

the NATIVE VOICE

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

VOL. VII. No. 6

VANCOUVER, B.C., JUNE, 1953



PRICE 10 CENTS

LONG LIVE THE QUEEN



QUEEN ELIZABETH II



CHIEF MATHIAS JOE came home from his Queen's Corona-tia TCA June 7 to a rousing family reception at the airport. The chief's wife is at right and one of his many grandchildren is in front.

'Friends of Indians' Active

Mrs. Maisie Hurley,
 Publisher, The Native Voice,
 325 Standard Building, Van., B.C.
 Dear Mrs. Hurley:

Herewith the renewal of my subscription to The Native Voice. You are keeping up the good work admirably, and in the recent (March) issue, I found not one single article without interest.

What a lot of problems still confront the original people of this continent. Especially do I endorse the sentiments of Robert Gabor, "Sagotaola" of Syracuse, New York, under your headline, "Agrees With 'Voice': Print All the News."

I am sorry to have fallen down over sending you regular news of our Friends of the Indians Society. With our campaign for support for a memorandum presented by us to the Board of Governors, University of Alberta in December, and the regular routine required for our monthly meetings, as well as our efforts to attend adult education by making it a joint project by leading Indians and ourselves, I have had as much as I could handle. Truly I feel in need of a holiday after those last two daughters of ours getting married in the fall (October and December!).

The Indian Affairs Branch has authorized our Provincial District Agriculturists to extend their field services to Indians as to all others in the province and our Dominion branch of the I.A.B.—through Mr. G. H. Gooderham, is not in favor of our Society arranging additional short courses. Therefore we may

return to our Edmonton short course as of the last two Februaries, 1951 and 1952, as there is a good need for Health Education as well as help in nutrition information, and plenty of repetition thereof. I have too much to tell you in a letter but hope I may see you between May 23 and June 22 when I will again visit my daughter in Vancouver.

The last thing I can do now is enclose our annual report, a copy of our memorandum, and a program which we are in the midst of carrying out, and which has attracted a good attendance at our meetings. One of our radio stations is going to carry five-minute "capsules" of the material presented by our speakers, injected into a series of half-hour programs. It seems such information on our Indian people has to be given in sugar-coating. Alas!—what that says for public interest.

But we are very glad that CFRN is going to do it. At least half of our efforts should be directed toward spreading interest and information among the general public, as a non-Indian group, don't you think?

RETA G. M. ROWAN,
 Edmonton, Alberta.

Squamish Indians Protest "Slight"

Squamish Indians are vigorously protesting treatment given Chief Mathias Joe because the chief was not included when Canadian and British dignitaries met at the grave of Captain Vancouver.

"British rule in B.C. began on the shores of the Capilano Indian Reserve and Chief Capilano helped to establish British rule here," Andy Paull, grand chief and president of the North American Indian Brotherhood of Canada, said today.

He asked for arrangements to take Chief Mathias to the Vancouver grave in full ceremonial dress, where he could sing an Indian song of peace, "because it was with peace his ancestors met Captain Vancouver in 1792."

—VAN. Province.

Chief Joe Home From Coronation

Chief Mathias Joe was so impressed by the "pretty bed" in his Toronto hotel room while going to the Coronation that in order not to mess it up, he rolled into his own Indian blanket and slept on the floor.

The vision of that bed was one of the most vivid experiences of the world outside the reservation during the Chief's eight-day trip which got him a brief glimpse of the regal procession along Picadilly Circus.

Chief Joe, bedecked in feathers

and loaded with souvenirs, returned home in the "great silver bird" (Trans-Canada airliner), first traveller home from the historic rites, and told of plans to return to visit the Queen six months hence "when she not so busy."

"Four chiefs will join me at the conference table with Great White Mother, Queen Elizabeth," he said, "to settle the Indian question once and for all.

"If we don't make sure the promises are kept that Queen Victoria

made to me, we are going to lose the country again. This time to the Canadian Indian Department."

Looking back over his Coronation trip, the Chief's face lighted with glee as he recalled his own one-man parade down the Mall and Picadilly—"about as far as from my Reserve to Hastings Park," he said.

"I got the biggest cheer of my life," he added, estimating that a million people yelled as he pounded his tom-tom down his parade route in search of his bleacher seat.

As for reports that he was on the warpath because he wasn't invited to ceremonies at the graveside of Captain Vancouver, he said:

"That heap big smoke and no fire. I got to England too late to attend. Besides I went on peace trip, not war. If Chief Joe on warpath, everyone in England would have known."

He took the controls of the TCA plane over Lake Superior and recalls:

"She heap powerful bird. I tickle her ribs and she roar like Thunderbird. I pull small silver pole and big bird climbs 5000 feet right through clouds."

There is STRENGTH in UNITY!
FISHERMEN,
UNITE!!

