

# The NATIVE VOICE

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

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## 21st Convention Underway

# Best Wishes to the Native Brotherhood

As this issue of THE NATIVE VOICE was going to press, the twenty-first Convention of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia was just getting underway. Scheduled to open Friday, April 20, in Bella Bella, the Convention was expected to bring together the largest group of Indian representatives ever assembled in this province. One of the main points under discussion was to be the report from Ottawa on Bill 79. Invitations were issued by President William Scow to representatives from all churches, the United Fishermen and

Allied Workers Union, the Salmon Cannery Operating Committee, and other organizations. George Bruce, Chairman; T. R. Kelly, Secretary, and Captain Charles Cates of the B.C. Indian Enquiry Committee, were expected to attend, as was Commissioner Arneil from the Department of Indian Affairs, and Dr. Tennant, Regional Supervisor for National Health and Welfare, together with many others. It is indeed a large Convention and from THE NATIVE VOICE comes our very best wishes for complete success and fruitful deliberations.



**A STRIKING CEREMONY** took place when Andra McLaughlin, 17-year-old Colorado Springs figure skater, became the first white girl to be accepted as a full tribal member and princess of the Squamish Indians. In North Vancouver, Dominic Charlie (left), August Khahtsahlano, hereditary chief of Kitsilano Indians, and Mrs. Charlie, crowned the young miss with a feather and bestowed on her the name "Sesak Yela-Ann," or "Princess Traveling Feather." Andra vowed she would carry her feather and skate under the colors of the Squamish Indians.

—Courtesy Vancouver Daily Province

# British Columbia's Grand Old Lady

**M**RS. AMOS RUSS, known by her Haida name, Jat-An-Sanglans, which means the Maid of the Dawn, is a member of the Haida Nation and lives now at Skidegate Mission. She is the sister of the Late Chief Seaguy, which means in Haida the Commander of the Oceans. Mrs. Russ has a son by the same name, Suaguy. She has seen a lot of history made since she was born ninety-three years ago.

When she was a little girl at Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands, B.C., the village there consisted of a row of great cedar houses with many tall and wonderfully carved totem poles before them looking out to the Pacific Ocean.

She can remember when the ship "Otter", under command of Captain Lewis, used to come to Massett twice a year, trading molasses, flour, rice, hard tack, bullets, guns, tools and knives for dog fish oil, bear skins, pelts of sea otter and fur seal.

It was a great day when the "Otter" came into port. Her grandfather, who was head chief of Massett, would dress up in his Hudson Bay suit and long cape to meet the boat. People put up flags and shot off guns to welcome the ship. The Captain also took on alder wood to use as fuel for his ship.

Mrs. Russ tells of getting tattooed. All the High People or Nobility had their crests tattooed on their bodies. It was a mark of distinction. It cost many Hudson Bay blankets per hour to get tattooed. Blankets took the place of currency and were very expensive. Even after all these years, the family crest is still visible on her legs.

**W**HEN Mrs. Russ grew older, she married young Chief Stilta of Massett. The young people had nothing to say about the matter. It was all arranged by the two families. The family of the girl sat on one side of the house. The family of the boy on the other side. They had a long pipe made of deer horn. They cut tobacco and gave it to everybody, and they sat there and smoked all night long.

After a long time, the mother of the girl said "All right" and the father agreed. At this crucial moment, the girl stepped across the room and sat down beside the boy. This constituted the marriage ceremony—no license, no banns, no shower, no ring, but perfectly legal, according to Haida custom.

A Chief's daughter who set up housekeeping in those days had an easy time compared to modern brides. Being a high person, she was never to soil her hands at manual work. Mrs. Russ started with eight slaves to do her bidding. Slaves cut wood, caught fish, dried berries, dug the wild turnip and

did all the cooking and cleaning. A Chief's daughter had to maintain a dignified, aloof attitude towards the common people. She kept her own counsel—never talked freely to others. Such marriages in the Haida manner were very happy and absolutely binding.

**M**RS. Russ's first husband died when she was still very young. She went to Fort Simpson on the Mainland to visit friends. While there, she met the Reverend Thomas and Mrs. Crosby of the Methodist Church, who took a great interest in her. She entered the Crosby Girls' School at Fort Simpson where she learned many new things such as cooking and house keeping and other duties which had always been performed by slaves in her own home.

Then she married Mr. Amos Russ, Chief Gidanst of the Haida Nation. Gidanst means the Prince in the Haida language. Mr. Russ was the grandson of the Great Chief Ning-Ging-Was, which means in Haida, mighty monument. Mr. Russ became assistant to the missionary at Skidegate, home of Mr. Russ and his grandfather Chief Ning-Ging-Was. This time her wedding was a big church ceremony. Mrs. Crosby made her a beautiful wedding dress and gave her a wedding reception in her home to which all the Chiefs were invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Russ built their own home at Fort Simpson and lived there for two years. They moved to Skidegate where Mr. Russ built a much larger house. Mr. Russ was a fine carpenter and owned his own small mill and he helped build many of the modern homes in the village.

Mrs. Russ was kept very busy in the house for she had a family of eleven children. She looked after the children herself, although she had women to help with the housework. Mrs. Russ made all the clothes for her children as she was a very fine seamstress. Mrs. Russ was also a wonderful cook, preparing huge meals for her large family. It must have been quite a job to plan the housekeeping for at first supplies only came twice a year.

**B**OTH Mr. and Mrs. Russ were held in great respect by the whole of the Haida Nation in Alaska, Massett and at Skidegate. When they celebrated their golden wedding in 1929, there was a huge celebration. Their daughters came from far and near to be at the big dinner which was held at Mrs. Russ' home and was attended by over eighty people among whom were the late Chief Edenshaw and Chief Alfred Adams of Massett.

Today, Mrs. Russ lives at Skidegate Mission in a large house beside the water looking out to the Pacific Ocean. She lives alone—but her children are not far away and drop in to see her often. She has thirty-three grandchildren and thirty-eight great grandchildren.

Five of her grandsons served in the Canadian forces during the last war. They fought on the beaches in Normandy and in the great battles in Holland. Her daughters and granddaughters were very active in war work at home—particularly in the Red Cross.

Mrs. Russ' hair is as white as snow but her skin is pink and firm like that of a woman many years younger. She has never had a serious illness and although she is ninety-three, she is still very active. She loves her garden and in the summer is always up early to attend to the rose bushes and berry bushes.

For her next holiday, Mrs. Russ plans to fly to Prince Rupert to visit with one of her daughters.

Mrs. Russ is the oldest woman living in the Queen Charlotte Islands now and truly lives up to the name given her people in the old days—the Vikings of the North Pacific.

## AHT Tribes of the West Coast

By THOMAS SHEWISH

Some time ago I received a letter asking the meaning of the "Aht" tribes which are known as West Coast tribes. Well, I shall try my very best to give a reply for the benefit of those who may want the same information. There is only one thing I may do and it is that I may sometimes go astray from the subject but I do know that I am doing it for the good of my people.

First, let me say that the West Coast Tribes are under the West Coast Agency which extends from Port Renfrew to Kyoquaht.

The West Coast Tribes speak two closely related languages also connected with the Neah Bay Indians who are under the United States Government. The West Coast Tribes have been called the Ahts because their tribal names end in a syllable that has been spelled Aht. Such names as Niti-naht, Ohiat, Oppotschesaht, She-saht, and so on.

Sometimes, the West Coast Tribes are called the Nootka Tribes after Nootka Sound where they were first encountered by the Europeans.

### Mah-Mul-Ney

When the Europeans first came the Natives called them "Mah-Mul-

ney" which means in the native language, "People travelling in house boat." We natives were never conquered and yet we learned how to fill the income tax forms and pay tax and are sometimes called creek robbers and classed as sea lions and ducks for destroying fish, but let me tell you, my Indian friends, that there is one thing you have not done and that is you do not put the fish in tins and ship to foreign countries. You use them as the Maker intended you to use them.

Let me tell you that I live close to a river called "Somass River" and I used to hear the old people say that when they were children they used to see sockeye by thousands running up the river and the Natives used to get all they needed for the winter supply and wasted no fish. Today, you cannot get sockeye unless you have a permit from the "Mah-Mul-Ney" fishery inspector. You know the rest of it and it ends with the words "Gullity, thirty days," thirty days for taking the fish that Nature provided you with.

I think that we should not say very much how we are treated for there is a good story that they have brought to us. They told that through Adam's disobedience the

while world was lost and became subjected to the spirit of the prince of this world who is known as Satan, but looking at it the other way, we learn that God with His great love sent forth His only son, Jesus Christ, to die for the whole world and restore them to spiritual life and light.

### Back to Subject

Coming back to the subject of the West Coast tribes, of the two Aht languages, one is spoken at Niti-naht and southward along the coast, including Pachenah tribes at Port Renfrew.

The other is found around the Barclay Sound and Northward. There are differences of speech that the younger generation find hard to understand, but they are not great enough to cause serious difficulties in understanding.

The younger generation now use the English language and seems that the Indian ways will soon be forgotten, such as Indian stories. There are quite a number of Indian stories but we do know that these stories are not true, such stories as my old grandfather use to tell before bed time — and the story goes something like this, Deer was out fishing with hook

(Continued on Page 6)

# Deep in Early Canadian History

A link between East and West with which readers of The Native Voice have long been familiar is provided by Big White Owl, Associate Eastern Editor, whose fine articles have been a constant inspiration in the paper.

