

INDIAN RECORD

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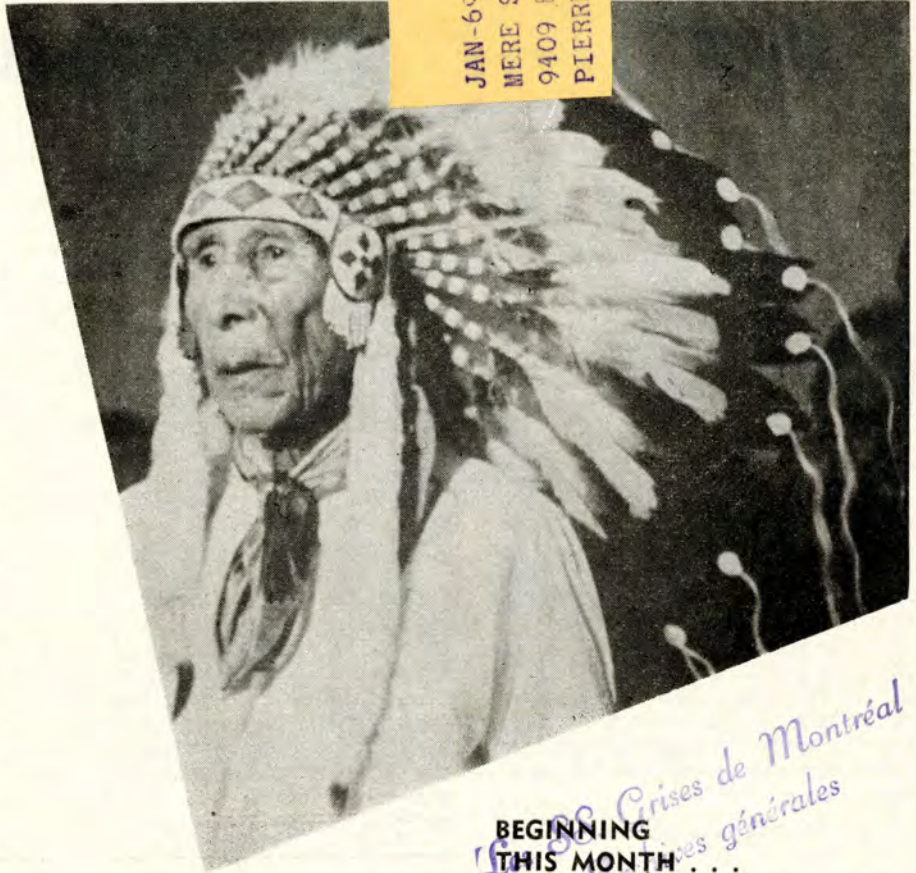
W. Dieter Appointed To Board

The appointment of Walter P. Dieter to the Board of Directors of the Saskatchewan Power Corporation marks the first time an Indian has held a position on the Board of Directors of a Saskatchewan Crown Corporation.

Mr. Dieter is a member of the Peepeekisis Indian Band. It was made clear that this appointment was not made to appease those of Indian ancestry, but because Mr. Dieter's capabilities, it was felt that he would make a good contribution to the overall Power services in the province.

Mr. Dieter operates a farm on the Reserve. He is a member of the Board of Directors of the Indian and Metis Friendship Centre in Regina, and is Chief of the Federation of Saskatchewan Indians. In addition, he is chairman of the Regional Advisory Council of Indians of Saskatchewan and a representative to the National Indian Advisory Council. He is married and has five children.

—The Indian News



JAN-69-R-3672
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BEGINNING
THIS MONTH . . .

Prises de Montréal
Années générales

. . . a look at Alberta's Indians and what they are doing to create a better world. First in this series from Our Family magazine appears on Pages 4 and 5.

Link With History, Walking Buffalo Dies

Chief Walking Buffalo, one of Canada's last links with the Old West, died December 27 at the age of 97, in hospital at Banff, Alta.

After his funeral, attended by 600 persons of the Morley Reserve, Walking Buffalo was buried in the Stony tribal cemetery on a hill overlooking the reserve, the chief's lifelong home. The reserve is in the Alberta foothills, 35 miles west of Calgary.

A few of the tribe's elders, still observing age-old tradition, wore their hair long and braided. The younger men wore mostly working clothes; a small number wore business suits.

Women came, heavily bundled up against 10-below-zero cold, carrying children in their arms.

Walking Buffalo, born March 20, 1870, was orphaned at an early age. Legend among the Stonys has it

that he was found by a buffalo cow and nursed for several weeks. A group of Stonys discovered him and gave him the name Walking Buffalo or Taunga Mani.

Walking Buffalo was adopted by a Methodist missionary, John MacLean in 1881, who christened him George MacLean.

He was elected a tribal councillor in 1910 and chief in 1920. He stepped down in 1935, but remained the tribe's elder statesman and adviser to later chiefs.

In later life, Walking Buffalo met royalty and huddled over peace pipes with some of the world's political leaders in the cause of universal brotherhood.

In 1959, when he was 89, he toured the world on behalf of the Moral Re-Armament movement which he joined in the 1930s. During his 62,000-mile trip he preached with

little variation on the theme that man should seek honor, purity, selflessness and love. Deeply religious, he believed if man would understand nature, he would understand himself.

He was presented to Queen Elizabeth in 1959 and was a blood brother of the Duke of Windsor.

Grant

Alberta Lt.-Gov. A. MacEwan said in tribute that in an age of mechanization, Walking Buffalo was in close harmony with nature. The chief had a message for the world: Universal Brotherhood.

"I hope that message will not be lost," Mr. MacEwan said.

Walking Buffalo is survived by his second wife Flora, his son Bill, three daughters, 45 grandchildren, 24 great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren.

INDIAN RECORD

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By

Raymond

Durocher

OMI

New Year For Canada's Developing People

As Canada's Centennial year drew to a close, many unresolved problems, temporarily soft-pedalled by the good will of birthday celebrations, are emerging as challenges for the new century now beginning.

Many Canadians feel that priorities should be established in these problems and the impact of the centenary directed at the most urgent for all-out attention. It would be a kind of permanent symbol of what Canadians can do when sufficiently motivated.

In typical Canadian fashion agreement on the "most" urgent shortcoming will require some time, although French-English relationships are in the forefront of contenders. One of the qualities of a crash programme however should be hope of bringing about some visible results in short order. Another quality might be a type of action that would unite people who might disagree on principles and programme of more basic order.

To make a long story short, I suggest that a top priority, post-centennial project should be a great concentrated effort to help Canada's Indians attain equality with those who today occupy their former homelands.

Concentration of this kind would not only put into practice the adage, "Charity begins at home". It would fit perfectly into the growing worldwide concern of the "haves" for the "have nots". Here, for example, is the phrase from the encyclical letter On the Development of Peoples, by which Paul VI summed up the condition of the "have nots":

"Freedom from misery, the greater assurance of finding subsistence, health and fixed employment; an increased share of responsibility without oppression of any kind and in security from situations that do violence to their dignity as men; better education — in brief, to seek to do more, to know more and have more in order to be more: that is what men aspire to now . . ." To that, Canada's Indians say: "Amen."

In their Centenary Message, the Catholic Bishops of Canada, while giving major treatment to the French-English "tension," extended their concern to all minorities and to the Indians in particular. They

quoted first of all from John XXIII's encyclical, *Pacem in Terris*, as follows:

"It is Our duty to state most explicitly, that every policy which tends to block the life and growth of minority groups is a grave crime against justice, and graver still when its aim is to wipe out such minorities. On the other hand, nothing is more in harmony with justice than any line of action by public authority which aims at a better life for ethnic minorities, especially as concerns their language, culture, customs, resources and economic enterprises."

The Bishops commented:

"It is now recognized that the Indians and Eskimos have often had to endure, sometimes still endure, the effect of prejudice, ignorance, indifference, and even injustice. Since these are the descendants of the first inhabitants of America, they enjoy a unique right to the respect and understanding of all, and to the benefits of the kind of positive politic in favour of minori-

ties of which John XXIII was speaking."

Driving the lesson of brotherhood home, they added: "They (Canadians) must not offer the ironical spectacle of men, capable of generosity towards the whole world, yet incapable of treating fairly the man at their elbow."

More recently the Bishops of Alberta applied the credo of "development" to the Indians and Metis of that province. "What therefore is called for," they concluded, "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 a sound investment policy in people."

These strong words had been prepared by an analysis of the Indians' "Life of Poverty and Despair", "misery", "hopelessness", "desperation", "futility", "frustration", "alienation". —Continued on Page 3

Pressure Group Essential

Human rights legislation is not enough. Though labour has always supported, in fact, fought for legislation against racial discrimination, we must recognize that the goal of racial and ethnic equality will never be realized by relying on our human rights statutes alone.

