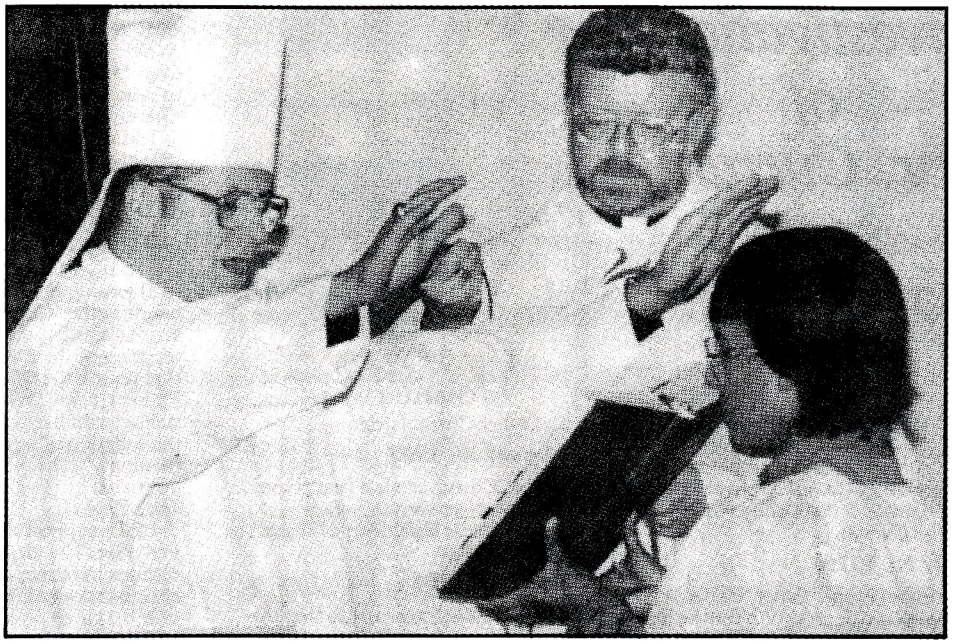
INDIAN RECORD

OCTOBER 1986
389th issue
49th year, No. 4
Single copy: $1.00
Postpaid

Respect and promotion of social justice, human rights and cultural values.

Bishop O'Connor named to Prince George, BC



Fr. V. Hawkswell photo

Bishop Hubert O'Connor, OMI, gives the final blessing to the congregation attending his installation as Bishop of Prince George August 15. Several Western Canadian bishops attended the ceremony.

by Marianne McKave

The new Bishop of Prince George believes the laity has a crucial role in evangelizing in the "workday world".

"They are and should be leaven to take on that responsibility," said Bishop Hubert O'Connor, OMI, who was installed as Bishop of the diocese on August 15, the Feast of the Assumption.

Bishop O'Connor succeeds retiring Bishop Fergus O'Grady, OMI, who has served the diocese for 30 years.

Both bishops are members of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, who as missionary priests and brothers have pioneered work with native peoples in the eight dioceses of the Canadian north.

Bishop O'Connor celebrated Mass at his installation, while the former Bishop of the diocese, 78-year-old Bishop Fergus O'Grady, who was earlier honored for his contributions to education in the diocese, concelebrated.

The installation was conducted by Archbishop Legare from Alberta and the homily was delivered by Victoria Bishop Remi de Roo.

In his homily at the Installation Mass, Bishop de Roo drew on models of faith from the Old Testament and cited the Blessed Virgin Mary as the epitome of trust in God, reminding the newly appointed Bishop that faith must be the center of his life.

Bishop O'Connor, a native of Huntington, Quebec, was born in 1928 into a family of seven children. He was ordained to the priesthood in Ottawa in 1955 and to the episcopate in 1971.

His previous duties include six years as principal at the Cariboo Indian Residential School in Williams Lake and a year as parish priest at St. John's Church, Lilooet. During a

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Ma Mawi Wi Chi Itata Centre

by Monika G. Feist

The Ma Mawi Wi Chi Itata Centre was established in September 1984, after a lengthy struggle by Native people in Winnipeg to put into place an independently operated Child and Family Resource Centre. Twelve members were elected to form its first community Board.

The Centre operates in conjunction with the other Winnipeg and Manitoba regional agencies. It provides services to Metis, Non-Status Indians, and Status Indians from out of the province, and refers Manitoba Status Indians to their tribal councils for services.

The name chosen for the Centre means "everyone works together," reflecting the essence of a true helping relationship, based on the concept of reciprocity. It points to the fact that at various times in people's lives, individuals need help in dealing with the many problems that arise in living and raising children in an urban

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Guest editorial

Indian Affairs Minister William McKnight

Bill McKnight has not yet properly set his feet under the ministerial desk at Indian Affairs and already the department has him pretty thoroughly under control. The July announcement of a non-solution to the department's system of financial mismanagement in Manitoba reflects a departmental victory over Indian band interests, consultant advice and political control.

The problems which the Indian bands have complained about for years add up to a looseness in financial management. Notional dollars slither around from section to section and from one fiscal year to another.

The budget says one thing and the report says another and everybody knows that what really happened was something else again, depending on how you look at it. Money is promised to bands in what are euphemistically called contribution agreements but the actual cheques may or may not arrive. It may turn out later that this one will be counted as part of that one and everything dissolves into a miasma of vague improvisation.

Indian bands are told to do systematic budgetary planning and careful financial administration but this is never possible since the department usually cannot say for sure what has been done this year, much less what is being done now or what will be done next year.

The vagueness and the jiggery-pokery do serve a purpose. Parliament and the treasury board do not provide enough money for the perfectly obvious housing, education, health and income support needs of reserve-resident Indians in Manitoba. There is little left over for the economic development programs that might begin to make band communities more nearly self-sufficient.

Nor are the annual appropriations anywhere near sufficient to start providing for the needs of off-reserve Indians. By rechanneling funds from one program to another or one fiscal period to another, the department is able to respond to the obvious human and political needs it sees without going all the way back to Parliament and the treasury board to get authorization.

As a result, funds can be found with which to quell revolts, the Peguis band only occupies the regional office a couple of times each year and the chaos can be kept within bounds.

This system is, however, hopelessly unpredictable. A band has no way of knowing, when it starts on a project, whether the department's willingness to finance it this week will still apply next week, much less next year. Indians are commonly accused, in white society's stereotype, of failing to plan for the long term. The behavior of government departments including Indian affairs teaches that planning beyond the end of the current meeting is often a waste of time.

Manitoba Indian chiefs believed they had, in David Crombie, a minister of Indian Affairs who understood that they needed more orderly financial administration in the department's regional office. Perhaps they had, but that was last month. Mr. Crombie is now reassigned to befriend other ethnic minorities on the government's behalf and Mr. McKnight, his successor, is an unknown quantity.

An outside accountant looked over the regional financial management and threw up his hands in a despairing report. The chiefs said his report proved their point and asked Mr. Crombie to rectify matters.

The upper echelons of the department have worked over the matter and now the solution has been announced. The regional office will enforce tighter controls not on its own work but on that of the Manitoba Indian bands. Such tighter control will presumably require the hiring of additional officials. It will make life still more difficult for band councils and band administrators. It will not in any way oblige the regional office to conduct its administration in the orderly way that is needed. The solution turns the attack upon the department into punitive action against the bands.

An alert minister of Indian affairs would recognize the game that is being played on him and forbid it. Mr. McKnight is letting his department put one over on him. It is not an auspicious start. □

(Winnipeg Free Press)

William McKnight, Member of Parliament since 1979, represents the constituency of Kindersley-Lloydminster (Saskatchewan). He is a former farmer and businessman.

Prior to this appointment, Mr. McKnight was Minister of Labour. He is a former chairperson of the House Standing Committee on Agriculture and member of the committees on Transport, Management and Members' Services. He served as PC caucus spokesperson for the Canadian Wheat Board and the Ministry of International Trade and as Deputy Opposition House Leader.

INDIAN RECORD

Founded in 1938 — Published by the Oblate Fathers (Manitoba Province)

Editor & Manager: Rev. Gontran Laviolette, OMI **Assistant Editor:** Mrs. Beatrice Fines

Editorial Board: Revs. Alvin Gervais, chairman; A. Lacelle, D. Kerbrat, and G. LeStrat, OMI.

Published 4 times a year — January, April, July and October. Copy deadline: 6 weeks prior to date of publication.

Subscription rate $4.00 a year; two years $7.00. Bulk rates: 5 or more copies at same address $3.00 each per year.

(U.S. and Foreign — Please pay in US Dollars)

 # 503 - 480 Aulneau, Winnipeg, Man. R2H 2V2 2nd class Mail reg. 0062 ISSN 0019-6282 **Telephone (204) 233-6430 If no answer: (204) 237-6943**

Hall negotiates settlement for Ojibways

by Winifred M. O'Rourke

SASKATOON — In his address to the annual meeting of Amnesty International (AI) local group 33, Mr. Justice Emmett Hall said AI is used to hearing about prisoners of conscience in other parts of the world. But he wished to speak about a case of injustice in Canada which has now been brought to conclusion. He was referring to the settlement for the Ojibway Indians in northwest Ontario in which he is involved as negotiator.

In the days following the 1940s, Hall said, two Indian bands, the Grassy Narrows and the White Dog, were living north of Kenora, Ont., in the region of the Wabigon and English River Systems.

The Indian bands made a living by commercial fishing and guiding for "thousands of Americans who travelled to fish and stayed at a sumptuous lodge." In the Grassy Narrows area, the people harvested wild rice which grew abundantly in the shallows of the lake.

In the 1950s, Hall said, the Reed Paper Company established a paper processing plant in the area using great quantities of mercury — "the best known and oldest metal liquid known. There was no law or legislation controlling its use at that time."

Hall continued: "In the ensuing years thousands of tons moved through the English River system. It should have been known at the time even less amounts (of mercury) would do irreparable harm." He referred to the outbreak of "cat's disease," so-called because of the erratic way cats behaved in Minamata Bay in Japan after eating mercury-contaminated fish. The food also caused very serious illness to the human inhabitants of the area.

The main diet of Indian people in the Kenora area was fish, particularly from spring to fall. Consequently they became affected by methyl-mercury poisoning damaging the neurological system. In time, Hall continued, both the Ontario government and the federal government prohibited the use of mercury and banned commercial fishing in the area.

Tourists were advised against eating fish they caught so they ceased to travel to the area. The biggest employer for both Indian bands, the owner of the lodge, decided to close. A series of dams to help the paper companies in the area raised the level of water in the Grassy Narrows area so no wild rice could be harvested. The Grassy Narrows band had to move to higher ground.

Justice Emmett Hall

"Imprisoned by their situation created in the 1970s, it took until 1985 to deal with it and do some justice to those caught in it," said the speaker. The Society for Public Justice supported by all churches became involved and tried closing off access to the paper companies' trucks. "This festering sore continued and in 1985 David Crombie, Minister of Indian and Northern Affairs, contacted me to try to bring about a settlement," Hall said.

He described the various meetings that had taken place and the agreement regarding the settlement which was concluded by March 31.

Each Indian band will have the administration of a health fund for personal injuries in succeeding years. The Minamata disease has appeared in the children of parents who were affected in the 50s, and arrangements are being made to keep the health fund going until 2033 A.D.

A large greenhouse to grow saplings for reforestation and a plant to process wild rice will be built for the Grassy Narrows area.

No lump sum compensation payment will be made but the Indians will receive monthly payments.

Both bands are looking for new schools. "Their expectation is for a first-rate school in Grassy Narrows and one for the White Dog band to go to Grade 12. "This festering sore is to be brought to some basis of improvement by March 31," Hall concluded. □

(Prairie Messenger)

Prairie Messenger

New generation — A group of native young people participate in a Youth Weekend at the Jesuit-run Anishinabe Spiritual Centre on the shore of Anderson Lake near Espanola, Ont. The centre, which fosters the inculturation of the Catholic faith among our native people through a ministries program, also develops native leadership skills with youth weekends, sessions for parish councils and reflective teams, and offers daylong seminars, prayer weekends, retreats and workshops. Serving some 20 to 25 communities, the centre is financially supported in part by the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada which this year has allocated $27,500 to the centre's work. Father John S. Knight (top right, wearing glasses), president of the Extension Society, visited the centre earlier this year over a two-weekend period where he participated in a Ministry Workshop and a Youth Weekend. "To say that I was impressed by the atmosphere, the hospitality and the programs is perhaps more than a bit of an understatement," said Father Knight. "The work of the Jesuits is certainly to be commended." Describing his experience as being a "very positive" one, Father Knight said he looks "forward to a continuing association of Catholic Church Extension with Anishinabe Centre."

Church heads urge return to hunting

Joint statement of Roman Catholic and Anglican Bishops

by Stan Koma

The Catholic and Anglican bishops of Canada's North are calling upon Canadians to support the aboriginal peoples in their struggle to save fur trapping as a way of life.

"Fur trapping is more than a source of income," says the statement released last week by the bishops. "It is a way of life deeply rooted in the cultural traditions of aboriginal societies in the Canadian North."

The anti-fur campaign being waged in Europe and elsewhere is having a devastating impact on the lifestyle of the nation's native peoples.

"Among other social problems (in the North)," the bishops say, "the suicide rate in native communities today is more than six times the national average."

The bishops also note that social welfare programs in the North are being severely taxed and the loss of economic self-sufficiency has aggravated a sense of hopelessness in many communities.

Objections

Coadjutor Archbishop Peter Sutton of Keewatin-Le Pas, chairman of the Roman Catholic Bishops of the North, said that objections to fur hunting are coming from people promoting animal rights.

What some people are forgetting, he said, is that hunting is an integral part of the native peoples' lifestyle.

"No one is saying their whole economy is based on this (hunting), but a good part of it is," Sutton said. Trapping not only provides food, but clothing.

The archbishop said southern Canadians may have difficulty understanding this native lifestyle "when you are in a downtown shopping centre."

Earlier this year, Bishop Omer Robidoux of the Diocese of Churchill-Hudson Bay said that anti-trapping lobby groups have been blamed by native leaders for a dramatic drop in the sales of raw and finished furs to Europe.

