

# INDIAN RECORD

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JANUARY 1967

## Indian Act 'Tyranny' Says Chief Paul

Canadian Indians are still being exposed to political tyranny by the limitations of the Indian Act, said a spokesman for the National Indian Advisory Board in Winnipeg.

Phillip Paul, chief of the Tsartlip Tribe at Brentwood Bay, Vancouver Island, said most Canadian Indian bands want more autonomy from the federal government.

"The Indian Act, as it's geared now, seems to take initiative away from the Indian," he said. "We seem to be under political tyranny."

Mr. Paul was commenting on discussions of the board, which held its third meeting in Winnipeg in December.

The board established a year ago, is made up of 18 Indian leaders from across Canada and it met twice before in Ottawa.

## Famous Chief Dies in B.C.

Colorful Chief Mathias Joe, always an outspoken champion of his people, died December 12 in British Columbia. The Capilano Chief, an expert totem pole carver, was buried beside his father, Chief Joe Capilano and his mother, Mary.

More than 500 persons attended the funeral of the famous chieftain, which after Catholic services, included a special Indian ceremony before the coffin was sealed in the crypt.

Chief Mathias Joe and his late wife cast the first Indian ballots in B.C. in 1949. He was an official guest at the coronations of King George V and Queen Elizabeth II, and an honorary citizen of Texas.

Though a man of great humor, frequently quoted by newspapers during his extensive travels, Chief Mathias Joe was a determined fighter for the rights of his people, never hesitating to do battle for their interests.

Mr. Paul said most of the members want some of the powers now held by the minister for Indian affairs transferred to the Indian band councils.

"The Indian Act is full of powers for the minister," he said. "It says the minister may do this and has the power to do that, but it gives very little authority to the Indians to govern their own affairs."

He said the main problem of most bands is the financial situation of the reserves, but that no solution can be found until changes to the Indian Act allow the bands to develop a broader financial base for their reserves.

The board, set up to advise the federal government in matters of national importance in the administration of Indian affairs, has been studying possible amendments to the Indian Act.

George Manuel, of Duncan, B.C., co-chairman of the board with R. F. Battle of Ottawa, assistant deputy minister of Indian affairs, said future meetings would be devoted to making long-range plans and policies for the consideration of the federal government.

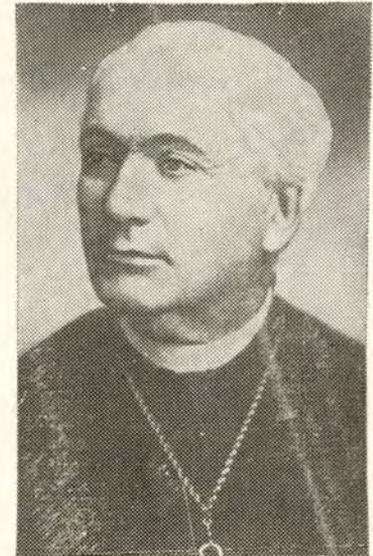
## Integration Cited as Solution

The solution to Indian problems is integration, Saskatchewan Natural Resources Minister Steuart told the Saskatchewan Society for Crippled Children and Adults in Regina. Mr. Steuart is minister-in-charge of the provinces Indian and Metis branch.

"The problem is no longer to be hidden away on reserves. Integration means that the public faces this problem. It means that public responsibility meets a severe and dreaded crisis."

Mr. Steuart said the Indian and Metis branch is trying to recognize individual as well as government responsibility.

"This is not another government agency to take care of Indians. This



**BISHOP VITAL JUSTIN GRANDIN**, born in St-Pierre-la-Cour, France, Feb. 8, 1829, joined the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in 1853 and was sent to northwest Canada the next year. In 1857, he was named auxiliary bishop of St. Boniface and in 1871 transferred to the See of St. Albert, Alberta, where he died June 3, 1901, after earning the title "Apostle to the Eskimos." The Holy See proclaimed in mid-December that Bishop Grandin led a life of heroic virtue. This is among the first important steps of the beatification process. (NC)

is an agency which intends to show Indians how to take care of themselves. We feel the solution is integration," he said.

The problem of Indian reservations has created an "unhealthy sub-culture," he said.

"Our pioneering forefathers were embarrassed by having displaced a proud and self-sufficient people from their land.

"To wipe out their guilt and to put the problem out of sight they put Indians on the dole and on reserves. Today we are paying dearly for that. Government paternalism and the welfare state has created the greatest problem we now face in Canada," Mr. Steuart said.

# Happy Centennial Year

## INDIAN RECORD

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### GUEST EDITORIAL

## Key To World Unity

One Saturday afternoon, the father of eight children was trying to read the daily newspaper, while his small son was begging him to play a game. Finally, exasperated at the interruptions and hoping for a little relief, the father took a page from the back of the paper with a picture of the world on it, showed it to his son and then tore it to pieces: "Now son," he said, "I'll play with you after you put all those pieces back together."

In a few minutes the boy was back with the picture of the world all put together.

"How did you do that so quickly?" the father asked. The boy grinned and replied: "There was a family on the back and I figured that if I put the family back together, the world would take care of itself."

Indeed, the world would take care of itself if all Christian families would work together to make it so. Each member of the family has to play his or her role in order to have the family together. The husband has to do his best to provide for his family and to be the Christian leader in terms of good example to his wife, children and neighbours.

The wife has to be alert in taking care of the home and in co-operation with her husband, to look after the children and to teach them by words and example what it is to be a Christian today.

Children have to co-operate in as much as possible in respecting the role of their parents so that, as children, they can do their share in keeping the family together, or if the case may be, to bring it together.

To achieve such unity in the family, communication and love among all concerned, are **musts**. This is something that only you, as a member of a family can do. How about it? Build strong families and, as the little boy said, the world will take care of itself.

—St. John Bosco Newsletter

### BOOK REVIEW

## An Eskimo First

I, NULIGAK. Translated from the Eskimo by Maurice Metayer. Published by Peter Martin Associates, 17 Inkerman St., Toronto 5; 208 pages; \$5.00.

**I, Nuligak** is the first autobiography of an Eskimo to be published. Father Maurice Metayer, OMI, a French-born missionary of the Oblate Fathers, encouraged Nuligak to write his story and edited and translated the resulting manuscript.

Nuligak was born in 1895 in the Mackenzie Delta, a member of the Kitigariukmiut tribe. He died in a hospital in Edmonton in 1966. He was orphaned as a child and in his youth was often cold and hungry. He became a skilful hunter and trapper, learned to read and write in the Eskimo language, saved enough money to buy a schooner, and retired at last with his memories of many thousands of hunts for bear, seal, and caribou.

Within Nuligak's lifetime Eskimos passed from a Neolithic culture to modern society. He began his life using tools of stone and bone virtually identical to those used by mankind's ancestors a thousand years ago, and he ended it writing his autobiography on a typewriter. His story will help white men to understand the Eskimo culture and the forces that are changing it.

(IEA)

## Bottlenecks In Community Development

On his fall trip through the western provinces Mr. E. R. McEwen, Executive Director of the Indian-Eskimo Association, was disturbed to find that many Community Development officers working in Indian communities are experiencing great difficulty in carrying out their plans. So frustrated do they feel that a number of the more able C.D. officers have already resigned, and others are planning to leave.

Mr. McEwen fears that the present programs, both federal and provincial, may be doomed to failure if some way cannot be found to remove the barriers now blocking progress. Most of those involved believe that the Community Development process is an effective means of revitalizing communities by stimulating local initiatives, and they hope that the program can be salvaged by prompt remedial action.

From what he learned, Mr. McEwen concludes that the major problem is an inadequate adminis-

trative framework that leads to a conflict of outlook between Community Development officers and the civil servants responsible for administering the Indian Act. Community Development means change, often rapid and substantial change, and it is almost an axiom that civil servants do not welcome change.

It is the Community Development officer's job to encourage the Indians to take action and to assume control of their own community. This usually causes them to become discontented with the existing order, to complain about such matters as education, housing, and health services, and to press for new programs. On the other hand, the Indian Superintendent, who is responsible for what happens on the reserves, naturally fears that economic experiments may waste band funds, or that a proposed program is not feasible or is geared to too rapid an execution. It is also natural for him to react to anything that creates

discontent among the people under his supervision.

The more successful the C.D. officer is in stimulating Indian initiative, the greater the difficulties it creates for the Superintendent. It becomes increasingly hard for him to operate by following department regulations and established administrative procedures, and he begins to regret the relative peace that existed before the C.D. officer appeared. Those responsible for education, housing, and health services are also upset by the new criticisms, and tend to view the C.D. officer as a trouble-maker.

The C.D. officers for their part find it difficult to get money to carry through the Indian projects they have stimulated. It is a long unsure route to resources via the Superintendent, and an even rougher road via the Federal-Provincial Committee. The Superintendent is usually reluctant to risk band funds on pro-

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IN PENTICTON

# Young Indians Take Basic Schooling

A basic training course for Indians, 16 years of age or older, who have had no schooling, or have not completed Grade 8, has been arranged and sponsored jointly by the Indian Affairs Branch, Board of School Trustees, District 15, Penticton, B.C., and the Penticton Indian Affairs Committee.

