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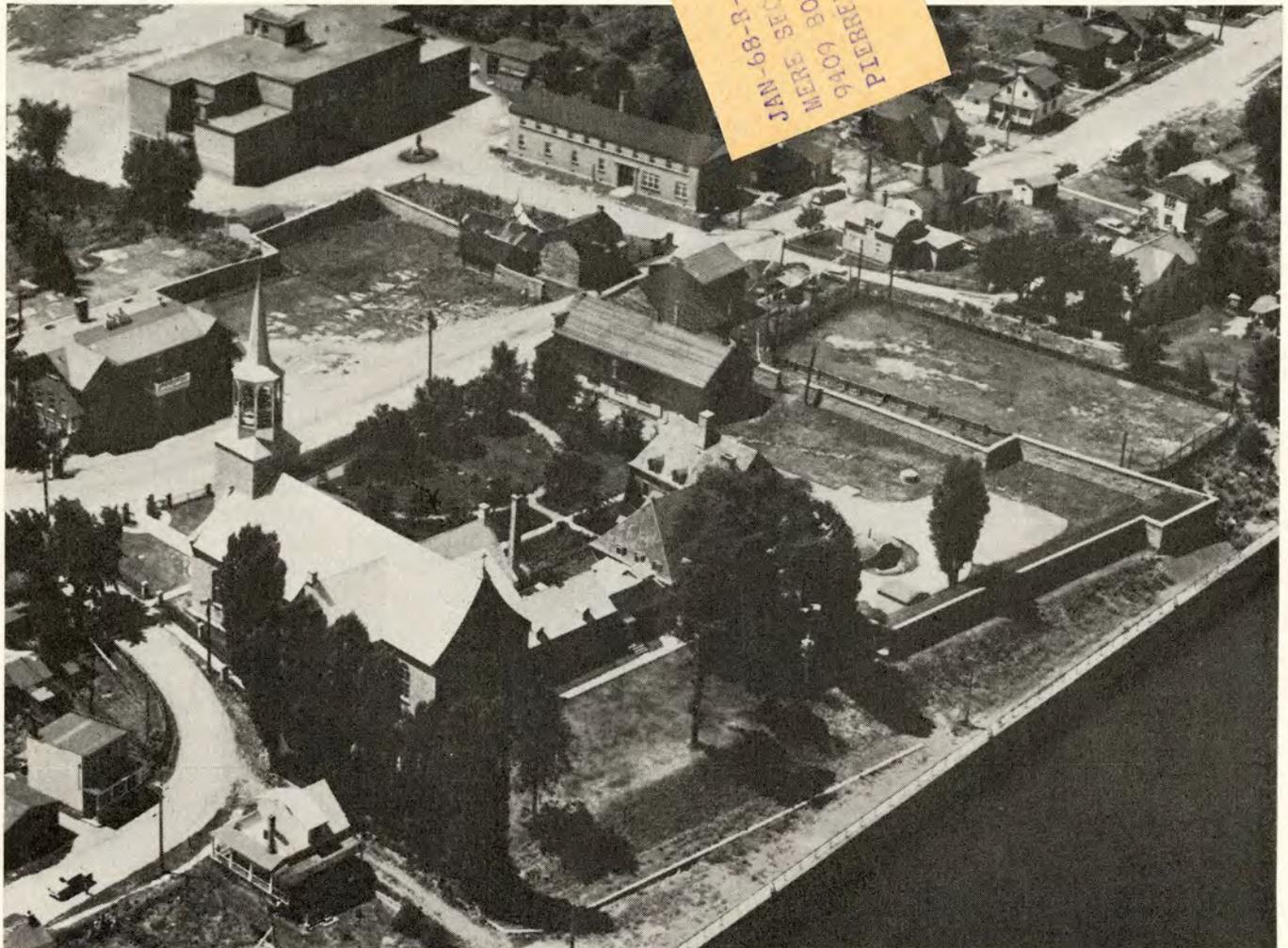
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This is an aerial view of Caughnawaga, Quebec, an Indian Mission founded by the Jesuit Fathers and still under their direction. Four thousand of the five thousand Iroquois there are Christian. They hold in great honor Kateri Tekakwitha, the Lily of the Mohawks, who won the admiration of all in the mission where she led a saintly life and died in

1680. Her heroic virtues have been officially recognized by the Catholic authorities and her relics have made the Church of Caughnawaga a place of pilgrimage as well as an important historic monument to the past.

Comité des Fondateurs de l'Eglise du Canada

Conference at Assiniboia Residential School

Winnipeg Students "Meet The Indians"

Over two hundred students from twenty-one public and private high schools west of

the Red River attended a full day conference held at Assiniboia residential school for Indians here, April 22.

The theme of the conference was "Meet the Indians," a centennial project organized by the Indian students. The primary purpose of the meeting was to create better understanding between Indian and non-Indian youth.

Discussion topics included edu-

cation, residential schools for Indians, racial discrimination and prejudice, administration of Indian affairs, alcoholism, and problems of integration.

Conference chairman was Mr. Robert G. Houle, of Sandy Bay Indian Reservation, assisted by Moses Okimaw, Delores Nanie, Cecilia York, Valerie Mainville and student council president Leonard McKay.

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INDIAN RECORD

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"We Speak. They Listen"

By DR. T. C. B. BOON

The Indians have been taking a look at their schools. They did it in Saskatoon about the end of March, and what they saw they did not like. In this there is more evidence that human nature is very much the same, wherever you meet it — many White people take a look at their schools, and don't like what they see in them either.

Little definite information has emerged so far about the Saskatoon conference except that its theme was "We speak. They listen." The chief complaints there sound familiar.

Everybody wants to see education improved, but few of us agree as to what should be done to accomplish this. Our chief obstacle is the rate of change in all aspects of life in our age, which continues to accelerate. What is right and good today, is all wrong tomorrow. I know nothing about Indian education down east. The problem here is that of Indian life on the western prairies.

For these people I have a great respect, a warm affection and much sympathy — I have argued for years that they have never had a square deal — but when Miss Kahn-Tineta Horn of the Caughnawaga Reserve blasts the church for all this I must protest. She does not seem to know enough about the history of her people in Western Canada, the amount the churches have spent trying to work for them and with them, nor the sacrifices individual church workers have made over the years.



Miss Horn

At the time of the original treaties, the churches were the only organized bodies that had any interest in education or social welfare at all, but mission stations were few, scattered far apart, and inadequately equipped. The facts that Indian agents were political appointees from the top down — though some were admirable men — and Ottawa far away and the government indifferent, did not help.

No one could see then the future inadequacy of the reserves, advise on the possible fertility of the soil, least of all that within a few years the disease mange would rob the great herds of buffalo of the hair on their winter coats, so that they froze in their tracks and thus robbed the Indian of his food, shelter and clothing.

Star Blanket's and Big Child's bands in Saskatchewan got the reserves which have been most consistently the best — but they had John Hines, an experienced farmer, to choose the land for them and show them how to use it.

North of the Saskatchewan River, Romans and Methodists followed the settlement plan of William Cockran. Anglicans and Presbyterians gradually established residential schools in their efforts to give the children a chance to survive. Later a few industrial schools were added. Senator James Gladstone has written recently of his years at St. Paul's on the Blood Reserve and the Industrial School near Calgary with appreciation, especially of his relationship with Rev. G. H. Hogbin of the latter school.

Reserve schools have gone down to defeat for the same reason that the little "red schoolhouse" of the White man has — too lonely a life for the teacher, with quite inadequate payment for service given, and the want of co-operation by parents. To which might be

—Continued Next Page

In Centennial Equity Begins

Canada's native population has, in many ways, benefited least from the growth, development and prosperity of the country in its first hundred years as a nation.

It is fitting then that there should be a growing awareness and increasing efforts to do something about this inequity in our centennial year.

Thoughtful consideration of the problem suggests that whatever is to be done about it must involve the initiative of the native peoples themselves. Any "solutions" imposed by the non-native community are bound to be less than adequate, less than satisfactory.

There is particular satisfaction to be gained, therefore, from a conference in Saskatoon, March 29 and 30, in which representatives of the native people are being asked to specify what kind of education they want for their young people.

Non-natives can, and should, be ready to supply understanding and facilities for the programs wanted by the Indian and Eskimo peoples. It will take time, but native initiative combined with sympathetic assistance from the non-native community can lead ultimately to a more equitable sharing of the country's well-being.

—Saskatoon Star Phoenix

The Case For Bishop Baraga

THE CASE FOR BISHOP BARAGA

The first formal session of the tribunal hearing the case for beatification of Bishop Frederick Baraga, known as "Apostle to the Chippewas", took place at Marquette, Michigan, in March.

The first historical commission on Bishop Baraga was named in 1952. In 1957, priests of the diocese petitioned Bishop Thomas Noa to take formal steps to begin the cause for beatification of the Slovenian-born pioneer-bishop.

Frederick Baraga died in Marquette in 1868.

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

The Editor, INDIAN RECORD,

504 - 272 Main St.,

Winnipeg 1, Man.

June Issue Deadline: May 10

Remote Saskatchewan Area Initiated In New Approach To Religion — Catechetics

by Sr. G. Simard,
Ducharme School, La Roche, Sask.

Although we are located in one of the remotest northern areas, we have the good fortune of being among the first to get acquainted with the New Approach to Religion, called Catechetics. Even before "Time" published its article on this subject we had among us a qualified Catechist in the person of Sister Annette Potvin, S.G.M.

A graduate of the University of Alberta where she obtained her Bachelor of Education Degree in 1960, Sister Annette studied Catechetics at the University of Montreal for an entire year and obtained her Diploma in Pastoral and Catechetical Theology. She then took her M.A. majoring in Religious Sciences at the University of Ottawa. Sister wrote her Master's thesis on "The Sun Dance, Liturgy of the Blackfoot Indians."

