

# KAHNAWAKE



**A Mohawk look  
at Canada**

**Adventures of  
Big John Canadian**

**Johnny Beauvais**

**Revised Edition**



Big John Canadian was not a man to back away from a challenge or turn down a chance for adventure. Whether he was piloting a steamer through the treacherous Lachine Rapids, travelling to Europe to play lacrosse, or planting a kiss on the royal cheek of Queen Victoria before an astonished Court of Saint James, Big John Canadian never failed to live up to his larger than life reputation.

KAHNAWAKE follows Big John up the Nile as a member of the futile British expedition to relieve the besieged General Chinese Gordon at Khartoum. It tells of how he mesmerized the future King of England with tales of fishing and hunting in the North American wilderness. And it recounts the story of his triumph over the white waters of the St. Lawrence.

The book also tells of other legendary Mohawks, past and present, as it looks at the history of Kahnawake – the village that means in Iroquois, "On The Rapids".

But it is more than just a reminiscence. KAHNAWAKE is the story of Canada's early days as seen through the eyes of the Mohawk people. It tells of the first Europeans to come to this land – and the portrait is often funny, sometimes sad, but it is always recognizable.

The book carries that viewpoint up to the present day. And it ends with advice for the future on how people of different cultures can learn respect for the ways of others.

KAHNAWAKE is a book for us all.

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## INDEX

Selected Mohawk words and phrases used in this book.

Akwesasne: Where The Partridge Drums. The Mohawk community located at the confluence of New York, Ontario and Quebec.

Akwiwanoron: Precious Sapling.

Atsehaiens: He Controls The Fire.

Ha'ki tiahtenti: Let's go!

Ha' tsitiahtenti: Let's go home.

Kahnawake: On The Rapids.

Kahnawakeronon: Kahnawake people.

Kaio: Blue granite.

Kanatarokonwe: The Real Bread (traditonal Mohawk bread).

Kanienkehaka Raotitiohkwa: This Group of People of the Flint.

Karhatoton: Standing Plumes.

Karihton: Red cored black oak.

Kateri: Catherine.

Kentson: Fish (noun)

Kestowah: The Real Hat (traditional Mohawk headdress)

Mosias: Moses

Niawenkowa sewakwekon: Much thanks to everybody.

Otonwakaionke: The Building With Many Chimneys

Sak: James



## Index

Sawatis: John

Sawatiskowa: Big John

Teharerens: He Races

Tehonikonrathe: Bright Mind.

Tekanawitha: He Is Endless.

Tosa ki sanakwen: Don't get mad.

Tsi Kontihnekihrata: Where The Animals Come To Drink.

Waniente: They Come To Him.

Warianna: Mary Anne

Watias: George

Wise: Michael



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Nov 20 1985

To the Most Dedicated  
Person K. Hruskó - ever

Alan

Johnny Dennis

JOHNNY BEAUVAIS

K A H N A W A K E

A Mohawk Look at Canada  
and  
Adventures of Big John Canadian  
1840-1919



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Mohawk words and phrases are translated in the Index

## DEDICATION

The Lachine Rapids were part and parcel of the lives of Big John and his friends. The rapids were also stubborn adversaries of early Canadian industry. The desecration inflicted upon them to make way for the St. Lawrence Seaway should have satisfied any latent revenge Canadians may have harbored. Nonetheless, the rapids still provide enjoyment and excitement to this day. The proposed Projet Archipel would not only complete the ruination of these rapids but it would also encroach upon and add further devastation on our old village. We've had our fill of ugliness, relocations and the loss of our riparian rights which always seems to come in the guise of progress. Progress has brought on highways, power lines, railroads and seaways slashing through our land. If we take these abuses without a contest, we'll surely face obliteration as a separate people. Kahnawake and her friends in Ste. Catherine, Verdun, Lasalle, Dorval and Châteauguay, sincerely hope that reason will prevail and that Projet Archipel will be abandoned forever.

The present government continuously stresses that Quebec is now a nation of technology and is no longer a nation of woodcarvers and basket weavers. Must these muscles be constantly flexed at the expense of our environment? These former occupations are honorable. Destroying our historic rapids might prove to be an engineering coup, but it questions the sense of values of its conceivers.

Its economic viability also seems to be obscure to say the least. First and foremost, building development funds, if at all available, would best serve Quebec by being directed to alleviating the huge tax burden and provincial debt which has ac-

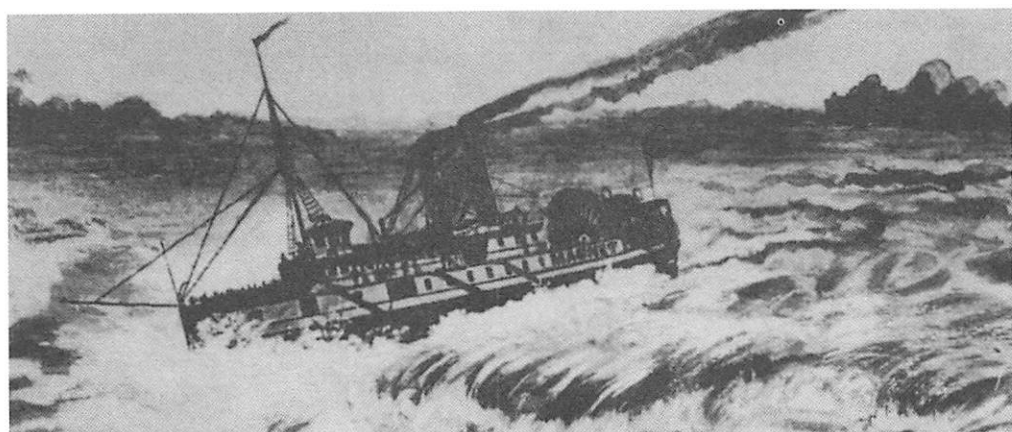
cumulated over the years. Another aspect that indicates this project may be just another monument to someone's ego is the questionable requirement for additional hydro power. Our centuries old neighbor, Ste. Catherine, would also suffer another mutilation. With the turmoil suffered by us and that sleepy little town during the seaway's construction in the 1950's, it follows that another disruption of this sort in our way of life in just over twenty-five years would be intolerable and would result in aggravating unhealed wounds.

Many thrilling stories have been written by such fine authors as Edgar Andrew Collard about yesterday's adventures on and around these turbulent waters. Nowadays specially designed vessels have been put into service for trips through the rapids, providing a unique attraction for tourists, some of whom have travelled great distances to experience this timeless adventure.

It's not necessary to elaborate on how we've lost all our waterfrontage and beaches to pollution and progress; how then can we afford to strip ourselves of yet another wonder of nature when our tourist industry is in such a sorry state? As natural as the Lachine Rapids are, they cannot be replaced by yet another park with an artificial ambience. As they are, the rapids are a spectacle for all of us to enjoy and they do not cost a fortune to develop or maintain.

So here's to our aspiration that these adventures of Big John and his pals may, in some small way, help discourage the termination of the historic Lachine Rapids.

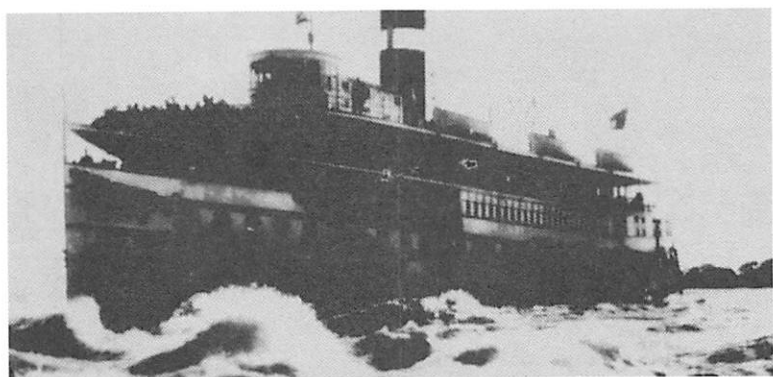
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"Le Magnet"



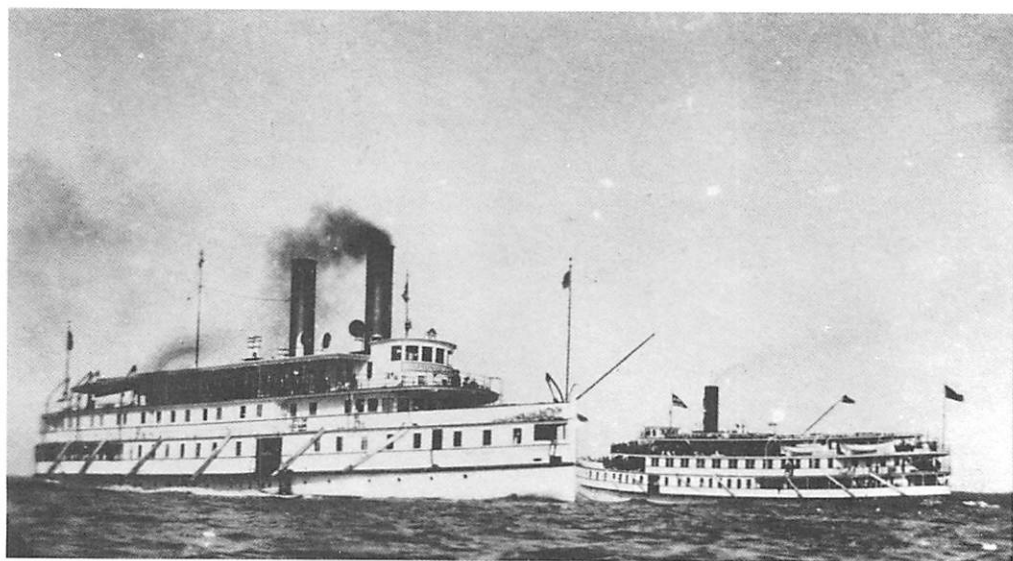
Kentake as seen from the island of Montreal. The Lachine Rapids are in the foreground.







The "Rapids Prince", sistership to the "Rapids Queen", tangled in the rocks short of the rapids. Our hero, Ti-Gus, can be seen in his Malo-owned boat, lending a hand.



The third sister, the "Rapids Queen".



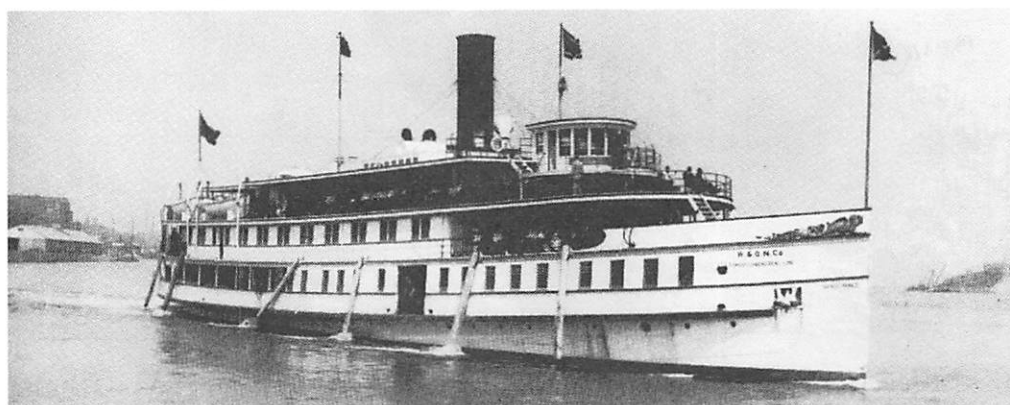
Life before the Seaway.



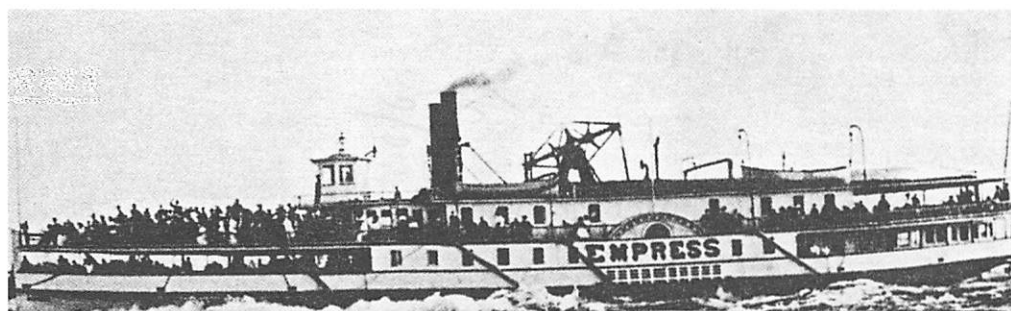
Enjoying the rapids today.



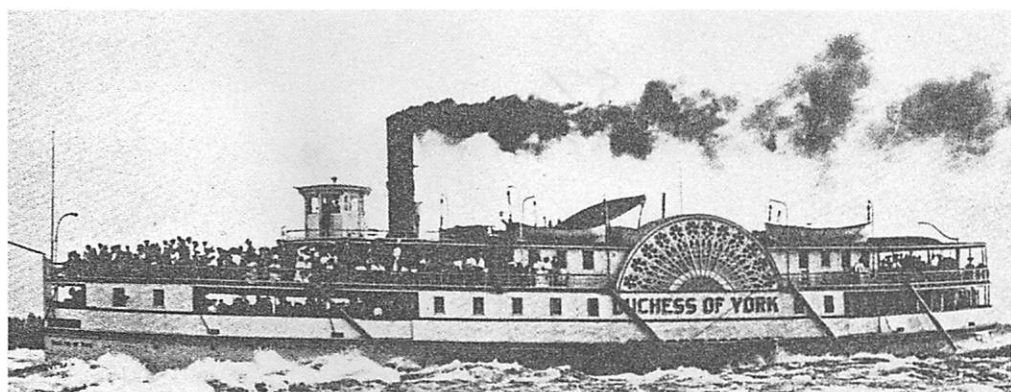
Gus, towing the "Island King" with one of the powerful motor boats.



The "Island King's" little sistership, the "Island Queen", being towed by Gus.



The "Empress"



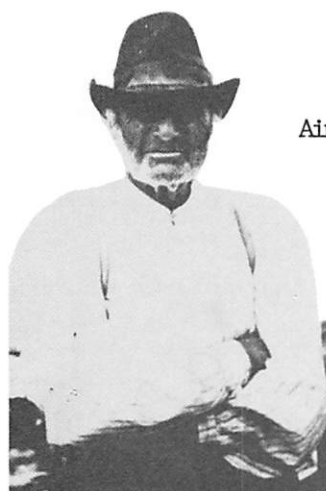
The "Beloeil"



The "Sault St. Louis"



Our former village, now Ste. Catherine.



Aimé Guérin, le vieux prince

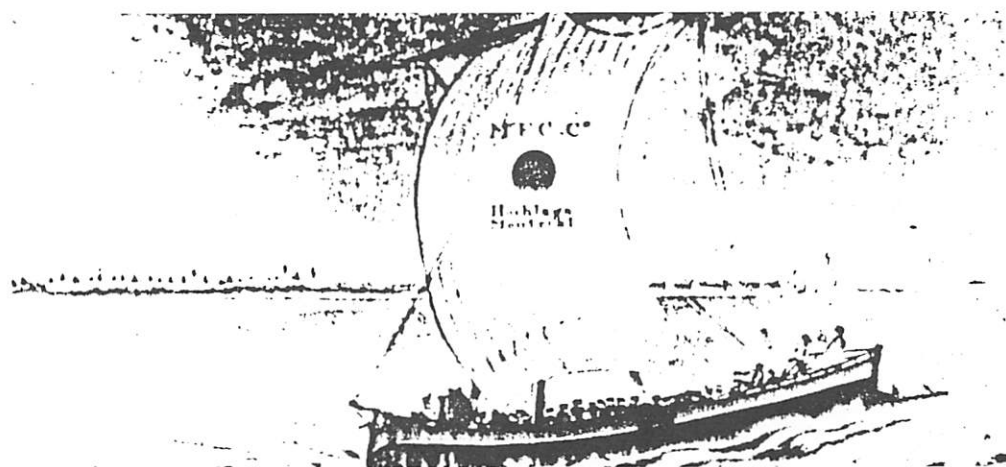
If Aimé were around today, he wouldn't take kindly to anyone fooling around with his rapids. Aimé was Ste. Catherine's answer to our Big John. He rafted through these waters for a lifetime and was known as "Le vieux prince." The hotel was named after him. His son, Hilaire, took over from his dad in 1911. Hilaire was known to the older Kahnawakeronon, many of whom sat the porch of the "Vieux Prince", taking an aperitif with Aimé's son.







The Lachine Wharf, unaffected by the Seaway and enjoyed by its citizens today.



The Rapids attract everyone.

## B E T W E E N O U R S E L V E S

While this book was primarily intended to spin yarns about Big John and his times, the concerns expressed by our correspondents prompted us to record these thoughts under the title "Post-Scripts."

To our informants it seems we've become increasingly impatient with each other. We also seem to feel that the outside communities' opinion of us has been completely misguided. This book makes some frank comments throughout about the controversies that seem to cause this discomfort and suspicion between ourselves and the "outsiders." Maybe if our neighbors were made more aware of our sensitivities, we'd all find a more congenial common ground.

These opinions are a cross-section of thoughts expressed by the dozens of people who contributed to this book. An attempt was made to avoid political issues, but our elders insisted that we must find a formula for unification in order to preserve our culture. That cannot be attained if both the traditional and elective Indians insist that theirs is the only way.

The research was conducted mostly in our village and was very enjoyable because the people were happy to discuss the past with one of their own rather than to the typical non-native writer who has a habit of misrepresenting our past and our way of life.

These writers still refer to us as "tribes" and "bands" rather than nations and clans. Until recently, they referred to our ladies as "squaws." They still cannot accept the fact that scalping was brought to North America from Europe. They've established as hard fact, for instance, that our ancestors were



some sort of oriental, who for some unknown reason, lurked on the opposite side of the Bering Strait and finally crossed over when it froze. They seem to derive some comfort from this theory since it would also make immigrants of us.

We feel our internal conflicts should be kept within our community. Our present matrilineal controversy should not be constantly aired to the media. In our disputes, it seems a self appointed spokesperson always acts on our behalf. We must keep in mind that writers and reporters who interview us are usually trying to "sell papers." Their interpretations will be sensationalized, regardless of the warped image it gives us.

Our elders sincerely hope that they can witness a reconciliation of our different factions in their lifetime. Only we can achieve this, and we can, with the intelligence, reasoning and determination given to us by the Creator, provided we keep at arm's length from outside influence, whether red or white.

\*\*\*



We can imagine this 19th century family had little input into those reports. "Selling papers" isn't new.

## A C K N O W L E D G E M E N T S

Without the help of a number of people, the following chapters could never be told, so here's my thanks to...

Rita Jacobs Phillips, Annie Paul Dailleboust and Mrs. Josephine Day for their Mohawk language assistance,

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The research ladies of the libraries of Westmount, Montreal, Côte St. Luc and St. Lambert, The Gazette and the Lachine Museum, who were particularly kind. The Gazette has excellent microfilm records of the old Montreal newspapers dating back to the 18th century. We were able to read accounts of the lacrosse trips to England and about the Egyptian expedition as they happened.

Mrs. Joyce Fedorko and her friend, Ailish, who spent hours assembling reams of manuscript and illustrations,

Mrs. Joyce Home, who gave her superb editing expertise,

Fathers Léon Lajoie and Henri Béchard who kindly took time out from their important work,

Edgar Andrew Collard of the The Gazette. Mr. Collard has always written about us in an objective manner, giving us full credit for our personalities and achievements rather than looking for luridness in our past. It's very interesting to compare

an article written by him about Big John in 1944 and another written in 1984. He wrote so many other stories in the meantime that it's clear to see that John's exploits are appreciated by our neighbors. We'd also like to extend our thanks to Mrs. Elizabeth Collard, a noted author in her own right. She has written complimentary works about our forefathers' lacrosse meets in Europe.

