

the NATIVE VOICE

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

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VANCOUVER, B.C., SEPTEMBER, 1954



PRICE 10 CENTS



Bar Probes Injustices to Indians *See Page 8*



• One of the finest Indian totem pole displays in the Vancouver area is this located near the University of British Columbia on Marine Drive. The poles are a constant target for tourists who make snapshot records of their visit.—Harry Filion photo in the Vancouver Sun.



New Era for Our Natives

By ANN WINTER EVANS

HARSH criticism levelled in the past at the education of our Indian girls and boys may have been justified in some cases. But what is the picture today? Is our money being well spent and are Indian youngsters getting a fair deal?

Indian education is under the Dominion Government and is everybody's affair though many people show little or no interest

in it. Among those who do, there are widely divergent points of view. Some idealize the Indian. They seem to think Indian children are hungering for knowledge and it is only the "ignorant, unqualified teacher" and antiquated text books and equipment that hold them back. On the other hand, quite a number of people think Indian children are not very intelligent and any effort to bring them up to white standards is waste of time and money. Some even imply that those who go to teach in Indian villages are only interfering.

Let us look at the facts as we

find them in our own province. In the school years 1952-53 there were 6423 Indian children attending elementary and high schools in British Columbia. There are 16 residential schools and 58 day schools. Of the latter 38 are modern ones, built since the war. In these schools the curriculum of the province is followed and the same text books used.

The salary schedule has gone up steadily until it is comparable to that in white schools. If any schools are without a fully-qualified teacher it is due to the general teacher shortage. Comfortable, well-furnished teacherages are now

provided in the villages and a number of fine young married men are teaching in Indian schools and fortunate indeed are the villages that have these young couples to lead in wholesome recreation and set a good example in home making.

In today's educational plans even the sick children are not forgotten. In the three T-B hospitals, Coqualeetza, Nanaimo, and Miller Bay there is a teacher who goes from ward to ward giving instruction to the little patients according to their physical ability.

(Continued on Page 8)

Scotland's 'Home Rulers' Deserve Our Assistance

By MAISIE HURLEY, Publisher... The Native Voice

Being facetious about something as important as equal rights for all groups of people is more than dangerous; it is unforgivable. This little report is intended as a serious few words on the troubles of another people . . . the Home Rulers of Scotland.

I have greetings from some of the Home Rulers of Scotland to the Home Rulers of the Indian Tribes asking them for our support in the just cause of these Old Country folk.

This is their story: It seems that another tribe called the "Dim Sanaachs" who hail from a place called England have been selling these poor Scottish folk "small-pox blankets and long guns." It seems that Scotland had at one time a large national revenue of 410 million pounds. But these thieving "Sanaach" raiders came over to Scotland and took back to London 200 million pounds a year and say it is for British expenditure on defence so they can defend themselves from the Scots.

Now that sounds so much like Ottawa's treatment of the Indians that I almost burst into tears.

They say that Scotland is one of the great power houses (we call ours "long houses") of our modern society. She is one of the founding nations of Europe, not to mention the Western world.

They go on to say "We are not a colony, we are one of the original blocks of Europe and in many ways we have a contribution to make to Europe and the modern world."

We are the original tribes of Canada and they rob us too. These Scottish folk have Totem Poles and Crests that tell their history to their children just like ours, but they too have a Mr. Weir, it seems.

They have chiefs and they have ceremonial costumes and they have a language even more guttural than ours. They have their clans and tribes as we do.

In fact, I believe they have a claim to membership in the Native Brotherhood and it is up to us to give them a hand.

One thing puzzling me is just what is this disease called "Home Rule" that seems to be raging the world over . . . Ireland, India and China, and hundreds of other places. All seem to want "Home Rule." Men and women all want "Home Rule." Even my husband wants "Home Rule" (but confidentially, he ain't going to get it).

When I was a child, no one but Ireland ever thought of "Home Rule," now everyone wants it.

It is just like way back in the nineties when I was a child, someone started this appendicitis epidemic; then all the doctors started

sharpening their knives and cutting it out and people died by the hundreds. I don't know what the world's coming to but just the same I think those "Home Rule" Indians from Scotland should be supported and get our help to get their funds released from England just as we want Ottawa to release our funds and leave us alone and give us back our land or pay for what they've stolen. Home Rule for Indians, Home Rule for Scotland, Home Rule for the world. Nice place if every one would stay home and mind his own business.

Reserves Being Taken Away

The Native Voice,

Dear Friends:

I never forget you but I never have gotten around to sending you your money yet. I am glad you and the Native Brotherhood are helping us a lot.

They have taken away another Indian Reserve right across from this reserve. They took it away this spring. There is a house there already — painted and all furnished. This is the third piece of land they have taken without us knowing anything.

We are not telling you this so as you fix it. We just let you know about it.

I am sending you \$2.00 for Native Brotherhood newspaper.

—DAN ALEXANDER.

PUTS 'VOICE' AMONG 'MOST INTERESTING'

Carthage, N.Y.

Native Voice Pub. Co. Ltd.,
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Dear Sirs:

Thank you for continuing my subscription to NATIVE VOICE. I look forward to receiving it each month as I find it one of the most interesting magazines I have ever read.