Join the Growing Fleet of Co-operative Fishermen's Groups

PRINCE RUPERT FISHERMEN'S CO-OPERATIVE ASS'N
 FISHERMEN'S CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION
 MASSETT CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION

They are all Members of the

**FISHERMEN'S CO-OPERATIVE
 FEDERATION**

995 East Cordova Street H.Ast. 1791 VANCOUVER 4, B.C.

*Jesus
 the Light of the
 World*

**EASTHOPE
 MARINE ENGINES**
 "The Work Horse of the Sea"
 1747 West Georgia Vancouver

**Cassiar
 Packing
 Co. Ltd.**

744 West Hastings St.
 Vancouver, B.C.

**CANNERS
 OF SALMON**

Plant at
**CASPACO,
 Skeena
 River, B.C.**

Chief Scow Makes Coronation History

(The following account of Chief William Scow's trip to the Coronation is compiled from several newspaper reports)

By **DON PAGE**

(Seattle Post-Intelligencer)

LONDON.—An estimated 40,000 Americans wedged among British spectators and more than a thousand British Columbians swelled the crowd with a sprinkling of Pacific Northwest visitors as Great Britain revived today the wonders of another age to honor her young Queen with pomp and splendor possible in no other modern nation. Commonwealth troops and officials wore regalia from all quarters of the earth's surface and representing centuries of British history as they escorted Queen Elizabeth II to her coronation in Westminster Abbey.

Afterward thousands of others joined them in the rain-sodden but magnificent two-mile-long parade back to Buckingham Palace.

CHILLING RAINS

Along the five-mile route some three million of her 600 million subjects applauded the newly-crowned Sovereign.

Coronation crowds were drenched, but unshaken, by showers which fell occasionally through the morning and by afternoon developed into a series of chilling downpours.

Among the ermines of the peerage and vari-hued costumes of representatives from throughout the Empire in Westminster Abbey today, Chief Gla-Whay-Agliss added a special splash of color for the Pacific Northwest.

In traditional robes and Thunderbird headdress he attended the coronation as president and representative of Canada's largest Indian organization, the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia.

After the ceremony he intends to pay official visits to the principal cities of the British Isles.

English mayors needn't worry about learning to talk in grunts with the chief. He speaks as polished English as any American professional man. To this American ear he speaks a whale of a lot better English than these Englishmen over here.

NEAT SUIT

Fact is, except when he puts on ceremonial robes, Gla-Whay-Agliss (or William Scow, as he is known in everyday life) looks more like a successful executive than the hereditary chief of the Kwi-kwasu-tinek tribe of Kwakiutl nations.

That's how he looked at a British Columbia reception here last week, in neat grey suit, looking less than his 50 years, talking smoothly and easily. A man of medium height with about the breadth of the traditional successful American businessman.

A modern Indian at the coronation, he counters the old-fashioned idea of the red man as an aborigine.

"Wings of eagles" which brought the chief to England were four-motored transcontinental and trans-Atlantic airliners.

As Pacific Coast Indians, Chief Scow's people always have preferred lodges to teepees. In London he's settling for a room in the Waldorf at \$16 a day.

LES ARMOUR

(London Daily Express)

LONDON.—"Never have I felt so

strongly ties that bind my people to the Commonwealth."

That was the way Chief William Scow, president of the B.C. Native Brotherhood, summed up his Coronation impressions.

And that was repeated by almost every British Columbian who stood with cheering millions in rain or sat with the great in the Abbey.

Chief Scow, his heavy tribal regalia carefully packed away, relaxed in a neat blue business suit last night and explained:

"It wasn't the glitter and jewels that struck me. It was the religion and deep dignity.

"As I sat there in the Abbey I felt that there might be hope now for a return to religion. That is what my people need. The Queen's example will be a great help to them."

Chief Scow was the first Canadian Indian ever to sit in the Abbey at a Coronation.

By **RETA W. MYERS**

LONDON.—For a few hours last Sunday we turned back the pages of history to live again in the age of exploration and the long past years when British Columbia was a wilderness and England at the height of her world expansion.

It was Vancouver's day in the borough of Richmond and although it is a far cry from Surrey to the Pacific Coast, the gulf was easily bridged when representatives of this Canadian province were guests of this English town council. It was commemoration of the death of Captain George Vancouver and the annual pilgrimage to his grave in the little churchyard brought out some 200 B.C. people, many of them Coronation visitors.

And standing beside the graveside when Lieutenant-Governor Clarence Wallace planted a dogwood tree, gift of the Royal parks, was a representative of the people who lived in British Columbia when Captain Vancouver first caught sight of the most beautiful land he had ever seen.

