

the **NATIVE VOICE**

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

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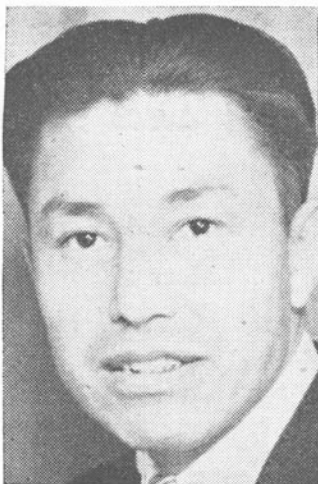


PRICE 10 CENTS

To All Readers of The Native Voice **A Happy Holiday Season**



JIMALEE BURTON
Oklahoma Associate Editor



JIMMY ANTOINE
Northern Associate Editor

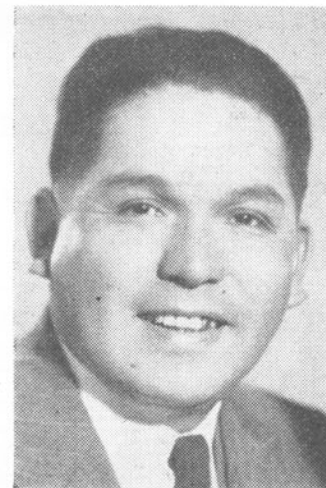
from



BIG WHITE OWL
(Jasper Hill)
Eastern Associate Editor



KITTY CARPENTER
Coastal Associate Editor



JAMES SEWID
Coastal Associate Editor

The Associate Editors and Publisher

We wish to extend to all our readers, in Canada, U.S.A., Mexico, South America and to those who live in far-away lands across the salty sea, a very special Merry Christmas Greeting and A Happy New Year Wish.

O Great Spirit, make Peace and Sunshine in the hearts of all men, not only on Christmas Day, but in every other day of the year.

By KARONTOWAMEN

SHADIAH - - - The Arrowhead

(Continued from Last Issue)

Yes, he had danced to many victory dances and his daring deeds were retold at many a council. Now, he was too old to dance and to fight, so he turned to making the things closest to his heart.

We were the products of his skill. He was noted for his arrow making. As a young man he was given great acclaim by the chieftains and elders of the tribe, for his beautiful arrows. Everyone claimed that his arrows were the best they had ever seen. So, you can see we were in great demand by all the hunters and warriors.

It was told at many campfires of the time, when as a young man, Pushetonequa, who was only eighteen years of age, had turned the outcome of a skirmish with the enemy from defeat into victory.

It happened in this manner. A hunting party of which he was a member had just taken their supply of buffalo and were on their way back to their camp, when disaster struck in the form of a war party of Sioux. It seems they had spotted the hunting party approaching and had lain ambush for them. But they forgot the keen eyes of our people and before they could spring their traps, two of our scouts who are always sent ahead to warn us of things like this stumbled across one of them lying in the tall prairie grass. Immediately there were shouts and cries that warned the hunting party. They quickly gathered in a group to get commands on just what to do. There was very little time, the scouts already were on the run with the war party of Sioux in full pursuit. Our hunters had to act at once so with the older hunters leading the way, they retraced their steps back to a small river they had just crossed. This they

remembered had a natural fortress on the one side. Quickly leading the horses, which were loaded with the meat and skins, into the water, our men followed, and by clinging onto the tails and manes were soon safe on the other side. Those who were without horses, soon swam the river. They were just in time, for as the last man was still climbing the steep bank to the rocks above, the Sioux burst into view on the other side of the river. Now they began shouting insults and threats to our people.

The enemy did not attempt to cross, because we had the advantage of the steep bank and they knew what that meant if they tried a direct crossing. This was not the first time they had met a party of our hunters and returned to their camp in disgrace.

While all this excitement was going on, the older men were holding a council. They had voted to make a run for it, but the younger men had grown angry when they were told this. They wished to fight.

The Sioux had the reputation of great warriors, and they outnumbered the hunting party. Just what to do was a question that had to be answered very quickly. Then one of them, riding a beautiful spotted pony, left the group which was standing back from the shore. He rode up to the water's edge and in a loud voice taunted the Mesquakies to come and fight. He wore the headdress of a chieftain, and by the number of scalplocks hanging from his lance, must have been a great warrior.

He reminded one of a statue in color, sitting there on his mount, for the man and pony were as one. From where we stood watching to the other side, it must have been about one hundred and twenty

yards. That made it almost impossible for an arrow to be shot with any accuracy. Several of our warriors had tried but without any success.

My master, who had been standing back watching the enemy on the further shore, now stepped forward. On the hunts, he had been noted for his long shots, and surely here was a target worth trying for. Here was a Sioux chieftain within range of one of his arrows. He would show these Shahanla just how a warrior of the Mesquakies could shoot. Quickly sliding an arrow on to the string of his bow, he stepped forward. Then taking aim for only a second, he loosed the string. The arrow flew like a shooting star, straight and fast. It found its rest in the breast of the Sioux chieftain. He slid from his pony without a sound. There was a moment when neither side made a move or a sound. Then all havoc broke loose. The Sioux, seeing their leader struck down, quickly picked him up and holding him between them retreated the way they had come.

(To be continued.)

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NOTICE

The Necoslie Band of Fort St. James wish to make the following correction regarding the statement made in the September issue of the Native Voice: Their former Chief Alec McKinnon is not a member of their Sports Committee nor the club on the reserve, and that the house burned was not his new house, but the old house aged 30 years, and that he has no power nor say in the affairs of the said Necoslie Band

SIGNED CHIEF EDWARD JOHN
COUNCILLORS JEAN M. PRINCE
HARVEY LEON R. B. PRINCE

The above Chief and councillors are acting for the Necoslie Band of Fort St. James.

Above the Line

(NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1954)

Custom bends to fancy and to time,
And if the fancies of the flowing years
Yield more to love and music's chime,
To peaceful ways, outmoding ancient
years,
Then man shall yet be strong
Together in new song!

Written in the stars since cosmic dust
Was whirled by the Omnipotent design

To shapes and spheres, the why and must
Of living grew, and with us still the
wine
Of life to drink down deep,
The while the angels weep!