The course began in October in the Penticton High School and is attended by six young men from the Penticton Reserve. Classes will continue until June 30. Subjects covered include reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic and science. Students enrolled are: Louie Alec, Jefferey Alec, Francis Jack, Colin Jack, Joe MacGinnes and Carter Abel.

Every effort has been made by the teaching staff to talk to each student before the classes begin for students must make a real effort to succeed, otherwise the student will be dropped.

On completion students will be given a Basic Training Grade 8 Certificate which will allow them to proceed further to vocational schools and other trade schools.

Arrangements have been made for students to live with white Penticton families. The Indian Affairs Branch will take care of the cost of supplies and will pay room and board. Students will be given a personal allowance of \$15.00 a month.

Eric D. Sismey.



Church of the Sacred Heart, Penticton Reserve, B.C.

—Photo by Eric D. Sismey

# Indians Join IAB Staff

A move within the Department of Indian Affairs to hire Indians on staff has been reflected in the additions to the department office in Battleford, Sask.

Two new employees appointed in November are full blood Indians.

Vince Bellegarde, of North Battleford, was appointed Indian affairs officer. He covers Red Pheasant, Mosquito, Moosomin and Saulteaux Indian reserves.

Violet Baptiste, a member of the Little Pine band, has been hired as a stenographer.

"More and more Indians are being hired by the department," said D. H. Anderson, acting superintendent for The Battlefords. "The preference in department hiring is going to Indian people."

# Child Care On Reserve

A shelter for abandoned Indian children, run entirely by Indians, has been opened by the parishioners of St. Mary Magdelene church in Hagwilget Indian Reserve, in B.C.

Alfred and Helen Joseph, an Indian couple who are house parents of the home, had long been alarmed at the number of children in the district who were found abandoned by parents while they went on drinking sprees or were serving time in jail. Such children were often taken from their parents permanently by social welfare services under the Child Protection Act of Canada. They would subsequently be placed in non-Indian homes where the environment is foreign to them.

The Josephs persuaded Father John O'Reiley to let them move into an abandoned house adjacent to his

church. They undertook major repairs to make the center habitable. Although today the wallpaper on the walls is still yellowed and peeling with age, the center is a haven for youngsters who would otherwise find themselves in the unfamiliar surroundings of white foster homes.

The district supervisor of the Department of Welfare, Donald Beddows, pointing out the center as the first in Canada to be run entirely by Indians, had high praise for the way in which the Indian community has become involved in its own welfare.

Alfred and Helen Joseph were given full approval as house parents by all the Indian groups of the area. Village leaders inspected and approved the house and its method of operation. As an emergency shelter, the center attempts to arrange foster care for abandoned children with relatives, friends and neighbors on the reserve, so that they can be returned to their parents when the latter mend their ways.

# Bottlenecks In Development

—Continued from Page 2

jects that he considers a gamble. The provinces control most of the resources needed to facilitate community development, and the C.D. officers have to approach the various provincial departments through federal-provincial committees which are slow and indecisive. Some of the provinces have not yet signed the agreement with the federal government, and even when agreements have been signed they do not cover the full range of services needed to support community development projects. Thus the movement is in danger of being strangled in red tape before it has a chance to demon-

strate whether or not it can revitalize local communities.

In this rather black picture Mr. McEwen did find one bright spot: those facing the dilemma are not placing the blame on individuals and authorities higher up in the administration. Nor is it a conflict of personalities on the local level. The trouble is caused by inherent deficiencies in the structure, and all concerned hope that some method can be found to break the bottlenecks before a promising experiment grinds to a halt. What seems to be required is improved administrative machinery geared to greater local initiative and to more rapid change.

—Catholic Indian News

# Vancouver Art Sale

Paintings by Indian artists, bead and leather work and other items were sold at the December bazaar in Vancouver's Indian Centre.

Opened by Kay Cronin, director of the Catholic Study and Leadership Club, the sale was organized by the Adult Indian Council of the centre, assisted by members of the Youth Council.

Proceeds went to provide further equipment and furnishings for the Centre.



**Making friends is a starting point in the work of CENAMI (National Center for Aid to Mexican Indians) in Mexico. The movement, directed by Bishop Jose de Jesus Sahagun of Tula, supports 76 medical dispensaries and 182 community development centers, and operates 54 educational radio stations from which lessons are broadcast daily to children gathered in isolated schools. Here, Vega Fahey, director of public relations, CENAMI, wins the confidence of Guadalupe youngsters.**

## Loucheux To Represent Canadian Women At Expo

The Commissioner General of The Indians of Canada Pavilion, has announced that Mrs. Clara Tizya, a prominent Loucheux Indian, has been selected by the National Indian Advisory Board to represent the Indian women of Canada at the official opening of the Indians of Canada Pavilion Expo '67.

Mrs. Tizya was born at Rampart House, Yukon Territory, and is the mother of 12 children, and grandmother to 10 others. The task of raising a large family did not prevent Mrs. Tizya from becoming an Indian leader and spokeswoman in the Yukon Territories.

The charming grandmother says "I am deeply honoured to have the opportunity of representing the Canadian Indian women on a country-wide basis. I feel that through our Indian Pavilion we will be able to tell our story to the world as we want to tell it".

Mrs. Tizya is a member of the

Regional Indian Advisory Council for British Columbia and The Yukon, as well as sitting on the National Indian Advisory Board.

She recently left the Yukon and now makes her home in Vancouver, British Columbia.

## New Housing For Musqueam Reserve

A \$456,104 contract has been awarded for the construction of 40 houses on the Musqueam Indian Reserve, Vancouver, B.C.

The 40 units, to be built in bungalow style, will conform to specifications approved by Indian Affairs and Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation. Each house will have a minimum floor space of 1,100 sq. ft., consisting of three bedrooms, a full basement, and include all modern facilities such as plumbing, heating and electrical services. Concrete

## Aid Program Forges Ahead

Sixty bishops in 55 dioceses and 10,000 laymen throughout Mexico have joined hands to launch the bishops' national campaign to aid underprivileged Mexican Indians.

A collection was taken up in all Catholic churches on the last Sunday of Advent and the funds raised were earmarked for the Episcopal Commission for Mexican Indian Missions (CENAMI).

The idea of the campaign is not only to raise funds but to awaken a "Catholic conscience" on the needs of fellow Mexicans ethnically isolated because of insufficient communications — lack of roads, health centers, markets.

The campaign has been marked by an unprecedented publicity effort. Millions of circulars and CENAMI bulletins have been mailed to Catholic laymen together with 30,000 letters to parish priests and other members of the clergy. Radio "spots" have been broadcast. Mexican Catholic Action is giving the campaign full support.

Bishop Francisco Ferriera Arriola of Texcoco cancelled the annual diocesan seminary collection in favor of the CENAMI drive.

Coadjutor Archbishop Manuel Martin del Campo of Morelia set Feb. 5, 1967, for the CENAMI collection because the local committee wants to raise sufficient funds to build a CENAMI center in Michoacan state.

CENAMI is receiving foreign assistance from the German Catholic aid organization, Misereor. Through financial support from Misereor construction has begun on new dispensaries in Huautla de Jimenez and Valle Nacional, Oaxaca, and in Huejutla, Hidalgo.

The CENAMI campaign is described as the largest program ever undertaken in Mexico by Mexicans to aid underprivileged indigenous groups.

walks will also be provided at the front and rear of each house.

Mr. Arthur Laing, Minister of Indian Affairs, said that a firm of consulting engineers were hired by the Musqueam Band for the planning of services in the new development. He paid high tribute to the band and its leaders for their aggressiveness and skill in arranging this development, and added that the Musqueam Band was among the leaders in all of Canada in Indian land management.



**Industry and effort and Gordon and Doris Bear have disproved the lie that skin color makes a difference. Now, contented with the good life they have made, they are what they are . . .**



# PROUD FARMERS

**Story and Photos  
by Bill McGill**

A successful Hereford cattle ranching operation had a meager beginning for Gordon Bear of the Little Red River Indian Reserve, 35 miles northwest of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.

About four years ago Gordon Bear traded his tools and safety hat as a heavy equipment operator for "boots and saddle". With the assistance of the Indian Affairs Mr. Bear started his cattle ranch in 1963. The ranch is 300 acres of the Little Red River Reserve. The 300 acres of cleared land grows sufficient feed for the increasing herd, but he also harvests some "bottom land" hay. The hay meadow where he cuts the hay for feed is an old dried lake bottom located at the southwest corner of the 6,000 acre reserve.

The boundaries of the reserve ranch are just six miles from the Prince Albert National Park, where predators are protected. It was thought by the Indian Affairs officers at Prince Albert, that these predators would be a problem. The result so far in the experiment has been a happy one, apart from badgers. The hungry badgers dig in the fields for gophers leaving treacherous holes from three to six feet in depth, creating a leg breaking hazard to the winter browsing cattle. Gordon has not figured out how to combat the problem, but wolves and bears have not bothered the livestock at all. The herd of 71 Herefords now on the ranch grew from a beginning of 25 cows and one bull financed by the Indian Affairs branch.

A. H. Marcuson, assistant superintendent of the Prince Albert Indian Affairs branch, stated that Mr. Bear had done exceptionally well with his herd.