Returning from the East last October, Sister was commissioned by her superiors to initiate her own Sisters, the Grey Nuns, in the New Approach to Religion. She arrived at La Roche in February to begin the process of imparting her accumulated knowledge not only to her Sisters but to a new assembly of catechists, the thirteen teachers comprising the entire staff of Ducharme school.

The New Approach to Religion, as exemplified by Sister Annette and proposed in the Canadian Catechism "Come to the Father" is a simple, realistic approach, based on the Bible and stressing the love of God for man, inviting his free and loving response. The aim of this method is to help the child enter into personal relationship with God the Father, through Christ with the help of the Spirit. The teaching about God is given in such a way as to awaken attitudes towards the triune God,

instead of being limited to memorization of theological definitions often above the child's psychological ability to grasp their implications. Sister Annette's straightforward and enthusiastic teaching either di-

rectly to the members of the staff or to the pupils as demonstration lessons in all the classrooms, will leave many delighted and more enlightened teachers and students of religious belief in her wake.



Staff of Ducharme School at La Roche. Sr. Annette Potvin is first on the left.

Recommends Participation

Changes are required in the Indian Act to allow Indian parents to participate in planning that affects their children's education, an Indian School principal said March 28.

Walter Currie, principal of Danesbury Public School in North York, Ontario, also told the Indian Education Section of the Ontario Educational Association that where Indian

children attend integrated schools, the Indian parents must have representation on the school board.

Mr. Currie suggested that Indian languages should be used in instruction where possible. The Quebec Government planned to have some teaching in Eskimo and Indian, he said. If this cannot be done in Ontario, ways must be found to have the teachers respect the children's native tongues and learn the second language, whether it is English or French.

Indians' self-esteem is low because movies and television continue to portray the Indian as the bad guy, still losing, still wearing feathers, still lesser than other men, Mr. Currie said.

The living conditions of Indians reinforce the lack of self-respect, he added. Sixty per cent of Indian homes have three rooms or fewer; 9 per cent have indoor toilets; 13 per cent have running water and fewer than half have electricity. "You judge the quality and guess the impact on the Indian and non-Indian," he said.

We Speak. They Listen"

— Continued from Last Page

added that if we want our "culture" (whatever that undefinable word means) Indians or whoever we are, we can only do it ourselves, no one can do it for us.

In the early days churches were able to find country-born people who had rapport with the Indians. Personally I hope to see Indians themselves getting trained for teaching, farming and in trades, and going back to their people to take over the work they now complain is so inadequately done. I have long advocated a revision of history texts so that the help, work and achievements of the Indians in the development of Canada receives just treatment. I have always listened to Indians' views, often asked for them when they were reticent, and have invariably become much wiser. They are now speaking, let us listen.

"Young Canadians" Recruiting Indians

The Company of Young Canadians will recruit young Indians for social work among the isolated Indians of Canada's major cities.

Jeannette Corbiere, the only Indian woman on the CYC's head office staff in Ottawa, will begin the program in Winnipeg. If it works, it will be expanded to Vancouver, then to Toronto, home of 12,000 Indians.

"There is no limit to the areas a group such as this could expand into," Miss Corbiere told an Indian study seminar at the University of Waterloo, Ontario, in March.

The pretty 24-year-old is known as Princess North Star to her tribe on the Wikwemikong Reserve on Manitoulin. She was selected Princess Canada in 1965 and is treasurer of the Canadian Indian Youth Council.

Miss Corbiere conceded that the CYC's earlier plan to help young Indians on the reserves has failed. The young Indians are not there; they have moved to the cities, and many are in trouble there.

The CYC hopes to recruit its young Indian workers on a temporary, volunteer basis.

As a first step, Miss Corbiere said, she and Harold Harper, a Manitoba

Indian, will try to interest young Indians in setting up co-operative houses in Winnipeg to which they can bring Indian newcomers who need help.

The volunteers could work closely with court workers at the Indian centres, Miss Corbiere believes, or could branch out into work with young mothers and even older Indians. She described what happens to the Indians in the city, drawing on her experience as a social worker in Toronto.

The successful ones are able to hold jobs, and need no help. "The unsuccessful ones cannot obtain jobs, and slide downhill. Without funds and proper clothing, they seek entertainment on a low level."

Many young, jobless Indian girls were arrested as vagrants after they spent their money and lost their rooms.

"They were terrified. They were thrown in with habitual drunks, prostitutes and drug addicts.

"We used to get them out on suspended sentence and send them to school or find them jobs. The girls would work for a day or so, on their own.

"But some evening, no longer able to stand the loneliness, they would

head for the nearest bar, just to talk to someone.

"They need people of their own to help them during these difficult times. This is what we are hoping the new Indian volunteers we recruit will be able to do."

—Toronto Globe and Mail

Shrine To Missionaries

Construction is scheduled to begin at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, shortly, on a Shrine of the Missionaries—a 210-foot bell tower, three times the height of any structure in the city.

The \$660,000 shrine, which is being constructed to help commemorate the 300th anniversary of Father Jacques Marquette, S.J., pioneer and missionary, will be topped by an observation area, reached by elevator, and will have a crypt area at its base, portraying the long history of missionaries in the area.

Fed-Up With Image—Cardinal

The president of the Canadian Indian Youth Council says Canada's Indians are fed up with their image as "bad guys" in western movies.

"We are tired of being the white man's burden," Harold Cardinal, a 21-year-old Cree from Alberta's Sucker Reserve, told a student symposium in Vancouver, Feb. 9.

"We are fed up with being regarded as the villain in movies or as a tourist goodie," Mr. Cardinal said. "And we are tired of seeing statistics stressing the poverty of our people."

Mr. Cardinal told the students, all Indians from universities and colleges across Canada, that the native population is determined "not to become 'brown' white men."

The Indian leader appeared in full Cree regalia including a colorful feathered war bonnet.

Increases For Teachers

Salary increases announced in March for teachers in the federal Indian Affairs school system vary from region to region to make the federal salaries competitive with those in provincial systems.

Salaries formerly were based on a uniform national scale.

"The regional plan will also be consistent with the long-term objective of moving the education of Indian children within the jurisdiction of provincial authority," the Department of Indian Affairs said.

Employment Available on Sugar Beet Farms

Sask. Natives Off To Alberta

More than 650 Indian and Metis men and women from Northern Saskatchewan reserves leave in May to work in the sugar beet farms of Southern Alberta.

It is the first such project undertaken by the Manpower Centre, National Employment Office in the province history, according to Michael D. Berber local Manpower Centre manager.

Recruiting the workers from the reserves were two young men from the Big River and Sandy Lake Indian reserves, Lawrence Joseph and Arnold Ahenakew.

Mr. Barber said the recruited help will assist in planting Alberta's sugar beet crop in the Lethbridge and Taber districts. He said a "great effort will be made to retain these people in the sugar beet industry and to work in the sugar beet factory at Taber."

Mr. Joseph, 21, of the Big River Indian Reserve, said employment of men and women from his reserve will improve living conditions now prevalent there, which are of "low standard." He said he was "happy to have the opportunity to have my people get out and make some money."

The project, he said, was strictly a federal government effort made available through the Manpower Service of the National Employment Office.

Mr. Joseph is a grade 12 high school graduate and has taken a 10-month business course in general clerking at the Prince Albert Business College under sponsorship of the Indian affairs branch. He was contacted by the Indian affairs personnel to represent the local Manpower Centre in recruiting workers from his reserve.

Mr. Ahenakew, 22, of the Sandy Lake Indian Reserve, is also a grade 12 graduate and has taken a general business course at the Prince Albert Business College through the assistance of the National Employment Service and the department of education.

"This is a good program and through it the standard of living on the reserves will be raised and the people will enjoy extra comforts of life," he said.

Integration with white people is desirable and this together with education and an opportunity to get out and work at a decent wage, will be of benefit to society, as a whole.

—Prince Albert Daily Herald

Once Over Lightly

Once a week, Dan George and his family visit Lions Gate Hospital in Vancouver to spend two or three hours chatting with patients, running errands for them or providing them with Catholic literature, Rosaries or Prayer books. As officers of the Legion of Mary, Dan, his wife Mary and son Leonard attend monthly comitium meetings which help steer Legion activities throughout the diocese. Sixty-three-year-old Dan George makes his living as an actor on the national CBC TV series **Cariboo**.

The George family's activities, while seemingly average, are outstanding inasmuch as less than one hundred and fifty years ago, Dan's ancestors roamed the same area in fur and feather, with apron of shredded bark and beaded belt; they hunted their food with bow and arrow. Today, the George family, members of the rapidly disappearing Tse-Liel-Wat tribe of Cana-Indians, are an integral part of twentieth century Canada, complete with modern home, political awareness and a social conscience for a nation they now share with their white brothers.

While there is no average family among Canada's 210,000 Indians, Dan George and his family of two sons and four daughters illustrate how one intensely proud Indian family have successfully bridged two world's of culture without sacrificing the old, or being intimidated by the new. The Georges live on Reservation No. 3—an area of 165 acres of Burrard Inlet on the outskirts of Vancouver. Fifteen other families comprising 169 people make up the Reservation community, some of whom

The story of actor Dan George and his family — all active members of the Legion of Mary . . .

work at a nearby lumber operation, and some of whom are involved in the Reservation fishing industry.

The Burrard Inlet Indians (actually a variety of different tribes) enjoy self-government on a local level and pay no income tax for money earned on their own land. They live in homes subsidized by the government — the latter acting as custodian of Indian affairs. Of Canada's

took up residence among the thousands of Indians who still smeared their bodies with bear grease and solemnly performed a rain dance.

