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Tecumseh and the War of 1812

--Story on Page 3



Mary Anne Khatsahlano, wife of Chief August Jack Khatsahlano, was in a mood of deep meditation when this picture was taken. Chief Khatsahlano who is eighty years of age, recently recovered from a serious infection. He is the last of the great chiefs of the ancient Squamish and Musqueam tribes and is the son of the famed Supple Jack.

Americanizing The White Man

By FELIX S. COHEN

(Lawyer, formerly Associate Solicitor, U.S. Department of the Interior)

(Continued from Last Issue)

Good Intentions?

Who shall say how much well-meaning friends of the Indian have contributed to this defense of plunder? Do we not all contribute to this defense whenever we regard the Indian as a subject on which to operate, instead of regarding him as an operator in the processes of civilization?

We may think of ourselves as scaling the heights of generosity and philanthropy when we offer the Indian the chance to be assimilated into white society, the chance to achieve "emancipation" by giving up the tribal ties and possessions that unite him with his past and with his people. But perhaps we have only scaled the heights of racial arrogance. Perhaps the lamb that is assimilated into human flesh and blood by the process of eating and digestion attains a higher status than it enjoyed frolicking on a meadow.

But let us remember that what is higher for the assimilator may be lower from the moral standpoint of the one who is assimilated. That, at least, is how I should paraphrase Victoria's warning in the discussion that rages today over the assimilation or "Americanization" of the Indian.

It is in some such light that I should urge a view of the Indian not as a passive subject of the processes of civilization, but as an actor in the great epic drama of our Hemisphere, the Americanization of the White Man. Perhaps some such view will help us to defeat the attacks of modern pirates against Indian character, which are always the prelude to attacks on Indian property.

"Aboriginal Degradation"

Today, those who would like to have Indian lands, minerals, timber, or fisheries without paying for them, are pressing the argument of aboriginal degradation as vigorously as did the earliest and most ruthless of the Conquistadores.

In Alaska, for example, powerful spokesmen of vested interests, seeking to justify the seizure of aboriginal possessions as part of the march of progress, have invented a wholly mythical history

to support the legend that the native of today, even though he be stripped of his timber lands and his fisheries, is better off than the native of centuries ago with his vast possessions.

In this mythical history, the native was a mere animal until white enlightenment burst upon his shores.

Forgotten is the fact that, long before the white man arrived on the Alaskan scene, for instance, the natives were skilled navigators who sailed the treacherous waters of the Pacific from the Columbia River to the Aleutians. Forgotten are the millions of pounds of Alaskan salmon and halibut that were caught and dried every year, to serve as a staple of commerce, along with the famed Chilkat blankets and works of craftsmen in copper and wood. Forgotten, too, is the wisdom of Pope Paul III, who, as long ago as 1537, pointed out that the attempt to deny human capacities and human rights to Indians was a diabolic doctrine which endangered the souls of those who proclaimed it no less than it endangered the lives and liberties of its victims.

Apologists' Line

Apologists for the seizure of Indian possessions have commonly found a refuge from moral criticism in the theory that the aboriginal occupants of our land were mere nomads, who roamed the face of the earth like animals, searching for food, but never exercising true ownership. Such apologists for the rule of violence never come to grips with the unanswerable argument of Victoria that "the aborigines in question were true owners, before the Spaniards came among them, both from the public and the private point of view."

The myth of nomadism is an ever-ready excuse for ignoring Indian rights, but it cannot withstand the light of evidence. How the Alaskan natives, for example, managed to carry about their giant totem poles and large-timbered clan houses on their nomadic wanderings we are never told.

Of course, the fact is that the only true nomads America has ever known have had white skins. White travelers, explorers, and soldiers might very well qualify as nomads, and such wanderers on Indian trails might meet wandering Indians and readily conclude that Indians were nomads like themselves, just as their modern tourist descendants sometimes conclude that the countries they visit consist of roads and road-side stands.

Perhaps the term "nomad" can also be applied to mining companies that exhaust the mineral wealth of an area and move on to gut new terrain. But Indians have seldom qualified for such nomadism.

Indians in many parts of America have summer homes and winter homes, "all same rich white man," and sometimes travel hundreds or thousands of miles on hunting or

trading expeditions. But the fact remains that an Indian who was not born on the soil of his ancestors is an exceptional figure. Only in non-Indian segments of the American population is such a situation the rule rather than the exception.

American History Written by White Men

American history, however, has been written by white men. As so written, the history of our continent is a saga of the manifold benefits conferred upon the Indians by the white representatives of European civilization. Such history is the preamble to exploitation and dictatorship. For if Indian life was as degraded as our white historians think, and if European civilization was as glorious and as beneficent as they declare, then surely any Indian, no matter how completely he has been robbed of his material possessions, must be grateful to his white teachers and masters for the blessings of civilization that they have brought him.

Such is the legend that has served so long and so well as a preamble to plunder.

What are the facts and how shall we find the facts?

Certainly we shall not find them by comparing 20th century America with the America that Columbus found and attributing the difference to white civilization. We might as well, and perhaps with more justice, compare 20th century Europe with the Europe that Columbus left and attribute the difference to Indian America. In the give and take of cultures brought suddenly face to face, both are changed and sometimes a new culture is born. Even though the new cannot be identified with either of its parents, it is instructive to find here the mother's mouth and there the father's eyes. At least such a view reminds us of the productive partnership that went into the creation of a new body and a new soul.

Let us remember that the Europe that lay behind Columbus as he sailed towards a New World was in many respects less civilized than the lands that spread before him. Politically, there was nothing in the kingdoms and empires of Europe in the 15th and 16th centuries to parallel the democratic constitution of the Iroquois, with its provisions for initiative, refer-

endum, and recall, and its universal suffrage for women as well as men. Socially, there was in the Old World no system of old-age pensions, disability benefits and unemployment insurance comparable to the systems of the Incas.

Of what nation, European or Asiatic, in the 16th century could one have written as the historian Prescott wrote of the Incas:

"Their manifold provisions against poverty . . . were so perfect that in their wide extent of territory—much of it smitten with the curse of barrenness—no man, however humble, suffered for the want of food and clothing."

Recently, Arthur Morgan, head of the Tennessee Valley Authority, that great American experiment in bringing industry and better standards of living to a backward river valley, wrote a book under the intriguing title "Nowhere Was Somewhere," to prove that the Utopia of Thomas Moore was based upon the Inca system, and that the activities of American families had their origin in "the Peruvian system of public storehouses."

Certainly nowhere in the castle-ridden Europe of Columbus was there such a classless, selfless society as existed in many parts of America. From the standpoint of land economics, the feudal tenures of Europe, rooted in a soil of robbery and violence, were far less efficient than the forms of ownership that prevailed over most of the New World, which limited landholding to those who had need of land and could use it and left no place for absentee landlords.

(To be continued)

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A Historical Novel

By Newell E. Collins

Tecumseh and the War of 1812

CHAPTER I

THE WHITES AND THE INDIANS

A man who sacrifices his life for the welfare of his people deserves our honor and respect. The fact that his efforts may not be successful should not belittle the nobility of his purpose nor detract from the grandeur of his cause.

Quoting from George B. Catlin's "Story of Detroit":

"Generally speaking, the Indian was a moral and as good a man in every way as the white man. Considering his education and environment, he was even better.

"There were in this western country a surprising number of noble-minded chivalrous and big-hearted Indians who deserve to be held in high esteem and to whom history owes a meed of simple justice. Yet because these men were enemies of the white nation and were barbarians in heredity and environment, their merits are commonly overlooked. Their crimes and barbarities are kept before the eyes of each generation while equal, if not more detestable barbarities committed by white men are barely mentioned, if at all.

"The names of really great Indians like Pontiac and Tecumseh, stand out conspicuously in the history of Detroit."

From this point of view, then, let us review the story of Tecumseh, who was perhaps the greatest example of his—at that time—despised race. Let us regard him not as an obstacle in the pathway of the pioneer, but rather as a patriot, rallying his people in a desperate but hopeless effort to defend their lands, their homes and their way of life from the encroachments of an alien race. Let us try to appreciate his qualities as a great leader, respected by friend and foe, who finally paid the supreme penalty for his loyalty to a failing cause.

THE American Indian has commonly been looked upon as a savage—uncivilized and barbarous. Yet, this is not entirely correct. We are told that the five fundamentals of our civilization are: (1) the use of fire; (2) tilling of the soil; (3) the use of domestic animals; (4) the use of metal tools, and (5) the application of the principle of the wheel. The Indian of pre-Columbian times had acquired the first two of these, so we may properly consider him as in the process of civilization. Given sufficient time—a few thousand years—by his own efforts he might have developed a civilization in many respects superior to our own.