The disappearing market for the products has been keenly felt by the 5,000 people of the Churchill-Hudson Bay diocese, Robidoux said.

Young people are being particularly hard hit. "They don't go hunting and they don't go trapping because they're losing money," Robidoux said. "The result is that we have a large number of young people who are doing absolutely nothing and they go on welfare. It's as crude as that."

In the statement by the Catholic and Anglican bishops of the North, charges by anti-fur campaigners that aboriginal people were out to destroy the animal population were rejected.

"Deep within their culture and spiritual traditions, aboriginal people have a close bond with the land and animal life," the bishops said.

"Their approach to harvesting wildlife is designed to respect and preserve their traditions.

"The anti-fur campaign, therefore, violates the dignity of aboriginal peoples and some of their deeply felt cultural and spiritual traditions. We find this to be morally unacceptable."

Besides calling on the people of Canada to support the cause of the native peoples, the bishops have asked the federal government to:

- Develop strategies for the expansion of the domestic market for aboriginal fur products;
- Support native and non-native organizations in their public education campaign to explain the importance of hunting and trapping;
- Provide assistance to aboriginal groups for the further development of harvesting enterprises, such as co-operative processing houses in the North.

Promotion

"We also urge the federal government to develop strategies for the promotion of aboriginal fur products in the international market," the bishops said.

"This includes more vigorous efforts on the part of the Canadian government to seek the removal of the European Economic ban on seal products."

The anti-seal campaign which had been conducted in recent years, particularly in Europe, has all but destroyed this industry. The massive campaign against the seal hunt has had an impact on all fur hunting.

The report of the Royal Commission on Seals and the Sealing Industry has recommended $120 million in compensation to the Inuit and Newfoundland fishermen who have been economically devastated by the European ban on seal products.

(Catholic Register)

O'CONNOR . . . . from p. 1

period of three years he was provincial director for the Oblate Fathers' Indian and Eskimo Commission and provincial bursar in Vancouver.

Bishop O'Connor went on to become the treasurer of St. Paul's province.

In 1971, he was ordained Bishop at St. Augustine's Parish in Vancouver, then went North to serve the large developing Whitehorse Diocese, where he stayed for the next 15 years.

"I like the vast open spaces of the North," said the Bishop, who has about 25 Oblate priests serving the 36,000 parishioners of his new diocese. While he recognizes there is a need for more priests, he is happy with the progress taking place in the diocese and expects it to continue.

(B.C. Catholic)

Bishop Fergus O'Grady who earlier this year received an honorary doctorate from UBC for his work in native education, pioneered the development of the "Frontier Apostolate" to meet the critical need for personnel in the north.

Since 1956 the movement has drawn more than 2,500 volunteers from many parts of Europe and North America. They have served as teachers, bus drivers, nurses and cooks as well as in parish ministry and catechetical programs.

Native Mass in Thunder Bay

by Sister Anne McLaughlin

St. Andrew's church in Thunder Bay, still festive with Easter flowers and banners, welcomed Native People from across the Diocese for a Native Mass on Sunday, April 6th. The celebration was rich in colour, sound, smell and symbol as native people, wearing traditional dress of deerskin, shawls, headbands and feathers entered the church to the beat of native drums, then joined in the purification rite of sweet grass.

Deacon Don Goodwin, of St. Paul, Minnesota performed the Sacred Pipe ceremony and gave the homily.

Bishop John O'Mara celebrated the Eucharist with Rev. Brian Tiffin, S.J., pastor of the Native People in Thunder Bay. Bishop O'Mara told participants that the deerskin chasuble he wore was a gift made by Native People on the Heron Bay Reserve and his headdress was a gift from the Gull Bay Reserve, where he is an honourary chief. "I wear (these) with pride to identify with the native people" the Bishop said. He encouraged the native people to bring their understanding of Jesus, their kindness and their values "as a leaven in our Catholic Community."

In his homily Deacon Don Goodwin reflected on Thomas' struggle to believe in the Resurrected Jesus. He shared his own struggles to come to renewed faith in native customs as well as in Jesus, the Lord. He called on native people to grow in their faith and its expression in native customs and to go out to talk to others "so we can fill this church." "We have lots of native people that are Catholic, but very few come to church," he said.

Bishop O'Mara mandated Elizabeth Gladu as a Minister of the Eucharist, especially charged with bringing the Eucharist to those who are ill. Leo Roach was mandated as a Minister of music. Leo, who travels with Fr. Brian Tiffin to reserves around the Diocese, leads the music for Eucharistic celebrations and Native Prayer Days.

After the Mass, Native people and others were invited for tea and bannock. Elizabeth Gladu spoke of the experience of receiving the mandate.

"I wasn't nervous," she said. I prayed to God to give me the strength. I felt so beautiful — so happy — so good. All I was thinking about was 'I'm going to serve — really serve God — taking the Holy Eucharist to people. Now I'm going to be truly working for God."

Leo Roach doesn't think his service to people through music will be changed by the mandating. "Whatever the Lord gives, I give it back," he says of his gift for music. "I do that for God and to help people, to bring them together — all in one (by) singing."

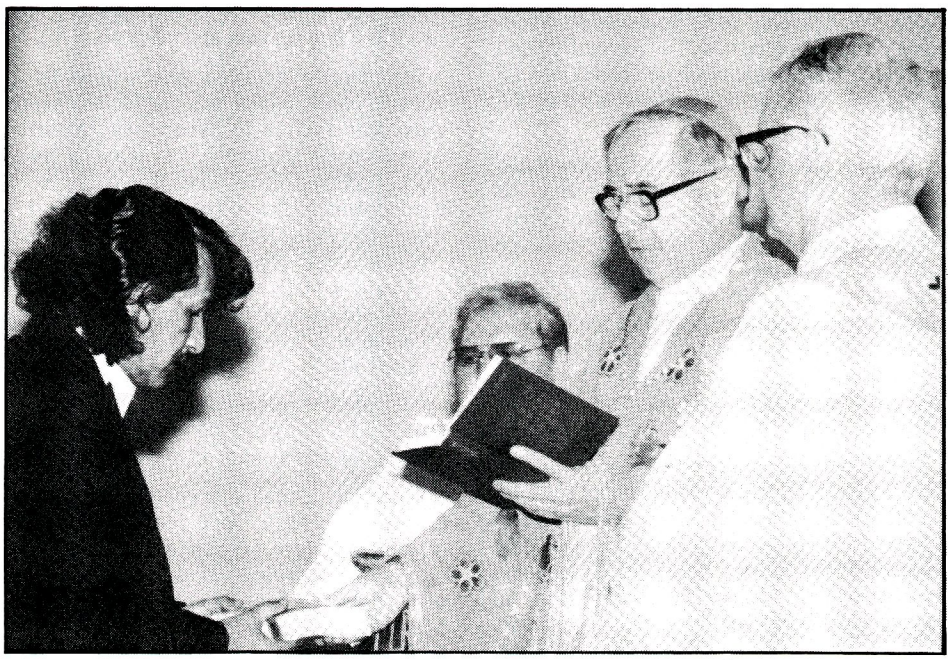
The Sunday Eucharist was the culmination of a Native Ministry Workshop held at St. Andrew's on April 5 and 6, and led by Rev. Brian Tiffin, Gene Bannon and Deacon Don Goodwin. Discussions on Saturday led to a decision to continue studies of Native Ministry through weekend workshops. "Builders of the New Earth," a preparation program for Native Ministry, will be used as the basis. □

Judy Hill awarded nursing scholarships

Judy Wilson, a Registered Nurse, originally from Churchill, Manitoba, and Sandra Ryan of Australia will share the Judy Hill Memorial Scholorship for 1986-87. A scholarship was established to honour Judy Hill, a nurse who died in a plane crash in 1972 while accomanying patients on a medical evacuation flight in Canada's northern arctic. It is awarded annually to dedicated nurses who have worked in remote areas of northern Canada and who are furthering their education in the field of health services. Upon completion of their post-graduate studies, the nurses work in outpost stations in the Arctic or in the northern areas of Canada's provinces.

Judy Wilson will receive $3000.00 towards her studies at the John Radcliff Maternity Hospital in Oxford, England, where she will begin an 18-month course in September. "Once I complete my course I will be looking forward to working in a nursing station in the northwest territories," she says. Currently she is a nurse in the emergency department of Whitehorse General Hospital, Yukon.

Previous scholarship winners have returned from their studies to work in hospitals and nursing stations in Pangnirtung and Igloolik, Baffin Island, Cambridge Bay and Fort Resolution, N.W.T., Rankin Inlet, Baker Lake, Inuvik and other outpost areas. □



Sr. Anne McLaughlin photo

Bishop John O'Mara of Thunder Bay presents a Bible to Leo Roach during the mandating ceremony. Deacon Don Goodwin at right of Bishop and Rev. Brian Tiffin on his left.

First Canadian Native Woman Lawyer

by Dave Haynes

There she was on an Ottawa stage last year, standing with all the other newly-invested members of the Order of Canada, and all Marion Ironquil Meadmore could think about was Anne Murray.

She was on the same stage, oh my, as Anne Murray.

"And I sat at the same table as Anne Murray's husband," says Meadmore, impressed with herself, "that was a big deal. Oh, I had a good time. It was really a good time."

What about the honor, based largely upon her being the first Canadian native woman to become a lawyer? "I guess it's really supposed to be something, isn't it, the Order of Canada? But I told you, I'm going for sainthood," she says laughing.

Meadmore, 51, isn't big on honors. She's forgotten the name of some legal award she received a few years ago, but remembers distinctly the $500 cheque that came with it.

No longer practices

Nine years out of law school, Meadmore no longer actively practices law. She splits her time making something of a new camping resort in White Horse Plains, taking long walks that help her think, and pursuing what she calls "the cause," a push by her and other high-profile natives to improve the economic situation of their people.

It is a push that started years ago, shortly after she left university to marry Ron Meadmore, a size-extra-large farm boy who got an agriculture degree and then spent 12 years as a defensive lineman for the Winnipeg Blue Bombers and Saskatchewan Roughriders. With her three boys growing up, Meadmore started getting involved in native organizations around the city.

She was in on the start in 1955 of the Indian Urban Association and in 1959 of the Indian-Metis Friendship Centre. Ten years later, she was chairing the centre board and helping the start of Kinew Housing Inc., a non-profit corporation set up to establish housing for natives. Kinew has since served as the model for programs developed across Canada.

'She's a mover'

Kinew manager Stan Fulham says his old boss was the primary force behind the corporation, something typical of Meadmore's character. "She's a mover," he says. "She gets things done."

Launching Kinew whetted Meadmore's appetite for business. Having already roared through some refresher University of Manitoba classes with a friend, taken mostly to see if they could manage it, Meadmore decided to give law a shot.

Law had never been a consideration back in Peepeekises, the Saskatchewan reserve where she was born and raised. Spending 10 months a year at a boarding school 12 miles ("but it might as well have been the next continent") away from her Cree-Ojibway parents' home, Meadmore knew little of life outside the reserve. Mornings were spent in class, and the rest of the day learning to clean, sew and cook.

Her father, who had left the reserve in 1918 to get an agriculture degree at the University of Manitoba, and later become chief, always encouraged her to thing about going to university. But in those days, the few girls who did go on to university looked to their teachers, nurses and doctors as role models. There were no lawyers.

Meadmore decided she would be a doctor, and when she was 16, went with her father to Winnipeg to enrol in pre-med classes. "I was a real hick," Meadmore recalls. "There I was coming from the reserve, and I used to ride horses everywhere, to church, everywhere. I was a real tomgirl and I still had my blue jeans on. Girls did not wear blue jeans in the '50s. In the '70s and '80s, yes, but not in the '50s."

"I didn't realize how out of place I was," she laughs. "You might say I was 30 years ahead of my time."

Charming and attractive, she made friends quickly and ended up the queen of her "freshie" class. She earned two years of science credits, and then fell head over heels for Ron Meadmore. "He was just a good-looking guy I was attracted to, you know?" They married, she dropped her studies and started making boys

Glenn Olsen/Winnipeg Free Press photo

Marion Meadmore was first Canadian native woman to become a lawyer.

— one a banker in Hollywood, another playing hockey in the Detroit farm system and the youngest still living in the Meadmore's Crescentwood home.

Two decades later, going back to university, there weren't going to be such diversions. She wanted that law degree, so she could get a better handle on business and economic development. "I don't want to be a lawyer. I had never intended to be one, but I wanted to use that background, that knowledge, for business."

She practised for roughly six years, first with Legal Aid and then with a group of women partners, moving from criminal and family law to corporate law. But she abandoned active practice in 1982 to set up the Indian Business Development Group, which she now runs out of an office overlooking Albert Street. Started on federal economic development grants, the group provides business advice, loans and guarantees for some 29 native-owned businesses in Winnipeg.

As well, it owns and manages the Tansi camping resort and has interests, Meadmore says, in several other companies. She says it is company policy not to discuss details of clients or company interests, but she is more than eager to talk about the Tansi resort and the "big pool" that opened the other day.

Work out hardships

By encouraging the growth of native businesses, Meadmore says Canadian Indians can work out their own hardships. It is a growing perception, reinforced by the rising number of tribal

business development corporations and the recent Native Business Summit in Ottawa, the first of its kind.

"We have the fantastic opportunity, if we would only smarten up and see it," says Meadmore. Her people have been told in Indian Affairs reports, in other government reports, and in the media, of all the problems facing natives in Canada. Meadmore says she has grown weary of seeing the same sad stories dragged out again and again.

"It is a problem that Indian people are thought of as a problem. It is a problem because that is self-generating, a self-fulfilling prophecy. People, civil servants, everybody, they don't hesitate to write out a terrible report about Indian people . . . they are not ashamed that they put those figures once again into the paper, confirming the stereotype. And they don't know the injustice they are causing us. And those of us who are trying to go into business, we are stereotyped the same way.

Meadmore runs smack into it daily, with investors who back off upon hearing natives are involved, with other businessmen reluctant to close a deal that might be automatic with a white. She has all but given up and started playing their game. "I will hire a white person to manage the place, just so I can get the white people to come in and do business.

