

The NATIVE VOICE

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

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VANCOUVER, B.C., NOVEMBER, 1954



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BROTHERHOOD CONVENTION NOVEMBER 17

AT BELLA BELLA

Native Indian delegates from all parts of British Columbia will be converging on the small coastal village of Bella Bella this month to take part in an extremely important event. It will be the twenty-third annual convention of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, scheduled to open November 17 and expected to carry through for a full week.

In addition to facing an agenda bulging with issues of concern to all B.C. Natives, delegates will hear speakers from various fields including several from the Dominion and Provincial Governments.

Convention chairman will of course be Chief William Scow. Salmon fishing will have pretty well come to an end for the year and though some of the Native Brotherhood members may be fishing herring, time set for the annual meeting will permit most of the branches to have representation at the Convention.

Since the Bella Bella people are hosting the gathering, there is every assurance that delegates and guests will be royally treated during their week-long stay at this picturesque village.



★ The two carvings on this page are old-time Haida argillite works of art exhibited in London's Berkeley Galleries for the first time this year. The figurine above is an excellent likeness of "The hard-faced trader."



★ "White woman in her strange dress" could be the title of this Haida argillite carving. It was done over 100 years ago. The replicas illustrated a story in the Vancouver Province which we will reprint next month.

Marilyn Bell's Coach Writes Big White Owl

Gus Ryder, coach of Marilyn Bell, first person to swim Lake Ontario, has written to Big White Owl, Eastern Associate Editor of the Native Voice expressing his appreciation for the front-page article in the last issue paying tribute to Miss Bell and her precedent-making performance.

The article, entitled "The Lake Will Listen and Understand," drew this comment from Mr. Ryder:

Mr. Jasper Hill,
Eastern Associate Editor,
THE NATIVE VOICE:

Please accept my sincere thanks for the copies of your "Native Voice" and its grand write-up on the Lake and Miss Bell.

Again our appreciation for your fine article.

GUS RYDER,
Coach of Marilyn Bell.

Lakeshore Swimming Club,
New Toronto, Ontario.

Maisie's Trip To Northern B.C.

-See Page 5



Premier Ends 'Indian Giving'

Ohsweken, Ont. — There will be no more "Indian giving" to the Indians as far as Ontario is concerned, Premier Leslie Frost promised a crowd of thousands of Six Nations Indians and whites at the closing day of the Indian Fair here in September.

The White Chief, wearing a Mohawk headdress as the symbol of honorary chieftain's rank, bestowed on the premier in an impressive ceremony, said he was sorry that much of the history of the white man's dealing with the Indian consisted of giving to him with one hand and taking away with the other.

Harry C. Nixon, veteran Liberal MPP for Brant, declared the Six Nations Indians could all be millionaires today if they still held the six-mile strip of land along both sides of the Grand river from its source to its mouth given them for their loyalty to the crown after the American revolution.

Today the Indians hold little more than the Six Nations reservation five miles south of Brantford.

Mr. Frost, who already holds honorary chieftain's rank in the Ojibway and Pottawatami tribes, received his new title from Chief Howard Sky. The full name is Chief Beautiful Lake, pronounced Ganya-da-re-go. Of the many tribes in the Six Nations, the premier himself selected the Mohawk for membership.

LESLIE M. FROST, Premier of Ontario, is now a member of one of the noble (boya ' ne) clans or families in which the title of "Ganio'dia ' io" or "Ska' niadar' io" is vested; thus he recently became the recipient of one of the most sacred titles that may be bestowed upon a White Man by the Iroquois Indian Confederacy. The correct translation of his Indian name. It is a derivative of the Seneca language and should be spelled "Ganio ' dia ' io" meaning: "Handsome Lake," not Chief Lake Ontario as was reported by Toronto newspapers. The winsome Indian Princess in the picture is Miss Garnet Logan of Ohsweken, Ontario.

BOOK REVIEW

'Mist on the River'

The Native Voice takes pleasure in recommending to its readers a new book on the Natives of Skeena River, British Columbia, "Mist On The River" by Hubert Evans. Hubert Evans grew up in Galt, Ontario, not far from the famous Brantford Indian Reserve. In the First World War, while serving overseas, many of his buddies were Indians. Thirty-five years ago, he came to British Columbia, making his living as a free lance writer, commercial salmon troller, trapper and settler.

In the early 20's while Mr. Evans was superintendent of a salmon hatchery, his wife Anne Evans taught in a large Indian residential school.

For years their lives have been close to their Indian friends. In 'Mist On The River,' Mr. Evans shows a tender and sympathetic understanding of his subject. He fully grasps the tragic problems of the fight of the Native Canadian to adjust himself to that of the new civilization with its gradual encroachment on his way of life, scoffing at his traditions and ignoring his aboriginal rights — cruel survival of the fittest.

It is a marvel that Mr. Evans has been able to break down the great barrier of Native reserve

and delve into the secrets of his way of life. Only a great love and sympathetic understanding could have made this possible.

We highly recommend to our readers "Mist On The River," a story of the dwellers on the shores of that wild tragic river, the Skeena, a beautiful story of the Native British Columbian, the people of the Mist.

(Published by the Copp Clark Co., Ltd., 495 - 517 Wellington Street West, Toronto, Ontario. Price, \$3.50.)

