

Shingwauk Residential Schools Centre
Algoma University

St. Joseph's Indian Residential School

Fort William, Ontario
Robinson-Superior Treaty (1850)



Photo Album

Display Purposes Only – Do Not Remove

Introduction

This photo album has been compiled by the Shingwauk Residential Schools Centre. The Centre developed out of the work undertaken by the Shingwauk Project. The Project began in 1979 as a cross-cultural research and educational development project of Algoma University (AU) and the Children of Shingwauk Alumni Association (CSAA).

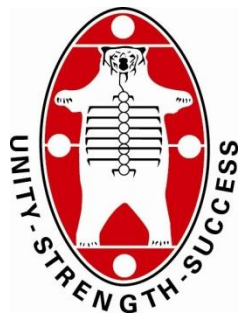
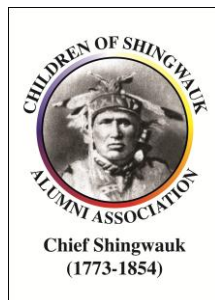
The Shingwauk Project and the CSAA have undertaken many activities since 1979 including reunions, healing circles, publications, videos, photo displays, curriculum development and the establishment of an archive, library and heritage collections, as well as a Shingwauk Directory and website. Over many years and in many ways these initiatives have been generously supported by Indigenous and non-Indigenous governments, churches, non-governmental organizations and private individuals.

The desire of the Shingwauk Project to promote *sharing, healing, and learning* continues today through the work of the Shingwauk Residential Schools Centre.

Conditions of Use and Acknowledgements

This publication is for research purposes only. The information and photographs contained herein are constantly being updated and revised. If you have additional information or photographs that you would like to add to the collection, please do not hesitate to contact us.

We would like to thank the Children of Shingwauk Alumni Association, Algoma University, the Aboriginal Healing Foundation and Nishnawbe Aski Nation for their support in producing this photo album series.



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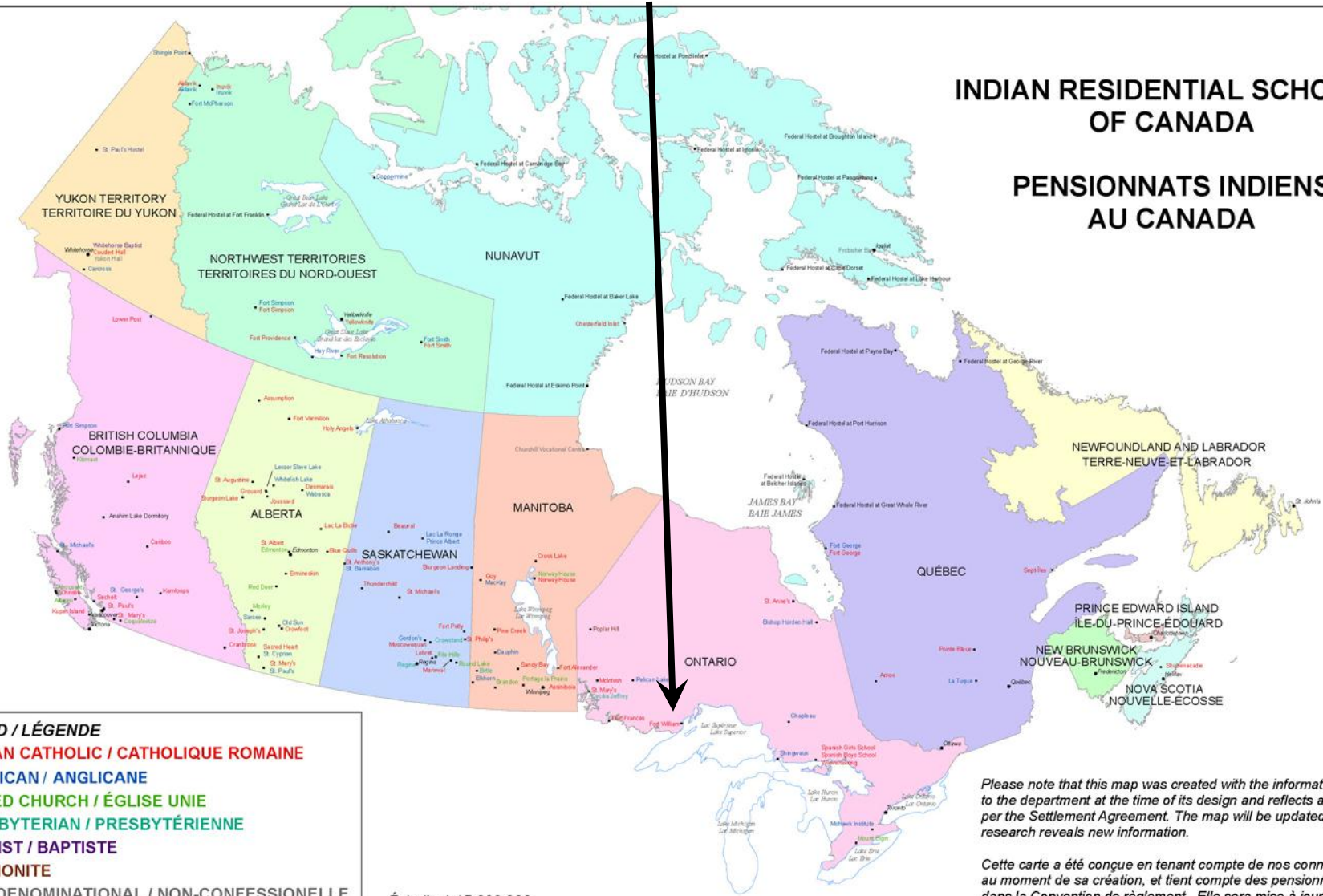
Thunder Bay Public Library

