

# INDIAN RECORD

A National Publication for Indians of Canada

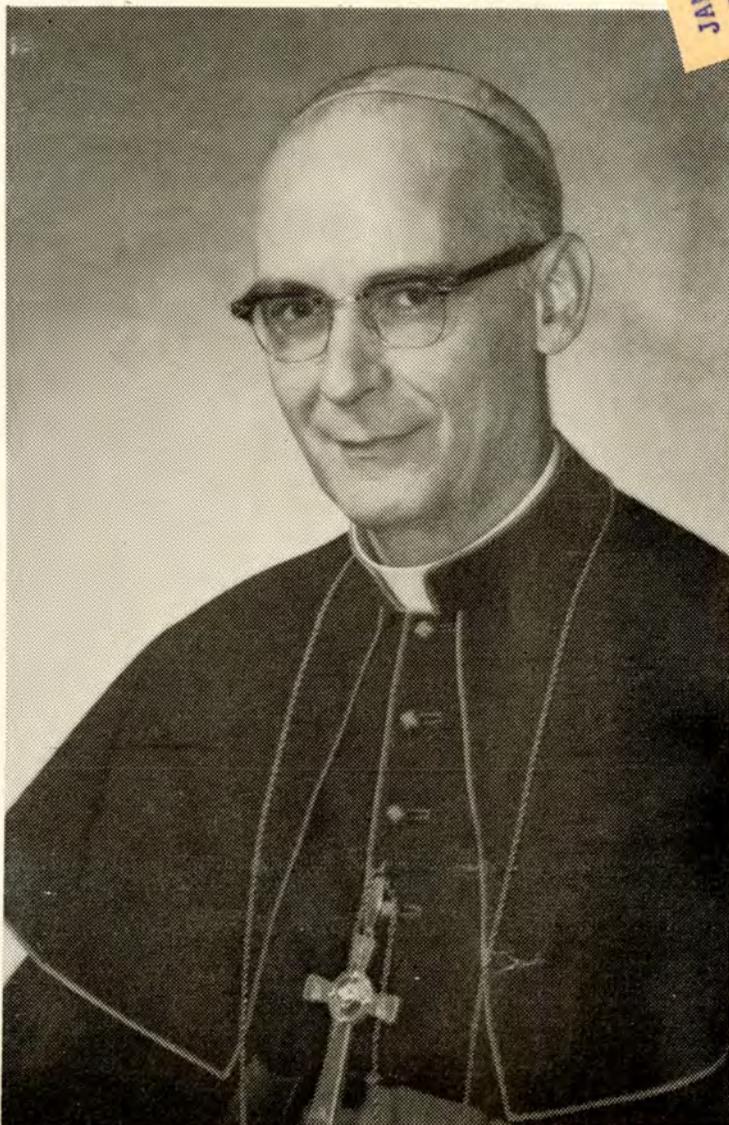
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The Provincial Superior of the Oblate Fathers of Manitoba, the Very Reverend Henri Legare, was appointed, July 22, by the Pope, as first residential bishop of Labrador, with residence at Schefferville, P. O. Born in 1918 at Willowbunch, Sask., he studied at Gravelbourg College, Sask., and the Oblate Seminary at Lebret, Sask., before his ordination to the priesthood in 1943. He holds a doctorate in social sciences, having made post graduate studies at Laval, Washington, Fribourg and Lille Universities. Bishop Legare will be consecrated September 9 at 3 p.m., in the National Shrine of the Rosary at Cap-de-la-Madeleine, P.Q., by His Eminence, Cardinal Maurice Roy, Archbishop of Quebec City and Primate of Canada.

## Indians Ask Guarantee Of Church Schools

HOBBEWA, Alta — Catholic Indian parents want the federal government to guarantee their right to establish denominational schools in the revision of the Indian Act, now underway.

They also want the right to sit on local school boards should Indian schools be integrated into the provincial school system.

About 80 delegates to the annual meeting of the Catholic Indian League passed a resolution urging the federal government to include section 117 of the present act in the revised statute.

The section assures Indian children of education in accord with their religious beliefs.

The resolution on religious education seeks to ensure the same rights for Indian and non-Indian students in any integration of Indian students into the provincial school system. This is under consideration by the federal government.

The Alberta School Act guarantees denominational schools for non-Indians; the resolution wants the same conditions applied to Indians.

The convention accepted the policy of large centralized schools attended by both Catholic and Protestant children, provided the right to denominational schools is maintained.

The delegates again endorsed a resolution calling for a crash program of community development on the reserves, emphasizing adult education, and more financial help from the Indian Affairs Branch of the federal government to develop cooperatives.

Among the speakers were Archbishop Anthony Jordan, OMI, of Edmonton, who urged the League to make known its suggestions and needs to all bishops of the province.

Archbishop Henri Routhier, OMI, of McLennan, said he welcomes the Indians' initiative in forming co-operatives.

## Greyeyes Named To Kenora Post

Dave Greyeyes, a native of the Muskeg Lake Indian reserve near Shellbrook, Sask., has been appointed superintendent of Indian Affairs at Kenora.

Mr. Greyeyes, head of the Indian Affairs office at Fort Smith, N.W.T., assumes his new post in September.

A department spokesman said the Second World War veteran is one of the few Indian superintendents in Canada. He is the first to be ap-

pointed to the Kenora post.

The announcement followed a visit by Indian Affairs Minister Arthur Laing to Reed Narrows, 40 miles southeast of Kenora. Mr. Laing said at an Indian gathering in August that reports of possible Indian revolts in Canada were "utter rubbish."

He referred to the Indians as "most peaceable people" and said the answer to their problems is equal education and opportunity.

## INDIAN RECORD

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# Higher Education

by Rev. G. Laviolette

Pioneers among the Indians of the Western Plains were the Oblate Fathers who had come to the Red River in 1845.

They founded Mission Stations and Residential Schools for the Indians in order to Christianize them through educating their children.

One of the first Residential Schools for Indians was erected at Qu'Appelle, in the District of Assiniboia, by the Federal Government, upon the recommendation of Archbishop A. Tache, OMI, of St. Boniface.

Rev. Joseph Hugonard, OMI, Missionary to the Indians of the Qu'Appelle Valley, was appointed principal of the new institution. In this school Indian children were not only taught the three R's but a variety of trades including farming, carpentry, shoemaking, tinsmithing and baking, while the girls were trained in sewing and cooking.

The Grey Nuns of Montreal worked closely with Father Hugonard to give a thorough Christian education to the pupils.

Nine boys and four girls enrolled in 1885; by the turn of the century 184 boys and 183 girls were on the student roll.

The school buildings had been enlarged in 1893 to include dormitories, a hospital wing and a gymnasium.

By the time of Father Hugonard's death in 1917, 551 boys and 597 girls had been educated at Qu'Appelle.

Meantime an extension project in which the Church, the Federal Government and the white population of the Qu'Appelle area cooperated was realized through the creation of the Indian Colony at File Hills, north of Balcarres, Sask.

This colony was peopled with young married Indian couples chosen from both the Qu'Appelle Industrial School and from the Protestant Residential School at File Hills. This colony still stands as a witness to the work to the pioneer missionaries.

Hugonard's successor, Rev. Father Leonard, OMI (1919-1936), cooperated with the government in the development of the File Hills Colony, expanded recruiting into Manitoba and sent the first high school stu-

dents to the neighboring public high school at Lebret.

Following in his steps was Rev. Maurice de Bretagne, OMI, who assumed the task of reorganizing the institution, which had been destroyed by fire in 1932 and rebuilt in 1935.

The missionaries serving the reservations from which the students were recruited were integrated into the school administration and besides teaching religion and organizing student activities, acted as liaison between the students and their parents. Father de Bretagne secured a competent teaching staff, encouraged social contacts between Indian and whites and developed secondary education.

By the end of his term as principal, Qu'Appelle School had become a most efficient institution which

—Continued on page 14

## Book Reviews

**ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN.** Klein-Icolari. B. Klein, 1967, 536 pp., \$15.00. Listings of government agencies working with Indians, museums, associations, tribal councils and reservations, etc., most of which can be obtained for free. A "who's who" of Indians and others leaves out many of the most important Indians of the country. Imagine a list of this kind that does not include Maria Martinez, Fred Kabotie, Dr. Gilbert Monture, Maria Tallchief, and many others of similar stature!!! Draw your own conclusions.

**THE PEYOTE RELIGION AMONG THE NAVAHO.** David F. Aberle. Aldine, 1966, 454 pp., illus., \$10.00. A study of the Peyote religion.

**EAGLE MASK.** James Houston, Harcourt, Brace & World, 1967, junior, \$3.00. A tale of the Northwest Coast and the adventures of a boy of the Eagle Clan.

**LAND OF THE DACOTAHs.** Bruce Nelson. University of Nebraska Press, 1964, 354 pp., index, bibliog., illus. \$1.60 (paper). An excellent combination of travel, adventure, and history in the Badlands of South Dakota.

—Amerindian

## An Indian Prayer

Of all the "centennial projects" in Canada this year, ranging from small-town parks to a gigantic world's fair, one of the most heartening is the Canadian Interfaith Conference.

Set up under the nation's Centennial Commission, the Conference embraces 34 religions — a strong expression of Canada's long yearning for unity through diversity. Among its own projects: an anthology of 185 prayers to be recited in churches and synagogues across the land.