"You have to look at your market, and you don't take a chance on business sometimes. That's a terrible thing to have to say, but that's dealing with the problem of the stereotype the other way," Meadmore says.

For now, most of her energies are concentrated on getting the resort together. Mary Lamont, a lawyer and a close university friend, guesses Meadmore is pouring her energies into Tansi because, "I think she wants it to be a success, as a way of showing what can be done."

Former law partner Wendy Barker, who came out of the same class and now heads the provincial chapter of the Canadian Consumer's Association, says Meadmore makes an ideal role model. She's dynamic, intelligent, dedicated and passionate in her beliefs. She is also relaxed, Barker notes.

But Meadmore has also managed to be strong in her native beliefs without getting strident. "With Marion," Barker recalls, "there wasn't a lot of talk about her being an Indian and the rest of us in the office being white." □

(Winnipeg Free Press)

Monika Feist photo

The Ma Mawi Chi Itata Centre executive includes (l. to r.) Gertrude Lund, Debbie Black, Mary Roulette and Billy Guiboche. The other members are George Desnomie (President), Dorothy Betz, Kathy Mallet and Garry McLean.

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environment, and that people have the capacity to help others in turn.

The philosophy of the Ma Mawi Wi Chi Itata Centre is based on the recognition and understanding of the extended family systems and the many networks within the Winnipeg urban Native community. The Centre's Board and staff very strongly believe that children are not the private property and sole responsibility of individual parents, but that their care, protection and nurturence extends to all of the urban Native community.

Although the Centre does not have power to apprehend, its services include community development, support to families at risk or in crisis, and advocacy for children in care.

Past Year Exciting

President of the Board, George Desnomie, says that "the organization is still at a very developmental stage . . . we're still putting in the structures which are on paper. It will take another few years to become solid and find our own space in the community. 1985-86 certainly has been an exciting year."

According to George, "The need for a Native agency has now been quite well-recognized by the government and the agency has proven itself by the services and the people working there. The volunteers, Board and staff have a genuine commitment to helping Native people, being Native themselves and being well-qualified to carry out their work.

I see the agency as a developmental agency for individuals' development and training in the field of social service. As a matter of fact, some of the excellent workers we've had and are on staff are being recruited by the other agencies."

Those who were involved in the founding of the organization believe that the Centre provides an opportunity for Native people to participate in the formulation of child welfare policy, programs and services. The goals, philosophy and principles of the Centre have emerged in response to existing deficits in child welfare models.

The Centre's Family Support Model emphasizes family, community and culture, and recognizes directly and practically the significances of socio-economic factors. And does something about them by involving itself in the community development of food and housing co-ops, crisis and therapeutic services, preventative and developmental services for families and youth, advocacy, community and family economic support services.

Accomplishing self-determination of Native people is reflected in the Centre's wholistic approach — working together to meet real needs versus those resulting as symptoms of social conditions, bringing to a full circle those seeking help and those providing help!. □

The electronic tepee

by Richard W. Cooper

Joe Mercredi presents an exciting and positive argument for the native peoples moving into electronics and computers.

A member of the Cree nation, Joe Mercredi was born at The Pas, Manitoba. His parents were married at Nelson House and came to The Pas by boat. After the arrival of Joe, they moved on to Grand Rapids.

From boyhood he has had dreams and set his eyes on distant heights. But Joe is more than a dreamer, he is noted for putting his dreams into action. As a first step toward achieving his goals he felt that education was essential. It has proved to be sound reasoning for he now competes with any member of society on equal footing.

After grade nine in Grand Rapids he went to The Pas for grades 10, 11, and 12. In 1965-66 he started taking engineering at the University of Manitoba. He was the only native person venturing into that field and as the only one of his race it was a pretty lonely business. Unfortunately, after two years, cash ran out and he had to leave the cloistered halls of learning.

But Joe is like the bantam rooster. He makes up for everything through courage, determination and above average intelligence. He may have had to leave his chosen field of study but he was not defeated.

Work with Manitoba Hydro followed. He says that the pay was good and the experience was worth a lot to him. In 1970 Joe Mercredi married and had one daughter.

"In the 1976-78 area I was divorced and this was followed by a second marriage to Catherine, my most loyal supporter."

Speaking to Catherine on the phone, this becomes evident. Her pleasant conversational voice becomes enthusiastic when the subject of Joe Mercredi is raised.

By dint of hard work, he obtained his Bachelor of Education. His wife has a B.A. in psychology — an ideal teaching team. They were ready to move back in the area where he was raised. He taught for three or four years in Grand Rapids. As he describes it, he taught in every area of education from kindergarten to high school.

Introduction to computers came at Brandon University and Joe says that he owes Prof. Art Blue a vote of thanks for this break. The professor obtained personal computer time for Mercredi.

"From that point it was over to me," Joe beamed. "I taught myself basic and APL. I've also learned fortran, PLI OSJCL as well as batch processing. Right from the start I felt that here was a field where an Indian could be compatible."

"Personally, I feel that the computer systems and native peoples should blend well. Why? The pattern of thought for both is set in truth — with computers, unless truthful programming is fed in, nothing works properly. A person can't mess up on a computer and hide the fact."

In 1980 Joe Mercredi became involved in one of the biggest efforts of the day. This was an effort to set the Cree sylabics into a computer program. Mercredi said that Mr. Cuthand approached Denis Tracy with a major request for the building or modification of a computer to handle Cree.

There was good reason for the approach to Tracy. He had already modified a TRS-80 to handle the Ukrainian alphabet. Work went on apace on this task, which at the time was only a hoped-for goal as there was no evidence that Cree syllabics could be set into a functional program.

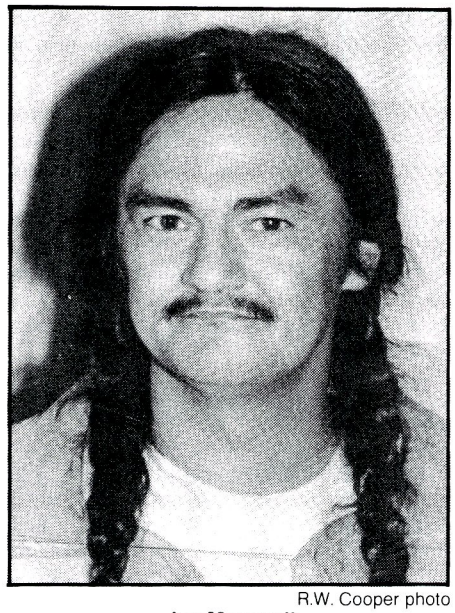
By 1984 the native education branch had a TRS-80, Mercredi was seconded from Frontier School System. This system covers Moose Lake, Eastville and the Native Education Branch in Winnipeg.

Late in 1984 when the Apple and McIntosh computers came out, he said the Electronic Tepee was born. The company was incorporated a few months later and their first project was a presentation on the special needs of native children.

"When we learned that the Cree syllabics could be set up on the McIntosh, the company really took off," Mercredi stated.

"In 1985 I left the department and set up an independent consulting and service agency. We also provide consultation on the various uses of the computer."

Up to the present they have concentrated on the education system. When they began showing the many uses of the computer, they were dismayed to learn that several computers were located throughout the system but many of them were simply gathering dust as there had been no one to go out and instruct in the proper use and operation of the equipment.



R.W. Cooper photo

Joe Mercredi

Mercredi is extremely proud of one accomplishment with the McIntosh computer. It is now possible for the Band to prepare a proposal for Indian Affairs entirely in Cree. It makes it an ironic reversal of roles where everything had to be translated into either English or French. As he describes it:

"It's now over to Ottawa, if a proposal is sent in Cree they must do the translating."

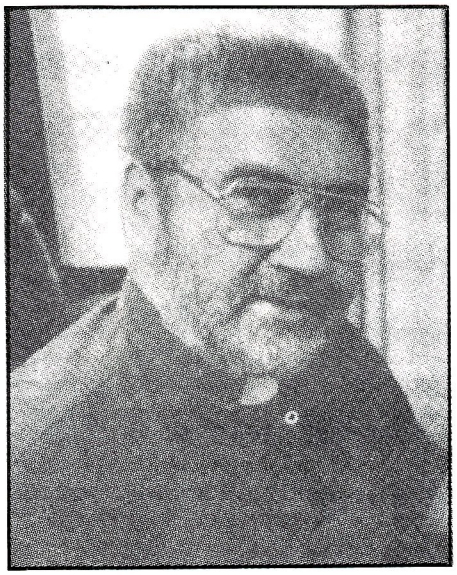
Apparently the Electronic Tepee is firmly established. They were recently requested to develop general programs for the native bands. They are also developing administration and accounting programs for the bands.

"As far as we are concerned," Mercredi said, "the biggest selling point is the ability to accept Cree sylabics. We have been pleasantly surprised to find that the native peoples accept this a lot faster than many of the teachers."

Early equipment received by the native peoples was already becoming obsolete. Today, Joe said many of the bands have been investing in some of the best equipment available.

Electronic Tepee is a firm to watch and we wish them well. Besides electronics, Joe Mercredi is a keen golfer and a member of the Native Golfer's Association. Last year, 1985, he took first prize and this year, 1986, he placed third.

Joe Mercredi, a member of the Cree nation is going places. We are proud to regard him as a friend. □



Father Guy Lavallee

New beginnings foreseen by Metis priest

by Marianne McKave

The Metis people in Canada are on the threshold of "new beginnings," says Father Guy Lavallee, an Oblate priest and a Manitoba Metis who has spent years working towards that goal.

Fr. Lavallee, 47, who recently moved to Vancouver to study anthropology at the University of B.C., hopes the groundwork he has helped lay will help his people find their rightful place in Canadian society.

"There is definitely a positive future for the Metis, but it is still a struggling one," said the fiesty priest, who has seen his share of struggles over the years.

Fr. Lavallee overcame the earliest of those — including ridicule he received as a young boy over his language difference (he spoke Michif, a Metis version of French) — to become Canada's first Metis priest.

He was ordained in St. Laurent, Manitoba, his home town, on July 6, 1968.

Work with his own people

His initial postings exposed him to more of the realities of the conditions of the Metis people. His first role was Director of the St. John Bosco Center in central Winnipeg, a social and referral facility which provided food, clothing and shelter for native people.

"At the time the Metis were subject to the typical stereotypes drummed up by the white population," said Fr. Lavallee. "They were considered 'shiftless, lazy, welfare recipients'."

"But at that time the Metis in Manitoba were getting involved politically," he recalled. "There was a willingness to come together as an identifiable group and do something for themselves. Many were determined to re-establish the nationhood."

The result was the formation of groups such as the Manitoba Indian Brotherhood and the Manitoba Metis Federation (MMF), which inspired new interest in the Metis' identity and the regaining of aboriginal rights. Fr. Lavallee was involved in launching both as a board member for the MMF's Winnipeg branch and as special assistant to MMF President Angus Spence.

Building self-esteem

He went on to become involved in the founding of other major organizations, such as the Native Council of Canada and the World Council of Indigenous Peoples.

"Most of my involvement was personal, in the sense that being a Metis I was determined to find out about my history and bring about changes in attitude," he said.

"It also helped me to regain some of the self-esteem I'd lost many years before, growing up as someone who didn't speak the same language as others and feeling confused and alone because of it.

The call to serve and the need to contribute to the revival of the Metis nation remained strongly intertwined since Fr. Lavallee's involvement began.

The church, he says, encouraged his involvement.

"I felt I was contributing to the native well-being, which was valuable in the sense that I was helping people," he said, citing the Vatican II document on the Role of the Church in the Modern World as a key motivation.

Fr. Lavallee says the "contradiction" of being Metis and a priest proved to be a mutual strength as his involvement continued.

"I was aware that society viewed me as someone of several characters, and there was that question as to how I could be Metis and a priest," he said. "But I was able to put the two together in my life. It may make me a 'unique' person, but it works."

A mutual benefit

Fr. Lavallee says perceptions about the role of the church in the lives of natives, who are largely Catholic in Manitoba, require change.

In a recent interview with the Indian Record, he said evangelization is "no longer considered a one-way street" but a "mutual affair."

"This will come about when natives and white people following the guidance of the Spirit become co-discoverers of God's will for ourselves and for each other," he said. The result would be "the much desired co-responsibility between clergy and native people."

Native people, he added, need to be recognized as a valid component of the Church.

Fr. Lavallee later became involved with the native community as a social animator at Keewatin Community College in The Pas, where he worked with Indian men seeking forestry employment.

He went on to serve as director of the Indian Pavilion at Man and His World at Montreal Expo site, where he oversaw presentations and cultural performances by various tribes. He later coordinated a group of performing Canadian Indians on a cultural tour of Europe.

In the mid-70s he served as pastor in several Manitoba communities and eventually withdrew his involvement in native organizations.

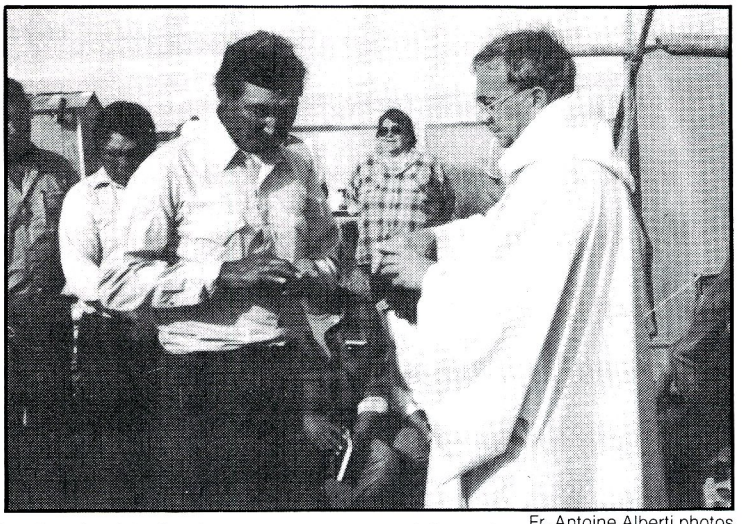
A difficult transition

Today, he says the Metis are making major steps towards regaining their identity as "members" of the Canadian mosaic, and they're doing it by "making their own building blocks."