Court Tests Indian Duty Exemption Claim

OTTAWA. — The Supreme Court has granted a young Mohawk Indian leave to appeal from an Exchequer Court ruling by which he had to pay \$123 in duties on home appliances. The decision could affect some 136,000 Canadian Indians and their potential purchases of U.S. goods.

Louis Francis, 31, a welder who lives on a border reservation near St. Regis, Que., is the key figure in the test case. He invoked the Jay Treaty of 1794 between Britain and the United States when he

took his case to the Exchequer Court in November, 1953.

Francis, a United States navy veteran, brought a refrigerator, washing machine and space heater across the U.S.-Canadian border and took them to his home on the reserve. He paid no duty because, in his opinion, the ancient treaty allowing Indians of both countries, to cross the border freely and transport any type of goods normally used in a household applied equally as much today as 150 years ago.

Indian households then were mostly wigwams.

Francis later paid the \$123 duty under protest. He argued through counsel that provisions of the Jay Treaty and the 1814 Treaty of Ghent exempted Indians.

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INDIANS IN GOOD FINANCIAL SHAPE THANKS TO OIL WELLS

STONY PLAIN, Alberta. — Twenty-two producing oil wells of the Enoch band's reservation near this town 20 miles west of Edmonton have given the Indians a financial status that few Canadian communities of 250 persons could match.

Their oil income is approximately \$10,000 a month, giving them at least \$600,000 in a government held capital account.

A separate revenue account, also held at Ottawa, holds money from agriculture and petroleum leases and sale of farm products. It is tapped each month for cash distributions of \$20 to each of the 250 members of the band.

Some Indian families of 10 or more soon could rival the wealthy Indians of the United States. But that's not the plan. As Chief William Morin says, the tribe is spending its money wisely on "sound development projects and not as foolishly as some of those in the United States."

OWN MINERAL RIGHTS

The members of the Enoch band—and about 14,500 other Alberta Indians—own their own mineral rights. However, they are surrendered to the federal government's Indian affairs branch for negotiations, as are agricultural and timber leases. No Indian can make a contract.

Although the tribal councils can sell reservation acreage, most Alberta tribes have clung to their original treaty land. The Enoch band once made a mistake that served as a warning for all.

About 40 years ago, the council decided to surrender a large section of land at the north end of their present reserve. Today, 5 oil wells are producing there.

The Enoch band has a four-year plan for farm ownership. Each member is given a certificate of occupancy for 160 acres. If, after four years, the land has been maintained to the council's satisfaction, a certificate of possession is issued.

VALUABLE CERTIFICATES

The certificates are much like title deeds. They can be exchanged or sold and an ambitious farmer can build up a large farm. Ownership, however, rests with the council.

Individual farmers can lease land to white men. Reserve land not allocated to individual Indians is also leased. Nearly half of the Enoch land is leased under the two methods. Income from leasing goes into a special fund to establish new Indian families.

The Stony Plain phenomenon is beginning to be repeated at others of Alberta's 71 reserves where the benefits of oil production are being felt.

All Indians get the same deal from the oil companies: Royalties of 15 per cent on natural gas and 12½ per cent on oil, not including the amount paid for exploration rights.



BEAUTIFUL, lovely Carole Van Every of the Six Nations Reserve to play role of Princess Lewala at Niagara Falls 50th Anniversary Celebration.

NCAI Meet Postponed Carole Studies Legend For Niagara Heroine Role

By CYNTHIA WILLIAMS
Toronto Telegram

A change in convention dates has been announced by the National Congress of American Indians "to permit Indian people to vote in person in their own communities in the General Election on November 2nd, and to permit Indian people who are running for state offices to campaign right up to the time of the election. Several Indian people are running for their state legislatures or other state offices and they deserve all possible support.

New convention dates are November 18 through 21 in place of October 28 to 31 as previously announced.

In a letter to all Indian tribal councils, individual Indians, and friends of the Indians, full participation in the November 2 elections was urged.

"Clear warning was given us in the last session of Congress", NCAI letter declares, "that it is the intent of Congress to 'terminate as rapidly as possible all special relationships between the federal government and Indians, and that unless we act together and decisively we shall find it is too late to protect our rights and properties and to bring about improved policies and federal services for Indians."

"Our effectiveness in stopping harmful legislation was also clearly demonstrated in the last Session of Congress. WE DID, by working together, prevent the passage of some disastrous legislation for Indians, but that is not enough. Next

year we must be prepared not only to defeat intemperate bills, but to bring about enactment of constructive legislation, and this requires better groundwork by ALL OF US.

It wasn't until Carole Van Every had taken a second look at the complete wardrobe she had just chosen at Fairweather's (Lawrence Plaza) yesterday afternoon that she really began to believe the dream had come true.

Chosen from among 50 contestants in the Telegram nation-wide search for the Maid of the Mist on Wednesday evening, the lovely Indian girl had been murmuring ever since, "I can't believe it!"

But the 10-day whirl of excitement for Carole will really begin tomorrow when she takes her place on a float in the parade marking Niagara Falls 50th anniversary as a city.

Then Monday night she goes off to New York, her first long trip from her home on the Six Nation Indian reserve at Brantford. Every moment of the two-day trip is jammed with excitement.

