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INDIAN CLUB PRINCESS for 1954 is Gloria Wheatley, an Ojibway maiden from Parry Island Reserve, who is seen with Chief Red Jacket, from Ohsweken Six Nations Reserve, at dinner of Toronto Indian Club.

Race Pride, Sophistication, Mingle At Toronto Indian Club Banquet

(From Toronto Globe and Mail, with additions by Big White Owl).

North American Indians from various Reserves and their blood brothers whose ways now are city ones met in the City of Toronto on May 28th, 1954.

Ojibways, Tuscaroras, Chippawas, Mohawks, Delawares, Senecas, Crees, Pottawatomis, Maliseets, Cherokees, were represented at a very colorful banquet which demonstrated the surviving pride of

race and the present-day sophistication of the Red Indian people.

It was the third such banquet held by the Toronto Indian Club, an organization formed to establish a social meeting centre for all North American Indians, and to encourage research and study of Indian ethnology, traditions, history, cultures, past and present.

Phoebe Erskine MacKellar, a friend of Indian people and eminent Shakespearian actor, gave a dramatic presentation of the Indian legend, 'The Red Stone Pipe of Peace,' and the epic 'Founding

of the Iroquois League,' and 'Ojistoh' a poem by the great E. Pauline Johnson. She was born in Montreal, Quebec, Canada, and received her education in private schools in Montreal and Rothesay, New Brunswick, spending a year in London, England, finishing her education. Attended McGill University as a "partial" in English, and played leading roles in McGill Players Club productions for two seasons.

Next came training at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, Lon-

don, England, where she was awarded a Certificate of Merit. This was followed by work in British films, and teaching dramatics in London. For five summers Mrs. MacKellar returned to Canada to give out-door productions of Shakespeare's plays with casts of all ages.

The outbreak of the 2nd World War found her on this side of the Atlantic where she continued her summer productions, adding plays

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Chief John Satisfied With Game Convention

The Native Brotherhood of B.C.,
718 Ford Building,
193 East Hastings Street,
Vancouver, B.C.

Gentlemen:

At the 8th Annual Provincial Game Convention of British Columbia at which I was a delegate representing the Native Brotherhood of B.C., there was not a word said or statement made in any of the resolutions presented by any of the delegates representing every district in the province which might in any way jeopardize the aboriginal rights of the Native Canadian.

All through the Convention, at no instance had I occasion or reason to protest any of the resolutions or clauses pertaining same.

All resolutions and discussions were for conservation and proper management of fish and game for the benefit of the general public.

Cordially Yours,
CHIEF EDWARD MOISE JOHN,
Necoslie Band,
Fort St. James, B.C.

FACE STARVATION

Alaska Natives In Bad Way

ANCHORAGE, Alaska — An urgent appeal for help for natives she says are starving and jobless with no prospect of relief despite the opening of the salmon season was made by U.S. commissioner Lorraine S. Moore of Iliamna.

"The native population in my precinct is facing starvation," Mrs. Moore said of the village in the Aleutian range northwest of Cook Inlet. "Right now I know of two

families that have not one bite of food in their houses and no credit at the local stores."

Only 10 per cent of the villagers, she said, have been able to find jobs in the salmon industry — their only means of support — and stores long since have ceased to grant them credit.

Failure of salmon runs last year have resulted in drastic fishing closures.

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TORONTO INDIAN CLUB

on North American Indian Legends which were well received. About this time Phoebe Erskine MacKellar turned into a "One Woman Theatre" acting various scenes and stream-lined versions of Shakespeare's plays to schools, colleges and clubs. . . . Later on came the use of Canadian poetry as a means of interpreting her own beloved Canadian homeland.

Phoebe Erskine MacKellar recently has added to her repertoire many original Monologues and melodramas. These depict Canadians heroines of pioneer days, the most noteworthy one being: "Blessed Mother Bourgeois."

In the year of 1952 Mrs. MacKellar gave Lecture Recitals in London, England, using her great array of costumes to good advantage. Needless to say her plays and recitals were enthusiastically received. Her main subjects were: "Canada, its People and their background," "Red Indian Lore and Legend," "The Canadian Indian of Today."

In all phases of her "One Woman Theatre" she has achieved much success in Canada, the United States of America, and in England. She has also produced Indians Plays with the Mohawk children in Oka, Que. These were given in the Mohawk Indian language. . . . Her husband is Captain Andrew MacKellar of the Cunard Steamship Lines.

Ethel Brant-Montour of Rochester, New York, lecturer, writer, historian, was guest speaker. She is a descendant of Mohawks of the Six Nations. She deplored the gross inaccuracies in most of the widely known works of North American Indian history, and the blackening of the Indian in popular literature and movies. "If a book about Indians had the proper mixture of danger, conflict and sex, the publisher bought it knowing it would sell," she said. "The old-time stories of Indian captivity were probably the Lil Abner of the day — written just to sell."