"I believe there will be a redress of history regarding the Metis people," said Fr. Lavallee, noting many Metis are now attending university, doing research and interpreting their past. "They are paving the way for themselves."

"It's not going to be easy," he added. "The last 100 years were difficult for the Metis. But that's in the past. The Metis are here to stay, and they're looking forward with determination and realism."

(B. C. CATHOLIC)



Fr. Antoine Alberti photos

Participants in the Norway House Amerindian Leadership Conference. Mass was celebrated under blue skies each day of the meeting.

Leadership meet develops awareness

by Antonio Alberti, OMI

NORWAY HOUSE, Man. — The Amerindian conference fostered a sense of service to welcome participants from Brochet, Nelson House, Cross Lake, God's Narrow, God's River and Norway House in Northern Manitoba. The Catholic Women Group received the participants as brothers and sisters in Christ.

John Henry and Albert Tait organized the meeting which took place July 24 to 27. Bishop Sutton's presence was a precious encouragement to all participants. He was open-minded and sympathetic to the suggestions presented at the agape symposium. Pentecost continues to be a reality as the Holy Spirit is still at work among us today.

We enjoyed three splendid days of sunshine which allowed our sessions to he held under the vault of the sky. The tents pitched around a campfire allowed us to be linked in a circle. The green grass, the fire, the water and the flying pelicans and seagulls, the fish, the sun and moon, the air and the smoke of the campfire, the songs of prayer accompanied by the guitar and the lengthy tales of our daily experiences made up the scenery of our Amerindian Conference.

We talked of our identity, our expectations, our past, our present and our future, joys and sorrows, successes and failures, faith and culture, God and man, Church and ministries, commitment and absenteeism, Catholic faith and different denominations and common values through the Bible heritage.

Emphasis was placed on knowing: "WHO AM I?" If we find the meaning of it, then commitment will follow. Let us be proud of God given different background in order to enrich and embellish the style of life of human persons created according to the image of the GREAT SPIRIT, the Father of Jesus and our Father. Symbols, peculiar to the native culture as the sweet grass and drums and pipes should be part of liturgical celebrations.

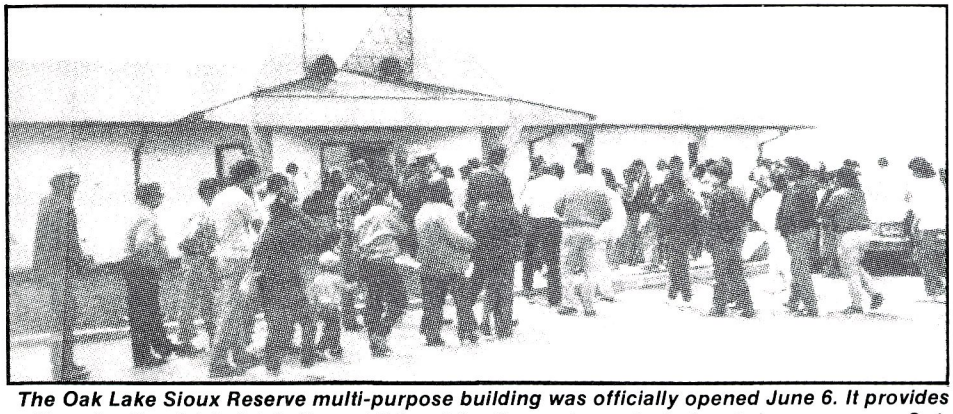
Pope John Paul II endorsed a statement supporting and encouraging a vital and meaningful native Christian way of expression as members of the body of Christ.

The purpose of the Amerindian Conference is to meet together and encourage each other by words and example to continue in the effort of bettering the milieu favouring the awareness of our corresponsibility in the building up of the Catholic Community.

This effort is not isolated, on the contrary, it is done in communion with one another of the Mystical Body, the Church. Jesus is uniting us all with Himself and among us.

It has been a wonderful experience of brotherhood, faith sharing, with eagerness to improve in our personal commitment for Christ and the Community. Questions of all nature addressed to Bishop Sutton and to elders showed the vitality of our concern in the faith and education in our daily life at all levels.

The open-air liturgy made Jesus present among us. He is our master, our guide, our Lord who has come to serve his people, telling us to do the same. We asked for ourselves and for our brothers and sisters the assistance of the Holy Spirit in order to understand better our role, our task, our mission in the society of our time. □



The Oak Lake Sioux Reserve multi-purpose building was officially opened June 6. It provides offices for Band Administration, child and family services, alcohol and drug program, Outreach and cultural programs, the public health nurse, medical, dental and welfare services. Construction began in 1985 under Chief Frank Eastman and was completed this spring under his son Chief Ken Eastman.

Education should be cross-cultural

by Dorothy Fortier

SASKATOON — In full native regalia Dr. Terry Tafoya, "Spotted Tail Running Boy," presented the keynote address of the spring institute for the Saskatoon Catholic School System, at Holy Cross High School.

Tafoya, a much sought after speaker on cross-cultural communication and development of self-concept, was a most fitting choice in the light of Education Equity and its special response to the needs of the native student. Undeniably, however, Tafoya's address had implications for every student.

Tafoya is a clinical psychologist, teacher trainer and author currently on staff at Evergreen State College in Olympia, Washington. He earned his BA in English and psychology at the University of Southern Florida and both his master of education and PhD in educational psychology from the University of Washington.

With the use of the most current statistics and native folklore told to a drumbeat, Tafoya spoke of cultural differences and their repercussion in the classroom.

He described education as a process which must facilitate the search for "the song inside you" or an individual's set of gifts and talents. This song must be discovered, valued and shared. "If you sing a song that is not yours, you will injure yourself," he warned. This song is discovered through the interaction of the self with the world around, giving knowledge. However, "Wisdom," Tafoya said, "is not the acquiring of facts but the sharing of this knowledge with others."

Both what Tafoya said and how he said it were valuable insights for the teachers who formed his audience. Through the legends and native folk tales he told, he gave each person an experience of the perceptions and life style of those whose culture has developed differently than the European one.

Like the parables of Jesus, these folk tales were mirrors which enabled the hearer to identify with one or more of the characters, thereby getting an insight into the life and perceptions of another; or they were like windows which enabled the hearer to draw from the situation an awareness of something that may be totally foreign.

Arming the teachers with this new awareness and sensitivity, Tafoya concluded, "Return to your classrooms . . . . Accept your children for who and what they are . . . . Do your job and put me out of business so that I do not have to heal the hurt."

Prairie Messenger

Education system confuses Natives

WYNYARD, SK — The eductional system has left many natives wondering if they should be Indians or assimilate into white culture, according to Louis Whiteman of Fort Qu'Appelle.

Whiteman was speaking at a Native Ministry Faith and Justice workshop at Fishing Lake Reserve April 19. Patrick Young, band administrator of Fishing Lake Reserve, welcomed the 30 participants to the workshop. A singing group from Regina led the group in prayer and song.

Whiteman spoke about his own struggles as an Indian, as well as those of the three generations before him. This struggle was also the theme of Cold Journey, a film about a native youth caught between cultures. Group discussion followed viewing of the film.

A highlight of the workshop was the liturgy. Many native religious customs were integrated into the mass concelebrated by Father Gene Warnke of Lestock and Father T. B. Roy of Quinton.

There was the burning of sweet grass, and a circle was formed around the altar. All movement in the circle revolved clockwise, following the sun. Roy and Jerry Gillis incensed the Word and the people with the burning sweet grass.

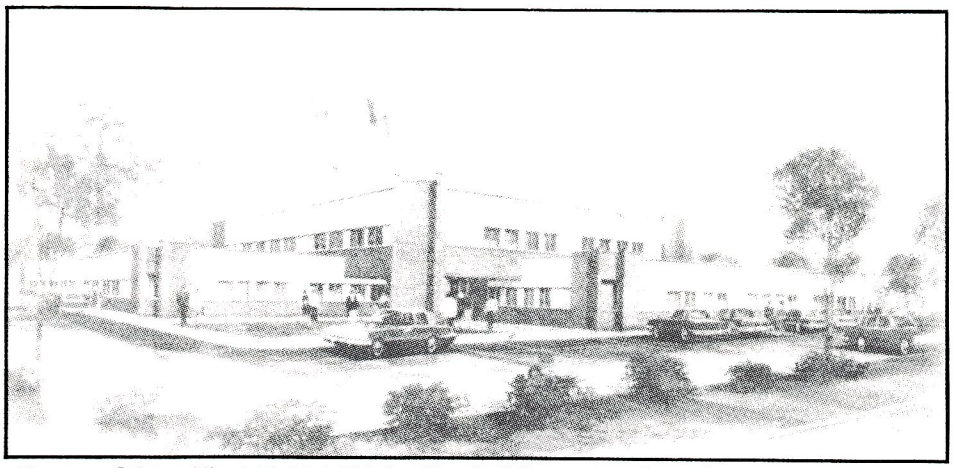
The readings were done by Celina Kahnapace of Regina and Therese Hall of Wynyard, the psalm response by Stella Nanaquetung of Fishing Lake. During the sign of peace there was singing and dancing while everyone moved to the left in the circle offering a peaceful embrace.

To honor their elders, Nanaquetung was asked to say grace before supper in her native tongue. The supper, prepared by Melva Desjarlais and Yvonne Slippery, was followed by a youth report by Cindy Desjarlais of Fishing Lake.

Before departing the participants anointed each other. Joyful song and dance ended the day.

The workshop was sponsored by the Amerindian Conference of the Regina Roman Catholic Archdiocese. Organizers were Evelyn Gillis and Father Keith Heiberg of Wynyard and Bob Cooko of Balcarres.

EG, in the Prairie Messenger



The new Prince Albert District Chiefs office building, presently under construction on Marquis Road in Prince Albert.

Nine graduate from Native ministry program

LEBRET, SK. — At a Eucharistic celebration with Archbishop C. Halpin on June 15, nine candidates graduated from the first year of the Valley Native Ministry Program.

About 150 people gathered at Sacred Heart church for the Eucharist and supper. Entertainment was supplied by Eli and John Blayone (Balcarres) and by the parish priest, Father Louis Kubash. Thanks to the altar servers Curtis and Jason Englot (Abernethy) and Toby Sesnomie (Balcarres - File Hills), to Linda Englot (Abernethy), guitarist for liturgy and to St. John's choir (Balcarres).

The candidates met on a monthly basis for study, prayer, research, learning and sharing. They were involved in ministries such as hospital and home visits, giving Communion to the sick, taking care of the aged, organizing and supporting social events, preparing lay-presided liturgies, attending workshops to further their study of ministry, etc.

Weekends of study were held at Lebret and at Balcarres. Elders were present at most gatherings to discuss culture, customs and spirituality; resource people were invited to speak on ministry, creed, creation, sacraments, history, social justice and other topics.

Thanks to our Archbishop, Charles Halpin, for supporting whole-heartedly a Native Ministry Program in his Archdiocese, and to the coordinating team and candidates who have made this first a year of much hope for Native ministry in the Church. Special thanks to Church Extension who supplied the Native Ministry Program with a grant of $5,000.00 to help this program get off the ground. □

Fox Lake Band gets land settlement

On June 20, 1985, by a federal order-in-council, the Fox Lake Indian Band received treaty land for which it had waited since 1910. The 31 hectare reserve is at Bird, Manitoba, 50 kms north-east of Gillam, and is known as Fox Lake Indian Reserve #2.

The Fox Lake people were originally members of the York Factory Band which signed Treat #5 in 1910. In 1947 this band had not yet received its entitlement when it was divided into three distinct parts — York Factory, Shamattawa and Fox Lake. Each was entitled to a share of the original entitlement. Not until 1977 were two reserves set aside for the Fox Lake people, one at Armstrong Lake (Fox Lake Band Reserve #3), and one at Atkinson Lake (Fox Lake Band Reserve #1). The band was still entitled to more, and these two reserves were never inhabited to any degree, as during the Churchill-Nelson River hydro-diversion project the majority of the band members moved to Gillam because of the employment opportunities there.

The Fox Lake Band had wanted their remaining entitlement to be at Bird for some time, but provincial policy that the entitlement must be in one piece forbade this until 1982, when Bird was transferred to the federal government to enable the latter to set the land aside as a reserve. Development since has included the building of 22 houses and a triplex for the elderly, and a water and sewage treatment system. Chief Marie Redhead is hoping more community facilities, such as a nursing station, will follow. □

800-year-old beans grown in northern Manitoba

SNOW LAKE, MB — Students from Cold Lake Elementary School in Snow Lake, Man., became part of an exciting story by growing beans which are hundreds of years old. Their teacher, Achim Kemmesies, got the seeds from *Indian Life* magazine in Winnipeg.

The beans were originally found in the Gila National Forest in New Mexico about 15 years ago. A local man found five seeds in the ruins of an old Indian village. Three of these were planted, but only one grew. The "children" of this bean finally found their way to *Indian Life* and from there to northern Manitoba.

The beans must grow in a warm, sheltered place and need something to climb on, as they often reach eight feet in height. It takes up to three months for the plants to mature.

(Indian Life)

Spirit lodge magic

The 'Spirit Lodge' of the coastal tribes of British Columbia, now on display at Expo '86 in Vancouver has been set up in the hope that visitors will "develop a new interest in learning about the rich and varied culture of the northwest coast peoples" says Gloria Webster, writing in the June issue of KAHTOU.

"Of the similarities we share, the most important is the potlach, a ceremony which formed the foundation of our cultural identities," she contiues. "An essential part is the performance of dances which may depict legends of encounters between ancestors and supernatural creatures . . . .

A big house became the theatre where dramatic events were re-enacted, requiring all manner of props and special effects to impress the audience . . . .

For example, a dancer is decapitated, or appears to be. The use of concealed containers of seal's blood adds to the realism and the dancer disappears into a series of tunnels under the floor. She reappears in the four corners of the house and here, life-like portrait masks are substituted as she moves from one corner to the next. After four days she returns to the big house, very much alive.

