

the **NATIVE VOICE**

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

VOL. IV. No. 9.

VANCOUVER, B.C., SEPTEMBER, 1950



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The Indian Room and Its Creator

By PHOEBE ERSKINE MacKELLAR

LAST winter in Montreal, a new and attractive cocktail bar and restaurant appeared. It is known as "The Indian Room."

Artistically, it is very exciting. A large mosaic of a Red Man with bow and arrow points the way "in." The thick piled carpet is patterned with a buffalo hunt in the style of picture writing, while electric-light brackets give a weird appearance in the form of Indian masks and painted buffalo heads.

At the back of the long room is a mural of life size figures, Bloods and Blackfeet, against a background of tepees and Rocky Mountains. Exotic ritual dance figures are on wall panels, while characters from picture writing adorn the spaces in-between.

Do the people who drift in and out for refreshment take time to look at this unusual decor, one wonders? A casual glance perhaps, a flippant remark—"How cute," "What amusing murals," "Quite fantastic," and so forth.

Do they think of the Red men who posed for these portraits, one wonders, the significance of the masks and costumes, or the meaning of the picture writing — or what is even more important, the living conditions on the Reservations in Montana and Alberta?

The Indian figures are life-like. Do the guests realize that should these portraits step from the walls in flesh and blood, that it would be illegal to offer them so much as a glass of beer? Probably not. They have their own problems, and they seek "The Indian Room" as a refuge from their particular world, as an interlude of gaiety or to drown their sorrows as the case may be.

The Artist

Not so Winold Reiss, the artist who created "the Indian Room." I had the opportunity to meet him when he was in Montreal for the opening of the restaurant, and re-

cently enjoyed the privilege of interviewing him at his studio in what is known as "Greenwich Village," New York City.

When I first met Mr. Reiss, I was impressed by his genuine interest in the Indians he had painted as well as in the technique of his art. His are no stereotype figures of Red Men as seen on calendars or filling station signs, but personages, human beings. The artist states that because they are painted from life, the spirit of the living Indian is projected. That sounds simple enough. But it takes a sensitive artist to achieve this kind of greatness. It is Winold Reiss, the human being and not the painter, that I want to tell you about.

Father a Painter

He hies from the Black Forest in Germany where his father was a famous painter of peasant life. When asked how he first became interested in the North American Indian, he confessed that like other small boys he was fired with enthusiasm through Fenimore Cooper, "so that it became a sort of hero worship." His ideals were not shattered when he met the Blackfeet of Montana.

"On better acquaintance," he says, "this enthusiasm became a duty born from the dramatic misery of this wonderful race. The quiet sorrow that speaks out of their dark eyes, the unconscious farewell to a life once sunny and happy" touched him deeply and drove him to paint them, he says. His purpose is double. First to recreate that mystic and strange race. Then to awaken sympathy for them in the hearts of others.

"To understand life," Mr. Reiss asserts, "we cannot have prejudice."

From these statements, we cannot but feel that Winold Reiss must be loved in return by his Indian friends. He has always played fair with them, paid them for posing, looked after their trans-

... READ ...

"Excerpts From An Artist's Notebook"

By WINOLD REISS

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portation and provided them with food. Better still, on his return to the East from his summer work, he has not left their troubles with them but has gone to the Indian Department in Washington to report the truth about living conditions.

Favorable Comment

It was a relief to hear that Mr. Reiss compared a Blood Reservation in Alberta most favorably to that of the Blackfeet in Montana. He told me that he found the agent, Mr. Pew, most co-operative. This agent's spirit was shown in all his relations with the Indians, according to the artist.

Mr. Reiss feels that the Canadian system of government officials dealing with the chiefs and not the individual Indians is highly commendable. He observed too, that the Canadian Indians he had met seemed in better condition both physically and financially than their American neighbors. He was much impressed with the way the "Mounties" protected the Indians. The most outstanding example, he said, was at the time of the Sacred Sun Dance which only certain white men such as artists and writers were permitted to attend.

When asked what he thinks of Indian design, Winold Reiss insists that it is the "foundation of modern ornament." He admits that he was taught this as an art student at Munich. That theory was not exploded when he came to America thirty-seven years ago. He has not wasted those years, with upward of a thousand Indian portraits to his credit.

The Blackfeet adopted him, naming him Beaver Child, because he works with such industry and energy.

In return, he has dedicated a book of his paintings to them, "The Heroic Indians of the Plains as an inspiration to all who meet them with an open heart." An open heart! What a lesson to us all.

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Attorney-General Wismer:**Natives Should Get Federal Vote "Unconditionally"**

The Native Voice has received permission from British Columbia's Attorney-General, Gordon Wismer, to publish the contents of a letter sent by him to "The Native Voice" publisher, Mrs. Maisie Armytage-Moore, in which Mr. Wismer expresses himself strongly for unconditional granting of the federal franchise to the Native Indians.

Complete text of Mr. Wismer's important policy statement follows:

MRS. MAISIE ARMYTAGE-MOORE,
429 Standard Building,
Vancouver, B. C.

DEAR MAISIE:—I received your letter of September 8th with enclosures and have read same carefully.

I certainly agree with you that whatever is done, the question of the franchise should not be mixed up with anything else. **THEY SHOULD BE GIVEN THE FRANCHISE UNCONDITIONALLY AND THE OTHER**

CHANGES SHOULD BE MADE GRADUALLY.

I do not think the Indians would object to taxation, as there is a well-known democratic principle that there should be no taxation without representation and surely the converse would hold.

The income tax, for example, would affect very few Indians, but if they are making more than enough to pay their way, I feel sure they would want to pay their share of the costs of carrying on the country.

HOWEVER, THE MAIN THING IS NOT TO COUPLE THIS WITH THE QUESTION OF THE FRANCHISE. As I see it, they are either entitled to the franchise or not. We think they are and if they are, they should receive it without any question of any other consideration.

Yours sincerely,
GORDON S. WISMER.

Attorney-General,
Province of British Columbia.

"Do Not Want To Be Second Class Citizens"

—Chief William Scow

Failure of the federal government to provide Canadian Native Indians with a "Magna Carta" in its Bill 267, was criticized on July 14 by President William Scow on behalf of the Native Brotherhood of B.C. during a meeting with federal Citizenship Minister Walter Harris.

Chief Scow stressed that Native Indians "do not want to be second class citizens" of this country.

Considerable interest expressed in Chief Scow's written statement has prompted the Native Voice to reproduce his remarks as they appeared in a recent issue of our publication.

Below is the complete text of Brotherhood president William Scow's declaration:

To the Honorable
Walter J. Harris,
Minister of Immigration
and Indian Affairs,
Vancouver Hotel,
Vancouver B.C.

Dear Sir: The Native Brotherhood of British Columbia feels highly honored by your kindness in Vancouver and at this time I in your request that we meet you extend to you my greetings and the greetings from the Executives, Chiefs and Members of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, of whom I am President.

We know that you are a very kind and understanding man and thank you for your final decision on Bill 267. Organizations throughout Canada presented briefs. The Brotherhood was one which also appeared before the Parliamentary Committee where they also presented their brief. We were given the assurance out of all the presentations throughout Canada that a new day was being made for the people. With all this publicity, the people were happy for what the Minister and members of Parliament called an Indian Magna Carta for our people.

It took the Committee upwards of four years of careful study **BUT TODAY** they have failed to give us a Magna Carta (British Columbia). Therefore Mr. Harris, it is now up to us to do what we can for the people.

The problems of the British Columbia Indians are different from those of the Indians of other Provinces. I know many people do not know what the Natives are doing. What is the Government doing for them? They should be proud of them.

This Bill 267 does not encourage them in their line of endeavours. They are not considered wards nor are they looked upon as ignorant by the Fishing Industries—the Fishing Industries accept them as equals and they are placed in responsible positions by such companies as B.C. Packers, Canadian Fishing Company, Nelson Brothers Fishing Company, Anglo-B.C. Packers, J. H. Todd and many others. Our people are entrusted with equipment worth many thousands of dollars.

I am pointing this out to you, Mr. Harris, to try and show you the struggle that Native People of the Province of British Columbia are having. We appreciate the recognition given us by the Fishing and Logging Industries of the Province and, sir, for your honest consideration, **LET US DO AWAY WITH THE INDIAN ACT** for people of this Province.

Speaking of the B.C. Provincial

Government, they have indicated to the Federal Government what they thought of the Indians of the Province when they granted the franchise to our people.

We accepted with a hope that the Federal Government would also make the final miracle by giving us the Federal vote and making us first class citizens of this land of ours.

I AM AFRAID WE DO NOT WANT TO BE SECOND CLASS CITIZENS; we feel it is contrary to the Declaration of Human Rights which reads:

WHEREAS recognition of the inherent dignity and of the equal and inalienable rights of all members of the human family is the foundation of **FREE-DOM JUSTICE and PEACE** in the world.

Sir, let us work towards obtaining the fulfillment of these rights.
CHIEF WILLIAM SCOW,
President of the
Native Brotherhood
of British Columbia.



