the NATIVE VOICE

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

VOL. XV. No. 1 | VANCOUVER, B.C., JANUARY, 1955 | PRICE 10 CENTS

Native Brotherhood News -- Page 3

—Courtesy Vancouver Province

HONEYMOONING AT UNIVERSITY

THE YOUNG COUPLE above, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Hall, were married in Bella Bella in December and are pictured in January while they attended the UBC Youth Training School. Five young people from this important coast centre attended the University Extension department course. The couple share meals and spare time but are taking different lectures and are bunked in separate residences. Jimmy takes the fisheries course, and Joan, home economics.

Tecumseh's Last Great Speech

By BIG WHITE OWL
Eastern Associate Editor, The Native Voice

VERY little is known about the early life of Tecumseh. We know that his name means "The Shooting Star." We know also that he belonged to the Shawanee Tribe. We know that his father was killed in a great battle in the month of September 1774. At that time Tecumseh was a little boy about six years of age.

We know, too, that Tecumseh's mother "Methoataske" was a women of many admirable virtues. We know that she was not a Shawanee by birth but had been captured by the Shawanee warriors when a small child and was adopted into the tribe. We believe that she was a Cherokee because after the death of her husband she returned to live with the Cherokee people after many years.

Tecumseh, our culture hero, was one of seven children. He was the fourth child and according to many historians he was born in March 1768. But the exact spot of his birthplace is questionable although most stories relating to his birth would seem to indicate that he was born in a little Indian village just south of Old Chillicothe, now better known as Old Town, Ohio. Nothing of any account is known of the other children except the sixth child. He became a great Prophet of the Shawanee tribe but that is another story . . . It would be a story about a shrewd and cunning man who practised the magic ways known only to great Indian Medicine Men . . . It would be a story about "Tens-qua-ta-wa" (One Who Opens The Door).

RATHER than go into any great detail about Tecumseh's life a life packed full of good deeds and adventure, I want to tell you about the last great speech he made. On Sept. 18th, 1813, a conference was called at the Council House, Fort Malden, General Proctor of the Indian Agency, sat at the head of the table under the Coat of Arms of Great Britain. The Indian representation at this council meeting consisted of Shawanee, Sauk, Fox, Miami, Chippewa, Ottawa, Wyandotte, Pottowattomi, and a few Delaware Indian volunteers from Moraviantown. Beside Tecumseh and the Prophet were such famous chiefs as: Split Log, Shaubena, Blue Jacket, Round Head, Black Hawk and others.

At this war council, General Proctor counselled flight, claiming that General Harrison was gathering a great Army which they could not forestall or repulse. He argued the advisability of destroying the forts at Detroit and Malden and falling back to the Niagara frontier . . . When he finished his speech there was a long and hushed silence. Perhaps everyone was stunned and dismayed? Perhaps no one could believe that General Proctor would advocate such a cowardly flight without even a visual contact with the enemy?

At last Tecumseh slowly rose to his feet. His wonderful personality, his commanding appearance and easy manner, seemed to cast some kind of a spell over his audience. Here was a man who fully understood how to put to good use that bit of cosmic substance which is a part of every man's make-up. Speaking directly to Proctor he said:

"FATHER, listen to your Red Children. You see the representatives of many tribes before you. In the war before this one our British father gave the red hatchet to his Indian children. That was in the days when our wise old chiefs were alive. They are now dead. They have gone to the Great Beyond. In that war our Father was thrown on his back by the Long Knives, (Americans) but our Father took them by the hand without our knowledge. We are fearful that our Father will do this again. Summer before last when I came forward with my associated tribes and was ready to take up the war-hatchet in favour of our Father, we were told not to be in a hurry, that he had not as yet decided to make War with the Long Knives.

"Yea, he told us at that time to bring forward our families to this place. When we brought our families you promised to take care of them. They would want for nothing while our men fought the enemy. You told us that we were not to trouble ourselves with the garrisons of the enemy (that we know nothing about them) that our Father would attend to that business. You also told your Red Children that you would take good care of the garrison here. That promise made us very happy!

"'Yea, when we fought at the Miaumee; it is true we gave you very little assistance. That was because it is difficult to fight people who live like ground-hogs.

"'Yea, the Great War Canoes have gone out. We know they have engaged the enemy. We heard the booming of the great guns, but you tell us nothing of what has happened to our father with the one arm (Capt. Barclay). Indeed, we are astonished to see you, our brother in arms, packing up everything and preparing to run away, without letting us know just what your plans are. You always told us that we should remain here to take care of our lands . . . It made our hearts glad to know that was your wish . . . Our Great White Father, the King, is the head of everything and you are supposed to be a trusted representative. You always boasted that you would never take your feet off British ground, but now, Father, we see you are getting ready to take flight without even seeing the enemy. We are forced to compare your conduct to that of a certain fat animal that carries its tail curled over its back, but when it becomes frightened, drops it between its legs and runs!

"Yea, Father. The Long Knives have not yet defeated us on the land; neither are we certain they have done so on the water. We, your Red Children, wish to remain here and fight our enemies . . . If they defeat us, we will then retreat but we are not giving up without a fight. Listen, Father, we have a great stock pile of arms and ammunition which our Great White Father sent here for his Red Children to use. If you must run away, give this ammunition to us and you may go. Our lives are in the hands of the GREAT SPIRIT. We are willing to fight to defend our lands, and if it be the will of the GREAT SPIRIT, we shall leave our bones upon them."

* * *

THAT WAS the last speech that Tecumseh made. On October 5th, 1813, about 2 p.m., just a couple of hours before his last battle, Tecumseh was sitting on a fallen tree with Shaubena, Roundhead and Blue Jacket, awaiting the approach of the Long Knives, when a messenger arrived bidding him to confer with Proctor who had a carriage and a guard all ready to make good his escape when things got to hot.

When Tecumseh returned, he seemed to be very sad at heart. He told his friends a decisive battle would be fought before nightfall. Sitting on a log with his head bowed, his elbows on his knees, his hands clasped, he said: **"We are about to enter into an engagement form which I will not come out alive . . . my body will remain on the field of battle."**

Taking off his sword, he handed it to one of his companions, saying: "When my son becomes a noted warrior and able to wield a sword, give it to him!"