About 75 per cent of Canadian Indian families live on an annual income of \$2,000 or less. The unspeakable poverty of the Indian people will not be overcome simply by outlawing racial discrimination.

Today's impoverished Indian needs what yesterday's impoverished worker needed — power. The trade unions organized the oppressed workers so that they could acquire the power through the use of pressure to bargain collectively for the things they wanted. Similarly, I think the poverty-stricken Indians of today need organization to exert pressures so that they will have the power to bargain with the rest of society for the things they want and need to overcome their poverty.

The greatest handicap which the Indians face arises from the fact that, unlike most other interest groups in our society, they do not exert sufficient pressure to achieve their goals. Those without effective pressure groups are omitted from the political consensus which governs our community.

I believe that with the experience that the labour movement has accumulated in the art of mass persuasion and collective bargaining, we can be especially helpful to the Indians in impressing their interests on Canadian society.

— A. R. GIBBONS, CHAIRMAN, CLC HUMAN RIGHTS COMMITTEE,
IN "HUMAN RIGHTS REVIEW"

Canada's Developing People

—Continued from Page 2

The extent of the problem in Canada can be grasped from a report by B. E. Mortimer, Globe and Mail specialist, in the journal of the Ontario Human Rights Commission, "Human Relations". "Canada should spend hundreds of millions of dollars a year to help its 210,000 Indians lift themselves from poverty," he writes. "But the Indians themselves must decide how they want to live: as wilderness men, or as hard-driving money-earners in the city, or somewhere between."

"And Canada must respect the special rights of the country's first citizens."

"These are the main points in a 200,000-word, 404-page report on Indian affairs compiled by a research team of 40 social scientists under the direction of Dr. Harry B. Hawthorn of the University of British Columbia and Dr. Marc-Adelard Tremblay of Laval University . . .

"The survey of a cross-section sample of 35,683 Indians in 35 of Canada's 551 bands showed Indians lagging far behind the general Canadian standard of living."

The Hawthorn-Tremblay report was complemented later by the George Caldwell report on Indian Residential Schools. Although based on a study of nine schools in Saskatchewan, it presented a gloomy picture for the entire country. A major defect of the report: little concern for parental participation in decisions affecting education. It does not drown out the sharp criticisms of the major report:

The province of Ontario has not so far been able to work substantial changes in the lives of thousands of Indians who live in shantytowns and rural slums . . . in the past the Indians' special position has been used as a justification for substandard services in welfare, education, other fields. Mr. Mortimer in particular presented a picture of discrimination by Whites against Indians of unbelievable depth and variety. "There is no cheap short cut. Spending hundreds of millions of dollars a year is the only way."

Canadians who hear this call to brotherhood within their own country need not feel frustrated when they seek to transform their interest and concern into practical action.

Most large cities now have one

Strange But True

The VIRGIN OF ZAPOPAN.

THE BASILICA OF ST FRANCIS IN ASSISI IS ACTUALLY MADE UP OF TWO SUPERIMPOSED CHURCHES, THE LOWER (1228-30) AND THE UPPER CHURCH (1230-53)

FIRST HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF THE NURSING PROFESSION WAS WRITTEN BY ST JEROME IN THE 4TH CENTURY. ONE OF HIS DISCIPLES—FABIOLA—FOUNDED ONE OF THE FIRST HOSPITALS IN ROME.

A QUIANT LITTLE STATUE OF OUR LADY HONORED IN THE MEXICAN CITY OF GUADALAJARA, IS DRESSED AS A FULL GENERAL IN THE JALISCO ARMY!

CODE WORDS WERE USED DURING PENAL TIMES IN BRITAIN AS A MEANS OF PROTECTING CATHOLICS THUS THE MASS WAS OFTEN REFERRED TO AS "THE PRAYERS" AND THE POPE AS "MR ABRAHAM."

or more Centres, and at times, other branches of the community services devoted to cooperation with the urban Indian. They need membership, support, both financial and professional, and especially neighborly. They are also good sources of concrete data.

Here, as the Alberta bishops remark, the first gesture is "offering our friendship. This means we must become involved with the families and get to know them."

City folks however can help in a broader scale by exercising their duties as citizens. When Members of Parliament and Ministers of Government, both provincial and federal, are made to feel the impact of aroused public opinion, they will figure out ways and means of producing results.

This kind of pressure would at least help eliminate the kind of red tape which now prevents even such a powerful government as that of Ontario from giving adequate support to self-help projects in its hinterlands.

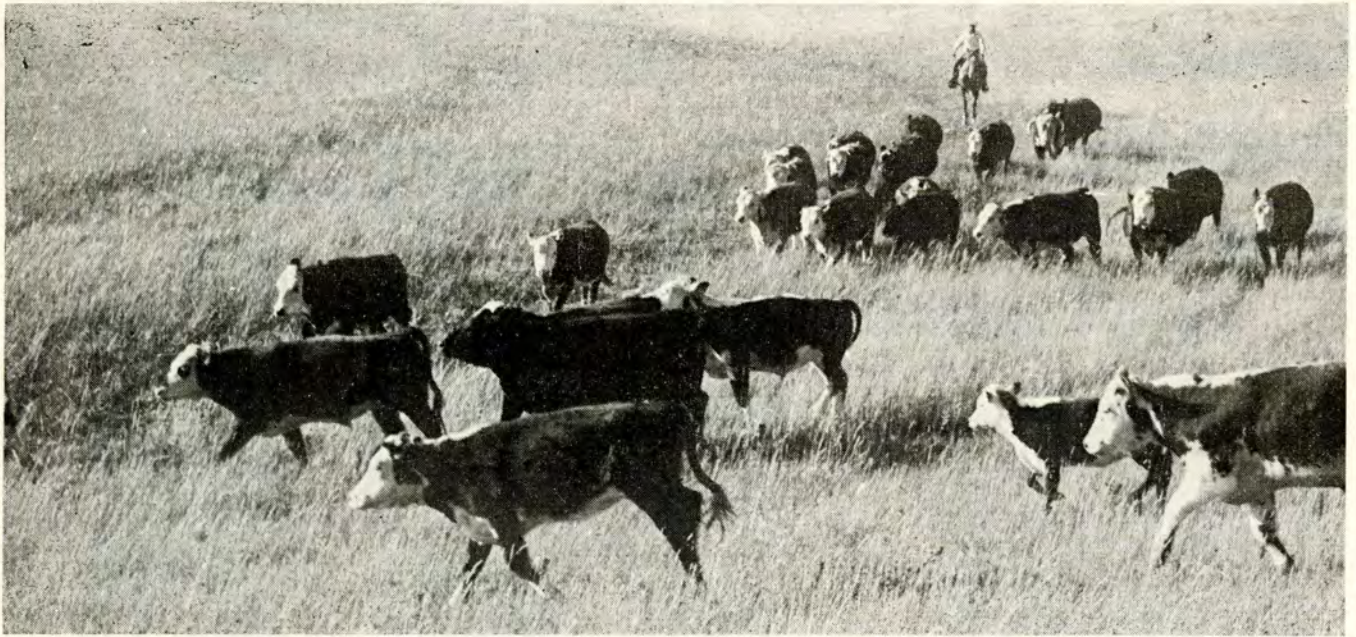
At Sioux Narrows, Ontario, for example, a missionary who had created a community spirit found himself gradually whittled down to

zero by the conflict of departmental, ministerial and governmental interests, which even the Hon. William G. Davis could not overcome. In such ways, special interests are served to the detriment of the Indian.

Public opinion would also ensure enforcement or passage of civil rights regulations with teeth in them regarding housing, job applications, due process, company towns.

Young people have begun to turn their attention to this undeveloped frontier of Canada. Last year for example more than 200 teachers, social workers, students, seminarians, nurses and others fanned out, at their own expense, to lend a hand for summer projects, under Catholic auspices alone. Since this action usually takes place among the Indians who prefer their original stamping grounds it is an education in how to blend modern progress with ancient cultures.

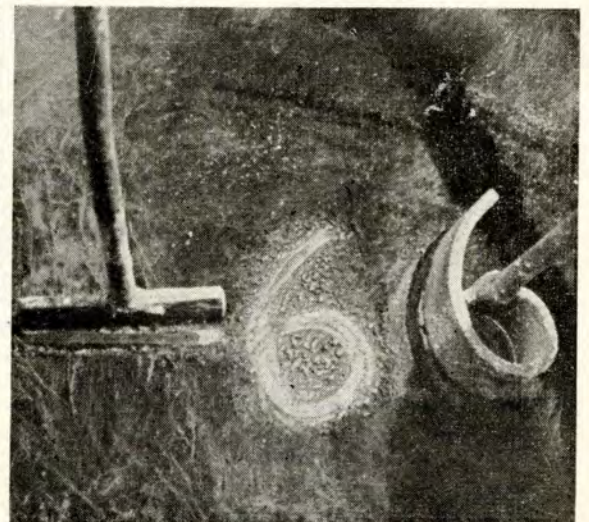
By thus attacking its own major problem in real brotherhood, Canada will find itself growing in patience, understanding, pride and be better able to extend a helping hand elsewhere.



