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Indians, Metis parade in downtown Winnipeg

Canadians of Indian origin brightened downtown Winnipeg streets last month when they paraded to their new friendship centre for its official opening. The opening came during a

special Manitoba conference on communications. Left to right are Peter Eastman of Gypsumville, Mary Louise Defender, director of the centre and Chief Frank Merick. See page 3.

Two Groups — One Goal: Conference

Machinery was set in motion last month to organize Manitoba's Indian and Metis people into two separate bodies which will work for the common goal of improving the lot of their people.

The move, termed one of the greatest steps ever taken by the groups, came in resolutions passed at an

Indian-Metis communications conference held in Winnipeg in mid-October.

Treaty Indians attending the conference unanimously supported a motion calling for the reorganization of registered Indians. The organization will be known as the Manitoba Indian Brotherhood and is

intended to be the official voice of Indian people.

It replaces the dormant Manitoba Native Brotherhood which was organized in 1935 but which has not even elected officers the past six years.

The resolution said there is no effective Indian organization in

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INDIAN RECORD

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School Principals Protest Report Recommendations

Recommendations of a 200-page study on Indian Residential Schools in Western Canada have been severely challenged by principals of eight Oblate-administered residential schools in British Columbia.

Prepared for the Dept. of Indian Affairs and Northern Development by George Caldwell, a social worker with the Canadian Welfare Council, the report was an attempt to evaluate present programs and the future role of such schools, entitled "Indian Residential Schools," it was published in January 1967, following nine months of intensive research by Mr. Caldwell and his assistants in nine residential schools in Saskatchewan.

But its finding drew cries of protest from principals in BC directed to the Dept. of Indian Affairs through Father Guy Voisin, OMI, director of the Oblate Indian-Eskimo Council in Ottawa. After a local meeting to discuss the report, the principals registered their complaints through the Oblate vicar-provincial of St. Peter's province, Father G. F. Kelly, OMI.

"Had the report been titled 'Indian Residential Schools in the Province of Saskatchewan,'" Father Kelly wrote, "then the recommendations would have been a challenge only to those who are responsible for the operation of schools within the province. However, the wording of the findings and recommendations would indicate that they apply to all Indian residential schools in Canada. The principals wish to register the strongest possible protest to this manner of procedure.

"To survey nine schools in one province, and then proceed to make universal recommendations to all schools in all provinces, is to say the least, rather presumptuous."

The principals objected on other counts: That differing geographical factors even within one province would be important in evaluating the role of the schools; that practically all Indian spokesmen today, and Indian nurses, teachers, ranchers, tradesmen, clergymen, were originally educated in residential schools; that children are not treated "en masse," but given individual attention; that the schools actually represent a bridge between the white and Indian cultures.

Father V. A. LaPlante, OMI, administrator, St. Eugene Student Residence, Cranbrook, B.C., agreed "that more aid and assistance should be given to reinforce Indian family life . . . it is perhaps the most critical need of the Indian people at the present time." But he differed sharply with recommendations in the report that orphans, children born out of wedlock and those subject to family breakdown should be legally apprehended by the Social Welfare Dept.

"I think that it is better for the child to retain some close identification with his relatives than to be placed under the permanent protective and official care of a government department almost exclusively 'white oriented,'" he wrote.

"We must not only be prepared to receive criticism with regard to existing conditions or policies," wrote Father Lorne Mackey, OMI, Christie Residential School, Tofino, BC, **"but above all it is time we took a positive look at the future to outline a meaningful, beneficial role for the people whom we have served so long."**

Book Reviews

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS. Ernest Berke. Doubleday, 1963, \$3.75, junior. This handsomely illustrated book describes Indians in seven areas of America.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS. Owen, Deetz, Fisher. Macmillan, 1967, 752 pp., index, bibliog., list of 200 films, \$10.95. This major work provides a comprehensive, up-to-date, and much needed compilation of the best writings on North American Indian cultures. The book ranges through archaeology, linguistics and physical anthropology and discusses the seven main cultural areas.

THE SIOUX, LIFE AND CUSTOMS OF A WARRIOR SOCIETY. Royal B. Hassrick. University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. 337 pp., annotated, index, bibliog., illus. \$5.95. The author approaches his subject from the Sioux's own viewpoint, giving their own interpretation of their world in the time of its greatest vigor. The Sioux were the heroes of the Great Plains and have come to symbolize all that is Indian.

THEY SANG FOR HORSES. LaVerne H. Clark. University of Arizona Press. 1966, 225 pp., index, bibliog., illus., \$12.00. This beautiful book treats with the impact of the horse on traditional forms of Navajo and Apache folklore over three centuries of influence. The symbolic significance of the horse in ceremony, song, prayer, custom and belief is defined. Six full-color horse paintings by famous Indian artists add to the interest. Poetic in tone, scholarly in treatment, this book will be treasured.

MARIA TALLCHIEF. Elizabeth P. Myers. Grosset & Dunlap, 1966, junior, \$2.95. The exciting story of the Osage girl who reached the top in a world where few ever do.

—Amerindian

Oblate Moves

Oblate appointments made this year included the naming of Rev. John Hennessy, OMI, as Principal of the Indian Residential School at Williams Lake, B.C. Rev. Myles Power, OMI, was appointed Principal of the IRS at Sechelt, B.C., Rev. John Massel, OMI, Principal of the IRS at Kuper Island, and Rev. Robert Kelly, OMI, Director of Retreats for Youth, residing at the IRS in Mission City.

Perfectionist: One who takes great pains . . . and gives them to other people.

Kettle of Fire Moved As Centre Opens

An improved, enlarged Indian and Metis Friendship Centre was opened officially in Winnipeg October 14 in a blaze of color.

The opening was conducted according to Indian custom with smoking of the pipe and burning sweet grass in benediction.

The ceremony started with an escorted procession of chiefs and leaders past the old centre. A kettle of fire was carried, symbolic of Indians moving their campsite years ago.

Chief Frank Merrick of the Long Plains Indian Reserve, near Portage la Prairie, was guardian of the pipe and chanted prayers in both Sioux and Saulteaux to mark the opening of a new camp.

Chief Merrick, 82, is the oldest chief in Manitoba.

The pipe used was a catlinite replica of one used 100 years ago when the Sioux and Saulteaux made peace at Long Plains.

Following the chant, the chief hung the replica of the original "buffalo calf" peace pipe in the centre. Guest of honor at the opening was Lt. Gov. Richard S. Bowles.

The opening was attended by representatives from the Cree, Saulteaux, Chippawa, Ojibway, Sioux and Metis communities in the province.



Smoking a peace pipe at the new centre are (from left) Chief Frank of Long Plains Reserve near Portage la Prairie, Peter Eastman of Gypsumville and Manitoba's Lt.-Gov. Richard S. Bowles.

Two Groups — One Goal, Says Conference

—Continued from Page 1

Manitoba, yet most Indians agree such a body is desirable. It called for "reorganizing the Indian people of Manitoba and, as such, to appoint a provisional executive or committee to start working."

Metis Group

Meanwhile, the Metis delegates unanimously voted to form their own organization. Their resolution said, "The Metis communication conference delegates have decided to form our own organization . . . we . . . ask the Manitoba government for an organizational grant to administer the organization we are about to form."

The Metis also passed a resolution asking the provincial government to supply a communications organizer to meet and communicate with Metis people.

Tom Eagle, co-ordinator of the conference, was named chairman of the Metis provisional group which hopes to be ready to announce a formal organization at an annual Indian and Metis conference in March.

Both groups plan to work together

but, for administrative reasons, they decided to form separate organizations. Treaty Indians are under federal government jurisdiction; the Metis deal primarily with provincial and local governments.

Mr. Eagle said the Metis group will include Indian people who don't have treaty rights.

The organization has no name yet.

"I'm optimistic we'll get government backing. We consider this decision to organize as one of the greatest steps ever taken," Mr. Eagle said.

Officers Elected

Chief Dave Courchene of the Fort Alexander Reserve, near Pine Falls, Man., was named president of the Manitoba Indian Brotherhood. Regional vice-presidents are Phil Fontaine, Fort Alexander, eastern region; George Sutherland, Sandy Bay, southern region; Angus Swan, Lake Manitoba, Interlake region, and William Thomas, Nelson House, northern region.

Mr. Fontaine, 22, band manager at Fort Alexander and a former member of the Company of Young Canadians, said the brotherhood

likely will pattern itself after the Federation of Saskatchewan Indians.

"We feel the support is there. All we have to do is get the membership at local levels," Mr. Fontaine said.

"We hope to get our people into high places through the brotherhood and, possibly, it will serve as a pressure organization."

Mr. Fontaine said the brotherhood executive will attend the annual convention of the Saskatchewan federation in Prince Albert in November.

The conference also passed resolutions asking for federal and provincial grants to enable chiefs and Metis leaders to meet quarterly to review and discuss communication.

The resolution said Indian and Metis communities have been isolated for years and, to overcome the effects of this isolation and to unite people of Indian descent, such grants would be needed.

Delegates also asked for "two or three" communications officers to work with native people and to prepare broadcasts and reports of interest to Indians and Metis.

