

the NATIVE VOICE

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE NATIVE BROTHERHOOD OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, INC.

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Fraternal Greetings

Alaskan Brotherhood and Sisterhood Hold Thirty-Seventh Annual Convention

BROTHERHOOD SENDS GREETINGS

Greetings to the Thirty-seventh Convention of the Alaskan Native Brotherhood and Sisterhood.

On behalf of the Native Brotherhood and Sisterhood of British Columbia, I wish to convey to your organization our very best wishes for a successful convention.

Will you please convey to your President and to the Convention my sincere regret at being detained due to pressure of work and therefore unable to attend.

I wish the Conference every success and shall look forward to studying the various resolutions being considered.

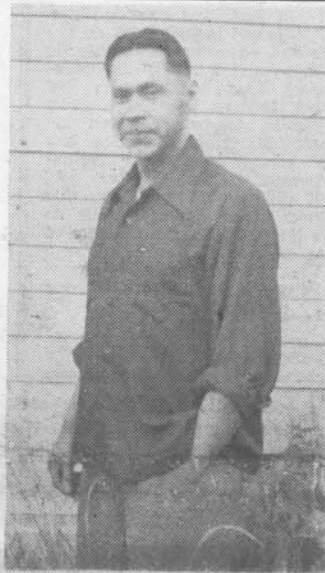
Yours fraternally,
CHIEF WILLIAM SCOW,
President, Native
Brotherhood of B.C.

THE NATIVE VOICE ISSUES MESSAGE

The Native Voice, official voice of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, extends to your Organization best wishes for your Thirty-seventh Annual Convention.

We are proud to have as our Associate Editor, Chief Paul Cooke, a member of your Organization.

We feel that through uniting all the Natives of the American continent, we can obtain Justice for our people.



CHIEF COOKE

Alaska Associate Editor of
The Native Voice

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL PAPERS

In its semi-monthly newsletter, dated October 17, Columbia University Press describes The Native Voice as "one of the most unusual newspapers in the world."

Reference to The Native Voice is contained in a paragraph which remarks as follows:

"It was also through publication of Indians of the Urban Northwest (a book edited by Marion W. Smith) that we first learned of one of the most unusual newspapers in the world, "The Native Voice," Canada's only paper published exclusively in behalf of the Indians. Established about three years ago, it now has a circulation of well over 3,000 and goes to nearly every state in this country as well as circulating in Canada, Alaska, and England."

OPENS NOVEMBER 14 AT KLAWACK

Chief Cooke Sees Great Potential For Indians in "The Native Voice"

The thirty-seventh annual Convention of the Alaskan Native Brotherhood and Sisterhood will commence Monday, November 14, at Klawack, Alaska.

This date was decided at a joint meeting of the Brotherhood and Sisterhood, held October 17, according to word received from Chief Paul Cooke.

Officers elected at the meeting held prior to the convention were as follows:

President—Alfred Widmark.
Vice-President—Edward Peratrovich.

Secretary—Chief Paul Cooke.
Corresponding Secretary—Arthur Demmert.

Treasurer—George Woods.
Financial Secretary—Isaac Kataase.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Walter Johnson.

Three Alaska Native Brotherhood Councilmen were also chosen—John Peratrovich, Richard Carl, and Samson Nickerson.

Flowers and words of encouragement were voted to be sent from the meeting to James Johnson, who, with many others, helped organize the Alaska Native Brotherhood back in the year 1912 at Sitka. Mr. Johnson is now getting along in years and is quite seriously ill.

Chief Paul Cooke

In a statement issued to The Native Voice by Chief Paul Cooke from Klawack, Chief Cooke sends "Greetings to Alaska Native Brotherhood, and Alaska Native Sisterhood and the Native Brotherhood and Sisterhood of British Columbia.

"It is with great pride," Chief Cooke states, "that I wish to announce I have been chosen as Alaskan Associate Editor of The Native Voice. For the first time in years the towns of South-eastern Alaska will be represented in a newspaper, and that newspaper is "The Native Voice."

It is noteworthy that the paper is called "The Native Voice." There was no selfish motive when the name "Native Voice" was chosen and The Native Voice unselfishly extended its invitation to Alaskan Native American Indians to add their voice to the Native Canadian Indians of British Columbia. How else will our respective Governments hear us, unless we join together and be of one voice.

"As the Alaska Native Brotherhood and the Alaska Na-

(Continued on Page 3)

FROM CANADIAN FISHERMEN

Our Best Wishes go to Members of the ALASKA NATIVE BROTHERHOOD AND SISTERHOOD attending their 37th ANNUAL CONVENTION in KLAWACK. May this be the Most Successful of Your Many Conventions.

B.C. UNITED FISHERMEN and ALLIED WORKERS'
UNION

Vancouver - - - - - British Columbia

The Horse That Wouldn't Die

The last roundup's for Nimpo (rancher Hobson up) and Stuyve. They chew their memories in the home grass. The ugly little cayuse from Sugarloaf fought man and nature till a cowhand won his heart

(By RICHMOND P. HOBSON, JR.)
In McLEAN'S MAGAZINE

NIMPO is a little black range horse with a noticeably dished face. The irregular splash of white that spreads from his wide nostrils almost to his forehead could possibly be called a blaze. His narrow pinched-up body is just as ugly as his face. A good horseman might notice that his eyes have a strange glint in them, unlike those of other horses, but he would never guess that this nondescript 20-year-old black cayuse is a famous, almost legendary, figure on this Canadian frontier.

Along the trails and around the campfires of northern British Columbia's last cattle range, wherever ranchers and cowhands meet and the inevitable horse talk begins, someone is sure to tell a new one about Nimpo—the cayuse with the indomitable will and the heart that couldn't be broken, the cayuse whose feats of endurance in the face of great odds have earned for him the title of "The Horse That Wouldn't Die."

In the fierce winter of 1929 most of the wild horses west of the Chilcotin district of B.C. were wiped out. That was one of those rare winters when deep snows were melted by chinook winds, and in turn frozen by terrific cold.

Out on lonely icebound meadows and along grassy slopes of shimmering mountains, wild horses made their last desperate attempt to survive.

The strongest mares and stallions worked close together in semi-circles in front of the bands. They used their front feet like sledge hammers, and cracked at the great ice blocks. When they uncovered a little grass they would nibble a mouthful or two, then carry on with their terrific work, leaving what remained for the colts and the weak and dying horses behind them.

The stronger animals, their feet and ankles cut to ribbons by the sharp ice, died first, and it was only a matter of time before the weaker ones followed.

On the lower slopes of a mountain called Sugarloaf, more than 200 bush miles beyond Williams Lake, B.C., Nimpo, then a tiny, mouse-colored suckling colt, staggered dejectedly beside the withered body of a black mare. He had survived only because of his mother's rich milk which she had produced for him almost to the moment of her death. He lowered his head and with his ice-caked nostrils touched her frozen body.

A few paces away, his little half-brother, a bay yearling with white-stocking legs, pawed feebly at a patch of frozen ground.

In the distance lakes expanding

Author Writes to Mrs. Moore

Rimrock Ranch,
Vanderhoof, B.C.
Dear Mrs. Moore:

I certainly did appreciate your kind and enthusiastic letter of Aug. 22, and am very sorry indeed that I have not had the chance to answer it sooner—but I have been in the throes of putting up 500 tons of hay with little help and our cattle roundup on the upper Nechaco river.

It is with a great deal of pleasure that I give you permission to reprint "The Horse That Wouldn't Die" in your splendid and courageous Indian monthly, "The Native Voice."

I have followed with great interest your fine work for the Indians. For many years as the Foreman of the Frontier Cattle Company, headquarters on the upper Blackwater river, my best friends and pals were the Indians of that back country. In fact there were many months at a time when I saw only my Indian friends, and when I'd come out of the bush with a pack

train for supplies, at first I had a hard time adjusting myself to the white man's humor and ways.

My old friend and partner, Jimmy John, from the old frontier ranch, just won the bare-back riding contest at the Vanderhoof Stampede, and a son of Johnny Slash (Allen) from Trout Lake, did very well in saddle riding.

I am just now completing a 110,000 word factual book on the life and experiences Panhandle Phillips and I had in the opening up of that back country, and many Indians of that country move in and out through the book. Macleans Magazine has just bought from me a condensation of several chapters and will publish it some time this winter under the same title as the book, "Always the Music of Horses' Hoofs."

Very best regards and good luck to you, Mrs. Moore, in your very constructive work.