The boys at Phipps Graphics, Bryan and Brian, yes, Wilson too. History was reversed; in return for some excellent reproductions from some barely legible research material, they were reimbursed with two bottles of whisky and a bottle of "printer's wine" for Wilson. Before criticizing this generosity, please note that these spirits were of considerably higher quality than their collective gullets were accustomed to, and of a quantity which seemed to satisfy their prime concerns.

Jeffrey Maher of Techno-Colour for the interest and appreciation he showed towards this cultural venture. It was a small project for his renowned company, but he gave it the same attention he would have given to General Motors.

The owners of Empire Electric, Murray, Bernie and Cliff Backman, for permitting us the use of their reproduction equipment for our countless tasks,

My daughter, Janet, and her friend, Heidi, for some experienced layout work, gained on the Concordia University year book,

The Montreal Stencil Works and their president, Don Knowles for qualified proof reading. Don was ably assisted by his wife, who is also from the teaching profession. So to Gayna, "tanks."

And finally, my heartfelt thanks to the dozens of Kahnawake elders who gave so freely of their time to relive those wonder-

ful past years with us. This book wouldn't be here if it were not for them.

Niawenkowa sewakwekon.



Edgar Collard with Sawatiskowa.

Johnny Beauvais

November 1st, 1985



Jeffrey Mahar of Technicolor, making sure Louis signs every copy of the prints.



Mrs. Elizabeth Collard, author of "The Potter's View of Canada." Shown here with part of her collection.

# OUR CONTRIBUTORS



Louis Iohonwakerh Montour, born in 1894, son of American Horse. Louis was an ironworker, showman and a muscle fixer.

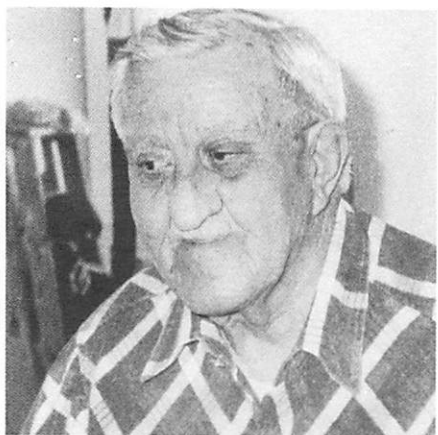
Sister Two Axe. This lady can handle social situations.



Mr. and Mrs. Joe T. Montour.



Mrs. Marion Satekenhatie Phillips.



Charlie Canadian, Big John's grandson.



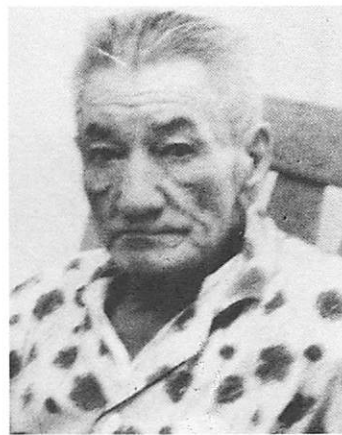
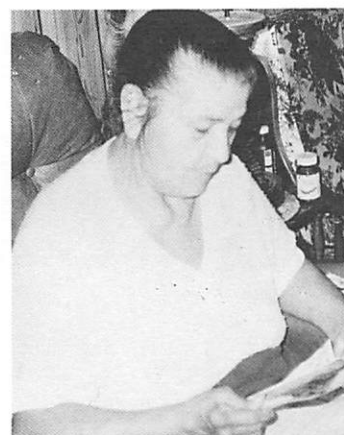
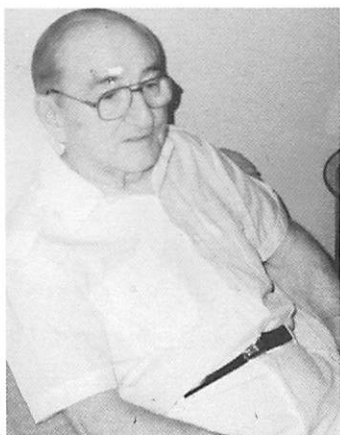
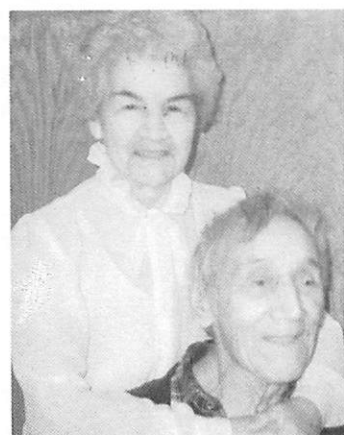
Joe (Sosekowa), 94 years young.



Top row: Agathe Taylor Foote, sixty years with the choir; Germaine Canadian Beauvais, grand-daughter of Big John.

Center: Mr. and Mrs. Mike Day. A trilingual lady who supplied us with Indian vocabulary and other information; Harry Beauvais, a former chief, he made a huge impact on Canadian business; Mrs. Annie Osenmontion Kane, like her daughter, Esther, she bubbles with personality.

Bottom: Esther Kane Phillips, the nucleus of the choir; Elizabeth Adams, president of the Golden Agers who provided us with historical items; John "Baffy" Jacobs, grandson of Big John.



Left to right: John Bush,  
always in good humor; Mary  
Ouimet, always a source of  
help; Annie Williams Walk-  
er.



Tom Lahache  
Our answer to Marshal Dillon.



Theresa and Frank Montour.



Louis White  
Louis was born in 1889



Dennis Delisle



Susan Delisle



Louise Lazare  
A beautiful lady.



Shirley Beauvais Scott,  
assisted in this project  
and is there to help others.





Tom Moon, showing a miniature chair used by his forefathers in show biz. Performances weren't confined to Indian routines and this chair was probably used for a slack-wire act.

Center: Paul Kanento Diabo and his house, like him, a survivor.



Eddie Beauvais, Louis Hall and Ray Fadden. These three fellows have been involved in native culture and history. Eddie was the founder of the historical society, Louis was instrumental in the repossession of Ganienkeh, and Ray is teaching native lore and history at his fine museum at Onchiota, New York.





Mike Deon, the atom.



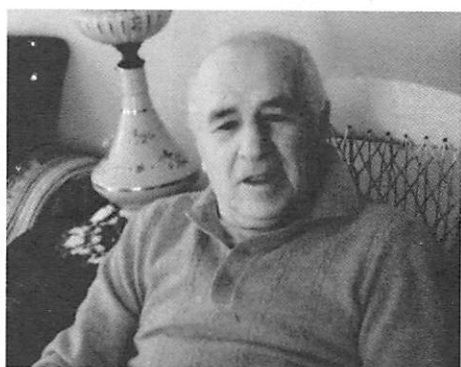
John Leclair, stick-handler deluxe. They'd call him "magic" today.



Old hardrock,  
Tom Two Rivers



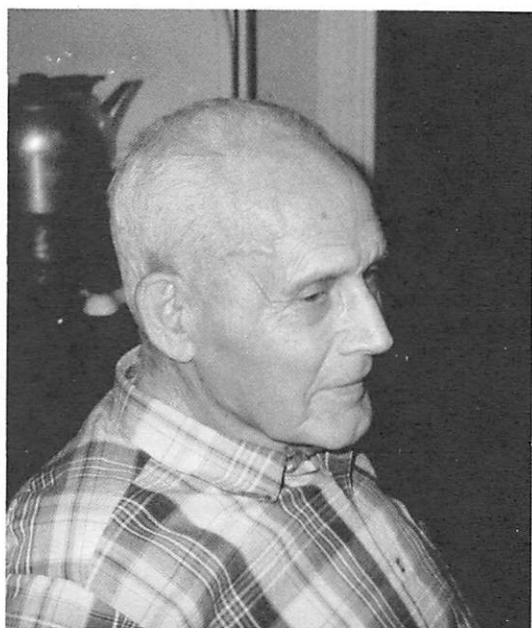
Annie Montour



Louis "Beef" Delisle, hardball star.



Trilingual lady,  
Annie Two Rivers



Joe K. Montour

K A H N A W A K E

A Mohawk Look at Canada  
and  
Adventures of Big John Canadian

## F O R W A R D

To celebrate Alwyn Morris's 1984 Olympic achievements, a small ceremony was held at Khanata where he was presented with a painting of Big John shooting the rapids. Later, realizing that it was probably the only such painting in existence, it seemed appropriate that another should be painted so that more people could enjoy the memory of Big John and his era.

We requested the services of Louis Hall for the project and he agreed, provided he was given pictures of the personalities and most especially the boat they used at the time. With this research in hand, Louis completed the painting as authentically as possible. The limited edition of 250 prints was beautifully reproduced by Techno-Colour of Montreal. Now these pictures are being offered to our people, some framed in wood gathered in Kahnawake, such as hickory, black cherry, ash and karihton. These are the same woods Big John and his counterparts used to fashion their lacrosse sticks, oars, boats and chairs.

We'd like to make it clear that our book claims little historical expertise and we're not representing any historical or cultural organization. Our intent is to entertain, with subjects closely related with our grand and great-grandparents. Reviewing and appreciating our past may help us enjoy today, and assessing the present could make for a better tomorrow. A thinker once said that to make a successful journey, you must start from where you are.

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The new painting by Louis Hall.



This ceremony started it all. Chief Joe Norton presenting our athlete of the century, Alwyn Morris, with the original "Big John" painting.

## A SHORT HISTORY OF KAHNAWAKE

Kahnawake traces its roots from the Mohawk village of Ossernenon on the banks of the Mohawk River in New York state. Ossernenon, or Kahnawake, as it was later called, was the Eastern Door of the Great Longhouse of the Five Nations. Travellers and hunters from this area re-asserted Iroquois rights along the St. Lawrence River by establishing an Indian community at Kentake, near Laprairie, Quebec, in 1667. In attempts to avoid direct contact with the expanding European population nearby, there followed successive upriver migrations in 1676, 1690 and 1696. Our present village dates from 1716. Kahnawake, in the Iroquois language, means "On The Rapids," referring to the adjacent Lachine Rapids. At the New York village of Kahnawake, it indicated a particular spot on the Mohawk River.

Kahnawake was a pillar of the Grand Council of the Five, later the Six Nations, until 1694, when it became a non-voting observer. It was later re-admitted to the Six Nations in the 1920's.

The Mohawks of Kahnawake have always maintained a sense of independence, constantly resisting absorption by the surrounding cultures. This free spirit stems from the days when we once defended our homes and livelihood from Mahican intruders in the Adirondack Mountains, and through the times of intense political pressures during the European wars in colonial America.

Our choice and manner of work in peaceful endeavors has also reflected this particular trait of individuality. Kahnawake possessed a formidable reputation as fur trappers and traders, emanating from its years in the Mohawk and Ohio valleys, extending through the mid-1800's, when we were voyageurs for the

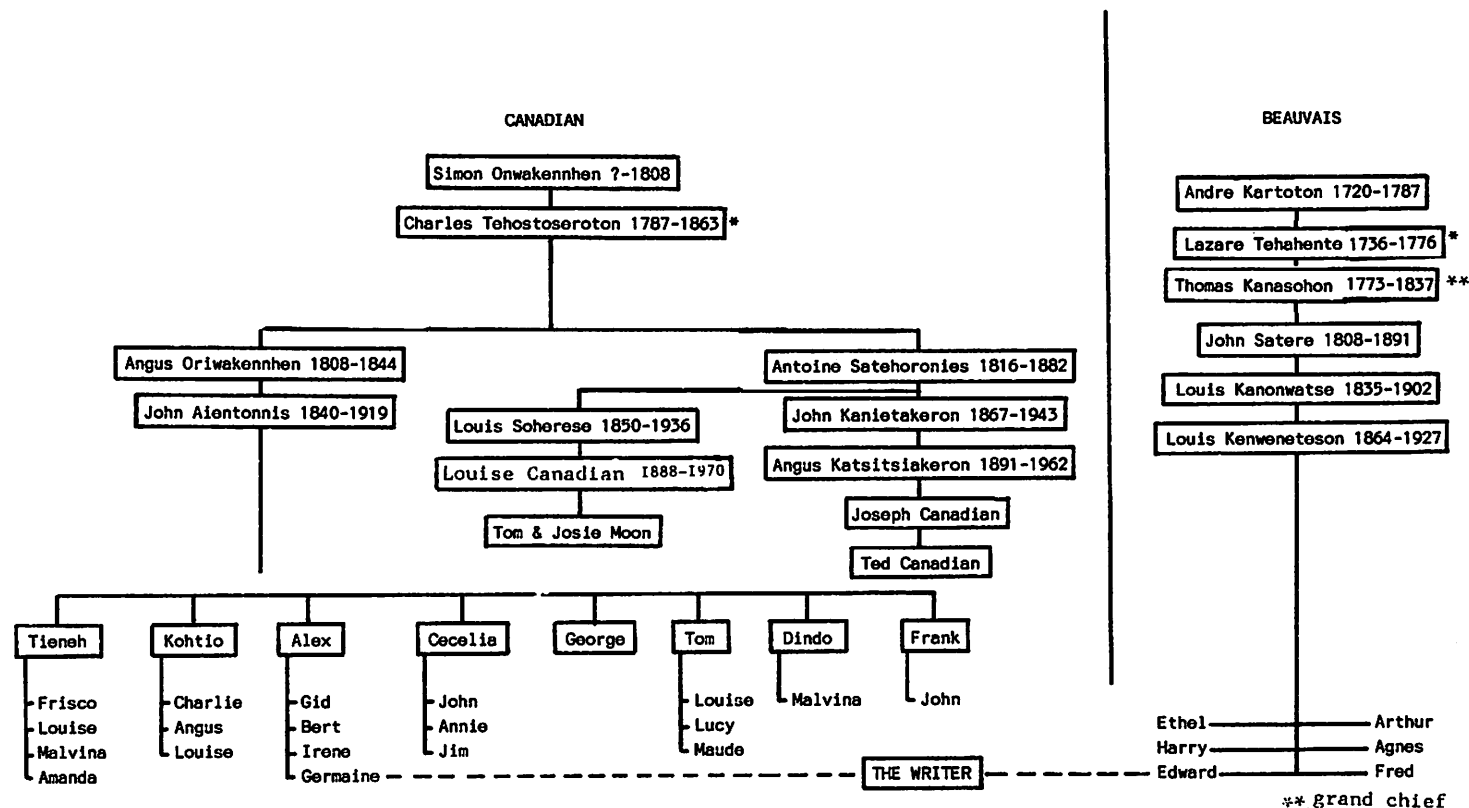
North-West and the Hudson's Bay companies. The village served for a time as a clearing point for native furs destined for the great markets of Montreal and Albany. The Kahnawakes were known in the plains, forests and mountains of Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia. Those remnants of our intrepid voyageurs who remained there, were eventually adopted by various Indian nations of the far west.

The expertise gained as voyageurs gave our village the necessary skills to excel in later occupations as lumbermen and pilots along the mighty rivers of Lower Canada. As the nature of river traffic changed, the contacts thus obtained through cargo handling of lumber and quarried building stone enabled us to enter the high construction trade for which we seemed to have a natural skill and which seemed to offer another challenge to Mohawk daring. The accompanying completion ceremonies of the Great Victoria Bridge in the 1860's opened yet another avenue of occupation, that of entertainment. Many individuals and families were active show people as late as 1950. However, ironworking remains the singlemost important source of income today, although the attraction has diminished somewhat as modern technology removes much of the skill and courage demanded in former days.

Now the challenge is to find new means of diversified economies while yet maintaining the inborn respect for the land. The confidence in which Kahnawake faces this challenge is another aspect of its ability to lead the native community in education, self-government, and the adaption of traditional values to contemporary living.

--Kaniienkehaka Raotitiohkwa Cultural Center

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Here is a sample of how names moved around prior to 1850. In many cases it is difficult to establish if the white name was intended as a family or Christian name. For example, the name Beauvais appeared in the church archives in the margins of the names marked with an asterisk. The Beauvais name seems to have been borrowed from a French military officer named Tilly de Beauvais who appeared in early Canadian history.

## B I G J O H N

### Part One

Big John was born and christened Jean-Baptiste Raiontonnis on December 18th, 1840. The "R" was later dropped to establish his familiar Indian name as Aiontonnis, roughly meaning "He Works With Wood." The appropriateness of his name was later evident when he was ever busy carving oars, chairs, and building boats. We know the name, Jean-Baptiste, like so many others, was recommended by the French-Canadian priests. Had the priest been English, Big John might have been known as "Big Andy" or "Big George." There was little reference to the name "Canadian" in the christening. If indeed the name Canadian did not exist in 1840, we offer a theory you can either accept or refuse: his name, Aiontonnis, must have been a tongue-twister to the non-Indians, and since Canadians see us as the original Canadians rather than Americans, we think they came to know him as "le Canadien."

The first record of Big John's family dates from his great-grandparents. His great grandfather, Simon Onwakennhen, was born prior to the available church records. He married Therese Konwanowentha in 1783 at Du Lac (Oka), and died in 1808, leaving a son, Charles Tehostoseroton, born in 1789. Charles was tagged with the name "Laplume", a contemporary French aspersion for an Indian. While the adult Charles called himself Canadian, the name didn't become official until the forceful Big John made sure the name "Laplume" was obliterated once and for all.

Tehostoseroton's son, Angus Oriwakennhen (1808-1844), and his second wife, Louise Kanonwehen Hubert, were Big John's mother and father. She was related to a well-known Mohawk in-



terpretor working with our own fur traders.

In a 1906 interview, Big John told the Montreal Herald that he was enlarging his home (now the site occupied by the Emma Bell house opposite the Golden Age club). He said the house had been built by an old man who had drowned with many other Kahnawakeronon. Some slight adjustments to this report would indicate that this "old man" was his own father! He had drowned in 1844 and our archives show many men, women and children had also drowned on that same date. Taking a page from the anthropologist's book, we can assume that John's father was a riverman operating a ferry to the north side of the river.

It's clear that Big John's ancestors were among the first Kahnawakeronon, and that Simon and Therese were the first known progenitors of the Canadian clan.

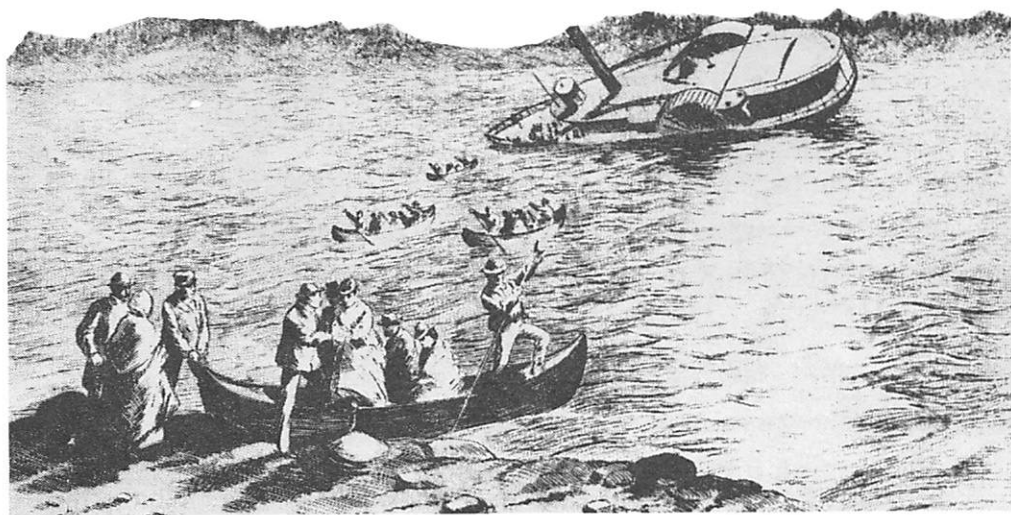
Around 1860, John married Malvina McComber, the daughter of Jarvis McComber, who had fought in the War of 1812 and probably also in the American Revolution on the British side. Malvina was somehow directly related to Mother Martin, whose restaurant and hotel became a Montreal landmark. One of Mother Martin's claims to fame is being the grandmother of Moe Martin, NDG's once-famed athlete and now a well-known city merchant.