Next Saturday she will play the part of the Indian Princess Lewala who was sacrificed by her father, according to legend, and sent over Niagara Falls to her death in a canoe.

Carole, who is now boning up on the ancient legend, won't have to go near the water. An effigy in wax is being made to send over the falls.

HARD TIME CHOOSING

The shy, pretty Indian girl had a hard time choosing from the multitude of clothes presented to her, but with quiet determination, and an occasional "Mum do you like it?" she finally picked the things she liked best: a Black Watch plaid suit with a little mustard colored hat and gloves; a pink nylon evening dress in theatre length, with two petticoats; a black afternoon dress of brushed felt with tiny flowers woven into it; a full coat of shaggy material in blue spruce; a full tweed skirt in gold, black and white with a yellow sweater and English tan cardigan . . . and of course all the accessories, purses, hats and jewelry to match.

Carole was speechless. Her mother looked at her and said, "You really can't believe it yet, can you?" and Carole just replied, "Such lovely things."

WASN'T SURE

When the telegram telling Carole that she was a finalist arrived at Caledonia High School, where she is taking a commercial course, she told no one. "I wasn't sure," she explained simply.

In fact, even when she got home knowing that she had won the con-

test, she told only her family. She couldn't resist calling her sister, Dorothy, in Buffalo at 3 in the morning and asking her if she would go to New York with her. Dorothy, who had been planning to take her vacation later to visit her fiancé in Norfolk, Va., decided right away she would put it off to go with her younger sister to New York.

The lovely, dimpled girl is shyly thrilled by the whole thing. In early summer she took second place in the Six Nation Reserve beauty contest, the first of her family to enter such a contest. In fact, it took a major family conference to decide whether Carole should enter any contest. Now, of course, her nine brothers and sisters are as delighted as she that she won.

SUMMER VISITS

Carole spent the summer visiting her two sisters who are working in Buffalo, and another sister there who has just returned with her husband from Hawaii. The rest of the time she was at home helping her father with the farm.

She often sews and knits her own clothes. Her favorite sports are basketball, baseball and volleyball. She was a cheerleader last year at Hagersville High School.

The 17-year-old girl has no boy friends. She likes to go out, and she likes dancing, but there's no one special she declares.



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Wear Your Regalia, My Indian Brothers!

By BIG WHITE OWL

IN MY moments of deep meditation I have often wondered why the beautiful beaded Indian moccasins, the fringed and smoke-mellowed buckskin jackets, the gorgeously eagle-plumed headdresses, are mostly relegated to the showcases in museums as relics of the so-called "barbaric past."

I sincerely believe these are things which every living North American Indian should be proud to own as part of his regular wardrobe. These are the kind of garments he should be proud to wear when attending ceremonial functions and other civic affairs . . . Is not the North American Indian's costume the only real native regalia of Canada and the United States of America?

The time has come when there should no longer be any divided opinion on this important matter . . . How much nobler would an Indian Chief look all dressed up in fringed buckskin and eagle-feathered bonnet than to be dressed in a discarded naval officer's uniform, mounted with brass buttons, yellow braid, and a sloppy old felt hat on his head. Many of the Indian Chiefs of Western Canada are dressed up by the Federal Government in this silly, drab, and ridiculous manner.

Please do not be wrongfully impressed. I do not wish to imply that we North American Indians should revert to the stone age and the bow and arrow days way of living. But I shall consistently maintain that we have just as much right to wear fringed buckskin and feathered regalia as has the brawny Scotchman who so very proudly dons his kilts and blows that maddening skirl on his bag-pipes, or the Russian and the Czechoslovak and the Hungarian who are ever ready to dress in their best native regalia and dance to the rollicking tunes of the polka.

Those of you (white men and women) who might say the Indian warriors of the early days were a cruel and ferocious lot of barbarians, who burned their prisoners at the stake and scalped many of their unfortunate victims, seem to overlook the fact that such cruel practices were first introduced in the New World by the highly civilized christian Caucasians, and that those brave warriors of old were fighting to defend their loved ones and a bountiful homeland.

Therefore, in concluding, I would appeal to all of my Red Indian brothers not to be ashamed of their ancestors . . . Let us instead preserve the grand old arts and crafts of our forefathers . . . Let us again make good use of our Indian costumes and become proud, highly respected, North American Indians!

—I Have Spoken.

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Heritage of Our Grandparents Can Make Us Hold Heads High

Dear Mrs. Hurley:

Your October issue of the Native Voice carried an article entitled "Echo of the Past." I have written you before, stressing the goodness of our heritage. But, in my writing I have never mentioned the persecution and exploitation of the Indian of the past or the present by the white man. Although I can relate many stories of the brutality shown my people and tell how they were persecuted and victimized by the white man, I let it remain a part of the dead past.

Some of what Mr. Cuthand says I am in accord with, but much I feel is untrue. The heritage of the Indian as told by the white man is not a thing to be proud of, but the heritage as told us by our grandparents can make us hold our heads high. I have not learned of my heritage from the white man. I have listened to his interpretation of my people and say his words are twisted. Mr. Cuthand states that the Indian stands on the path of regret and bitterness today. This is true of many of our people today only because they do not see and understand the heritage that was given them by our forefathers before the white man came to this country.

