



the NATIVE VOICE



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In Loving Memory of Father Carlyle

The man who cared "not for things but for people" and befriended an army of those whom others might consider lawless and often hopeless, is dead.

Father Aelred Carlyle, 81, who was given the keys to the city when he left Vancouver in 1951, has ended his ministry as he began it—in the quiet of community life.

He died at St. Teresa's Hospital near Bath in October and was buried from the abbey at Prinknash, near Gloucester, home of the community of Benedictine monks he founded.

And this man whose family motto was "humility" once said: "You have to trust men to help them and not worry too much because you know they may let you down." He helped penal reform in B.C. greatly.

The following tribute to Father Carlyle comes from one of his closest friends, 'Native Voice' publisher Maisie Hurley:

"He followed in His Master's footsteps, humbly dedicating his life to the service of humanity, no matter how humble, creed or color mattered not if help were needed.

"Many years ago the late James Butterfield, columnist of The VANCOUVER DAILY PROVINCE, told me there was a terrible mine disaster in one of the British Columbia mining camps; miners were trapped below ground and the weary workers fought day and



FATHER AELRED CARLYLE

—Courtesy Vancouver Province

night to rescue the entombed men.

"Jim stood at the top of the pit waiting with wives and mothers to get news for his paper, when a grimy exhausted man came up from below; when Jim went forward to question him he was startled to discover this weary man was none other than the Reverend Father Carlyle who had faced the terrible dangers of the burning mine and taken his place with the rescue crew underground. He had not slept nor eaten since the terrible explosion.

"I met him first at Oakalla Prison Farm, working among the prisoners, with his dear friends Father Cooper of St. James Church and the late beloved Major Stewart of the Salvation Army, three of the finest men it has been my privilege to know.

"There was no such thing as a bad or lost soul to Father, many a feeble spark of good he had fanned back to a strong flame of righteousness. This kindly holy man had faith in the goodness of his fellow man, he consoled the condemned, faithfully giving comfort and guidance until the hour of death.

"Early in life he had a choice of two roads, one of comfort and security, but he chose rather the unblazed trail giving his help, his love, and his understanding to the lost ones of the world. He lived as he died, a humble Christian gentleman who walked in the footsteps of his Master."

Leave Indian Land Alone . . . Dr. Kelly

Leaders of the 30,000 native Indians of B.C. have strongly protested any plan to lease reservation farm lands to white farmers.

Rev. Dr. Peter Kelly of Nanaimo, chairman of the legislative committee of the Native Brotherhood of B.C., said in Victoria that the proposal is illegal under the federal Indian Act. Furthermore, he said, it is "almost like a political appeal to land-hungry farmers who are coming into the province."

Vancouver radio stations had quoted Minister of Labor Lyle Wicks as saying that the provincial Indian affairs advisory committee would recommend that the Indians of the province farm their own reserves.

If the Indians would not farm their lands, the broadcast said, the committee would recommend that

the property be leased to white farmers.

Dr. Kelly and Robert Clifton of Comox, Brotherhood president, were to see the committee to point out that "Indian lands can only be leased or sold by the majority vote of the band, according to the federal Indian Act."

Dr. Kelly said the group would be asked to "show us the power" the provincial government has to reverse this act.

"The provincial government or any of its commissions has not the least bit of power to say this can be done," he said.

"We were surprised that a minister of the Crown should make such a statement unless it had been thoroughly discussed by the government and agreed to by the

cabinet," Dr. Kelly said. "If those things were not done, then we take it that this looks almost like a political appeal to land-hungry farmers who are coming into the province."

Dr. Kelly said fewer than one-quarter of the Indian bands in B.C. have land that could be farmed, "and the acreage among 30,000 people is just a meagre thing.

"From time immemorial, B.C. Indians were never farmers," he said.

However he supported the idea of farming studies for Indians, which he said the committee should initiate. He thought the provincial and federal governments should "get together" to send Indians to agricultural colleges.

Provincial government might finance this scheme out of sales tax revenue, Dr. Kelly said. Indians pay the sales tax "just as other citizens do, but they receive no benefit."

For instance, he said, municipal school boards receive grants for education purposes, but no such grants are made to Indian reserves.

Labor Minister Lyle Wicks however, later apologized for reports which implied the provincial government planned to force Indians to lease reservation lands to white farmers.

Dr. Peter Kelly, chairman of the legislative committee of the Native Brotherhood of B.C., said after he conferred with Mr. Wicks, that "Mr.

(Continued on Page 8)

He Lived With

The Shadows of His People

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The Great One was good to me. He gave me tears of joy to wet the earth. He gave me this moment to hold to my breast for an eternity. He let it become an ember to warm the emptiness of the age before me.

We left our winter camp and moved to the north. All the goodness of the Great One was before us. Our hands were gentle as we touched it. The earth was to be walked upon but not beaten. The trees were to be taken of their fruit but not stripped until they bled. The animals were to be used as food but not massacred. We found our peace in the quiet shadows of the day and in the stars of the night. Everything was of the Great One and we lifted our faces to Him.

He gave me peace and the good word of the white woman that she would be my squaw. When the big talk of the spring was over she would come to me. My blanket would be hers.

THE eyes of one man could not say the people who had come to be of the white man's talk. My people came in peace. It was their word as they walked before the white man with their squaws and children. There would be no war.