Thus long the messengers of truth have
done,
Oft and softly in the rising storms
Of human passion, hate, that won
So little gain and image of the forms
Of beauty glimpsed at dawn,
By bards to lead man on.

Stranger year has not arisen yet
Than rises now above the spruce and
pine;

The balsam, hemlock, maple fret
At some rude, rising wind divine,
That holds all branches numb
To tension of a drum!

—Charles Andrew Tupper,
Foxboro, Ontario, Canada.

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Indians Claim Duty Exemptions

By **GEORGE BAIN**
(Toronto Globe and Mail)

Ottawa, Nov. 16.—It was almost possible to discern the faint throbbing of the tom-tom in the walnut-paneled chamber of the Exchequer Court here this afternoon.

That was when one of three counsel for an Indian who is suing the Crown suggested that Canadian Indians, giving the government tit for tat, might say they didn't choose to be bound by a hostilities-ending treaty.

About 60 Indians, mainly from the Caughnawaga and St. Regis reservations, were in the court to give support to 31-year-old Louis Francis, who is trying to get back \$123.66 from the Crown.

His case is based primarily upon a section of the Jay Treaty of 1794, which says that Indians can bring goods across the border without paying duty.

That is what Louis Francis did, and that is what the customs people charged him \$123.66 for doing—after first seizing his goods.

The test case, which started today, is to determine whether Indians' right to bring goods across the border free, as provided in the Jay Treaty, and reaffirmed in the Treaty of Ghent, of 1814, is still good.

On the other side of the argument are amendments written into the Income Tax Act when Newfoundland came into Confederation. One of them said that, notwithstanding any earlier laws other than enacted by the Canadian Parliament, such and such shall be done.

Among the earlier laws came the Jay Treaty and, thus, among the such and such came an end of the Indians' right to bring in goods duty free.

It was A. T. Hewitt, one of three counsel for Francis, who set the old war drums throbbing.

He noted first that the Jay and Ghent treaties were agreements between sovereign states. Then he observed that certain inducements were held out to the Indians to end hostilities.

If such a treaty could be abrogated by one of the parties to it—in this case Britain and the United States—then the Indians, as third-party beneficiaries, might say: "All right then; we won't be bound by it."

Francis, one-time U.S. Navy sailor, is a member of the St. Regis reserve which is on the St. Lawrence River about four miles from Cornwall.

Living in Canada and working in the United States, Francis between 1948 and 1951 brought home with him a washing-machine, an oil heater and a refrigerator.

He paid no duty on them, and, according to his counsel, until 1949 there was no customs officer to ask him for duty on goods brought from the United States.

In 1952 the items were seized and held until he paid the \$123.66 duty.

Article 3 of the Jay Treaty said

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that "no duty of entry shall ever be charged by either party on peltries . . . nor shall Indians passing and re-passing with their own proper goods and effects, of whatever nature, pay for the same any impost or duty whatever."

There was one exception—goods in bales or other large packages unusual among Indians should not be considered bona fide to Indians.

Gordon Henderson, counsel for Francis, argued and introduced evidence to show that such goods as refrigerators, oil stoves and washing machines are not today goods "unusual among Indians."

Among those who gave testimony as to the articles with which the present-day Indian home may be equipped was Gathering Words,

wife of Poking Fire, of the Caughnawaga reserve. She is the president of a homemakers' club.

Mr. Henderson said it would be monstrous if the section 49 added to the Income Tax Act in 1949 should be "stretched so as to cover a treaty that has been in existence since 1794."

Purpose of the section being placed in the act on the entry of Newfoundland into Confederation, he said, was to cover situations where the new province might have been enjoying, under old acts, concessions which were not enjoyed by the provinces it had just joined.

Additionally, said Mr. Henderson, when the section said "notwithstanding any other law," it

meant any earlier statute, not any past treaty.

It was Mr. Francis' submission, he said, that the Jay Treaty was still law; that it survived the War of 1812, and that, in any event, the Indian rights were revived by the Treaty of Ghent of 1814.

EASTERN ASSOCIATE EDITOR'S NOTE: According to a radio news report this morning (Nov. 18, 1953) the Jay Treaty and the Treaty of Ghent are now nothing more than scraps of paper like all other Treaties made by the White Man with North American Indians. . . . This was the decision handed down by the Justice Department of the Government of Canada.

Don't Let TB Conquer You!

By **FRAN ANTOINE**

T.B. is a terrible disease. Everybody knows it to have caused death not only in one home but in every land in the world. How can we best overcome it?

This question would still be unanswerable had it not been for the tireless efforts of scientists. Yes, even 25 years ago, our loved ones died from this dread disease all because we did not know how to cure it.

It is not so today, thanks to the wonderful drugs made possible by science. If people could only realize the importance of stamping out this sickness and co-operating with the doctors, the world would be rid of it sooner.

To people who are stricken with this disease, try to realize the importance of a cure and help the doctors cure you. Be patient and understanding. It is such a foolish thing to do to run out on the good doctors who are trying to help you get better. They know best. They see these TB germs eating away your lungs which our naked eyes

cannot see. You are fools to waste the good care that is given you and trade it in for the suffering and toil of your everyday life at home, exposing your sickness to many and especially endangering your loved ones at home.

The doctors don't get you in the hospital just for fun and for the money they are likely to make on you like some old-fashioned minded people think. No, far from it. They are only interested in science and want to conquer this dread disease. I'm sure if you help these good people and help them overcome it, you will be doing your share and it will feel good to know you too helped get rid of TB.

I know, because I am one of those who took the cure with a good will. I also have a sister who is enjoying life because she took

the cure, too. When I was in the hospital for a second time for TB, I was determined to get cured once and for all. Despite all the difficulties at home, I stuck it out. When you put your entire will to it, it's not hard to take the cure, especially when you think that the sooner you are cured, that much longer you will have to live happily with your loved ones.

But if you run out on them, there'll be a day when you have to go back again. Maybe when it will be too late, you will regret not staying for your cure when you had all the chance in the world to get better. So why not take a complete cure once and for all so you won't run into difficulties later on.

Why let TB order you around? **TURN BACK AND CHASE IT OUT!**

Best Wishes
for Christmas
and the
New Year

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CANADA LIMITED

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'All One Body We' . . . Road To Better Times

MANY people, some of them possibly well-meaning but misinformed, have advocated that the Native people should give up their community life. This feeling that the Indian reservations should be broken up is not shared by "The Native Voice."

