

The NATIVE VOICE

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

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NATIVE BROTHERHOOD president Bob Clifton and 'Native Voice' publisher Maisie Hurley help Tom Hurley try on his new Indian sweater, made by Mr. and Mrs. Newman and pre-

sented at a dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Hurley held in Stanley Park recently. In case anyone isn't clear, the sweater design consists of lovely green Irish Shamrocks!

NATIVE LEADERS HONOR TOM AND MAISIE HURLEY

A very great honor was paid recently to Vancouver barrister Thomas F. Hurley and his wife, Maisie Hurley, publisher of The Native Voice, by the Native Brotherhood and Native Sisterhood of British Columbia.

It took the form of a delightful dinner at Ferguson Point in Vancouver's beautiful Stanley Park. The affair was kept a complete secret from the popular couple.

Many native members of the organizations and guests gathered to see Tom Hurley presented with a magnificent Indian sweater made by Mrs. Lena Newman and her husband. It was made of lovely, heavy, white wool and the design

was a green shamrock, emblem of Tom's native Ireland.

The popular barrister, who has fought many cases on behalf of British Columbia Natives, was so surprised and affected that his famed oratory deserted him and all he could do was kiss Mrs. Newman's hand.

But he was not tongue-tied for long. With tears in his eyes, he beamed with pride and pleasure when Native Brotherhood president Robert Clifton presented him with the sweater and dressed him in it.

Maisie Hurley, whose work among the Native people of the province is too well-known to require elaboration, was equally unprepared and almost speechless

(but not quite) when she was presented with an exquisite pair of Haida hand-carved Raven earrings.

Ellen Neel and Guy Williams both worked hard to make the party the tremendous success it turned out to be.

Brotherhood president Bob Clifton, Guy Williams and Ted Neel spoke of the outstanding work carried on by Tom and Maisie Hurley over many years. At their request, 'The Native Voice' will not elaborate on the praise tendered Maisie and Tom. It is sufficient to say it left a deep imprint in their hearts.

They wish to thank the Sisterhood and Brotherhood and Sisterhood president Kitty Carpenter, Brotherhood president Robert and

Mrs. Clifton, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Neel, Mr. and Mrs. Mabel Stanley, Reggie Cook and Mr. and Mrs. Newman for the effort they gave to make the dinner so outstanding, for the sweater and the earrings.

"We regretted that our dear Native Sisterhood president and others of our upcoast brothers and sisters could not be there to witness the joy and appreciation both of us felt on this wonderful occasion," Maisie and Tom told 'The Native Voice.'

"Tom and I feel that you, the Native people, have made us very rich and happy in your loving friendship. All we can say is that from the bottoms of our hearts we thank you. You have made us very happy. God bless you all."

The NATIVE VOICE

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SUCCESS MARKS FOURTH ANNUAL INDIAN BANQUET

By BIG WHITE OWL
 Eastern Associate Editor

NEARLY 200 North American Indians, including Delawares, Maliseets, Cherokees, Apaches, Cayugas, Chippawas, Senecas, Ojibways, Tuscaroras and Mohawks, cheered and applauded as they watched various ceremonial dances being performed by Chief Howard Skye and his nationally famous Indian dancers.

He invited three paleface youngsters of English, Polish and Welsh ancestry to dance with him. The three Toronto white boys, John Willis, Ben Tress, Monte Pickard, attended the 4th annual banquet of the Toronto Indian Club which was held in the beautiful new auditorium of the Central Y.M.C.A., 40 College Street, Toronto.

When interviewed, Jack Willis, 18 years of age, and Group Leader, said, "We have been deeply interested in Indian culture for several years. We made our own bonnets and costumes and we've learned a number of authentic Indian dances. We got our start at a boys' summer camp and we have followed it up and we are learning more all the time. The whole art of woodcraft and camping was taken from our brothers, the North American Indians. . . . I personally have a deep respect and admiration for the early Indian way of life, and I have close contact with many well known Indians of today."

Good boy, Jack Willis, keep up the good work!

Chief Howard Skye of the Six Nations Reserve, Ohsweken P.O., Ontario, supplied the floor show following the banquet and an excellent one it was, being flavored with bits of real honest-to-goodness Indian humor and philosophy.

The Toronto Indian Club presented Chief Skye with Honorary Life Membership. Jasper Hill, president, when presenting the Chief with an inscribed plaque, said, "In appreciation and recognition of your outstanding good work in preserving the traditions and legends and dances of your people, we bestow upon you Honorary Life Membership in the Toronto Indian Club. . . . May the Great Spirit always walk with you!"

Chief Skye's first duty as Honorary Life Member was to perform the induction ceremony when Miss Pat Salter of the Tuscarora Nation was made Toronto Indian Club Princess of the year. The whole gala event was focused

around the lovely Princess.