What is Mr. Cuthand's definition of heritage? Is it the customs of our people, their having lived in tipis and hunted game and the making of feathered war-bonnets and the wearing of blankets. This is not our heritage. It was the customs of our people, their way of life. Heritage is what is given to grow inside of you . . . faith, peace, honesty, contentment or religion.

There is a legend as to how the Indian was brought to this country. This was the promised land that all the races of the world came together before a spirit of the Great One to claim. The Indian did not often speak of his heart and his religion. He did not say why his people before him were brought to this country. To him, a man's religion was his own affair. It was the happiness and peace he found for himself. He did not enforce his beliefs upon any one. The Indian believed that if a man could worship the Great One without murder, then it was a good religion no matter what his fellow man called his God.

These are words, as told to me, that were spoken by the Indian as he stood before the spirit of the Great One when he was to be brought to this land:

"My hands are empty. There is nothing my people would have me bring to the Great One. We cannot take the colors from the sky and the rainbows and put them upon cloth. Our dyes are hard and do not know the softness of the earth. We cannot mold steel and bring a sword through the air when we know the Great One can set His lightning upon us and strike it from our hands. We cannot place the story of our people upon paper when a tongue has been given us, with which to speak them to our children, that they do not die. We are poor in what we have to offer. Only, is our faith in Him and His creations. We do not fear the dark of the night for we know the sun will rise and bring its dawn. We do not curse the white of the winter for we can see the flowers that will come. This is of my people and does not die.

The land you would bring us to is green and peace is upon it. With our hearts, we will protect this land. We will keep the earth as the Great One has given it to us. We will not build houses of stone where we can fall to our knees and worship Him. For, He is about us in all the things He has given us.

We will fight, as all our brothers have said they will fight, for what is given us and for what is ours. But, should we lose the battle, our hearts and eyes will be the victor. We will not forget the glories of the green grass and the sweet smell of the flowers. This will always be ours to grow in our hearts."

This, is the heritage of our people . . . their hearts, their faith. It is not living in tipis.

I am sorry for Mr. Cuthand that he does not realize the truth of what our people were and the heritage we should keep alive. I agree with him when he says we need an education and that we should forget the brutalities of the past so that they do not embitter us. Hatred is bad. Even our people said that the man who carries hatred destroys himself.

I cannot help but question how much of this western hemisphere Mr. Cuthand has seen that he can so speak of the lack of prejudice. Many of our people have met and still meet racial discrimination. Attitude does not always influence another's views.

These are better days for the Indian than it was fifty years ago—But beyond that, before the coming of the white man I cannot agree. I was told by a very great and ancient Indian that there was little disease among our ancestors. Small-pox was a gift from the white man. Starvation was not known.

As for the dark days of superstition and ignorance and bad medicine, isn't the white man superstitious and ignorant in his own way no matter the light of learning? Many of his religions are founded upon superstitions. Illness is yet among him. For every sickness he is able to conquer another comes to replace it.

One of my relatives was educated by the white man from childhood. He carried the white man's bible and preached the word of Christ among our people. He took the lead before them when they begged for food, holding his bible, showing his faith and trust. Yet, he was shot down with the others.

I mention this but not to enliven the coals of the past. It is a part of the past I do not dwell upon—Death is not a heritage!

I tell those of my people I can to learn the ways of the white man. Otherwise, he cannot exist today. It is impossible for him to return to the 'custom' of tipis and hunting. This does not offer a livelihood in the civilization of today. But, his heritage I say must be dwelled upon and kept alive. It is a part of his soul and spirit. It is his religion of faith and trust in the Great One. It is his honesty and his nearness to God.

—CHA LA NUNG.

Maisie's Trip To Northern B.C.

By MAISIE HURLEY
Publisher, The Native Voice

I HAVE just returned from a trip through Northern British Columbia. My husband defended two of our men at the Assizes for manslaughter. I am pleased to say "Mission accomplished successfully" and the men are home with their families—an unfortunate affair where two men, trying to do their duty, got involved in a tragic accident. Neither should have been arrested in the first place.

Among the old friends I met was the great handsome old Chief Peter Calder of the Naas, who is still active in spite of his great age. The Chief was one of the founders of the Brotherhood. He started working for his people in 1887 and has not stopped since. He is proud of the progress made by the Brotherhood since it started. I am hoping that he will be present at the forthcoming Convention at Bella Bella on the 17th of November. Beloved, respected by all, he will receive a respectful hearing. These great hereditary Chiefs will soon be part of the past, as one by one they pass into the Great Beyond.

Another high ranking hereditary Chief whom I met was Chief Arthur McDames of Skeena Crossing. I met him at the house of his nephew Ken Harris, former World War aviator. Mr. Harris is the son of Mrs. Harris, who is Princess Antiquilibet, high-ranking Chief-taness. Ken Harris recording the legends and songs of the old Chief and is being properly trained by him to take his place when he passes on.

Chief Arthur McDames is of the House of Jooksan. Years ago he gave me the high-ranking name of Simkloos in his House and presented me with the ceremonial spoon of the Tribe. He is anxious that I consolidate my name. Their family crests and rigid laws and ancient customs date back hundreds of years from an old aristocratic line of Chiefs.