By 1887, the first Catholic Church, St. Paul's, was built on Reservation no. 1, followed by The Child Jesus of Prague on Reservation no. 3. Dan George and his family live in this parish with six of their children and grandchildren, most of whom are members of

from the office several years ago and his younger brother was elected in his place. An honorary chief of both the Shuswap and Squawmish tribes, Dan was the first Indian to join Canada's Actors Guild and is a long time radio, TV and stage performer.

As Canada celebrates its Centenary, Dan George will represent his people in at least three movies, a national pageant at Expo 67 and a stage play titled "**How To Run The Country**." The George family will also be involved with various local celebrations at which they will temporarily discard their modern wardrobes for beads, buckskin and feathers, to perform the ancient and honoured tribal dances of their ancestors which have been carefully preserved and handed down only through members of the George family.

In essence, the George family are one of Canada's finest examples of how two cultures of native Indian and white pioneer have learned to co-exist, integrate and co-operate without either one dominating the other. Without apologizing for their heritage, customs and culture, the George's work as a team to show other Indians, both on and off the Reservation, how they too can live with dignity as Indians within the framework of the white man's law. By the same token, as Canadians, they take second place to no-one in the community in making their views known, be they of a political, social or spiritual nature.

They have, in effect, earned the equality and respect of their white neighbours and business associates through their efforts and involvement in community affairs.

BY PAT YOUNG

more than 16,000 Reservations, only 400 of them are today occupied, with 25% of all Indians choosing to live in the white man's community.

Yet as recently as the mid-nineteenth century, Dan George's ancestors, the Tse-Liel-Wat, roamed the hills and valleys of Western Canada along with the Puam, Xexeos, Peckwitcam and Sictsam, living out the seasons building summer wickiups and winter lean-tos of bark slabs. Dan George's tribe, the most peaceful of all local tribes, was always decreasing in number because of constant inter-tribal wars and raiding parties.

Thus, in 1861, when Sir James Douglas, Governor of the Crown Colony in the West, admitted to being unable to control the Indian population, the Tse-Liel-Wat, fearing that they would be wiped out either by a hard pressed military or by warring tribes, turned to the White fathers of the Church. The Oblate Fathers responded to the Tse-Liel-Wat appeal and

the Legion of Mary, working in two praesidia numbering twenty-six members. Youngsters belong our Lady, Queen of the Indians junior praesidia, while the adults make up Our Lady of Knock.

Additionally, daughters Anne, Irene and Marie are part of a well-known Indian dance troupe which has toured Canada and the USA. Marie, while working as a city secretary, does volunteer work at the Indian Social Centre in Vancouver. Sons Robert and George have won eight national awards for their participation in canoe racing. George and his sons are frequent visitors to Oakalla jail where they counsel young Indian boys who find themselves in trouble with the law. Marie, whose water colours are beginning to arouse national attention, has also toured extensively with Moral Rearmament Sing Outs, representing Canada's Indians.

Dan George, for twelve years the elected Chief of all the Burrard Inlet Indians, stepped down

Night-hawk Nun

By SR. MARY ST. PATRICK, MCR,
in Our Sunday Visitor

HURRY up, Sister, hurry up!" The anguished young Indian woman cried out in pain as the car went speeding over the rough mountainous trail.

"I can't go any faster, Julie! Besides, we'll soon be there. Just relax. Everything is going to be all right." Sister Marie Roberte spoke softly, reassuringly.

How often I had heard my companion say those words! Tonight though, they seemed to re-echo for me with new meaning, with beauty. I was silent but thoughts were rushing through my mind as rapidly as our car that was flying over the gravelly road. Tonight was a night of adventure for me, but for Sister Marie Roberte, the nurse on our reservation, tonight was like hundreds of others or was it thousands now?

It was two o'clock one December morning in British Columbia, where the sharp sub zero temperature makes the miles long. The winding mountain road follows the Fraser Canyon like a narrow band, and the gently shaped mountains, so smooth and graceful in the sunlight, took on ominous shadows at night. Our destination was the nearest hospital, 90 miles away. We had already detoured into the back bush to pick up our patient, and were back on that road where there was no traffic after midnight except the huge lumber-trucks. Those truck lights were friendly lights at night, and I noticed Sister Marie Roberte automatically hail the drivers even though she was nervously thinking about her patient. Night after night, on that lonely stretch, those trucks take on a friendliness of their own — like planes must do in the sky.

We were on Sheep Creek Hill now, a three-mile stretch of twisting, zigzagging curves. There were no posts nor fences. Of what use could they possibly be if brakes gave way? Nothing could stop any vehicle from hurtling down into the chasm below in any accident.

We had been driving for two hours already. When we were called to Julie's cabin, 20 miles from our reservation, the young mother had already been in labor for several hours. Sister had wanted to wait and deliver her there, but knowing her case-history, she knew the doctor had reason for taking the chance of asking her to come in. This would be Julie's third child. The two others had died at birth.

The young couple hoped so much to keep this one. And Julie — she had not been well lately. What would happen if something went wrong again? I seemed to see those thoughts chasing themselves across Sister Marie Roberte's mind as she just stared ahead. Please God, I prayed, just 30 minutes more! All we have to do is coast down this mountain and roll through the silent town to the emergency exit of the hospital.

I was shaken out of my reverie by Julie's sobbing.

"Oh, Sister, Oh, Sister, I can't wait."

"Please, Julie," coaxed Sister Marie Roberte gently. Did she know those curves by heart to keep her eyes almost constantly in the mirror? She was straining to keep Julie's face in sight.

HEARS of such cases gave her more than instinct that time had run out. Without a word, she just slowed up near the curve and quickly slid into the back-seat.

"Take over, Sister."

"But don't you want to stop awhile?" I inquired.

"No. Keep going. I'll do what I can, but we must get to the hospital soon."

I slipped under the wheel, and hung on, trying to keep the car on the curves without letting it roll. Coming out of the spiral, we were greeted by the moon again... and Junior's yells.

"Julie, it's a boy! Sister, it's a boy! And he's crying! Just listen to him, Julie! He's alright; he's a strong little fellow." Sister's voice quivered with joy.

I brought the car to a halt.

"What's wrong? Why are you stopping?", Sister Marie Roberte inquired innocently.

"But... don't you think we should stop?"

"Of course not. Junior is anxious to get to bed. It's three o'clock, you know!"

Sister Marie Roberte was gay now. The quiet nervousness was gone, and Julie... she wasn't crying anymore... just smiling... smiling, and looking at her baby. It didn't matter to her if he chose to come on Sheep Creek Hill. He was hers and he was healthy.

Sister Marie Roberte was talking happily to Julie, telling her how lovely he was. She had switched on the light to show him to Julie to make her forget the pain. I then realized we had no clothes for him. Junior had not been expected for a couple of weeks yet, so his layette hadn't been ready. But Sister Marie Roberte simply took the cloth from her sterilized instruments, wrapped it around him, then took off her sweater and put it on him. Sheathing him Indian style, with his head just peeping out of the diagonal cloth, she leaned over the seat and placed him in the crook of my arm.

"Here's a co-pilot for you, Sister. He'll keep you company."

THOSE last 15 minutes of smooth driving approaching the town were spent in silence for me. Sister Marie Roberte was exuberating with Julie but I was oblivious of their mutual joy. The little being in my arm had stopped crying. The moon shone through the windshield on him as he cuddled against me. He seemed to watch the car sail into the moonlight, fascinated. Was he perhaps thinking that it had been much warmer where he was before, but here, how bright! And those stars... did they remind him of seeing them so much closer not so very long before? Was he thinking of the Paradise he had exchanged for the poor Indian shack back in the bush? Did he know that his would be a crude simple life? These thoughts seemed to communicate themselves to me and I felt sorry for him. Impulsively, I spoke out loud.

"Sheepy, just look at those beautiful mountains over there. And look! Look at the moon on the lake!"

Sister Marie Roberte turned from her work to answer. "Yes, it is a lovely night, or morning, isn't it?"

SHE didn't know that I meant that for Junior. Yes, I wanted to tell him, he would grow up in a poor shack; he would often be without food; he would feel the cold nights when the fire burned low. However, that would not matter so much. He had this beautiful country of British Columbia where he could watch those stars many, many nights again when he slept out all summer near a campfire. He could fish in that beautiful green Fraser and hunt on those mountains up there.

Yes... and he would have Sister Marie Roberte to help him when he was sick. She would be there any night he needed her. She would take him down over this trail any time he had to go. She would be there to bring his Mommy again too, for his little sisters and brothers. She would be his friend in the night, any night, or some other night-hawk nun.

**For Sister Marie Roberte. Burning The Midnight Oil
Sometimes Means Burning The Midnight Gasoline . . .**

Dismal Record Claimed No Fault Of Indians

It is time Canadians stopped blaming Indians, Metis and Eskimo people for the dismal education record over the past years, Prof. Howard Adams, conference chairman, told delegates at the first day of the National Conference of Indian and Northern Education, March 29.

Prof. Adams, with the University of Saskatchewan's extension division, said for many years Canadian people have wrapped themselves in a "holier-than-thou, or self-righteous cocoon."

The conference, held in Saskatoon at the end of March, was designed to allow native people a chance to outline the faults they find in the education system and to present possible solutions.

"Canadians do not hesitate to make trips to Alabama and Mississippi to protest social conditions that exist there," he said, "when in reality similar conditions exist right in their own back yard.

"And the federal government would probably do better to spend much of its extravagant \$30,000,000 external aid on under-developed communities within its homeland, rather than in Africa, India and the West Indies."

This is a commendable effort, and creates a beautiful image, Prof. Adams said, but it's time that the Canadian government and the Canadian people became concerned with their own internal underprivileged communities and make honest efforts to improve them.

