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Racial Wall Is A Trap

The lack of contact between Indians and other Canadian citizens is one of the main reasons Indians remain degraded with second-rate status as citizens, the second annual meeting of the Indian-Eskimo Association of Canada was told in Toronto last month.

Martin P. O'Connell of Toronto, retiring president, said that the estrangement will only be overcome through intermingling of Indian and non-Indian social action in its broadest sense on the basis of mutual respect.

Up to now, "Indian-non-Indian relationships have been dominated, or too exclusively confined, to Indian relationships with government and to an extent also with the Church.

CULTURAL LOSS

"Citizens in general have not been involved. This has resulted in a human social and cultural loss to Canada as a whole, and it no doubt accounts for much of the ineffectiveness of many government policies and programs as well as for the persistence of those long-standing grievances and ingrained attitudes of suspicion or distrust which block the aims of equal citizenship."

Mr. O'Connell said the plight of Canadian Indians coming into urban centres is intensified by a lack of coordination and understanding on the part of urban agencies.

He said that the Indian finds himself being shuttled from agency to agency, perhaps ending up at a friendship centre.

In all likelihood, the Indian, becoming more frustrated and discouraged in a vicious circle, is either forced to return to the poverty-stricken area from which he came, or he'll likely end up in the city slums.

To meet this concern, the division participated with certain Metro Toronto agencies in a preliminary consideration of needs and problems and assisted in drawing up a plan of action which has been presented to the Metro Social Planning Council in the hope that follow-up research and programs will be implemented by the three levels of government.

So far, he said, the division has been unable to proceed further than this preliminary stage.

Mr. O'Connell said he did not feel, however, that new agencies are needed to cope with the problem. "We have a feeling the supports are already existing; only successful processing and co-ordination are lacking."

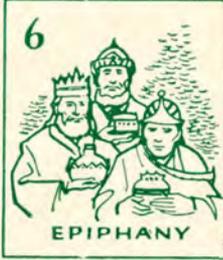
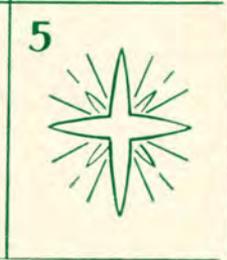
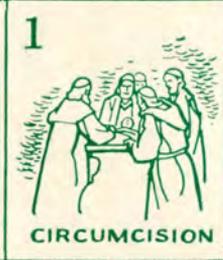
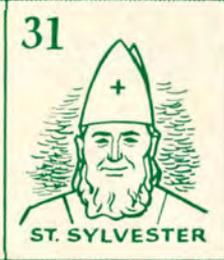
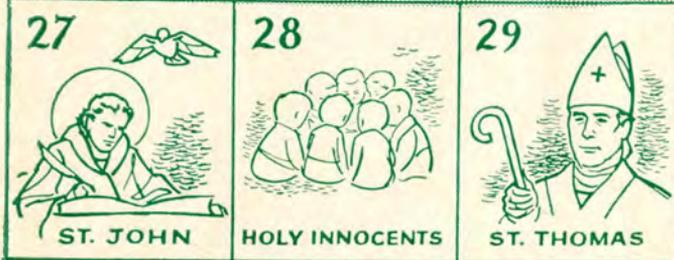
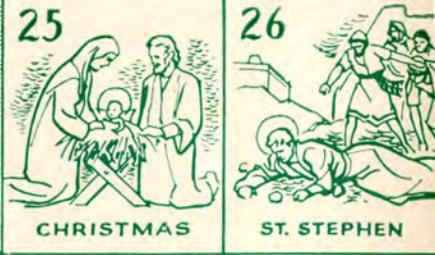
One solution to make agencies more sensitive to the needs of Indians would be to have Indians on the staff.

—Continued on Page 3



Twelve Days of Christmas

By FRANCIS X. WEISER, S.J.



Families that observe the Twelve Days, with all their happy customs, will discover the true meaning of Christmas.

New Day Dawns

(GUEST EDITORIAL FROM THE OTTAWA CITIZEN)

One of the most distressing sections of the Canadian Corrections Association study on Indians and the Law deals with the way Indians have developed a "folk-belief system" about their inability to control themselves when drinking, and the rather mystic aura alcohol has for them as a result.

In fact, the belief is untrue — but our laws have sustained and supported the fiction by treating reserve Indians alternately like babies and like criminal offenders in the use of alcohol.

It is encouraging that the government now intends to scrap all references to alcohol in the Indian Act, and put Indians under the same law as the rest of society — as the association proposed.

As far as can be gleaned from advance reports on the various proposed Indian Act amendments, the law will soon begin to treat Indians in their communities as adults. It will give them opportunities for self-determination, which they have been increasingly vocal in asking for and in many cases achieved without the law's sanction.

However, even this is not enough.

Our laws will continue to be discriminatory as long as Indians are denied access to government welfare and social services that are available to all other members of society. What is needed is federal-provincial agreement on a blanket arrangement that will provide these facilities.



The beautiful custom of celebrating the "Twelve Days of Christmas," from December 25 to January 6, as a continued observance of the great feast, is still observed in many Christian homes. "Fortunate indeed," says Father Francis X. Weiser, S.J., "is the family that keeps these customs alive, where parents and children know how to honor and observe Christmas for twelve days in the spirit of the liturgical celebration." Above is an illustrated calendar of other feasts celebrated in conjunction with the twelve-day observance.



Smith Appointed To B.C. Post

Don Smith, a Cree Indian from Manitoba, has been appointed superintendent of Indian Schools in the Prince Rupert district of British Columbia.

Mr. Smith was a member of the Winnipeg Friendship Centre Advisory Council and was employed with the Indian Affairs Branch in the educational field. He was also active with the N.D.P. party in Winnipeg.

—Prairie Call

INDIAN RECORD

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Housing Loans

OTTAWA — Employed Indians living on reserves will be able to borrow more for housing under a program announced by Indian Affairs Minister Arthur Laing.

Mr. Laing said the Central Mortgage and Housing Corp. has agreed to provide extra mortgage funds above the \$7,000 limit originally set by his department under the existing \$112-million Reserve Improvement Program. Under the program, the department may lend an Indian up to \$7,000 for construction of a house.

Prior to the new program Indians could receive additional mortgage funds from CMHC providing the additional loans were guaranteed by band funds. Under the new plan, the Indian Affairs Department will guarantee the additional mortgage funds, enabling Indians who are members of bands with limited funds to take advantage of the new program.

The \$7,000 limit and the lack of additional CMHC funds came under criticism last year by Mrs. Virginia Summers, Chief of the Oneida band near London, Ont., where a 65-acre residential, commercial and industrial development is planned. Mrs. Summers said the grant limit and lack of additional mortgage money was forcing her band to build smaller homes than were needed. In many cases houses were built without basements.

Racial Wall

—Continued from Page 1

Mr. O'Connell said that IEA, a non-governmental or voluntary organization, is faced with financial and staff shortages.

"I cannot report to you . . . that the federal government has yet adequately appreciated the opportunity and advantages of strengthening both the IEA and the many native organizations that can do effectively the things that governments cannot do."

He said that federal government financial support has declined as IEA expands its activities to meet growing demands on it.

Indians require or receive hospital care at about twice the rate of other Canadians, and medical statistics show that the mortality rate is eight times the national rate for pre-school children, three times for school children, and 3½ for adults.

More than 50 per cent of the inmates of reform institutions in the West are Indian, mostly because of minor offences. Forty per cent of natives are unemployed and living on government relief, and the problem is steadily worsening.

(Canadian Register)
Toronto, Ont.

High Pay In Pulp Camps

PRINCE ALBERT — There are three permanent camps where workers for Saskatchewan Pulpwood Ltd. are quartered and fed and three commuting operations.

While there are Indians and Metis employed at all locations, the commuting operation north of Prince Albert, near Montreal Lake, is unique. It is manned entirely by Indians and Metis except for the foreman, Murray Harding, who was hired in Ontario to help train the woods workers.

These men are beginning to understand the difference between work at which they can gross up to \$400 and more in two weeks and the less remunerative jobs, such as back-breaking unskilled labor on construction projects that fell to their lot previously.

An Indian with a large family can draw about \$250 a month on welfare and while away the time playing horseshoes, drinking beer and gambling. He could see the lack of logic

in exerting himself to earn by hard work as much, or less, than he could collect in Government hand-outs.

"Earnings of from \$600 to \$800 a month in the wood-cutting operation are changing the attitude of responsible Indians and Metis toward work," Mr. Harding observes. "They are conquering — I hope permanently — their tendency to quit a job after they get a few hundred dollars of cash in their hands."

YET UNMATCHED

Their remunerative new skills place the Indians and Metis more on a par with their fellow-workers. The distinctive pink-colored hard hat that all workers in the woods operations must wear has become a symbol of this elevated status.

Mr. Harding says the Indian and Metis workers have not yet been able to match the performance of experienced bush workers, but their efficiency is improving.

IEA Submits Treaty Brief

TORONTO — Indian treaty guarantees, and the preservation of an historic and basic right to hunt for food at any time on reservations and unoccupied Crown lands, have been unilaterally abridged by the Migratory Birds Convention Act, according to a brief presented to the Prime Minister by the Indian-Eskimo Association of Canada.