The Makings of a Movement



Story and
pictures from
Our Family
(Battleford, Sask.)



A bar and two sixes — the brand of the Black-foot Co-operative Enterprises Ltd. This brand is a symbol for many of the Indians, reminding of the momentous meeting of April 4, 1966.

Checking fence, riding herd, rounding up, cutting out, branding, dehorning, keeping records, finding strays — it's not the easiest way in the world to make a living. Yet a good, decent living can be made in grazing and holding cattle. Black-foot Indians have discovered this through their co-operative cattle operations. They still have much to learn, however, even though their natural flair makes them potentially among the best cattlemen in Southern Alberta.

Bookkeeping and records still present problems, as does the fact that most Indians have never had much experience in being given responsibility.

However these Indians are learning by doing. They are making their share of mistakes, but they are learning from them. Now in its second year of operation, their cattle operation points the way to other definite fields in which Indians can help themselves to a better life. Moreover other Indian bands are carefully watching the Blackfoot operation. It could be the start of a movement.



Levitt McMaster surveys the results of the initial year's operations. With the returns from the first sales plus a long delayed federal loan the Black-foot Co-op was able to expand to a 500-head enterprise.



Adam Soloway and Roger Many-Suns (back to camera) discuss the cattle operation with Oblate Father Adrien Charron. When the Indians were desperate to launch their venture Father Charron got the go-ahead to add local Oblate building funds to the "pot" in the big gamble.

Are Integrated

by Irene Hewitt

A few local native children have always been in attendance at Creighton (Sask.) School where I have "subbed" for the last six years. But when Beaver Lake School closed and the pupils here transferred to Creighton the number increased

Schools The Answer?

considerably. Now, five years later, the non-local enrollment is roughly ten per cent of the total.

The local native children were in their home environment; school wasn't too difficult for them. But the ones from "the bush" found themselves thrust into an entirely alien one. What problems they faced! As they struggled to adjust, how they must have yearned for their little country school!

So much was demanded of these children. They had to adjust to life in a large school (22 teachers), a school designed for white, urban students. They would feel the stigma of belonging to a frequently discredited minority group, the frustration of failure. They would fail not because they lacked ability but because for many regular attendance was not possible, and they did not have the cultural background and opportunities of the white children for whom the courses were set up.

These children presented problems for the teachers, too, the least of which was the daily noon supervision period necessitated by the numbers who now had to spend the noon recess at school. Irregular attendance impeded progress; the children living on "The Island" would miss weeks of schooling during breakup and freeze-up; they would miss when Father took the family canoe on fishing or trapping expeditions. Many of the beginners spoke no English; it was difficult to fit them into regular classes. Trained and accustomed to dealing with children from conventional, middle-class backgrounds, the teachers had to find new ways of instructing and motivating these native students.

Since I usually "subbed" in Junior High classes, I had little contact with these students. I never heard the teachers complain, although they were understandably concerned about the irregular attendance. Certainly the children I saw were well-behaved, quiet and reserved — this I considered characteristic of all native children; integration, I believed, was working out very well.

When called to sub in grade four, five and six classrooms last spring

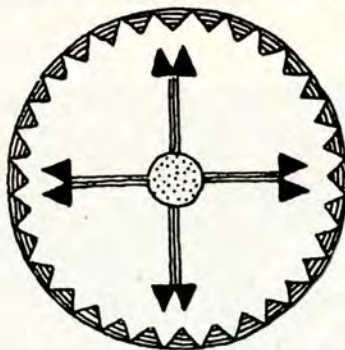
I changed my mind. Here I learned that students who start at an advanced age and attend intermittently can reach the age of fifteen and still be in the low grades. The boys don't become discipline problems the way white students would, but they are out of place, discouraged and apa-

thetic. The girls, more mature than our white ones at a comparable age, are more like young women, unhappy young women unable to compete with white children of ten and eleven.

This winter when I subbed in grades eight and nine I looked in vain for non-local native children in these classes. This school had been integrated for five years, by law students must attend until they are sixteen, over seventy of the seven hundred odd students in the school were non-local natives, yet none had made it to grade eight or nine.

Four elementary teachers were having lunch in the Staff Room, so I asked, "Aren't there any outside native children in the Junior High?"

"Well, there are three in the slow-learning grade seven class, but none in the higher grades. Come to think



of it, there are only about four of them in grade six, too."

Several reasons were given. "When they miss so much school and there's no interest shown at home, it's just about impossible for them to get very far."

"They're so much older than the other students and so far behind because they're away so much, they lose all interest. As soon as they're sixteen they quit."

"When they quit with no more than grade five or six, I always feel as if we are going to lose this generation of Indians too," Lenore Lamont (names are fictitious) commented sadly. "We haven't convinced these students of the value and the need for an education; we really haven't helped them. They probably won't be any more concerned about their children getting an education than their own parents were about them."

"I never scold the Indian children because they miss so much school", Rita Jennings added. "Just think of what they have to cope with before they get to school! They have to get up so very early, wash by lamplight in cold water, get their books and a lunch together, and then go by canoe or walk on ice to the mainland where they catch a crowded bus and ride thirteen miles to town."

"Maybe if they were still attending Beaver Lake School their attendance would be much better," I suggested. "Now, if they miss the bus, they lose a whole day's schooling. There they might come late, or attend half days. I don't think intergration's the answer here."

Enid Myers looked up from the papers she was marking. "Look at the hundreds of native students at Frontier Collegiate in Cranberry Portage. They attended Indian schools in northern areas and now they're getting a High School education. But integration is "the thing"; it's supposed to represent progress and enlightened thinking."

Natalie Brown spoke up. "I don't believe the desire for integration was the only reason for bringing the children here. I used to be connected with the I.O.D.E. and the school at the Lake was one of their main concerns. Of course, there weren't as many children attending then. There was only a one-roomed school, and it was almost impossible to get a good teacher."

"That may have been the case five years ago," Enid answered Natalie, "but I don't think there'd be the same trouble now. There are over sixty children here in grades one to six from that one area — enough for a three-room school. The children could come to town for Junior High. Now that the Lake has electricity and there's a good highway, quite a number of people live there all year around. The teachers wouldn't be isolated; it's no hardship now to commute to Flin Flon."

"Well, regardless of what we think, a new school there is most unlikely." And we all had to agree with Lenore. "But I do think things are better for the children in the primary grades now. Since the Division System has come into effect, the children have a chance to travel at their own rate which is a big advantage. And thanks to Janice Armstrong and the Northern Health Unit Nurse, attendance is much better; very few children missed school during freeze-up."

"How did Janice and Mrs. Nelson manage that?"

"Oh, Janice has been pushing for years to have the children boarded at Denare Beach or in town. Mrs. Nelson contacted the parents and managed to make them see how necessary it was that the children attend. If the parents can board the

—Continued on Page 14

Church Helps Train Leaders

By KAY CRONIN

NARAMATA, B.C. — Should priests be involved in Community Development on the Indian reserves which they serve?

Bishop W. Emmett Doyle of Nelson thinks they should.

Two years ago, at a meeting of British Columbia clergy working among the Indian people, he suggested that each of the four dioceses in the province send a priest to the Social Leadership Course at Coady International Institute, Antigonish; also, that the Indian Affairs Branch be asked to sponsor Indian candidates for this course.

For several reasons — shortage of priests, lack of finances, the possibility that young Indians would get too homesick to persevere on a course so far away from home—the bishop's suggestion presented some difficulties.

Action Started

A year later, however, after a lot of discussion by bishops and clergy and some precedent-setting decisions from the Indian Affairs Branch, two priests and four Indians finally registered at Coady International Institute.

The priests were Father Ronald Blacquièrre, OMI, and Father Bernard McCosham, OMI, both serving Indian communities in the Shuswap-Okanagan area in central B.C.

The Indian candidates for the course were John Terbasket, 29, from Keremeos, Lester Williams, 37, from Salmon Arm, Ted Lowley, 28, from Burns Lake and Jim Nahanee, 19, from North Vancouver.

The man, who put himself on a limb on the Indian's behalf, was Robin Ford, Regional Liaison Officer for Community Development, Indian Affairs Branch, in Vancouver.

The B.C.-Yukon Region of Indian Affairs had never recommended a student for the Coady Institute course before. Nonetheless the Branch not only agreed to send four Indians to Coady, but also paid the cost for wives and families of the three married candidates to accompany the group, greatly reducing the possibilities of homesickness.

Conference for Chiefs

John Terbasket suggested that on their return to B.C. they immediately start planning a Leadership Conference for band chiefs and councilors in the Shuswap-Okanagan area, so that the graduates could impart to them some of the community self-help techniques, learned at Coady.