—Winnipeg Free Press

Assiniboia School Becomes Residence

High school classes, which have been available since 1958 to Indian students at the Assiniboia Residential School in Winnipeg, have been cut off this Fall.

At the end of June, Assiniboia had an enrollment of 100 students with 82 attending grades ten to twelve. Of the 18 grade ten students in residence but attending public high school, ten quit school during the year and, of the eight others, only four returned to take grade eleven.

None of the eight students had a clear pass in the city schools. Assiniboia reopened this September with an enrollment of 86 boys and girls; 22 new grade tens, 46 grade elevens, and 20 grade twelve former students.

Since the official closing of the schoolrooms by the Indian Affairs Branch, Assiniboia reopens as a residence with the Oblate Fathers remaining in charge, assisted by the Grey Nuns of Montreal.

Mr. Leon Joubert and Sister Brisebois, SGM, have been appointed full-time student counsellors. Every effort has been made by the Assiniboia school administration to place the students in Catholic high schools. The Convent of the Sacred Heart in Charleswood has accepted eleven high school girls and St. Charles Convent seventeen. 20 students attend St. Boniface Diocesan High School. The remaining students attend Gordon Bell, Kelvin, Grant Park, Vincent Massey, Daniel McIntyre and St. James Collegiate. One attends Tec Voc School. 72 students are enrolled in the university entrance course while seven are taking the General and six the Commercial.

Indian Affairs Branch gives as a reason for closing Assiniboia as a high school: to allow to the Indian students the same opportunity as to the non-Indian in the selection of the high school course more suitable to them. Since Assiniboia had an official enrollment of only 120 it was deemed impossible to organize the various courses available in the city's public high schools.

Further, Branch officials say integration with non-Indian students at the high school level will break the social barriers through association with the non-Indian way of life and thus promote better understanding on both parts.

Advising the parents of the Indian students, Assiniboia principal Rev. R. Chaput, OMI, said that the Indian Affairs Branch decision made it impossible to conduct classes at Assiniboia under a restricted number of students and a further restriction in the number of teachers. This Fall, grade ten students were assigned to city schools.

"Rather than deprive our students of the chance of taking the course and the options answering their desires and abilities, we found ourselves compelled by these circumstances to accept the only alternative offered, to have our students attend high schools in the city."

Maintaining Assiniboia as a residence for high school students of Indian descent retains for the students their own gymnasium, library and chapel, plus the services of the counsellors to assist them in their studies and personal problems.

Rev. Robidoux, OMI, who founded the school in 1958 in the former veterans rest home and who was its principal until last year, noted that six graduates from Assiniboia are presently university students, three at Manitoba, one at Antigonish, one at Brandon and one at the Scarborough Centennial College.

As a result of the change of policy by Indian Affairs Branch, which pays for all tuition, transportation, board, clothing and extra-curricular activities of these students, the per capita cost per year to the taxpayer is expected to rise to nearly \$2,000 a year.

The Federal Government maintains residential elementary and secondary schools for Indians at Fort Alexander, Sandy Bay, Camperville, Clearwater Lake, all under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church here in Manitoba. The Church of England also conducts a residential school in Dauphin as does the United Church at Norway House.

Student-spaces are purchased from local school boards operating public high schools in order to accommodate the students who are mainly from Northern Manitoba where high school facilities are not readily available.

Centre Produces Xmas Card

The Canadian Indian Centre of Toronto works to help Indians coming into the city to adjust to a quite different environment, and to combat in some measure the loneliness and isolation that some of our first citizens feel in the quick-paced life of our cities.

One way of raising funds to make this work possible is through the sale of Christmas cards and Hasti-Notes. This year the Indian Centre card is a reproduction of an oil painting by an Indian artist, Arthur Shilling. This card won the Centre's first national competition for Christmas card design. Shilling, a 26-year-old Ojibway impressionist, has portrayed his young brother Paul sleeping.

Mrs. Jacqueline Steinberg, who is herself a Chippewa and is in charge of the sale and distribution of these

cards, explains that Paul, the subject of the portrait, is 13 years old and lives on the Rama Reserve near Orillia.

"He is," she says, "A quiet boy and hopes to become a doctor. That in itself is an innovation, for a few years ago none of my people would have dared to hope for such an accomplishment."

The cards are in full colour, printed on heavy stock with, inside, the message "Season's Greetings" in Christmas green.

These cards, and similar Hasti-Notes, sell at ten for \$1.00 and are available through the Canadian Indian Centre, 210 Beverley Street, Toronto 2B, Ontario.

"Many thoughtful people," Mrs. Steinberg continued, "Add 10% to cover shipping costs, for which we are very grateful."

Queen Visits Indian Pavilion

Queen Elizabeth II accompanied by her husband, Prince Philip, and other dignitaries, this summer paid a visit to the Indians of Canada Pavilion. It was the specific wish of the Queen to renew her friendship with the Canadian Indians.

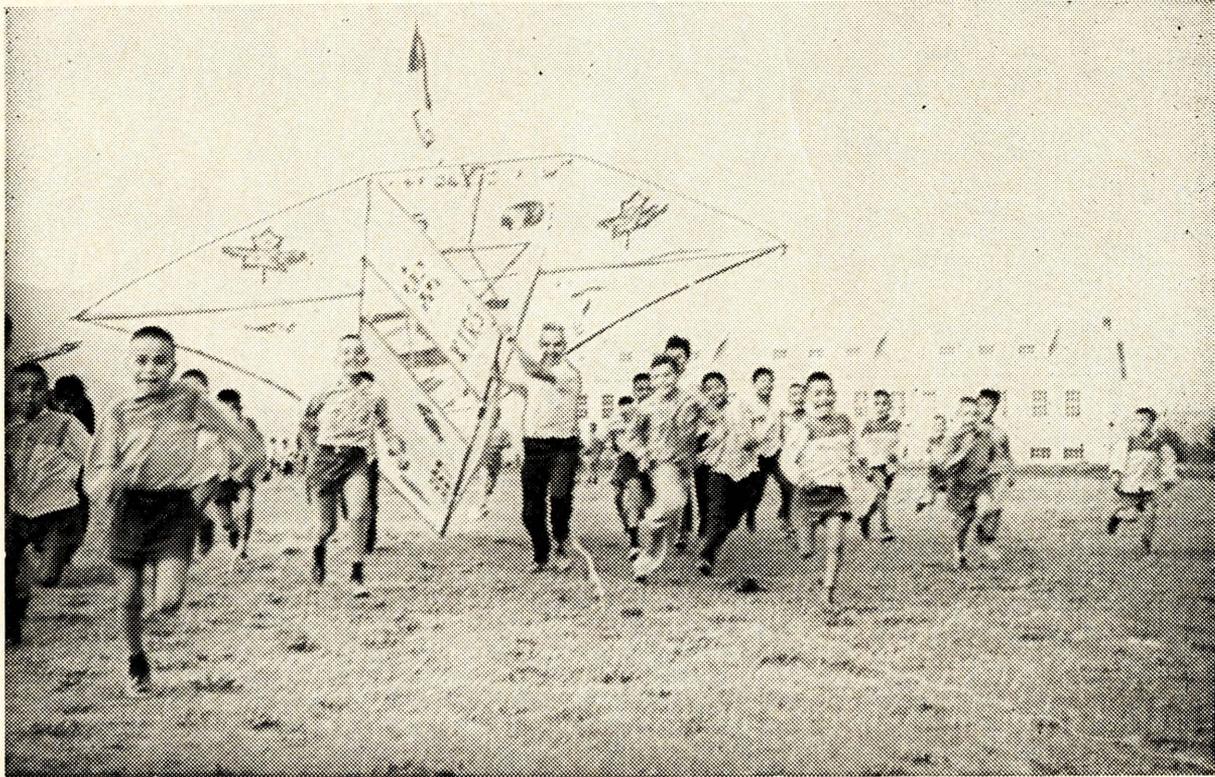
Commissioner General of the Indian Pavilion, Andrew Delisle, a Mohawk from Caughnawaga, met the Royal Party on the walk in front of the 71 foot totem pole. There he introduced the Queen to a number of outstanding Indians. Among those introduced were, Mr. Len Marchand,

Special Assistant to the Minister of Indian Affairs, and his wife; Messrs. Russell Moses and Reginald Kelly; Chief Max Gros Louis, of Village Huron, P.O. and several members of the Caughnawaga Indian Band.

After meeting the hostesses, Her Majesty and His Royal Highness were escorted by Mr. Delisle through the pavilion. The Prince conversed with the hostesses throughout the tour.

Mr. Delisle said the Queen had been very impressed with the pavilion and displays. —Indian News

Mysterious U.F.O.?



IT'S A BIRD. IT'S A PLANE. ACTUALLY IT'S A KITE.

SPORTS DIRECTOR Bro. John Heysel, O.M.I., and pupils at Kamloops Indian Residential School assist in the launching of a 20-foot box kite which is given elevation with the aid of a pickup truck driven by Bro. Mills, O.M.I., ahead of the group and out of camera range. At 500 feet the kite will release hundreds of Canadian flags, and names of famous Indian Chiefs, take pictures with a camera attached to a strut or, at night, provide a spectacular display, when it carries several fiery fuses aloft to the amazement of uninitiated motorists on the Trans-Canada Highway. The Centennial Kite was built to give honor to great Indian chiefs.