MRS. OLIN D. RAPPLEYE

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in THE NATIVE VOICE

VISITING WITH IDA AND GENE

It is with great pleasure I call to the attention of our readers a wonderful little restaurant in Seattle, Washington, that I visited while on a holiday—Ida & Gene's Restaurant, 3926 Aurora Avenue.

Ida and Gene are Natives of the Philippines and are interested in the Natives of the Americas and the fight for equality, and because of this I felt our readers would enjoy visiting their place of business as I did when in Seattle.

Masses of lovely plants and flowers were grouped around the rooms giving a tropical atmosphere. On exhibit were sculpture and paintings by leading northwest artists which I was told were changed each month.

The food is beyond my description—you could order the finest steaks or Chinese dishes; Chicken Southern style, lobster thermidor, served on the finest china, linen and silver covered tables — for each lady guest a corsage. Each guest was made to feel they were someone special (I loved it) they were darlings.

Anyway, don't miss Ida and Gene's when in Seattle. Melrose 9938.

—MAISIE.

WISHES TO SET UP GROUP TO HELP NATIVE PEOPLE

New York, U.S.A.

Dear Sirs:

I am already a subscriber to your wonderful paper "The Native Voice," and am also a member of the N.C.A.I. and the "Indian Association of America." In your last issue of "The Native Voice," (June, 1954) there was a letter addressed to Cha La Nung (Thurston Johnson) from one Arthur Einhorn of New York. This man is white like myself, and like myself seems from his letter extremely interested in helping the cause of the American Indian. It would please me very much if I could contact him personally as I live in New York too. I would appreciate it if you would send me his address or place of contact, so that I may write to him and speak to him of the many things that we have in common. It is my idea, that if we can get enough "white Indians," that is people that are whites but so interested in the cause of the Indians, to unite into an organization devoted to the cause, that we may be able to do some good for our adopted people.

I know that there are many such people as this Arthur Einhorn, and hope that through our mutual contacts, friends and sympathizers

we may be able to start such an organization. I am sure that once such a thing got under way more and more people would join us that are interested in our cause and that we could do some real good.

Once again, let me request the names and addresses of all such people that you know of and the address of Arthur Einhorn.

I commend you on the fine and invaluable work that you are doing for our people. I am your friend and brother;

Oneh,
HAROLD BLAU.

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Blood of Canadians Thrilled to Poetry Of Pauline Johnson

By DOROTHY MacAULAY
In The Globe and Mail, Toronto

ON THE Mohawk Indian Reservation at Brantford a daughter was born in 1861 to the Mohawk chief and his English wife. The child was to write the story of her tribe in such thrilling poetry as to make the reader's blood run cold.

This Indian girl was gifted with a natural ear for verse and even before she learned to write, would effortlessly make rhymes about her pets.

E. Pauline Johnson's formal education was limited, consisting of two years with a nursery governess at home, three years at an Indian day school on the reservation, and two years at the Central School in Brantford. But she was well learned in the school of nature and in the legends and history of her tribe.

Her lilting verses are perhaps unique in the annals of Canadian poetry in that they represent the Red Man's view of Canada as it was toward the end of the 19th century. She was also an avid reader and by the age of 12 had read many of the poetic masters. During her teens many well-known periodicals in England and the United States as well as Canada were publishing her verses, but it was not until 1892 that her big break came. This happened in Toronto, when Frank Yeigh, president of the Young Liberals' Club, promoted a literary evening, when Canadian authors were invited to read their works. On this occasion Pauline Johnson recited from memory her Cry From An Indian Wife, a moving poem depicting the Indian's view of the Northwest Rebellion. From an audience that included the best of Toronto's literati, the applause was deafening. The only one on the program receiving an encore, the Mohawk girl came back with one of her delightful canoeing poems.

The next day she was rewarded with overwhelming praise from the

press, and two dailies devoted editorials to her magnificent performance. Why had this writer not published a book of verse, and why had the public not had more opportunity to hear her?

It was this printed outburst that prompted Mr. Yeigh to arrange that the young poet should deliver more of her works in Association Hall two weeks later. For this occasion she wrote one of her best-known poems, one that has appeared in many Ontario school books, The Song My Paddle Sings, and while reciting it, forgot part of the original composition, but carried on, composing as she spoke.

So tremendous was the success of this recital that Mr. Yeigh arranged an extensive tour of Canada, in which she was lauded in every city and hamlet she visited. In 1894 she went to England to begin a series of recitals there, and to have her book of poems, White Wampum, published by an English house. This book received a great ovation by the English critics.

Ojistoh is the opening poem of this volume and in it she portrays herself as the wife of a Mohawk chief, whose Huron enemies, to avenge their dead, abduct Ojistoh and flee with her bound behind a Huron brave on his fleet-footed pony. Realizing she must rely on cunning to escape, Ojistoh lays her cheek against the hated Huron's back and murmurs that he should unbind her, so she may clasp him close, having decided him preferable to her Mohawk. The gullible Huron consents, and while her one hand caresses his cheek, the other snatches his hunting knife from its sheath and plunges it into his back. The poem concludes with a description of her wild ride back to her Mohawk, still his "pure whitestar." To London, she carried letters of introduction, the Governor-General, Earl of Aberdeen, and Professor Clark of the University of Toronto, and these, like magic wands, admitted her to even the most elite of London's literary circles. Here a new world opened to her as she shared the company of London's learned and discerning gentry.