Central and South American tribes had already made remarkable progress in many directions, and certainly it is logical to assume that our own civilization has not reached its limit. Is it not possible that the races of the future will look back upon our present day standards in much the same way that we look back upon the limited achievements of the Indian?

With the exception of his dog, the aboriginal North American Indian had no domestic animals. Neither did he make use of metal tools; the few pieces of copper which he had being to him little

The Great Shawanee Chief, Tecumseh

By BIG WHITE OWL

It gives me great pleasure to introduce to the readers of "The Native Voice," at this time, Mr. Newell E. Collins, author, lecturer, Archaeologist, distinguished gentleman.

No doubt he has burned a considerable amount of midnight oil while compiling and setting in order his great work—his pet hobby—writing and collecting facts on "The Great Shawanee Chief, Tecumseh."

When I asked him for a brief biographical sketch, here is what he told me:

"I was born February 4, 1881 at Redford Mich. Our home was about 12 miles northwest of the centre of the City of Detroit. Now, by reason of the city's expansion, it is within the city limits.

"My father was a 'down east Yankee,' a Vermonter, but why he settled in this locality is a mystery to me. My mother's father and mother were born in France, but married in this country. They lived on a farm directly across the road from my father's home. My mother, in her younger days, taught in a country school. While teaching in the "Scotch Settlement" school one of her pupils, then a lad of 10, was the late Henry Ford. She also taught Mrs. Ford, but in another school.

"My interest in Indians dates back to my early childhood. An uncle—for whom I was named—was a practicing physician in Saginaw, Michigan, in the 60's and 70's. At that time Shopne-gan's village was located on the Saginaw River. ('Shop' was a famous Michigan Indian, but not a chief as some would have us believe). Shop's village was scourged by an epidemic—small-pox, I believe—and Uncle New was called and did his best for them. Evidently 'Shop' felt that my uncle's efforts had saved some lives and the two became inseparable friends. 'Shop' had removed to Grayling, Mich., before my time, but made periodic trips to Saginaw. One of those coincided with a visit that my parents made to Saginaw with me. 'Shop' was an honored guest at my uncle's home. I sat next to him at dinner and can remember him patting me on the head and calling me 'Little Chief.' From that day, I have been interested in the Red Indian people.

"Father was a collector of almost everything, but Indian relics had his greatest appeal. . . . Redford in the early days was evidently the point where

more than malleable stone. Yet he was making slow progress toward the light and although he had not discovered the principle of the wheel, it was not far beyond his reach. He had lived on the continent for untold centuries without exhausting its resources or altering its natural features to any degree; but with the coming of the white man, in a few short years a race has almost disappeared, the buffalo have been exterminated, fish and game have been destroyed, our forests have vanished and our



NEWELL E. COLLINS

the Rouge River was forded by the Indians. A trail ran through the township of Dearborn (where it joined the Old Sauk Trail) to Tonquish's village a mile or so north of Redford township on the Rouge. Tonquish was a Pottowattomi and members of his band would pass forth and back to the main trail that led to Ford Malden where the British government distributed supplies impartially. There is pretty good evidence that some of the Pottowatomies came this way following the Chicago Massacre.

"My father was supervisor of Redford Township for a number of years and when he toured the township to prepare the tax rolls, farmers would give him arrowheads and other Indian artifacts—probably a mild form of bribery—hoping that father would keep their assessed valuation low.

"Many good specimens came from my grandfather's farm which bordered the Rouge. And, by the way, the other uncle Eugene Nardin (from whom I received the middle name) was a superintendent of Indian schools—at Mt. Pleasant, Mich., for a time; later in Colorado and Wyoming.

"When I was about 15 years of age we moved to Detroit, that I might have the advantage of better schooling. Father was employed in the probate

coal and oil will follow all too soon.

It is an accepted fact that other races suffer when brought in contact with the European. The African slave trade and the drug traffic in China have been cited as examples, but the treatment of the American Indian is far more striking than either of these. The white man gave the Indian no opportunity to work out his own destiny, but insisted on making him over to the accepted standards of European civilization. At an early

friend of the Indians, dis-office. After completing high school and commercial college, I was employed for a time at the well known McGregor Mission as stenographer. In 1904 I married Edith M. Blant, an old school mate. At this time I was working in the collection department of the Farrand Organ Company of Detroit—but organs were losing popularity!

"In 1906, I was appointed Stenographer in the office of the collector of customs, Detroit. From 1911 to 1914, still in the U.S. Customs Service, I was assigned duty at St. Thomas Ontario.

"In 1916 I entered the Detroit fire department as stenographer and clerk, served 25 years and retired in 1941 as chief clerk. We removed to Algonac, Mich., that year. Algonac is directly across the St. Clair River from Walpole Island Indian Reserve in Canada, and I have many good friends among the Chipewas living over there.

"During the autumn season of 1936, a group of 11 persons interested in American Archaeology and Indian Lore, (it is impossible to make a dividing line between them), met at the Detroit Historical Museum to organize the Aboriginal Research Club. Since then the Great Spirit has called many of the eleven. I was elected secretary, which office I held for a number of years. I also served one year as president, at present I am the club's treasurer.

"In 1938, with Daniel J. Richards, I started the 'Totem Pole,' our Aboriginal Research Club Bulletin, which was originally a mimeographed sheet. The original object of the 'Totem Pole' was to stimulate interest in Archaeology and Indian lore and to boost attendance at A.R.C. meetings. However, it seems to have another object, not considered at the time: making a record of items which would otherwise go unrecorded and be lost to posterity.

"The Aboriginal Research Club has been instrumental in making students out of collectors. Much progress is made when a member specializes on one subject, covers it thoroughly, and then pioneers a little on his own—My choice has been collecting facts about 'the Great Shawanee Chief Tecumseh!'"

date it became evident that he would not be permitted to progress along his natural chosen pathway but would be forced to adjust himself quickly to the white man's culture or be banished from his lands. Over a long period of years much might have been accomplished. However, by the beginning of the nineteenth century, settlers were impatiently clamoring for the fertile valley north of the Ohio River, which at that time

(Continued on Page 12)



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Tecumseh Statue Fund Urged by Big White Owl

(Toronto Globe and Mail, Sept. 6th, 1951)

BIG White Owl, modern successor to the great Indian Chief Tecumseh, appealed to the Women's Canadian Historical Society yesterday (Sept. 5th, 1951) to sponsor a fund for the erection of a bronze statue in honor of his noble ancestor.

Wearing his full regalia as representative of the Moravian-town Delaware Indians, Jasper Hill, (Big White Owl) addressed the annual luncheon meeting of the society at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club in Toronto. It was the first time he had had an opportunity to speak to such a gathering, and in impressive words he brought home the fact that it was Tecumseh, rising in the Council House at Fort Malden in 1813 at which General Proctor presided, who may be credited for the winning of the War of 1812.

Astonished at seeing the British preparing to retreat, Tecumseh, backed by several tribes and 1,500 warriors, reminded the general that "the Great White Father, the King" had sent him as his trusted representative to take care of the families of the Indians and of the garrison. "Now, you remind us of a certain fat animal that carries its tail high, but when enemies come runs with it between its legs," Hill quoted Tecumseh as saying.

"We have a great stock of ammunition. Give it to us and we will fight to defend our lands, and, if the GREAT SPIRIT so wills, we will win." That, he said, resulted in the battle of Moraviantown in which the chief fell. His sword was handed to his son, and Big White Owl, in suggesting a statue to Tecumseh, said, "He was a man of high ideals and courage and no Canadian more deserves a life-sized statue in bronze."

Miss Jean Waldie, Ontario Historical Society, Brantford, spoke briefly, urging accuracy in all records. She expressed surprise that Laura Secord had proved, in a brief survey she made, the best known Canadian women. She hoped societies and individuals would cooperate to present more fully woman's place in Canadian history.

George Laidler, past president of the Head of the Lakes society, gave an outline of the Huronia country and the historic treasures to be found there. Mrs. J. N. MacKenzie presided and other speakers included Mrs. M. M. McTaggart, Mrs. R. R. Parker, the American Consul-General Hon. Orsen N. Neilsen and H. R. Pollock, president of Toronto Branch, United Empire Loyalists.