The tribe from which Jasper Hill (Big White Owl) springs has its roots deep in early Canadian history. He belongs to the Lenni Lennape tribe which means "original people". His forebears came to Canada after the American revolution and settled at Fairfield near the present Moraviantown Reserve at Thamesville Ontario. Here they raised corn and wheat and made quantities of sugar by tapping the maple trees.

In 1813 the Americans plundered



MR. MOSES STONEFISH

Mr. Moses Stonefish, age 91, Kent County's oldest Delaware Indian living on the only tribal land left in Kent County—in government records it is listed as "The Moravian Agency," but better known generally as Moraviantown, Ont. The history and traditions of the Delaware Indians (Lenni Lenape) are indeed fascinating and full of pathos when recited by this grand old man of the Delawares. Mr. Stonefish loves to recount the famous tradition how his late father was one of Chief Tecumseh's last bodyguards and how they hid his body in a secret grave and so well was this task carried out that it remains a complete secret even to this day.

and burned the village but it was re-established later on the north bank of the river in 1815.

Moses Stonefish, oldest Indian living on the reserve today is a direct descendant of those original Moravian Indians. He can recall hearing his father tell that he was one of Tecumseh's bodyguards. When the great chief was killed in battle his father helped to bury him in a secret grave which has never been discovered to this day.

The name of Tecumseh is one of the most illustrious in the history of Canada. The highest conception of Indian character was found in this heroic chieftain. We are told he was "of open countenance and noble bearing, possessed of much wisdom and bravery."

He formed an alliance with the western tribes to regain their lost inheritance, but they met defeat at the battle of Tippicanoe. In 1812 he joined the English against the Americans and held the rank of Brigadier General in the English army. He was killed in action in 1813 while commanding the right wing of the English army.

Jasper Hill is a Lenni Lenape Indian who is proud of his ancestral background. While many native people are rapidly forgetting the customs of the past, Jasper Hill has striven to preserve the old legends and ancient lore which



**THE THREE PEOPLE** in this picture are closely related to The Native Voice's outstanding contributor, Eastern Associate Editor Jasper Hill, who also bears the title Big White Owl. They are, from left to right, Mrs. Jasper Hill, wife of the writer, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Hill, his parents.

meant so much to his people.

We are just beginning to realize how greatly Indian culture has enriched the nation. To people like Jasper Hill we must be grateful for preserving valuable information

which must otherwise have been lost.

He speaks with the inspired language of a poet when he tells of the wisdom of the past, and the faith of his fathers. In saving for posterity these records of the Indian people he not only honors the memory of those who have gone before, but also incurs a debt of gratitude from coming generations.

## Commons Approves New Indian Charter

OTTAWA, April 3.—The government's new Indian charter received approval in principle in Parliament Monday, and was referred to a special house committee for detailed consideration.

The committee, which will be named later, will have power to call witnesses and to recommend amendments to the legislation. The main witnesses will be officials of the government's Indian Branch and representatives of various Indian organizations across the country.

The new bill was introduced in the Commons shortly before the Easter recess. It makes few major changes in Indian administration policy, but revises and modernizes most of the detailed provisions of the old act.

### MAY BUY LIQUOR

Indians will have more authority in administration of their own affairs and in handling treaty funds. It will give Indians the right—now denied them—to buy alcoholic beverages off the reserve if the provinces consent.

Opposition groups in the House gave their general support to the legislation, but said it should be amended to give the Indian a greater voice in his own affairs. They said the bill, introduced by Citizenship Minister Walter Harris, was a distinct improvement over the act now in effect.

Progressive Conservative leader George Drew said the government was to be commended for introducing the bill, but added that "we have no right to be satisfied with this legislation." He said Canadians should not be satisfied until the nation's Indians had been granted full citizenship.

### SOCIAL DEPRESSION

CCF leader M. J. Coldwell said that in many parts of Canada native Indians living on reservations were "in a state of economic and social depression."

"Our attitude has been purely paternalistic. Not enough opportunity has been given to the Indian population to guide their own destinies and to raise themselves in their standard of living," Coldwell said.

E. T. Applewhaite (Lib.-Skeena) said there was such a variety in the standards of life among Indians from one reservation to another that the government had to have wide discretionary powers to deal with individual cases. Some opposition members had criticized the bill for the powers being given to Harris under the measure, but Applewhaite said Harris would not use the powers except in cases where standard rules of administration could not be applied.

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## May I Apologize

I WISH at this time to make an apology. Not for myself or my neighbor or the people in the next town, but for my government, the government that represents the people of the United States. The government that I, my neighbor, and the people in the next town have a part in electing, each time we go to the polls. Sometimes our choice is a good one and other times someone is elected who is not quite big enough for the job before him.

This must have happened when the committee was appointed to work on the Garrison Dam project, which affected the Fort Berthold Indians. For on this committee were men who, in order to satisfy the majority, were blinding themselves to justice and honesty. Men who through ignorance, or for self glory, were putting aside all thought of brotherhood and fair play. These things I witnessed as an interested party who fought on the side of the vanquished.

In the two years I had the pleasure of fighting for these poor people, who are a minority, I contacted many of the Senators and men who made up this committee. As I said before, among them were kind and fair-minded men, who believe in fair play, but there was also the other kind, the men who did not believe that a treaty was binding (such as the treaty of 1851) and who look upon it as just so much paper, and would treat it as such.

The latter gave us little hope, but we stuck to our guns, hoping that by some miracle, justice would at last prevail. But as time went on, we could see the writing on the wall, which spelled defeat.

My white friends and I have no excuse to offer; only our humility, to think that we, in trying to help our Red brothers, proved so weak. That we are part of a nation who in these perilous times, when treaties should be held as something sacred, have broken them and made propoganda for our enemies.

In conclusion, I would like to quote something from Blackhawk's surrender letter to General H. Atkinson in 1833:

"I am now an obscure member of a nation that formerly honored and respected my opinions. The path of glory is rough, and many gloomy hours obscure it. May the Great Spirit shed light on yours, and that you may never experience the humility that the power of the American government has reduced me to, is the wish of him who, in his native forests, was once as proud and bold as yourself."

Your humble friend,  
H. O. WALTERMYER.

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THE ABOVE PICTURE was taken on May 24, 1926, at Village Island, B.C., and sent to The Native Voice by Kitty Green from Bella Bella. The ladies are Miss Marion Nixon, Miss K. Dibben, and Mrs. Jack Ambers. The children include Wilfred and Fred Hanuse and children of Mrs. Ambers.

## The New Indian Bill

THE Federal Government has made considerable point of inviting Indian tribe chieftains to Ottawa to discuss the new legislation affecting them. Citizenship Minister Harris said he wanted their advice and co-operation. He has left them more ready opportunity for the former than the latter. The Indian Bill now before Commons is some improvement over last year's patchwork measure which was withdrawn under criticism, but it betrays in many respects the same basic weakness.

This is the failure to chart the progressive stages where-by Indian bands and their leaders can attain the rights of citizenship held out to them. In the 124 sections of the bill there are a great many questions on which chieftains and band councils should obviously be capable of taking at least an advisory part. Some sections specify that this advice be secured. Others are reiteration of "the Minister, the Minister," which must seem disconcerting to earnest and enlightened Indian leaders. Naturally the Minister may if he chooses seek advice, but the bill too often does not require him to do so.

Like its predecessor, the measure provides that municipal responsibilities may be granted when "a band has reached an advanced stage of development." But it lacks provisions for adequate intermediary steps by which band councils could gradually gain a fuller insight into such administrative functions, and thus not only expedite the granting of them, but be ready for them when they arrive. The disciplinary powers granted the councils in their pre-municipal stage do not provide such instruction, and such as they are they also are subject to regulations made by the Minister.

Moreover these shortcomings are not recompensed by the educational provisions. These are changed to lower the school admission age from seven to six, and to establish schools off Indian reservations when necessary to accommodate families of certain classes of workers. They also permit the Federal Government to arrange with Provincial Governments and private organizations for education in association with other children. A natural corollary would be provision for schools and equipment to carry out the intent of the bill. Although the Minister (again with no mention of local consultation) "may" provide standards for buildings, it omits to say who supplies the actual buildings.

As did the old act, the bill provides Government loans to help Indians buy farm machinery, livestock, material for handicrafts, etc. This is of limited scope since the total of such loans must stay within \$350,000. This section again makes no mention of giving band councils some advisory responsibility. Yet they would surely be in a position to provide it. If called upon to put such knowledge to administrative test they would gain valuable training. This, it seems to us, should be a keynote for the whole rehabilitation program. Those who framed the bill apparently overlooked it.—*Globe and Mail*.

# He Declared Them Man and Wife

By **BIG WHITE OWL**

**I**N THE old days, long before the white man discovered America, when a young Lenni Lenape brave began to think seriously of marriage, he usually consulted his mother and father who arranged these matters, if it were at all possible, with the parents of the girl of his choice. This of course took place after the courting and the wooing had reached its apex—or should I say: "torrid climax?"

Certain formal presents were given or offered and the acceptance of these articles meant a favourable decision for the parties concerned, whereupon the happy young brave would go into primeval forest in search of game.

He took with him his most powerful bows and arrows, because this was to be a very special occasion, and after procuring a deer or a young bear he then proceeded to tie the front paws and hind feet together with a tump-line and swung it onto his back and began his tortuous trek back to camp. Upon arriving there, he dressed and roasted the choicest steak thereof, then taking it to the parents of the maiden he loved, he gave it to them as a betrothal present.