Such a course might ease the way for employment of the graduates in

the community development field on their own reserves.

After five months' planning, this unique Indian Leadership Conference was held at Naramata, near Penticton, recently and was attended by 25 delegates from seven reserves in the interior, coast and Vancouver Island areas.

The week-long course, which was held in the United Church Christian Leadership School at Naramata, was directed by three of the four Indian graduates, assisted in an advisory capacity by the two Oblate Fathers. (Ted Lowley, now working as a security officer at Prince George Jail, was unable to attend the Conference).

Each delegate paid \$50 to cover expenses for the week.

Guest Speakers

Indian guest speakers included Chief Dan George of the Burrard Reserve (and "Cariboo Country" fame); Father Marvin Fox, OMI, assistant missionary at the Blackfoot Reserve in Cluny; Ross Modeste from Duncan and Sam Lewis from North Vancouver, both band managers of their tribes; and Henry Smitheran, Indian counsellor for Canada Manpower in Vancouver.

Conference topics included: co-operation, community development, adult education, band administration, parliamentary procedure, justice and the law, integration, alcoholism and youth work.

Four members of the Indian Affairs Branch working in the Shuswap-Okanagan area attended the course as observers and during one session were put in the "hot seat" for a panel discussion on Band Council — Indian Agent relationships.

Mr. Five Pennies

One of the few non-Indian speakers was John Nichols, Local Government Consultant for Indian Affairs in Vancouver, who spoke on the Indian Act and Self-Government. His easy-going manner and youthful exuberance won him immediate acceptance by the delegates who promptly nick-named him "Mr. Five Pennies."

A particularly enlightening session was one on "Justice and the Law," when a local magistrate, a John Howard Society worker and an RCMP constable helped the delegates stage a mock trial.

Adam Eneas, 25-year-old president of the Community Action Committee on the Penticton Reserve, played the role of the defendant facing a charge of car theft, while the rest of the delegates acted as the jury.

Following the trial the delegates studied a detailed pre-sentence report in their discussion groups and came back to the judge with their recommendations for sentence.

Warmly complimenting the delegates on their conclusions, the judge told them that their recommendations concurred, almost to the letter, with his own.

John Terbasket, director of the conference said, "Unless we develop our Band Councils and the opportunities for our young people, we can't progress. I don't think there is a better course (than Coady), when it comes to helping the development of our Indian people.

Acting Advisors

"Even though we haven't got an official position we are acting as community development advisors on our reserves. The results are already showing.

"I think it may take three or four years before we can get this message across about co-operation and self-help, but I'm sure that in the long run this is what is going to help our people more than anything else."

Said Father Blacquièrre: "I feel that involvement in community development should be the trend for all priests in Indian work. Too many missionaries tend to be philosophical instead of coming down to earth and getting involved in the practical aspects of Indian life.

Totally Dedicated

"We can't serve the people by sitting in our office and going out to the reserve for Mass on Sunday. We must be totally dedicated to the human as well as the spiritual concerns of our people."

Bishop Doyle spent a day sitting quietly on the sidelines observing the first tangible results of his pilot project. Whether his experiment fails or mushrooms into a province-wide Church adult education program, remains to be seen.

What were the bishop's thoughts at this mid-way point in his experiment?

Method To Prove Ourselves

"Now we have to prove ourselves — to the bishops, to the Indian Affairs Branch, and to the Indians — that this is a method which can work," he declared.

"I'd like to see more conferences of this nature, but first a special one for the priests so that they can see what the adult education program is all about."

(Western Catholic Reporter)

The Trail of Hanpa

FINAL INSTALMENT

Chapter XVI Tried by Fire

The moon was already very high in the skies when the two lovers returned to the LeBegue home. The light shone on the path, in ethereal beauty, casting its radiance on them. A doe and her two fawns were standing near the entrance, as they passed by.

Marianne's head was held erect, her face calm and serene, her eyes full of brightness. She was still whispering to Daniel words of comfort and of hope. Daniel was deeply engrossed, taking in every word as a new life-giving revelation. Indeed he was walking on a new trail, one he never had expected to tread upon. He too walked more erect, and his countenance now spelled determination, his eyes burned with a new fire, for he had received the mysterious gift of faith.

During the days following the strange adventure in the 'cathedral' Daniel found himself like a stranger walking in a foreign world. The words of Marianne affected him very much. It was like a slowly burning fire, which was gradually being fanned into a great blaze, searing his very soul from all impurity and destroying the rubble of the past, leaving a fertile ground, ready for a new life. As time went on he realized that he could no longer concentrate, that his mind was a wanderer, aimlessly drifting like weeds in the wind . . . He had lost all contact with the past, yet the future was still an impenetrable mystery to him. He knew that what Marianne had told him was true, but he could not understand why it affected him so much, and why the strange fire had been burning in his soul.

As he worked in the fields, or alone in his little saddle shop, Daniel meditated. His pal had gone to work at the harvest; Daniel was glad to be alone. He could no longer discuss his problems with Toto. He had not yet learned how to pray to the God which Marianne had revealed to him, and yet he could no longer be satisfied with the vague prayers of his fathers. He felt so unworthy that he dared not speak to the God he now knew. He had now discarded the old raiment,

and was experiencing the pangs of spiritual nakedness and want.

He felt intimately a great anguish as he became aware that all the values he had held as worthy of a man seemed to crumble in his conscience, and a voice murmured to him constantly: 'Go! Go! Go away and keep going . . . But where to? His whole body was racked with pain and stifling darkness overshadowed him . . .

He could not find an answer to that urging command. He did not feel he could ever justify himself in taking flight from love. He

by
**Ablo-Hoksila
and
Woonkapi-Sni**

did not yet realize that the gift of Faith demanded of him the sacrifice of his pride, and that his love demanded, at the same time, the sacrifice of his freedom. The two spiritual experiences caused such a deepening conflict in his soul that Daniel felt like tearing out his very soul.

As the days went by he became more quiet whenever his mind turned to the great Wakantanka he had venerated in his youth. He could not see any logical approach to the religion of the Doe-Maiden, nor did he seek for it. One night he decided to have another talk with Marianne.

It was getting dark, as he arrived at the LeBegue home, and he saw the Doe-Maiden sitting alone on the porch. For a moment he hesitated to speak to her:

"Hello, lover!" she murmured with a caress in her voice. "What is new?" Anxiety in her tone of voice betrayed her inner feelings.

Daniel replied quickly: "I have come to ask for your help, Doe-Maiden . . . You know I love you, but what you expect from me is difficult to do."

As the evening went by Marianne began anew her catechism of the Faith, yet Daniel was objecting.

"You see, Doe-Maiden," he said, "I have not read very much. I was taught religion in my youth, but it never did impress me very much. I see now the 'washichus'* divided among themselves. I hear

a radio program from the Catholic Church, I hear another from another Church. The only thing that impresses me is that the Catholics are always so very sure of themselves. I feel they speak, not on their own authority, but in the name of Wakantanka. Yet don't I believe in God? There cannot be different gods for Indians and whites, can there? . . ."

Marianne reflected for some time before answering; then, as if she were inspired by the Holy Spirit, she answered:

"Daniel, my lover, the reason why the Catholic Church is so sure of herself is that she is with Christ, the son of the living God. Every true Christian submits to Him, to His teachings. A true Christian is not proud, but very humble in the presence of God."

Slowly and assuredly, Marianne repeated for Daniel the history of the establishment of the Church, how the Holy Spirit came on Pentecost, and how the Apostles were strengthened in their Faith, and how they went forth to preach the Gospel. She spoke of the courage of the martyrs of the early Church; she told of the spreading of the Church in all parts of the world; she explained how those who died without baptism could be saved.

Daniel listened quietly, asking a word of explanation now and then. His attitude had changed completely. He began to understand what he had never understood before, but he hesitated to give assent. Why should he hurry in such a vital matter, and why should he pledge himself to practice a new religion before he was fully instructed. Yet he had given his promise, and so he let the words of Marianne sink in his mind, to become the subject of further meditations.

"Daniel," she asked suddenly, "you are not listening . . . maybe you are tired. Forgive me please. But I love you so, I want you to be very happy. There is no need for me to teach you any more. I see in you the great virtues of our race: you are brave, generous, honest and truthful. I know that, whenever you make up your mind, you will be doing what is right."

"Yes, my little Doe-Maiden," answered Daniel, taking her in his arms and kissing her tenderly, "yes, my little maiden, I will ever

be truthful and honest with you, and so God help me, I will be brave and generous enough to do what is right when the time comes . . ."

They parted, without saying any more, but Marianne had tears in her eyes, tears of happiness. She had had the right intuition when she had warned her lover: "Wait and see." Now she had seen him ready to do anything, not only for herself but for their common God.