Historically, the natives are conquered people. They were defeated and placed on reserves against their wishes, he said.

The harshness and severity of legislation against them can be seen in the education legislation and practices employed in regard to Indian schools, he said.

"I do not want to convey the idea that all harsh and discriminatory policies are strictly in the past," he said, "a comparison of the present

Indian Act and Public Schools Act reveals some differences in educational legislation that exists for the Indians and the non-natives."

He said if an Indian is expelled or suspended from school he is declared a delinquent under the Juvenile Delinquent Act and thus becomes a criminal.

A white student is simply reported to the teacher and the school superintendent, he said.

"As native people, we refuse to accept the popular misconception of an Indian problem or Eskimo problem. If there is a problem, then it is equally a white problem, but more precisely it is a Canadian problem," he said. "The focus of this conference is on where, how and why has the educational system failed the native people."

The question being asked, he said, is what is wrong with a school system for native children which has the highest drop-out rate in the nation.



*National Conference On Indian
And Northern Education*

Initiative Must Come From Reserves — Worker

The mess the Indian is in now was created for him, and society should stop blaming him and give him an opportunity to clean up the mess, Mrs. Hattie Ferguson of Vancouver told the National Conference on Indian and Northern Education.

"As far as doing what we can outside the reservation," Mrs. Ferguson, a Tsimshian working with the Indian Centre in Vancouver, said. "We can be well educated, we can work ourselves to a frazzle, trying to do something about the problems on the reserve.

"But it's a lost cause unless the Indians show some initiative and do something themselves. We on the outside should be in an advisory position."

Mrs. Ferguson said she would like to see more than one reserve attempting what the Capilano Indians did in North Vancouver.

It got a business manager who rounded up the Indian women for a clean-up campaign, hired a social worker and started a day clinic with a doctor and nurse, paid for out of the band's funds. Several Alcoholics Anonymous units were organized.

Frank Calder, Indian MLA in the B.C. legislature, has said the purpose of the Indian affairs branch is to

raise the standard of living and education for Indians, Mrs. Ferguson said, and it hasn't done this.

Mr. Calder, she said, recommended

that Indian villages should be built up to the standards of municipalities, but the initiative must come from the Indians.

Delegate Says Integration No Solution To Illiteracy

Enforced integration of Indian children into white schools is not the answer to the problems of illiteracy, delegates to the National Conference on Indian and Northern Education were told.

Sidney Fineday, of the Sweet Grass Reserve, said integration will never work as long as the majority of the Indian parents do not want their children taken away from the community to a white school.

"I am not against integration as a whole. There are places for it, but it is not required every place."

Most of the children taken into white schools are not prepared for integration, he said, and this is the main reason why many of them drop out of school or simply refuse to attend.

"It is time we started thinking in terms of what the people want. We should give each individual the choice to do best for the education of their children."

Mr. Fineday also criticized many educated and successfully integrated Indians for turning their back on the Indian community and living unperturbed with the whites.

"These people are required to provide leadership for their own people," he said. "They become brainwashed and forget their people. We are destitute of leadership today and those qualified are not interested in leadership any more. They are satisfied with their lot.

"We need guidance and require the assistance of those educated Indian people."

More On Conference Will Be Found On Page 10

The Trail of Hanpa

CHAPTER III The Vision Quest

Daniel had found his grandfather unable to rise from his pallet one morning. The Sun-Dreamer had taken very ill.

"Grandfather, grandfather what is the matter?" cried Daniel as he tried to lift up the head of the old man. He brushed the white hair away from his pain distorted face, he gave him some cold tea to drink. The old man would not eat anything.

"Grandson give me the pipe, and incense it with sweet grass . . . In that leather bundle is my Sun-robe . . . my grandson, be brave, I am going to leave you soon."

His heart aching, Daniel unwrapped the bundle and unfolded the Sun-robe. It was a hide, well worn, and decorated in the center with a faded yellow sun, surrounded by the stars (Wicanhpioyate), the moon in its decline, the rainbow, and a larger star. At each corner were the Shiyotanka (eagle-wing flutes), and tied to the four corners were eagle plumes.

With moist eyes Daniel joined his grandfather in prayer; the humble adobe shack was now a sacred shrine where unseen beings seemed to be present.

Propped up with pillows, and supported partly by Daniel, the Sun-Dreamer prayed thus:

"Wakan Tanka, look down upon me and pity me . . .
I am humble and I am pitiful,
Give me a strong mind and a brave heart.
I desire that all will be well with Thee and with me.
Sun, Tunkanshila, Thou who crossest the earth,
And who lookest down on the nation and seest all,
O Sun, my Lord, who was pleased to reveal to me who Thou art,
And employ me to be of service to my people,
Look down upon me.
O moon, Hanwi, Thou who wast

pleased to cover me with Thy sacred robe, pity me.
Star Nation pity me, I commit myself to you.
Pausing for breath he added weakly:

"Wakan Tanka be merciful to my grandchild.
He is humble and pitiful,
Make him brave and strong,
That with him I shall live in the flesh . . ." (1)

The eight years of schooling in the Government school had failed to instill in Daniel's soul a true sense of prayer. To him the prayers of the Christians were merely empty recitations, meaningless and void.

While his grandfather prayed to the Sun, to the Moon and to the Nation of the heavenly bodies, Daniel really felt the mysterious powers hovering over the Sun-Dreamer's bed, he united himself with all his heart and soul to his grandfather's prayers.

Although he had been baptized Daniel preferred to practice his religion in the pagan manner, without questioning or rationalizing, just because his grandfather believed in it and told him so. It was a typical Lakota trait in him to be always subconsciously aware of the Supernatural Powers, and before them he felt helpless and humble. While he did not actually worship or pray to the manifestations of nature which are not in themselves Wakan, he saw the Wakan in all things. Faithful to the oldest tradition of his people he sought recourse to the supernatural for help. His prayer to the sun was the most ardent of all.

The only form of communicating with the Supernatural lay in the quest for a vision. He felt inescapably the call for this effort, and he decided to call upon his kola, a cousin of his called Toto, who had already gone through the same experience in his youth.

(1) (Talo iyaka kici wani kte — resurrection of the body.)

Leaving his grandfather after a few days of watchful care, in the hands of relatives, Daniel left with his cousin Toto, for the Rock Creek canyon, in the Bad Lands, some twenty miles south of Wood Mountain, and where Sitting Bull, seeking refuge in Canada, had made once his winter camp.

For the present Daniel had forgotten all about Marianne, the only thing on his mind was that his aged grandfather was about to die, and that he was bent upon the sacred quest for a vision.

As the two companions rode on they saw many farmers tilling the land, seeding grain, but they paid no attention to them. They had picked secluded trails so they would not be met by any one on this secret mission. The wind was very hot for this time of year, clouds of dust raced across the horizon. The men rode in silence for several hours before reaching the secluded spot where the quest was to take place.

Arriving at the canyon, they prepared a sweat bath where Daniel cleansed himself thoroughly; in the meantime Toto prepared the "altar", and bedded the ground with dry, dead wormwood on the edge of a remote butte in the hills.

The companions remained separated; Daniel tied a white eagle feather to his close cropped hair; then naked, he ascended the hill, and laid upon the ground his offerings of tobacco and of bright-hued cloth. Then he stood erect, holding reverently the sacred Pipe in one hand, and the other hand he extended to the heavens in supplication.

He had nothing to eat, nor to drink. Now and then his voice rose in prayer above the rustling wind that rose from the deep canyon. As the night wore on, it grew colder, the chilling damp air currents lashed at him, yet he showed no physical discomfort. He never moved, except for changing the pipe from hand to

hand. He had eaten nothing that day, his head had become very light, his senses were so delicate and acute that even a little bit of pricking stick was unbearably intensified. There he waited on the hallowed plot, until some one came to lead him into the realm of the Wakan. If a bird called he might hear a message from the spirit world; if an animal came

by
Ablo-Hoksila
and
Woonkapi-Sni

near, he might see it as a guide to his vision . . .

Between midnight and dawn he wept and prayed; his very soul cried out to the Wakan Tanka. Lightning flashed in the West, thunder pealed, then a terrific downpour drenched his body, yet he stood there unmoved, until dawn . . .

That day Daniel returned home. "How are you grandfather?" he asked entering the hut. "I am happy you came back, grandchild," answered the Sun-Dreamer, "where have you been?, I have waited two days for you to return . . . Now I know, I smell the odor of wormwood upon you" he added in a whisper.

"You have to know, grandfather," replied Daniel with reverence and in subdued tones, "I was at Cankasuta Wakpala". "What was your vision, grandchild?"

"Grandfather, I saw a great river flowing into darkness. The river was not of water, but of human faces . . . and the faces were of two colors: white and red . . . far away in the veiled horizon the river was forked and it disappeared in the darkness beyond . . . that is all I saw, grandfather."

After some time, the Sun-Dreamer spoke again with effort: "Grandchild, I believe you have recognized someone in that river of faces . . .?"

"No one, grandfather," lied Daniel, for he had seen the face of the Sun-Dreamer in that river.

CHAPTER IV The Give-Away

The entire neighborhood came in groups to look, for the last time upon the face of the last old Lakota, before he was committed for burial.

Among the visitors were Le-Begue and his family. Tate-Win, the Lakota wife of the white man, wept bitterly and for a long time over the body of Wi-Shina. Even Marianne found enough courage to show her sympathy to Daniel Little.

"Dan", she said, weeping, "I am so sorry it has had to happen to you . . . please do not hesitate to come to me if I can help you in your sorrow. Will you promise to do so, Dan?" she begged. Daniel answered:

"Certainly, Marianne; I thank you for your sympathy, I shall never forget it." Before he could check himself, Dan added: "Marianne, your order for a saddle came only when I arrived home from your place, so you will understand why I could not look after it."

