

the NATIVE VOICE

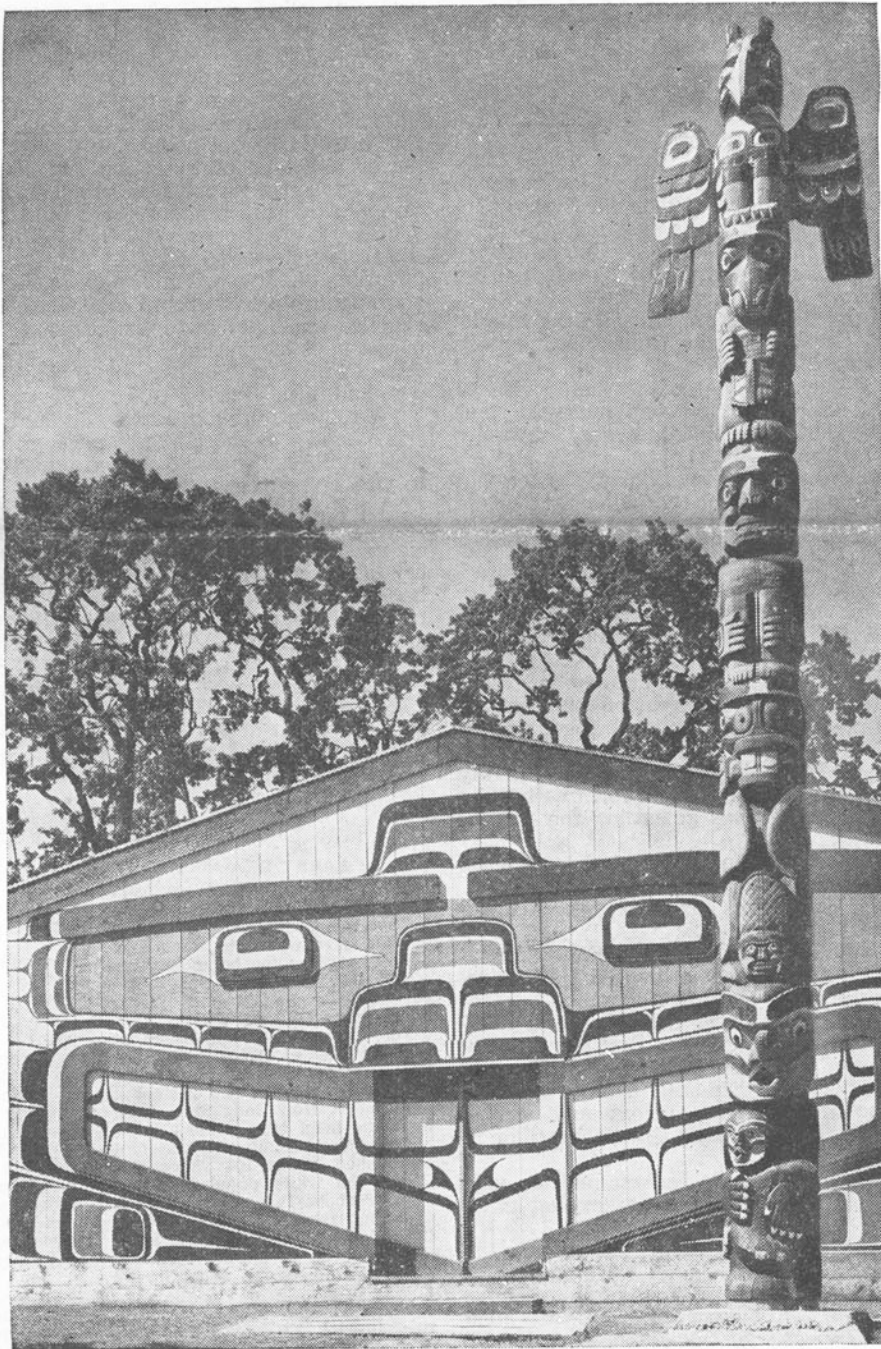
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COLORFUL AND INTRICATE workmanships of British Columbia Indians is displayed in Victoria's Thunderbird Park. Totem poles and other examples of typical Native art stand in this park, located near the Legislative buildings. Thousands of visitors annually come to study the historical and dramatic exhibit. (CPR Photo).