She stressed rather forcefully that the only piece of literature on the Indians well known in England was Longfellow's poem Hiawatha, a work in which Indian history suffered a considerable mix-up.

When discussing the present position of the Indian in Canadian life, she said it was a credit to the Indian race how well the transition to modern ways had been made. "Now we must keep going ahead. We cannot turn back the clock."

Brigadier O. M. Martin, Magistrate of York County, who is a former member of the Six Nations reserve, spoke of this change also as he awarded a plaque of honor from the Toronto Indian Club to Miss Six Nations, (Miss Donna Jamieson of Ohsweken, Ontario), who was special guest at banquet. "We've come a long way — We're even going in for beauty contests now," he said. (He should know what he's talking about, he does a lot of beauty contest judging in Toronto and in suburban communities!).

A distinguished Mohawk Indian from the Six Nations Indian Ter-



BIG WHITE OWL
Eastern Associate Editor

ritory near Brantford, Ontario, Dr. Elmer Jamieson, M.A., D. Paed., received an Inscribed Plaque and a copy of the Constitution and By-laws of the T.I.C., as he was made Honorary Life Member of the Club.

The Toronto Indian Club had its own beauty for 1954, Miss Gloria Wheatley, a 20-year-old Ojibway from Parry Island Indian Reserve, Ont. She was awarded the title Princess Wapish-Geezh-ego, Gema-Quance, and even the M.C., Mr. Elliott Moses, B.A., of Ohsweken, Ontario, had to ask for a translation. . . . It means Princess White Cloud.

Indian groups attended the banquet at the Toronto Central Y.M.C.A., 40 College Street, from reserves as far away as Sarnia, Muncey, Moraviantown, Brantford, Parry Island, Georgina Island, Manitoulin Island, Rama, Ontario, Walpole Island, Ontario, From Sanborn, N.Y., came a delegation of Tuscarora Indians headed by Chief Clinton Rickard, Grand President and Founder of The Indian Defense League of America.

A special mention and 'thank-you' to those present from far-away places: Chief Lone Bear, a Delaware-Cherokee, from Matawan, New Jersey, (the original hunting grounds of the Lenni Lenape or Delaware Indians). Miss Kelly Brannen of Maliseet ancestry from New Brunswick, Mr. Robert J. Flett, Saulteux-Cree from Northern Manitoba.

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AN OPEN LETTER TO

CHA-LA-NUNG (Thurton Johnson)

May 7, 1954

Dear Mr. Cha-La-Nung:

What you said, Sir, carried an awful lot of weight and truth to those like Mr. Tommany who may have read it. It should open their eyes and make them see clearly the path down which they are stumbling by such attitudes. You are to be congratulated for speaking up. In the following words I shall explain why I back you up.

Ever since I was a child and an old Deleware Indian woman used to watch over me for my mother, I have grown up with a feeling of being an Indian. Many ask me to say no, because I am not one physically. In mind and heart I am, and an Indian whom I respect and honor once said to me that the Great Spirit gave me the body of a white man, but the soul of an Indian. He has endowed me with the ability to recreate those things which the Indian has created and enabled me to do those things which the Indian has done. Most of all though, he has enabled me to appreciate those things which the old Indian appreciated.

The knowledge of truth and love and simpleness which your mother taught you, my mother also taught me. Your mother taught you well when she taught you to see goodness in God's creations and people of other colors, races, creeds. Had my mother not taught me so well, I think I should bitterly hate those who ridicule me for the intensive passion and love I have for the old Indian and his way of life.

It was a terrible shock for me the day I learned there were such things as "White Indians," as your great Uncle so well termed it. Up to then I had thought all Indians, even though living in a white society, were still Indians at heart.

Indian Children Adopted By PTA

The Burnaby Parent-Teacher Council adopted 200 Indian children in Telegraph Creek.

A male school teacher in Telegraph Creek recently appealed to the P-TA Federation for help because the Indian children attending his school are desperately in need of clothes.

"We will adopt the school for the time being," said Burnaby council president Mrs. C. J. Payne of the B.C. organization.

Copies of the teacher's letter were sent to the Burnaby council and also Vancouver and New Westminster councils for aid.

But I came to find out that a great many abused their bodies with white vices and forgot their heritage and past. I also found those who became mercenary with what was handed down to them from generations past. Those who would perform their dances only for money and strip their dead of valuable burial costumes to sell to museums or collectors. The greatest hurt came to me when a full blooded Indian girl whom I liked very much said to my mother and friends that I must be crazy for liking Indians so much, and that she didn't like Indians at all. Yet she made use of her people and their dances to make money.