Sincerely,
RICH HOBSON.

with the frost thundered and roared, and the cannonlike reports of bursting trees echoed and re-echoed across the frozen land. Slowly the terrible cold crept into the gaunted bodies of the two colts.

THE COLT HAD A FIGHTING EYE

THOMAS SQUINAS, son of the chief of the Anahim Lake Indians, was camped with a group of relations at his trap-line cabin on a wild hay meadow a few miles west of Sugarloaf. He was examining a trap on an open knoll at the base of the main mountain when his well-trained eyes picked up an unnatural blur on the distant snow. Long after dark that night his sleigh pulled into camp with the two little colts.

Thomas Squinas was a good horseman. He watched the gradual development of the two colts with unusual interest. He was certain that their sire had been a well-bred Arabian stallion which had broken from a ranch in the Chilcotin district, and had run for two years with the Sugarloaf wild band, for each of them was short one vertebra, an Arabian characteristic.

The two colts formed a strong attachment for each other as they grew up. Unlike other horses of their age they were businesslike and sober. Even as two-year-olds they did little prancing or playing.

They were turned loose with the Squinas remuda when the black was a coming three-year-old, and

for two years their whereabouts remained a mystery. Early in the winter of 1934 riders picked up fresh horse tracks near a hidden and seldom-visited lake called Nimpo. Later they found the two horses feeding in the high slough grass along the shore line of the lake. The wary animals were harder to corral than wild horses.

It was in December of that year that I first heard about them. My partner, Panhandle Phillips, and I were up from Wyoming in search of a cattle range, and we had made our headquarters 225 miles beyond the nearest town on an opening known as the Behind Meadows.

Sitting before our cook stove, Thomas Squinas described the trouble he and his friends had encountered corralling the two colts. His dark, square-cut face twisted into a crooked grin when he told us about the black.

"That cayuse—he don't like any kind of man. Can't get close to him. I feed him lots—but he won't make friends. Now I break him to lead. He fight all the time—won't give in. He got funny look in the eye, not a mean eye—but he look at you hard and cold."

The following day I decided to drop in on the Squinas village and take a look at the black. He was tied by an inch halter rope to a corral post.

I could see what Thomas had meant by the horse's cold eyes. They glinted with a strange unfathomable hardness, and seemed

to say—"I expect no favors from man, and I will give none."

Thomas pointed a finger at the black. "Gonna be lots of work to break that Nimpo Lake cayuse, but I don't think he's gonna buck."

I studied the shape of the horse's head, his deep girth, the weird look in his eyes, and knew he had something. I pulled out my pocketbook, stripped off three \$10 bills, and shoved them at Thomas who quickly relieved me of them.

"That includes the halter he's wearing," I said.

Thomas grinned happily and nodded his head. I had the feeling that one of the \$10 bills would have swung the deal, and noticed too late that the black had one crooked front foot.

Nimpo was my first British Columbia horse. He was hard to break all right. Each morning I had to throw him down, or squeeze him in between gates to get my saddle on him.

Strangely enough the next horse I added to my string was Nimpo's bay half-brother. I called him Stuyve. He bucked a bit at first, but soon settled down to a fast-moving and reliable saddle horse.

As the spring of 1935 approached our string of horses grew rapidly. Pan traded for an old, broke-down, slab-sided cayuse called Scabby White. Nimpo and Stuyve ignored Scabby. They would walk past him without glancing in his direction.

Next came Old Joe, a dirty, brown-colored, sway-back wasp of a horse who was said to be 25 years old.

Old Joe and Scabby acted as if they had known each other before. They deliberately turned their backs on Nimpo and Stuyve and formed their own little club.

By the first of May, 18 head of broke and unbroke cayuses bucked and played about our pasture. And Nimpo had taken charge. He was a terrific fighter. No group of horses was too large, and no horse too big for him to handle.

HOBBLES COULDN'T HOLD HIM

AFTER watching his short but rough encounter with a big, supposedly mean, 1,900-pound half-Clyde stallion, I was convinced that Nimpo was the quickest, shiftest, and most vicious 1,000 pounds of fighting horse I had ever seen. The clumsy Clyde lasted about 10 unhappy seconds.

All the while Stuyve lived the life of Riley. Nimpo would find a new two-inch growth of lush red-top, drive the other horses away, and he and Stuyve would move happily onto it.

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New Deal for Canadian Indians

A BILL to revise the Indian act is being drafted by the justice department. It will be the first new Indian act in nearly 70 years. If it includes recommendations suggested last June by the parliamentary committee it should, when adopted by parliament, do much to remove Indian grievances and consolidate efforts that have already been made to improve their living conditions.

Disbarment from Canadian citizenship has headed the list of Indian complaints. Their petitions on this score increased since the end of the war, and some Indian leaders threatened even to appeal to the United Nations. The parliamentary committee recommended that the Indian act be revamped "on the proposition that an Indian is a human being and entitled to certain rights and freedoms according to 1948 conception."

Treaty rights has been another major grievance among Indians. Their delegations have protested that treaties made by the white man's government with their forefathers have been "grossly violated." The parliamentary committee recommended that a claims committee be set up to consider these protests and to clear up long-standing grievances.

Without waiting for the new Indian act, the government began last year to improve health, welfare, housing and education services for Indians, and this on a considerable scale. This year's appropriations for Indian services total \$22,000,000, four times as much as was voted by parliament 11 years ago. The number of beds in Indian hospitals has been increased sevenfold and nursing stations from two to 22.

New schools, additional classrooms in existing schools, higher salaries and pension benefits for Indian teachers have been included in the forthcoming year's program of Indian services. Over \$2,000,000 will be expended on school construction. An appropriation of more than \$3,000,000 has been made for Indian welfare services, to include housing improvements and monthly allowances to aged people. Family allowances are being paid for the benefit of all Indian children.

Indian leaders have expressed appreciation of efforts to improve health and welfare services for their people. They would not, however, consider them in lieu of citizenship status. An Indian last week put the question to the Rotary club of Hanover: "Indians were equals in war, why not now? We are all brothers, we are all of one Creator; color should make no difference."

Many white men and women in Canada favor the extension of citizenship rights to Canadian Indians. The Canadian Welfare council, the Canadian Association of Social Workers, among others, have urged it. The House of Commons last June was reminded by Mr. David Croll, M.P.:

"The Indian is the only man without a vote in the country of his origin. Rather than the Indians being backward, our treatment of the Indians marks us as backward."

—Toronto Daily Star.

Listen With Your Heart

By AUDREY WURDEMANN
Pulitzer Prize Poet

"O Great Spirit, Maker of men, forbid that I judge
any man until I have walked for two moons in his
moccasins."

—OLD INDIAN PRAYER

MANY years ago, among some of our Indian tribes, it was the custom to appoint judges who would travel from one Indian village to another trying cases, on the order of a circuit judge nowadays.

Each man thus chosen was required to go out into the forest by himself to beg the Great Spirit for guidance, and the words above were his prayer. In his way he was asking for enlightenment. He was asking for a mind cleansed of littleness that might becloud judgment; a mind from which all passion and prejudice had been washed away. He wanted to put himself in the other man's shoes, to understand what made a man do what he did, to listen with his heart before he judged him guilty or innocent.

In these times of hair-trigger tensions, when the very air we breathe is septic with fear and suspicion, we might well follow our Indian judge's example—before we judge the other fellow too harshly. If we did, we would not be so quick condemn what we imperfectly understand — or do not understand at all. We must remember that hearsay is punitive and capricious. We must never forget that the light of every soul burns upward . . . and make due allowance for atmospheric disturbances.

What Class of Citizen?

The following letter was printed in the Vancouver Sun shortly after the Joe Inyallie story had appeared. Joe Inyallie, readers will recall, was left stranded in Vancouver when his 30-day jail sentence was up with only \$1.75 in his pocket and no provision for transportation to his home in northern B.C. Below is the letter:

In the case of Joe Inyallie of Fort McLeod, one must agree with all you say in your editorial of September 10, but there are several aspects of this case that you failed to mention.

First, why was this man dragged hundreds of miles from his home to answer a charge that, in view of his 30-day sentence, was a mere misdemeanor? If there is no one in McLeod authorized to hear the case, surely there is a local bastille in Prince George to take care of such cases, or did some policeman want a trip to Vancouver?

Here is another thing that seems queer to me. You say that Joe and his family travelled a hundred miles to cast their ballots. Yet it is a matter of common belief in Canada that only citizens have the right to vote. If Joe is a citizen, why should the police arrest him for possessing a bottle of liquor? Or if he is not a citizen, how come he was allowed to vote?