Red Cloud had talked war. Through the winter gone, he had said we would come to fight. The bad voice of the white man we would see at this talk. But there was nothing but good before us. His soldiers were few and the look of them was of peace. The chief of the white man came before us and said that with the next sun a good treaty was to be made. The country of the Haa-sa-ta and the Hills of the Spirits were to remain ours. The white man would go.

That night we were about our fires with happy songs. Red Cloud was of many tears for the trust he had not given the white man. He had named him a liar. He burned sage to take away the stink of his

Carried on this page is another installment of the tragic story of Chief Crazy Horse of the Dakotas as told by his grand-nephew, Cha-la-nung.

words. All our joy we gave to the night. Our drums filled the air and stirred the earth. Our dancers told their stories. We chanted. All the happiness that was in us we showed. We breathed our thanks and smoked our pipes. The sage we burned was in the air to smell.

But then the voice of Sitting Bull came to quiet us. He said that death should be our song. A cloud was coming upon us. The great army of the white man was the night away. The words of the treaty was to be washed away in the blood of our people.

Man Afraid of His Horse cried out against this. "Close your eyes to the sun and there will be darkness. Close your eyes to peace and there will be war. Give the white man our faith and he will smile upon us. He will know our ways and give us honor."

"IT IS over," Sitting Bull wept.

"It is over," we all wept. The first shadow of the white man's army was before us. The earth rocked with his horses.

The peace was gone. There were no words for us to speak. We knew the heart and mind of the white man as Red Cloud has said it was. With the dawn we would learn the sickness of the white man's promises.

It was a bad sickness he brought upon us. The words of the treaty were yet good but they could not come up to speak. They said no forts were to be put upon our land, no white people were to cross it. It was good. But the white soldier who had come with his many men had words upon his own paper that said forts were to be built upon our land and white people were to come.

This white soldier was a good man. He did not know of the treaty that was of good words. When it was said to him why we were here many tears were in his eyes. He gave his own people the name of liar for what they did to us. He cried out for peace—there was no blood upon him. We should not fight he said. We would die.

We smiled with this and Red Cloud said our sorrow.

"The peace your government gives us is the peace of death.

Your words are empty and they whistle. The treaties you set before us are as hollow as the stomachs we will have. You take our lands and leave nothing for us. All that is good has become yours. The days before us are black. The green of our last hunting grounds is to be taken away. You say peace. For all that comes we should smile and walk to the back. We are not children."

Red Cloud touched the eagle that was upon the coat of the white soldier. He shook his head for the shame the eagle was given upon the white man.

"White Eagle," Red Cloud named this white soldier. "You steal. Shame upon it." He raised his arms in the air. His eyes were in the sky. His prayer was in his heart for us to hear: "Do not take away the grounds we defend. Our lives are in it. It breathes and we breathe. It is of You, Father. Let us keep it in Your way. The hand of the white man will destroy it."

For the many words that Red Cloud had said only one I could hear. I flung my knife into the ground. Its blade went into the earth. I offended the Great One by this act of cutting the earth with my anger. He knows my sorrow and it is now over. The trust of the young I had given to the white man was gone. I cried out for war in my anger. I raised my arms but it was not in prayer. I looked at the braves, from one to another. They were an echo for me. The cry went out to our camp. The drummers beat the dance of war. The squaws mourned.

Red Cloud came to stand at my side. My word was his. There would be war.

The White Eagle tried to say no to it but we would not listen. We would not become the slave of the white man. We would die first. We would be good in our word not to fight until the white man came with his forts to the

Haa-sa-ta and his people crossed our trails. Peace there could be for the white man. It was for him to say.

I WENT to the village of Man Afraid of His Horse to be of his talk as he sat with Red Cloud. For all the war they had cried before the White Eagle their hearts were yet of peace. Wait was their word. Wait for the white man to show himself as he put forts upon our land. Wait for him to be the first to come with death.

My tongue was against it and I put my voice above theirs. I remembered the picture of Brave Bear, the father of my heart, as he had stood in peace beneath the white flag of surrender. Peace he had cried as Man Afraid of His Horse and Red Cloud did now. His hands had been empty. But the white man had killed him with bullets of deceit. He had died with a heavy heart asking the why of his murder. The blood of him was upon the ground where he had been shot and the white man had washed it away with his laughter.

I said my picture to Man Afraid of His Horse and Red Cloud. The good hand of Brave Bear they had held and they now remembered it. Their eyes went into the past and they wept. But for all the wet sorrow of their tears they would not turn from the peace and trust that was inside of them.

If a man is not at peace there cannot be peace Man Afraid of His Horse said to me. Peace must be of you before you can bring it to another to know. He cried for the white man. He said he was blind as he looked for the goodness of the earth. Torture was inside of him. The fight of himself was more terrible than the fight he brought upon us.

"The white man speaks peace but he will never come to know it," Man Afraid of His Horse said. "Inside he must be clean. The faith and trust our people give to him is a good salve upon his wounds."

That was his talk, that was Red Cloud's talk. I could not be of it and went to be alone with my dreams.

(Continued Next Issue)

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Oscar Peters Suffers Stroke

The NATIVE VOICE,
Dear friends:

I intended to write again of the conference with the Indian Department officials from Ottawa, held in Vancouver, July 20 and 21, but I have had two slight paralytic strokes in succession. I could not write for quite a while, my memory and nerves are quite unsteady yet and I doubt that I'll ever be myself again.

Nevertheless, I am filled with great joy at the recovery of sister Maisie. I heard she was at Hope but sincerely regret not seeing her.

