

# the NATIVE VOICE

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

VOL. IX. No. 8.

VANCOUVER, B.C., AUGUST, 1955



PRICE 10 CENTS



—Bill Dennett Photo, Courtesy Vancouver Sun

## A Chief And A Little Girl

*Chief August Jack Khatsalahno of British Columbia's Squamish and Musqueam Tribes shows little Lorrie Gus how to beat the tom-tom.*



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.

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# Only Bright Spot In Very Dead Issue

BRITISH COLUMBIA's Social Credit Government has left no doubt where it stands in relation to this province's 31,000 Natives. We had strong suspicions some months ago when the Member for Yale cast insulting aspersions on the character of Indians in his riding. Our misgivings gained weight when he and his leaders in the cabinet resorted to cheap political trickery to sidestep the Natives' demand for a formal apology.

But we were left not the slightest room for doubt about this Government's real attitude to the Natives of B.C. when the only Indian civil servant in our province was forced to resign in face of a deliberate do-nothing policy on the part of the Social Credit Government in respect to matters affecting the Native population.

We might go further and say that Mr. Reg T. Kelly resigned his position as full-time secretary of the Provincial Advisory Committee on Indian Affairs because Native problems were deliberately ignored by a Government which is utterly indifferent to them.

Mr. Kelly refused to accept a position for himself and his people as a pliable puppet for Minister of Labor Lyle Wicks, a puppet which could be dangled before the public as "proof" that the Government does not discriminate against Natives.

But Mr. Kelly knew he would be practising deception on his people were he to accept the role proffered by Wicks; he would be drawing down his salary with not the slightest hope that recommendations submitted by him for helping his people would be acted upon by the cabinet.

Mr. Kelly is a man devoted to bettering the conditions of his people. He took his job seriously. For four years, he patiently made a study of their problems, gathered facts, and then made concrete proposals.

But in all the years with the Social Credit Government, his facts were ignored and his recommendations shelved.

It was after protracted attempts to get something done that Mr. Kelly finally realized it was farcical for him to remain in his position as secretary of a group destined, on order of Mr. Wicks, to accomplish absolutely nothing. It was a committee of words — not action but the courageous Mr. Kelly in tune with the will of his people, desired action, not meaningless words.

Mr. Kelly's replacement as head of the committee is a personal friend of Labor Minister Lyle Wicks, who apparently couldn't suffer to see an Indian in a position of authority and so turned to Prof. E. H. Morrow, retired Bachelor of Commerce.

Mr. Wicks, by virtue of his own appointment as Minister of Labor has thus become an expert on Indian affairs.

Though we do not question the motives of the estimable Prof. Morrow, we cannot but feel that his selection is the crowning insult to a long-suffering people. A white professor whose knowledge of Native problems and his personal contact with these people are virtually absent, is the man chosen by the small minded Mr. Wicks to head a committee on Indian Affairs.

The Advisory Committee did nothing before despite Mr.

# Dr. P. R. Kelly Our Choice For Canadian Senator

CANADIAN Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent has produced his list of 13 new Canadian Senators and defied tradition, albeit very mildly, in naming one Conservative to the Red Chamber.

There are many in Canada deserving the honor bestowed by the Prime Minister, possibly more so than some of those chosen to sit in the Upper House, but none more than one of our own British Columbia Natives.

He is Rev. Dr. Peter R. Kelly, father of the young man who resigned his position as a British Columbia civil servant rather than be used as a tool by a government indifferent to the fate of the Native Canadian.

Dr. Kelly, a Haida Indian and though under the Indian Act entitled to vote federally under a special section of the Dominion Elections Act, has headed the Native Brotherhood's legislative committee for many years. He, along with his fellow Indians, has fought against the insidious waiver system which would force Natives to sign away their aboriginal rights in return for the federal franchise.

This legislation contained in the Indian Act, were it proposed to any other group, would bring down the wrath of the Canadian people on these who devised it, but for some strange reason, there is little public protest against its application to Canada's Indian population.

The Indians to a man have of course turned down this sellout, just as any prospective citizen would refuse to give up his property for such a right choice which should never be set before any group of people.

Without the federal vote, the Indians are powerless to make their voices heard in the halls of government in Ottawa.