In answer the girl pressed her hand on Dan's silently. The touch of Marianne's hand did wonders to soothe the aching heart of Daniel.

Dan felt deeply moved by the marks of sympathy he had received from LeBegue's family; he wondered why LeBegue was so different from people of his own race who showed little or no interest in the Indians, and he conceived a great admiration for the white man. Dan did not feel so much, now, the great loneliness that filled his very soul.

Daniel had arranged for the burial according to the Lakota customs. He had firmly refused the considerate offer of some kindly persons from the village of Wood Mountain to have a Christian burial given to Wi-Shina. Daniel thought his grandfather would not want a Christian service, for he was very firm and serious about his native beliefs, and he felt he would desecrate his grandfather's memory if he were to let strangers meddle with the funeral.

So early in the evening, Wi-Shina was laid to rest, on top of a solitary knoll, among great crying and shrill keening. Then the Indians went away silently, one by one shaking the hand of

Daniel. The young man remained alone weeping by his grandfather's grave through the night.

As dawn came, cool and grey, Daniel dragged himself home wearily. The house was cold and empty, for, true to the old Lakota custom, Daniel had done the "wicate-wihpeyapi" (the Give-Away), in honour of the dead. Everything his grandfather owned had been given away, the clothes, the furniture, the team of ponies, and the rig. Daniel went to the limit, giving away the best team of horses he owned personally to the eldest Lakota of the reservation.

For a few days Daniel remained alone, not caring for company, nor for any occupation. It was his friend, Toto, who had accompanied him on the vision-quest, his best friend in the world, now that his grandfather had passed away, who came to his rescue by coming to live with him, pleading with Daniel to cease his mourning.

The "Wasigla-Ayustan" (Cease-mourning) ceremony was performed according to the old ritual, and then Daniel and Toto resumed their activities.

While the two friends worked on saddles, in preparation for the coming rodeo, Daniel was taciturn. Toto, who was gay, tried to keep Dan's mind away from his sorrow.

For a few days Dan kept brooding over his grandfather's departure. He meditated over death, immortality, the mystery of the Supreme Spirit who shaped at will the destiny of man. He dreamt of the old Lakota traditions. One day he confided to Toto:

"Why did the white people want to give a Christian burial to my grandfather?"

"Because," Toto answered lightly, "these good people do not know the heart of the Lakotas, and they think we are just dumb, without any beliefs."

This answer seemed to please Dan, and he went on saying: "Well, Toto, for the little I know about Christianity, the white people seem very foolish, as they do not all believe in the same things. Their face has many colors, their house is divided, they do not love one another as we Lakotas do. Now, if the God-Man, called Christ, was of the same world as our Virgin of the Calf-Pipe, I would understand Christianity".

"What do you mean?" queried Toto.

"I mean that our Virgin gave us the Pipe of Peace as the instrument of communion with the Wakan-Tanka (Great-Holy). She chose a man and appointed him

the keeper of the Pipe, and she called him 'Elk's Head'. The commands of the Virgin were the rule of our nation until the Lakotas were crushed and went the way of the buffaloes".

"Well," replied Toto, who had had a more formal Christian education, "Christ does not belong to the same world of spirits as our Virgin of the Calf-Pipe. The white people seem to have made national religions out of Christianity; there has been much bloodshed and hatred, even to this day, in the name of religion."

"Thus I keep the old Lakota beliefs," said Daniel, "my grandfather taught me from my childhood to be kind and forgiving, to be generous, to disregard material things as worthless. I cannot

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More On Saskatoon Conference

Equality Urged For Indigent

The conference on Indian and northern education has issued demands for better consideration of education for native children.

Mrs. Mary Ann Lavallee, a Cree from Broadview, Sask., said the demands would be sent to all provincial governments, all organizations working with Indians and "perhaps even to the United Nations."

The conference called for "immediate changes" in legislation to allow Indians, Eskimos and Metis to claim their constitutional rights in all aspects of education.

It also demanded equal Indian representation on boards of educa-

tion controlling provincial schools attended by Indians.

Other demands:

—Deletion from all textbooks of references unfavorable to Indians and inclusion of full credit for contributions to Canadian history by native people.

—Kindergartens on reserves with compulsory attendance, and without any conditions specifying numbers of children before these classes would be established.

—Provincial central Indian school boards, comprised of Indian representatives from throughout each province to deal with matters affecting Indian education.

Celestino Makpah, an Eskimo from Eskimo Point, NWT, told the two-day conference that as long as animals were plentiful in the north "we don't need much education.

"But 50 years from now, there may not be many animals left. So our children must be educated." He said that when animals no longer can be hunted, Eskimo children will have to seek employment in white settlements.

Opposition Leader John Diefenbaker said, during an impromptu visit to the conference on the final day, that "our first Canadians should be given every consideration, as well as equality."

—Saskatoon Star Phoenix

Stop-Over Between Reserve And Job . . .

From a story by
NANCY GELBER
Regina Leader Post

Indian girls coming to Regina can find jobs in three days less than it took in 1964 says a missionary worker.

Ida Drake, a worker with the Women's Missionary Service of the United Church, runs a home open to all Indian and Metis girls who need a place to stay when they are between reservation life and city jobs or school courses.

"I help fill a gap. I don't run a hostel or a boarding house. There is no charge for staying here. I will keep a girl who hasn't any money until she receives her first pay check, but I like to limit the stay to two weeks," she said.

In many cases Miss Drake feels she is teaching girls things they should have done in the past. She gives them the responsibility of making their beds each day, wash-

ing dinner dishes and dusting. Some girls have never had homes so they've never done these chores, she said.

"Girls call me and ask if they can spend a few days with me while they're getting orientated. I call for them at the bus depot or send a taxi for them.

"Many arrive with just the clothes they are wearing. That is all they own. Some girls don't know anything about electrical appliances and some have never used a telephone. They need a few pointers on how to get along in the city," she said.

So far, 1,025 girls have been

helped by Ida Drake. Only 136 were under her care during 1966. This is her lowest yearly total. She feels it is possible, with the new YWCA building, that the total will drop even more as there will be greater accommodation facilities and more case workers.

"When we began this project we thought of it in temporary terms as we wanted to achieve something for integration," she said.

"When I first began, nobody wanted to talk about Indians. We had to educate people. There wasn't an Indian and Metis Friendship Centre (in Regina) then either."

Integration Accomplished

Integration of Indians and Whites has been under way in the schools and the general community at Smithers, B.C., for more than ten years, and is making good progress.

In 1965 four Sisters of the Holy Cross and a few Frontier Apostles enlisted by Bishop Fergus O'Grady, OMI, went to the Indian reservation at Moricetown, 20 miles from Smithers, to begin the apostolate to the Indians. Through the next six years the children were gradually integrated into the parochial school at Smithers. Now the school carries on a completely integrated program from kindergarten to Grade 9, and also conducts classes in adult education.

The Trail Of Hanpa

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understand the ways of the white people, and I want to remain a Lakota".

Toto was practical enough to see that he would have a hard time in converting his friend to accept, in a certain measure, the new scheme of life that was forced upon the Lakotas, and yet he did not want to press his point too far.

Daniel had every right to live as he saw fit and as he chose. But was there a future for him on this crowded world? Was there some one he should live for? He could live alone for ever.

Toto was certain that there was a future for Daniel Little, no matter what he had said this day, because his sorrow had made him bitter. Toto felt it was his duty to guide his dearest friend on the path of destiny.

Two weeks later, LeBegue, who had not seen Daniel, came over

to the adobe shack with his family, in a new expensive car. As Daniel saw him come he felt small, not because he was jealous, but because he asked himself: Can I ever find contentment in possessing material things, like a white man?

As Daniel was showing the parts of the saddle he had already made for Marianne he kept pondering: "Is this girl really what she appears to be? Is she the Doe-Maiden, a Lakota, or is she Marianne LeBegue, a white girl?"

The doubt remained heavy on his mind, as he talked about his plans to go to Fort Peck, a Montana Reservation, early in June.

"Why do you wish to leave us?" pleaded Marianne. "It is better I should go away for a while", replied Dan, almost rudely. Marianne felt the answer like a stab in her heart, and she went away without saying goodbye.

(To be continued)

West Coast Revisited

by **FRED MILLER, O.M.I.**
In Oblate Missions

We were already sitting down to breakfast at Christie Indian School and looking out at the sea and the gray August morning when Father Edward Eagan walked in with a copy of the Reminiscences of the West Coast of Vancouver Island.

"I've got to read you this," he chuckled, opening the book at the beginning.

"The coast is rugged and rocky, presenting in its entire extent the appearance of desolation and barrenness. The hills and mountains run down to the beach; the valleys are lakes and a few patches of low land, to be encountered here and there are covered with worthless timber. No clear land is to be seen anywhere and no hopes can be entertained that the west coast of Vancouver Island will ever be available for agricultural settlements . . . The fall and winter months are dreary beyond expression. The Indians seem not to notice the general depression of the seasons, but for one born and raised elsewhere, accustomed to the society of his fellow white men, there are no words to convey how monotonous it is and how lonesome . . ."

Four-Year Stint

His listeners, Father Andrew Allison, Father William Sweeney and Father John Fitzgerald, all from the Vicariate of Prince Rupert, and myself, were all visiting. Father Eagan was just finishing four years stint on the coast as a travelling missionary and the passage quoted from the first missionary, Father A. J. Brabant, who started the whole thing less than a hundred years ago, still seemed to have the words that summed it up, at least in part.

Sitting there in the dining room of the school that Father Brabant himself had built in 1900 to crown his work among the Indians, we laughed, enjoying the irony of it all. The west coast was still pretty much "dreary beyond expression," as he had described it. He was wrong about the timber on the Island which has become the best in B.C.'s biggest industry, but little else had changed. In one of those paradoxes of life, however, everything has changed.