We are now and have long been bitterly opposed to attempts, ill-concealed or obvious, which would take away any of the few privileges enjoyed by the Native population of this country. Our efforts have instead been directed toward obtaining an extension of rights and privileges for our people, not further unbearable restrictions.

We have consistently maintained that unity on a common program is the way to full freedom and democracy without loss of the few benefits which at best are only a fractional payment for the great losses in land and other wealth suffered by the Indian folk.

The Native Brotherhood of British Columbia song, "Onward Christian Soldiers," expresses the vital message of unity in its striking verses.

What can be more impressive or more to the point than hundreds of Native Voices singing with determination, "We are not divided, all one body we, one in hope and doctrine, one in charity"?

And that is the answer . . . unity, unity, unity, one united body representing the Natives of Canada, and with one "Native Voice" calling for educational advancement, freedom, equality in word and deed. Again, we repeat, not at the cost of any rights.

This Yule season and the New Year to follow must bring with them an undeviating resolve to advance one step further in the direction we have indicated, in the direction of a better life for the people who once owned Canada.



CELEBRATING HIS FINE NEW FEATHERS is Chief Grand Boat, who can be seen indulging in a "war dance" after recent elevation to a position of chieftainship by the Cayuga Iroquois tribe at Oshwekan, Ontario. Chief Grand Boat, otherwise known as Admiral James Hibbard, flag officer, Pacific Coast, was given the tribute for his wartime command of the destroyer "Iroquois."

YOU Can Help Develop A Stronger 'Native Voice'

WE DO NOT intend to read a lecture at this time of year when relaxation, good fellowship, and good times are the chief items on the menu of living.

But we hope readers will forgive us if we stray for a moment to a subject of keen importance to "The Native Voice" and all those who feel it has a part to play on behalf of the Native people of this continent.

It may be a letdown when we report that the subject with which we are so deeply concerned is the practical matter of advertising. We have advertisers, but for our publication to grow, we need more, and we hope the New Year will see us become a large publication to better serve our many readers.

We feel certain the loyalty expressed by our subscribers will go just a little further . . . to the point of encouraging firms to spread knowledge of their products through our publication in the form of advertisements.

There is of course our responsibility to the businesses who have in this and past editions, carried their advertising. *They support us: we in turn must support them.*

Many fishermen have told us they will follow that policy as closely as possible. Such loyalty will without doubt serve well both the advertisers and "The Native Voice."

The stronger "Voice" which is bound to result will speak ever more effectively for our people.

AN INDIAN PRAYER

"Oh GREAT SPIRIT: Whose voice I hear in the winds, and whose breath gives life to all the world, hear me. I am a man before You, one of your manly children—I am small and weak. I need Your strength and wisdom. Let me walk in beauty and make my eyes ever behold the red and purple sunset. Make my hands respect the things You have made; my ears sharp to hear Your voice. Make me wise, so that I may know the things you have taught my people. The lesson you have hidden in every leaf and rock. I seek strength not to be superior to my brothers, but to be able to fight my greatest enemy—myself. Make me ever ready to come to You with clean hands and straight eyes, so when life fades as a fading sunset my spirit may come to You without shame."

—From Chief Yellow Lark.

to the
**NATIVE
BROTHERHOOD
OF
BRITISH
COLUMBIA**

a
Merry Christmas
and
a
Happy New Year



THE GOVERNMENT OF
THE PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

of
**THE
GOVERNMENT
OF THE
PROVINCE
BRITISH COLUMBIA**

Story of Rose Martin Pattrell

By Phoebe E. MacKellar

"This flag belongs to you more than to me!" A Governor of Vermont, pointing to the "Stars and Stripes" said this, jokingly, to an Indian girl from Oka, Quebec. Years later, those words beat in her brain. A grandmother of U.S. citizens, this Treaty Mohawk woman from Canada was able to do her people a service.

She is Rose Martin Pattrell who could be taken for a well tanned New Englander with flashing black eyes. Her neatly permed grey hair and smart appearance adds to her native poise and dignity. Her speech has the musical lilt of one accustomed to the soft tones of the Mohawk language, though her accent is distinctly that of South of the Border. One is not surprised to learn that Mrs. Pattrell is a dressmaker and tailorress by profession, and that she finds her artistic outlet in church choir and solo singing.

STUDENT OF HISTORY

Since her marriage to a white man of Huguenot descent, Mrs. Pattrell has devoted a good deal of time to the study of history; that is, in between raising her three daughters who have all made good marriages. Rose's first interest in history was to gain knowledge of the background of her own people, the Mohawks of the Iroquois Confederacy, whose roots go back to the 'Empire State,' (now New York). Yes, her people had some claim to the "Stars and Stripes."

Before leaving the Two Mountain Reserve in Quebec Province, Rose had helped her father, hereditary chief of the Bear Clan, by copying documents for Ottawa.

Her father with other Oka Chiefs: felt they were not receiving their ancient rights according to the old treaties.

Rose Martin's schooling on the Reserve ended with Grade VIII. There was no money to send her to High School. However, with her father teaching her the traditions of her own people, and the added stimulus of the school-mistress boarding in their home, she was able to equip her mind for a life of many interests.

Feeling certain there was no future for her on the Reserve, Rose Martin apprenticed as a dressmaker in Montreal. But the lure of better opportunities took her over the border where she started her new life as a companion to an elderly lady.

JOINED CHOIR

The natural quality of her singing voice was soon discovered and she was asked to join a Methodist Church choir. It was there she met her matrimonial fate. Mrs. Pattrell told me that in those days she was very shy, and in addition was ashamed to reveal her racial background. But one day the tables turned. She discovered to her joy and amazement that her Native blood was an asset. An old lady, she told me, expressed her thrill at meeting an Indian girl. The lady's great-grandmother had been captured as a child at the Deerfield Massacre. She had been well treated in Cagnawaga before her return for ransom.

"My five grand-children are all proud of their Mohawk blood," Mrs. Pattrell said, smiling, and quietly added: "They are fond of their Indian grandmother." "And proud of her, too," I exclaimed.