Our liquor law as applied to the Indian is a farce. Any Indian with money to pay for it can get liquor or, if he cannot, with a few pounds of dried fruit and a modicum of sugar he can concoct a mess that will make Mr. Kennedy's much-discussed wet merchandise seem as innocuous as a bottle of pop.

During half a lifetime spent in northern B.C., I have seen some strange things done in the name of the King, but this sure takes the biscuit.

Nicola, B.C.

J. S. HICKS.

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Please send me THE NATIVE VOICE for one year. Enclosed is the sum of \$1.50.

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"Let Us Show the World We Love Our Indians"

By CHIEF FIGHTING WOLF

IT IS 11:15 p.m., Saturday, September 10, 1949, and another year of the world's greatest annual fair comes to a close. The last flare and spark of the wonderful pyrotechnical display has burned out and fallen on the waterfront before the modern \$3,000,000 grandstand and the strains of "God Save the King" have faded on the final note.

Now begins the fast and feverish job of dismantling, tearing down, and packing up the props and equipment of the vaudeville, and aerial acts, and various shows and concessions of the mighty midway. The great mass of humanity have spent this final day or evening in a last fling of enjoyment of this great and world renowned spectacle put on by the City of Toronto for two weeks each year. The tired but happy people begin a mass and compact surge to the east and west exits of the grounds. It has been the most hectic two weeks of the season for the performers, attendants, and the midway personnel in particular, who have kept up the constant grind of 15 to 20 performances a day in rain or shine, and who for the first time since opening day can now take a breather and a little well earned rest.

Everything Closed

Closed to the public are the various freak shows, both human and animal, the water skiers, the high divers, the voluptuous models, the rodeo, the fun houses, the rides, etc., and the raucous voices of the barkers or spielers now are silent. What a transition in the short space of about two hours! Within a couple of days the vast Canadian National Exhibition grounds will be given over to the enjoyment of strolling couples, young lovers and happy children, until the first snow fall and winter arrives to complete the year.

For one who has attended this great fair each year for over half a century and having witnessed the many changes that have taken place, the many improvements and expansions during that period; for one who has watched it grow into a \$45,000,000 business, it would indeed be very foolish not to admit that those Toronto men of vision who have directed our municipal and civic affairs in the past certainly deserve every compliment. But there is one thing at least that is, definitely and flagrantly, lacking among all the beautiful displays and exhibits of things from many different countries (even former enemy countries of the last war). There is no representation at all of our Native Canadians, our Red Indian people!

Never Native Canadian

For several years past, the writer has wandered from east to the western limits of this huge Exhibition Grounds, through every building, into every nook and corner, but always has failed to find a single Canadian Indian in native costume or any example of his arts and crafts.

What is the reason for this total lack of interest in a people whose country we, the so-called white men, took from them by every means of crooked dealing, since we first set foot on his hunting grounds and native land? While at the same time, and to the present day, our various governing bodies go out of their way, and to great expense, to encourage and to bring to Canada people from every other god-forsaken country on earth, the majority of Canadians do not seem to give a damn how quickly our Native Indians may become extinct!

Not so very long ago, the citizens of Toronto were treated to a picture of the Honourable George Drew standing at the exit steps of a giant air liner giving a loving hand-shake and welcome to the hundreds of people who were assisted by our government to come here from different countries of Europe. These people were given every assistance to secure jobs and homes, while our own Native Canadian Indian people are pushed back farther and farther into the pilfered, depleted, burnt-out and desolate wilderness. Many of these native people are forced to live like scavengers due entirely to the white man's neglect of his duty and responsibility to a people who are trampled on, cheated and exploited ever since he (the Red Indian) first welcomed the white man to this country!

Kept Back

Some of the officials on Indian Affairs, and some of the writers of history, have described the Red Man as a very backward type of person. I believe, and many others believe as I do, it is not so much a question of the Indian being backward as one of the Indian being kept from going forward!

The writer of this article was born near an Indian reserve and

(Continued on Page 6)



CHIEF FIGHTING WOLF

(Mr. Albert T. Middleton of Toronto)

Introducing Chief Fighting Wolf

I HAVE the honor and the pleasant duty to introduce to our many readers, Chief Fighting Wolf, (Mr. Albert T. Middleton of Toronto, Ontario, Canada), a very good friend of mine, a loyal and sincere supporter of the Red Man's fight for better human rights. He is a certified Electro Chemist, a physical culturist, instructor in the arts of judo, boxing, wrestling, diving, canoeing, and undefeated champion Bag Puncher of the world. He is the only living athlete who can skillfully manipulate 13 cowhide punching bags at one time, and holder of endurance record by sticking with the cowhide bags for over 36 consecutive hours. Chief Fighting Wolf has travelled extensively; he toured the country with circuses, carnivals, rodeos, and other vaudeville shows.

Indeed he is "a real man and a stout hearted champion," although he has lived in a great and all-encompassing world of utter silence ever since 1917, owing to a high diving accident while performing a 106 foot dive into a tank containing only six feet of water, he has mastered this handicap by learning to use the sign language and practicing the art of lip reading.

The highlight of his life was the time he was made Honorary Chief of an Ojibway tribe for his unselfish act of heroism and gallantry in saving a young Indian brave from drowning. He is justly proud of this high honor bestowed upon him

The following are his own words:— "I was born at Barrie, Ontario, Canada, on the shores of beautiful lake Simcoe in 1857, just across the lake from the Ojibway Indian reserve when it extended down the northeast shore to nearly opposite Barrie. From early childhood in that district, and throughout many other places in Canada and the U.S.A., to the present time, I have been closely associated with the Indian people of many different tribes, and for many years past have been a member of The Indian Association of America. After having been adopted into four different tribes, naturally I have been interested in everything pertaining to the 'Red Indian.' I mention this because I have learned that the old Red Indian way of living close to Mother Nature, was, and still is, a good way to live!"

The following is the first of a series of articles which Chief Fighting Wolf has consented to write for "The Native Voice."

BIG WHITE OWL.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

"LET US SHOW THE WORLD WE LOVE OUR INDIANS"

he has known and associated with Indian people all his life, and has yet to find one totally lacking in intelligence and self respect. I also consider many whom I have met and known personally, during my travels in northern and western Canada and the U.S.A., among my best, closest and most loyal friends.

As for the Indian's willingness and ability to do things really worthwhile, and to show his white brothers that he can do things quite as well as any other man, we have plenty of concrete examples in those of his race who, either from luck or a little assistance from others and due to his diligent studies and determination to succeed and make a place for himself in the white man's world HAVE MADE GOOD! There are few, if any, of the higher branches of endeavor and professions in which the Red Man, when given an even break with the white man, has not made good.

Right here in "Toronto the Good," the "Queen City of Canada," we have proof of this fact, for there are Indian magistrates, lawyers, doctors, teachers, and clergymen of the different faiths, who hold the confidence and respect of their fellow-men in every walk of life. How many more of this down trodden race, the great majority of whom are pushed back almost into oblivion (to make way for a race of people who have suffered throughout the ages from a severe case of "superiority complex") with a little kindly help could also have made good in the different fields of the professions and higher arts, etc?

"Scrap of Paper"

People talk about the late Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany being the originator of the "scrap of paper" episode. Pecans! Old Kaiser Bill must have been reading up on the "sacred treaties" between the British and Canadian governments and the Native Canadian Indians. But let me get back to the original purpose of this article. Why has there not been a representation of our own Indian people, their arts and crafts, at the Canadian National Exhibition for many years past? Who is the one responsible for this total lack of interest in these noble and proud, and naturally kindly people who, ignorant of the white man's perfidy and greed, sold their country and their heritage for a few handfuls of cheap glass beads and other flashy trinkets? They realized their mistake when too late!

One has only to visit our great Museum at Queen's Park in Toron-

to to find many wonderful examples of the Indians' knowledge and practice of arts and crafts which, through lack of interest and not enough help in the proper direction, has become almost a lost art. Our governments, federal and provincial, should do more to encourage the preservation of Native Indian Arts and Crafts and not let it die out completely.

Why No Special Place?

I repeat, why is there not a special place at the Canadian National Exhibition set aside, exclusively for and dedicated to our Native Canadian Indians? Why not show the whole wide world that we are proud of our Native Indians?

During the past years, and before the last war, the writer has been asked by many a visitor, by some right on the Exhibition Grounds: "Where is the Canadian Indian Exhibit?" To those people I give but one answer, namely: "Go and ask the intelligent and far seeing officials who pay out thousands of good Canadian dollars to bring in a few slapstick comedians whom many Torontonians have termed vulgar and crude, while little or nothing at all is done to help the Indians of Canada to stage an educational display of their arts and crafts, etc."