Their voices must be heard and we can think of no more competent nor respected person than Dr. Peter R. Kelly of the Queen Charlotte Islands, a very popular and able spokesman for his fellow Natives.

Kelly's relentless efforts; what will it do now with Prof. Morrow at its head?

We can only denounce Mr. Wicks and his Government for their abject failure to provide anything for the Natives of British Columbia and their latest piece of mischief smacks of snide, underhanded discrimination against the first people of our country.

And we most highly commend the fortitude of Mr. Kelly, his devotion to principle over all else; his renunciation of a secure position, a steady income for his wife and family, and finally, a government pension.

Here is a man who dwarfs the insignificant, egotistical men holding power in B.C. and above all, the small man whose frustrating apathy and inaction forced Mr. Kelly's resignation.

Reg. T. Kelly, a man plagued with illness but possessed of an extremely sensitive moral sense was the only bright spot in what is now a thoroughly dead issue.

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# B.C.'s Only Native Civil Servant Resigns Indian Affairs Committee

## OKLAHOMA REPORT

From Jimalee Burton

## Labor Minister's Apathy Forces Kelly To Quit

A well-known British Columbia labor department official has resigned because of disagreements with Social Credit Labor Minister Lyle Wicks over the handling of Indian affairs.

He is T. R. Kelly, former secretary of the provincial Indian advisory committee, and the only native Indian in the civil service.

Mr. Kelly is son of the Reverend Peter R. Kelly, of Rose Point, Queen Charlotte Islands. Rev. Kelly is chairman of the Native Brotherhood of B.C. Legislative Committee.

"When a civil servant differs with the minister, the civil servant goes," Mr. Kelly said, following his resignation late in July.

### MORROW IN CHARGE

Mr. Kelly felt the minister had no confidence in him, and that he preferred to see authority in the hands of Prof. E. H. Morrow, one of six unpaid honorary members of the Indian committee. Mr. Kelly was a full-time government employee.

He told the minister in his letter of resignation that he felt the present government had no real program for Indian welfare and equality of citizenship.

"I felt it was my duty to bring to the public, the Indians themselves and the various government departments, the Indian point of view. The minister differed with me," Mr. Kelly said.

He said the switch in authority to the chairman of the six-man committee was sanctioned by the minister.

### "LITTLE CONFIDENCE"

"He apparently had little confidence in my intelligence, my integrity, my ability or my initiative," Mr. Kelly said.

The committee was set up in 1950 and Mr. Kelly was appointed secretary at that time.

He said that since the committee began work many recommendations had been made which are still with the minister.

He said two things were accomplished while the Coalition was still in power—relaxation of liquor laws, and the land act was altered to permit Indians on reservations to pre-empt and buy government land and on the same basis as any other citizen.

He charged that since 1952, the government hasn't "really done anything to help the native Indians."

## Renew Your Sub

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## Indians Ask Quick Action on Claims

By GENE CURTIS

OKMULGEE—Oklahoma Indians don't want to go on the war path, but they made it plain here in mid-July they would like to have the millions of dollars due them for claims that have been filed against the government.

They voiced their feelings at a pow-wow of the Inter-Tribal Indian council, a group that represents 33 Oklahoma tribes, in the historic Creek tribal council house here. The purpose of the meeting was to figure ways to have the long overdue claims paid.

"All we want to do," Jack Scott, Okmulgee attorney who was re-elected president of the organization said, "is to build a fire under congress, or at least make smoke signals that can be seen and read in Washington."

Scott, a quarter Pottawatomie Indian, explained to the representatives from the various tribes that the best way this can be done is through a unified effort.

Harry J. W. Belvin, Durant, principal chief of the Choctaw nation, elaborated on that point. He explained he has found in deal-



JIMALEE BURTON  
Oklahoma Associate Editor

ing with the government that "when it knows the Indians are banded together, it will listen to you and you get things done."

Only a small band of Indians attended the pow-wow but the size of the group didn't seem to mar its enthusiasm.

The tribal representatives voted to revamp its constitution and by-laws, drafted in 1946 at Chillico Indian school, to provide for a permanent representative in Washington when congress is in session.

## Osages Collect On 'God's Trick'

PAWHUSKA July 21.—The Osage Indians stood to collect \$2,390,900 today in "one of the greatest tricks God ever played on the Caucasian race."