The first stroke occurred 2½ months ago and the last about a month now. I am fortunately coming out of it but very slowly. My doctor told me to rest from activities, but my people wouldn't let me resign as chief, but I feel my usefulness is gradually coming to a finish.

So when the nomination for directors comes around for The Native Voice, I'll not be disappointed if I'm not a member any more. But my heart will always be with you who are my true friends, brothers and sisters. With most sincere regards to all.

OSCAR D. PETERS.

BUT WE SAY NO

We have written to our beloved Oscar Peters and informed him that his proposed resignation from The Native Voice has been flatly refused.

We are convinced that neither The Native Voice nor the Native Brotherhood of B.C. can afford to lose this great friend and counsellor. We all wish Oscar Peters the speediest possible return to health.

MAISIE HURLEY,
Publisher.

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TOMMY MOSES
... oldest son passes.

Aged North Vancouver Native Dies From Fall

The Squamish Indians are mourning the passing of the oldest and most honored member of their tribe.

North Vancouver lost its oldest son when Tommy Moses passed quietly away Friday night, October 28, in St. Paul's Hospital, Vancouver, after 94 eventful years.

From his birthplace, Tommy watched the early settlers arrive.

He helped rescue some of them when this infant city perished in flames on a fateful June 13, 1868.

With pick and shovel he worked to extend the CPR from Port Moody to Vancouver to bring new life to the coast.

Tommy Moses believed in progress.

He watched the tempo of Burrard Inlet quicken from the silent passage of canoes to the busy throb

of ocean-going liners.

He loved the city that replaced the forest and hunting grounds.

He was walking its streets when the accident occurred that led to his death. Tommy broke his hip in a fall on Hastings street a few days before his passing.

Active until the accident, he was one of the west coast's foremost totem-pole carvers.

Well known and respected, he counted Mayor Charles Cates of North Vancouver as one of his many close friends.

Tommy delivered a totem pole to Mayor Cates the morning of the fateful fall. As he handed it to his old friend, Tommy mourned that his eyesight was failing and his carving days were nearly over.

He prized the work which he executed so finely with his hands and proudly remembered a prize he won for silver engraving in a New Westminster exhibition early in the century.

He had no family. His wife died many years ago. Tommy is survived by a sister, Mrs. Agnes Lacket-Joe.

Rev. Father A. Morris conducted requiem mass in St. Paul's Church on the North Vancouver reserve, with interment taking place in the reserve cemetery.

mid-ocean salmon net fishery and organizations represented will seek legislation to illegalize this type of fishing which is uneconomical, unnecessary and which renders almost impossible any program of scientific conservation.

These views have been expressed by the Native Brotherhood and the Union to the Canadian members of the North Pacific Fisheries Commission, consisting of Canadian, American and Japanese representatives, who are responsible for carrying out terms of a fisheries treaty between the three countries.

AREAS CLOSED

Brotherhood Concerned Over Poor Fishing Season

An unusually poor salmon fishing season in British Columbia, coupled with an early closure of Johnstone Straits to conserve sparse runs of fish, brought a request from the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia and the United Fishermen and Allied Workers' Union that some consideration be given to reopening at least part-time in order to provide some earnings to the fleet.

Bob Clifton and Reg Cook, officials of the Native Brotherhood, report that the closure order ended fishing in this important area three weeks ahead of time following what has been a disastrous season for most of the fishermen.

The fishermen proposed that fishing be allowed at least two or three days a week to permit the gillnetters and seiners (net fishing gear) some earnings and at the same time determine the amount of fish coming through the Straits on their way to spawning in mainland and Vancouver Island streams.

In his reply, Chief Supervisor of Fisheries A. J. Whitmore (federal) said he realized the closure would work a hardship but with exceptionally poor spawning, he saw no alternative to this drastic step. Examples of this condition were cited by the department.

In their meeting with the Chief Supervisor, fishermen asked that consideration be given to some form of assistance, through work if possible, to the hard-hit fishermen who face a bleak winter.

This was later discussed with Deputy Minister of Fisheries George Clark who said he recognized the problem and would do everything possible to alleviate the situation.

One of the big concerns of commercial fishermen is that big Japanese salmon fleets with motor ships having canning facilities aboard have been taking salmon they believe are originating in B.C. waters.

The Japanese are operating in the mid-Pacific and have this season taken almost 70 million salmon, most of them immature fish.

In view of the fact that they started fishing four years ago, both Alaskan, American and Canadian fishermen have expressed the fear that it is this operation which has caused the serious decline in fish-

ing this year, not only in British Columbia but in Alaska as well, where catches were at their lowest in the past 55 years.

The Native Brotherhood took part in a conference at White Rock recently attended by 10 organizations of fishermen and vessel owners. It was decided the meeting would press for a limit of 20 million fish on the Japanese mid-ocean operation until the source of the salmon they are catching is accurately determined by scientific study.

In addition, the conference went on record as being opposed to a

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Struggle of Natives To Retain Identity

By LEHIGH ANTONE

I AM ENCLOSING a money order for a renewal of my subscription to your wonderful paper. I find it very informative on the diverse problems of the Native North American on the various so-called reservations.

There is a carefully planned program on the part of the Indian Administration, to assimilate the Indian and eventually do away with Indian heritage and rights, which the Imperial Government has guaranteed through Treaties; Treaties according to International Law, or the Law of Nations is, under Democracy, irrevocable without the consent of the parties concerned. Undeeded Lands or Reservations under a community title shared by all members, as corporate property may be owned by shareholders. Property, whether community or corporately owned, is guaranteed to the owner under the Democratic system of law.