## They Are Engaged

After accepting these courtesies and gifts, the Indian maiden was then considered as being lawfully engaged to the young Lenni Lenape brave. Thereupon, it was her most sacred duty to select a few ears of corn, shell it, and carefully and reverently, as they took a few puffs from it. To them, it was an object of spiritual conception that symbolized their ethics and religion. And everytime the smoke from the Holy Pipe would curl forth upward toward the blue sky, they could feel the sacred presence of Kitché Manitou, (Great Spirit). For to them, the Ceremonial Pipe was like a holy altar, a visible and

## MAY MRS. THORNTON HAVE SPEEDY RECOVERY

Our sincere wishes for speedy recovery go to Mildred Valley Thornton who has been ill for the past several weeks. Mrs. Thornton, a truly sincere friend of the native people, is a noted artist and contributor to the columns of The Native Voice.

We are sure that her many friends among the readers of The Native Voice join us in wishing that Mildred Valley Thornton will soon regain her health.

tangible evidence which joined 'MAN' (the wayward and mortal one) to "The Great Mystery." Now, after the pipe was returned to the Priest Sachem, he held it upward, with outstretched arms, before him, closed his eyes and stood in silent meditation for a little while, before placing it upon an Altar Stone beside the council fire.

## Marriage Ceremony

The young Lenni Lenape brave and the shy but very happy Indian maiden are now brought together by the parents, or grandparents, to the Priest Sachem who placed his right hand upon the young man's shoulder while he addressed the people saying:—"My Brothers and Sisters: This young Lenni Lenape is a good man. He has proven that to us by his bravery in the field of battle, and by his prowess as a hunter, and by the many other good deeds which he performed, from time to time, so unselfishly. He is now fully prepared to take unto himself this beautiful maiden for his wife. He is ready to hunt, go to war for her protection, and supply her with plenty of furs for clothes, and fish and venison and turkey for meat, and all the other lesser necessities of life as long as they live together upon this our mother, the Earth."

Now, turning to young lady and taking her by the hand, he explained to the people that the young girl by making and giving the corn bread scones to the parents of her future husband; signified that she was willing and quite capable to plant corn, beans, squashes, pumpkins, and tobacco in her garden; that she would do her best to provide her husband with bread, make his clothes, raise his children, keep his wigwam in order, just as long as they lived and enjoyed life together upon the great mother, Earth. . . .

But, before concluding his short speech on the obligations and the opportunities of married life, the aged Priest Sachem always added his personal good wishes and kindly advice and congratulations to the happy young couple. Then joining the hands of the man and woman, he "declared them to be man and wife!"

When all the ceremonies and speeches were completed, the dancing and feasting takes place, and that continues until the provisions and the merry makers are exhausted. After this joyous celebration is over, the happy couple begin to live together as man and wife with no further ado.

## Divorce Procedure

In the old time Lenni Lenape society, divorce as it is known to-



**BIG WHITE OWL**  
Eastern Associate Editor

day, was unknown. If a man and a woman could not agree, if they could not live happily together, they simply separated—and there was no putrid scandal about it . . . But whenever a man became known as a person hopelessly unfitted to make a successful husband, he was branded, scorned, and called: "Ma-ta-hop-ah" which means, 'a failure of failures.' And a man with this brand of character was forced to be content to live the rest of his life alone!

I HAVE SPOKEN!

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Maisie Armytage-Moore  
Publisher and Director  
The Native Voice Paper  
Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

Dear Friend and Sister,—

In this mail I am forwarding on to you one of our pamphlets. Our little Indian Organization gets many letters from many people asking for information as to where they can get a paper or magazine that deals on Indian happenings. Naturally your little Indian paper comes to our minds and we tell these people of it and of the good work that you are, through this paper, doing for our Indian People.

The thought came to me that it would be a good thing to include, on the cover of all of our future pamphlets, a statement that will tell those who purchase our pamphlets of your paper. This should help you get subscriptions to the paper and naturally the more folks who read the paper, the better it will be for our Indian People.

You are doing a great work and don't let anyone tell you different.

I could not help but feel that you must be doing a great work to get a raise out of the person who wrote the harsh letter to you and which you had printed in your February issue of the paper. The article was titled "Believes 'Native Voice' Promotes Racial Bias." It seems strange for a member of the white race to write such a letter in which is advice against telling the world what has happened to the Indian. I say this to that person, "Why don't you practice what you preach!"

Practically every history book,

## AHT Tribes

(Continued from Page 2)

and line and the weather was fine, and the Wolf people were moving, and Deer said "It's a fine day that you are all moving, you big nose bone eaters." Most of you know the story so I need not go any further.

### Another Fable

Why I am writing this is to show that our white brothers have also taught us that on Christmas day, Santa Claus comes through the chimney with his Christmas gifts. We certainly do not believe it, for on Christmas day, Jesus Christ was born to save the world from destruction and all through the Bible from Genesis to Revelation there is not a word mentioned about Santa Claus. So let us forget him and set our whole mind to the things that Christmas was intended for, not Santa.

Thank you my friends.

every wild west moving picture, every dime novel written in which Indian People are mentioned, is filled with hatred and bitterness against our people. The whole world has been taught to believe in untruths about our old people, right up to the present day.

Ask the writer of that letter if she knows how an Indian feels when he hears expressions of hate such as, "The only good Indian is a dead one; Another Red Skin bit the dust, etc. etc." Ask her if it is wrong to defend the good name of your old people. Ask her who is largely responsible for the Indians not knowing their own culture and history. Who has taught the people of the world to believe that the Indian was a cruel savage? If she goes to the museums of Europe she will see devices to torture people that would make the fiercest Mohawk feel weak.

It is honorable to defend our old people who were a great people. It is a disgrace to meekly sit by and allow those who would label our people as cruel savages do so without fighting back. If you will be a door mat, people will always wipe their feet upon you.

**INIQUITIES OF OUR FOREFATHERS**—What a statement to make. The only weakness of our forefathers was that their hearts were so big and generous that they lived as God would have people live. The old Indian never fought for anything that did not belong to him. The day will come when the whole world will honor our people for the stand that they took.

As an honest historian, C. Hale Sipe, says: "But let us not forget that the Indians, defrauded and cheated, were fighting to the death for their homes and hunting grounds; that they were proud spirits who were born free, and loved freedom more than life itself; and that they had ample reasons for hating, with such burning rancor the race that drove them from the lands of their fathers—the lands they considered their own, as the gift of the Great Spirit to his Red Children."

I have only scratched the surface but if the author of that letter wants further proof, I will gladly tell her where she can get volumes of material written by members of her own race, that will verify the above and might cause a great change in the attitude as she says on, "Immature minds with no knowledge of their own history."

Sincerely Yours,  
(Signed) Ray Fadden, Secretary.  
Akwasasne Mohawk Counselor  
Organ.

## 'Native Voice' Helps in Class

716 Ingleside Place,  
Evanston, Illinois, U.S.A.

The Native Voice Publishing Co. Ltd.,  
429 Standard Bldg.,  
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Friends:

Formerly I lived in the Indian village of Ahousat, B.C., where I received your magazine.

The December, 1950, copy was forwarded to me from Ahousat. It was like having an old friend come.

In it were folklore and information helping in a class I am taking in National College of Education. One of my teachers in the College asked to borrow the issue and was much interested.

Please send my further copies regularly to my present address.

With a wish for the success of your publication and a "Hello" to all my friends in Port Simpson and Ahousat, I am,

Yours sincerely,  
BERNICE R. MOATS.

## Too Little and Too Late

The Native Voice Pub. Co.,  
429 Standard Building,  
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Editor:

Never before in the history of mankind have the words "peace" and "freedom" been so repetitious as now upon the lips of teeming millions of peoples throughout the entire world, fearful of an impending flash of the annihilating power of atomic warfare. These heaven-coined virgin words, stressed often in their beauty and soul lifting power as we read of them in sacred writ, now have become sullied and banded about in their purely negative and superficial form; ravished of their virtue and stripped of their rich spiritual significance and power, that alone exalteth a nation.

"Peace in our time" has now come to mean only an intensive desire to carry on in a free and untrammelled way—without the destructive arts of war—that prolific source of misery—our daily occupations, including our larger industrial enterprises that build up big business and huge profits which are not wrong in and of themselves, but being most all purely materialistic incentives, have completely overlooked the eternal fact, that we who operate them are held—whether we realize it or not—as trustees in trust to the Giver of all good gifts, for the good of the human family, and stand to be judged accordingly.

The opulent wealth and extreme poverty that today blankets the whole world, proves that we have tragically failed in that trusteeship.

As we cast our eyes over this richly blessed land of America, we do so with tears, shame and humility, for having polluted the once rich pure blood stream of the Great Spirit-given heritage; robbed him of his freedom, his health, his land, his virgin forests, lakes and rivers—his happy hunting grounds. Alas! the white man's greed has miserably failed to compensate him fully and rightly for his unmitigated and irreparable loss, but rather have left him to grovel in dire poverty and ignorance; utterly failing to grant him the full benefits of those educational facilities as taken for granted by the pale face.

While our Indian brothers are grateful for what the governments are doing to remedy—if that were fully possible—these cruel injustices, we fearfully ask: Is it too little and too late? Now, everywhere, across the wide domain of this great American continent, the outraged Indians, are rising to demand their rights. The Government of Canada, especially, had better take heed and listen to them, for justice has drawn her sword, and she will not sheath it until restitution is fully made, and our now down-trodden Indian brother be raised to the full statue of political, economic and social rights, as enjoyed by those who have exploited him.

