cover his vicariate even more thoroughly.

In 1868, he was 71 when his doctor ordered him to slow down, to which he said: "If I can no longer go and visit my beloved Indians, then I might as well join those who are already in Heaven." And he did.

The outstanding feature of Bishop



Father Baraga and one of his beloved parishioners.

Baraga's life was that it was so similar to that of all missionaries. Friends remarked about the Bishop's amazing zeal. "You'd think," said one, "that no Indian could get into Heaven without his help."

The truth was that out of the love for his people that God gives all missionaries, Bishop Baraga didn't want to miss a chance to prevent even a single Indian from going anywhere else.

Throughout the mission world today are thousands of devoted men and women who are inspired by this same special love.

KINEBIKONS

—Continued from Page 10

little shanty. The furniture and other household effects were very few. In one corner stood a bed with a lone blanket.

Lucy's heart nearly broke; she looked at her trunk and quickly recovered. She knew what it contained.

After this excitement, her first move was to get a broom; she found one hanging behind the door. She cleaned the house before cooking her first family meal. Many things left over from the wedding feast had been put in her baggage. Many fond memories did these things recall to her.

Johnny and Lucy settled down and led a happy life. He was busy trapping and fishing and the young couple always had plenty of food and money. Johnny's fishing net was always in the water close to their home. During the summer, he would go out and shoot a moose or a caribou to provide meat. Blueberries were plentiful; they picked and sold them and thus made more money.

Enjoying good health, there never appeared on the shores of Rainy Lake a happier couple than Johnny and Lucy Meisiwekijik. Once a month they would paddle to the mission, to assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion. Knowing that her husband was a convert, and that he did not know so much about practical religion, she never missed her chance to bring him to the church.

Just one year after their marriage, another great event took place to brighten their young lives. A big baby boy, the picture of his father, was born to Lucy. She spared nothing to save the life of the little child; one of her first thoughts was to baptize him as soon as possible. She knew very well how necessary baptism was to save her babe and make him a child of God. The first chance they got, Johnny and Lucy paddled to the mission, to have him christened. They gave him the name of Paul.