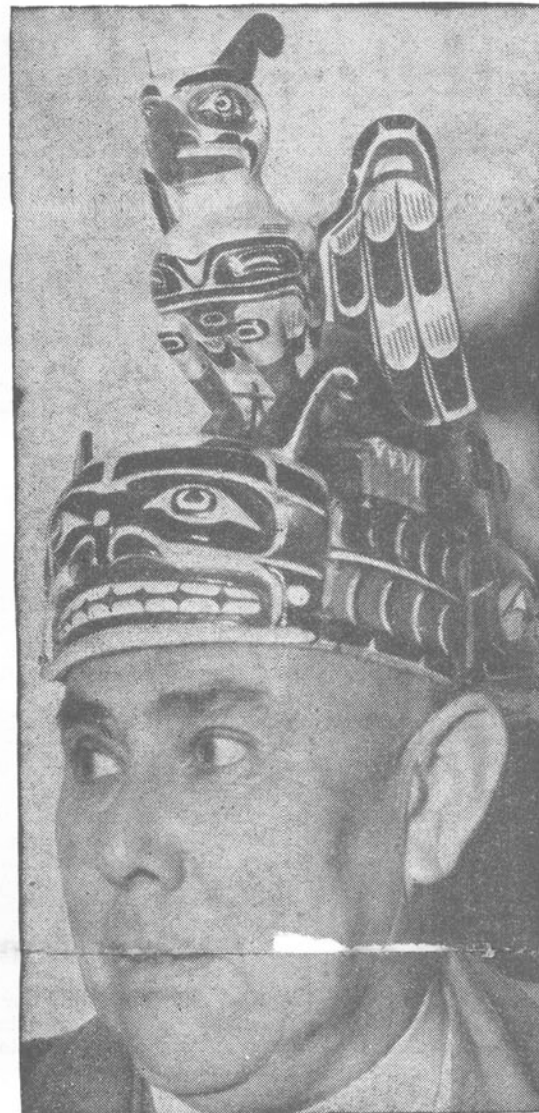
RARE SIGHT

An Indian brave, resplendent in bright cerise robe heavily covered with blue stones and wearing his chief's headdress of ermine tails was an unusual sight in this quiet English churchyard. But to Chief William Scow of Alert Bay, representing the Native Brotherhood of B.C., it was fitting that he should pay his respects to the man who gave his name to the land his ancestors roamed.

The luncheon that followed, given by mayor and councillors of the borough to honor guests from the Pacific Coast, also made history since it was opened last December by the Queen Mother. It replaces the former building destroyed by bombs.

It was fitting, said the Mayor, Councillor John H. Bedford, that this event should mark the friendly relations between the small town of Richmond and the Province of British Columbia, whose area is four times that of Britain.

Lieutenant-Governor Clarence Wallace, in replying, paid tribute to the spirit existing between B.C. and Richmond with the hope that it would grow and flourish as much as the tree which he had planted earlier in the day beside Captain



CEREMONIAL CROWN of Alert Bay Indians is worn by Native Brotherhood President Chief William Scow on the eve of his departure for the Coronation. A banquet was held in Vancouver prior to the Chief's departure for the ceremony at which the Hon. Eric Martin and other government leaders offered their congratulations to the Chief, who will be back home this month.

Vancouver's grave. Mayor Hume, Alderman J. H. Scurrah, representing Victoria, Agent-General W. A. McAdam and Chief Scow all spoke.

It was a pleasant event, in beautiful surroundings and full of friendly feeling between people of two countries.

FRANCIS MILLERD

& COMPANY LIMITED

GREAT NORTHERN CANNERY

Cypress Park, West Vancouver

SEAL COVE CANNERY

Prince Rupert

REDONDA BAY CANNERY

Redonda Bay

MA. 0488

P.O. Box 189

Vancouver, B.C.



The NATIVE VOICE

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.
 325 Standard Bldg., Vancouver 2, B.C. Telephone Marine 7434.
 Printed by Broadway Printers Ltd., 115 East 8th Ave., Vancouver.

NORTHERN ASSOCIATE EDITOR _____ CHIEF J. J. ANTOINE
 EASTERN ASSOCIATE EDITOR _____ JASPER HILL (Toronto)
 ALASKAN ASSOCIATE EDITOR _____ CHIEF PAUL COOKE
 OKLAHOMA ASSOCIATE EDITOR _____ MRS. JIMALEE BURTON
 DIRECTORS _____ WILLIAM SCOW, REV. P. R. KELLY, REGINALD COOK,
 DAN ASSU, OSCAR PETERS and WILLIAM PASCAL
 PUBLISHER AND DIRECTOR _____ MAISIE ARMYTAGE-MOORE (HURLEY)

Advertising Rates on Application
 Make All Payments to The Native Voice Publishing Co., Ltd.
 Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office, Ottawa

"Native Voice" Will Grow Through Our Support

Mrs. Maisie Hurley,
 Publisher, The Native Voice,

Dear Mrs. Hurley,

Have just received your most wonderful letter to me. I certainly want to thank you ever so much and also thanks to our business agent Ed Nahaney for telling you of my tribute to **The Voice**. I did not speak of the good little paper alone, but I also spoke on the part of the organization.

I first spoke to our great leaders, especially the organizer of the Native Brotherhood, Mr. Beynon. I am just making out lines to my remarks at the farewell of the previous convention. We as a body of the organization must prepare ourselves. While this worthy organization of ours is likely to see much progress in the days to come, members should be prepared to face a struggle.

I believe we will have to tighten our belts a little and am confident I can count on the co-operation of our people towards the efforts of our leaders, namely, Chief Wm. Scow, Ed Nahaney, Guy Williams, and all the executives of the Brotherhood, who have taken our ~~part~~ ~~in~~ ~~should~~ ~~be~~ ~~struggled~~ for our benefits.

I feel we owe credit to these great men, especially our own great leader, Dr. Peter R. Kelly, who has a big interest in this movement of his people. Co-operation is the only key to our success and if we all co-operate in finalizing some of our problems, I am sure all Native citizens will benefit.

I showed one picture of Edison who invented electricity. He started very small but continued to study until he succeeded. Now he has covered the world with his discovery and much progress has resulted. Now our organization has started the very same way and it must grow.