The Association has requested interviews with the cabinet ministers involved, and with the parliamentary committee on Indian affairs, human rights and citizenship and immigration. The brief has been circulated to Indian bands and organizations. Replies are still coming in but overwhelming support is already indicated.

In addition to citing some recent judicial decisions confirming this abrogation of rights, the brief asks Parliament and the Government to respond to the Indian perception of treaties and historic rights as representing a recognition of their identity as a people whose roots and traditions stretch far back into Canadian pre-history.

Much of the suspicion, hostility and resistance with which Indians react to changes in government policy and development programs can be traced to the past evasion of treaty guarantees and historic rights, particularly in respect to conservation and game management."

E. R. McEwen, executive director of the Association, says the important thing is that Indian organizations and community leaders be consulted as a body, and has suggested

that a conference be organized so that their voices can be heard.

He pointed out that the desire for remedial legislation is not only on the part of Indians. It takes two sides to make a treaty and non-Indian citizens are just as concerned with breaches of faith as are Indians.

'I Am An Indian'

PEACE RIVER — Mrs. Elsie Bruder, of Manning assumed her duties as CWL president, during installation of the executive of the Grouard-McLennan diocese at a regional meeting in Peace River, Alta., last month. Archbishop Henri Routhier, OMI, and 76 members attended.

During a discussion of world poverty, the Archbishop said that in South America, which he visited, the few rich have no social conscience in exploitation of the poor. He emphasized the truth that all men are equal, despite race, color or creed.

* * *

Mrs. John Willier, dressed in native Indian costume, gave a personal view: "I am an Indian. I am not ashamed of my nationality, although some nastily call me a squaw. God made all people the same inside with the cover colored a little differently. Indians as well as everyone else, are made in the image of the Divine Creator, and should not know defeatism and hatred."

Who Will Weep for Anishinabe?

By
Bradley M. Webb



Rose-A. Korne

Anishinabe returned to the camp after darkness had fallen. For more than three hours he had ranged on snow-shoes the slopes, the cedar swamps, the creek beds and shorelines; there had been no sign of game, no spoor or mark to be seen anywhere in the deep snow.

Never in the twenty-three years of his life had he known the forest so bare of living creatures as it had been since the first fall of snow, more than a month ago, coming as it had, almost before the leaves had fallen from the hard-wood trees. It was as though the world had come to a stand-still, deserted by his brothers of the forest, emptied of all life except the pathetic members of his band and the unseen enemy in pursuit.

The two lodges were in place as he had directed and smoke frothed upward from the vent in each rounded roof, two tall, straight columns in the cold, still air of the clearing, tinted faintly orange from the fire-light of their source.

Inside, where warm light flickered from the small, bright flames, his quick glance took in each detail — the worn poles, the frayed birch-bark and the hairless skins with which they had made their huts since the first snows, carried on the toboggans for their southward flight. All was in place; the first burned on a flat out-crop of stone;

the snow was all cleared away from the floor area and fresh cedar boughs had been spread about.

Nenshib, his wife, was busy at the fire, while Nikka was placing the robes and scraps of fur upon the springy cedar. His bright-eyed son squirmed and scolded from his cradle-board, propped against a pole on the side farthest from the entrance. The spears with their chipped stone heads and the axes of polished granite were carefully stowed ready at hand near the door-flap.

A short time later Anishinabe and his family were joined about the fire by those from the other lodge, crowding close in the drowsy warmth. They had eaten only a watery soup made with the last handful of wild rice and some scraps of rock tripe.

More than two months had passed since they had had full bellies; on many days they were sustained only by drinking warm tea, made of spruce buds and by munching a few grains of rice. They had all become so weakened that they scarcely had energy enough to move their camp or to hunt more than an hour or two from their lodges.

But they were driven on from day to day by their leader to escape the unspeakable frightfulness that awaited them at the hands of their pursuers who, though unseen, might even now be observing from some

distant height the curl of smoke above the cedars.

As they sat around the fire in the lodge of Anishinabe, the wind whispered through the thick branches of the crowding cedars, softly shushing, and, aloft in the out-stretched plumes of a giant pine, a higher pitch of sighing sound came and went. It was the winter song of the north woods, ever heard by dwellers there as the surf is heard by dwellers near the sea. It is a lullaby to tranquil sleep for the contented and the safe; but for the fearful, the mounting whine of a wind-tossed pine can be prelude to a demon's shriek or the moaning cry of the Windigo whose spectre haunted them in time of famine.

They waited for the comfort of the voice of their Ogima, their Chieftain, whose words would drive away, for the time at least, their fears.

When the time was right, Anishinabe raised his hand. Their dark eyes glinted in the fire-light, turning to look at him. Carefully he took the bag of squirrel fur from beneath his cloak and removed from it the stone for which the Clan was named, a smooth crescent of jade, polished and glistening with magic lights of pale green in its translucent depths. He placed it before him on a beaver skin draped over a square, flat stone. From all their throats was breathed,

in chorus, the He-He-He-He of recognition and homage for the ancient and beautiful totem.

Anishinabe spoke slowly, his voice intoning the words of their history, each one a ritual expression like poetry or song, always the same and never to be forgotten. He enunciated each word carefully and distinctly, so differently from the gruff monosyllables of day-to-day speech, because only by such care would the people keep the purity of their language in their minds from age to age.

"I am Anishinabe, your Ogima, Chief of the Clan of the Crescent Moon. I am Anishinabe whose name signifies in our language 'He who is a human being.' Our people are of the nation called 'Ojibwe' to whom the Kitchi Manido has given this land of lakes and forests where we live with our wild brothers, the animals and the fish, whose flesh feeds us and to whom we give our respect as commanded by the Great Spirit. I am Anishinabe and I speak to all the people of the Clan."

"You are Anishinabe who speaks to us. You are our Ogima and we are the people of the Clan of the Crescent Moon," the others spoke softly in chorus, as was the custom.

"Fifty times the lifetime of a man have passed since our people came to this land, bringing the shining stone, coming from a place too far distant for our minds to understand. From our forefathers we have learned our belief in the Great Spirit and the arts by which we live. Our forefathers watch us from their places beyond the setting sun. All honour and greetings to our forefathers."

He then tossed a pinch of the ritual tobacco into the fire where it burned with a quick puff of smoke that rose straight up and disappeared through the smoke vent, watched intently and in silence by all the people.

Anishinabe continued: "Thirty times the lifetime of a man have passed since the Chieftain of the Clan was given the name of Anishinabe which, as I have said, means 'he who is a human being.' He taught his people ways that made them strong and they became greatest of all hunters of the Ojibwe and only they could run the deer and elk to exhaustion and slay them. From his mouth came the wise words which taught them bravery and honour and about human dignity and forbearance that set men above their wild brothers, the animals and fishes who live to serve them. From his mind came thoughts which taught the women the skills of using bark and reeds and fibres and the need for cleanliness in the lodges. He was the first to show

them how to cook in the bark vessels with heated stones and how to gather and store the wild rice and the red and blueberries of the forest. Great was Anishinabe whose name is borne by all the Chieftains of the Clan of the Crescent Moon. All honour to our ancestor Anishinabe."

This time, he tossed three pinches of ritual tobacco into the fire, in succession, and as the smoke arose, the people murmured: "All honour to Anishinabe — Anishinabe — Anishinabe."

"And the second Anishinabe, who was the son of the sister of the first Anishinabe, was a great man also and deserved the name and did it honour. And so it was with the third Anishinabe and the fourth and the fifth until the Clan of the Crescent Moon became greatest among the people of the Ojibwe, their ways were followed and their skills were shared. All mankind in this land lived in peace and plenty and in dignity and harmony, each person with every other person and each clan with every other clan."

He paused and stroked the stone and turned it over so that its other side would be warmed from the fire. When he spoke again, his voice assumed a tone of distress, and a moaning sign almost unheard came from the others who knew that now his words would tell of tragedy and peril.

"Then in the time of the twenty-eighth Anishinabe who was my grandfather, the Great Spirit turned his face away from our land and the Madji Manido, the evil Spirit, sat in the four directions and upon the earth and in the sky above. At that time, great droughts robbed the lakes and the rivers of their water; our brothers the fishes died among the reeds or fled into the salt water of the seas and were devoured. Fires swept through the forests from end to end; our brothers the animals starved and died. And so the people of the Ojibwe, being without food, starved and died also. The famine did not end in one year, as at other times in the history of our people, but lasted for many years. Whereupon the dreadful Windigo swooped down upon all the peoples of the Northland and taught them to devour their own kind; the hunters no longer sought the animals of the forest but hunted their fellow-men and ate them. All did so but the people of the Clan of the Crescent Moon who lived by the wisdom of the first Anishinabe. Few were the people of the Ojibwe and fewer still were the people of our Clan. Into the hunting grounds of the Ojibwe had come strange races of bestial men, short of stature but strong, whose faces were wide and coarse and coloured like a salmon's belly. Our people, weakened by long years of famine, could not withstand the

raids of these bands of men, wild as hungry wolves are wild, seeking always other men to slay and eat."

Anishinabe paused because the fire had died down; his glance sought the boy, Badanomad, whose duty it was to keep the fire burning brightly. In the darkening lodge, the three women and the girl, Jajawin, began to sob and wail in mourning for so many loved ones who had died in misery and hunger.