These little incidents I speak of are so small when compared to world happenings, but they are so big when you consider the tremendous impact it has for the Indian people. It is degrading and embarrassing to those Indians who remain faithful to the beliefs of their forefathers. It makes the Indians subjects of curiosity and laughter and criticism to those who live around them. The educated Indian loses sight of the teachings of his forefathers, and as you have said, knows little or nothing of what it is to be an Indian. Here, where I attend college, there are two Indian girls. Both are very brilliant and filled with white education. Yet one is definitely a "white Indian," while the other, although she conforms to white society, is truly Indian.

I thank God that all the Indians haven't lost sight of their past. I know what it is to be an Indian and I only wish I had even an ounce of Indian blood in my name, for then I could really be a part what I am so proud of. But even without that blood I have something in my heart which makes up for it. That is a love of the wild life, lakes, rivers, valleys, mountains, forests and plains which God has created. An appreciation of a beautiful day and sunset, and much the same as you, "the quiet of an evening." Nor can I eliminate the songs and dances built up around these things by the Indian people and which are so much a part of me.

I feel this way, if some Indians are going to forget their past completely, there is no reason why all the glory and rich culture has to die out. If I can help to make it live, I will. However, as long as there are the few like you left to keep reminding the Indian people of their past, there will be no need for worry.

ARTHUR EINHORN
New York.

Liquor Ban on Indians 'Ridiculous' Says Bishop

SUDBURY, Ont. — (CP) — Most Rev. R. J. Renison, Anglican archbishop of Moosonee and metropolitan of Ontario, termed denial of alcoholic beverages to Indians "ridiculous."

Archbishop Renison, who has worked and lived with Indians 57 years, said: "If the Indian is good enough when the war comes, why is he not good enough to take a bottle of beer? It is ridiculous. It makes me sick."

"If a man is a man he should be treated as a man, not as a child."

Coqualeetza Group Hold Arts, Handicrafts Display

Plans of sponsoring an Indian Art and Handicrafts Show by the Coqualeetza Group has finally become a reality.

As exhibits are now just coming in, only better known artists and craftsmen can be mentioned such as Chas. H. Dudoward of Port Simpson, Mrs. Vera A. Mair's private display; Prince Rupert; Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Gravelle, Flagstone, B.C.; Mr. and Mrs. Mungo Martin, Victoria, B.C.; Bill Reid and his Haida silver work; Mrs. Nellie Jacobson, Ahousat, B.C.; Arthur Moody from Skidegate Mission, we hope, if he can get his slate work down here without mishap and displays from Nanaimo Indian Hospital; Coqualeetza Sanitarium, Sardis, B.C. No word from Miller Bay as yet and Charles

Camsell Indian Hospital, Edmonton, Alta.

Also expect a special display from Finlay Forks, away up there in the Yukon somewhere. Of course our Show would not be complete without a painting or two by Judith Morgan and Clutesi, the favored one who inherited the famous Emily Carr's brushes, and Ellen Neel's totems.

Deadline for entries June 30th and those yet interested to participate may get in touch with the Committee in charge, Mrs. M. E. Croft, 418 E. 14th St., North Vancouver, B.C.; Mrs. H. Ferguson, 1896 W. 1st Ave., Vancouver, B.C. or Miss Ella Gladstone, 3643 West 1st Ave., Vancouver, B.C. The Show takes place at the Vancouver Art Gallery, 1145 W. Georgia, Vancouver, July 15th to August 15th.

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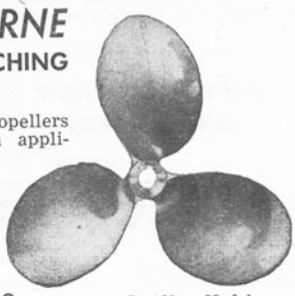
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U.S. Government Shows 'Treachery' to Indians

By CHIEF CLINTON RICKARD and WALLACE P. ANDERSON

Despite the many stories that appear in the various newspapers throughout the country during this "last ditch struggle" for the very existence of our people, the American Indian will not be better off under the jurisdiction laws of the State of New York, nor will they be better off under any other state's jurisdiction.

The Indian in general wants his treaty rights and federal supervision and protection as was granted to him by the United States government in various treaties that are still regarded as "sacred" among our people.

This treachery of the United States government in various bills that constantly appear "without the Indians' consent," to kill the treaties and throw us to the state, can only find protest from the Indian people as well as a few of our friends who realize the situation that will follow if these bills become law.

ATLANTIC TREATY CITED

The late Supreme Court Judge Daniels once said, "Should the U.S. government turn the Indians over to the State of New York, it would be equal to putting a fox into the chicken house to take care of the chickens."

This shows "bad faith" on the part of the United States government, when it will "scrap" its treaties with the Indians. We are not the ones who want to break these treaties, it's the United States government.

A phrase from the Atlantic Treaty states that "all nations shall exist no matter how small they might be, and they shall be protected from aggression." Treaties are made to be honored by honorable nations.