On her return to Canada she made the first of her 19 trips across



—Courtesy Vancouver Sun

CREATOR OF TOTEM POLE masterpiece, only one of its kind in the world, is Arthur Moody, 80, of Skidegate, B.C. This totem pole, carved out of black slate and four feet high, is now in Vancouver Museum after being exhibited at Vancouver Art Gallery.

the Rocky Mountains to give recitals on the west coast. She appeared before audiences in almost every city and town between Halifax and Vancouver, and the applause was always thunderous.

Her second book of verse, Canadian Born, was brought out by a Toronto publishing company in 1903 and the entire edition was exhausted in less than a year.

During the same year, she visited Newfoundland, where her recital at St. John's, given under the patronage of the Governor-General and Lady McCallum and the admiral of the British flagship, was the literary event of the season.

She stayed in Newfoundland long enough to visit several of its smaller centres where she gathered material for a series of magazine articles on the island and its hardy people.

She took with her on her return trip to England in 1906 a letter of introduction from Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Prime Minister, to Lord and Lady Strathcona, under whose patronage she appeared at Steinway Hall. Walter McRaye accompanied her on this trip, reciting the French-Canadian poems of Dr. Henry Drummond.

Following this trip to England,

(Continued on Page 6)

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Mystery of Evil Eye

As Related to Big White Owl
 by Lt. Col. C. N. A. Ireson

MOST white people who have close association with our Indian people know that the Red Man fears the power of the Evil-Eye and that many of them carry amulets to guard against this dreadful influence. This strange and undeniable fact is considered just a lot of "hocus-pocus" or "native superstition" by those who have never studied the cause and effect of the Evil-Eye's power.

The mysterious influence of the Indian sorcerer's power has been recorded by almost all of the early missionaries. The Jesuit Relations have recorded in great detail many strange things which they saw in the early colonization period of North America. The Recollet Fathers recorded many similar experiences. The explorers, the surveyors, the fur traders' memoirs are full of the same records. Therefore it would be safe to concur that these well educated people were not outright fabricators or sensational writers of fiction whose only aim was to stir tain Indian Medicine Societies. It is a very ancient gift learned sometime real and definite to this strange supernatural power. Like electricity, it is a power which cannot be seen but nevertheless it does exist!

There is not enough space in The Native Voice to quote from all the various writers who thought they saw the miracles they recorded. It will suffice to say that this power existed and still exists among certain Indian Medicine Societies. It is a very ancient gift learned sometime in the dim past, perhaps; from a specie of reptile known as 'the rattle snake.' There, perhaps, is the clue as to the origin of the fearful occult miracle has been seen by many white people who vouched for its authenticity. The Jesuits recorded many strange incidents in their writings it might not be too far-fetched to assume that they, too, were put under some kind of hypnotic-spell by the Indian conjurers.

Let us go to far away India for just one illustration or example. There they have the well known "rope trick," where the Indian mystic throws a rope up in the air and there it seems to remain suspended. A native climbs this rope while it seems to remain firm and rigid. This miracle has been seen by many white people who vouched for its authenticity. Nobody was ever able to understand this miracle until the camera was invented. Photographers took pictures of this miracle but the prints showed no rope suspended in mid-air, only the conjurer sitting on the ground with his rope also on the ground beside him! Therefore, the audience must have been hypnotized and only thought they saw the miracle?

The North American Indian Medicine Men have this same hypnotic power. It can be used for good and for evil. It is a known fact that certain ailments may be cured or eliminated by hypnotism. It is said that the sorcerer who puts the evil eye on a victim merely hypnotizes him and by making him think he is sick—HE GETS SICK! Such is the power of the mind over body (or matter). Once the sorcerer or hypnotist gets full control of his victim's mind he is at his mercy and will remain so until he can be persuaded by a third party that he should consult another medicine man to snap him out of the evil spell. The victim could spend a fortune on modern medical doctors and get nowhere, but another medicine man could cure him in no time at all. Most Indians know of this! It is also quite possible for an Indian medicine man to put a curse on a white man. In that case unless the white victim has an Indian friend to advise him to see another Medicine Man to get the spell broken, he would be in a very sorry predicament indeed. It is also quite probable that certain white men, who have posed as Indians, may have been under a hypnotic-spell making them believe that they actually were Indians.

The amulet which the Medicine Man gives to his patient as a guard against the evil eye may not have any secret power in itself, but the fact that he carries it reminds him to be always on guard. Nobody on guard can be hypnotized! The sorcerer's ritual or incarnations just serves to put a person off guard.

According to statistics about 80% (eighty percent) of the white population are susceptible to the influence of professional stage hypnotists, but what proportion of the Indian population that could be similarly affected is not recorded. Hypnotism is a dangerous power that should not be abused!