The Toronto Indian Club functioning under the slogan, "Save the Best of the Old—Take the Best of the New," tries to promote better understanding among the many Indian tribes and between themselves and the Caucasian races. At the present time the Club is busy trying to raise funds to help the Indians in Sunnybrook Hospital, Weston Sanatorium, also in other Toronto hospitals. Visiting groups have been organized taking with them cigarettes, chocolate bars, books, fruit, etc.

Alderman Allan Grossman, who has recently become an M.P.P., represented the Mayor and officially opened the banquet. In his brief speech he stressed the importance of minority groups retaining and preserving their culture. He also pointed out that

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TWO YEAR SETTLEMENT FOR B.C. SALMON PRICES

Two years of stability in the British Columbia fishing industry are in sight as the result of agreements concluded between fishermen's organizations and the Fisheries Association of British Columbia

For 1955 and 1956, B.C. salmon net fishing fleet will operate at the following prices:

SALMON PRICES, 1955	
Sockeye	24c lb.
Cohoe	15c lb.
Pinks	8¾c lb.
Summer Chums	6½c lb.
Fall Chums	
(Johnstone Str., Fr.)	9c lb.
(Elsewhere)	7c lb.

SALMON PRICES, 1956	
All the same except	
Pinks	9c lb.

These represent increases over last year of 2 cents per pound for sockeye and coho, 1¼ cents per pound on pinks in 1956, 1 cent for pinks and fall chums in Johnstone Straits and the Fraser this year,

and ¾ cents on summer and fall chums elsewhere.

Fishermen's representatives estimate that the improved prices will mean an increase of almost \$2,000,000 in take-home pay to the fishing fleet over last year. Prices to the producer in general, however, remain below the 1951 peak.

In addition to the price increase, the fishermen, represented in negotiations by the Native Brotherhood of B.C., the United Fishermen and Allied Workers Union, and the Fishing Vessel Owners' Association, also obtained an improvement in their Welfare Fund.

Companies will pay 3 cents per case on canned salmon in place of 1 cent formerly paid. Out of this fund, the fishermen intend to pay a death benefit of \$1,000 and \$100 for each child to a maximum of five when any salmon net fisherman dies. In addition, shipwreck benefits of \$200 will be paid for loss of personal belongings, but only to those fishermen who are members of one of the three organizations.

A number of secondary points were also settled.

The salmon seiners, those who fish on the larger seven or eight man boats, stayed in port a week after the season started seeking settlement of special problems affecting their type of work.

Their supplementary agreement now provides certificated engineers

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Special Notice

The Toronto Indian Club has accepted the invitation to hold their annual Wiener Roast at the lovely country home of Mr. and Mrs. Len Rush, near Woodbridge, Ontario, on the evening of July 23rd, 1955. Everyone is welcome to come and enjoy a pleasant evening around the old campfire.



MANY INDIAN TRIBES were represented at the 4th annual banquet of the Toronto Indian Club, and Miss Pat Salter (478 Bloor Street, W., Toronto, Ont.) of Tuscarora ancestry, was named "Princess Looking Far." With her are Chief Chas. L. Big Canoe and Alderman Allan Grossman (left) who represented Mayor Nathan Phillips.

Native Brotherhood Airs Views At B.C. Game Commission Meet

By ED NAHANE

Business Agent,
Native Brotherhood of B.C.

I WILL always consider it a piece of good fortune to have arrived in the world in the late nineties, when game was plentiful, and at no time was it necessary for anyone to go too far afield in order to get a good vitamin enriched food supply and by using this as our lifeline, there was no need of Salk Vaccine.

I shot my first duck at the age of ten. I bagged that duck and nearly bagged the old fashioned buckled strap that hung on the wall, when dad found out that I had used his favorite musket. But dad was a good sport being an outdoor man himself. This was the beginning of many years of real good duck shooting. I shot three deer in one day before I was 13, with an old fashioned long barreled 44. Our family circle and many villagers had hiyu mowich for a few days, and many a pow-wow was held around the old camp fires on how I had inherited the great hunting prowess of my grandfather and that I was destined to follow in his footsteps. This prophecy proved correct in more than one way. I have since bagged my share of game and hope to bag a moose one of these days.

I will always remember the sight of deer, grouse, ducks and snipe hanging in the market places in Vancouver, for sale, and the usual Saturday afternoon bargain prices. I also remember asking dad to buy a piece of deer meat from a buck that was hanging near the door. Dad's reply was that we would have to wait until they sold the cut-up doe meat first.