As Badanomad added small dry sticks, the flames leaped up; Anishinabe raised his hand and said "Enough;" the wailing ceased and he resumed his narration.

"The flesh-eaters attacked our lodges silently in the night with stealth and treachery unknown to true men. To escape them, our people were forced to wander into unknown, hidden valleys; each year there were fewer people in the Clan of the Crescent Moon; our children became more precious than ever before and we lived from day to day only that they might survive. But no matter where we fled, our enemies would seek us out and place themselves around us, as wolves surround a yard of deer, waiting until hunger raised up their courage, waiting until our men were absent from their lodges. Then they would attack, killing and devouring all, scattering the bones of our people in the filth and rubbish of their camp-sites. Thus, one by one, the bands of our Clan were destroyed on their hunting grounds.

"Anishinabe, who was my uncle, told me of the dream which had come to him in the night. In this dream, the first Anishinabe appeared and spoke words of counsel for our safety, saying that we must leave the land of our forefathers and travel southward, a journey of many moons, and seek protection among the people who live in those southern lands. When the Clan of the Crescent Moon regained its strength, its warriors would return and drive out the vile flesh-eaters from the northland. Thus my uncle spoke and he told me also to seek the rock which is the foot of the Great Turtle and look thereon for the message which would foretell the fate of our Clan. This was at the time of last summer's heat. When next our enemies attacked, they killed all who remained of our Clan but us and we escaped because we were absent from the lodges gathering rice for winter. Thus, I became Anishinabe by your choice, as is the custom, and we began our journey southward amid such misfortunes that we are, even now, in the last extremity of our endurance. Our brothers of the forest hide from us; our stores of rice and dried berries

On these two pages: a review of the "INDIANS AND THE LAW" survey, including two reports, a list of amendments to the Indian Act soon to be placed before Parliament, and two columns by Joyce Fairburn, commenting on the situation.

Jails Claim Too Many Indians

The report on "Indians and the Law" prepared by a research team headed by Mr. Gene Rheaume, a former member of parliament for the Northwest Territories, has now been released. The study shows that more than 35 per cent of the men, women and children in jails and training schools throughout the country are of Indian ancestry. As Indians, Eskimos and Metis make up less than four per cent of Canada's population, there are ten times more persons of native descent in jails than there should be, in proportion to their numbers.

Dr. Gilbert Monture was chairman of the project committee which was made up of representatives from three groups: private agencies and individuals, provincial departments and agencies, and federal departments and agencies. The Indian Affairs Branch of the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development gave the committee a grant of \$65,000 to finance the year-long study.

The research committee said they found that Indians get into trouble because they are poor, discouraged and resentful; because many of them have acquired the habit of using alcohol to drown their hurt feelings; because they are victims of discriminatory attitudes, scanty social services, and discriminatory laws, and inter-governmental muddles and overlaps.

It also found that a public image of Indians as second-class citizens is widespread. Few persons now will admit to being prejudiced against Indians, Metis or Eskimos, but much hidden prejudice still exists.

The research committee brought in fifteen recommendations and urged that a national conference be called by an independent agency to plan means of putting the report's recommendations into action.

Copies of the report are available from the Canadian Corrections Association, 55 Parkdale, Ottawa.

Report Blames Discrimination

Prejudice and discrimination are at the root of all problems associated with Indians and Eskimos, says a report prepared for the federal Government by the Canadian Corrections Association.

Because of this discrimination, Indians and Eskimos are convinced "they are not really part of the dominant Canadian society and that their efforts to better themselves will fail because they do not have an even chance."

Indian Affairs Minister Arthur Laing tabled the report in the Commons and subsequently prepared a list of amendments to the Indian Act, to be placed before Parliament after Christmas.

Dr. Gilbert C. Monture, 71, international mining researcher, adviser to the Atlantic Development Board and a descendant of the Mohawk leader Joseph Brant, headed a 46-member project committee for the study, titled Indians and the Law.

A group of field workers under former Northwest Territories MP Gene Rheaume visited every province and the northern territories to interview Indians and to get first-hand information.

They found liquor to be the main reason Indians and Eskimos clash with the law.

"The number of liquor infractions is so great it almost excludes other kinds of crime," the report stated.

The report found most Indians resentful but apathetic in areas where the double standard flourished. Non-Indians are not ready to acknowledge this state of affairs "yet they reflect biased attitudes inadvertently."

"Indians and Eskimos who engage in excessive drinking at carnivals or sporting events are worthless drunks, while non-Indians behaving in the same manner are real swingers."

The report said as general conditions improve among Indians and Eskimos, they might be accepted by other Canadians. There now was an awakened interest and conscience among Canadians towards Indians "and it is to be hoped this trend will continue."

Films, television and radio should be used to give other Canadians a fuller understanding of Indians and Eskimos.

School books also should deal more fairly with them "and not leave the impression that North American history began with the arrival of Europeans and that consequent progress occurred in spite of the alleged brutality and treachery of the Indians."

Amendments Aim At Ending Discrimination

Amendments to the Indian Act, which will be placed before Parliament after Christmas, are aimed at wiping out discriminatory clauses in the old act and giving the Indians more say in their own affairs, an Indian affairs department spokesman said.

All sections of the present act dealing with liquor will be thrown away, thus fulfilling one of the recommendations of an exhaustive study of Indian problems recently carried out by the Canadian Corrections Association.

Responsibilities

The new act also will be based on belief that some of the 500 Indian bands are more ready to accept responsibilities than others.

Indian Affairs Minister Laing, in a Vancouver speech in October, said:

"I hope this amended act will be a departure from all previous acts in that it will permit the government to treat each situation in accordance with the real needs of a particular band, and in accordance with the wishes of each band as they increasingly wish to assume responsibilities."

The department spokesman said Indian bands could be incorporated or given some legal status. Then, instead of coming to the department to set up a business, the Indians could do so on their own.

Hope also is expressed that Indians will be allowed to sit as school trustees. Ontario already has made this possible and the department believes other provinces will follow suit.

Still undecided is whether to set up a small business loans fund.

Doing away with liquor provisions of the act has been advocated by civil servants, police and Indians themselves.

Eligibility

Other proposed changes deal with the question of who should not be members of Indian bands.

One change will allow adopted children, regardless of race, to become treaty Indians. A contemplated change, still under discussion by the Indians, would allow Indian women to keep their status when they marry outside the band.

—Ottawa Citizen

On "Indians and the Law"

Planned Action, Not Surveys, Needed Now

by Joyce Fairbairn

(In the Winnipeg Free Press)

The latest study of Canada's Indians, Eskimos and Metis conducted by the Canadian Corrections Association offers little new or startling information on the plight of these native peoples.

Last year there was the lengthy Carrothers' report on the development of self-government in the Northwest Territories.

The direction of these studies was obviously different, but the information and observations contained in them remained basically and depressingly the same.

Be it the law or government, the the stumbling blocks have not changed much in substance for generations.

Poverty, lack of education and opportunity, deeply ingrained suspicion of white society, antagonism over ancient treaty rights, discrimination within the white community, frustration, apathy, and disillusionment are still the root causes preventing native peoples from understanding and accepting the rules which govern the rest of Canadian life.

All this is well known by governments and educated Canadians be they white or otherwise. The problem has existed for years and the information and proposals in surveys would be monotonous were the subject not so serious.

The federal government does not need any more surveys or commissions. What is needed is systematic planning and action, in consultation with the Indians themselves.

To react completely to all the complaints would be a disservice to much of the Indian population which is not now trained or conditioned to absorb an immediate change.

Sensible reform as swiftly as possible, combined with increased and continuous education programs at all levels would seem the most constructive way to bring Indians up to a level of opportunity equal to other Canadians.

This is not the work of one year or five. As far as Indian Affairs Minister Arthur Laing is concerned it is the work of a generation before young Indians being educated today can spread their knowledge and experience through the reserves.

Mr. Laing will also propose a loan fund for development on the reserves.

This will enable Indians to finance their own resource development rather than leasing them out to others. In some areas the possible revenue which could accrue to the bands in the future would be considerable.

This loan fund would also help Indians set up commercial business on the reserve, a practice which is being carried out in a few cases now.

On one reserve in Quebec the Indians are doing a brisk business in the manufacture of ski boots and a variety of shoes which are sold at home and exported abroad.

The amendments would also allow Indian bands to set up the equivalent of municipal government on the reserves, depending on their level of funds and ability.

Mr. Laing said that a very small number of bands would qualify at first, because of lack of development in the past, but the door would be open.

One clause that won't be in the amendments is any provision for Indians to sell their reserve land at will. Mr. Laing feels that at the moment this still must require the permission of the federal government.

He expresses a growing optimism about the attitude of several Indians who with a background of good education are even being regarded as too progressive by their own bands.

"They are beginning to get a sense

of heritage and propriety, which is quite a new thing," Mr. Laing said.

With education and training, the young men and prospective community leaders are now realizing the desirability of managing their own land and affairs intelligently with an eye to providing revenue for their people.

The government will emphasize in its policies particular generosity in the field of education, he said.

Next year, \$50 million will be labelled for those of Canada's 225,000 Indians seeking education at any level. This year, the amount is \$47 million and the overall total of government Indian Aid is \$118 million. In 1945 that same total was a dismal \$5 million.