TRAPLINES VITAL

Chief Joshua MacKay of the Naas came with his wife to pay me a visit. He is concerned about Native trappings. He states that hundreds of trappings belonging to the tribes for hundreds of years and which are now registered by

the department have no protection against being logged off by logging companies, and are thereby rendered useless as the game leaves once it is logged off.

A meeting will be held at Old Hazelton in November to discuss the trappings and other problems prior to the Convention. Many Native leaders are greatly concerned about the future of British Columbia's fur industry for if this state of affairs continues unchecked, in a few years trapping will be a thing of the past.

Today the price of raw furs is low, though the finished product is high. The Brotherhood is endeavoring to form a strong inland branch to protect the rights and problems of the inland Natives.

MILLER BAY HOSPITAL

At the kind invitation of Miss O'Connor, I visited Miller Bay T.B. Hospital for the first time. This fine hospital has done much to win the fight against T.B. Miss O'Connor kindly introduced me to everyone accompanied by Miss Rathborn. These two dear ladies showed me the hospital. I was struck by the brightness and spotless cleanliness of the wards, and in spite of illness, the patients seemed cheerful and happy.

On entering the children's ward, we were greeted with squeals of joy from the wee bairns. One little laddie pointing a chubby finger at Miss O'Connor, said "She's my girl!" and then proceeded to turn a somersault in his cot; the little ones showed much affection for Miss O'Connor and Miss Rathborn as we visited them.

One wee girl said, "Do you know my Uncle Harold Sinclair at Kitwanga?" I told her I did. She said "You tell my Uncle to tell my people that I am going to be good and do what the doctors tell me to do, so that I can get well and come home." Seems up to then she had been on a "sit down" strike—home sick. Her eyes sparkled as she spoke and she had the most delightful grin—the pickle.

Native girls from other provinces were training as ward assistants and practical nurses. I was delighted to meet so many friends from all parts of the province and I thank the dear ladies for giving me the privilege of doing so.

I visited Mr. William Beynon at Port Edward Cannery. Bill is one of the Brotherhood founders. Also had the opportunity of meeting Mr. Frank Calder, our brilliant young Native M.L.A. who is working hard on the problems of our people and promises to present a very up to date constructive programme for future activities at the coming Convention. He has been giving a lot of deep thought to the subject and is "loaded for bear."

NEXT STOP VANDERHOOF

Unfortunately due to the shortage of time, I was unable to visit my Skeena friends as I had planned. My next stop was Vanderhoof, where I was met at the station by some of my boys, including my adopted son Dick Patricks, Military Medal hero of the last

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NATIVE BROTHERHOOD

Contact Chief Edward Moise John, Fort St. James

war, the lad who saved 1500 buddies from annihilation when alone he silenced a German gun crew and brought in 56 prisoners. I had a hard time bringing my Dick down to earth as his wife had just presented him with his first daughter, Maisie. Mother and Maisie are doing well.

I visited my Associate Editor of "The Native Voice" Chief Jimmie J. Antoine, former Chief of Stoney Creek who is associated with Chief Edward Moise John of Fort St. James in organizing the branch of the Inland Natives. Their problems the serious, the invading whites bulldozing their way ruthlessly destroying wild life as they go, and ignoring the aboriginal rights of the Natives.

The beaver and other small game were destroyed by the hundreds as their homes were flooded out by the Kenney Dam construction. Left without any protection for the winter, those who survived died later. Their death cry still rings in the ears of the people who lived in that area. Surely something more humane could have been done so that they could have been taken care of in the flooded area.

Next day I drove on 40 miles to Fort St. James to discuss with Chief Edward Moise John and some of the Council the forming of the Inland branch. It seems that weekly meetings are being held by the Chief and progress made. We hope that there will be

a strong representation made by them at the Convention at Bella Bella on the 17th of November.

Pleasant surprise awaited me when I met another of my adopted sons, David Benoit, at the Fort, looking more like his pre-war self again—hard at work, full of plans—who knows, come spring "when the young man's fancy softly turns to thoughts of love" some nice young maiden might successfully snare him in her trapline. I hope so. Gee girls, that pelt might be worth trapping—so—mush—anyway. It was a happy surprise to see my two dear boys again and I felt they seemed happy to see me.

I regret that my visit was only a flying one and that I did not meet all the dear people, and that I did not have time to visit the fine Catholic school and pay my respects to the Sisters, but I had to catch the 3 o'clock train to Prince George to meet my husband.

Before I left Vanderhoof, I visited Mr. Howe, the Indian Superintendent and admired the fine new Government Building. Mr. Howe has always been most courteous and has never resented the many problems I have brought to him. I might add now that I have always received the greatest courtesy and consideration from the Indian Department wherever I have been and I would like to take this opportunity of thanking the

(Continued on Page 8)

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CONTINUED

By NEWELL E. COLLINS

Tecumseh and the War of 1812

Chapter VI

THE SURRENDER OF DETROIT

In the meantime the British at Brownstown were reinforced by Major Muir with one hundred men from the 41st Regiment, sixty militia, together with seventy Chippewa under Caldwell.