A closer look at the nature of Indian to land, as viewed upon through the years will clear away any doubts.

When the English took over from the Dutch in 1664, one of the first legislative Acts provided that no purchase of Indian lands would be valid unless the Tribal leaders were brought by the purchaser before the Governor. After the purchase was completed to the satisfaction of the Indians, the lands were to be recorded in the Colonial Office.

The expropriation of the Chippewa lands at Stony Point, where Camp Ipperwash now stands, is altogether contrary to the principles of democracy and British Justice.

The Treaty concluded at Easton in October, 1758, approved and confirmed by British Ministry, recognizing that the Indians had a property interest in their lands and **MUST BE PROTECTED.**

In November, 1761, the Privy Council directed instructions to Governors and Officers forbidding them to pass any grants to any person whatever of any lands occupied or the property occupied by said Indians. This order of the Privy Council applied to the Royal Colonies where legal title resided in the Crown. It formulated an important policy with respect to lands claimed by Indians.

In the struggle for control of North America between the French and the English, the Indian held the balance of power. The British asked the Indian for help and had it not been for the Indian, North America today could very well have been France.

THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION OF 1763 provided language worth having in mind as later events are recounted. (The Proclamation was printed in The Native Voice some time ago.)

In 1794 came the Treaty of Amity, known as the JAY TREATY, the United States and Great Britain recognizing the said Indians as a separate people. There is no boundary for them and have a right to Domicile on either side of the White man's boundary line. This Treaty was supplemented in 1796, and provided "That no stipulation in any treaty subsequently concluded by either of the contracting parties with any other State or Nation, or with any Indian Tribe, can be understood to derogate in any manner."

Following the War of 1812 came the Treaty of Ghent in 1814, restoring to the said Indians, "all the rights and privileges which they may have enjoyed or been entitled to in One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eleven, previous to such hostilities."

The Preamble to the Atlantic Charter provides:

"We, the peoples of the United Nations, determined: to reaffirm faith in fundamental Human Rights of men and women and of Nations large and small, and —

"To establish conditions under which Justice and respect for the obligations arising from treaties and other sources of International Law can be maintained, and —

"To practice tolerance and live together in peace with one another as good neighbors . . ."

We think, therefore, if the Indian is entitled to reasonable justice that where Treaties contemplate a permanent arrangement of territorial and other national rights, do not cease unless waived by the Indians themselves.

I hope that our people will take heart and continue in their struggle for existence as a free and distinct race.

HISTORIC DOCUMENT

Speech at Cataraquey

Speech at Cataraquey (Kingston, Ont.) 1684. Translated from the original French of Baron de Lahontan, and with introduction by Phoebe Erskine MacKellar.

ON A RECENT visit to Old Fort Henry Museum at Kingston, scenes of the past flashed vividly to my mind. The fort we were visiting was built in 1832 to protect Canada from American invasion. It is of course comparatively new in the history of Kingston.

From the ramparts of this mighty British strong-hold I looked across to the National Defence College and Canadian Army Staff College that now stand on the sight of Fort Frontenac.

It was in July 1763 that Count Frontenac established a military post with Robert Cavalier de la Salle as commandant. But it was not of Frontenac the Governor-General of New France, or of de la Salle, the famous explorer that I thought as we inspected the renovated limestone fort of Queen Victoria's day.

The wooden stockaded Fort Frontenac, also known as Fort Cataraquey suddenly appeared in my mind's eye. The Baron de Lahontan's vivid description of a certain meeting between French and Iroquois, as recorded in his journal, came back to me. It was no longer Summer, 1955, but a bright Autumn day in 1684.

Baron de Lahontan is one of the French noblemen accompanying Governor General de la Berre who has come the arduous journey from Quebec. A number of Chiefs representing the Five Nations of the Iroquois confederacy have also come to Fort Cataraquey. Their spokesman is Grangula.

All eyes are on the Governor as he rises. He will have something important to say to these great chiefs who have also travelled a long way to hear what their Great White Father the King of France has to say to them. But de la Barre can only reprimand the Five Nations in the name of his Master, Louis XIV, King of France. The Iroquois have broken the peace by attacking the Illinois and other tribes living on French soil. They have maltreated the Coureurs des Bois (French outlaws) who have gone among them. They have killed women and children and have taken many prisoners. If the Iroquois do not change their evil ways and return the prisoners they have taken, war will be declared upon them in the name of the King of France.

DURING Governor de la Barre's harangue, Grangula, official spokesman for the Five Nations, has been seated his eyes resting on his redstone Ceremonial Pipe. He now rises and after five or six tours of the circle composed of Iroquois and Frenchmen, returns to his place and stands facing the Governor. Grangula does not look back at the Pipe of Peace, but straight into the eyes of the spokesman for the King of France. This is his reply (translation of actual speech recorded by Lahontan):

"Onnontio (Governor General of Canada), I honour thee; all the Warriors who accompany me honour thee also. Listen to my speech through thy interpreter, for alas my own voice cannot reach your ear.

"Onnontio, it was necessary for you, on leaving Quebec, to have believed that the heat of the sun had set the forests ablaze, making our country inaccessible to the French, or that the Lake (Ontario) had overflowed and surrounded our Longhouses, so that it was impossible for us to leave them. Yes, Onnontio, it was necessary for us to give you this fabrication so that the curiosity to see the burnt forests and submerged land would bring you here. Now we shall undeceive you. I and my warriors have come here to Cataraquey to assure the French that the Five Nations have not perished. I thank thee in their name for having brought back to their country this Pipe of Peace that thy predecessor (Frontenac) received from their hands. I congratulate you Lake except to smoke the Great Pipe with the Onandagas, but I, Grangula, having left under the ground the deadly hatchet which has been reddened so often with the blood of Frenchmen.