I have perused with great interest the Report of Proceedings of your previous Annual Game conventions and noted, despite the fact of mutual interest shown by all, there is a division of opinion on the why's and how's of proper Game Management. But what would any Convention be like if there were no disagreements. We the Native people have our beefs too, and I will attempt to explain exactly what these beefs are. I hope that you will bear with me, an open mind, and agree that it is a step in the proper direction. So without offence or malice to anyone I will proceed.

CANADA HAS in recent years gone overboard in endeavoring to make the life of the average Native more interesting and worthwhile. Today the Native has the provincial franchise, the right of free speech, the right of equality and the pursuit of happiness, just as any other Canadian. As a matter of fact, they are Canadians and really to put it mildly, the only true Canadians.

Just what does full citizenship mean to the average Native? Has it to give him anything that he will wholeheartedly desire? Does citizenship mean to him what it does to the average Canadian? Or are his desires and wants something entirely apart from mere citizenship? These questions can

Business Agent Knew Game Business Well

The speech reported on this page in slightly condensed form was delivered by Ed Nahane, business agent of the Native Brotherhood of B.C., to the British Columbia Game Convention held May 24 to 28 in Nelson. The Native Brotherhood, vitally concerned with the problems of Game in the province sent Ed Nahane to the Convention as their official delegate invited by the Game Commission to attend. The convention was attended by representatives of all the rod and gun clubs, trappers, and biologists from the States of Washington, Oregon, Montana and Idaho and, of course, the Provinces of British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Many of the delegates expressed the opinion that this was the very first time they had heard the unique position of the Native Indian, and gave assurance that the Native people would be given every consideration. They showed their appreciation of Ed Nahane's interesting speech with frequent bursts of applause and laughter.

only be answered by a direct study of the early history and customs of our true Canadian.

Let us consider a case in point — before the coming of the white man, the Skeena tribe lived along the Skeena River. They spoke the Skeena language, their customs were similar to those of most Indian Natives. These of course are known to most people. However in order to make a case for the present Native it is necessary to go into some of these more fully. As an example consider the following:

EACH TRIBE was composed of numerous families, each of which received inalienable right with respect to hunting and fishing areas. In other words, every family was given a certain region in the territory of the tribe which was theirs alone to hunt and fish. No other family would infringe upon these rights without the consent of the owner. Likewise, these areas were handed down from generation to generation just as the average white man leaves his property to his immediate family when he dies. Further, not only has the Native received these hunting and fishing rights from his forefathers, he has also received a heritage in the form of customs, culture and a way of life.

Today a Skeena Native is either a fisherman or a hunter and since the advent of the white man, a logger. He lives primarily in the great outdoors; he lives with nature, for nature and by nature. A nature man in the strictest sense of the word. His life is built in and by the things of nature. So what does all this boil down to? Just this.

TAKE AWAY from a man, any man, be he white man, Negro or a Canadian Native, his livelihood, culture and habits that have been handed down from his forefathers for generations and he is certainly not a happy individual. You might as well cut off his hand.

The Canadian government has unceremoniously taken away from the Native the very things that he held dear. As a matter of fact, the only real things that mattered

his property. The man objected. The Native got 30 days. Legally he was wrong. But was he wrong morally?

HERE IS A NATIVE PROBLEM THAT BEARS SCRUTINY.

The customs and traditions of the Native people are peaceful ones and are depicted on totem poles in the form of birds and animals, symbols of deep respect. I often wonder what would happen if all the people in the world were to adopt the Native symbols of respect. Would there be any need of forever manufacturing arms, bombs, nuclear weapons and other devices aimed at human destruction? The Natives have the key to Peace.

DID I SPEAK OF PEACE? Give a listen. Many years ago one of the northern villages with a population of some 1,500 Natives, was holding one of its annual meetings and you can rest assured there were some mighty heated arguments.

And like some of our present day meetings there was the usual opposition. In fact, there were two who made it their business to oppose every suggestion that was voiced regarding progress, much like some of the MLA's in the Legislature (profound laughter). (There were two MLA's in the Convention.) At this particular time of the year the Canada geese were making their annual flight to the northern nesting grounds and by some freak of nature, the large flocks would descend from the heights and fly within a few feet of the ground where the meeting was being held. The flock did this every year for generations in northward and southward flights.

DURING THIS TIME the meeting had reached the height and neared a point of revolt, when someone dashed in and said "the geese are coming." The meeting broke up and everybody ran for

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He Lived With the Sh

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ALONE, I sit and look back. Those of my people I knew are gone. The name of a white man has become mine. The nation of my blood has been scattered like dry leaves beneath the burning heat of the sun of the summer. I live in fear that one day the word Dakota will pass my lips and the quiet of the word I have kept to me for the counting of 40 summers will be heard. It grows in my heart and swells with tears that would rush like a stream in spring from my body. It would have the winds carry it to all my people that they come once and bring their eyes, that now see shame in their fathers and walk the earth, to the beauty of the big sky. My people are in the gloom of the evening. They do not reach up to touch the warmth of the sun. I cry and would have the voice of my tears awaken them.