Immediately upon his return to Detroit on August 8th, Hull dispatched Colonel Miller with his detachment, thus dividing the American forces practically in half. Two miles below the Indian town of Mongague the advance guard under Colonel Snelling was fired upon by a body of one hundred and fifty British regulars and a party of Indians under Tecumseh. In a lively engagement Major Muir was shot twice and Tecumseh received a buckshot wound. The American artillery had no difficulty in destroying the frail log breastwork which the British had hurriedly constructed. The brilliant red of the British uniforms made an easy mark for the American riflemen, while the butternut and the homespun of the Ohio and Kentucky troops was far less conspicuous. Finally a body of Indians became separated from the main force and was mistaken by the British to be a party of Americans. A brisk fire was opened upon them, which was returned by the Indians with spirit and enthusiasm. The British were routed, and taking to their boats, returned to Fort Malden. The Indians were dispersed in the woods. Lieutenant Rolette of the British brig "GENERAL HUNTER" did succeed in capturing several American boats loaded with supplies. While the British suffered a decided defeat, their loss was only six killed and twenty-one wounded against eighteen Americans killed and forty-seven wounded. It is estimated that forty Indians were killed. The skirmish was without result, as the relief expedition did not continue. Bad weather and the condition of the roads influenced General Hull to recall the detachment to Detroit on August 10th.

Following this, Colonel McArthur was sent with one hundred men and six hundred rations to make another attempt to open communications, this time by water. With nine boats he proceeded down the river, planning to bring the wounded to Detroit. He

succeeded in delivering his provisions, but after he had loaded the wounded into the boats, the "GENERAL HUNTER," stationed at the foot of Grosse Isle, prevented his return. He was then forced to send General Hull for wagons. As the wagons were unable to approach the boats, the wounded had to be transferred by means of canoes.

After these unsuccessful attempts, Hull abandoned all hope of opening the direct route to the River Raisin and determined to bring Captain Brush with his reinforcements and supplies to Detroit by a roundabout route. It was decided that Brush should move up the Huron River to Ypsilanti, where the stream was crossed by the old Sauk Trail (Michigan Avenue). He was to be met there by a detachment from the fort, which was to escort him to Detroit.

Accordingly on the afternoon of August 14th Colonels Cass and McArthur with perhaps one quarter of Hull's entire force, left the fort, Ypsilanti being their ultimate destination. If we accept the statements of some authorities, they advanced some twenty-four miles, found themselves in a marsh and short of food and a couple of days later, when two British officers appeared and announced Hull's capitulation, McArthur promptly surrendered to them. Others, who are perhaps in a better position to know the facts, give us a very different picture: The first night, the camp was made scarcely two miles from the Detroit fort. The following day the party advanced slowly, but by nightfall they determined to return to Detroit. Retracing their steps, by marching most of the night of August 15th, they were able to make their camp on the spot they had occupied the night before. On the morning of August 16th they retreated to the River Rouge, neither advancing toward their destination nor returning to the fort.

Somewhere along the route they had secured a large ox and at the River Rouge this was butchered and roasted, furnishing a feast which must have been a pleasant relief from the restricted rations to which they had been accustomed. Thus, instead of coming to Hull's assistance when they were sorely needed, they merely added to

his responsibilities.

While the Americans had been trying to open the road for supplies, the British had not been idle. At York (Toronto), Issac Brock had been chosen as commander, and in this selection the British were particularly fortunate. In the prime of life, his wisdom, courage and energy stamped him as a born leader, unquestionably superior to all other commanders of that time, British or American. He was appointed general in October 1811, and realizing the advantage to be gained in controlling the lakes, he lost no time in strengthening the British fleet on Lake Erie.

The declaration of war, coming unexpectedly as it did, found the Canadian military forces totally unprepared for conflict. Both General George Prevost, Commander-in-Chief, with headquarters at Montreal and General Brock at York, were well aware that the few battalions under their command were entirely inadequate to defend the vast coast line along the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. In casting about for some means to relieve at least a portion of the frontier, in order to make it possible to concentrate on some particular point, Prevost conceived the idea of an armistice. To this end he despatched a messenger to General Dearborn at Albany, the message arriving there on August 4th. Dearborn undertook to submit the proposal to the President at Washington, which was precisely what Prevost had hoped for. With the slow and difficult means of travel available at that time, the desired end was accomplished, a delay of 30 days, during which time he had nothing to fear from Dearborn's army. As soon as he was assured that no immediate danger threatened at Niagara, Brock hastened westward along the north shore of Lake Erie, by boat, stopping at Long Point on August 8th for reinforcements and arriving at Fort Malden with three hundred men on the evening of August 13th. Brock's arrival was the signal for great enthusiasm among the British and Indians. Every one, red and white, turned out to welcome the General, Colonel Elliott and Colonel Proctor greeting him at the little wharf and escorting him to the fort. The brig "General Hunter" fired a salute and there was such a demonstration that General Brock finally requested the men to refrain from using so much precious ammunition.