The Indian people in the past have been our allies in time of war, our loyal friends in time of peace, our great benefactors on so many other occasions, and in so many other ways. Therefore, I herewith suggest that we give our Indians a place, a part to play, in the show window of the nations, the Canadian National Exhibition. Let us show the world that we love our Indians!

NOTE: The writer would appreciate hearing from any Indian or other people interested in the above subject and those engaged in any branch of the Indian Arts and crafts with the object of staging a real display of Indian Art-craft and other facets of Indian life at the 1950 Toronto Exhibition.

I Have Spoken!

EARL WRIGHTSON HEARD ON CKNW

Earl Wrightson is the versatile young baritone soloist heard on the Lyn Murray Show over CKNW every Sunday at 6:10 p.m. He is regarded by critics as one of the very few singers who can render both popular and classical songs authentically. Earl Wrightson's operatic debut was made with Dorothy Kirsten of the Metropolitan Opera in "I Pagliacci."



PROVINCIAL CROWN LANDS

The Honourable E. T. Kenney, Minister of Lands and Forests, wishes to announce the reorganization of the Surveys Branch into the Surveys and Mapping Service. Mr. N. C. Stewart, Surveyor General, is Director of the Service and Surveyor General.

The four divisions comprising the Surveys and Mapping Service are Air Surveys, Topographic Surveys, Geographic and Legal Surveys. The ultimate functions of the first three divisions are to make maps and distribute them, with their services available to all Departments of the Government, and to the public.

The Legal Surveys Division, headed by Mr. F. O. Morris, deals primarily with the management of Crown Lands Surveys. Before title to Crown lands can be issued, it is necessary that they be surveyed by British Columbia Land Surveyors under technical instruction and direction from the Legal Surveys Division. The returns of these surveys are sent for record, and deposit, to this Division who then examine them and prepare Official Plans, forming the root of title. The records of this Division includes all Crown Land Surveys, dating back to the earliest of Crown Colony days when the surveys were made by the Royal Engineers. At this date, there are approximately 90,000 sets of field notes on file in this Division.

All applications for Crown lands are submitted to this Division and recorded by them on Reference Maps of which there are now over three hundred. The work of making these maps and keeping them up-to-date, as additional information is received, is a painstaking, never-ceasing one and demands a permanent staff of skilled draughtsmen.

Copies of these maps, survey notes or Official Plans are available to the general public, or other Government Departments, and are prepared by the photostat and blue print staffs in the Division. Over sixty-four thousand prints were made last year. The demand for such maps, giving information as to land alienations, and questions as to land boundaries, results in a large amount of correspondence and is indicative to the increasing population and growth of the Province.

Throughout the year the constant aim of the staff of professional and technical experts is to maintain a high standard of legal surveys and Official Plans.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Department of Lands and Forests

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

VICTORIA, B. C.

Artist Records Travel Among Indian Folk

By MILDRED VALLEY THORNTON

IN THE latter part of July, I was privileged to make a trip to the Cranbrook Agency for the purpose of painting some of the older people there. I wanted to add portraits of the Kootenays to my Indian collection which would not be complete without them.

Indian agent Mr. J. S. Dunn was most generous in helping me locate the people I wished to meet. The Kootenays are somewhat isolated from other Indians in British Columbia, having more in common with the Kootenais of the United States and the Blackfeet of Canada, than with other groups in our own province. Kootenais in the United States are the same tribe, except that they spell the name differently, and there is much visiting back and forth across the border.

It was a pleasure for me to paint Chief Eustace and his wife of the St. Mary's Band. The Chief is eighty years of age, and still doing well as a farmer and stockman. Stanley Como and Mrs. Sophie McCoy were painted on what is called the prairie, where a pow-wow was being held near Francis Lake. Stanley was busy getting his tom-tom in shape but he paused long enough to let me do the painting.

He is 80 years of age and has seen much colorful history transpire during his long lifetime. Sophie McCoy's two sons saw service overseas during the last war.

I ALSO painted Madeline Morigue. Her husband is a successful farmer who is a veteran of two world wars, and her daughter was with the army services for four years. From the above, it will be seen that the Kootenays made no mean contribution to their country during its time of peril. Madeline is an expert needlewoman. It was she who made the beautifully beaded jackets and gauntlets that the city of Cranbrook presented to Viscount and Lady Alexander. When Calgary wanted a similar garment for Barbara Ann Scott, they called on Madeline to do this highly skilled work.

It was a great pleasure to meet some of the Indian people at Creston. Their reserve is located in a valley of potential wealth. Six thousand acres of very rich soil, now lying idle, can be used if a huge dyking project under consideration goes through. It would cost a quarter of a million dollars but would turn the flats into a productive fruit growing district and bring untold prosperity to the Indians here.

Thomas Swanson, who lives right where he can look out over the flats from his home, was kind enough to don a fine headdress and jacket to let me paint him.

He sat in his doorway and I propped up my canvas against the porch and we had a good visit while I did the work. Mr. Swanson told me many interesting things about his people, and the way they lived in the old days. He also showed me some of his treasures in the way of Indian relics and other articles. I promised to send him copies of the Native Voice.

FROM Cranbrook I went to the Piegan Reserve at Brocket, Alberta. This of course is prairie country and very different from British Columbia. The Sun Dance of this tribe which is the big event of the year, was just over. The closing day had been spoiled by a terrific windstorm which blew



CHIEF SHOT ON BOTH SIDES Head of Blood Indians, Alberta



WOLF WOMAN, Wife of Chief Shot on Both Sides

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The Horse That Wouldn't Die

And then hot winds blew in from the west, the frost went out of the ground, and it was time for Pan and me to push our pack train north into the unknown regions beyond the Itcha and Algak Mountains.

That was a hard summer on horses. We plunged the pack train through snowdrifts on high mountain passes; pushed them hundreds of miles over rocks and mud and windfalls; mosquitos, black flies and bulldogs descended on the trail-weary horses in grey buzzing clouds.

Nimpo was our biggest problem. In mosquito country it is cruel to picket or stake horses for they need freedom of movement to roll, twist and wiggle off the insects. Consequently we hobbled them. The average horse is so tired when his pack is removed at night that he is content to feed through the few hours of darkness close to camp. But not Nimpo. No matter how tough the day had been, or how heavy the pack he had toted, Nimpo would hop, jump and lope off down the back trail with his hobbles on.

We cursed him, sweated over him, got bitten and mauled in return, and every other day we swore we'd shoot him dead. He didn't give us any rest, and certainly got none himself. Long before the summer was spent he was a rack of shrunken skin and bones.

Squatting in front of the campfire, on lonely rock-bound mountains with a million glittering stars and a cold white moon pressing down on top of us, I'd listen to the sad tinkle of Nimpo's special horse bell and a twang of sadness would reach through me.

"It's not fair," I'd think. "That poor suffering cayuse will keep on fighting until he's dead. We ought to turn him loose."

But then I'd think of the job that lay before us—packing in more than 12 tons of machinery and grub to the new range we had discovered on the headwaters of the Blackwater River, and I'd realize that if we turned Nimpo loose Stuyve would have to go too.

TIRELESS WORKER

DESPITE the trouble, worry and loss of sleep that Nimpo caused us, he was a hard and efficient worker. When finally saddled and bridled he put everything he had into the work assigned to him. Nimpo became a good rope horse, nothing on the end of a lariat was too big or fought too hard for him. He was fast on the getaway, learned to turn on a dime, and I could see that some day, if he lived that long, he'd make a top cutting horse.

Once Stuyve and I fell off a beaver dam into a muskeg. Pan and our hand, Tommy Holt, snaked me safely out onto the bank, but Stuyve, with my saddle on his back, sank slowly and agonizingly down into the ooze.

Nimpo whinnied from the bank. His eyes held to the spot where Stuyve's head was slowly disappearing.

"Let's get that pack off Nimpo," Pan yelled, "and throw a saddle on him. If he can't yank Stuyve out there's no other 'cayuse will.'"

Pan tied a bowline knot around Stuyve's neck and we shoved small trees and poles down into the mud under him. With the rope stretching from Stuyve's neck to Nimpo's saddle horn Pan spoke in a commanding voice.

The thin little black leaned hard into the rope.

Nothing came—nothing gave an inch.

He backed up. The rope slacked. Pan, holding him by the halter shank, said low and harsh.

"Ready Nimpo — now hit her hard, boy."