Finally, if we are fighting the combined satanic forces of evil, now stalking earth's fair lands in the form of "destructive communism," purely in order to protect our utterly selfish form of life in our so-called Christian democracy, with its constant abuse of liberty and accruing evils; then the battle is already lost, and makes the biblical strongly prophetic words ring out more clear: "Destruction cometh; and they shall seek peace, and there shall be none." Why? Because "The diseased you have not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick. Neither have ye bound up that which was broken . . . but with force and cruelty have ye ruled them." Such is the indictment of heaven, and because of these evils described, never was the cry of peace so vain a cry as in the world today.

JAMES AYERS.  
Kamloops, B.C.

## News Valued

Thompsonville, Conn.  
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Lear Editor,—

I am enclosing \$3.00 for two more years subscription to the great American informer. I wouldn't be without it now. Worth many times for its real news.

Chief Red Cloud  
Grand Sachem  
Federated Eastern Indian  
League.

# Calder Asks Pre-emption Rights for Natives

VICTORIA.—The commonly held belief of freedom loving people that they are better off under a system of self-government than under a colonial administration would appear to have little support among the native Indians of this province.

Since 1871, when B.C. joined the Dominion of Canada, native Indians have been barred from purchasing or pre-empting land in this province unless they had written permission under an order from the lieutenant-governor in council. This fact was drawn to the attention of the B.C. Legislature on March 21 when Frank Calder (CCF MLA for Atlin and secretary of the Native Brotherhood of B.C.) spoke in the budget debate earlier this session.

The situation was quite different when B.C. was a British Crown colony, said Mr. Calder and he quoted from an official policy statement made Oct. 14, 1874, by Sir James Douglas, former governor of the colony, to Colonel Powell, Indian Commissioner.

### Enlightened Policy

The policy of the British Government at that time was:

... to include within reserves every piece of ground to which they had acquired an equitable title through continuous occupation, tillage, or other investment of their labor. (Reserves were common property of the tribes, with title vested in the Crown to prevent alienation by their own acts.)

"The policy of the government was carried even a step beyond this point, in providing for the future. Contemplating the probable advance of the Aborigines in knowledge and intelligence and assuming that a time would certainly arrive when they might aspire to a higher rank in the social scale, and feel the essential

wants of and claims of a better condition, it was determined to remove every obstacle from their path, by placing them in the most favorable circumstances for acquiring land in their individual and private capacity, apart from the tribal reserves. They were, therefore legally authorized to acquire property in lands, either by direct purchase at the government offices, or through the operation of the pre-emption laws of the Colony, on precisely the same terms and considerations, in all respects, as other classes of Her Majesty's subjects."

### Imperil Vital Interest

After setting out the official policy, Sir James Douglas warned the Indian Commissioners: "A departure from the practice then

adopted with respect to this clause of Native rights will give rise to unbounded disaffection, and may imperil the vital interests of the province."

Frank Calder urged the provincial government to repeal the law now on the statutes and return to the intent of the first government. "If this government is to promote citizens in this province, it should repeal this law."

Segregation on reserves give the Indians an inferiority complex, he said, "they are nothing but concentration camps."

He recalled that there were no wars with the Indians in this province, in sharp contrast to the armed conflicts which raged for years over the mid-western and eastern areas of this continent. But the Indians in B.C. "became hostile" when they came under the jurisdiction of the federal Indian Act in 1871.

## Spawning Area Protection Urged

VICTORIA.—The provincial government was urged to take steps to protect salmon spawning grounds in the Quesnel watershed, when Frank Calder (CCF, Atlin) joined in the budget debate on March 21.

The proposed B.C. Power Commission hydro development should be on the North Fork of the Quesnel River System instead of the Little Canyon site, he said.

The fishing industry, Mr. Calder said, is not opposed to water power developments "if they are in the best interests of all the people," but the government must protect watersheds that are productive spawning grounds.

He was pleading the cause of thousands of people on the coast, whose income largely depended upon salmon fishing. The damaging of even one watershed "will seriously affect production, workers and individual investments." Fishing companies have some \$27 million invested in boats and gear, while processing and distributive plants account for \$28 million.

Mr. Calder, an active trade unionist, expressed the hope that something would be done about the standing committee on labor. Pointing out that organized labor plays a major role in the B.C. economy, he said "some consideration should be given to their desires."

### Cates Sends Brother

B.C. should have representatives in Ottawa now while the federal Bill 79, in the new Indian Act, is in third reading. Frank Calder urged the Victoria government to send Reg Kelly, secretary of the six-man advisory committee on Indian Affairs who has a sound grasp of B.C. Indian problems. Instead, Labor Minister Cates sent his own brother.

In the minister's estimates is an appropriation of \$9,000 for travelling expenses for the advisory committee, and Mr. Calder wanted to know if the Legislature wouldn't get a report from the committee member who went to Ottawa. In fact, he demanded a report. However, Labor Minister Cates felt that the House must wait until a report was received from the minister of immigration and citizenship who is also the head of the federal Indian Affairs department.



FRANK CALDER  
Native M.L.A. for Atlin

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# Poetry from Yukon Teacher

Carcross, Y.T., April 3, 1951

Dear Mrs. Moore:

I am forwarding some verses which were composed while in the Indian School and prompted by observing my pupils.

Our word, "Canadian" is originally from the word, Indian in origin, "Kanata," meaning a group of small huts—so our native people are actually real Canadians and still are, since the small hut seems to predominate, still in many parts of Canada, as characteristically the dwelling of our native people.

My pupils are very fond of our Eskimo song and are very interested in knowing all about our Northern neighbors. I hope some other children may share these pleasures through your paper. I shall be pleased to collect some historical data for your publication.

Yours truly,  
(MRS.) BARBARA DEAN.

## A Young Canadian

I am a young Canadian,  
There are thousands just like me;  
Our duty is to show the world  
What Canadians ought to be.

We're here to do our utmost  
For country, King and God;  
To stand for Truth and Honor,  
On home or foreign sod.

We need not fight in battles  
That make great empires bleed;  
There's Duty whispers around us,  
So let us all take heed.

The Duty that e'er prompts us,  
Says, "Love, Honor and fair play;  
Cherish British freedom,  
and use it well each day."

## Little Eskimo

Little Eskimo,  
So far away from me;  
What do you have to eat  
When you have your tea?

I have a little seal meat,  
Some whale, maybe some bear;  
If you come and visit me,  
With you some I will share.

I have a furry suit  
That keeps me very warm;  
I have a spear of bone  
That keeps me from all harm.

My dogs are very playful,  
And very willing too;  
They pull me o'er the snow,  
And many tricks they do.

My house is made of ice-blocks,  
I crawl inside and sleep  
On a bench of ice and snow,  
Where cold winds cannot sweep.

*And Jesus said, Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.*

—St. Luke, 11: 9, 10.

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# Ahousat - Keltsemat Amalgamation



Reading from left to right, Standing: Luke Swan, (partly showing), Jack Benson, Philip Louis, Andrew Webster, Ian Seitcher. Seated: Chester Charlie (replaced by Teddy George), Paul Sam, Chief Councilor, Chief Earl George (Ahousat Chief).

At a meeting held in Ahousat in December, 1950, with Chief Earl George in charge, the Ahousat and Keltsemat tribes were amalgamated. Both tribes were well represented at this important occasion.

Following this amalgamation, a Council was formed to look after the welfare of the now three amalgamated tribes, namely, Ahousat, Keltsemat and Manhouasat. The following men were appointed as councilors: Luke Swan, Jack Benson, Philip Louie, Andrew Webster, Ian Seitcher, Teddy George, Paul Sam and Chief Earl George. This Council has been officially recognized by the West Coast Indian Agent, N. W. Garrard. The Council has passed several by-laws for the governing of the three tribes . . . local police appointed, curfew for children, health officers appointed, etc.

Everybody looks forward to a brighter future.

PHILIP LOUIE, Secretary.

I love you, Canada,  
My own, my native land;  
I shall do all I can for you,  
With head and heart and hand.

to read and write and spell,  
But I can learn so many things  
No book can ever tell.

## School

School is a place where I can learn

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And when to silent be;  
When it is time to be a friend,  
When one has need of me.

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# E. R. Tucker Pleads Indian Rights

By LLEW MCKENZIE  
(In The Daily Press)

A plea that Canada peer into the darkness under her own petticoat and give to her own people the rights and privileges for which Canada is prepared to shed blood on foreign fields to defend has been sounded by Magistrate E. R. Tucker, Cochrane's flying magistrate.

Magistrate Tucker is echoing the beefs of his Indian friends squatting at the mouth of James Bay who are convinced that the utterances of the Atlantic Pact are weasel words in a world of reality.

## Champion of Democracy

"How come?" the balding law dispenser asks. "Canada is a signatory of the Atlantic Pact. She is committed to champion democracy on the world's outposts while democracy is left to rot in its own midst."

Armed with a vest pocket size gisting of the Atlantic Pact, His Worship thumbed through the preamble, stopping at Article 1 which states: "All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience and should act toward one another in a spirit of brotherhood."

Continuing, he recites Article

2 which pledges every nation signing the Atlantic Pact to "guarantee to all the rights and freedoms set forth in this declaration without distinction of any kind such as race, color, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, national or social origin or birth or other status."