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St. Joseph's Indian Residential School

INDIAN RESIDENTIAL SCHOOLS OF CANADA

PENSIONNATS INDIENS AU CANADA



LEGEND / LÉGENDE

- ROMAN CATHOLIC / CATHOLIQUE ROMAINE
- ANGLICAN / ANGLICANE
- UNITED CHURCH / ÉGLISE UNIE
- PRESBYTERIAN / PRESBYTÉRIENNE
- BAPTIST / BAPTISTE
- MENNONITE
- NON-DENOMINATIONAL / NON-CONFESSIONNELLE
- FEDERAL HOSTEL / FOYERS FÉDÉRAUX

Échelle 1:15,000,000
Scale 1:15,000,000

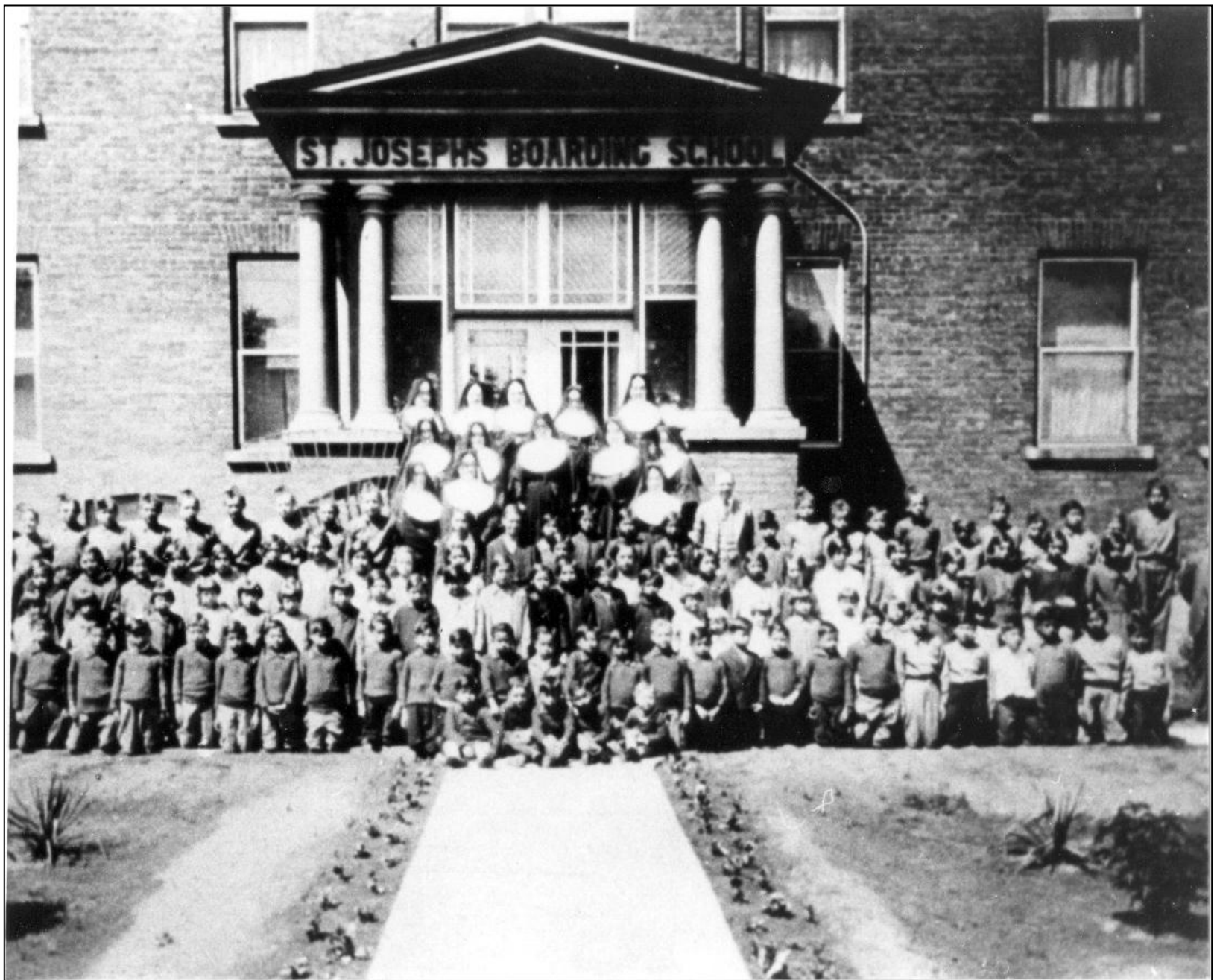
Please note that this map was created with the information available to the department at the time of its design and reflects all schools as per the Settlement Agreement. The map will be updated as our research reveals new information.

Cette carte a été conçue en tenant compte de nos connaissances au moment de sa création, et tient compte des pensionnats indiqués dans la Convention de règlement. Elle sera mise à jour au fur et à mesure que notre recherche nous révélera des informations nouvelles.