In an interview Mr. Marcuson said

"We are very happy with Mr. Bear in his endeavours to develop a farming operation.

Above: Gordon indicates one of the hazardous badger holes which are number-one problem on the ranch. Filled with loose snow, the three-to-six-foot holes can result in sprained or broken legs for ranging cattle. Far left: Purebred Hereford cow at the Bear ranch.



Gordon and Doris Bear have a comfortable home on the Little Red River Reserve. Here they pose with their cattle dog, Charlie.

# KINEBIKONS

## (Little Snake)

### PART FIVE

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. But accept it she did and received Baptism before her death. Lucy, now grown, has married Johnny, who joined the Church at her request. The young couple living at Johnny's home in Standjicaming have just celebrated the birth of their first son.

#### CHAPTER 13

After the birth of little Paul, the life of the young couple was not all happiness. The sorcerer persecuted them, and caused them much trouble. But as time went on, everything became quiet again. In the meantime, a little daughter was born to Lucy. Johnny and Lucy were very happy but again this happiness was of short duration.

The second day after the arrival of the new born baby, the much-feared Medicine-Man again appeared at Johnny's house. "Tomorrow," he solemnly announced to the young couple, "I shall come with my neighbors to give an Indian name to your little daughter."

"We are Catholic," replied Lucy, "and my daughter will never have a pagan name; the Black Robe from Couchiching will baptize her and give her the name of Agnes."

The Sorcerer enraged by this answer, muttered a few mysterious phrases and left the place very disgusted. Hereafter, no one came to visit the young Misiwekijik family. The Indians looked upon them as strangers, with whom the pagans should have no more communication. Their place was generally called by the name of their religion: "Pagwashinang."

Lucy did not care and preferred to live alone rather than be bothered by her pagan neighbors. She seldom left her home and her husband was very good to her. Being a good

trapper and a daring hunter, he was one of the luckiest on the reserve. When the other Indians got six or seven minks, he always doubled that number, and yet never used any special Indian medicine to draw the animals to his snares.

The pagans often went to the Sorcerer to buy a special medicine intended to attract the mink and fox to their traps. Johnny did not do this any more, but once a year, he would bring his traps to the Black Robe to have them blessed; to this blessing Johnny attributed most of his luck. This made the others jealous, and they tried to hurt him; they would steal his furs and even his traps.

One day, early in May, Johnny went out to visit his traps. He walked all day along the shores of Rainy Lake; he found a few traps, but many had been stolen and with them the animals that were caught. He suspected foul play and immediately gathered the traps that were left



By

Rev. Mathias Kalmes  
OMI



him. It was already dark when he was coming home over the thin ice. Turning the corner of the bay, he could see the light in the window of the house. Waiting anxiously for her husband, Lucy had placed the lamp on the window sill to guide him. Johnny saw it and thus encouraged, he hastened his step on the thin ice.

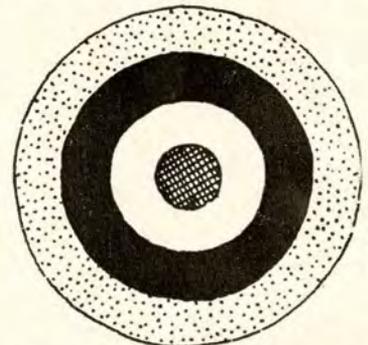
He was only a few hundred yards from shore, and could see Lucy's shadow through the window, when the ice suddenly gave way, and Johnny sank in the cold water. With much difficulty, he pulled himself out and arrived at his house very sick. He remained in his home till his conditions became so serious that his wife had to bring him to Fort Frances to see a doctor. The verdict was alarming; his right lung was seriously affected. The doctor

prescribed some medicine and ordered him to stop working.

#### CHAPTER 14

The young couple returned home nearly discouraged. They had put away enough money to live comfortably, but still that happy smile on Johnny's face was gone. He could not remain idle, and yet he was forbidden to track the moose and do all the other things he loved so much.

On a second visit to the doctor, Johnny was told that he had tuberculosis. Lucy was stricken with grief and wept bitterly when she learned this. Soon the two of them lost all interest in life. In a few weeks their home looked abandoned: grass and weeds had replaced the beautiful flowers that once were plentiful around the place. Disappointed, Johnny had decided not to see the white doctor again. He was again falling into his old pagan beliefs,



but he was careful not to let Lucy find out. One night he paid the sorcerer a visit. This surprised the Medicine-man, but nevertheless he was glad to see his former friend return to ask for his help.

During the first consultations, the sorcerer went through a series of ceremonies, by which he was supposed to determine the cause of Johnny's sickness. This cost Johnny his gun and some tobacco. He was to return later to get some medicine.

That night, Johnny came home exhausted, but he didn't say anything to Lucy about his venture. Weeks went by and Johnny was not getting better. One night he decided to go back to the Indian doctor. When he

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# The Journey

A Short Story

by PATRICIA YOUNG,  
Vancouver, B.C.

The windows of the bus were webbed with frost, obscuring the snowy mountains and canyons along the highway. Inside, it was warm and sweet with the smell of Christmas oranges, cigar smoke and freshly cut fir. George Sam smiled reassuringly across the aisle at his young wife, offering her a sandwich from the wax paper package. Amy, small and olive skinned, shook her long dark hair and fingered the collar of her shabby blue raincoat.

It was almost eight hours since they had left the Reservation at Fort Saint James and her legs were unbearably cramped. Never having travelled more than fifty miles from the Reservation, she had had no idea that the world was so big; that the white man's ways were so strange. As she felt the child move deep inside of her, she wondered vaguely whether it would be a girl or a boy and a warmth of wonder spread over her. What if he grew up to be North America's first full blooded Indian bishop? Wouldn't that be something for Sister Mary Agnes to talk about?

"Tired, Amy?" George asked.

Amy shook her head, dimples breaking up the broad expanse of her high cheekbones. It wasn't George's fault that he had lost his job in the logging camp. It wasn't his fault that they had to travel to Vancouver for the opening of the Polchuck murder trial on the 27th of December. Now, as he lit a cigarette, George's dark eyes were sombre. "Sorry it won't be much of a Christmas for you, honey. Maybe you should have stayed on the reservation with my folks."

Amy touched his hand. "Don't be silly. You know I'd rather be with you."

George lapsed into troubled silence, then felt in his pocket for the official papers that Charlie, the RCMP officer, had brought him. Charlie had been concerned about



A girl sat huddled on the mattress, holding her newborn child.

Illustrated by Rose Adele Korne

the incident in the beer parlor and George told him exactly what had happened — not because he was a police officer, but because he was a regular guy."

"I wish to God I'd never gone into Vancouver," George had said bitterly. "I went because Harry said he had a lead on a job for me. We went into the beer parlor to talk about it and I just happened to see this other guy stabbed. I shouldn't have opened my mouth."

"Don't worry about it, George," Charlie had said. "The police only want you as a material witness."

"But supposing I don't want to go?"

Charlie shook his head. "You have to, George. It's the law. Anyway, they'll pay your bus fare and give you meals and a place to stay."

As the bus droned along the highway, two men in the back played cards. A teen-age boy was strumming his guitar. Amy, a magazine open on her lap, pointed to a stuffed turkey and grimaced. George knew that she was hungry. They hadn't spent a nickel except for coffee since they left the reservation. Suddenly, there was an ominous rumbling ahead of them and the bus slackened speed before coming to a halt. The driver turned around in his seat. "Nothing to get alarmed about, folks. Shifting snow, no doubt. Often happens at this time of year."

Passengers rubbed at the windows of the bus and tried to peer out.

Finally, the bus driver climbed down from his seat and walked up the highway. When he returned, he told them: "Sure is a snow slide. They say it'll be an hour before the plough arrives."

At the combined groan that went up, George leaned across and touched his wife's hand. "Don't be scared, honey."

Amy searched his eyes with her own. "It will be all right, won't it? I mean about the fight and that man getting killed?"

"I told you I was only a witness. Would the police be letting me travel to town on my own if I were under arrest or anything like that?"

Amy sighed. "I know, George. But I can't help feeling scared. Supposing they don't believe you? Supposing someone calls you a lying Indian?"

They continued to talk, weighing up what might take place at the trial. By ten thirty the highway was cleared and traffic began to move again. The passengers shuddered as they moved past the skid with its tons of white death and smashed trees. When they pulled into the bus station at Hope, they began to relax again. It was not until the bus driver checked into the office and returned that those passengers continuing on to Vancouver and points along the way, realized that something was drastically wrong. "I'm sorry, folks, but we

# I WAS HOMELESS . . .

# AND YOU TOOK ME IN'

The story of "Granny" Cadotte, a modern-day saint to whom the Beatitudes were a way of life.

By Irene Hewitt

Our local paper announced that the Town Council was considering some type of recognition for Mrs. "Granny" Cadotte, who, it was felt, had been a great asset to the community. In a letter read at the council meeting it was pointed out that many times Mrs. Cadotte had boarded transient Indians, often receiving no remuneration — would not the official opening of the new Indian-Metis Friendship Centre be an ideal time for some recognition of her services? Council agreed wholeheartedly. Later it was decided that the form of presentation was to be a cheque for one hundred dollars.