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Glad He Saw the Light Before It Was Too Late!

By BIG WHITE OWL, Eastern Associate Editor

I WAS more than a little perturbed by Chief E. P. Garlow's unprecedented action when he advised his followers not to have any part of provincial vote extended to the Ontario Indians in this year's election. I just could not understand his stand on this wonderful privilege which was granted, at long last, to all Indian tribes resident in Ontario. However, I am glad he saw the light before it was too late!

In my seven point brief which I presented to the Special Joint Committee of the Senate and the House of Commons appointed to examine and consider the old Indian Act, and which was printed in Minutes of Proceedings and Evidence No. 14, Thursday, July 18, 1946, I urged that my seven point brief be given careful consideration and be incorporated wholly or in part into the New Indian Act.

The following are but a few of the suggestions I offered at the time: "In the New Magna Carta for the Indians of Canada the following provisions be made:

- (1) *The right to vote in Provincial and Federal elections.*
- (2) *The right to retain their lands.*
- (3) *The right to acquire more lands.*
- (4) *The right to retain treaty rights and other privileges.*
- (5) *The right to full citizenship without having to sell out their inherited birthright.*

The band or tribe which declines to approve of these several provisions will surely drift to the rear of the great advance in this historical march of progression being made by the Red Indian race."

During the last decade I was happy to see many of my provisos and suggestions taking on a positive form within the structure of the rules and regulations governing the Indians of Canada.

But I was never more elated and relieved than when I read the following item in one of our local newspapers:

"Iroquois Indian Chief Apologizes for Urging the Six Nations People Not to Vote.

Brantford, Ontario, July 7th, 1955. Chief E. P. Garlow today apologized for having urged Indians of the Six Nations reserve not to vote in the June 9th Ontario election.

He made his public apology at nearby Ohsweken at a meeting of the Six Nations elected council—the first since voting day—and said he had been mistaken in his contention that by voting the Indians would jeopardize their treaty rights.

His fellow councillors accepted the apology and decided not to proceed with a formal request that Chief Councillor E. P. Garlow be forced to resign.

The election—first in which Ontario Indians had the vote—saw only 14 per cent of the eligible Six Nations voters go to the polls.

In concluding I would leave this message: Let us save the best of the old, and take the best of the new! We must do this in order to live as a people. We must try to create a new hope for the ageing ones, and for the younger generation we must provide a more up-to-date vocational education. We must do something to bring good cheer to our poor and lonely ones, and comfort them in their misery. We must act now! Then, some day, in the not too far-distant future, out of the gloom and the ashes of the past; out from the misty and foggy era of illiteracy, shall rise a new people, a wiser people, a stronger and more virile people, a braver and more noble people, and they shall be of the RED INDIAN race!

I Have Spoken.

At Bella Bella

WILFRED HUMCHITT DELIVERS STUDENTS' VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

AS Valedictorian it is my honour to speak for the eleven graduating students of Bella Bella. This occasion in some respects is a most happy one, and also it is a sad occasion. It is a happy one as it represents the first step toward our educational goal. It is sad because we will be leaving for a short time, our village, our friends, our homes, and our parents to go among strangers.

Looking backward over the years we spent in school, there comes to mind many pleasant memories. You and I all remember many funny incidents that took place even in grade 1 and 2. We also look backward and pride ourselves in the problems we have solved and the obstacles we have overcome.

The school as an institution has guided us since we were in grade 1 and now at long last you are giving us a send off into a world that is advancing technically so quickly that the newest machine of today will be obsolete tomorrow but we hope we can face our new problems as bravely as our forefathers faced the dangers of the hunt and the wars.

But we are proud to say that we have received many benefits from school. To name them all would be quite impossible but some of the more important ones are the qualities of good sportsmanship, citizenship and above all we have learned to practice and appreciate the democratic way of life. We all owe a debt of gratitude to all the teachers who were at our sides to give us a helping hand whenever it was needed and who had faith in us.

We know that the future will have to overcome many obstacles and that success does not come easy, each of us has his own ambition, but we all strive to succeed so as to bring honour to you, our parents and friends.

We leave now because this is 1955 and our age old ways of life are being replaced, and if our race is to hold its head high we must sacrifice many things, but always in our hearts the cry of the gull, the smell of the smoked fish, the laughter of happy friends, scenes of communal happiness or common sorrow will be embedded and passed on to our children and grandchildren.