The great Tecumseh was in deep distress. His heart was heavy. His voice was sad. It seemed as if the GREAT SPIRIT had forsaken him, but he was a Shawanee warrior. He must fight on to the bitter end. After many minutes of deep concentration and silence, he removed his British uniform and prepared for his last great battle dressed in his own beloved deer skins.

BIG WHITE OWL

WHEN THE battle of Moraviantown started, Tecumseh, in his great eagerness to inspire his men which numbered approximately 1000 took no heed of his personal safety. For a long time his war-cry could be heard above the din of battle urging his men to stand firm and fight. Suddenly his voice was heard no more. Tecumseh, "the shooting star," was killed in action there, fighting for the preservation of his wonderful ideals, for his people, for his country. He died with a smoking musket in his hands! He died for CANADA and the BRITISH EMPIRE! Without his leadership the Indians soon lost courage and were driven into retreat.

Moraviantown was pillaged and burned by the Americans and the Delaware Indians were again dispersed by the cruel hand of fate. With the death of Tecumseh ended all hope for an Indian Confederation in the northwest and all organized resistance to encroachment of the white settlers in that territory.

It was on a cool and damp October night when a few faithful warriors of the Great Chief carried the body of their dead leader far into the silent recesses of the enshrouding forest. Down the aisles of whispering pines, stately maples, strong hickorys, mighty elms, beautiful walnut, majestic chestnut, and graceful birches — they bore him to his last resting place. In a grave so wide, so soft, so deep . . . They buried him where white men should never find his secret tomb!

(Continued on Page 6)

Akwesasne Group Send Greetings

We, the members of the Akwesasne Mohawk. Counselor Organization and the Akwesasne Yorker Club wish you, Our Friends,

A Happy New Year

Basil Cook, Alex Arquette, Abram Phillips, George Gray, Jimmy Lazore, David Berg, William Gron, Judy White, Angus Ransom, John Fadden, Billy Loran, Wayne McDonald, Billy Cook, Ray Fadden, Gorda Delaimiere, Randy Jock, David Richmond, Clyde Cole, "Spot."

Art Monument Co. Ltd.
"Memorials of Distinction"
(Write for Designs and Price List)
609 East 16th Ave. Vancouver 10, B.C.
Phone: EMerald 7811

PAY CHEQUES CASHED
We Carry the Largest Stock of Work Clothes
At Lowest Prices In Canada
A tremendous variety of workingmen's clothing at real money-saving prices. The most famous name brands and featuring G.W.G.
ARMY & NAVY DEPARTMENT STORE
27 West Hastings Vancouver

News from the Native Brotherhood

By ED. NAHANEE, Business Agent

A meeting of the executive members of the Native Brotherhood of B.C. was officially held at the head office, 718 Ford Building, 193 East Hastings Street, Vancouver, on December 28, 29, 30, 1954.

AMONG THE NEWLY-elected officers attending. were President Robt. P. Clifton; Secretary George N. Wilson of Bella Bella; Reggie Cook, treasurer; James Sewid, District Vice-President for Alert Bay, and Heber Maitland for Central District.

Officers re-elected by majority votes or by acclamation were **Dr. P. R. Kelly**, chairman of the legislative committee; **William Pascal** for Lillooet-Pemberton; **Clarence Joe**, for Sechelt and District, **Ed. Sparrow** for Vancouver, **Jack Peter** for Barclay Sound, and **Dan Assu** for Southern District.

MANY PROBLEMS confronting the Native population were given deep and sincere consideration and will be placed before the proper authorities. Many plans of an organizational idea were earnestly discussed in the numerous sessions.

More efficiency in getting news to all branches resulted in the committee deciding on the purchase of a typewriter and a mimeograph machine to replace the now antiquated ones. This was done and the new machines now take their place in the office.

HOWEVER, it was unanimously decided by the committee that the branches of the Native Brotherhood should bear the responsibility of paying for these new machines by donations to the head office. It is hoped that villages will make every attempt to pay their share. You have done this before, and quite successfully.

LET US ALSO PATRONIZE the official organ of the Native Brotherhood, "THE NATIVE VOICE." This paper is read by thousands the country over and many have the Native problem at heart. Let us make this paper our real voice by subscribing 100 per cent. Let's make it read by tens of thousands and become acquainted with Indians all over the country.

Are the members of your district subscribing? If not, why not? Let's have news from your village such as births, deaths and marriages. Send your subscriptions today to our office or to the "NATIVE VOICE" at 325 Standard Building, Vancouver.

Above all, make every effort to forward donations to pay for the machines that were purchased to serve you and yours. And again, do not forget our official organ, the "NATIVE VOICE," and your Native Voice.

Yours for a bigger and more prosperous New Year.

Indian Friend Passes in U.S.

Phyllis Crandall Connor, after a long illness, died on December 15, in Wisconsin Dells, Wisconsin. The Crandall family were pioneer Wisconsin residents who first opened up the Wisconsin Dells country.

Their love for the Dells was exemplified in the great effort they made to preserve the natural beauty of the area and to safeguard it from commercialism. Mrs. Connor inherited this great love for the Dells, and to the Indians of the region she was a devoted and never-failing friend. She was the Director of the Stand Rock Ceremonials for many years and made it the splendid production that it is.

No Indian needing help was ever turned aside by the "Indian Agent unofficial" as she termed herself.

Recently she and her sister signed over all their Dells property, including the income from the Ceremonials, to the University of Wisconsin Research Foundation. In tribute to their friend who had given them a life-time of service, the Dells Indians held an ancient sunrise memorial service. Mrs. Connor is survived by her husband, Dr. Ralph Connor and her sister, Mrs. Lois Musson. Mrs. Connor had been a member of the Indian Council Fire since 1932.

* * *

Joe Garry was re-elected President of the National Congress of American Indians at their convention in November at Omaha, Nebraska. Indian Council Fire members who attended the convention included: Thomas A. Segundo, Papago; Susan Kelly, Sioux; Rev. Levi M. Rouillard, Sioux; and Marion E. Gridley.

FROM HUBERT EVANS

Author of 'Mist of the River'

Dear Mrs. Hurley.

To your reviewer of my *Mist on the River* my heartfelt thanks. A review such as that one, appearing in a paper as understanding of the Native Canadian as yours is, is a high recommendation indeed. My wife and I were moved by it in a way which I am sure you will understand.

As the reviews come in, I notice the frequency with which the word "disturbing" is used. Sally Creighton, on Trans-Canada Matinee, pointed out that while many Canadians are greatly concerned about minority problems in other countries, some fail to realize that the same problem exists in Canada.