Nimpo plunged and dug ahead hard against the rope. I saw Stuyve's head come twisting up a foot above the muck. Again Nimpo fell back. This time to his haunches. He was breathing hard. Pan slacked up on the halter shank.

"Too much for any one horse!" Tommy exclaimed. "Much too much. A big team is all that could get that bay out of the suction."

"We can't let Stuyve die that kind of a death," I said.

THE STALLION OF SUGARLOAF

NIMPO had swung around while we talked. I saw him stare down at Stuyve. And then his eyes changed. He snorted, shook himself, then wheeled suddenly and fiercely into the rope.

"Look out!" yelled Pan. "Here he comes."

That blazed-faced, crooked-footed black plunged madly, wildly ahead. A red fiery light flashed out of his eyes.

The superstrength that lies dormant in horse as well as in man had come suddenly to life in that little black, and we saw his partner come struggling up out of the depths of the stinking mud and a nightmarish death. We all yelled.

It was late that summer when Pan and Alfred Bryant, a young Anahim rancher, drove the pack train over the Itcha Mountains on a 300-mile round trip to Bella Coola on the coast. There, after the boys had assembled the mountainous pile of machinery into separate pack-horse loads, they were confronted with one awkward and extremely heavy mowing-machine part.

Old-timers said to Pan, "There's only one thing to do. Pick out your toughest, meanest, orneriest cayuse to tote that castiron chunk because you'll have to shoot him when it's over." That load was

hoisted onto Nimpo.

He made the long terrible journey back all right—150 miles of bush, timber, rock, mud, torturous passes and mountain summits—with his back-breaking load.

He landed his pack—and then he laid down. We thought he was going to die. He contracted a fever, the flies descended on his emaciated body in swarms. For days only a vague fluttering of his eyelids and the faint pounding of his heart told us that he still lived.

We doctored him, fed him horse medicine, tried to tempt him with oats, and close to him kept a smoke smudge burning day and night. He lived, and late in the fall he was fat and just as ornery as ever.

One night, after the first heavy snow of that 1935 winter, we turned Nimpo loose with the other horses who were out rustling. That was the last we saw of him.

We knew only too well that he had struck south toward his old home, and as great drifts of snow blocked the high canyons and passes of the Itcha Mountains we concluded that this time Nimpo had gone bullheadedly to his death.

SUGARLOAF MOUNTAIN

AT Anahim Lake the following spring Alfred Bryant and I rode 80 miles through the ghost country of Sugarloaf Mountain on the tracks of a lone wild stallion. He had joined some mares and

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Artist Records Travel Among Indian Folk

down all the teepees but one and brought the famous rites to a hasty conclusion. Chief Crowflag and his wife were telling me all about it as I painted them in the agent's office. I was very happy to paint two other grand old men of the Piegiens, Big-Face-Chief and Cold-Weather who came in to the agency for the purpose.

From Brocket I went to the Blood Reserve at Cardston. Here I felt among old friends for I had visited the agency many times in the past.

Some years ago I painted the head chief, Shot-On-Both-Sides and his wife, and many others of this famous tribe, but there was still work that I wished to do.

While I was on this reserve, I was privileged to act as godmother to little Caroline Gwen, four month old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Soup, and the sweetest little piece of humanity you ever laid eyes on. But how could she help it with such good looking grandparents as Dick and Beth Soup?

The Sun Dance was in progress while I was on the Blood Reserve. It was the second time I had been present at this great festival to the sun, a ceremony that is essentially religious in nature.

One of the portraits I was very glad to get was that of Heavy-Head. At 84, he is the last Indian

living who went through the Sun Dance torture in the making of a brave, before the practice was forbidden by the government many years ago. He was only 16 at the time and still bears the scars of the ordeal on his breast and shoulders. His daughter, Mrs. Hilda Beebe, was my very courteous guide and interpreter at the Sun Dance. Among others whom I painted on this occasion were Bruised-Head, brother of the head chief, and his wife, Yellow-Squirrel, Mrs. Calf-Robe, 103, the oldest Indian on the reserve, Black-White-Man, Alice Wolf-Child and others.

I found Indians of the prairies in this district in an enviable position financially with the best of crops I had seen, and a lot of good stock. The Blood Indians are famous riders and some of them had captured important prizes at the Calgary Stampede.

They were much interested in the fact that Indians of British Columbia now have the vote, and especially pleased that one of their number would sit in the next parliament of the province.

It is to be hoped that other provinces of the Dominion will follow the example of British Columbia in this respect and speedily accord the native people their full rights of citizenship, an act of common justice which is long overdue.

The Early Lenni Lenape Religious Beliefs

By **BIG WHITE OWL**
Eastern Associate Editor

I SPEAK ONLY for those who still believe in the religion of our forefathers, a religion which taught that all beings are of one blood, a religion which taught that we were made by the same Master Hand that formed all life on the earth and beyond the earth.

At the very head of our Pantheon stands the Great Mystery of Light, in other words: Kitche Manitou, Katanehitoowit, Pahtumowaus, meaning, the Great Spirit, the Supreme Being, the Infinite One, who was first at the beginning and is without end. His honor and dignity, a white man or any other kind of man can never possess. Kitche Manitou is in the earth, around the earth, and beyond the earth. His Unseen Spirit abounds everywhere! Kitche Manitou is the Tamenend of Everything or Grand Chief of Everything. His home is in the glory of the Infinite Universe, and we of the Lenni Lenape nation call it "Ahwosa Kuma" which is the twelfth and greatest spirit-paradise away from this all too materialistic world. Kitche Manitou is the Great Mystery of our Faith. He created all things by the power of His will and through Good Spirits sent by His Will.

Spirit Force

THE OLD TORTOISE of our creation myth fame represented the foremost Spirit Force in Lenni Lenape culture and mythology. According to old Indian tradition the Tortoise carried the first embryo of the New Earth upon his strong and rugged back, and from this little piece of mud the new island began to increase in size and grandeur until it grew large enough to never again be flooded over by water.

The seven and most essential elements of better understanding of our earthly existence are symbolized by the Tortoise. They are as follows: Life, Integrity, Perseverance, Wisdom, Tolerance, Patience, Death. And it was believed, by the wise ones, all the great powers of nature were assigned to their duties by the will of the Infinite Spirit. He gave the four quarters of the earth and the four winds that came thereof to four all-powerful guardian spirits which in the Delaware language are named: "Koo-min-nah-'uk," meaning "Our Grandmothers." The four powerful spirit-forces were defined as follows:

1. Koo-min-nah enda kiton-ughi-lawk, (Our Grandmother where the sun rises.)

2. Koo-min-nah enda wesi-lawk, (Our Grandmother, where the sun sets.)
3. Koo-min-nah winja loo-wan-oo-ee, (Our Grandmother, from the winter place.)
4. Koo-min-nah winja shaw-wan-oo-ee, (Our Grandmother, from the warm place.)

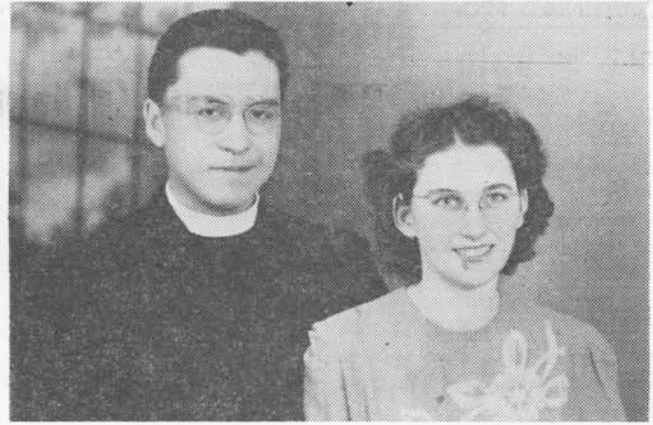
Personal Spirits

IN THE EARLY days, the Lenni Lenape believed that the sun and moon and the stars in the heavens each represented a kind of personal spirit. The first was looked upon as stepfather, the second as an elder brother, while the last ones—the stars. They were regarded and looked upon as strange but very interesting spirit-forces put up there in the sky by the Master Hand of all Creation, to be studied, admired, and held in reverence and wonderment by the Red Indian people.