CHIEF WILLIAM SCOW
Native Brotherhood President

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The Voice of the Native Canadian
Official Organ of The Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, Inc.

Published once a month by: The Native Voice Publishing Co., Ltd.
429 Standard Bldg., Vancouver, B.C. Telephone MARine 7434.

Printed by Broadway Printers Ltd., 115 East 8th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C.

NORTHERN ASSOCIATE EDITOR CHIEF J. J. ANTOINE
EASTERN ASSOCIATE EDITOR JASPER HILL (Toronto)
ALASKAN ASSOCIATE EDITOR CHIEF PAUL COOKE
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PUBLISHER and DIRECTOR MAISIE ARMYTAGE-MOORE

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A Memo to Ottawa

Restore Legal Rights To a Mistreated People

SINCE IT TOOK hundreds of years to create the present unjust and terrible conditions existing among the Native people, the blanketing of all their rights and problems into one unsatisfactory bill would obviously not be the solution of the existing problems. We, therefore, respectfully suggest that all Canadian Natives be given full citizenship rights without endangering and bartering away all their aboriginal rights.

It is absolutely necessary that the Natives themselves be present and consulted at all discussions of their problems, when they are being settled and that Native affairs be put into the hands of each Province. After receiving full citizenship, Natives can then discuss each RIGHT SEPARATELY: Hunting, fishing, taxes, monies, lands, education, trapping and other problems.

Nationals of foreign extraction have no Act restricting their rights when granted citizenship in Canada, nor are they asked to barter for their lands, homes, etc., whereas the original owners and descendants of original owners of Canada, are kept within a Legislative concentration camp.

The Native Canadians of British Columbia pay Income Tax and concealed taxes, as do those people who are given full citizenship.

The Natives of British Columbia, with all respect, do not accept Bill 267 as they do not feel that they would be justified in accepting, no matter how honorably given, the assurance of its sponsors that amendments could or would be made afterwards.

In the past, Canada's original inhabitants have received the assurance of Her Late Majesty, Queen Victoria, with regard to the promises of Her Ministers, Sir Wilfred Laurier, Governor Sir James Douglas, and other honorable and distinguished people, and they are still awaiting the fulfillment of that assurance.

Now is the time for the restoration of legal rights to this group of mistreated people.

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HISTORY JUSTIFIES FEAR OF LAND LOSS

SOME CONCERN is expressed by British Columbia Natives over the contents of Bill 267 because of the section of the Bill which would allow their reservations to be sold piecemeal to non-Indians and thus be broken up to gradually disintegrate.

The concern is well founded. There are many historical precedents to justify the fear.

One particular case recorded on pages 46 and 47 of "The House of Assembly Correspondence Book, 1856-1859" of the Victoria Legislature, gives ample proof of how the Natives of Victoria were successfully bilked of their property through a ruling by the then Governor of the Province of B. C., James Douglas.

In a statement to the House on February 5, 1859, His Excellency, the Governor, made the following statement, which merits the study of all those concerned with the rights of our Native people.

"To Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of your Speaker's communication of the 25th ultimo, containing the following resolution which passed the House on that day:

"That application be made to His Excellency, the Governor, for the following information, viz: Has the Government of this Island the power to remove (by purchase) the Indians from that piece of land inside Victoria Harbour known as the Indian Reservation (Parliament Buildings today??) Should the Government not have the power, may it please His Excellency to inform the House wherein the Government is powerless. (Yates).

"In reply to the foregoing resolution, I have to observe that previously to the grant of Vancouver Island to the Hudson's Bay Company, the whole Island was vested in the Crown as part of its domain. When the settlement at Victoria was formed certain reservations were made in favor of the Native tribes.

"First, they were to be protected in their original rights of fishing on the Coast and in the bays of the Colony, and hunting over all unoccupied Crown lands: and they were also to be secured in the enjoyment of their village sites and cultivated fields. Those rights have since been enjoyed in full, and the reserves of land covering their village sites and cultivated fields have all been distinctly marked on the maps and surveys of the Colony, and the faith of the Government is pledged that their occupation shall not be disturbed.

"For that reason, the Government will not cause them to be removed, because it is bound by the faith of a solemn engagement to protect them in the enjoyment of those agrarian rights.

"It may further interest the House to know that the title to those lands is vested in the Crown, and that the Indians of themselves can convey no title to any part of their reserves either by sale or lease.

"The presence of the Indians so near the town is a public inconvenience, but their violent removal would be neither just nor politic.

"I, therefore, propose as a remedy to enter into arrangements with their consent, to sub-divide the reserve adjacent to Victoria and to let it out on lease to persons who will undertake to build and to make other improvements upon it and to apply the whole proceeds of those leases to the general benefit of the Indians interested; that is, by providing them with a school house and teacher, who will probably be a Missionary Clergyman, for the education of their children and to endeavor thus to raise them morally and socially to a higher position than they now occupy in the Colony. (Emphasis mine—Publisher).

"By such means, a great benefit worthy of the philanthropy of our Country, will be conferred upon the Indians themselves, while at the same time, the improvement and increase in the Town of Victoria will not be retarded by the unprofitable occupation of one of its most valuable portions."

(Signed)

JAMES DOUGLAS.

Further comment is unnecessary except, perhaps, to ask, just what have this particular group of Natives ever received for their valuable property?

Indians Want Payment For Their Seattle Land

Six-hundred-odd Duwamish Indians who believe they hold title to the land on which Seattle stands are filing a suit in federal court to do something about it.

The Indians, descendants of the tribe who once occupied the shores of Elliot Bay, don't want Seattle back—all they are interested in is some 3½-million dollars compensation for their allegedly stolen lands.

William D. Ely, White Centre restaurant operator and a member of the Duwamish tribal council, said the suit will claim compensation for the land on the basis of unfulfilled treaty obligations dating back to 1855.

TREATY

The original treaty, Ely said, forced on the Indians by Territorial Gov. Isaac Stevens in 1855, allotted to the Duwamishes, headed by Chief Seattle, all the land from Des Moines to Mukilteo, extending for a distance of 40 miles.

Said Ely:

"As nearly as we can discover from the scanty records in existence, the land gradually was taken over illegally by white settlers with no payment other than a blacksmith shop, some lumber and small tools."

The suit is similar to one filed

in federal court here recently by members of the Nooksack tribe. That suit asks 70 million dollars for lands in Snohomish, Whatcom and Skagit counties once held by the tribe but occupied without compensation by whites.

CLAIMANTS

The Nooksack and Duwamish claimants have been encouraged by granting of 31 million dollars by the federal government to the Utes of Colorado. The money is in payment for the Utes once-large reservation, gradually wrested from them illegally during the last century by whites.

In connection with the Duwamish suit, Ely asked all members of the Duwamish tribe, no matter where they live in the state, to contact him or other officers in connection with securing legal status on the tribal rolls.

All Duwamishes may write Ely at 502 W. Roxbury St., Seattle, or the tribal treasurer, Maurice D. Sackman, at 1232 Audrey Ave., Bremerton, Washington.

Schools Opened To Native Children

A move toward the goal of placing all native Indian children in the regular public schools of British Columbia was announced recently by Labor Minister John Cates.

Mr. Cates said school boards at Campbell River, Ashcroft, Terrace, Telegraph Creek and Prince Rupert have signed agreements under which children from Indian reserves will be educated in the regular schools.

Capt. Cates said this was part of the program for assimilating Indians into the life of the province under the plans laid down at the 1949 session of the legislature.

He said ultimately it is hoped to have all Indian children attending the regular public schools.

Under the previous status, children of Indian families living off reservations were permitted in the public schools, but reservation children attend either residential schools operated by the Indian Affairs Department or religious schools.

In addition to the five school boards that have made agreements to take Indian children, three others, at Quatsino, Alert Bay and Alberni, are now negotiating agreements.

These agreements are with the Indian Affairs Department and cover federal payment toward capital cost of school buildings and operation. The federal department pays in proportion to the number of Indian children attending to the white children.

Capt. Cates said that in the coming school year there will be 883 Indian children attending ordinary public schools, an increase of 250 from last year, chiefly due to the new agreements. All told there are 5700 Indian pupils in B.C. of which 4750 are now in Indian schools and 950 in provincial schools. Of the last group 883 have tuition fees paid through the agreement with the federal government.

Cow Ponies Lose To Race Horses

Cigar smoking, cowboy-hatted Benny Abbott of Williams Lake has come to Vancouver to buy horses.

Cariboo Indians, he says, want blooded stock. "Cow ponies aren't good enough for the Cariboo tribes," Benny announced at the B.C. Hotelmen's Association convention which he is attending at Hotel Vancouver.

Under an arrangement with the Williams Lake Indian agent, the Cattlemen's Association and a number of Indian chiefs, the cow town's Stampede Manager plans to purchase racehorses at the finish of the racing season here, take them to the interior and trade them for cattle.

With the horses, the natives are expecting to stage race meets at Williams Lake stampede grounds.