Mr. Laing does not pretend that things are going to be rosy overnight for the Indians. He noted that unrest and disillusionment on reserves is prompting many people to wander off to the cities where they end up penniless in slums because they have no training to cope with city jobs.

"Conditions are pitiful for many of them and this is a real reproach to other Canadians," the minister said.

Protected Out Of Heritage

From an article in
The Winnipeg Free Press

by JOYCE FAIRBURN

No matter which way you slice it the Indians of 1867 were treated like children who had to be compensated and then surrounded by a stern code of law so capricious provincial governments could not take advantage of them and their land.

They have come dangerously close to being protected right out of their heritage.

The isolation of the reserve community has sapped initiative, gravely retarded education, and contributed in large measure to perpetuating the image of the illiterate Indian who goes wild at the sniff of a cork.

However slow the process, the new Indian Act amendments are designed to help make that image disappear as quickly as possible. Progress will be slow, but already the signs are encouraging.

The greatest degree of federal, provincial and municipal co-operation and goodwill will be necessary to make the new act work.

Under the British North America Act Ottawa is responsible for Indian lands which it holds in trust. The

federal government doles out health and welfare payments and finances the entire burden of Indian education.

However, Indians are also citizens of the provinces and these governments are now discussing ways to make life easier.

Ontario is the province which so far has displayed the most genuine consciousness of the need for change. It is the only province which has agreed to share with Ottawa on a 90 per cent (federal) to 10 per cent (provincial) basis the costs of both community development and welfare services.

Ontario and New Brunswick are the only provinces which will allow Indians to serve on school boards, although most other provinces are now responding favorably to this change.

Welfare is one of the most sensitive gray areas. Although Ottawa is responsible for the Indians, it cannot possibly man all the reserves with welfare workers.

Indian agency superintendents can keep an eye out for social and physical problems, but must rely on provincial welfare workers to provide the same service to the Indians as would be expected by any other citizen.

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The Trail of Hanpa

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.

In an effort to win Daniel's heart, Pauline Ramsay comes to attend the rodeo at Wood Mountain. The Doe-Maiden is jealous of Pauline, but her mother comforts her, assuring her that Daniel will come back to her.

Chapter XIII

A Farewell

The next day at dawn — the whole encampment was quietly resting — Daniel woke early and decided to leave the rodeo. He sought to escape from Pauline, and to make a clean break with her before it was too late. He nudged his pal Toto: "Get up! We are going home now," he said.

"This early?" exclaimed the sleepy Toto, "who are you running away from?"

"The rodeo is almost over," said Daniel, "let us go to work. I have entrusted my money with LeBegue. I have very important business to attend to."

Muttering, Toto rose and both went for breakfast. There they met LeBegue.

"Well," asked LeBegue, "I guess we are leaving for home?"

"Mr. LeBegue," pleaded Dan, "I want you to help me to build a house this fall... after the harvest, Toto, and I will want to settle down..."

"And the wedding bells may ring," interjected Toto.

LeBegue, long used to Toto's clowning, paid no attention to this remark; Daniel added hastily:

"They may, Mr. LeBegue, if you will give me the hand of your daughter, but I do not wish to discuss that now, please. And for you, Toto," said Dan, glaring at his pal, "you have the knack of putting me on the spot, haven't you? But I will forgive you this time."

Toto went about his business. He went to the Turf Club office where he checked the final entries for the last day of the rodeo. The crowd had thinned out considerably, as the haying season was advancing.

Castling a last glance at Pauline's tent, Daniel mounted his pony and loped home.

Early in the afternoon, Daniel was surprised to see a car driving towards his lonely adobe cabin. His heart leaped when he recognized Pauline's car. "Now what?" he asked himself almost angrily.

Mrs. Ramsay had set her mind on saying good-bye to Daniel and also satisfy her curiosity. As she alighted from the car she was greeted by Daniel:

"I am sorry I left you without saying good-bye, last night," he murmured in apology.

"Think of nothing of it," replied Pauline, "I rather expected you would still be at the camp this morning. Really, I was anxious to see where you lived..."

"Nothing much to show you, is there?" replied Daniel sadly, "Now you understand, don't you?"

"You remind me of the gold prospectors," taunted Pauline, "Your home is only a shelter, not a permanent place."

"You are right, Pauline," replied Dan seriously, "but I do not look for gold. The whole prairie is my home. We are not like the white people, are we? For thousands of years we were free to roam, and to live where we pleased. But now, we have to remain in one place. The buffalo have gone forever, Pauline, and we must take the white man's way of life, no matter how difficult it is..."

"Happiness is what you make it. I respect you very much, Daniel," confessed Pauline, "and though my heart cries out to you, I understand why you said last night that we will find a haven, but not in this life..."

With these simple words, Pauline kissed Daniel good-bye, and before she burst into tears, she ran to her car and left Daniel standing mutely, watching the thin trail of dust, watching the "Charitable One," who had been

so close to him and to his people, disappear forever.

The following weeks were happy for both Daniel and the Doe-Maiden. His accustomed bashfulness vanished in the presence of Marianne. Daniel felt free to keep company with her, to bring simple little presents, and to entertain her with his guitar and songs. LeBegue and his wife smiled happily at the young couple who found many ways of spending some time together, whether working or resting after the day's task was done.

Every now and then Daniel would have a moody spell, and remained silent. Marianne teased him: "Now, lover, what are you thinking of?"

But Daniel would not reply, as his mind wandered away over the hills, to the gradually fading picture of Pauline.

Then Daniel would begin to discuss building a new home for himself. "Doe-Maiden," he asked one day, blushing, "I want to tell you that I love you... if you love me, too, as I am, and always will be, I want you. I have no promise to make, only that of my love..."

"O, lover!" cried Marianne, leaping into Daniel's arms... kissing him... great tears like diamonds shining in her eyes, "Yes, I, too, have loved you for a long time..."

Daniel never felt happier in his life. He felt more eager to work, and from then on, his thoughts turned seriously to planning a future agreeable to his fiancée.

They would be married early in October; by then the new home would be nearly completed, the harvest done, and with Toto as a partner Daniel would be making saddles all winter.

Two weeks after the rodeo, Daniel received a letter from Poplar. For several days he did not want to open it. He felt he wanted to keep Pauline out of his heart forever. One evening, while Toto was looking for some papers of his own, he noticed the unopened letter. "Daniel," he asked, "do you know who this letter came from?"

"I sure do," replied Daniel, "but I haven't read it."

"Now come, Dan," urged Toto, "still running away, aren't you?" Egged by this taunt, Daniel slowly

opened the letter and read:

"My Dear Friend — I want to tell you I have now sold my ranch and disposed of all my interests in what my late husband left me. I am going away to a place where I wanted to go since my husband died. The war has made me realize many things... I see things

by
Ablo-Hoksila
and
Woonkapi-Sni

differently now. It seems to me I have lived in my very heart all the horrors of war. This I would have forgotten had I fulfilled my great love for you... I want you to know that I have not deceived myself and that I have not lied to you when I said I loved you. Love suffers and endures all things, but in loving you, I know I was asking too much from you; I was too selfish, perhaps, but I wanted the sacrifice of your happiness so that my love may have lived on. "Now it is all over. I have only one course set before me, and I will not turn away from it. Where I am going I will be happy, and there you will be with me always. I still love you, but not the way I used to love you. I often wonder at what you are beneath the cloak that covers you... I want to read your heart."

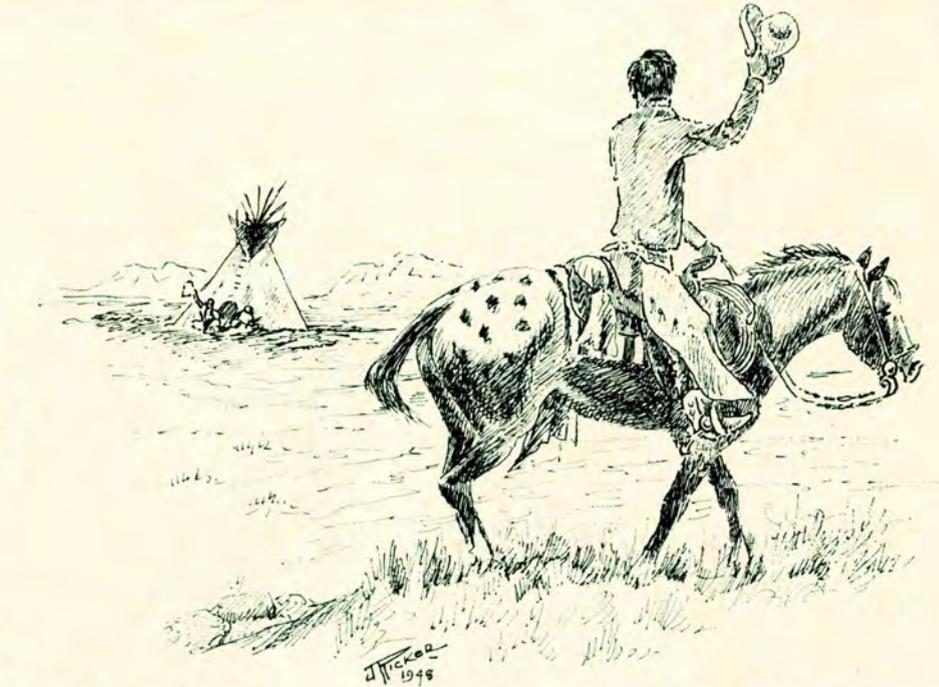
There is a picture of you I will never forget. One day I saw you on your horse, silhouetted in the sky, atop the Peppermint Hill. You seemed to be so very far away from this world and so near to heaven!