The Lenni Lenape and all other cognate tribes believed that the Great Mystery assigned the beautiful pale moon to give her light to the earth at night, and the great shining sun was ordained to be the light of day. And when the moon covered her face with shadows and clouds, the beautiful stars took over and gave the earth a soft and ethereal light. And up there, in that great hushed immensity, in that limitless sea of space, they seemed to dance to the tune that rocks the cradle-board of the whole universe. The Lenni Lenape learned to dance and sing to that same mystifying and enchanting rhythm. . . . The weird and soulful wail of the wolf, the lonely and pleading cry of the loon, the soft, the all-pervading, the all-comforting hum of Nature Was Their Mighty Symphony. Yes! The early Lenni Lenape were satisfied with nature's bountiful blessings. They were contented and made happy by the soothing music by the unseen hand of God, the Creator of All Life, the Great Mystery!

Thunders of the Sky

THE MIGHTY and roaring Thunders of the sky were called: "Koo-mook-oom-sin-nah'uk," (Paet-hak-owe and Pila-soa) meaning, "Our Grandfathers." In the imaginative minds of the early Red Indian people they were thought to be man-like-spirits or beings with mighty wings and flashing tongues. And the duties assigned to "Our Grandfathers" were to water the Indian's tobacco, corn,



Reverend Stanley Cuthand and Wife

IN SASKATCHEWAN

Little Pine Cree Is Anglican Minister

PAYNTON, Sask. — One of two Indians from Little Pine Reserve to become an Anglican clergyman, the Rev. Stanley Cuthand, Cree Indian originally of Lucky Man Reserve, returned here recently with his wife, a white woman, and their two children from Lac la Ronge, where he had been stationed for the last five years. Mr. Cuthand has been transferred to Sandy Lake Reserve, where he will be Anglican missionary. While here he visited his aged mother. Mr. Cuthand is replaced at Lac la Ronge by the Rev. Mr. Fournier.

SERVED LARGE AREA

Mr. Cuthand had charge of the whole northern part of Saskatchewan while at Lac la Ronge, covering an area of more than 400 square miles by canoe, dog team, plane and on foot. Points served included Fish River, Sucker River, Stanley, Pelican Narrows and Deschambault Lake.

Mr. Cuthand received his education at Little Pine school, under Miss A. C. Cunningham and attended high school in Prince Albert, later graduating from the Emmanuel College in Saskatoon. A brother, Adam, served as an officer in the second war and is now principal of a white school, while a sister, Jean Ida, is a nurse. A second brother, Aaron, farms at Little Pine and a second sister, Beatrice, married a local Indian mechanic.

Smith Atimoooyoo is the only other native of Little Pine Reserve to become an Anglican clergyman, now missionary teacher at Big White Fish Indian Reserve.

pumpkins, beans and squashes, to keep the earth always fresh and clean, to protect the Red Indian people from the terrible man-killing, and man-eating, reptilian monsters that once roamed and lived upon the newly formed Turtle Island, the Mother Earth.

The people of the Lenni Lenape nation were taught to believe that the Good Earth is the Great Mother of every living creature, including Man. Whenever it became necessary to speak about her, they always referred to her as "Mother Earth." The Lenni Lenape the Original People, the First People, of the New World, believed that Kitche Manitou is the Great Chief of All, even as He was, and still is, The One and Only Father of All Beings and All Things!

I Have Spoken.

Alberta Indians Break New Land

By **JAMES GLADSTONE**
President Alberta Indian Association

CARDSTON, Alta. — Harvesting on our reserve has been completed and averaged around 20 bushels per acre, and our cattle sold for a good price.

A good deal of new land has been broken for farming this year by the Indians to farm for themselves which will add greatly to the land already farmed.

An area of about six square miles is also under lease on a crop share basis, our share of which will be paid into our land funds for helping new farmers getting started.

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The Horse That Wouldn't Die

colts and herded them east across the range.

When we finally caught up with the band grazing on an open meadow they threw up their heads and tails and started milling about in a circle. Alfred pulled up his horse alongside of mine and we stared unbelievably at the "wild stallion."

There—gliding stallionlike back and forth around the flanks of the mares and colts, his tail in the air and his coat shining like glass—was a snuffy little black horse with a blazed face and a crooked foot.

We took Nimpo back into our cavy and when in 1937 we drove our first herd of cattle over the Itcha Mountains he was worth two ordinary saddle horses. In November that year he survived a starvation drive when Charlie Forrester and I fought 75 head of cattle and 18 horses through to Batnuni Lake.

But his crooked leg went lame the following fall and he was turned loose with Shorty, Buck, Old Joe, Big George and old Scabby White on a patch of slough grass near a recently frozen lake.

When Panhandle Phillips rode out to bring in the bunch he found Big George grazing alone and restless along the shore. A few feet out from its rubbery edge, in a tangled, froze-in mass, were the bloated bodies of other horses. They had broken through the thin

ice while feeding on a watery type of goose grass which grew out of the mud a few feet from shore.

Pan assumed Nimpo was among the mass of frost and snow-covered horses protruding above the ice. But acting true to form Nimpo had outwitted both the horse wrangler and the pothole lake. At that time he was working south through windfalls and jack pines toward Sugarloaf Mountain.

NIMPO'S FIGHT FOR LIFE

HIGH in the Itcha Mountains, while feeling his way through a blinding snowstorm, he made a bad mistake. He turned into a dark narrow canyon. It was a blind draw and a trap—cliffs and towering granite walls reached skyward on three sides of him.

Nimpo turned and at the narrow mouth of the valley he found that his tracks made on entering were smothered beneath an eight-foot snowdrift. He was trapped. Ahead of him stretched three-and-a-half months of high mountain winter in country near the 53rd parallel.

Nimpo stubbornly pitched into the greatest battle of his career. He worked in almost perpetual darkness that 1938 winter on a three-acre patch of grass. The monotonous clacking of his hoofs cracking through the crusted snow rang across the valley floor.

January and February passed with shrieking winds and fierce, unrelenting cold. Great drifts of snow shifted and threatened to fill the canyon from wall to wall.

Early in May two Indians rode into the Home Ranch and told Pan about seeing a lone horse in the Itcha peaks.

"That cayuse just bone," said one of the Indians, "pretty soon I think he die so I don't bring him in."

Pan backtracked the Indians to the canyon. He was shocked at what he saw. Nimpo's big unblinking eyes stared out of hollow sockets; his hair was long, caked and shaggy. When Pan finally got him home he dosed him with Bell's Medical Wonder and fed him his only sack of oats. And the incredible cayuse recovered.

That fall Nimpo suddenly changed his ways. He had slipped into a muskeg and as he was too weak to plow his way out of it I had to snake him out with another horse. While I was working at it I noticed him looking strangely at me from the mud. He seemed to be studying me, trying to make up his mind about something. When, dripping with mud, he stood safely on the bank he whinnied softly and touched me with a quivering nostril.

Nimpo never again tried to pull out on us, and even a child could handle him after that.

Pan and I sold out to a cattle company, and were made cow bosses of our respective units. We needed lots of horses for our work, and for years Nimpo was one of my top cutting and rope horses.

BLACK CAYUSE COMES HOME

THE year before the company sold out Nimpo went permanently lame. He had cut out his last steer. I was instructed to sell him along with the other cripples and old horses to a mink farm for \$15 apiece.

Something must have happened to Nimpo on the drive to the mink farm. He never got there. I guess some guy with a hungry loop must have stolen him. That was in 1944.

Strange things still happen up here in the north country. Not so long ago northern British Columbia was under the guns of a northeast blizzard, and things didn't look too good out at my new ranch under the rimrock.

I knew that a bunch of cattle were huddled together in a grove of spruce against a drift fence several miles from the barn. If I wanted to save them I had to crack into the storm with a saddle horse and drive them through to the feed yard. I picked the aged but experienced Stuyve for the job, and he got me through to the cattle.

It was while I was riding home behind them that the strange thing happened.

Stuyve suddenly threw his head in the air, struggled against his

hackamore bit, swung completely around and pranced sideways into the blinding snow and the wind.

He plunged and bucked through several drifts, whinnied, then came up sharp against the gate that leads out onto our open range.

Then through the shrieking wind I thought I heard a faint whinny. I tensed in the saddle and tried to see beyond the gate into the swirling greyish-white sheet.

A sudden shift in the wind swept a hole in the blowing snow, and for an instant I saw a frosted, emaciated little black horse standing on three legs with his back to the wind and his glazed eyes fastened upon the gate.

Smart old Nimpo, realizing that his blizzard-fighting days were over, had quit the range horses and struggled miles to the only spot that held any chance of getting him through to hay and shelter. His luck had held. No other horse but his lifelong friend Stuyve would have faced into that storm to reach him.

A few days ago a visitor to the ranch asked my why I had built the special horse pasture and fenced off an extra stack of hay for "those two old plugs." Maybe if he reads this story he can figure out the answer.