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Begone Dull Care! Romance Is In The Air

By TOM JARVIS

In The Vancouver Sun

WELL, just for a change, this is a wedding bells column, which is a good answer to those who say it's sometimes too sordid with nothing but crime and punishment. I suppose, though, even this time it's concerned with a life sentence . . . Who is it? Ah, let me keep you guessing! Two people, both of them extremely well known in legal circles, and the bride-to-be, if you please, a newspaperwoman.

Two friends known for their wit and humor and unfailing kindness to those in need. The groom famed for his oratory and legal acumen, the bride for her speechmaking and perseverance in various good causes.

Two friends who have been friends for more than a quarter of a century, and are known in every part of British Columbia and beyond. **GUESSED YET?**

You haven't guessed? Well, let's do it the way they did it when the principals were younger: "A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place . . ." (Two months, I'm told, and a very quiet wedding.)

" . . . between . . ." (His betrothed gives me permission to break this news, so he can tick her off gently (won't do much good!) if he doesn't like it.)

Yes, you must have it by now.

" . . . between Mr. Thomas F. Hurley, barrister at law, and Mrs. Maisie Armytage-Moore, editor of The Native Voice."

Now it's out. I can just hear the excited buzz of conversation and the congratulations that crowd in upon Tom as he continues his work as Crown Prosecutor at the assizes. And Mrs. Moore's telephone, rarely free anyway, will be going for a week. Her Indian friends will flood her with messages.

FRIENDS DELIGHTED

Their countless friends, and I am glad to be one of them, are delighted as this prolonged romance now comes finally to full bloom.

And just to add a filip to this news, Mrs. Moore is a great-great-granddaughter of that famous Governor of South Carolina (Lord William Campbell, son of the 4th Duke of Argyll) to whom the Governor of North Carolina remarked on a celebrated occasion: "It's a long time between drinks!"

MEETING ARRANGED

Curiously, the great-great-granddaughter of the last royalist Governor of North Carolina also lives in Vancouver; she and the bride-elect are arranging a meeting to celebrate this latest highlight in history.

So now we'll save up for confetti and rice. Methinks I'll be hearing T.F.H. no longer singing softly in his idle moments, "Maisie, Maisie, give me your answer, do!" He has his answer. Courtship days are over and now stern reality begins.

Truman Offers Burial In Arlington for Indian

A hero's burial in Arlington National Cemetery was authorized on August 30 for a Winnebago Indian from Nebraska who gave his life on a Korean battlefield but was denied burial in a Sioux City, Ia., cemetery because of his race.

President Truman personally intervened to insure that the nation's full military honors will be accorded the body of Sgt. 1st Class John R. Rice, 37, of Winnebago, Neb., if his family desires.

Mr. Truman was moved to act by newspaper dispatches from Sioux City, reporting that officials of the Sioux City Memorial Park Cemetery had stopped burial of Sgt. Rice because he was an Indian and the cemetery was open only to members of the Caucasian race.

In an angry telegram to the mayor of Sioux City, whose name the White House did not even bother to obtain, Mr. Truman made known his deep conviction that national appreciation of patriotic service should not be limited by race, color or creed.

Through his military aide, Maj.-Gen. Harry H. Vaughan, the President notified Sgt. Rice's family that the Department of the Army would arrange for the Arlington ceremony if they wished it. The army was directed by the President to transport Sgt. Rice's body and surviving members of his family to Washington.

Sgt. Rice was killed in action in Southern Korea on Sept. 6, 1950, during the days when a comparative handful of American troops was battling desperately to hold the shrinking Naktong River bridgehead. He was a member of the First Cavalry Division, which was holding that sector of the river front a few miles north of Ategu.

The body was brought home recently, and Sgt. Rice's widow, who is not an Indian, purchased the burial lot without noticing the restrictive clause limiting burial to members of the Caucasian race.

First news of the incident reached Washington in the morning's newspapers, and Mr. Truman, who is an early riser and thorough newspaper reader, fired out his telegrams calling for corrective action without even asking for a report through official channels.

Oklahoma America Indian Exposition

Over 25,000 Attend Big Annual Affair

The 20th annual American Indian Exposition opened Monday afternoon, August 13, at Anadarko, "The Indian Capital of the World" located in Oklahoma.

Thorpe Feted At Exposition

ANADARKO, Aug. 18—The 20th annual American Indian Exposition closed a week-long run on August 18, with the presentation of a plaque to Jim Thorpe as the outstanding American Indian of 1951.

Thorpe, named recently as the outstanding athlete of the half-century, was honored by the exposition today with a parade. Five thousand persons witnessed the parade and other festivities of "Jim Thorpe Day."

The plaque ceremony was scheduled during the exposition pageant, "Ordeal of a Brave."

Sponsors of the exposition estimated 25,000 persons visited here this week.

Championship war dance contests were held last night. Nick Webster, an Arapaho from Hominy, won the sopher division. In the junior division Red Roubedeaux, Otoe from Red Rock, was first. The men's straight dance contest was won by Earl Plumley, Otoe from Oklahoma City, and the Oklahoma City Service club won first in the service club division.

Jim Nance, former state senator from Purcell, was made an honorary chief with the Indian name of Chom-Tiah-Gah, meaning good friend.

The American Indian Exposition

By JIMALEE BURTON

The American Indian Exposition at Anadarko, Oklahoma, located in the heart of the Indian Nation, is the most interesting and exciting show of its kind in the United States managed exclusively by Indians. Here in a beautiful setting, bordered by frontier battlefields and places of historic interest, you will see actual descendants of famous Indian Chiefs and Warriors perform the true Indian War Dances.

The American Indian Exposition is incorporated under the laws of Oklahoma, and its Board of Directors and officers are all Indians, elected by the various tribes. In addition to supervising the Exposition program, they also assume responsibility of conducting "The Oklahoma Indian State Fair," which is a regular part of the Exposition. The Fair is similar to any state fair except that no exhibits are accepted from people with less than one-fourth Indian blood. Funds for premium awards are furnished jointly by the U.S. Department of Interior and The Agricultural Department of the

An estimated 25,000 Indians and visitors from the United States, Mexico and Canada were present during the week-long celebration, according to Robert Goombi, exposition president.

More than 40 Indian tribes were represented. Visitors saw tribal dances, ceremonies and pageantry at afternoon and night programs Monday through Saturday.

BIG PARADE HELD

Opening the exposition Monday there was held a parade through downtown streets of Anadarko. Hundreds of costumed Indians including tribal princesses were in the parade.

Special guest on the final day was Jim Thorpe, America's foremost Indian athlete of former years. Thorpe received the first annual exposition plaque for an outstanding Indian and rode in a special parade during "Jim Thorpe Day" activities.

Monday was American Indian Day; Tuesday Pioneer Day; Wednesday Oklahoma Day; Thursday Oklahoma City Day, and Friday, Army, Navy and Air Force Day.

Highlight of the exposition was the pageant, "Ordeal of a Brave," presented at 8:30 p.m. Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. War dance contests were on Tuesday and Friday nights with prize money totalling \$405.

Afternoon programs featured Indian games and contests and special dances by out-of-state Indians.

Printed programs for the exposition this year were dedicated to the Oklahoma 45th (Thunderbird) division with a special full-color cover design by Bill Flores, local Indian artist.

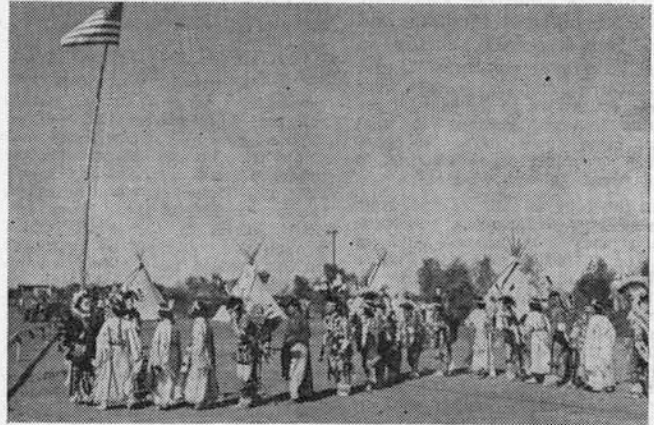
Goombi said a group of Indians not here last year are some members of the Zuni tribe from New Mexico, who performed tribal dances on afternoon programs.

Visitors had the opportunity of observing Indian women's games in the morning Tuesday through Saturday on the grounds of the Southern Plains Indian museum. The games were conducted by the Oklahoma Inter-Tribal Crafts Association.