Our old people tell us this performance was so convincing one tribe returned to its village and attempted the same thing with tragic results . . . .

Since white people came, the potlatch has changed . . . but the magic remains for us, as does our pride in following the path laid down for us." □

Prince and Indian Chief

by Marjorie MacDonald

In August of 1919, The Prince of Wales, later King Edward VIII, began his post-World War I tour of Canada. Everywhere he stopped from St. John's, Newfoundland to Victoria, British Columbia, large crowds lined the streets and roads and cheered his appearance. Especially enthusiastic were the veterans groups which he reviewed in many places.

Not the least of his admirers were Indian Bands, some of whose young men had served in the armed forces, as had the Prince. Because of this experience a feeling of mutual respect existed.

His first meeting with Canadian Indian veterans took place in Edmonton on Friday, September 12. After the official parade with brass bands and scarlet-coated Mounted Police escort leading to the Parliament Buildings, a public reception took place.

When this ceremony of welcome was over, a group of Stony Indians was ushered up to be presented to the Prince. They had come from many different parts of the area to greet this son of the "Great White Chief." Prince Edward learned that one chief had lost a son during a battle of the war, and to this father of a fallen comrade-in-arms he offered his personal, sincere sympathy.

By September 17 the royal visitor reached Banff, Alberta. Here, surrounded by the splendor of the Rocky Mountains, waited a special force of mounted Stony Indian Braves in colorful, historic garb to act as the Prince's escort. As the cavalcade followed a winding trail to the local racecourse more of the Indian people, male and female, joined the procession. Many of the men were dressed in ceremonial outfits decorated with feathers and beads. Others wore buckskins and bright cowboy shirts and felt hats. The women, many carrying babies, formed a rainbow of colors with their bright head-scarves and beaded, sequined shawls. Even the infants wore many-hued beaded garments. Some Braves displayed full war-paint on their faces while many of the Chiefs wore their impressive eagle-feathered headdresses.

Out on the racecourse waited more mounted Braves who joined the escort and later performed a wild dance of welcome, their horses' hooves raising a swirling dust cloud. A special musical welcome was offered as tom-toms throbbed and high-pitched whoops of joy accompanied the Prince as he mounted the steps of the platform to accept a Chieftancy of the Stony tribe.

A handsome young Chief, "Little Thunder," chosen to conduct the ceremony, spoke in his own language, then in English. He pledged his people's loyalty to the Prince and to his father The King, and thanked him for the honor of his visit. He then presented to His Royal Highness a suit of white buckskin decorated intricately with fur, feathers and beads, and as well a headdress of feathers. "Please accept from us this Indian suit, the best we have . . . . We beg you also to allow us to elect you as our Chief, and to give you the name CHIEF MORNING STAR."

The Prince donned the headdress at once and thanked them all for the honor of their action. When his speech ended ceremonial dancing to the beat of the tom-tom began. A big drum in the centre of the ring of dancers kept them all moving in perfect time. Elk tooth ornaments worn by the Braves swayed back and forth as they performed a slow shuffling stamp to the rhythm of the drum.

This spectacle was followed by horse races. The participants ranged from young boys riding bareback, with only reins as harness, to young women on spirited ponies, riding astride skillfully at great speed, with their skirts tied modestly to their knees. The whole action-filled day etched a colorful, shining memory on the entire Royal Party.

Another meeting with Indian People took place on October 2nd, a cold, windy day on the prairie at Fort McLeod on the Old Man River in Alberta. Here a band of Blood Indians of the Blackfoot Nation presented the Prince with a beautifully handcrafted Indian robe. He moved among the people and showed his thanks with personal conversations and handshakes. He met an elderly Chief, wearing large silver medals, struck especially for native Chiefs by Queen Victoria and King George V. The Prince had an especially warm greeting and chat with this Chief's son, a veteran of a Canadian regiment active throughout the whole war.

The next stop, Lethbridge, saw the Prince become a Chief once again. These Blood Indians honored him with the name, revered by their people for generations, MEKASTO or RED CROW. As he accepted this honor graciously the ceremony climaxed with the presentation of a feather and horn headdress worn by leaders of the past, a precious relic, almost sacred.

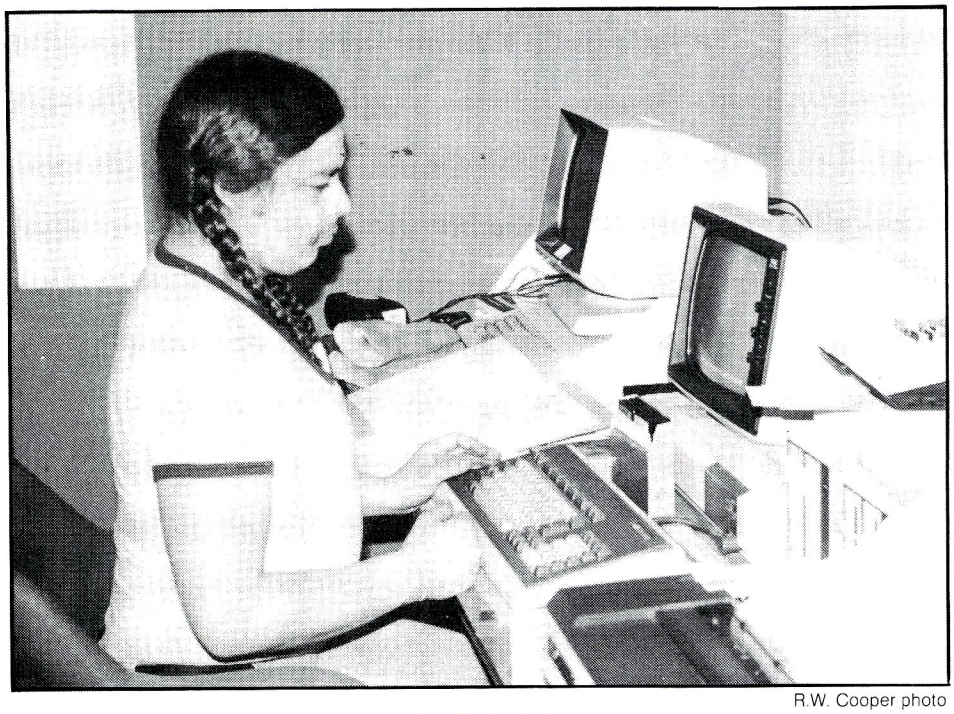
Prince Edward showed great interest in the various tepees owned by the visiting Chiefs. He also admired the dignity of these men and was intrigued by their names. Among them was the eighty-year-old Chief, ONE SPOT, others answered to the names of CHIEF MANY WHITE HORSES, CHIEF SHOT ON BOTH SIDES, CHIEF WEASEL FAT.

It was to Chief WEASEL FAT's wigwam that the Prince was taken at his own request. Over the entrance hung the painting of a bald-headed eagle. Inside, the walls were covered with strips of cloth on which were sewn replicas of Indian people and animals. The floor covering consisted of brightly colored handmade rugs upon which Indian wives were seated, quietly watching the Royal walkabout. Again the Prince voiced his admiration for the colorful handiwork and warm welcome of this group of native people.

By October 20th the Royal Tour had moved East and reached Brantford in Ontario. The city had been named after Joseph Brant, the Mohawk Chief of the Six Nations who had supported the British during the American War of Independence. Brant brought his people here to the safety of British rule. Now the Prince was led to the old chapel erected by George III as a gift to these loyal people. Its register showed the signature of King Edward VII in 1861, and the Prince added his name to this historic document.

Later in the main square of Brantford Prince Edward once more was elected to a Chieftancy — this time of The Six Nations. He was given a chance to pick his own new name from a selection of suitable ones, and he chose DAWN OF MORNING. Before the naming became official, His Royal Highness had to perform a

See. p. 23: "CHIEFS"



R.W. Cooper photo

Joe Terbasket

Blend of old and new

by Richard W. Cooper

Joe Terbasket, of the Okanagan peoples, is a man who adheres to the teaching and traditions of his people. He is proof that old beliefs can blend with modern technology.

He was fascinated by computers and the versatile word processor from the moment he saw them. Joe looks on this equipment as a tool which requires mastering, the same as anything else. As he states it — "once we possess the knowledge of control, I can see it as a tool of ultimate value to our people."

Like many native people of the past 50 years, he was shifted about without any firm direction from the time he was a child.

"I was born in Alberta but my family moved to the Okanagan Falls region (a few miles south of Penticton) when I was just a little kid."

Since that distant day, Joe has watched the plight and often pointless movements of his people. From his early years he has been keen to bring his people to the foreground where they might claim their rights in their own land.

"We have been the forgotten race for too many years. Its time we assumed our proper place in the community."

He described his meeting with education as being a case where he had to learn and had to produce. It was in this manner that he delved into the complex world of computers. He taught himself through the simple expedient of reading all the information which was available on the equipment. That period was followed by a long and difficult period of learning to use the equipment. As he described the problem in what is likely a prime understatement:

"it was made to use so there is no reason why I should not be able to learn to handle it." Then as an afterthought, he added wryly, "But there are times when I think the machine has a mind of its own."

Presently Joe is working in the offices of En'Owkin Centre in Penticton, B.C. which handles much of the band work as well as education features.

This group has now assumed responsibility for the Indian Curriculum duties, dealing primarily in education.

"Theytus, the Indian owned book publisher, has experienced problems," Joe Terbasket said. "But most publishers go through a lengthy shakedown period and basically I see a lot of potential in Theytus. It is a vast field that has never been tapped by our people."

Joe continued the theme which he approaches with almost missionary zeal, "I say the potential is unlimited because that is the way I look at my world — with an unlimited future governed only by the cooperation and work of those involved."

"The immediate future will not be easy, for our people have not been involved in this before, but rest assured we will succeed."

Switching back to the major topic of Indian curriculum, it was pointed out as being essential to the very survival of the Indian nation as an individual race of great spiritual and intellectual capabilities.

Native peoples of today use the term 'cosmology' and easily speak of their cosmology when referring to their culture.

The idea of developing an Indian Curriculum came about in 1975 with the closure of the District Indian Affairs office in Vernon. Indian bands then became actively involved with the aim of providing services to member bands in order to upgrade their living standards.

It all comes down to the essentials of education, for any link to standards of living on the reserve is a viable economy. A sound economic base is tied to the skills and knowledge of band members. At this point they have come full circle, for skills are directly related to education.

An excellent example of educational work is done in the area of preserving the legends of Okanagan Indians. Just a brief sampling offers "How Food was Given," "How Names were Given," Neekma and Chemai, this last named is a beautiful work by Jeanette Armstrong, prolific writer of Okanagan peoples. In all these works Great Spirit plays a prominent role of wisdom and love for His people.

"We must look ahead," Joe stated. "For the urgent problem of today is assurance that our young people do not have to go through the same thing that the world has suffered so often."

"There is no way that the present situation can be justified so it is up to us to preserve and strive to make things better. We do have a wonderful country here."

Joe Terbasket is a versatile worker who can fit in anywhere from the computer area to the shipping room. While we chatted, Joe was busy packing books — "The Forgotten Soldiers," in preparation for shipping to book dealers. A far cry from his smooth operation of a computer but he appeared equally as efficient here in the shipping room.

People like Joe Terbasket bode well for the future of our native peoples. He can be called a statesman in the finest sense of the word. □

Berger takes Meares Island appeal

Thomas Berger, a leading authority on Native law and human rights, has been retained by the Nuu-chah-nulth Tribal Council to argue the appeal of recent decisions made by the Chief Justice regarding the Meares Island trial.

The Tribal Council and its member Bands, the Clayoquot and Ahousat, applied for application to appeal Chief Justice McEachern's decision to join the Meares Island trial based on aboriginal title, those of the Gitksan Wet'suwet'en Tribal Council and the CN Double-tracking case.

On June 9th in the Vancouver Courthouse, Justice Anderson ruled in favor of an appeal. Three judges will hear the appeal on June 25th.

NTC legal counsel Jack Woodward says that joining the cases together takes away the right of each Indian nation to have control of their own case.

It would mean that all evidence in any of the actions would be used as evidence in the other cases. "Every tribal nation should be dealt with in its own facts," said Woodward at the last Tribal Council meeting on May 24th at Tin-Wis.

Joining the three cases together would also result in a great inconvenience and added cost to each of the tribal groups. None of the parties are in favor of the cases being joined together, says Woodward.

He says that the trial could last as long as 200 days, making it the longest running trial in B.C. history, if not in Canada.

Thomas Berger has been involved in the Meares Island case in an advisory capacity, but this will be the first time that he will argue the case in court.

Mr. Berger brings with him a wealth of knowledge and experience in the field of Native law and land claims. He was legal counsel for the Nisgaa Tribal Council in the famous Calder case and he is currently working on the Metis Land Claim case in Manitoba.

He has authored the books "Fragile Freedoms" on human rights in Canada, and "Village Journey," a report assessing the Alaska Land Claims settlement. He also chaired the inquiry into the McKenzie Valley pipeline and did the report on it.

Berger holds more than 10 honorary degrees from Canadian universities. He was the youngest appointee to the B.C. Supreme Court this century. He is a professor of law, and a former MLA and leader of the NDP in British Columbia. □

(Ha-Shilth-Sa)

Chinook catechism and Bible history found in Oregon

Last year, when Oregon Catholics were looking for a Bible in the Chinook jargon, for use at a centennial celebration, they found the nearest thing to be a pair of little works by early prelates of British Columbia: a Catechism of Bishop Modeste Demers of Victoria and a Bible History of Bishop Paul Durieu of Vancouver.

A bilingual edition of Bishop Demers' work was printed as an appendix to a centennial volume, and copies of the appendix may be had by sending $2.00 (Canadian) to Guadalupe Translations, Box 97, Lafayette, Oregon, 97127.

Demers had come to Oregon Country in 1838 with the future Archbishop Blanchet. He had promptly picked up the Chinook Jargon, the very simple language used in trade in all the Hudson Bay Company's western outposts, and had translated the prayers and made some hymns in that medium. The archbishop later prepared a full catechism.