Jarvis outlived two wives, but the third held in there, and only became widowed when he fell from the roof of his house at the age of ninety-five! He had three children with wife Number One, thirteen with wife Number Two and twelve with wife Number Three. Simple arithmetic tells us that Malvina was then just one of twenty-eight children. There are still people around, like Mrs. Louise Perras Rice, who knew Malvina. Mrs. Rice says she was a charming woman, completely unspoiled and most understanding. Since the Creator had the foresight to provide her

with this understanding, we suspect this trait served her well on many occasions when one considers the antics of her spouse, the compulsive Big John.

Because of the congestion in the house, which was only 24 by 20 feet, a second floor was added in about 1885 to make room for his seven burly sons and one daughter. Of his children, the one I recall best was my grandfather, Alex, who was probably five-feet eleven and weighed over two hundred pounds. In one of the family photographs, Alex appears the tiniest. Even his sister, Cecelia, seems to have been taller than average. With all those large people in the house, the additional space must have been welcomed.

Early on in Big John's life, he was influenced by Jean-Baptiste Taiaiake Rice, an intrepid riverman, and John began a career on the St. Lawrence River. At the time, Kahnawake rivermen were alone in holding the secrets of the passages through the Lachine Rapids. When assigned to a boat going downstream,



The rescue of the "Louis Renaud" passengers by our boys.

Big John, who was never accused of being an introvert, would come on board dressed in colorful Indian regalia. Those thrill-seeking tourists of the Victorian era were apparently as taken with the spectacle as they were with the memorable headlong ride down the wild and treacherous waters.

In the spring of 1873, the old newspaper, *La Minerve*, reported the sidewheeler "Louis Renaud," had wrecked in the rapids with 108 passengers on board, mostly women and children. Miraculously, from out of nowhere, about a dozen Kahnawake boats arrived on the scene, led by the never-to-be-left-out Big John. By dint of their swift action, the Indians landed all the passengers on shore without a single fatality.

Before the erection of the CPR bridge which runs parallel to the Mercier Bridge, mail and cargo were ferried across the river by commercial vessels which somehow negotiated the winter's ice. The cargo was dropped off twice daily at the Lachine railway station for transfer to the main station in Montreal. The cargo originated from such towns as Huntingdon, Ormstown, Howick, Beaurharnois and Châteauguay. One year in the late 1870's, this service had to be suspended because of very severe winter conditions and Big John was awarded the contract to take over the route temporarily.

The accounts say he departed on his initial trip at seven in the morning during the worst snowstorm of the winter, and he deposited his load on schedule, at approximately eight-thirty. His contract called for another trip in the afternoon. Sawatis provided this service until the spring break-up when normal services were resumed.

Whether on land or water, comfort was obviously not one of Sawatis' priorities.

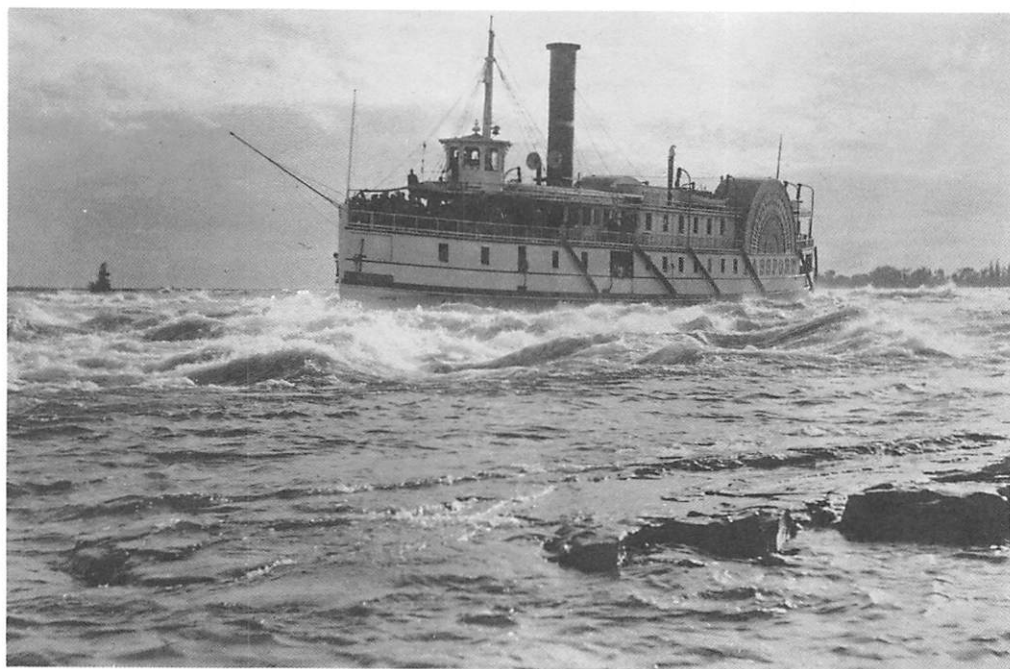


Big John delivers the mail.

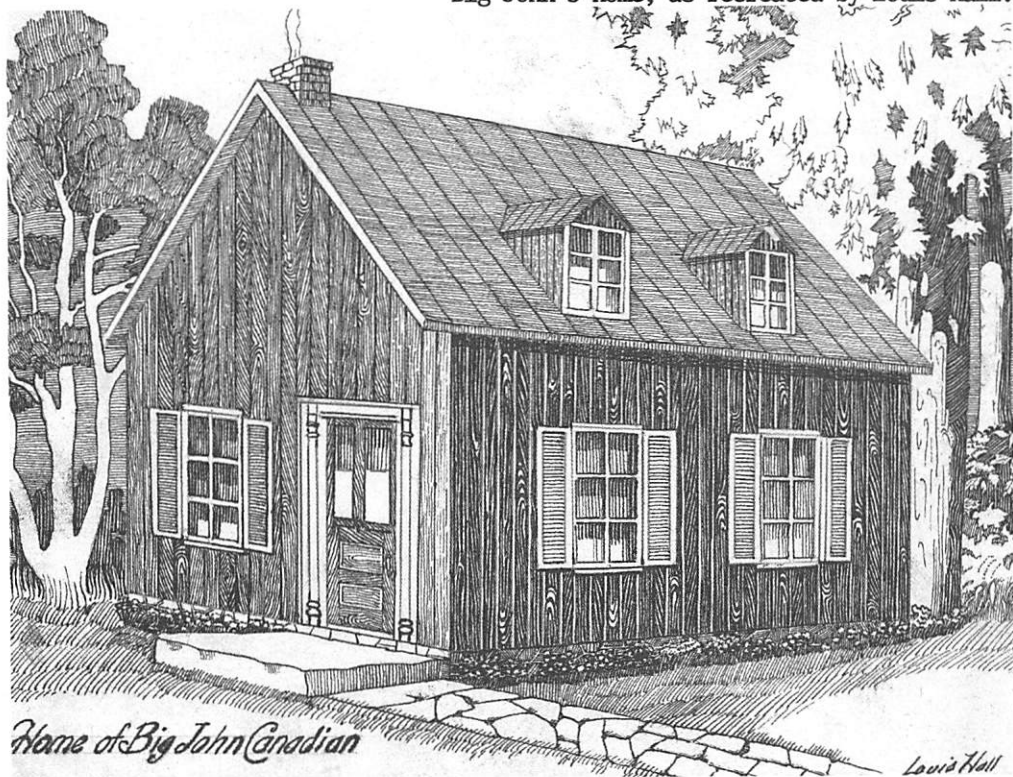


Poling was another way of doing it.

An excursion for action-hungry Victorians.



Big John's home, as recreated by Louis Hall.



Rear: Joe (Kohtio), John (Tieneh), Tom Alex, Dindo, Frank, George (Thiothe),  
Front: Cecelia, Big John, Malvina.



## P O S T - S C R I P T S

### OUR LANGUAGE

The removal of the "R" from some of our old Mohawk names or words irritates some of our elders. The original intent of the "R" was to denote a name as being masculine, however linguists contend that this sort of elimination is the first sign of a deteriorating language. We're not prepared to criticize Longfellow, but even he misused Hiawatha's name, which was originally Rayonwatha, meaning He Sweeps Away. In this particular case, we'd guess the change was for phonetic reasons only.

Not wishing to challenge linguists, but if prominent Iroquoiligists such as Hale, say that they, together with other experts in the field, found our Mohawk language to be pure and without dialects, it must be so, because a concession in this area would negate their other conclusions about our origins.

The numerous stories saying our language is almost extinct are premature. We still count many Mohawk speakers, in fact there are people here today who can understand but speak no other language. Our concern now is with the young adults. Progress has brought with it more upbringing outside the family home. The result is we now find many people in their twenties who cannot communicate in their own language. However, a revival is under way and more facilities are at our disposal. Kahnawake has one of the finest Mohawk-language immersion programs in the native-American world, there are more books available, others are being written, and there are many people who are willing to help the beginner.

So with all this support we should settle for nothing less than the continuation of correct Mohawk usage and be vigilant

against the infiltration of slang or dialect. Some of this deterioration comes in the form of being avant-garde, often from other areas.

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### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Our names, specifically our non-Indian names, were always of little concern to us. So many of our families were and are willing to change them in an instant for one reason or another. These Caucasian names were adopted or were forced on us by the French and English bureaucrats to facilitate their own record-keeping. The result is constant misinterpretation. If an Indian inherits the name of "Cook," for example, there are few remarks made since it could have been a translation of an Indian name, but if this same Indian was blessed with the name "MacTavish," he would immediately be branded as a half-breed with Scots blood. Adding to the confusion, we now find seventy-percent of our population is made up of eight family names: Diabo, Montour, Deer, Delisle, Jacobs, Beauvais, Mayo and Canadian, resulting in a proliferation of nick-names.

The name of our community is an interesting case of misspelling and mispronunciation by early colonists in New York state. We came from the first Mohawk village at the eastern end of the Mohawk Valley. Through the various resettlements common to the Iroquois, it had been known by many names, but during one of our sojourns, in 1659, it was first called Kahnawake, meaning On The Rapids, or by the Dutch, Kaghnuwage. One has to know the inflections of the Dutch and Mohawk languages to appreciate how Kahnawake became Kaghnuwage on those early Dutch maps. When



Britain took control of New York from the Dutch in 1674, they continued the spelling, changing the "K" to "C" and pronouncing it just the way it was spelled: Caghnuwage, changing over the years to Caughnawaga. Spelling wasn't as important in the 18th century as it is today, so there were various ways of calling the village, such as Cagnwagee, Coghnawagee, Kachnawage, Gandaouague, and Conewaga. The Shawnees, linguistic brothers to the Iroquois, called it Kahnawaki. The whole thing was settled in 1981 when our Kanienkehaka Raotitiohkwa Cultural Center asked the Quebec government to reinstate our traditional Kahnawake name on their maps. In 1984 the post office reverted to Kahnawake, and in 1985, all official highway signs reflected this change. Now if we can only convince the local radio traffic reporters to call our territory by its proper name...

Incidentally, my first name, Johnny, cannot go unexplained. Carrying this name in my younger years, it became that time in life when the serious adult usually drops the last two letters, however there were several others with the name of John Beauvais, one of whom was a Confederacy chief. Therefore it appeared to be a good idea to retain "Johnny." Maybe that's why this name is not attached to any business venture. Could you imagine "Johnny's Voltage Reducing Apparatus"?

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#### ROTIONONSONNI

Many say the Longhouse is reactionary, that they live in the past. Our traditional members aren't reactionaries, they offer a logical ideology. In fact, their determination and perseverance in clinging to our traditional mode of living most cer-

tainly warrants our respect and recognition. However it must be hard for them to accept that the Iroquois Confederacy, which had given us the reputation as the Romans of the new world, has now become a minority and almost an oddity in today's world.

Recapturing the past, according to the Longhouse, does not mean living in the past; it does mean retaining the quest for peace, justice, honesty and pride. There is no desire on their part to return to the tipi or to don the breechcloth. The Longhouse accepts the automobile, television and vacuum cleaners as easing their daily life, just as they accepted the corn grinder over the ancient and familiar corn pounder. They'll never accept the stylish consumption of drugs for pleasure nor will they permit further invasions of our lands without a determined resistance.

The Longhouse has its share of eccentrics just as the majority of the reserve has theirs. Remember, after having been so few in numbers for so many years, they've had to carry a higher profile lest their voice be lost in the storm.

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### THE BAND COUNCIL

Some of our contributors feel our council is creating an empire. But before being too critical, we should remember that many of these posts were held by non-Indians in the past. While some of the positions are new, we can assume some of these duties were previously carried on off the reserve and were less visible. In earlier days we had little cultural or recreational facilities, whereas today we have the increased burden of water, sewage, educational and health services.

But the consensus is that more of the council's efforts should be directed towards obtaining local employment for our youth. Along with the difficulties they previously encountered working off the reserve, they now have the added problem of not having a command of the French language.

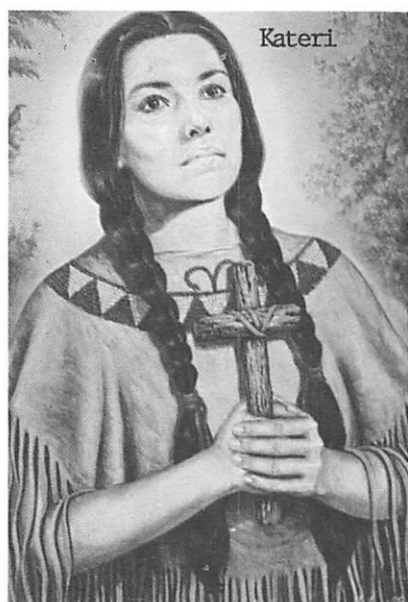
Our band council has been accused of being lackies of the federal government and not being "true" Indians. People who think that way forget the younger generation now in command know no other way to make life better for us than by using the tools at their disposal. The present-day council members should be commended for their work in the taxation area, housing, and their highly effective opposition to the despised Projet Archipel. As it stands now, the band council and the Indian Act are "it" until we can negotiate a more equitable system. Only by unifying can we achieve a more acceptable form of government.

\*\*\*

### GOD

Some people are upset because a majority of us pray to a God introduced by outside cultures. These people should bear in mind that the entire universe seems to be in agreement the Creator is colorless and the same Creator was around long before nations existed. As long as they are contained within one's self, spiritual beliefs can't affect one's neighbor. It should follow that religion is one's own business and should never be subjected to scrutiny or criticism.

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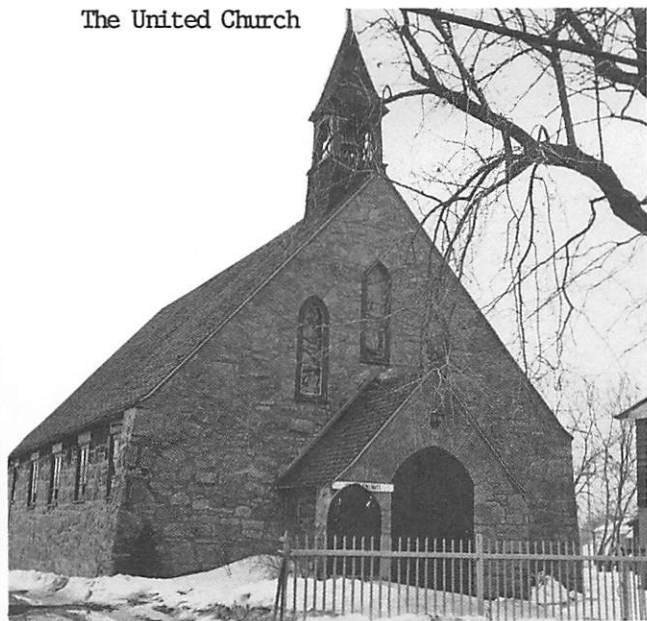


Rev. Henri Béchard shown next to his lifelong subject, Kateri Tekakwitha. His dedication to Kateri's canonization can be realized with help from us.



The Mohawk Pentecostal Assembly founded their Kahnawake parish in the late forties. Their initial assemblies were held in homes and they erected this charming little building in the 60's. Stalwart members like Annie Montour and Leonard McComber acknowledge the support from the other denominations and the many hours the late Tom Patton contributed with his fine craftsmanship. There was also the general support from the United Church and the ecumenical relationship between the two denominations continues to this day. The fifty parishioners now worship in peace in their own house of prayer.

The United Church



Doris Montour, a dedicated parishioner and speaker. Author of a history of the church.

Below, the former church built in the 19th century. This building forms the center core of the Lahache home opposite the town garage. It doubled as a school when Len Big Canoe was teacher in the twenties. It was replaced by the stone church above in 1928 after an alliance with the United Church of Canada.



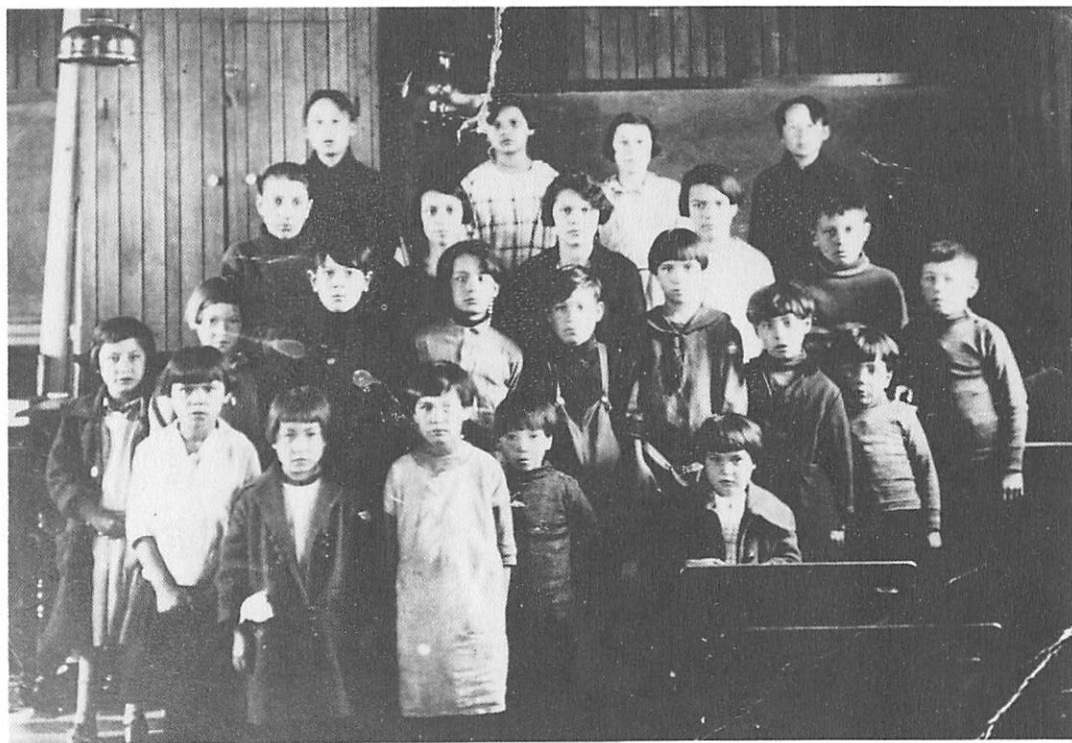


The United Church congregation of 1932

Louis Johnson, Eddie Diabo, Stanley Phillips, Joe Hemlock, Gladys Whitebean, Ron Lahache, Ida Lahache, Helen Skye, Ralph Whitebean, Josie Patton, Hazel Skye, Mary Sky, Grace Hemlock, Doris Diabo, Elmer Horn, Theresa Diabo

Marion Skye, Mary Nelson, Josephine Skye, Josie Sky, Annie Diabo, Mabel Phillips, Rev. Thomas Whitebean, Paul Johnson, Viola Daly, Annie Johnson, unidentified, Anna Montour, Georgianna Alfred, Mary Jacobs, Theresa Johnson, Joseph Sky, Fred Johnson, Margaret Diabo, Margaret K. Diabo, Nora Johnson, Mary Sky Day, Eleanor Oulton, Joe Lahache, Marianna Phillips, Mrs. Whitebean, John Splicer, Mrs. J. Splicer, Anne Phillips, Mary Whitebean, John Splicer, M. Splicer.