The Sun Hid

From the time I reached the coast till the time I left, the sun hid behind cloud and fog and the weather climaxed with a very fierce and very typical south-east gale with sheets of rain driving everyone for cover. It was a good reminder of the long rainy winters which seem endless as they did to Father Brabant.

Father Brabant had written of not seeing another white man for six months at a time. He was alone on the wind-swept coast. There were no radios then, no phones, no planes. There was raw and primitive food, the most elementary sort of lodging, dugout canoes for transportation, a strange language to be mastered. It was desolate and dangerous and he had the frightening task of bringing a whole suspicious people out of paganism into Christianity single-handedly. Little wonder that he felt the crushing weight of loneliness. He was a big man, big in build and big in spirit, handsome and forceful in manner and of undoubted courage. If some misfortune fell on the tribe it was easy to blame him for it, for he was an outsider.

Sick Man With Gun

There was the day, for instance, when a friendly Indian told him, "Look out Father, Matlahaw is sick. You had better take your gun from him."

Father Brabant tells what happened:

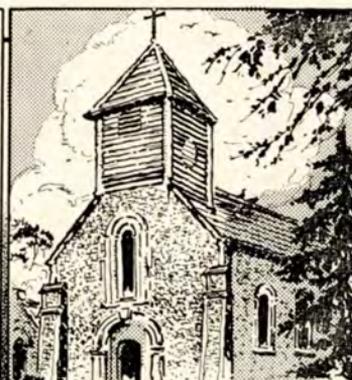
When I arrived inside of his shanty I noticed in the middle a small fire before which he was squatting down . . . I asked what the matter was when, smilingly he looked up and, pulling the skin of his leg, he answered, "Memeloust — smallpox." I reassured him saying that I would give him medicine . . . Again he looked up, his face very pale and the sinews of his cheeks trembling, and pulling at the skin of his throat he repeated, "Memeloust." Then I asked him to hand me over my gun, which he took without getting up; then, pointing it toward me he explained, as I understood, that one of the barrels was not loaded. The fact of the muzzle of the gun being pointed straight to my face . . . caused me instinctively to turn away my head, when lo! the explosion took place and I noticed blood spurting from my hand. The smoke was so thick that I could not see the would-be murderer and thinking the whole affair to be an accident . . . I walked down to the little river where I

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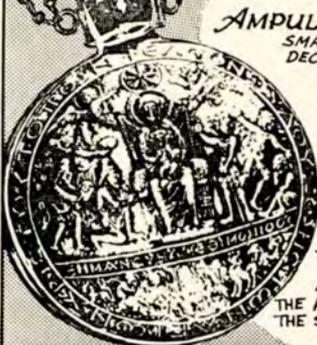
Strange But True



"THE STAR OF TUSCANY" WAS THE BEAUTIFUL TITLE BESTOWED BY THE FRANCISCANS ON THE GREAT PREACHER ST BERNARDINE OF SIENA.



CLAPBOARD CHURCH TOWERS ARE UNUSUAL IN THE BRITISH ISLES. THIS CHURCH IN BERKSHIRE WAS BUILT IN 1087 BY THE NORMAN KNIGHT GEOFFREY DE MANDEVILLE AND THE TOWER WAS CAREFULLY RESTORED IN THE 19TH CENTURY.



AMPULLAE — SMALL BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED SILVER BOTTLES CONTAINING HOLY OIL, WERE CARRIED BY MANY EARLY CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS IN THE HOLY LAND. THIS 6TH CENTURY ITALIAN AMPULLA SHOWS THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS AND THE MAGI.



THE GREEKS OBTAINED THEIR FIRST SAMPLES OF PAPYRUS FROM BYBLOS IN PALESTINE AND THUS A BOOK, IN GREEK CAME TO BE CALLED BIBLION FROM WHICH IS DERIVED —VIA THE LATIN BIBLIA —OUR WORD BIBLE.

West Coast Revisited

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bowed down to bathe my wounds in the stream. Just then he shot again, this time hitting me in the right shoulder and all over my back."

Provisionally a schooner arrived shortly after the shooting and Fr. Brabant was able to reach Victoria where, after almost losing his hand to the surgeon's knife, he made a full recovery — and went right back to his Indian people.

It is in the great spirit and tradition of this man that the Oblate missionaries are called upon to walk.

Father Eagan came to Christie four years ago to replace Father Thomas Lobsinger, who had brought a new dimension to missionary travel when he learned to fly and a friend donated an old Stinson float plane. Father Ed himself had his pilot's licence and for a few months the two worked together while Fr. Eagan learned something about the geography and the unusual flying conditions of the coast and Father Lobsinger completed a church he was building at Hot Springs Cove.

The plane era was short lived however. The old Stinson began acting peculiarly for Father Eagan, dipping one wing abruptly toward the water when slowing for a landing — and scaring the daylight out of him. Father Lobsinger listened sympathetically, but a little sceptically.

One day, to satisfy Father Ed, Father Lobsinger flew into Zeballos — and it did its flip! That removed the scepticism. Some veteran bush pilots were watching the performance and Father Lobsinger, once on dry land, invited them to take it up see if they could spot the source of the trouble.

"I wouldn't fly that crate for a million dollars," one replied. And that pretty well serves as the epitaph for CF-MXH and the day of the plane on the west coast.

All this came out that first evening at Christie when the sound of a plane motor on the water startled us. The whole area was covered with thick fog. There was a fire on the beach and the pilot, lost in the fog, had sighted it and was looking for signs of life. We reached the beach on the run and directed him to the float where he could tie up for the night.

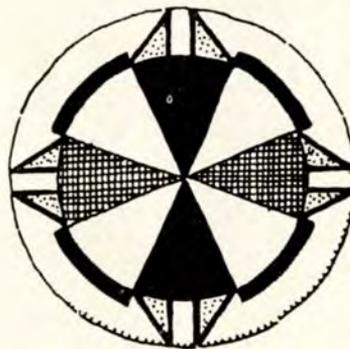
Bill Appsueros had brought a party into Tofino from Campbell River and had taken another fare to Ahousaht a short twelve miles away. On his return the fog, which had been playing cat and mouse with the Islands all day, closed in. He had been on the water for an hour when he spotted our fire and gave up hope

of finding Tofino, a short but difficult three miles from Christie.

We brought him up to the kitchen and spent the evening with steaming cups of coffee to drive out the fog chill and stories of flying the west coast to sooth his disappointment. The manner of transportation has changed since Father Brabant's day, but the hazards of coastal navigation are as old as the earth.

Father Ed and I were planning to visit the missions farther up the island, but the fog prevented us. In a couple of days we got the break we were waiting for. For the time being the fog disappeared and the trip we had both been hoping to make became possible; to round Estevan Point and head up to Nootka and Tahsis.

Here was another note of progress in the seven years since I had plied these waters in the Kateri, a twenty-eight-foot wooden hull that sauntered along at six knots. In its place was a sleek seventeen-foot fiberglass boat with an inboard-outboard engine that drove it at twenty knots cruising speed. We packed our gear into the boat and set off for the serious business of rounding the notorious Estevan Point. In what seemed a matter of minutes (an hour in Kateri), we had passed beyond the islands into the open sea and headed in the direction of the

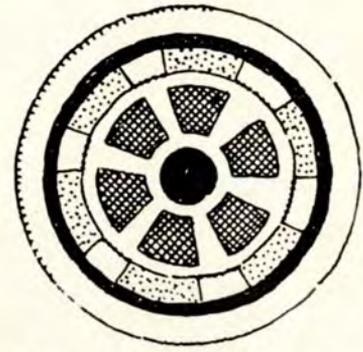


mist shrouded point jutting far out into the sea.

The passage was thrilling but uneventful. I couldn't help thinking, as we rounded the rocky shoreline with the tall lighthouse on its outermost limit, of the tragedy recalled in Fr. Brabant's memoirs of the wreck of the bark Malleville of Freeport, Maine, on the night of October 19, 1882.

It was easy while riding over the deepening swells and looking at the forbidding rocks to picture the scenes he had described.

"Altogether twenty-two people were drowned," he wrote, including the captain's wife and two children and the second officer's wife . . . It



was the saddest thing I ever saw in my life — the letter-blocks of the children and their toys and their pet little pig were lying about on the beach . . ."

Presently we rounded Nootka Light and into Friendly Cove, home of the Nootka Indians. I looked at my watch: two hours and fifteen minutes for a trip that had taken seven hours in the Kateri! There was the village spread out in an arc before us much as it has always been and as it will be forever etched in my memory from the four years I passed with those I cannot help but call my people. What memories this village holds for me. I shall never forget another entrance into this cove from the opposite direction as I returned from Nootka cannery two miles away one frosty morning in January 1954, to see the smoldering ashes of my church, Father Brabant's church. The night before a faulty oil stove had overheated and the resulting fire laid the birthplace of Christianity here in ruins.

In his memoirs he wrote: "August 1889, I built a new chapel in Friendly Cove for the Nootka Indians. I employed three Indians to help me. I did the carpenter work myself. The Indians made shingles and generally helped me to put up the building. It is a very neat structure, but the inside work is not finished for want of lining. As soon as possible I assembled the people and baptized their newly born children. I then left them for the winter season."

Father Brabant was not, however, the father of Christianity here at Nootka. The credit belongs to Father Aloysius Stern, who stayed at Nootka from 1904 to 1910. He died just this year in San Francisco on the first of May at the age of 91.

In a little booklet published in California where he joined the Jesuits on January 2, 1911, Father Stern recalled the experience of receiving the Nootka people into the Church.