If the United States government can "scrap" a treaty at any time and without the consent of the nation concerned, then the United States government and the United Nations lose their meaning among the original inhabitants of this country.

WOULD ENSLAVE INDIANS

Joseph R. Garry, president of the National Congress of American Indians, at a meeting of the American Anthropological Assn., at the University of Arizona, said, "The once healthful outlook of the Indian Rehabilitation Act, that brought hopeful visions to the inspired Indian tribes, is gradually dying amidst the cries of 'free the Indians,' 'tear the Indian Bureau up by the roots,' 'the Indian, a second-class citizen . . . Indians wonder. The basic motive hidden within those pretentious titles is greed. Indians wonder, 'freedom from what?' 'Who is the second-class citizen?' Processed legislation resulting from these unwarranted cries of freedom have no more purpose than to liquidate the Indian's resources and thus enslave him to the miseries of poverty, human greed, humiliation, and even death so far as his identity is concerned."

And now we appeal to you, the American public, to protest to your senators and congressmen against the liquidation of the American Indian through the government's procedures of turning the Indians over to the state and thus abolishing the treaty protection against aggression that was granted to our people.

AIDED WAR OF 1776

We have just finished celebrating the anniversaries of two of the country's greatest men, Abraham Lincoln and George Washington. Had it not been for our Iroquois Confederacy complying to the plea for help from Gen. George Washington, this country would have now been a government under Great Britain.

The victory that we (the Iroquois) helped Gen. Washington to achieve brought about the "birth of a new nation." Thus following Washington's victory came the Treaty of Ft. Stanwix in the year 1784, in which Gen. Washington thanked the leaders of the Tuscaroras and the Oneidas and their wards, the Stockbridge and Brotherton Indians, for their part in helping to win the war. He then promised to protect them against any encroachment whatsoever "as long as the grass grows green and the rivers run free, and the sun sets in the west."

OBLIGATIONS GLOSSED OVER

The State of New York is encroaching upon us through encouragement from the federal government and nothing is being done to stop this great wrong.

Now our question is: Is this justice?

The great government of the United States is forgetting many things, for instance, its principles of democracy, which were copied from the government of the Iroquois Confederacy. It is forgetting its obligations

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Book Gives Fair Account Of Indian Wars of West

By TORCHY ANDERSON
 Editor, Vancouver Daily Province

No sooner had the white men stopped shooting at the American Indians than the historians got them in their sights. The battle was carried on by the pulp writers and then the movies. The TV crews will be making them bite the dust about now.

Because the white man's treatment of the Indian on this continent is not a very creditable story it has invited a lot of pretty wild literary shooting. The Indian became a romantic, noble-souled warrior, or a skunk. The truth lay midway between the extremes.

We got for review the other day a book which we think gives a balanced view of the terrible Indian wars that swept the western U.S. during the time the white man was ousting the Indian from the land that had been his from the time his ancestors crossed the land bridge (or ferried) from Siberia. THE INDIAN WARS OF THE WEST is by Paul L. Wellman (Doubleday Publishers, Toronto). It is a combination reissue of two books: DEATH ON THE PRAIRIE and DEATH IN THE DESERT.

Mr. Wellman has written a fair, well-documented history of the western Indian wars. It is restrained, factual and, above all, thrillingly interesting. No dry dust history here.

To understand the spirit in which this author, who was brought up in the Indian country, approaches his job you have only to read a few words of his preface:

" . . . We took advantage of our superior knowledge to cheat the natives at every turn. We made solemn agreements which we did not keep, because the Senate of the United States, that "greatest deliberative body in the world," had a habit of never getting around to ratifying the treaties which our military leaders and our peace commissions signed with the Indians. We displayed a childish inability to make our citizens obey their own laws. The Indian bureau was corrupt and stupid, surrounded by a swarm of grafters and self-seekers . . .

" . . . Some ugly stories of inhumanity come down to us. Perhaps the cruelties of our Indian-killers were not as cold-blooded or scientifically planned as those of the Nazis. But . . . we did shoot down defenceless men, women and children at places like Camp Grant, Sand Creek and Wounded Knee. We did feed strychnine to red warriors. We did set whole villages of people out naked to freeze in the iron cold of the Montana winter. And we did confine thousands in what amounted to concentration camps . . ."

The period of this book follows that of the fur traders. It was their business to get along with the Indians. No trade with the Indians, no fur. It was the coming of the buffalo hunters, the miners, the ranchers and the farmers that started the Indian wars. It was the old maxim that the only good Indian is a dead Indian and stirred the hate and daring in the hearts of men like Chief Joseph, Sitting Bull, Magnus Colorado, Victoria, Geronimo. And that is to name but a few of the men who led little bands of braves against the might of the U.S. Army.