REASON FOR PRIDE

In Oka, all Rose Martin Pattrell's relatives are mighty proud of her! This spring she became Vermont State news. At the Legislative Assembly session, Land Claims Hearing, at Montpelier, she appeared in court with documentary evidence and legal representation on behalf of the Canadian Indian Reserves of Cagnawaga, St. Regis and Lake of Two Mountains (Oka.).

"How did this happen, that you were chosen?" I asked.

A look of home-sickness came into her eyes. "I had not seen my brother for a long time, she said. She told me that one morning in 1951 she read headlines in the local press that three hereditary chiefs from Lake of Two Mountains Reserve would attend Land Grant Claims Session. Rose Pattrell took a fifty mile bus-ride to Montpelier in order to see her brother, Chief Martin Martin. She was disappointed to find her brother had not come, but happy to discover that two of the chiefs were old class-mates. They begged her to remain and hear what they had to say. She was easily persuaded.

The chiefs were eloquent. But the data and proofs that their people had not been remunerated for ancient hunting grounds now in the State of Vermont, had been handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth. This was all very well, but without documentary evidence and council they could get nowhere. The Attorney General was kind, but firm. If they cared to present their case in the accustomed manner in the spring of 1953, they might stand a fair chance.

Her first step was to consult a lawyer friend. "Could anything come of it?" she asked. He said it was quite possible that something might! They could work together. He helped her find many treaty papers and other valuable documents in libraries and the State Archives.

COULD SHE HELP?

"Everyone was helpful," she said, but it involved two years of hard work. By April 9th, 1953, Rose Martin Pattrell was able to present a written report on treaties concerning the land claims of her people. Her lawyer friend, R. E. Stevens, acted as Counsel.

"And the result?" I asked.

"It is not finished yet," she said. "It will have to go to the Federal Court of Claims, before we can hope for any compensation." But she feels that she has brought her people one step higher toward Indian rights.

Every time Mrs. Pattrell sees the "Stars and Stripes" fluttering in the breeze, the words of the old Governor come back to her as a challenge; a challenge that is now partly fulfilled!

Christmas Greetings To Our Natives

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A WORD ABOUT

Associate Editor Sewid

Our Associate Editor, James Sewid, is grandson of the late Chief Aul Sewid of the Kwagulth Nation, who was the first interpreter of the Chinook language in that area. Chief James Sewid's original home was at Gilford Island, and he really belongs to Gilford Island.

The present Chief of Gilford Island is Chief William Scow, President of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia. James Sewid has lived for eight years at Alert Bay, having transferred to that village from Gilford Island.

For the first time in the history of the Kwagulth people, the Indian Department wanted to form a Council and Counsellors, so about five years ago James Sewid was appointed Chief Counsellor of the Nimpkish Band, with George Alfred, Dan Hanuse and Herbert Cook being appointed his counsellors.

Chief Counsellor Sewid's great dream was that the Kwagulth people should all be amalgamated. It would then be easier for the Indian Department to build schools, water systems, etc., if they were all amalgamated into one big village. It would be for the good of the people and easier for the people.

Although for three years he was Chief Counsellor, that dream has not yet come true.

Right now, a deeply religious man, he is the Rector's Warden of Christ Church, Alert Bay, and choir master of the senior and junior choir, who sing their hymns in the Native language. A speaker will be installed in the tower of the church which will record cathedral chimes, in memory of the late Mrs. Constance Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Chief Joseph Harris, and George Luther, who were the great leaders of the church. A memorial will be held for them on this Christmas Eve. Later, in the spring of 1954, they will celebrate the 75th

anniversary of the church in memory of Rev. James Hall, the founder of the church, who came to Alert Bay from England in the early days.

James Sewid is secretary-treasurer of the negotiating committee of Alert Bay district, appointed by his people. Reginald Cook is the negotiator for Alert Bay district. Editor Sewid feels that they are very lucky to have him in that district, for he knows the seriousness of the fishing negotiations each year, and he wishes all the other districts could have the same, that is, a negotiator in every district to represent the people when it is time to negotiate for salmon prices.

"The Native Voice" feels greatly honored in having Chief James Sewid and his valuable counsel and guidance as our Coast Associate Editor.



CHIEF JIMMY SEWID of Alert Bay, recently named associate editor of "The Native Voice," is a prominent vessel owner in the British Columbia fishing industry. Robert Bell, also of Alert Bay, and he, are joint owners of the seine boat fleet pictured above, all of them good-sized vessels. Queen of the fleet is the vessel on the left, the "Twin Sisters," 52-footer launched at Alert Bay in the summer of 1951. She was named after twin daughters born to the Sewids prior to the launching. The boat in the centre is the "Adele M," while the seiner flanking it is the "Frank A. M." Chief Sewid has been in Vancouver for a couple of weeks but is going back to his home in Alert Bay for the festive season.

Open Letter to B.C. Natives

By CHIEF JAMES SEWID
Coast Editor, The Native Voice

This is an open letter by me to the Natives of British Columbia. "The Native Voice" is the official "Voice" of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, a voice now heard all through British Columbia, the United States and Canada and in fact all over the World. It has been heard for eight years. It has told the story of our race and our fight against discrimination and the fight for better education, better conditions and equality for all our people.

Without this "Voice" our problems would never have been heard. It has carried on and kept alive the voices of our great leaders who have passed on.

Alfred Adams, our late President, travelled from one end of British Columbia to another bringing hope and courage and unity to our people when they were in danger of dying out.

The late Mrs. Constance Cook,

the late Chief Calder of the Naas, and many other great founders of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, for years worked for the advancement of our people and have given them so much; all this the "Voice" has publicized. This "Voice" is the official Voice of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia. If we lose it, no-one will know of the work we do and no-one will hear of the problems of our people. It is thus our duty to

support our "Voice." There are 31,000 Indians in British Columbia. If we could get even one-half of these to subscribe to "The Native Voice," it would grow bigger and stronger, in our fight for justice.

I am asking you this Christmas season to stand behind the "Voice" and the Native Brotherhood so that we can carry on and fight for your needs; only through unity and work will we gain our objective.

MAY this Friendly Greeting express sincere thanks for your patronage during the past year and we wish you and yours a . . .

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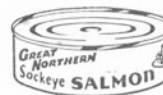
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Life in the Bella Bella School

Campbell Island,
Bella Bella, B.C.,
Nov. 16, 1953.