These texts remained in manuscript form until 1871. In that year, a new federal policy called for the replacement of a Canadian missionary by American Jesuits, who were to be in charge of Yakima, and it was for their convenience that the text was printed.

The bilingual edition (Chinook-English) was made by Fr. Martinus Cawley, a Trappist monk known for his translation of the Aztec text of the Guadalupe Story. It runs to 24 pages (8½ inches by 11 inches) and includes an introduction to the language, a vocabulary and some of the early illustrations. In addition, there is a reproduction of the beautiful "Catholic Ladder" of Fr. Albert Lacombe, OMI. □

Dogrib lady helps keep her people well

RAE-EDZO, NWT — Maryadele Bishop, from the Dogrib tribe, feels her most important role is to teach her people how to prevent illness.

Maryadele was born in Rae-Edzo, Northwest Territories, where she now works as a Community Health Representative (CHR) at the local health centre.

"I started working as a translator for Medical Services Branch many years ago, but in 1978 I started as a CHR for the public health unit," she said. "All my kids are in school so I had more time to give."

Her job includes helping the public health nurse with pre-natal classes for mothers, well-baby clinics, T.B. control and providing treatment and help for the elderly and disabled. She makes a lot of home visits.

About working with her own people, Maryadele says, "It helps the older people when I speak Dogrib to them."

"My biggest job," she adds, "is to help the people of Rae-Edzo to understand the health care system . . . to help the nurse and the people understand each other . . . ."

Maryadele also enjoys looking after her six children and sewing moccasins and traditional clothes.

from Intracom

Maryadele Bishop

Dogrib lady

Dene students visit Philippines

by Cathy McLaughlin

A small group of five Canadians — three Dene, two Oblate priests — flew to the Philippines in late October, 1985. They found reflections of Canada's native people in those they met, people facing a struggle to keep their land, their human rights, their tribal culture.

Reflections, even mirror images. "Everywhere I went," said Yellowknife-based Native Press photographer Dorothy Chocolate, "people thought I was Filipino."

Fellow-traveller Ernie Lennie pinpointed a close relationship between his own culture, values and philosophy of life and that of the Filipino people, particularly the tribal groups.

Lennie, co-ordinator of native employment programs for the federal Department of Indian and Northern Affairs in Yellowknife, told the WCR he was helped through the experience; he could identify with the struggle for land.

"We're more fortunate that the Canadian government can't dictate changes," he said. In the Philippines, change can be brought about at the point of a gun.

There are approximately 3.5 million tribal Filipinos in the islands, descendants of people who refused subjugation in that nation's long history of foreign domination. They continue to resist government military repression and the land-grabbing of unscrupulous developers and landowners, he said.

The close relationship of culture and tribal economy to a land base was brought home to Lennie — a relationship Filipinos are already dying for. Brutality has only added to their fiery determination.

The Dene, as well, are finding the relationship more difficult to balance, with increasing reliance on modern means of survival as land bases are removed. In addition, the slow loss of land rights creates apathy among Canadian original peoples, he added.

And he stressed to the WCR that culture, and traditional lifestyles carry with them a spirituality that is crucial to aboriginal survival. For the Dene, rather than the outright killings experienced in the Philippines, there are alcohol-related deaths, high infant mortality and depression.

Native Communication Society (Yellowknife) photo

Sitting in the front row at a community meeting in the village of Banga in the Philippines are some of N.W.T. travellers: (from left) Ernie Lennie, Dorothy Chocolate and Father Camille Picheé, OMI.

Oblate Father Rene Fumoleau, who was part of the tour, agreed. He said the spirit of the two sets of political institutions — Ottawa and Manila — is the same. The spirit is one of greed for land.

But there is also still land for the tribal people of the Philippines, and where there is yet land, there is still hope.

Father Fumoleau, stationed in Yellowknife, spent a six-month sabbatical leave in the Philippines in 1982-83. He told the WCR he finds many similarities between the Dene and the tribal Filipinos — such as their sense of time and their extreme patience; even language is similar.

The main mistake made in Canada is believing the people of Denendeh belong to a western way of thinking. Instead, said Fumoleau, they belong to the East and its culture.

"That's why (the Dene) have so much to contribute," he said. Values such as the importance of feelings, the unity of man and nature, of living close to the land.

Another traveller, Christine Tatti, a counsellor with the National Native Alcohol and Drug Program, said she found no alcohol abuse among the tribal Filipinos. There were, however, stories of such abuse occuring among government soldiers forced to turn their guns upon their own people.

And amid the pollution of the cities, the poor sanitation, the ever-present soldiers in the mountain regions who enforced tight curfews, within the cardboard shacks of the poor, there was great friendliness, said Tatti. Despite their poverty, the people showed their generosity in the way they made five Canadians feel welcome.

Obate Father Camille Piche of Fort Simpson noted the resourcefulness of the Filipino natives. He said the fact that they have constructed and maintained miles of rice terraces in the mountainous areas is a testament to that resourcefulness. And to the strength of cultural values that are inseparable from their ancestral lands.

Not all non-tribal Filipinos ignore their contrymen, however.

Fumoleau points to a mission statement by the Philippines' Episcopal Commission which affirms the "God-given dignity of the tribal Filipinos and their cultures," and pledges to analyse "each other's culture more fully," appreciate "our mutually-enriching cultures" and grow "together toward achieving a national identity of self-determining partners."

The episcopal commission promised solidarity with tribal Filipinos in maintaining ownership of ancestral lands, opposition to exploitation and human rights violations and mutual resource-sharing to promote "liberating education and organization. □

Western Catholic Reporter

Native student viewpoint in education

The winner of the Education Secretariat's national essay competition is Tracy Lori Tuesday, 16, of the Big Grassy Reserve in Ontario. She is presently a grade 11 student at Georges H. Primeau School in Morinville, Alberta.

We, the children of the Indian nations across Canada, are in serious educational trouble. The alarming drop-out rate of native children set at around 95 percent nationally is indeed a dismal picture to comprehend. Even though the Department of Indian Affairs and the Indians of Canada have been committed to a policy of Indian control over education since 1972, changes have been slow in coming.

As a native student in the public school system for the last 10 years, I have encountered serious and sometimes overwhelming obstacles in trying to continue my education. The support of my family, relatives, and friends has somewhat alleviated some of these problems temporarily.

I have attended seven different schools in three different provinces and I have discovered in all cases that we Indians don't have a place in the public school system.

I am presently attending a public school in Alberta where the white population is approximately 300; and the Indian students number only 12.

I can fully understand the feelings Custer must have experienced before his defeat. However, feelings of defeat have never crossed my mind. They have only spurred me when things get tough.

As an Indian person I have a right to a meaningful education. It is no more than other Canadians receive as a matter of course.. However, as an Indian I feel I must learn about my own people: the history, the values, the customs, and the language. I must learn about my culture and my heritage if I am to take my rightful place in society.

The present school system is culturally alien to Indian students and, moreover, our own Indian culture is often cast in a derogatory light.

Looking at history books, it seems sometimes we did not exist until Columbus supposedly "discovered" us. I cringe inside when I read history books outlining the Europeans' victories over our ancestors; and parallel to that, how the Indians massacred and ambushed their white neighbors.

I feel I have been cheated of my right to learn about my origins. How can I go forward if I do not know where I came from?

My father, upon researching his family tree in the archives of Ottawa, could only go back as far as my shomis (Ojibway for grandfather), Robert Tuesday. This white name was given to him when he attended a residential school. His ancestors who had Indian names are not known to us. My history was obliterated, and I feel like a non-person sometimes.

The public school system does not take these issues into account. Our Indian leaders must provide the impetus to change and improve our educational system. We need assurance now that our needs will be met and acted upon.

If I had some control of what needs to be done in the area of native education, I would firstly involve the parents. Parents love their children and want what is best for them. Parents have to have an active decision-making role in the education of their children.

I would like to see parents sit on school boards, both on and off the reserve. I would like to see parents work as secretaries, as teachers' aides, as janitors, as counsellors, and as teachers in our schools. At the present time I see not one Indian person holding any of these positions at my school.

Besides the obvious exclusion of our Indian culture in the public school system, there is the problem of prejudice and racism that exists in our society. To alleviate this very serious problem, I would encourage more activities to bring people together.

I myself have been called names. Names such as wagon-burner, bologna-eater, squaw, etc. It hurts to be called down just because your skin is a different color. Some prejudice I've seen is done through sheer ignorance. I would like to see this whole issue brought out and discussed in classes.

Resource persons from the community could be used. Having a mini folk-larama in the school would enable people to see the uniqueness of other cultures. You have, of course, some people who will never open their minds.

In this case you need the support of your family, friends, and your own people.

Being a minority in the classroom always makes me hesitate to ask questions. In some cases I was called a dumb Indian if I did not understand what was taught. Teachers and students fail to understand that, as an Indian person, I cannot always learn the way they do.

We are unique. We develop in different ways and at different rates. We have our own particular strengths and weaknesses. The public school system hardly ever addresses these issues. We are taught as one group and expected to learn something at the same time, and in the same way.

We need more Indian teachers who understand our culture and our ways.

The majority of teachers I've seen don't seem to understand native students. I would have teachers take cross-cultural courses in order for them to try and understand our culture: where we're coming from, and why we sometimes act the way we do.

In every school I've been to, student councils consist of white students, who are the majority. I would like to see a separate native student council to represent the views of Indian students who are attending the public schools. This would make us feel we have a say in what is happening in the school. I went to one school in Ontario where we had a native student council. We also had our own native counsellor. She was a great lady, and she was incredibly understanding to what I had been going through.

Many students in the school I was attending were very hard to go to school with. I tried everything I could to fit in, but I just failed even more. Eventually I gave up for awhile. My parents thought I was going to school but I was really skipping school and I found myself spending most of my time in the girl's bathroom. Scared and terrified, I eventually asked for help from my counsellor. She tried to talk to the principal, but he didn't know what I was going through.

Finally, I would like to see an educational system which would take into account the whole child. Teachers have to be concerned, not only with the mind, but also how the child feels and his physical being.

I am not financially advantaged, and sometimes others fail to see that, what they take for granted, I do not have. It seems to me poverty is an integral part of my people.

See p. 23: *"STUDENT"*

Exhibition depicts aboriginal rights

by Bob Rupert

OTTAWA — Status, Non-status, Metis and Inuit are represented in the National Library's exhibition, "Aboriginal Rights in Canada."

Starting with the Royal Proclamation of 1763, the exhibition presents major events, legislation, land and treaty issues that have shaped the course of native history in Canada.

But while the exhibition is of interest to native people, and is all about them, it is primarily intended for the broader audience of non-native people.

Its purpose is to promote and stimulate general interest in aboriginal rights, an increasingly relevant Canadian issue, and in the Library's extensive native rights collection.

The exhibition is divided into three sections covering different time periods in Canadian history.

Section I portrays the early influences of European settlers on native people, including the laws passed and the treaties signed. Native culture is examined through myth and legend.

Section II covers 1969-1977 an era of rising profiles for native leaders and native issues, an era in which native people became increasingly assertive and dynamic, insisting that their individual and collective voices be heard.

This period deals with the struggle of native people for an organized voice in decisions concerning their future and with the government's attempts to recognize and deal with aboriginal rights and claims.

Included in Section II is the 1969 statement of the Government of Canada on Indian policy, commonly referred to as the White Paper, which brought a howl of native protest and outrage that in many ways has never subsided. It was seen as an attempt to eliminate special status for native people, as a blueprint for total assimilation.

Section III chronicles the communications awakening of the native people and their organizations. Exhibits show how the increasingly media-aware Aboriginal nations voiced their concerns through their own publications, declarations and position papers. On display are some of the publications that were born and have since grown as part of the Native Communications Program now well into its second decade. While native communications generally got its start in most parts of Canada as a vehicle for native organizations and leaders to get their messages through to their primarily native audiences, the native press in Canada has matured and expanded both in its journalistic quality and its independence from native and non-native partisan influences. □

Indirect benefits seen in vocation shortage

The lack of vocations facing the ever-growing vacancies in the northern Church has its benefits, says an Oblate missionary priest.

Father Jean Amourous, who has served the Canadian home missions for 35 years, says this shortage of religious personnel is a postive development because it has forced the Church to ask the native people to participate and fill the gap by assuming more responsibilities through service to their Church as lay people. "We always hope there will be a few (native) priests among them, but when and where, we don't know," said the 61-year-old missionary.

Enjoying his Catholic ministry with the Dene people, Father Amourous does not see a successor at his heels waiting to take his place, either from the South or from among the natives community. He notes that the native people are not oriented towards the celibate priesthood. In their culture an unmarried person has no status, and is not an asset to the community.

Father Amourous hopes that when the day comes for him to leave his missions, the people will not switch to the fundamentalist Christian groups that are active in the settlements.

Originally from southern France, Father Amourous has been stationed in the Mackenzie-Fort Smith diocese since his arrival, ministering to several Dogrib Indian communities.

"This tribe of Dene, the Dogrib, are very optimistic people, and I found myself fitting right into the tribe," said Father Amourous. "It's a great, great joy and support for me to have found myself accepted in the community."

Trying to be one with the community, Father Amourous joined it through learning the language, through the religious services in the church and through living the community's way of life as much as possible. "That made my position have meaning in their life," said Father Amourous. "I realize we are on the same frequency."

His posting to the Canadian northern missions required that Father Amourous learn English and one of the native languages. "If I had not learned the Dogrib language, I would have had no input in the community," said Father Amourous. "It would have been unbearable."

His primary objective from the start was to pass on to the people the Word of God through the Gospel in a language they could understand.

In order to carry out this apostolate successfully, he found himself translating the sacred writings into Dogrib.

Much of the Gospel is now available in that Dene language.

(WCR)

Indian trapping may be fading

According to the 1981 Census, fewer Native people are hunting, fishing and trapping than are working in other type of jobs.

Eighteen percent of Native people now work in construction, 17 percent in factories, and 12 percent in transportation.

The traditional Native jobs were held by only 11 percent of the people.