"This letter is an adieu, Daniel, until we meet again in the far away heaven where there will be no sorrows and no heart-breaks. I pray that the One you revere as your Wakan-Tanka will ever keep you, and make you see His light and the love that surpasses all.

Adios,

PAULINE."

Daniel re-read the letter several times. "So, she really loved me," he mused, "and more deeply than I ever thought. She was a splendid woman, and no wonder every one



liked her and called her 'the Charitable One.' And now where is she going?"

Daniel suddenly remembered reading in the Gospel book of a counsel given by the Master: "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have a treasure in heaven; and come, follow me."

These words, which he had never quite well understood in his youth, suddenly burst forth in full radiance in his mind. He saw where Pauline was going, and he felt she was justified in selling everything, and in following the Master of the Christians.

A cloister he had heard about as a strange place, but too unreal, as the castles of old, in fairy tales. And yet, this woman he had loved was actually leaving everything to serve her Master.

His thoughts wandered on the teachings of Christ... and suddenly he realized another invisible wall had been barring his way to Pauline's heart; the faith in the God of the Christians. And now he saw the same barrier was erected between himself and Marianne. A deep anxiety arose in his mind.

"What if Marianne insists on a church marriage?" he asked himself with anguish.

Toto interrupted the flow of his thoughts: "What now? Bad news?" he asked.

"No," replied Daniel, "wonder-

ful news, and yet something very disturbing and strange has been aroused in my very soul, something I cannot yet understand. Toto, what is a true Christian?"

"One who tell you better than I can answer your question. You speak to Marianne..."

"That I will do... some day."

Chapter XIV The Barrier

The berry season had come. All the women and children swarmed in the hills to pick the wild fruits. One day, Marianne and her mother went berry-picking on the Indian reservation. It may have been intentional on the part of Marianne, as the two women wended their way towards Daniel's adobe home.

Marianne was silent until she said to her mother, "Ina, I am going with cousin Agnes, I see you are tired, wait here for me." The mother did not answer, but an understanding smile quivered on her lips.

It was early afternoon; the day was calm and hot. The two girls were picking berries in the shadow of all poplars, as they heard a voice singing and coming ever nearer to them. Marianne recognized Daniel's voice and blushed deeply. Her companion remarked: "This is Hanpa I hear! Why is he about roaming at this hour of the day?"

Marianne answered, "This is Sunday, and a man has a right to

rest... has he not?"

The girls sat still, listening to the beautiful strains of the song, day-dreaming. Suddenly Marianne choked with tears, "Agnes, my lover is not singing for me! He is remembering the 'washechu' woman from Montana... oh! how I wish he loved me as he did say he loved me... my heart cries out to him... but he does not want me... he is so fickle!... am I deceiving myself?"

As Agnes sympathized with her cousin the voice stopped. Both girls resumed picking berries, going deeper into the bush. Suddenly a horse neighed close by them and startled the girls: "Oh!" they cried, as they saw Daniel dismounting from his pony.

"Now pretty ones," he asked, "are you sure you are not lost, coming so far away from home?" "Do not tease us," pleaded Marianne, with sadness in her voice, "can't you see you gave us a bad scare?" Marianne looked frightened, and Daniel's smile froze on his lips. As he came nearer to Marianne, she turned away from him, lowering her head, as if he were a stranger to her. She forgot the girl besides her, and started to go away, trembling all over.

Daniel spoke again, "Doe-Maiden, please do not go away. Sit down with me for a moment. I want to speak to you."

As Agnes went off discreetly,

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The Trail of Hanpa

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Daniel took Marianne by the arm, and both sat on a fallen tree. "Doe-Maiden," he pleaded, "now I am serious, and I love you, if you love me as I am I want you; I have no promises to make, only that of my love..."

Marianne remained silent for some time, as Daniel sat, his eyes cast dejectedly on the ground, beginning to feel the humiliation of her refusal.

"Daniel," said Marianne, at last, "Yes, I have loved you for a long time now, but you have betrayed me once, yet I will forgive. But there is another thing between us that has to be cleared up. I am very happy that you love me, but I will have to ask you to become a Christian, otherwise we will not be happy together."

"What do you mean by mentioning this?" retorted Daniel with surprise, "am I not good enough as I am? Why is the Wakantanka of your fathers as well as of mine not able to take care of both of us? Are we not both 'Lakotas'?"

"Daniel, my lover," answered Marianne, "it is hard for me to mention this, and yet, no matter how much I love you, I see the future... do not be afraid of that barrier, I am confident you will overcome it, and then we will be married, lover!" As she spoke these last words tenderly, she raised her lips to Daniel and kissed him.

Daniel was already feeling the barrier crumbling away, but he was too proud to admit defeat on these grounds. "Doe-Maiden," he replied abruptly, "I have never given much thought to these matters. If you really loved me as you say you do, you would not speak to me like this. You are now imagining an invisible barrier, just to try me. Maybe I deserve this for not having been faithful to you... but I want so much to marry you, and yet as I come closer to you, you play the white woman, and you want me now to throw away what is most sacred to me. Give me time to think about this."

He rose, and mounting his pony, he added, "The barrier is as much on your side as on mine; perhaps you could scale it and come to me as I am..."

Marianne's companion was coming back, and Daniel left without adding another word.

The night following Daniel's proposal to Marianne was a sleepless one for him. Not until then had he realized what he had said. Why had he been such a fool, he asked himself as he relived in his memory the scene of the previous

day. Was not Marianne pretending that religion was a barrier when she was really afraid of his poverty? As he tossed on his bed, half-awake, what his reason could not reveal, his subconscious mind brought the light he was seeking.

Daniel found rest at last in peaceful slumber. He dreamt that it was a Sunday morning, some time ago, before his grandfather had passed away. He was going to visit a friend, and he passed by the little church of the Catholics, and beheld Marianne entering the church with the other faithful to attend Mass. He stayed near the church, and listened to the hymns that were being sung, and heard the missionary's voice speaking in Lakota about the teachings of Christ. Then he walked away and saw himself attending a 'yuwipi', Lakota ceremony. As he heard the strange noises and rappings and saw the eerie lights flashing, he heard the medicine man shouting over the din of toms-toms and chanting: "There is one greater than I here... I cannot fight his power... this lodge will be destroyed by fire... but the white house of prayer shall stand forever..."

Daniel woke suddenly and began to think over his dream. Indeed the medicine-lodge had been destroyed by a prairie fire, and not thirty yards away a house of prayer had been erected on a solid foundation, and there it stood with its steeple pointing like a finger to the heaven of the God of the Christians.

He began to think aloud, saying to himself, "I guess that perhaps the medicine man was right, and yet maybe he made a mistake. I am a Lakota, and I do not want any foreign belief. I cannot pretend to be different from what I am, not even for the love of the Doe-Maiden. My song is the song of my fathers, of my grandfathers, and great-grandfathers: 'Lakol wicochan tewahila' (I hold sacred the works of the Lakotas)."

Daniel experienced pangs of doubt and self-pity, soon killed by his innate pride. He remembered bitterly his love for Pauline Ramsay who was a Christian and who left him to serve her God entirely; and now his love for the Doe-Maiden, a daughter of the Lakotas, was conditioned by his leaving his traditional beliefs; both seemed to belong to a world far beyond his reach. He would stand alone, and walk on his own trail, without a companion, throughout his whole life; he would not surrender.

Marianne, agonizing over Daniel's sudden departure, returned

to her mother's side. Weepingly she told her mother what had taken place between herself and Daniel.

Tatewin comforted her child with words of wisdom drawn from her own experience in life, "I, too, my daughter, had a great struggle before I married your father. But it was easier for me, because I am a woman. A man is too proud to surrender easily. Do not try to reason with your lover, but pray for him. Faith is not a matter of argument, but it is a surrender to something more powerful than we are. Have faith and you will win your man. I know he loves you, no matter how long it takes, he will come to you humbly and pleading for your love."

While Daniel was away to the North, working at the harvest, not a day passed without Marianne saying her Rosary and making some act of self-denial to win the conversion of her lover.

Three weeks passed by, without even a letter from Daniel. July passed into August. As much as Marianne wanted to see her lover she fought her impulse and kept hopefully praying. Many tears flowed during the weeks of separation because she understood the torments her lover was undergoing.

One day Toto came to the Le-Begue ranch home. Marianne welcomed him joyfully, "Toto, I am so glad you came," she said breathlessly, "How is Daniel?"

"Sound of body, but ill in mind, Marianne; I think you should forget your pride and do something for him, otherwise you may not see him for a long, long time. I do not know what you have said to him, but he is totally different now. When he came back to the reservation yesterday, he went to cry on his grandfather's grave. He wept like a child... I am afraid he will commit suicide..."