The first time I heard of Mrs. Cadotte's work was when she visited an Indian woman in the same hospital ward as I, bringing a little gift she had made for the new papoose. A nurse told me that Mrs. Cadotte always befriended Indian women coming into Flin Flon, letting them stay in her home as long as necessary regardless of whether or not they could pay her anything.

## A Family Friend

In the same maternity ward five years later I had "Cammie" for a roommate. Several times a day she would trudge down the hall to chat with "Granny", a family friend. When Mother-in-law came to visit, Granny was invited to the Nursery to see the new grandson; afterwards she was coaxed into coming to visit me. When I saw the little old Indian woman shyly peering around the door, I realized that "Granny" was the Mrs. Cadotte of whom the nurse had spoken. Later Cammie told me that her in-laws just loved Granny, she was about the finest person going, her hospitality was not confined solely to Indian maternity cases; any homeless In-

dian could always find refuge in her home.

## Granny Was Humble

Apart from occasionally meeting Granny on Main Street or after Mass, I had no contact with her until the news of the proposed presentation was released. An Indian woman being honored by town council was a singular event; there would be a story here. But where could I find out more about Granny? She would be too shy, too humble to talk about herself; Cammie had left town. Mother-in-law, "Mrs. Blackstone" (not her real name) seemed my only lead.

When I mentioned Granny's name, Mrs. Blackstone became alarmed thinking I was phoning with bad news. Granny had been ill recently, and she had been concerned as Granny was now quite old. When I explained that I wished to learn more about Granny in order to write a story on her, Mrs. Blackstone was delighted to talk.

"She's just the most wonderful woman, the most wonderful woman I have ever met. All the family feel the same way about her, too. Just today I had a letter from my son at the Coast. He's coming home soon to be married and I asked him whom he wanted at the wedding. 'Just make sure Granny's invited' was what he wrote. Do you know, Granny'll be pleased to be invited, but she won't come. We invited her when the others got married, too, but she never showed up. She was afraid that her presence might embarrass us. Would you believe it, some people are 'down' on Granny just because she's Indian!"

## Always Made Room

From the conversation I learned something of Granny's life

story. Left alone after her husband's death, Granny managed to raise not only her own family, but several grandchildren as well. And no matter how crowded Granny's little house was or how little she had, no homeless Indian was ever turned away.

"Where did they all sleep?" "I've often wondered myself, some would be on the floor probably. People would often give Granny old clothes and coats. She would rip up the old coats and make them into bedthrows — nice ones, too. Sometimes, I guess, the Indians or the family would sleep on the floor using these instead of mattresses. Granny used to clothe her Indians, too. She'd haunt rummage sales buying clothes for them, often using her own money. Then she'd make these over to fit, if necessary, or cut them down for children's clothes."

"I understand she used to board these out-of-town Indians, too. After her husband died, how did she manage to feed her own family, let alone outsiders?"

## Deprived Herself

"God only knows, but let me tell you, I know for a fact that many times Granny went hungry herself so that her Indians might have food. She was so concerned about them. Sometimes Indians from up North staying with her wouldn't speak the same Indian language Granny did. I would see them sitting out on the rocks looking so forlorn with Granny scooting around trying so hard to make them feel welcome. In all the years I've known Granny, she never refused any Indian board and lodging. Those Indians were always welcome to share whatever she might have. If they could pay her something, fine; if not, they could stay anyway.

"Some of the fks around here didn't understand what Granny was doing, and they used to criticize her so. Poor Granny! It was really hard for her sometimes, but most of the neighbours were kind to her. She's 'Granny' to plenty of other children besides our own."

## A Pert Fit

Granny was always concerned when any of his white 'grandchildren' were ill. Visiting a sick Blackstone she ached if she might feel his feet to see if he had a fever. Mrs. Blackstone figured this was probab some form of Indian treatment. However, the next morning the reason for the "treatment" was evident when Granny brought over a pair of buckskin bedroo slippers, beautifully beaded. She had sat up almost the whole night finishing these, and they were a perfect fit. Her "feet" had ven her all the measurements she needed.

"You know, Ginny realizes we all love her, but it's afraid other people might loo down on us for associating with an Indian. If I'm with someone el when we meet uptown, she'll fver speak first for fear it might cause me some embarrassment."

Remembering that the C.W.I.L. members had attended the funeral of Granny's daughter, I mentioned the daughter's death to Mrs. Blackstone.

## A Gre' Loss

"I never felt so sorry for anyone in my life as did for Granny the day her daughter died; she was her youngest, Granny's 'baby'. I went ver there, and poor Granny was alone on the bed, just a-sobbing and a-sobbing until that bed as a-shaking. I put my arms around her and kissed her, and she quietened a bit,

but, oh, how she missed her daughter!

"Poor Granny! Frances' death was a terrible blow, but with all the others to look after, she couldn't spend time grieving. They've all left her now, of course, but she has one daughter in town, married to just about the finest white fellow you'd ever come across. They're very good to Granny, and the grandchildren are so fond of her, too. When the town tore down Granny's old house the family wanted her to come and live with them; but you know Granny, she'd feel she might be causing them trouble or be a bother to them. She moved into a little suite in another suburb. We sure missed her, and I guess she missed us, too. Do you know, she lived there a whole year and never got to know even one person in the whole neighbourhood? Finally, her daughter found her a little suite close by to where she lived, and Granny's there now."

## Site for the Centre

Close to her daughter and grandchildren, one might hope that Granny would know a measure of security and happiness in her old age; a local Indian-Metis Friendship Centre seemed a certainty, so Granny need not worry about her Indians being homeless. But ill-health plagued Granny, and the Centre was not achieved without difficulty and the bitterness of racial discrimination. Twice the hard-working committee felt they had found a suitable site for the Centre; twice citizens in the locality petitioned against the establishment of such a place. Finally, though, the Centre was established, and in the best possible location.

Granny was sent to the hospital

in Winnipeg in the hope that an operation might restore her failing eyesight, and for a long time the Blackstones heard nothing of her.

Then, home on a visit and walking down Main Street, "Marguerite" a married daughter, spied a familiar figure — there was Granny! Delighted, Marguerite threw her arms around her and kissed her saying, "Oh, I do hope you're better now, Granny."

Granny had tears in her eyes as she clung to Marguerite. "Oh, Marguerite, they couldn't do anything about my one eye, and they told me the other is going the same way, too, and that I'll be blind in two years."

## So Little From Life

"Poor Granny," Mrs. Blackstone remarked with concern in her voice. "Poor Granny, such an unselfish, thoughtful person. She's had so little out of life, and now this!"

I tried to console Mrs. Blackstone by remarking, in all sincerity that the friendship and affection of the Blackstones must certainly have brought Granny a measure of happiness.

"You know, you're right, Granny really treasured her friends."

"The presentation, too, will probably be a thrill for her." "Oh, Granny will probably think that presentation the most wonderful thing that ever happened to her, and she can certainly use the hundred dollars. I just hope that no one thinks of that hundred dollars as repayment for her work. She saved the town thousands and thousands of dollars. And it's not just the money. There was never any problem of liquor or fighting with the Indians at Granny's. Think of the trouble that might have been caused if they had been at loose ends in the town."

## Works of Mercy

As I thanked Mrs. Blackstone — truly, she had been a joy to interview — I realized that Granny wasn't the only remarkable woman here. The Blackstone children with such a fine sense of values that they could see the

goodness and greatness of a simple, little, old Indian woman such as Granny, that they would cherish her as a close family bespoken a mother of compassion, tolerance and understanding.

## Story of Beatitudes

As I thought back on my conversation with Mrs. Blackstone I wondered why, when most of what I had learned about Granny was new, why did it sound so familiar? Then I realized — in the story of poor, meek Granny who had mourned, been misunderstood, and yet showered mercy and compassion on the needy, I was hearing echoes of the Beatitudes. A summary of Granny's work, Granny who had fed the hungry, given drink to the thirsty, visited the sick, sheltered the homeless, clothed the naked, read like a recital of the Corporal Works of Mercy.

Humble, little Granny Cadotte! In life she may have been one of Flin Flon's lowliest citizens, but in the records kept by that master bookkeeper, St. Peter, she is undoubtedly one of its most illustrious.

EPILOGUE: Featured on the front page of the Flin Flon Daily Reminder, Sept. 12th, 1966, was a picture of a shyly smiling Granny Cadotte flanked by Mayor Freedman and Councillors Easton and Hopkinson. The paper carried an account of the open house tea held in connection with the opening of the local Indian-Metis Friendship Centre, the highlight of which was the presentation from the Town of a cheque of one hundred dollars to honor Mrs. Cadotte's many years of service to the Indian and Metis people in the North. Noted was the fact, that in making the presentation, Mayor Freedman pointed out that the hundred dollars was only a token in appreciation of her services. "If we wanted to repay you, it would cost thousands." Tribute was also paid by Mrs. Dorothy Keddie who had worked so hard that the Centre might become a reality. She drew attention to Mrs. Cadotte's long life in the North — over seventy years — and her dedication; she had devoted her life to helping others.