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Musical Drama Of Cowichan Indians

Keen interest was indicated by a packed auditorium at Victoria High School recently when excerpts from the Cowichan Indian music-drama, "Tzinquaw," were presented under the auspices of the Indian Arts and Welfare Society.

Summer School audiences have not seen a more spectacular or colorful event in several years. There was something definitely stirring about the all-Indian cast presenting the famous legend of the killer-whale and the thunder-bird to the accompaniment of pulse-quickening rhythms and tribal dances, and the intoning of traditional chants and songs.

The lithe dancers and the singers were successful in creating and imparting definite moods that ranged from dramatic excitement and joy, to a heavy sense of despair.

There was authenticity also in the details of production and to a certain extent in costume; although, due to unavoidable difficulties in this department, there was some substitution.

To Frank Morrison, who has worked with the Indians, collecting, annotating and arranging their music, must go appreciation and gratitude for the rejuvenation of an important native art-form.

Cecil West, stage director, is responsible for the interesting grouping, scenic effects, and general layout. His contribution also has been invaluable.

The original Indian opera will

probably be presented to the public at the official opening of the new Cowichan High School Auditorium, probably in early October.

For three nights the cast has been working over and over the opera, recording it for broadcast shortly by the CBC.

Meanwhile public support for this musical legend of the thunder-bird and Killer Whale is growing almost daily. Every individual who comes in contact with it immediately becomes a booster, and the Indian players are receiving help on all sides.

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FATHER OF "THE LEAGUE FOR PEACE"

By CHARLES ANDREW TUPPER

Through the kindness of my literary friend, Wallace Havelock Robb, of Abbey Dawn, Kingston, I was supplied with sample copies of "The Native Voice" and possessing a literary interest in affairs Indian, I was interested in your publication. Especially was I intrigued with Chief Nicholas Plain's message on Page 11 of the June

issue—viz., his remarks re "Retain Faith."

In my studies and research into the Mohawk lore of the nearby Deseronto reserve, aided by the Indian poetess, Mrs. Henry A. Brant and helped too, by former work of W. H. Robb, I have discovered the great Mohawk Prophet's contribution to the world. "Dekanaweda" or ("Deganahwida" as

spelt on page 14 of your magazine) I guess it doesn't matter just how it's spelt as long as people know whom we are talking about, namely the "Father of The League of the Five Nations" or "The League For Peace." Hiawatha, or "Ah-yon-wa-tha" was chief spokesman in proclaiming the Mohawk "Ga-re-we-yo" ("Tidings of Peace") (Dekanaweda had an impediment in his speech that kept him from being a noted orator—much like the impediment of speech suffered by our present king), but it was his inspiration that primarily conceived and created the "Peace-Belt-of-the-Nations" yet, except for "Ah-yon-watha's" aid, the plan would never have been put into effect with such success!

In a book by Dr. A. Leon Hatzan 1925, "The True Story of Hiawatha," I find the following: "This—The Iroquois Confederacy—was a model government and it supplied the basic idea upon which rests the foundation of the present system of political government of the Great Southern Republic, (U.S.A.): also the constitution of the Canadian provinces with the central power at Ottawa."

According to tradition Dekanaweda and Hiawatha "Planted the Tree of Peace" in New York State

about the year 1390 and "bade the Eagle guard the peace" which referred to "The Thunderbird" or "Eagle" which was the Redman's symbol (The American Eagle, today emblem of United States) of Gods (The Great Spirit's or "Hawen Ne-yeh's) power and overriding might! That "The League For Peace" was initiated first in New York State, the very approximate territory where "United Nations" now have their permanent headquarters at Lake Success, is and seems more than a co-incidence—it is a fruition of the Redman's original dream and more than a dream, a practical and workable plan that succeeded!

Thus Dekanaweda and Hiawatha were the first to establish a successful working model of "United Nations" whose object was peace!

My enclosed poem "The Missing Wampum" refers to the story in Mr. Hatzan's book with regard to Dekanaweda's wampum — belt of the Nations, wherein was recorded all the phases, points, articles and intricate laws regarding the constitution of The League and to the fact that this wampum-belt was cut in half and the one part went missing but that this missing part is said to be in some "unknown's" hands in the vicinity of New York State, today!

The Missing Wampum

Out of the recordless past, "a string of words,"

Woven and interwoven in a flowing stream;

Wampum of Beauty, blent with the song of the birds,

Imputed with the force of high Noon's dream!

Achievement won wrought in cathedral aisles

Of towering forest by the Kente^o shore,

The Belt of Wampum, bridging sharp defiles

Between the warring Nations evermore!

"The-Peace-Belt-of-the-Nations," woven true,

The peak of wisdom, and prophetic scroll,

The Mohawk, prophet, Dekanaweda knew

Just what someday the Future would unroll!

This wondrous wampum-belt was cut in twain,

By unknown hand the missing part was hidden,

And no one sensed that truthful script again

Until there neared the final Armageddon.

"The Lights of Revelation" shoot like stars

Across the firmament of man's insight;

The jeering cynics scoff again, but mars

Not one iota of the path day's light.

And wheel in harmony with one great theme,

The greatest of them all, the flaming hope,

Woven in the missing wampum, seam by seam,

And shell by shell, the Truth for which men grope.

"The first shall be last and the last be first,"

The law of Love shall rule, and only Love;

"And they who drink this stream shall never thirst!"

But ever soar with radiant wings above!

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Excerpts From An Artist's Note Book

By WINOLD REISS

ONE MORNING the interpreter tells me we have to leave for Canada. The Sun Dance is on. So we leave. I hate to interrupt my work, but the Sun Dance is important. I will see many old friends and find new models.

The Sun Dance of the Bloods is a very unusually interesting affair. It is a great advantage that the Canadian government does not allow every tourist to disturb this religious festival of the Bloods because the tourists do not have any respect for the religious ceremonies of the Indians. One has to have the official permission of the government to visit the Sun Dance and this permission is only granted to artists, musicians and writers.

Over the dusty road we drive to a river valley where the interpreter tells me to turn right. We drive over lonesome prairies through flat country and there suddenly before me, I see hundreds of tepees in all colors. In front, horses and people moving about. It must have been like this hundreds of years ago when the first settlers came.

I hate to take the car to the tepee camp so we get out and walk. First we stop at the chief's tepee to pay him a courtesy visit. Chief Shot-on-both-sides is an old friend of mine. I had him in the Park many years ago. I still remember his delightful bear stories.

The interpreter calls Oki and a voice answers Oki inside. They come out—the chief and his wife. We shake hands. I tell him how glad I am to see him again and ask him if I could stop a day or two. He gives his permission. I give him presents; two pink shirts, cigarettes, and a blanket for his wife—a beautiful red blanket. She strokes it and takes my hand. Oki, Ksekstakepoka, oki, and then disappears into the tent again.

We wander around and we meet friends. There are Sun Dance, Taking-gun-strong, Falling-over-the-bank, Buffalo Body and all the others I have painted. They all seem happy to see me.

The interpreter arranges for my night quarters in one of the tepees. I play with the children and look for new models.

How fast the time runs. I have supplied all the kids with sweets and all the men and women with cigarettes.

I sit and smoke in many tepees and hear that the sacred women's dance will take place in the morning. The big lodge is built already and many Indians pass in and out with mysterious bundles.

From one tepee, drumming and singing comes over to us. We go there but we cannot enter. The Crazy Dogs have met in there and

they are very exclusive. So we just listen. The evening comes broad and clear. Windless lies the prairie and the tops of the tepees catch the last golden rays of the sun.

THE cool air drives us into the tepees. We feast, eat pemmican, drink tea and smoke and we tell each other stories—stories of the past and stories of the present. I tell them about the big cities and they listen. I don't know if they like it but an old Indian puts his hand up and tells us the tale of Nape, old man Nape the mischievous one, until the kids fall asleep and the women yawn.

Oki, we go to sleep on soft buffalo robes but I cannot sleep. I hear the night owls ride around the camp singing their sad songs and then suddenly the wind starts, blows through the tepees and makes the canvas move and the poles shake and I believe the world will fall all over me. I wake my friend. The wind, Bear Walker, the wind will get the tepee. He laughs, "Go to sleep Ksekstakepoka. It cannot fall."

He was right. It did not fall but the wind brought a beautiful sunny morning again. All the glory of the West seemed to hang in this unforgettable blue sky. Everywhere, colorfully dressed Indians were shouting the events of the coming day; drumming and singing all over.

WHEN will it start, the dance of the sacred women? At ten o'clock—then at twelve o'clock—then at last it started. We could see into the lodge through a little opening in the canvas and I thought I was looking in Montezuma's tent far back in the 16th century. It would take too long to explain this dance but what impressed me most was the fact that three serious dancers always had a clown or funny figure to balance the sad with the joyful. It lasted three hours and other dances followed.

We stayed two days, selected many new models and drove back to St. Mary's, Montana.

AFTER a few days, the first group of Indians must leave. They are all painted. It took them only ten minutes to get ready. They are in the bus and they wave back with thanks in their eyes and they hope for another visit. I still hear the drum when they have already passed the curve in the road.