We must exercise ourselves to push our younger generation into the field of training and education. We have already won out in the government field (Frank Calder, MLA). There can be more like Calder if this exercise could be practised more. The Indian people CAN have voice that can be heard. Secondly, our little paper also started very small. This paper is one I am very proud of. Why? Because it is going forth and I am sure this little paper is going out into the world and covering the world. A lot of our white people are reading our paper today and many of our problems have been solved through our **Native Voice**. We owe credit to our dear lady, Mrs. Maisie Hurley who has devoted her valued time towards the efforts of this little paper. God Bless Mrs. Hurley!

Let us, the Native people, learn to love and cherish Mr. and Mrs. Hurley who have an interest towards helping these Native people.

Let us give Mrs. Hurley our support that more subscriptions throughout North America be obtained. Some day, if we assist the way we should, our little paper will be one of the largest ever.

PAUL MASON.

Art Monument Co. Ltd.

"Memorials of Distinction"
 (Write for Designs and Price List)

609 East 16th Ave. Vancouver 10, B.C.
 Phones: FA. 0012, FA. 9368

Songhee Indian Festival

By (MISS) JOAN BEARD

Would you be interested in hearing an account of the "Vancouver Island Indian Festival in Honor of the Coronation" which was held at the Songhee Reserve on the weekend of May 30-31? This reserve is at Craigflower, just outside of Victoria. Incidentally, near the reserve, is about the oldest schoolhouse in B.C. Chief Percy Ross acted as M.C., and was excellent in that capacity; he possesses a natural microphone technique. The weather was a trifle cold but rain held off, and we were all very thankful for that blessing.

The sports went off remarkably well. Many of the Indian youths could be, with training, future Jim Thorpes. In England, I had read of the prowess of the Indian as an athlete; now I have witnessed it. There were races for men over forty, and not one was the least bit age-conscious! Amid cheers and a number of humorous remarks from friends and relatives, these men displayed stamina and ability as sportsmen.

Not far from the athletic field was an island which used to be a burial ground, known as "Isle of the Dead." It served as a reminder of other days when the Indian owned this wonderful land of ours. One could sit back and imagine the years rolled back, and ponder upon days of greatness and at the same time wonder what the future holds for our native brothers and sisters.

The Martin family exhibited their skill as performers. Venerable Mungo Martin sang with great skill the songs of his people—the Kwakiutl. His cheerful son David Martin performed masked dances, exhibiting grace and poise. Mungo Martin delivered a speech in his native language which, when translated by David, was received with an ovation by the Songhees and other Indians, as well as by the white spectators.

Mrs. Hunt and her beautiful daughter, Mildred, danced the ancestral dance of their family. Both were extremely graceful and exquisitely poised. During the beating of the drums there was upon the faces of the older Indians an expression of exaltation. I, too, felt my blood surge, and was conscious of a oneness with these people.

The chanting of voices long since silenced, and the stamping of feet who now walk along ethereal paths, seemed to re-echo through the years. Time travelled back—was it just the wind in the trees? Somehow, I think not. The noted singer, Abel Joe, who was in the Opera Tzinquaw, sang a "Song of Welcome," and another of the "Traveller's Return." His is a fine voice, so full of expression and pathos, capable of stirring even the coldest of mortals with his gift.

There were Indian gambling games, played by the light of a bonfire. Great skill and cunning were displayed here. Everyone was happy. We had all had a really enjoyable time. Chief Ross hopes to repeat these festivals each year. Let us wish him success in this project.

Miss Betty Newton, the well known artist at the Museum, took me. Miss Newton is a great friend of the Songhees—a number of her paintings depict Indians and Indian scenes.

While I am in Victoria I will endeavor to send you news of the Indian activities here. Am going to try to do an article of the Martins at Thunderbird Park for you.

Lillian Wilson Reigns As Bella Bella May Queen

By WM. FREEMAN

Amidst the budding plants with signs of a glorious spring awakening everywhere, with a fragrant air and a gentle west wind playing on her smiling face, Lillian Wilson, a school girl of 12, was crowned May Queen of Bella Bella.

In reply to the good wishes of Victoria Hunt, last year's May Queen she said, in a youthful, steady voice, "Thank you, Victoria, for your kind wishes. In this Coronation Year of our Queen Elizabeth, I feel especially honored in being chosen as your May Queen. My first duty is to thank all those who worked so hard to plan the program for today, and to wish success for each one taking part in the sports. I hope that this, the first day of my reign, shall be a happy day for you all, and it is a day I shall long remember."

Preceding the crowning of the May Queen, there was a giant parade, marching briskly, led by the Bella Bella Junior Band, a 30 piece silver band comprising young men all under 20 or just over under the progressive leadership of Freddie Reid, a promising young bandmaster.

The band rendered National and Patriotic numbers as well as light marching numbers by George Southwell. But through systematic intelligent practice, the band can render the more advanced numbers.

Sports events of the day were climaxed by a soccer team from Ocean Falls, challenging the home team for the Sir Alexander McKenzie Silver trophy, held by the Bella Bella soccer team for 11 consecutive years, and in this match, the cup was successfully defended. Score was six to nine.

Baseball match was also played between Ocean Falls and Bella Bella and this ended in a tie game of three to three.

Bella Bella athletic teams now hold a generous display of silver cups and trophies of various sizes and forms which exemplify the sports prowess of the young men of this community who are athletic-minded.