Perhaps the simplest and most beautiful entry in the booklet is this ancient Blackfoot prayer, which speaks to the hearts of all men as much as to the Great Spirit worshipped by the first Canadians.

O Great Spirit, Creator of all things;  
Human beings, trees, grass, berries.  
Help us, be kind to us.  
Let us be happy on earth.  
Let us lead our children  
To a good life and old age.  
These our people; give them good minds  
To love one another.  
O Great Spirit,  
Be kind to us.  
Give these people the favor  
To see green trees,  
Green grass, flowers and berries  
This next spring;  
So we all meet again.  
O Great Spirit,  
We ask of You.

By ERIC CARLSON

# Fall-Out From The Drop-Out

The successful participation of the Canadian Indian in the mainstream of Canadian life generally and the world of gainful employment in particular hinges largely upon his willingness and ability to acquire the education and training to enable him to make the transition.

Officials within the Indian Affairs Branch and such voluntary organizations as the Indian-Eskimo Association have, of late, begun to be apprehensive of the high drop-out rate of Indian children, particularly in the secondary phase of the education programme. While the condition of Indian education has improved steadily over the past two or three decades, it is felt by many observers that the progress of Indian students, particularly in the southern region where schools and facilities are easily accessible, is not what it should be.

To inquire into the reality of this drop-out program, a statistical comparison between the Indian elementary and secondary school populations of the Ontario Region (1966 Indian population 49,000), and that of Huron County (1966 population 53,800), has been made. In this comparison, it is well to note that Huron County, while largely rural, is situated in the southern part of the province. On the other hand, it is estimated that at least half of the Indian population of the Ontario Region is found in Northern Ontario where many Indian settlements are largely isolated from established and organized communities, and where communication is necessarily slower and more difficult. While Huron County has a large population by some 5,000, the younger Indian population would equalize statistically the two school populations. The foregoing assumption is validated by the statistics on total elementary school population: Huron County has 9,946 students in the elementary system while the Ontario Region has 10,809.

The total secondary school population of Huron County is 3,745; that of Ontario Region is 1,517 or 40.5% of that of Huron County. The table shows the grade distribution of these students.

	School Grade				
	IX	X	XI	XII	XIII
Huron County	1093	957	783	637	275
Ontario Region	712	437	212	142	13

These statistics may also be viewed in another perspective. Thus:

- Gr. 9, Indian enrolment, 65.1% of that in Huron County
- Gr. 10, Indian enrolment, 45.6% of that in Huron County
- Gr. 11, Indian enrolment, 27.0% of that in Huron County
- Gr. 12, Indian enrolment, 22.3% of that in Huron County
- Gr. 13, Indian enrolment, 4.7% of that in Huron County

Assuming that the drop-out rate in Huron County is normal, it seems clear that the Indian student drop-out rate constitutes a real problem in terms of educating and training Indian youth to become self-sufficient in the economic sense. The crucial grades in terms of skilled and semiskilled vocational training are Grades 10 to 12. If there is to be any real hope for the economic and social rehabilitation of the Indian people, something will have to be done to improve this situation.

What are the factors causing the drop-out problem? Doctor Thomas Whiteley of the University of Saskatchewan has done a study of this question and his research indicates that the problem areas for the drop-out are three-fold: the school, the home and parents, and the student himself—and not necessarily in that order of importance. While these areas of potential trouble would seem to be all-encompassing, in the case of Indian students, additional factors within these areas make the

problem at once more complex and acute. Several of these are:

- 1) Parental indifference or hostility to education;
- 2) Insufficient knowledge of English on part of student entering High School;
- 3) Age-grade retardation and its social and academic effects;
- 4) Social discrimination in the joint school;
- 5) Self-discrimination or poor self-image of many students;
- 6) Boarding home adjustments and related problems.

These factors are listed to point out areas where improvements can be made. For example, age-grade retardation and its social consequences could possibly be lessened or even eliminated by a good enrichment-type kindergarten programme. Human nature being what it is, there is little that can be done officially to erase social discrimination at school, or anywhere else for that matter. If the individual Indian student can be shown that all racial discrimination is wholly reducible to ignorance, perhaps the discrimination he encounters (or often thinks he encounters), will not bother him so much as to drive him to drink or other "escape" behavior.

## Parental Responsibility

In the area of parental responsibility, chiefs and council members should be talking to their people concerning the importance of parental concern for the advancement of the children. Many Indian youngsters are simply not getting parental support in the pursuit of their education and no government agency or voluntary organization provides tender loving care, i.e. emotional support as part of its service package. Broken families mean broken children without the security and confidence that is their right. There is no substitute for responsible parenthood. Concerned and enlightened parents are indispensable to the sound physical and psychological growth of the child.

The matter of poor self-image and low-esteem of many Indian students, on the other hand, is a complex and subtle phenomenon. Many educated Indians feel the problem would disappear if only TV and the school history books could be "corrected" with regard to the Indian's role in the past and the present. In this writer's opinion, this is a facile and misleading rationalization. Rather, it appears to be a deep-seated personality problem which may well be traced back to the reserve environment or to early experiences at school. Since this subjective feeling is possibly the Indian's own worst enemy and the cause of much anti-social behavior, its etiology and development is certainly a much-needed area of investigation.

In conclusion, it appears that the school drop-out problem, among Indians as among whites, is symptomatic of a broader social malaise including, among other things, lack of a sense of purpose, family breakup, juvenile delinquency, poverty (both physical and cultural), and other forms of social disintegration. If the Indian people are to be helped to identify their problems as a prelude to their solution; if they are to correct the conditions creating these problems, then they must recognize their own responsibility in the general public effort to improve their social and economic condition. The only alternative is a greater deterioration of the situation. And the worse it gets, the harder it becomes to set it right again. It should be evident by now, to government and Indian alike, that money alone does not solve problems that are essentially human.

(Please see p. 5: Carlson)

# The Tallest Totem

By Victor Standerwick

"There it is!" Brian Keith called excitedly to his sister Mary.

Towering above the natural growth of Oak, Fir and Maple trees in Victoria's Beacon Hill Park was the tallest totem-pole in the world.

"Isn't it big!" Mary exclaimed. "It nearly touches the sky!"

Together, they ran forward to have a better look.

"Wait," Brian said, stopping. Beside the path was a large stone of granite to which was attached a metal plate.

"What does it say?" Mary asked, coming back.

"World's Tallest Totem-Pole," Brian read. "One hundred and twenty-seven feet, seven inches. Carved by Mungo Martin, David Martin, Henry Hunt." Brian stopped. "Say! Mungo Martin! He's the man who carved all those totem-poles in Thunderbird Park." He looked at Mary, then back to what he was reading. "Dedicated July 2, 1956. Percy E. Scurrah, Mayor of Victoria. Hon. Ray Williston, Minister of Education. Stuart Keate, Sponsor. Raised by public subscription through the Victoria Daily Times."

Brian stopped and looked at Mary. "Let's both read to ourselves what it says about the Legend of the Totem. Okay?"

Silently Brian read: "Memento of Nation's Infancy, Symbol of a Proud Race, Monument to a Rare Native Art, Proof of a United Community Interest and the Purest Form of Canadiana." Victoria Daily Times.

Below this it went on to say that the legend of the world's tallest totem-pole began with the original Kwakiutl tribe of Fort Rupert. Early one morning Geeksen, the chief, was awakened by strange noises. Peering out, he saw a strange sight on the beach. Rising out of the ground was a large totem-pole. On the pole were all the animals now carved on it and each was alive and making its own special noise and cry. At the bottom was the figure of a man wearing a neck ring of woven cedar bark.

"Observe carefully all these figures on the pole," he said. "These



The world's tallest totem pole towers above the natural growth in Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, B.C.

—British Columbia Gov't. Photograph

will be your crests, to be displayed by you and your descendants. The cedar bark neck ring," he went on, "is to be used in all your ceremonies." When he stopped speaking, the pole disappeared.

Since then the clan had used the figures on the pole for various uses. Never, however, had they all been carved on one totem-pole until the

carving of the world's tallest pole.

The bottom figure is Geeksen himself, wearing the cedar bark neck ring. Next is a Cannibal Bird, then a Killer Whale, a Sea Lion, an Eagle, a Sea Otter, a Whale, a Beaver, a Man, a Seal, a Wolf and three men on top. The two top figures, added to use up the length of the pole, are

—Continued on page 5

# The Tallest Totem

Continued from page 4

not parts of the Geeksen story, but are borrowed from other Kwakiutl stories.

Brian stopped and waited for Mary to finish.

"Let's go and look at the totem-pole now," he said, jumping to his feet. Helping her up, they ran the short distance to the pole.

When Brian looked up he almost fell over backwards trying to see the top. "It's as big as a skyscraper," he marvelled. "I wonder where they found such a tall tree?"

"In the forest, of course," Mary informed him.

"I know, silly," Brian shot back. "But where? I haven't seen any trees as tall as this since we left home."

"What I want to know," Mary continued, ignoring his impatient reply, "is how they lifted the tree up in the air and put it where it is?"

Before Brian could figure out how they might have done it a man standing near them said, "I was wondering about that myself. The best place to find out would be at the museum in the Provincial Buildings."