The Toronto *Globe & Mail* gave the novel top position on its book page and called it ". . . in its special field, a perfect tragedy." Its review ended with the words: "For a democracy to have second-class citizens is both an anachronism and dangerous." The Victoria *Times* gave it almost a column on its editorial page last Saturday and said ". . . it should be required reading for all who would understand the terrific human problem of the displaced race."

My Native friend whose advice and encouragement helped in the writing of the book tells me he is very pleased at all this. You will be too, I am sure.

Thanks again.

HUBERT EVANS.

'Deserve Credit for Past Issues'

Dear Brothers and Sisters
of The Native Voice:

Enclosed $2.00 for subscription from Nov. to Nov., 1955. Use 50c for postage or whatever way you choose.

Hope you all connected in anyway with 'The Native Voice' had a nice Christmas and pray you all have a Happy New Year with good health always.

You all deserve credit for the past issues of the 'Voice.' I pray that it continues and will continue to do my part in interesting people I meet by giving the address of 'The Voice,' hoping it will get results. I come in contact with Boy Scout groups and hope some of them have sent in for subscriptions.

God Bless you all.

CHIEF THUNDER
(Jim White)

Broadway Printers Ltd.

COMMERCIAL PRINTING & PUBLICATIONS

UNION SHOP

Established 1911

115 East 8th Avenue EMerald 2101

New Indian Organization Supports 'Native Voice'

By CHAS. H. WORKMAN

A new Indian organization has made its appearance in Chicago; this is not a reorganization of any former organization. The purpose is to keep intact Indian heritage and cultures, to be alert for detrimental Indian legislation.

The constitution has been written by one of the members and the beautiful emblem and letterhead designed and drawn by Sagotoaloa.

There will be no Achievement Award Medals issued to anyone. There will be Indian names given occasionally at public ceremonies to worthy non-Indians.

The membership is composed of Indian blood, and worthy non-Indians of Caucasian race. Dues are $3.00 per year. **This includes a year's subscription to "The Native Voice."**

All members, regardless of place of residence, shall be permitted to vote. The governing officers shall always be of Indian blood. We feel there are hundreds of youngsters and oldsters who are non-Indian, but who are also frustrated with their way of life, called progress. They realize they lack something.

We feel that peace of soul can be found in this organization—"The Long House." To every school child and adult the name Long House brings to mind the Indian cultures of ancient days.

We feel this spiritual Longhouse can offer a Unity of Peace not found in other organizations. The Psalmist wrote: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in Unity."

It is this Unity that all Indian people must find to survive. All tribal history and culture are too rich a heritage to forget. It has been written a nation that forgets its heritage has no future. This also applies to individuals.

Ancient animosities must be forgotten, for the problem of the Salish, Papago, Sioux or Navajo only differ geographically.

By this I mean, regardless of the problem, all are Indians and all scheduled to lose in this so-called Age of Progress. For the Indian, legal theft.

We do not claim we can solve problems all over the continent. We will try to bring unity and cooperate fully with any recognized Indian organization. Most of our Indian people belong to the National Congress of American Indians.

With such people as Skeeter and her son, Menominees; Chief Tail Feathers and Princess Eagle, Blackfoot; Sagotoaloa, Mohawk; Wild Rice, Cherokee; Greenwood, Cherokee; Chief Be Gay, Navajo; Cha La Nung, Omaha Sioux; Karontowahmen, Mohawk; a Cheyenne artist whose name I will not mention, and many more non-Indians.

We can truthfully say, as our forefathers, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help; my help cometh from the Lord which made Heaven and Earth."

And may your path be flooded with sunshine. Oneh.

The Native Voice

The Voice of the Native Canadian
Official Organ of The Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, Inc.
Published once a month by: The Native Voice Publishing Co., Ltd.
325 Standard Bldg., Vancouver 2, B.C. Telephone MArine 7434.
Printed by Broadway Printers Ltd., 115 East 8th Ave., Vancouver.

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

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

We Look to New Year With Utmost Confidence

THIS issue of "The Native Voice" is the first of a New Year which we are sure will mark great advances for the Native Indians of North America.

It is one of the anomalies of our time that while expressions of support to the underprivileged of the world abound in the halls of our legislators, the Native of Canada and the United States must wring even the smallest concession from reluctant governments with the greatest of effort.

In fact, there is not the slightest doubt that in 1953 legislative steps taken in the United States particularly are directed toward removing the dwindling resources of the Indian people at a minimum cost, despite their protection by treaty.

These are warning signals to all Indians and all other people and groups who believe in equality coupled with justice.

The best method of defending property and other rights of the Native, regardless of how meagre they are, is to continually seek better conditions and increased rights. By that we mean such things as the federal vote in Canada, complete protection of aboriginal rights, together with a host of much needed legislative corrections which would place the Native Indian on a footing of social and economic equality with his fellow countrymen.

The New Year, because of these many factors, presents a challenge which can only be met by the united strength of the Native people through their important organizations.

The Native Brotherhood at its Convention in November made a careful study of many problems facing British Columbia Indians and its activities can very well determine their outcome.

That is why, though the obstacles are many, we are looking forward with optimism to the year ahead.

And it is in this spirit of optimism that we wish all our readers and their families the best year they have ever had, a year crowned with personal success and important accomplishments for the organizations of Native people which work on their behalf.

We hope, too, that it will be a successful year for the voice of countless Indians on both sides of the border, "The Native Voice."

In this issue we report two splendid examples of the kind of support which will result in a strengthening of that voice into a veritable roar on behalf of the people for whom it speaks.

Thus, we repeat, 1955 can easily be the greatest year yet for our people and our paper . . . so it is with the utmost confidence that we face the remaining eleven months of this new year.

RENEW YOUR SUB
$1.50 Per Year
THE NATIVE VOICE
325 Standard Bank Bldg. - Vancouver, B.C.

Contentment, Peace In Ways of Indian Past

LET me be permitted to partially quote Mr. Cuthand regarding heritage: "My heritage is intangible . . . It is rather a way of life." In the conclusion of his article, "Echo of the Past," he says: "What is our heritage?" His reference was to bad medicine, superstitions, etc.

I have always thought of our heritage being beyond the intangible. Perhaps the heritage of the spirit as given us by our forefathers is not always tangible to us, but many White men are able to 'see" our hearts and understand the truth of these inherent qualities.