WILFRED HUMCHITT,
 Son of Chief Johnny Humchitt.

Ft. George School Described

By GARRY REA-AIRTH

To tell about Fort George and St. Philip's Indian and Eskimo School is a problem for me since I'm not sure where to start. If I were to start at the beginning, I'm afraid that this letter might develop into a small book and for a letter that would not do.

Fort George is a small island on the east coast of James Bay, in the Province of Quebec, about 300 miles or so from the end of steel at Moosonee. How long the white man has been here I don't know but the Anglican Mission was first established about 104 years ago. Today the white population consists of about 14 persons. This is excluding the staff of the Roman Catholic Mission who seldom leave their property at the northern end of the island. We're about in the middle of it.

We've a large residence (that is the editorial "we") for the 86 children who live here 10 months of the year. The majority come from Fort George with one or two from small camps up or down the Bay. They are divided into Junior, Intermediate and Senior groups. The youngest is about 4 and the oldest is 16. When they reach their 16th birthday they leave the school unless they are especially promising and then the Government will send

them outside to high school if they have, of course, reached Grade 8. In this main building the children eat and sleep. They have a supervisor for the girls and one for the boys and since the school is quite crowded they sleep in double bunks in their dormitories.

The dining room is quite large and the children set the tables, wash the dishes and sweep. They are fed very well and mostly on plain kinds of food that the native people can buy here. Often they have seal, fish, rabbit, beaver and goose. They do not use knives or forks but just their hands and their tablespoons because they do not have anything else at their own homes; so to teach them to use the implements we use would be useless except for those who are going outside and of course they are taught correct usage. I might say at this time that I take meal duty three times a week. I help serve and see that they do not talk too much, if at all. At first it was odd seeing rabbit eyes floating on the soup and to have a beaver's head, teeth and all, peering up at you from a bowl but I've adjusted fairly well. Young beaver tastes very good but old beaver is very "gamey."

(Continued Next Issue)

BIG WEDDING AT MASSET

St. John's Anglican Church of Masset was the setting of a very lovely wedding on July 2, when Lena Amanda, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jones, was united in marriage to Jack Evans Edgars, son of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Edgars, also of Masset, with Rev. Young officiating.

The bride was given in marriage by her father, bridal attendants were Mrs. Ethel Jones as matron of honour, and bridesmaids were Rosie White, Saisy Parnell, Mary Smith and Joslyn Jones. Flower girls were nieces of the bridegroom, little Pansy White and Susan Williams dressed in dainty pink dresses and carrying bouquets.

Abel Brooks was best man and ushers were Paul White, Isaac Edgars, Eddie Jones, Paul Bell and Peter Jones. Wedding party was held in the old Masset Community Hall, first speaker being Robert Davidson, uncle of the bride.

Chief William Matthews, another uncle of the bride, also gave a speech and wished the bride and groom many happy and prosperous years.

The lovely four-tier wedding cake was baked by Mrs. festa Hageman of Masset. All flowers used at the wedding were made by Mrs. Grace Oaky, also of Masset. Music was by the Bell Brothers.

Mrs. Isaac Edgars sang an Indian song dedicated to the bride and groom. Among out of town guests at the ceremony and reception were relatives of the bride and groom, Mr. Ralph Young, Mr. and Mrs. George Young, Mr. and Mrs. James Gladstone and Mrs. Flora Collinson, all of Ekiidegate Mission.

The bride and groom were the recipients of many lovely and useful gifts. The newlyweds will make their home in Masset. Good luck.

Whispering Pines

Did you ever stop to listen
To the whispers of the pines?
They tell the strangest stories,
Of courage, peace, of time.
Beside the mountain trail today,
I sat me down so still,
With the solitude and grandeur,
My very being thrilled.
My thoughts were lifted heavenward,
My spirit grew serene—
While listening to the whispering pines
Beside the mountain stream.
JIMALEE BURTON,
Oklahoma, Associate Editor.

Alaska Native Art On Display

The Alaska Native Arts and Crafts Exhibition, loaned by the Department of the Interior, United States Government, will be on display under the joint sponsorship of the B.C. Indian Arts and Welfare Society and the Art Gallery of Greater Victoria for a full month.