"Yes, sir," Brian said. "Thank you."

"We know where they are," Mary said. "Come on, Brian. Let's go there, shall we?"

Saying goodbye, they started to run away but stopped when Brian decided to have one last look at the pole. It was sitting in a big iron basket that was as tall or taller than himself. The bottom was spread out and sunk in the ground. All the way up the totem-pole the figures were painted in different colors, red, white, blue, green and black. He thought back to what he'd read about them and was pleased to find he recognized most of them.

"Brian?"

Mary's voice brought him from the top of the totem-pole to the ground. "Okay, I'm coming."

When they located the Museum they met Mr. Abbott and his staff.

"So you'd like to learn something more about the tallest totem-pole in the world?" he asked, smiling.

"Yes, sir," Brian answered. "The kids back home will want to know all about it."

"Well," Mr. Abbot said, moving around the office, "I'm sure we'll be able to find something that will help you." He produced a booklet and other information and handed it to them.

"How did they lift the pole up in the air?" Mary asked.

"We haven't any pictures left right now, but what they used was a large crane. You know what a crane is, do you?"

"It's a kind of loader, only bigger, isn't it?" Brian said.

"Well, yes, I suppose you could describe it that way. The Victoria Daily Times have pictures they cut out of their paper that you could see if you wanted to go there."

"Is it very far?" Brian asked.

"It's north of the city on Douglas Street."

"We'd better go right now," Mary suggested. "If we're not back soon, Mom and Dad will be wondering where we are."

After thanking Mr. Abbot they left. The walk along Douglas Street was longer than they expected but they enjoyed it. At the newspaper office they were shown to the library. From rows and rows of filing cabinets Brian helped sort out the clippings from one file.

"I'll leave you to find out what you want," the nice lady who helped them said.

"Thank you, ma'am," Brian replied politely. After a moment or two he held up a picture. "Look, here's the tree in the forest they cut down for the totem-pole. 150 feet high. A tug towed it from Muir Creek not far from Victoria." Now he knew where they'd found it.

He looked at other pictures. "And here it's being taken from the water to Thunderbird Park where they carved it with native adze and knife."

"I've found it!" Mary exclaimed. "Here's how they lifted the pole into the air." She pointed to a platform from which a long tower of metal like a giant meccano set held the pole up straight by a wire cable. This was the crane they'd been told about.

"And here it says it took six months to make and should stand 250 years," Brian read.

After more searching he said, "Listen to this. It's the dedication speech of Chief Mungo Martin. It says he started to speak in English but had to change to his own language. His son David translated it for the large audience." Brian stopped for a moment. "This is what he said: 'I never school all my life. The school boy had run away from school. Today I'm sorry. I talk our language. Ladies and Gentlemen. This is a great day for all of us. I'm happy to finish the only Totem of its kind for Victoria, capital of B.C. Assistants son David and Henry Hunt did a good job. Thank you Stuart Keate and Victoria Daily Times. I only wish my tribe, the Kwakiutl, were here. May God bless you all'."

Brian stopped and looked at Mary. There was silence for a moment.

"He must have been a wonderful man," Brian said. "Let's go and tell Mom and Dad about the Tallest Totem-Pole in the world."

## Red Letter Day At Duck Lake

June 17 was a red-letter day for 35 Indian boys of St. Michael's Army Cadet Corps of Duck Lake, Sask.

The ceremony began with a March Past held in the school gym. Officer Captain H. V. Stoppa, of Regina, took the salute and congratulated the boys and instructors on their good work. Staff Sergeant J. E. Paff, the regular training officer, was present. The corps gave a demonstration of stripping the F.M.C.I. rifle, gymnastics and rifle drill. A banquet was served in the school dining room.

The Best Cadet Trophy was given to Cadet Lester Burns, also winner of a trip to Expo.

Best Athlete for boys 15 years and over was Gregory Wolfe, who won the same award last year.

Best Athlete in Track and Field was Roy Daniels, for boys 9 and 10.

Brief speeches were made by Rev. A. Duhaime, OMI, principal of St. Michael's, Captain Stoppa and Staff Sergeant Paff. The work and efforts of the instructors, H. Cameron, H. Dion and Oliver Cameron, were highly commended. St. Michael's is the third all-Indian Corps in Saskatchewan. The two other corps are Cumberland House and Lebret.



ERIC CARLSON

Born in Viking, Alta, Mr. Carlson holds a B.A. and B.Ed. from Ottawa University. He is vocation counsellor for the Indian Affairs Branch in Toronto.

## AT THE DUCK LAKE JAMBOREE CHARLES BOYER TELLS A LITTLE ABOUT THE METIS . . .

# The True Western Canadians

The Indian and Metis Jamboree held at Duck Lake, Saskatchewan, this summer, brought forth an avalanche of newspaper articles and editorial comment, all concentrating on a single aspect of the Jamboree—attacks on church and government agencies. The following is the talk given at that time by Mr. Charles Boyer, President of the Board of Trade of Duck Lake, and which received limited coverage in the popular press.

The word METIS means mixed blood. Many of the early French Fur-Traders, the Coureur de Bois and also the employees of the North-West Fur Trading Co. and of the Hudson's Bay Co. took Indian girls for their wives. Thus was created a people of mixed blood, part white, part Indian. It was the Great Louis Riel who expressed most clearly the feeling of the Metis that they were a distinct and independent people formed by the uniting of two blood streams, white and Indian. "It is true, he said, that our savage origin is humble but it is fitting that we should honour our mothers as well as our fathers. Why should we concern ourselves about what mixture we possess of European or Indian blood? If we have ever so little of either gratitude or filial love, should we not be proud to say, "We are Metis, not white, not Indian but Metis."

These people of the plains, Bois-Brules, or wagon-men, had been the original settlers of the valley drained by the Red and Assiniboine Rivers that was to become the Province of Manitoba. As settlement followed the fur trade, these vigorous people settled in the western wilderness along the banks of the hospitable river, the Saskatchewan. Through their long years in the great North-West they had developed a resolute feeling of independence and a keen sense of their own identity as a separate racial and national unit. They considered themselves the true "Western Canadians" and established a kinship with "les gens en large," as the great tribes of the plains were called in the fur-trade days. Thus was nurtured among their descendants the feeling that the vast North-West belonged to them, along with their Indian relatives, and that all others were interlopers.

Some of these Westerners farmed their small plots of land and grew accustomed to the settled life. Most of the Metis, however, enjoyed the exhilarating life of roving on the plains in the great semi-annual buffalo hunt, in search of meat and hides to provide for the winter and to furnish supplies for the fur trade. Cavalcades of hunters left the Red River settlement with wives and children, carrying supplies in Red River carts, for the gay and exciting adventure. In 1840 it was reported that 1,240 carts left the settlement at

one time for the hunt, with over 1,000 men, women and children. Because the hunters were deeply religious and followed the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, a priest always accompanied the hunters to conduct Mass, solemnize marriages and baptize children. As the buffalo became scarce in many areas, and because they enjoyed the free life on the plains some Red River groups travelled as far west as the South Saskatchewan. The most important communities were between the North and South Saskatchewan Rivers near Duck Lake and Fort Carlton, and in the Qu'Appelle Valley. The main flow, however, along the South Saskatchewan River; there river-lots twenty chains wide and two miles deep were staked-out at approximate right angles to the river, and parishes sprang up ministered to by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate (O.M.I.), a French order which had been in the North-West since the early 1800's. St. Laurent was established as a mission in 1871. This mission was followed by others, Sacre-Coeur at Duck Lake, St. Antoine de Padoue at Batoche, and St. Louis de Langevin to mention only the main missions.

The leader of the St. Laurent Colony, mostly comprised of hunters and freighters was the famous plainsman, Gabriel Dumont. Under the guidance of Father Andre, O.M.I., a Provisional Government was set up in 1873 at St. Laurent with Dumont elected as president along with eight councillors. The Assembled gathering proceeded to adopt a code of "Lois et Régulations—pour la Colonie de St. Laurent sur la Saskatchewan."

This experiment was a complete success, peace was maintained and tranquility reigned. G. F. Stanley, the eminent historian says, "It's quite evident that the Metis attained at St. Laurent during this period, their highest development, politically, as a distinct race."

Although the Roman Catholic Church has maintained a mission school at St. Laurent for many years, the priest conducted classes at Batoche's house at Batoche, or Boucher's house at St. Louis. Government support for a school was not forthcoming until 1884 when St. Antoine de Padoue was erected and

named No. 1 Roman Catholic Public School in the North-West. Several other schools were established between this time and 1886 when the School District of St. Louis de Langevin Catholic Public School No. 14 of the North-West Territories.

Because the people of the river settlement were allied in blood, religion and experience, they gathered for many community enterprises. New Year's Day was the height of the winter season, celebrated by dances in many different homes. La Fete Nationale of the buffalo hunters held at La Belle Prairie near Batoche was a great summer gathering. On July 24th each year from 1884, this gathering was held and drew old Red River people from as far away as Qu'Appelle and Battleford. High above the sports grounds on the Judge's stand flew the magnificent Buffalo Flag, designed by Xavier Letendre and embroidered in France, depicting on a white background the hunters chasing the buffalo at full gallop.