Kamloops School Flies High For Centennial

10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1! Shades of Cape Kennedy. What's this? A launching here in Kamloops?

Last month Brother John Heysel, O.M.I., and pupils at Kamloops Indian Residential School launched a kite. Not any ordinary kite, but one 20 feet long . . .

The mammoth kite is the school's centennial project, and they not only flew the kite, they also dropped 'things' from it. There were hundreds of Canadian flags, colorful parachutes and thousands of pieces of paper with the names of famous Indian Chiefs such as Chief Poundmaker, Sitting Bull, Crowfoot, Black-moon, etc.

In order to get the kite air-borne it was necessary to tow it behind a pickup truck at 50 mph. Once airborne it took many enthusiastic hands to control it.

A possible cause for UFO reports? Brother Heysel once launched the kite at night with railway flares attached to the struts, much to the bewilderment of motorists on the Trans-Canada Highway.

The children at the school are delighted with the whole affair. They designed the crest on the surface of the kite and wrote essays on the

Indian Chiefs whose names were dropped from the kite.

The kite took approximately two months to complete.

Claims Outlook Misrepresented

The Canadian Indian Pavilion at Expo misrepresented the views of most of this country's Indians, according to a Catholic missionary who has spent 26 years among them.

Rev. Apollinaire Plamondon, who visited the pavilion during the summer, told the Montreal Gazette that, "the pavilion represents the views of the handful of people who designed it, but not those of the majority of Canadian Indians."

"Most Indians aren't so bitter—they're happy with what is being done for them by the government and by the missionaries."

The Quebec-born Oblate priest lives on a 2,000-Indian reservation near Fort Alexander, Manitoba. He went to Montreal to accompany four young Indian musicians who appeared at the bandshell.

"Such statements in the pavilion as 'war and treaties deprived us of our land distort the real mood of the Indians,' Fr. Plamondon said.

"They never wanted the whole country. What would 200,000 Indians have done with all Canada?"

The four young men who went with Fr. Plamondon to Montreal were part of an 11-man musical group he organized at the reservation. Armed with electrical guitars and drums, they play everything from rock and roll to traditional Indian dances.

He started the group, he says, "to let Canadians get used to seeing Indians and to give the Indian boys something to do to maintain their self-respect.

"Without this sort of thing, there would be very little for them to do on the reservation and they would just sit around."

Despite the fact that many Indians now are leaving the reservations, Fr. Plamondon says, that the future reservation life, since "they're happiest when they are together in a group."

Says Jean Goodwill:

Change Demands Better Understanding

People who talk about "educating" the Indian as an answer to his problem could in most instances do with some educating themselves.

Jean Goodwill, a young Indian woman of the Cree tribe in Saskatchewan, now working in Ottawa, thinks that there has to be a big change in attitude among Canadians. "They need to be educated as to what an Indian is; how he thinks; what it is he wants. . . . Indian culture is a whole philosophy, it's a way of life."

Mrs. Goodwill, a registered nurse who has worked in outpost hospitals in Saskatchewan and as executive director of the Indian-Metis Friendship Centre in Winnipeg, also recently spent a year in the Indian Affairs Branch.

Looking back over her year at the Indian Affairs Branch, Mrs. Goodwill sees much that is good. "They're really speeding up their programs and they're consulting Indian people. . . . But at the same time there are

still a great number of people working within the Branch who have this very paternalistic attitude towards the people and I'm afraid they're going to be with us for a long time."

Mrs. Goodwill joined the Branch's new Cultural Section, in the Social Programs Division, hoping, she says, to find that Indian Affairs was becoming interested in Indian philosophy, the Indian way of thinking. She was disappointed. But in spite of her disappointment, she still has great hopes for the Cultural Section—if they can accept the fact that Indian culture is more than just dances and powwows.

Mrs. Goodwill urges young Indians to complete their education and get university degrees.

At the same time, she notes the conflict that arises in well qualified young Indians when they consider working for the Indian Affairs Branch. Their own people are apt to consider on the one hand that they have "gone over to the other side,"

and on the other that they have all the answers to the Indians' problems. "You find yourself in a very precarious position," she points out.

Mrs. Goodwill deplors the old paternalistic attitudes which are creating problems in the new community self-help programs. There are problems for the Indians, because all decisions have been made for them for years by agents and superintendents and they are suddenly being asked to think for themselves. And there are problems for many of the superintendents, who have to change their ways of doing and thinking about things.

Asked if there are conflicts of culture as Indians become more and more involved in Canadian institutions, Mrs. Goodwill replies that she thinks her people could learn to live quite comfortably in both cultures, as she and her husband have done. "Even now, although both of us are in so-called professional fields, we still go back home and he speaks Sioux and I speak Cree. We associate with these people in whatever they do; we join their dances, we join their celebrations, as we've always done in the past."

But she admits that being an Indian "you have to try twice as hard because you have to continue to prove yourself to both sides, to your own people and also the non-Indian people."



ANCIENT ART of scooping out a seaworthy canoe is still used on the southwest Pacific island of New Britain and adjacent islands, where missionary efforts must be based on methods consonant with the life of the people.

Improved Housing Sought By Metis

The Manitoba government was asked Oct. 20 to establish a policy on Metis housing and to provide money for the housing program for these people.

The demand was made by a delegation of 30 Indian and Metis residents who were to meet with the provincial cabinet and present a list of resolutions which evolved from the annual Indian and Metis conference last March and a communications conference held in mid-October.

The request for a housing policy noted that the recent establishment of the Provincial Housing Authority shows a concern for Metis housing and it points out that funds are necessary to develop low rental housing for needy families.

Treaty Indians receive housing assistance through the Indian affairs branch. There are no special channels open to assist Metis people in acquiring housing.

**Hope for The Future — Fourth in a series
of articles by Irene Hewitt of Flin Flon, Manitoba . . .**

A Friend To The Indians

"Yes, things do look somewhat brighter, now, for the Indians, but it has taken years and years to achieve even this, and there is so very much more to do."

Mrs. Basil Keddie, of Flin Flon, was speaking from experience; her interest in northern Indians goes back to 1925 when she came to teach at McKay Residential School, seven miles from The Pas.

The record of McKay School was in the old snapshot album on the coffee table in her home — the school, the little stone church, the groups of smiling children, the school staff, the costume parties, the Christmas concert . . . oh! I could see it all so clearly as Dorothy Keddie spoke of life at the school.

The rugged northern scenery fascinated Dorothy as the canoe taking her to McKay School forged ahead. Then, close to the island, she could see dark heads shyly bobbing up and down, and she wondered, "Will the Indian children like me? How will I ever tell them apart? What will the winters be like in an isolated place like this? Should I have come?"

Only eighteen the previous summer, Dorothy had travelled by herself from Wales to come to Quebec to teach; her only contact, a pen-pal who would be meeting her when the ship docked. Learning about Indian residential schools, missionary-minded Dorothy requested an Indian assignment for the next year. And now, what was she coming to?

She was coming to an island in the wilderness of northern Manitoba, a small cluster of buildings, ninety-six children, a staff of ten, and a work schedule that would allow only one day a month away from the island. No wonder she had misgivings. Still, the three-storey school looked quite up-to-date and there was a lovely, little stone church. The staff meeting her at the dock were friendly; the children smiled shyly. Her room, freshly-painted, was nicely furnished. Dorothy knew she was right in coming; she would stay for three years, leaving only to return home to Wales, as she had promised, before getting married.

The staff consisted of the principal, two teachers (Dorothy had the Junior class), five matrons (one each for the boys, the girls, the kitchen, laundry and sewing), the farm instructor and the electrician.

The ninety-six children were divided into two classrooms with the Seniors attending only half days.

When not in class the boys worked on the farm, tended the cattle, cut wood on the mainland and helped with maintenance chores. The girls helped with the cooking, the laundry, the cleaning and gardening. And the teachers worked right along with the pupils.

"Didn't you find it terribly restrictive being allowed off the island only one day a month?"

"I suppose teachers would nowadays, but our tastes were simpler then. I'd never even had a car ride; we weren't accustomed to ready-made entertainment like shows, radio and TV. I was there three years and would have stayed longer if I hadn't been planning to get married. No, I didn't find it restrictive; actually I loved every minute of it. The children were just delightful—so eager to learn, so sensitive, friendly and affectionate — just a joy to teach.

"They had to speak English all the time at the school. This was a shame for it would have been such a good chance for the teachers to learn Cree. But they were graded on their ability to speak English.

"Look, here's a picture of my smallest and my biggest grade one pupils."

The little girl had come to the school when five; she had been found trying to care for the sick grandmother with whom she lived alone. Unable to speak English the boy, almost a man, had come to the school when sixteen.

"The Indians were very biblical-minded and they named their children accordingly. Roll call used to sound right out of the Old Testament.