The Doe-Maiden remembered in a flash of intuition that the factor of parent-love was the strongest instinct in Lakota life, and that Daniel would be able to take his life instead of facing reality. She asked herself if she had been justified in asking from her lover such a great sacrifice; and yet, Christ had asked the same sacrifice from all his true followers. He had asked them to leave their fathers and mothers... and Daniel, faced with this problem was verging on insanity perhaps...

"Toto, you and I will go and see Daniel," she cried, "right away!"

In a few moments Toto, Marianne and her mother had reached Daniel's home, to find him packing his few belongings and saddling his pony...

(To be continued)

Hope for the Future

Flin Flon On Film

by Irene Hewitt

The past four editions of the Indian Record have featured Irene Hewitt's "Hope For The Future" series, depicting the progress of Indians and their Friendship Centre at Flin Flon, Manitoba.

This final instalment is a 'picture study' of that progress, and of the people who helped to make it all possible.

Top right is a photo taken on the lawn in front of the Indian Metis Friendship Centre. In the background are "Granny" Cadotte, and her daughter Kristina Reed; foreground, Jack Reed and the two Reed children, Keith and Sheena.

Middle right, illustrates the Indian-Metis float which won third prize in the July 1 parade.

Lower right: Dorothy Keddie, 'A Friend To The Indians', with her dog.

Lower left: A wilderness shrine, some 20 miles from Flin Flon, built by Leo Wyckstandt, a local Metis and one of the directors of the I-M Centre. The shrine is dedicated to Our Lady.



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Who Will Weep For Anishinabe?

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have been stolen from their hidden caverns by our enemies. The Great Spirit has turned his face away from us so that we starve. We cannot defend ourselves, so weak are we. This is the story of the people of the Clan of the Crescent Moon."

He picked up the bark dipper and took a long drink of the warm spruce tea from the vessel beside the fire, hoping to ease the emptiness of his stomach. Several of the others also drank. Knowing that his people were waiting for his words of decision, Anishinabe began to arrange his thoughts into a pattern of oratory, as was the custom. Soon he spoke again.

"Anishinabe, the Ogima, speaks to the men of the Clan and asks them to consider well his words. Today, I have come upon the rock which is the foot of the Great Turtle, as foretold by my uncle. On this rock is the sign, placed there not by the hands of men but by the Great Spirit who is the father of the Great Turtle. By the power of divination granted to me as Chieftain, I have read this sign. It tells of safety ten or twelve days' journey to the south in the lands of a strange but friendly people. I am best able to make a swift journey and bring back help; we cannot move swiftly all together because we are too enfeebled to withstand the struggle and exposure of travelling with no food to carry with us. So you others must remain in this place and subsist by setting snares and fishing through the ice. You must keep yourselves and the camp concealed well since that alone will make you safe from our enemies. During the day, there must be no fire except enough to keep an ember burning and no movement on the lake or other exposed place. At night or during snow-fall, food may be cooked and supplies of wood gathered and fishing holes cut through the ice. The moon is on the wane; I will return before the next full moon. Jingquack, what say you of this plan?"

"In our condition, one plan is as good as another so long as we stay alive from day to day. I am too weary to think out a better plan, but it is in my mind that your journey will be the hardest trial of all since you must make it without any stock of food." Jingquack shrugged and reached for the dipper.

Turning to the other man, Anishinabe addressed him: "What is your thought on this matter?"

"I, Wemis the cripple, have little to say. If you have read truly the sign upon the great rock, then it is sure that one of us should seek with all speed help from the people to the south. I am least able to make the

journey. I agree to the plan of Anishinabe."

Thus it was decided as soon as unanimity was achieved in the council. The group stirred and separated without conversation; four remained and six moved away to the lodge of Jingquack. At both dwellings, firewood was brought in and other preparations were made for the long hours of darkness that lay before them.

Nenshib took the child Beckwinabi, son of Anishinabe, from his wrappings of furs and commenced cleaning his thin body with down gathered that afternoon from the cat-tails near the camp site. The child, only six months old, was well-grown and quite healthy. As his mother wiped him with the down, first with dampened swabs, then with dry ones, and held him up before the warm bright fire, he whimpered fretfully because he was sleepy and hungry. After he was cleansed, she gave him to Nikka whose breasts held milk while hers did not. Presently he slept. Nenshib then laid him upon a pad of clean down and began to wrap him in the soft furs that were his swaddling clothes.

Anishinabe stayed her motions and bent over the infant, his first-born son. His bowels yearned over the helplessness of the child and, as he beheld the sweetness of its delicate features, an aching of wordless love grew upward in his vitals and choked in his throat. Beneath his downward gaze, the outlines of the child wavered and seemed to have a radiance that was not from the firelight. Presently he motioned for the child to be covered and made his way out of the lodge to visit the midden.

Outside it was bitterly cold without wind. Frost snapped and cracked among the heavy branches of the giant hardwood trees on a nearby slope. The ice on the lake rumbled as expansion cracks sundered its length, reverberating loudly into the distance. Overhead, the moonless sky was lighted by wavering beams from the aurora, pale and luminous, transparent and soundless in splendour. Even the pines were silent and were a seable presence only where their spreading shapes blacked out the sharp, cold light of the stars.

The rustling sound as he closed the doorway with pieces of stiff deer hide was the last noise in the clearing. Soon all the people were lost in the restless sleep of exhaustion.

In the morning, before the sun arose, Anishinabe prepared for his journey. As there was no food, he filled his belly with warm water in which spruce buds had steeped through the night.

In his hand was his heavy stone-pointed spear; held by a wide thong

over his shoulder was his pack containing fire-marking material, sinews for snares and fishing lines, and tied to his pack was his light spear and his largest robe of beaver fur. From the belt about his waist hung a light axe of polished granite and his best knife with its sharp blade of serrated chert.

While he tied his snow-shoes in place under his feet, his glance went from one end of the camp to the other. He noted that Wemis had set up a snow shelter for protection and concealment over his fishing hole and was crouched there, the pendant sinew held hopefully over the dark opening. No word of advice was necessary nor the spoken word of parting.

Anishinabe looked into the bright face of his son for a moment and then turned to enter the thicket surrounding the camp. In a few seconds he was gone, passing through the woods like a wraith.

And so began his southward journey and a time of such loneliness and misery as to be like the worst of nightmares. He conserved his strength by keeping to the level places and so travelled much beside the margins of the lakes. He sought food along his route and did not turn aside. Each night he set his snares and then huddled in his robe beneath snow-banked cedar boughs, sleeping fitfully before the flames of his small fire. Each morning the snares were empty and the prospect of another day of hunger burdened him.

On the second day, he came upon a patch of wild rice whose broken heads stood above the ice of a narrow bay and he was able to gather a pound or two of the rough grains which he munched a few at a time, washed down with warm water melted from fragments of shell-ice.

Once he found a fat muskrat frozen solid upon the snow, locked out of its watery sanctuary by the quick-freezing barrier of ice. Another time he found a perch in the ice beneath the surface of a clear, wind-swept patch of a shallow lake which he dug out with his stone axe. He saw no living creature except a flock of snow-buntings fluttering in a clump of weeds on a hillside.

On the tenth day he came upon a thicket of hawthorne trees and gathered a few handfuls of the frozen, bitter fruit which he had never seen before but he knew they were safe to eat because some showed bird-pecks and others, the gnawing of a small-toothed rodent. On the eleventh day, his route crossed a grassy meadow and he crawled through it searching out the field-mice whose tunnels laced the place with intricate designs.

On the thirteenth day, his journey came to an end on a high bank facing the impassable barrier of a great fresh water sea.

From a ledge, warmed for the moment by the rays of the brilliant winter sun, he looked down on the enormous expanse of the frozen lake whose size and lifeless repose appalled him. There was no living creature to be seen, no friendly people warm and safe in their villages, no curl of smoke, no sound but a faint, dull shushing made by bits of ice falling from the curved crests of the frozen wave-forms.

He knew that this lake, whose unknown limits shimmered beyond the farthest reaches of his vision, could not be crossed. Here was the final barrier against which his people could not prevail; here was his ultimate failure.

Suddenly, he was conscious of a premonition of impending disaster and, unchecked at last, the realization of the all-embracing malevolence of the forces surrounding him and his people possessed him.

He turned backward on his way, following the faint traces of his footsteps towards the darkening north. Before him night and day, forcing him on and on, were brief visions of his son's sweet face.

Thirteen days later he reached the southern end of the lake and could see, bright in the afternoon sun, the hunched shape of the great, red rock. In an hour, he reached a point at the mouth of the stream from which he could see the campsite of his people.

There was no answer to his signal, the cry of the snowy owl; no voice sound — no movement — no drift of smoke! As he came warily up the low bank, he saw that the whole site was a trampled ruin, a desolation. No merciful snow had fallen to hide the litter and filth and the splashes here and there of dull red. The lodges had been stripped of their bark and skins and had fallen to one side with gaunt poles pointing.

Anishinabe knew the frightfulness that had overtaken his people, murdered and devoured. Insupportable anguish swept over him and he dropped slowly to his knees, then face downward in the snow.

As his senses came back to him, a terrible nausea wracked his tired body with futile retching. After resting a few moments, he knew what he had to do; he must seek the fleshless skulls scattered with the stripped bones amid the trash and offal left behind. He found them easily, all but the smallest one, the one he sought for most.