In my travels I have met people who were victims of the evil eye and all had similar symptoms, such as: a floating, woozy feeling. This is usually followed by a complete confusion of the mind and loss of weight and appetite. Conditions such as these, in time, could cause

U.N. Charter Should Apply to Indian Rights

The following letter was sent earlier this year to the then Minister of Citizenship and Immigration Walter Harris by the Oneida Indian Settlement of Ontario. It was forwarded to The Native Voice for publication by Eastern Associate Editor Big White Owl (Jasper Hill).

WE, the Oneidas of the Thames, are vigorously opposed to any legislation legalizing the sale of intoxicants to Indians, as well as any other act detrimental to our rights guaranteed by solemn treaties.

The Six Nations Confederacy, of which the Oneidas are a part, have never accepted the Indian Act, but was forced on us.

The Oneidas were never even consulted or asked to appear before the Special Committee to express their views on the revised Indian Act.

There are existing Treaties ratified by Great Britain in recognition and appreciation for the part their "FAITHFUL ALLIES" played in making Canada a British Commonwealth. The Indian then held the balance of power between the French and the English, and had it not been for the Indian, this country at this day might have been French. Great Britain asked the Indian for help, today the Indian is asking Parliament to respect his treaties, in the name of true Democracy which we all value so highly. Treaties are made to be honored by honorable Nations.

The Indian has never been known to have engaged in sabotage or subversive activities. THE IROQUOIS WERE ALWAYS TRUE AS "FAITHFUL ALLIES OF THE BRITISH CROWN." Our young men served voluntarily in World War I against oppression. Again in World War II against Nazism and dictatorship. So far some have returned from Korea, some still to come and others never to return and all this that the principles of democracy may be preserved.

Only the D.P.'s can fully appreciate the experience of being forcibly deprived of their homeland and the things they cherished so dearly.

I can speak with confidence and without fear of successful contradiction, that the Indian in general wants his treaties respected. It is true there are some that will favor and welcome the opportunity of legally imbibing in taverns, etc., but these are in a distinct minority. In arriving at any conclusion, there should be a plebiscite on so important a question. Liquor is responsible to a large extent in the Indian losing much of his "once vast possessions" lands. Let there be no repetition. We have so little left as it is and we desire to hold it as a place of refuge in case of adversity and reversals.

In view of the possible amending of the act during this session and IF there must be an Indian Act for the Iroquois, then there should be provisions provided safeguarding Guaranteed rights in accordance with the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER to which CANADA IS A SIGNATORY, the preamble which provides:

"WE, the people of the UNITED NATIONS, DETERMINED. To reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights of men and women and of Nations large and small and to establish conditions under which Justice and respect for the obligations arising from treaties and other sources of International Law can be maintained etc."

Section 7 of the Indian Act is most unfair and has already disturbed our settlement. We, the Oneidas having purchased our lands with our own monies, have a deed that guarantees to us and our posterity to enjoy forever. There is another DOCUMENT OR ASSURANCE WHICH ASSURES IN PERPETUITY.

Section I should be amended to assure that: Nothing in this TITLE shall be construed to impair the rights of person or property PERTAINING TO INDIANS in any territory or Province, so long as such rights remain unextinguished by treaty, or until such Tribe or Nation signifies its assent to be so embraced in its operation. Assent by majority of Tribe concerned.

Section 4: But no obligation of any treaty lawfully made and ratified with any TRIBE or NATION, shall be hereby invalidated or impaired.

Respectfully,
LEHIGH ANTONE,
 R.R. No. 2, Southwold, Ontario.

death by gradually wasting away. It is the confusion of the mind that causes bad luck to follow the cursed one. He makes grave errors in his calculations. He falls out of his canoe. He cuts his foot with his own axe. He puts his gun down and forgets where he left it and so starves to death in the bush.

The sorcerer is aware that certain persons are hard to hypnotize so he has another card to play. He has a secret potion which he puts in the intended victim's food or drink. The composition of this powder, which is made of certain roots, herbs, barks, etc., is the Medicine Man's great secret. It is claimed that one of the important ingredients was rattle-snake venom, which caused serious damage to the nervous system and gradually breaks down the victim's mental resistance. Once the intended victim gets the powder into his system he is an easy victim to hypnotize, or in other words, an easy mark for the Evil-Eye!

The early missionaries attributed the mysterious cult of the Medicine Man and Sorcerer to the power of the Devil or Satan. The Indians attribute it to the power of the Manitous. Both recognized the 'power' but never actually disclosed its source. That strange power did exist and still exists! It has not been eliminated as some people seem to think, just driven underground—so to speak.

The curse of the evil eye can be cured or reversed by another sorcerer of equal or greater power than the one who directed it on a certain person. But the best and wisest policy is to 'Always be Careful' when in the presence of Indian Medicine Men who have the reputation of having that "power."

I conclude with this thought: The explanations of these strange phenomena may differ very widely in various parts of the world but the most important thing to remember is, in this day and age, these occult phenomena do occur!

I HAVE SPOKEN!