"Oh, the children were wonderful; the staff was friendly, too. I was fascinated with the north and nature and used to enjoy long walks. I wasn't lonely. People would come to visit us at the school; Mounties would drop by and take us for dogsled rides. And we'd go snowshoeing, too. The snow-shoes at the school were all too large for me, so one of the Indians made a smaller than usual size, especially for me. We had to make our own fun, but we really had good times at the school — Sports Day, Christmas concerts, Hallowe'en parties and so on. I can remember so well the celebration for my twenty-first birthday. Father had sent over a gross of balloons from Wales; the children had such fun with them. And there was a special treat — the first movie



Mrs. Keddie and children
at McKay school.

ever seen at the school. There was one scene with an alligator; the camera focussed on it and the alligator kept coming closer and closer and getting bigger and bigger until it filled the screen. The younger children were terrified. When the lights went on the first three rows in front were empty.

"The children were quite artistic and musical, too. When I decorated the boards and the classroom I often used designs of Welsh flowers. After a time I found these Welsh designs turning up in native handicraft." This wasn't the only area where Dorothy's Welsh heritage was evident; the Inspector remarked that this was the only school he knew of where the beginners read with a Welsh accent.

"The children loved to sing and dance. I can still hear the sound of those moccasined-feet beating time. Some would play the mouth organ by ear. One boy was really quite gifted; I was able to teach him how to read music."

There had been joy at McKay School — there was also tragedy. Originally there had been a hospital on the island but it burned down. (The school, too, would burn to the ground four years after Dorothy left and not be rebuilt.) With the long northern winters, ninety-six children in one building, with antibiotics not yet discovered, and no nurse at the school, (the doctor would have to come the seven miles by dogsled in the winter) an epidemic could be expected.

And the measles epidemic was unusually severe. For three weeks the classrooms were turned into hospital wards, the teachers and matrons into nurses, yet all the children re-

The Trail of Hanpa

Chapter XI — The Rodeo

The annual Rodeo at Wood Mountain is an event which attracts visitors from distant points in Saskatchewan and in Montana. The early frontier days are revived, and the spirit of the old West is born again for a few days of rejoicing. A vast area in the valley of the Wood Mountain creek is covered by tents; dining rooms are erected in bowers, and a vast dancing platform is set up under the stars. Visitors swarm around the merry-go-rounds, swings, show-tents, refreshment stands.

Real and dude cowboys and cowgirls circulate in their gaudy apparel; old Indians in full regalia, salvaged from many a rodeo or exhibition, parade every morning and afternoon; races of ponies, ridden unsaddled, chuck wagons, sulkies, draw an eager crowd. But the largest event which gathers every one is the broncho-riding contest, an essential feature of the rodeo.

From the top of the surrounding hills the view of this large encampment is thrilling indeed. In the valley surrounded by poplar-bluffs, a cool brook weaves its way through the trees. The panorama presents the pyramid-like hills surrounding the valley like sentinels, adding their perennial beauty to the scene.

The Indian camp was set apart, on a little elevation to the West of the creek. There Daniel and Toto had set their canvas tent, low and squatting among the towering conical tipis. Their ponies, hobbled, grazed close by. As the sun rose upon the opening day of the rodeo, last minute preparations were made at the arena, and by early afternoon, a huge crowd had gathered to witness the opening of the rodeo.

Daniel and Toto mounted their ponies, and took part in the colorful parade around the race track, which marked the opening of the rodeo, while a Montana High School Band played martial tunes. As the riders were recognized by their friends, many an exchange of salutes was made as the riders waved their sombreros.

Daniel was keeping his eyes eagerly on the solid row of cars which surrounded the race track. When nearing the chutes he was greeted loudly by the high-pitched voice of LeBegue. Daniel looked long at him, and shouted: "Hi, pard", in greeting. LeBegue was alone.

The parade over, Daniel, booked to ride this very afternoon, proceeded to the corral chutes. The events succeeded one another rapidly in the arena: steer riding, calf-roping, bronc-riding, wild-cow milking; by mid-afternoon a broncho was being saddled for Daniel, when LeBegue rushed to the chute:

"Daniel, you are riding No-Man's-Horse! Are you sure you are fit to ride, because if you are not, there is no sense in breaking your neck just for the show!"

Dan was surprised at this warning. Why should LeBegue care so much? Had he not chosen this vicious broncho to win first prize money, \$200? He answered: "Don't worry. A cowboy is born to ride."

The arena director was calling out: "Dan Little, of Wood Mountain, coming out of chute number eight, riding No-Man's Horse!"

A deafening round of applause greeted Daniel, as the roan horse shot into the arena, bucking and rearing viciously. What that

savage broncho did to Daniel only experienced hard-riding cowboys could see. The horse was jumping and twisting on a spot no larger than twelve square feet, spinning and whirling to shake off his rider. The crowd was terrified, but they had seen their best rider yet, and they were shouting their encouragement. Daniel, hanging on, was raking the horse from shoulders to flanks with his spurs. The broncho was twisting its body so as to show its belly to the sun, and yet Dan clung to it. No-Man's Horse was a 'sun-fisher'. Ten seconds, twelve seconds and a high pitched voice screamed: "Pick him up!"

As the hazers rode up and freed Dan from his vicious mount, the cheers of the crowd were deafening. Dan had won the prize-

money. He went back to the chute and asked LeBegue: "Who yelled to have me picked up? I could have stayed on that bronc much longer."

LeBegue replied: "Did you not recognize the voice? Son, it was my little daughter, the Doe-Maiden, who did not wish to see you picked up with a broken leg or neck!"

Daniel flushed, and as he walked away he muttered: "Perhaps it would have been better. She could have brought flowers to my grave . . .!"

LeBegue grasped Daniel's arm: "Son," he said, "you are making a mistake. But your life is your own."

It was evening; night had come almost suddenly as the sun disappeared behind the hills. Gasoline lanterns blazed around the dancing platform, where the band was beginning to play. As Daniel went by he mused: "A good time is all they wish to have . . . and yet these people are not happy. They seek an escape from their dull lives. We Lakotas never sought to flee from the realities of life. Yet we are called savage and ignorant . . ."

His pal, Toto, hailed him. "Hi! Dan, why are you a lone wolf tonight?" he asked.

"Kola," answered Daniel, "I have reasons of my own. I am seeking someone, perhaps."

"Say, pardner," retorted Toto, "let us celebrate your victory over No-Man's Horse. Come and meet your friend LeBegue. He has invited both of us to see him."

"A good idea," said Dan, happy to find an occasion to meet the Doe-Maiden, without having to compromise himself.

"But, friend, have you not begun a little celebrating of your own?" added Dan, as he noticed the exuberance of his pal.

"Yes I have indeed," replied Toto, "and it would not hurt you to cheer up a bit."

The two friends mounted their ponies and were off towards LeBegue's car, which was parked some distance away by the creek. There also was the tent of the Doe-Maiden's mother. The campfire spiralled its smoke towards

the stars, in the calm evening.

While Dan was talking with LeBegue, Toto et himself seeking the Doe-Maiden. He was sure that Marianne wanted news of Daniel, and he could see that if he could bring her the assurance that Daniel was still faithful to her despite the rumors that he had been taken by the charms of the white widow Pauline Ramsay,

by Ablo-toksila and Woonkapi-Sni

Toto felt it was his duty as a friend of Daniel to bring about the reconciliation.

Toto found the Doe-Maiden at the tent of Leoni Hail, a mutual relative, who had come from Fraser, Montana.

Marianne had spent many a sleepless night since the return of Daniel. It had been noised around that Daniel had spurned her love, that he was engaged to Pauline, and that she, herself, would have to find another suitor. Some waggish tongues had even chosen Toto as the one Marianne was to marry.

At the sight of Toto, who alighting from his horse, cried out: "Hello sweet heart!" the Doe-Maiden's heart leaped. At last, news from Daniel. Why should Toto come to her if he had not a message from Daniel . . . ? And yet she would not dare ask him any question directly.

"I hear you are getting married, little one," taunted the clownish Toto, with brutal directness.

"This is no matter for joking, uncle," replied Marianne, with emotion. She had alled him uncle out of respect, as Toto was distantly related to her.

"My little one," said Toto, "I have to tell you something which is very important. You must keep this secret until I return to my

people beyond the stars . . . I will tell you for the sake of your future happiness. Do you promise?"

"Yes, I do," replied Marianne, quivering.

Toto cast a questioning glance at Leonie, who asked: "Do you wish that I stay out of this?"

"No, if you promise to keep mum about it, I do not mind you knowing."

"Well," said Toto, refreshing himself once more from his flask, "my little cousin, I am an old man now, I am pleased you call me your uncle. I will tell you something about my life that will teach you a great lesson. When I was eighteen I went to Haskell Indian Institute, and graduated there with honors. I went to work as a bookkeeper in a large insurance company, and did well. I became engaged to a white woman, Dallas, whom I married after a short courtship. We bought a house and a car. We trusted one another, had few friends, and our first two years together were like heaven. We had a child, but we lost her after a few months. Our lives went on, secluded, and I believed we could have lived on like that forever. One night, however, we had gone to a dance—Dallas was a perfect dancer—when I noticed she had left the hall. I went to seek her. A friend of mine told me she had gone out. I followed him discreetly, and there, in the shadows below the balcony, I saw my wife in the arms of a stranger. Blind with anger and shame, I rushed to my car and fled to Minneapolis. There I cashed a cheque for half my savings, turned over the balance and the deed on the house to Dallas, and drove on to South Dakota. I obtained a divorce from Dallas, and left the world I had lived in, and which had destroyed my happiness. Now I have found peace and contentment, as a wanderer, with my own people, here in Wood Mountain."