In the morning, we leave for Canada again to get another group. This time Blood Indians. They talk the same language.

The car rolls over the Canadian prairies. Sagebrush smell all over; rabbits running in front of the car

and sage hens flying up. No road! The interpreter points the way and we stop in front of a small log cabin. Here lives Handsome Woman. The interpreter disappears in the cabin. Out comes an old woman and with deep lines in her face which tell a tale of a worried and hard life. The interpreter looks at me doubtfully. Of course I want to paint her! Of course she is wonderful and we take her with us. The interpreter tells me that she wants to adopt me and here she is my mother now and strokes my hand and I feel how her sympathy surrounds me.

They are wonderfully sensitive people, these Indians, but they have always been branded savages. Is it savage to love your children and your friends—is it savage to love truth and love the prairies and the winds—is it savage to pray to the Great Spirit, the Creator of All? They call the white man cold heart because they believe that we are lacking in feeling. I wonder if they are right? They are right in so many things!

WE drive on. Terrible is the mid-day sun on the prairies. Mile after mile! At last we spot a cabin. I am stunned. It takes me back in the past. On a mattress in the corner of the room sits Eagle Head, the oldest Indian of the tribe. Snow white hair surrounds his head (it is a fact that Indian hair turns white only after they are 100 years old). There he sits like Buddha, motionless, not knowing that anybody had entered. This man I can't take with me. I have to paint him right here.

I take my material out of the car and start. So still does Eagle Head sit. He does not move and as I work, I come to the realization that this man is beyond life. He is not old. He is past the stage of age. He is in "Norvana" above the clouds. His relatives appear. Life begins to move outside. Children laugh and play but Eagle Head sits quietly, as he probably has done for many, many years.

THE interpreter suggests going as it is getting late. I have finished. A girl comes in. She shouts in Eagle Head's ear telling him that somebody painted him. He opens his mouth and out comes a sound I will never forget. So far away—above the clouds. I give him \$3.00. He cannot move his hands. We have to force them apart to put the money in. The girl thanks us bashfully and tells us. Eagle Head is 108 years old.

The sun stands already deep on the horizon when we leave. How beautiful it was and we drive back to the States with the other Indians who have become quite impatient. They are chatting and

singing again now because they feel they are coming nearer to their new adventures.

My charcoal has to work again and colors have to be mixed to paint what represents itself so gloriously and beautifully.

I always wonder how it is possible that artists have not been more inspired by Indian life and art.

THE days pass too fast. Already the cold winds of autumn blow over the lake. In the Indian camp, the fire is kept burning day and night, and the Indians get restless. This is always a sign that summer is over, and for me the time to get sad, because it means to say farewell to my friends.

We all pack. The tepees come down. The interpreter has all my friends lined up. They look at me as if waiting for something. I have to talk to them—make a speech—tell them how nice they were—how I enjoyed painting them—how I hope to come back again next year. They stand like statues—quiet and majestic and one after one they raise their hands and they speak. The oldest one first. The interpreter translates each speech and each speech has an original thought of poetic beauty in it. Very often people have asked me "Are they intelligent, your Indians?" Here they stand—8 Indians from the Canadian prairies. They never had any education. They are children of nature. But all of them can express their joys and sorrows in beautiful words and thoughts with an unusual originality.

WE leave for Canada! I drive back with them—take them over the border again. They can cross back and forth without ceremony. We bring each family to their cabin. They live far apart. Some of them in fertile river valleys, some of them on the flat prairie. We drive and drive, sagebrush and grass and no roads—endless land—Indian land. At last we reached the interpreter's home, beautifully located in a little valley. "I would like to build a log house here," I exclaimed and he smiles and tells me he wants to build one for me. The children smile, the wife smiles, the dog looks at me. That dog that drove all summer long, the bears out of the camp. You should see that dog! A little mongrel—a crossing of shepherd and dachshund, maybe spaniel but never mind! He is a fine dog! His name is Tiny. Goodbye Tiny. Goodbye Interpreter, my good friend. Goodbye everybody. I leave. I look back from the hill. They all stand still there, in front of their house, looking after me and I know they want me

(Continued on Page 8)

The Adopted Son

IN THE spring of 1791, a white lad of ten named John Brickell was captured by some Delawares along the Allegheny River. He was taken to an Indian town in Ohio. As he entered the Indian town he was made to run the gauntlet. As he was a brave lad and showed no fear he was saved from most of the tortures of the ordeal.

Courage was the virtue the Indian chiefly honored. The Indian's whole life and training was with the purpose of making him fearless and calm in every possible situation. Because of his bravery, John Brickell was adopted by a Delaware chief named Big Cat. During his captivity of four and a half years he was treated very kindly by Big Cat and was regarded as one of the family.

Following the Treaty agreement after General Wayne's victory over the western tribes at the Battle of Big Timbers, the young man was delivered up to Fort Defiance.

In writing years later, Brickell describes this event: "Big Cat told me I must go over to the fort. The children hung around me crying, and asked if I was going to leave them. I told them I did not know. When we got over and were seated with the officers, Big Cat told me to stand up, which I did.

"He then arose, and addressed me in about these words: 'My son, these are men the same color as yourself. There may be some of your kin there, or your kin may be a great way off from you. You have lived a long time with us. I call on you to say if I have not been a father to you.'

"I said: 'You have used me as well as a father could a son.'

"He said: 'I am glad you say so. You have lived with me. You have hunted with me. But our treaty says you must be free. If you choose to go with the people of your own color, I have no right to say a word; but if you choose to stay with me, your people have no right to speak. Now, reflect on it and take your choice, and tell us as soon as you make up your mind.'

"I was silent a few minutes, in which time it seemed as if I thought of almost everything. I thought of the children I had just left crying; I thought of the Indians I was attached to, and I thought of my own people, and this latter thought predominated, and I said, 'I will go with my kin.' The old man then said: 'I have raised you. I have taught you to hunt. You are a good hunter. You have been better to me than my own sons. I am now getting old, and cannot hunt. I thought you would be a support to my age. I leaned on you as a staff; now that staff is broken. You are going to leave me, and I have no right to say a word; but I am ruined.' He then sank back in

Where Love Permeates the Air

By HENRY STELFOX
Rocky Mountain House, Alberta

An August day was drawing to a close during the year 1948, the sun was setting behind the distant mountains to the west and casting a glow of red streaked sky which hovered over the Rockies and lit up the western sky like a giant beacon of light.

A young Chippewa Indian woman wrapped in a blanket, her body racked with tuberculosis, was lying in her tent in the vicinity of the confluence of the North Saskatchewan and Baptiste rivers, was waiting for that call which would take her spirit to those realms where there is no lingering suffering. Where her tent was pitched was in the district where she had been born, raised and was where her parents and grandparents had made their home and hunted and trapped long before white settlers had come and fenced in all of the most productive land, and from the remainder of the land had cut off the lofty pines and spruce in which red squirrels made their homes and which had been shade and shelter for other denizens of the wild.

Fences stretched across old Indian trails, hay in the many natural meadows where the little band of Chippewa Indians had previously wintered their horses was now usurped by white settlers.

White hunters during the fall of the year come from far and near to hunt moose, elk, deer and bear and leave more dead carcasses (females and fawns) and wounded animals (which die a lingering death) than they actually take out. Streams which abounded with native trout, greyling and pickerel before white settlers invaded that area are now conspicuous by the absence of fish, and their disappearance is blamed on the Indian. Sins of the white man, through his selfish lust for slaughter of Alberta's wild life are laid at the door of his red brother.

In a secluded spot of the river valley, between the west bank of

tears, to his seat. I heartily joined him in his tears; parted with him, and have never seen or heard of him since."

the North Saskatchewan river and the high bank to the west where the ground rises to a height of more than a hundred feet above that of the valley land, the little band of Non-Treaty Chippewa Indians were assembled so that each in their own way could contribute with herbal remedies, food, advice and supplications to the Great Manitou in helping their sister during the time of her distress and sickness to return to good health.

Food for Thought

The following excerpts are taken from the Annual Report of U.S. Secretary of the Interior for the fiscal year ending July 1, 1949, and bearing the motto "A Century of Progress, 1849-1949."

"The average income of Indian farm families in recent years has amounted to about \$500 at a time when the national farm income average was about \$2500. So long as our Indian people remain inadequately educated and in poor health, and so long as their resource remain only partly utilized, they will constitute a burden upon the public treasury and they, as individuals, will look upon the United States as unfaithful guardians of a trust. At a time when we are sharing our resources with other peoples throughout the world we should deal no less generously with the Indian citizens of our own country who have endured so much for so long."

Chippewa Indians are very sincere in their religious beliefs and will come from far and near to minister to the needs of members of their tribe who are in distress through sickness or bereavement in the loss of their loved ones.

The valley land is dotted with tents and tepees; a solemn stillness is noticeable as Indians pass quietly from tent to tent visiting friends whom they have not seen for many moons. Smoke spirals from the tops of tepees and many camp fires.