REA OF SUNSHINE



Bill Rea of "NW" brightens B.C. homes three times daily. Hear Rea's "Roving Mike" at 8:45 a.m. the "Jack Pot" at 9:10 a.m. and "Bill Rea's Roundup" from 12:15 till 3 p.m. on CKNW.

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Salmon District Ordered Closed

The following letters have been received by Native Brotherhood Business Agent Ed. Nahaney from the chief supervisor of fisheries, A. J. Whitmore:

This is to advise that the whole of Salmon Purse Seine Area No. 12 (Alert Bay Sub-district) and Salmon Purse Seine Area No. 13 (Quathiaski Sub-district) will be closed to all salmon net fishing after 6 p.m. Thursday, October 27th, 1949 for the balance of the season with the exception of Broughton Straits where this clause will be effective until further notice.

This action is taken in the interests of conservation of cohort and chum salmon migrating to their spawning grounds.

Pender Harbor

This is to advise that the Pender Harbor Sub-district including Salmon Purse Seine Area No. 15 and Salmon Purse Seine Area No. 16 with the exception of that portion of the Gulf Area extending from Norman Point adjacent to Pender Harbor down to Gower Point at the entrance of Howe Sound will be closed to all salmon net fishing at 6 p.m. Friday, October 28th, 1949.

The foregoing closure is necessary in the interests of conservation of the run of fall salmon frequenting this area.

Wedding Announcement

The engagement is announced of Eunice Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mrs. Ellen Hendricks and the late Mr. Fred Hendricks, to Mr. Alan Edwin Hilton, youngest son of Mrs. Hilton and the late Mr. Peter Hilton of Sointula, B.C.

The wedding will take place in Sointula at eight o'clock, Saturday, November 26.

MISS HENDRICKS was born in Bella Bella and will be remembered by many of her friends, especially the Native people of the Coast who have had the pleasure of her acquaintance, hospitality and friendship.

Miss Hendricks served in the Women's Division of the Royal Canadian Air Force overseas for approximately two years. Upon her return to Canada she quickly adjusted herself to civilian life by accepting a position with the B.C. Packers Ltd., at Namu, B.C. for two years. At the present time she is employed with the Civil Service, Unemployment Branch.

THE EXECUTIVE of the Native Brotherhood and Sisterhood take great pleasure in extending congratulations to Miss Eunice Elizabeth Hendricks and wish her a very successful marriage.

Out of Town Visitors

JOHN PAHL OF HARTLEY Bay, captain of the seiner "Yankee Boy," was a visitor to the Native Brotherhood office. Mr. Pahl is a frequent visitor to Vancouver and at the end of every fishing season usually spends a month recuperating from a very busy and successful seining operation.

It might also be mentioned that Mr. Pahl represented the Native Brotherhood at a luncheon held at Hotel Georgia during the month of April while the organization held their annual convention at Bella Coola. Mr. Pahl was highly complimented as a representative and it is hoped that he will again be available when future occasions arise.

PHILLIP LOUIE and son called at the Native Brotherhood office prior to visiting his daughter, Mrs. Frank Rivers of North Vancouver, who is seriously ill at Coqualeetza Hospital, Sardis, B.C. Several trips have been made by Mr. Louie to Sardis.

MRS. TOM GOSNELL of Port Simpson was a recent visitor to Vancouver and made a long journey in order that she might be present at the wedding of her son. As an added attraction to her visit, she decided to visit the city of Nanaimo.

CHIEF WILLIAM SCOW, President of the Native Brotherhood of B.C., was in Vancouver on business that required his attention to call

at Iverson's Cannery at Point Roberts, Washington. After completing Native Brotherhood business with the Business Agent he returned to Alert Bay via Union Steamship.

MR. AND MRS. CALEB WILLIAMS of Bella Bella, B.C., were visitors to the office of the Native Brotherhood of B.C. and transacted business of various natures.

Mr. Williams is the Central District Vice-president of the Native Brotherhood, and the success of his organizing abilities is noticeable in the enrolment of nearly one hundred percent. He is also captain of the Francis Millerd & Company's seiner "La Paloma," which had a successful season. Mr. Williams has returned the boat to the owners and is going back to his home in Bella Bella.

Mrs. Caleb Williams is also a very successful worker among the Sisterhood of Bella Bella and progressive meetings are held and the community has benefited to a great extent.

BULLET FIRED INTO ROOM

SEHELDT, Sept. 6.—A rifle bullet fired by a hidden assailant almost claimed the life of a 29-year-old Indian on September 5 at 3 a.m.

The bullet smashed through the bedroom window of Seymour Johnson's home on Sechelt Reserve and plunged into a pillow inches from the intended victim's head.

Praise for The Native Voice

Box 81,
Paynton, Sask.,
Oct. 16, 1949.

Dear Mrs. Armytage-Moore:

It was very good of you to take time, in your busy day, to send me the extra copies of The Native Voice. Thank you very much. I read the paper with great interest and lend it to numerous Indians from time to time.

You surely are a good friend to the Indians and champion of their cause. So many outstanding fig-

ures in B.C. seem to be behind the Natives in their desire for self-improvement. That desire doesn't seem to be awakened in prairie Indians to the extent it is in B.C.

I do think the government is trying to improve education, housing and hospitalization but the people need to get busy and help themselves. Your paper helps to keep that ideal before its readers.

Yours truly,

M. R. SPRAGUE.

CLOVER LEAF

Salmon



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Newspaperman Congratulates Native Voice

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, great ceremony up, so that I could give it to your paper for printing.

Sept. 23, 1949.
Editor, The Native Voice:

For some time I have been wanting to write you concerning the wonderful paper you publish, "The Native Voice."

I AM A WHITE MAN with an Indian heart, so you can see my interest in the things you are doing to help promote the cause of my red brothers.

I was honored a few weeks ago by being adopted into the Iroquois Six Nation Confederacy. My tribe are the Mohawks of that Nation and my Clan is the Turtle. I was given the name of Ko-Ran-To-Wah-Nen. This means Big Tree.

I am fortunate in having as my very good friend Mr. Ray Fadden of that Tribe. He has written several articles for your paper which have been very good. Another of my favorites is Big White Owl, the Delaware Chieftain.

GOOD EDITORIALS

All of the editorials are very good, and as a newspaper man myself, I can see their value as far as creating interest among the Indians, as well as making for better understanding among the white men.

This fall, I had planned to make my usual trip to the Toma Indian Powwow in hopes of writing that

Things turned up that kept me from attending for the first time in five years, and so I was unable to accomplish what I had set out to do. But here is a copy taken from the paper I work for. It is a story written previous to the Powwow, but gives you an idea just what it was like. By the way, this year's ceremony brought together the largest attendance in the history of the Powwow.

This clipping can be re-written if you desire, and put in the Native Voice. I know the Indian people of Iowa would be forever thankful. They are good people, and I want

to know them better.

KEEP UP GOOD WORK

Please keep up the good work, and may the Great Spirit bless you, and all those who are helping in putting out your wonderful paper.

Hoping to read lots of your good papers in the future.

I am yours truly,
Ko-Ran-To-Wah-Nen,
Harold Waltermeyer
1110 East Ave. N.W.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

(ED. NOTE:—Information referred to in the above letter will be published next month.)

Publisher Thanked

Maisie Armytage-Moore:
Dear Friend of our Native Brothers and Sisters:

I want to thank you for your stand on behalf of the man who was let out of jail with no means to reach his home. Why should the B.C. Government not have Mr. Hobden help them as he does those in the penitentiary?

Do you not think it would be good for Indian women and girls to have women's institutes on the reserves? I have seen them started among new Canadians with good results. Now that they have the vote, they need the right guidance. I wish there were more trying to help them as you are.

One who has worked among the children and loved them—just a well wisher.

UNITED CHURCH

Prince Rupert Presbytery Meets at Bella Coola

By ANDY SCHOONEY
Special Correspondent, Mackenzie District

The Prince Rupert Presbytery of the United Church of Canada held its meeting here at Bella Coola, from October 1 to 4. President of conference Rev. W. B. Willan, New Westminster, B.C.; Superintendent of Home Mission Rev. W. P. Bunt, Vancouver, B.C.; Chairman of Presbytery Rev. H. S. Forbes, Ocean Falls, B.C.; Secretary of Presbytery Rev. P. H. Mallett, Terrace, B.C.; Treasurer of Presbytery Rev. J. H. Lawton, Port Simpson, B.C.; all attended.