Red Stone Indian Ceremonial Pipe

The following is a continuation of the text of "The Red Stone Indian Ceremonial Pipe," a speech given by Eastern Associate Editor Big White Owl at the 27th Annual Border Crossing Celebration at Niagara Falls, N.Y., U.S.A., on July 17, 1954. Upon the completion of his address he received a great ovation and was warmly congratulated by fellow speakers on the merits of his important and interesting message.

Down through all the painful centuries, we "the carriers of the light" were taught by our wise ones to regard ourselves as mediators and arbitrators. We were taught that it was our duty to lead the fighting and wayward Indian people into the ways of peace and brotherhood. We were the sentinels and scouts. We were the trail blazers and the peacemakers. We were the official keepers of the 'Sacred Fire of Peace' which was handed down to "Our Fire Builders from an altar beyond the horizon of time.

So, my Indian brothers, whether you be Cree, Mohawk, Ojibway, Micmac, Cherokee, Maliseet, Delaware, Pottawatomi, Blackfoot,

Sioux or Navaho, let us in this troubled period, stand united and strong, and hold high the Red Stone Indian Ceremonial Pipe for all suffering humanity to see.

Many thousands of moons ago, at the very beginning of time, the curling smoke from the long-stemmed Red Stone Indian Ceremonial Pipe could breathe forth, from beneath the lofty pine trees, the terrible fumes of war and hate, even as it could also breathe forth the holy silence of Peace. With his Red Stone Pipe the Indian Priest of old could pacify the raging elements. He used it at every council meeting, at all religious and dance ceremonials. He smoked it in salute and in reverence to the sun

and moon and stars. He smoked it to mourn for the death of a loved one. He smoked it to conjure his visions and dreams.

At all thanksgiving ceremonies, when the people rejoiced for the abundant harvest, the Indian Priest would smoke the Ceremonial Pipe, blowing the smoke first to the blue sky, that to him was so immeasurably vast, so strange and full of mystery. Then to the Mother Earth; then to the East, West, South, North, he would move the Pipe with graceful gesture, in solemn token of gratitude and thanksgiving for the many favors and blessings bestowed upon his people by the "GREAT SPIRIT," who was, and is, all good and mighty!

Today, as never before, a world growing weary with pain and strife, needs to learn more about the Red Indian Pipe of Peace. Therefore, I say to you, my Indian brothers and white friends: Let it be a symbol of Peace again!

Never before was there a time in the history of the Earth when the obnoxious germs of FEAR and HATE have so completely bewildered and demoralized the people as of now. The governing elements and the common people seem to sense an approaching catastrophe. People in various parts of the world have been suddenly deprived of their freedom of thought, freedom of expression, freedom of action, freedom of religion, freedom from want. No wonder they live in fear, great distress and perplexity. No wonder they look so haggard and listless. The blistering, searing, utter chaos, that faces each one of us is enough to make us look questionably into the un-



BIG WHITE OWL
Eastern Associate Editor

Indians Parade Across Border For Celebration

Several thousand Canadian Indians crossed the border at the Whirlpool Rapids Bridge recently to join their American brothers in a celebration at Hyde Park commemorating the 160th anniversary of the signing of the Jay treaty.

The 27th annual border crossing, in the form of a parade from the Bridge street baseball field in Niagara Falls, Ont., was given a sendoff with an address by Mayor Ernest M. Hawkins of that city.

Highlighted by four bands and Indians of both nations in colorful native dress, the parade was viewed by thousands of Saturday afternoon shoppers as it went up Main Street on the way to Hyde Park.

Leading the celebration was Chief Clinton Rickard, Tuscarora Reservation, grand president of the Indian Defense League which sponsored the celebration.

RICKARD LEADS PARADE

Chief Rickard rode in the lead convertible in the parade, and was accompanied by Anton D. Kneller, national commander of the Military Order of the Purple Heart and the Rev. Emery J. Kocsis, assistant chaplain at the United Nations, here as an observer.

Bands in the parade, which also included several horses and a float depicting the signing of the Jay treaty, were the Oneida Reserve

Band, London, Ont.; the British Imperial Veterans' Band, Hamilton, Ont.; the Six Nations Reserve Band, Oshweken, Ont.; and the Iroquois Indian Band. Heading the parade was a color party.

Thousands of Indians gathered at Hyde Park Stadium where Councilman Calvin L. Keller, representing Mayor Ernest W. Mirrington Jr., was scheduled to start the afternoon's program with an official welcome.

SPEAKERS LISTED

Scheduled speakers include Rep. William E. Miller, Lockport Republican; Mr. Kneller; the Rev. Mr. Kocsis; Os-ke-non-ton, Indian entertainer and world traveler; Big White Owl, Indian defender and leader and Eastern Associate Editor of the Native Voice, Toronto; John E. Wickles, defender of Indian Rights, Erie, Pa.; and Al Mt. Pleasant, Toronto.

Included in the program were Indian ceremonials and adoptions of prominent citizens of Canada and the United States, sports and competitions for best costumes.

The Jay treaty gave the Indians free border crossing rights in exchange for a promise of peace to the white man. Previous to the act, Indians residing in Canada were barred from entering the United States to visit families and relatives.

certain future!