"LISTEN, Onnontio, I have my eyes open, and the sun that light me has shown me a great Captain (General) at the head of a troop of warriors who talk in their sleep. They say they have not come to this Lake except to smoke the Great Pipe with the Onandagas, but I, Grangula, see to the contrary, that in truth it is to split our heads, if a lot of true Frenchmen are not mistaken.

"I see that Onnontio dreams in a camp of decrepit men, whose lives the Great Spirit has saved in spite of their infirmities. Listen, Onnontio, our women have taken up the Tomahawk, our children and our old men carry bows and arrows. If our warriors were to detain and disarm thy ambassadors; I say it, and it is done!

"LISTEN, Onnontio, we have not plundered Frenchmen other than those who carry guns, and shot and powder to the Miamis and Illinois our enemies because these arms endanger our lives. We do the same as the Jesuits, who break all the kegs of brandy that are brought to our villages for fear that the drunkards will break each others heads. Our warriors have not enough beaver skins to pay for all the arms they have pillaged, and the old people do not want us to go to war.

"This wampum belt contains my speech." (Grangula lays a wampum belt cut from purple and white shells at Governor de la Barre's feet then continues his speech.)

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Christians and the 'Weed'

By THOMAS SHEWISH

Will a Christian use tobacco? This question has been asked; now what does the Bible say about smoking?

In reading the Bible, Genesis to Revelation, I do not remember where it is said about smoking or tobacco, but I will answer that I don't think it is right for Christians to smoke or use tobacco.

In first Corinthians 6-19, it says, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own."

There is a preponderance of evi-

dence that tobacco is injurious to the body. Cigaretts contain active poisons some of them most dangerous to the human race. Smokers draw these poisons into their bodies, the potential temple of God, and contaminate it.

Doctors say that in general smokers' lives are shortened by the tobacco habit.

With the increase in cigaret smoking there has been a corresponding increase in cancer, especially lung cancer, and heart trouble and doctors say there is a significant connection between the two.

I want to make it clear and say that a true Christian is free from everything that corrupts. In Romans 8-21, we read, "Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."

The man or woman whom God has cleansed shall be a new creature. Nothing that contaminates or makes him a slave such as tobacco can do, will have any dominion over him.

No-one could be a true witness for God with such a health-destroying, foul-smelling habit as smoking attached to his life.

When God cleanses the heart, he cleanses it from all worldly filthiness.

The Bible tells us in Ezekial 36-25: "Then will I sprinkle clear water upon you and ye shall be

Bella Coola Village Gets Electric Light at Last

By ANDY SCHOONER, Bella Coola

The B.C. Power Commission is putting in lights for the Valley. The Indian village has to get light from the Power Commission because the Indian Commission has failed to take any action. It is 22 years since the Indians have tried to put lights into the Village so now they have to get their electricity from the B.C. Power Commission.

The poles are already standing at the time this is written (October 2) and part of it is wired.

They are wiring the Indian houses. Each house is permitted 30 amps and some houses are taking 100 amps.

Those persons taking the 100 amps have to use their own money to pay for the extra 70 as the Indian Department allowed for 30 amps only from the Band's trust funds.

The lighting is to be completed sometime after the middle of November.

clean from all your filthiness, will I cleanse you."

In one place it says, "Old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new."

In closing, let me say that if a person fully surrenders to God, all filthy habits will pass away.

To be "all out" for Christ means

more than a mended life, more than mended ways; it means to transform by Grace Divine, renewed, regenerated, brought into fellowship and friendship with the Lord Jesus Christ.

Friends of mine, I hope this will be the means of helping you to see the way clearer.

Native Girl Wins Medal

NANAIMO. — Edna John, 21-year-old girl from Nanaimo Indian Reserve No. 4 at Cedar is winner of a silver medal, second prize in the International Handicraft Competition festival at Warsaw, Poland, last August.

The contest was held in connection with the World Youth festival.

The medal was brought back from Poland by Ben Shek, representing the National Federation of Labor Youth.

Mr. Shek is now making a national tour of Canada.

Edna John is the daughter of Jimmy John of Cedar, a Nootka Indian. Edna's entry of a totem pole won her prize.

An East Indian won first prize with tapestry work.

—Victoria Colonist.

Continued from Last Month

Ft. George School Described

Our supplies for school are very short in almost every line except scribblers and pencils but we manage fairly well. What does it matter if our crayons are all little stumps and our Valentines are done in greens and blues because the reds are "sheshed"? I'm afraid that for St. Patrick's Day the sham-rocks will be brown, blue and possibly orange! Holidays are very important to the youngsters since there is little for them to look forward to in the institutional life and since we are short-staffed everyone is too tired to take anything extra on at night although I've had a Tuesday game night for some time. The youngsters build up for these affairs weeks and weeks in advance and then they just burst when the day of the party or holiday arrives. We were Christmas carolling about the 24th of November and only recently have they dropped them from the songs they always seem to be singing. A favorite saying hereabouts is "Tomorrow we will be able to say 'Today is Christmas' (Hallowe'en, Valentine's Day or whatever it happens to be)."