The May Queen was resplendently dressed in a light blue gown as she presented the trophies and prizes to the individual winners and winning teams.

In turn, the sports committee presented Lillian with a currently styled Coronation Year necklet set. Following the presentations came the sports day ball with music provided by a local dance orchestra.

So ended the eternal day for Lillian Wilson, Bella Bella's vivacious and winsome May Queen for 1953.

The First Gardeners in North America

Foreword:—The following is a reprint of a speech made by our Eastern Associate Editor of THE NATIVE VOICE, Mr. Jasper Hill, (Big White Owl) before a very attentive audience of 350 parents of future "Canadians" at the Huron Stret School, Home and School Association of Toronto, Ontario, on the evening of March 26, 1953. Two Indian films were shown before the talk—The People of the Long House, and Kleen Wyck. The films set the stage nicely for Big White Owl's talk and naturally everyone present listened with rapt attention. Mr. Hill was roundly applauded after he concluded his interesting contribution. A letter of thanks printed at the end of this article speaks for itself—It will be of further interest to our readers to learn that one of the executive of the Huron Street Home and School Association is a Mohawk Indian originally from the Six Nations Iroquois Confederacy near Brantford, Ontario, Mr. Albert Mount Pleasant, a fine type of young intelligent Indian manhood.



BIG WHITE OWL

The article follows:

No other people on EARTH were more favoured by the "GREAT SPIRIT" than the Indians of the Americas. Once upon the time, they were as free as the birds of the air and just as happy. They knew and understood the habits of the animals that roamed the valleys and the plains. It did not matter whether they lived in the great green forests, on the wide-open plains, by the mighty rivers, near the glistening lakes, along the rock-bound sea coasts or somewhere in the cruel barren-lands—They became as one with the surrounding landscape.

The Earth and the whole Universe, as they knew it, was their library. Their books were the stones, rocks, brooks, rivers, lakes, trees, herbs, flowers, sun, moon and stars. By studying the terrestrial and the celestial, they were able to form their material cultures, and from those various things they received beautiful inspirations which they used to compose their songs and ceremonies . . . The wonderful and good Earth to them, was and still is, 'the great mother of all living creatures'. Whenever they spoke of her they were always careful to address her as: "Our Mother, the Earth."

HE IS A PROUD MAN

The mountains, the forests, the great blue lakes, the wide grassy plains of North America have nourished and shaped the Red Man's life and thoughts for countless centuries. That is something which cannot be entirely disregarded when delving into the history of the North American Indian. Yes, the Red Indian is the only human being who can rightly claim that he belongs to this fair land. . . . He feels this in his heart, utterly and silently. He is a proud man. Yet he never claimed ownership of all the land. The white settlers, even in the earliest period, found that except for a few marauding bands, the native people fought only to defend their own campsites and their hunting grounds. The cruel Indian Wars which we so often read in books (and see in the movies) were desperate last stands fought by brave men to preserve treaty-rights in the homeland which they were willing to share, but not complete-

ly forfeit. To them every foot of ceded land meant the breaking and severing of an invisible cord that bound them to their cherished past.

The history and relationship between the White Man and the Red Man has been a long trail of misunderstanding. It started when Christopher Columbus, the so-called discoverer of America, named the natives of the New World "INDIANS", apparently thinking he had reached India. Perhaps you are wondering why I referred to Columbus as 'the so-called discoverer of America'. Recent scientific discoveries have established that the Vikings found their way into the heart of America almost two centuries before the year of 1492. But that is another story!

MISNOMER ENDURES

Strange, is it not, how that misnomer "Indian" has stuck for so many years? Christopher Columbus did not know the original Native Americans were many entirely separate nations with very different habits of life and speaking distinctly different languages. The newly discovered Indian people were as different from each other as the nations of Europe having their feuds and striving for supremacy in the same manner. Several of the nearly 200 tribes now living in U.S.A., and Canada still consider themselves as Indian nations. Each Indian tribe following their own cultural ideas and speaking their own language.

Once they had a well established and widely recognized signal code known as Indian Sign Language. It was by this method that widely separated tribes were able to communicate and trade with one another.

Long before telegraph was invented by the white man the Red Man had devised a way of transmitting messages across the wide forests and the long miles of open plains. The trick was to kindle a fire made of damp wood or grass and after it was going nicely, cover it with a deer hide blanket or buffalo robe, and by quickly uncovering it he could send puffs of smoke high into the air or sky to warn his tribesmen of approaching danger. At this very moment the great puffs of smoke belching forth from volcanoes and big guns warn us of

danger. Ladies and Gentlemen: Puffs of smoke and gigantic mushrooming clouds are signals which mean as much to us today as did the Indian smoke signals of bygone days.

FALSE ASSUMPTION

Here is a question I have often wondered about—Why do White People when writing and speaking about native Indians in their primitive state, usually refer to them as "Savages," "Pagans," "Heathens," "Wild Indians."

I maintain that is a very false assumption and a great injustice. The early Red Indians were a very religiously inclined group of people. Almost every act in the lives of my forefathers carried with it some manner of religious ceremonial function which the White Man could not, or did not want to, understand.

The early Red Indian believed that Mother Nature had many great powers, yet he truly believed in only 'One Supreme Being' who governed and directed all things. He was known to all North American Indians as: "GREAT SPIRIT," "GREAT MYSTERY," "FATHER OF ALL," "GREAT LIGHT," "GOOD CREATOR", "ARCHITECT OF THE UNIVERSE." Those are all genuine Red Indian expressions translated from various native languages.