Marianne was wiping her tears. Toto added: "And this is, Marianne, what I do not want to see happen for Daniel. It is really up to you now. Hanpa's trail now

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.

Daniel and Toto work at the Ramsay ranch for a few days. Daniel finds out that Pauline is falling in love with him. In the meanwhile he inherits \$2,000 from his grandfather, and he decides to return to Wood Mountain, much against his heart's interests, in order to set himself up on a small farm. Before he leaves he writes a letter to Pauline.

As the two friends return home, Pauline is heartbroken. Upon his arrival at Wood Mountain, a casual remark causes Daniel to realize he still has feeling for the Doe-Maiden, whom he has blandly ignored until now.

leads towards you, but you must be there waiting for him."

"Then what about the white widow at Poplar? Is it true?" sobbed Marianne. "Why did Dan run away from me last month?"

"You will know tomorrow," replied Toto, "all I can say now is that my kola is at the crossroads."

Chapter XII — Parting of the Ways

Late in the evening Toto White returned to his tent. There he found his friend, Daniel, lying on the sleeping-bag, smoking silently. "I was waiting for you, Kola," greeted Dan.

"Why are you not out for having a good time?" queried Toto.

Daniel replied: "And where have you been rascal? I saw you going over to LeBegue's tent. I'll bet you have told Marianne I was coming back to her, and you have promised the poor child that you would bring us back together. Well, you are mistaken, pal! What you do not know is that I got word today that my friend, Pauline Ramsay, is coming to the rodeo tomorrow . . ."

Toto interrupted with a smile: "And tomorrow, you will have to make up your mind, and choose between her and the Doe-Maiden. That is what I told Marianne . . ."

Daniel flushed with sudden anger: "You have the bad spirit in you; how did you know Pauline was coming? And why did you tell Marianne?"

Toto did not reply immediately. He knew Daniel was thinking deeply. The morrow would come inevitably, and Toto was sure Daniel would return to the Doe-Maiden as he had promised to do.

* * *

Pauline Ramsay had been restless after the departure of Daniel. As she read over and over again the letter Daniel left her, she became more convinced that, after all, she could win his affection if she tried hard enough. She was still young enough and eager for happiness. Her realistic business sense had not killed in her the

romantic interests of a woman, ever directed unconsciously to motherhood. She had accepted Daniel without prejudice of race, she was now courageous enough to live up to her convictions. And thus, on a bright July morning, having sent a brief message to Daniel, she was on her way to the Wood Mountain rodeo.

As the roadster sped along the winding and dusty trails, Pauline felt a new hope surging in her heart.

"If I get there soon enough, I am sure Daniel will listen to me once more," she thought. "Perhaps he has found a dark-haired maiden of his own people . . . but nothing ventured, nothing lost!"

Early in the afternoon, while every one was getting ready for the second day's events at the rodeo, a flashy sports roadster arrived on the grounds. Leaving her car by the arena, Pauline went alone, seeking Daniel.

She ran into Toto White, who promptly accompanied her to Daniel's tent.

"Hi, my long lost friend," she said radiantly, "finders, keepers!"

Daniel replied politely, even a little bashfully: "I really did not expect you to come, Pauline, but I am glad you are here . . . I hope you will have a good time."

"Daniel will be very proud of you here," sallied Toto, "let us go and meet our friends and relatives . . . I know one person who is most anxious to meet you."

Daniel shot a dark glance at his exuberant pal, but said nothing.

Daniel, with Pauline and Toto, wandered about the grounds, then had dinner together at the pavilion. It was there that they met the LeBegue family. Daniel was very formal in his introductions: "Meet my friend, Mrs. Ramsay."

Marianne was not with her parents. Pauline quickly got acquainted with the LeBegues, and, not knowing about Marianne, she became quite friendly with Marianne's mother, Tatewin.

The Trail Of Hanpa

—Continued from Page 9

Early in the evening it happened. The afternoon's event had been a little late getting underway. Daniel had won another riding contest, and as he was on his way to his tent he noticed Marianne sitting outside, alone.

Daniel hesitated for a moment, then decided to face the music. He solemnly shook hands with Marianne, saying: "Hello, Doe-Maiden. You have been waiting for me. I have been looking for you since yesterday." His voice shook a little as he spoke this lie. He could see plainly in the Doe-Maiden's eyes she did not believe him.

Marianne said: "The only reason why I waited for you is to tell you that as far as I am concerned you need not pretend you like me. You can have your white friend . . .", she added with a choking voice. "Don't you ever come near me again, and do not come to my house any more . . ." She sobbed violently as she turned away from Daniel, and mounting her pony, raced away.

Daniel cried out after her: "Marianne, Marianne, listen to me!" But she was gone.

It was now evening. The moonless sky was aglow with stars. Daniel and Pauline were strolling on the grounds by the dancing pavilion. The blaring music and the ringing laughter blended in an atmosphere of gaiety, but the two lovers were too deeply engrossed in one another to hear anything but their own whispering conversation. This night Pauline seemed to Daniel like an exotic and beautiful flower whose perfume entranced him, and yet he felt embarrassed and ill at ease.

Pauline was whispering sweet words in his ears, but he barely listened, so intent he was in solving the great riddle of his life; as she confessed her love for him, he kept thinking about himself: "How can I be so mean and stupid as to play with love? Why am I so doubtful, so suspicious, so self-conscious?"

Daniel felt keenly that if he were to allow himself to fall too deeply in love with the white woman, it would mean leaving everything he had held sacred, and this he could not do. No matter where he would go, or how rich he would become, there would be a voice forever calling to him, calling him back to the land of his fathers, and he would never be completely happy. Now was the time for a decision. The vision of the Doe-Maiden and the

anguished words she had spoken to him this very afternoon flashed back painfully in his mind.

Softly he spoke to Pauline: "Pauline, I love you, too, but my love you cannot understand . . . some day will come, if the Great Holy permits, in a land far away from all foul things, we will find a haven and we will drink from one cup . . . but not in this life . . ." Then he added in a loud voice, before Pauline could express her sentiments of surprise: "Let us go dancing!"

As they turned towards the pavilion they saw LeBegue with his daughter. Daniel said: "Pauline, you have not met Marianne LeBegue, there she is with her father."

Pauline then knew it was all over between herself and Daniel. Repressing a tear, she composed herself, and met Marianne. Now she understood why Daniel had refused her love.

Marianne did not raise her eyes to Daniel as she offered her hand to him. It was as if the two had never met before. But a deep instinct told her that now she could trust Daniel, yet she did not want to believe her intuition. Not as long as Pauline was hovering around Daniel.

She realized suddenly she was jealous of Pauline. Her heart burned with envy as she looked at Pauline, the blonde and radiant enchantress who was trying to steal Daniel away from her.

Soon the couple were swallowed in the surging throng of dancers. Marianne remained at the edge of the dancing platform, keeping her eyes on Daniel and Pauline. Suddenly she turned away, saying to her father: "I want to go home! I want to go home!" Her father asked: "Why, I thought you wanted to dance

tonight?" "Yes, I did, father, but how can I stand watching Daniel in the arms of that white woman?" she gasped.

Marianne sat for a while like a forlorn heap in her father's car, weeping silently. She was joined by her mother, Tatewin, after a while, and then she poured out, in her native language, her whole story, her hopes, her jealousy . . .

The mother quietened her child: "Have no fear, my little one, I do not believe you have lost the grandson of Wi-Shina, I knew him well, I saw him grow up, a proud aristocrat of the Lakota people. He is like Red Cloud and Sitting Bull were in their youth. He can be a fighter like Crazy Horse. But he is fighting a great struggle with himself now. Have patience, my little Doe-Maiden, and you will see the young man you love come to you gently and humbly because he will be coming back to his own people, to his grandfather, to his ancestors . . ." Her voice droned out the ancient wisdom of the Lakotas in a passionless way, soothing the young girl whose heart was near the breaking point.

Tatewin continued: "The true Lakota has a clean and honest character. He is not the one with numerous horses and with the largest tipi . . . And you are truly a Lakota maiden of virtue . . . you will be happy with the grandson of Wi-Shina . . . I am living today in a cloister, by myself, because I married a white man . . . this was against my wishes, for I did not love him. I have learned to respect and esteem your father, and I am faithful to him . . . but you can marry the one you love . . . trust your mother, I am speaking the truth . . . even now he is very near you . . ."

Marianne had stopped crying, and the triumphant joy of a newborn life filled her heart with happiness.

To Be Continued

Queen Accepts Indians' Gift

A brief but significant event took place on Parliament Hill during the visit to Canada of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. The Queen was presented with an attractive piece of pottery by its creator, Mrs. Oliver Smith of the Six Nations Indian Reserve. "Your gracious Majesty, I am honoured to ask you to accept this traditional Indian pottery as a token of love and loyalty that the Indian people of Canada have for you" were the words expressed by Mrs. Smith during the meeting.