It may be seen at the Gallery, 1040 Moss Street from 8 p.m. Monday, September 12 to Sunday, Oct. 12.

Gallery hours are 1 to 5 p.m. Tuesday to Saturday; Sunday is 2 to 5 p.m. Closed Mondays.

Admission on Sunday is free while other days there is a small charge of 25 cents.

Signs Himself As 'Foreigner'

Dear Mrs. Hurley:
I am enclosing money order for \$1.50 as renewal subscription to your excellent paper.

Your editorial policy of a fair deal for the Natives of B.C. should have the support of every right-thinking person in this country. Too long have the Natives of B.C. been considered second-class citizens. Those who know them realize that if given a break they are some of the finest citizens of this country.

I sign myself,
"ISAKON."
In the language of the Tahltan Senpe (Tahltan people) the word "Isakon" means foreigners, people who are not Native, whitemen.

Sell Seneca Root

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Alta. — The Indians have come to town selling seneca root, which brings 35 cents a pound green. Most of them have anywhere from 50 to 100 pounds.

The root—also known in former years for centuries as a cure for rattlesnake bites and a remedy for bronchial troubles. Old ladies brew a fearsome mixture of their own which is bitter, but will cure practically anything, they claim, including rheumatism and sores.

When dried, with shrinkage less than half, the root brings more than twice as much per pound. But drying it is "white man's work," the Indians say.

Chief Peters Describes Meeting With Officials

By CHIEF O. D. PETERS

Attending the conference in Vancouver August 20-21, called by the officials of the Indian Affairs Branch, Ottawa, were the Deputy Minister of Citizenship and Immigration, Laval Portier, H. M. Jones Director of Indian Affairs; L. L. Brown, a lawyer in charge of Legal Affairs and Trust within the Indian Department, Ottawa; local officials, Indian Commissioner W. S. Arneil, and delegates from various tribes from Bella Bella, East and West Coast of Vancouver Island, Central Interior to Pemberton and Fraser River to Yale with their superintendents.

About 50 delegates, Chiefs and prominent men, contributing intelligently and efficiently on the Indian Act discussions. Among them were Chief Danny Paul of North Vancouver, a young Chief from the West Coast, Clarence Joe of Sechelt, Vincent Harris, Richard Mallova, and Albert Douglas of the Fraser Valley. An old friend of ours who contributed most efficiently on the legal angles of the discussion was none other than Mr. Andy Paull.

Many sections of the Indian Act were discussed. We protested what is generally deemed detrimental to the better interest of our Native People.

I emphatically protested and requested deletion of Section 112, Compulsory Enfranchisement. My sincere plea was that "On behalf of the Native People who I humbly represent, I was urged to make a strong protest and request a complete deletion of that section, it is not only misleading, but would lead our Native People to total ruin, destruction and complete elimination of the Native Race, with deed and title free to sell our lands, get all our monies out of the Indian Department to spend as we please, and with our lands completely sold out, where do we go? We can't retire to China, Japan, Scotland, England or any part of Europe. This country is our Father and Mother Land, where our an-

cestors were the aboriginal inhabitants from far beyond what is defined in the history of Canada. Due to lack of intelligence by most of our Native People concerning monetary affairs, when everything is exhausted, then the Governments involved would have a serious problem to create Reserves way back of the hills. It took a hundred and fifty years to get our present financial position; we have ample funds entrusted in the Indian Department for our welfare in general; it would take another hundred and fifty years to regain that if we lost it, and many more.

So my people sincerely request a complete deletion of that part of the Indian Act, and enfranchisement be maintained an individual choice and privilege, and whoever wishes to forgo their birthright, aboriginal rights and tradition, they vacate the Indian Reserves, and our lands be kept intact for the benefit of our future generations."

There was no direct reply, except that it was a Federal jurisdiction, but it may never apply.

One of our Native girls employed at the Indian Commissioner's office at Vancouver (she is a graduate stenographer) took shorthand minutes of the meeting for the report of the officials on their return to Ottawa. She is Miss Raymond Tom of Spence's Bridge, B.C. She was accorded a cordial ovation by the delegates. We were given an unbiased hearing by the officials, and they were diplomatically co-operative on all discussions, and promised amendments to the Indian Act, and there may be achievements by an Order in Council.