But a growing feeling of insecurity was spreading over the river settlements. The old fears of 1870 were reappearing. Each year the buffalo herds were scarcer and finally disappeared. Farming was not profitable, the soil for the most part was sandy and light, there was little cash available. Patents could not be secured for their river lots., the surveyors were blocking out most of the land in the square township system. Now to preserve the community life on which their society was based, the Metis petitioned the government through their priests for ten years from 1874-1884 but to no avail.

The New Nation pride still glowed in the Metis plea to the Dominion Government on Sept. 15th, 1882, from St. Antoine de Padoue (Batoche): "Having so long held this country as its masters and so often defending it against the Indians at the price of blood, we request that the Government allow us to occupy our lands in peace." But the North-west was far distant from Ottawa, and the rising storm was ignored. In 1885 again under the leadership of Louis Riel, the Metis rebelled. This rebellion cost the Canadian Government the sum of five million dollars and the Metis their identity as a separate people.

From a dispersed, despised, illiterate, primitive unstable, not even white people, I believe that we have come a long way in gaining recognition in our society. We have contributed generously the cream of the crop of our people in both world wars and in the Korean war. We are proud to say that among our people we have priests, a senator, members of parliament, university professor, doctors, bankers, only to mention a few, and oh! yes, even postmasters. (Charles is at present Postmaster in Duck Lake).

# The Trail

by  
Ablo-Hoksila  
and  
Woonkapi-Sni

**The story to now:** Daniel Little (Hanpa), grandson of the Sun-Dreamer, brought up in a Government Indian school, returns to Wood Mountain quite bewildered by his education. His grandfather wants him to marry the Doe-Maiden, daughter of a Lakota woman and of a white man. At the death of his grandfather Daniel showed a great sorrow, and although he loved the Doe-Maiden, he left his home, with his friend, Toto, and went to Poplar, Montana, where he meets attractive Pauline Ramsay.

## CHAPTER VII THE RAIN DANCE

# of Hanpa

The Rain Dance of the Assiniboines was in its second day. Eight singers were gathered around the large rawhide drum in the bower. As the drums steadily increased their beat the singers whipped into a frenzy of sound, while in the background could be heard the tinkling of the bells tied to the dancers' ankles.

A group of Lakota singers were invited to perform. They sang the Strong Heart's Song, which tells of the flight of the Sioux under Sitting Bull into Canada after the Custer battle. Daniel was enthralled at the poignant memories which this song evoked in his mind... the old traditional chant stirred him deeply.

Then followed the War Bonnet Song, in honor of Daniel's late grandfather, in which the bravery of the Sun-Dreamer was extolled. Daniel joined in the chorus of the Memory Song, a poignant number which featured a choir of mixed voices.

The final song of the Lakotas was the Victory Song, with its exultant pitch, backed with the fast throbbing of the drums which increased in tempo with the voices until everything merged into one vast flood of sound.

Daniel lived again in the old days of freedom, and the strains of the Victory Song brought back to his memory all the wondrous stories his grandfather had ever told him of the glorious past of his nation.

Daniel had come to the Rain Dance with his companion to recapture the dreams of his youth. Now they were in a real Indian encampment, in the very center of the great circle of conical tipis, witnessing the ritual of the Assiniboines. As he left the group of singers and wandered off by himself he began to ponder: "I am just day-dreaming... this is only a pageant... this is devoid of its

true and ancient meaning, which has passed long ago."

Indeed the majority of the Indians participating in the Rain Dance felt like Daniel: an occasion for renewing old acquaintances, time for courtship, a three-day celebration very much like the white man's country fairs in spirit. Daniel had thought he would be able to match in his mind the ancient meaning of the ceremonies... but it did not seem possible for him to associate himself with its deeper and sacred intent.

He was seeking consolation and strength and he found a void. He had not the faith, nor in the Indian ideals, nor in the Christian way of life. A great feeling of emptiness and despair arose in him...

As he walked away slowly he felt very sad. He retraced his steps towards the camp and sought Toto. "Where are we sleeping tonight?" he asked sullenly. "What is the matter with you?" asked his friend, "not enjoying yourself any more?"

Before Daniel replied an Indian greeted them: "Haw! Ninakotapi hwo?" (Hello, are you Sioux Indians). Daniel turned around and saw an old blanketed Indian whom he knew not.

He replied: "Han, unlakotapi lo." (Yes, we are Sioux). The old man introduced himself as Bear-Child. "I have heard about you coming from Wood Mountain; you are the grandson of the Sun-Dreamer?" "Yes, my grandfather was the Sun-Dreamer. You knew him?" "Yes, he was a good friend of mine, but I have not seen him for a long time." "Now he has

passed away," Daniel said, with tears in his eyes. "I'm sorry," said Bear-Child, "won't you come and stay with us; you will not be among strangers."

The hospitality of Bear-Child could not be refused except for very serious reasons; he would have felt greatly offended if Daniel and Toto had turned down his invitation. The two friends went for their bed rolls, and followed Bear-Child to his tent.

Bear-Child was fairly well Americanized, spoke English fluently, and yet he had retained prestige among his own people; he was well-to-do, having a large ranch on the reservation. His only son, Claude, was a high school graduate, a cheerful young man who showed promise for the future. Bear-Child's daughter, Lucy, just out of school, was charming, in her coy but unpretentious attitude.

Daniel and Toto were made to feel at home with the Bear-Child family. Having eaten a meal, they went out once more to the dancers' bower. As the evening grew late many cars flooded the scene with their headlights. The scene was like a great circus; the vast circle of the white towering tipis, the Indians in full regalia, cowboys and cowgirls in their gaudy costumes, the noise of the drums, the chanting, the rumble of the automobiles, the cloud of dust raised by the hundreds of milling persons, cars weaving in carrying them away...

Toto commented: "Aw! this is not what I expected... this is a show put up to amuse the crowds... maybe old Indians still try to hang onto the last threads of

***In traditional costume . . .***



***. . . and street dress***



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## This Year's Princess Canada — Joan Palmantier

Joan Palmantier, 20, petite Chilcotin Indian from Williams Lake, B.C. is the new Princess Canada, the fourth to hold the title, and the first from B.C.

Runner-up was Princess Saskatchewan, Delia Opekokew, 22, a Cree Indian from Canoe Lake, Sask. Five other contestants from across Canada also competed in the fourth annual national Indian Princess Canada pageant held in Winnipeg this summer.

The new Princess Canada, who speaks the Chilcotin and Shuswap Indian dialects as well as English, is interested in the traditions of her people. Her centennial project is a plan to collect Indian designs, songs and dances, arts which she fears have been almost forgotten.

She was typical of the serious group of seven princesses who appeared at the pageant representing their area of Canada. All accom-

panied the national princess on a tour of Expo 67 and other points in Canada.

She is working to get a friendship centre for Williams Lake where Indians can meet and "get off the street." She has begun by organizing a softball league for Indian girls.

Miss Palmantier works as a telephone operator in Williams Lake but says she wants to go elsewhere in Canada to help her people once the friendship centre is completed.

She worries about young people "just hanging around the streets with nothing to do" and has literally pulled young girls over to the softball diamond, where her proteges are legion.

Crowned by last year's Princess Canada, Marlene Jackson, in the July pageant, Miss Palmantier addressed the gathering of more than two hundred people—of various shades—saying that racial discrim-

ination was on a par with saying "a white horse was better than a black one." She said she had had her problems at high school until she learned to stand up for herself and meet people half way. "They'll come the other half."

And that is the spirit in which she will undertake to represent the Indian people across Canada.

Miss Mary Louise Defender, director of Winnipeg's Indian and Metis Friendship Centre, and a former North American Indian Princess, was guest speaker.

She said there was a "great message in the contest," particularly at the present time when it was very important "to know, understand and accept each other." She said all the princesses and particularly Princess Canada would be "spreading the goodwill that we all need so much at the present time."

## The Indian Princess Pageant

The fourth annual national Indian Princess Canada pageant was held in Winnipeg this summer and from the bevy of beauties competing, judges selected Joan Palmantier, a Chilcotin from B. C., to represent the Indians of Canada at the official opening of their Pavilion at Expo '67.

With last year's Princess Canada, Marlene Jackson, contestant pose, top left, in traditional costume. Standing, left to right are: Bella Sambelle, Edmonton; Joan Palmantier, Williams Lake, B.C.; Beverly Sappier, Maliseet, N.B.; Delia Opekokew, Regina and Dolores Nanie, Winnipeg. Seated from left are: Betty Bonnetrouge, Fort Simpson, N.W.T.; Marlene Jackson and Rosella Pheasant, Sudbury.

Bottom left, the same girls: Joan Palmantier, Bella Sabele, Delia Opekokew, Dolores Nanie, Rosella Pheasant, Beverley Sappier and Betty Bonnetrouge.

At right, Joan Palmantier removes her headdress to be crowned by former Princess Canada, Marlene Jackson.



# The Trail Of Hanpa

—Continued from page 7  
 their ritual, now outlawed... what a mockery!... the white man has spoiled everything we ever held sacred... So be it! Let us join the crowd and have the fun the white man's way." Daniel listened to this tirade in silence. "The white man's way," he mused, "with sex and liquor as the main features of his fun..."