When a hope is gone, you are touched with the darkness of a shadow. The days do not dawn; they remain a part of the night. Only does a light from the past brighten your path of heavy steps. It gives your face the smile of a ghost to wear when you sit in the quiet of the evening. Then in the still you are made glad and the beat of your heart is quick. Your blood is wild as you look in the forgotten of the past. What are the songs you recall? Are they of war and hate? No. This was not my people. They once walked with steps that knew but love and music.

But, I am old. My age is of the rocks that have become my hiding place and refuge. Soon I will be of the dead. Only my name will live to rise up among my people. The glory I knew my people should know. Once there was honor for me among all the Dakota. I was good Lakota to all. Then hate came to touch me and I was brought to the craziness of my name. For all to know this I say now.

FOR the fullness of one moon I had been gone from my village. With the elders of my council, I had been to sit in parley with Dull Knife, chief of the Sha-hi-yena. Our words had not been of war. We had come

The Story of Chief Crazy Horse as Told to C

This is the story of a great chief of the Dakotas. It is told here for the first time in the words of Chief Crazy Horse himself as related to his grand-nephew, Cha-la-nung. Its release by Cha-la-nung was prompted when Ee-a-sa-ta spoke the word through 'The Native Voice' in our April issue in a mes-

sage entitled, "Voice of Great Chief of Past Through Friend." This truth and his people will be carried over the 'Voice' in serial form. It is a story that will strike the hearts of our readers.

together as two great nations, the Sha-hi-yena and my people, the Brule of the Dakota, to speak of peace. So it was when we parted that there would be no war. We would keep our peace with the white man until we bled.

I went alone from the journey of my council as we returned to our village. They were slow with their ponies as many times they stopped to speak words of their fathers. Good was what they said and tears were their eyes.

They looked at the tall grass and the cattle of the white man. Sorrow they spoke that the white man thought we would make war to keep this land. There were no trees, no streams of mountain water, no coolness in the air. We had not come to know the meaning of greed. We offered in freeness what we would not bring to ourselves.

We wore the robe of peace. Only was our word that the white man must not cross into the trails of our villages and our grounds for hunting. It was the voice of our fathers that said a man who takes all he sees and holds it close to himself grows small and his mind becomes as that of a snake.

I was not slow in my travel alone. My pony was wild. He was as red as the dying sun of a late day. The hand of Dull Knife had given him to me. He was a mark of peace between us. In the country of the Ha-sa-ta he had been found.

HARD it was I rode when quick my pony stopped and rose to his hind legs. He was in quiet a moment then he cried out and showed the strongness of his teeth. We saw a mare come from the rocks before us. Her brown body was covered with white foam, her eyes were frightened, her mouth was opened with tiredness. She wanted to run but her legs would not keep her

and she was brought to the ground. A prayer then it was I heard. The voice of a woman spoke it. The heavy voice of men came to laugh.

I went from my pony to be of the sound. That my shadow would not be seen, I clung to the rocks. Ahead, I saw the struggle of a woman as she tried to run from two men. They were soldiers of the white man.

My back I would show them, but the woman came to look up at me. I touched her with my sight. Her face was flushed as she gave battle to save herself from these hungry men. Her tears were over her. Inside there was a smile of the thought a white woman would have me take her from her own people.

My eyes I closed. I was happy, my people knew peace. Turn from this, many times I said to myself then. But I would be without ears to hear the sound of her cries and her prayers.

I took my knife and hurled it at one of the twisted men before me. Soon, he was gagged with the blood that rushed from his torn veins and flooded his body. He tried to run from the dead but it came to catch him.

The earth was violent with the trembling bory of the other white soldier as he saw me. His teeth were in the flesh of his mouth. He looked for his guns but they were on the ground away from him.

I was then of the young and my mind did not know the fullness of trickery. A cub I became that a tongue could kill. I brought down my arms and gave the soldier to walk away in peace. He smiled, then turned and threw his body upon me. I went back, stumbling upon the rocks. A bone of my face snapped as my head hit the stone. My mouth fell open, I could not close it. I rolled my tongue and touched the crack of my jaw bone.

Death was cold as it came to wake me. I did not like it. I took up a stone in my hand and crushed it in the man's face when he came upon me again. He screamed in pain as it opened his flesh to the bone. I took the air from his body and he was dead.

I LOOKED at the woman as she cried in her own tiredness. I had no words for her

to speak. I saw the gold of her hair as the sun was on it. This I would touch but I was a stranger and I walked away. A star she was among the hard cold of the rocks that had seen murder. But, the Great One does not give you to touch a star with your hands. Your eyes must take it to them with care. This star gave me no hope for it was white.