The tinkling of many horse bells in the distance where their horses are feeding is the only sound which breaks the evening's stillness as Indians meet and greet old friends as the essence of the God of love permeates the air.

ARTIST'S NOTE BOOK

(Continued from Page 7)

to come back another year — more years. They are my friends — friends one cannot forge.

I DRIVE back toward the U.S.A. I cross the border. I see the mountains rise again; glorious mountains of Glacier Park. In front, Chief Mountain with its majestic form. Will I ever be able to go away from this country? Will I be back next year? I turn the car East and drive back to the big city. My picture boxes will follow and the pictures must tell their tales.

The End!

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More Natives Reject 267

Word has been received by The Native Voice that the Natives of the Stoney Creek Reserve at Vanderhoof and the Natives of Fort St. James have unanimously rejected Bill 267.

This appears to be the general trend among Natives of the province, following as it does the action by other Natives in the province.

The recent Skeena River meeting reported in the July issue of The Native Voice, took a very strong stand against the extremely unpopular bill.

Walter Skulsh Passing Mourned

KISPIOX, Sept. 25.—Hundreds of Skeena river and north coast people learned with deep regret this week-end of the passing of Mr. Walter Skulsh of this village. His funeral yesterday was the largest in recent village history. Many from Kitseguekla, Kitwanga, Kitwancool, the Hazeltons, and some from Prince Rupert attended the services which were conducted by Rev. J. H. Matthews, with Mr. Leonard Leighton of Metlakatla as organist.

Walter Skulsh was born 56 years ago in July. In his early manhood he was noted for his athletic skill when at Port Simpson, Prince Rupert and other gathering places. He won many races against opponents from as far south as Vancouver.

He was a charter member of the Hazelton athletic association.

It was, however, because of his earnest and untiring efforts on behalf of his people that he will be longest remembered and most revered. As an officer and a strong advocate of the Native Brotherhood in this area, he worked for the day he did not live to see—the day when his race would at last win full Canadian citizenship. He was a loyal member of the United Church and served in various capacities in his village.

Until a year ago this July when he had to stop fishing to undergo an operation in Prince Rupert, Walter Skulsh was in robust health. He never fully recovered after that time and his death took place in his home, surrounded by sorrowing friends and relatives, on Friday, September 22.

All his working life Mr. Skulsh was in the employ of the B.C. Packers and for years was the company's hiring man here.

Through his immediate employer, Mr. T. Wallace of Sunny-side, the company has expressed its regrets in a tangible manner.

Civil Liberties Union Points to Bill's Defects

We are reprinting the letter sent to federal M.P.'s by the Civil Liberties Union shortly after the contents of Bill 267 were announced. The letter, which pulls no punches in its criticism of the Bill, is printed in slightly abridged form.

For particulars of the nature of, and the reasons for, the interest in the Indians of the Vancouver Branch of the Canadian Civil Liberties Union, I would refer you to the brief which it submitted in June, 1947, to the Special Joint Committee on the Indian Act, and which may be found in the Committee's Minutes of Proceedings and Evidence, 1947, No. 41, pp 2015-2032.

In this brief we urged a basic reform of what might be called the motivation of the Indian Act. This Act, as it stands, is a negative and unimaginative collection of measures with no objective beyond that of governing an inferior or a subordinate population which, it seems to assume, will remain subordinate. In both these respects we believe it to be wrong and harmful.

The Indian Act, we argued, should be creative and constructive. Its motivation and explicit objective should be to raise the Indians, by educating them in all possible ways, and by improving their conditions, to the level of fully responsible citizenship. And we proposed a method whereby they could be made self-sufficient and responsible within approximately one generation.

We were greatly disappointed by the inadequacy of the revision of the Indian Act now before the House as Bill 267. We were also shocked by the proposal to rush it through the House during the hurried remnant of the Session, when it cannot possibly receive the serious debate it deserves, and which is contrary to the promises that both the Indians and organizations interested in their welfare should have an opportunity to study it fully.

Although we have not been so optimistic as to expect that an ideal bill would be presented, we certainly did not foresee the introduction of anything quite so negligible as Bill 267.

It is an ironic and tragic contrast to the hopes and promises that were expressed on the floor of the House when the creation of the Special Joint Committee was being discussed, and that were later reiterated by the Committee itself. It is a far cry from being the "Magna Charta of the Indians," which the Joint Committee said

Both in the church and at the graveside the weight of his loss was suitably acknowledged by Chief Councillor Silas Johnson, Mr. W. Wales of Hazelton and others.

that it would produce. And it is an instance of trying to propitiate the Indians by listening to their grievances rather than by remedying them.

Instead of using the invaluable evidence that was painstakingly collected by the Joint Committee, and conscientiously formulated and presented by the individuals and organizations, Indian and white, who were its witnesses, to frame an informed and statesmanlike measure, the makers of this Bill ignored it, as they also ignored many of the Committee's recommendations.

The mainly administrative and trivial improvements that they proposed could have been made, and probably would have been made, in the course of events, without any committee and without witnesses.

The vital points concerning non-sectarian education, enfranchisement, and the vote, the defining of the extent of the Government's obligation to the Indians through treaties, promises and agreements, the establishing of a formula for the gradual but continuous transition from wardship to citizenship of qualified Indians—all of these and many others of like importance were, it seems to us, callously and cavalierly left untouched.

Bill 267 is a travesty of the Special Joint Committee's slogan "Help the Indian to help himself," for it leaves him in precisely the depressed state to which our laws have brought him, and it is equally a travesty of Canadian professions in the United Nations.

The idea that by delaying discussion of Bill 267 for two weeks the Indians are given a chance to study it and make representations, is obviously misleading. Apart from appearances, there seems to be little reason why they should be asked for opinions, since the Bill has been framed largely in disregard of the representations they have been making vigorously since 1946. And were it not that they have the drowning man's feeling of desperation, they would probably not clutch at this straw.

However, representations will doubtless be made, and few members of the House or the public will realize that they come from a relatively small number of Indians who happen to live near cities or towns, or live within a reasonable distance of Ottawa and have some degree of organization or direction.

In the meantime, we will submit to the Minister both a request

Natives Talk Of Own Party

We recently had a visit from our old friend, George Wilson of Bella Bella.

George reports that the popular feeling among the Natives of the central district is to form a non-partisan political party which will back their own candidates; in fact, their own political party.

Wow! What they can do in the Mackenzie district!

George went on to say that when he interpreted for Chief Moody Humchitt at the last Brotherhood convention, one of the biggest held by the Brotherhood, the Chief said that the Bella Bellas were going to form a political party.

At that time they did not know what kind of party, but now they know—non-partisan. Other parties would be formed by Indians all over British Columbia.

Good! The Native people are beginning to realize the power of their vote.

for postponement and the brief which we submitted to the Special Joint Committee, plus some additional material. We propose also to send copies of this revised brief to all members of the House of Commons and the Senate, and to sympathetic organizations and the press across Canada, asking them to make representations to their members or to the Minister. We are doing this in the hope that the point of view presented in it will arouse greater interest in the Indian situation, and will result in the passing of a Bill which at least attempts to deal intelligently with it.

Yours sincerely,
HUNTER LEWIS,
Chairman, Committee
on Indian Citizenship.

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Deputy Minister

HON. LESLIE H. EYRES,
Minister.

COWICHAN INDIANS ENGAGED IN SWEATER, TOTEM BUSINESS

With the announcement by B.C. Motor Branch that license plates for 1952 will carry the Thunderbird, a fabulous creature of the mythology of B.C.'s native coast Indians, comes realization that the Province is becoming more and more aware of the value of Indian lore and mythology and Indian handicrafts as attractions for tourists.

To further the interest an organization, the Totem Land Society, was recently formed in Vancouver and its officers suggested to the Government that the license plates carry the word "Totem." The Motor Branch found this impractical as the dies for the plates are already in process of manufacture.

INDIANS' ENTERPRISE

Cowichan Indians have not been slow to realize the value of their handicrafts. They have now added the carving of large totems to their output of small totems, figurines, beadwork and famous Cowichan sweaters.

Working at present on an order for eight totem poles, ranging in height from 12 to 14 feet, are Baptiste James, Cowichan Bay Reserve, and Willie George, Mission Reserve, Koksilah.

Four of these poles, one by James and three by George, have now been completed and are crated for shipment to Tekarra Lodge, Jasper Park, Alta.

Thunderbirds, whales, bears and other animals comprise the carvings.

GIVES ENCOURAGEMENT

James is a self-taught carver, who has studied the mythology and the legends of his race, while George has learned his art from some of the old carvers of his people. He is assisted in his work by his young son.

Sale and shipment of the totems are being handled by Mr. P. E. Matthews, who with his son, Mr. H. B. Matthews, operates Canoe Store at Koksilah.

Mr. Matthews is a keen advocate of the perpetuation of Indian arts and handicrafts for the purpose of maintaining interest in the history of B.C. coastal natives and

also as a means of helping the Indians themselves by providing them with employment.

Cowichan Indian sweaters have been famous for many years, but a talk with Mr. Matthews discloses that the sweater industry here is really "big business."