By MISS BONNIE CARPENTER
(Grade 8)

We are all glad to be back in school after what seemed such a long holiday. Most of us who are attending school are trying our best to attend the regular five-day classes.

There is only one classroom used in the old school which was built in 1939. It really doesn't look as if it is almost 15 years old. There are two teachers, residents, and two vacant rooms in what we call the old school.

We are very proud of our new school which was built in 1950. We have four classrooms in this building. The teacher's residence is used by our principal and wife, Mr. and

Mrs. Baydock, both teaching. There is also one lavatory for the girls and one for the boys, and also a large furnace at the new school, and an engine room for our lighting plant which is only used during the day. The teacherages are supplied with lights at night by the R. W. Large Memorial Hospital.

One thing that we haven't got, that we need most, is school text books, and are very sorry not to have, as we feel that this is a drawback in our learning.

We have five teachers to teach all nine grades. Our principal, Mr. Baydock, is teaching grades 6, 7, 8; Miss Fehr is teaching grades 4 and 5 in the old school; Mrs. Baydock teaches grade 3; Miss Nicolson teaches grades 1 and 2 and we are proud to have Mrs. George Darby Jr. teaching our primary department. Many thanks to her from all of us.

There are 143 students in our

school's five classrooms, and we hope to keep this number of students attending all through this school term.

Our students are well and neatly dressed and am glad to say we all enjoy school life here, so attendance is always good; so is the general behaviour.

Our activities are similar to any other school—baseball for both boys and girls, and football for boys.

We all look forward to our parties on Hallowe'en, Valentine's, Christmas and others. We also raise money for our school outside

of classroom needs. The boys have one night a week for manual training and shellcraft by the girls. We have educational films once a week.

This is the life in our Bella Bella school. Hope to hear of the other Native school activities.

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Foot of Campbell HAst. 4601

Ottawa Provides \$300,000 Grant For Indian Pupils

At least 700 young Canadian Indians will get federal assistance in advanced studies this year by tuition grants totalling some \$300,000, Citizenship Minister Harris announced late last October.

The announcement came during the second day of the three-day conference in Ottawa between the Indian Affairs branch and 19 representatives of Canada's 156,000 Indians.

Mr. Harris said assistance previously given by his department to Indians learning trades or attending university has had very satisfactory results.

An Indian dentist, Roger Ross of the Songhees band, has started a practice at Victoria. A Huron from the Lorette Reserve near Quebec, Leon Grosslouis, was awarded the Governor-General's silver medal as the top medical graduate at Laval University this year.

Among Indians being assisted by the department this year are 18 university students; 21 students of nursing and 12 learning to be nurses' assistants; six attending normal school and seven teachers who took training courses during the summer, and 40 commercial students.

Many of these students will return to help their own people, but this is not a condition for assistance in advanced studies, Mr. Harris said. They would be free to make any use they wished of their talents and training.—"Globe & Mail", Toronto, Ont., October 28, 1953.

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White people say I'm bad . . . They don't like me . . . They say bad things about me

Canon Stanley speaks—

The telephone rang. It was the Chief of police. Had an Indian girl named Annie come to the Rectory for help? Well, if she should do so it would be worth bearing in mind that she is a TB suspect. She had been sent to town for X-rays and a medical examination for possible venereal infection and had not shown up yet. She may be wandering around town now without money and could be a public menace.

That was a Wednesday. On the following Saturday morning a slim young girl knocked timidly on the Rectory door. She was an Indian and very pale with large brown eyes that looked frightened. She just looked down at the floor and said nothing. The culprit had arrived.

"Is your name Annie?" I asked, offering a chair.

"Yes," she said, relieved that I knew.

"Have you had your X-ray yet?"

"Yes."

"What did the doctor say?"

"He said I have to wait maybe a week."

"Until he gets the results back?"

"Yes."

"Are you going back home until the results come back?"

"I got no home."

"Where have you been living?"

"Up Smoky Line, Mileage 22."

"Can't you go there until next week?"

"They won't let me on the bus. They say I'm too sick."

"Where have you been staying in town?"

"Cheap hotel, but I got no money. Have to get out today."

"Where did you get the money to stay at the hotel?"

"Indian girl at Smoky give me money."

"Do men ever give you money?"

She resented this. "No," she said.

"White people say I'm bad. They don't like me. They say bad things about me."

This was quite a speech and somehow I believed her. In any case British justice says a person is innocent until proved guilty. I phoned the Chief and he agreed the girl should have a chance to

await the results of the medical examination. The Lions Club also backed me up and offered to foot the bill for a week.

So we arranged for Annie to stay on at her hotel and eat at her favorite restaurant three times a day instead of once, and the proprietor said he would see that her dishes were well scalded, just in case. We thought the first stage of the problem was solved.

On Monday the hotel proprietor called me up. I would have to get that Indian girl out of his place right away; she was causing trouble. Drunks had been pounding at her door every night and shouting to get in.

"Did she open the door?" I asked, fearing the worst.

"No, that's just the trouble," he replied. "It would have been better if she had opened up, we could have got some sleep then. But she just let them pound and shout."

"I'll be right down," I said. "It will be a pleasure to take her away from your establishment."

The next place was more quiet. Each day Annie called at the Rectory for a visit. We could see she was lonesome. She enjoyed her magazines which a thoughtful parishioner left for her. Twice there was a little spending money in the magazines. It was during these visits to the Rectory that she told us her story. It seemed incredible that so much tragedy should come to one so young. We hadn't thought it could happen in Canada.

Her mother had died of tuberculosis when Annie was six, and her father was taken away to a mental hospital shortly afterward. A widowed aunt took the four children into her tent and did her very best to provide for them. But fur was scarce at Attawapaskat and hunting was bad. Everybody had to scratch for a living. It was everyone for himself. The widow and her adopted children got lost in the shuffle and fought a losing battle against poverty and disease. Soon after Annie's fifteenth birthday, the aunt died and Annie was sent to Hamilton for extensive surgery and a long wait in the sanitarium. She was twenty-two when they smiled and said she could go home. By that time she had no home. Her family had all died of the white plague. The only person Annie could think of was an Indian girl from the Kapuskasing district whom she had met in hospital. So she was given a ticket to Kapuskasing and her friend, in true Indian hospitality, did not let her down. She was taken in to a new family.