Going back home alone that night Daniel kept revolving in his mind the meaning of everything Marianne had told him. And suddenly as the full radiance of the sun suddenly shines over a hill-top, he saw! He saw the secrets of God's plan, he saw how the scheme of life is laid out, in perfect order, and that all he could do was to follow this plan. If he went against it he would only hurt himself, his happiness, he would fall into sin . . . As they say in Lakota: 'icihtani' . . . No, he would not commit the sin of unbelief. He would submit to God in all things.

It was like shedding an old garment and taking on a new one. His soul felt free from the shackles of doubt and error. He was thankful now for the devotion the Doe-Maiden had shown him; he no longer blamed her for disturbing his peace of mind.

The next day, his pal Toto came back to Wood Mountain. Daniel looked sullen.

"Angry with your lover?" asked Toto, almost cruelly.

"No, pal," replied Daniel, "angry with myself. The other night I heard very tender words of love from the Doe-Maiden. My heart weakened when she pleaded with me about religion. And I promised her to become a Christian."

"Well now," replied Toto, "you are already a Christian in your heart, so do not let it worry you."

"What about my own native faith," cried out Daniel passionately, "the faith of my grandfathers for thousands of years, a faith deeply cherished by every true Lakota? What has kept us together, living on and on . . . have we not survived to this day, against every enemy! Tell me, what has kept us together, can you answer me? We have been

brave and we have won every battle against famine, war, pestilence, against the white people, we are even growing ever stronger, why, I ask you, why?"

Toto did not answer . . .
* Washichus — (White men)

Chapter XVII Rainbow in the Sky

A few days later Daniel had a very unusual idea. He said to his pal Toto:

"I have in mind to build a new house at the foot of the Peppermint Hill. Will you help me?"

"Indeed I will," replied Toto, "when do we start . . . ? Say! Dan, what is getting into you? Are you turning 'washichu' now?"

"Well, Toto," said Daniel meditatively, "you have witnessed my long struggles, I have not turned to a white man yet, but I am thinking of marrying the Doe-Maiden this fall; I think she cannot live in my old adobe shack. I want to make her a present of a new home."

"Well indeed," remarked Toto, "very few among us would do a thing like this . . . I think you are very wise . . . but, pal, where do I come in?"

"I am giving you my old house, and everything," answered Daniel, "if you help me put up the new house."

"Agreed," affirmed Toto with a smile, "when my day comes I am sure you will help me build a new house, won't you?"

"When, and if, you get married! . . . I always figured you would die like an old coyote, all alone, as you have always lived," Dan said teasingly.

And not very long afterwards, at the foot of the Peppermint Hill, the two men were busy sawing the heavy logs, fitting the door and window frames, shingling . . . Word of the new house being built by Daniel spread around quickly, and many of his friends, among whom LeBegue, came to help on rainy days.

It was a pleasant sight to behold the unusual energy displayed in erecting the future home of Daniel. Daniel was happy, yodeling while he worked.

Daniel looked at the Doe-Maiden for whom he had designed the beautiful saddle. "My mind is now made up," he said.

One morning Daniel heard that the missionary was coming to spend several days at Wood Mountain. The time had come for him to fulfil his promise to his fiancée. It would be now or never . . . ! Daniel was not so cheerful that day. He felt the urge of running away from his fate.

"Maybe it is the 'wakanshicha' (devil) who is getting hold of me," he thought, "yet, why should he bother with me . . . I have never harmed him . . ."

The more he thought the more the idea of leaving obsessed him. Then he decided to speak to the Doe-Maiden.

He left his tools in the house and without saying a word to Toto, he saddled his pony and left . . . He wished to be all alone, and to meditate upon his future.

On his way, as in a trance, induced by his frame of mind and the gentle loping motion of his horse, Daniel had a dream: he saw again the great sea of human faces he had visioned before the death of his grandfather . . . he saw them moving without aim as in a fog . . . he looked intently among them trying to see again the countenance of his grandfather . . .

Daniel stopped his horse, a cold sweat bathing his whole body. He had reached the top of the hill, and stopping here, he gazed over the vast panorama that spread itself before him. He tried to shake his dream away,

and yet in the distant clouds he could see those faces again, ever changing form and size, getting more and more indistinct and hazy . . . His mind became a blank.

Suddenly in the sky he saw a huge rainbow! The many-hued arch rose from the valley and reached way up into the clouds. Daniel gazed at it . . . the brilliant yellows, reds and greens filled his heart and soul with a gleam of hope and happiness he had never felt before. He saw there, as if written by the very hand of God, the message of hope and the answer to his query.

Gone forever from his mind would be the ancient dreams and superstitions to be replaced by the more substantial realities of the teachings of Christ: the gold of faith, the green of hope, the red of charity, filled his eyes and his soul. He stood there a long time admiring the beauty of the rainbow, and letting his soul be steeped in the sentiments which overwhelmed him.

Suddenly his horse neighed. Surprised, he turned around and saw the Doe-Maiden coming towards him.

"Lover!" she cried, "I was so worried. I went to see the new house you are building . . . you were not there . . . Toto told me you had been gloomy all day and that you had gone without saying a word . . . I was so happy when I spied on you from the top of this hill.

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The Trail Of Hanpa

—Continued from Page 9

The words gushed forth in a torrent of relief . . . The only answer of Daniel was to take her in his arms and to kiss her tenderly.

"Do not fear, my little one," he murmured tenderly, "I was not running away. Now I saw what I have been waiting to see for so long! Look at that wonderful rainbow! I believe God has sent it to me to show me my future. I had come here haunted by the vision of my youth, but it has vanished now forever . . ."

"Daniel!" cried the Doe-Maiden, jerking herself away, "I never realized until now what anguish you must have felt right along . . . Do you forgive me for troubling you? Do you still love me as I am . . . ? Daniel, answer me!"

"My little maiden," whispered Daniel, "yes, I do love you infinitely. I am glad you came . . . You must have prayed for me . . . My mind is now made up. The missionary is coming soon, we will go and see him, and we will be married by him as soon as we can."

Arm in arm the two lovers watched the rainbow gradually disappear in the sky. To the West the sun was setting in glory as they walked down the hill slowly, leading their horses . . .

* * *

In the little church of the Immaculate, on the Wood Mountain reservation, Daniel Little and Marianne LeBegue exchanged their vows. The missionary having completed the ceremonial of baptism, through which Daniel became a Christian, exhorted the bride and the groom:

"You will be, henceforth, one in mind, one in heart and one in affections . . . may this love with which you join your hands and hearts today, never fail, but grow deeper and stronger . . .!"

With tears of happiness Daniel listened to these words: he realized now how his baptism had made possible this union of mind and heart the priest was speaking about. Daniel felt himself born again, born of the Spirit of God by Faith and Love; and it was with a great feeling of peace and security that he answered "I will!" when the priest asked him the ritual question.

The radiant bride, dressed in white, looked up at him with joy and pride as she, in her turn, gave her consent.

At the Nuptial Mass, which followed, the newly married couple received Holy Communion, as a pledge of mutual affection, peace and harmony here on earth and as guarantee of eternal and perfect union and happiness in heaven.

For Daniel Little the trail was ending . . . he had chosen to be born again into a new world; he had accepted the world of the "spirit-people," not because of its material progress and false happiness, but because in it he had found peace of mind and the assurance of his eternal salvation.

* * *

The wedding breakfast, the rounds of good wishes, the dance, which lasted long into the night, the constant presence of his loving bride, were for Daniel the manifestation of his initiation to a new way of life. He felt like a child enjoying for the first time the feast of Christmas. Christ indeed had come to Daniel on this day.

With a deep mysticism difficult to explain to those who have not experienced the struggles of conversion, Daniel's mind and soul were engrossed in the profound spiritual experience he had felt on this day: his baptism, his mar-

riage, his first communion with Christ. The festivities which were going on seemed foreign to him and while he accepted them with happiness, his deeper self communed with God.

However, no one, in the large number of friends and relatives who were with him, realized that Daniel's mind was away from this earthly world. This was his own secret . . . the hour came for him to drink a last toast to his young wife, he could no longer contain his emotion.

"Relatives and friends," he said simply, "today I have come to the end of a long, long trail . . . I began to follow the path of my ancestors, like a proud Lakota of ancient times . . . I searched everywhere for happiness and security . . . and nowhere have I found it but in the world of the Christian "washichus" and this through my sweet Doe-Maiden, who is now my wife . . . to whom I wish to say tonight that I have ended my wanderings . . . and that with her I am beginning a new life, a life of hope and of happiness . . . ! I have now come to the end of my trail, and I will live under the sign of the rainbow that shines in the sky."

Of all the guests present, only Marianne understood what Daniel meant by these last words.