Also present were Rev. and Mrs. Cantelon of Bella Bella; Rev. and Mrs. Mathews, Hazelton; Rev. Mr. Wingfield of Skidgate; Rev. and Mrs. Johnson, Smithers; Rev. Mr. Sieber of Prince Rupert; Mrs. McCormick of Ocean Falls; Mrs. Squires of Terrace, Mrs. P. H. Mallett of Terrace, Rev. and Mrs. McColl of Thomas Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. Davidson of Smithers, Mr. and Mrs. Chill of Prince Rupert, and Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Starr and two daughters of Kitimaat.

On Saturday evening, October 1, the Indian people gave a wonderful dinner. All the visitors were present and Dr. Writting and his hospital staff were also there.

There were two boys from the village who did the cooking, Stephen Wallace and his helper, Thomas Walkus. David Moody was the steward. The ladies of the village were very busy that day pre-

(Continued on Page 13)

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VANCOUVER, B.C.

WIDE INFLUENCE EXPECTED

The Indian Museum at Haig, B.C.

By NELLIE JOAN TULLIS

Secretary, Fraser Canyon Indian Arts and Crafts Society

The little Indian Museum at Haig, B.C. is located just across the bridge from Hope, B.C. on the Trans-Canada Highway which adjoins the new Hope Princeton Highway to be opened on November 2 by Provincial Premier Byron Johnson. Although small in size, it promises to exert a wide influence because it is the concerted effort of the people of the Fraser Canyon including Indians from Chilliwack to Lytton, B.C. They have filled the museum with Indian family heirlooms and local Indian crafts treasured by local collectors.

This group of people have organized the Fraser Canyon Indian Arts and Crafts Society with its headquarters at Hope, B.C., to preserve and stimulate the arts and crafts of the Indian people of the Fraser Canyon, to take care of the museum, and to keep a complete record of articles loaned. A copy of this list is now deposited with the honorary society treasurer and member of the organizing committee, Miss Marjorie Stuart, Town Clerk of Hope, B.C.

Set Among Cedars

The museum itself, set in among tall cedar trees, is appropriately built of cedar wood and is the generous gift of Mrs. Mira Barber of Haig, B.C., including the land on which it stands. Fronting on the Trans-Canada Highway, it is ideally located to attract the countless visitors who drive through the Canyon.

It was officially opened on a hot summer afternoon, July 31st of this year, by Chief Peter Pete of Katz Reserve, Hope, B.C., and Chief Peter Emery of Yale, B.C. The impressive words spoken by Chief Peter Pete will long be remembered by the large gathering of young people and families from the Fraser Canyon, Fraser Valley and Vancouver Island, making the occasion a memorable one.

Without a doubt, this exhibition of Indian Arts is destined to play an important part in focusing the attention of important educators and dignitaries on the part Native Indians will be called upon to play in the future. It will also give fellow Canadians an opportunity to see and appreciate genuine examples of the arts and crafts of the original Canadians.

Among the British Columbians who have loaned articles from their personal collections are: Magistrate James Connaly, Hope; Mrs. Mira Barber, Haig; Mrs. Haskell, Yale; Mrs. Helen Keys, Hope; Chief Peter Pete and Mrs. Pete, Katz Reserve, Hope; Chief Willie George, Laidlaw; Mr. and Mrs. Thackery, Chilliwack; Mrs. Tom Barber, Vancouver; Mr. Turner, North Vancouver; Mrs. Maxwell, Haig; Mrs. M. K. Prest and Mrs. Borden, Laidlaw; The Indian patients at Nanaimo Indian Hospital; Mrs. Priestman of Duncan, and Comdr. and Mrs. A. J. Tullis of Victoria. Comdr. and Mrs. Tullis remained six weeks at Haig helping with the organization of this promising new Indian Centre.

Mrs. Moore Present

Mrs. Maisie Armytage-Moore's presence at the opening of the museum was of special significance to everyone there and her name, listed with those of Indian Chiefs

in the Museum Register of Visitors is where it rightly belongs. Mrs. Ruth Smith was there also; she had been visiting her people at Yale, B.C.

Representatives of the press and official photographers attending the opening broadcast the story of the opening of this tiny Fraser Canyon Indian Arts and Crafts Museum in newspapers throughout British Columbia.

Thus the newly formed Fraser Canyon Indian Arts and Crafts Society will count among its founders leaders of all the people in the region from Laidlaw to Lytton, B.C. They hope their little museum will be the forerunner of many local arts and crafts centres in other parts of British Columbia, and that these cultural Indian centres will become a symbol of the growing interest in genuine Indian designs. The workmanship of skilled Indian craftsmen should continue to earn a high place for the reputation of British Columbia crafts as well as a deserved prosperity for its Native people.

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Continued from Page 14

A Month with The Blood Indians

To we who dwell in cities and feel like ants in a hill, there is nothing quite like the thrill of going outside a farm house where to the West, you see a jagged line of mountains, to the South, the gentle rise and fall of the coulees,

to the North the green hills, and to the East the rolling prairie rising here and there in high mysterious buttes. Your mortal eyes somehow are sufficient to the grandeur about you, and your lungs and nostrils cannot take in enough of

the pure clean air. It is even a joy to hang clothes on the line in a setting like that. Oh dear, just putting it down on paper makes me want to hop in the car and take off south.

very near at hand, and that to us was granted the privilege of standing in His natural cathedral.

Have you ever tasted steaks cooked Indian fashion on the red hot ashes of a fire? I never had measure for their tremendous generosity. Aside from regular trips to town, a distance of 17 miles each way, we set off for a week-end into Montana's superb Glacier National Park. We spent the night in cabins at East Glacier, tucked away amid tall pines, where we fell asleep to the sound of streams rushing down the mountainsides; the champagne air in the morning made us very hungry as we walked the short distance to the dining room.

THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS

If you have never had the chance to travel through the mountains with Indian friends along, you have really missed something great. You see, the mountains belong to them and they to the mountains, for they were the first people to know them. When they exclaim at the before, but I hope I shall again. We spent a day under giant cedars by the shores of Lake McDonald and Chief Joe took over the cook's job and what a job he did to be sure. When we had eaten we could hardly move, but it was worth it. Dorothy made tea Indian style, and its aromatic smoky taste can't be equalled on a gas range.

(To be concluded in our December issue)

EARN RIGHT TO NAME

WHAT I wanted to do, you see, was to earn the right, if I could, to my Indian name. I wanted to stay with Indian people and share for a little while their way of life. I wanted to establish a mutual bond of trust and friendship.

In a few days, my girls aged nine, seven and two, were calling our hosts—their Joe and Dorothy, were pledging their undying love, as only children can, and generally claiming them for their own. It was a joy to see, and as for the Bull Shields, they took it and returned it with interest.

We did a bit of travelling about while there, and I was most happy to be able to repay them in small beauty before and around them, it is in quiet humility, not the boisterous—"Gee, isn't that something!" that we so often hear. There is no new variety of flower that they do not notice, no change in tree growth that they are not aware of. Truly it is a sublime experience; and at the summit, where Joe Bull Shields knew a spot which he had visited some years ago, and held in his heart as a shrine, I knew there, that the Almighty was

Cox Museum Collection Offered to Prince George

A museum collection, containing among other valuable articles, the gold scales of Billy Barker, of Barkerville, is on offer to the city of Prince George.

The offer was made recently by Mrs. Constance Cox, well-known old-timer, who claims to have been the first white child born in Hazelton and whose step-father was the first Indian Agent in British Columbia.

All Mrs. Cox asks in return for her gifts is that space for the museum be located in the Civic Centre and she offers to acquire more articles for the museum from time to time.

UNIQUE COLLECTION

Mrs. Cox claims that her collection of Indian articles and historical relics of British Columbia is unique. Ottawa has repeatedly asked and received articles from her for museum purposes, but these articles are lost to British Columbia and she would like to see our own museum established.

"From year to year I would add to the collection if some service organization would pay my ex-

penses," she said. "I know the Indians. I know where there are fine objects to be acquired. Some of them are 200 years old."

Mrs. Cox, who contributes articles on Indian affairs to The "Native Voice," only newspaper for Indians in Canada, says she was born among the Kitshin Indians in the early mining days.

"I had the privilege of collecting authentic historical things. Each article has a story," she said.

She came in possession of the gold scales which weighed all the gold brought to Barkerville because her uncle was a partner of Billy Barker, after whom Barkerville is named.

Mrs. Cox feels that others besides herself may have articles of historic worth suitable for a museum and that if the city accepts her request, they would be glad to make contributions too.

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