The two pals went to a hot dog stand to refresh themselves. They were soon accosted by a pair of girls they knew not. "Hi! boys," one spoke shrilly. "Canadians, heh? how do you like the show?" Daniel turned around and faced the pair. The girls, in slacks and red silk blouses, their sombreros hanging on their necks, seemed rather bold. But Daniel and Toto did not seem aware of it.

"I am Vic Maine," said the first girl. "I am Sue Alvarez," chimed in her companion. "What about some real dancing, on a good floor? Let us go to the Chicago Cabaret, boys!" As Vic spoke she hooked her arm into Daniel's, while Sue joined Toto.

Daniel, feeling low, did not try to keep away. The pals agreed to go dancing with the strange girls. No harm, they thought. Daniel was seeking Bear-Child, but his companions said: "We have our car here... this way." They entered the car and drove off.

Unknown to them, another car soon followed them, keeping its distance.

The Chicago Cabaret was a few miles away from the camp, on the banks of the Missouri River, sheltered by a grove of tall poplars. The Cabaret was something new for the Canadians. Its setting, the type of people who were dancing there, the liquor that flowed freely, the wild music did something to the better man in the two friends who had stepped blindly into adventure. But it was too late now to step back... if only Claude Bear-Child or some one they knew was with them...

The juke-box blared its raucous melodies, the air was heavy, reeking with alcohol and stale smoke. The men were loud and rough, flinging insults and jeers, the women clinging in a scared fashion to their dancing partners.

Daniel and Toto soon had enough of this free-for-all, and managed to reach the door, and went out to the car.

As Daniel walked over he heard his name called. Surprised, he wheeled about and recognized Bear-Child, who said: "I have come for you boys... I had an idea you would not like this place."

With a sigh of relief Daniel motioned to his companion: "Be see-

ing you later, Vic!" and as he went to whisper in Toto's ear "Come along, we do not belong here," he grabbed Toto by the arm, tearing him away from Sue, and the two pals slipped away in the darkness following Bear-Child.

The girls called at them, but the boys did not answer, and they were soon on their way back to the Indian encampment. Daniel noticed a rifle on the floor of the car; then he realized what fools he and his pal had been and how grateful they should be to their rescuer.

"Better remain on the safe side," said Bear-Child, "the police are on their way to raid the Cabaret, and I do not want to have to bail out my guests tomorrow."

"One lives and learns," commented Toto as the car sped along the winding trail.

"It is funny how easily one can get on the wrong road sometimes," Daniel, "I guess I will be going back to Mrs. Ramsay's tomorrow."

## CHAPTER VIII PAULINE RAMSAY

The rain-dance lasted all the night, and the last weary dancers saw early dawn shining on the Indian encampment. The morning was cool; by the time the sun had risen above the horizon the dancers had gone to sleep.

It was early afternoon when Daniel woke. The heat was intense; as he went out of Bear-Child's tent, Daniel noticed that some Indians were getting ready to move away. The rain dance was over, he thought. However, a short while afterwards, the Indians gathered once more at the bower, and after a few moments, the Eya n p a h a (crier) went around the camp, calling: "U po owas! ake wacibi kte no! Nahan-hein magaju sni." (Come all, we dance again, it has not rained yet).

It took some time before the singers gathered around the huge rawhide drum, and started beating it, the noise soon filled the camp, but it seemed that many did not wish to continue the dance. The heat became terrific, as the sun beat mercilessly from a clear sky. There was no wind. The grass and the leaves on the trees shrivelled with the heat.

As the chanting rose gradually in pitch and intensity, suddenly, out of the clear blue sky a flash of lightning streaked the horizon. The reverberation of the thunder-clap that followed shook the very earth. A sharp rustle was heard as the breeze freshened rapidly. A huge black cloud raced across the sky, from whole valley. With-

in a few minutes a heavy shower, mingled with hailstones, drenched the whole encampment.

The singers became silent and rushed away to seek shelter. The whole camp was a sea of mud in these few moments. Half an hour later the rain stopped, and the sun was shining again in a clear sky. The rain had stopped as suddenly as it had begun and the dance was over.

Daniel saddled his pony and loped towards Mrs. Ramsay's ranch. On the way he noticed that the rain had not been more than six miles wide. It had been a freak storm, so common in the summer, and he mused: "To think that some people believe the rain came on account of the prayers offered at the dance..."

Pauline Ramsay greeted Daniel with a smile: "Well, Mr. Daniel," she said, "I see you had a shower over the Indian camp, and so the dance was ended."

"I do not believe that the dance had anything to do with the storm; people do not believe in such things anymore," replied Daniel with conviction.

"Are you hungry?" asked Mrs. Ramsay. "I'll bet I am, I have not had breakfast yet," answered Dan. "Well, my friend, it is five o'clock in the afternoon. I cannot understand how you people can survive the way you live..." spoke Pauline abruptly. She noticed Daniel biting his lip, feeling hurt over this remark. Pauline added: "I am sorry, I spoke without thinking. Really what I meant is that a fine man like you needs some one to look after him..." she blushed violently as she said this. "Come on in, and I'll fix up a meal for you. Do have dinner with me, please!"

Daniel wondered at the way the white woman had spoken to him. What made her blush, he asked himself. "No Lakota woman would speak to a man like that. This white woman is so outspoken and yet she has a heart of gold..."

Hopping around with the help of a crutch, Pauline bade Daniel to sit in the living room while she got the meal ready. As she set the table in the far end of the room, Mrs. Ramsay was speaking with Daniel: "Mr. Daniel, I would like to know something, I have been thinking about all these years, seeing the Indians day in and day out. What do the Indians think of the white people... I hope I am not too personal, but I have a feeling that the Indians do not trust the whites and that they resent them; now, I do not mean you, because I think you are different."

Daniel tried to remain silent, but his heart spoke out: "I'll tell you, I am not different from the others. But maybe because I am

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# Pavilion With A Punch

By FRED MILLER OMI

## In Oblate Missions

The foot-sore fair goer will welcome the quiet simplicity and tasteful decor of the Indians of Canada Pavilion on Ile Notre-Dame, but before he leaves he will have no doubt that he has found the only "protest pavilion" at Expo 67.

In a TV interview the Commissioner General of the pavilion, Chief Andrew Delisle of the Caughnawaga Reserve near Montreal, admitted that it was indeed a protest pavilion. He is quoted in "Indian News" as saying, "Indians in all parts of Canada have shared in creating the pavilion's philosophy and we believe it truly reflects the Indians' thinking about themselves and their world."

One of the charming Indian hostesses of the pavilion denied that it set out to be a protest: "This is just the way we see it. We don't want to cry on anyone's shoulder: it's just history."

Whatever the content of the message, it is presented with characteristic poetic style and feeling. "The Indians of Canada bid you welcome," the sign on the rustic clear walls at the entrance proclaim. "Walk in our mocassins the trail from our past. Live with us in the here and now. Talk with us by the fire, of the days to come." You begin to realize that the emotional quality of Indian expression as indicated by Father Wm. Bernardo in the March-April issue of "Oblate Missions" is not mere hyperbole. It is beautiful, but in the message to come there is also a thinly veiled bitterness that has been fermenting for centuries. But it is a natural reaction to the indifference of the white man to the language, culture and religious character of the Indian.

As you walk through the pavilion the philosophy of the Indian hits you with a series of short, carefully worded phrases:

"We killed only what we needed.  
A man would be a fool  
To pile up carcasses to rot  
Or fell trees to make a way  
in the forest.

"When the White Man came  
We welcomed him with love.  
"We sheltered him, fed him,  
Led him through the forest.

"The great explorers of Canada  
travelled in Indian canoes,  
Wore Indian snow shoes, ate Indian  
food, lived in Indian houses.  
They could not have lived or  
moved without Indian friends.

"The White Men fought each other  
for our land  
And we were embroiled  
in the White Man's wars.

The text was submitted to a bishop and a priest, both of long experience in Indian work, as well as to an Indian friend. All agreed with the point of view expressed. My Indian friend, however, noted with regard to segregation, that the Indian had no alternative in the historical circumstances in which the reserves were created. He added, "If they continue to choose segregation it is because the government is not helping them with the right means." This writer contends that only a policy which respects the culture and point of view of the Indian deserves to succeed. It might be well to add to my comment on the pavilion text, "The early missionaries thought us pagans..." that many of the early missionaries, lacking a modern understanding of anthropology, often confused paganism and culture, to the detriment of the precious heritage of Indian culture. What is aimed at in this article is that the Indian people be asked to consider the advisability of a gradual termination of a reserve system that has long since ceased to be an advantage to them. Of course the initiative in this matter should be theirs and the manner should be such as to safeguard the continued rights and culture which they cherish. (Editor)

"Many Indians feel our fathers  
were betrayed.

"Wars and peace treaties  
deprived us of our land."

By this time the Canadian non-Indian visitor begins to squirm uncomfortably for the way his forbears treated the native Indian; betraying his friendship with greed for his land, destroying his great herds of buffalo, depleting his forests and streams. It was the attitude of European colonizers of that time which made possible this state of affairs. For them any culture which was not European was not culture. Any language which was not European was for them "uncultured." It was a failure in respect which we in modern times should regret. Its effects upon the Indian people are very marked today.