(THE END)

Old Lakota Songs Recorded

RAPID CITY, S.D. — Jim Emery, a part-Sioux Indian, has taped more than 5,000 songs and chants from bygone days, preserving them for generations to come. He has been asked to place his collection in the National Archives.

All of the material has been obtained from older Indians. It sometimes takes days and months of effort to find the person who knows the wanted song or story. One particular song required four years of search before someone was found who could sing it.

A prize recording is a recitation by Dewey Beard who was the last survivor of the Custer battle. He was then 11 years old, and he recited the tale as he wanted the Indians to know it.

Another is an old cylinder disc made before 1910 and said to be the voice of Red Cloud. On this record, a man speaks in Sioux, saying: "Before I left I told you and promised you I would not touch the pen, but after staying there all that time and understanding as I do, I did touch the pen. My reason was so future generations — our children and their children — would not be landless."

Among the songs in the collection are the chief's dance, elk dance, and the bear rite. One, the Fox Clan song, tells of warriors entering battle with stakes tied to their ankles by rawhide things. The singers describe these warriors using their war clubs to pound the stakes into the ground. They are there to stay and do battle — to die if they must.

Those who hear the recordings say that they become more meaningful when not lost in the distraction of beads, feathers, jingling bells and dancing. The drums and sticks mock the movement of the buffalo which trot like a horse with the hind legs and lope with the front.

Others among the songs are family ones which can be sung only by the descendants of Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, or other noted warriors. These recordings are sung by each generation in the family. Red Cloud's song has been recorded by three generations.

According to Emery, the younger Indians are singing new songs rather than the old ones, but the Sioux language is having a revival on the reservation.

(Amerindian)

Jesuit's Indian Journal

(Catholic Press Features)

Paintings that were drawn by a priest 125 years ago to help him communicate with Indians and illustrate a missionary diary have suddenly become one of the most important artistic and historical finds in years.

Almost 300 paintings by a French Jesuit named Nicolas Point, who lived among Indians during the 1840's in what is now Idaho and Montana, were discovered in an old cardboard box by a priest-historian, and when Father Point's paintings and journals were recently published in a book titled "Wilderness Kingdom," the reaction changed Father Point from an obscure missionary priest to one of early America's most important artists and historians.

Many of Father Point's paintings "are the only portrayals of places, people and/or actions which several generations of historians have read about in the literature of the West," commented John C. Ewers, senior research anthropologist of the Smithsonian Institution, in a foreword to the book.

"As a missionary, he drew to please and instruct, but he captured much of Indian life which would otherwise have been lost," added the Rev. Joseph Donnelly, SJ, the Mar-

Artistic And Historic Find

quette University faculty member who "discovered" Father Point, translated his journals and is responsible for the publication of "Wilderness Kingdom" — an expensive project (because of the reproduction of the art work) that was undertaken by the publishing firm of Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.

But the praise for Father Point's journals and paintings has not come only from ivory-tower scholars. "Newsweek" hailed the contents of "Wilderness Kingdom" as "clearly essential Americana." The "New York Times" called it "distinguished American art and literature" and "Life," in Nov. 1967, gave "Wilderness Kingdom" the magazine's cover and a 16-page spread.

Father Point, who saw an amazing amount of North America for his time (he was stationed in Bardstown, Ky.; Grand Coulee, La.; Westport, Kansas; St. Louis; Windsor, Ontario; Quebec and Montreal, where he died in 1868 and where Fr. Donnelly found Fr. Point's paintings and journals), was assigned in 1841 to help establish the first Catholic mission in the Northwest.

For the next six years he was to be the only white man among the Blackfeet, the Flatheads, the Coeur d'Alenes, the Nez Perces, the Crow, the Spokane and the Assiniboines.

His painting ability — developed as an amateur hobby but praised for its professionalism — was employed by Father Point as one way of making friends with the Indians, and indeed, as shown in "Wilderness Kingdom," many chiefs proudly posed for their portraits.

Father Point's prime interest was religious, as shown by his paintings of baptismal ceremonies (in one 9-month period alone, he baptized 667 Indians), Blessed Sacrament processions, a vision of the Blessed Virgin that one Indian said he saw, and vivid paintings showing the evils of liquor and other vices.

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In this painting by Fr. Point, a 104-year-old Spokane Indian has walked 20 miles through snow to ask for baptism.



Cluny Women Show The Way

CLUNY, Alta. — The Blackfoot Indian Ladies' Club in the Cluny-Gleichen area can't be blamed for humming that marching song, "Start me with ten, who are stout hearted (wo)men . . ."

The original club of ten under Sister Jeanne Leonne of the Sisters of Providence has more than doubled its membership in the past year. It's an active group, thanks to their business project.

Recently the club celebrated the first anniversary of its used clothing and furniture business, and an \$800 bank balance, which is marked for further similar enterprises.

The celebration included a banquet and dance in which Indians and whites joined together in the gala event.

* * *

Sister Jeanne, the superior of the local congregation of sisters, and Marie MacDonald, of Calgary, were among the women in the sewing club who gave impetus to the idea.

Encouragement was offered by Oblate Fathers George Charron and Maurice Goutier of the area, Father Reg Sullivan, pastor of Sacred Heart, Calgary, and many others.

During the sewing club's November 1966 meeting, Miss MacDonald offered the idea of a self-help "store." Operation and discussions followed on ways and means of implementing it. The club, under Rachael Y. O. Womon, agreed to go ahead.

They had access to some goods and facilities. But where were they going to get enough clothing to get the project on the road?

Father Sullivan sent out a call to his parishioners for used clothing and other items.

Others helped and soon the club received enough clothing to hold a sale — and more sales.

Calgary Catholic Charities offered boxes of goods. Other denominations helped, including people from Medicine Hat, Bassano, Strathmore, and other points. (WCR)

\$13 Million For Ont. Housing

OTTAWA — Indian Affairs Minister Arthur Laing has announced that \$1,380,368 is being spent this year to assist Indians to build houses on Indian reserves in Ontario.

One hundred and thirty-eight houses were completed over a recent six-month period and another 208 are presently under construction.

Many of the homes are being built as part of an overall development plan designed to provide for future housing construction and the installation of water, sewage, and hydro facilities on these reserves. Homemaking courses for the wives are also being set up to ensure that the houses will be properly maintained once they are occupied.

"Much still remains to be done,"

Mr. Laing said, "but the progress being made is encouraging Indian Bands to participate more fully in the development of their reserves. Six Ontario bands have decided to take advantage of the capital grants program recently launched by the Department."

To meet the requirements of the program, these Bands have developed the administrative and financial systems necessary to allow them to take over full responsibility for the housing needs of their reserves.

The working capital is being supplied by government grants. With this money the Band Council on each reserve is constructing houses for sale or rent to the Band members.

Sioux Co-Op Launched

Twenty-three Sioux women from the Standing Buffalo Reserve in Saskatchewan have recently started a rug-hooking co-operative.

Mrs. Lorna Ferguson, wife of the Regional Supervisor of Adult Education, with the help of older women on the reserve skilled in the craft, organized a two week course in rug-making techniques.

The brightly coloured rugs use the geometric Sioux designs which have been passed down from generation to generation. These story-telling symbols were used in the quill and beadwork on clothing and teepees. Mrs. Martha Tawiyaka, 92, and Mrs. Jessie Goodwill, two of the older consultants to the new indus-

try, are able to interpret the symbols and explain the story they tell.

Although there are 1,600 hand-crafted knots in every square foot of rugging, an expert rug-maker can finish one square foot in about three hours. The smallest rugs, measuring two by three feet, are being sold as wall hangings. The larger, five by eight feet, make lovely carpets.

The women are hoping to establish a sales outlet in Fort Qu'Appelle within the next few months. Meanwhile the rugs, and information about them, can be obtained from the Sioux Handicraft Industry, Box 699, Fort Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan.

—The Indian News

Jesuit's Journal

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But at the same time — both in word and in painting — he kept a remarkably detailed chronicle of life among the Indians, and as it was a way of life that was very close to extinction, Father Point arrived "at a crucial time in the evolution of the plains culture," observed "The New York Times." "Indeed, he came in the nick of time."

The Jesuit missionary recreated "scenes full of herds and hunters that have long since vanished." Taken along on a Buffalo hunt, Father Point recorded in detail the stalking, the kill, the preparation of the hide, and after one massive kill of a huge herd, he prophetically lamented: "Poor animals! What a slaughter! And poor Indians! If you continue in this way, who is going to give you your daily bread someday?"

For every vivid description of the rigors of missionary life, describing cold "so intense I have seen the wine freeze in the chalice," Father Point offered insights into a way of life all but lost to today's historians, from a description of tribal ceremonies (in which a woman would always carry the calumet, or peace-pipe) to a painting of an Indian youth primping himself before a mirror, with the observation that some young Indian men "are pre-occupied with nothing but their appearance and are far more vain in this respect than girls."