Victor Johnson, Kenneth Whitebean, Oka visitor, Mathew Lazare, Mary Montour, Tom Phillips, Annie Diabo, Paul Deer, James Alfred, Andrew Delisle Sr., Mitchell Deer, Frank Diabo, James Nolan, Mike Skye, Peter Diabo, Charles White, Mary Horn, Margaret Phillips



Rear: Lou Phillips, Flo Norton, Emma and Frank Phillips  
Third row: Jim Horn, Nettie Green, teacher, Mary Norton, T. Horn, Andrew Horn  
Second row: Sara Nolan, Joe Deer, Paul Deer, Angus Skye, L. Horn, Fred, Paul Johnson  
Front: Marion Phillips, Minnie Norton, Josie, Susie Deer, Joe Horn, Mary Skye



### CREATION

All races have as many theories of creation as there are stars in the sky. For those who are sceptical of Adam and Eve's episode, try this one:

First of all, we don't believe our forefathers were naive enough to be anywhere near the Bering Strait, and we didn't come from the lost land of Atlantis, because everybody knows that's in Georgia. Some claim we're descendents of the lost tribe of Israel. If that were so, we would have defeated France and Britain in six days.

Some Indian storytellers give us this version: The Great Spirit, wishing to create a specimen to his own ideals, modelled the creature with clay, but since this was before the advent of self-timing devices, it was in the kiln too long and it came out too dark. He placed him in Africa. He then modelled another one and blew it again, this time removing it too soon. Since the Creator is omnipotent, He set this premature model in Europe where the climate was more moderate and where the sun would be less harmful to its vulnerable complexion. Even the Great Man upstairs can get impatient, so on the next try he



carefully timed the third model in-between the first two. With this version He got his ideal man of a coppery hue, and placed him on a continent which the other nations would risk their lives to gain.

Come on reader, it's no worse than figuring out where Cain and Abel found their wives!

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### MARRIAGE TODAY

Our older people, are religiously inclined and more tolerant towards other beliefs than the older folks of thirty or more years ago. However, they do despair at certain aspects of our present-day way of life. In particular, they feel unhappy because conventional wedlock is not always a prerequisite for setting up a household. They feel this is a legacy they're leaving behind in spite of setting good examples for the younger generation. These elders are quick to point out this objection is not based on religious grounds. In fact, marriages can be civil. The Great Law also insists on a formal betrothal. For the good of the next generation, these elders hope that formal marriage becomes the fashion of the future as it was in the past. They say that if more respect were given to marriage, there'd be more forethought and fewer marriage breakups would occur.

We believe that some day the church will have to make accommodations for extenuating circumstances. Perhaps it is this fear of never being able to obtain an annulment which results in the scepticism of formal marriages.

\*\*\*



Margaret (Where's Joe?)



Irene and Atsenhadiens.





Ho hum, it's been fun.



Our first bank.



Down the hatch!



Marshal Dillon bites the dust.



Goodbye old fellows and gals...



Sawatis Alontonnis  
Big John Canadian (1840-1919)

Frank Saontariiakon Jacobs as he was called in 1876. Changed to Frank Cross The River in later years.

London, England, 1876





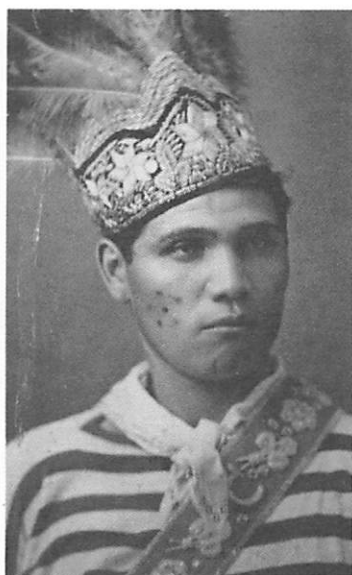
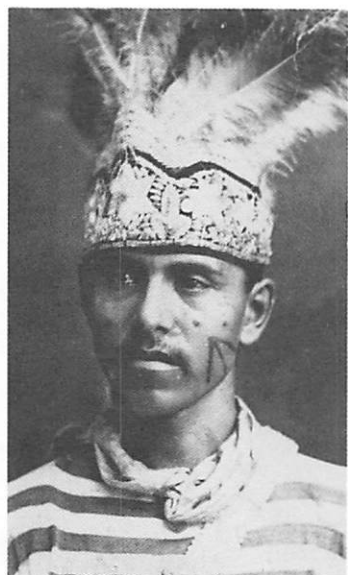


#### Team Members

(Spelling as recorded by the Notman Archives in 1876)

Top: Tharoniake (Peter Dellebault), Ononsanoron (Mike Deerhouse), Tasemnon-  
tie (Mike Dellebault)

Bottom: Frank Sakosenion, Tekanennawhe (Thomas Ross), Peter Laforce



Top: Anosotko (John Dionne), Soionwase (Frank Skye)

Bottom: Sakosenion Lazare, Khanentakaron (Paul Delormier), Taronkowa (Tom Jacobs)



## B I G J O H N

### Part Two

Some of our elders are still haunted by the strong and mellow voice of Sawatiskowa (Big John). "Kentson, kentson, kentson..." They remember him wading some distance from shore, luring the fish with his chant. Though he fished all his life, he was now fishing in a more subdued frame of mind. He was sixty-six now, and time had taken its toll. Some of his physical strength was gone, but worst of all, his powerful frame, accompanied by lithesomeness, was no more.

"Kentson, kentson, kentson," he beckoned, reflecting on those glorious times gone by. Never a day passed without his thoughts wandering back to his finest hours thirty-one years ago, to the famed lacrosse team he helped form and captain in 1876. He recalled with warmth, his old friends and teammates; Mike Ononsanoron Dearhouse, Peter Skanenstensera Ross, his best friend, Frank Saontariiakon Jacobs (later changed to Cross The River), and others. Many homes in those days were adorned with a photograph of this team.

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This group was skilled, exciting and entertaining, to the point that they received an invitation to play before Queen Victoria's court in the spring of 1876. With the Montreal Caledonians and Shamrocks as their opponents, the games were played from Ireland to Scotland and finally to Windsor Castle's cricket pitch in June. Who won was not recorded, but it's fair to assume nobody lost.

The royal spectators were fascinated by their aboriginal guests. Rather than the primitive and crude natives they had read about, they met a group of naturally cultivated, and most importantly, interesting people. Queen Victoria's imagination had been captured by Big John. In him she saw a mammoth of a man, with a demeanor remarkably similar to her own fabled Robin Hood. When not in action he was gentle and spoke in a prose reminiscent of the poets of England's lake region. But John was not from Windermere or Grassmere, he was from what was then considered abroad as the wilderness of Canada.

Prince Albert and Edward, the future king, together with the Duke of Connought, were constantly prodding him to describe the adventure of fishing and hunting in this big land, and Big John was ever ready with stories which appealed to their imaginations.

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Being younger than Sawatis, Frank Cross The River survived him for many years and was fond of recounting stores about Big John's exploits. Some of our elders often heard him tell of the excitement John generated. "You'd never know what would happen next," he'd say. Frank would explain how John always did as he saw fit and acted on impulse. "He'd say 'Ha'ki tiahtenti!'," like shooting the rapids in an untested new boat, playing lacrosse with a differently designed stick or fishing in unknown waters. "He couldn't care less what others thought."

"Like that time in Windsor Castle..." He'd go on to tell about the evening before they played their first lacrosse game before the court. A large dinner had been organized for the

purpose of introducing the players to the monarch. There had been hours of briefings and rehearsals to assure that all the proprieties would be observed. These sessions were trying because they had to be done orally as reading a script was still a luxury beyond our boys' grasps.

They were to walk gracefully and erect to a point one pace in front of the Queen, bow and kiss the back of her hand, then return to their former positions, walking backwards so that no back would be turned to Her Majesty.

Big John, as captain, was kept for last. All this pomp and ceremony these people were prompting him to practice was causing pandemonium in his mind. He really liked the old Queen. In spite of all the opulence surrounding her, she had a warm "one of the boys" look in her eyes.

"I saw Sawatis swaying back and forth, side to side," Frank said. "You can see he don't like this fancy stuff. For a minute there I feel he's gonna get out of the place and head for the wharf, let's go he wants to say, ha' tsitiahtenti!"

He went on to say how John lost all his tension when he was finally summoned to come forward "like after the starting bell for a lacrosse game at the face-off." With a smile on his face, Sawatis walked with that smooth gait usually found in fine athletes, took the Queen's extended hand, and planted as gentle a kiss as he could on her unsuspecting cheek.

Before the startled entourage could recover from the shock, John told Victoria how honored he was to touch the hand of such an elegant and powerful Queen. "This hand that now holds the Queen's will never be exposed to water again," John exclaimed, "lest her imprint be washed away!"

The court was mesmerized with horror with just enough reflex

to roll their eyes heavenward. At that point, the Queen's expressive face made it obvious that she was tickled by this display of true warmth and "primitive" gallantry, despite the complete lack of protocol. The spectacle was finally concluded with cheers and applause since it appealed to everyone's emotions and let down many a head of hair. The relief of the tension set the mood for an evening of fine entertainment.

"So you see how it was with that big guy. You never, never knew," Frank would say as he took off with his fishing pole and waders. "Not only that, how the hell we gonna net minnows if his hands don't get wet? Yep, he never did give a dam' for nothing, that Sawatis."

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Twenty-five years later, in 1901, Big John and his friend, American Horse, were summoned to London to attend, and in American Horse's case, to perform at the coronation of Edward VII in August. The Queen had died in January, but due to Edward's ill health, the formal ceremonies had to be postponed until summer.

It's not known to us if John was able to go, however American Horse did attend, and when he returned home later that year, he not only returned with a new wife, but he also bore several mementos left to him and Big John by the late Queen. The closest we came to finding any of these items was at the McCord Museum in Montreal. American Horse's fine costume is on display there and it's adorned with many interesting decorations, any one of which could be part of the missing mementos. One of the presents John received from the Queen was a picture

of herself, framed in an ornate bronze locket-type case. This portrait can be seen in the background of the photograph shown elsewhere, of Sawatis lying in state. If you look closely, you'll notice the large key to the right. The whereabouts of this item is unknown. Queen Victoria had given a picture to everyone, but this was the only one housed in such an exotic frame.

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Queen Victoria (1819-1901)

"Kentson, kentson, kentson..." Strange how sound carries so far and seems so eerie when dusk approaches. Big John was beginning to feel the chill this time of day brought on, but his long woolen underwear would comfort him till he landed one more succulent doré. He believed the underwear would also shield him from the day's heat.

He remembered now, the 1870's when, with the aid of his sons and friends, he built a thirty-foot boat, sturdily made from the finest woods our land could offer. He had taken as much sass from the rapids as he could stand. So many times they had frustrated him when his fishing took him too close to the rushing waters. He was going to beat those rapids by using his brains, his woodworking skills and his talents, together with the determination of himself and his friends. He was really infatuated with that white water, admiring its spirit and the way it intimidated trespassers. But all these qualities didn't alter the fact that Sawatis had to be the boss.

Not only did they conquer the rapids, but in order to bring them to their knees, they made most crossings on New Year's Day withstanding the worst wind and cold possible. After their initial voyage, the boys found a subtle way of financing their trips. They passed the hat. Since these trips were repeated constantly, their income must have proved to be satisfactory.

It wasn't long before news of these exploits had travelled far and wide, bringing in wealthy thrill-seekers to take passage on these exciting excursions. The group was in business, now seldom making a trip without taking along those adventurous paying passengers who usually came from faraway places. The boys had devised a method in which a rope was slung around the boat, trailing a huge log on each side. That not only steadied

the boat, but it insured that an inexperienced passenger would not take unexpected leave before the journey's end.

Edgar Collard tells of one trip that was particularly hair-raising. It seemed that one of the oars had jumped its oarlock, and in the short time it took to reset the oar, the boat had yawed off course and a crack appeared in the bow. With his massive strength, Sawatis was able to recover control with the huge steering paddle while shouting to the passengers to hang on to the rope with one hand and bail water with the other. They eventually made Montreal without further damage or injury. The painting clearly shows these details.

John remembered too, those former days when he apprenticed under his old friend, John Taiaiake Rice. These two "Big Johns" piloted steamboats together up and down the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers. Except for working ships through the rapids, Big John didn't care to be away from home on those long trips. Unlike Taiaiake, Sawatis, it seemed, couldn't endure repetitious tasks, but he never tired of riding down the rapids. The going may have been rough, but it was of short duration. The turbulent waters did wonders to relieve his tensions and it broke the monotony he always felt with what others would have considered as a normal life.

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"Kentson, kentson, kentson..." Big John's voice could now be heard from the tip of the Point, some hundred feet from the village wharf. The sun had just fallen below the evening clouds and its rays bathed the river in gold, raising Sawatis' spirits once more. He came to this spot to take on the fighting black

bass which were more likely to be found in the faster current.



Dominik Two Axe



Big Joe Taylor

Now he had company. A few yards from him were two younger men, Big Joe Taylor and the still younger Dominik Anenhario Two Axe. From the corners of their eyes they studied Sawatis because they knew he was the best. They alternated the fisher's chant, since one call would lure fish for all three.

"You know, Dom," John said to the younger man, "when we're fishing for our own table like this, there's nothing better we could be doing." He paused. "Fish are a little like people. Even though bass and doré are known fighters and strong like horses, it's not the same for all of them. In the slow water you'd be surprised how many of them are just happy to be scavengers. Too dam' lazy to go out and fight for their feed. Besides not being as much fun to fish," he continued, "their meat is soggy and not really good to eat. Here maybe you can't catch so many, but when you do, he's gonna be in good shape. Gotta be to fight this current. Now we gotta stop this talkin' - the fish, they hear!"

But even as they fell silent, the narrow gauge train arriv-





The boys shown leaving with their last payload. The falsework can still be seen on the south side of the recently completed CPR Bridge. This departure is from Tsi Kontenehkirahiti off Route 9C.

ed from Waniente's quarry and began dumping a load of stone on a waiting barge by the old crusher. "Real nice-looking stone," thought John, "some of it kaio. Those guys on the other side, they'll have their hands full trying to break it. But there wasn't much stone being sent out anymore. That tourist house on the hill there, it was nearly empty except for the men who were loading the barge and the occasional lumber crews going up to Trois Rivières." He had heard about a lady from a religious order in France who was going to convert the house into some sort of hospital for sick Indians. "Sure could use something like that, really no good place for our sick people now. Oh well, we'll wait and see."

In the meantime the noise had stopped. The barge was loaded and the crew was now finishing off the paper work.

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Relaxing at The Point near the ruins of the old stone crusher.



John Waniente Jocks  
(1865-1917)

"That Waniente," he mused, "sure knows about business. He should though, he got a lot of education at a good school somewhere. They say he's gonna make sure his boys get educated too. Waniente says you can live a lot better when you get educated, says you don't have to work so dam' hard either."

His thoughts wandered to his own family. 'My son, Tieneh (John), he's smart. I'm gonna see some of my friends, maybe one of the government guys can help him get some education. Besides being smart, my Tieneh, he's not afraid of work, so maybe it can be done.'

While Sawatis was impressed with Waniente's education, he wasn't envious. After all, being so occupied with his business, Waniente couldn't find the time to appreciate the peacefulness of fishing under the open sky with a couple of good friends.

Waniente's father, Karhatoton, had been a hard worker and a good business man too. He had helped Waniente get educated and had rounded up some land in the bush and got all that business started. Waniente had always been a well-spoken, attractive and sophisticated man and had benefited from the opportunities these qualities brought with them. There was no feeling sorry for Waniente though, he had had his time in the sun and he was happy enough now to settle down and keep busy.

John had trouble keeping abreast of all the changes around him. Some of the boys in the village were starting businesses of their own too...Jim Curotte, Sawatis Teharereas Dailleboust and Joe Barnes who was building a big store with a warehouse in the back, facing the river road. "Good men," he thought, "they ought to make it. My son, Dindo, him too, he's building a baker shop in the village."

John rebaited his hook and continued his thoughts. "Every-

body can't be the same though...Alex, he's happy just planting corn and tobacco. He's not crazy about excitement, but he was my best rower when we hit those rapids. We brought him to the States to play lacrosse when he was still very young. Wasn't great, but he was strong and steady. Not too bad at woodworking either. Don't like to fish much, but he certainly likes to play cards when he's not working." He smiled slightly. "They play a game called One and Two. Don't know the game, but the boys seem to enjoy it."

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The game of One and Two had become a tradition in town in those days and it lasted well into the 1940's. One and Two meant one penny wagered with two penny raises. There are still survivors of that time who were part of the craze; fellows like Tommy Moon, John Charles, Arthur Van Dommelen, Alex McComber, Norman Lefebvre and Tom Two Rivers. But they were just rookies to the old timers like Small Dominik, Joe "Doux" Jacobs and Alex.

The game usually started on a Friday evening, lasting until early Saturday morning. The boys would get a little sleep, do some chores and resume the match early Saturday afternoon. They played until it was time to go to church on Sunday morning, then returned home for breakfast. Breakfast usually consisted of steak, pork chops or salt pork, together with kanatarokonwe, big steamed potatoes and gravy. They then returned to the game to play till suppertime.

This procedure was repeated the following week, usually in Alex's shed in the summer, and in his heated summer kitchen in

the winter. Alex Canadian's old home is still located opposite the old post office. It now belongs to Edna Skye. However, Edna has not indicated if she'll ever revive those old games.

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Kohtio



Alex



Alex Canadian's home, the site of the old card games. The shed is in the rear, the heated summer kitchen is on the left of the house.

## P O S T - S C R I P T S

### TURNABOUT IS FAIR PLAY

Maybe something positive could result if, for a change, we natives examined white behavior. In an attempt to promote a better understanding between nations, we might uncover some wounds to be healed by their exposure to some new airing.

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### "TOYS"

One example of an annoyance experienced by Indians is the reaction to any new "toy" we acquire, such as a radio station or a newspaper. Many non-natives conclude it's the result of a government subsidy, a handout from the Great White Father. Interestingly enough, they're not concerned at all with the resulting quality or impact of the "toy."

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### YOUR RENT IS DUE

Other cultures are forever commenting on the Indian's tax-free status. When informed the tax is free only on income earned on the reserve, they give you that knowing look, as if it's nice of us to remove the sour grapes from their mouths. It seems useless for us to explain that some Indian families, mostly ironworkers, earn very high wages and consequently pay substantial taxes. It's also pointless to explain that Canadian municipalities receive a subsidy from Canadian taxes, a subsidy not given to reservations even though off-reserve earnings are

taxed. Kahnawake has income, money received from various enterprises, royalties and rents.