Although it was past midnight, Brock insisted on calling a council immediately. Reading the dispatches which Tecumseh had captured at Brownstown, the general was aware of Hull's difficulties, of the dissension in the ranks of the Americans and the lack of confidence in their leader. He determined to take advantage of this situation at once and to start an offensive movement without delay. It was at this council that Tecumseh was first presented to Brock, who directed that the chief be seated at his right, with Macdonnell at his left and Proctor at the opposite end of the table. The remainder of the group was made up of Colonels St. George and Elliott, Quartermaster Nichol, Majors Clegg, Chambers, Tallon and Givens and Captain Dixon of the Royal Artillery. Proctor argued against an attack, as did all of the others with the exception of Quartermaster Nichol and General Brock himself. Nevertheless, the latter announced his decision to make the



NEWELL E. COLLINS

attempt.

Brock, unfamiliar with local geography, made inquiry of Tecumseh relative to the topography of the surrounding country. The chief promptly unrolled a square of elm bark and, weighting it down at the corners, with the point of his hunting knife, sketched on the smooth inner surface a crude but accurate map.

The night was far spent when the meeting adjourned, but another council was called for the following day, which was attended by a thousand Indians.

(To be Continued)

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Indian Bone Game

By THOMAS SHEWISH

During my stay in the United States, I was asked to explain how the bone game is played. I thought it best to answer through The Native Voice for the benefit of white brothers who do not understand the game.

I do not know when this bone game was originated and we will never know. In the Chinook jargon we find that this bone game is called "Sla-hal." The term bone game is used because it is more popular.

There are four bones about three and a half inches long, sections of a leg bone of animal, each of which is rounded off. Two of these bones are marked off and the other two are unmarked.

The game is played by two lines of players kneeling in front of two parallel lines of board. The essential part of the game is guessing the position of the four bones hidden in the hands of two opponents. Four bones are played as two pairs each consisting of marked and unmarked bones.

The game is started by a challenge between two persons each of whom becomes the principal of the opposing side and is stationed at the centre of the line to supervise the play.

A pair of bones is given to each principal or captain of the team, and the principals decide which side should be first to hide the bones by alternately hiding a pair of bones and guessing for the position of the unmarked bone until one succeeded while the other failed.

Whenever a side is hiding the bones, the principal sings his power or his medicine song, and his team mates repeat over and over while beating their clubs on the boards in front of them at the rate of a hundred times a minute.

The principal who won the right to start the game takes position of both pairs of bones that he might select a team mate to play them. The opposing principal is elected to guess the position of the unmarked bones.

Sometimes, twenty-one tally sticks are used. The use of tally sticks and bones is simple. Whenever the guesser locates the unmarked bones, he wins possession of the pair of bones. Whenever he fails to locate the unmarked bone, he loses a tally stick.

When both pair of bones are in play, the guesser has one chance to win both pairs of bones, two chances to win one pair of bones and lose one tally stick and one chance to lose two tally sticks without winning either pair of bones. When only one pair of bones is in play the guesser has equal chance of winning the bones or losing a tally stick.

The bone game comes to an end when one side has all the tally sticks, and the same or another principal challenged for the next game.

In the early days, Alberni Indians had a professional bone game player. His name was Charlie Matqua (nicknamed Pretty Charlie). I had gathered most of the Indian stories from Charlie Here I will relate his story. There was a big bone game and Charlie brought a dried humming bird to the bone game and secretly touched it to his hands and the bones when hiding them. The strongest medicine Charlie said. If a woman touched the heart of the humming bird, she would fall in love with the owner (Charlie). The younger generation is rather falling away from the old Indian customs and today dances which were very sacred are now used in parties or some sort of gathering.

Some time ago, I attended a revival meeting conducted by all Indians, and I heard one Indian testify that before he knew the Saviour, he used to travel twenty miles in a boat to attend a bone game. But since the Saviour came into his heart, what a wonderful change. He will now travel two times twenty miles to testify for his Master.

ANDY PAULL FLOWN HOME

President Andy Paull of the North American Indian Brotherhood has been flown home to Vancouver by the Department of Indian Affairs and he is now in St. Paul's suffering from an unnamed ailment.

Mr. Paull, long prominent in Indian affairs in British Columbia, was stricken last month while he was presiding over sessions of the North American Brotherhood in Montreal.

The 62-year-old Native was joined in Montreal by his wife who was flown there from British Columbia by Indian Affairs department officials when Ottawa specialists found Paull's condition to be serious.

The Native Voice sincerely wishes Andy Paull a speedy recovery from his present illness.

The 'Little Pickle' Writes

Dear Friends:

It was over a week ago since one of the native brotherhood came out here at Miller Bay Indian Hospital for a visit. I was quite pleased to meet her in person, she told me that the late Peter Mark gave her an Indian name as "SIM-KLOOS." So I think she belongs to my tribe. I have to ask my uncle "Harold Sinclair" next time I write him a letter.

Two of our chiefs live at the other village, "Skeena Crossing." The late Peter Mark known as Chief "COOK-SEN" and Arthur Sampare known as "JA-WILLS." I don't know if I spell the Indian names correct but I'm sure you will make it out.

I came from a small village "Kitwanga", I'm sure many of you have been there and seen some totem poles along the road. I am the granddaughter of Mrs. Ada Moore and the late George Moore. I believe he is the second chief in Eagle tribe.

I have been in the hospital since April 22, 1949 with tuberculosis in both lungs, now I'm picking up pretty well but don't know when I will be out of the hospital for good. I am very well pleased to see that the doctors and nurses are very much interested to cure us from our sickness, I really appreciate their good work for us "Native People." I am sure the rest of the native people feel the same way, too.