Fiction

The Bride

by Beatrice Fines

Jim Thornton had turned his 1942 station wagon in a circle on the cinder-packed expanse in front of the Canadian Pacific Railway Freight shed and was heading past the station house when he saw the girl. She was standing on the high wooden platform with two shabby leather suitcases at her feet. Something in the slope of her shoulders made him slow down for a second glance. Another war bride.

They'd been arriving in ones and twos for several weeks, some to be joyfully hugged by a de-mobbed husband, others, whose husbands were still overseas, to be more cautiously approached by a set of in-laws. Like the others, this one wore a bulky tweed suit, a felt hat and shiny brown oxfords.

It was nine o'clock on the morning of May 16, 1946 and Jim was on his way to make some deliveries for the E. D. Crawley Drug Company of Winnipeg, as he did every third Thursday of the month. He was anxious to get on the road, as he liked to be home by six in the evening.

He had just a glimpse of the girl's face as she stood on the platform, but that was enough to tell him that this particular bride was bone-tired and frightened. He stopped the car, feeling a small twinge of annoyance at the thought of any delay, and stuck his head out the window.

"Can I help you?"

The girl looked up. She had blue eyes, brightened by the hint of tears.

"I don't know, I thought there would be someone to meet me, but its been an hour since the train pulled in and —"

"And no one's come. Probably a mix-up on the time," Jim offered.

The girl nodded. "Perhaps they did not receive my letter."

Her speech was north of England, Jim surmised, comparing it to that of his next-door neighbor who came from Yorkshire.

"Who was to meet you?"

The girl smiled. She had a soft, wide mouth and perfect white teeth. "My father-in-law, I expect. My husband's still at home — in England, that is, but he's to embark soon."

"You're a war bride then," said Jim, as if he hadn't known it all along. "Perhaps I can take you around to your father-in-law's house?"

"Oh, I'm not to stay here in Prairie City. I'm to go fifty miles north to Daniel's parents' place until he comes."

"Fifty miles north?"

"Yes. To Reedy Bay. Do you know it?"

"Yes, I know it. It's a —" Jim stopped. She couldn't mean the Reserve. She must mean Westerville, the small village three miles south of the Indian village.

"It's a coincidence," he said, "but I'm on my way north now, to Westerville, Campden and Bow Creek. I could take you."

"Isn't there a motor coach run? Or a train?"

"Motor — you mean a bus? Only on weekends. Up Saturday, back Sunday. No train."

"I see." The girl bit her lip and looked away for a moment, then back to Jim.

"Really, I have business up there," he said. He nodded toward the boxes in the back of the wagon, and fished in his pocket for his card. "I'm the representative for a wholesale drug company. I take orders up to the stores in the towns along the lake in the Reedy Bay area."

He handed her the card. She took it, read it and turned it over in her hand a couple of times. "I see. Well, if it won't inconvenience you?"

"Not at all." Jim got out and opened the back of the station wagon. "We'll just put your suitcases in the back here and be on our way."

The girl gave him a weary smile as she climbed into the car. She sat up very straight, keeping a proper distance between them, but not leaning against the door as though afraid. Jim turned north, past the grain elevators and out along seventh street into the country. The gravel road had not been graded since the snow melted and it was a giant washboard. A thick column of ochre-coloured dust plumed behind the wagon as Jim picked up speed.

"Now." he said, "is it Westerville you want or Campden?"

"Reedy Bay," said the girl. "My husband's parents live at Reedy Bay."

"Oh, yes," said Jim, "I remember now."

Could she really mean the Reserve? Had she any idea of what she'd find there? Jim knew the place well enough, a clearing in the bush where scattered shanties stood surrounded by an overgrowth of weeds and grass, where derelict cars rusted in the sun and barefoot children ran to hide when a stranger appeared. And what had she left behind? The suit she wore was little thread-worn, the oxfords were not new, but there was an air of what he called good breeding about her. It showed in her speech, in the clean gloss of her hair and the careful way she had removed her hat and folded her gloves when she got in the car.

"So what part of England are you from?" he asked.

"The north. Durham, actually."

"Ah, yes. There's a big cathedral there."

The girl smiled. "It's a lovely town."

"And I suppose your husband was stationed nearby?"

"Up by Newcastle, he was. I met him at a dance. I was a land girl."

"Land girl?"

"We were sent out to work on the farms, you know, to help out. But they weren't farms like these."

They were passing wide, flat fields, dark blankets of earth where the wheat was just beginning to stitch delicate green lines. Soon these prosperous grain farms would give way to small, irregular clearings in the poplar bush with shabby little frame houses and log barns.

"So how long have you been married?" Jim continued his questioning.

"Almost a year," said the girl. "But we've not been together much, just a few weekends. Daniel was posted south not long after we met, but he kept coming north to see me when he had leave."

"I guess you think he's — pretty nice."

"Oh yes! He's an Indian, you know. A chief's son. Maybe you've heard of his father? Chief Joseph Red Quill?"

"I've heard the name," said Jim cautiously.

"He's in charge of the whole Reserve, acres and acres of land, a huge estate."

"Ah, my poor child," thought Jim. "It's not like an estate in England. There is no manor house at Reedy Bay."

The Indians of Reedy Bay, he knew, fished and trapped in a desultory way and scorned government suggestions that the Reserve could support cattle and the gardens would thrive in the peat-rich soil. It was a 'dry' Reserve and Indians were barred from beer parlors and liquor stores in the towns, yet the men were often seen drunk on the streets there. Some even showed up in Prairie City on Saturday nights. This girl should be fore-warned, shouldn't she? But it wasn't any of his business, was it?

Jim kept quiet for a long time. They were in the bush country now. The newly-coined leaves of poplars were fragile against the sky; in the muskeg tamaracks were still bare and spruce wore their winter dark. Occasionally the road swung to the lake's edge. Then the bush parted like a stage curtain to reveal the sparkle of that wide inland sea.

"I expect you're tired after your long trip," Jim said.

The girl gave a small sigh. "They told us how long it would take and how far it was, but somehow I never quite realized how it would be. The crossing was bad enough, the ship was so crowded, but the train journey! I couldn't believe I could go to sleep with a thick forest all around and wake up in the morning to find that same forest still there and no towns for miles and miles. I've read about Canada all my life, and seen movies and all, but still the vastness of the wilderness was a complete surprise. And then the prairie, so wide and so flat! And now moorland and forest."

"This is the Interlake region," said Jim. "Did your husband talk about it much?"

"Daniel doesn't talk much at all. He's a very quiet man, very gentle and quiet." A dreamy smile touched the girl's lip corners for a moment.

They entered Westerville's wide main street where the lake glimmered in the background, and Jim pulled up in front of Louis Belliveau's store, a false-fronted frame building with a faded sign that read, "Groceries and Sundries, Louis Belliveau, Prop." It was one of two stores in the town and was flanked by a bank building half its size and the equally tiny post office.

"I've a delivery to make here," Jim said. "If you'd like to come in, Louis usually has a pot of coffee on."

The girl shook her head. Her eyes showed some distress and Jim made a quick diagnosis.

"There's an outhouse behind the store if you — Louis' wife keeps it spanking clean."

The girl nodded.

Inside, perched with one hip on the top of Louis' old wooden counter sipping his coffee Jim asked, "Do you know anything about the Red Quills on the Reserve?"

Louis shrugged. "Not much. There's a flock of them. I don't think any of them have ever been in any trouble with the law. The old man's the chief."

Jim told him about the girl in the car and Louis whistled.

"Pretty primitive up there."

"I know, I know," said Jim.

They left Westerville and arrived at the edge of the Reserve around noon. Here the main road turned west and a dirt track with grass growing tall between the ruts led into the Indian village. Jim slowed the car.

"This is the road into the Reedy Bay Reserve," he said. "I'll drive you in as far as I can."

The trail wound through the bush and the station wagon bumped along over stones and sank into muddy holes for half a mile before it was forced to a stop at a rough wooden bridge spanning a deep gully. Some planks of the bridge were broken, others missing, effectively halting vehicular traffic. Jim got out, lifted the suitcases from the back of the wagon and set them on the end of the bridge.

"I'm sorry I can't take you right in," he said, "but it's no more than a couple of hundred yards farther to the village. I suggest you leave your bags here and get someone to fetch them later."

The girl smiled. "You've been most kind," she said and held out her hand.

Jim held it firmly for a moment, letting it go reluctantly. Should he escort her the rest of the way? He'd promised to be home early, but he knew this to be an excuse; he just didn't want to be a witness to the girl's disappointment when she saw the Indian village. As she turned to begin her walk he spoke up quickly, "I'll be back at the corner around four o'clock, if for any reason —"

He stopped. What more could he say?

He stood and watched as the girl crossed the bridge, picking her way around the broken planks. She turned and waved when she reached the other side, then disappeared behind a screen of poplars where the trail turned. The image stayed with Jim during the drive up to Campden and Bow Creek and he argued with himself every inch of the way.

"I should have told her more, warned her. But it wasn't up to me; I did all I could."

As he neared the Reserve corner on the way back he realized he was anxiously scanning the road for sight of her. And there she was, waiting, the suitcases at her feet. A shudder born of regret and a kind of shame shook Jim as he brought the station wagon to a stop. The girl's face was chalk white except for two burning circles high on her cheeks. Her lips trembled as she raised her eyes to his face.

"I can't stay here," she said. "I have to go back home."

Jim said nothing as he lifted the suitcases into the wagon and opened the passenger door for her and they drove on for about ten miles before the girl began to talk.

"I had no idea," she said, her voice husky. "They are so poor! The houses have broken windows and doors hanging from broken hinges and rough log walls. Even Daniel's father's house, which seems to be the best one, has almost no furniture and no provision for privacy at all!"

She paused, clasping and unclasping her hands. The house probably had one main room, Jim knew, with an old iron cook stove in one corner and a bedstead or Toronto couch in another. The floor could have been bare boards, at best it was probably covered with linoleum so worn the pattern was only visible in the corners. Dishes would be stacked on the table, among tobacco tins and boxes of rifle cartridges. There would be no curtains at the windows, no pictures on the walls and if there was an additional room or two the connecting doors had probably been removed. The Indians didn't like partitioning but this English girl had no doubt been accustomed to closing the door firmly behind her every time she entered a room at home.

"They were not unkind," the girl continued. "They smiled at me and offered me tea and biscuits, but the flies — I couldn't —. Daniel's mother does not speak much English. She and his father talked to each other in Indian language but I realized that they didn't know I was coming to stay. They have no place for me. I don't know where I was to sleep and — there are no - no privies."

"I'm sorry," said Jim. "I should have told you. Our Indian Reserves

are in a deplorable state for the most part. It's a shame, a damned shame."

"When I said I must go back they looked very sad, but they did not coax me to stay. Two of the young boys carried my suitcases to the corner for me."

The girl was quiet for a long time.

"Daniel didn't lie to me," she said at last, in a voice so low Jim realized she was talking more to herself than to him. "Not actually. His father *is* the chief and the Reserve *is* very large. The lake *is* nearby and they do hunt and fish and they are kind and loving people. The lies were in my own mind. I saw the hunters I knew at home on their horses in their riding habits, and the trout streams and the sheep and cattle on the land. Daniel talked about becoming a rancher, buying cattle with his army money, and maybe — maybe — but no, I can't stay. I just can't stay there."

"What will you do?"

"I'll telegraph home," said the girl. "My folks will scrape up enough somehow for my passage back. I've not much to go on until it comes, but I'll manage."

Jim took her to the Gable Arms Hotel in Prairie City, and after he'd seen her booked in, told her story to the manager, Ross Petrie.

"Look, if there's a problem with her bill phone me," he said.

"There'll be no charge," said Ross. A week later he told Jim that the girl had left on the train east.

On his next trip north Jim asked Louis Beliveau if he'd heard anything of Daniel Red Quill.

"Not home yet as far as I know," said Louis.

A month then, Jim thought. She'd have been alone on that Reserve for a month. In July, Louis had news.

"Red Quill's back. Looks damn good in that corporal's uniform. I can see now how that little English girl fell for him."

Gradually as years passed, the whole incident faded from Jim's mind, although there were times when the sight of an Indian walking along the road near Westerville brought with it the image of the forlorn bride and her suitcases. Occasionally Jim had a bit of news of Daniel Red Quill. Daniel had left the Reserve and was working in a mining town in the far north. Daniel had left the mine and had a good job with the hyrdo-electric company, and finally, that Daniel had bought out Louis Belliveau's store.

"I'm retiring," said Louis, "but you'll find Daniel a good man to deal with."

It was months before Jim found the courage to tell Daniel about his encounter with the Indian's English bride. Daniel listened impassively. His eyes flickered for a moment, but his mouth remained firm. As Jim finished he turned his head toward the window and stared out into the street.

"If I'd got here first," he said, "maybe — but then again, maybe not." □

Bishop Pelotte at Tekakwitha Conference

Odette Lupis photo

Native American and Catholic spiritual rituals came to life this month for 4,500 participants, many of them families with children, in the annual Tekakwitha Conference, at the State University of Montana in Bozeman.
Above left, Johnny Arlee of the Flathead tribe performs healing prayers as a spiritual leader. This position is usually inherited.
Above right, Burton Pretty On Top, right, wearing traditional Crow dress, leads people in a powwow dance honoring recently installed Bishop Donald E. Pelotte of Gallup, N.M., left.

Rev. James Tanner — Zealous Missionary

by Dr. L. Neufeld

Third of Three Parts

In June 1852, James' colleague Elijah Terry was murdered and scalped by Sioux (the Tanners had been arch-enemies of the Sioux for 50 years) and in August the same fate befell the wife of colleague David Spencer. Tanner's mourning, and soul-searching over baptism, culminated next fall in placing his sons in a Red River Colony school while his wife and six-year-old daughter head for St. Paul, Minn.

In his 23 March 1854 report, Baptist pastor T.B. Cressy states: "Brother James Tanner (Indian name Eshquegonebi) left here on the 28th for Pembina, accompanied only by his three faithful dogs to draw his sledge. From the time he left there last fall until he returned, it was 95 days. In this time he had travelled 1,500 miles; 940 of which were with an ox team, 500 with a dog train, and 60 miles on foot and alone.