EMPLOYS 110 KNITTERS

On display in his store are more than 500 sweaters of a variety of designs. He states that approximately 110 Indian knitters are turning out sweaters for his requirements. He carries on a wholesale as well as a retail business in this line.

Mr. Matthews, since taking over the store several years ago, has kept a "guest" register of retail customers who have purchased sweaters from him. These "guests" came from many parts of United States and Canada and from countries as remote as Britain, South Africa and South America.

Some of these have made notations in the register to the effect that they had previously purchased Cowichan sweaters which had worn for as long as 20 years.

IMPROVING QUALITY

Points with which the Canoe Store does a wholesale business in sweater range from as far east as Flin Flon, Man., and as far north as Whitehorse, Y.T.

"In handling this product for the Indians, we have insisted on the highest quality, and by doing this we have taught them the value of good workmanship and have been able to gain them a greater return," Mr. Matthews said.

One section of the store is devoted entirely to display of sweaters and other Indian handicrafts and curios, and this display is attracting more and more attention from tourists who are passing through Cowichan.

History Lesson

By JOHN WILBYE

"Newfoundland is the oldest of British overseas possessions. John Cabot landed and unfurled a flag there in 1497."

"Did that make the whole island British," asked Johnnie.

"Oh, yes, all of it, right from that moment."

"But the Indians, what did they think about that?"

"Of course," I explained, "the Indians did not understand the change of ownership; but by 1800 they had all been killed, so they didn't matter any more."

"Then it took over 300 years to kill those Indians!"

"But killing Indians is a difficult and dangerous business."

"But the Indians in B.C.," said Larry, "are not all dead yet. Don't they really own this country by rights? How did we get it?"

"Was there a war," asked Bob, "did we conquer them?"

"Oh, no! Nothing so unpleasant as that! To understand the matter we must go back to the year 1513. Balboa, the great Spanish explorer, crossed the Isthmus of Panama in search of gold. Seeing the Pacific Ocean in front of him, he waded in, drew his sword, and slapped the water three times. As the flat of his blade smacked down on the waves he pronounced a formula, and all at once the whole Pacific Ocean, with all the lands touching it, and all the people living along its shores, became the property of

the government of Spain. Yes, Whack! Just like that!"

"Then the Spaniards owned this country; but how did we get it?" asked Johnnie.

"There was some bargaining between the Spanish and the British, so about 1792 Captain Vancouver took over British Columbia for our great Empire. You see we didn't take it from the Indians at all, but from the Spaniards. The Indians had nothing to do with it."

"Were the Indians told about that?"

"They found out about it in the course of time. But what Captain Vancouver did not tell them was that they were 297 years behind with their taxes. Think of it! They had long since ceased to have the slightest claim upon the land. The Indians were never told about this, because it might have hurt their feelings, and they might have been worried about owing so much money."

"Then the Indians don't own any land now?"

"No, not rightfully. But our Government, as an act of kindness and consideration, has set aside certain parcels of land that no one else wanted. On these the Indians are permitted to live, and, unless our Government changes its mind, they will probably stay there for a long time, happy and contented, just as if they owned their 'reserves.'"

"Well, now I understand," said Larry, "exactly how it was done."

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Kamloops Reader Writes

THE NATIVE VOICE,
429 Standard Building,
Vancouver, B. C.
August 8, 1950.

DEAR EDITOR:—It was kind of you to continue sending THE NATIVE VOICE long after my subscription had expired. Such consideration and kindness have now constrained me to send the \$1.50 for a renewal, and please pardon my laxity in this matter, hoping others will follow my example.

THE NATIVE VOICE carries a high moral and spiritual tone that should appeal to every Christian man and woman, if they have the love of humanity at heart, which includes every race, kindred tongue and people. I feel that a contribution to THE NATIVE VOICE greatly assists in fighting those grave injustices that Elmore Philpott of the Vancouver Sun describes as a "disgrace to Canada." The stories of the pitiful plight of many of our Red brothers must cause the heavens to weep. There are far greater evils than Russian Communism. Had the Indians just grievances been settled—long ere this—in a righteous manner, there would have been no need for the rising of such forces that rule the Kremlin, which now threatens to destroy the world over, our freedom to worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience. Hence the futility of crying peace while even the Indian question remains unsettled.

May God continue to bless and inspire such fine, noble and rare characters that direct the publication of THE NATIVE VOICE, also Big White Owl, especially Chief Nicholas, who have exhorted us all to "seek first the Kingdom of God, with His Righteousness, and all these things "material wealth"—will be added unto us." The latter's article, "Chief Nicholas Plain Speaks," is the gem of a great spiritual classic, and only heaven could have inspired it. O, let us pray that it has caught—or eventually will catch—the eyes of the Prime Minister of Canada, especially the eye of the Hon. Walter Harris, Minister of Indian Affairs. I most humbly sign myself,

Yours, in the Cause of Christ, which stands to fight the cause of suffering humanity everywhere, more especially the cause of my Red Indian brother!

JAMES AYRES.

271 Battle Street,
Kamloops, B. C.

Chief Nicholas concludes his article by mentioning the Book of Mormon and saying: "I am convinced that it contains a message for the Red Indian race." I am sending you a copy of a poem written by Charles W. Penrose, who, before his death, was one of the Presidency of the Mormon Church. You are, of course, at liberty to use part or whole of the poem if you so wish. I feel that God would abundantly bless it for the uplift of our Indian brothers, and the work you are doing will greatly prosper.

"Great Spirit! Listen to the Red man's wail!
Thou hast power to help him in his woe,
Thy mighty arm was never known to fail;
Great Chieftain, save him from the paleface foe!

"His broad green hunting grounds where buff'loes roam,
His bubbling stream, where finny thousands play,
The waving prairies, once his happy home,
Are fast departing to the Christian's sway.

"With curs'd firewater's stupefying flame,
(Which lulled the sense of our chiefs to rest)
And soft-mouthed words, the cheating paleface came
And stole our lands and drove us to the west.

"Our gray-haired medicine men, so wise and good,
Are all confounded with the dread disease,
Which never was known to flow in Indian blood,
Till white man brought it from beyond the seas.

"And shall our nation, once so great, decay?
Our children perish, and our chieftains die,
Great Spirit, help! Thy glorious power display,
Subdue our foes! O hear the Indian's cry."

SECOND PART

The red man ceased and trembled with delight,
For brighter far than the meridian sun,
A dazzling vision burst upon his sight—
A glorious angel from the Holy One!

"Your prayers are heard," he said, "and I am here
To tell you what will shortly come to pass;
A day of joy for all your tribes is near,
Your foes will perish like the sun-scorched grass.

"The Holy Book your fathers hid, is found,
Your "Mormon" brothers will the truth reveal;

Two Fishermen Drown When B.C. Seiner Sinks

Two men were lost and four saved when the 47-foot seineboat Scrub capsized and sank on Skidegate Bar in September in a 50-mile-per-hour gale.

The body of George House, 23, was recovered shortly after other fishboats in the area rescued the surviving crewmen.

Still missing and the object of an intensive search by QCA planes and private fishing boats, is Ralph Sandy, who was last seen clinging to seine corks in the storm-lashed waters.

Seiner Skipper Peter Jackson and crewmen Ed Hunt, Charles Hopkins and Clarence Martin were saved. All six men were from Bella Bella.

The Bellingham-built seiner, operated by Canadian Fish and Cold Storage Company of Prince Rupert, sank soon after she capsized about three miles off Skidegate.

Police in Prince Rupert believe the Scrub, out of Namu, was following boats in unfamiliar waters and struck the sandbar when she lagged behind.

The four rescued men were taken to Northwest Pulpwood Logging operations.

The 25-ton Scrub was built in Bellingham in 1914 and was rebuilt at Vancouver in 1944.

The Native Voice extends deepest sympathy to the families who suffered this tragic loss.

Though troubles press, and all seems black around,
Obey their words—your soul's deep wounds will heal.

"Not many moons shall pass away before
The curse of darkness from your skins will flee;
Your ancient beauty will the Lord restore,
And all your tribes shall dwell in unity.

"The arts of peace shall flourish, ne'er to die;
The war whoop and the deadly strife shall cease;
Disease shall then depart, and every sigh,
And health and life shall flow in every part.

"Farewell! Remember I was once on earth,
And served the Lord of Hosts on this fair land,
Observed his sacred precepts from my birth,
And now I dwell in bliss at his right hand."

The angel left and darkness came again,
But light and joy dwelt in the Indian's soul.
Oh! May the day soon dawn for Ephraim's reign,
When all the "glorious land" he shall control.

**—According to Mormon theology, the Indians are of the choice seed of Ephraim, from the loins of Joseph, who was sold into Egypt.