The children are a very happy group really. Noisy, too! Like most children. Some of the youngsters have never slept in beds before coming here and it is very funny to see the new ones trying to climb the stairs when they've never seen a set before! They have colds and sniffles often when the weather changes, but a scratch or bruise will send them into tears and a

little bit of blood can send them to bed for the whole day—if we'd let them. The government has a nursing station here and they are looked after very well. Each child has a full medical once a year and an X-ray. At Moose Factory a 4½ million dollar Indian hospital houses the tubercular Indians and Eskimos in this area, and those who are just sick, have broken legs and so on.

I think I've covered a little bit of the life here. The whites get together now and again for a little social time but most of them are tired after a day's work and it is just a relief to be alone to rest and read by themselves. We do try to get out for a walk once a week, at least, and now that the ice is safe and the winds have cleared the snow from the ice I take the children skating.

In the summer there are about 800 Indians here. There are the Coasters and the Inlanders here, aside from the 6 or 7 Eskimo families. The Coasters live at one end of the island and they stay here all year round and fish and hunt seal. The Inlanders go inside and hunt and trap all winter and return after break-up.

We are supposed to get four scheduled planes a year but fortunately do a little better than that though we never know when they are coming. Our Christmas mail got here on the 6th of January.

Now, whatever I've left out you can ask questions about in a letter and I'll do my best to answer them.

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HISTORIC SPEECH

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)

"Listen Onnontio, we have shown the English our lakes so that they may trade with the Ouauas, (Ottawas) and the Hurons, in the same way that the Algonquins have conducted you, the French, to our Five Villages in order that they might trade with the English. We are born free, we do not depend on Onnontio (the Gov. Gen. of Canada) any more than we do on Corlar (Gov. Gen. of New York). We give ourselves permission to go where we please, we will guide anyone where we wish, and buy and sell with whom it pleases us! If you come here with your slaves or your children or your draftees, which are like slaves or children, do we say to you; 'give them back their liberty,' for they are like the men that we have taken? This wampum belt contains my speech." (Another belt is laid down.)

"LISTEN Onnontio, we have broken the heads of the Illinois and the Miami because they cut the trees of peace which marked the limits of our frontiers. They came and made great beaver hunts on our lands, taking all the males and females contrary to the customs of the Indians. They took our enemies back to their own country and gave them fire-arms after meditation on bad designs against us. We have done nothing worse than the English or French who without doubt have usurped the lands they possess talking them from several nations. These nations the whitemen would chase from their country because they attack your towns and villages and fortress. This wampum belt contains my speech.

Listen, Onnontio, my voice is that of the Five Longhouses of the Iroquois. This is their reply, so open your ears once more to listen to that which we wish you to know. The Five Nations which you call Iroquois, the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onandagas, the Cayugas and the Senecas say, that when they buried the hatchet at Catarauqui in the centre of this fort and in the presence of your predecessor. They planted in the same place 'The Tree of Peace' to be carefully preserved. Instead of being a shelter for soldiers this fort has become a hide-out for traders.

"Listen, Onnontio, take care to warn your warriors that they will find enclosed in this little fort nothing but the withered tree. It is a pity that they have not allowed it to take root and grow so that one day its branches would spread over our country and yours.

"I ASSURE you in the name of the Five Nations that our warriors would dance in the shade from its branches, the Dance of the Red Stone Pipe, and live in tranquility on their mats and in their lodges. They do not wish to dig up the hatchet to cut down the Tree of Peace, as do their brothers Carlar and Onnontio. These brothers, united or separate, seem to think it their duty to attack the hunting grounds which the Great Spirit gave to our ancestors. This wampum belt relates my speech which the Five Nations have authorized me to give you."

Grangula now turns and addresses himself to Monsieur le Moine, the interpreter.

Staff Goal To X-Ray All

MOOSE FACTORY. — A determined attack against tuberculosis is being waged at a modern out-post hospital near here, 700 miles north of Toronto.

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staff to X-ray every Indian and Eskimo in this vast area once a year. An 1,800-mile trip is made annually by a team which consists of a doctor, a nurse, a dentist and dental assistant and two X-ray technicians.

The staff of the 200-bed hospital is X-rayed every three months and incidence of the disease is very low. Of the 230 members of the staff, 105 are medical personnel.

Moose Factory Indian Hospital is the second largest of 19 similar hospitals across the northland, all built and operated by the Department of National Health and Welfare, Indian Health Services Branch.

In many ways the hospital differs from hospitals "down south." For instance it is completely self-sufficient and could be isolated up to three months, if necessary. It is usually cut off from the outside world for two months a year, once during the freeze-up and once during the spring break-up.

The normal winter temperature is 25 below but readings of 50 below have been recorded.

"Akouessan, take courage for thou hast the wit to speak; explain what I have spoken; forget nothing, say all; pronounce to thy chief, Onnontio the voice of Grangula, who honourest thou and investest thou to receive this present of beaver pelts. Say also that Grangula invites you all to attend his feast immediately. These beaver skins are brought as a present from the Five Nations to the great Onnontio.

"La Grangula has spoken!"

HISTORIANS regard this particular meeting of French and Iroquois as a crucial point in their diplomatic relations, De la Barre's threats had not frightened the Five Nations. On the other hand, the Iroquois eloquence had won another victory. The French prepared for war (but with troops dying of smallpox) withdrew, thus losing face with their Indian allies. The dissatisfied Five Nations turned to the British and remained their allies through two centuries. De la Barre was dismissed from office and Frontenac returned as Governor General of New France. But the Five Nations of the Iroquois had won their independence and even Frontenac's diplomacy could not win them as allies of the French.