Magistrate Tucker believes that the freedoms set forth in the lead of the Atlantic Pact should fit like a snood over Canada's population, including the 135,000 Indians whose ancestors were Canadians before the white man moved in.

Article 21 (1), also referred to by the magistrate, states that, "Everyone has the right to take part in the government of his Country directly or through freely chosen representatives."

"The Indians are not even getting the top of the egg," Magistrate Tucker reasons. "They get nothing and nobody seems to care except the Indians themselves."

## "Bebamashiogima"

Magistrate Tucker has long been a friend of the Indians in Northern Ontario. It was on an Indian reservation on Manitoulin Island that he uttered his first cry. His early English was mixed with Cree and now he speaks the language of the Indian in the sprawling area he has served as

magistrate since his appointment in the early 20's. Proof of his kinship with the Indians is his title "Bebamashiogima," an Indian word meaning "Flying Chieftain" and a title which was given him by the Amalgamated Indian Tribes of the Province of Ontario.

"Governor Generals and Premiers may be made chiefs of single tribes," Magistrate Tucker reasons, "but my honor came from the whole group. Quite an honor."

From this background spent in the bush and in wigwams, "Bebamashiogima" pleads for white treatment of the red men.

## Rights of Humanity

"As a member of the United Nations, Canada is pledged to support to the limit of her ability the democratic rights of all people," he said. "We're supposed to even fight for these rights for others. How then, can Canada send her fighting men to Korea to enforce this Charter in which she is supposed to have only a nominal interest based on the rights of humanity, when she fails to extend these rights to the citizens of this country who have never known any other."

Magistrate Tucker referred to the treatment offered by Canada to D.P.'s and others who migrate to Canada where they are soon

given the rights of citizenship. A D.P. gets a vote; the Indian gets none.

## Indians Are Citizens

"Not right," the Magistrate claims. "Indians are people and they are citizens and they should be recognized. We are giving these rights of citizenship to former enemy aliens who have stabbed us in the back and killed and wounded our dads and sons when they thought they had us down. If Canada as a nation is to enter this crusade, then she should do it with clean hands. I see no reason why, with a stroke of the pen, the franchise should not be extended to Indians without interfering with the money they now receive (\$4.00 per year) and the other benefits to which they are now entitled. They should be given hospital care and medical treatment. Some may say the Indian may obtain his franchise by surrendering all his rights as an Indian—which means in effect that the government will sell him his franchise but refuses to give it to him as his right and as it is given to every other citizen in Canada."

Magistrate Tucker huffed a vigorous "pooh-pooh" when it was

(Continued on Page 16)



British Columbia's industrial development and expansion continues to increase at a rapid rate. Confidence, which industry has in the future of British Columbia, is based on the combination of advantages, which include: Forestry Products, vast Power Resources, Mining, Agriculture, Fisheries, Transportation Facilities, Educational Advantages, and a Temperate Climate.

## GREETINGS and BEST WISHES

To the delegates attending the Twenty-first Annual Convention of the Native Brotherhood at Bella Bella, British Columbia, and congratulations to The Native Voice on publication of its special edition to commemorate the occasion.

In British Columbia's advancement to a great industrial empire, the Indian people have played an important role, both culturally and industrially.

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HON. DOUGLAS TURNBULL, Minister

# The Story of W. D. Lighthall, K.C.

By Phoebe Erskine MacKellar  
(To Eastern Editor, The Native Voice)

ONE summer evening in 1909, on a grassy slope near the ruins of Fort Ticonderoga, a motley crowd of spectators watched the Indian Pageant in honour of the Champlain Ter Centennial. At the conclusion of the drama, a Dutch fur-trader of early days was adopted into the tribe with full ceremony.

There were cries of "author, author!" A tall man with aquiline features and a merry twinkle in his dark eyes, rose to take his bow. Amid the applause, two of the actor Indian Braves leaped into a canoe on the shore of the island-berge, which served as stage, and paddled to the mainland. The embarrassed author, who was none other than W. D. Lighthall, K.C. of Montreal, was hurried away between the "War Chief" and "Peace Chief" of the pageant.

The scene was re-enacted, Dr. Lighthall replacing the actor who had represented Vancorlaer, fur-trader Governor of New Holland. Thus he was adopted into the tribe and given the name of Te-ken-taroken, the original of Ticonderoga.

WHEN asked how her father first became interested in Indians, Alice Lighthall (who heads the Indian and Eskimo Committee of the Canadian Handicraft Guild) says, through study of his ancestors. Who were his ancestors, one asks? The Schuylers of New Holland! That sets Dr. Lighthall's North American roots back about three hundred years.

Those who are familiar with the history of New York State will remember that this illustrious family were noted for their peaceful and friendly dealings with the Indians, the Iroquois Confederacy in particular.

Dr. Lighthall is the direct descendant of Vancorlaer, Governor of New Holland, known by the In-

dians as Brother Corlaer or simply "Cora". Later, the Indians transferred the name to the King of England, adding "Kawa" meaning "Great". A fine tribute to a fine Governor. Dr. Lighthall is a collateral descendant of Peter Schuyler, the first Indian Commissioner for Britain. It was he who presented the four chiefs, known as the "Kings of Canada" to Queen Anne in 1709. One was the grandfather of Joseph Brant, and they were not from Canada as we know it but the Mohawk and Hudson Valleys of New York State. Engravings from their portraits painted in England hang on the walls of the New York State Historical Society in New York City.

Another interesting ancestor is Bogardis Domine, also known as Megapolins, the most learned man in the colony. It was in this Minister of the Hollander's house in Fort Orange (Albany N.Y.) that the Jesuit Father Issac Jogues found refuge during his escape from Mohawk captivity in 1643.

AGAIN, in the 1690's, a Schuyler ancestor of Dr. Lighthall looms in history. A force of French soldiers and allied Indians, totaling five hundred and fifty, raided a Mohawk village near Schenectady and later Ticonderoga. Next came an attack on Fort Orange. A retaliation raid of well trained militia led by Lt. John Schuyler, brother of Peter, together with a group of Mohawks penetrated into Canada as far as La Prairie opposite Montreal. He was the first British Officer of New York State to organize a raid as far north.

An interesting fact connected with this expedition is that these Mohawks were able to use the trails of their ancestors who had escaped from the Huron raid that destroyed Hochelaga (Montreal) more than a century before. This was the clue that inspired John Schuyler's descendant W. D. Lighthall, two hundred years later, to

write his romantic historical novel "The Master of Life". The story is beautifully told, and clarifies the historical mystery of the disappearance of Hochelaga between the departure of Jacques Cartier and arrival of Samuel de Champlain. Here too we have Hiawatha and the sage Degonaweda, joint founders of the Iroquois Confederacy, vividly brought to life.

THE pageant on Lake Champlain in 1909 was adapted by Mr. L. O. Armstrong from this book. Indians from Cagnawaga, Que., took part in it, speaking in their own language, while a narrator outlined the story in English. The stage was an "Island" built on six barges. On it was erected in replica, an Iroquois town and council fire. The U.S. Navy towed the movable stage to five selected places on the shores of Lake Champlain. The Ter-centennial Celebrations lasted for one week.

Through this exciting experiment, many Redmen were given an opportunity to learn a phase of their past that had been forgotten through centuries of association with European culture. No wonder Te-ken-taroken (W. D. Lighthall) is highly revered by Iroquois Indians who remember the pageant on Lake Champlain.

W. D. Lighthall, K.C., is not only appreciated by the Iroquois Indians of Canada for his historical research but for his professional contribution in their interests. For some years he served as special Counsel for the Indian Affairs Branch of the Department of Mines and Resources. He has helped the Indians through many land problems which include the obtaining of added reserves in British Columbia. At Brantford six nations reserve he took part in hearings in the Long House where he was given the place of honour as principal guest!

HOW!

## Editor's Note:

"The region of Manhattan Island and the nearby mainland was anciently the point of contact between the Lenni Lenape and New England Algonkin peoples, who doubtless differed culturally as their archaeological remains testify; and it is in this Manhattan region that we find many evidences of a mixed culture. When, however, we examine remains from the Hackensack region, both on the mainland and Staten Island, it appears that as we draw southward the typical Lenape culture begins to assert itself until in the Raritan remains on the south shore of Staten Island and on their sites along the Raritan River on the New Jersey mainland, we find the influence of the New England culture entirely wanting, Iroquois traces faint, and the material in question almost identical with remains found by Abbot and Volk in the Delaware Valley at Trenton, N.J.

"On the whole, by comparison with such contemporary writers as De Vries, Van Der Donck, Dankers and Sluyter, and later with Heckewelder, we find that the prehistoric culture of Staten Island Indians was that of the coast Algonkin of the middle states and typically that of the Lenape or some people of very similar culture. Comparison with the ethnology of still existing Delawares (Lenni Lenape) of Canada has shown many similarities and doubtless, if a complete study of Lenape of Indian Territory and the West were made, still further evidences of unity might be found. In summing up, therefore, it is apparent from this study of archaeological remains of the region in question, that the prehistoric culture of Staten Island was identical with that of the Algonkin, Lenape, Hackensacks, Raritan and Tappans of the historic period."

(Authority: Skinner.)

## "The Indians Were Never Conquered"

(Editor's Note: This interesting letter, written by Miss Georgia Nelson of Vancouver, proved too long for this issue alone. It will be concluded in our May edition.)