Officers who had been through the blood bath of the Civil War paid such leaders the compliment of crediting them with leading the finest light cavalry in the world, with tactics that were on the highest military level.

After reading this book it would be difficult to apportion the weight of barbarity as between the Indians and those who fought them. Some of the best U.S. officers fought the Indians cleverly and negotiated with honor. Others, along with civilians, dropped to the lowest tricks and the most horrible barbarities.

What made men like Sitting Bull, Magnus Colorado and Geronimo such unrelenting foes of the white man? It was the suggestion that all Indians should be declared born slaves; it was the massacre of Geronimo's wife and children and mother by Mexican soldiers while the braves of the tribe were away on a peaceful trading visit; it was the outright slaughter of Apaches after they had surrendered; it was repeated broken pledges by the whites.

So, the Indians turned hostile. They slaughtered and they looted. But they fought. Victoria stood off, dodging and ducking but always fighting, 2000 U.S. troops. He never had more than 200 fighting men in his own ranks.

Old Nana, with rheumatism in his ancient limbs (80), who led a party of 30 Apache braves in and out of danger dozens of times to raid and loot and kill, against the following: eight troops of cavalry, eight companies of infantry, two companies of Indian scouts.

It's not a pretty story, but if you want to read the weighed, decently fair account of the Indian wars, we recommend Mr. Wellman.

HAPPY TO RENEW SUBSCRIPTION

Vancouver, B.C.

I am happy to renew my subscription which is a constant source of pleasure and information unobtainable elsewhere. My copy goes to two other friends, apart from my household.

Sincerely,
 CLARE McALLISTER



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SALMON STRIKE ENDS AS OFFER ACCEPTED

British Columbia salmon fishermen have ended a one-week strike by voting to accept a new salmon price offer from the fishing companies which was recommended by the negotiating committee consisting of representatives of the Native Brotherhood, United Fishermen and Allied Workers Union, and the B.C. Fishing Vessel Owners Association.

The new offer provides:

- 22c per lb. for Sockeye
- 13c per lb. for Cohoe
- 7½c per lb. for Pinks
- 5¾c per lb. for Summer Chums
- 8c per lb. for Fall Chums—Johnstone Straits and Fraser River
- 6¼c per lb. for Fall Chums—elsewhere.

Also agreed upon were 10 check weigh boats to weigh seine-caught pinks and chums on the grounds in 1954. For the next three years, there will be a minimum of 10 and a maximum of 20 check weigh boats. A slightly improved clause covering Union and Brotherhood dues vouchers was incorporated.

The strike called by a 93.7 percent vote of the fishing fleet, ended officially at 6:00 p.m., Sunday, June 27th.

The new price offer is below what the fishermen were asking but higher than the final fishing company offer before the strike by one cent a pound for sockeye, ½ cent for pinks, and ranging up to 1¼ cents for chums. Since millions of pounds of salmon are caught each season, the cents and fractions of cents amount to several hundred thousand dollars.

Main points where large numbers of Native fishermen were affected were in Northern B.C., the Naas and Skeena Rivers, where one week's fishing was lost. In the central area, the two big salmon areas, Rivers and Smiths Inlets, were due to open on June 27, the day the strike officially ended.

Annual Celebration of Battle of York

By BIG WHITE OWL

The Old Fort York annual celebration held this year on May 8th, 1954, was a colorful one indeed. A life-size figure of Lieutenant-Governor John Graves Simcoe, First Lt.-Governor of Upper Canada was presented to the Toronto Civic Historical Committee for inclusion in the exhibits at the Old Fort — Toronto's Oldest Historic Site — of which Major J. A. McGinnis is Director.

The highlight of this year's program was the meeting of Big White Owl, Eastern Associate Editor of The Native Voice, and the distinguished and celebrated Brit-

ish Soldier, Lieutenant-General Sir Alfred Dudley Ward, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff and former Commanding Officer of the King's (Liverpool) Regiment, one of the original British Regiments that took part in the Battle of York, 1813, with which Regiment our present Militia Regiment, the Royal Regiment of Canada is affiliated.

Apparently the speech I delivered at Old Fort York on May 27th, 1951, where, in part, I said: "All around us we can see only decay, desolation and neglect." has aroused the white man to realize that our landmarks have a back-

ground rich in valor and romance The city fathers of Toronto were awakened by my pleas to a renewed sense of responsibility for the Old Fort and accordingly allotted a large sum of money for its complete restoration and preservation.

Today (1954) everything is so pleasantly different; no more sagging buildings, no more crumbling ramparts, no more weeds and long grass. Wonderful improvements may be seen everywhere!

During the past years I have been very closely associated with those who worked so diligently to save Old Fort York for posterity My next goal in life is a life-size bronze monument for Tecumseh. Why? Because heritage and tradition is the life blood of all people If we neglect our past we also neglect our future!