When I speak and write, it is with the intent of making myself understood. My claim to the English language is very slight. At one time when I returned to my reservation I was at a loss to make my own people understand me. I had forgotten much of my own native tongue. The few words I knew could not be put together to compose a sentence. I had to rely upon the words of the White man . . . the English language. There were no 'jawbreakers' to use upon my people, merely words of one syllable. Many times I had to resort to my hands to convey a thought. But, when I had finished I had been understood and that to me was of the greatest importance.

When I speak now it is to tell all people of the goodness of the Indian and the "greatness of his heart." Perhaps that is being aesthetic, but I will cling to what I believe is the soul of our people.

The loyalty of our people is almost childlike. It was in the past and is still the same upon many of the reservations. Their loyalty and hearts are simple. Their belief is that of our fathers long before the White man came to this country.

I do not say that Mr. Cuthand does not have a good message. I sincerely believe he wants to help our people. But, if a person wants to tell the Indians how to improve themselves, he cannot compare them with other races of people.

I have tried very hard to live according to the ways of the White man. I had tried to forget the past as the White man and Mr. Cuthand feel it should be forgotten. But, in all the argument for me to forget my forefathers, the White man neglects to say that he, himself, cannot forget his forefathers and dwells upon it with every breath. What are the centuries the Scotch and the Irish have been under the throne of England. It is many more than the Indian has been under the government of the White man. Yet, the Irishman and the Scotsman refer to England as a thorn in their side that they wish one day to remove. Why is the Indian to forget what has been done to him when the White man himself refuses to forget the wrongs of the past and hopes to rectify them one day.

I try not to think of the past and what has happened to my people. But, I am only human as all our people are, and I am compelled to remember. It deeply hurts me when those of our own people, who have been so thoroughly educated to the White Man's ways, allow themselves to become like a ventriloquist's dummy and speak every definition and word he gives them of our people even if it be 'savage' or 'pagan'.

Our people had great hearts and an intense love of the Great One. They had been given the most beautiful of all lands and they kept this land with their hearts.

I do not number the days and nights I had remained awake wondering why my people had had this land taken from them. But, it was for an old Indian to give me the answer:

"Our people's eyes must be kept open and their hearts kept to beat. The Great Spirit has been good to us. It is not the word of Him that we should sorrow. The land He has given us is still here and not been taken away. The eyes of our people must be opened and taken from their sleep.

"Always has the Great Spirit been good to us. We did not know bad. But, when the White brother turned us with his murder, we were of bad hearts. There was no word of trust in our hearts, no word of good left in us. We saw only bad and forgot the good of the Great One. I think now how many were the tears of the Great One for us. There was no faith in us for the one bad that was done. Our people could not see. They turned from all that was good.

"Our people suffer not for what the Great Spirit brings to them but for what they bring to themselves. They are without the faith of our fathers. Before we could see the flowers beneath the snow, we could see the dawn through the dark. All was good. There was much faith in us. One bad came and we let all the good in us be taken away. For that, there is sadness. We should still see the prayer of our heart. With it, we should remember His word. But, our people sleep. They do not wake from the night. I do not think the dawn will come again for our people. There must be faith for our people to know. The wrong of our people is now himself. He is weak that he turns from all of the good of his people to the bad of the White Man. He cannot raise himself that he can walk upon his feet. He crawls with the body of the snake. He is on his knees with the legs of a dog. This is not our people and I cry for them.

"Say to them to open their eyes, give them words to hear. Let them see their land and the flowers. Ask them to live as their forefathers, ask them to open their hearts again. They can be above the White Man if their hearts are made to beat. It is not the land that has been taken from them but their hearts. Let them know again the prayer of the heart."

This was said to me by a very great Indian who has been dead now many years. But, I have carried his word with me. I deeply believe what he said to me. His words are a truth that I can look back upon to bring me the faith he spoke of. For a time, I had believed the White Man. I had become as he had wanted me to be. I had even told myself I would be like the White Man. I had believed that his way was greater than the way of our people.

(Continued on Page 8)

The Mother-In-Law Who Talked Too Much

By CONSTANCE COX

THERE was once an Indian village nestled on a green plateau at the foot of a great mountain which overshadowed the valley of the Skeena River. It was a remote village for up towards the head waters and the tribe which inhabited it were happy and content. Too much so for the young men, who became rebellious against the old leaders of the clans, and yearned for more excitement.

One evening in the warm summer season, the young men were all out on the field playing with a ball made of the outer skin of the fireweed, which they threw to one another, swiftly running back and forth.

As they played they became much excited, and not only stayed out playing until darkness fell, but their voices raised in wild shouting which disturbed the older people greatly.

It was also against the rule of the village to stay outside after the light was gone, and the older men called them to come in at once.

Not heeding the request, they played on, and just in the most tense moment of the game they saw floating downward, slowly twisting and turning, a large white feather.

One young man rushed to the feather to seize it, and, to his surprise, his fingers stuck to it and he started to rise off the ground as it floated upward again. One by one his friends came to the rescue, but as each one tried to hold the other back, they all soared upward holding each other like a long chain, until not one was left. The older people also rushed out and tried to hold the human chain on the ground, but they suffered the same fate, and soon no one was left in the village.

Except one woman who was in a hut with a new born baby and was therefore unable to follow the others.

As soon as she was able to walk through the village, she found to her horror and amazement that all the inhabitants, so lately floating upward after the feather, had fallen down again and were lying about the field dead from the fall.

She brought them all into one of the empty houses, and laid them out carefully for burial. Then she returned to her own hut to think about the tragedy which had befallen the village because of the disobedience of the young men.

There was nothing for her to do but go on living and bringing up her little daughter as well as she could.

Years went by and the people in the death house wasted away until they were only skeletons, and the little girl grew to an age when she could be married. But the mother was very much worried as there was no-one for the girl to marry. However, the mother was quite undaunted and decided to do something about it, so she dressed the girl up in an ermine robe and told her to wait in the hut unti she herself returned.

The mother waited till sunrise, then went swiftly through the great woods towards the next valley, calling all the way,

"Na dim a mux-lth, Kult Skwah?"

(Who will marry the chieftain's daughter?)

A rabbit appeared and said, "I will marry the Chief's daughter."

"What can you do?" asked the mother.

"I can jump quickly and very far!"