But a tarpaper shack is different from a steam-heated Government hospital. It was not long before Annie started to cough again. She lost weight, had a high color. So she was X-rayed and sent to Moose Factory hospital where she spent

There are many stories which could be written to express the spirit of this Christmas season, but the one on this page, submitted for publication by Eastern Associate Editor Big White Owl, contains much of the feeling which should prevail at this time of year.

By THE MOST REV. R. J. RENISON

the better part of the next year. Again she returned to the shack and her friends. Then rumors started circulating among white folk on the line. Annie was not a good girl at all. She was silent and sullen. She had probably run away from both hospitals. She probably still had the disease and maybe another kind besides. These Indians you know, have no morals at all. She ought to be sent away from this district.

I decided to wait and see. Finally the results came back. Annie was in the clear on both counts. No active tuberculosis. No venereal disease. Well, what do you know about that! I phoned the man in charge of the Smoky bus and told him . . . he said she could travel whenever she pleased. I phoned the Lions Club to thank them for their generous backing. Then I went to tell Annie. She wept and beamed all at the same time.

It was not long before I received a letter from Annie. She was not happy there. She wanted to work in town. Could I find her a job? Now that WAS a problem. Where indeed could a frail girl with one scarred lung get a job? Not with children. Not standing on her feet all day. Not handling food. She

had spent eight years in hospital and had been trained for no particular work. They just opened the door and said she could leave. Back to the bush after eight years of civilized comforts. I wrote to the Indian agent stating the problem and asking for his advice. Perhaps the Department of Indian Affairs had been confronted with similar problems; it might even finance a course of training. I am still waiting for a reply. The Department of Indian Affairs evidently could do nothing for Annie.

So Annie stayed at Mileage 22, Smoky Lake, and made the best of it. Then history began to repeat itself. An Indian woman died leaving a 10-month-old baby. The father was away working in a pulp camp. So Annie moved into the deserted shack and looked after little Frederick. Once in a while when she was in town shopping she would call in at the Rectory for a visit. She had come out of her shell and talked quite freely. She seemed to be content with her lot in life. The last time she came she told us she had met a fine Indian boy who wanted to marry her.

The wedding took place the other day. Annie was radiantly happy. She was smiling from ear to ear. And I think she has found the answer herself. Clarence is no brain-trust, but he already has built a strong warm log house for his bride. And he has promised to cut the firewood and carry the water. He wants to look after Annie well. And we think he should, for most of us have decided that Annie is a fine girl after all.

—G. R. Stanley.

Season's Best Wishes to Kind Supporters

The Native Voice wishes a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to Commissioner Arneil and staff of the Indian Affairs Department in Vancouver, B.C. The same heartfelt expressions go out to Doctors Barclay, Tennant, and Coddington and medical staff.

We deeply appreciate the wonderful work they have done and are doing for the Natives of British Columbia. In addition, may we thank these fine people for the help they have given "The Native Voice"; the courtesy and kindness received by us in our work.

May God bless you all.

—MAISIE HURLEY, Publisher, and Staff.

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Fishermen Urge Compensation Coverage



ALFRED SCOW
Native Brotherhood Business Agent

Under the present Workmen's Compensation Act, all the fishermen do not come under the definition of employees and therefore do not receive any benefits under the act. At a recent meeting with the Minister of Labor, the Honourable Lyle Wicks, the Native Brotherhood of B.C., United Fishermen and Allied Workers' Union and the Women's Auxillary of the U.F.A.W.U., and the Fishing Vessel Owners' Association requested that the compensation act be amended to include fishermen in the definition of workmen.

Mr. Rigby of the U.F.A.W.U., as spokesman, outlined in detail some of the reasons for this request and he submitted written outlines of the same to the Honourable Minister. Among these reasons, it was pointed out that the fisherman who is covered at one time during the fishing season is not covered during a different time. Thus, if the fisherman is fishing on a company packer for two months of the year, he would not be covered the rest of the year even if engaged in fishing.

The opinion was expressed that such a practice was out of date and ridiculous and a complete violation of the intent of the Compensation Act. The fishing companies at an earlier meeting with the Honourable Minister stated their position as being in complete opposition to any extension of compensation benefits. Furthermore, they

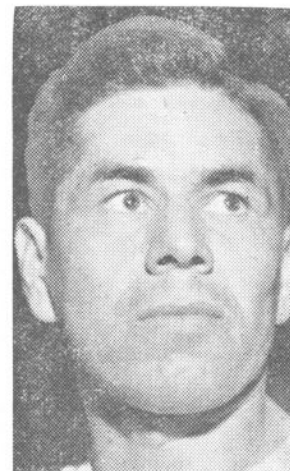
expressed the opinion that they thought that no fisherman should get any benefits. Their spokesman pleaded that the fishermen are self-employed and therefore cannot be considered as employees. On this basis, they denied any responsibility in providing compensation benefits to fishermen.

It is interesting to note that in Great Britain all the fishermen are now covered by compensation in the same way as workmen in other occupations. Their definition of a fisherman: one "who during the year is wholly or mainly engaged in and derives his livelihood from such employment" or "who having newly entered into the fishing industry may reasonably be expected to derive his livelihood as aforesaid."

On the method of payment, it was suggested that it be based on the poundage of fish and would merely be a small fraction of a cent per pound, which of course would be paid by the fishing companies.

The Honourable Minister was congratulated on behalf of his government on its broadmindedness in hearing representation for amendments to the Compensation Act. He was also told that if such an amendment for which the fishermen were asking was passed, it would be a feather in the hat of the present administration. Mr. Rigby in his comments said: "Honourable Sir, who knows, the fishermen in their gratitude might even build a monument to your memory."

We were assured by the Honourable Mr. Wicks that our representations would be given every consideration, but he also told us that he cannot promise that our requests will be complied with.



INDIAN JACK JACOBS
... Passing Artist Supreme

Jack Jacobs . . Football Star

The Winnipeg Blue Bombers rode into the Grey Cup finals on the strong right arm of Indian, Jack Jacobs. It is old history now that in the semi-finals against the Edmonton Eskimos, Jack Jacobs pulled the game out of the fire. In the dying minutes of the game, the Blue Bombers were trailing by a score of 24-12. In a matter of minutes and after a few passing plays by Jacobs, the game was tied by a score of 24-24. Then with about two minutes to go, an Edmonton pass was intercepted and Winnipeg went on to win the ball game 30-24.