Circling the camp, he came upon the swaddled body where it had been hidden by its mother. The child was untouched, its delicate features forever at rest in the absolute peacefulness of frozen death.

When he had assembled the remains of his people, he struggled up and down, up and down, carrying flat slabs of rock from the edge of the lake where they had been piled

in profusion by the pushing ice flows of countless winters. With them, he built the cairn for the bones of his people on the out-crop that had been the hearthstone of his lodge.

The vile flesh-eaters had stolen the best of the robes and furs; little enough was left to wrap the bones of his loved ones in. But such few, pitiful remains did not require much cover and he was able to wrap them all. As he laid the bundles in the cairn, he put in such unbroken weapons and utensils of bark as he could find. On each bundle, he sprinkled a small crescent of red hematite, always carried by the chief to ensure that the dead of the Clan would be recognized when greeted by their forefathers beyond the setting sun.

Then he stood beside the cairn and intoned with careful words and steady voice the age-old ritual of burial. It was a ceremony as changeless as the stone totem of their Clan; the dead person must be described so as to become known to the hovering spirits; and someone must weep in sorrow for the one who has died so that it would be known on earth, and in the realm



of the spirits, that he was loved and was worthy of an honoured place among his forefathers. Anishinabe's voice was clear and flute-like, without echo from the frozen wilderness.

"I bury Nenshib whose name signifies 'the black duck,' wife of Anishinabe and mother of his only son. Nenshib is dead; I weep for her."

"I bury Jingquack whose name means 'the pine tree,' the brave assistant to Anishinabe; I bury Waseaban whose name means 'the dawn,' wife of Jingquack." "I bury Wemis whose name signifies 'the Creeper,' so named because of his crippled leg. I bury Badanomad whose name means 'the approaching wind,' son of Wemis. I bury Kabian whose name means 'the northwest wind,' son of Jingquack. I bury Jajawin whose name means 'the blue jay,' the sweet daughter of Jingquack. All these are dead; I weep for them."

"I bury Nikka whose name means 'the goose'; she was not of our Clan but belonged to the Muskrat people; at her breast she nourished my son. Nikka is dead; I weep for her."

Then he roofed over the cairn, leaving only a small opening ready to be closed with a large, flat stone. He knelt there holding the body of his son in his arms.

"I bury my beloved son, Beckwinabe whose name signifies 'he who

sits on the tree top,' and according to the legends of our people is the one who became the red-breasted robin. My only son Beckwinabe is dead. I place with his body, so cold in death, the stone totem of our forefathers. I weep for Beckwinabe — and now my tears may flow, for who can say a man is weak whose tears fall on the body of his only son? See them freeze upon the fur and on the smooth cheek of my son who is dead. Ah, see here the tears of Anishinabe," he cried, face upturned, as if seeking pity at the last.

He held his son a moment more, then placed the small bundle with the others and moved the stone to close the cairn. He stood, facing the setting sun, a crimson ball half below the horizon in a slate-grey cloudless sky. There was such a hush over all the earth, it was as if his voice of mourning was meant to be heard even among the stars.

"All are dead," he called while reaching out his arms to the west, the south, the east and the north. "All the people of the Clan of the Crescent Moon are dead, all but their chief Anishinabe who is about to die. I weep for them."

Slowly he sank down beside the cairn, all his strength drained away, his store of tears exhausted, his only thought to sleep and die. Instinctively, he drew his knees up to his body and rested his cheek upon them, assuming the position of the unborn — and the dead. He was unaware of the numbness that immobilized his feet and legs; all his sensibilities had been consumed in the fires of abject sorrow and only the ashes of lassitude remained.

A short time passed and the world was enveloped in darkness and silence. Anishinabe knew that his death was near and began to murmur the words of his own burial:

"I bury Anishinabe, last of the Clan of the Crescent Moon, whose name signifies 'he who is a human being.' Anishinabe is dead."

There was a long pause; then a cry came from his motionless form, a cry growing in pathos as it carried across the frozen waste, the cry of a soul lost in torment, doomed never to rest, aching with loneliness as does the night-cry of the kill-deer.

"Who will weep for Anishinabe?"

Never had there been such stillness, never a night so clear. In the eastern sky, a brilliant star shone out, lighting all the hills and all the valleys everywhere. And from this star, a radiant beam came downward to a distant place and it glimmered there throughout the night for all living things to mark it well. The sweet music of children singing welled upward to the heavens and all the troubled world was calmed in peace and wonderment. The Great Spirit spoke to Anishinabe with the voices of the whispering cedar and the sighing pine: "HE IS BORN THIS NIGHT WHO WILL WEEP FOR ANISHINABE."

Province Rejects Housing Plea

About 30 Metis leaders representing several hundred families in Manitoba living in squalid "sub-human" conditions have been told by the Manitoba provincial cabinet that no financial assistance can be provided because they do not live in "growth areas."

They also were told that the province has no money available for relocation grants to move families to districts where they could receive public assistance for housing.

Log and Mud Huts

Many northern Manitoba Metis families are living in log and mud huts, without sewer, water, electricity or adequate heating.

Welfare Minister Jack Carroll said in an interview the government is prepared to set up a committee to work with the Metis and the Manitoba Housing Authority "to help develop a program for housing in growth areas."

Provincial financial assistance under the MHA is restricted to such districts — mainly cities and towns with expanding employment opportunities — because federal housing money carries this rider as well, Mr. Carroll said.

The minister also said the cabinet would "take an immediate look at the possibility of providing multiple-dwelling housing accommodation for Metis people who move in Metro Winnipeg."

No Help to North

Mr. Carroll said he realized this would not help the Metis living in the tiny fishing and trapping villages of the north.

"But I think we are moving along the way."

The minister's view was not shared by the Metis leaders, who emerged angry and disappointed from the four-hour meeting.

"We're completely dissatisfied with the response we got here, and we're going to approach our MPs and MLAs," Mrs. Gladys Whitford, chairman of one of 16 Metis housing committees established throughout the province, said.

Committee Formed

Later in the day, the Metis Housing Association of Manitoba — a sub-committee of the Indian and Metis Conference — established a five-man executive committee to bring the plight of the Metis families to public attention.

White Man's Law Hard To Respect

by Lawrence Jackson
(In the Calgary Herald)

When an Indian breaks the white man's law, there is usually a lot more at fault than the Indian himself, a group of experts at the John Howard Society have agreed.

Raised in a culture radically different from the dominant white society outside the reserve, he finds it hard to understand and equally hard to respect a legal system designed to protect a way of life not his own.

The policeman who picks him up, the judge who frowns and delivers his sentence and the guard who watches him in jail are all white, all alien.

They represent a white officialdom that has ruled his life without knowing his ways, pointed out Fr. Maurice Goutier, an Oblate priest on the Blackfoot reserve, at a panel last month.

★ ★ ★

He urged that some means be found to return a measure of policing and judicial authority to Indian leaders on the reserves.

Problems of drunkenness and rowdy conduct in the Indian village set up on the grounds during Stampede Week had markedly declined when the Indians themselves were given the duty to police the teepees, he pointed out.

Lawful conduct is encouraged in the white society by the shame felt and the stigma encountered when the white laws are broken, Father Goutier said. The same deterrents are much less apt to apply with Indians in scrapes with a judicial system not their own.

"So many of them have been behind bars, there's not that much shame in it. The only people who ever frown on them legally, officially, are non-Indian."

★ ★ ★

Doug Cuthand, a Simon Fraser University student and a Cree who ran his own "reaching out project" for the John Howard Society among the Indians in east Calgary last summer, agreed that Indian law-breakers are apt to take their sentences quite lightly.

"Most Indians won't come into a social agency like this because the only agency they have had much to do with has been Indian Affairs, and they are so paternalistic."

Father Goutier closed with a plea that the society press for more responsibilities to be returned to Indian communities in every field, including that of law.

Protected Out Of Heritage

—Continued from Page 7

Because of poverty, large families, and illiteracy in many Indian bands, the need for social help is great. Sometimes, for one reason or another, it is given in a haphazard fashion.

The most tragic example recently was the death of a 14-month girl on the Peigan reserve in Alberta. She was one of 11 children living with their parents in a shack where they ate in relays because there weren't enough dishes to go around. The father was on compensation and welfare.

Last November the agency superintendent called in provincial child welfare authorities to check up on the children. No action was taken and last May the baby died of malnutrition.

Steps have now been taken to deal with the family, but it took a death to get the wheels moving.

Educated Indians view such breakdowns with a natural bitterness which only whets their determination to push for reforms and encourage their own people to take fullest advantage of educational opportunities.

More than anything else education is the thing which can best revitalize the Indians and break down the barriers of racial discrimination within the white community. It is

an area in which there have been gratifying advances in recent years.

Today, there are 258 Indians in university and less than 50 who have graduated.

One of them is Len Marchand, a 33-year-old Okanagan Indian from the reserve at Vernon, B.C., who is special assistant to Mr. Laing. He holds a master's degree in forestry and, in 1958, became the first person on his reserve to go to high school.

"I have seen great changes in my short lifetime and I believe that we as a people are making progress," Mr. Marchand said.

The Indian affairs department is trying as much as possible to promote the development of Indian municipal government as the level of education rises.