She called to give me her thanks and I stopped to hear her voice. It was filled with the beauty of a pure woman. Then her thanks went to the Great One. She had gone before her God to say the word of help and the Great One of my people had sent me.

They were the same. I came to know this then and would speak it for any white man to hear when he would come to me with the word of his God.

Her fingers were on my face as she touched the break of my jaw. Her sorrow was for me and wet her eyes. The hurt of me was not my thought and this she saw as she watched me look at the dead soldiers. I was heavy with the

Hard to Choose

By MAISIE HURLEY
Publisher, The Native Voice

It was hard to choose a title for the tragic story of Chief Crazy Horse, as requested by Cha-la-nung, his great nephew, whose grandmother was sister to Crazy Horse.

I have as requested chosen a title, but only the words of the Old Chief and Medicine Man Chief Sitting Bull ring in my ears, "Cha-la-nung, go back, go back!" he said, when he realized the fatal consequences of Chief Crazy Horse's chivalrous defence of the white girl and the wrong construction which would be put on his act by the unchivalrous whites.

"Go back, go back," is how many of us feel today — facing this ghastly atomic age. "Go back to the teachings of the Savior — learn to be humble with strength, to fight only for RIGHT."

We preach Christianity with our mouths and then we kill and teach our young to kill. The whites have slaughtered our sons and bathed the world in blood and our only answer to the troubles of the world is more bombs and blood and guns, we are killing the souls of our children and making killers of them. What have we to offer them but an atomic age of killing? Even our clergy, the Shepherds of the Lord, are busy criticizing other Shepherds of the Lord and attacking their faith — is that Christianity?

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Shadows of His People

Cha-la-nung

Chief Crazy Horse Speaks Out
Tragic account of a great man
several issues of "The Native
Story which we are sure will
s.

thought that first my people would be killed for them. Then, the question would come how did they die.

She was good and said the word of what had been she would say at the fort and among her people.

I smiled for this and would go again. Her voice came out to ask me my name.

My name! Then I could speak it. But now I am called 'Hand Gone.'

THERE was much happiness in my village the day I returned. The sun was bringing the heavier shadows of the night. Fires were being made beneath the cooking kettles. My council was before the people saying of what had been at the village of Dull Knife. There were songs and dances for this peace that had come.

The squaws were together in many groups planning the marriage of my sister. She was to take a husband with the next moon. Messengers had been sent to the villages of all the Dakota and other of our people saying the best of the braves must come and

appear in the squaw circle.

My sister had refused to take a man to herself. Always had her face been dark with frowns when this had been said to her. Five summers gone she had become a woman. Her face had been painted with the holy color. She had left the childhood of a girl behind her. Nothing had she taken in its place. She walked alone in quietness. I do not know her dreams. They were far from her.

She came to meet me as I returned to our village. A puppy was wrapped in her arms and asleep. Better it had been a baby for her heart to love. A smile was bright on her face and I was happy for her. I reached out a hand and touched her shoulder. I told her to stay with her happiness.

She was a woman of many words and had no respect for the word of her brother. She gave me a bad laugh that said one day there was a hope the council would have me take a squaw I did not want. But, there was great kindness in my sister. She saw the break of my jaw and cried for this hurt. She gave herself the pain of me.

I watched her as she went to bring the medicine man to me. She was a beautiful woman. She was washed with the cool dew of a morning. Her gentleness was of the blood of my people. She was a dawn that could brighten the blackest heart. She was touched with love and hope.

I WAS brought from the thought of my sister by the

coming of the medicine man. Himself, he was a chief. Not of the blood of his father, but of the greatness he could do with his prayers. I had sat in his village and watched him take his magic and make a blind man see. A curse from his lips and the bravest man would tremble.

The white man feared him, the white man respected him. He had sat in parley many times with the mightiest of the white man and fought for his people. He asked that we be shown peace and be left to live on what the Great One had given us.

To be treated by him was to me, a chief of blood, an honor. He had come to prepare the ground for the coming marriage of my sister.

He was known as Sitting Bull — Tatonka Yotanka.

"Lakota, Lakota." He greeted me

with words of friendship, then went to frown. "The council has returned in peace and good bodies. Does the young forget how to travel in peace? Does the young find trouble in the shadow of the the ground? — Bad it is for him."

I laughed and called him Lakota of my heart. The picture of the woman with the golden hair was before me. I would that Sitting Bull could see a vision of my future.

He grunted for what I asked. His eyes were sad and wept for those of our people not born. "What I see is not good." His head was lifted to the sky. His arms swept outward, his fingers reaching to touch the earth and the trees. "This is ours to remember," he said, then went about the fixing of my face.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Use Title for Tragic Account

Years ago, when I was a very little girl, I had a friend whose name was George Edwards. Afterwards, I found out that this fine old gentleman was the famous train and stage bandit Bill Miner.