A few weeks ago that Iroquois freedom of spirit was impressed upon me. I happened to be visiting the Six Nation's Reserve, Brantford, Ont. the weekend before the recent Provincial election. Toronto papers had been full of good news that Indians of Ontario had at last been given the franchise. Most Native peoples have rejoiced at such news, or at least have been glad to avail themselves of a privilege long denied them. Not so the Iroquois, or I should say a group of them on this particular Six Nations Reserve.

My friend and I had planned to visit one of the Longhouses, and near Ohsweken, where the Longhouse is also the Onondaga Council House of the Six Nations, we discovered that an important meeting with a large attendance was in progress out-doors. Cars surrounded the playing field and loud-speakers were attached to trees. A small stand was erected at one end of the field, and to this stand came a succession of speakers. Most of the orations were in English, the common Language of the Six Nations. But whether the words came from the lips of Seneca or Mohawk the sentiments were the same.

"Do not vote . . . Protect your Treaty Rights . . . Preserve your National identity . . . Do this for your children and your grandchildren!"

The last speaker was a famous orator and he spoke in the Seneca language. His words brought tears to many eyes. Unfortunately for me there was no interpreter, or this speech too might go down in history. The Iroquois were once more striving to preserve their identity and protect their Treaty Rights. To these people accepting the White Man's right to vote meant accepting the White Man as their "over-lord." For did not Degonaweda, who planted the Tree of Peace so long ago say to the Nations he had gathered into the League, that if they submit to the laws and regulations of other peoples, they are no longer in, but out of the Confederation and shall be called alien?

Behind the speaker stood the Longhouse that also serves as Onandaga Council House for the few remaining adherents to the old ways of Government and religion, for here is one place where the Hereditary Chiefs of the Longhouse still hold sway!



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In The Vancouver Province

"WHERE you are going you will drink melted snow, or water from the rivers and lakes. There will be no white painted hospital walls and you will have to use your own ingenuity."

With those words from the Indian agent at Regina in 1923, Nurse Harriet Gerrie began 30 years of self-sacrificing, humanitarian service to the native Indians of B.C., Alberta and Saskatchewan.

During those 30 years she often fought a lone battle against typhoid and smallpox epidemics on isolated Indian reserves where her every word and action had to be explained through an interpreter as she overcame mistrust and superstition as the first white nurse most of the Indians had ever seen.

Born at Indian Head, Sask., of English, Irish and Scottish descent it was there she received the major part of her education. She trained as a nurse at hospitals in Toronto and then at Edmonton, Alberta, where she graduated.

Today, in Vancouver, still youthfully middle-aged and too vital to be able to sit and do nothing, she devotes herself to her pottery and is an active member of the Business and Professional Women's Club. She also finds relaxation in going on long drives, invariably ending visiting some of her "old patients" scattered up and down the Fraser Valley.

WITH Edmonton as her first headquarters in the Federal Government's department of Indian affairs she traveled Alberta by dog team, canoe and wagon and "if lucky in an old Ford car which would run on its rims as readily as it could on tires."

In her Haro street apartment, Nurse Gerrie speaks lovingly of her former charges with the "old world courtliness of the elders and their deep sense of perception and understanding."

"When does my child get its first shot?" may be the first question asked by the young Indian mother today, but taboos in days past confronted the nurse. One was that the baby must not be uncovered under any circumstances nor have its head washed.

"White woman wash baby's head; white man go bald, while woman get gray hair; Indian never wash head, never go bald, woman all have strong black hair" was their invariable reply to the suggestion the babies should be washed all over, head included.

Traveling with the Indian agent as he went on his annual rounds paying Treaty Money was one way to get thousands of the Indians together. Then she would issue her invitation to the women to bring their babies and "come to eat and bring your cup."

Gallons of tea would be drunk and hundreds of small raisin buns, made from government-issued flour and raisins, baked by Nurse Gerrie the day before, would be eaten.

Brightly-colored rosettes also made by the nurse would be

pinned on the children who volunteered to step on the scales and mothers with new-born babies would receive a towel and a cake of soap as their award.

She bathed the babies, when permitted, "in a tin lard pail and weighed them on scales borrowed from the nearest trader's store."

FOR 17 weeks she battled a typhoid epidemic at the Onion Lake agency on Long Lake near Bonneville, Alberta; weeks when she carried on with only a few hours sleep as she traveled by team and democrat from one encampment to another. Indian runners were used to cover the 19 miles from the camps to a small settlement where she could get her messages through to the outside.

She prepared the medicine and food and put it in sealers for her patients and, as she went from sick bed to sick bed, would leave a sealer marked with numbers on adhesive tape which would have to be taken when the numbers on the tape corresponded with the numbers on a clock.

She only lost one patient and she had not known of the case until "three weeks too late."

When the smallpox epidemic broke out among the Muskegs near Portage la Prairie she was rushed in to take charge and within a few hours took over a small log dance hall into which she crowded 23 of the more seriously ill. Cots were unavailable and the patients were compelled to lie on the floor on their cowhides and blankets.

Potato sacks were sewn together to make curtains dividing the families. There was also a heater and a cookstove and for weeks Nurse Gerrie lived with her invalids preparing their food with the help of an Indian youth.

Daily visits would be made by a Mountie who would stand well away from the hall to deliver and receive messages and to report on other patients who had to be visited by the busy nurse.