Many times I have been asked these three questions: Is Democracy being slowly erased from the face of this land? What is the true meaning of Democracy? Does anyone know?

To those questions I always gave this reply: In the 17th century a famous Lenni Lenape Chief spoke thus to his people while they were in a great distress and confusion. He said: "I say to you, my friends and relatives, let everyone among you have his or her free will, and do not hinder such labor with the impulse of fear, and all will be well." Those words, spoken by a Delaware Indian, in the early days, are, I believe, about the best definition of the kind of Democracy we want in America. We must help to put forth every effort to preserve that kind of Democracy.

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CONTINUED

By NEWELL E. COLLINS

Tecumseh and the War of 1812

On July 24th Colonel McArthur made another attempt to cross the Canard River. Major Denny with one hundred and twenty militia was sent to dislodge some Indians who had been seen in the neighborhood of Turkey Creek. Tecumseh, with a small body of Indians hidden in ambush, waylaid the Americans and succeeded in routing them with a loss of six men.

During this period General Hull spent very little time on the Canadian side of the river. On July 17th the fort at Mackinac fell into British hands and Hull heard rumors that the British and Indians from that point were planning either to reinforce Fort Malden or move on Detroit from the north. This was rather alarming and another council of war was held on August 5th, at which it was decided to attack Fort Malden on August 8th, as it was believed that the gun carriages would be completed by that time.

In the American camp supplies were running low, but word had been received that Captain Henry Brush was at the River Raisin with reinforcements to the number of two hundred and thirty, together with one hundred head of beef cattle and other stores, and that his advance was being opposed by Tecumseh with seventy Indians who

were stationed at Brownstown. Major Thomas Van Horne of Findlay's regiment was sent to the relief of the expedition. His relief party consisted of Ohio Volunteers under Lieutenant Dixon Stansbury, sixty Frenchmen under Captain Antoine Dequindre, a six-pound cannon manned by Lieutenant John L. Eastman and crew, a howitzer manned by Lieutenant James Daliba and crew, together with detachments from Smith's and Sloan's cavalry.

At Trenton two of Van Horne's scouts were ambushed and killed and farther on the whole party fell into a trap set by the Indians, seventeen of the Americans being killed and a large number wounded. Tecumseh secured mail bags containing letters and dispatches of inestimable value. From the text of one of these letters the British learned that Hull was fearful that he could not hold out a great while longer. Van Horne, unable to proceed, sent a message to Hull requesting reinforcements, and promptly returned to Detroit.

Hull was now brought to a full realization of the danger of his position: Although most of the Ohio and Kentucky militia were eager for active service, a number had demurred against fighting on Canadian soil and it is doubtful if

Fort Malden could have been captured with the untrained and poorly disciplined troops Hull had at his disposal; several hundred British and Indians were on their way from Fort Mackinac; there was no co-operation at Niagara and the British at Fort Malden expected reinforcements from the east momentarily. With communications and supplies cut off by land and water, Hull hurriedly recrossed the river to Detroit on the night of August 8th, by this time so thoroughly alarmed that he seriously contemplated abandoning the fort at Detroit and return to the Maumee, where at least his supplies would be assured. From a military standpoint this would not have been an unwise course to pursue, although not a popular one, as the Americans, particularly the Ohio Volunteers, were eager to move against the British. Then, too, General Hull's first thought seems to have been for the safety of the Michigan settlers, who would have been left without military protection.

The American troops were greatly disturbed by Hull's alarm. Those from Ohio chafed at delay and made no secret of their desire to move against the British at once. As a protest against their general's supposed lack of courage, a "roundrobin" was proposed by

some of the Ohio officers, the signatures to be arranged in a circle in such a manner that it would be impossible to determine which was the first name signed. This petition suggested the displacement of the general and the appointment of one of the older colonels—Colonel McArthur or Colonel Miller—in his stead. Perhaps this would have been done had Colonel Miller been willing to agree to such a proposition.

Continuing his efforts to re-open communications, Hull had ordered Colonel Miller to hold himself in readiness with seven hundred men, to move to the Raisin. Before Miller's departure, three of the American scouts disguised themselves as Indians, staining their faces with walnut juice, and set out, having been instructed to detour through the forest until they had passed the Indians at Brownstown before approaching the road. However, the scouts lost their way and, mistaking the distance they had travelled, struck into the road in advance of the Indians. They were promptly captured and taken before Tecumseh who turned them over to his brother-in-law, Wasegoboah, with instructions to deliver them to General Proctor, who by this time was in command at Fort Malden.

(To be Continued)

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Continued From Page 5

Ceremonial Pipe

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Continued From Page 3

POETRY

she returned by way of the United States where she and McRaye were engaged by Chautauqua for a series of appearances lasting eight weeks. After this she made one more tour of Canada, then retired to Vancouver where she devoted the remainder of her life to literary pursuits.

Among the published works of her later days were a collection of Indian legends and a series of boys' stories which ran in a U.S. magazine.