One winter day he was making a place for me to skate on by flooding a bit of a rancher's cow pasture.

He told me then of his youth, and how he had two dear old grandmothers whom he loved dearly, but they would argue over religion, one being a Catholic and the other Protestant, and it worried

the little boy Bill Miner. So he said to me, "Never interfere with a man's religion. Little One (his name for me). If he prays, be thankful that he prays." Bill had a weakness for church socials and children and was an easy mark for a generous donation.

If in years to come anyone is left alive after the atomic ruin to write a history of the present century, it will be the history of the destruction of the world by the whiteman — through his greed and his blindness to the Writing On the Wall.

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CONTINUED

By NEWELL E. COLLINS

Tecumseh and the War of 1812

"The state of our provisions had not been generally understood. On the day of surrender we had 15 days' provisions of every kind on hand. Of meat there was plenty in the country, and arrangements had been made for purchasing and grinding the flour. It was calculated that we could readily procure three months' provisions, independent of 150 barrels of flour and 1300 head of cattle which had been forwarded from the state of Ohio, and which remained at the River Raisin under Captain Brush, within reach of the army.

"But had we been totally destitute of provisions, our duty and our interest was undoubtedly to fight. The enemy invited us to meet him in the field.

"In defeating him, the whole country would have been open to us, and the object of our expedition gloriously and successfully obtained. If we had been defeated, we had nothing to do but retreat to the fort, and make the best circumstances and our situation rendered practicable. But basely to surrender without firing a gun—tamely to submit without raising a bayonet—disgracefully to pass in review before an enemy as inferior in quality as in the number of his forces, were circumstances which excited feelings of indignation more easily felt than described.

"To see the whole of our men flushed with the hope of victory,

eagerly awaiting the approaching contest; to see them afterward dispirited, hopeless, desponding, at least five hundred of them actually shedding tears because they were not allowed to meet their country's foes, and fight their country's battles, excited sensations which no American has ever had cause to feel, and which I trust God will never again be felt, while one man remains to defend the standard of the Union. I am expressly authorized to state that Colonels McArthur and Findlay

and Lieutenant Colonel Miller viewed the transaction in the same light that I do. They know and I feel that no circumstances in our situation, none in that of the enemy, can excuse a capitulation so dishonorable as to be unjustifiable. This, too, is the universal sentiment among the troops; and I shall be surprised to learn that there is one man who thinks it was necessary to sheath his sword or lay down his musket.

"Confident I am that had the courage and conduct of the Gen-

eral been equal to the spirit and zeal of the troops, the event would have been as brilliant and successful as it now is disastrous and dishonorable.

Very respectfully sir,
LEWIS CASS,
Colonel Third Regiment,
Ohio Volunteers.

Hon. William Eustis,
Secretary of War.

This report was made by Colonel Cass at Colonel McArthur's direction, Hull being at the time held as a prisoner of war at Montreal. Although Colonel Cass describes the surrender as though he had been an eye witness, we must bear in mind that neither he nor McArthur was at the Detroit fort at the time of the capitulation. Ordered upon detachment in a desperate attempt to bring in the much-needed provisions, they had retraced their steps to a point within sight of the Detroit stockade but had made no effort to return to the fort nor to dispute the landing of the British nor to assist their general in any manner. And if we are to accept one report, while the surrender of Detroit was being negotiated they were at the River Rouge regaling themselves upon the barbecued ox.*

* (See "General William Hull" by Milo M. Quaife, Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Quarterly, April 1938.)

(Continued Next Issue)

Seaway Authority Rapped Over 'Deal' With Indians

The St. Lawrence seaway authority has been accused of "callous disregard" of communities and areas affected by the project.

William Hamilton (PC-Montreal-Notre Dame-de-Grace) made the charge in Commons during committee study of a bill permitting the authority to expropriate Indian lands near Cornwall, Ont., and Montreal.

The bill later was passed by the Commons and sent to the Senate for approval.

Citizenship Minister Pickersgill said the Indians would get the same treatment as anyone else. In the case of the Caughnawaga reservation near Montreal, negotiations already had started between the St. Lawrence Seaway Authority and the band council.

Colin Cameron (CCF-Nanaimo) said it isn't good enough to say the Indians will get the same deal as anyone else. They were a special case and he would like to see the minister be "extremely tough" with the seaway authority in the matter of expropriation.

Howard Green (PC-Vancouver-Quadra) asked whether the legis-

lation will permit the authority to use the land without actually acquiring it. If such was the case, the Indians would suffer.