State of Oklahoma for the purpose of encouraging better farming and livestock methods among Indians. Exhibits include arts and crafts.

Here you will see the Indian Village, where hundreds of Indians from Southwestern United States have their encampment. Visitors are permitted to visit this typical Indian Village and see the Indians as they actually live, see their brush arbors and teepees. The show is a paradise for camera-fans, and there are no objections to taking all the pictures you like.

TYPICAL EXPOSITION SCENES



Flag Raising Ceremony



Apache Fire Dance — Sacred Tribal Ceremony



Indian Maidens at Exposition

Tribute to America's Indians

LAST month in Anadarko, Oklahoma, Indians of many tribes paraded the downtown streets to open the annual American Indian Exposition. The fair ran for a full week ending August 18.

This wonderfully colorful pageant is Oklahoma's best and one of the largest in the nation. It's an education in early Americana to visit the tepee camp grounds and witness the shows held in a natural outdoor setting, bordered by frontier battlefields and places of historic interest. Afternoon shows feature horse racing, arrow shooting and Indian dances. The night presentations are thrilling reenactments of tribal dances handed down from generation to generation, performed to the compelling cadence of the Indian drums.

Hundreds come from other states and Canada to see the show and there is always a sprinkling of foreign visitors. Photographers are in seventh heaven with the color and action. It is surprising indeed that this historical event hasn't been featured long ago in the popular picture magazines.

'The Case of the Dancing Pail'

By C. N. A. IRESON

IT was winter in far Northern Ontario. The snow was deep, the ice boomed on the lakes and the trees cracked sharply in the sub-zero weather. Game was scarce. The snowy owls were flying southward to the land of the Lenni Lenape, perhaps to visit their chief down there. No other living creatures were stirring in this silent, forlorn wilderness.

In the cozy warmth of my cabin, I was busy mending a snowshoe when the door opened and in walked an Indian man and a white dog. He had entered without rapping for he was an old-timer, a medicine man named Weasel, a man well known to me. This visit did not surprise me for he usually 'smelled-me-out' when I was in this part of the country and dropped in for 'a brief visit' which without fail lasted until all the food was consumed.

Weasel was around seventy years of age with that inborn dignity of the old time Red Man that is unfortunately being erased in the modern "white-schooled Indian." Although Weasel was a medicine man, there was nothing unusual in his demeanor for like the rest of the unpicturesque natives, he dressed like any white trapper except for his moose-hide moccasins and a home made muskrat cap. His clothes were ragged but not dirty. Indeed, he was much cleaner than the average white trapper. He lived and trapped alone, being avoided but respected by the few local nomadic natives. These people had told me of his great medicine powers. How he had cast evil spells upon his enemies and how they had sickened and died, and how he had cast the evil eye upon a pregnant woman causing her children to be born with hare lips and cross eyes.

A man with such powers had to be treated with respect but his reputation did not worry me as he was quite friendly towards me for having helped him when in distress in the past. In fact, I admired him for the kindness he showed to his well fed white dog which was in striking contrast to the neglect and often cruelty of

his fellow tribesmen towards their half-starved sled dogs.

STRANGE as it may seem it was this love of dogs that caused him to cling to his native religion. Missionaries had worked hard on him at various times, and at one time he was just about ready to accept one of the white man's religions. However, when he asked the missionary if there were any dogs' spirits in the white man's heaven and could get no assurance on the subject, he decided to keep his own religion and take the Indian trail to the Happy Hunting Grounds where he was sure of being greeted by the wagging-tails and licking-tongues of all his deceased dog companions.

Well! Mr. Weasel just moved in and made himself at home as he had done many times before, the dog sleeping by his side. This dog only understood Indian commands so it was necessary for me to talk to him in Ojibway in order to be understood.

MY guest was an interesting man from whom I learned much of the significance of Indian signs and omens which he constantly observed and talked about.

The migration of Snowy White Owls southward which takes place at intervals of about six years, was an important event. These white owls came from the place of the northern lights and were always accompanied by omens from that great dance of the spirits in the northern sky. Regurgitated pellets of these birds had great magic powers so he eagerly sought them for his medicine bag. He also believed that all albino animals such as white moose, deer, beaver, etc., were sacred creatures and that anyone who dared kill one would suffer a terrible death.

Weasel was ordinarily a welcome guest but the prodigious appetites of the man and his dog caused me no little concern for on this occasion, my rations were getting low. But what could one do? Medicine man must not be offended . . . I resigned myself to my fate!

My old friend was a congenial although somewhat of a weird guest. During the full of the moon, he used to go out on his snowshoes into the bush and wander around for hours on mystic errands. He was afraid of nothing in the woods but one evening he arrived back earlier than usual from one of those moonlight excursions, looking very disturbed. "What is wrong?" I asked. "Me see ghost spirit on Lynx Creek tonight," he answered gravely. He then unfolded his experience.

ON snow shoeing along the ridge above Lynx Creek, he had seen another Indian passing in the opposite direction on the ridge on the other side of the creek. This Indian was visible enough for him to see that he was wearing a white Hudson's Bay blanket coat and that he carried a long gun. Weasel had waved his hand at him and the strange Indian had waved back but did not stop, soon getting out of sight. This was strange but what was much more puzzling was that the dog had shown no signs of hearing, smelling, or seeing this strange being. Greatly perturbed, Weasel decided to investigate further. Crossing the frozen creek, he ascended the rocky ridge to look for the fresh tracks of the man he had just seen go by. Great was his surprise to find no tracks of any kind. Searching the snow everywhere in the vicinity, he found nothing. Now his fears were confirmed. He had seen a ghost so headed back to the cabin quite upset.

Weasel, like most sorcerers, never touched fire-water so the story could not be written off on that score. I promised I would go with him the next day to investigate the scene of the incident.

EARLY next morning, we went out to search for the tracks. We looked high and low but not a track of any kind other than his own old tracks could be found. There were no signs of any living creature except one lone white owl perched on the outstretched arm of a dead tree in the centre of a wide beaver meadow beside the creek. Weasel now had no doubts. He had really seen a ghost. This worried him very much.

That noon-day back at the cabin, I prepared dinner while Weasel sat down in Indian fashion and remained silent. As my kettle had sprung a leak I had to boil water

in an old pail that had a bulged bottom from having had water frozen solid in it. The bottom of the pail was so shaped by the expansion of the ice that when it boiled on the stove it danced around in a weird sort of way. Weasel, his mouth gaping, watched this in wrapt attention for a few minutes then he exclaimed: "Him here now. Him move pail. Me go away from here. Bad medicine here. You come too. You no stay here alone."

Nothing would convince him that there was nothing mystic about the pail and he could not persuade me to leave the haunted cabin so he prepared to go home alone. However, Mr. Weasel was no rat; he would not run out and leave me unprotected. Opening his sacred medicine bundle, he fished around in it with his hand, soon finding what he needed, a bundle containing a secret magic powder made of some sacred roots. This he sprinkled around the cabin to drive the evil spirits away from me, then snowshoed homewards, followed by his faithful dog.

"The case of the dancing pail" had saved my fast dwindling food supply! The magic powder would keep the ghost away. All was now serene but I did miss the old man's company in that lonely land.

I HAVE WRITTEN.

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PERFECTION IN SEAFOODS

The Ash Pits of Sleeping Camp Fires

By BIG WHITE OWL

WHEN the pale faced and hairy man first came to North America, the people of the Lenni Lenape nation sustained life by agriculture as well as by hunting and fishing, and by the gathering of berries and nuts and many other kinds of natural food. There was plenty for all and no one ever went hungry. Several varieties of corn have been handed down from the old days, and some of it is still being grown. And at least three varieties of squash and pumpkins and beans of considerable variety were cultivated.

In those early days, the land was prepared for planting by cutting and stripping the bark off the trees in such a way that the tops dried out, letting the sunshine in, burning the brush, and scratching up the rich earth among the still standing but naked tree trunks. Here the Lenni Lenape women proceeded to plant their corn, squashes, pumpkins, beans, and tobacco. The garden was kept clean all summer with a very ingeniously designed wooden hoe which was made from a crooked limb sharpened at the end. It is true that their tools were primitive, and their method of agriculture may seem strange; yet they succeeded in raising wonderful crops and their practice of soil culture and fertilization never failed them.

After the harvest season, the corn was usually braided into strings and hung up on specially constructed drying racks that exposed the corn to the air. These drying racks were provided with a bark covered roof and many of them were in use until quite recently—a few of these drying racks were still in existence when I was a lad of about twelve. A few strings of corn were always kept in the Lenape wigwam and it was hung on the rafters of the bark hut.