Then, too, the Red Indians were 'the first gardeners in North America.' But they did all of their work without modern tools both in clearing and cultivating their crops of corn, beans, pumpkins, squashes, sweet potatoes, tomatoes and tobacco. The Red Indian was the first man to make good use of the

sweet sap which is tapped from the hard maple tree and from this fluid maple sugar was made. Then, too, in the right seasons they gathered wild rice, wild berries, wild nuts, and other fruits of the forest, all of this natural food was carefully dried and stored away for the long winter months.

(To Be Continued)

Patronize the Advertisers in THE NATIVE VOICE

HARBOUR BOAT YARDS LTD.

Builders and Repairers
Tugs, Launches, Yachts,
Fishing Boats, 2 Marine
Ways, 1 Inside.

Phone HAst. 3706. 3015 Wall St.
VANCOUVER, B.C.

ANGLO-BRITISH COLUMBIA PACKING CO. LIMITED

926 West Pender Street

Vancouver, B.C.



Packers of
Quality
Fish Products

"FISHERMEN! IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH"

FISH AND BUY CO-OPERATIVELY
READY TO SERVE YOU

PRINCE RUPERT FISHERMEN'S CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION

Box 1580

Prince Rupert, B.C.

Producers of
Hy-Wave Brand—Fresh, Frozen and Smoked Fish
Packers of Challenger Brand Canned Sea Foods

Bridal Shower At Massett

By PHYLLIS BEDARD

The Massett Branch Sisterhood and Women's Auxiliary had a bridal shower for Mamie Collinson in the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wier, on Monday, March 30th.

About seventy women attended this party. Everybody brought presents which were wrapped beautifully in pretty paper and ribbons. All gifts presented were very lovely and useful things. Everyone had a very nice enjoyable evening and all were very happy to see Mamie, the bride-to-be, smiling as she opened the gifts and thanked each person for bringing the presents.

Mr. George Jones, uncle of the bride-to-be, was first speaker of the evening. Emil Swanson, president of the Sisterhood, was the next speaker. Mrs. Florence Davidson, president of the Women's Auxiliary, also gave a speech. Mrs. Emily Thompson, mother of the bride-to-be, gave a few words of thanks. Refreshments were served by social committees, and they were enjoyed by everyone.

We all wish Mamie lots of luck and happiness in the years to come.

Northern Native Woman Drowns

PRINCE RUPERT, June 16 — A man and one woman, mother of five, were victims of week-end drownings in west central B.C.

Mrs. Betty Stewart, 31, native widow of Kincolith Reserve, and Peter Brown of Skeena Crossing drowned early Sunday when they fell off a gillnet fishing boat off

Massett

There were twin girls born to Mr. and Mrs. James Adkins of Massett on April 9th, weighing 4 lbs. and six ounces and five lbs. and two ounces. We regret to say that the twins lived only a few hours after they were born. Our deepest sympathy goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Adkins at their great loss.

Funeral service was held on Friday, April 10th, in Massett St. John's Church, with Rev. Mr. Young officiating.

Youngster Passes

Edward Jones Jr. of Massett passed away on April 7th at the Miller Bay Hospital, Prince Rupert, age 14, survived by his loving parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jones, also brothers Jimmy and Don and one sister, Mrs. Paul Hill.

Rev. Mr. Young of New Massett conducted funeral service on April 10th at 4 p.m., in St. John's Church, old Massett.

We express our deepest sympathies.

Patronize the Advertisers in THE NATIVE VOICE

**CAMPBELL
(Streamliner)
PROPELLERS
LIMITED**

1925 West Georgia (rear)
MA. 3857 Vancouver

We also Repair and Recondition All Makes of Propellers



**1
1/2 DOZEN**



1 DOZEN

FOR YOUR CARRYING CONVENIENCE

A FAVORITE CASE AND A NEW HANDY SIZE

Now you can get your favorite beers in either dozen or half-dozen cases . . . both in the preferred flat shape that fits neatly under the arm . . . is so convenient to carry. For summer refreshment, wherever you go, take along a case in either size.



**ROYAL EXPORT BEER
HIGH LIFE PILSEN BEER**

ASK FOR THEM BY NAME!

PRINCETON BREWING COMPANY LIMITED
PRINCETON, B.C.

This advertisement is not published or displayed by the Liquor Control Board or by the Government of British Columbia.

PB-2-23

Continued

By Newell E. Collins

Tecumseh and The War of 1812

CHAPTER V

The location was a bluff thirty or forty feet high, the enclosure covering half an acre of ground. It was named Fort Harrison and its construction occupied nearly a month.

On October 6th, Harrison arrived and wrote Secretary Eustis expressing his regret that his instructions did not permit him to march immediately upon the Prophet's town. On October 12th, a letter was received from the secretary authorizing more strenuous measures. Harrison, feeling that he needed more men to insure the success of his undertaking, sent to Vincennes for four additional companies. Two companies responded, bringing his total to nearly eleven hundred men. In previous encounters with the Indians, where the opposing forces had been approximately equal in numbers, the Indians had invariably been victorious.