Money Kahnawake receives from your government, gentlemen, is a very low rent you're paying for the country of Canada.

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### THE IRONWORKERS

We're often asked why the Indian structural steel workers work in the United States and not in Canada. Structural steel projects are usually of short duration and when a worker completes a job, he needs another one to go to. In the past, New York City alone produced more jobs than all of Canada combined. It's also closer than Toronto, the closest logical Canadian city after Montreal. In addition, the US tax climate is more inviting and most of the money earned there is brought back to the family on the weekend. This American money is also an asset for the Canadian economy.

Coincidentally, there is a connection between the history of Mohawk ironworkers and the story of Big John. For the building of the first Victoria Bridge to Montreal, Kahnawake had contracted to supply stone for the piers- yes, from the same quarry mentioned earlier. The stone was barged downriver to the construction site, and while the stone was being unloaded, the Indian raftsmen would inspect the work being done on the bridge beams and girders. At that time, in the early 1860's, it was customary to hire sailors as high-steel workers since it was supposed that only they were experienced at those heights. The Mohawks didn't know that and climbed the structures unafraid, walking the narrow girders, sometimes still in their work moc-



Joe Jocks on the San Francisco Bay Bridge in 1936.

ALL KNOWN AS MR. IRONWORKER



Peter Rice. He was instrumental in completing the Empire State Building one year ahead of schedule and 30% under budget. Mayor Drapeau could sure use this man!



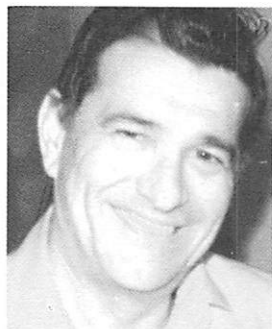
Mike and John Lazare after a tough job.



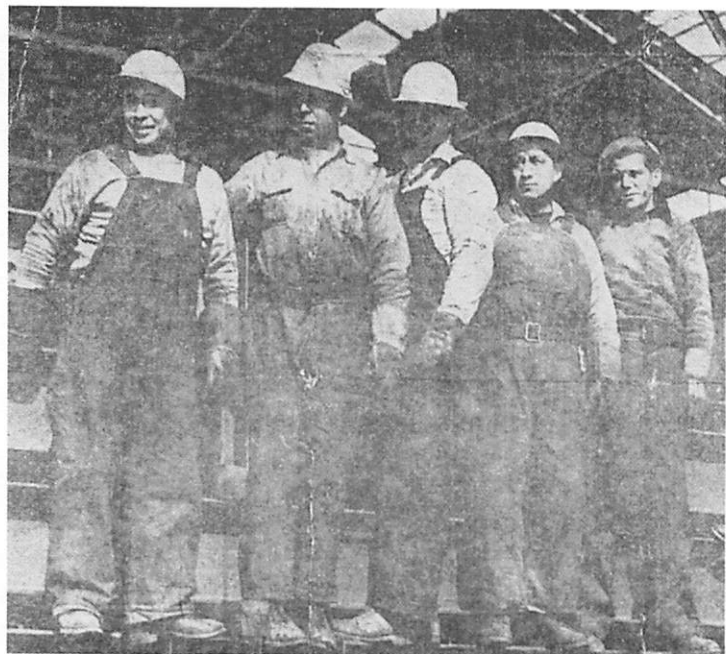
Joe Albany. Participated in the Paul K. Diabo border crossing ordeal.

Rear: Tom Leclair, Joe Jocks  
Front: Peter Rice (Percy's father), unidentified.





Like his dad, Sonny Rice knows this game.



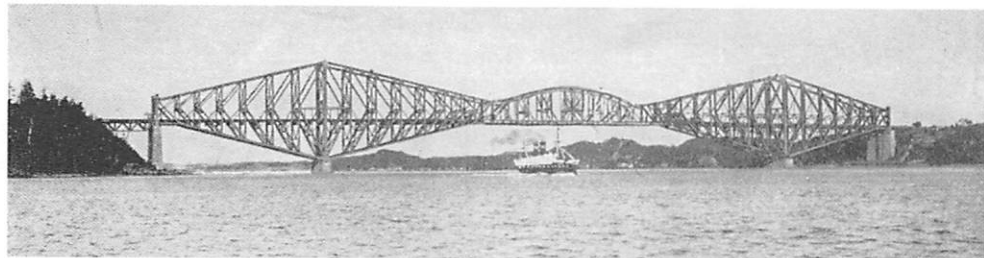
John Diabo, Angus Jacobs, Lord Hemlock, Pete Jacobs, Elmer Horn,



Alex McComber, Arthur Albany (died on this job) and Tom Paul, who later died on another job.



Joe Leaf and Co.



The Quebec Bridge. Lest we forget.

# Iroquois Indians in Town—As Bridge Workers

By MARGARET W. STACY

If any of the inhabitants of New London about the year 1775 had heard that the Iroquois were in town, they would have leaped for their muskets and herded the women and children indoors. In those days any Indian of the Six Nations was viewed with alarm and women of the Mohican nation quieted their naughty children with, "The Mohawks will get you!"

But today some of the Iroquois are here and no one is at all upset. They are working on the new Thames River bridge as ironworkers and good ones, too.

There are 25 men and their foreman, Joseph Jocks, and all come from Caughnawaga, Canada. They began work in the fabricating shops in Montreal and then started as bridgemen on the Dominion bridge at Lachine.

Caughnawaga is a historic Indian town across the St. Lawrence river from Montreal. The old name is Kanawake, which means On the Rapids, and it was settled after the Revolution when some of the Indians of the Six Nations left the Mohawk country in upper New York state to live in Canada on land set aside for them by the British crown.

The Iroquois or Six Nations originally lived in what is now New York state and the tribes were the Mohican, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga, Seneca and Tuscarora, who were the last admitted in 1722.



—Day Staff Photo

Some of the Iroquois Indians working on the new Thames River highway bridge.

Front Row, Left to Right—Mike Diabo, J. Zostowich, Joseph Goodleaf, Edward Cross, Percy Rice, John Deery,

bany.

Top Row, Left to Right—Joe Phillips, Thomas Pa, John Montour, Peter Scott, A. McCombert, Louis Beauv, Louis Diabo, Herman Rice, James N. Gray, Alexander M



J. Canadian, T. Bordeau, unidentified, M. Lazare, J. Montour, M. Paul, A. Van, M. Cross, T. Deer, J. Lazare, P. Red Boy, J. Canadian, Roy Diabo, Mickey Snow



Louis Jacco. A high steel connector. They make the initial connection of two steel structures in free air, sometimes hundreds of feet up. Fellows like Frank Delisle and Fred Kirby also excelled in this art.



The Gang at Beaurharnois.

Rear: P. Skye, Ron Delisle, Joe Farmer, Joe Horn, R. Delaronde, J. McGregor, Thunder, E. Jacobs, D. Kane.

Center: Angus "Haste Makes Waste" Dell, W. Montour, G. Lahache, J. Albany, W. McComber, Tom Hill.

Front: L. McComber, Jim "The Boss" Delormier, Charley Williams.



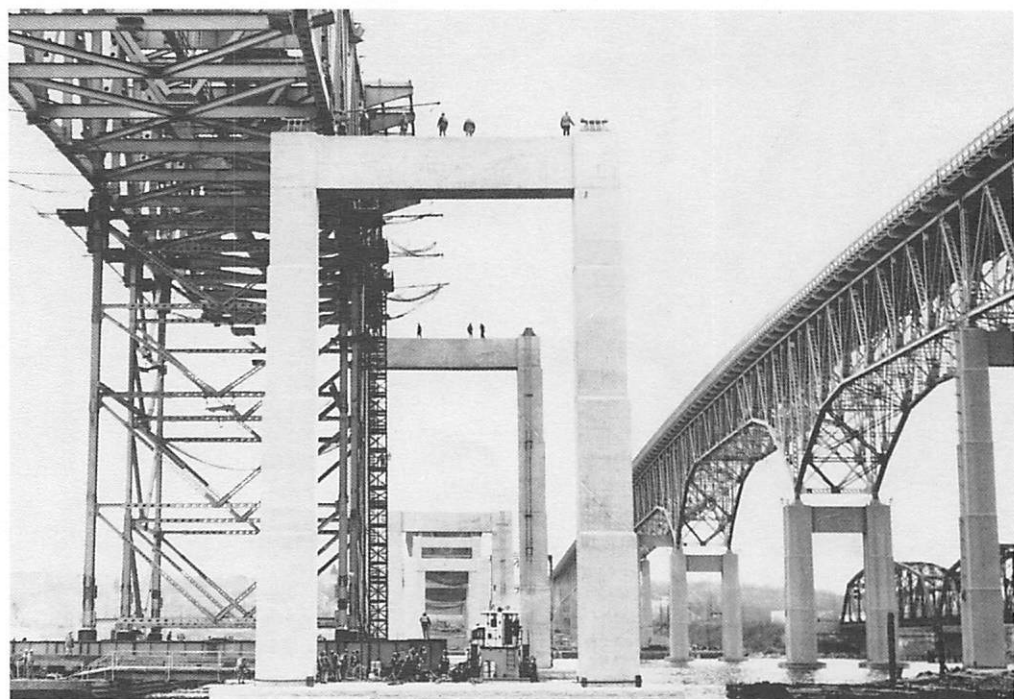
Just about our whole town was on this Dunkirk, NY, project in the early 50's.

Rear: J. Delaronde, J. Horn, J. Decaire, Jim Deer, R. Diabo.

Center: Angus Horn, Tom Skye and his sons, Ray Rice, Beef Delisle, Wally Montour, Mike Sky, E. Horn, Tom Jacobs, D. Kane.

Front: Luke Diabo, Rene Diabo, Howard French, Joe Farmer, unidentified, F. Curotte, Tom Taylor, G. Delisle, Pat and Herb Stacey, Oaks.





Gold Star Bridge in New London, Connecticut.



Front: The high flying Skyes, Don, Chuck, Percy, Gene, Russ and dad, Tom. Rear row features fellows like Pete Horn, Wally Montour, John Zachary, Joe Horn, Joe Stacey, Tom Morris, Louis Beauvais, Don Kane, George Splicer and Big John Mayo.

casins. The contractors immediately sensed a new source of labor and some of the Indians were hired on the spot. When the bridge was completed, the Prince of Wales, the future King Edward VII, presided at the opening and the Kahnawake Mohawks put on displays of canoeing, dancing and lacrosse in his honor at Dorval. That show prompted the Prince to invite them to London to perform for his mother, Queen Victoria. Among the individuals to make that trip was John Taiaiake Rice, Big John's mentor.

Ironworking also brought with it the almost exclusive use of the English language on the reserve as more and more Indians travelled to the States and forgot their French, which was up till then, their second language.

Since that time, Ironworking has become an avocation for most young Kahnawake men. They've worked in virtually all parts of the western world, from Mexico to Greenland, from Alaska to Turkey. There isn't a significant skyscraper or large structure in North America that hasn't felt the touch of Indian hands. The success of Kahnawake in this field led Indians from other nations to enter the trade and they now comprise a substantial part of this work force. Their exploits have been written in many national magazines and newspapers over the years.

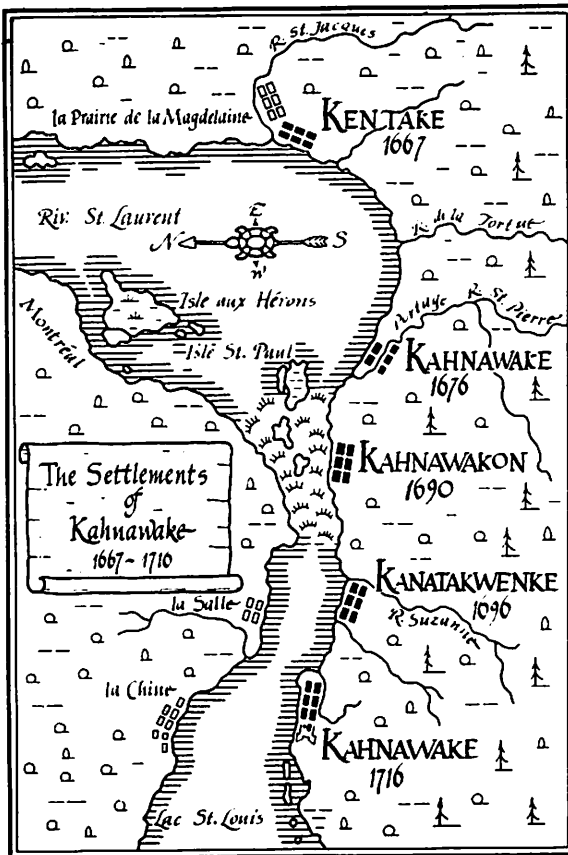
Some of the hazards of ironworking have gone now, together with its legends and romance. Ironworkers can pinpoint the date of its decline, even recalling the last building to be erected with rivets. Nowadays, buildings are put together with bolts, doing away with the old riveting "gangs" and the intimate coterie of wandering builders of cities.

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## MOVING DAYS

Kahnawake has relocated four times since the 17th century. Contrary to what your history books say, we did not relocate because of floods. We developed wild virgin land and readied it for planting on four occasions. After several years we vacated the areas which then served the stream of strangers swarming in off the boats. Since these new arrivals were not suited for pioneering and development, it was left for the Indians to not only relinquish the land but to symbolically pave it. On the fourth such move, our forefathers put their foot down and said, here we stay. You will not move us any farther.

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The present day site of LaPrairie.

Present day site of the eastern bounds of Cote St. Catherine.

Present day site of Cote St. Catherine.

The site of the Kahnawake Survival School.

The present day site of the village.

The settlements of Kahnawake.

## WHO'S A - ?

Many French-speaking individuals use the term "sauvage" in referring to natives. If he's still erect after being heard by an Indian, the speaker offers the explanation that when the Europeans first arrived, they assumed they were in India and they used the term to clarify what sort of "Indian" they were talking about. The explanation does little to comfort us. Prominent historians such as Devine wrote that the king of France once decreed that Indians were no longer to be referred to as "sauvage" after they had adopted Christian ways. This leaves no doubt as to the derogatory intent of the word.

Regardless of its justification, the name depicts the Indian as a barbarian. Putting aside the clichés of history, some irrefutable facts remain. There were very few colonists at the outset, but there were thousands of natives who were aware of their presence and who treated them with indifference at worst. At best, the Indians helped the settlers through their first winters with food, medicine and advice. It has often been said that the Indian had but to turn his back and walk into the forest and the new arrivals would have perished, since the elements were beyond the newcomers' instincts. Once established however, the Europeans, in spite of the natives' objections and very much to their surprise, proceeded to establish property lines and boundaries according to old world custom. The Indians had never conceived the earth as being the property of any one person, it was to be used for the good of all.

Within the European mind, the conflict of culture was decided in favor of eliminating the Indians from the more desirable ground, relegating them as either military subordinates or as gatherers of fur. For those natives who were stubborn, a favor-



ite weapon was the destruction of the cornfields, insofar as the southern Indians were concerned, forcing them to either abandon their villages or turn to the Europeans for sustenance.

Bounty hunters were recruited with sliding scales for Indian scalps. There were examples of paying \$50 for a male scalp, \$30 for a female's and \$20 for a child's. Those were cruel times for all cultures. In London, for example, the penalty for common theft was death. Logic dictates that savagery didn't all come from our direction and certainly our new settlers were not lured to Canada from Aunt Alice's Finishing School.

One token of the contempt the early colonists had for the Indian, and which is still in use today, is the word "squaw". The word is Indian all right, but in the beginning it was used only by the soldiers, traders and the rougher elements of the early European settlements. The word is a corruption of the Indian word for the female genitalia. In a sense, the first users of the word were cheapening the value of Indian women. In time, as with so many other words, it became accepted for general usage after its original meaning was forgotten by the whites. But the Indians remember.

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### FEAR OF THE IROQUOIS

The fear of the Iroquois is stylish to this day. You can hardly go for any length of time without hearing an account of some "outsider" being shot at on the reserve, on the river, or even of a motorist who claims he was fired upon with a shotgun. My people must have lost all their native hunting instincts because the records fail to show one successful hit.

This instilled fear of "Les Iroquois" has imaginations working overtime. If visitors become aware of two or more of our people glancing at them or speaking to them, the glance becomes a glare and the talk becomes a threat, and these outsiders claim they got out of there just before the impending attack.

Maybe there is some merit in these charges. Some remember our younger years when we played by the main road and a bus would come by with heads sticking out the windows, shouting "Maudit sauvage!" We couldn't do much about them then, but the next poor guy who pedalled by on a bike made the odds more equatable.

There was a particular case some years ago when one of our more active men was repairing the United Church's fence and a car came speeding down the road. Joe, the worker, shouted "Slow down!" and the driver answered with an obscenity. Well, Joe didn't appreciate that and he jumped into his own car in order to have a heart to heart with this motorist. By the time he reached him, however, the man had killed a pedestrian. Joe did all he could for the victim, then he went to the driver and convinced him to mend his ways. The media report the next day focussed on the abuse the driver received, with just a few lines about the victim. At that time, the attitude seemed to be, what the hell, the Indian was just in the way.

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### THE LACHINE MASSACRE

Kahnawake people have carried the guilt of the Lachine Massacre for years. Many an Indian student attending school in Lachine was driven to tears by classmates by the incident, not

knowing the facts since they're not taught in the system.

The Lachine Massacre was just the second battle of a conflict in which the ground rules were set in a prior battle.

In July 1687, the Marquis de Denonville gathered up one of the largest armies seen in North America to that date. Some three thousand regulars and militia marched to attack the Iroquois in the western Mohawk Valley. He completely destroyed the villages, stockpiles of food and murdered those old men, women and children who could not escape. An advisor was heard to tell Denonville that "if you upset a wasp's nest, you must crush the wasps or they will sting you."

The sting came in August 1689, when a force of Mohawks arrived on the St. Lawrence because they believed we were being held captive. The French rulers had convinced us we were to be attacked and coaxed us to go to Montreal. When the force found the village abandoned they thought we had been victims of foul play so they crossed the river to Lachine to do some active "reconnaissance."

Many feel that if these events had been reversed, the historical accounts might have read something like this:

Captain Drouin and his valiant troops stormed the Indian palisades in an unprecedented and timely raid. With the element of surprise applied to perfection, they forced the complete capitulation of the Indians in a few hours. This glorious victory will be celebrated August 6th, 1689, at the Governor's Palace. Come in white tie.

As a famous general once said, 'war ain't fun.'



JOSEPH MONTFERRAND (1802-1864)

With each new wave of migration to the new world, some old feuds and jealousies seemed to have been packed in the baggage. In 1796, the Orange Order was formed in Ireland to promote Protestantism and Irish allegiance to the crown. Undoubtedly the society had served a justifiable purpose for its time and place, and there may have even been a reason for Britain to adopt the association. But there was no need for its establishment in Upper Canada in the mid-19th century since most of Canada at that time was already white Anglo-Saxon Protestant.

The newly Canadian-based organization now had to find a reason for being here. Although the French-Canadians in those days were reasonably loyal to the Empire, having been abandoned by France, they were selected as the only group who could be considered at variance with the lodge and so subject to their wrath. At that time the most influential railroad executives, merchants and decision-makers were part of this order or its derivatives. So it was in their own interest to appoint Anglo-Protestants to the more lucrative positions. The classic format

of the other cultures' academics was irrelevant to the Anglo dominance in industry and commerce. The classic format was also capable of instilling creativity and judgement, given the post academic opportunities.