This (1954) historic celebration was held under the auspices of the Governor Simcoe Branch of the United Empire Loyalists' Association of Canada of which Major V. Maclean Howard, a prominent Toronto lawyer, is President.

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Continued from Page 4

'Treachery' to Indians

to friends who once fought hard to make it the great government that it is.

Friends! We Indians desperately need your help today!

The State of New York has been falsifying its jurisdiction over us for over 130 years and has caused much trouble and confusion among our people. We are not asking for anything more than what is justly due and promised to us. We have fulfilled our promise in every respect and have helped fight in every war.

There has never been a "tramp" among our people, but if these bills are passed and forced upon us, there will be many destitute and needy Indian families among us. Today most of our people have a home of their own even if it's ever so humble.

We feel in no way that we are a burden to the government for most of us can boast of some remarkable records in employment. As a matter of record, some of the biggest plants in Niagara Falls can prove this for us by showing the numerous Indian employees who have retired with a pension for many years of hard and faithful work. Therefore we feel that we are more or less self-supporting in this respect.

LOYAL TO NATION

We have never had any of our Indian people engage in any subversive, espionage or sabotage activities against the United States government. We are loyal Americans and have always volunteered our services when this country is in danger.

From time immemorial, we have always found friends among the white people regardless of the blood-curdling tales told about us. If we were this savage, Columbus wouldn't have lasted 24 hours when he came to America.

We are convinced that most of the crimes that are committed by our people have been in retaliation.

We are not asking the government to return the millions of acres of land that they have misappropriated from us. We want only to retain what little we have left to call our own.

The bills that were passed last year against our protest do not constitute a democracy. And yet it is said that justice will prevail regardless of race, creed or color. The old story has been repeated—let us practice what we preach!

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Prince George Folk Festival

By CONSTANCE COX

The Folk Festival was held in Prince George on the nineteenth of April. The First people of Canada were asked to come and represent Canada.

I was asked to invite eight Indians and in their songs and dances which were said to be a thousand years old—Silas Johnson and Jonathon Johnson from Kispiox. Silas Johnson is the head chief of the Kispiox. He danced the dance of welcome and from his headdress, showered eagle down on the new Canadians. The eagle down represents true friendship and brotherhood. He danced with great dignity. He and his people were there on behalf of the Native people of Canada. Jonathon Johnson was the drummer.

Thomas George and his wife Mary were from Telkwa. He is the chief of the Carrier Indians. He danced the warrior dance, also the Arrow dance.

Mrs. Rosette and her daughter danced the dance of the romance. It is a dance done by young girls when they reach the marriageable age—chanting to the Great Spirit to help them make their choice.

Then they demonstrated the use of the baby cradle, how the baby was laced in it safe and warm.

Joshua Holland of Moricetown danced the dance of the Frog.

David Dennis and his wife danced the Beaver dance; all the women did the singing while their husbands danced. They were all in wonderful, colorful costumes and all did their parts very well.

I was proud to be on stage with them making announcements and introducing them and explaining their dances and on behalf of all the Indians of Canada, I made the toast to Canada:

"Our Canada, what a wonderful land thou be. I cannot help but praise our God that we are one and part of thee. From coast to coast on lake and prairie blessed. 'Tis a land of nature in the raw and a masterpiece of art. It holds a man with vicelike grip and captivates his heart. Sure we're jealous of the Northland, our country dear to us. Our Canada, thou art unexcelled. We drink a toast to thee."

They held up their hands in salute to Canada.

Silas Johnson made the farewell speech, thanking the Folk Society for inviting them. He said they feel it was not only their rightful privilege to represent Canada but their duty as six thousand of their people went to fight for Canada and many did not return. So on behalf of those who sleep on battlefields of foreign lands, they salute and pay homage and honor to the land of their heritage.



TRAVELLING MAIDEN

The Indian maiden above travelled a long way to indulge in her pet hobby, training horses. She hitchhiked all the way from Cornwall, Ontario, to Texas, where she was found living in the woods with her little dog. According to the press, nickname of the 18-year-old girl is Kim, which is short for Yalamustankastidanamutsa.

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*McGavin's means Good Bread!

CONTINUED

By KARONTOWAMEN

SHADIAH - - - The ARROWHEAD

Now all was in readiness. But, no, wait! Blackhawk again reaches into the great bag and brings forth a blanket. A blanket that with all of its worn looks, still retained some of its original beauty. It was a large scarlet wool that had been given to him by the great English Chief for whom he had fought in the war of 1812. This blanket was worn at all ceremonies and councils and was as much a part of the chief as was his white horse that he named Big Medicine. With this thrown across the back of him, we set off at a fast gallop, for we had lost some time in making ready for our reception.