Pauline Johnson lived in a rough adventurous era when travel was hard on the hardiest. At one time she took a trip along the Caribou Trail to the goldfields, she rode the Battleford Trail before the railroad cut into its heart, and she canoed many miles over strange rivers and lakes.

Her love of nature made these journeys a delight, but their hardships took their toll early, and on March 7, 1931, when Nature was waking to the call of spring, she died.

At least four memorials recall this great Canadian poet. Her grave and a memorial fountain, the latter erected by the Women's Canadian Club, are in Vancouver's Stanley Park. Her birthplace, Chiefswood, still stands on the reservation at Brantford, and Flint and Feather, the complete collection of her poetry, will live on to endear her to many generations of Canadians to come.

we must not sit idly by. We must never revert to subtle complacency because that would be an act of treason. We must lead the way and others will follow.

So, ladies and gentlemen, out from the land of many shadows, out from the great wilderness of the unknown, I come forth to make this earnest appeal to all liberty loving people. I would appeal to them to come and join me beside my Indian Camp Fire, and help me to lift high, once more, the ancient Indian Ceremonial Pipe that it might bring permanent peace to our troubled world.

When the Pilgrim Fathers first landed on these shores they were greeted by an Indian with these words: "Welcome, Englishmen!" That salutation and gesture proved the North American Indians are true ambassadors of brotherhood and goodwill. Many years later the descendants of the Pilgrims were assisted by Indians to win their freedom as "AMERICANS."

In closing I wish to say: My early ancestors held the Red Stone Indian Ceremonial Pipe in very high esteem. To them it represented their belief in the GREAT SPIRIT, their love for their villages and their hunting grounds; their ideas of freedom, liberty and justice, were made strong and virile by its influence. And the sacred mandates of the Indian Ceremonial Pipe were never known to be broken. It was a tangible, visible link that joined the Red man to his Great Mystery.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I sincerely believe the Indian Ceremonial Pipe should be America's symbol of Peace!

I HAVE SPOKEN

CONTINUED

By KARONTOWAMEN

SHADIAH - - - The ARROWHEAD

It was in the spring of 1839, as I recall, that we were awakened by much shouting and commotion. Young Poweshiek, who was a light sleeper, was up at the first outcry, and with one motion had grabbed us and his string bow from off the hook which was our usual resting place. With one leap, he was outside, where it seemed to us, all was bedlam. It was just light enough for us to see, but running here and there were the warriors of the Mesquakies, with whatever weapon they could find. Our master's wigwam, which stood fairly close to the centre of the village, was supposed to be the gathering place of the women and children in case of trouble, and it was toward this spot, that many were hurrying, shouting with fear as they ran.

Poweshiek ran with the speed of a deer in the direction of the noise. On the way, he passed many of the older men who had lost much of their speed due to their age, but who nevertheless wished to be a part of anything that might be taking place. All that we could hear was the cry, "The Sioux! The Sioux!" and in and around the village, the hateful cry of that nation.

It seems that while we slept during the early morning hours a war party of Sioux came upon our village, and with their usual cunning, were upon our sentries before they could make an outcry. But they did not allow for our dogs, who put up a great barking alarm. It was all the noises combined that had awakened Poweshiek and told

him that danger was present.

It took only seconds to cover the distance from our section of the camp to the battle line and in that time our master had given a short prayer to the Great Spirit in which he asked for courage and victory. This was always proper when going into battle, for who knows when one might take the long trail that leads to the Land of Shadows? In doing this he knew that the Great Spirit would welcome him with open arms, if he should fall by the way, for he knew that a great warrior was closest to the Great Spirit.

As we came up to the line of battle, where men and horses were a confused mass, we could see that the battle had already taken its toll for here and there sprawled forms dotted the ground. At that moment we were in action for a Sioux warrior on a great, black horse sprang toward us. Poweshiek raised his arm to ward off the thrust of the lance and as he did so caused the big black to raise up on his haunches. This was all he needed, leaping to the side he brought his heavy war club down with a crushing blow. There was a sound of bone splintering, and the painted warrior fell into a shapeless mass on the ground, his blood staining the green grass.

This was the first and last blow my master struck in the battle, for seeing more trouble than they anticipated, the Sioux turned and fled in confusion. But wait! There is a wounded Sioux trying to get to his horse. And look! There is an old woman running toward him with axe upraised. Now she brings it down and the Sioux lies sprawled at her feet. The men stop their grisly work of scalping and stripping the dead to watch her. She bends over and with one sweep of her knife claims the scalp.

Poweshiek who had been watching now sprang to life. He and several of the men ran over hardly believing their eyes. Not over a moment ago, they had seen a lone woman kill and scalp a Sioux warrior. Who could she be? There were very few women who would even venture close to a battle field,



PRETTIEST OF INDIAN MAIDENS is 23-year-old Mary Louise Defender, a Sioux from Fort Yates, North Dakota, who has been named Miss Indian America.

let alone take part in it. And this woman was old. As he came up to the woman who was already starting to leave, he recognized her to be no other than his own grandmother. The rest of the men had come up by this time, and were already doing a victory dance around the old lady and my master. This was indeed a great honor for the Mesquakies, but for the Sioux, it spelt only shame and dishonor, for here was a woman who had killed a mighty warrior of the Plains' people.