The French-Canadian was then confined to logging and agriculture. The logging business often took them to Upper Canada where they were sometimes subjected to brutal physical and verbal abuse from the Orangemen. There were many accounts of street beatings of unfortunate Francophones who had encountered these antagonists. In June 1985, the writer was driving through Ottawa, justifiably confused at an intersection, only to be shouted at from behind. The driver was screaming something abusive about the car's Quebec license plate. It is obvious that some residue from the former days remains.

But then fate provided a defender of the French-Canadians: the honest woodsman, Joseph Montferrand. He had moved to Ottawa to manage the logging activities of the Bowan and McGill Company. Joseph was a giant of a man with athletic abilities, but in Upper Canada he was to develop yet another talent. Legend has it that when his boys were attacked, he would pick out an Orange gang member, take him by the ankles and whip the others with the writhing body. If one of the incidents took place in a saloon, he would top off the event by kicking the imprint of his heel on the ceiling as his trademark to discourage future intimidations.

Life became more bearable for the French in these regions and the lessons of Montferrand motivated some of these societies to change their *raison d'être*. They are now an asset to the new world, acting as guardian angels for the sick and crippled children and supporting many benevolent causes. And, oh yes, it

now has French-Canadian members, some of whom are directors of the order.

The foregoing ended on a positive note, but this country should never allow things like the pro and anti-Khomeini demonstrations, IRA or SNP fund-raising or any activity challenging the polices pertaining to the former homelands. Foreign unrest should be addressed in the countries concerned.

The Saint Jean-Baptiste Society should be informed that protecting one's culture should not be achieved at the expense of other groups. After all, if priority is taken as their justification, we could insist that all serious dialogue with us be conducted in our own native language. From a native point of view, we say to the SJBS and the PQ, we respect your culture and language, but we do not accept it as taking precedence over our culture or anybody else's.

If the principle of immigration was intended for the new Canadian to start afresh and free from the yoke of oppression in his former homeland, then it is a complete contradiction for his bigotry to be brought with him, or for Canada to expose him to bigotry that already exists here.

\*\*\*

## BLACK AND WHITE

We never cease to be amazed by the ongoing dispute between the two dominant cultures - who was here first, who has the most rights, whose language should prevail, ad nauseum.

The super-nationalistic outlook of some French-speaking citizens in declaring the other language illegal in order to protect their own culture reeks of Stalinism. No one is any longer flustered by new regulations in this regard. The word "Bill" in

Quebec is received with a shudder because it's usually followed by some new discriminatory law.

On the other hand, the other culture has always portrayed itself as elitist. In fact a friend once told me that he held the old-fashioned attitude of 'we beat the French on the Plains of Abraham so there's no need for further dialogue.' I later reflected on this statement and wondered how he could reconcile the fact that his forefathers lived in a Scottish hamlet at that time, apparently not taken with the English either, so how could he then take credit for Montcalm's defeat at the hands of Wolfe? It then became clear that a more suitable term than "old fashioned" was needed to re-evaluate this attitude.

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#### MAITRE CHEZ NOUS

In the early sixties, two happenings reintensified the old Anglo-Franco animosities. The normally moderate Premier Lesage coined the slogan 'Maître chez nous.' This was misinterpreted by his constituents as a call to arms, and it just carried on from there. We believe Mr. Lesage only wanted to promote greater recognition of the French language and to increase the export of finished goods rather than raw materials. Indians watching this spectacle were flabbergasted at the audacity of these cultures who suggested that only they could be masters of this land.

This unfortunate cry of nationalism may have been stimulated by a remark of Donald Gordon, a Canadian railroad magnate of the time. When asked why almost no one above the position of floor sweeper in his company was a Francophone, he replied that

the French system of education was classical and consequently inferior. The idea became a cliché among the Anglophones and in many areas, remains so today. Mr. Gordon further stated such an education was only suitable for the priesthood, and a graduate of that sort could never cope with whatever scientific functions go on in a railroad company. Since the Loyola curriculum was considered classical, and Brebeuf College was also following the same Jesuit standards, this left him with foot in mouth. It would seem students of the classics could surely have attained the same budget overruns incurred by Mr. Gordon's executives. Maybe if both Mr. Lesage and Mr. Gordon had been more tactful, things would be better today.

Bigotry and intolerance is not limited to the Quebec region. Western Canada, much like the southern United States, seems to be always looking for someone to scorn.

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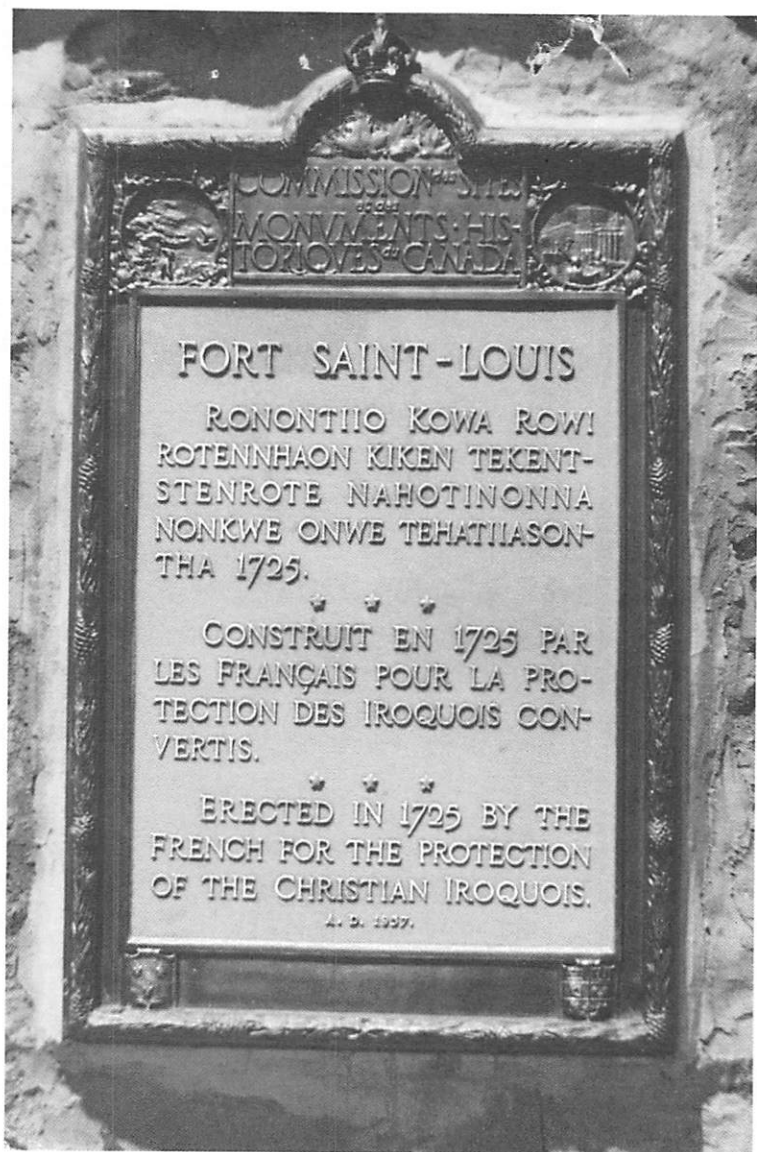
#### FORT ST. LOUIS

One of the greatest historical untruths about us today is written on the plaque on the wall of Fort St. Louis, at the rear of our Catholic church. When we walk by the fort with our friends, they read that this fort was erected in 1725 to protect the Iroquois. First of all, the Iroquois needed no benefactors of this sort. Secondly, our people stopped the French from completing the east wall. We realized that once encircled, we would be left to the tender mercies of unfriendly guns. The Jesuits claim that their once militant order was the driving force in ejecting the soldiers from Kahnawake territory. This plaque should be either reworded or removed. Canada is already



overwhelmed with historical discrepancies. We could help by removing one of them.

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## B I G J O H N

### Part Three

Sawatiskowa was really happy with his lot in life. He was trying to read and write now, "...but you know, it's hard at my age," he often said. "Never had time to learn before because there was always something going on." Like the fall of '84 when Louis Thaweiakenrat Jackson came down from his farm to see him.

He recalled that he was told that their friends, the British, had trouble in Egypt. "They know you and me. We and our friends, we know rapids and boats. This fellow they call Chinese Gordon, he's in a hell of a spot, and if they want to help him they have to get their soldiers through rapids same as ours." Big John had looked at Louis all confused. He had asked where Egypt was, because he knew Louie had a lot of education, "he was dam' near a lawyer."

Jackson explained to John where Egypt was, he told him the trips would be up the Nile River. John remembered his excitement, he'd heard about the Nile, maybe from the priest. But his interest was aroused, he agreed to go, forgetting to ask Louis how much they would pay.

Louis finally formed a group of fifty-six Kahnawakeronon, and set out for Africa. Fortunately, their prime reason for going was for travel and adventure, because as they later found out, General Gordon had been trapped by religious fundamentalists who were resisting the takeover of land in connection with the Suez Canal, and Kahnawake certainly had no quarrel with any native people, Egyptian or otherwise. Although the pilots did the job they were hired for, the British expedition was a failure because General Gordon and his command were wiped out be-

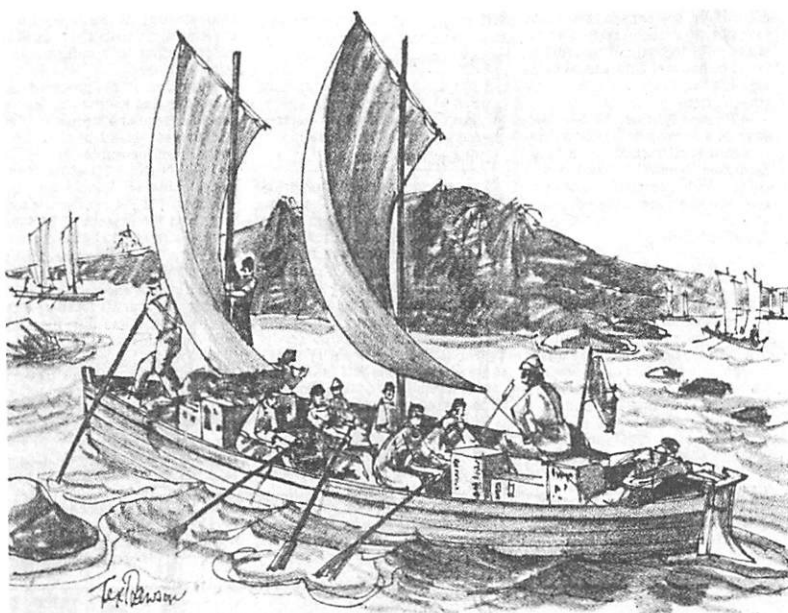
# MOHAWKS ON THE NILE



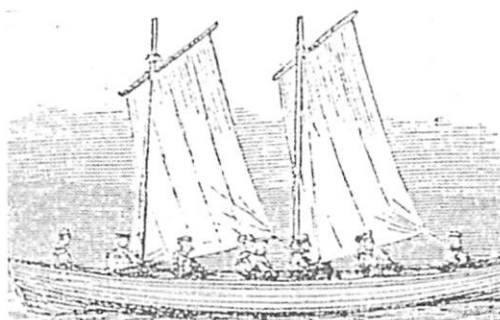
Louis Thawiankrata Jackson  
(1843-1914)



The bronze medal on the left is from the ruler of Egypt. The silver medal on the right is British. The outside edge is inscribed "Caughnawaga Boat No. 64. John Monique."



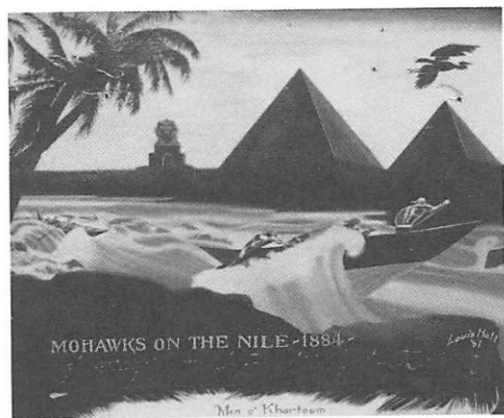
Drawing shows Nile River boats as they were sailed by Caughnawaga Indians.



BOAT FOR THE NILE EXPEDITION UNDER SAIL.



BOAT FOR THE NILE EXPEDITION SHOWING AWNING



CATARACT OF AMBIGOL.

fore help could reach them.

All was not smooth on the Nile in any event. While pilots like Louis and Sawatis had extended the normal respects to the military officers, their instincts and reflexes took over when they approached particularly dangerous situations, and then they ignored orders, telling the soldiers to keep quiet and stay out of the way. Though the officers were dismayed at their unorthodox ways, they ultimately came to appreciate these untamed boatmen because they had conquered the vicious waters of the cataracts.

The only sour incidents during the period were the drowning of Louis Capitaine and the death of Johnny Morris. Louis was thrown out of his boat when it struck a rock and all the native diver could find was his sun helmet floating on the water. Young Johnny lost his life somewhere along the way. For some reason the manner of his death was not recorded.

Louis had written a book about the expedition, called "Our Caughnawagas on the Nile." Sawatis had it somewhere even after these thirty years. Tieneh would read it to him every now and then. It pleased him to remember some of his companions who had shared the adventure, men like Pete Canoe, Joe Beauvais, Pete Leclair, John Monique and Watias Hill.

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Because of his neutrality on civil and political issues, John became a town-crier, a Tehonikonrate. The job suited him well because, like so many others of his day, he was trilingual. When he announced that Mrs. Montour's cow had died, his mellow voice made it seem it was not so dead; when he announced the

passing of someone, it came in the form of an eloquent eulogy, but if he had to announce that our lacrosse team had lost to those Irishmen in Verdun, his voice soon lost its soothing quality. These events were all announced in the square facing the church, usually after the last Sunday mass.

If Sawatiskowa were alive today, he'd be proud to see Jimmy Morris' and Louis Capitaine's names added to the role of Kahnawake's honorable dead on our own war memorial.

Soon afterwards, in 1889, Big John was in the news again when he organized a huge confirmation celebration on behalf of Father (later Bishop) Tehonikonrathe Forbes.

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There's an apocryphalic story relating a chance meeting at the Montreal railway station around the turn of the century between Big John, American Horse and Sir Wilfred Laurier who was prime minister from 1896 to 1911. These men had known each other for years, in fact, Sir Wilfred was a frequent visitor to Kahnawake.

At one point during the meeting, Sir Wilfred was heard to say: "John, we're old chums and both getting on and nearing the end of the road. But John, I'm not going without you." All three laughed at this remark.

Ironically, both men died within hours of each other on the third weekend of February, 1919. They were both seventy-eight years old.

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End of the line for Big John.

As Canada evolved, so did life in Kahnawake and this was reflected in John's children.

His oldest, John (Tieneh), finally acquired the elaborate education which exceeded his father's fondest hopes, graduating from a fine British school. He became a designer for a railroad company in later years. Research shows his initiative and intelligence was always available to the less blessed. There are numerous letters on behalf of friends and neighbors, requesting such necessities from the authorities as a well nearer their house, complaints of a fence landlocking their property or a request for a fairer compensation for expropriated property. There's no record of Tieneh ever asking for a fee in return for his services. One of his daughters married Dr. Jacobs, one of our early professionals. Another daughter, Celina, married William B. Newell (Taiowahronhake). Bill is the author of "Crime and Justice Among the Iroquois," a fine reference book. He and Eddie Beauvais founded the Caughnawaga Historical Society, now a part of our cultural center. In their short term they amassed much information and many interesting books. They could be credited with lighting the fuse that ignited our current cultural revival.

Sawatis' second son, Joseph (Kohtio), was father to Charlie and Angus Canadian. He became a reputable insurance salesman for many years. He had picked a challenging field since most of his clients were in Kahnawake and money was hard to come by for the people. If one had any money at all in those lean years, the grocer came first over the insurance premium. Many times Joe would take from his own savings to cover a friend's premium so it wouldn't lapse. He was resourceful though, and became a part-time barber to make ends meet. Charlie and Angus also be-



came barbers, and the boys rotated barbering with their newly-founded taxi business, introducing Kahnawake to everything from the Model N to the Pierce-Arrow. The sons became better barbers than their father and Charlie was the fastest. Angus was the quality barber and like most purveyors of quality, he didn't rush. A story goes that while "Big Six" Jocks, the local constable, was in the chair having a shave, a ruckus broke out in the street outside. Six was up like a shot, arrested the culprit and deposited him in jail which was only 150 yards away. When he returned to the chair, Angus was still stropping his razor, oblivious to the action that had just transpired, while in the meantime, Charlie had finished off the newest prisoner's hair cut.

Alex was the third son, and since he's already been mentioned earlier, I won't get carried away just because he was my grandfather. His son, Bert, was a milkman and good one too. Except for the odd time he'd get sidetracked, Bert didn't get away with being tardy like his contemporaries because of the lack of refrigeration during that time. Bert's inventory control was good too because he consumed so little of his product. His other son, Gideon, was always employed by Dominion Bridge, and was also an excellent baseball pitcher. Records hint that along with his friends, Big Six, and John Scott, he could have made the big leagues if he had been prepared to toil in the minors for a season or so. However all three were reluctant to leave their beloved Kahnawake and none looked back with regret. Gid was proud to see his friend John Scott, lead the battle to help Paul K. Diabo in the famous border crossing case. Alex also had two daughters, Mrs. Germaine Beauvais and Mrs. Mike Atsehiens Montour, whose husband was also a star lacrosse player and a

fine overall athlete.

Dindo was all business. With the aid of his older brother, John, he acquired a formidable education, working his way to an executive position in a prestigious insurance company. He built the first commercial bakery in Kahnawake, but apparently he never worked there, letting it out to a certified baker who provided us with good wholesome rents koteh for many years. He was succeeded only by his daughter, the ever-pleasant Mrs. Onesime Leborgne. You may remember Onesime as a lacrosse and hockey goalkeeper. In a 1938 game between Kahnawake and Loyola College, Onesime broke a skate, and in the depth of the depression there wasn't a spare, but Kahnawake still managed a 1-0 shut-out.

Proving he was a chip off the old block, son George repeated a remarkable feat of his father's in 1915, that of skating from Kahnawake to Oka in January of that year. We doubt that the trick could be done today unless we have the same combination of rain and freezing as they had in 1915. The round trip is about sixty miles and George left Kahnawake just after two in the afternoon of the 14th, carrying an extra coat and overshoes just in case, plus a water bottle and a small lunch box. His route took him to Nun's Island near Châteauguay, across the lake to Isle Perrot, then to Vaudreuil, finally across the Lake of Two Mountains to Oka. He reached there just before seven in the evening and stayed overnight. When he returned to Kahnawake he made better time by wearing his overcoat opened and using it as a sail. Big John had earlier made the same trip in November of 1859. George spent the rest of his life farming and fishing, an admirable way of life. Elders remember his favorite saying was "Tosa ki sanakwen!"

Six-foot five Tom was the next son, a flamboyant man of the world. Tom did some work in the silent movies, working for Pathe Films on Long Island. Tom never did divulge this fact to his people because in those days, stars like Rudolph Valentino didn't give the impression that movie work was for able-bodied men. Tom ended his days as manager of an elegant night club casino in Miami, Florida. The club was invaded one night by the mob, and his patrons were roughed up. In the ensuing fracas a few people were hurt and Tom was forced to shoot at one of the gangsters. Three days later, a milkman found Tom's body in an alley, shot to death. If he were alive today, his reaction might be "what the hell, you can't live forever." Like his dad, Tom accepted most events philosophically. He was survived by his wife, Aida. She spent the rest of her active widowed years as a hostess aboard the cruise ships of the Grace Line, touring exotic ports around the world.