# KINEBIKONS

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got there he could hardly walk. The Medicine-man examined him and hurriedly made preparations for a ceremony with the Manitou. He was going to place Johnny in a "sweat-house." The building of this sweat-house required much time and ceremony. When it was ready, Johnny was placed in it, and stayed there while the sorcerer prayed to the Manitou. After some time, Johnny's limp body was taken out. It appeared lifeless, but was sweating considerably.

When Johnny came to, the sorcerer said to him: "The Manitou told me that you would be well again, but that you have to make some sacrifices; you must abstain from moose meat for the rest of your life, or else you die a terrible death."

A short time later, Johnny felt strong enough to return home, but before he could do so, he had to pay the Medicine-Man. All he had left were his traps, which he reluctantly gave up. He left the place and went home. After Johnny's departure, the sorcerer tore down the sweat-house and buried it in the bush. On it he placed a small offering of tobacco to the Manitou.

Two days later the sorcerer visited Johnny at home, but he did not stay there long, for Lucy chased him from the house. Before leaving, however, he placed an "Ishion" on the door of the house. This was a sign that was supposed to keep all sickness away from the house. But Lucy did not leave it there very long; she quickly tore it down and destroyed it.

After these two consultations with the Medicine-Man, Johnny was not getting better. In fact he was declining rapidly. He saw that all these superstitious rites were of no avail to him.

## CHAPTER 15

After his two consultations with the Medicine-Man, when Johnny saw he was not getting better, he decided to turn back to the religion of his baptism. He now clearly understood the insanity of all the pagan rites.

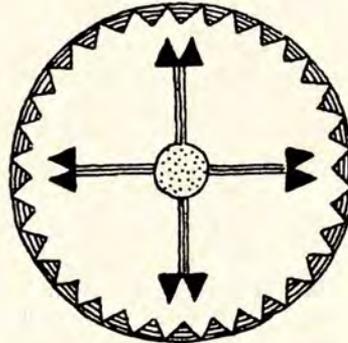
Lucy was always around him, and took the best care of him. She often spoke to him of Jesus and his religion. She reminded him of the happy day of his baptism, of their marriage and the happy days that followed, until Johnny began to fall away. Lucy now had a good argument against the devilish practices of the pagan Indians. She knew of the things that he had done and what had resulted. She argued and pleaded with him to come back to Jesus.

All the time, Johnny listened most attentively to Lucy. A few days later,

he opened his heart to Lucy and said: "Could the priest from Couchiching come here and see me? I would like to go to confession."

Overcome with joy, Lucy soon succeeded in getting the message to the mission of Couchiching, and only two days later the missionary from there was sitting at Johnny's bedside.

At the mission they had heard of Johnny's perversion, his leanings toward paganism and his consultations with the Medicine-Man. Everyone there was saddened at his scandalous conduct. But as soon as the news arrived at the mission, a missionary left immediately and arrived a few hours later at Johnny's home. There he found the sick man lying on his cot, very pale, his voice very low and his mind still lower. The house where there had been so much happiness only a short time before was now stricken with grief; deep sadness was looming over it. Lucy and her two children were crying.



When the missionary arrived to the house he first went to the sick man, and immediately began preparing him for his confession. After a few minutes of preparation, Johnny made his confession. After this, a new light shone on his face. Once again he was body and soul with his young wife; his faith was renewed and strengthened.

Under no circumstances would he have anything more to do with the Medicine-Man and his pagan associates. He was a Christian, stronger now than at any time before.

The priest also gave him Holy Communion and Extreme Unction. He understood Johnny's physical condition very well and knew that he had only a few more days to live. The missionary then consoled Johnny's wife and gave her a beautiful cross to put in front of Johnny's bed, to remind him of Jesus' sufferings on the Cross; he also gave her a few holy pictures, left some holy water, and then returned to Couchiching. Before leaving, he made one last recommendation, telling Lucy

not to let any pagan approach Johnny's bed and in case of death, to send a messenger to the mission as soon as possible.

Three days later, the news arrived at the mission that Johnny had passed away.

## CHAPTER 16

Johnny having been reconciled to the Catholic Church, had insisted that the Medicine-Man stay away from the house. This he would not do, coming twice a day and waiting his chance to perform his rites on Johnny. However, Lucy, by closely watching him, was able to forestall his efforts and when Johnny died his last word was the name of Jesus.

Upon learning of Johnny's death, squaws of the neighborhood came and told her what she must do. "Let your hair fall in disorder over your shoulders to show your sorrow," said one. "Put ashes on the foreheads of your children and take them out of the house or they will soon die," said the other. Lucy disregarded this advice.

The Medicine-Man still came to the house, trying to have Johnny buried with pagan rites. He put a blanket on the middle of the room and on it put a pipe and tobacco saying, "Friends, this tobacco on the blanket is an offering which Johnny's son has to make before entering the heaven of the Indians. He needs this tobacco to pay for his entry." He then sat in a corner nearby and smoked solemnly; this, he said, was necessary to accompany Johnny's soul if he was to enter safely into the Indian heaven.

Lucy finally put them all out of the house and, with a friend from Fort Frances, washed her husband's body and clothed it with his best clothes.

Very early in the morning, before the Indians arose from their sleep, the team of the Couchiching mission arrived at Standjicanning. They took the body to the mission church where the funeral took place at ten o'clock. The whole Indian Reserve of Couchiching was present at the funeral Mass. The Reverend Sisters with the children of the school did the singing, and the burial took place in the Catholic cemetery near the church.

The pagans, not knowing that Johnny's body had been taken away, began digging his grave on a hillside. At two o'clock the Medicine-Man with some of the men came to arrange for the funeral.

The rest of the people stayed on the hill. Some carried the little house the Indians generally put on the top of their graves, in the front of which was a little door where the dead man's spirit was supposed to come through when he wanted to visit his relatives. Others carried ribbons of divers colors. These rib-

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# The Journey

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can't continue on. The roads are icy and there's been another slide up ahead. We'll have to stop off here overnight." At the babble of protest, he held up his hand. "Now, don't get alarmed. The company will put you up for the night and we'll be leaving tomorrow morning at seven sharp. We'll get you into town in plenty of time for Christmas dinner. Meanwhile, passengers can book in at the Greenboro Hotel."

George and Amy climbed down from the bus and followed other passengers through the snow to the hotel. Amy held her stomach. "Gee, I'm so hungry I've got cramps. I'll be just as glad to stop over for the night."

Waiting in line at the desk, it soon became apparent from the clerk's agitation that something was wrong. Word went around that there was a skiing convention in town. George, seeing Amy resting her head against the wall, gripped the bus driver's arm with sudden anxiety. "Look, mister, my wife's pregnant and she's been travelling all day. Is there a chance that we could get fixed up with a room fast?"

Harassed, the driver glanced across at Amy. "I'm sorry, son. There's been a bit of a mix-up. We didn't know about the convention."

"But we've got to have a place."

As the desk clerk beckoned to the driver, the latter drew George aside. "Look, fella, all I can suggest is that you try the Totem Motel a quarter mile down the highway. Friend of mine runs it. Tell him Henry Carmichael sent you."

Outside the hotel the snow was drifting down like myriads of goosefeathers and the division between road and sidewalk was all but obliterated. Church bells sounded sharp and sweet in the frosty night air.

They found the Totem Motel and entered the office. An old man, clad in grey knitted sweater, sat smoking a pipe and reading the newspaper, his steel-rimmed glasses perched at the end of a sharp nose.

As George explained about the snow slide and the bus holdup, the old man took his pipe from his mouth. "You don't say? Henry's bus caught in it?"

"He said you would put us up for the night," George pressed. "My wife's pregnant and is just about dead on her feet."

The old man shook his grizzled head. "Sorry, son. All my cabins taken because of the convention."

George's eyes burned. "But you've got to find us a place."

The old man sucked on his pipe. "Sure, sure. I've got to. I've got to because you're Indian. Turn you

away on Christmas Eve and every newspaper in the country would be down on my ears for discrimination. A white man could starve on my doorstep and no one would turn a hair."

As George took his wife's arm and turned to go, the old man stood up. "Now, don't get mad, fella. I've lived up North with the Indians long enough to speak my mind same as I'd speak it to any color. That's the trouble with you people. You're so blamed sensitive we whites can't even talk our mind to you any more." As he ambled to the door, he went on: "Only dry spot I know is the old unit we're pulling down. Couple of windows are broken and the door is falling off, but it's the only place I can think of."

Later, alone in the dusty room with its assortment of tires, crates, lawn mower, garden tools and shabby mattress, Amy sank down on her knees. "Oh, George, it feels so good! I could sleep for a week."

George, examining the small change in his pocket, said: "Look, honey, you must be starved. It's not much past eleven and maybe I can find a cafe that's still open."

Amy opened her mouth to protest being left alone, then, realizing that George must be hungry, she nodded. As George bent his head against the sheets of snow and headed back up the highway, three teenagers turned a corner, stopping occasionally to indulge in a snowball fight. One boy carried a case of oranges, the other a brown paper-wrapped box. The girl hugged a toy panda bear and was angry at the boys for not having put chains on the car.