May I be permitted to express my views concerning a letter written by Mrs. Mary Hawkes in your February publication and also some views in general? Thank you.

First of all I would like to say, with the best of intentions, that if Mrs. Hawkes has the advantage of being a school teacher in an Indian community, why does she waste time impounding into them, via her printed letter, such ad-

jectives as half-educated, immature, and semi-literate? It would seem to me that she has a wonderful opportunity and a challenging job on her hands.

Mrs. Hawkes states in her letter, "the Indians were not all lily white and innocent!" What race on earth ever was? The history books of any country will ascertain the facts of this. It is the belief of some that we are on this earth to improve, not to exist in perfection. Mrs. Hawkes seems to be concerned that the facts printed in the pages of 'Native Voice' do not paint as pretty a picture of the white man as he usually paints of himself. I would be very interested if she, or anyone else for that mat-

ter, could prove to me that the white race is anything else but contemptible. A discerning eye on your records will see the light of what is obvious. We speak many fine words, but as Christ said, "By their fruits shall ye know them," and to take an example at random of the harvest we have sown, there is the Atom Bomb, which is one of the juicier apples we have produced. The Indians may have killed each other and their enemies off, (there is no record on earth of any race not having done this at one time or another) but I don't believe they would have used the Atomic Bomb, even providing they were given the power to do so. They had too much respect for

the land the Great Father gave them, the land which we condescendingly removed from their care.

Mrs. Hawkes says that some of the Indians know only tribal legends concerning their own history. Don't let's kid ourselves . . . the white man has his own tribal legends . . . one of them being that he is such a fine and noble fella. The average white man is completely devoid of any spiritual content, — no wonder then that he is the wolverine of the world, the apostle of greed, vulgarity, avarice, material ambition, — his finer perceptions are so blunted

(Continued on Page 12)

# Much Being Done to Combat Dread TB

Coqualeetza Indian Hospital,  
Sardis, B.C.

March 12, 1951.

The Editor,  
The Native Voice,  
429 Standard Building,  
Vancouver, B.C.  
Dear Sir:

In your issue of February, 1951 an editorial taken from the Vancouver News-Herald was given prominence on your own editorial page. The item entitled "A National Shame" suggested that due to a lack of concern for the Indian a high death rate from tuberculosis was being tolerated and there was the subtle implication that nothing much was being done about it.

If the writer of the editorial had taken the trouble to search a little deeper for his figures he would have found that for some years now the tuberculosis death rate has been decreasing steadily—for

Indians as well as whites. The rate in comparison with whites is still too high we admit but there is every indication that our various Indian T.B. programs are progressing every bit as efficiently and successfully as the white. In the treatment of this essentially chronic disease good results are being secured in the space of just a few years—due to the interest and activity of our Indian Health Services.

Ten years ago possibly one hundred Indians in Canada were under active treatment for tuberculosis. In January, 1950 there were 2248—not because there was that much more T.B. but because facilities for the treatment of the disease had been provided.

Besides maintaining some eighty nursing stations and health centres for the more scattered Indian and Eskimo population, our Depart-

ment operates twenty-one large hospitals varying in size up to 450 beds. Three of these hospitals are located right here in B.C., as you know and altogether we are providing treatment for an average of 525 T.B. Indians in this province. The calibre of medical and nursing staffs, the quality of work being done, and the equipment in our hospitals across Canada compare favourably with similar institutions for white T. B. patients.

It is all very well to say grimly that the Indian death rate from T.B. is fifteen times the white rate. I hope I may be considered more optimistic when I say that over two thousand tuberculous Indians in Canada were discharged from our hospitals to their homes in 1949 with their disease well under control.

In 1946 there were 207 deaths from T.B. in Indians in B.C. By

1949 the annual total had dropped to 95. Tentative figures for 1950 indicate the deaths were definitely less than 80—in other words a decrease of sixty per cent in the past five years.

From the general health point of view and certainly as far as T.B. is concerned, the story when fully told does not indicate a "lack of concern for the Indian". Our thinking Indians know better!

Yours very truly

W. S. Barclay, M.D.,  
Director, Indian T.B. Control  
for B. C.

Publisher's Note:—The Native Voice appreciates the work done by the medical department reducing T.B. among the Indians in B.C., and realizes that there have been great advances made in the last few years, the medical care given to the Natives is superior to the care given to the whites. Years ago, the Natives, often due to transportation and other obstacles, did not receive care that they now receive. We feel that the News Herald was not referring so much to the present conditions but to the past when hundreds of Natives were wiped out by T.B., small-pox and other diseases, including hunger, and that while so much is being done today for them, the incidence of T.B. is much higher than for whites on a pro rata basis. Again, I repeat, great credit is due to the successful fight of our medical men to overcome all this for which, God bless them.

## Indians Were Never Conquered

(Continued from Page 11)

or stunted, he cannot see or understand anything else, and he doesn't even know it himself. He continues to bask in his own good opinion. If one of the 'hymns of hate' Mrs. Hawkes refers to is the letter 'Native Voice' reprinted in part from True magazine, may I say here that nothing could have put in a more delightful nutshell all that I have come to think and believe, and I appreciated immensely the man's insight who wrote it. As for its tone, the course of modern events I think, would be conducive to producing perplexity, pungency and even downright indignation. It didn't strike me that the white man would be insulted or have his feelings hurt by the article and others like it. Myself, I think his skin is pretty thick. The article, along with others, served to remind me again, Think of Myself and to heck with the ridiculous and material concepts that prevail today. I clipped it out and

hung it on my mirror.

For many years I have studied, as far as I am able, the Indians, and have thought about them much. I am interested not because of any 'feeling sorry for them,' or any altruistic reasons . . . I merely and most sincerely admire and envy them their heritage. I believe the day will come when they will teach us, the whites, many things and will contribute to the progress of the world, — that is, progress in the real, sense of the word. (I wonder if many people realize how richly the Indian has contributed already, to the culture of our continent for instance.) This may sound a little fantastic considering the situation of the Indian today, but I am still convinced it is so. Before he will be in a position to do this, the Indian will have to better his place a great deal and is this not what 'Native Voice' is for?

It doesn't take much stretch of the imagination to realize the tremendous handicap the Indian is

laboring under today and of the great 'fight' that is ahead of him . . . the fight with himself perhaps as much as with the wrongs being done him. I congratulate this paper for being a focal point for the thoughts of the Indian race and for the good it is doing in giving them faith and the chance to converge their ideas and hopes and strivings.

(Continued next month)

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**To Big White Owl**

**Reader Impressed With 'Legend of High Park'**

Honeywood, Ont.  
Mar. 11, 1951.

Dear Big White Owl:

Just recently I received my first copy of "The Native Voice and read it right through. I was very much impressed by your Legend of High Park. It has the essence of poetry in it and speaks of truth as a prophet. I hope you will con-

tinue to express the truths you find in your own heart.

I would like to be a friend to the Indians but as yet I am just a white face in the doorway.

In 1934 I was doing vacation Bible School work on Vancouver Island. One point where my partner and I worked was Bowser. One day we drove out to the spit where some Indians were living. I was appalled. I went back every afternoon after that and held a second Bible School for the Indian children who were around at the tip of the sand spit, on top of an old, old burying ground.

One day, I talked with a dear old Indian woman. She was bright and kind and reminded me of my grandmother who was a very large woman. In the next home I peered in through the doorway. The room was long and narrow and dark. At the far end, huddled in rags, sat a woman. I was embarrassed, and withdrew. I have never forgotten her misery and last year (1949 to be exact) I wrote a few words in her memory:

The woman speaks,-

"When I was young, my body was strong and to paddle down the stream was sweet. To swim in the water was an ecstasy of delight. I liked the smell of the trees as I sat and learned the patterns of clouds and mountains and how to make them with wampum on a buck-skin coat for my fine young husband. I liked being his wife and carrying our baby, and when the loads got heavier. I laughed and showed my strength. "Swiftly sped the moons and now many summers are gone. I am old. No more can I rove at will and paddle to the call of the Loon. No more can the waters close over my head and cool my body and mind, and heal me of my crying, for my little babies are dead. I sit at the end of my house, all alone. A white-face peers in then is gone.

"White-face what do you know of Freedom, what do you know of work, what do you know of sorrow?"

Do you think I have caught her spirit in these lines?

After reading our "Legend" I sat for a long time dreaming in spirit of all the fine and noble thoughts you suggested. Gandhi gained much for his people of India by sheer soul-force, the force of truth. It seems to me this is the way for your people too, and by all their creative genius.

It has been a pleasure to write to you.

Yours sincerely,  
Margaret Hilliard.



MISS MARION NIXON

This photo of B.C. Missionary Teacher Miss Marion Nixon was taken in 1948 at Petersfield. She was walking on High Street carrying home some of her rations. Kitty Green writes to say that some time after the picture was taken, Miss Nixon fell and injured her hip. She now spends most of her time in bed. She still thinks of others and devotes many of her hours to knitting bandages for African missions. Miss Nixon now lives on Newlin Street, Petersfield, Hants, England.

**BELLA BELLA News Report**

Kitty Green writes from Campbell Island, Bella Bella, to report that the Mission House is now completed and the minister, Mr. King, and his wife are now living in it. Dr. and Mrs. Darby are also living in their nice new home.

The new school is being painted, Mrs. Green also reports.