As we neared the town, I could see that a great crowd had gathered to be witness to this great moment. Across the front of the crowd, mounted on beautiful horses and in uniforms the color of the afternoon sky were the cavalry. These soldiers with their officers several paces in front, sat as statues. There was very little movement in the crowd. In fact, the flag that the bearer was holding seemed to have sensed the occasion and remained as if at attention. We came to a halt about twenty paces from the officers. One signalled whom we noticed was one of Keokuk's men. In the meantime, Blackhawk who was stationed a little in front after coming to a halt, had raised his hand in return of the greeting. The young officer sat very stiff and not a sign showed of his feelings. The Sauk with him now spoke.

"Our White Father from the great lodge whose soldiers are like trees of the forests sends you his greetings. Now that you and your people have decided to give up the war path, and to live in harmony with our brothers, he knows all will be well. He has ordered that you will at no time be treated as a prisoner, but as a guest. He does this in order that you will know there is no revenge in his heart. You will be put in the hands of this young chief who will escort you to White Beaver (Gen. Atkinson). From there on, you will be under his care. But at all times, you will be treated as a chief. If

you will follow me we will escort you to the boat that will carry you down river to your destination. With that, both he and the young officer turned their horses and we three sprung in behind them. The soldiers, as we passed down the long line, all saluted. (We later found out that this was the custom of the whites, when any great warrior surrendered, they showed him respect in this manner). Our people showed great respect for courage.

But let us go back to the speech of the interpreter. As he rode forward to speak, Blackhawk, who was silent up to now, looked as if he would say something, and then thought better of it. Instead, he gave the Sauk a look of contempt, as one, who seeing a thing of corruption, shows repulsiveness toward it.

I wondered then, as I have done many times since, just how my master and the great chief kept their feelings under control, when seeing before them one of the men who had sold the freedom of their people so cheaply act as though nothing short of a great thing had been done. But there have been traitors since time began, and as long as there are men who put the value of money ahead of honor, we will have wars and all the griefs that they bring.

As the interpreter talked, his words fell on the chief as rain on the side of a freshly barked hut. If Blackhawk heard, he never let on, for it seemed his eyes were searching through and beyond the man. They seemed to be seeing far away. One could not tell just what it was he saw, whether it was the past or the future, but whatever it was, the eyes that only a few moments before had been flashing fire now seemed saddened.

Now the voice of the interpreter had stopped and like someone waking from a dream, the chief stiffened in his saddle, and turning to Hawktail, motioned him to follow.

We were soon on deck, after pushing and shoving behind the soldiers. Our horses were to be sent back to our people who would take them to their new home on the west side of the Mississippi. The dock was a mass of people, both red and white, who had come to see, maybe for the first time, and maybe for the last time, this great Indian who had made frontier history.

It wasn't long until the great paddles started churning and we were on our way down the river. Down the river that was full of memories to the great Sauk who now stood leaning against the railing watching the shoreline slip past. My master was always at his side, still doubtful of the promises made by the whites.

(To Be Continued)

Lacrosse Aids the Josephs

An estimated \$500 was raised at a benefit lacrosse game in Vancouver Forum June 23 to assist the family of the late Stan Joseph, sr., prominent B.C. Indian athlete who passed away at the age of 49 last December.

The game was an oldtimers' affair with the Squamish Indians playing the old Salmonbellies, the latter winning by 4 to 2. Star of the game for the Indians was old-time 59-year-old goalie Henry Baker.

A Native display of dances, tumbling, singing and other acts kept the audience entertained. Alex Strain was the moving force behind the benefit. Casualty of the evening turned out to be Indian oldtimer Fred Johnson, who suffered a broken leg.

BELLA BELLA BRIEFS

By MRS. DAVID CARPENTER

Native Voice Associate Editor

I had a very nice trip to Prince Rupert in April. We called in at the little village of Hartley Bay and went to visit Mr. and Mrs. Heber Clifton Sr., who are well on in years, but far from being helpless. As there is no minister at Hartley Bay, it pleased me to see our people there, standing on their feet, not helplessly twiddling their thumbs.

Mr. Charles Robinson, a young man, together with his grandfather, Heber Clifton Sr., and Lewie Clifton, work together to conduct the church service.

Then at Prince Rupert I met many dear friends. I hope that as you read this, you are enjoying good health. I believe my arm is still just getting back to normal after all the hand shakes.

We were home for a short time then went to the 75th anniversary celebration of the church that I was brought up in. There again I witnessed the good work of our native people. True to our native ways, the guests were received like royalty. The boys of the AYPG came to the boats to carry our luggage for us. All those with cars drove the guests to different homes. Mr. Herbert Cook, we were told, worked almost day and night. "Good old Cookie," Mr. James

Sewid, a truly fine young man, and all the other men and women who worked so hard to make the celebration a success. I am very proud of you all. Keep that community spirit always, and may God bless you in all your efforts.