More than 500 oilmen paid that sum for 390 oil and gas leases recently in the richest sale in 22 years.

The money goes to the tribe, which was shoved off into some seemingly worthless scrub oak hill country by a treaty with the white men about 70 years ago.

The area later developed into one of America's greatest oil strikes, described in Edna Ferber's novel, "Cimarron."

"Those poor Indians were shoved off on the most worthless land in the territory, and then they struck oil," Dr. Charles Evans, Oklahoma historian, laughed today. "It was one of the greatest tricks ever played on the Caucasian race."

The government holds all mineral rights to Oklahoma's largest county in trust for the tribe. Any quarter-mile-square tract not already under lease is put up for auction if an oilman so requests.

Bidding is in terms of cash bonuses which are distributed among tribe members. The buyer also pays a fixed royalty on any oil produced.

## 'Native Voice' Is 'Champion'

Maisie Armytage-Moore Hurley, THE NATIVE VOICE, Vancouver.

Dear Friend of My People:

I've only been a subscriber for five years but feel from time to time that I should mention how much I enjoy your paper.

I feel the "Native Voice" is a champion of the Indians of Canada. There are many "white" people who are also interested in the cause who share my opinion.

Only recently have I left the Indians of Fort George, Quebec, where I taught children in the Mission School. I've enclosed a circular letter I've sent to friends thinking that you might be interested in the Natives elsewhere in Canada.

May I humbly suggest that the addresses of Amerindian and Smoke Signals be included in the "Native Voice" and possibly other Canadian publications dedicated to our brothers.

Would you notify the mailing room of my change of address, please. I shall be here for a year or so my doctor tells me.

May God bless you in your work.  
SARRY REA-AIRTH.

## 'Amerindian' Recommended

We highly recommend to our readers the 'Amerindian,' published bi-monthly by Marion E. Gridley, editor and publisher, 27 South Wabash Ave., Chicago 3, Illinois. Subscription is \$2.50 a year. This paper gives you highlights of Indian news and activities.

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# He Lived With the Sh

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HE did not say more to me until my face was good with clay and rawhide. The wonder of what had been for me he did not say until his medicine was over.

I spoke of the woman with golden hair and the two white men I had killed. I did not know he heard me. His eyes were closed. I saw the harm in what had been done by me. As he said our people would suffer for it, I knew he was right. I gave him this sadness to know and he brought his shoulder to me.

"The white man will turn the right of what has been done to a wrong," he said. "There will be no honor in his words of it." He took me from my tears with the whip of his tongue. "You looked upon this woman for yourself." He peered into my eyes and filled me with shame. He found the inside of me and reached down to bring it up. I was not kept from the sight of it. "The beat of your heart is the heart of your people — keep it alive."

He took a necklace of bear's teeth from about himself. He brought the warmth of his body to it then placed it around my neck. His eyes were inside of me again. The word he spoke was strange, it was not of our people. "Cha-la-nung," he said. Many times this word was on his lips until I was made to understand.

## Indian Friendship Tree Kept As Historic Object

Victoria—A single tree, which used to be two until Indians entwined them between 1858 and 1862 is to become an historic object.

The tree, said a government order-in-council passed recently, is in the Similkameen area.

The trees were entwined into one by the Indians when the international border was being marked. They did it as their way of showing how two nations enjoyed common friendship. Over the years the trees have grown into one.

The order-in-council says the tree is to be preserved.

## We Continue the Story of Great Chief Crazy

We continue on these pages 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 indirectly 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 message entitled 'Crazy Horse Speaks Out of Past' a graphic account of a great man and his story which we are sure will strike

"Go back," he said, "Go back."

That I should return to all the ways of our people was his word. My body, my mind and my heart. "Know the strength of a bear," he told me.

I held the teeth near to my heart. My eyes were wet with tears. My people saw that I wept for what had been done and gently held the heart of me for them.

MY sister came then to give me words that I put an end to the squaw circle. All the pain it brought her she let me know. I could not hide from her sorrow. It was dark on her face. But, I could not speak the comfort she would have. The word of the squaw circle had not been mine. The elders had been in council and brought the decision of the squaw circle to my tipi. Offense would have been theirs to wear if I had turned it aside. I was the chief, my wisdom was theirs. Their wisdom was my tongue and my actions. A chief is no greater than his council. I could not look away from it though the summers before me would take this from my mind's memory.