Our people came out best as far as victory was concerned, but their losses in dead were fourteen to ten of the Sioux. Nevertheless, each man had died as he would have wished, and now he would go to a warrior's reward.

There was much wailing and sadness in the village that day, for the loss was felt in nearly every clan. The medicine man was very busy, comforting those who had lose loved ones, and getting ready to help those who were dead, on their way to the Happy Hunting Grounds. This meant that for days, the village would be in

mourning.

Old Ka-ke-no-se, head of the fish clan, was in charge of the burials, and it was his duty to see that all was carried out in the manner prescribed by the relatives. The custom among our people was, that only in extreme cases did the relatives have anything to do with burial, and this only if the person died while a long way from home. In that case, the members of his family took over if there were any among the party.

(To Be Continued)

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NEW ERA FOR OUR NATIVES

(Continued from Page 1)

In the new era of Indian education, there is a steady increase in the number of Indian children attending non-Indian schools and this is the most hopeful sign of all. In 1952-53 there were 1351 Indian pupils working and playing side by side with white children.

More and more Indian young people are taking vocational courses. Eight were last term in business courses, two were attending Normal School, four in training as practical nurses and one at

Bar Probes Injustices To Indians

WINNIPEG.—A study of the extent to which Canada's 145,000 Indians are being short-changed on civil rights is expected to be made by committees of the Canadian Bar Association.

The association's civil liberties section has approved a resolution that its provincial committees be asked to examine the Indian civil rights question generally with particular reference to:

1. "The limitations and exceptions existing under the law and its administration in respect to the civil rights and liberties of the native Indian population of Canada.
2. "The methods by which there may be accorded and assured equal civil rights and liberties under the law to treaty and non-treaty Indians, and
3. "Any significant departure from the provisions of treaties between the crown and native Indian bands in the administration of Indian affairs in Canada."

The resolution, introduced by Regina lawyer M. C. Shumatcher, asked that findings and recommendations be presented to the next annual meeting of the section.

"We've treated Indians as children for so long they are going to remain children forever unless there is a radical change in our attitude toward them," Mr. Shumatcher said later in an interview.

IN DIRE STRAITS

"Treaty Indians are badly off," he said. "The non-treaty Indians are worse off."

The general examination should include voting and liquor laws as they apply to Indians and also property laws.

"An Indian can't even sell a cow without the consent of the Indian agent," Mr. Shumatcher said.

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Vancouver School of Art.

At the Vancouver Vocational Institute two young men last term were learning to be auto mechanics, one to be a carpenter, one a diesel operator and one was taking drafting.

When I began teaching in Indian Schools in 1945, poor attendance was one of the biggest problems. It seemed as if my classroom was more like a stage with little actors coming on and going off continually. It has been interesting to watch the steady improvement in this matter. Last year at Kispiox my register showed the all-time high record of 99 percent for several months. Parents are realizing more and more the advantage of regular schooling for their children and are making sacrifices to that end.

RESIDENTIAL SCHOOLS

Lack of English is the greatest handicap of children in remote Indian villages. The primary teacher resorts to all manner of devices to encourage its use. Toy telephones in our play house and store seem to work magic. I used to listen eagerly for every new word of English. It really seemed as if we were getting results when one day while several were playing after school, I overheard the little storekeeper remind the lady of the house: "Don't forget to send your family allowance cheque."

Although the tendency today is towards day schools, the residential school still has a useful function in providing for children of broken homes and students attending High School. Alberni Residential School alone, has 41 pupils who go by bus to Alberni High School. In this connection the Salvation Army is doing a splendid job in Prince Rupert with its Hostel For Girls.

"But are Indian children really capable of taking advantage of all this?" You ask. L. G. P. Waller, Indian School Inspector of Alberta had this to say to the fifty teachers who took part in the Workshop in Indian Education at 1952 Summer School.

"People tell us, Indian children are different than whites. They are sullen, unresponsive. They cannot do a full day's work. . . . They don't laugh and play like white children. These may be problems in some schools," he went on to say, "but they are not fundamental characteristics of Indian children. I have seen shy untidy children, but the majority are similar to white children in every respect. They will gather round one with questions, share in the work, enter into the games with all the gaiety of the ordinary child. They also exhibit a seriousness toward their school work which is quite equal to that found in white schools."

TEACHERS AGREE

Most of the teachers in the



—Courtesy Vancouver Province

MANY PLEASANT memories have been carried home by the Duke of Edinburgh from his trip across Canada's northland. Among them was his meeting here with Chief Patsy Henderson, 76, said to be the first Indian to find gold in the Yukon.

group, where five Canadian provinces were represented, agreed this had been their experience. We agreed too that teaching Indian children called for all the patience, perseverance and resourcefulness one could muster but that it was challenging and worthwhile.

We recalled that it was only 60 or 70 years since the first white teacher went into many of these villages and that the progress made was remarkable. We felt that given time and opportunity, these original Canadians will take their place in our society, as the Maori of New Zealand have done and make a worthy contribution to our national life.

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