When George asked them for directions to a cafe, the youngest boy pointed along the road, then, as George continued on, threw a snowball at his head. The blonde girl turned on her companion fiercely. "What's the matter with you, anyway? Couldn't you figure that maybe he wanted a dime or something?"

"Sure he did," the boy said, scooping up more snow. "You ever know an Indian who didn't?"

"Boy, you've sure got the Christmas spirit," the girl said bitterly. "Every drop of it out of a bottle."

"So, who gave you the panda bear I won at the dance raffle? O.K. So, Merry Christmas and all that jazz."

At the driveway of the Totem Motel, the two boys turned in and the girl hesitated. "I want to go home."

"O.K. O.K. So it's a shortcut. We have to pick up something we hid here."

"A shortcut to hell," the girl retorted, accompanying them. "I should have gone home with Peggy."

The office lights were out now and the boys stopped to try the handles of several of the parked autos. When they came to the abandoned unit, the sixteen-year-old boy said: "You sure you know where you hid it?"

"Hid what?" the girl wanted to know. "I don't like this, Harry Baker. You know what the judge said to you last time."

"Aw, can it," Harry, the older boy said. "It's just another bottle we hid before we went to the dance."

"Hey, someone left a light on," the younger boy said as the door swung open at his touch. A girl sat huddled on the mattress beneath a grey blanket, a hand at her mouth and her eyes wide with terror. A baby cried.

"My God, it's an Indian woman and a kid," the blonde girl said. Amy looked past them, then said in a frightened voice. "We were told we could sleep here. My husband has gone out for something to eat." As she lay back exhausted, the blonde girl fell to her knees. "Say, you're hurt or something."

"Let's get out of here," the younger boy said. "The cops will swear we beat her up or something."

"Shut up," the girl snapped. "I think she just had this kid." She touched Amy's shoulder and the Indian girl opened her eyes. "Hey, kid, are you all right? You need a doctor or something?"

Amy shook her head. "I'll be all right. I don't want to make any trouble."

Before long George appeared, carrying two steaming cartons of coffee and a brown paper bag. When he saw the teenagers, he stopped short, then, as the baby cried, pushed past them. "Amy, Amy honey. My God, Amy, I didn't know."

She smiled at him wanly. "It's all right, George. It all happened so suddenly. I just felt tired and hungry and thought that the cramps were from sitting so long."

Moving towards the door, the blonde girl said: "We'd better get help or something. The baby has no clothes. Sheepishly, the younger boy stood his case of oranges on end. "Here, mister, maybe you could sit on this." Then: "Gee, mister, I'm sorry I threw that snowball."

Tears springing to her eyes, the blonde girl grabbed the arm of the older boy. "O.K., so what are you staring at? The trouble with you characters is you don't know about Christmas or nothin'. You're both a couple of no-good perks." As she turned and fled, the boys followed her. George took the top off a carton of coffee and handed it to Amy. "Here, honey, try and drink a little of this."

Amy leaned on one elbow, her face radiant. "It was so easy, George. I was frightened at first and I cried out but no-one heard. I even man-

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# Man With The Good Heart

By **ROBERT CHRISTIE**  
In *Extension Magazine*

**T**HE small party, mounted on shaggy ponies and accompanied by a couple of squealing Red River carts carrying baggage, plodded southwest along the course of the Battle River — a stream which falls across the plains like a twisted blue cord from its junction with the waters of the mighty North Saskatchewan. A French-Canadian priest, sinewy and tanned as the Metis with him, fought the drowsiness which repeatedly caused him to doze in his saddle.

That July afternoon of 1865 was fierce with heat, the country a waste of grass quivering with mirages. The vast, lonely land — not to be called Alberta and become a Canadian province for yet another 40 years — mocked their progress and young Father Albert Lacombe, O.M.I., found it hard to stay awake.

Nothing suggested that he and his companions were poking toward danger. For all that could be seen, they were alone under a brassy hat of sky. They had not even the company of a breeze. It was like riding across an immense, empty frying pan.

As the cavalcade straggled down a hillside to a river bottom whose cottonwoods might offer some shade, a sudden weird outcry startled the six men. They abruptly pulled rein. None needed to be told what they had blundered into.

Indian yells, shrill and sharp, ripped the plains' silence to shreds. Though not an Indian was yet to be seen, the uproar told Lacombe and those with him that the Indian war party was a large one out for no good. The five men, dread tightening each face, looked at the missionary and then at each other. Blackfoot? The Metis, hastily crossing themselves as they reached for their rifles, waited to see what Pere Lacombe might do.

They knew that though he gave his heart to all, the slight priest never lost his head. Perhaps even now their Blackrobe could turn mauvais chance — bad luck — to good. Still, the logical blood of their French fathers whispered, this ambush smelled of calamity.

What they saw next convinced them that disaster had them by the hair.

The heights above the river suddenly swarmed with Blackfoot warriors, heavily armed and mounted

on their best ponies. Shrieking, they swept down at a gallop. They seemed scarcely to notice the priest's party as they hurtled by without checking their pace or changing the course of their run. Strange. Strange, indeed.

It was Father Lacombe who first saw the cause of the Blackfoot fury. A few hundred yards down the river flats an equally strong Cree war party, screaming defiance at their hereditary enemies and letting off the first shots, was grouped to meet the Blackfoot charge. The missionary knew that unless something could quickly be done the slaughter on both sides would be awful.

These two tribes — the Blackfoot of the south and the Crees of the north — were both his charges. He loved them too much to stand aside idly and watch while they murdered each other. Dropping from his saddle, he hurried to one of the Red River carts, taking from it a banner which went wherever he went — a white flag on whose field was blazoned a cross in red. It whipped out as Father Lacombe, deaf to the Metis shouted warnings, ran to put himself between the fighting Indians.

Paying no more attention to the arrows and bullets whistling around him than to a prairie shower, he called out loudly in both the Cree and Blackfoot tongues. "My children — my children! Stop! Stop!" A shot struck him in one leg. He continued to wave the banner by which he was known throughout the thousands of square miles of his wild and trackless parish. "Stop!"

As the Metis watched, their fear and horror followed by disbelief, the Indian firing slackened and then slowly fell silent. Not even the Blackfoot, those plains tigers, wished to harm the priest they called "the man with the good heart." And the Crees, among whom he had spent years and to whom he was known as "the noble soul," wanted still less to see Father Lacombe hurt by their hands. The battle was over before it fairly began. Both tribes ceased firing.

As he attended his wound with the rude means at hand, the missionary talked calmly and soothingly to both sides until their lust for one another's blood was stilled. They agreed finally to settle their differences in another way. Father Lacombe, satisfied they would, continued his journey as though nothing

had occurred to interrupt it.

What kind of a man, armed with nothing more than a crudely stitched banner he had sewn himself, could successfully intervene in a savage conflict between two tribes whose enmity was nearly as old as time itself? Who was this 38-year-old priest whose 16 years in the Canadian Northwest had already won him a reputation for constancy, endurance and heroism?

## Serve God by Serving His Children

Albert Lacombe was born at St. Boniface, a village across the Red River from the present city of Winnipeg, in 1827. His devout and God-fearing parents were of French-Canadian habitant stock in which there was a trace of Indian blood. As a boy, he attended St. Boniface's old stone cathedral and early in life felt that his vocation must be in the Church where, as he recalled years later, "I could serve God by serving his neglected children." Bishop Tache, the head of a diocese whose boundaries reached a thousand miles west to the Rockies, encouraged the youngster's growing sense of dedication.

Another influence, as strong in its own way as the Bishop's, was also at work deciding the future. St. Boniface was then a frontier community, a door on the Red River to the immense and still greater West beyond. Every year its fur brigades and buffalo hunters left the tiny settlement for the hunting grounds of the Northwest. They returned not only with hides and pelts — and often with fresh scars — but with exciting stories of a life as free as that of the Indians they met.

The boy listened as these adventurers talked over their pipes, his mind resolutely making itself up. He, Albert Lacombe, would not only be a missionary, his mission would be in that West of lordly distances and a variety of perils. Thus was a star among the men of his time born, one who today is still reckoned a truly great Canadian both for what he was and did.

Men were clawing each other to death for California gold that early summer of 1849 when the 22-year-old Father Lacombe, as yet only a secular priest, left St. Boniface and turned his face westward. There was no one that day to tell him, nor did he himself know, that he was to give more than 60 years of love and devotion, of service and sacri-

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**Father Lacombe loved Blackfoot and Cree . . .**

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fices, to Indians and Metis the better part of a continent away.

He arrived weeks later at Fort Edmonton, the Hudson's Bay Company's chief trading post in the Saskatchewan country. The youthful priest, though grateful for the hospitality and amenities offered by this wilderness outpost after his long, slow journey across the plains, lost little time in beginning the work of his life.

Establishing himself at Lac Ste. Anne, a remote spot roughly 40 miles beyond Fort Edmonton, his first task was to learn the Cree language. He accomplished this in a way characteristic of him. He roamed with Indian bands wherever they went, shared their hardships, and lived as one of them. It was frequently a trying life.

Though he was not the first Roman Catholic missionary on the Saskatchewan — the itinerant French-born Fathers Demers, Blaneet and Thibault, had wandered through this same country a few years earlier — Albert Lacombe was the first to know it in all its breadth, variety and danger in all seasons. He became a hardy, expert and resourceful traveler.