I would like to hear from any brotherhood members, young and old. Closing off with best regards to all of you readers, especially to SIM-KLOOS.

God bless you all,
your friend,

Miss Constance Sampare,
Miller Bay Indian Hospital,
Box 488, Prince Rupert, B.C.

POPULATION GROWING

B.C. Indians Require More Education, Committee Finds

B.C. Indians need more and better education, agreed members of a six-man committee which opened discussions in the Vancouver court house November 3 on the economic and social welfare of B.C. Indians.

The provincial advisory committee on Indian Affairs, consisting of three Indians and three whites, finished its work two days later.

Reporting on the committee's deliberations, chairman Prof. E. H. Morrow said "education is going to become quite a problem with the Indians."

He said figures show that the Indian population is growing faster than that of any group in Canada. "Unless the reservations are enlarged, Indians will have to leave the reserves and get jobs like anyone else," he explained.

"To do this, they will require more education—particularly vocational education."

Prof. Morrow said it is "very

pleasing" that greater numbers of Indians are taking advantage of public school education, but he added that more and better training will be needed.

Discussing the education problem with the committee was D. H. Goard, principal of the Vancouver Vocational Institute. Committee members in addition to Prof. Morrow are Mayor Charles Cates of North Vancouver; Chief William Scow of Alert Bay; Ernest Brewer of Vernon and Edward Bolton of Fort Essington.

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Our Kitty Sets Example In Working for 'Voice'

The Native Voice would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. David Carpenter (Our Kitty Carpenter) Women's Coastal Associate Editor of the Native Voice for B.C. for her splendid work and organization in carrying on and promoting The Native Voice in Northern Areas.



For many years Mrs. Carpenter has worked amongst the teen agers in the canneries in the North, organizing clubs and bettering health conditions, in fact devoting her life to her people. This Bella Bella women is a valuable asset to any organization as an unfiring worker. Her tact, dignity and untiring energy set a great example to us all. Kitty, dear, we thank you from The Native Voice.

LONG AGO

Time of the Big Tide

The statement which follows was given by Native Mark Spencer on visiting his lawyer following closure of the west coast to salmon fishing.

Started with big tide — big tide covered everything. All one family. Relations used big canoe. All family stayed in big canoe. Big tide covered all the rocks — stripped them away somewhere. After that big tide is going down and they go all over the place where he went to get the grub — he had no grub at that time. He stayed in canoe too long time. He got no place to get the grub and when he went down to this place to get the grub pulled canoe all over the place and he get to one place — Mink Trap Bay. In there lots of salmon jumped in that bay when he was going in there.

My family's land is land in that bay and after that they put all the stuff out in the canoes and go up the little river and the stream and lots of salmon are jumping in the creek and then he cut a log right across the creek and make a dam in there and after that he catch lots of salmon down there and he made dried salmon and smoked salmon all summer. This long time ago — this country he don't know this about the White Father. My

family has been there all that time.

Q: What was your family name in those days?

Wedenak.

Q: How many years ago was all this?

Long time ago. When big tide come. My family live there ever since.

Indian Teaching Scheme Proposed

PRINCE ALBERT, Sask — A new approach to teaching social studies in Indian schools so that Canadian historical events are framed in Indian history was advocated recently by Rev. Father John Lessard, principal of Onion Lake, Sask. school.

Speaking at the first annual convention of the Saskatchewan Indian Teachers Association, Father Lessard said history books are written from the non-Indian viewpoint and that an unfeeling attitude is taken toward the Indian.

NORTHERN TRIP

(Continued from Page 5)

Commissioner, Mr. Arneil and his staff for their kindness and consideration shown to me at all times.

I also had the opportunity of meeting that charming old soldier of many wars, Magistrate Stephen Holmes, who received me most graciously. He has the most kindly affection towards my beloved Natives and paid them a great compliment. It appears that for 28 years Mr. Holmes ran a store and gave thousands of dollars in credit — most of his customers were Natives. At the end of 28 years, when he closed the store, he was only \$40.00 out of pocket but said, "they always pay . . . maybe slowly . . .

but you will see they will pay me." As he said it one of the Natives came in and paid him some money. Mr. Holmes said "What did I tell you, he is paying an old bill."

From Vanderhoof I went to Prince George to join my husband. We returned, stopping off at Williams Lake then to Ashcroft. All along the way I met Natives and spoke of the new Inland Branch and discussed their problems.

CONVENTION NOVEMBER 17

The Convention will be held on November 17th at Bella Bella. The Bella Bella people are wonderful hosts and it was only a short time ago the Convention was held there. Head Councillor Caleb Williams was in town on my return, returning to make preparations for the Convention. A wonderful man Caleb — he has worked hard for his people and is highly respected by the Brotherhood. Years ago, when our late President, the late Alfred Adams came south to organize the Brotherhood, Caleb Williams came with him as his most trusted right hand man. Knowing the wishes of the late president, Caleb has never ceased to serve him and the people unselfishly. He is one of our most trusted hard-working Brothers.

God bless you all, my Brothers and Sisters until we meet again at the Convention.

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