I asked my sister not to show me her tears. "Let your sorrow be away from me, Little Morning, sister of my mother's blood. Do not show me the wet of your cheeks."

My own face was bright with the heartache she felt. What she said then I do not forget. It stays with me. It haunts me when my life becomes of the past.

"What worth is the blood between us, my brother, when it means so little that another's Word comes first to you?"

I WAS glad to move from the talk she brought to me. The coming of a white man leading a cow gave her reason for my back.

I watched this man who was not

known to us as he rode into our village. He looked at us from the height of his horse. Fear was on his face as our eyes became one upon him. He raised no arm against us, we raised no arm against him. We gave him the peace in which he had come.

There was much clumsiness in him. When he went from his horse the length of his feet caught and he fell to the ground. He laughed with my people when they laughed. We now offered him our respect. It was said over fires that a man who can laugh with others when he makes mistakes is a man to be shown friendship and honor.

I gave him much nervousness as I looked at his hair. It was of the color of the pony Dull Knife had given to me. For a horse to wear this red of the sun was well. But, for a man . . . I wondered he did not ask to be scalped to be rid of it. I wanted to give this man my help even if he didn't ask for it.

He could see the look of my eye and laughed. That it would be a poor scalp, he said to me, the hair would fall from the skin. The word with him of himself was that he was good for nothing.

The cast of my jaw kept me from the laugh I would give to him. The question of why he was in our village I would have said but the way of our fathers was in me. For a man to speak you must wait. You do not give him a warm face to wear for words he does not want to say.

The hand he held to me in friendship I accepted.

I DID not feel that his head was placed right upon his body when he said of me if I was the one who had killed the two soldiers. I saw the braves touch their knives. Deep was the emotion in me for my people. They would defend me. I was of their blood and my harm would be theirs to wear. It would have been the same if the clown of the village I became.

My people did not leave one of their blood to fight alone. If he was right or if his deed was of the wrong, it was not his battle. His people stood with him, not in the back to come up if he began to fall, but with him at his side. The strength of the enemy did not matter. My people were one. I

was proud of this blood that bound us together. I thought then it would always be ours. I did not know that when the greatest fight came upon us we would fall from one another as the dried seeds of a gourd that has been smashed upon a rock.

The white man would smile upon this victory. I cry now that my people come again as one. Let them know the good way of their fathers that the white man's smile can be gone.

I had no word for this man with the crying hair until he went to say he was from the white woman I had saved from her people.

There was much talk in this man and many words that meant nothing. They went like a feather upon the wind. From him I would have known one word and long there was for me to wait to hear it.

The cow he said was to be my drink until the bone of my face was well.

What drink of the cow I would take I did not say to him. The white milk would be for the children and the old squaws. The blood of her would be mine. Then the burning of me was over when he named the woman his sister with the golden hair.

That she was his squaw I said and he was made sad with it. He pointed to the bad shape of his face and would have laughed. That all women turn from him he said to me. None would take him for the fear they would have children with his face.

That a woman would come to him one day for his heart I let

## Wishes Many More Would Subscribe

Editor, "Native Voice":

Enclosed find \$2.00 for my subscription to your newspaper.

I certainly appreciate your paper very much. I wish that many more of our people would subscribe to your paper.

In conclusion, may the "Great Spirit" give you the power to continue the wonderful way that you have in the past.

Bless all our Native people that we might retain what little is left of our once "vast" country.

CLINTON RICKARD,  
Chief, Tuscarora Indian Res.  
President, Indian Defense  
League of America.

Thank you, Chief Clinton Rickard, for your kindly wishes to The Native Voice. The Voice is published in the hope that it will bring all the Natives of the Americas together. This can only be accomplished by unity and unity we must have if we wish to gain strength to accomplish the things we are fighting for so that the Natives can take their rightful place in the country they own.

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# Shadows of His People

## zy Horse

itled, "Voice of Great Chief Through Friend." This tra- is people will be carried over ice' in serial form. It is a ke the hearts of our readers.

him know. In the light of the morning a woman would find what was inside of him and take his hand to her heart.

The white man gave me his hand as he would leave. I took it and breathed upon it. I would have him as my friend. My people took him as I had done. The council came to stand before him. The old man of them took his hand to his heart. Our friendship was one.