Mr. Robert Clifton, President of the Native Brotherhood of B.C., and Mr. Andy Paull extended appreciation to the officials as a whole, and the Deputy Minister in conclusion thanked the delegates in a most diplomatic manner. My personal estimation of the Deputy Minister . . . I have never had the honor to meet a nicer gentleman.

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He Lived With the Sh

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He said he would come to my village to bring our people to the way of the Great One. I shook my head for this. I did not think he had his. The Great One was with us, we did not have to find Him as Frankato said. I saw Him as Frankato talked in the earth and the trees. He was in the flowers and the sky. On our trails He walked with us. This I said to Frankato. I did not see how he could bring the Great One to us.

For the blow he gave to his people I gave to him. I said of the squaw circle and how he should appear before Little Morning.

THE tongue of the braves was for war when it was said by a messenger how the squaw of a Sha-hi-yena was taken before him by a white man and then killed. It was a black word to touch the squaw circle and many eyes were wet. Death arrows were taken to the hand and the heart of my people became one. The wound of our brother, the Sha-hi-yena, was ours to wear. But, the word of 'peace' was from Dull Knife and our hands were beneath us. The squaws returned to their circle for Little Morning.

Sitting Bull came from the Haa-sa-ta with all the goodness of the Great One. It was for us to breathe and to touch. The flowers of the high mountains took hate from our hearts and gave us the peace of

His Being. We were still in what He had given us and gave our tears to say our sorrow for the want to war. The good of our people we came then to know. Songs of peace and love were with us. The smell of burning sage and cedar was in the air. Laughter and happiness became our voice. We kept this with us, holding it in our hearts, giving it to our children who were not born.

The soldier with the yellow hair and handsome face ended it for us. With the high of the moon he came to our village. There was the hand of friendship with him and he smiled. The voice he had was for Little Morning and she was taken from the squaw circle to sit with us in my tipi.

How many were the words in him I do not know. They were his tongue but he could not speak them. His heart he tried to say with the tears of his eyes. It was for Little Morning that I could understand. He stood in his own quiet for many shadows. Then, when he would leave his voice was a prayer that said we should not forget that a part of him was good.

In the peace he came he rode away and Little Morning was returned to the squaw circle.

ISAY now the word of the old man of our village who spoke to the many braves who would have Little Morning. It is for men of my people to hear

that our women do not go to the white man with their heart.

"Come here with your hearts. You step before a maiden whose pureness is as the blooms she sits upon. As their beauty is of a short dawn, her beauty is of short Springs. Bring her to you for the heart that would tell you of its love. Guard her for the warmth she will give the coldness of the empty summers that are before you. Do not smother her with the thirst of your youth then free her to the tears of loneliness. Give her your life. Place it in the hands she will open to you."

It was over and then the many braves came to stand before the squaws and Little Morning. Frankato was among them and for that Little Morning smiled. I knew she would look to him and I was made sad. The voice he had was of peace. He did not say the feathers of coup he had once worn. He would hold her in the great strength of his arms. That was his offer. The other braves she did not hear; she had given her smile to Frankato.

A HEAVY cloud was brought down upon us then by Sitting Bull. The picture of his vision he told us. Tears were taken from our bodies, our hearts were broken. We could not breathe for it. We were without hope. We were blind though our eyes could see. Our glories were blind though our eyes could

Tragic Account

Appearing on these pages the fascinating story of Chibcha-la-nung who prepared it for the Dakotas. It was told in the Voice after keeping it in her long years. This grim account several issues of The Native only of a man, but of a people.

see. Our glories were gone. There was none to come before us. We were tired and prayed that the Great One would take us. We wanted peace away from the white man.

That was the picture Sitting Bull had for our people. I cried against it but for me there was more to hear:

"You will be dead among our people."