In this time, also, he had made extensive repairs upon a house; moved his family into it; cut most of his winter's wood; preached many times; held a protracted council with the Indians, and made arrangements for the removal of some 20 families to Kechenaahquang to be ready to engage in the cultivation of the soil early in the spring. I seriously doubt whether we have a more self-sacrificing missionary in America, or upon any portion of our foreign field than James Tanner."

Rev. Cressy, who baptized James on this occasion, says of his wife: "Mrs. Taner can with her rifle make a 'center shot' with as great precision as any of the red men of the forest."

Cressy quotes Tanner saying: "If an army of soldiers were called for, to unsheath the sword and exterminate my countrymen, thousands would be rushing to Pembina eager for the fight. But now when two or three men are called for, to go and teach them the way of eternal life, to tell them of Jesus, not one is found after months of travel and entreaty to enter with me upon this work. And now I must return upon my long journey, in the dead of winter, all alone, a poor, weary, disconsolate traveller.

O, when will the churches feel their obligations to my poor countrymen? And O, when will the poor red man be converted to God? But I am resolved not to give up this cause while I live. I will spend my time, my property, and my life for my red brethern. And I care not whether I die by the tomahawk or the scalping-knife — I care not how freely my blood flows, if I can only be the means of their conversion."

Concludes Cressy: "We commended him to God in united fervent prayer, he, bidding us an affectionate farewell, turning his weeping, dark eyes towards his distant home, and, with a heavy heart, commenced his wearisome, lonely journey, with none but his dog-train for associates. If here is not self-denial, I ask where on earth can it be found?"

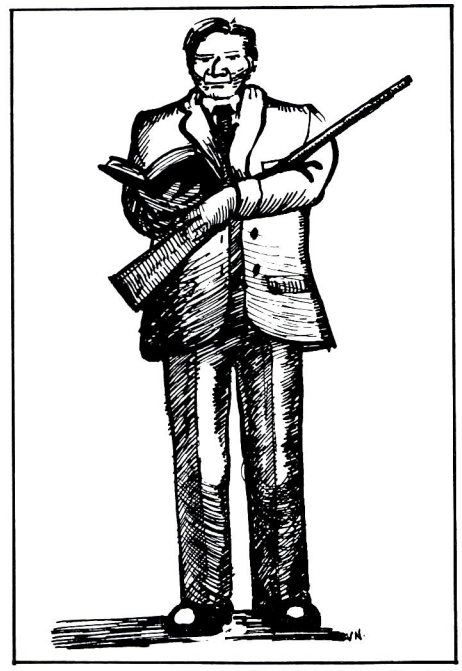
Nest spring, Tanner travelled to New York to become ordained as a Baptist missionary. Touring the states of Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York, he collected money and $2,000-worth of farm tools for the (American-Canadian) Pembina mission field. Stored in a U.S. warehouse at Crow Wing, Minn., the tools were destroyed by fire before they could reach their destination.

Back at Pembina, with his Chippewa (Saulteaux) people engaged in deadly warfare with the Sioux, his brother Picheito by then the most prominent war chief in that war, James Tanner preached "with his Bible in one hand and his rifle in the other." He again appealed to the Baptist Board in New York for tools, books and teachers with the hope of inducing the Natives to settle in permanent communities.

In Washington, he approached the Bureau of Indian Affairs with the same request. Washington offered encouragement but when the Baptists agreed to fund him only if he confined his work to preaching the Gospel, he declined. It's interesting to note that he'd left the Lake Winnipeg mission for the same reason.

James Tanner did eventually gain support for his concept of mission work (Christian churches, schools, abandon hunting for farming) in Boston. Both the Baptist and the Unitarian congregations strongly endorsed the principle; books, seeds, money, farm implements and a school teacher were immediately forthcoming.

Ends a Baptist report (date unknown): "Mr. Tanner became truly eloquent. He gave proof of sagacious thought on subjects of state policy and national interests. His plans are far-reaching; for by civilizing the 250,000 people now open to our influence, he hopes to extend the blessings of our arts and institutions to other tribes beyond, that all may at some future time become a member of our confederation.



Sketch by Verna Neufeld

During the Minnesota Sioux uprising, Rev. Tanner preached with his Bible in one hand and rifle in the other, Tanner's Indian relatives being deadly enemies of the Sioux.

Mr. Tanner closed by expressing his heart-felt gratitude for the kindness he had received. He assured his friends that they should often hear of him . . . We understand that it is expected that three native Chippewas will enter the Meadville Theological School this autumn, that they may become missionaries under Mr. Tanner."

Here ends my American friend's Tanner research as it relates to Manitoba.

The Saulteaux-Sioux war intensified, America drifted into civil war (in which both of James' sons fought), the Minnesota-Dakota Sioux rebelled against the Whites (both James and his son John are known to have fought Sioux in at least one battle there). The John Black Papers reveal that the Pembina area missions closed down during that turbulent period and the missionaries escaped.

As the thousands of Sioux fled into Manitoba for refuge, Picheito's army fought ever harder to keep them out of the Assiniboine-Red River valleys. The Red River Rebellion with subsequent election and James Tanner's untimely death followed soon after. □

Amerindians, Maoris share similar experience

(adapted from COMPASS magazine, Summer, 1986)

Writing in the Jesuit journal *Compass,* Fr. Brian McCoy, S.J., an Australian studying in Canada, drew a parallel between the treatment Australian and North American natives have received since the arrival of white settlers in their lands.

In 1788 when settlers first began to arrive in Australia, the country was populated by 300,000 Aborigines, and as in North America the settlers imported diseases such as tuberculosis, small pox, whooping cough, measles, leprosy and influenza, reducing their numbers to less than 80,000 by the beginning of this century. Since then, although infant mortality and adult morbidity still compare with that of people living in extreme poverty in the third world, the native population in Australia has risen to 200,000.

In the early years, the white perception of Aborigines was influenced by the Darwinian theories of 'natural selection' and 'survival of the fittest' and it was thought that various tribes would die out in the development of 'civilization.' "Christianity was equated with civilization," wrote Fr. McCoy. "The Christian way of life was intertwined with industrialization, welfare and education by the invading cultural group. Pagan customs should be removed because they held back the people, not just from embracing Christianity, but from the cultural benefits of white society . . . Aboriginals were encouraged to settle in one place, get a job and not go on 'walk-abouts'. Gradually the policy of assimilation was found to be unenlightened and unworkable . . ."

The present Labour government in Australia was elected on a platform that included recognition of Aboriginal land rights and in October, 1985, title to Ayres Rock, the largest monolith in the world, and probably Australia's best known tourist attraction, was transferred to the people who had owned this part of Australia's 'outback' for 40,000 years. It will now be called by its traditional name, 'Uluru'. But the Australian government is finding itself increasingly at odds with some Aboriginal interests and finding it impossible to reconcile these interests with the interests and demands of industries such as mining.

The Catholic church in Australia has also been re-evaluating its work among Aboriginal peoples. Its involvement began in the 1820's mostly with missions set up among the tribal peoples in the north. These were handicapped by the physical hardships of the area, isolation and efforts to confine a nomadic people to a confined area. The trend is now toward self-determination, but as in Canada what the government, the churches and the Aboriginal peoples mean by this can be quite different.

"The challenge facing the church is enormous," says Fr. McCoy, citing the lack of native people who are formally exercising any Christian ministry. "The amount of cross-religion dialogue has been minimal. Most missionaries do not know the native languages."

A 'moment of truth' will come in November this year with the visit of Pope John Paul II and again during Australia's bicentennial celebrations in 1988. The Pope is expected to meet with Aboriginal representatives in some form of religious service during his visit and it will be a challenge for the Australian church to allow Aboriginal people to decide the place and style of worship. Some onlookers will remember the very significant meetings of the Pope with Canadian natives at the Martyrs Shrine in Midland, Ont., at Ste Anne de Beaupre, Quebec, and Yellowknife, N.W.T.

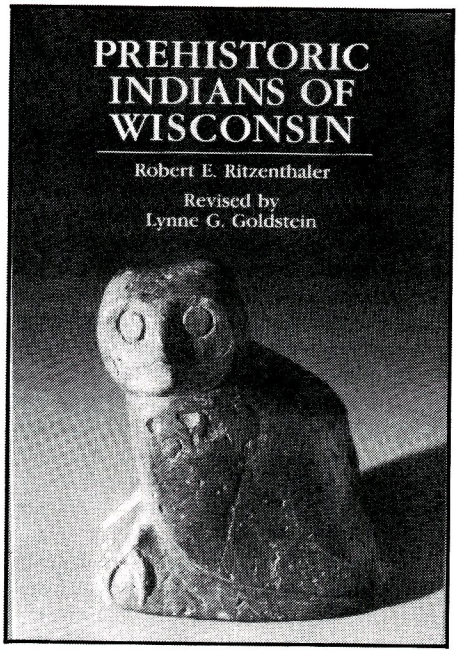
As for the Bicentennial, the Australian Government has ear-marked millions for Aboriginal enterprises, but the Aboriginals say the only thing they have to celebrate is that they have survived. □

***CHIEFS* . . . from p. 13**

ritual dance which consisted of shuffling and bowing back and forth across the platform. This he did with grace and good humor and was loudly cheered for his performance.

Prince Edward bore many titles in his own homeland, but these new names bestowed by Canadian Indian tribes with full honors and sincerity proved unique and unforgetable. They were cherished by His Royal Highness whenever he recalled his Canadian tour of 1919, one of his happiest. □

Book Review



Archeology has changed considerably in the last 30 years and this new book is a version of Dr. Ritzenthaler's *Prehistoric Indians of Wisconsin,* third revised edition by Lynne Goldstein, 1985. ISBN 0-89326-114-9, 80 pp., $5.95, Milwaukee Public Museum.

Descriptions of the Paleo, Archaic, Woodland and Mississipian cultures are illustrated with photographs from the museum's collection and field work. Archaeological research methods are discussed and illustrated and references for further reading are included.

STUDENTS . . . from p. 17

It is tragic to go to school. I know many of my friends will drop out and become just another statistic. More and more I see native people becoming teachers, nurses, lawyers, etc.

I too believe in a dream. I believe I have the potential to become whatever I want to be. My dream is to become a doctor of psychology. With my family and friends by my side, believing in me, I will fulfill my dream. □

To be published in our next issue:

Indians of the Canadian Plains by Leonard W. Meyers with five rare photos;

Treaty hunting rights upheld against Provincial Law, by Donna Lea Hawley;

Did John "the Falcon" Tanner murder James Schoolcraft? by Dr. P. L. Neufeld.

Tribute to Three Missionaries

by Antonio Lacelle, OMI

Fr. Gerard Pinette, OMI, who passed away July 7 in St. Boniface Hospital, was gifted with many talents which he developed generously not only in his priestly and missionary work, but also in his favorite occupation of teaching carpentry and woodworking.

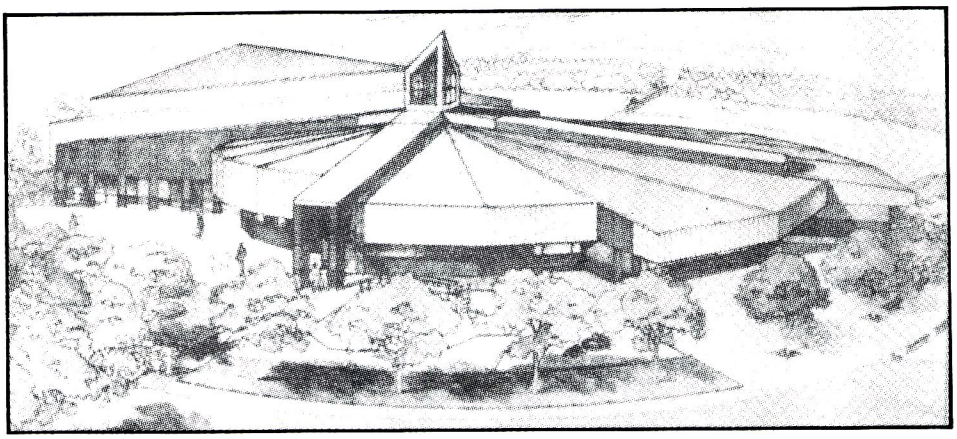
Having trained at Red River College in Winnipeg, he taught hundreds of pupils in a manual training program paying special attention to character, the dignity of work and the basics of family guidance. He had excellent results with the boys at St. Philip's, Sask. and Sioux Narrows, Ont. Indian schools.

He said Indian students were generally turning work of the highest quality. He strived at improving human skills and achieving perfection. His contacts were warmly human, his friendship sincere. Many received the gift of faith through his teaching." ***R.I.P.***

Fr. Jean Lambert, OMI, who passed away May 23, spoke fluent Saulteux as Indian School principal and parish priest. He was an excellent missionary whose talents included coaching hockey and teaching farming. He trained many of today's Indian leaders in the three provinces: Ontario, Manitoba and Saskatchewan. He organized local school districts on the reserves.

During his whole priestly life, he made hundreds of friends who have been won over by his warmth and sincerity. He lived with his people on the Couchiching reserve near Fort Frances, Ont. during the last four years of his life. ***R.I.P.***

Fr. Adéodat Ruest, OMI, who passed away May 2, at the Oblate Residence of Casa Bonita, in St. Boniface, served the Indian missions in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Ontario as missionary, Parish Priest and as Indian school principal since 1942. A quiet man, a strong man, Fr. Adéodat will be remembered for his talents as administrator. He built three mission chapels on the Sakinay and Ochopawace Indian reserves (Crooked Lake, Sask.) and on Manito reserve in the district of Fort Frances, Ont. He died with his boots on, aged 72, having been in charge since August, 1984 of the difficult mission stations Bear's Pass, Lac La Croix, North West Bay, Red Gut and Seine River, Ontario. ***R.I.P.***



Architect's drawing of Sioux Valley (MN) school, a single-storey building in the shape of a circle representing the Indian philosophy of life as a continuous cycle of birth, death and rebirth.

The deadline for our January/87 issue is Monday, November 10

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