The beans were kept or put away in specially made baskets or else in buckskin hand sewn bags while certain kinds of squashes and pumpkins were cut into thin strips and dried that way. Apples were also cut and dried in the same way, then threaded into long rawhide thongs to be put away for future use. . . . Parched corn which was pounded fine and mixed with maple sugar and berries, and freshly procured game kept up the stamina of the Lenni Lenape hunters, scouts, and warriors, on their many migrations and other explorations up the winding rivers and across the primeval forests.

TO the men of the Lenni Lenape nation fell the very important duty of supplying the people with meat to eat and material for clothing. All the animals valuable for their flesh and skins were snared or hunted down with the bow and arrow and spear. But a Lenni Lenape was frugal in the midst of plenty—he took only what he could eat and nothing more. And before he went on a hunting expedition, he always gave an offering to "the guardian of all game," who was called: "Missing-holi-kun," so that he might intercede and appeal to Kitchi Manitou (Great Spirit) not to be angry with the Lenni Lenape brave who was taking only just enough to feed and clothe his family or his clan, whichever the case might be.

Before he would let fly an arrow, and before he would let the swift Tomahawk release its mission of death, he always murmured an apology to the victim, be it man or animal of the forest. Whatever

prompted him to do this, you ask? Because to him all creatures that were given life by birth, they also were sustained by a common mother, the Earth! He considered himself as closely related to all living and growing things. He was humble before his Maker, and he believed himself to be only an infinitesimal human part of the great plan, so he gave to all creatures, large and small, equal rights with himself. Absolute destruction was never a part of Lenni Lenape religion and culture. If that had been their mania, they would have long ages ago preceded the white man in recklessly destroying the natural fauna on this continent. Out of this simple approach to all existence, out of their social structure, came a great love of liberty—a feeling of unfettered freedom, a great understanding, a great peace partnership with everything—for the people of the Lenni Lenape nation, the Grandfathers of all Indian tribes.

IN the early days, the Lenni Lenape devised many animal calls from hollow stemmed plants which they used to reproduce the cry and call of the animals, but good hunters needed only their voices and their cupped-hands. Game could also be attracted by certain kinds of charms and powerful medicines.

In those far away days, when there was plenty for all, venison was cut into thin slices or flakes and dried in the sunshine, and after the curing process was completed, it was carefully stored away for future use. And there was a time when bear's grease was used, just the same as the pale faced ones use cow-butter and pig-grease today. The bear-grease was preserved in bags made of case deer hides but that kind of grease was kept only during the winter-moons.

In the springtime, while the women folk of the Lenni Lenape were busy planting their gardens, the men were busily engaged in catching fish which teemed in every lake, river and creek. The nets they used were made from the inner bark of certain kinds of trees. These braided nets were often many fathoms in length and made somewhat after the fashion of a modern seine net. Much smaller seine were used for catching fish in the narrower streams. For net sinkers, the Lenni Lenape used stone sinkers which varied in size and weight just according to the pressure of the current where the sinkers are used. These stone sinkers may be quite easily identified because most of them are notched once on two opposite sides. Other kinds of fish traps were invented and used by the Lenni Lenape. Sometimes stakes were made from smoothed-out saplings and these were driven into the ground across a shallow stream thus diverting the larger fish into a sort of corral.

Another kind of fish trap used in the early period was a ramp-affair made of elm bark and set

in the stream and anchored in such a way or angle that a fish could propel itself clear out of the stream and into a catch basin dug out beside the main channel of the stream. After this trap was constructed, all a fisherman had to do was to chase the fish toward his cleverly set-up fish trap and the unwary fish jumped right into the catch basin all by itself.

The Lenni Lenape were also experts at fish spearing. Their spears were made from tender young saplings with a natural fork at the top end—this end was burnt off and the points carefully scraped with sharp flint until the spear seemed to have points sharp enough to spear a fish. Bone pointed spears and flint pointed ones were also used but such fine implements were quite rare because they belonged only to the more distinguished men whose implements of defense and sport were always of a more superior quality and very beautifully decorated.

The Lenni Lenape who were living in that very early period, when this New World (America) was first discovered, caught great quantities of fish which they dried and put away for future consumption. A large amount of the fish they caught was smoke-cured and preserved in that way—the food caches of the Lenni Lenape were never empty. Certain kinds of shell fish also were considered a great delicacy and were once a component part of the daily menu for the people of the Lenni Lenape Indian Confederacy.

LET us now turn very briefly to the religion of the early Lenni Lenape Indians. Natural phenomena furnished the foundations of all of their beliefs. Magnitude, grandeur, power, were the main attributes which most strongly moved the imagination and thinking of my forefathers, and stirred in them the impulse of worship. . . . To a great wind, a flood, a huge boulder, a rolling, livid cloud, they would pray in order that its terrors might be



BIG WHITE OWL
Eastern Associate Editor of
The Native Voice.

averted and directed away from the camp or village. . . . The great shining sun was, to the majority of Indians, the embodiment of Diety, because it played so large a part in everything on which they depended for support and enjoyment. Back of all these spirit-forces there lurked in the minds of the more advanced, a realization of an invisible, intangible, inscrutable essence—The Great Spirit—or the Great Mystery. Indeed, the early Red Man's way of worship was humble, clean, pure, wonderful and everlasting!

Archaeological research has verified that when the Lenni Lenape lived, hunted and roamed, and when they planted their patches of corn and tobacco along the Eastern Atlantic Coast of North America, shell-fish was consumed in great quantities.

Yes, the great shell heaps which are now covered by the accumulating sands of time, the bits of shattered pottery, "the ash pits of sleeping camp fires," a piece of chipped flint, a stone axe, a flint arrowhead, a hammer stone, a double-holed gorget, a stone face mask, a Lenni Lenape burial mound, might reveal a truer and better story than I could ever hope to write!

I HAVE SPOKEN.

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Atkinson Fund Gift Lets Bishop Visit Indian Folk

By FRANK TESKEY

Toronto Daily Star Correspondent

Moose Factory, Aug. 9—"This is a fine example of how a man's good can live after him," declared Bishop R. J. Renison of Moosonee Anglican diocese today as he reviewed plans for an extended social service program among the Indians of James and Hudson bay areas, made possible by a \$13,546 grant from the Atkinson Charitable Foundation.

Plans include foundation of a library emphasizing travel books, the showing of educational films and the maintenance of year-round travel facilities for the missionaries to make regular visits to their flocks throughout the winter and summer.

Aids Winter Travel

The gift will purchase a snowmobile for newly consecrated Bishop Neville Clark, suffragan bishop of Moosonee and assistant to Bishop Renison. The vehicle has been ordered and will be delivered before the snow flies.

"The Atkinson Foundation by this gift is going to make it possible for Bishop Clark to travel up the east and west coasts of Hudson and James bay in summer and winter," Bishop Renison explained.

It is only in the last five years that the snowmobile has proved itself a practical vehicle for a missionary in this area where there are no roads but the strong prevailing winds pack the snow very hard along the shores.

Modern Comforts

The snowmobile will have all the comforts of a modern automobile equipped for winter travel and is especially constructed to withstand the rigors of difficult travel over rough wilderness country.

"We are indeed grateful for this timely help which will enable us to expand our social services over a greater area, social service that is very much needed among the Indians of James bay," Bishop Renison said as he perused a list of books and mentioned that subjects of far north travel would be featured in the new library.

"We could not possibly have financed these things without this help. Popular books and educational films will be made available to Indians who have never seen anything like this before, through the generosity of Mr. Atkinson and the foundation he set up before he died.

"It happens that Bishop Clark besides being a missionary is quite a mechanic so he will be his own garage man in taking care of the new snowmobile," Bishop Renison chuckled.