I have seen it, I have lived with it. There is no end to my sorrow, my tears wet the ground behind me. I look for my people but I do not see them. There is no voice in them to hear. They speak the word of the white man. "Wash-ta-ko, Wash-ta-ko, hear my heart. I say it now. Give my people the heart of their fathers. Give them the peace they knew as they came before You together to this promised land." Where is a shoulder

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Shadows of His People

Count Continues

Count is the third installment of the story of Chief Crazy Horse, famed Chief Bull touches me. I am dead. The son of Red Cloud was brought to Little Morning by the squaws. She was to make his tipi. But, she could not forget Frankato. That night she left the village with him. I watched them go. A knife I placed in the hands of Frankato as protection for them. The black book he carried would not stop a man with hunger in his eyes for a woman if he saw Little Morning. I was sad for them. The tipis of our people would be closed to them. They would be alone.

for me to cry upon. Where are my people? — The vision of Sitting Bull touches me. I am dead.

The son of Red Cloud was brought to Little Morning by the squaws. She was to make his tipi. But, she could not forget Frankato. That night she left the village with him. I watched them go. A knife I placed in the hands of Frankato as protection for them. The black book he carried would not stop a man with hunger in his eyes for a woman if he saw Little Morning. I was sad for them. The tipis of our people would be closed to them. They would be alone.

I WAS given the hand of the girl I had saved from the white soldiers. The door of his house he had opened to me. My people were proud for me. My council rode with me to the edge of our village the day I went to receive this hand. That the white man would give me his daughter, it was said. There was no woman in my tipi. My people did not see a man for the color of his skin. We fought the white man for the greed that was in his heart and not the lightness of his body. Even now this does not change among my people. That of their fathers they remember.

A good hand was given to me by the girl's father and her brother. The name of Scott was with them. Their cattle was upon land my people did not want. They were good people and the heart of them was kind.

The old man lived in the night, the woman he loved was dead. His eyes were behind him and did not see the days ahead. The son was of such homeliness that his face would turn a woman from him. He had none. A blind woman in our village would not see this. He should come to her I said. They were good people and I gave myself to them.

THE word of war was again with my people when I returned to our village. A mes-

senger had come from Red Cloud. Lakota was among all our people. The arrows of death must be in our hands. We must be ready. The cry of peace the white man spoke we were to turn from our ears. It was a bad voice he used. There was rot in it and the air was made to stink. Through the winter we must not dream of peace, we must see war for ourselves and death for our people. The peace the white man would sign with us with the coming of the Spring we must not believe. It was to be a bad truth . . . this was the word of Red Cloud's messenger. We should stand as one, the Sha-hi-yena and Dakota.

"The words of the white man are written upon water. They run from his paper as they do from his crooked mouth. He tells us the trails to the north and to the west are to be ours. No white man will come upon them. He tells us the forts for his soldiers will be brought to the ground. — Red Cloud says this is not true. We must prepare for war. — We must fight for our land. We must die."

We knew then we would be defeated. The end would come for us. But we would fight and die for the land the Great One gave to us.

I went to my tipi and sat with my little sister. She was a full sister of my blood. There was a quiet in her I had never seen in any girl or woman. Her play was alone. The heart of Pretty Straight Legs would always be the heart of her people. Nothing would change it in her — not even the bad picture of death.

The council met that night without me. Far into the dawn they spoke of the war Red Cloud had set before us. Many knew that the spirit on the white horse would come to them before the Sha-hi-yena and full of the Dakota rode together as one people. The word among them was that the strength of a bear is weak when many rabbits turn upon him. The leaves upon a tree are many until the wind blows them from the branches. So it was agreed among them that the people of Brave Bear and the people of Red Cloud become as one.

This word was given to me. The daughter of Red Cloud was to come to my tipi. She was to be my squaw.

It was not well with me, this word. The old man of the council saw it and named the heart in me. The woman with the golden hair was my eyes. I could not cry out against him. For the pain he gave to me he would find a shoulder

to weep upon. He was sad for me. This bond with Red Cloud I could understand. I would fulfill it. The voice of the council had been given to me. I could not turn it aside.

THE Brule and the Oglala became as one. The Dakota were united.

This, Red Cloud said as I came to stand before him with my wealth. He was a speaker of such magnificence that even the wind was still when his voice was raised. His nose was that of a hawk. His eyes were quiet and told of his many dreams. He knew the white man for the traitor he was. He had seen his own father made a slave by him. He had watched the white man tie his father's limbs and pour his whiskey into his body. And then when

he was drunk with this drink shamed and disgraced before his people.

There was no chief more powerful than Red Cloud among all the Dakota and even the Sha-hi-yena.