THE improvised hospital, however, was a popular place and her Indian outpatients clamored to be admitted, "principally because the food was much better than they were able to get outside."

"One of my patients was a small, frail woman and I was amazed at the amount of bread she was taking with her meals until I discovered she was visited daily by her husband who would always bring her some small gift and placing it on the end of a long stick pass it across to her. In return he would surreptitiously get her stack of uneaten bread."

New clothes, blankets andoccasins were issued as they left the hospital. There was long woollen underwear for the men but no underclothes for the women until there arrived a shipment of men's flannelette pyjamas.

Nurse Gerrie decided the bottom parts would make excellent undergarments for the women, until dressing her first case to be discharged she discovered the women

were a little bit broader in places than the pyjamas allowed. But a truck was waiting, and she had no time to make a change so she delivered the proud woman to the Mountie and the truck driver with a warning: "Don't let her sit down."

In 1930 Nurse Gerrie was transferred to the coast and with her headquarters in Vancouver was soon a familiar figure with her small black bag as she traveled the mainland visiting her sick friends at Coquitlam, Harrison,

Chilliwack, Ladner, Haney and Williams Lake.

A particularly soft spot in her heart is reserved for members of the Sechelt, Squamish, Pemberton and Burrard tribes with whom she spent so many years before her retirement in 1952.

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A Message to Advertisers, Readers

Next issue of The Native Voice will be our annual Christmas number. May we ask all those who wish to extend greetings through the paper to have their material in by November 30. Ads come in \$5 and \$10 sizes (and larger). The Native Voice would appreciate hearing from its many friends who, we are sure, would like to use this means of greeting their friends and at the same time supporting The Native Voice. Address is 325 Standard Building, 510 West Hastings Street, Vancouver 2, B.C. (MA. 7434).

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Anglican Missionary Says Special Treatment Out

EDMONTON.—An Anglican missionary from northern Saskatchewan, who is also a treaty Indian, says Canadian Indians should not receive any special treatment.

Rev. Stanley Cuthand of Lac La Ronge, Sask., was given a great reception for his maiden speech at the 19th session of the General Synod of the Anglican Church of Canada when he said that Indians should be treated the same as any other Canadian both economically and spiritually.

Mr. Cuthand, a graduate of Emmanuel College, Saskatoon, made the statement during discussion of the report of the Missionary Society of the Canadian church, given by Canon L. A. Dixon, general secretary.

He urged the synod to adopt at once a national policy to educate men for the ministry.

"Looking forward for the next 50 years, I would like to see the time when well-educated Indians will be sitting in the Upper House. We should train our young men to take part in the Canadian nation. I do not consider myself any different from any other Canadian," he said.

The discussion started when Canon T. P. Crosthwait of Toronto urged the synod to give serious consideration to educating Indians and Eskimos to become missionaries.

"We have heard much of the Colombo Plan and technical assistance plans," he said, "but have we

been keeping our eyes on places so far away that we haven't had time to look at our own country?"

East Honors Indian Poetess

A portrait of Indian poetess Pauline Johnson was unveiled October 28 in a Brantford, Ont., collegiate institute named for her.

The Mohawk princess was born on her father's estate near Brantford but made Vancouver her home. She was buried in Stanley Park in 1913.

Historical societies have urged her father's estate be converted into a national monument in honor of Miss Johnson and unveiling of the portrait is regarded as a preliminary step.

Back to School for These Teachers

First summer school for teachers of Indian schools in Canada was held this summer at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, in All Saints Residential School, of which Rev. A. J. Scrase is principal.

About 50 teachers attended the month-long course, coming from points as widely separated as Waple Island in Ontario, and Whitehorse in the Yukon.

Six were from Ontario, six from Manitoba, 22 from Saskatchewan, eight from Alberta, seven from B.C. and one from the Yukon. Ideas from these scattered districts lent scope and value to discussions.

Lecturers came from Alberta and Saskatchewan to fill a heavy and varied program. Head of the summer school was J. D. Cairns, Regional Inspector of Indian Schools, who lectured on administration.

Mr. L. G. P. Waller, Inspector of Indian Schools in Alberta, was in charge of Social Studies.

Other lecturers included Miss Lampard of Edmonton (reading); Mr. Barnes of Edmonton (testing and guidance); Fr. Lessard of

Onion Lake (Indian culture); Miss H. M. Tysoe of Prince Albert (handicrafts); Miss Dauk (independent health services in Saskatchewan); Rev. Adam Cuthand of Montreal Lake (English).

Outings from the school included trips to "Pioneer Day" in Saskatoon; the residential schools at Beauval, Waskeiu and Montreal Lake.

Each evening, there were various

entertainments provided in the main sitting room. Several films of work in Indian schools were shown. Tape recordings made by Indian children for the Saskatchewan Jubilee were played by Mr. S. Hancock, president of the Saskatchewan Indian Teachers' Association.

The closing banquet, prepared by the staff of the Residential School, was followed by a concert.

INDIAN LAND

(Continued from Page 1)

Wicks said the government of B.C. was not contemplating taking land for lease from the Indians, unless the Indians desired it.

Dr. Kelly said the minister apologized for any implication that the government intended to force Indians to give up their land to

white farmers.

Mr. Wicks explained that he had merely suggested Indians do more farming on their land and that if they didn't want to, perhaps they could lease it to white farmers.

The provincial government would have no authority to touch Indian reserve lands in any case. Even the federal government would have to amend the Indian Act to permit rental of the lands to white farmers.

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