The governor had sent a delegation of Delaware chiefs to the Prophet's town, demanding that the Winnebagoes, Pottawattomi and Kickapoos return to their tribes; that certain stolen horses be returned and that the murder suspects be surrendered for trial. The message did not contain information as to Harrison's whereabouts, should the Prophet see fit to reply.

LEAVING a detachment under Colonel Miller to garrison the fort, on October 29th the army again took up the march and three days later, after passing Big Raccoon Creek, they crossed to the right bank of the river, which was open prairie, in order to avoid the possibility of an ambush.

At the Vermillion River, about fifty miles from the Tippecanoe, another halt was made and the men were ordered to construct a block-house twenty feet square for the protection of the boats which had transported their provisions and supplies. Eight men were left to garrison this station. Until this time no Indians had been seen.

By November 5th, the men were within eleven miles of the Prophet's town. They continued to advance unmolested, although by this

time Indians were seen frequently. Those encountered appeared to be sullen and could not be engaged in conversation.

Two miles from the town, the troops entered a rough wooded country where an ambush was feared, but this danger was soon safely passed. A half mile farther, Harrison called a halt and announced his intention of camping for the night, although Major Daviess and the other Kentucky officers urged an immediate attack. They reasoned that Harrison certainly intended to destroy the village and they could see no advantage in further delay. Harrison rejected this plan as it was contrary to his instructions to take the offensive before the Indians had refused to abandon the town.

Here they were met by three Indians, one of them a councillor of the Prophet, who asked why the army was marching on the village. They stated that the Prophet desired to avoid hostilities; that he had sent a pacific message to Harrison by some Pottawattomi chiefs, who had gone down the south bank of the Wabash and consequently had failed to meet the Americans.

The governor sent Captain DuBois forward with a flag of truce; an armistice was agreed upon and hostilities were deferred, at least until after a council could be held the following day, when Harrison was to outline his demands. Possibly the governor intended to stipulate terms which the Prophet might not agree to, then attack and burn the town the following night.

THE troops continued their march toward the village, os-

tensibly to select a satisfactory place to camp. When they were within five hundred feet of the town, the Indians became alarmed and called to them. It was not until then that inquiry was made as to where they might camp for the night, and water being needed. The Indians indicated the direction of the Tippecanoe, which flowed into the Wabash about three-quarters of a mile from the village. Majors Clark and Taylor and Quartermaster Piatt were sent forward to investigate and they reported favorably on the location.

The spot selected was a "hog-back"—a triangular piece of dry oak land rising about ten feet above a marshy prairie in front and nearly twenty feet above a similar prairie in the rear. Through this lower ground ran a small stream—Burnet's Creek—its bank lined with brush and willows. To the left the high land widened, but at the height it ended in an abrupt point. This made an admirable camping ground, but one easy to approach. Camp was made there, irregular in shape to conform to the high land.

On the front was a battalion of United States infantry under Major George Rogers Clark. This was flanked by one company of Indiana militia on the left and two on the right, these being under the command of Colonel Joseph Bartholomew. At the rear was another battalion of United States infantry under Captain William C. Baen, acting as major—Captain Robert C. Barton of the regulars being in immediate command.

At the right of this battalion

were stationed four companies of Indiana militia commanded by Captains Josiah Snelling, Jr., John Posey, Thomas Scott and Jacob Warrick, Lieutenant Colonel Luke Decker being in command of the whole. The right flank for the distance of eighty yards was filled with mounted riflemen under Captain Spear Spencer.

Along the left flank for one hundred and fifty yards were stationed mounted riflemen under Major General Samuel Wells, his captains being Colonel Frederick Geiger and David Robb. In the rear of the front line near the left flank were two troops of dragoons under Major Joseph H. Daviess and near these companies at the left was a troop of reserve cavalry under Captain Benjamin Parke. Wagons, tents, etc., were in the centre.

(To be continued)

Indian Homes Saved From Fire

SQUAMISH, June 8.—An Indian village at Creekside, 62 miles north of here on the PGE, narrowly escaped destruction Sunday when fire flashed through the Roman Catholic Church, the Community Hall and a house, leaving them a pile of smouldering embers.

More than 50 homes of 300 persons were endangered by the blaze while every member of the community fought to bring it under control.

The fire is believed to have started in the Community Hall and spread to the adjoining church and the one small house.

THE WESTERN FISHING Co. Ltd.

We maintain Fish Camps in all areas to serve our Native Fishermen.

Foot of Campbell HAsT. 4601

EDDIE'S NEWS STAND

Magazines — Stationery
Novelties

GET YOUR HOME TOWN PAPER HERE

Phone 352 P.O. Box 220

Second Avenue West

PRINCE RUPERT, B.C.

(Northern Distribution Centre for Native Voice)

Fishermen Know CANFISCO

for Service & Satisfaction

THE better the condition of your fish—the better the price you get for them. Because our modern fish packing plants are close to the best fishing grounds, you speed the handling of your catch. In addition, facilities for ice manufacture and storage are extensive at CANFISCO—enough for our own needs as well as to supply crushed ice to many salmon and halibut fishermen so that they may keep their catch well-iced. For these two reasons, fishermen who sell to CANFISCO get better prices for fish in better condition.

FRESH—FROZEN—CANNED—SMOKED—SALTED FISH & BY-PRODUCTS

The CANADIAN FISHING CO. LTD.