The heart of him was his people. When they died, he died even though he walked yet upon the ground.

The hand of his daughter, Mach-pe-ya Feck-a he gave to me and we were brought to a tipi. A buffalo robe of Red Cloud's father was to be our cover. She was a gentle woman. It was in her name, Gentle Cloud. The happiness of her father she could not wear upon her face. She listened to the distant song of a brave who had left the village and gave his voice of sorrow to the winds of the night. Her heart was with him.

(To Be Continued)

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Les Hoover, Prop.

Thomas, CCF Candidate, Sends Message

Native Indians have one of their people as a member of the B.C. Parliament. His name is Frank Calder and he belongs to the CCF. In the last general election (1953) both Liberals and Social Crediters tried to defeat Frank Calder by running candidates against him.

The CCF has been the only party which proposed to end the discrimination against Indians in the liquor question. One of the Social Credit MLA's, Irvin Corbett from Yale, has condemned practically all Indians as being drunkards.

In B.C. we have a Provincial Advisory Committee on Indian Affairs which could do a great deal to help the Indian people become better citizens. The Social Credit Government has repeatedly cut the allowance of funds to this committee. Three years ago this committee had \$32,000 to work with. Now they have only \$7,000. The government has forced Reg Kelly to resign from his position as secretary of the committee. Reg Kelly is a full-blooded Haida Indian and is thoroughly familiar with Indian problems. In his place the government has appointed an elderly man who, by his own admission, knows nothing about Indian affairs.

If it had not been for the insistence and opposition of the CCF, the Social Credit Government would have further hurt the Indians by refusing them the right of entry to the Provincial Home for the Aged at Kamloops.

The CCF has been the only party to demand that Education and Health and Welfare be taken over by the Provincial Government from the Federal Government. If this were to happen the Indian people would get far better service and better care.

Jack Thomas, the CCF candidate, is expecting that Frank Calder, the MLA from Atlin, will be here soon to talk with you about the election and Indian affairs. (adv't)

Longhouse Society Featured, October

Next edition of The Native Voice will feature The Longhouse of Chicago, Illinois, a splendid organization which is dedicated to promoting the work of the Native Indians of North America.

As readers and contributors will readily realize, The Native Voice operates with only a limited space available in each publication and as a result, many important items are often held over.

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CONTINUED

By NEWELL E. COLLINS

Tecumseh and the War of 1812

On August 19th the army commenced its march to relieve the fort at Detroit, arriving at Newport, Kentucky, on August 24th. It was there that the first news was received of Hull's surrender. An immediate campaign was planned, although Harrison must have been doubtful as to the success of such an undertaking, knowing that even if he could recapture Detroit, it could not be held with any degree of security under existing conditions. The army was to consist of three divisions, which were to move simultaneously toward a rendezvous at the Maumee Rapids. The right column was to consist of Virginia and Pennsylvania troops and was to move by way of the Sandusky River. In the centre the Ohio Militia was to move over Hull's old road. The left was to consist of four Kentucky regiments and the Seventeenth U.S. Infantry and was to descend the Anglaize River. The first step was to send an expedition to the relief of Fort Wayne.

Had Brock been free to do so, he might have followed up his victory at Detroit by moving against the line of smaller inland forts, possibly with disastrous results. But with the termination of the armistice, he was compelled to hasten back to Niagara. He took with him most of the British troops, leaving but small garrisons at Detroit and Malden, under the

command of General Proctor. Sadly lacking in initiative, courage and judgement, the new commander compared most unfavorably with the energetic Brock. The unfortunate selection of such a leader contributed in no small measure to the subsequent success of the American army.

In September 1812, following Brock's departure, Proctor and Tecumseh, encouraged by their success at Detroit, resolved to make strategic attempts against Fort Wayne and Fort Harrison without delay. However, with their reduced forces and without Brock's competent leadership they lacked the organization necessary to carry out these attacks successfully.

Fort Wayne was garrisoned by seventy men under Captain James Rhea, their ordnance consisting of four small cannon. The British and Indians under Major Muir and Colonel Elliott left Malden the latter part of August, the attack being planned for September 1st. Scattered Indian raids were organized for the purpose of deceiving the Americans and to prevent reinforcing parties from relieving the forts. The attack on Fort Wayne was commenced on September 6th by the whole body of Indians, about six hundred in number.