Mr. Pickersgill said it is the intention to take the land outright.

John Diefenbaker (PC-Prince Albert) asked whether treaty rights are involved in Indian reserves along the St. Lawrence. In any case, Parliament did have the power to enact laws superseding treaty rights.

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Four Drown Near Alert Bay

Four Indians drowned at Knight Inlet, 200 miles north of Vancouver, and two men were saved last month after 63 hours without food on a barren island. Their fishboat sank after running aground.

News of the tragedy reached Alert Bay when the two survivors, Price Bruce, 53, owner of the boat, the Ina F, and Stacey Peters, 30, Pentecostal missionary, told their stories. Dead are:

Mrs. Paul Rufus, 60, and Barbara Jean Wallace, 4, whose bodies have been found; Wilson Wallace, 45, the girl's father, and Floyd Dawson, 4, Mrs. Rufus' grandson.

The six Indians had left Alert Bay at 4 p.m. Friday for evening church service at an Indian village on Gilford Island, 25 miles east.

The boat's engine stopped two hours later off Midsummer Island, and despite attempts to anchor the boat and keep her off the rocks with oars and pike poles, the vessel floundered.

Neither of the survivors saw what happened to their companions. The boat pounded apart in less than 15 minutes, Mr. Bruce said.

The two men found themselves on a rocky island sparsely covered with trees.

They were without food or matches and were beset with thirst until Sunday. Mr. Bruce then found a fresh water creek.

The men were rescued by Sam Cedar, a Kingcome Inlet fisherman, who passed the island the following day.

Mr. Peters, a missionary of the Pentecostal Assembly of Canada and a graduate of B.C. Bible Institute in North Vancouver, conducted a memorial service for the lost four.

The Ina F was to have taken the six on a weekend round of church services in Indian settlements.

'The Native Voice' extends its sincere condolences to the families of those who were lost in this terrible tragedy.

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Speech to Game Commission

(Continued from Page 3)

guns and other means of getting their share of geese. The bombardment lasted for about an hour and once more the geese had passed. The people set about and picked up the kill and someone noticed that two men lay on the ground. They had been shot during the bombardment. It was the opposition.

The story does not end here. There had to be the usual investigation. Someone pointed to an old man who was very "near sighted" and said that he must have mistaken them for geese. Another said "No, it was not him, it must have been someone who was 'far sighted'."

GETTING BACK to the question of totem poles, I was quite amused in reading about one of the delegates at your Convention, he may be here today, but we won't go into that now. He stated he felt like the bottom man on the totem pole on account of being the last to speak on a certain subject.

For your information, the bottom man on the totem pole carries the highest respect and honor. Upon him have rested the responsibilities of conserving the natural resources that future generations might benefit and enjoy. He has done his work well.

I am going to name one, who was your friend, the friend of the animal kingdom and my friend, that devoted practically his whole life to game management, with one thought in mind: that future generations might enjoy the fruits of this effort. He was a true champion and well deserved to be the bottom man on the totem pole. We have a painting of him here today, and that is our friend, the late Jimmy Cunningham.

Before concluding, I would like to leave a thought with you and hope that you will give it your honest consideration. Many of our Native people are being prosecuted for shooting moose, deer and other game to feed their hungry families and the elders of the tribes who are unable to fend for themselves. They are being told they must keep out of the woods during closed seasons. Some have obeyed these orders, with the result the cougar and wolf have moved in and slaughtered game to their hearts' content. Prior to this, the Native hunted these predators and either killed them or chased them to parts unknown. This procedure resulted in game for all and at all times. This is a thought for you.

NOW TO substantiate this statement. There are communities on the coast comprised of white people who hunt deer and grouse the year round. They do not worry about buying Game licences or reading the Game Laws that you are making here today. One family in particular, their take is about six or seven deer per year. When the buck is prime, they take a buck, when the doe is in shape, it's a doe and when they want a piece of veal, Bambi comes into the picture.

Whenever a cougar shows up, everybody goes up in arms and the predator is soon disposed of. They don't bother about the bounty. There is still plenty of game for all. Another community a family's take is from 14 to 17 deer per year

and blue grouse also.

During the cold winter months when the snow is deep, these people go out and knock trees down to feed the deer herds.

So the answer lies with you. Are the game being benefitted by keeping the Natives out of the woods and making room for the

cougar and wolf? Are game being protected by prosecuting the Native? This is the thought that I am leaving with you.

I would like to thank you at this time for the very sincere attention you have given me at this time and once again wishing you a very successful convention.

CELEBRATION

(Continued from Page 2)

North American Indians have a great heritage of which they should be very proud.