IT WAS not so with Sitting Bull who had seen more of the white man. He went to the ground and took up a handful of dust. He threw it into the air. Through the cloud a vision came to him. He spoke it loud. It was spread the village that was of a thousand and more Dakota. "I see death for you and those of our blood. You will cry but no ear will there be to hear your voice. You will sorrow as you look over this land. It will be gone to you. Only the memory of this day will stay alive."

The women wailed for this; the council went to shoulders to weep. Sitting Bull had said it and it would come for us. A vision of hope he would see but none came to him. He wept with his people.

His word was that the heart of us bring us together always. The heart of us would unite us as brothers.

Now it was over for us. We turn from the brother who comes with his tears; we turn from the good of our fathers. The hand is closed; the heart is not of a song's beat, it is spoiled with the words of shame from the white man.

I pray now let it be ended! My people, my people, give your hands that we become as one.

Four arrows in the earth was the making of the squaw circle. Sitting Bull left for the Haa-sa-ta to bring back a gift from the

Great One. It would touch Little Morning and be his wish of happiness to her.

WORD was for me that the soldiers of the fort would hear me for the killing I had done. For the truth of what the white woman had said it was for me to say. I rode with Little Morning to the fort that a smile could be hers.

The people and soldiers of Lodge Grass Fort were as friends to us. But, we could see the truth of their faces. They looked at the water on our land and would wash themselves in it. For this they kept peace with us. Few there were of them, many there were of us. Our eyes could see the guns and iron pellets of death that filled their powder house.

Only my people lived with the picture of peace. We gave our hearts to the land and to the words of our fathers.

I could feel the hands of my fathers draw me from the fort as the gate was made open for Little Morning and me. The chant of death was in my ear. But, the word of the council that I stand before the white soldiers was behind me. It was said my voice I should give. It was a bad hurt that came my people that day. Little Morning said it as she was touched with this cold. But, the word of the council was with her, and I stood before the white soldiers.

They heard my voice that was no different from the white woman's. They smiled upon it and gave their hands.

THE woman with the golden hair came to stand before me when I would leave the fort with Little Morning. Her thanks were for me again and the open door of her house was given. It was as we stood there a white soldier who was not of the fort came to us. His were the men I had killed.

Few were his years more than mine. The walk of him was straight, his body like a tall tree. His face was beautiful like a woman's, his hair was golden and yellow. In his eyes, as he came to be with us I found hate for my people. The word of him was the same. He said how he had brought

them through a war with his own people. Now they were killed by a savage. His sword would give them rest.

Hate was deep in him and he gave it to the white woman. She would know it he said. Only was there goodness in him when he looked at Little Morning. Many words came to be his lips but they were not said. His steps away from her were fast. You are an Indian, that we could hear him say.

Another came to be of us then who was of our blood but whose ways were of the white man. Much talk of him was there in our villages. He went among our people with a black book that kept the white man's God a prisoner. The name of him was Frankato. Three summers ago he had taken a coup and placed the feather of an eagle in his hair. He was high among the braves. His blood was

good, the way of him was like his fathers.

Now it was no more with him. He wore the clothes of a white man and had taken the feather from his hair. But with all this, he could not hide the Indian blood that was in him. He was a Dakota. It was in his eyes and the black straightness of his hair.

(Continued Next Issue.)

## Picture Credit To Lee Holt

In our last issue, we neglected to credit the splendid cover photo to Lee Holt, whose skill with the camera is well known. Our apologies to Mr. Holt and the Vancouver Sun for the oversight.

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CONTINUED

By NEWELL E. COLLINS

# Tecumseh and the War of 1812

The following extract from Jefferson's correspondence indicates that at this time the administration did not fully appreciate the importance of controlling transportation on the upper lakes:

Monticello, October 1, 1812.

"I feel that Hull's surrender has been more than the loss of a year to us. Besides bringing on us the whole mass of savage nations, whom fear, not affection, has kept quiet, there is danger that in giving time to the enemy who can bring reinforcements of regulars faster than we can raise them, they may strengthen Canada and Halifax beyond the assailment of our lax and divided powers. Perhaps, however, the patriotic efforts of Kentucky and Ohio, by recalling the British to its upper posts, may give time to Dearborn to strike a blow. Effectual possession of the river from Montreal to Chaudiere, which is practicable, would give us the upper country at our leisure and close forever the scenes of the tomahawk and scalping knife."