Ranging from maps (one shows Westport, Kansas, which was the stepping-off point for journeys to the Northwest, with the homes of all Catholic parishioners spotted and labeled by name) to close-up portraits of Indian chiefs (one shows Chief Victor, who signed the Flatheads' first treaty with the U.S. in 1855), Father Point's paintings also include quiet landscapes that he would paint from different directions, as with a "Village of the Sacred Heart" that he painted four times, as seen from the North, South, East and West — an indication of his sense for detail and thoroughness that have given his work real value for historians.

MINI HA-HA

One for the money,
Two for the show,
How much higher,
Can a mini go?

Second of two parts . . .

Cultural Aspiration At Betsiamits

By Fr. Sylvio Lesage, OMI



Mr. L. Thérien serves as a specialist in vocational guidance.

Adult education CENTERS are operated in densely populated reserves on a regular school year basis. In Ontario, for instance, some 300 students attend school daily on Cornwall Reserve. The purpose of that retraining center is the upgrading of Indian adults. Allowances earned by the adult students vary from \$35.00 to \$75.00 weekly. Similar centers have been in operation in Ottawa, Elliot Lake and Penticton, B.C.

The small population of this reserve doesn't warrant the operation of such a retraining center. However, there is need here of some sort of adult education, for the betterment of general education and well-being of the whole local population, as well as for its cultural promotion.

The Indian Affairs Department has established a Cultural Affairs Section for that purpose. Its objective is to "build up and develop a cultural fund of knowledge in Indian history and traditions." One function of its director is to assist local Indian Communities in developing CULTURAL CENTERS. It would be a Center of activities in arts and handicrafts, and for special courses in family education and well-being on the reserve.

The first director recently tendered his resignation, claiming that the Cultural Section organized for the preservation, the growth and expression of Indian culture will be ineffective because of Government ineptness in that particular sphere. Further, the local leaders of the Indian community have failed to carry on their initial project to set up a Cultural Center in Betsiamits.

Yet, it is my opinion that the need is here and that the young generation, in need of general and Indian cultural formation, will eventually carry on the project.

There are good reasons to presume that with Governments' aid and services, adult education will be taken care of here on the reserve. But not so in the case of those Indian families who wish to make their home out of the reserve and near the employment center.

It is obvious that extra assistance is required to make a satisfactory adjustment to the new environment in the city. In the light of past experiences gained in the large cities of this country, it is only realistic to assume that the same extra assistance these cities provide could be provided to our Indian families who choose to look for better jobs and higher incomes near the center of the North Shore region: Haute-rive-Baie Comeau.

We bear in mind the experience of the Edmonton Friendship Center providing counselling and administrative services to young Indian families who establish themselves

in the City. Candidates are given assistance in obtaining suitable living quarters and employment; guidance is provided in establishing satisfactory personal relationships and social contacts. Such extra assistance is available in addition to Government services and as a duplication of social agencies servicing non-Indian families.

Such Indian Friendship Centers have been established in more than 20 major cities of the Western and Ontario provinces. Federal and provincial grants are made available to those centers. The extent of these, depends upon local initiative and support. For instance, the Edmonton Center is operated by a private agency providing services purchased by the Government.

The Winnipeg Indian Center has reported a membership of 63, including 2 non-Indians only. The Catholic Indian Center in Vancouver

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R. Roch, one of Betsiamits' progressive residents, is employed by the Hydro.



Christiane, Bernadette and Claire, three model students at prayer in the church.

Cultural Aspirations At Betsiamits

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has 135 members who take part in lectures given by noted speakers and University professors. The Parry Sound Indian Center has two buildings: one contains a comfortable sitting room with radio and T.V., a kitchen and a language classroom, an office for the administrator; the other building is used for various games.

It appears then that those Centers give the extra assistance to the Indians who choose to reside away from their reserve and who wish to establish social contacts with their fellow citizens of the province. Those experiences suggest that such a Friendship Center be initiated in Hauterive or Baie Comeau. The Knights of Columbus could perhaps meet the challenge of providing the extra assistance needed by their

Indian fellowmen who have occupied the North Shore Region for several centuries.

It is again realistic to assume that in the coming years dozens of young Indian men will look for permanent employment miles away from their actual home. It is for them that extra assistance could be provided by a Friendship Center in industrial communities where permanent employment could be had.

Actually, the Indian Affairs Department provides housing assistance to Indian families in communities outside the reserve. A late example is that of Seven-Islands, where several Indian families have been housed. There exists a sort of residential segregation in one area of the city. This sort of association maintains some of the Indian culture

and family solidarity. Indian families like to cling closely to their native friends. Actually it may encourage the development of group leaders and a new kind of non-reserve identity as Indian Canadians.

We look forward to a future when an adult educational and cultural center will offer to the young and old Indians of Betsiamits the facilities to improve their general education and preserve some of their native sub-culture. Now that the Indian Affairs program is the most active and vigorous in history, "it is up to us," says one, "to make sure we play our full part in carrying it out."

Will young and old be prepared to pay the hard price of adult education and maturity??? Theirs is the answer.

Are Integrated Schools The Answer?

—Continued from Page 6
children with relatives or friends, fine. If not, the Welfare makes arrangements.

"Claire and Marge (the other grade one teachers) are very good with native children, too. Last year Claire had a full class of native beginners; she was able to spend more time helping them develop a good vocabulary before being pushed into reading. Her class took only two units (the regular class would cover four); they got such a good grounding in the basics."

"Helen Hunt in Remedial does wonders with them, too. She's just thrilled with the way Grace Raymond has helped the ones in grade three; they've become so outgoing. Remember how shy Mary Highway used to be — no one could get a word out of her. Now Helen tells me she sometimes has to stop her chattering."

"Oh, Grace really has a knack with the Indians," Natalie agreed. "Remember how upset she was last week when she found out that some of them hadn't brought any lunch; there hadn't been anything at home to make a lunch with. Grace hauled her own supplies out of the 'fridge and started making lunches for them. She even used my Cheez-Whiz by mistake — not that I minded, of course."

The Friday before Christmas I saw what Grace was achieving when I subbed in her room; her interest in the natives is unmistakable. The grade three Social Studies course has a section on Indians and Grace certainly made the most of it. The wall outside her classroom featured the pupils' work, a huge mural

depicting all phases of Indian life and activities. No one going down the hall could miss this. Inside the classroom one wall was covered with pictures from magazines and newspapers — a remarkable collection of Indian personalities and scenes of endeavour.

Seven of the twenty-one children here were native; the classroom leaders (no one could miss Roger and Leonard) were among them. Since it was so close to Christmas I suggested the children write me an original Christmas story and illustrate it. The best was Roger Sewap's. He had Santa coming down the chimney and stepping on the cat's tail. When I said, "That's a good story, Roger," he returned the compliment. "Say, you're pretty good at remembering kids' names, aren't you?"

Leonard Bear came to tell me about Leslie's drawing. "Oh, teacher, you should come and see what Leslie's drawing. It's so beautiful. He's copying it from a Christmas card, but he's not tracing it, and it's so good." It was, too.

"Teacher told us we could decorate the tree on Friday — today's Friday, can we decorate the tree, can we?" So we started at three o'clock. Roger and Leonard helped me set it up.

"What a lovely tree!" I started singing "O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree, How lovely are thy branches"; then I noticed Leonard. He was standing behind the tree. With arms outstretched and a big grin on his face he was pretending to direct my singing.

By three-thirty the decorating was finished. What could we do for the

last half hour? "We'll go to the auditorium and sing carols."

"Who's going with us? Who's going to play the piano? This was Leonard.

"I am."

"Oh, teacher, do you mean that you can play the piano? Can you really play the piano?" Leonard was beaming with delight.

Well, we set up the chairs in the auditorium, and I took my place at the piano, but we never did get to sing carols. We were evicted by the students practising for the Operetta.

Leonard never did get to hear what I could do with a Christmas carol, but I know what he can do with one, for I have the original (?) story he wrote. It goes, "This is a story I made up by myself. Santa Claus was standing outside a window. He was singing 'Jingle Bells' (and here he wrote out his version of the song ending with . . . "Oh what farm mister ride inna wunor sopinslay* — providing that while Leonard may not be so good at words, he does have a way with sounds.

* (sopinslay — 's opin slay)

★ ★ ★

Certainly the native children in this room were happy and they were holding their own with the white children in the slow grade three stream. Those friendly little fellows, Roger and Leonard, demonstrated real qualities of leadership. One can only hope that their future teachers will be as understanding as the ones they have had up to now, and that they will persevere until they reach High School. But will they?

Kill-Site Discovered In Manitoba

A pothole that may have served Indians as a bison killing and butchering site between 1,500 and 1,600 years ago has been uncovered in the Turtle Mountain region of Manitoba.