"You won't do," and she went on calling until a Caribou came out of the shadows and said, "I am the swiftest runner in the world. I will marry the Chief's daughter."

"No, you will not do, *either*."

Then a bear offered himself as the husband of the girl and told her,

"I am so powerful I can pull trees out by the roots."

But the mother was not satisfied and went on calling until all the animals in the woods had offered themselves and had been refused. The day was far spent and the darkness falling, when a darker shadow appeared before the mother. She looked up and saw a handsome young man, clad in the habiliments of a hunter.

He said,

"I will marry your daughter. I can bring the dead to life and there is no one else who can do more."

Thankfully the woman accepted his offer and said eagerly,

"O, my son-in-law, let me take you to your wife!"

They returned quickly to the village, and the young man was charmed by the beautiful girl who was to be his wife. But the mother urged him to hasten with her to the large house where lay all the skeletons of the tribe's people.

The young man set to work at once, putting the bones which had fallen apart together again as well as he could. Then he waved a large white feather, and they all revived and walked out of the death house and back to their own huts.

Unfortunately, the young man had not arranged all of the bones properly and several of the men had one short leg and one long, some had eyes of a different shape, and to this day when an Indian sees a lame man, or a hunchback, or one with crossed eyes, he says "The man from the sun has made a mistake."

But now his work was finished and the young man must return to the Sun, but he wished to take his wife with him.

The mother-in-law pleaded with him to take her too, as she could not bear to be parted from the only companion she had ever known, but the young man said,

"No, you are not the kind of mother-in-law I like. You talk far too much."

But she continued to plead and promised that she would never

(Continued on Page 6)

Goodfish Lake Couple Fete Diamond Wedding

A stately old gentleman and a lady, proud ancestors of our western civilization, who have weathered long trying years on our plains, recently celebrated their diamond wedding anniversary—60 years of happy married life—with big celebration and banquet on the Goodfish Indian Reserve in Alberta.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Bull, Cree Indians, were born on the same days but a year apart — he is 80, she, 81. — in the turbulent days just preceding the Riel rebellion they can remember as boys and girls. Both are natives of Whitefish Lake and have lived there all their lives.

Romance blossomed into a permanent flower on those romantic days 60 years ago when the marriage was celebrated by Rev. E. B. Gloss, United Church missionary.

Out of the happy union were born six children, three of whom are still living: Mrs. H. W. House, the eldest daughter is 58 years and lives at the reserve; Mrs. D. Strynadka, 40 years, of Edmonton; and the youngest boy, William Bull, 37, is chief of the Goodfish band. There are 24 grandchildren and 34 great grandchildren.

Mr. Bull is a fine example of a proud man, descendant of a proud race, dignified in manner and easily at ease. Dressed neatly in a blue suit, he welcomed his guests and special visitors in perfect English with the soft slurring delightful accent traditional to his ancestors. For a man of 80 he is surprisingly agile and carries himself erect without a trace of age on his wise countenance which reflects many years of history and pioneering.

Modest in temperament and somewhat stoic, Mr. Bull was reticent about details of his life, success and hardships. From the lips of his son-in-law, H. W. House, we learned that the Indian brave had at one time been one of the most prominent business men in the district, including white traders.

While inspecting his trap line in those days, he was fortunate enough to catch himself a rare silver fox, valued at $1,000. That set him up in the store and trading business he astutely built into a $25,000 enterprise on the plains. But a drop in the fur market seriously hurt him because of his isolated location. Trading centre during the development of this country was at Vegreville and the news of the crash in the fur market did not reach him until too late. Some white traders, aware of it, took advantage of the situation to dump pelts at $5.00 they knew were worth only $2.00.

The versatile Indian then diverted his talents to farming and turned 200 acres of the bleak land into arable acreage, working only with primitive implements and horses. Today he is retired, but still active and his counsel is much appreciated by his children and the citizens of Goodfish.

Mr. Bull served as councillor for the band many years and was acting chief on occasion. He was a layman, actually replacing a minister, very scarce in pioneer days.

A very literate man, he spends many hours reading and could do so, until this year, without glasses. Early schooling was at Red Deer United Church residential School. Today he is writing a history of the Goodfish Lake Reserve and incorporating some details of the Frog Lake Massacre. Son-in-law, W. House is helping in the documentation.

Many were the friends and well wishers who attended the evening banquet, congratulating the couple along with presentations.

Mr. Bert Camire, representing the Indian Agency at St. Paul, was on hand to tender official congratulations to the couple.

Cassiar Packing Co. Ltd.

744 West Hastings St.
Vancouver, B.C.

•

CANNERS OF SALMON

•

Plant at
CASPACO,
Skeena
River, B.C.

FRANCIS MILLERD
& COMPANY LIMITED

GREAT NORTHERN CANNERY
Cypress Park, West Vancouver

SEAL COVE CANNERY
Prince Rupert

REDONDA BAY CANNERY
Redonda Bay

MA. 0488 P.O. Box 189 Vancouver, B.C.

CONTINUED

By NEWELL E. COLLINS

Tecumseh and the War of 1812

IN reporting these meetings to Lord Liverpool, Brock made mention of Tecumseh and is claimed to have said: "A more sagacious or a more gallant warrior does not, I believe, exist. He was the admiration of everyone who conversed with him."

Following the councils, the British and the Indians marched up the river, took up their positions at Sandwich and prepared to commence their offensive.

The first step in this direction was an attempt to reduce the Detroit fort by bombardment. Directly across the river from the fort and about three miles above Sandwich a battery was constructed by Captain Dixon of the Royal Engineers. It consisted of two 12½ and two 5½-pound mortars which had been placed in an excavation originally intended for a cellar. The guns were effectually concealed by trees and shrubs. When all was in readiness, the brush was cleared away and the cannonade commenced. Colonel Snelling volunteered to cross the river and destroy the battery, but permission was not granted.

At noon on August 15th General Brock sent Colonel Macdonnell and Major Clegg with the following demand for the surrender of the fort:

"Headquarters Sandwich, August 15, 1812.

"Sir: The force at my disposal authorizes me to require of you the immediate surrender of Fort Detroit. It is far from my inclination to join in a war of extermination; but you must be aware that the numerous body of Indians who have attached themselves to my troops will be beyond my control the moment the contest commences, etc."

"Isaac Brock, Major-General."