Sechelt Peninsula Daily Air Service

FLIGHT TIMES *

| LEAVE— | | ARRIVE— | |
|---------------------|-------|---------------------|-------|
| Vancouver | 11:15 | Sechelt | 11:40 |
| Sechelt | 11:45 | Egmont | 12:00 |
| Egmont | 12:05 | Pender Harbour | 12:25 |
| Pender Harbour | 12:35 | Half Moon Bay | 12:50 |
| Half Moon Bay | 12:55 | Sechelt | 1:00 |
| Sechelt | 1:05 | Vancouver | 1:30 |

*—Days and Times, subject to cancellation without notice.

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Natives Must Press For Their Own Program

The Native Voice,
Dear Editor,

According to reports received from the Native Brotherhood Office in Vancouver, I cannot help but feel that the Native people are beginning to awaken. It is rather uplifting, friends, and it gives me a feeling of pride, as this portrays intelligence and a strong foresight.

Being a strong backer to our own organization, the only Native Brotherhood of B.C., is something to honor and be proud of. Which reminds me of the old saying that "United we stand, divided we fall."

Gone are the days of the old warring tribes. In its place are tribes and villages warring for higher education and equal living standards to those enjoyed by other people.

Brothers and sisters, we must press onward with this important work that we must do for the betterment of our own people.

It will take a considerable amount of work and expenditure before our final goal is achieved and our organization is making progress by leaps and bounds, the last few years.

Being a dependant on your fellow men to finance our organization is poor policy. Always bear in mind that difficulties still lie ahead that we must overcome and we must remain united and steadfast in order to attain protection from exploitation as our forebears were, who worked as semi-slaves for the fishing industry for almost half a century before the inception of our great organization.

This, my friends, is my personal opinion; no apologies for any remarks stated.

Another day looms on the horizon and another span of half a century lies ahead that awaits our foot prints.

Brothers and sisters, we'll never make foot prints on the sands of time sitting down.

I am confident as we are learning fast how to solve our manifold problems the whiteman's way.

Gone are the days of the Bows

and Arrows and colorful feathers: fond memories of our brave forefathers who survived against overwhelming odds.

So that you and I can carry the torch, not to practice their past mistakes, but to educate ourselves day to day, let us awaken and carry on unitedly as this portrays intelligence and a far stronger foresight.

I believe the executive of our organization feel the way I do, so thank you one and all personally. Someday, we hope in the very near future, we may all celebrate the great day together, when we can be welcomed as full-fledged citizens in our own and native land.

My sincerest wishes to you all,
HEBER MAITLAND,
Kitamaat, B.C.

Subject: Japanese Totems

The Native Voice,
429 Standard Bank Bldg.,
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Editor:

It has been erroneously reported by some of the Vancouver Newspapers that Totem Poles sold in some Vancouver Souvenir Shops are "Made in Japan".

This is not true. Totem Poles are not allowed to be imported from Japan or any other country, as they are ornaments which are prohibited. This statement can be verified by asking at our local customs office.

We think that the local newspapers owe an apology to the Souvenir stores for this misinformation.

Yours respectfully,
R. H. GOWEN,
The Wigwam;
W. L. WEBBER,
The Scenery Shop;
H. LANDO,
Lando Fur Co.

Re: JAPANESE TOTEMS

"They whom the cap fits, let them wear it." Totem-land spoke of Japanese-made totems and yes, even whiteman made totems, no mention was made of where they

A LETTER FROM JOE

The Native Voice,
Dear Editor:

In search of a friend in whom to confide, I wonder if you could be as one by simply publishing this article in your most prominent paper?

As the world again begins to tremble in the midst of pugnacity, conspiracy and bitter aversions, I begin to wonder what lies in the future of your younger generations. Where have all those people gone? They who boasted of goodwill toward men. They in whom we placed our faith and hope, knowing them as humanitarians.

Why has this human race so drifted far asunder from its natural ability to love and uphold one another? It is merely because of the astounding heights of humanity's ignorance of this thing called LOVE, thus eliminating all

possibilities of its survival and replacing it with malice and segregation, causing a complete eradication of all hope and possibilities of a world peace.

Why must you hate the Japanese people? Why must you hate the German people? I tell you of a truth they do not deserve such obnoxious emotions. The people of Japan and Germany and elsewhere, are humanly benevolent.

All people on the face of this earth are equal, or so they should be, and all hope of peace lies in the hands, minds and hearts of such people.

But there is something which lies between the human race and world peace and that is the inevitable truth which points directly to the country's leadership. The Japanese people did not for one moment favor the idea of going to war, neither did the people of Germany, but they were most unfortunate to have dictators such as Tojo and Adolf Hitler who both had evil intentions toward their fellow human beings. It was more than compulsory to them to take up arms and fulfill the command of their malignant superiors, otherwise suffer under a brutal consequence according to the law of ignorance and spite.

Therefore, if you must hate anyone, hate those malicious dictators, not the people.

Many is the time I have witnessed words of asperity regarding the Japanese return to B.C. This hurts me more than a broken heart over the loss of a lover to another man, because when I come to think of it, how would you feel if you were the conquered rather than being the proud conqueror?

Thank God we live in America, the land of hope, peace and prosperity. So why should we permit such inconsiderate emotions to enter our hearts when here in Canada and in the U.S.A., we learn to "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Fraternally yours,
JOE.

were made or names of stores. Still, we are delighted to have the assurance of the above named stores that they do not and have not at any time sold them as we never accused them of being guilty of same or did we mention names—Still we are delighted to have this assurance—may we say "S...o...o...o sorry, please?"

—MAISIE ARMYTAGE-MOORE

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"Dynamic" Is Word For Josephine Godson

Dynamic is the word for her, this undoubted champion of the native people of Canada. Soft-spoken, friendly, intelligent, she has shunned the spotlight of publicity to the point that she is hardly known even to those for whom she works hardest. Yet to the Native people of this province, she is more than probably one of the best friends they ever had. She is Josephine Godman—for the last three years handicraft convener for the B.C. Indian Arts and Welfare Society.

As Dr. Alice Ravenhill is justly honored for her interest in our people, so Mrs. Godman is known as one who has made the work of the Society a living reality to members of our race. She has been and still is an extremely hard worker for the Native people who sell their handicrafts to earn a few extra dollars.

She is constantly writing to more than a hundred people who depend to a great degree on the extra money from baskets, beadwork and totem-making. She has handled more than five thousand dollars worth of such work in the last three years. She has been understanding and tireless in her effort to aid those people among us who work with their hands. Yes, dynamic is the word for her.

BORN IN VICTORIA

She was born at Victoria, B.C. and was married at St. Paul's Church at Esquimalt, so she is a true native daughter. She was in England during the First World War, where she organized many Girl Guide Companies. She was also area organizer for the Women's Institutes in Kent and Sussex at the same time. She was widowed by enemy action during the first war, and lost also a son as a result of that conflict.

During the second war, she acted as receptionist in B.C. House in London, England, where she was constantly in touch with our boys overseas. It was here her deep interest in our people was thoroughly aroused. While browsing in a second hand store in London she came across a Haida Indian silver bracelet, which she bought and wore thereafter as her personal mascot. (She still wears it.)

This bracelet acted almost as a magnet to the B.C. boys in England and many of them became her fast friends through the introduction of this beautiful silver bracelet. It is a Thunderbird Crest design. From this, she was often asked by B.C. pilots to get real thunderbirds for them, which she did. They were considered extremely lucky, and B.C. Thunderbirds flew many missions over Germany with B.C. trained R.C.A.F. pilots during the war.

RETURNS TO B.C.

After the war, she returned to B.C. because, she says, "she couldn't keep the sound of Indian drums out of her ears." Since then she has been an untiring worker in the cause of B.C. Indians. Among many other things, she has been tireless in her efforts for those people amongst us whom she feels

have a future in Native art.

Together with Mr. George Sinclair, teacher of Judith Morgan, Mrs. Godman arranged a showing of Judith's work at the National Museum at Ottawa. For the Seventh Annual Exhibition of Indian Children's School work shown by the Society, Mrs. Godman designed special frames for five of Judith's paintings and when these were shown at the Provincial Museum, they were purchased by the Provincial Government for the permanent collection, illustrating a wise attitude on the part of government, the real ability of Judith Morgan, and vindicating Mrs. Godman's unceasing efforts to further Judith's career.

SENSE OF PERCEPTION

To those who know her well, perhaps the most outstanding characteristic of this fine woman is her capacity to recognize talent or real need; to think out a course of action which will further a career or meet the need of the situation; and then to ask, to force the issue along a path which gains her chosen end. Yet in all things to respect the wishes of the individual, and to tread softly on the aspirations and the hereditary jealously guarded customs of the Native people.

Noteworthy examples of her ability to get things done which need doing, were her efforts to get a craft shop operated by a Native person in the Victoria Area. To this end, she got in touch with Mrs. Walter Joseph of the Songhees Reserve in Esquimalt. Mrs. Joseph opened a place for the sale of craft work in the front room of her house on the reserve; and the B.C. Indian Arts and Welfare Society furnished the stock of goods to her on a consignment basis. As far as is known, this is the first complete salesroom for Indian Arts and Crafts on an Indian Reserve, in the province. A development of undoubted interest and worthy of copying at any reserve where tourists come in contact with our people.