The village has had its share of grief with the drowning of two men, Johnny Starr and Andrew Pears, Miss Brenda Campbell's brother. Just recently, Isaac White, one of the outstanding men of the village, passed away after a short illness. The elderly man had been ailing for some time.

**Why Fight If Not Citizens?**

The Native Voice,  
Vancouver, B.C.  
Dear Friends:

Well, I sure can tell you how much I enjoyed reading the Native Voice, especially when I came to the story "We Will Not Be

Pushed Around," says Native Non-Partisan Head. I sure agree with this story.

First of all I must say, why are the Indian boys fighting in Korea, if any? If we aren't full Canadian citizens yet. I think they are fools to do that. They only want our boys when there is a war. But they wouldn't make us full citizens of Canada like other white men in Canada. I don't think they should call out Indian boys before they are full Canadian citizens. So please remember this in next meeting when you are fighting for Canadian citizenship for us Indians. Good idea to keep promises, but they wouldn't keep it. They say as long as the grass grows and water runs from the rivers.

Well, I'm a member of the Native Brotherhood of B.C. Native Voice reader, too. I think it's a good idea to call out Indian boys, if any, fighting in Korea home before they die for nothing, not even Canadian citizen yet of Canada. What's the use of fighting for Canada if our boys aren't made citizens yet? They fools, that's all. Please publish this for me and see how the other Indians feel about this.

Thank you,  
Native Voice Subscriber.

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**TOM-TOM RHYTHM** may be necessary to induct a princess, but to little Henry Williams it was something else again, and he obviously preferred it at a distance. Chief Kkahtsalano doubled in drums during the coronation ceremony referred to on Page 1 of this issue, while the lap of Mrs. Lockett Joe provided a safe retreat for Henry. A witch doctor's dance followed.

—Courtesy Vancouver Province

## Easter Sports at Massett

By HESTER MARKS

MASSETT, March 26. — The weather made it impossible to carry out plans due to the sun and rain wanted to have their own race. They had race all day, but sorry to say the rain won the race; so the children's races were held in the community hall.

Gaily decorated stands in blue and white were loaded with Easter eggs, candy, pop-corn and hot dogs. In charge of stands were the entertainment committee, Miss Dora Brooks, Miss Susan Wilson, Mrs. Peter Jones, Mrs. Augustus Wilson, Mr. Jeffery Smith, and

cashier, Mrs. Lucy Frank.

Prizes for the races were cash: first prize 25c; second prize 15c; third prize, 10c. The races consisted of 75 yard dash, 50 yard dash, 20 yard dash, potato race, wheelbarrow race, sack race, three-legged race, thread and needle race.

Softball and slow bike race, etc., were planned but could not be held due to the weather.

Sports committee were: Mr. Reggie Davidson, Mr. James Amas, Mrs. Alfred Davidson Jr., Mrs. Jeffery Smith, Mrs. Emsley Williams, Mrs. Adolphus Marks, Mr. Hector Williams.

Young and old took part in the races. In one, the sack race, the old men and ladies race, and believe it or not, none of them fell but all came up to the finish line. In another, the old men had a wheelbarrow race; most of them came to the finish line flat on their noses. There was much laughter and yelling. Altogether a very enjoyable day. The evening ended with a dance.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Reynold Russ, of Massett, B.C., on a bouncing baby boy born to them in Prince Rupert General Hospital.

## Indian Bill 'Bureaucratic'

OTTAWA, March 12.—An Indian grand chief today criticized proposed new government Indian legislation as dictatorial and bureaucratic, and said it would tend to obliterate the identity of Indians in Canada.

Andrew Paull, a full-blooded west coast Indian whose forebearers ruled the Squamish tribe, said the government has been asked to amend the new bill to remove objectionable parts. The bill now is before the Commons.

The president of the 70,000-member North American Indian Brotherhood added:

"White people have not yet paid for this country. They must treat us in a decent way, not wield dictatorial powers over us."

Grand Chief Paull said the Indians' objections have been made known to Citizenship Minister Harris in a three-day conference a fortnight ago.

Some of the objections now up for consideration by the cabinet are:

1. Power of the minister to impose compulsory enfranchisement

on an Indian living on a reservation.

2. Power to tax Indians, which Chief Paull said was not right, because Indians had no representation in parliament.

3. No appeal from ministerial decisions.

Under the new legislation, said the nattily attired bow-tied chief, the minister would change an Indian's will. No white man would tolerate such action. It would cause a revolution.

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### Interested

Dear friend,-

I'm enclosing \$1.50 for a subscription to "The Native Voice." I'm very interested in the Canadian Indian and was thrilled by an account of Indian art in Canadian Art Magazine last issue. It was so creative and hopeful.

Thank you  
Margaret Hilliard

### Wire from Korea

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# Pilot, Trapper, Dogs Save Native's Life

By DON DELAPLANTE

(In The Toronto Globe and Mail)

Rupert's House, March 13.—This wilderness drama began when the flat shaft of an axe-handle struck pretty Janie Weeschee as she stepped on the tool's blade in the trampled snow beside her husband's tent 52 miles back in the bleak muskies of the James Bay Basin.

Janie's unborn child did not move again. The Indian woman, 22, and her child, her first-born, would have died if it had not been for bush pilot Rusty Blakey of Austin Airways, trapper David Capasit and Anglican missionary's wife, Eva Williams.

As a passenger on Blakey's Norseman, a spectator by chance, I sat in on the elemental little struggle to rescue Janie. Today Janie, the bush pilot, the trapper and the mission wife loom as very big people in my eyes.

The Indian woman displayed stubborn, primitive courage in the face of near-tragedy and great pain. To get her to safety, the bush pilot put his aircraft down on an unknown patch of muskeg, billowed with crusted snowdrifts and the size of a postage stamp. The trapper raced a day, a night and

half the next day for 62 miles overland to carry out the news of Janie's plight. The calm-eyed missionary took over a doctor's role to aid the stricken woman.

Today she is safe in the Indian hospital at Moose Factory. She will have her child, and doctors believe it will be perfectly normal.

It began when she found she could not walk after the blow. So she lay in the brush and blankets of the tent as her husband, Clarence, conferred with Capasit, his trapping companion, on what they should do.

Capasit, 20, volunteered to rush for medical aid to Rupert's House. He made the trip in a day and a half, running through sub-zero weather on snowshoes behind his dog team.

Blakey was at Moose Factory when he was notified by officials of the Indian Health Services branch of the Department of National Health and Welfare. The message had been radioed from Rupert's House, via Hudson's Bay Company radio.

When we got to Rupert's House, in mid-afternoon, Blakey met Capasit, Eve Williams, wife of Rev. Albert C. Williams and Hudson's Bay Company post manager Glenn Speers.

The Hudson's Bay man climbed into the plane with a detailed map. Capasit could not speak English but through Speers he told Blakey he could land about a mile and a half from the tent where Janie lay.

He said he and Janie's husband had marked out a landing strip before he came with the news, tearing out the small shrubs which projected from the snow, and outlining the strip with spruce branches.

We took off, Blakey and his mechanic, Ed Rice, Mrs. Williams Capasit and his three sled dogs, Isiah Salt, an Indian from Rupert's House, and myself.

Capasit had never been in a plane, but when we came to the Nottaway River he spotted the strip. Two rows of spruce branches marked out a runway about 125 yards long. We landed on a high heavily crusted drift and the plane bounced back into the air. It came down on another and Blakey held it there. It was about 4 p.m.

We got out and Capasit pointed toward a distant clump of small spruce. The trapper quickly laced the babiche of the snowshoes to his feet. The crust was such you would walk on top for four steps, then sink to your hips on the fifth.

Through Salt, who spoke English, Capasit told us to stay at the plane. Blakey asked him to try to be back with the woman before 4:45. The Indian raced like a deer across the snow, his three dogs running beside him.

About 4:40 he emerged from behind the clump of spruce, still at a run. Behind him a racing dog team was hauling a sleigh, carrying Janie wrapped in blankets and bound to the sleigh with ropes. Two men on snowshoes ran beside the dogs.

When they stopped at the plane, an arm was pushed slowly from the grey heap of blankets. And I don't ever recall anything as touching as Janie Weeschee's face as Blakey lifted the corner of a blanket and disclosed it.

Mrs. Williams made a bed on the floor of the plane and they got her in. The missionary's wife got down on the floor beside her, cradling her head. Her husband crouched at her feet, leaning forward to clasp her hand.

Blakey rushed the big plane into the wind and we were swiftly airborne.

The last of the sunlight was high on the hill behind Rupert's House when we landed. Every Indian in the trading post came running down the slope. With gentle hands Blakey, Rice and Mrs. Williams took Janie from the plane. She was blanketed to another sleigh. The population strung out in procession up the hill, accompanying her to the little shack of her husband's grandmother, Harriet Salt.

That night Mrs. Williams spent four hours with her. An experienced maternity nurse, she decided Janie had to go to the Indian hospital at once.

Thursday morning the entire population was on hand again when Blakey, Rice, Janie and I took off.

She lay quietly on the plane's floor during the 85-mile hop. At Moose Factory, Indian Agent Joe Allan met the plane with a snowmobile. He was accompanied by a doctor and a nurse.

Janie travelled on a stretcher in the snowmobile. Then she was safe in the big, white building.

## Prominent Man Passes at Klemtu

By WILLIAM FREEMAN

KLEMTU, B.C.—Abel Neasloss, one of the leading men of this village, passed away at the age of 51. He was a grandson of the late Chief Neasloss, a high ranking chief of the Kitasju Tribe.