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Graham and Cataline

From the far-off Walla Walla
To the shore of Lake Babine
Wains the trail they used to travel,
Rain-washed now and seldom
seen.

And it's only seen in places
Up the foothill through the pass,
For it's covered with the briar,
The bramble and the grass.

Through the Flathead Reservation,
And across the boundary line.
Winds the trail they used to travel,
Graham and Cataline.

In their days of youth and glory,
But today it's sadly changed;
There are farms of green alfalfa
Where their horses used to graze.

Out upon the lonesome reaches
And across the canyon grim
There are bridges o'er the rivers
Where their horses used to swim.

Like a rope it's frayed and shat-
tered
And it's never used no more
In that land of trade and traffic.
We hear the sullen roar

Of the train it rolls in splendor
O'er the Trunk Pacific lines,
O'er the trails they used to travel,
Graham and Cataline.

Where the totem poles were mile-
posts,
And the Indian Rancheree
Was the source of trade and com-
merce
That was north of fifty-three.

Northward, ever northward,
Over mountain peak and plain,
In the sacrament of solitude
Their souls they were ordained.

They were wedded to their calling
Like the doctor and the priest,
And they loved the goad of famine
And the glory of the feast.

No master but strong liquor;
And their mistress good and true,
When they shot the foaming rapids,
Was their little bark canoe.

Through the dark and dangerous
canyons,
Where the waters rush and roar,
They rode her through in safety
With the paddle and the oar.

In the chieftain's wigwam
The pipe of peace they smoked;
And they traded and they trafficked
And in tribal tongue they spoke.

And the warriors bade them wel-
come,
And the dusky maidens fair
Smiled the sweetest on their com-
ing
With the ribbons in their hair,

And seductive were those maidens;
They were wove on nature's loom,
They dearly loved bright colors
Strongly scented with perfume.

Now be partial in your judgment,
For their conscience was their
own;
For the sin of wine and women
It is bred within the bone.

It was newer for the weakling,
Nor for the imbecile;
For to brave the lonesome reaches
Is to win the woman's smile.

It was the privilege of the strong
man
For to win the woman fair,
Like the great and glorious Samson
When the strength was in his
hair.

And the velvet-lipped Delilah,
She who proved his woe and
grief,
Like the women of the north land,
She was weak like Mother Eve.

And the stalwart sons of Adam
Ever worshipped at their shrine,
Like the glorious Jack Graham
And that peerless Cataline.

In the building of this empire,
For their wrongs they did atone;
For the northland was their king-
dom,
And the saddle was their throne.

They are gone, but not forgotten;
For 'tis they who blazed the way
From the silvery Colorado
To the frozen Hudson Bay.

Where the Stars and Stripes are
waving
And the British Lion roars,
From the sunny South Sea Islands
To the Yukon's icy shores,

Where our laws for men are equal:
What we have we hold;
For our daughters proud and vir-
tuous
And our sons so brave and bold.

Where the boundless wealth is
waiting
In the forests and the mines,
And the men that blazed the path-
way
Were Graham and Cataline.

Now in Hazelton they're sleeping,
Those old-timers, side by side;
And they're throwin' diamond
hitches
Far across the Great Divide.

At the pearly gates of glory
In that golden city street,
There we're told by priest and par-
son

That our friends we're going to
meet.

Then we'll meet them from the
forest,
From the farms and from the
mines,
And from the land of diamond
hitches
We'll meet Graham and Cataline.

We'll meet those good old-timers
With the firm and friendly
hand—
From that mapless, voiceless region,
From that silent, lonesome land.

In the days of youth and glory,
Where they drank their Hud-
son's Bay,
And the strong winds of the wil-
derness
Washed their sins away.

And they'll tell us of that country,
That country strange and new,
When the trails they were unknown
And there were only just a few.

Just a few that knew the wilder-
ness,
The women and the wine,
Like that glorious Jack Graham
And that peerless Cataline.

There'll be Burns and Mulvaney,

About the Poem

The accompanying poem was kindly loaned to *The Native Voice* by Mr. Joe Ellen of New Hazelton. Cataline was the famous old packer in days gone by. He is buried alongside the man who took a pack train of camels into the Cariboo. Their resting place is in the old graveyard overlooking Old Hazelton.

And Barrett of the Diamond D.
That proud and prosperous timothy
king
That's north of Fifty-three.

Bickle buys the cattle
And ships them on the trains,
From his home of magic splendor
In the far-famed Grassy Plains.

And Dick Sargent, the merchant,
The Napoleon of them all—
When Gabriel blows his trumpet,
He will answer for us all.

And we'll toast the good old trails
In whisky, gin and wine;
Here's to the glorious Jack Graham
And that peerless Cataline.

Mike Tuohy.

Dedicated to Charles Barrett of
the Bulkley Valley. It was also
thought that this poem would be of
interest to the other old-timers of
the district.

BRITISH COLUMBIA PACKERS LTD.

Packers of

CLOVER LEAF SEA FOODS



QUALITY

VARIETY

Renew Your Sub

Rates: \$1.50 per Year

Send Renewal to:
THE NATIVE VOICE
429 Standard Bank Bldg.
Vancouver 2, B.C.

If it's McGAVIN'S

it's good BREAD