Nishnawbe Aski Nation Collection,
St. Joseph series



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2011-65_001_001



ORDER FOR FIRE DRILL

Responsible for opening Fire Escape Door in
Lower Dormitory

Annette Brissard

Leading lines down

Annette Brissard
Ann Marinac

Last one out

Sister Anita

Responsible for opening Fire Escape Door in
Top Dormitory

Annette Wilson

Leading lines down on third floor

Annette Wilson
Ida Wilson

Last one out

Sister Augustine

NOTE

CHILDREN WILL FILE OUT QUIETLY TO TENNIS
COURT AND REMAIN STANDING IN ORDER



2011-65_001_005



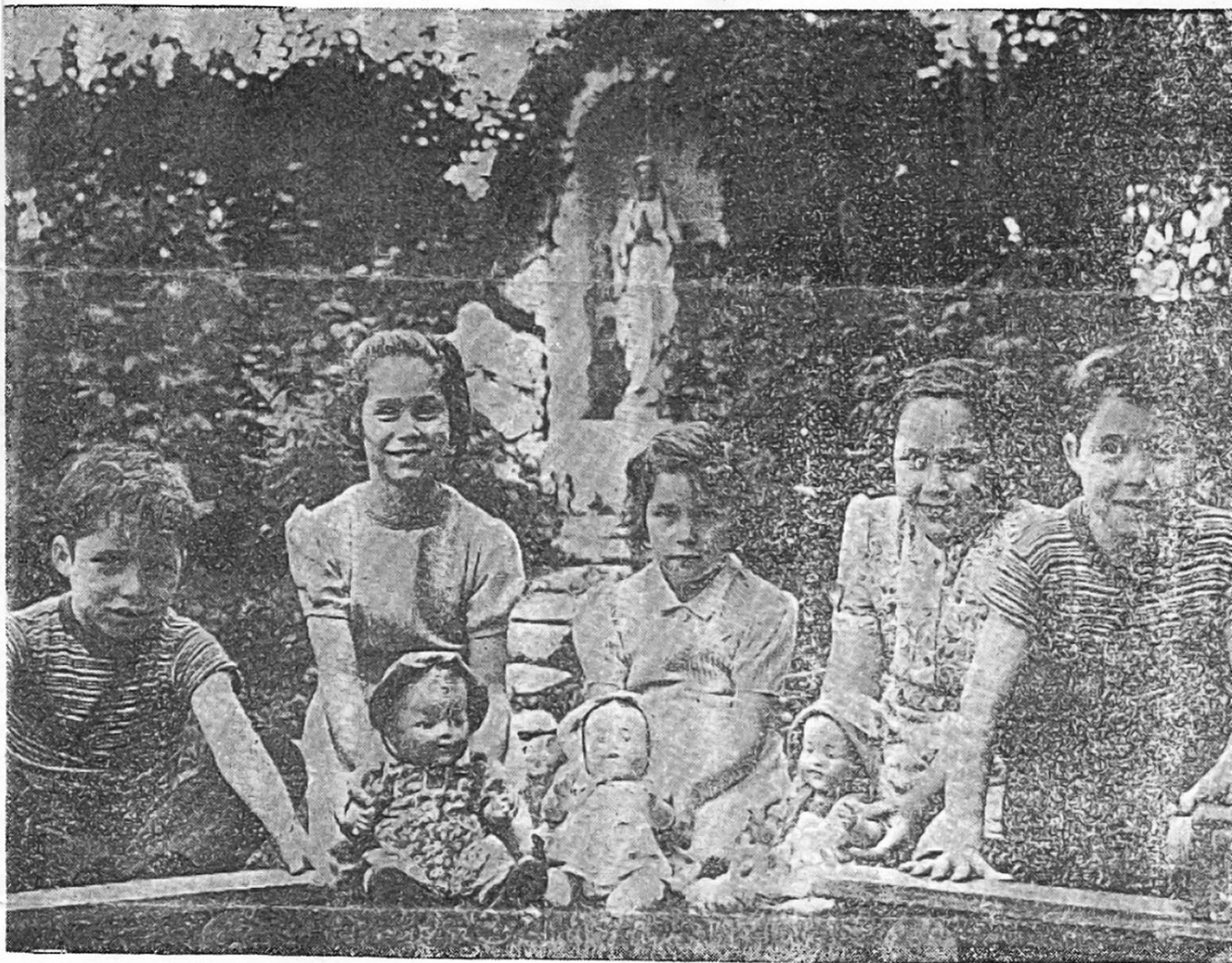
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2011-65_001_007

Shellie and David McDonald Collection

Blood-Brothers And Sisters



From left to right:

Paul Vailancourt,
Rita Vailancourt (Rowat),
Kathy Vailancourt (Legere),
Fran Vailancourt (Teske),
Edward Vailancourt

Missing from picture is
Evelyn Vailancourt (Lindsey)

The reason why they took the
family of kids is because both
parents were dead and there was
no family to take care of them.

Happy in the love and tenderness they have found in their home life with the Sisters of St. Joseph's Orphanage, at Fort William, these little folk of one family reflect, in the picture, as they reflect in their daily contacts in the orphanage, the love that speaks most eloquently of the efficacy with which the Sisters have recreated in the orphanage the atmosphere of the ideal home. In their ministrations to the little ones in the name of Our Lord, the Sisters of St. Joseph have abundantly earned the right to ask that they be given larger

facilities with which to multiply the scope of their selfless labor on behalf of homeless children. You will be asked soon to make pledges for the expansion of the orphanage. When that time comes, remember these precious children, in this picture, who are smiling, yes, but smiling only because the Sisters of St. Joseph are giving every ounce of their energy and their every thought to maintaining an atmosphere of love around them. They are sacrificing. Make your pledge a sacrificial gift.