—To Be Continued

~~~~~ This Land Was Our Land ~~~~~

*"They but forgot we Indians owned the land
From ocean unto ocean; that they stand
Upon the soil that centuries ago
Was our sole kingdom and our right alone."*

by GERTRUDE
BLACKNED-WATT

THESE words of Pauline Johnson tell a very old story. Before the Europeans came, our young country was inhabited by Indians of different tribes — Iroquois, Huron, and Algonquins. This great land was their land, to hunt in, to trap in, and to enjoy.

As the European society grew in wealth in population, the Indians were stripped of the better fertile land, lost their title to it and were pushed northward and westward to labour in finding a new and barren life. This old tale can be read in various encyclopedias and countless history books. It was not until 1959-1961 that the Indian question was thought important enough to be considered by the second Joint Committee of the Senate and the House for Indian Affairs. At this conference 49 recommendations were presented to the government. Of course, not all have been implemented. Some are still in the experimental stage.

★ ★ ★

A FRIEND of mine, a white woman, once remarked to me, "We whites have nothing to be proud of in our treatment of our Indians of Northern Ontario and Quebec."

Perhaps this is true, but the government has recognized its mistake and has made efforts to help the Indian. However, the government acts in a very contradictory manner. For example, I know a child who is being educated by the Department of Indian Affairs, but on the other hand, the department of National Health, which is responsible for Indians, refuses hospital and medical services to this child. Could the government officials in Ottawa possibly know what is taking place in Northern Ontario? Do Indians receive fair treatment before the law, for instance, parole? Does the law even bring security to their communities or can a murder be committed and no action taken? For example, three boys from Moosonee and Moose Factory for an unknown reason stripped a boy of his clothes, put old rags on him. After doing this they hanged him and ran off. The detectives were apparently content with the verdict — suicide and did nothing else about it.

★ ★ ★

WOULD it not be better if Indians who have lived in the North and know the situation were in the government? Yes. We need Indians within the government departments to deal with their own affairs.

It is at this point that people ask the question: "Why do Indians of various places progress differently? They progress differently because of their geographical background, access to educational facilities and the availability of employment. A good example of a progressive reserve is Brantford. Another question is: "With all the government help in the form of social assistance why do Indians relapse into their lax lives of drunkenness and poverty?" In reply to this a great and noted medical missionary, Sir Wilfred Grenfell, who worked among the natives of Northern Newfoundland and Labrador once remarked: "When you give a man something for nothing you completely rob him of his dignity." This is what has happened to the Indian, therefore social assistance alone is not the answer. By itself it merely makes him more dependent and leaves him completely without initiative. The answer to the problems which arise from the preceding questions in my opinion lies in educating the Indians. Here I want to make clear that I am speaking of educating the present generation not their parents.

★ ★ ★

FOR a long time segregation of the Indians was considered the answer to economic and social as well as educational problems. We now know that this has proved unjust and inadequate. It is only up to 10

or 12 years ago that children in Northern Ontario have been sent to schools in the south, and even then only a small number were sent. Before this the Indian children were put in an all-Indian school where not one child had the ambition to complete his education. To what could the Indian children turn after school when there was no employment? Due to this attitude and supported by the parents' resentment toward school, the educational standard on reserves was very low.

The Indian residential school has been a mixed blessing. It leaves a child completely without a trade of any description and quite unfit to compete in the white man's world. On the other hand after spending eight or nine years in residential school, completely separated from the Indian way of life, he is not fit to return to the trap line, since it is doubtful he can skin a weasel properly. He can make a living neither in the white man's world nor the Indian's. He is a first class candidate for the old government standby, a handout, and loss of respect and dignity.

★ ★ ★

THE solving of this educational problem started 10 years ago, when the Department of Indian Affairs offered education to everyone according to his particular interests. Even those who had dropped out were welcomed to special trade schools. So far only two girls in Rupert House, Gertie Diamon and myself have reached Grade XII and from the whole James Bay about 12 or 15 have got this far.

There are great hopes that each year the number of successful students will increase — that these young Canadians will provide the nucleus from which the Indian race will spring forth with its hidden qualities lost in the past centuries of history.

When the time is ripe these real Canadian citizens, the Indians, will take their rightful place, helping to develop and even to govern their homeland — Canada.

Gertrude Blackned-Watt was a Grade 12 student at St. Mary's Convent, Combermere, Ont., last season. This is the text of a speech delivered by her during a recent school contest, reproduced from HUMAN RELATIONS.

Book Review

The Red Man's West. Payne. Random House, Michael S. Kennedy. 1965, juvenile, \$1.95. An excellent little beginning reader which introduces five different Indian tribes.

Indians of Yesterday. Marion E. Gridley. M. A. Donohue. \$3.50. junior. A new edition of this classic on Indian cultures. The woodland dwellers, the people of the plains, the desert people, the seafarers of the northwest. Illustrations, six in full color, by Lone Wolf, Blackfeet artists. Color prints for sale separately. \$1.00.