Capital of Indian Country

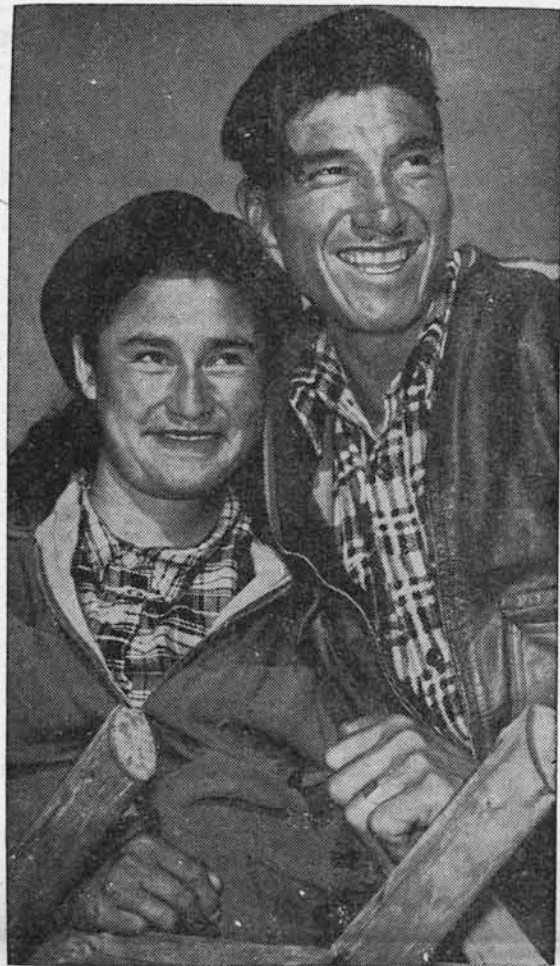
Indicative of the bishop's intent to make the money go as far as possible was the outline of many aspects of social service to which it would be put. After mentioning the snowmobile that it will pay for completely, the library where the fund will help to provide books and the showing of films it will partly finance, Bishop Renison mentioned one more item to which the foundation's gift will apply.

The grant will be spread out in various departments of the social services where more money than the limited mission funds is needed to put these particular sections into full and useful operation. The extent of help the gift makes possible in this way is unbelievable. "For instance," Bishop Renison pointed out, "our mission boat The Adventurer could not operate on the long trips through the bay without the services of an engineer. The mission can pay some of his salary, but not all of it. The foundation's generosity pays the rest of the engineer's salary and The Adventurer, previously laid up, is now in the water. The ship has made several important trips since the foundation gift was announced."

Help given to Moose Factory is a boost to the entire Indian country. Bishop Renison explained because "Moose Factory is the island which is the capital of the country as far as the Indians are concerned. We have a new hospital here of which Canada can be proud, and a boarding school for the Indian children. This is the centre of their contact with our civilization."

"Mary, aren't you getting too big to play with boys?"

"No, Mother, the bigger I get, the better I like 'em."



MOOSE FACTORY is centre of Indian, Eskimo life for thousands of square miles. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Friday, Albany, canoed 100 miles to the station.

Mrs. Moore Much Annoyed

Mrs. Maisie Armytage-Moore can not, with more than 50 percent accuracy, be described as a strong, silent woman. When injustice, real or imagined, touches a B.C. Indian, she is very strong indeed.

Mr. Hurley being engaged these days as Crown Prosecutor at the Assizes, Mrs. Moore represented an Indian charged with being drunk. His bail, rather curiously, was \$50, which is unusually high.

Mrs. Moore: "Your Worship, may I ask a question? (Lovely wedge to work in a speech!) This man is a hard working fisherman, so hard working he fell asleep in the taxi. He couldn't be awakened when it came time to pay.

"So the taxi man had him arrested and someone here set bail at \$50 to make sure he'd get the

fare money. It's unjust . . ."

Magistrate McInnes suavely cut short this modern Portia: "He will pay \$5 costs, or three days. That is the end of the matter."

Ah, yes—but by the tilt of Mrs. Moore's chin as she left court, and some remarks later, I fancy you may read in "The Native Voice" (which she edits) something about the police station being used for a collection agency; Mrs. Moore was much annoyed.

TOM JARVIS

—In the Vancouver Sun.

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United States Indians Still Have Backs to Wall

Dear Mrs. Armytage-Moore:

Many thanks for your fine letter of August 10. I held off my reply till now, as I was waiting for a letter from Mr. Felix Cohen, the author of the article, "Americanizing the White Man." In it he gives permission for the use of his article—something I should have obtained previously, as it is well to have the author's permission before using his works. My very, very close personal friend, Aren Akweks (Ray Fadden), cautioned me on this, so I wrote to Mr. Cohen.

I realize the struggle the Canadian Indian is having to have his treaties respected, and the fight

you people are putting up, so I will not attempt to disillusion you with what the men in the American Dept. of Interior are really like—suffice to say the Indians in the U.S. still have their backs to the wall, and many of our tribes are hard-put to retain title to the bits of land they have. Particularly our New York State Iroquois are being besieged from many sides. In the "twilight existence" they are living in, responsibility for them is shunted from the State of New York to the Federal Government and back again.

Our Iroquois are like unwanted step-children to both parties. Both claim authority and neither wants responsibility, it seems. For the Iroquois, all they want is to be left alone. It is indeed ironic that well over a century, too, Daniel Bread, a famous Oneida chief should have cause to say, "Father, you white men are so powerful. You move mountains, and change the course of the river in its stream—why then, do you covet the little bit of land we have left to us?" It is ironic, because any Iroquois in New York State today could aptly say the very same thing!

The interest I have in Indians goes back now, more years than I can remember. I had tried to keep my interest impersonal, trying to study them from a strictly ethnological point of view—but it was impossible. Like anyone else who studies them, I came to admire the Indian sincerely and getting to know the Indians of today, and of the past behind them, my heart went out to them for the things they are made to suffer, even in this supposedly "enlightened age." It seems Helen Hunt Jackson's "Century of Dishonor" is far from over. Now I take up the case for the Indians at any and all opportunities, and it is one of the reasons I so thoroughly enjoy getting your paper.

My sincerest best wishes for your continued success, and many personal thanks for your kindness in printing the article and for the offer of a few extra copies of this article, when it is printed in the paper.

ROBERT GABOR,
310 Walberta Road Syracuse, N.Y.

Sees Hope In Future

Box 142, Cardston, Alta.

Dear Publishers:

Enclosed please find money order for three dollars, for which to pay arrears and for another year's subscription to this very worthy and necessary organ not only to your province but to all Indians of Canada. (I should have written "Natives.")

A good number of our people are wondering what the adoption of the new Indian Act is going to mean to their ordinary daily lives. I guess we will just have to wait and see. But somehow the Indian Association of Alberta feel that a beginning has been made to give us a chance to get better education facilities to enable us to go into professions of the country and hope the officials will show us the way by being a great deal more human in their attitude towards us in the administration of the Act.

Meeting all those fine delegates from your province and the rest of Canada, I think we made great progress towards better things for the Natives and although we did not get all we wished, at least we have made a start and hope we will accomplish more as time marches on.

JAMES GLADSTONE,
President of Indian Association
of Alberta.

Attended Shinnecook Pow wow

The Native Voice.

Dear Friends:

Thanks for notifying me about my subscription. Enclosed find \$3.00 for two years' renewal.

We are just back from Shinnecook Reservation Pow wow held at Southampton, L.I., New York, and I was in the ring with my hubby Chief Little Bear or (Shash Yozz) in Navajo. I had Chief Thunderbird who is almost a full blood with us in our car. He is of the Nipnuck tribe pegan clan of old Dudley, Mass. Great Sachem Charles Bunn and Sachem Thunderbird Bess of Shinnecook said I have permission to have my Indian name made permanent so I have started it through my lawyer, as I go out entertaining and the papers here won't give any kind of a write-up about me. My friends all know me as Princess Do-Li, or Blue Bird and not by my Christian name. We had a wonderful time at Shinnecook; everyone was just grand to us. I can assure you it was nice meeting people who are so nice. Both Charles Bunn and Sachem

Chief Thunderbird of Shinnecook and Chief One Arrow, agreed that I was a full blood's equal off his Reservation.

We also had the pleasure of meeting Swift Eagle, a wonderful Pueblo Indian from New Mexico, Chief Thunderhawk of Rosebird Sioux Reservation, a full blooded Sioux, and Chief Red Thunder Cloud and his troupe of full blooded Indians and enjoyed the dances very much. We had over 500 people watching at the Pow wow and



'Native Voice' Wins Signal Praise From U.S.

Mrs. Maisie Armytage-Moore
Publisher and Director,
The Native Voice
510 West Hastings Street
Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Dear Mrs. Armytage-Moore,

I have recently received from Robert G. Gabor of Syracuse, N.Y., who appears to have made a very intensive study of Indian Affairs, the June and July issues of *The Native Voice*. I am ashamed to say that this is my first introduction to the paper. It is certainly an inspiring achievement, and I only wish that we had something to compare with it in the States.

If I can ever be of any use in supplying information on current developments here in Washington, I hope that you will not hesitate to call upon me. I am enclosing two or three reports that I have made during the past few weeks to some of the Indian tribes that I represent.