There were occasions when, in his zeal to extend his ministry, Father Lacombe ventured beyond the limits of prudence. Though traders and trappers, wishing to warn him, told him tales of their experience with Blackfoot savagery, the Blackrobe was anxious to meet this tribe whose home territory then ranged south from where Calgary stands today to the American border and beyond. He was brutally told that he was putting himself in line to become the deadest missionary ever to wear a soutane. His friends pointed out that even the powerful Hudson's Bay Company couldn't do a skin's worth of business in Blackfoot country. The tough Missouri traders who dared north from Fort Benton, Montana Territory, were no better off.

Father Lacombe listened and smiled. Though he would not hurt these good souls by arguing with them, he was already determined to do what he could to change the Blackfoot by offering them something they had never known before.

He thought he knew why they were so intractable, so bitterly hostile and unchanging in their enmity to whites. They had been plundered and despoiled, ruined by traders' liquor, seen their men killed and their women debauched. If this was civilization, the Blackfoot wanted none of it. The best defense against it was to massacre its carriers.

Father Lacombe wondered if perhaps he could not bring them a better image of his own race. He knew the risk he was about to take. That knowledge did not stop him.

His first venture south from the tiny mission at Lac Ste. Anne came close to also being his last. His Cree guides and companions, then deep in enemy country, could not resist stealing some Blackfoot horses. Blackfoot wrath was immediate and the Crees, too few to stand and fight, wisely whipped north to safety, their beloved Blackrobe pounding along with them.

Their tiring ponies could not outdistance the howling Blackfoot pursuit which finally overtook them just after sundown. Choosing a hill-top position, they readied themselves to die fighting an enemy ten times their number. They proudly refused Father Lacombe's suggestion that they parley.

As night came, the Crees set up a great uproar laughing, whooping and taunting their foes. "Ha! How they carried on!" Lacombe exclaimed afterwards. "They made more noise, those Crees of mine, than a hundred men!" The Blackfoot, who always avoided fighting at night if they could, drew off in the face of the strength which seemed to confront them. When morning came, they were nowhere to be seen. The Crees, their ruse successful, wisely hurried homeward.

Though he never forgot this introduction to Blackfoot temper, it did not discourage Father Lacombe in his determination to make these dangerous, powerful and truculent people his friends so that he could bring them the message of the Cross.

What every seasoned Northwesterner said could not be done, the persistent priest with his gentle smile and absolute lack of fear did.

He gradually won over the Blackfoot as had no man before or since.

**A New Image of the White Man**

He did, indeed, bring them — in his own person — a new image of the white man. He nursed them through smallpox epidemics, took their part against traders who would have ruined them further and, most important of all, taught them slowly there were whites they need not fear and hate.

He spoke their own tongue with eloquence and fluency so that in time they talked to him as one of their own. Few ever knew the Indian heart so intimately or had such sympathy with its hopes and aspirations.

Canadians can be grateful that such a man was there to help history when history most needed help. The pages of Canada's story would be red with the chronicle of western bloodshed had it not been for the little priest from St. Boniface. Father Lacombe, it is not too much to say, saved thousands of lives.

Two examples of his good offices are particularly noteworthy.

Uneasiness rippled through Blackfoot camps in 1874 as rumors reached Indian ears that troops were on their way west. Were these horse soldiers sent to fight them? The Blackfoot, aware of what was then going on south of the international line, sat late over their lodge fires and their drums muttered of war. The moment was a critical one. It was Lacombe who calmed them, saying that, far from coming to dispossess them, the Northwest Mounted Police were the Queen's servants who would ride among them as friends.

Crowfoot, the Ogima to whom the entire Blackfoot Confederacy listened, said, "If the Man With The Good Heart says the redcoats mean us no

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**... but they were deadly enemies**

# Proud Farmer — Gordon Bear

—Continued from Page 5

he was given by the department of Indian Affairs has resulted in the establishment of a future Indian farmer. He has all but paid back the money loaned on the cattle. If he progresses this year as in the past four years he will have the debt completely cleared off by mid-summer. He is a very industrious man. We also extended him credit for a tractor and this is already paid off. He appears to operate his farming operation with zeal and good sound business sense. We understand that he has leased other private land to expand his operation off the reserve. The Indian Affairs department sincerely hope that others will follow the example set by Mr. Bear. He is honest and is really forging ahead. Others can do the same if they put their minds to it. We are willing to help, but the people that we loan money to get started in any venture must understand that it has to be repaid. This area has a great deal of future in ranching and farming for the Indian people."

Gordon Bear and his wife Doris have a comfortable home. Mrs. Bear knits sweaters from raw wool in her spare time. The Bears are members of the Montreal Lake Indian Band. Gordon was a heavy equipment operator before he decided to go into the cattle and farming business. He said that he had little "yen for trapping or hunting as his forefathers did. When the Indian Affairs established their program of assistance for farming Mr. Bear decided to try it. In an interview he said:

"Insecurity is one of the things that always bothered Doris and I. Living from day to day on a pay cheque or depending on a trapline never did appeal to either one of us. It was too uncertain. Four years ago we talked it over and decided that the land here was good. I went to the department of Indian Affairs and they said that they would help me with a tractor and some cattle. It sounded good. We bought the tractor and started to clear away the pollards. In the last four years we cleared about 300 acres and grow mostly oats for sale and feed. Some of the oats of course is cut for green feed. Our hay for the

cattle is broom grass or lake bottom hay. A lake here on the reserve dried up and produced wonderful feed for the cattle. We have about forty tons or so of hay for winter feed and this with what the cattle pick in the fields before the deep snow comes will be plenty. It is surprising how much they do get to eat by browsing. The only thing is the badger holes when they wander around the fields in winter."

Stroking the head of his friendly collie cattle dog, he looked thoughtful saying "It is a good life for the wife and I. Our hope now is that maybe others will follow the example for our people that we have tried to set. Too many people are always saying that the Indian cannot do things like others. How different are we? Colour of skin makes little difference. My wife and I are what we are and proud of it . . . farmers!"

## KINEBIKONS

—Continued from Page 10

bons are generally hanging on sticks fastened in the ground in front of the grave. Near relatives brought a birch bark basket in which they laid a pipe, tobacco, moose meat, and matches; all the things were to be put around Johnny's grave.

The Medicine-Man had a fit of rage when he found Johnny's body gone. He put all the blame on Lucy. With the "jinawisiteigan" in his hands, he furiously looked toward Couchiching and shouted: "This Pakwaish, this Catholic woman has played this trick; she will pay for it." And from that day the Medicine-Man conceived in his mind the project of slaying Lucy.

### CHAPTER 17

The fourth day after a death pagan Indians make a big "pow-wow." The Medicine Man comes to the family which was bereft of one of its members and declares: "The time of mourning is over, let us now rejoice and make merry." The house is then cleaned and the Medicine-Man walks in, puts a blanket on the floor and on it a bowl full of sweet stuff, rice, etc. The relatives of the deceased one then come in and sit in the middle of the place. This is the place of honor. Later come friends carrying presents, food and clothing.

They all keep a profound silence. The Medicine-Man stands up and says, "Friends, the time of mourning is over, eat now."

Immediately the members of the family wash their faces and in turn present themselves to the Medicine-Man to be painted red and green. The mother has her hair combed, all old clothing is thrown away and new ones, given by the neighbors, are donned.

The great "Pow-wow" slowly begins, six men are elected to sit in the centre and beat the drums while the Medicine-Man keeps time with his drum. All the people stand up, exchange their belongings, then dance around the place.

At one point the Medicine-Man

stops the dancing and shouts, "Friends make merry and have lots of fun," and then the dancing goes on again. After a while another stop occurs, the Medicine-Man says to the crowd, "I will go around and collect the tobacco to be burnt in honor of our Manitou who procures us this great fun, and this will last for four days."

None of these ceremonies took place in Lucy's house because she was still in Couchiching with some of her friends. Neither did she want to go back to Standjicanning. The old Medicine-Man would seek revenge, she knew. She knew of all the tricks this servant of the devil wanted to play against her. She was afraid to meet him again.

(To Be Concluded)

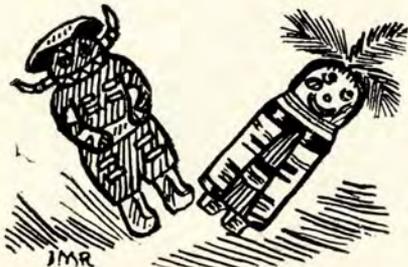
## The Journey

—Concluded from Page 11

aged to remember what my Grandma did about the cord." She drew the blanket back from the infant's red wrinkled face and smiled at her husband. There was a sound in the doorway then and the motel proprietor ambled in wearing a blue woollen dressing gown over his pyjamas. "Couple of kids came banging at my door and told me to get over. They wanted to use my phone to get a doctor." He placed the hot water bottle at the girl's feet and set the Panda bear down on the mattress. "The girl said to give you this. And the boy said you could probably use what's in the box." He shook his head as he moved to the broken window, adjusting the sacking which covered the broken glass. "Bad lot, those Baker brothers. Two of them up for car theft last month. Never seen them so meek as when they banged at my door."