Inscribed on the clay bowl are five wampum belts of the Iroquois Nation representing the Hiawatha, Washington, Oneida, Onondoga, and the Six Nations.

Mrs. Smith, whose work is well known to residents of the reserve and may be found in many countries throughout the world, is the sister of Jay Silverheels, the Hollywood actor known as "Tonto" in the Lone Ranger series. She is also the proud mother of Diane Smith, who held the Miss Ontario Beauty Queen title several years ago.

**STORIES AND
PHOTOS BY
ERIC D. SISMEY**

Centennial Medalists honored at Pentiction Reserve during the annual S'klam are, from left, Peter Jack, Margaret Seymour, Nancy Paul, Matilda Gabriel, and Mr. and Mrs. George Lazard.



S'klam Combines Festivities And Medallions

Nearly 2,000 people enjoyed Chinook Salmon cooked Indian style at the third annual salmon barbeque — S'klam, a feast in the Okanagan tongue, on the Pentiction Indian Reserve, this summer. And this was not all.

Since 1967 is the Centennial year the local Indian Council decided that the Centennial Medallions for Indians born before January 1, 1892,

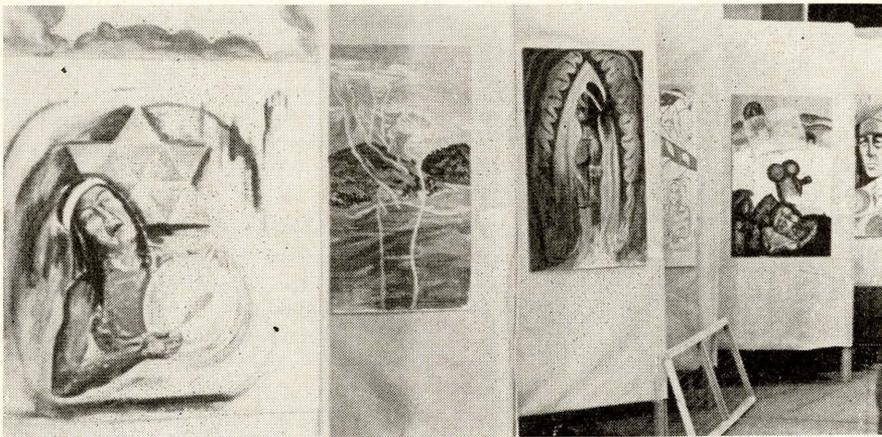
should be presented at the barbeque by an Indian of high rank rather than as a part of the Centennial Pioneer's Centennial Party held in the Peach Bowl in Pentiction in May.

Chief Louie Miranda of Lower Similkameen consented to make the presentation.

Chief Miranda was introduced by Mrs. Louise Gabriel (Lak-met-tque),

Chairman of the Indian Ladies Club, organizers of the S'klam.

As Chief Louie Miranda presented the medals, each recipient was introduced. They were: Peter Jack, Margaret Seymour, Nancy Paul, Matilda Gabriel, Mr. and Mrs. George Lazard. Unavoidably absent were: Christine Joseph, Charlie Armstrong and Tommy Jack. Maggie Victor's medal was awarded posthumously.



"As Canada celebrates her hundred years, I am sad for all Indian people throughout the land..."

Peach Of A Festival

Indian Exhibit Real Honey Peach Festival was the headline of a column by Malcolm Turnbull, B.C. Editor, on page 2 of the Vancouver Province, August 4, 1967.

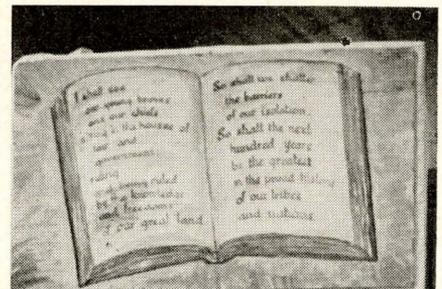
"Almost stealing the show in the arena exhibition of this year's 20th annual Pentiction Peach Festival is a big display of Indian handicraft.

"The exhibit, which takes up a good section of the Memorial Arena, is the work of adults, teenagers and a few children, are members of the Pentiction Indian band.

"There is a story series of painted pictures telling of the Indian, accompanied by prose which has attracted much attention. Nearby are intricately made handicrafts which include finely-beaded leather work, sewing, carving and woodwork".

The prose which inspired the paintings was taken from parts of Chief Dan George's, *O! Antoine* of C.B.C., speech given before 30,000 people in Empire Stadium in Vancouver on July 1. There are nine paintings to illustrate parts of the speech.

Illustrating portions of a speech by Chief Dan George, young Indian artists enter their work at the Pentiction Peach Festival, left. The first panel was done by Helen Richardson. Below, by Jeanette Armstrong, illustrating Chief Dan's closing words: "So shall the next hundred years be the greatest in the proud history of our tribes and nations."



A Friend To The Indians

—Continued from Page 7

covered. Not so fortunate were the four tuberculosis cases; the children were moved to The Pas hospital and they died there. And one lad froze to death; hearing that his grandmother was seriously ill he had run away from the school in an attempt to make it home to see her.

I asked Dorothy what she felt the school has accomplished. "Well, it only went as far as grade six, but actually in those days not many people went to school past grade eight. The children received a good formal education by the standards of the twenties. The girls certainly had good training in homemaking and the boys in farming and simple repairs. When I attend the Indian-Metis Conferences in Winnipeg, I find that many of the chiefs are my former pupils. One boy won the world's dog racing championship, another became a minister.

"Most of the students married soon after leaving school. The marriages seemed to have turned out well; their families were well taken care of. Really we see the results in the next generation. The daughter of one of my students has her R.N. and is studying to be a doctor; her brother has a degree in education. Quite a few of my students' children are in university now. And there are hairdressers, stenographers — you name it, almost every occupation is represented here."

* * *

Though Mrs. Keddie and I are both long-time residents of Flin Flon, it took Father Laviolette's 'Indian Record' to bring us together. The story of Granny Cadotte published here mentioned Mrs. Keddie.

She phoned her thanks for the magazine I sent her, and for more than an hour we talked about Indians, I questioning, Dorothy explaining. I could sense a story in Dorothy's association with the Indians; so could Father when I contacted him. Dorothy was so surprised that I should wish to write about her; others had done just as much as she had, she claimed, but she consented.

And Dorothy does love to talk about Indians — "They're such warm people, inherently polite, courteous and gracious. I like to visit the reserves; there's such peace there. Such truly Christian people — they share everything and always help one another. That's why it's so hard for them to adjust to city living; the loneliness is sheer anguish.

"My husband has associated with northern Indians since he was four years old and lived at Cumberland House. He tells me that every In-

dian woman becomes a grandmother; if she's barren (few are) or if her children die, other Indian children will move in with her and become her grandchildren. And their parents will let them; there's such compassion and understanding on the reserve. You really see this when there's been a death in a family. The church group moves in and looks after everything, readying the body for burial, helping with the funeral, caring for the family afterwards."

In Dorothy, the Indians know they have a true friend, one who is in touch with them through her work as one of the directors of the local Indian-Metis Friendship Centre, her church connections and attendance at their conferences.

She was the only white person present at the meeting of Chiefs held after the Trappers' Festival (The Pas, February). At this meeting the Chiefs appointed a secretary to insure communication and closer contact between the reserves; formerly liaison was lacking. Plans were made to celebrate Canada's Centennial, but owing to the late start not all may materialize. However, celebrations will be held on all the reserves and the Indians are looking ahead to Manitoba's Centennial in 1970. It was hoped that a pageant might be held at The Pas with Indians from all the northern reserves participating in a display of athletic skills, archery, canoe races, dances, handicraft, etc. Long-range projects they would like to see are the compiling of a book of northern Indian legends (Dorothy will help with the editing) and the establishment, on the reserve, of nursing homes for the aged.

When Dorothy attends the Indian-Metis Conferences in Winnipeg she pays her own expenses. At the last one she was thrilled with the leadership qualities displayed by many of the Indians, but she feels that since the problems facing the Indians in the north are so different from those in the south, separate conferences, one in the north and one in the south, would be better. The combined conference is just too big, too expensive and it involves too many meetings.

Dorothy's understanding of the Indian's background, problems and aspirations equips her to bring the Indian's point of view before local organizations and makes her a 'natural' for counselling services.

She sees that the Indians are helped financially, too. Dorothy has taken orders and sold more than a thousand pieces of the chewed birch-bark design for which the Indians at Beaver Lake are noted. She also

organized a successful sale of Indian handicraft at the last Anglican conference in Brandon.

With other Anglican ladies Dorothy packs clothes for northern reserves. "One I would really like to visit is Shamattawa. We sent several shipments there, and the Indians reciprocated by sending us a box of moccasins and other articles; the beadwork was just beautiful."

Dorothy is on the executive of the Anglican Deanery, which looks after fifteen northern parishes. Each parish takes its turn hosting the annual meeting; this year it was held at Devon Mission. The ladies were thrilled with the 'new look' of the Church of the Messiah. At their own expense the Indians had completely relined the church with treated plywood. Tile had been laid in a design that gave the centre aisle a red-carpet effect from the door to the altar.