In view of the long struggle that the Indians of British Columbia have waged to secure recognition of their land rights, it may be that you will find current developments in connection with the bill now pending in Congress, H. R. 4388, covering Alaska Native land rights, to be of some interest. I will be glad to send you a report. It may be also that you would be interested in two petitions recently filed by the Pribilof Islanders before the Indian Claims Commission, and I hope to be able to send you copies of these in the near future. The injustices that these people have suffered are strongly parallel to those that the Natives of British Columbia have suffered.

I particularly appreciate your editorial on the achievements of the Blackfeet Tribe, and I know that my Blackfeet friends would very much enjoy having copies of the issue of *The Native Voice* containing that editorial. If you have any extra copies I would appreciate your sending several to

Mr. George Pambrun, Chairman
Blackfeet Tribal Business Council
Browning, Montana

I am enclosing a check to cover a year's subscription to *The Native Voice*. With all good wishes,

Sincerely your,
FELIX S. COHEN
Suite 607, 810 18th St., N.W.
Washington 6, D.C.

Voice Has Made Big Impression

The Native Voice,

Dear Friends:

I would like at this time to express my compliments at the way in which your little paper is growing up. It seems only yesterday that it was introduced to the public, but now everywhere I go I hear people making remarks about what a fine paper it is, and what a different understanding it has made between the white man and the Indian.

Somehow they have gotten hold of the Voice and read it, either through subscribing, or through a friend having it. In either case it has done some good and you and your staff should be complimented.

H. O. WALTERMYER,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

they also seemed to enjoy it very much.

I must close now. Please let me know you get this.

PRINCESS DO-LI,
30 Glen Street,
Worcester 5, Mass., U.S.A.

All-Indian Pack Claim Disputed

The Native Voice,

Dear Friends:

Regarding your July issue of *The Native Voice*, I noticed a picture of what is believed to be the first all-Indian Brownie Pack.

Some time ago, I was on the staff of the Shengwauk Indian School at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. We had a Brownie Pack there of about 30 Indian girls and also a Girl Guide Company of about 30 girls.

I don't know how long they have had these groups but it has been quite a while—at least four or five years.

As a missionary in our Indian residential schools, I am deeply interested in our Indian people.

(MISS) JOYCE LILLEY
St. Michael's School,
Alert Bay, B.C.

Ed: "You say you were arrested because you paid your bill with a smile?"

Bill: "Yes. They insisted on money!"

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Bell-Irving Co. Pays Tribute to B.C. Natives

By ED MARTIN

Oldest of all salmon fishing companies on the British Columbia Mainland, and one whose policies have consistently held Native Canadians in the highest regard, is the Anglo-British Columbia Packing Company of Vancouver.

Chartered in London, Eng., on Dec. 22, 1890, by the late H. O. Bell-Irving, Anglo-B.C. has seen 70 canning companies come and go in the province, while it has survived and thrived.

The company, whose Vancouver director is Richard Bell-Irving, the founder's son, has become a leading Canadian industry, behind which lies a wealth of adventure, much of it in direct association with Native Canadians.

H. O. Bell-Irving was a young man when he came to Canada early in 1882 . . . a young man with vision and initiative, and of amazing versatility.

He came first to Winnipeg, where—as surveying engineer—he assisted in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, progressing as the railway did slowly across the prairies and the rugged mountains to Salmon Arm, B.C.

From here, Mr. Bell-Irving went 50 miles on foot, to meet the railroad being constructed inland from the coast. He arrived in Vancouver—then called Granville—in October, 1885.

Then—as now—Vancouver's appeal was immediate. Mr. Bell-Irving took time out only to return to Devonshire for his wedding, be-

fore settling with his bride in the far west province.

The man who had been surveying engineer now worked as an architect till the Great Fire of June 13, 1886, destroyed his equipment.

Two months after the village of Granville had been incorporated as Vancouver, he started anew—this time as a real estate agent, branching out shortly thereafter into a fast-growing import and export business.

In 1889, his company chartered the 870-ton sailing vessel, Titania. For the first time in history, cargo sailed direct from London to Vancouver via Cape Horn.

On the Titania's return voyage, it scored another first. In its hold went an unheard-of cargo. The first shipment of canned salmon, much of it caught by Indian fishermen, was on its way from British Columbia to the United Kingdom.

Since that time, countless thousands of tons of canned salmon have travelled the route, for the Titania's cargo was well received in Britain—and paved the way for the greatest of all Bell-Irving's far-seeing ventures.

Securing options on nine operating canneries in British Columbia—seven located on the Fraser River and two on the Skeena—Mr. Bell-Irving returned to the United Kingdom. There, he transmitted some of his own enthusiasm and spirit of adventure to his cousins in England, and The Anglo-British Columbia Packing Company was born.

The original prospectus indicates that all nine properties were purchased for \$330,000. In the summer of 1891, the Anglo-British Columbia Packing Company began the first of its now nearly 61 years of successful operation . . . and became the first customer of the Bank of British Columbia, later absorbed into the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Even in the days when the B.C. salmon catch seemed inexhaustible, H. O. Bell-Irving looked to the future, taking a keen interest and active part in the industry from the standpoint of continuity of supply.

Shortsighted men scoffed, the greedy grabbed without thought for the coming generations, but H. O. Bell-Irving worked with other interested members of the industry for 29 years, urging the Canadian government to control the situation through a treaty with the United States.

Four provisional treaties were drawn up and discarded before the fifth was signed, entitling both countries to approximately 50 per cent of the Fraser River Sockeye catch, but only after an adequate number had been allowed to escape to the spawning grounds.

Now, as the Anglo-British Columbia Packing Company is nearing its eighth decade, its policy is

consistent with that advocated in its early years—regard for source of supply, regard for consumer, regard for employees.

In the last of these, A.B.C. has achieved highly successful labor relations and many of the company's veteran employees are now retired on pensions after many years of loyal service.

It was in keeping with this policy of having the highest regard for its employees, that Richard Bell-Irving recently sought the assistance of Native Canadians and their lore to improve Anglo-Canadian relations, while at the same time establishing firmly in all minds, the vital past and present-day part the Indians play in the life of our country.

He lent his support in connection with the "Canadian Ashes," an award to be made to the victor in a series of historic cricket matches across the country between a famed English team and a Canadian All-Star team.

An honored guest at recent ceremonies in connection with presentation of a silver urn containing the "Ashes" to L. J. H. Gunn of Toronto, president of the Canadian Cricket Association, was Mrs. Ellen Neal, one of the educational and social leaders of our race.

(Continued on Next Page)

For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus. Who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time. —1 Tim. 2:5,6

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You Made Complete Picture Portraying Matured Nation

The following letter, sent to Mildred Valley Thornton by J. P. Oshaneck of 100 Mile House, expresses some of the high esteem in which the work of this great artist is held. We feel that our readers will be equally as interested as we were in reading the letter, so we are publishing it with the permission of Mrs. Thornton.

Mrs. Mildred Valley Thornton,
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Mildred:

Your informal talk of last night, with the aid of slides was a great success because it depicted the soul of a people. It was the study of a nation which inhabited this continent before the white man came. In the North American Indians you saw a spark in the soul of each individual, and you gathered together these sparks and made a bonfire that illuminated the vision of those to whom you spoke.

As your consideration of the subject matter went on it gathered momentum. Each picture brought an additional feeling of warmth and love which you drew out of these people by your untiring efforts in putting their very souls in faces was to love them. One could express on canvas. To see those not help it, because they responded to the love you gave to them. Their expressed by you, you captured response in love and gratitude, as and put on the canvas, which was the Spirit of the living Soul, and in that spirit I see the true worth and greatness of your work in that field of endeavor, which is so neglected by so many people.

You took the Indian nation out of obscurity and revealed it in its true light, by blending the living qualities of the men and women who composed it. The peace, serenity, and strength of character of the soul were all brought out in each canvas upon which you worked. You took each individual as a human being, which could be compared to a piece in a jig-saw puzzle, in itself it may not be so very imposing, it may appear just as one stroke of a brush dipped in paint, seemingly not of great importance, but you collected their sterling qualities and put them together to make a complete picture, portraying a matured nation.

You then placed them as a nation among the brotherhood of nations of the world affairs of men. As each individual plays a part in a nation, so do the nations of the world play a part in the world affairs of men, and in the service of God.