## CHAPTER VII

### The Battle of The Raisin

It was midsummer of 1812 before there had been any great apprehension felt for Hull at Detroit. Governor Harrison of Indiana had gone to Kentucky at the invitation of Governor Scott, when word was received that the Detroit fort was in immediate danger. In the emergency all eyes turned toward the Indiana governor—the "Hero of Tip-

pecanoe," who was by this time a political favorite.

While it is possible that Harrison was ambitious for the political prestige that a successful military campaign would give him, he certainly did possess more military ability than many of the leaders selected previously. In addition, he had had considerable experience in frontier warfare. The retired Revolutionary heroes who had heretofore been chosen for positions of

## Skidegate Mission Foils Weatherman

By having the holiday May 23, we sure fooled the weather man. For about the past eight years, every 24th of May has been wet and miserable, and of course, it was this year. But we celebrated on the 23rd this year and we had a lovely warm day. Races and other sports for the youngsters, sponsored by the Sons of Skidegate, started off at 12 p.m. with prizes galore being won by the children.

Crowning of the May Queen took place at 2 p.m. This is the first year we have had a May Queen so Mayor George Young had the honor of crowning the girl voted most popular, who was pretty little Gladys Russ. Her four attendants were Isabel Young, Blanche Russ, Carol Young and Pat Young.

A game of softball played between the Sons of Skidegate and the Charlottes team was won by the Charlottes, the score being 15-14.

Hot dogs, soft drinks, pies, coffee, salads and meats were sold in booths sponsored by different groups of the Spencer Memorial Church.

A dance with music supplied by the Harmony Boys concluded the festivities of May 23.

After two months of work on the new concrete dam, it has finally been completed and is now in use.

A Benefit Dance was held June 10th for Mrs. Pearl Jones, a young widow with six children. All their clothing and bedding were lost in a fire which burned down the whole building. The dance held by The 'Girls' Club was not advertised enough so unfortunately there was not a big crowd.

Spencer Memorial Church W.A. held a rummage sale and tea Thursday, June 9th, to raise funds to pay for the church piano.

responsibility in the army, were not only too old, but were entirely unfamiliar with this type of warfare. Governor Scott called what he termed a "caucus" of influential citizens and officials for the purpose of offering his colleague a commission as Major General. This measure was highly popular in spite of the fact that Harrison was not a resident of Kentucky.

Actually, General James Winchester outranked Harrison, but he permitted the latter to assume command—later claiming that he had been the victim of an intrigue. However, although Winchester had received positive orders from the War Department to take command of the army of the northwest, a few days later the President, conferring with Secretary of War Eustis, agreed to give Harrison a commission as Brigadier General, in command of all the northwestern forces.

Winchester was 61 years of age and had lived on his estate in Tennessee for the previous 30 years. He is reported to have been fat, flabby, pompous and overbearing as well as stubborn and self-willed. He finally chose to accept a subordinate position under Harrison in preference to joining the division at Niagara.

Harrison's military experience was sufficient to convince him that Hull could not be expected to hold out for any great length of time. Recruiting was therefore commenced immediately in Ohio and Kentucky and in Pennsylvania

as soon as practicable. The northwestern army was to consist of ten thousand men, most of them to come from Ohio and Kentucky. Recruiting in the two western territories was handled by Harrison's aides, Richard M. Johnson, John Logan and William S. Hunter. General Robert Crooks and General Joel Leftwich were in charge of the recruiting in Pennsylvania. Unlimited funds and supplies were provided.

On August 15, 1812, the First Regiment under Colonel John Scott and the Fifteenth under Colonel William Lewis, the First Rifle Regiment under Colonel John Allen and the Seventh U.S. Infantry under Colonel Samuel Wells, assembled at Georgetown, Kentucky, the whole being under the command of Brigadier General Payne.

(Continued Next Issue)

## Subscriber Writes

Crandon, Wis.

Enclosing money order for another two years of "The Native Voice" newspaper.

Am very interested reading it every month.

It's a very fine paper of its kind to read, my oldest children really enjoy reading it. I also send a copy of sample clips to my friends, so they can send for it too.