At another time, Mrs. Godman sent all the way to England, and had a black ram transported to Nanaimo to head the flock of ewes of Mr. Jimmy John. It is hoped that some day, the black great grandchildren of that large ram will not only furnish black wool for Cowichan sweaters, but will also hear this interesting tale.

IMPORTANT POINTERS

There are several things Mrs. Godman has found out as Handicraft Convener which could be of real help to Native Craft workers.

She thinks materials should be made available at cost to Native craft workers, and a qualified teacher be appointed to organize instruction in Indian arts and crafts, and also to acquaint craft workers with marketing conditions. The Indian Department might well collaborate with University of B.C. Extension Department on this; and of course, the teacher should be, if at all possible, a Native.

She feels much good could come if a travelling exhibit of the type of goods which will sell could also be shown at Indian reserves. It is too often true that a worker will make something which is actually beautiful, but which will not bring enough money to cover the cost of material. This could be avoided if the worker knew what her work would bring, and exactly what to make.

CHEAP COMPETITION

In recent years, our people have gradually done less well-made work, in an attempt to meet the price offered by dealers. Mrs. Godman thinks we should stop trying to please in this way, and concentrate on making things better. Keep up a very fine quality of work. There is always a market for quality goods, and you can never compete with machine-made cheaply sold articles anyway.

Last, but by no means least, Mrs. Godman feels that Native handicrafts should be made available at every reserve where tourists pass. These goods should be sold by one of our own people on a commission basis. If necessary, one should



JOSEPHINE GODSON
Handicraft Convener
B.C. Indian Arts & Welfare Society

set up a shop in someone's large front room, and try to give the selling to someone who understands what they are selling.

Since white traders usually know very little about the work, they are usually not the best salesman for our product.

MRS. GODMAN'S ADDRESS

This great-hearted friend of ours has found it very hard to cover enough of the ground to make herself well-known, but she is always happy to get in touch with any person doing craftwork in the province. If you wish, write her in care of B.C. Indian Arts and Welfare Society, Provincial Museum, Victoria, B.C. and tell her what you do. She will be interested.

So to Mrs. J. Godman, known to numbers of our people as "Josephine G" we wish the best, and thank you for your efforts, Josephine.

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Better Deal Proposed By Skeena Vice-President

CASSIAR.—In a message issued last month to Skeena members of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, Harold Sinclair, district vice president for Skeena launched a bitter attack on Bill 267. Chiefs and people of the entire Skeena Indian population have taken the new Indian Act under careful study, he said.

"At first, when the natives heard the Indian Act was to be amended they were happy, expecting a big change from the bonds of the old Indian Act" says Sinclair. "But the entire Skeena people have been disappointed with Bill 267 and flatly disagree with the new bill on the grounds it is more binding than the old Indian Act."

Mr. Sinclair said: "We have been bound hand and foot under a handout administration of the Department of Indian Affairs. Note the name, please, The department of 'Indian Affairs.' Now when are we going to be able to administer our own Indian department?"

Mr. Sinclair admitted that in the olden days their ancestors were an uneducated and inexperienced people. But now, he continued, there are highly educated natives such as President Chief William Scow, Frank Calder, M.L.A., Chief Thomas Gosnell and many others, who have just as high educational qualifications as the department administrators today. "Why not put our own organization, the Native Brotherhood, with its educated leaders into positions as administrators of our Indian department," he asked.

To prove his point, Sinclair spoke of the canneries and logging companies along the coast who entrusted thousands of dollars worth of valuable equipment to natives and have found them to be industrious and productive. It is

therefore, high time that natives have freedom and justice," he declared, "rather than become bound once more by the new bill 267."

"We should have our own Indian commissioners, our own Indian superintendents and ministers for our own Indian department," he said. They should also have their own game and fish wardens because they understood the whereabouts of inherited trapping grounds and fishing camps. Then they would come to what is called "self government."

Regarding enfranchisement. Mr. Sinclair asked why Indians should be required to surrender their legal rights to become "citizens of our own native soil." He then asked what else was required of the Indian people before they became fully recognized citizens of their own country.

The speaker said his people patronized stores in this country and had paid social security taxes whether on or off the reserve. "We have served the country we love wholeheartedly in times of peril. Therefore, we ask for freedom and justice for our people and their children in days to come. Then we would all be united free citizens of the country and true brothers and sisters," he declared.

Patronize the Advertisers in THE NATIVE VOICE

Movies Annoy U.S. Indians

BELLINGHAM, Wash.—Indians of the U. S. are tired of having their ancestors portrayed as villains. They want a better break in the movies and school books.

The National Congress of American Indians passed a resolution recently against movies that picture the redmen in villains' roles.

North Carolina's Waccamaws Seek Recognition as Indians

NEW YORK.—Efforts of the Association on American Indian Affairs are drawing attention to the plight of a "lost" tribe of Indians in the swamps of North Carolina.

Forgotten and by-passed for two centuries, according to the association, the Waccamaws are seeking federal recognition as Indians. The white population of the surrounding area frequently has attempted to classify them as Negroes, the association says.

It is sponsoring two bills now before Congress which would grant the tribe status as Indians under federal laws. In the forthcoming issue of the association's quarterly, the American Indian, James Evan Alexander tells the Waccamaws' story.

The 70 families comprising the Waccamaw tribe live on patches of ground rising a foot or two above water level in the swamps about 40 miles from Wilmington, N.C.

Typical Traits, Customs

Ethno-historic studies reveal that they have typical Indian traits, habits, customs, and superstitions, Mr. Alexander writes. They face the problem of "acculturation into a society divided between white and black."

"Inasmuch as these Indians were not, and are not 'white,' the local citizenry has consistently attempted to force them over to the 'black' side of the color line," Mr. Alexander explains.

During four and a half months of living with one of the Indian families, Mr. Alexander discovered that the "Waccamaws are a thrifty, industrious people." For instance, over the years they have volunteered time and materials for the building of schools, he says.

Good Roads Needed

But the present school remains inadequate, he points out. Getting an education beyond the eighth grade requires establishing residence in one of the counties that provide Indian schools and defraying all incidental costs, he says.

"This is an effective barrier to a higher education for the Waccamaw Indians," Mr. Alexander explains. Lack of proper drainage and good roads pose other problems for the tribe.

The nature of the land, along with such occupations as farming, logging, and sawing pulp wood, place the Waccamaws in "a very low income bracket with the standard of living proportionately low," he says.

However, they could prosper, given guidance and assistance, he says. The association is working toward this aid by supporting the bills recently introduced by Representative Norris Poulson (R) of California and Representative Reva Beck Bovone (D) of Utah.

Meanwhile, the association's campaign to correct the "evil Indian stereotype" in Hollywood movies and other mass media is making headway, according to speakers at a recent meeting of the association's national film committee.

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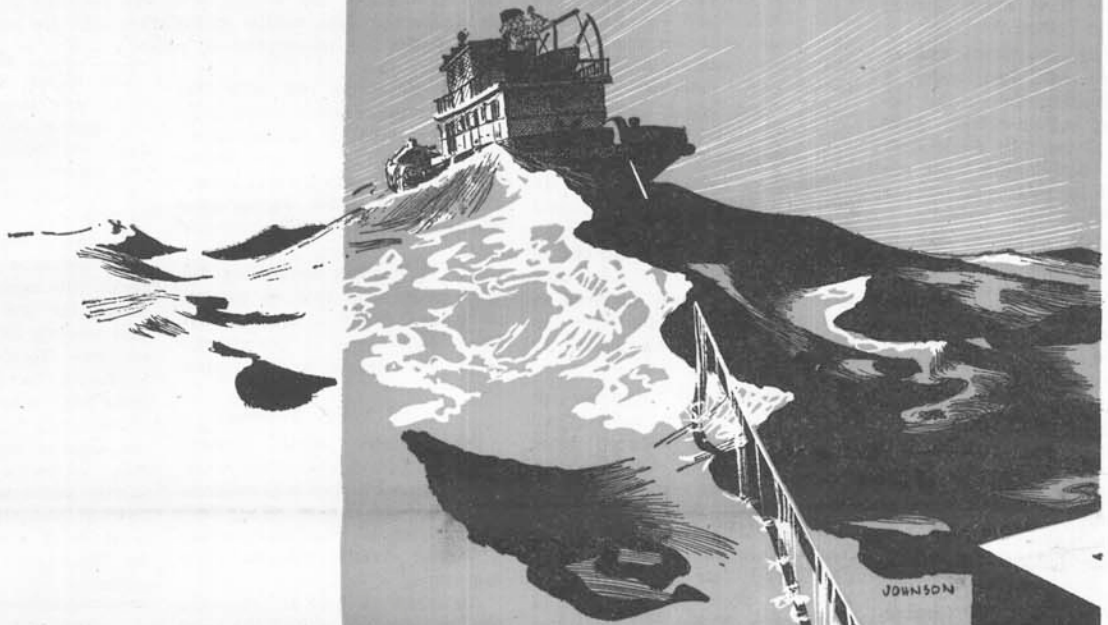
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