Again may I take this opportunity of thanking you for the wonder-

ful evening we all had together, and may your work become a blessing to the children of men, and to the glory of God, and I am

J. P. OSHANEK,
100 Mile House, B.C.



BIG CHIEF LOUD VOICE

That is the Indian name of Mr. Clinton Rickard (above) the head of the Indian Defense League of America, a man whose work for the American Indians is of outstanding importance.

'To the Ocean'

Ah! contemptuous, mighty, all-defying Ocean!

Changeless, infinite, sublime, Incomprehensive to our mortal minds

As Space—Creation—or the birth of Time,

Was God's purpose in thy creation To humble Man, who boasts he knows no fear?

For, seeing thee, so vast and so relentless,

Man bows in shame, and knows that God is near.

Great ships, the products of our labour,

Proud shows of might, for all the world to see,

Are fragile puppets, subject to thy pleasure,

Deep in your breast you ride their destiny.

Oh! foolish man, who seeks with his inventions

To change and conquer the Creator's scheme,

Till, angered and amazed at this false boldness,

You rise and show him that you are supreme!

Great, glorious Ocean, how thou dost awaken

In soul of Man, a reverence divine!

Our greatest cares and problems seem as nothing.

Thou art All—Everything—until the end of Time.

GLADYS COOPER.

THE ABOVE POEM was sent to Eastern Associate Editor Big White Owl in 1938 for Christmas. It was written by Gladys Cooper, then 15 years old.

H. Bell-Irving Co.

(Continued from Page 11)

In an address to more than 1,000 persons during presentation ceremonies in Stanley Park, Mr. Bell-Irving explained that the "Ashes," secured from the burning of a white man's paper replica of a gift Totem, will serve to strengthen relations between British and Canadian sportsmen, as well as to establish internationally, the key role that Native Canadians play in Canadian life.

Mr. Bell-Irving asked Mrs. Neal, on behalf of all Indians, to accept the thanks of all those connected with the affair, for assisting the White Man in improving Anglo-Canadian relations, and graciously permitting the association of their famed and revered Totem with the effort.

He declared, in part: "Mrs. Neal, who is herself an Indian, expressed her desire to assist in stimulating the right kind of sports, besides inter-country relations. As she is sitting close by, I would like to express our appreciation to her for her kind co-operation on this occasion."

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Continued From Page 3

Tecumseh and the War of 1812

were the hunting grounds upon which the northwestern Indians depended for their existence.

A lack of understanding between the two races was responsible for many difficulties. It was claimed that the Indians were slow to embrace Christianity. The reason can easily be seen, for the whites, while preaching the doctrines of Christianity on one hand, lost no opportunity to murder, rob, cheat and despoil the Indians on the other. President Jefferson, whose principles were always philanthropic, tried to induce the Indians to till the soil, yet during his administration, their most fertile lands were seized on every pretext possible. This policy did not appear inconsistent to the president, who favored encouraging the Indians to assume debts which they could not possibly pay, thus forcing them to sacrifice their lands to meet their obligations. Jefferson would have been quick to see the injustice of such a course if its purpose had been to dislodge the Virginia gentry from their estates, but the feeling toward the Indians was such that the injustice was not apparent at the time. The government laid claim to the territory of extinct tribes, and by the beginning of the nineteenth century, some of the northwestern tribes were decreasing in numbers, even to the point of extermination.

The Red Man's idea of agriculture was vastly different from that of his white neighbor. Hunting was the occupation of the male and he provided food for his family by the chase. With him this was a means of livelihood, not a form of recreation. The woman—naturally looked upon as the personification of fertility—was the logical one to till the soil. This social arrangement was entirely satisfactory from the Indian's point of view and he saw no reason to change it.

The Indian who neglected his crops to go hunting was not necessarily lazy. Yet, in spite of such obstacles as the lack of domestic animals, crude tools and primitive methods, his contributions to our agricultural wealth have been amazing. We are indebted to him for our maize, potatoes, tomatoes, squashes, beans, peanuts and tapioca, as well as tobacco and innumerable medicinal plants, herbs and spices. We are told that the Indian must be given credit for something like five-sevenths of our agricultural wealth. What must the European diet have been like in pre-Columbia times?

THE Indian's government, or lack of government, was primitive from the European point of view, yet it gave him the greatest amount of personal liberty possible. There were no conventions nor social restrictions to interfere with his liberty in any way. Building upon such a foundation, in the course of time he might have developed a system of government and social organizations far superior to our own.

Generally speaking, the Indian was no mechanical genius, and this undoubtedly interfered with his progress in many directions. Yet he showed considerable ingenuity in his textiles, his baskets and pottery; these exhibit remarkable skill and craftsmanship. The

birch canoe was a marvel of simplicity, lightness and grace. The canoe, the hammock and the snow shoe, all of Indian origin, have been copied as models the world over. His musical and artistic senses were well developed.

Much has been written of the horrors of the tomahawk and the scalping knife, but it must be admitted that the whites were responsible for their share of the barbarism of the period. The tomahawk and knife were absolutely essential to the life and comfort of the Indian in peacetime and were more useful as tools than as weapons. On the march and in camp, the hatchet was required to provide necessary fuel as well as for a hundred other uses. The scalping knife was primarily a hunting knife, useful in a thousand ways. It is claimed that scalping did not originate with the Indians. Certainly, before the coming of the white man it was not so common. The practice of many white agents in offering bounties for scalps, was largely responsible for the barbarities which have been laid entirely at the door of the Indian. Captain Henry Hamilton, sent to command Detroit during the revolutionary war, offered a bounty of \$5.00 for each settler's scalp and was widely known as the "Great Hair Buyer."

TORTURE and the burning of captives at the stake were deplorable cruelties which we cannot condone; but these savage practices were not confined to the Indians by any means. When we study our history carefully we frequently discover that the barbarism of the Indians was frequently in retaliation for some flagrant injustice suffered at the hands of the whites. The Indian conception of warfare was barbarous from our standpoint for the reason that the lives of women and children were frequently sacrificed; yet there are many stories of white prisoners having been treated kindly. However, in their struggles against the encroachments of the whites, we must not overlook the fact that the Indians were fighting desperately for their lives, their homes, their lands and their way of life. If an invading army should be landed on this continent, doubtless the American people would meet it with the same determined resistance, and it is quite probable that we, who consider ourselves highly civilized, would overlook the ethics of modern warfare in our anxiety to drive the invaders from our shores.

Not only was the Indian misunderstood, but little or no effort was made in his behalf. In an era characterized by intolerance in politics and religion, the red race was considered less than human and little interest was shown except in its extermination. Today we are more humane and merciful in destroying noxious pests. Many prominent men during the early part of the last century considered the murder of an Indian a most commendable act and the old saying: "A dead Indian is the only good Indian," was held to be literally true. It would seem that no one had the kindness, the sympathy, the charity or the understanding to apply to the Indian the simple principles of liberty and justice which the white man valued so highly.

Frequent massacres, lightly mentioned in our history books, serve to illustrate the spirit of the times:

A settlement of Moravians or "Praying Indians" (Lenape or Delaware Indians) had been established by Count Zenzendorf on the Muskingum River in Ohio. Notwithstanding the fact that these Indians were peaceful and inoffensive and did not participate in war, they were persecuted in every way possible. In 1781 and 1782 their villages were raided by bands of Kentuckians. Their buildings were burned and the inhabitants murdered. In one instance a church in which the Moravians were assembled was set on fire. The Ohio settlements were dispersed, one group finding its way to Detroit and thence to a new location at New Gnadenhutzen near the present site of Mt. Clemens, Mich. Some of these later established themselves at the Moraviantown (Fairfield) on the Thames Rives, near Chatham, Ontario.

A battle between General Andrew Jackson and the Creek Indians in 1814 is described in a contemporary American periodical: "Of about 1,000 Creeks, only 10 are supposed to have escaped with life: 16 of the Creeks who hid themselves were killed the morning after the battle. The American commander in his dispatch said that he was determined to exterminate the tribe. Of course,

no quarter was given except to a few women and children."

Truly this is not greatly different from the spirit shown by the Spanish conquerors who, three centuries earlier, sought to Christianize the southern tribes with torch and sword. While these examples do not make us particularly proud of the white race, they serve to illustrate the spirit of the times and this cannot be ignored if we are to be just in our consideration of that period of our history when the control of the vast Northwest Territory passed forever from the tribes which had occupied it for centuries as their home. And we must not forget that this Northwest Territory was once known as the "Indian Country," the plan at the close of the French and Indian War being to restrict it entirely for the use of the Red Man.

(To Be Continued)

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