To His Excellency Brig.-Gen. Hull, Commanding at Fort Detroit.

In General Hull's reply he exhibited considerable courage which, however, was not substantiated by his subsequent conduct: "I am compelled to inform you that I am ready to meet any force which may be at your disposal and any consequences that may result from any exertion of it you may think proper to make." Indian massacre, however, was exactly what Hull most feared as the civilians under his protection were largely women and children, for whose safety he felt a keen responsibility.

Upon receipt of Hull's reply, General Brock ordered the two British vessels—the "Queen Charlotte" with 17 guns and the "General Hunter" with 10 guns—to move up the river and join with the land batteries in shelling the fort. The bombardment was continued all night, and under the cover of darkness Tecumseh, with 600 Indians, crossed the river and occupied the woods surrounding Detroit in order to cut off McArthur's return. In this connection it is told that Tecumseh, in placing his men the following morning, marched his entire force three times past the opening in the woods, in full view of the fort, in order to deceive the Americans as to their numbers.

During the morning of August 16th, Brock, at the head of nearly 750 regulars and militia, crossed the river, bringing with him three 6-pound and two 3-pound guns. Although the boats put off from the Canadian shore almost opposite the fort, owing to the swift current they drifted several miles down stream, making a landing at Spring Wells, considerably below Detroit.

Some of the officers at the fort begged permission to take a detachment down the river and make an effort to prevent the landing of the troops, but for some reason Bull refused. Soon after the landing was effected, an Indian scout reported to Brock with information that McArthur's men were returning and were but a short distance away. Brock therefore determined to attack immediately, before the detachment had an opportunity to rejoin the forces at the fort.

The British ranks were formed at once and the men were marched along the open road, in close formation, toward the fort. It is claimed that the marching soldiers could plainly see the large guns in the fort, which were aimed directly at them, the gunners standing with lighted matches ready to fire. The British lines approached within perhaps three-quarters of a mile of the enclosure, when they abruptly wheeled to the left, deployed through a neighboring field and orchard to the house which Brock had selected as his headquarters and as a cover for his troops.

(Continued next issue.)

NEWELL E. COLLINS

Natives Thin Buffalo Herd

FORT SMITH, N.W.T.—A dozen Cree Indians armed with high-power service rifles station themselves around a hay-camp corral.

Fifty-odd shaggy buffalo, weary after being chased for miles across the sub-Arctic plain by a low-sweeping aircraft, are herded into the pen to meet their executioners.

Thus continues the controlled annual slaughter of 600 of the 15,000 buffalo in North America's largest wild-life preserve — Wood Buffalo Park, a 17,300-acre tract straddling the Alberta-Northwest Terirtories boundary.

The killings are necessary. This northern herd, the world's largest, multiplies by roughly 8 per cent each year. Marauding timber wolves can't reduce the herd enough for its own well-being.

The slaughter will provide Yuletide steaks for Montreal meat markets, poison wolf bait for northern trappers and clothing and food for Eskimos in danger of being bypassed by migrating caribou herds.

TECUMSEH'S LAST SPEECH

(Continued from Page 2)

To this very day, somewhere on the banks of the sandy and historic River Thames, in a secluded spot, the exact point, known only to a few direct descendants of his last body guard, lie the bones of the renowned TECUMSEH!

I APPEAL to my North American Indian brothers, in Canada and U.S.A., to help us to start a TRUST FUND and make the first step toward building a bronze monument for Canada's greatest Indian Brigadier General — TECUMSEH!

I am sure, if 'A Tecumseh Trust Fund' could be started, contributions would come pouring in from all parts of Canada and U.S.A. Because, if ever there was a MAN who deserves to have a life size bronze monument fashioned in his memory, it is the Great Shawanee Chief . . . TECUMSEH!

I HAVE SPOKEN!

MOTHER-IN-LAW

(Continued from Page 5)

say a word or try to change him, that she would not grumble about anything no matter what happened. So the young man relented and he picked up the two, his wife and her mother, and away they floated upward toward the sun. Soon her promises were forgotten, and the mother-in-law began to whine and say,

"Why couldn't you have married a man who lived nearer your home?"

Down, they fell, and once more the man from the sun said he would not take her. Again she promised, and once more he caught them up and flew up toward the sun. Soon her dissatisfaction once more caused her to grumble, "It is too far, and it is getting so hot, why must we go?"

And this time they fell a long way and landed on a mountainside.

The young man seized a large limb growing out of a cedar tree, pulled it out, and pushed his mother-in-law inside the tree and replaced the limb.

"Now you will bother us no longer," he said angrily, "but will stay there forever."

Then he and his young wife made the journey to their home in the Sun quite safely.

When the wind moans through the trees on a mountainside, making a sound like the whining of a woman, the Indians nod their heads and say complacently,

"Some Mother-in-law has had too much to say."

For the Improvement of Eyesight, Consult your Optometrist . . .

Robert A. Wenner

OPTOMETRIST

789 Granville Street PAcific 8653 Vancouver 2, B.C.

"FISHERMEN!" . . . In UNITY there is STRENGTH!

FISH AND BUY CO-OPERATIVELY
READY TO SERVE YOU

PRINCE RUPERT FISHERMEN'S CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION

Box 340 Prince Rupert, B.C.

Producers of

Hy-Wave Brand—Fresh, Frozen and Smoked Fish

Packers of Challenger Brand Canned Sea Foods

THEY'RE THE FINEST!

★ GOLD SEAL
★ RED SEAL
★ PINK SEAL

Brands of SALMON

products of

THE CANADIAN FISHING COMPANY LIMITED

Drowning Accidents Take Lives of Masset Natives

By PHYLLIS BEDARD

Three months ago, Masset people were grief-stricken when **Harry Ridley** and **Fred Jones** were believed drowned outside of Masset Inlet.

They were last seen when they left for Masset from Naden Harbour on the boat I.C. 27 with a load of crabs for the cannery at Masset.

A couple hours after they left Naden Harbour, a fifty mile an hour gale came up and Ridley and Jones never showed up at Masset as expected. There were hopes that they may have drifted up a shore, so about thirty-five or more men went out to search the shores from Masset to Naden Harbour on the seine boat "Eskimo," skippered by Godfrey Kelly, but were all very sorry to find that there was no sign of the men or their boat.