MRS. MARY NAHBAHTA.

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# Hopis Ask Independence

(Adapted from "The Washington Post" May 19, 1955)

Six Hopi Indians, disturbed by an ancient prophecy, came down from the mesa tops of Northern Arizona to Washington last week to seek their tribe's independence from the United States.

"The atomic bomb, together with strangling bureaucratic restrictions will destroy their people, and all North American life," they say, and so the Hopis want independence. They came also to air some grievances.

Led by the Sun Clan advisor, Dan Katchongva, the six, wearing homemade moccasins and beads, made their appearance here unannounced and without prearrangement.

They first set out to see the "top man" in Washington, but "he was all tied up, they told us," sighed the interpreter Thomas Banyacya, of the Coyote Clan, Oraibi Village.

They did get an interview with the top man on Indian business, Glenn L. Emmons, commissioner of the Interior Department's Indian Affairs. From him, they obtained assurance for an unprecedented council between Washington and Hopi. A commission was to investigate Hopi grievances in July, talk with the traditional leaders in their own villages.

Their A-bomb concern is based on the old Hopi prophecy that goes something like this: "Someday there will be a road in the sky, a machine will ride this road and drop a gourd of ashes and destroy the people and boil the land. There will be ashes all over."

Regarding the Hopi stand for independence, the interpreter said the surviving 4,000 Hopis want "to live in peace as brothers (Banyacya has served two terms in prison as a Conscientious Objector to war). We cannot have everlasting life by destroying the life or property of anyone."

The Hopi villages desire their independence, he said, "because

we never joined the United States, and we were here almost 2,000 years before the United States 'claimed' us. We have never been in a war with the United States and have therefore never been conquered or subdued; neither have we ever signed a treaty or agreement with Washington or anybody else which would limit, or abolish our original sovereignty."

As for persecutions of Hopis by Washington, Katchongva's father spent time in Alcatraz because he held true to the Creator's instructions and therefore refused to comply with the Government instructions. The Sun Clan advisor himself had 250 head of sheep when he resolved to continue living the Hopi-Way and ignore the bureaucratic grazing regulations. He ended up with a literal "ball and chain" working on a prison road gang four years. Now he has no sheep, or even horses with which to work his gardens. All this because he holds to his ancient, traditional religion; his truly peaceful way of life; and refuses to accept the doles, pensions, subsidies, rules and regulations of Washington, D.C.

The Hopis also objected to recent legislation permitting States to sell liquor to Indians.

### LETTER FROM THE INDIAN COMMISSIONER

(The following is from a letter written by the U.S. Dept. of the Interior's Commissioner of Indian Affairs, May 26, 1955):

... While it was not possible to arrange a conference for the group with President Eisenhower, I met with them for about an hour one afternoon and members of our staff held discussions with them off and on over a period of several days. After learning first-hand about the nature of their problems, I decided that a special team of top staff people in the Bureau should be organized as quickly as possible to visit the Hopi area and make a thorough study of the situation. This team, which will be headed by my assistant, Mr. Thomas M. Reid, has been instructed to visit each of the Hopi villages (both "traditional" and "progressive") and to stay long enough in the area for a full and adequate discussion of the many complex issues involved.

... I feel sure you will be pleased to know about the efforts we are making to bring about a solution which will be satisfactory to all elements in the Hopi population."

# Blood Donor Clinics Need Your Support

There are many forms of sickness which have no relationship to what you may be doing, where you are working, or what the season of the year may be. Serious illness has a habit of striking at any time and frequently with very little warning. That is why the Red Cross Society Transfusion Service must have its stock of blood built up month in and month out the year round.

It has been pointed out on previous occasions that this Blood Transfusion Service is free and is just as accessible to Indians as it is to any other group—it is there when it is really needed. It seems only fair and proper that the Indian people should take a definite interest in donating blood, when they have the opportunity, to replenish stocks which may have been used elsewhere.

It is suggested that you take careful note of the places and dates listed below, and you are urged to play your part in this very worthwhile program by donating some of your blood. The quantity needed from any one person is really rather small but it may prove to be a life-saving factor for someone who may be badly in need of it.