At the moment, the university graduate has little to draw him back to the reserve to work. But if the reserves are encouraged to take on a municipal character, opportunities for jobs will automatically develop.

For the "young Turks" in Canada's Indian bands the ultimate will be achieved when their reserves are generating their own jobs, administration and revenues. It will take many years, but if plans are successful, one day the Indian affairs branch will become obsolete which, of course, is the final goal of the federal government.

Book Reviews

Canada's Developing Nation

Summer conferences as well as the friction generated in isolated towns and districts between urban do-gooders and local defenders of the status quo guarantee that the plight of Canada's Indians will get a public going over every year from now on. It would be too bad if the splurge became routine, somewhat like Grey Cup time, Christmas, dump Dief drives.

The retiring Apostolic Delegate to Canada has thought of a way to present this problem in a new light. He has spoken of Canadians as apt to become "citizens of the world" and then he has gone off to visit his Indian friends as he has urged Ottawa diplomats to do, with success, in the past.

A "citizen of the world" today is one who is preoccupied with the developing nations, the have-nots. What a surprise, after accepting this attitude, to find one's attention directed to one's own country. There, in the hinterlands, is a developing people, a race of have-nots. You demand recognition of human rights anywhere in the world? How about your own doorstep?

This new angle is welcome because no cause has left in its wake more frustrated champions than that of uplifting the Indian. The enthusiastic neophyte first discovers that his simple notion of "An Indian" soon breaks down in a multitude of types: To begin with, 558 bands on 2,200 reserves plus the various kinds that inhabit the cities across the land. Recently a nine-month study of Indian Residential Schools, by a Canadian Welfare Council expert went down the drain when principals from British Columbia pointed out it applied only to Saskatchewan. In B.C. things are not the same. This distinction has been known to missionaries for some time.

The "new" attitude suggested by Archbishop Pignedoli to restore lost enthusiasms, comes opportunely this year, as a "new" book makes its debut. In manuscript, Professor John Melling's study carried the title: The Native Peoples of Canada. It conveyed the impression of a cold, dispassionate survey. But the author became excited, became involved in hopes and plans, drew into his excitement a host of people from gov-

Strange But True

ST MARY MAJOR'S
IN ROME WAS KNOWN AS "ST MARY'S
IN THE CRIB" FOR MOST OF THE 7TH
CENTURY A.D. SINCE IT WAS AT THIS
TIME THAT THE REMAINS OF THE
HOLY MANGER WERE BROUGHT
TO THE BASILICA FROM JERUSALEM
THE MANGER IS PRESERVED
THERE TO THIS DAY IN A SILVER URN.

MIDNIGHT MASS
IN SPAIN IS KNOWN
AS "MISSA DE GALLO",
MEANING "MASS OF THE
COCK". THIS DESCRIPTION
ORIGINATED IN AN OLD
ROMAN EMPIRE
REGULATION REQUIRING
THE MASS TO BE SAID
"AT COCKCROW",
THOUGH STRICTLY
SPEAKING THIS WOULD
HAVE BEEN ABOUT THREE HOURS AFTER MIDNIGHT.

SOME FAMILIES IN
IRELAND STILL
OBSERVE AN ANCIENT
CUSTOM OF LIGHTING
A THREE-BRANCHED
CANDLESTICK ON
CHRISTMAS EVE IN
HONOR OF THE TRINITY.

IN THE EARLY CENTURIES OF THE CHURCH
IT WAS CUSTOMARY TO KEEP ABOARD MOST SHIPS
A BOX INTO WHICH THE FAITHFUL COULD PUT GIFTS OF
MONEY OR JEWELRY. THE BOX WAS LATER HANDED OVER TO A PRIEST
IN THE SHIP'S HOME PORT AND THE CONTENTS WERE DISTRIBUTED ON CHRISTMAS
DAY FOR THE RELIEF OF THE POOR. HENCE A "CHRISTMAS BOX"...

ernment, churches and welfare who have been laboring for the cause.

His book, now entitled "Right to a Future," promoted by all the interested churches, some of whom get lumps in the text, could be the handbook to future Indian progress. Professor Melling distributes praise and blame evenhandedly in discussing Church and Politics, Churches and Native People. "... the blame for inaction must lie chiefly with those who are called Christians..." He presents one of the crispest summaries of church activity for Indians, sharply different from church activity with Indians. The story, with sketches of typical leaders, is certainly a lively page in Canadian history.

The book discusses the improvised means, including the Indian schools off reservation and the many failures in housing, jobs, language, law, integration. It is not black, mostly clumsy.

A second part, outsized but extremely practical, spells out the laborious but effective program of cooperation and community development which can help Canada solve this, its major challenge as a champion of human rights. He makes no bones about his belief that Christians, no longer in the primary materialistic sense but as citizens, must provide the motivation and the

know-how for public action. It is a sign of renewal that although not entirely contrite, all major Churches are pushing Melling's book.

—Canadian Register

Caribou Hunter

The Sparrows Fall, by Fred Bodsworth; Doubleday, 255 pages, \$4.95.

This recent Canadian novel throws light on the life of the Caribou people—Objiwa Indians who still depend for their livelihood on their hunting. It tells of the struggle of a twenty-two year old Indian hunter, Jacob Atook, to survive in the desolate northland during the worst winter in memory. Because of his aversion to killing, he failed to shoot a caribou when he had the chance; then, faced with starvation, he had to leave his pregnant wife to pursue the herd across the Hudson Bay lowlands. The book is at once a dramatic adventure story and a skillful portrayal of life in the Canadian north.

★ ★ ★
The White Peril. Cliff Faulkner. Little Brown, 1966, junior, \$3.95. Illus. by Gerald Tailfeathers, Blackfeet artist. A continuance of the story told in "The White Calf" by the same author, about Eagle Child and his Blackfeet people.

—Amerindian

INDIANS SPEAK TO CANADA

As Centennial Year closes, Canadians look back over the accomplishments achieved during the birthday celebrations. A reminder, then, of what the Indians of Canada tried to say to the rest of the nation, through their pavilion at Expo '67, does not seem out of place . . .

By Cecelia Wallace

The most poignant appeal addressed to the Canadian people during this Centennial Year came from the Indians of Canada. What they had to say lined the walls of the Canadian pavilion at Expo '67. It was approved by a National Indian Advisory Council representing Indians from all parts of Canada. It reflects their thinking about themselves and their world.

The pavilion at Expo was shaped like a teepee and invited visitors to enter. When they had viewed the exhibits illustrating the history and life of these native people of Canada, a resting place around a campfire was provided where they could sit and ponder the things they had seen and read.

Like all people who live close to nature, the Indians of Canada are an imaginative and poetic people. Their speech has in it the sigh of the wind, the deep thought born of a long winter's night, and the warmth of a flickering fire in the dwelling place of a friend.

Here is what they said:

"The Indians of Canada bid you welcome.

Walk in our moccasins, the trail from our past . . .

Live with us in the here and now . . .
Talk with us by the fire of the days to come.

"In the beginning there was the land . . .
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.
Meat, bones, sinew, fur, wood, bark, roots . . . all of nature served our needs.
We paid honor to the spirit in all living things by wasting nothing."

"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 . . .

"Wars and peace treaties deprived us of our land.

The wars ended in treaties and our lands passed into the white man's hands.

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

Many Indians feel our fathers were betrayed.

"Early missionaries thought us pagans.

They imposed upon us their own stories of God, of Heaven and Hell, of Sin and Salvation . . .

But we spoke with God, the Great Spirit, in our own way.

We lived with each other in love and honoured the Holy Spirit in all living things.

We wanted to live our own life on our own land.

The reserve is the home of our spirits.

"Our people have succeeded in many kinds of work . . .

As hunters and trappers, fishers and farmers, craftsmen . . .

As tradesmen, merchants, doctors, lawyers, judges, even politicians —

And still too many Indians are poor, sick, cold and hungry . . .

Three out of every four Indian families earn 2,000 dollars or less a year.

The poverty line for the rest of Canadian families is 3,000 dollars a year.

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

The sun and the moon mark passing time in the Indian home —

At school minutes are important as we jump to the bell.

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

But the winds of change are having effect.

Many of our people, after graduation, are returning to teach and instill in our young an almost forgotten pride in their race and its rich culture.

Ancient wisdom and modern science are two keys to the Indians' future.

"Sit now by the fire and rest my brother. We will talk of the time to come. You have followed our long trail through many years from the days of our fathers. In a moment we will begin our journey again.

But, as we rest, let us look into the fire for a vision of the days ahead.

"Some of my people see in the dark coals a world where the Indian is a half-remembered thing . . . and the ways of the old men are forgotten.

But I see another vision . . .

I see an Indian tall and strong in the pride of his heritage . . .

He stands with your sons — a man among men. He is different — as you and I are different. And perhaps it will always be so. But, in the Indian way, we have many gifts to share — our skills and strengths — yours and mine; the ancient wisdom of our fathers — yours and mine; the love of God, the Great Spirit, yours and mine.

"The voices you hear about you are bidding you farewell, in the many tongues of my people.

We will meet again in the time to come. And perhaps, now and then, we will share a day's journey.

But the trail we walk is our own. And we bear our own burdens. That is our right.

When we reach the level ground we will camp together, you and I, as brothers.

Until that time, walk with us in your heart".

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