Red Cloud. Shannon Garst. Follett, 1965, \$1.95, junior. The story of a great chief of the Sioux.

The Indian Medicine Man. Robert Hofsinde. Morrow, 1966, \$2.95, junior. A description of the work of medicine men from six tribal groups.

Meet The North American Indians. Elizabeth

—Amerindian

The Nonchalant Dynamo

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in Grade I and II, until the whites catch up with them."

This head-start program for Indian youngsters in Grade I began to imbue them with a newly-learned sense of accomplishment and vastly improved their previously defeatist attitude towards the whole subject of education. However, by the time they reached Grades IV and V, some of the Indian children were lagging behind again. So Father Gordon promptly arranged for these to be given special assistance by remedial teachers so that they could keep up with their classmates.

In spite of these extra educational aids, many Indian youngsters were still lagging behind through poor attendance at school. And the reasons were mainly based on their poor physical condition as a result of the inadequate housing and sanitary conditions on the reserve. There is no running water in the houses on the Moricetown reserve and it is only in recent months that electricity has been installed.

In order to combat this problem at the grass-roots level, Father Gordon established a make-shift clinic at the school and in March last year obtained the services of Marisa Giuliani, a lay apostle nurse from Montreal, as a full-time school nurse. In addition, as soon as school was through in June, he launched and personally headed up a giant five-week clean-up, paint-up project on the Moricetown reserve, going out with a busload of volunteers every day. For this project he was loaned two Oblate scholastic Brothers from Ottawa who painted the old day school, and then supplied the paint and helped the Indians paint their houses, inside and out. Among the volunteers was the school nurse, Marisa, who was on the reserve from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. every day for five weeks conducting clinics, visiting homes, giving pre-natal classes and generally acting as guide and counsellor in matters of health and welfare for some 500 members of the Moricetown band.

So drastic was the change which Marisa wrought by her work in the school clinic and on the reserve that within a few months she had cleared up every single case of impetigo, scabies and lice, all of which had been close to epidemic stage when she took over the job. Further, the administrator of Sacred Heart Hospital in Smithers reported that during the first year in which Marisa had worked with Indian youngsters in the area the hospital had recorded 1,000 fewer child care days, for which the hospital gave her total credit.

Nowadays, the Indian youngsters attending St. Joseph's School are as

clean and shining as any others. Their uniforms are kept at the school and the children change into them each morning when they arrive. Any youngster in need of it is given a shower and clean underwear at the clinic before starting class.

To date, the Indian Affairs Branch has supported this school clinic program just to the extent of supplying Marisa with the drugs and medications she needs. However, current expansion plans for St. Joseph's school include the building of a permanent clinic which is being paid for by the Indian Affairs Branch.

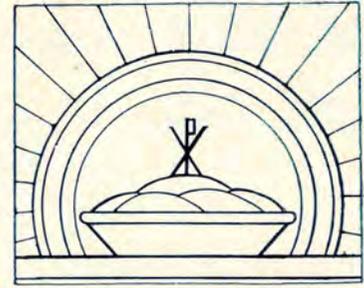
Through frequent visits to the Moricetown reserve on various projects, Sisters, lay apostles and parishioners alike have developed a deep and personal concern for the well-being of Indian youngsters attending St. Joseph's school. The need for some special service for them has only to be mentioned and a volunteer is forthcoming right away. An example of this is the motherly guidance and home training being given by Mrs. Louis Schibli to several Indian girls in the school's Occupational class. Mrs. Schibli, whose husband is president of the parish Men's Club, has a nice home and five lively children. For a whole day each week two or three girls from the Occupational class become part and parcel of Mrs. Schibli's home and family, not only enjoying what to them are the luxuries of a modern household, but also gaining the warm friendship and personal guidance of an outstanding family in St. Joseph's parish.

Other Indian girls at St. Joseph's are members of the Smithers' Harmonettes, the famed community choir of teenage girls directed by Sister Mary Andrew, one of the teachers at St. Joseph's school.

Scouts, cubs and altar boy organizations are among some of the parish activities into which the Indian lads are drawn and through which they make warm and lasting friendships with the parishioners at St. Joseph's.

At the other end of the age scale, the key aspect of Father Gordon's all-out education program is the adult education courses which are now in full swing on the Moricetown reserve. Ray Collins, Superintendent of Adult Education for the Indian Affairs Branch who guided Father Gordon in the establishment of the program, speaks with bubbling enthusiasm and justifiable pride about the remarkable achievements being accomplished through this program at Moricetown.

Here again, Sisters, lay apostles and parishioners all take a hand in teaching the various classes given to the adults and young school drop-outs throughout the school year. The



program ranges from literacy classes through to boat-building and dress-making.

In addition to the adult education classes which take up two nights a week for all concerned, Father Gordon has so many other programs under way on the reserve that the old two-room day school is fairly jumping with activity every night of the week. These include weekly Legion of Mary meetings, Four-H Club, Library nights, Confraternity of Christian Doctrine classes, bingo games, dances, Homemakers' Club, and meetings of the Moricetown Youth Club for 13-year-olds and over which was started by Father Gordon "mostly because the kids simply needed some place to go in the evenings."