The biggest blow to Sawatis was the loss of his youngest son, Frank. He had moved to Hull with a structural steel company when Hull was beginning to blossom and for young Frank, that meant continued employment. There was an Indian community in those days just behind the Parliament buildings along the Ottawa River. The residents were from all over Canada, but most of them were Algonquins from Maniwaki. That seemed to follow some precedents where victims of discrimination gathered at the nation's capital, making visible bigotry less likely because the incidents would occur in the political limelight. Young Frank married one of the native girls living in the settlement, Elizabeth Thompson. Around the end of World War I, there was a world-wide flu epidemic which claimed some nineteen million lives, and among them was Frank. When he died, Sawatis could do

nothing since Hull was considered light years away. Frank's son, John, is a steelworker and living in Ottawa at this writing. On a recent visit to his home, John said because of his circumstances, he knew little of Kahnawake but looked forward to reading accounts of his extraordinary family history. In spite of his years, he has a young family, probably recapturing the family life he missed because of the premature death of his dad.

Sawatis' daughter, Cecelia, not to be outdone by her rambunctious father and brothers, would settle for nothing less than being aboard the family boat for one of the roughest rides down the rapids. According to her brothers, she sat erect and alert, with no change of expression whatsoever. When they finally maneuvered the boat through the rapids and landed, she disembarked as gracefully as if she were arriving at Adirondack Junction in the New York sleeper. "That's the way they wuz then, ladies!"

Cecelia was mother to Mrs. Annie Sky and John "Baffy" Jacobs, who passed away during the writing of this book.

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John Canadian, son of Frank Canadian. John was stranded in Hull, so he was always a stranger to Kahnawake. He's now 76.



Dindo Canadian



Tom Canadian, the holdup victim.

George Canadian carrying his overshoes and coat for emergencies.

## GEORGE CANADIEN HAS REPEATED HIS FATHER'S SKATING FEAT OF 1859

*Big John's Son Skated from Caughnawaga to Oka  
and Back Crossing Lake St. Louis and Two  
Mountains* **STAR 6 FEB. 1915**

It is very seldom indeed that weather conditions at this time of the year will permit anyone to skate on Lake St. Louis, and it is not within the memory of some of the oldest inhabitants that this lake is frozen over without a heavy coating of snow in the month of January, making it more fit for snowshoeing than for skating.

While we have had snowfalls since winter began sufficient to cover the ice with a good coating, the soft weather we have had recently, followed by heavy rains with subsequent frosts, caused by unusual atmospheric changes, has had the effect of entirely changing the conditions of the ice and snow.

In later years it will be of historical value to say that the state of the ice on Lake St. Louis and the Rivers St. Lawrence and Ottawa during the winter of 1914-15 was such as to enable an athletic young man to skate from Caughnawaga to Oka and back, a distance of about sixty miles.

### CARRIED OVERSHOES.

This feat was accomplished recently by George Canadian. He left his home at 2:05 p.m. on the 14th January, carrying in his left hand his overcoat and on the right his overshoes, in case of necessity, for storms come unexpectedly on the lake, as he did not want to turn back if a storm overtook him on the way. In his overcoat pocket he carried a water bottle and a small lunch.

The ice was good for skating as far as St. Nicholas Island; from there he continued in a westerly direction until he reached Nuns' Island, at the mouth of the Chateaugay, from where he struck across Lake St. Louis, taking a north-westerly course and headed for Isle Perrot. The ice was very rough on account of the high winds which prevail in this vast open space, and in consequence progress was slow; but once he reached the shore of Isle Perrot he shot forward at a good speed.

While crossing the lake, he says, he felt as if someone held him because of the high wind and the rough ice. After leaving Lake St. Louis he made for Vaudreuil by way of a small creek which leads up to it, and from

Vaudreuil he dashed across the Lake of Two Mountains, where he again found the ice very rough, and skirting the north shore of this lake he reached Oka at 6:50 p.m., staying there overnight.

### THE RETURN JOURNEY.

The return journey took less time. Leaving Oka at 11:00 a.m. on the following day he struck across the Lake of Two Mountains and took another course. The wind which had hampered his progress while going west was now of material help in accelerating his movements. Taking advantage of this he donned his overcoat, spreading out the sides all fashion whenever he came across good ice, but instead of going through Vaudreuil, he returned via Ste. Anne de Bellevue, where he partook of refreshments, thereby losing about half an hour.

Afterwards he skated down the Ottawa River, where the ice was very good until he reached Lake St. Louis again where progress became slower, but very much better than when he went West, for the wind was now in his favour.

After hugging the South shore of the lake immediately east of Chateaugay he found the ice in good condition, and putting on a good spurt he reached his native place at 2:50 p.m. He was glad to have a well-earned rest, though he says he was not as played out as he felt on reaching Oka. His advice to skaters going on a long journey is wait for a favourable wind, which is an important factor in making good headway.

### REPEATS FATHER'S FEAT.

It may be remarked that this feat was also accomplished by his father, the celebrated Big John, in the year 1859, when he was a young man, though it was much earlier in the season, about the end of November. The winter had set in early with frequent frosts, but there was little or no snow; this being unusual, as in those days we had a more plentiful supply of snow earlier in the season than we have at present. It was the absence of snow, combined with hard frosts which enabled him to make the trip.



George Canadian, showing the shoes and overcoat he carried, just in case.



Bert Canadian. Our original bank in the background is now on the east end of the old post office.

## P O S T - S C R I P T S

### SCHOOL DAYS

Formal education came to Kahnawake in the early 1900's. The second floor of the old stone building (Otonwakaionke) formerly located opposite Esther Kane Phillip's home, served as a council hall and classroom. The ground floor contained the jail cells, store rooms and the town administration, all remnants of the earlier days. It's said that an early Governor General of Canada was once inaugurated here, or whatever they did when they appointed these officials.

The early teachers were lay people, such as Peter Williams, Peter Delisle and Frank McDonald Jacobs. In 1915, Kahnawake's education was taken over by the Sisters of Ste. Anne. The popularity of education or educators always seems to be a contentious point. This society was founded in 1850 by Mother Mariane in Vaudreuil, Quebec. With five young women, she set out to offer education to those other than the wealthy who had the exclusive monopoly on education. In a short time this society was spread throughout New England, which explains why so many teachers were of American origin.

The society's principles were structured around the doctrines of St. Ignatius of Loyola, so obviously they weren't timid, and may explain why their popularity varied in some areas. After many discussions with our elders, the consensus is that a few sisters had difficult personalities, but on the whole they provided us with good education. Students who went on to higher education found themselves equipped with a sound base. The detractors of this teaching order should appreciate that only those students who extended themselves benefited from the ex-

perience.

The elders have selected the following teachers for their "hall of fame": Sisters Mary George, Louise Ida (Tsita), Claire Ann, Mary Gertrude, George Edmond, and Sister Mary Madeleine Marie for students of the '40's, such as the writer. After a while they recruited some of our young ladies to teach under their direction, such as Hilda Williams Leclair, Lottie Jacobs, Charlotte Bush, Inez Saylor, Pauline Jocks, and Juliet Smith, an Oneida, and mother of Sister Two Axe.

Eventually they dispensed with the subject of Canadian history. Being Americans, we feel they secretly agreed with us that it was biased and bigoted.

So here's a salute to the ladies of St. Anne!

\*\*\*



Frank McDonald Jacobs



Peter Williams



Peter Delisle



The first formal education sessions were conducted around 1905 by the three gentlemen shown above in this building, called Otonwakaionke.





Pauline



Lottie



Inez



Hilda



Rear: Fran Montour, Hemlock, L. Diabo, Curotte, R. Curotte, M. Martin  
 L. Rice, G. Kelly, T. Curotte, S. Montour, Diabo, Florence Ouimet  
 Doris Lazare, Meloche, A. Thomas, J. Delisle, Elsie Diabo, R. Rice  
 H. Rice, Thomas, Pearl Johnson, Thelma Beauvais, E. Edwards, Dolores  
 Diabo, Desgroseillers, Ebbie Jacobs, Williams, Ethel Leclair,  
 R. Cross.



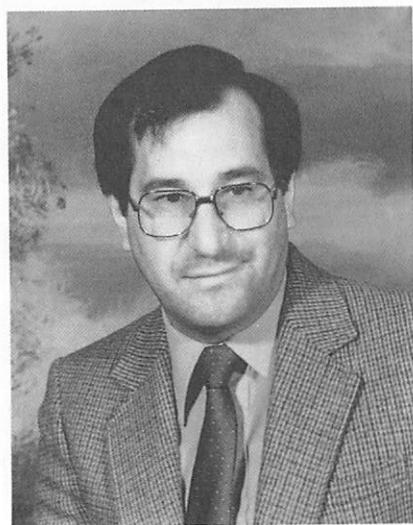
First row: Annie Jacobs, Libby Rice, Julia Saylor, Louise Deer  
 Second row: Unidentified, M. Saylor, unidentified, Lottie Jacobs, Flo Delisle, Josie Hill.  
 Third row: Tom Moon, Wesley Diabo, Andrew Jacobs, Chester Diabo, Tom Deerhouse, George Latour, Louis Blue, Harry Williams, Mickey Snow.



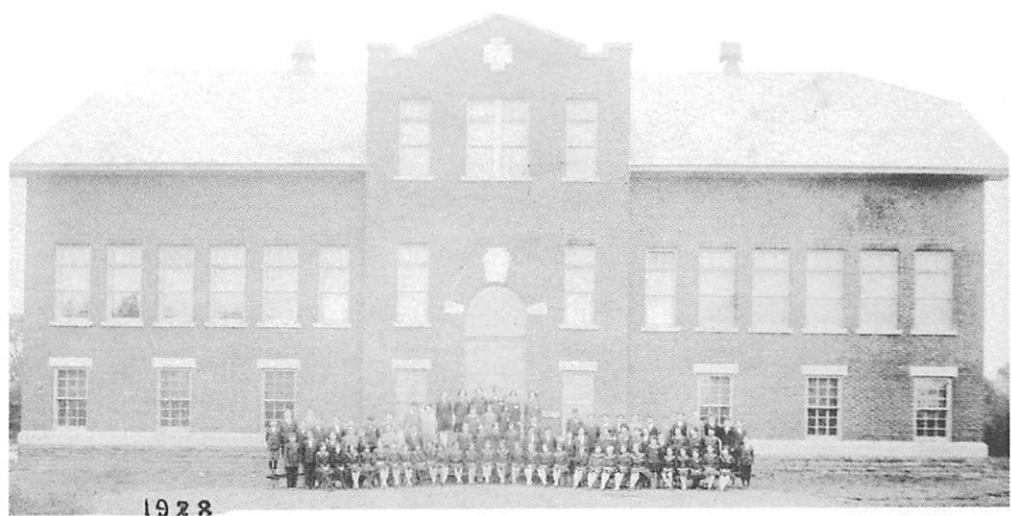
Front: Margaret Deer, Louise Latour, Josie Leclair  
 Center: Lena Saylor, L. Lahache, Flo Montour, Isobel French, Alice Norton, M. Montour  
 Rear: Anne Williams, M. Jacobs, Viola Jocks, M. Horning, M. Phillips, J. Jocks, Anne Rice, Sister Two Axe, M. Hill, Florence Lefebvre, May Norton, Annie Horn.



A class of the vintage of Pearl Splicer and Dave Lafleur.



Edward Cross, principal of Karonhianonha School.



The old senior school and it's auditorium. Note the phantom piano man.



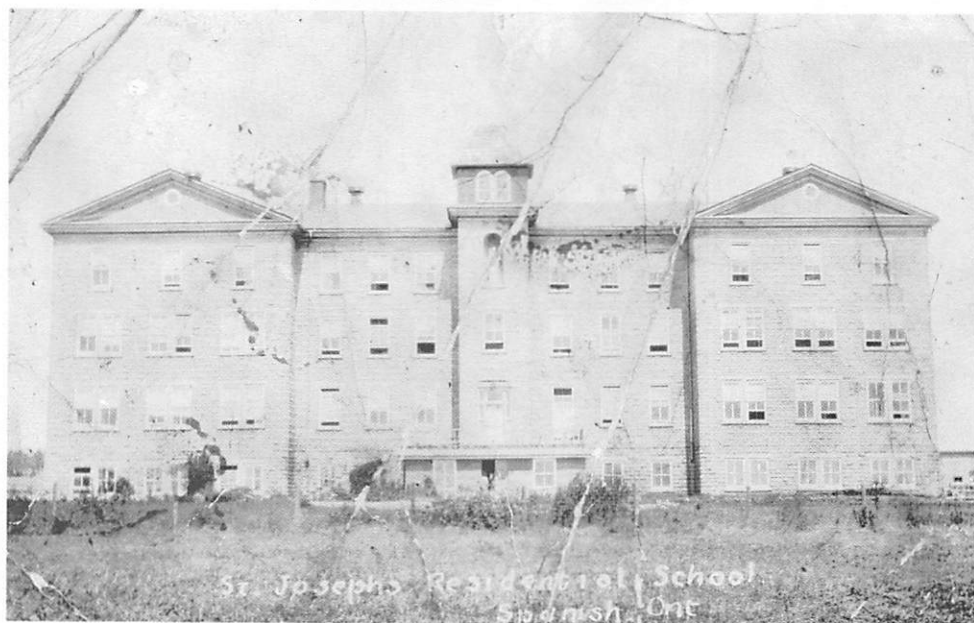


The Girls' School.

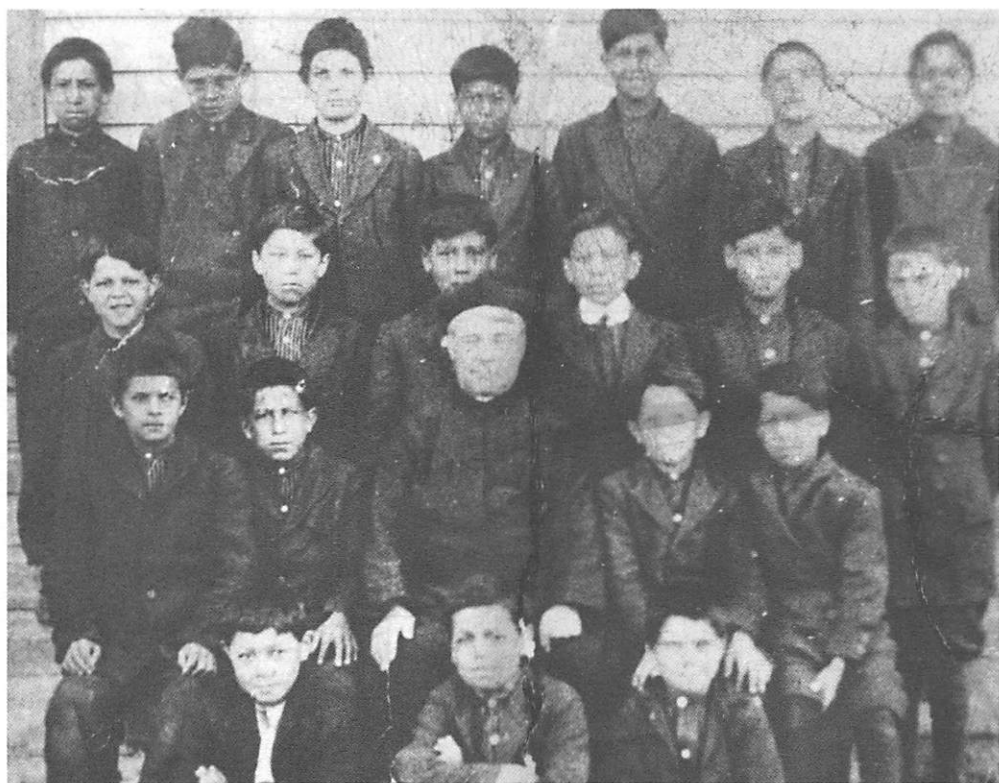


The Spanish Boys' School.

Spanish taught resourcefulness.



St. Josephs Residential School  
Spanish, Ont.



Marshal Dillon is in there.



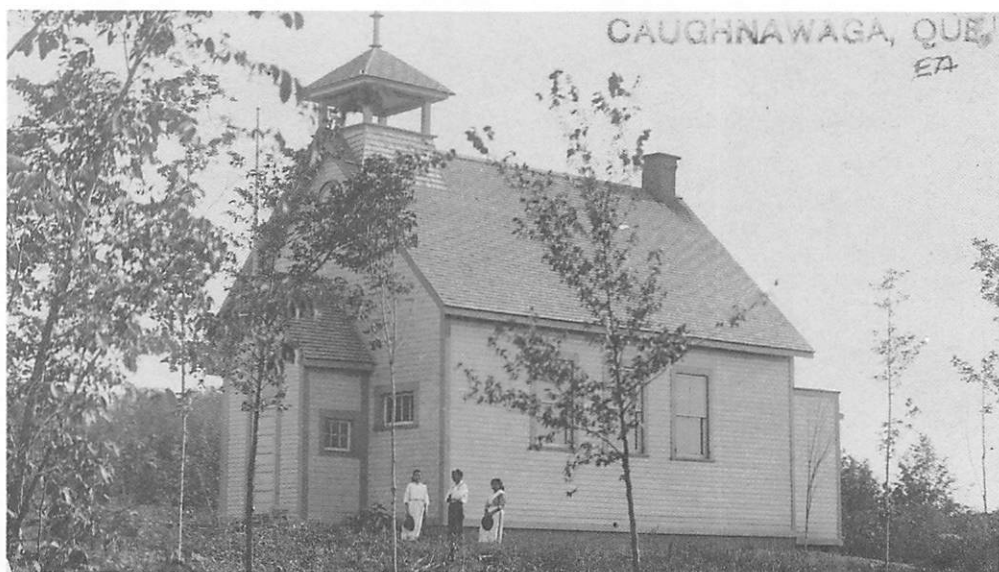
Spanish eyes.



Little schools in the bush.



Texas



Tennessee



The entire Tennessee school body of 1952.



Jeannine Jocks Beauvais was a most knowledgeable and dedicated lady.





Administration



Gymnasium



The Kahnawake Survival School

This school was founded to combat one of Quebec's prejudicial laws. It has since evolved into a modern institute, teaching the latest in agriculture, and crafts in addition to the normal curriculum, from a native viewpoint. One of the founders was the late Jeannine Beauvais who will always be remembered by the school. Its history and its goals can be found in their own textbook, "Seven Generations."

The Indian Way School teaches children to apply the talents the Creator has given them in the most practical manner. This school is ably directed by Rita Phillips, a dedicated traditionalist.



The classroom.



Rita Jacobs Phillips. The school is in good hands with this lady.



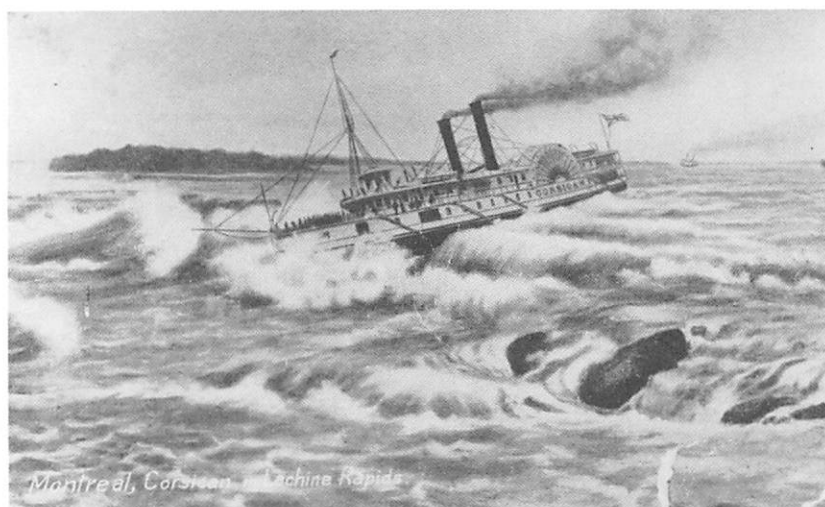
Agriculture and trades.