The schools set up for the Indian people ignored their language. Instead of the teachers learning the language of the country, they imposed a new language upon the children. Even today the text books, as the pavilion points out, are geared to the culture of the white child who lives in our cities in an entirely different way of life from the majority of Indian children. Dick and Jane are foreign to their mentality, culture and language.

Continuing through the displays we meet a statement which seems to go contrary to the missionary efforts of the Church:

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

At first sight we are inclined to take strong exception to this statement. But on further reflection we must recognize here a very valid and astute observation concerning the mode of action of the early missionaries. They, too, were European and suffered from the same European attitudes toward native peoples of a more primitive culture. They were, as a result, inclined to regard the religious culture of the people as irredeemable and so preached and

fought against any manifestation of worship of God that was not totally Christian in the strict historical sense of the word. This goes back to the struggle within the Church itself concerning the manner of Christianizing a people who had not heard of the Good News of Jesus Christ. Some thought of Christianizing as the same thing as Europeanizing. The other attitude was one of accepting everything good in the native culture and religion and "Christianizing" these; that is, incorporating them into the practice of Christianity wherever possible.

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## Park built by Indians

A park built by Indians was officially opened at Cape Croker, Ont., on July 1.

The 520-acre park, costing an estimated one million dollars, was opened by T. L. Bonnah, supervisor of Indian Affairs in Southern Ontario, in a ceremony inaugurating two days of Indian festivities. Indian dances and songs that were heard many years before Confederation, pageants and campfires were all included in the program.

The park is open to campers. It has been described by Lands and Forest officials as one of the most beautiful settings in Ontario. It has beaches, wooded areas, 300-foot limestone caves, and hidden caves. Indians claim skeletons can be found in the caves.

The park was planned by the Indians, who have been working for the past four years to complete it. The first thing that greets visitors is a 44-foot-high gatehouse modelled after an Indian tepee. The main service building has showers and laundry and washroom facilities. It cost \$30,000.

The park has been established as a tribute to Canada's Indian heritage. Construction costs are being paid by the Cape Croker band near Wiarton, aided by government loans. Revenue from park admissions will help defray cost.

# Pavilion With A Punch

—Continued from page 11

Matteo Ricci, Jesuit missionary in China in the 16th century, was the best exponent of this method. Unfortunately his efforts were not understood in Rome during his time with the result that there was no serious effort to study and understand the religious and cultural heritage of the people. Rather, the missionaries' approach was to make a whole new beginning, at the cost of immense personal energy and to the loss of many valuable and precious customs of the people.

And so when we come to the next statement in the pavilion we have to understand it as Matteo Ricci would have done:

"The reserve is the home of our Spirits."

By this statement the Indians are protesting against the spoliation of their cultural heritage by a people—ourselves or our ancestors—who have lacked the sensitivity to appreciate how much this means to them. The reserve is the once place where this culture has managed to retain something of its original flavour. It should not be seen, as some might have it, as a rejection of the Christian religion which they have accepted despite the sometimes objectionable methods used. It is perhaps a way of telling us that they want to preserve something of those expressions of worship and of culture which well up from the depths of the soul of this people.

Their prayers before the hunt, their dances to the sun god and the rain god were truly primitive, deeply religious acts. Instead of condemning these wholesale as worship of false gods, they might have been incorporated as special forms of worship of the One True God under the aspect of His divine providence, which "makes the sun to shine on the just and the unjust."

Those of us who have worked among them and "walked in their moccasins" know the frustrations with which these people have lived. We entertain a great sympathy and respect for them. But we realize that in this rapidly changing world great adjustments are still required of them if they are not to remain a forgotten people.

"We want to live our own life on our own land . . . give us the right to manage our own affairs."

Here lies the crux of the problem and the root of the Indian discontent. They are a people who belong to the land. It holds for them their identity as a people. Having been despoiled of a country they cling passionately to their parcels of land which they hold by law or treaty, "as long as the sun shines and the rivers run down to the sea."

The manner of dealing with the Indians by the various governments

of Canada over the years has undergone serious critical re-examination during the past few years. From an overly protective attitude in which all the decisions affecting the Indians were made for them, the government has finally recognized the principal of self-determination for the Indian. But long-established custom has inhibited the carrying out of this ideal. Decisions are still being made which ignore the feelings of the people and no serious attempt has ever been made to help them regain their cultural heritage and their language. The attitude thus conveyed to the Indian is that, in the eyes of the whiteman, these things are of no importance. The consequent breakdown in communications is the real message of the Indian pavilion.

It is not without some hesitation, but in sincere friendship that we suggest to the Indian people that they explore the possibility of finding a new answer to these problems in keeping with the cultural revolution in which the world around them is embroiled—a revolution illustrated by Expo 67. We suggest that the reserve system itself contributes greatly to their sense of frustration and ought to be gradually phased out or at least modified in such a way as to cease to be a hindrance to the present need of the Indian of joining in the mainstream of Canadian life.

In his book, "The Dilemma of Our Indian People," Bishop James P. Mulvihill, OMI, cited four drawbacks to reserve living: the reserves were the fruit of the nineteenth century and were produced in the framework of that period and have not changed or progressed with the rest of Canada; the reserve insulates the Indian against the necessity of adjusting to the changing conditions of this atomic age—he loses touch; there are economic conditions on most reserves which make it impossible to support the present population—and it will get worse; the child growing up on the Indian reserves is imbued with the traditions of mistreatment by the "whites" and these grow with the telling so that a general repugnance for white society affects his whole life pattern giving him an inferiority complex or a deep feeling of resentment. And so the pattern is self-perpetuating.

The Indian received the whiteman "with love." Does he still love him? As long as the Indian people cling to the outdated reserve system, as it exists today, which shelters and insulates them from the cold winds of modern, competitive society, the feeling of suspicion and mistrust will continue.

Today's Indian needs the kind of leadership that will liberate him from what is today his self-imposed ghetto. Too often the reactionary

type of leadership he has gotten has only served to make his life more miserable and to deepen his despair. Canada is his country. He only has to come out and claim it, to speak poetically, but truthfully. But he first has to throw off the shackles of an outdated system and a false security. It is not, as he seems to suppose, a matter of abandoning his moral and spiritual heritage. Other ethnic groups preserve their heritage in the midst of an ongoing, pluralistic society. If he could be convinced of remaining an Indian, "tall and strong in the pride of his heritage," while entering into today's world, perhaps then he would lose his fear. In the meantime he remains a reproach to other Canadians and a burden to himself, striving backwards toward a past that can never be reclaimed.

At the end of the journey through the Indian pavilion the visitor descends to a large six-sided rest area at the base of the teepee-style structure. Around a simulated Indian fireside he may sit and, by pressing a button, hear a concluding message in either English or French. The voice which greets him promises to speak of "the times to come," but instead looks to the future, as Marshall McLuhan put it, through a rear view mirror. It speaks of a world where "the Indian is a half-remembered thing and the ways of the old people are forgotten." It speaks of the vision of the Indian of the future "tall and strong in the pride of his heritage," and emphasizes the differences between him and the listener. But it also speaks rightly of the many "gifts" we have to share. It says that "the trail we walk is our own . . . we bear our own burdens. That is our right." And that is the sad part for us who love the Indian people—they walk a lonely trail. We are here to "share one another's burdens," as St. Paul says and Pope Paul reiterates. How much better the thought of Pierre Dupuy, Commissioner General of Expo 67, as expressed in his introductory message to the Official Guide Book:

"The Montreal Universal and International Exhibitions's aim is to provide an explanation of the world we live in to each and everyone of its visitors, so that they may realize that we are all jointly and severally answerable for and to each other, and that what divides men is infinitely less important than that which links them together."

Finally, the Indian voice bids the visitor goodbye with the thought that, "perhaps we will meet again in the time to come . . . we will camp together on level ground." We hope that that level ground will be equality of citizenship in every respect; a meeting, not at the edge of the reserve, but as next door neighbors. "Until that time," it concludes, "walk with us in your heart." Amen to that.

**HOPE FOR THE FUTURE**

Second In A Series By Irene Hewitt, Flin Flon, Manitoba

# Manitoba's Only Indian Hostel

In the heart of Flin Flon is the Indian-Metis Friendship Centre, a red, imitation-brick monument to the faith and concern of a group of citizens. Recently a report was issued on its first year of operation; it more than fulfilled the sponsors' expectations.

The manager, Mr. Jack Reed, reported:

"The increasing development of the North is bringing our modern way of life to even the most isolated communities, fast changing their ancient way. If the Indians and Metis are to benefit, they need help in coming to grips with the day-to-day problems of modern living. Here the Centre is ideally located to give such help, since we are right in the midst of a vast, sparsely-settled area. It is a home for natives waiting admission to the hospital or on out-patient treatment; over one hundred Treaty Indians, alone, mostly women stayed here in the last four months. In what other way could direct contact with so many homes be possible?"

Rev. J. Freeman, Treasurer reported: "First priority had to go into getting the Centre operating well, and financially stable, as a hostel, and this objective seems to have been reached, with over 250 beds per month being supplied.