After the service the organist came up to Dorothy and asked, "Mrs. Keddie, do you remember how you taught me to play the organ forty years ago at McKay School?"

Dorothy believes that Metis and non-treaty Indians should receive help the same as Treaty ones, and that the Indian Affairs Department should be taken out of the realm of politics.

When our present Member of Parliament was nominated a candidate for the Churchill Constituency, Dorothy said, "Anyone representing the North has to have an understanding of the way the Indians live; he has to know them personally." So she travelled a hundred miles to The Pas to take the candidate on a tour of the reserve there.

"I was never so exhausted. Many of the homes are quite far from the road and we walked and we walked, but we went into every single home and Bud Simpson met and spoke with every parent.

"But it was worth it. Bud has such a real concern for the Indians. I read Hansard and I can see he never misses a chance to help them. When supplementary pensions were being discussed he reminded the House of the Indians' needs. When he learned that certain generators were no longer needed he asked they be made available for northern reserves, and so on."

Dorothy sees hope for the Indians in the education programs sponsored by the federal and provincial governments (adult upgrading classes are being held on a number of northern reserves) and in the employment prospects offered by the increased development of the North.

Dedicated 'whites' like Dorothy Keddie are one of the reasons why the Indians now have 'hope for the future.'

For Second-Class Citizens . . .

Just Look In Your Own Back Yard

WHENEVER CANADIANS talk about racial discrimination and second-class citizens, they are apt to point the finger to the hard-pressed Negro south of the border. It must come as a shock and embarrassment for Canadians during this heady Centennial Year to learn that they have a far worse problem in their own back yard, the forgotten plight of the Canadian Indian. And no one can beat the drums for the luckless Indian better than an Ojibway school teacher in Toronto, Walter Currie, who is also an officer of the Indian-Eskimo Association of Canada.

In the hardest-hitting talk given at the conference of Commissions for Human Rights at Toronto, Mr. Currie painted a little-known and sorry picture of his race, which is the fastest growing ethnic group in this country today. He placed the blame for most of this "shameful mess" on "legislated discrimination."

HE SHOWED his listeners that reservation communities are at the bottom of the economic totem pole, lowest on the scale of social and economic progress. Yes, these people have a culture, he added, a culture of poverty: "Join this poverty to isolation, add a substandard quality of education, subtract economic growth, bracket with 100 years of paternalism, and you have a modern math problem too tough for the Indian alone to answer. The people of Canada, through their governments, must find a solution!"

He said he was speaking of a people — who are not free from want nor from hardship, who still suffer wrongs, and whose wrongs need to be righted.

How do these people live on their reserves (which exist unknown to the average Canadian)? Sixty per cent of the homes have three rooms or less, 90 per cent are without indoor toilets, 85 per cent without running water, 50 per cent have no electricity, and almost half of the families earn less than \$1,000 a year (sociologists say \$3,000 for a family of four is "poverty line"). One third of the Indian population is receiving welfare in Canada — the richest land in the world.

Sixty per cent are below the age of 21 years, i.e. 132,000 are technically of an educable age; yet only 60,000 are in schools. And of these, only 6,000 are in grade 9 or higher, which means a 90 per cent drop-out! Mr. Currie pointed out that according to the BNA Act, education of Canadians rests in the hands of provinces — except for Indians; in

their case, it rests wholly in the hands of the federal minister.

Nowhere in the Act, nor in reality, do Indian parents have any say in the education of their children. Nor do they have school boards or boards of education on reservations.

REFERRING TO Mr. Laing's announcement in February '67 that there would be sweeping changes made in the Indian Act this year (to provide for the emancipation of the people), Mr. Currie said it sounded good, but there were only two "bunted arrows in the quiver." It is not on the agenda of the House of Commons this year (there are too many "more vital" things demanding the attention of legislators), and there is no guarantee that the 220,000 Indian people will be asked for their views and opinions about the Act.

Of liquor ("you've often heard how we Indians cannot hold our liquor"), Mr. Currie said that the Act covers this and in turn forces reservation Indians "to break the law." Most provinces permit Indians to buy a drink in a hotel or retail store, but the Indian Act says the Indian may not bring his legal purchase home (as do many non-Indian

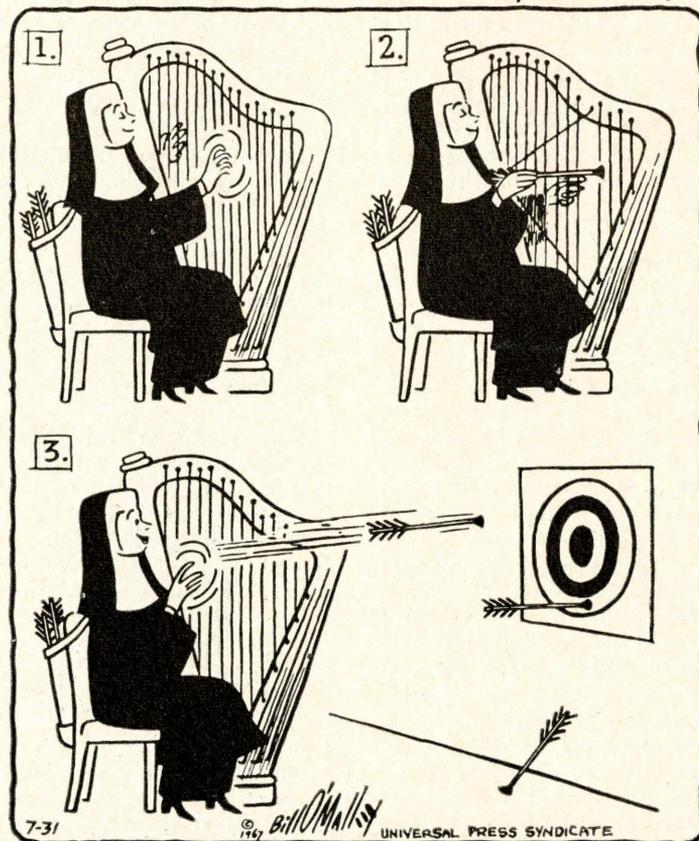
residents). "So he has to drink it in some alley or in a parked car and then is picked up for being drunk or he becomes a hazard driving his car." Is this equality before the law or is it special laws for special people?

TREATY INDIANS were guaranteed property right to reservations "as long as the sun shall rise, the grass shall grow, and the rivers shall flow." But they have learned bitterly that their lands can be expropriated. Moreover, the Indian people still believe in too many cases that what the Indian agent says, is law! They do not realize their own human rights — their rights to take problems to succeeding levels, including the Prime Minister.

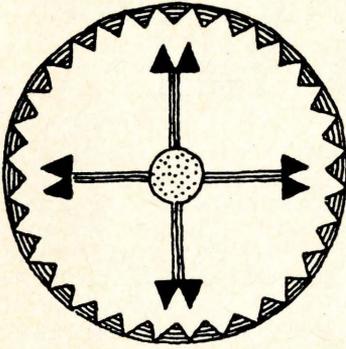
The speaker urged the federal government (the people of Canada) to examine its policies and role towards its Native people, and that provincial governments stop hiding behind the idea that Indians are "federal responsibility," accept the fact that Indians are citizens as much as anyone else and deserve equal opportunities and services. The Indian people want to accept and must be given responsibility for their destinies, he emphasized.

L'I'L SISTERS

By Bill O'Malley



Alberta Bishops Speak Out



The following is a statement made by the Roman Catholic Bishops of Alberta on the present condition of Indian and Metis people in the province. It was issued at the annual meeting of the Alberta Catholic Welfare Association in Edmonton.

We, Catholic Bishops of Alberta, feel it is timely to add our voices to the concern of so many others over the present conditions of many Indian and Metis peoples. They, along with the other very poor of our large cities, are in great need of Canada's attention.

The development of peoples has the Church's very close attention, especially those peoples striving to escape from misery, hopelessness, and desperation. We are in deep sympathy with their efforts to obtain a greater share in the benefits of civilization and a more active improvement of their human qualities.

The Catholic Church has a primary interest in our Indian and Metis peoples because of our historical commitment to them from the beginnings of the coming of the white man.

The present urgency has been brought on by the very rapid rhythm of technological, social and cultural changes which we are all experiencing in this latter half of the 20th century.

The great strides of development of most of Canada over the last 100 years only serve to point more glaringly to those segments of our poor who have not had the opportunity to keep pace.

There is a very real urgency in regard to many Indian communities. The longer the delay in remedying their situation, the more difficult it will be to find solutions, and the more we will be forced to radical choices as the only way out.

Almost every day, the newspapers bring to our attention situations which indicate that a large percentage of Alberta Indians and Metis are caught in a sense of futility and frustration.

They are experiencing a real hopelessness as they try to make their way in the white man's world which has surrounded and engulfed them.

We encounter situations of child neglect, misuse of welfare funds,

conflicts with white man's laws and dilapidated living conditions both within our cities and on the reserves.

LIFE OF POVERTY AND DESPAIR

We call upon the white population to look upon these incidents and conditions for what they really are — symptoms of a people whose very way of life has become hopelessly intertwined with poverty.