Outside, church bells were ringing and Amy smiled across at her husband. "It's Christmas Day, isn't it?"

George nodded and Amy took his hand. "Wouldn't it be lovely if he grew up to be a bishop?"



## Man With The Good Heart

—Continued from Page 12

harm, I believe him. We will wait. See that we do nothing to offend our new friends who are the Grand-mother's sons."

It is impossible not to wonder how long less than 300 Mounted Police would have lasted had Blackfoot fury, instead of friendship, been the little force's lot that autumn of 1874. Father Lacombe's tact and diplomacy, his eagerness to see goodwill on both sides, could not have come at a more appropriate time. He had taken events by the ears and led them straight.

By now he seemed to belong to the West, and it to him, as did the buffalo. Indeed, he was rapidly becoming an institution in his own time, a man every white, Indian and Metis proudly claimed as a friend. This was inescapable, for the priest loved them all, always able to find in the roughest enough virtue to outweigh shortcomings. He was an enthusiast to whom every man represented something of value. He was too humble to consider himself as important as did those who knew him. "God has been good to me," he would say shyly when flattered or admired.

When it was first proposed that the transcontinental line of the Canadian Pacific Railway be built, the venture was hooted down as wildly impossible. The country was of itself sufficiently forbidding said the scheme's critics, but the Blackfoot were even more so. They would never agree to letting rails be laid across their tribal lands. Sobering reports from the West stated the Indians would fight the iron horse as the only means of saving the buffalo upon whom they depended.

Van Horne, the railroad's stalwart general manager, countered by declaring that, given the influence of Father Lacombe and the Northwest Mounted Police, the iron would go through. Sir John A. MacDonald, Canada's prime minister, put the problem himself to the missionary, asking him to play the role of mediator with the tribes. Crowfoot, his trust in the little Father complete, pledged his people's co-operation. And, as he gave his word to the tactful and persuasive Blackrobe, the chief kept it.

Then something happened which threatened to bring down in a storm of blood all Lacombe had prayed and worked for.

### Indians Prepare for War

A summer day of 1883 was darkened for him by the news that, the Indians not having been told the rails were to cross the reserve given them in the solemn treaty of 1877, were preparing for war. Crowfoot's authority was being defied. The first

rails to touch the reservation had been torn up by his warriors, the CPR labor gangs threatened and bullied at rifle-point.

Father Lacombe, taking with him as much tea and tobacco as he could carry, hurried east from Calgary the 60 miles to Crowfoot's lodge. The ensuing council, called at his request, was heated and warlike. Why, defiant Indian spokesmen wanted to know, had the whites broken a treaty that provided Indian lands should be inviolate? Guttural voices wrathfully rose and fell. Even Crowfoot, accustomed to obedience, was powerless. The hotheads were in control.

It was Lacombe who carried the day at Canada's most important tea party. Boldly speaking for the government, he promised the Indians they would be generously paid for the trifling amount of land used for the right-of-way. He spoke as calmly as though to children about to be confirmed. His good sense and coolness had the effect he sought. Indian tempers subsided. The steel drove on, its builders' backs wearing no Blackfoot arrows.

When the tracks reached Calgary a few weeks later, Father Lacombe, clad in his least shabby soutane, was a guest of honor at a luncheon in the private car of the CPR's president, George Stephen, later to be Lord Mount Stephen. The priest, in gratitude for the part he had played, was given a lifetime pass over the road. Then, after a speech in the Blackrobe's honor, Stephen resigned as president. Father Lacombe was unanimously elected to take his place.

Not to be outdone in bestowing honors, and with a twinkle for which he was famous, Father Lacombe said that Stephen must then be nominated by him as the incumbent of St.

Mary's parish. "I must have a successor," he explained, smiling. There was laughter all around and for an hour President Albert Lacombe headed a great corporation.

To Father Remas, his novice master, Father Lacombe made his religious profession as an Oblate in 1856. No member has added more luster than he to this great congregation of missionaries, founded at Marseilles in 1815.

As the West changed under the impact of settlement, so did Father Lacombe's work. The old, reckless days were over, the physical dangers past. He continued nonetheless to devote himself to Indian welfare, often saddened by civilization's effect on the tribes. It was he who established the first school in the Saskatchewan country, built the first bridge west of Winnipeg, compiled the first Cree dictionary and grammar.

He was active wherever he went in promoting tolerance and understanding. No man, whatever his color or religious persuasion, was outside Father Lacombe's flock. His work was for all.

Active into his 80's, finally enjoying well-earned retirement in his "hermitage" at Pincher Creek, Alberta, he loved to recall the men he had known. One of his favorites was the Hudson's Bay Company's John Rowand, the founder of Fort Edmonton, and the man who welcomed the young French-Canadian from St. Boniface when he first arrived in 1849. "Ah," Father Lacombe would say of Rowand, his face lighting in memory, "he was a grand, a grand little man!"

None who knew him could say less of the beloved Blackrobe. For he, too, was a grand little man.

The End

## New Life For Mistaseni

The controversial problem of what to do about Mistaseni Rock, Saskatchewan's famous old Cree shrine, has been solved, it was reported following a joint meeting of officials representing the Big Rock Committee, P.F.R.A. and the Department of Natural Resources, in the fall.

At that time, federal and provincial authorities stated that it was impractical to move and properly

reconstruct the rock within the limits of the available funds. They decided, instead to incorporate portions of the famous rock into a monument, consisting of a cairn mounted on a base equal in area to the rock and faced with material from it, and a plaque on which will be placed a replica of the rock to scale.

The monument will be established at Elbow Historic Park.



Correspondents, please note that the February issue deadline is Monday, January 30. Ed.

Two Sides to the  
Story as . . .

# Mexican Indians Help Selves

By Elsbeth Campbell  
(NCWC News Service)

In the international uproar and national disputes caused by a Jesuit missionary's report on the miserable living conditions among the Tarahumara Indians, a few weeks ago, very little has been said about the things the Mexican authorities have been doing for those Indians.

The refusal of Mexican authorities to permit a "Mercy Train" carrying \$300,000 worth of relief goods donated by Lafayette, La. citizens for these Indians in the state of Chihuahua has caused considerable misunderstanding.

The government's stated reason for stopping the 10-car train was that a permit to bring the goods across the border duty-free had not been requested in advance of the train's arrival.

But there have been hurt feelings on both sides — that of the people of Louisiana who responded to the appeal of Father Luis Verplacken, SJ, and a Lafayette television commentator, and that of the Mexican authorities. The Americans must feel their gifts are unwanted and the Mexican officials regard the furor and "Mercy Train" project as unwarranted criticism of their own responsibility to the Tarahumaras and other rural residents.

In an exclusive interview with Chihuahua's governor, Praxedes Giner Duran, the NCWC News Service was told that the state government has done much for the Tarahumara Indians, originally through the U.S. government's "Food for Peace" program called SAVE, now discontinued, and later through a rural community development program conducted in Mexico as a coordinated effort of the ministry of public health and various local state and municipal authorities.

Stressing that much of this activity has been based on a self-help



Sword dance in elaborate costumes is performed in the plaza in Mexico City before the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe, whose feast is observed on Dec. 12.

principle, the governor cited work done under the program. Including the SAVE phase, he said health centers have been set up in 19 Tarahumara towns and villages, benefitting some 100,427 inhabitants at a cost of \$320,000.

In addition, with the work done by the members of each Tarahumara community, up to last September, 41 public work projects had been completed and 22 more were in the process of construction, while 157,800 food rations had been distributed, benefitting 81,462 persons of whom only 2,395 were actual workers on these projects.

A breakdown of the projects includes seven dams; 28 roads; 11 schools; four sportsgrounds; six waterworks; three public offices; a social center; an air strip; an additional health center and another unspecified project.

Meanwhile, the governor disclosed, the ministry of health's mobile unit made tuberculosis tests in more than a dozen Tarahumara communities, examining 26,000 persons. The index of tuberculosis was found to be 1.3%, which is no higher than in other parts of Mexico.

A 1963 survey showed that the mortality rate was lower in the Tarahumara region than the national average. The Tarahumara rate stood at 7.62 out of every 1,000 adults, and

54.57 babies out of every 1,000. The national average was 11.5 of every 1,000 adults and 74.2 out of every 1,000 infants.

"At the beginning of this year," the governor said, "foreseeing that there would be hunger among the Tarahumaras, particularly from January to June, 1966, due to the successive failure of several years' crops, because of prolonged drought, the president of the republic gave me orders to make a special study of the problems in that region."

As one result of those studies, the governor continued the needs of the farmers for new seed to plant this year's corn were listed. "We took them that seed in time for them to plant it: we took it by railroad, pickups and small airplanes," he said.

The Tarahumara farmers could not pay for these seeds in cash but signed individual notes. Somewhere between 2,000 to 3,000 of these notes are today in the hands of the state government, because the state has guaranteed payment.

The governor pointed out that the communities' needs are endless.

"We feel — and very strongly — that the way to help them is to help them help themselves," he said. "We must build more roads, schools; assist people in far-flung regions, like this one, to become integrated in the national economy."