**IN TRANSITION**

Nevertheless, a number of important things have been happening, and a start made at some others. Films and card games are held periodically, instruction is given in sewing, laundry and housekeeping. A good deal of interpreting has been supplied at the hospital, doctor and dentist, places of business and referral agencies for those who do not speak English. Counselling is given in a wide range of matters both to hostel and visitors. The transition from living on the Reserve to living in Flin Flon requires the learning of many new things about clothing, cleanliness, the proper use of money and liquor, and many others; in all these the staff are giving whatever guidance they can.

A program of visiting Indian and Metis patients in the hospital has been organized and carried out by Indian people. The Centre has often served at a place where tired shoppers can rest or leave their parcels. There has been some effort begun at encouraging handcraft, and at offering Cree lessons to non-Indians. But above all the Centre is becoming a place where Indian and Metis people can meet—and can begin to find help in moving more freely into the community."

**HELP TRANSIENTS**

An impressive record for a year's operation — how had it come about? Now many people had felt that something should be done for transient natives (they were forced to walk aimlessly around Main St. or hang about the taxi stands); it was Mr. Palmer Larson, though, who took action; he brought this to the attention of the Labour Council and they offered support.

A committee of concerned citizens was formed. The first year they held frequent meetings, conferring with the natives in the area, the Manager of the Centre at The Pas, the Indian Agent, and representatives from all local organizations. It became clear that a Hostel and Friendship Centre was essential. Thirty-two local groups gave financial assistance; the Unions and Labour Council contributed two cents per capita. (The government does not make grants for capital costs; its operating grants are determined, to some extent, by the support of the community served by the Centre.)

The committee prepared to finalize arrangements for a Centre on North Avenue; the majority of residents petitioned against it. Arrangements were then made to purchase property on Churchill St.; again a petition stopped this.

**NO DISCRIMINATION**

In the press, the cry of "Discrimination" was raised and countered with, "How would you like to find your property devalued because of an Indian hostel?" The committee guaranteed there would be no drinking and carousing; they would assume full responsibility. Only the hard hearted could remain unconvinced after reading Mrs. Greta McEachern's letter; she cited actual cases. Young students taking Vocational Training, on their way home for holidays, were stranded because of poor flying conditions; their Christmas was spent in a taxi-stand. One Indian woman had to stand alone at her husband's deathbed, and then, heartbroken, walk the streets or sit in the stand because there was no place for her to go. When the third site was proposed, there was no protest. Actually, this was the choicest location — just off Main Street, close to the Hospital and Clinic.

But this property was not for rent just for sale. The committee had only five thousand dollars, the government had made no grant for capital costs, the asking price for the fourteen-room house and contents was \$18,000, and considerable renovation would be required.

**BETTER HOUSES**

To be required to buy, when they were only prepared to rent, this must have been a blow. But if the Committee were dejected, it was not for long. Concerned organizations and individuals with faith that the natives would honor their trust, offered to underwrite a note at the bank to cover the cost of the building and repairs. There were several individual backers, one to the extent of three thousand dollars. They could have profited materially from the publicity, but preferred to remain anonymous.

Rev. Freeman reported: "Arrangements were completed to finance the building with a loan held by trustees and part of the generous community donations that have come in. Considerable renovation has been done to improve the wiring and plumbing to provide a room for Centre activities, and to provide an adequate suite for the manager. A Utility room has also been equipped so that the use of laundry equipment can be taught. There are six guest rooms, some capable of handling two guests. A great deal of volunteer labor as well as furnishings and money were donated by the community this first year."

**VOLUNTEERS**

Volunteer labor included not only cleaning and painting by Committee members, but free labor donated by local plumbing and electrical contractors. One local plumber, again anonymous, offered plumbing requirements.

Spruced up with an interior paint job, the Centre is so clean, it glistens.

A Board of Directors is in charge of the Centre; originally an Indian couple acted as Manager and Matron. Mr. Brightnose, the first Manager, had great potential; those attending his Cree classes said he was a born teacher. But raising three small children and attending to the Centre proved to be difficult. Now, a mixed couple, Jack Reed, white, and Kristina, Cree, and in charge—and what an ideal couple they are! They live at the Centre with their son, daughter and Mrs. Reed's mother Granny Cadotte. (The story of Granny's lifelong dedication to her people was published in January.) The only one not happy with the arrangement is the dog; though he has been in constant touch with Indians throughout his eight years, the smell of smoke-tanned moose hide still makes him bristle; he constantly snubs the Indians from the bush.

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## Higher Education For Indians

—Continued from page 2

was cited as the best in Canada.

His successor was Rev. Paul Piche, OMI, now the Bishop of Mackenzie, who founded St. Paul's High School as a department of Qu'Appelle school, to meet the needs of an increasing number of student graduates from the elementary grades. He brought the students in closer contact with their parents and with the white population in the area.

His successor was Rev. O. Robidoux, OMI, 1951-1958. He developed the high school program and extra-curricular activities, followed up the high school graduates in their professional training, instilling in his former students a sense of personal responsibility. He also recruited high school students from other residential schools in Saskatchewan, Ontario and Alberta.

By the end of his tenure, Qu'Ap-

pelle had reached its golden age.

Meantime the federal government established numerous day schools on the reservations and sent an increasing number of Indian students to public schools.

Rev. V. Bilodeau, OMI, principal from 1958 to 1964, endeavored to offset the loss of choice students by encouraging Indian parents to assume their full responsibility in the education of their children wherever they were attending school. To this end he founded the Association for Indian Education. Rev. L. Charron, OMI, present principal, reports 215 elementary and 60 high school students at the school with a staff of 60. By 1965, 150 high school pupils have graduated from St. Paul's High School.

To make available high school education to the Indians of Manitoba and northwestern Ontario, Assiniboia High School was founded in

Winnipeg, in 1958, on the initiative of the Oblate Fathers and entirely financially supported by the federal government. The founding principal was Father Robidoux who brought with him the wealth of experience he had acquired at Qu'Appelle.

Here again, the Grey Nuns of Montreal cooperated with the Oblate Missioners in giving adequate education to young Indian students now faced with immediate integration into the urban population.

Assiniboia's enrollment of over 100 includes this year 20 Grade XII students, most of whom will, as the Lebrét graduates, continue on to train in trades and professions.

In view of the strong integration policy of the federal government and abetted by the need of higher economic and social standards, a progressive element within the Indian population now realizes that their future lies entirely within their own hands and that higher education has become a necessity for all.

## Manitoba's Only Indian Hostel

—Continued from page 13

Mrs. Keddie, one of the trustees remarked, "The Reeds are so wonderful and the Centre's such a happy place." After an evening spent at the Centre, I couldn't agree more. Jack gave full credit to Kris. "You know, I knew Kris would be good with the Indians and Metis, but the response she gets actually amazes me."

"The most thoroughly integrated person you could ever meet," and one of the most pleasant, Kristina, who was educated in Flin Flon schools, is completely at home with natives or whites. Granny Cadotte's dedication to people, her hospitality and concern for all the Indians she came in contact with, have left their mark on her daughter. It is no wonder the Indians respond to Kris; she does so much for them.

### FIRST EXPERIENCE

And the natives really need help. For many, the stay at the Centre is their first experience with our civilization. Never before have they encountered phones, electricity, traffic. They come because of the need for medical or dental attention, but they don't know what to expect from doctors and dentists nor how to act. It's not surprising they become confused. Kris found one bewildered Indian woman putting dimes into a parking meter on Main Street. "I don't know what's the matter. I've put in five dimes and still the taxi doesn't come."

There is so much for Kris to do—her own family to see to, the Centre to keep clean, the Indians to look after. She concerns herself

with her charges' appearance and clothing, familiarizes them with the facilities at the Centre and the electrical appliances, directs them to the cafe, clinic or dentist, counselling them on what to expect and how to act; if they are unsure or need an interpreter she goes with them. She'll even babysit while parents attend to business or shop (but NOT while they are in the beer parlor!)

### INTERPRETER

"Interpreting takes up so much of Kris' time; I wonder if all of it is necessary. We had two women guests who said they had to have an interpreter at the dentist's. Later on I overheard them talking; one asked, "When are you going to be getting your dentures?" "Dentures yet," Jack laughed, "I'd probably have said false teeth."

Since the Centre makes some provision for household help, one would expect Kris to hire a competent cleaning woman, but she thinks first of her natives and their needs. Whenever possible, she has one of them to help her; this is excellent training and they receive cigarettes and spending money.

"Do you know, one part of our program has been aimed at installing a sense of dignity and personal pride in these people in their meeting with the white community," Jack related. "From the verbal compliments we have received at various levels, it would appear that we have achieved a measure of success."

### NOT FOR GUESTS ONLY

As Rev. Freeman pointed out, the Centre is not restricted to guests;

visitors may avail themselves of counselling and interpreting services, take part in the handcraft program or join in the social events. Important things are happening here, and the Town is beginning to realize this. The hospital authorities and the Town Council have publicly expressed their appreciation. One local women's organization took for its Centennial project, the supplying of additional bed linen and blankets for the Centre. Letters from Chief Linklater, the Three Band Council and individual Indians show how much the natives appreciate the services.

And this amazing record of achievement is only the beginning. The Reeds and the directors have great plans for the future. One program they plan to sponsor, and here I quote Jack Reed, "is the visiting of native women singly by invitation into white homes in the community. This program has a double purpose; it will give native women an opportunity to see how white homes are set up and run, and it will show white women that these people are no different from themselves, other than having lived in a different environment."