These symptoms would occur and are characteristic of peoples the world over, who experience similar circumstances.

These very symptoms are present in the slums of New York, San Juan, or Mexico City for the same reasons that they are present in Alberta.

They are typical characteristics of a people alienated from the dominant society.

What we must determine to do is to find ways of breaking down this barrier between ourselves and our alienated poor, whether Indian, Metis or other poor of our cities.

This will require much patience and understanding on both sides. It will not be easy. There will be more incidents. Things may get much worse before they get better.

There will inevitably be conflict as an emerging people struggles to take a share of responsibility and power from an establishment which does not really want to relinquish it.

But more than understanding is required. A more radical reorientation of existing policies and practices must take place.

Educational and administrative policies have fallen short of what they should have been. A most urgent objective needs to be realized in this area.

Relief and welfare measures intended only as remedies without efforts towards personal development have only compounded the problem by producing a false sense of security.

This has stifled initiative and has thereby increased an unproductive population.

Further, it seemed that the easy solution was for the Indian to simply integrate with the white society. Policy makers felt that the broader community was open enough for this to happen and that the Indian peoples, if encouraged or pushed, would move off the reserves and quietly become part of the Canadian mainstream.

MASSIVE EFFORT NEEDED

What therefore is called for is a great effort in community development involving Indians and Metis in

many projects of self-help and progress, especially on the reserves.

Massive and varied programs of economic and social development may look costly to the taxpayer, but it is really only sound investment in people.

If we leave the problem as it is now, we will face a doubled welfare population in ten years, one that is unable to make itself productive, one still unable to take its place as a contributor to Canadian economic life.

Development demands bold transformations, innovations that go deep. We think public opinion should call upon government, private agencies and corporations to work together in eradicating this worst kind of poverty without delay.

On a more personal level, individuals, groups, organizations and service clubs can devise many ways of breaking down the barriers of alienation.

Educators, the press and other media are in a particularly advantageous position to encourage positive steps.

Also, the youth of our land frequently express disillusionment with our society's "phony values." Their idealism and enthusiasm are especially fitted to discover liaisons with the Indian and thereby help find more meaningful values in life for both sides.

We can begin simply by offering our friendship. This means that we must become involved with the families and get to know them.

If we have understanding of and social insight toward our Indian brother, we can give him the courage to overcome apathy and resentment.

The experts who are already engaging themselves in development missions, are urged to give themselves wholeheartedly to their efforts.

A people quickly perceives whether those who come to help them do so with or without affection, whether they come merely to apply their techniques, or whether they recognize in man his true dignity.

We call upon our Indian and Metis peoples to take hold of the present opportunities. Never has there been more interest by Alberta peoples to seek a solution.

Those who advocated this policy within the government have been faced with failure. It could not happen that a people who has lived a

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. . . Bishops Speak

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segregated life could suddenly and smoothly integrate.

Without self-government or even the basic skills that we take for granted, such as, how to operate a store, a filling station or a bank, the Indians would have no semblance or feeling of a community within their new city environment.

It is therefore essential to remind ourselves again that any program directed towards native peoples, must recognize the permanency of their communities or be doomed to failure.

Heritage Essential

As much as possible, all administrative, economic, and educational provisions must aim at enabling these communities to function successfully as social, economic and political entities.

Through them, Indians must be helped to preserve their cultural heritage and to share it with their fellow Canadians.

At the same time they must be enabled, not just told, to take part in the economic and political life of our common country.

Despite bad publicity, despite the affronts and rejections, there is enough interest and good will among the white population to encourage and to cheer any efforts you will make on your own behalf.

We remind you of your age-old Indian way of working together. You should now form many groups and organizations for herein lies the strength to accomplish what you desire.

We pray that you will find your way to your full and rightful share of this land's opportunities so abundantly provided by our Creator.

We are very aware of the Church's own shortcomings in the past. Our previous efforts and program, although not maintained without much effort and heroism, now requires, in the light of present insights, a renewed energy and commitment.

We pledge our co-operation and effort to assist government and all men of good will, in exploring with the Indian peoples, the solutions and answers, which will further the dignity and development of the Indians and Metis, here in Alberta.

"Development is the new name for peace."

MD Advises Abolition Of Indian Act

The administrator of a Calgary hospital told delegates to the Indian-Eskimo Association of Canada the Indian Act should be abolished.

Dr. J. C. Johnston, of Calgary's General Hospital, said the Association should take the lead in pressing for having the Act rescinded. As long as there's an Indian Act, "you'll always be classed as second-class citizens." He was addressing the IEA convention held in Calgary in October.

Dr. Johnston's remarks prompted mixed reactions among other members of a panel discussion.

Dr. Martin O'Connell of Toronto, Association President-elect, termed Dr. Johnston's remarks "all mixed up." He made no further public comment.

But Dr. Ruth Gorman, whose 25 years of work among Indians included a recent tour of all reserves in Alberta, defended Dr. Johnston and said most problems among Indians were because of the Indian Act.

Dr. Gorman said in an interview later the Act should be abolished along with the Federal Indian Affairs Department, and that the British North American Act be amended to assist Indians.

Earlier, Harold Cardinal of the Sucker Creek Reserve in Northern Alberta, President of the Canadian Indian Youth Council, told delegates there is no Indian problem in Canada—it's a white problem.

As long as the white man refuses to consider and follow up on demands "of our people we shall remain where we are," Mr. Cardinal said.

White society keeps asking what does the Indian want? And we whisper back what we want, we breathe back what we want, we scream in your ears to tell you what we want, and yet you come back year after year with the same question."

Mr. Cardinal said the challenge facing Indian people is not so much poverty or becoming "brown white-men" but freedom to decide their own destiny.

"We want equality of opportunity in every aspect of Canadian life. We haven't got it now."

Mr. Cardinal said that Indian youth want non-Indian counterparts to recognize the Indian culture: "When I say I am Indian I want them to know that it also means I am Canadian."

Strange But True

THIS BEAUTIFUL TAPESTRY WHICH IS STILL PRESERVED IN MOSCOW, WAS DRAPED OVER THE ALTAR OF MEDIEVAL RUSSIAN CHURCHES DURING EASTERTIME.

WHEN THE BASILICA OF ST PAUL'S-OUTSIDE-THE-WALLS IN ROME WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE IN 1823, THE ENTIRE CATHOLIC WORLD CONTRIBUTED TO ITS RESTORATION.

ACCORDING TO AN ANCIENT LEGEND, THE IRISH SAINT BRENDAN ANTICIPATED COLUMBUS BY SAILING TO THE NEW WORLD AND BACK AGAIN IN THE 5TH CENTURY.

The famous CHALLONER CLUB IN LONDON IS UNIQUE IN BEING THE ONLY CLUB IN GREAT BRITAIN WHICH CATERES SPECIFICALLY FOR CATHOLICS.

Editor Suggests Better Public Relations

Public relations through the news media must be improved, a priest told delegates to the communications conference in Winnipeg.

Rev. G. Laviolette, OMI, editor of the *Indian Record*, urged delegates to "get your story across to the white community."

"Get the facts straight and then advise the media. A prepared statement on news-worthy affairs in your reserve is the answer to good coverage," he said.

The Centennial communication conference was the first of its kind. It was supported financially by the Canadian Centennial Commission, the department of Indian affairs and the Manitoba government.

The 64 chiefs and leaders at the conference (which resolved to form two separate organizations to further the interests of persons of Indian descent) agreed to combine to publish a newspaper. The newspaper, they said, would help "over-

come the effects of years of isolation from the main stream of society," and would be distributed to all Indian and Metis communities in Manitoba.

To cover the cost of the program, the two organizations will appeal to their respective government agencies for funds to "enable the Indian chiefs and Metis leaders to improve communication between themselves, government departments and voluntary organizations."



Rev. Adam Cuthand, second from left, joins the parade from Winnipeg's old Friendship Centre to the new quarters.

Cleric Says Education Is Key To Future

A conference of Manitoba Indian chiefs and Metis leaders was told that education is the key to development of future leaders in Indian reservations, and Metis communities.

Rev. Adam Cuthand, native Indian teacher for 22 years and an Anglican church co-ordinator, said "trapping, fishing and hunting is finished as a living.

"For the young Indian and Metis to maintain communication with the world outside of reserves, they will have to continue their education," the Indian leader said.

Rev. Cuthand appealed to 64 lead-

ers at the two-day conference in Winnipeg to "encourage the young people to do more than learn to read and write."

He asked delegates to dispel the myth that "Indian children don't have the brains to advance past elementary school" through closer liaison between the leaders, teachers and parents.

He charged the government branch with "doing nothing to offer the young people the encouragement they need to seek higher education.

"It is up to the band councillors and chiefs to offer this encouragement, rather than depend on the government."

He asked delegates to establish a closer liaison between the school and the home on the reserves.

"Give the parents an opportunity to see what is going on in your schools."

Higher education among the young generation will only take place if parents take an active interest in what the children are doing, he said.

The reaction of the young people is that "they want to do something to help our people." He said they can assist by gaining more education through the joint co-operation of parents, teachers and leaders.