Mr. S. L. Simpson, manager of Crab Cannery, put forward $300 and people of Old Masset put money together which amounted to $325. With this money, **Joe Parnell** and **Amos Williams** were elected to go over to Ketchikan to charter boats and search the Alaskan shores. They searched just about every inlet near Ketchikan but with no results.

Everyone gave up hope after three or four weeks had gone by. We wish to express our deepest sympathies to **Mrs. Nellie Jones** and her family and also to the **Jones Brothers Edward, George** and **Elizah** and one sister, Mrs. Lucy Frank. We also express our sympathy to **Mrs. Doreen Ridley** and her little children.

On December 12th a committal service was held for our late Fred Jones and Harry Ridley. Service was held in the Masset Anglican Church at 2 p.m. All members of the Womens' Auxiliary had made wreaths and bouquets of flowers. Everyone in town attended this service with Lay Reader **Peter Hill** officiating.

After the service, the flowers were taken down to the end of the dock, while the band played some outstanding pieces. The church army also sang a very lovely but sad song.

Wreaths and bouquets were cast into the water while Lay Reader **Godfrey Kelly** read aloud the prayers. The band played a hymn, "God be with You."

Memorial service was held that evening, with Lay Reader **William Matthews** officiating. A few friends were asked to say a prayer for those in mourning. Hymns were sung by the congregation. The choir sang a Christmas anthem, "Glory to God," in order to comfort those grieving. Two leading choir members, **Amanda Edgars** and **Emily Wiilliams** sang "Rose of Sharon." Mr. Matthews spoke a few comforting words of sympathy. Service was closed with a prayer.

* * *

YOUNGSTER DROWNS

A couple of months ago, little five-year-old **Victor Crossby Adams** lost his life when he slipped in off the Old Masset dock. He was last seen when he was fishing on the dock. He was believed to have falln in about 5:30 p.m. His body was picked up at 9:30. Little Victor is the son of **Mr.** and **Mrs. Victor Adams** of Masset. Mr. and Mrs. Adams have two little girls, **Barbara** and **Joyce.** Mr. Adams is a son of our late **Alfred Adams.**

We wish to express our deepest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Adams in their great loss.

ARTHUR YEOMENS DIES

Masset fisherman, 27 years old Arthur Yeomens drowned off Old Masset dock on December 1st. Arthur is a son of **Mr.** and **Mrs. Alex Yeomens** of Masset. Arthur and his wife Mildred and two children, Jackie and Dale had just come back from a trip to Rupert on the seine boat "Gwen Rose" skippered by **Pete Jones.** Arthur is believed to have lost his footing on the ladder.

It is understood that he was taken out of the water in just a matter of minutes when **Leslie Davidson,** local boy of Masset dived in to rescue him.

People of Masset and R.C.M.P.'s of New Masset also Nurse **Mrs. Frost** and taxi drivers of New Masset **Ted Choquette** and **Harry Choquette** all tried very hard but failed to revive him. Many thanks to these good people for being with us at a time of distress.

Funeral services were held on December 3rd in Masset Anglican Church with Lay Reader **Elizah Jones** officiating. In spite of the bad weather, it was one of the biggest funerals held in Masset. The coffin was taken to the church on a truck with twelve members

(Continued on Page 8)

U.S. Indian Council Fire Considers Disbandment

November meeting of the United States Indian Council Fire named a committee consisting of the executive plus others to "consider the matter of the *disbandment or reorganization* of the Indian Council Fire." in the words of a motion enacted.

The action taken by the meeting is elaborated as follows:

"That this committee be empowered to invite non-members to sit with it, if these individuals can give helpful advice or guidance; that it present a preliminary plan to the membership for consideration at the January meeting, and a final plan for enactment at the March meeting.

"This committee has held one meeting. Albert Stewart was selected as Chairman, and he will present the preliminary report.

"Please keep in mind that the place to present your views and to discuss this question is in the meeting, either committee or regular, held for that purpose. If we sincerely want to help the organization work out a plan for its best interest, we will come to the January meeting and share in the thinking and discussion. It is not only our privilege to do so, but our responsibility," according to a bulletin issued over the signatures of W. Eli Powless, President, and T. Bruelheide, Executive Secretary.

Pretty Wedding at Masset

By PHYLLIS BEDARD

Masset Anglican Church was the setting of a very pretty wedding recently when **Anna Christine,** daughter of **Mr.** and **Mrs. Albert Edwards** of Masset was united in marriage to **Louie Fredrick Wilson,** son of **Mr.** and **Mrs. Augustus Wilson** also of Masset.

The bride was dressed in a very lovely gown of white nylon net, with little pink roses all around the hem, a lovely veil flowing from a halo headdress. Her lovely gloves were crocheted by Mrs. Wilson, mother of the bridegroom. *Her ballerina style shoes* were covered with white satin. She carried a lovely bouquet of pink and white roses.

Matron of honour was the bride's sister-in-law, **Mrs. Irene Edwards,** dressed in a lovely blue net ankle length gown with a matching shoulder length veil flowing from a halo headdress.

Other bridesmaids were **Mrs. Mary Williams, Mrs. Sophie Parnell, Mrs. Marion Brooks, Miss Mary Smith, Miss Edith Parnell, Mrs. Susan Abrahams,** and **Miss Hazel Wilson,** all wearing lovely gowns of pink and blue net with matching shoulder length veils, and carrying lovely bouquets of pink roses.

Ring boy was **Alan Wilson,** brother of the bridegroom, dressed in a steel blue suit. Flower girl was **Sharon Matthews,** niece of the bride. She was dressed in a pretty yellow net floor length gown, which was designed and made by **Norma Adams** of Masset. The flower girl wore her hair in ringlets with a yellow bow pinned on the side and carried a big bouquet of white and pink roses.

There were also two other little girls along to hold up the bride's veil. They were dressed in dainty pink dresses, carrying little bouquets of flowers. Their names are **Nellie Brooks** and **Louise Bell,** nieces of the bridegroom.

John Williams, a close relative of the bride, gave her away in marriage. **Victor Adams** played the duties of best man to the bridegroom. Ushers were **William Matthews, Rufus Abrahams, Augustus Wilson, Brady Edwards, Edison Bell** and **Paul Bell.**

After the marriage ceremony, there was a big banquet and dance in Masset Community Hall. About one hundred and fifty or more people were present.

Everyone had a wonderful time. The bride and groom were the recipients of many lovely and useful gifts which were displayed at the home of the bride's mother.