"The steady rain of the northwest coast was falling on the cabin roof of the simple rectory of Friendly Cove, Nootka Island, in the early winter of 1909." The mail boat brought him a few letters and a new book entitled "The Holy Man of

— Continued Next Page

West Coast Revisited

— Continued

Santa Clara." Father Stern picked up the book and began to read. With mounting interest he learned from its pages of the occupation of this very place by the Spanish from California more than a hundred years before. In the six years that they remained there, 1789-1795, the Franciscan Fathers, who came with them, converted a number of Indians and when they were obliged to hand over the land to the English they took their Nootka converts with them to Santa Clara, California. But the story really concerned Padre Magin Catala, who had served at Friendly Cove for a short time and later became famous for his heroic sanctity at the mission of Santa Clara. Discouraged by five years of near fruitless toil among the Nootkas, Father Stern seized upon this hope, that the saintly man who had once laboured among this people would be able to help him from his place in heaven. "O God," he prayed, "if You will deign to bless and make fruitful my apostolic labours among these Indians, granting this to me through the intercession of Father Catala, I will publish this to your glory and his honour."

On the following day Father Stern announced to the two or three faithful souls who came to Sunday Mass, "There will be a great series of instructions beginning in the church tomorrow." He had tried this before without success. But now the numbers steadily increased till the church could hold no more. When Holy Saturday came around there were a good number who presented themselves for baptism. A new series of instructions began at once as young and old flocked to enlist in the Church.

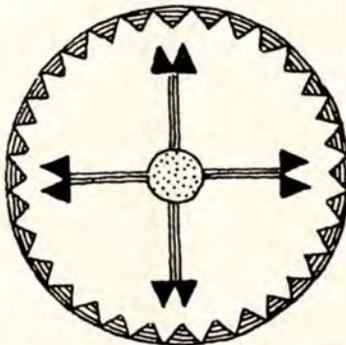
Father Eagan and I stepped out onto the new wharf and walked up to the village. We visited the new church built in 1957 as a memorial to the great spiritual and secular history of Friendly Cove with the great personal interest and help of Bishop James Hill of Victoria. Father Eagan took me into each home and helped me with the names of the children now grown up. Many of them I had baptized during my four years here. But I was a stranger to them now and they had to be told my name. Benedict Andrews, who was living with his family in what used to be my home on the reserve, invited us to eat. Where once I lived I now sat down as a guest.

Out at sea again the next morning we rounded Estevan Point in a little heavier sea and had to slow down to take the waves. The time passed

quickly thanks to the small radio-phone Father carried in his boat. He chatted with the fishermen who were out there somewhere within range of his signal. He was busy saying his goodbyes. They were going to miss him on the coast.

On our way down we passed the scene of Father Brabant's labours, Hesquiaht, now abandoned except for one family that lives off the help they give in landing supplies for the lighthouse at Estevan.

We stopped in at Hot Springs Cove where the Hesquiaht people had found a beautiful harbour. It was two or three years ago, however, that they realized it was not proof against the treachery of the sea. The earthquake in Alaska sent a tidal wave racing down the coast into their secure little shelter. In



the night it entered the mile-long bay and washed up on their shore, lifting houses off their foundations and hurling them into the bush or floating them out to sea. It took them completely by surprise. No one had been listening to the news reports on the radio.

Father Lobsinger's new church was set back into the woods but was otherwise little damaged. In what seemed a special Providence, no one was killed or seriously injured though the entire settlement was taken by surprise and confusion reigned supreme. As quickly as they could they sought out the high ground though some did not make it after the first wave. With huge logs pounding around among the floating houses, women and children screamed in the dark, calling out to each other, searching for babies, unable to do anything in the rushing waters. After spending the night huddled together on the hillside, wet and cold, they saw the day dawn on their village in shambles. They had taken such pride in this new village and the improvements they were gradually making. Now they asked themselves should they abandon it or begin again.

A good missionary has to have a good pair of legs, a carelessness about time and an attention to his

people. Father Eagan insisted on visiting each home. Sometimes he stopped for a considerable time to counsel one or other of his people in difficulties. But he kept his undiminished good humour to the very last house we visited. It had taken longer than usual today because he was saying goodbye. And when he left he had passengers to bring with him. It is part of the special hospitality of the coast.

The Hesquiahts had already given Father a farewell party. If Father Brabant could have been there or seen ahead during those discouraging years when his people were fighting against his teachings, blaming him, threatening to kill him, he would not have known these descendants of his Hesquiaht people. The warmth of their feeling, the genuineness of their sorrow at his leaving was evident in every home. Here the priest enters simply and humbly into the lives of each family. They wait impatiently for his visit, enter joyfully into his Mass, are happy to have him sit at their table and break bread with them.

So it was no surprise that Archie Frank phoned the school the next day to say that the people of Ahousaht were expecting Father Eagan at four for the party they had prepared for him. What went on at that party we'll never know. Except for one story Father told. He said his going was like the Golden Wedding anniversary that dawned on a rainy day. The couple had been too long together and seen too many hard times to let a little rain bother them. There would be another priest to follow him who would soon make them forget. And then there was old Paul Sam, a spokesman for the tribe, who announced that as his offering he would sing a song, but since he knew only two songs, a war song and a love song. Father would have to settle for the love song. There is no doubt — since it was Father Eagan's party — there was plenty of singing and laughter.

When he got back to the school that evening after dark the Principal, Father Mackey, had returned and brought with him the new priest who was to replace Father Eagan, Father Harold O'Connor. So another party took shape in the homey atmosphere of the kitchen at Christie School. The Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary of Hollywood, California, who staff the school, joined in with the Oblate Fathers and Brothers and some Indian friends for more songs and laughter till one wondered whether there was any other place on earth where such innocent joy abounded among the servants of the Lord as it did here on the west coast of Vancouver Island, which Father Brabant described as "dreary beyond expression."

The End

Yesno Wins IAB Drama Scholarship

John Yesno, star of the recent television production "The Last Man In The World", was awarded the drama scholarship for Ontario by the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development.

Mr. Yesno also recently received a telegram from Mr. J. Alphonse Ouimet, President of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, congratulating him on his part in the first production in the popular Wojcek series.

"The Last Man In The World" is a story of an Indian newcomer to Toronto and the difficulties and problems he faces in attempting to adapt to life in a big city.

It has been along and trying trek for John from the Fort Hope Reservation in northern Ontario where he was born to the television studios in Toronto. He attended Indian Residential school at Sioux Lookout and completed his secondary schooling in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. After two years in pre-engineering at Waterloo College in Kitchener, John decided to enter seriously upon an acting career. He attended night school in dramatics and got his big break in "The Last Man In The World".

Mr. Yesno also appears in the upcoming Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's Hatch's Mill series in the productions "The Last Brigade" and "Temperance". He has worked with the Toronto Workshop Productions in Stratford, Ontario, and has spent the last nine months with Toronto Workshop Productions appearing in "Hey Rube". Other appearances include such shows as "Freedom Festival" at the O'Keefe Centre; "Timmy's Easter Parade of Stars" at Maple Leaf Gardens.

Mr. Yesno agrees that the acting business is risky and uncertain. However, "I have always wanted to be creative," says John, "and what other business permits such a vast opportunity for creativity?"

Correction

In last month's issue it was incorrectly stated that Mr. Simon Baker of the Squamish Band succeeded Chief Moses Joseph who died last December. Chief Joseph was succeeded by his second son, Norman Joseph. Mr. Simon Baker lives in North Vancouver.

Students "Meet The Indians"

— Continued from Page 1

Resource personnel included Misses Verna Kirkness and Marie L. Defender, Messrs. D. Smith, W. Kubisky and Earl Duncan, Fathers A. Carriere and O. Robidoux, OMI, Revs. Adam Cuthand, and Ian J. Harvey.

Coordinator of the conference was Rev. R. Chatelain, OMI. Host to the meeting was Rev. R. Chapat, OMI, principal of Assiniboia School.

The key note address was given by Hon. J. B. Carroll, provincial Minister of Welfare, who said that rapid changes in technology have created an immediate need for widening the scope of human relations and that action must follow the resolution passed at the conference.

"Our history books should be revised," he added, "in order to describe the role played by Canada's native citizens in a better light."

Mr. K. N. Ogden

Speaking during the afternoon session, Mr. K. N. Ogden, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Manitoba, dwelt on the problem of integrating the Indian people into the non-Indian majority society.

He said "prejudice is not hereditary. Youth accept prejudice and discrimination because of the history text books, "bad Indian" films and TV programs and irresponsible press stories."

He added: "many misunderstandings are noted in the use of the world integration. It is not the policy of the Indian Affairs Branch to assimilate the Indian into the non-Indian world but to make easier the passage from re-

servation life to that of the city."

Mr. Ogden endorsed a resolution passed by the students proposing an exchange of pupils between Indian and non-Indian schools. He said that "the Indian Affairs administration policy of paternalism had radically changed since 1961. More latitude is now given to Indian bands for self-government."

The participants acknowledged that the economic situation of the Indian was a main cause for loss of ethnic pride; that prejudice can be broken down quickly by younger people, especially in non-segregated schools; residential schools are playing useful but temporary role during the transition phase which should end with full acculturation; alcoholism problems, which affect about 10% of the native people, are related to inferiority complex and lack of aggressiveness.

A tremendous amount of interest and genuine goodwill was demonstrated throughout the conference in the search for mutual understanding between Indian and non-Indian.

In his closing remarks, Mr. I. Beaulieu, a university graduate and a native of the Sandy Bay reservation, commented that prejudice and discrimination against Indians were caused by Indians and non-Indians who both lack essential information on the legal status of the Indian and the administration of his affairs." He said "that education of Indians, in terms of integration, has so far met with almost complete failure. "Indians live in harmony with nature and they are masters of time, not its servant."