In the Grey Cup finals at Toronto, Jack Jacobs was robbed of a hero's role by old Father Time. With only a few seconds to go in the game, the Winnipeg Blue Bombers charged down the field through a series of running and passing plays and were four yards from the goal line in the dying seconds. A Jacobs' pass was fumbled at the first yard line within only a few seconds before the gun went off. Had there been a few minutes left to play, the Blue Bombers could have forced overtime play against Hamilton who won the final 12-6.

The Indian, Jack Jacobs, is an Indian from Oklahoma, and the reason for bringing his story to our Indian readers is to illustrate what can be done on the fields of sport if the Indian has talent and determination. There are many among our people today who have talent but no determination and therefore, will not gain any recognition for their talent. To attain such recognition as has been obtained by Jacobs, would take a lot of hard work and guts.

On the playing field, anywhere in the world, a person is recognized for the talent he has and not for his race or color.

It presents wonderful opportunities for our young people to demonstrate their sportsmanship and abilities and to gain some recognition. Such recognition might again restore the pride that our people once had in being Indians.

Season's Greetings

"Glory be to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will toward men."—St. Luke 2:14.

This is a joyous season because we are celebrating the birth of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. People all over the world will be expressing their brotherly love for one another. It is a time of year that symbolizes true brotherhood. I urge one and all that the meaning of the word "brotherhood" is varied and sometimes involves a sacrifice on the part of one for others. It sometimes means a gain for everybody.

The efforts of the Native Brotherhood of B.C. have in the past year been very successful and it is a wonderful thing to see brotherhood in action. All the sacrifices have not been known. All the gains for our people have not been revealed nor are yet known. Our people can be happy with the fruits of their joint efforts. We will in the words of our battle song always go "onward" for our people.

May you all have the merriest Christmas ever!

Limit Fishermen For Prosperity?

Some of our fishermen feel that the B.C. fishing industry is now overcrowded and cannot take any more fishermen. Therefore, steps should be taken to limit the men entering the fishing game to maybe the number today, at least for a few years.

In the past few years, we have watched the fishing companies finance more and more people to start fishing. Some of those people will never get out of debt because now there is a greater division of catches and less per capita share of fish catches. Maybe it is not realized, but such outstanding debts are capital investments by the companies, hence part of their yearly expenses. No wonder they find it so hard to get out of the red.

In spite of this factor of expense to the Companies, there is still the part of production. There is a greater production because more and more gear is being used to catch the fish, therefore we are flooding the markets. The dilemma created by this problem of overcrowding is twofold then: on the one hand, the companies meet heavy expenses and on the other hand they find difficulty in finding markets for the heavy production of their offspring—overcrowding.

Every year we are faced with the problem of decreasing world markets either from lack of money on the part of importing nations, or

from too much competition from other fish countries. Yet the production in the B.C. fishing industry is geared to a full world market. This realization, maybe, should indicate a new approach to one of B.C.'s major industries. Possibly part of the answer lies in cutting down expenses by cutting off outlay to new fishermen and facing shareholders with austerity shares until conditions change.

On the question of conservation, there is a big hue and cry on the part of the Department of Fisheries and the Fishing Companies on the evils of the nylon nets. The nylon net, it is alleged, is the killer of salmon and the cause of the short fishing weeks.

Perhaps the real reason for conservation measures, such as short fishing weeks, is the overcrowding in the industry and therefore a real threat to fish-conservation. Perhaps part of the reason too is that the companies have too many of the other nets on stock.

From some reports we have received, it is indicated that nylon nets are more efficient than other

nets and would be better for fishermen. Many opposed improvements on production during the course of the industrial revolution; no doubt many will oppose new developments in the fishing industry, whatever their motives might be.

It has been suggested by some of the fishermen that the fishing boats be restricted to one area per season as a means of conservation. Maybe their real reason is for individual profit of fishermen in some areas, or it may even be a real desire to preserve their livelihood. Along the same lines, some fishermen have strongly recommended a closed shop as a means of better regulating a good fishing industry.

It is not suggested that there is a one-answer solution to the chaotic condition of our fishing industry. As a matter of fact, no solution is offered at all. However, it is hoped that the above observations will stimulate possible solutions from readers of "The Native Voice."

Here's to a better and more stable fishing industry in B.C.

—A. J. SCOW.

CONTINUED

By NEWELL E. COLLINS

Tecumseh and the War of 1812

The Prophet claimed through his supernatural powers to be able to make the Indians invulnerable to the white man's weapons. He also promised that light should fall upon the white soldiers, while the Indians were to be hidden in darkness. During the battle he stationed himself on a nearby hill chanting his war songs and urging his men to fight on, saying that the tide of battle would soon turn in their favor.

Later, when his followers reproached him for the failure of his incantations, the blame was placed upon his wife, who, he claimed, touched his sacred vessels and broke the spell.

Harrison made every effort to keep his lines unbroken until daylight, and in this he was successful, although at considerable cost. Captain Spencer and his second lieutenant were killed. Having been assigned a larger section of the front than they could reasonably occupy, it was necessary to send Captain Robb's company of riflemen to reinforce them. The company had left its original position, possibly through a mistake in orders. However, their courage cannot be questioned as they gallantly supported Spencer's army, leaving seventeen dead on the field.

As the new day dawned, it was seen that three of the companies had withdrawn from the front line and one from the rear line.

The companies under Captains Baen and Cook were ordered to support the right flank. General Wells, anticipating the plans of Governor Harrison, charged the Indians successfully, driving them into the marsh.

In the meantime, the right flank having been reinforced, an attack was ordered from that point. In this charge a number of Indians were killed and the rest put to flight.

A great deal of credit is due Colonel Boyd, who commanded the infantry, as well as Major Clark and his young nephew George Croghan, who acted as aide-de-camp.

THE battle lasted two hours, the Americans maintaining their positions and with the coming of dawn the Indians withdrew to the neighboring swamp leaving thirty-eight of their braves dead on the

field. As they made a practice of removing their dead and wounded whenever possible, probably this represents but a small portion of the casualties. In all, probably four hundred Indians participated in the engagement. In Tecumseh's absence they were led by Chiefs White Loon, Winnemac and Stone Eater.