Not content with loading all the educational bases in the parish and on the reserve, Father Gordon has also permeated the community of Smithers with a spirit of dedication to the betterment of white-Indian relations in the area. It was mostly at his instigation that a Community Action Council was formed in Smithers with members drawn from both the white and Indian communities.

All in all there seems to be no loophole left in Father Gordon's blanket education program designed to ease, in a most human and understanding fashion, the difficult transition of a noble but downtrodden people from their simple, primitive culture into an insensitive, jet-aged society. And, fantastic as it sounds, concurrent with his masterminding of this massive education program, Father Gordon still finds enough time and energy to supervise the new \$210,000 building expansion program in St. Joseph's parish which includes, besides the new clinic, a library and two more classrooms for the school, a new church to seat 516 people and, at long last — "because the parishioners were adamant" — a simple, four-roomed rectory.

Anyone trying to explain how this quiet, unobtrusive Oblate Father can accomplish so much with seemingly the same monosyllable nonchalance with which his look-alike portrayed the hero in "High Noon," and still not suffer from ulcers with the worry of it all, can only presume that here indeed is a missionary priest clearly stamped with all the hallmarks of brilliance.

Self-Rule A Better Goal Says Alberta Councillor

Self-rule, not integration into white society should be the goal of Indian education, says Bill McLean, of the Stony Band Council at Morley.

Mr. McLean said he was speaking on behalf of the council in response to a series on Indian education which appeared in the Calgary Herald.

The series pointed to integration of Indians into white society as the planned result of sending Indian children to white schools.

"If the government officials and superintendent of Indian education think integration is the only answer for us, why don't they send white children to Indian schools on the reserve?" Mr. McLean asked.

"White people wouldn't want to send their children to our schools... yet we're forced to do it because they'll tell us they couldn't get teachers and so forth," he says.

LOSE EXISTENCE

Mr. McLean said he fears that if Indians are integrated into white society, they will eventually lose their existence as a separate race.

"I've been to Peru, Bolivia, Mexico and Panama. In those countries, the Indians are all mixed with other races," he says.

He compared those countries to New Zealand where, he said, the native race, the Maoris, have been granted independence. "I was there in 1959 and it's working out well," he said.

"But our people won't be ready for self-rule until the majority have a better education," he said.

EDUCATED LEAVE

Something must be done to keep the Indians on the reserves, Mr. McLean said. Only a few of those who have been educated have returned to engage in nursing or social work among their people.

"Our council's long-term plans are for a townsite on Morley reserve and industrialization. Maybe the chance to go into business there will attract some of the educated ones back to the reserve."

Mr. McLean is the son of Chief Walking Buffalo.



Christmas Hymn

Abinodji kipiniki

(Tune: Puer natus)

1. Abinodji kipiniki Alleluia, Bethleheming sakiniki All., Alleluia.

CHORUS

- Nakamotawata Jesussens,
Manadjata epitciteheyang.
2. Ki owiyawihitiso All.,
Ka oosimad Maniton All.,
Alleluia.
 3. Marian Gagangowinit All.,
Win sa o ki nikihikon All.,
Alleluia.
 4. Mi wissiniwigamikong All.,
Taji cingishin Manito All.,
Alleluia.
 5. Manictanininiwok All.,
Pi windamakowisiwok All.,
Alleluia.
 6. Ogimak pi tagucinok All.,
Kitci pagidinigewok All.,
Alleluia.
 7. O ki pi nansikawawan All.,
Kitci Manito-ogiman All.,
Alleluia.
 8. Ki miekwiminang pi ondji
Alleluia.
Kawin o winishkakusin All.,
Alleluia.
 9. Ki wi inawemikonan All.,
Matcindowin ot ajenan All.,
Alleluia.
 10. Minwendagwad ka tibish-
kang, Alleluia.
Mamikwanata Manito
Alleluia.
 11. Nessweyagisit Manito All.,
Winge mamoyawamata All.,
Alleluia.

by Rev. Charles Comeau, O.M.I.,
Fort Alexander, Man.

Christmas Legends Survive

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one to replace a dead one. "You will know him for his name is Nicholas."

When he told the others about the answers he had received to prayer, no one knew anyone named Nicholas. Yet they all waited, and, sure enough, Nicholas of Patara arrived to become the bishop of Myra.

His life was filled with miracles he wrought to help others. One of the first was when a widowed mother of three boys implored him to find her sons who had gone to an inn to beg for bread. The innkeeper had killed them and pickled them. Nicholas de-

manded to be shown the boys, went to the kegs — and the boys came alive when he touched the kegs.

To save his starving people, Nicholas begged wheat from ships bound for Constantinople by promising the captains that not a grain given him would cause loss of weight in their cargoes. He saved a ship from sinking and became the patron of sailors. He gave dowries to a poor nobleman with three unmarried daughters in secret. The nobleman discovered his identity as he left the third dowry but Nicholas begged that he tell no one and so Nicholas became the giver of gifts on Our Lord's birthday.

Christmas Towns

There are many towns in the United States that have names which remind one of Christmas: Here are some of them:

Christmas, Arizona	Bethany, Illinois
Palestine, Illinois	Orient, New York
Nazareth, Kentucky	Star, Nebraska
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania	New Galilee, Pennsylvania
Snow, Oklahoma	Angels, Pennsylvania
Holly, West Virginia	Santa Claus, Indiana

Santa Claus, Indiana, is the most famous "Christmas" town in the United States. Many people sent Christmas cards and packages there. The postmaster in Santa Claus then sends them to the persons who are supposed to get them. In this way the packages and cards have the words "Santa Claus" stamped on them.