Breaking his land early this year, J. C. Richards, of Killarney, found broken arrowheads. He and his family excavated a 10-foot by 20-foot area and found 23 arrowheads, 83 fragments of arrowheads, parts of three side scrapers used in butchering, and flakes and fragments of bison bone and tooth enamel.

THREE-FOOT AREA

An archaeological team, led by Walter M. Hlady, Manitoba Archaeological Society past president, recovered 11 arrowheads and five flakes and fragments of bone and tooth enamel from a three-foot-square area in the previous excavation.

"When you have this great concentration of tools in one area of this kind, it's safe to assume this was used as a kill site for Indians of the Besant period.

"And we're not getting the normal campside tools like drills, knives and scrapers. We're getting killing tools. Possibly the three scrapers found were used for cutting up the meat, so this could also have been the



Arrowheads located in the Turtle Mountain region of Manitoba are thought by archeologists to date back some 1,500 years. Penny, left, indicates actual size of articles.

butchering site," said Mr. Hlady.

He said Carbon-14 testing will establish a more accurate estimate of the articles' age. Approximate age of 300 to 400 AD was established by studying the "make" of the implements and the materials used in their manufacture.

"Every Indian culture has a different type of arrowhead. Just as there are thousands of models of cars, there are thousands of models of arrowheads traceable to a particular Indian group," said Mr. Hlady.

The Besant Indians had to travel by foot. Earning their livelihood hunting burly bison could have been dangerous unless they put things on a more equal footing.

So the hunters drove the bison into potholes where they became mired in the mud and made easy targets for bows and arrows.

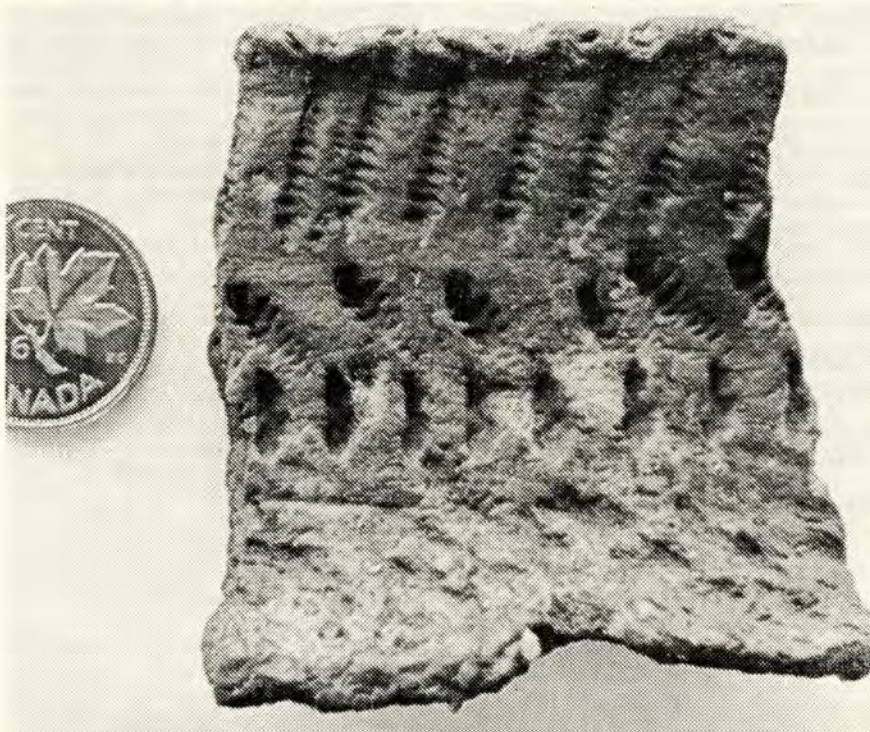
Other methods used in trapping were herding them into crudely-built corrals or stampeding them over a cliff. A cliff kill site has been found in the Assiniboia Valley north of Brandon Hills.

Purposes of the investigation are to reconstruct the history of the province before the white man's arrival and "to attempt to integrate 350 years of European history with almost 4,000 years of Indian history in this land," said Mr. Hlady.

CULTURAL PATTERNS

By studying cultural patterns of early Indians, the psychology of their descendants may be better understood. Mr. Hlady said the Blackfoot Indian may be a descendent of Besant period Indians in the southern regions of the prairie provinces.

Kill sites similar to the Richards site have been uncovered in Mortlach and Long Creek.



Side scraper used in butchering bison was among articles found at kill-site.

ONTARIO'S IEA CONFERENCE

Dissatisfaction Expressed On All Fronts

Indians are not giving solutions to their problems, said a speaker at the Indian-Eskimo Association, Ontario Division annual conference held in Toronto at the end of November.

Lloyd Caibaosai, a panelist chairman, told the 650 attending the conference on Indian Youth and Culture: "I am disappointed that no solutions were offered."

In asking for "more political action, better communications, the erasing of the negative stereotype of Indians shown in the mass media, and more progress for Indians," he said: "We are what we do, not what we say or think."

But the conference made up in problems what it lacked in solutions.

President of the Canadian Indian Youth Council, David Isaac, said Indian youth must "organize to alleviate the Indian problem."

"We cannot sit around waiting for government action," he said. "The time is now and we are ready. Let us unite."

To back up his claim of government stagnation, Mr. Isaac quoted the Governor of Upper Canada in 1854 as saying:

"The time has arrived to change the government machinery of protection (of Indians). Indians now want to control their own private funds and assume the consequent liabilities."

Mr. Isaac charged that the government was still saying this.

Carol Wabegijig, co-chairman for the conference, sponsored by Ryerson Polytechnical Institute, suggested the forthcoming Confederation of Tomorrow Conference in Toronto would be a good place to ask for constitutional changes on the rights of Indians.

Government educational policies were criticized more often than not.

Omer Peters, president of the Union of Ontario Indians said: "What is done to Indian children in the name of education cannot be described. Children are away from

parents sometimes for 12 months of the year. How are they to grow if they have no knowledge of their own parents."

A. E. Bikwin, principal of William G. Miller Public School in Scarborough, said: "A serious look at the distorted view of the Indian as presented in textbooks must be undertaken. It affects the opinion of the non-Indian child and degrades the Indian child."

An assistant professor at the University of Saskatchewan and an Indian, Dr. Howard Adams said, "In our schools we are being brainwashed to believe we are shy, retiring and lack self-confidence. The brainwashing deprives us of developing our leadership qualities."

"Many times the textbooks are false. We are finding now that the scalping and massacres are just not true. For example, the Iroquois Confederacy was designed to make war impossible."

Dr. Adams said that underlying all the talk was the Indian need for a personal and group identity.

"The Indian seeks," he said, "as with most Canadians, a real cultural identity. Because we are so oppressed, because our culture has been so eroded and distorted, our search for identity is so urgent."

He attributed much of the cause of this to "an unconscious white supremacy society."

—Globe and Mail

Trend Toward Tribal World

He walks with the pride and grace his ancestors were renowned for. And his articulation is of the silver tongue of legend.

This is Duke Redbird — a young Canadian Indian who is determined to return to his people the dignity of their heritage that the white man took from them.

Duke is 28 years old. He was born on an Ontario Indian reserve and raised in foster homes throughout the Niagara Peninsula.

Today he wears a bright yellow T-shirt bearing the traditional Indian thunderbird set into a maple leaf. He heads the newly-formed Indian Canada Association that was organized to "forward Indian traditions, crafts and leadership advancement."

Duke believes most Canadians have no idea of the contributions Indians have made to today's culture.

"North America is moving toward what the Indians have lived in for centuries — the tribal world," he says. "The Indians developed democracy, the white man borrowed it from us."

"Within the nature of the Indian lives the ideology that can save the white man from the terrors of this global society — the fear of losing individual identity. Indians learned long ago... how to compromise but remain individuals. The Indian culture has got to be the basis of a true Canadian identity."

The tall, slim Indian told participants at the Indian-Eskimo Association conference that there is no comparison between Negroes in the United States and Canada's also-discriminated-against Indians.

"The Negroes in the United States believe they have to hate white men to attain pride for their race," he said, "but in our case, we have no need to hate the white man. We have a great reservoir of pride — North American society is based on our way of life, even though the white man doesn't realize it."

The younger generation of Canadian Indians, he believes, must be taught these things.

—Globe and Mail

Critics Approve Display

An outstanding display of Indian Arts and Crafts was shown at the B.C. Arts and Crafts fair sponsored by the North Vancouver Kiwanis Club, held early in November.

The Indian section of the exhibition was arranged by Mrs. Alice Burrit (Mrs. Centennial), Mr. and Mrs. Percy Paul, Mrs. Audry Rivers, Mr. and Mrs. T. Sewid and Mr. and Mrs. Mickey McGuire.

The collection ranged from the ancient crafts including stone ware masks over 100 years old, up to the present day interpretation of abstracts.

—The Native Voice

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