(Continued Next Issue)



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Story of the Two Medals

By CONSTANCE COX

FAR up in the Northland lives a family which is quite unconscious of an honor that was given them.

In a little box lay two medals given to Isaac, one from the Humane Society for saving a life and the other for being the best and most devoted Catholic in the village.

Isaac and his family had gone out that winter to trap. His little daughter took very ill, so Isaac decided to bring her back to the village. As he was pulling his tent down, he heard someone calling for help. Isaac went at once to see who it could be. He did not have to go very far when he found two white men, one a surveyor who was very ill.

Isaac took the surveyor on his back and packed him into his camp.

Poor Isaac did not know what to do. His child was very ill and so was the surveyor. His wife decided for him and said, "Go, Isaac, and take the white man on the sleigh, but hurry back for us."

He was five days' travel from his village. Isaac travelled night and day and in three days he was at the village. He took the surveyor to the HBC Post where he cided for him and said, "Go, Isaac, returned at once to his family but as he came near to his camp, he heard his wife weeping. He knew his little daughter had died and he wondered if he had done right.

I think he had. He had done a noble deed at a great sacrifice which in later years had helped him.

The surveyor got well and returned to Vancouver where he reported the deed to the Royal Humane Society, and in due course, a medal was sent to the Manager of the Hudson's Bay to be given to Isaac.

Then the Church gave him a medal for being the most devoted Catholic in the village.

The medals were put away in a little box where they lay as a silent memento to Isaac's goodness.

Many years had gone by and no one seemed to think anything about him and he felt all his friends in the village were unfriendly to him and he did not like it.

So he took the little box of medals to the HBC manager and asked, "Do you really think these medals are good and do they prove that I have been a good man?"

He replied, "Isaac, those medals are wonderful and some day they will help you."

That winter, Isaac thought he would give a little party at New Year's, just to bring back some of the friendship he thought he had lost.

He made a barrel of home brew and at each round, all the guests were to shake hands but one of the male guests kept on shaking hands with the same woman.

This made her husband very angry and a fight developed in which the man was stabbed in the back.

Poor Isaac's handshaking party had not turned out so well. The police arrived and took Isaac away to stand trial for making home brew.

When Isaac arrived in Hazelton, he sent for me. He asked, "What will I do? If they send me away to the white man's jail in Vancouver, I will die."

I said, "It looks bad for you, I don't know just what to do."

Then I thought of the medals. I asked him where they were and he said "Right here." I took them. They were dirty and tarnished. I

cleaned them and made them shine and later took them back to Isaac. I told him before he went into court to pin them on his coat and stand up straight so the judge could get a good look at them.

When I walked into the courtroom to interpret for Isaac, although he was in rags, the medals were shining like bright stars. They caught the eye of the judge right away and he asked what the medals were.

I replied, "It's a long story, your honor, but I will be very pleased to relate it to you."

Before the story was finished the whole courtroom, including the judge, was looking very sad. The judge asked, "What has this man done?"

The police said he was charged with making home brew.

The judge said, "I am going to warn you not to make any more home brew," and he dismissed the case.

He then invited Isaac to have dinner with him. I was also invited so I could interpret for Isaac. During the dinner, Isaac told him he was very sorry he had ever doubted the power of the medals. The judge laughed and said it was not just the medals but what Isaac had done that caused him to dismiss

Namu Native Women Unite

Native Sisterhood president Kitty Carpenter reports that the Kitimat people, those from Rivers Inlet, Bella Coola, and the Bella Bellas are one hundred percent paid up members in the Native organization. That is, the cannery workers employed at B.C. Packers' Namu plant on the central coast of British Columbia. Kitty who has been carrying on much of this organizational work extends her congratulations to these workers and says, "I'm very proud of them." We're proud of you too, Kitty.

the case.

"But," he warned smilingly, "do not make any more home brew as it always brings trouble."

Wonderful Piece Of Native Writing

JIMALEE BURTON WRITES: "He lived with the shadows of his people" is a wonderful piece of Indian literature. So typically Indian as I remember it spoken and written when I was a child. Will it be in book form? I want to keep every copy. It is a rare find.

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On September 12th

Robinson, Donald Frederick

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