Mr. Larson, Chairman of the Board of Directors, credits the success of the Centre to the wonderful support of the community, and this it true. But what comes through loud and clear in the Centre story is the power of an idea in the minds of dedicated people such as Mr. and Mrs. Larson, Mrs. McEachern, the Reeds, the Committee members. The Christopher movement claims, "You can change the world; these people have certainly succeeded in 'changing the world' for a good many Indians and Metis."

# During Centennial Year — A Tercentennial

While Canadians go about their merry way planning and participating in centennial celebrations, and pondering the colorful history of the nation's past 100 years, the diocese of Fort William marked a significant historical event in northwestern Ontario — the first Mass said northwest of Sault Ste. Marie, 300 years ago.

## On Home Ground

In St. John, N.B., a 14-man band of Micmac Indians stopped over en-route from Cape Breton to Expo, and revived in the minds of St. John residents the story of John Gyles.

Taken in slavery from his home in Maine, nine-year-old John Gyles became proficient in both Maliseet and Micmac tongues, and lived to become the first English-speaking civilian resident of New Brunswick. His captors, the Maliseets, later freed him to make his way back to his family.

In recalling this past history, St. John residents wondered, too, whether the Micmacs paddling their modern canoes along the eastern seashores, were giving thought to the days when their forefathers plied those same routes in search of food and valuable furs.

Did their gaze sweep the sandy shores and in passing by did they ask each other "might that have been an early camping ground?" For years these were still marked by huge piles of clam shells, heaps of oyster shells, or by eel grass, where their favorite food awaited. The Bay of Fundy in those days also bred schools of porpoises, another Indian delicacy.

These character marks of camping grounds have long since been changed by the tides of the Atlantic region, but the many sandy beaches still remain. The Indians looked for these to facilitate landing of trout streams handy and game in the forests.

Did they realize as they put their canoes into the water again at Saint John that they were treading Glooscap ground? Or that Indiantown was named in order to cultivate friendly relations after the treaty with them wade made at Fort Howe in 1778, when a trading house was built there to accommodate them? And did they see the new block house now being erected at this historic site?

The Micmac band completed the 1,000-mile journey by the middle of July and joined with the Iroquois from the Caughnawauqua Reserve for a re-enactment of the 1894 treaty signing at the Expo Indian Pavilion.

—New Freeman, St. John.

The first Mass was celebrated by Father Allouez, SJ, for the Nipissing Indians who then lived near the present-day Nipigon.

The day-long celebration to mark this event (Tercentennial Day) were held June 25 at Nipigon Arena and were highlighted by a colorful concelebrated Mass; Bishop E. Q. Jennings, of Fort William, being the principal celebrant.

A special chalice, crafted by Fr. H. H. Thyssen, of White River, was used in the concelebrated Mass. The chalice was constructed of materials found in northwestern Ontario: copper, Lake Superior agate, Lake Superior amethyst, pine and ceramic on copper and gold.

Father E. O'Flaherty, SJ, gave the sermon at the Mass in Ogibwe, while Father A. MacDougall, SJ, gave the address in English.

The Tercentennial Day also included a Chief-Making ceremony for Father MacDougall, Father Provincial, by Chief Ben Wawia-Lake Helen. There was also a blessing of

a plaque to commemorate the Tercentennial.

General chairman for the event was Father R. A. Carey, pastor of St. Hilary parish, Red Rock; assisted by members of the Knights of Columbus.

About 3,000 persons participated in the Tercentennial Day celebrations.

## Macdonald Had Fault

A self-educated Mississauga Indian, just turned 102, says Canadian historians who applaud Sir John A. Macdonald have it all wrong.

Moses Marden, of Lakefield, Ont., says Sir John A. was "the instigator of the Northwest Rebellion."

Canada's first prime minister "shoved Indians out West" as immigrants, he said in an interview.

"They didn't like the way they were being treated, so a battle started.

"I've been a Liberal ever since."

## The Trail Of Hanpa

—Continued from page 10

alone a great deal, I have time to think. The Indians resent the deal that the white people handed out to them. They have friends among the whites whom they trust. But the general feeling is that they have been terribly wronged and they find it hard to forgive and forget."

Daniel spoke slowly and with restraint. He added: "Mrs. Ramsay, I really feel deep in my heart, that our people are dead. Yes, they died when they lost their independence. We could have preserved our freedom right in the heart of the United States. But we have been hounded from all sides, murdered, exiled from our native lands, we are scattered and broken up in small groups; many of our Lakota people had to seek refuge in the land of the Great White Mother to escape death. This I can never forget. Only the younger people, those of mixed blood, accept the inevitable fate without sorrow, because they cannot understand the pride and the glory of their ancestors."

During this tirade, Pauline Ramsay stood silent, and when Daniel had finished, she wiped a tear from her eyes: "I begin to understand, Mr. Daniel, and I feel deeply over your loss. It may be the will of God who gives and takes away as He pleases... Daniel, do you have any interest in life, are you happy?"

Dan was deeply moved by this personal remark and his heart prompted him to answer: "Yes, I

do have interest and a goal in life. But I do not want wealth nor honor. I am happy in a way you cannot understand..." he hesitated, and then added softly: "I am happy here talking with you, because no white woman has ever spoken to me like this before. May I call you Pauline? You call me Dan, please, the way white friends do..."

Pauline's heart skipped a beat: "Yes, Dan. I am honored to be called your friends. I wanted to tell you right along that I loved you... but I hesitated... I... I..." She did not finish her sentence, trying to control her emotion.

Daniel had remained impassive. The sudden arrival of Toto broke the confidences of the two friends. Pauline welcomed him to dinner: "Glad you showed up," she said, "I was afraid you'd find a new heart-throb here among your friends..."

Toto winked at Daniel: "Yes, I do have my eyes on Bear-Child's daughter, but she is much too young...! Perhaps my friend Dan needs a little encouragement... don't you, Dan?"

Daniel replied confusedly: "What do you know?" Mrs. Ramsay interrupted coyly: "Did you come to chaperon Daniel? My mother is arriving tonight to help until I get well again... so you two men can look after one another."

"Am I my brother's keeper," taunted Daniel gaily.

(To be continued)

# Lord Selkirk Honors Chief Peguis

The decedents of the Selkirk Settlers and the Peguis Indians were brought together this summer during a centennial celebration at St. Peter's Anglican Church, four miles north of Selkirk, Man.

The groups were represented by Lord and Lady Selkirk and Chief Albert Edward Thompson, the great-great-grandson of Chief Peguis who is credited with aiding the original settlers of Manitoba.

About 250 persons watched as Chief Thompson presented the 10th Earl of Selkirk with an Indian headpiece and a peace pipe. Lork Selkirk placed a wreath on the grave of Chief Peguis located in the church cemetery overlooking the Red River.

The ceremony also symbolized the 150th anniversary of the visit of the fifth Earl of Selkirk, who founded the Red River Settlement in 1811.

Rt. Rev. John Anderson, Anglican coadjutor bishop of Rupert's Land, delivered a brief sermon extolling the friendship which existed between the early settlers of Manitoba and the Indians.

Following the half-hour ceremony which began at 11:30 a.m., Lord Selkirk and Chief Thompson joined about 150 residents of the area for an outdoor lunch.

The celebrations officially marked Peguis Day but the real purpose of the day-long event, according to an Indian spokesman, was "to show by this celebration that the Indians of Manitoba played an important role in the history of early settlements."

The affair also helped to emphasize the friendship which existed between the white settlers and the Peguis Band.



Lord Selkirk and Chief Albert Thompson of the Peguis Band pause at the grave of Chief Peguis.

## IN ALBERTA

# Indians Plan Unified Voice

Indian power is growing steadily in Alberta.

While the discontent of the province's 100,000 Indians and Metis with their social and economic lot is unlikely to boil over into the long, hot summer of Negro violence in the U.S., the native people want out.

Jack Bellerose, 53, of Edmonton, chairman of the newly formed Alberta Native Federation, says the Indian people would have been content to be left in peace, if they could have survived.

Native people want to break the poverty-grip of log cabin life, they want to regain their lost dignity as human beings.

Through the Federation, a Centennial project, Indians and Metis plan to forge a unified voice to speak for their bands and organizations to

government at all levels.

The organization will tackle the immediate problems of adult education, housing, and the need for industry on or near reserves. It will research old treaties to discover what rights the Indians have lost.

The recent Alberta government sponsored survey of the Saddle Lake Indian Reserve stressed the need for counselling, job placement, and a broadening of contacts between Indians on reserves and the white society.

The federation wants to strengthen and enlarge the services of friendship centres in Edmonton and other cities, where Indians and whites can co-operate to ease the transition from slow-moving rural life to the gallop of nine-to-five living.

Jack Bellerose is himself an example of the transition that can be made. A Metis of Indian, French, and Scottish ancestry, he dropped out of school in Grade 8.

He worked on a farm, tried singing on radio, served in the Canadian Army, and traveled across Canada five times, courtesy of numerous freight trains.

For the past 14 years, he has worked for the Department of National Defence, and lives in one of Edmonton's new high-rise apartment buildings.

Jack Bellerose knows both lives. The federation is a practical expression of the Indian's desire for freedom and dignity.

—Western Catholic Reporter

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