As is always inherent in the lives of these men of prominence, he was a man with a very fine disposition and was well respected by both whites and natives.

He had an active part in many of our village affairs and had served time with our village council. He was also a spokesman and advisor of the local Boys' club and was one of the founders of the Klemtu Choir. He took leading parts in this choral group with his violin and was also a trumpet player in our former silver band.

Perhaps he was best noted for his oratory and his speech flowed beautifully and he had a fine mastery of the different languages of the two tribes that combined to form this village.

His whole concern was the welfare of the rising generation and that we would show them a good example and now that this village is well disciplined, this will serve as a monument to his fruitful work. His duties were always well executed until he was forced to retirement by ill health.

He is survived by his sister, Mrs.

Lucy Starr, and one son, Reginald Neasloss, also three grandsons and one granddaughter. Thirty-five people from Hartley Bay came to attend the funeral.

Strong bonds of friendship and family ties is best expressed by the fact that Chief and Mrs. Lewis Clifton, accompanied by the Hartley Bay Choir and members of the Hartley Bay Athletic Club, travelled to Klemtu to attend and pay last respects to our departed friend. It took four seine boats to transport them to Klemtu. The boats are: the Collison, skippered by Lewis Clifton; the Yankee Boy, skippered by John Pahl; the Kwatsu, skippered by Johnny Clifton, and the Sidney W, skippered by Herbert Ridley.

As the flower decked bier was lifted in the home of Ernest Mason, the Hartley Bay Choir sang the hymn "I Shall Never Pass This Way Again." The Hartley Bay Athletic Club formed an honor guard and acted as pallbearers directed by their president, Cecil Lewis.

In the absence of an ordained missionary, the last rites were ably read by Chief Thomas Brown. As the bier entered the church the Hartley Bay Choir rendered the dirge "Flee As A Bird," conducted by choir master Lewis Clifton. The choir also rendered an anthem, "No Tears In The Skies" and a

quartette rendered "In The Sweet Bye And Bye."

As the long, slow procession wended its way toward the cemetery, it was preceded by the Hartley Bay Choir singing a medley of hymns, "Flee As The Bird" "Nearer My God to Thee" and "Shall We Gather At The River." And, as if in gentle benediction, birds in the trees added their simple melodies.

In the evening following the funeral, a banquet was given for our visitors and the speakers thanked them for coming to visit us in our time of sorrow and references and compliments were paid to the well trained Hartley Bay Choir.

*Our Sincere Good Wishes*

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# The Magic Medicine Gun

By C. N. A. IRESON

LONG after the colorful old West had faded from the plains, there still lingered on in the beautiful Qu'Appelle Valley of Saskatchewan a flavor of those glamorous old times. In this lovely country of rustling cottonwood trees, prairie, and lake, there dwelt a band of the Plains Cree Indians undergoing a transition painfully but successfully from picturesque nomadic hunters to prosaic wheat farmers. Here one could still see the painted conical tepees, the cotton wood pole cabins, the grazing ponies and old time costumes, of the recent lords of the plains.

While the younger generation were fast becoming farmers, there were still numbers of the older people who were too old and set in their ways to change. Amongst them were those who saw the last of the buffalo and the rebellion of 1885. There were also some Sioux who had come into Canada as refugees after their tribe had defeated General Custer and wiped out his entire command at the Battle of Little Big Horn in Montana where Sitting Bull made his name.

Paul Kane could still have found subjects to paint amongst these long haired, dignified patriarchs.

EARLY in World War I, I had a week end leave from my unit to go duck shooting near Fort Qu'Appelle on a lake near tribe land in this romantic area. My host was an elderly man, the late Mr. Jack Leader who had been one of Col. Steele's original red coated North West Mounted Police when that body of men first rode out into the west to establish law and order. Mr. Leader was then retired, living with his family in the valley of the lake shore.

Evenings were never dull at the Leader home for Mr. Leader was a born raconteur with a keen sense of humor so we stayed up long

## E. R. Tucker Pleads

(Continued from Page 9)

suggested the Indians would team to form a bloc in the event they were given a vote.

### Most Important

"It's unlikely they would even come out of the bush to vote," he said. "But the fact they would be able to vote is the important factor."

Pointing up his reasons for passing along the vote to Canadian Indians, Magistrate Tucker declared that he had recruited Indians into the service of two wars.

"I have found them outstanding in their loyalty to Canada and to the Crown," he swore. "I am sure that their record for patriotism will be upheld if they are needed in a future war. Surely this would entitle them to everything that their country can give them."

into the night listening to his endless tales of life in the adventurous old days, tales of the last of the buffalo, life of the NWMP and yarns about the Indian people he knew and liked so well.

Some of his yarns of the powers of the Medicine men were hard to swallow and when he stated that there still lived a conjurer nearby who owned a magic medicine gun that killed without being fired. In other words, all that was necessary was to point the gun at the game and it fell dead, I frankly did not believe him. However, I was to live and learn about conjurers.

THE western skies, in those times during the fall migration, were dotted with myriads of waterfowl, geese and ducks, sandhill cranes, whooping cranes and swans and other species all winging their way southward in great flocks that will never be seen again.

The honking of the geese and the calls of the cranes filled the air and stirred the hunter as a bugle does a soldier. Everyone who had a gun went out flight shooting to fill the larder and outstanding bags were made.

The shooting was not bad on Mr. Leader's side of the lake and would be considered excellent in these times but the bulk of the flights passed over a long, sandy point on the other shore which was on tribal territory where we were not allowed to shoot. As my time was limited, I asked Mr. Leader if there was any way to get or buy permission to shoot there. He said he could easily get the permission from the owner of "The magic medicine gun!"

Pleased with this being granted, I paddled a canoe over to the point where I landed, taking up a position in an extended line of 16 Indian gunners who were already there waiting for the evening flight.

Once in a while, a gun banged at odd birds coming over and small flights of ducks flying high and fast. A few of those birds were shot but this was but preliminary practice prior to the big flight.

BEFORE long, around about 4 p.m., the conjurer who had granted me permission to shoot here appeared on the scene.

He was an aged man of average height with long grey hair blowing loose and not in braids as was the general custom. His face was pleasant but his eyes were sly. His clothes were typical of the old

timer of that period; a beaded fringed deerskin shirt, blue white man's trousers and moccasins. His gun was an ordinary double barreled shotgun.

The old gentleman gravely greeted me and I expected to soon see his magic gun perform but he was in no hurry. He just stood around taking careful note of the proceedings, the direction of the wind, where the ducks fell and above all, who were the best shots. In those days, I was a good wing shot and the conjurer was quick to notice this. Being a born diplomat, he flattered me by telling me so and taking up a position to my rear and down wind a bit.

AS THE sun began to set, unbelievably large flocks of mallard, pintail and gadwall winged overhead, flock after flock of wedge shaped formations in an endless sky procession. Guns blazed in a terrific bombardment, barrels were soon too hot to hold without gloves. Ducks were falling so fast that it was impossible to go and pick up each one as it fell or mark exactly where it fell. Indeed everyone was so busy shooting that no one noticed the other fellow. During this fusilage I paused to look over my shoulder at the conjurer. There he was busy aiming the magic medicine gun. Ducks were falling around him, yet he never fired the gun. Magic indeed. Yes, he was in the right place and soon had about thirty ducks at his feet.

After the sun dipped below the horizon, it was not long before it was too dark to shoot and the hunters, laden with ducks left the point one by one. The conjurer, the mighty magician, gathered his birds and filling an empty potato sack with them solemnly walked away to his tent. Here was that rarest of beings, an Indian economist. A sack load of ducks and not a round of ammunition expended. Astounding but true!

The noise of the firing was followed by a serene silence, broken at intervals by the wild yelping of coyotes... the end of a perfect hunting day. I had forty ducks.

WISHING to express my gratitude to the man who made it possible, I went to the conjurer's tent which was pitched at the edge of a cotton wood grove, the leaves rustling in the evening breeze. Opening the flap, I entered. The old conjurer and his wife were squatting on the ground, both smoking pipes.

Expressing my gratitude for the generous privilege granted me to



LT.-COL. C. N. A. IRESON, E.D.

shoot on the Indian lands, in such distinguished company, I presented him with two boxes of shot shells suggesting that they might come in handy should he ever be so unfortunate as to have to shoot alone. He smiled a broad grin, arose, shook my hand and said in a quiet voice, "You good man. You good shot. Come anytime."

Years have rolled by and those old timers have long since passed on to the Happy Hunting Grounds. I like to think that this old fellow had an Indian burial and that the magic medicine gun was laid across his grave.

I have written!

## Indian Village Is Municipality

PRINCE RUPERT, April 18. — The old Indian village of Metlakatla near here moved a step nearer full enfranchisement on April 19 with its transfer from federal to provincial jurisdiction as a municipal corporation.

On that day the Metlakatla Band held an extraordinary meeting with W. S. Arneil, commissioner of Indian Affairs for B.C.; Leonard Brown, senior solicitor for the department, representing citizenship Minister Harris, and B. C. Bracewell, deputy minister for British Columbia.

The officials signed final documents in connection with the enfranchisement of the band and the application for incorporation as a village municipality.

Before the end of September, it is expected the village will be under its new status, governed by a board of village commissioners of three members instead of the present native council.

Since 1889 the village has had its native council. It will be the smallest incorporated village in British Columbia under the municipal act—the population is only 152.