August 10	Abbotsford
August 11	Agassiz
August 12	Hope
August 30	Mission
August 31	Haney
September 7, 8, 9	Kamloops
September 19	Quesnel
September 20, 21, 22	Prince George
September 26, 27, 28	Chilliwack
October 11, 12, 13	Vernon
October 18, 19, 20	Kelowna

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## Difficulty with Gov't

The white man (particularly those who are members of parliament and of the provincial legislatures) should be interested in knowing that the Natives of Canada are having difficulty in dealing with the Dominion Government. This difficulty stems from the fact that: No department of the Dominion Government is empowered to acquire any titles to land. Our Council of Caughnawaga (near Montreal) find regardless of the price offered them for their land, there is no department of the Dominion Government, nor any individual connected with the government who can acquire the title to the land to provide a "right of way" for the St. Lawrence Seaway project.

By the terms of the Colonial Charter granted March 29, 1867, the Dominion has administration authority only. Section 109: Provides that the title to all land in Canada is exclusively a provincial matter—"subject to any interest other than that of the Province in the same"—which is the land titles held by the Natives. It is true that leases have been granted and signed by the province, in order that administrative authority may be exercised over harbors and shipping; national parks; and military camps, etc., in each respective province; but the title to the land is retained by the department of lands of the provinces. This includes the land occupied by the Parliament Buildings and offices of the Dominion Government in Ottawa, the title to this land is

held by the Province of Ontario. The Dominion Government, simply by making promises to the United States, can not clothe itself with authority inconsistent with the Constitution which gave it birth.

The exclusive title to the land of Quebec (except for Native Reserves) has been held by the province since the Treaty of Paris, 1763. It will doubtless be conceded that the Imperial Government can not now alter an exclusive power held by the province for nearly two hundred years and which was reaffirmed in Section 109 of the British North America Act. It is possible that the land required for the Seaway project could be purchased by Quebec and thereafter leased to the Dominion Government. We have reached an impasse, which should be brought to the attention of the representatives of the provinces at the forth-coming Conference.

It will doubtless be admitted that the Dominion cannot alter by so much as a "comma," an agreement negotiated by the representatives of Great Britain and ourselves.

As the House of Commons and Senate of Canada are not constituted to acquire a title or dispose of any land, (this is not within their orbit or function) and as the Governor General and the Prime Minister would readily declare that they could not personally acquire a title to the public lands of Canada; to whom could we transfer the title?

CHIEF WAPANATAK,  
(Grand Chief Te Quitchetahl).

## Federal Officials Probing Indian Conditions in B.C.

Special representatives from the federal government met over 46 councillors of the Indian tribes, who had gathered recently from all over the Southern B.C. Coast as far north as Bella Bella, and up the Fraser valley as far as Yale and Hope.

The federal government was represented by Col. Lovell Fortier, Deputy Minister of Immigration and Citizenship; Col. H. M. Jones, director of Indian Affairs, and Len L. Brown, solicitor. The meeting was held behind closed doors at the Pender Auditorium.

From information given after the meeting it is clear that this commission is not in a position to discuss the three questions

that are forefront in the Indian citizen's mind as to full citizenship. (At the moment an Indian loses all rights under the Indian Act as soon as he wishes to vote in federal affairs.)

The Indians also wish the law of aboriginal rights clearly stated and protected, and they are asking for further education for their children. In B.C. alone over 2,000 children are without benefit of education, Indian officials said.

Many of the Indians feel the Royal Proclamation dated Oct. 7 1763, has been entirely neglected and ignored whenever the question of Indian land and properties have come up against that of large companies.

## AN INDIAN PRAYER

"Oh Great Spirit: Whose voice I hear in the winds, and whose breath gives life to all the world, hear me. I am a man before You, one of your many children — I am small and weak. I need Your strength and wisdom. Let me walk in beauty and make my eyes behold the red and purple sunset. Make my hands respect the things You have made; my ears sharp to hear Your voice. Make me wise, so that I may know many things you have

taught my people. The lesson you have hidden in every leaf and rock. I seek strength not to be superior to my brothers, but to be able to fight my greatest enemy — myself. Make me ever ready to come to You with clean hands and straight eyes, so when life fades as a fading sunset my spirit may come to You without shame."

— From Chief Yellow Lark.  
Published at the request of Charles S. Wells, in tribute to one of his best friends, Chief Crazy Bull.

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