The Americans lost sixty-two killed and one hundred and twenty-eight wounded. Among the dead were Colonels Daviess and Owen, Captain Spencer, Warwick, Baen and Lieutenants McMahon and Berry.

Following the battle, the troops remained in their camp for one whole day, not having courage to move. On November 8th the dragoons and mounted riflemen reconnoitered the Prophet's town and found it deserted except for one aged brave with a broken leg.

The Indians had fled, leaving their stores and provisions—even their guns and ammunition, most of which was found to be of English manufacture. Such stores as could be transported were seized; the remainder destroyed and the town burned, after which the troops commenced their six days' march back to Vincennes.

HARRISON was in a very unenviable position. About one-fourth of his men were killed or injured and it was necessary to move the wounded through one hundred and seventy miles of wilderness. His supplies were low; there was little flour and the live cattle which had been brought to supply the army with beef had been stampered during the battle. In addition to this, the army was in danger

of attack during the entire return journey.

It was upon this arduous march that the Americans became more and more convinced that they had won a great victory. Some of the governor's political enemies were not so easily convinced, however, and he was severely criticized. The Indiana legislature passed a resolution thanking Colonel Boyd and his regulars and the militia, without making mention of Harrison. Humphrey Marshall, brother-in-law of Daviess, claimed that his relative had been sacrificed, but this seems hardly likely. Daviess' death, in all probability being due in a great measure to his impetuosity.

Harrison was also accused of instigating the campaign for personal reasons and seeking to increase his political popularity by achieving military glory. Of this, we are not in a position to judge for the reason that so many contemporary records are prejudiced politically. We have been told by one of his contemporaries that he was partic-

ularly eager to hold public office. Yet in spite of all his adverse criticism, Harrison's popularity was greatly enhanced. He had established himself as the military leader of the west and was acclaimed throughout the nation as the "Hero of Tippecanoe."

(To be continued.)

Cowichan Girl Graduates Here

Lillian Audrey Joyce Elliott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Elliott of the Cowichan Tribe, Duncan, B.C., has just graduated from Vancouver Vocational Institute of Practical Nursing. She will join the staff of Queen Alexander Solarium at Mill Bay, British Columbia.

Lillian is the first Native girl of the Cowichans to graduate as a practical nurse. Her many friends wish her all success in her chosen work.

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for Native Voice)

Chief Thunder Lends His Hand

Dear Maisie, and all those connected with that worthy paper, The Native Voice, and to all its readers who help keep this paper alive, good health to you all every day throughout the coming year. That is my prayer.

I am an exhibition artist and lecturer on Indian Arts and Crafts and have lectured at many schools, churches, and clubs, especially Boy Scout troops in several eastern states. In each case, I make known the address of The Native Voice. I sincerely hope this has brought results.

I am enclosing \$2 for the coming year's subscription. Please use the extra money for stamps or in any other way you wish.

To you, Maisie, and to all those connected with The Native Voice, to the Native people, and to all readers, a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Your brother,

CHIEF THUNDER (Cko-ga) Windsor, Conn., U.S.A.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: The support of Chief Thunder and others like him makes it possible for The Native Voice to carry on. Our best wishes to you, Chief Thunder, for a pleasant Christmas and a fruitful New Year from The Native Voice staff.

—MAISIE HURLEY.

APPRECIATES 'VOICE'

Nov. 29th, 1953.

Dear Friends

Sorry this has been delayed. We enjoy The Native Voice very much; and appreciate the work you are doing.

Sincerely,

J. E. ROBERTSON.

Money Order \$1.50 enclosed.

Beloved Nurse Honored

On Tuesday, November 24, at 8 o'clock, a tea was held for Nurse Gerry to show how much they appreciate her wonderful service during her 27 years as a nurse for the Indians. The get-together was attended by 50 or 60 people at the Capilano Indian Community Hall and put on by the Capilano Ladies Goodwill Club and Capilano Auxiliary.

The hall was decorated with colored crepe paper. On one side of the wall was printed in big letters of colored crepe paper "Welcome Nurse Gerry," which had a very good effect against the white wall.

Tables were set up in two long rows across the width of the hall. Everyone was seated at the tables when the speeches were made by the older people. They joked a little with Nurse Gerry about the old times and some of the funnier things she experienced during her nursing career. She then in turn had something funny to say about them.

Isaac Jacobs, Chief Dan George, Chief Mathias made very nice sentimental speeches reminding her and thanking her for the things she did to help the Indians.

President of the Ladies Goodwill Club, Mrs. Ernie Rivers, presented Nurse Gerry with a leather hand-made picture album, made by one of the Indians on the Reserve. Nurse Gerry was very moved by this token of appreciation from the ladies.

Chief Dan George, and his talented family played four or five numbers for Nurse Gerry. Dominic

Charlie and his wife did some Indian dances including the Fire Dance for Nurse Gerry, joined by Isaac Jacobs with the drum. Isaac Jacobs and Chief Mathias both sang Indian songs on her behalf.

Everyone was glad to see Nurse Gerry again and I'm sure she will not be forgotten by the Indian people.

—PRISCILLA BAKER.

Myrtle Has That Souvenir For You

Myrtle McKay, proprietor of Myrtle's Beauty Shop at 289 East Hastings Street, Vancouver, reminds all her patrons who are readers of The Native Voice that she has a souvenir awaiting them.

Call in and get yours as soon as possible.

She wishes her many Native friends a very merry Christmas and a prosperous new year, and we know this expression comes from her heart.



H EAD into the heaviest seas with confidence when fuel tanks are filled with STANDARD GASOLINE. It gives maximum, steady . . . trouble-free power. Available at most Standard Marine Stations on the British Columbia Coast.



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Mrs. Chetwynd and I

send our Sincere Wishes for

A

Happy Christmas
Prosperous New Year

to

Our Native Brothers and Sisters
Of British Columbia

During my 45 years of close association with the Native Bands of British Columbia, Mrs. Chetwynd and I always think of 'Billy Fountain' of the Fish Lake Indian Reservation. Billy was 'the Greatest of Nature's Gentlemen' that we had the good fortune to have known well and to call Tillicum.

Sincerely,

Ralph Chetwynd

Minister of
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for the Province of
BRITISH COLUMBIA

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or by the Government of British Columbia.

And a Happy New Year