Mrs. E. C. Hillier, chairman of the Etobicoke Branch of the Canadian Red Cross Society, was one of the guest speakers. She spoke on "Red Cross Work Among the Indians," especially those living near the far northern outpost hospitals in Ontario. She also graciously pointed out that Mr. Jasper Hill, president of the Toronto Indian Club, is a very highly valued employee of the Ontario Division, Canadian Red Cross Society.

Mrs. A. F. Loveys sang two beautiful songs, "Indian Love Call" and "Pale Moon." Mrs. Loveys is a talented singer and soloist at the Kingsway Lambton United Church and her daughter teaches school on an Indian Reserve in Northern

Manitoba.

The dance after the banquet was a great success. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the evening of dancing and Chief Charles L. Big Canoe of Georgina Island, Lake Simcoe, Ont., was master of ceremonies for both banquet and dance—a job well done by a courteous and intelligent Indian gentleman.

A contest for the loveliest Indian maiden at the dance was won by the lovely Miss Connie Wheatley, an Ojibway girl from the Parry Island Indian Reserve in Georgian Bay.

The executive of the program department of the Central Y deserve a handshake from the heart of each member of the T.I.C. for their kindly assistance in helping us to make our program possible—a special thank you to the dietician who arranged our wonderful and tasty turkey dinner.

I have spoken!

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Island Indian Festival Proves Dramatic Event

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The Editor,
The Native Voice,

Dear Sir,—As I am spending the summer months in Prince George, my copy of The Native Voice has just reached me, and having read it already, wish to congratulate you on the fine standard your publication is keeping up.

I was interested to see mention made of the Capilano Pow Wow which took place on May 22 and

23, but was also surprised to see no mention of the Vancouver Island Indian Festival which took place on the Songhees' Reserve at Esquimalt on the same dates.

This Festival, in its third year (I believe), was conducted very well indeed; without confusion and very dramatically. I regret not being able to describe or explain the dances; but I'm certain that between the dances, canoe races and other games and sports, the White visitors came away with new or added respect for these Indian people.

John Albany, the secretary of the Festival, beforehand explained to me how they were working to revive the old cultures — and with some success. He mentioned the increase in the number of canoes entering the races, there being nine canoes this year to about four three years ago.

For myself, I well remember when the canoes were raced along with the R. C. Navy boats a few years ago, and how at that time, there were mostly older men paddling, whereas this year, the majority seemed to be mostly young men. So it would appear that the present generation is beginning to appreciate their own heritage.

From all this it is easy to infer that a people who take a proper pride in themselves will more readily gain the respect of others.

There are two other things I would like to mention in this let-

Native Sisterhood President Thanked by Noted B.C. Doctor

Mrs. David Carpenter,
President,
Native Sisterhood of B.C.,
Campbell Island P.O., B.C.

Dear Mrs. Carpenter:

I wish to thank you and the rest of the ladies in your Sisterhood for your share in the presentation of Bible and Hymn Book on Sunday, May 29th.

I am very grateful to you and all the other kind friends who have given Mrs. Darby and myself such sincere evidence of their appreciation of what we have tried to do for the Native People. Please convey my thanks to the Sisterhood.

Yours sincerely,
GEORGE E. DARBY, M.D., D.D.

SETTLEMENT

(Continued from Page 2)

on seine boats with a \$15 per month bonus this year and \$25 per month next year.

In addition, crew complements were frozen at their present level for two years in spite of any new equipment that might be installed. In other words, no seine boat will be permitted to cut its staff at any time during the two-year period.

Also settled was the thorny question of the crews paying for rental of any new gear. Companies and vessel owners wanted to charge rental of \$40 per man per season for a "Puretic power block" which has been recently invented and is being installed on several B.C. seiners for the first time this year. But the fishermen refused to agree and woff their point.

The same ruling will apply to any other piece of equipment owners might see fit to install.

ter. One is to express my appreciation to you for the circulation of copies of The Native Voice to patients in St. Paul's Hospital, and to hope that the same thing is being, or can be, done in other hospitals.

The second thing is an appeal to any who are willing to do so, to visit out-of-town patients in hospitals. I have met many, when I was able to visit myself, who were away from home and no possibilities of a friendly visit to help keep up their spirits, which is a good part of the cure.

In particular, I would ask the staff of The Native Voice to visit one boy by the name of George Lamouche in St. Paul's Hospital. This is an extreme case of illness,

on top of which he needs someone to write his letters for him. He is a Cree Indian, his people are in Alberta, and he uses English with difficulty. If the staff of your paper can, therefore, either visit him regularly or arrange for someone else to do so, I'm sure that this service will be appreciated by George more than I can express myself.

I trust that I am not imposing on your good nature to so write to you; but the more I know of your people the more I am convinced that, given a problem, they are quite capable of attending to it; and in this respect, feel that your paper is a powerful instrument toward that end.

COLIN DICKSON.

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