At the close of our school term, our P.T.A. had a sports day for our school children. It was a success. In spite of the rain, the children and grownups enjoyed themselves. We are now looking forward to our first graduation to be held here at Bella Bella to honor Miss Bonnie Carpenter, thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Wilson, (Bonnie is a daughter of Mr. David Carpenter); Miss Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Campbell; Randy and Stephen Carpenter, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Carpenter; Mr. David Windsor, son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Windsor. Our hopes are that this will be an inspiration to the younger children.

My deepest sympathy goes to our dear friends at Skidegate for the loss of two great men, Mr. Charles Gladstone and Mr. William H. Russ. We, too, have had our share of sorrow in the drowning of my dear little grandson, Robert M. Green, only son of Maxwell Green on the 11th of June at

(Continued on Page 8)

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Dr. Alice Ravenhill Dies in Victoria

Dr. Alice Ravenhill, a frail woman who devoted most of her 95 years to helping others, died in Victoria late in May.

Called "a great and good woman" by Dr. Norman Mackenzie, president of the University of British Columbia, Dr. Ravenhill leaves an outstanding record of accomplishment in the field of education, health and social work.

She was best known in B.C. for her strenuous efforts to bring about better understanding of native Indians.

She was born in Essex, England, in 1859. She determined at an early age to work to better the lot of the working men and women of England. At the age of 30 she was the first woman to enter a course, started by Princess Christian, to train women to help improve living conditions in factory districts.

Before she came to B.C. in 1910 she had achieved recognition for her work in sanitation and child care, been elected the first woman Fellow of the Royal Sanitary Institute, launched the first home economics course in Great Britain at London University, and pioneered in public health education.

Dr. Ravenhill settled with her

sister at Shawnigan Lake. She became active in women's organizations after she was invited to speak at the annual conference of the local council of women in Vancouver in 1911.

She was invited to attend conferences in connection with planning UBC in 1912; represented B.C. Women's Institutes at a farmers' conference on the prairies; gave the inaugural address at the official opening of the Women's Building at the University of Toronto in 1913; lectured in the U.S. and accepted a post as director of home economics at Utah State College from 1917 to 1919.

She moved to Victoria in 1919 and in the early 1920's became interested in the establishment of the Queen Alexandra Solarium for Crippled Children.

In 1928, she pioneered the cause of furthering B.C. Indian arts and crafts which had become of interest to women's institutes. She became so interested in the work she studied not only the culture but the natives themselves.

The education department published "The Native Tribes of British Columbia" and other books written by Dr. Ravenhill.

She was made honorary doctor

Early Kitimat Baptism Records to Municipality

Copies of the first baptisms at Kitimat in 1864 and 1865 were turned over this month to the Aluminum Co. of Canada by priests of the Oblate of Mary Immaculate.

Indians of the community were all given French names at baptismal ceremonies by Rev. J. M. J. LeJacq, who was sent into the area by the first bishop consecrated in Canada, Bishop Demers of New Westminster.

In subsequent years the natives were given mostly Scottish names by Protestant missionaries.

Very Rev. Fergus O'Grady, OMI, provincial of the order, provided

photostats to P. E. Radley, Alcoa manager for B.C., of original baptismal records retained at St. Peter's rectory in New Westminster. The photostats will be turned over to Kitimat municipality.

Fr. LeJacq was one of three bearded priests who travelled about 1200 miles by canoe in the early spring of 1864, darning the ice of the Naas River past Fort Simpson to take the word of God to Indian encampments there. Many of the natives had tried to thwart their work. The other Oblate priests were Rev. Leo Fouquet and Rev. Eugene Chirouse.

BELLA BELLA

(Continued from Page 7)

Namu float. His body was recovered and burial here at Bella Bella alongside my daughter Florence. Ann, my daughter-in-law, is from Telegraph Creek. Our hearts are heavy, but we must carry on, and I ask you dear brothers and sister to stand united behind our Brotherhood organization in all their efforts.

The Native Voice extends its deepest sympathy to Mrs. Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Green and other members of the family on their tragic loss.

B.C. Indians Win Third Canoe Race

BELLINGHAM, Wash. — (AP) — Eleven British Columbia Indian braves, paddling in perfect unison, sent the Chehalis No. 1 cedar war canoe streaking to victory for the third straight time in the climax race of the annual Lummi Stomish water carnival this month.

The slim dugout from the settlement of Chehalis, on the Fraser River near Harrison Hot Springs, sped through the three-mile triangular course in 14½ minutes — respectable time for needle-nosed, streamlined shells of intercollegiate rowing.

The Chahalis boat finished a quarter-length ahead of the Golden Arrow from Chilliwack. Third was the Saanich No. 8, from West Saanich, to give the Canadians a clean sweep of the first three places.

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