Indian Adoption Stressed

A project, begun in April and concentrated in southeastern Saskatchewan consists of a \$60,000 education program to encourage the adoption of Indian and Metis children.

The scheme will take the form of newspaper advertisements and speakers at public gatherings.

The federal government is assuming most of the cost, Welfare Minister MacDonald said. Results are not expected for about two years.

"We don't expect immediate success," he said.

In the last five years, the number of children in care has increased by about 180 — the increase is made up primarily of Indian and Metis.

"While we are reasonably able to find adoption homes for the white infant, we have many more of Indian and Metis extraction whom we cannot place for adoption," Mr. MacDonald said.

Last year 35 of these children were placed — far below the number needing parents and homes.

The project will attempt to make the entire population realize Indian and Metis children have the same potential as other youngsters — a factor that should reduce prejudice against adopting them, he said.

Indian and Metis couples, too, are being encouraged to participate in the program, Mr. MacDonald said.

Surprise At Expo

Message For Canadians At Indian Pavilion

If the Federal Government thought that the Canadian Indian pavilion at Expo would be a grateful tribute to the Great White Fathers, there will be many raised eyebrows in Ottawa.

Canada's Indians have used \$500,000 of federal money to build an Expo 67 pavilion showing the world how poor a deal the white man has given his native brother.

The pavilion, a stylized tepee surrounded by smaller structures also shaped like traditional Indian Dwellings, is a monument to Indian disillusionment.

As such, it presents a startling contrast to the international sweetness and pride of national achievement which reigns at the other Expo pavilions.

After the government consented to build the pavilion, an Indian team went across the country to gather man-on-the-street impressions from Indians in nine provinces and the two northern territories.

Their findings show that the Canadian Indians feel they have won few benefits from the White Man and his world.

The spirit of the pavilion is summed up in one of the graphic displays, life-size photograph of an Indian mother and her family standing in the doorway of their shack.

Beside it, the legend reads:

"...and still, too many Indians are poor, sick, cold and hungry. Three out of every four Indian families earn \$2,000 or less a year. The poverty line for the rest of Canadian families is \$3,000 a year."

Andrew Deslisle, chief of the Caughnawaga band near Montreal, is commissioner-general of the pavilion.

"This pavilion is intended to be a genuine statement by the Indian people to the rest of Canada," Mr. Deslisle has said. "We feel we have succeeded in this objective."

These are some of the things the Indians have to say:

"When the white man came, we welcomed him with love..."

"The white men fought each other for our land, and we were embroiled in the white man's war..."

"The Indian on his reserve was a conquered enemy... the welfare of the Indian was regarded as proper work for retired soldiers, many of whom were kindly and well-intentioned, but treated their charges like amiable backward children..."

"Give us the right to manage our own affairs..."

These thoughts, in clear white letters on black backgrounds, come from what the designers of the pavilion call its storyline, a kind of script for the pavilion written after consultation with Indians in various parts of Canada.

They wanted to say something about their artistic heritage, and have done this effectively with such things as the magnificent Kwakiutl totem pole from the west coast, carved by Henry and Tony Hunt, a father and son carving team.

They wanted to say that educated Indians are returning to the reserves, helping give Indians "an almost forgotten pride in their race and its rich culture."

They also wanted to say things about religion and education.

"The early missionaries thought us pagans, they imposed on us their own stories of God, of heaven and hell, of sin and salvation..."

"But we spoke with God — the great spirit — in our own way. We lived with each other in love and honored the Holy Spirit in all living things..."

"The white man's school, an alien land for an Indian child..."

"Dick and Jane in the storybook are strangers to an Indian boy..."

One man who is very proud of the tone of the pavilion is Russell Moses, the pavilion's public relations officer, who is himself a Six Nations Indian from Brantford, Ont.

Mr. Moses acknowledged that the pavilion may raise some hackles in government circles: "A great many people are going to have their eyes opened."

IRS Enters International Hockey Tournament

Muscowequan IRS, Lestock, Sask., this year entered the only all-Indian hockey team in the 1967 International Pee Wee Hockey Tournament (C Division), held at Weyburn. The largest tournament of its kind in Canada, the competition included 73 teams.

Winning three of its five games, the Lestock team lost to Elbow by a score of 3-1; Elbow in turn lost out to tournament-winner Rouleau.

School officials had only praise for the team and for coach Jos Lambert, a supervisor at the IRS, for the good showing made in their first attempt to challenge the array of Western Canada's best hockey players.

Here, the boys pose with coach Lambert before the Centennial poster advertising the tournament.



Artist Writing Indians' Story

The folk lore of the Indian people of Northern Manitoba and Ontario is being captured and recorded in a book by a former Portage la Prairie, Man., student.

Jackson Beardy, well-known artist who has painted many pictures depicting the folklore of his people, has been commissioned to write a book of the stories of his people.

It is a mammoth project and a challenge to the many talents of Jackson. Working out of Winnipeg, he travels to God's Lake, Island Lake, Oxford House, Red Sucker Lake in Manitoba, Sandy Lake, Deer Lake and other isolated areas of northern Ontario.

He takes along a tape recorder and talks to the older people who recall in their own tongues the stories that are part of their past.

Jackson returns to Winnipeg where in his quiet office he first translates the stories to English. Stories are told in the tongues of the Ojibiwa, Cree, Swampy Cree, Woodlands Cree and Saulteux people. Once translated, Jackson then starts to work to put the story on paper, writing it all in longhand.

He also will illustrate his book with his own art.

It was Jackson's ability to portray wildlife and other natural beauty in semi-abstracts and his interest in Indian folklore, that led the cultural section of the Department of Indian Affairs to commission him to write the book.

He is working under contract for the department. He has a renewable four-month contract but has imposed his own deadline as July 2.

"I want to be through in time to go to Expo," said Jackson.

Art and writing are not the only contributions Jackson has made to the preservation of Indian culture. The Manitoba Guild of Folk Music has accepted a composition by Jackson.

Why did he write a song?

"Well, folk music is supposed to tell about folklore and I never heard any about Indian people."

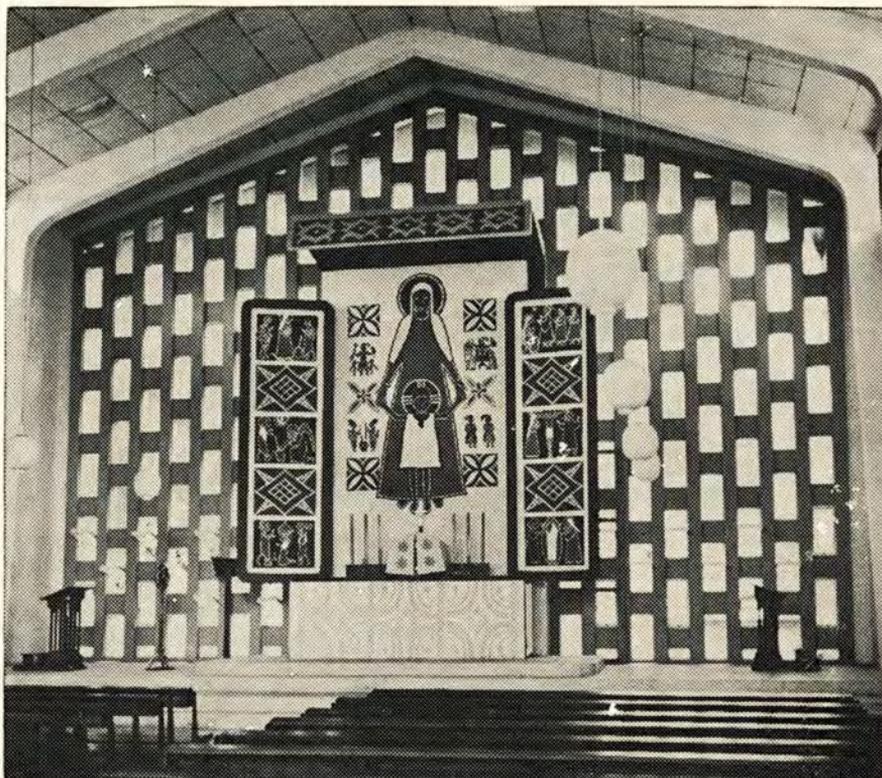
What was the name of the song?

A satire entitled "Louis Riel."

Jackson has also depicted folklore in cartoons.

A display of Jackson's art will be seen at Expo.

—Portage La Prairie Daily Graphic



Reflecting the scope of native influence, University Church in Ibadan, Nigeria, is spacious and airy as the tropical climate requires; the triptych above the altar in African style combines reverence and simplicity in treating scenes from the life of Christ. (NC Photos)

Longboat Medal To Cariboo Boy

Steve Belleau, a Cariboo Indian School resident, at Williams Lake, B. C., was this year's winner of the Tom Longboat Medal.

The medals are awarded to outstanding Indian athletes in the various regions of Canada who show the greatest powers of character, leadership and sportsmanship in athletic achievement.

The medals are considered to be among the most coveted athletic awards in Canada and Steve's recognition brings the first such award to the Cariboo.

He also received a Certificate of Recognition from the Amateur Athletic Union of Canada, who have selected the Tom Longboat Medal winners since 1951.

The trophy is named after the famous Indian athlete who captured the attention of the entire world with his ability as a runner. He rose to fame through his performance on the track and will be remembered as the most outstanding of all Canadian Indian athletes. He was born July 4, 1886, and belonged to the Onondaga tribe of Iroquis from the Six Nations reserve near Brantford, Ont. He passed away in 1949.

Steve is in grade 10 and hopes to be an engineer one day. He enjoys playing all sports and was captain of the St. Joseph Cariboo IRS bantam all-star hockey team, coached by Brother "Robbie", OMI, from the school. Steve also excels in baseball and football.

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