Mr. and **Mrs. Wilson** will reside at Masset.

Best From Jimmy

To all 'Native Voice' Readers:

Just a cheery New Year thought,
The best o' wishes, too,
Hope there's heaps o' happiness
In the year ahead for you all.

From JIMMY ANTOINE
Associate Editor.

EDDIE'S NEWS STAND
Magazines — Stationery Novelties
GET YOUR HOME TOWN PAPER HERE
Phone 352 P.O. Box 220
Second Avenue West
PRINCE RUPERT, B.C.
(Northern Distribution Centre for Native Voice)

THE WESTERN FISHING Co. Ltd.
We maintain Fish Camps in all areas to serve our Native Fishermen.
Foot of Campbell HAst. 4601

● Buy . . .
QUEEN CHARLOTTE CANNED CRABMEAT
●
Queen Charlotte Canners Ltd.
Masset, B.C.
Look for . . .
"QUEEN CHARLOTTE" and "THUNDERBIRD" Brands

In Camp, on the Boat, at Home and in your favorite Restaurant . . . the name
McGAVIN'S
. . . tells you that you are enjoying the best bread that expert bakers can bake.

Lets Make Our Dreams Come Alive In This 1955

By KITTY CARPENTER
Coast Associate Editor

A very Happy and Prosperous New Year to you all. In life it is natural to look forward to better things from the unseen year ahead of us.

Be it the resolve of each one of us to see that our dreams for a better world come true by doing our bit in our communities because we do want the best for our children.

Make school life for them more pleasant. The past is past. We are living in a better world than did our fathers and mothers. You young people who are going to school are the leaders of tomorrow; make use of your education. You have so much more than we did in our day.

Five of our young Bella Bella boys and girls were accepted to the leadership training at the extension department of the University of B.C.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hall, Dennis Carpenter, Selina Campbell, and Shirley Humchitt are now at the University. We wish them the best of luck.

MARRIAGES AT BELLA BELLA DECEMBER, 1954

United in marriage were **Miss Joan B. Carpenter** to **James D. Hall.** Joan is the daughter of **David Carpenter;** James is the son of **Mr. and Mrs. Abel Hall.**

* * *

Barbara Humchitt to **Allan Wilson.** Barbara is daughter of **Willie and Julia Humchitt; Allen,** son of **Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wilson.**

* * *

Marie Humchitt to **Calvin Brown.** Marie is daughter of **Mrs. Humchitt.** Calvin, son of **Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Brown.**

* * *

Ina Hall to **David Bell.** Ina is daughter of **Mrs. Martha Wallace;** David is **David Bell** of Bella Bella.

* * *

Marion Harris to **Jacob Windsor.** Marion is daughter of **Mary Harris;** Jacob, son of **Mr. and Mrs. Philip Windsor.**

KITTY CARPENTER

Accidents

(Continued from Page 7)

of the Masset Athletic Club standing on both sides. The Masset concert band walked ahead of the truck and family of deceased followed behind in taxis with about a hundred or more people walking behind, half of them carrying a wreath or a bouquet of flowers.

In the church the choir sang a very lovely anthem, "Gracious Father"; then a duet was sung by two leading choir members **Mrs. Emily Williams** and **Mrs. Amanda Edgars** who sang "Rose of Sharon."

On the way to the cemetery the band played one outstanding number. The church army also sang one of their songs.

Pall bearers were fellow members of the Masset Athletic Club.

The day after the funeral, a big feast was given in honour of the late **Arthur Yeomens.** Everyone in town was invited.

We wish to express our deepest sympathies to **Mr. and Mrs. Alex Yeomens** and family and **Mrs. Mildred Yeomens** and her two children; also grandmother, **Mrs. Kate Price.**

The mother, Mrs. Alex Yeomens wishes to express her sincere thanks for all the kindness shown her during her deepest sorrow, and especially to those who waited for her in the home where her late son lay in state. That same evening the Church Army held a special service where she expressed furthermore how her people and many kind friends helped to lighten her deepest grief with kind words of encouragement.

Ways of Indians

(Continued from Page 4)

But, I have learned the truth and have returned as this old Indian said. I have come once more to know my heart and to think and to pray with it.

I can say that the Indian who has left the reservation and accepted all the ways of the White Man and who believes in the greatness of the White Man's ways over our own people is a confused man. He does not know which way to turn. One day he will learn the truth of himself. He will see the White Man as an individual who is seeking what his own people knew . . . contentment and peace. When he comes to realize this for himself he, too, will know the meaning of his true heritage.

If I could return to living in a tipi and hunting game as our forefathers did, my heart would be thankful. If my fellow beings would then name savage and pagan as they do my fathers, I would accept the names for myself. My belief in the Great One is no different than my fathers. It comes from my heart and fills me with peace.

Cha-la-nung.

Jesus the Light of the World

•

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

Sechelt Sisterhood Gives Support to 'Native Voice'

A recent meeting of the Native Sisterhood Branch of the Sechelt Band voted to extend their one hundred percent support to "The Native Voice," *official* organ of the Native Brotherhood of B.C.

Report of the welcome action of the Sisterhood in this important community was brought to "The Native Voice" by Clarence Joe, well-known Native leader and executive member of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia.

The splendid stand of the Sechelt Native Sisterhood is actually the continuation of a policy long followed by this organization which has a history of consistent support for "The Native Voice."

Big Land Deal Possible

A meeting of the Squamish Band this month may decide to sell a piece of property as residential apartment blocks for $5,000 an acre, or a total $315,000 land deal.

The offer was discussed in December at a meeting presided over by Indian Agent Earl Anfield but it is reported the Department of Indian Affairs is taking a neutral position on the proposed sale of tribal land.

The foreshore land is located south of Park Royal and it is in an area which has developed rapidly during recent years.

Approval of the sale would mean cash distribution of 50 per cent of the $315,000 to about 680 members of the Squamish band.

The remaining half would be plared in the band's central fund, said Eddie Nahanee, a member of the band and an official of the Native Brotherhood of B.C.

INDIANS FAILED US

Apropos of certain objections currently taken to the maintenance of a high rate of immigration is this apt observation.

It is: "This country would not be in such a mess if the Indians had adopted more stringent immigration laws."—Windsor Star.

BRITISH COLUMBIA PACKERS LTD.

Packers of

CLOVER LEAF
SEA FOODS

QUALITY • VARIETY