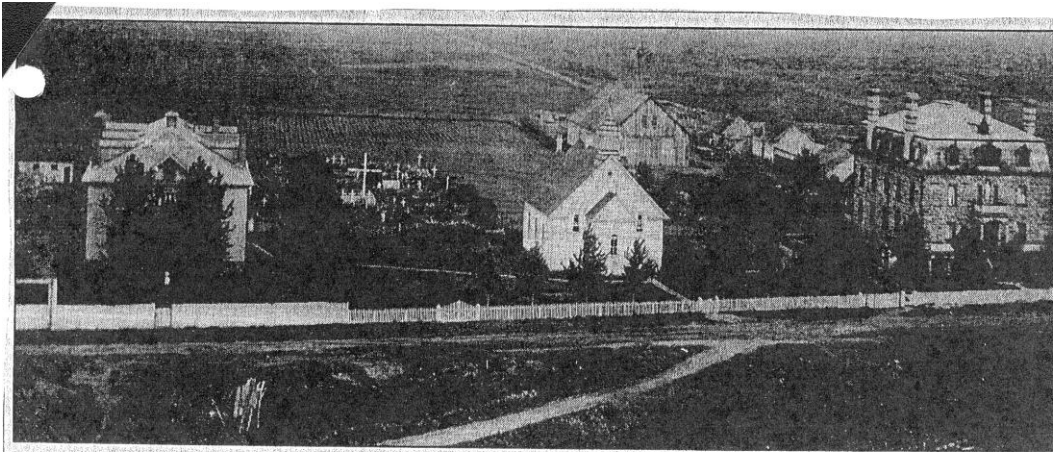


PHOTO COURTESU THUNDER BAY MUSEUM

St. Joseph's Boarding School, right, was part of a Catholic mission on the Kam River, and home to many aboriginal students during their school years.

Boarding school experience denied; no record, no abuse

I WAS 11 years old when the RCMP came to our home in the small town of MacDiarmid and told my mother her children had to go to St. Joseph's Boarding School, in Fort William. My mother took me and my three siblings on the train to Port Arthur. When we got to the school my younger sister, who was 5, cried to stay with me. The nuns said she was too young to attend school but decided she could stay in the nursery, when they could not console her.

I didn't see much of my young sister from that time on, as we were in different levels of the school. There were times when she would sneak upstairs to be with me or when we were outside where I would have to defend her from the older kids.

I spent three winters at St. Joseph's. I vividly remember those winters because my mother had made me a wool coat and we had to walk to church in the early morning to attend mass and that coat kept me warm.

We would attend school in the winter, leaving to come home in June for the summer, and return on the train again in September.

Students were asked to volunteer in the kitchen or laundry before or after classes. I would rise to be in the kitchen at 5:30 a.m., to

help make bread or peel 75-pound bags of potatoes with my fellow students. Or I would go into the laundry where I would fold sheets and towels. The last year I was in boarding school I was on my way to the kitchen to make bread in the early morning and I saw a young man, who had received permission to sleep in the basement; this young man eventually became my husband.

When the resolution to compensate natives for the policy of sending native children to boarding schools by the federal government came into effect I applied for compensation. I received a letter and saying I had never attended boarding school, they have no records of my stay, nor do they have records of my small sister attending. I was also told as I was never abused there would be no compensation.

I am 84 years old and to this day I remember these years, those cold winter days walking to mass, how the kitchen smelled as I made bread in the early mornings, the cries of my young sister.

Those years helped to shape me into the person I am today, the person who met her husband in that school, who married him and raised 16 children with him.

I am forced to take the good memories with the bad.

If today a police officer came to your door and told you that your children would have to attend a live-in school, away from family and friends and you had no choice but to do so, regardless of how you felt, because it was a policy of Canada; if you could only see your child in the summer and each year send that child back on the train to school, how would you feel?

When native children were forced to leave their families and communities to attend federally funded schools it was wrong and there needs to be not only an apology but recognition for all of us who suffered, regardless of the level of suffering.

I feel insulted. Not only did the government deny me and my family our rights as human beings and to exist as a family, they are now denying me compensation for those wrongs. I did not exist, in their eyes, because they cannot find my records.

I am obscured to them because the abuse in their eyes was minimal.

Annie McGuire
THUNDER BAY

Thunder Bay Public Library Collection



Mohawk Institute, circa 1927
TBPL:P811(5)

Shingwauk Residential Schools Centre

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