## BIG JOHN RICE



The first lacrosse team outside our continent, led by Big John Rice in 1867.  
Rear: Tom Jacobs, Peter Jacobs, Taiaiake, Joe Rice (Stick's father)  
Front: Frank Armstrong, unidentified, Sawatis Diabo, Wise Deerhouse.



This was Taiaiake's life.



### BIG JOHN RICE

There has been much confusion over Kahnawake's two "Big Johns." We've been fortunate to have also had Jean-Baptiste Taiaiake Rice, much older than Aiontonnis, but every bit as exciting and interesting. Big John Rice was actually the first person to take a lacrosse team to London, in 1867. Although Ta-

iaiake was not an active player at the time, being fifty-six years old, he still projected a charisma which made this team so colorful.

John Rice was born in Kahnawake twenty-nine years before John Canadian, in 1811, but their lives were remarkably parallel in many ways. As seen, both were more than prominent in the sport of lacrosse, they each married daughters of Jarvis McComber, and even more than Aiontonnis, Taiaiake spent his life on the river. And they were big.

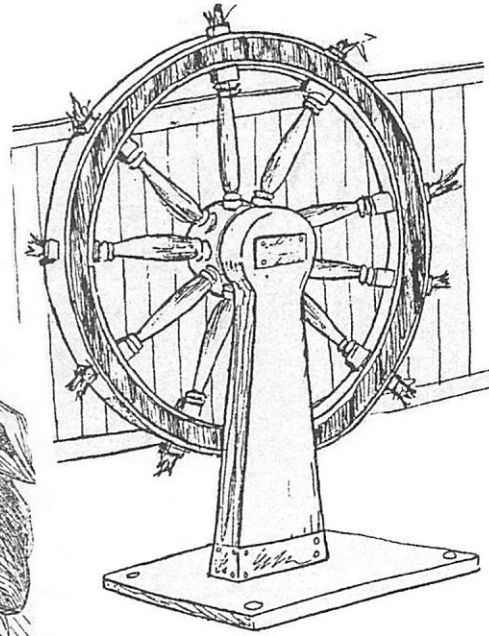
Taiaiake established a reputation as a steamboat pilot, making many journeys to ports such as Kingston, usually terminating the eastern end by guiding his ship through the treacherous Lachine Rapids. An accompanying illustration shows Taiaiake on the 1877 two-dollar bill as issued by the Bank of Prince Edward Island, and what follows is the reason why he was honored on a Canadian banknote.

Some time in the 1860's, he piloted a side-wheeler down the river to Montreal, carrying some forty passengers, and while the weather was good as he passed Kahnawake, the sky suddenly erupted and there was a vicious hail squall. To aggravate the situation, he discovered that the tremendous force he applied to the steering wheel had rendered the steering blocks useless. Ultimately, John's massive strength snapped off all the handspokes on the oaken wheel. Montreal was made aware of the ship's plight and life-saving equipment was prepared at Vincent's Wharf where a huge crowd waited anxiously for the steamer to appear. But at the moment they couldn't do a thing for those forlorn passengers on the rapids.

As Taiaiake saw the rocks coming one after the other, he went to the inboard rudder head, and with his crew, applied



Artist's conception of Big John Rice.



The poor wheel!



The famous banknote bearing Big John's picture.

their collective strength, until some control was obtained. He then ordered the passengers to move from one side of the deck to the other, helping him maintain further steerage way.

Although there were resounding cheers from the crowd standing on Vincent's Wharf on their arrival, it's said many passengers became sudden and loyal clients of the Grand Trunk Railroad and confined further boating trips to romantic rides on Beaver Lake. Years later, the shipping company still displayed that abused steering wheel as a reminder of John's magnificent performance and courage.

At six-feet seven, Big John Rice was two inches taller than John Canadien. As seen in the photographs of their younger days, neither showed any sign of obesity. Their stature must have seemed even more impressive to their contemporaries when the average height was considerably less than it is today.

Taiaiake spent his final active years tutoring potential pilots in the art of blazing invisible trails through those confined waters. The St. Lawrence, unlike many other large bodies of water, consists of narrow and intricate channels, seldom following a straight path. Any craft that draws more than two feet requires a knowledgeable and experienced helmsman. That's why to this day, you'll see very few sailboats between Kahnawake and Lachine, although in the old days it was not uncommon for Indians to rig a sail on their canoes and make the trip with little difficulty. Pleasure sailors now flock to Valois Bay in Pointe Claire where they can drift around with peace of mind, whereas the rest of the river requires steady concentration.

Big John Taiaiake Rice died in 1892 at the age of eighty-one. In order to tie him into our present families, he was the



grandfather of William Sonorase, Angus Karhakenhiate "Stick," Israel, Alex, and Louis Rice, and Angelique Delormier, Esther Kane Phillip's grandmother.

Yes, you may rest assured, we did have two "Big Johns"!

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### THE JESUITS

There can be no meaningful account of Kahnawake which does not include a comment on the relationship between the Mohawks and the Jesuits. Their original value to the French regime was as an ameliorating influence, their own reason for being here was to bring Christianity to the aborigines. Along the way they brought European civilization to the new world, including the concept of a formalized education. Those lone missionaries who set up churches along the Mohawk River differed from the higher ecclesiastics in Montreal in that they tried to avoid being entangled in politics that affected the native population.

Over the years the love-hate relationship between the two cultures weathered many storms and through these turbulent periods many Jesuits will never be forgotten. Some were not appreciated by our people, but others like Father Hauser and Father Caron exemplified the cream of the Society. Our relationship with them was cemented with the ordination of our own Father "Mike" Jacobs in 1934, who made Akwesasne his domain but who made many visits to Kahnawake through the years.

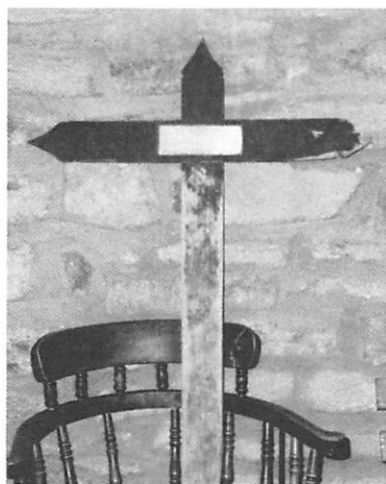
Being associated with the Jesuits for many years here, and having been educated at two Loyola schools in different cities, and visiting the birthplace of St. Ignatius of Loyola, offers some qualification for these comments.

The Society of Jesus was conceived in controversy and war. Their founder, St. Ignatius, was from a wealthy family. He preferred to battle forces he considered oppressive rather than bask in his wealth. He was typical of the Basque people who have lived since time immemorial in the Pyrenees Mountains separating France and Spain. These people have a reputation for resistance rivaling that of the Iroquois. They are still battling the Spanish government for independence. It's said of the Basque, that if the border between France and Spain were opened today, they'd still practice the art of smuggling tomorrow.

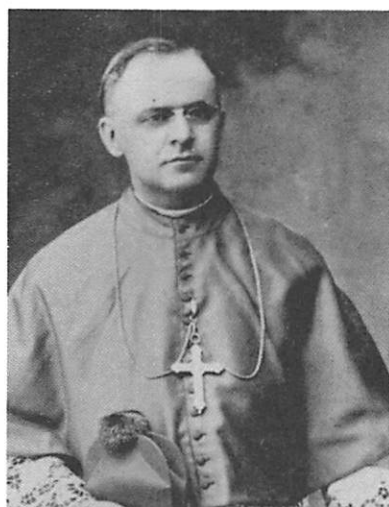
Ignatius' home eventually became a fortress, with walls some three meters thick. The castle was eventually blown up after the authorities had had their fill of his rebelliousness. Through the influence of his family, he was eventually allowed to rebuild on the foundations, provided he didn't reconstruct his fort. One can still see those ancient foundations of his older home, noting where thick walls give way to conventional brick and mortar.

While it's true that subsequent members of the Society were not necessarily Basques, the original spirit continues. Over the centuries the Jesuits have often been in trouble with the church's hierarchy who were disturbed by their independence, and by various governments who were suspicious of the Society's motives. They have been exiled and jailed in many countries. It's evident that the Society's forcefulness did not end with Ignatius of Loyola. It seems that any Jesuit-Mohawk association would necessarily have to contain some turbulence.

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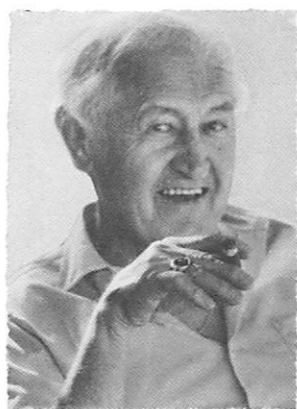
One of the 367 head crosses found under the floor during the recent church renovation. The burials were stopped in 1874 when a woman named Kaniiothwas was interred at the age of 104. An exception was made in 1928 for Mrs. Adele Perrono, founder of our hospital and medical services. It was an honor bestowed on her in appreciation for her society's contribution to our people.



Bishop William Forbes (Tehonik-onrate), one of the most popular missionaries to set foot in our town.



There is doubt as to what use this old chapel on the hill served. We and our informants think we were in this building when the Patriotes were stymied by a girl tending her cows. We think it was used by neighboring communities such as Châteauguay which evolved after us. We also presume it was used during the rebuilding of the present church. One Ottawa file shows it as a tollhouse.



R. I. P.  
*Napoléon Giasson*



The old post office, rivalling the Catholic mission in age. The left housed the Bank of Hochelaga in the early 1900's. Later it was occupied by the Dominic Giasson family. Because it had our first telephone, it was the hub of activity during the Quebec Bridge disaster. It was the only means the anxious crowd out front had news of their loved ones' fate. When they uncovered the church floor, they found the remains of Benjamin Giasson, buried there in 1816. So this family is not a new arrival.

FATHER MIKE



## CONFEDERACY AND MEMBERSHIP

The word "Iroquois" somehow replaced the true term "Rotinsonnini" in the usual corruption of aboriginal names. The true meaning of "Iroquois" has also become vague. For easier identification by others, we will use the term "Iroquois" in this book with tongue in cheek, to refer to our allied nations of the Six Nations Confederacy (The People of the Longhouse). No other references are implied.

Without the endorsement of some of our advisors, the writer is of the opinion that the "Iroquois" label was inappropriate for any Indian living under the tutelage of any religious order or any body forming part of another nation, such as the British and French armies. This, for instance, would explain the Indians' confused reaction to the claims that Joseph Brant was an Iroquois chief and an officer in the British army. It would be as unrealistic as Brian Mulroney holding the positions of Prime Minister of Canada and the Secretary of Defense for the United States simultaneously.

One can be born Mohawk, whereas when one reaches maturity, he becomes an Iroquois at a name-giving ceremony with one of the chiefs conducting the proceedings or by the process of adoption.

The Iroquois, being a group of nations bonded together by man to form a confederacy or an association, cannot in itself be a nationality to which one has a birthright. The Confederacy is much more than just a uniting of nations. It is structured around a code that is deemed to contain all the rules required for all facets of Iroquois life, including law, order and morals. The code is short, simple and concise, and known to all as the Great Law of Peace. Regardless of origin dates quoted by

guessing historians, every Iroquois knows this law was founded by Tekanawitha centuries before Europeans became aware of our existence.

Once divorced from this prescribed way of living by physical, mental or military alliance with any other nation or culture, the Indian was disqualified from further "Iroquois" identification or status. More often than not, these transgressions resulted in expulsion from Iroquois territory. Consequently, Joseph Brant could not have been an Iroquois, much less a chief.

Based on the above, the term "Jesuit-Iroquois Relations" was a misnomer. There were none. Propriety should have dictated the description as Mohawk or Huron-Jesuit relations or some such appropriate combination.

The Iroquois were governed by a clan system. The Mohawks have three clans; bear, wolf and turtle, with three chiefs for each clan. The grand chief was left to the Creator. When agreement with an issue was arrived at, the Creator was deemed to have concurred. Tekanawitha, in creating this law, dissuaded his people from appointing a supreme ruler. His foresight in this regard insured that the Iroquois would not come under autocratic rule. It was a matriarchal system in that the chiefs were appointed and could be deposed by the clan mothers. Clan mothers were provided with advisors and were mostly a symbolic institution, much like the senators in the nation of Canada. However, under the system, the land was the responsibility of the women, and upon marriage, the man moved to his wife's lodge and the children adopted the mother's clan.

The Longhouse is a figurative description of the Iroquois territory, stretching from a point past Buffalo to parts of Vermont and Canada. The Seneca guarded the western door because

of their location for the same reason the Mohawk tended the eastern entrance. Onondaga was installed as the central fire or capital because of its middle location which made travel equatable for the majority.

The other original nations were the Oneida and Cayuga, with the Tuscaroras joining in the early 18th century. Hence the alliance was renamed the Six Nations Confederacy.

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#### WETBACKS NO MORE

In Big John's day, Indians were more or less confined within Canadian boundaries. Now that the Mohawks had taken to high steel, that condition not only curtailed their job opportunities, but it was unjust. On principle we considered it an affront to our heritage to apply for a visa within North America. Some of the men shot across the border in well-tuned automobiles and continued to ply their trade as "illegal" aliens.

This whimsically illogical condition didn't deter the US Immigration Service from arresting Paul Kanento Diabo in Philadelphia in 1926, charging him with illegal entry, with the aim of deporting him. This is when our people demonstrated what unity could achieve.

A group consisting of John Tionekateh Scott, John Atawakon Rice, Joe Karhero Albany, Dominic Otsetokon McComber and Jim Ross, launched a fund-raising campaign. The legal costs were enormous since the US government had unlimited resources to battle the case through all the courts; it was made even more costly when they elected to appeal the Indians' victory. Ironworkers contributed a percentage of their income and a play



## NATIONS, NOT TRIBES

Why is it so readily accepted that Russia and Sweden, for example, are two separate nations, yet they're both of the same white race? It's even conceded that in spite of China and Japan being both of the yellow race, they're considered different people from each other and are decidedly two different nations with different cultures. Yet it's not accepted that Indians comprise separate nations even though they speak different languages, have different cultures, and even possess variations in physical appearances. The Woodland Indians are as different from the Desert Indians as the Vikings are from the Portuguese. Logically this should preclude referring to Indians as a single entity as has been done in the past and continues to this time. Friends returning from Montana eagerly tell us about a visit to a Blackfoot village, not realizing that we are as unfamiliar with the Plains Indians as they are of the Bessarabians.

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## IN DEFENSE OF OTHER NATIONS

Prominent Indians from other nations are often remembered only for their names and never for their achievements. In some cases these names seem humorous to the uninformed, names such as Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse and Rain In The Face. What should be remembered is that unlike their opposite numbers who sat thousands of miles away from the action on leather chairs in panelled offices, these chiefs personally spearheaded their battles to gain the total respect of their people. If their enemies' leaders were also personally involved in these battles, the result would have kept the chiefs less occupied



Red Jacket, a great Iroquois orator and leader of the tribes against the Americans. He hated all white men with the exception of Washington, who gave him the medal he is seen wearing in this portrait. After the war, he lived on in New York, always fighting for conservatism and the retaining of the old ways. Unfortunately, he was not conservative when it came to liquor, and ended his life as a shabby alcoholic.

**Bitter enemy of Handsome Lake.**



Geronimo

His very name means action. In 1800, while trading in Mexico, his entire family was killed. That's when he turned it on. He was named Geronimo by the Mexicans because, again, they couldn't pronounce his native name. In World War II, US paratroopers used the name "Geronimo" as a signal for impending action.



Sitting Bull, the great Sioux leader, a Hunkpapa under whom the Sioux tribes united in their resistance to the white invaders. Although he was at one time a member of the Kit-Fox Society and had a fine war record, he was a medicine man and organizer more than a war captain. *Smithsonian Institution.*



Chief Crazy Horse

One of the most daring chiefs of all time. This is only an artist's conception since no one was man enough to photograph him. When his people were in dire straits, he made the error of arranging a peace, agreeing to go to a reservation. The military was so terrified of him, they stabbed him to death while he was under their protection.

in war against their non-participating counterparts.

Iroquois chiefs were never as visible or colorful because we were ruled by council governments. Our chiefs were spokesmen and appointed administrators who could easily be deposed. To make sure war was not our main preoccupation, temporary war chiefs were appointed during times of conflict. These were usually younger and more active men, skilled in the strategies of war and they were removed after the danger had passed.

By the way, Rain In The Face came by his name honestly. It was his habit to paint his face half red and half black to represent the obscured sun. During an all day battle in the rain, the paint ran, streaking his face. In 1866 he was captured by Colonel Tom Custer, brother of the famous general, but he escaped, vowing revenge. His revenge came at the Battle of the Little Big Horn when he took part in the destruction of the Seventh Cavalry, including Colonel Custer. The general's irrational decision to attack in that final battle could only be the result of his inner terror after finding himself without the numerical and firepower advantages he had enjoyed in the past.

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### TREATIES

It's often said that since the Indian was conquered by war, he really had no further claims to the land. The only conquering that was done was by whites over whites. The wars with the Indian were terminated by treaties, nation to nation, and regardless of counterclaims today, none bear an expiration date. Consequently they are still valid and should be respected.

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## DISTORTION AS HISTORY

May we suggest to our Euro-American brethren that it would be expedient of them to reconcile Canadian-American history before they write about ours? Although these histories are comparatively recent, they appear to be riddled with contradictions. There are different versions from east to west, and even greater discrepancies between the English and French versions.

One example of their conjecture is a report written by one of the first sailors to arrive here. In this report he says the heathen Indians conducted a strange and weird ritual for the benefit of the visitors - they all jumped into the water and splashed themselves! In fact all the Indians were doing was to suggest or invite these strangers to come bathe themselves because they couldn't cope with their odor. But the Europeans refused because again, their conjecture or assumption led them to believe that they'd catch a strange disease or contravene some spiritual belief if they exposed their bodies to water. Other accounts of early European voyages to the Orient said they too were heathens partly because of their liberal use of baths and other strange hygienic customs.

Some of the historical documents of our native past are downright insulting. In his thesis, Selden Sherman wrote that our traditional Iroquois were aloof and difficult to interview, (a trait we should perhaps retain). He solved this by offering them candies, whereupon they opened their hearts to him. He goes on to say that the Iroquois Confederacy was probably established between 1450 and 1570, while William Fenton prefers the year 1570. It seems Fenton didn't prefer things to predate the European's arrival. Who are we to argue? Not being equipped with all the knowledge these people have about us regarding the

events occurring before they were aware of our existence, we'll be satisfied to state that we don't know, and we feel that's also their position.

We're also seen as being firm believers in witchcraft who rely on witch doctors for healing. Witchcraft was introduced to us from Europe, and we'll agree we bought it for a while. In the 18th century, the Seneca chief, Red Jacket, was brought before the Grand Council on a charge of witchcraft, but it was determined that witchcraft was not a reasonable cause for punishment, that it was merely a form of auto-suggestion and was therefore invalid. Tekanawitha's Great Law of Peace, written long before the strangers came, makes no reference to witchcraft, and our healers used mostly roots and herbs to cure us, some of which are the basis of today's medicines.

In 1919, during the latter phase of the devastating Spanish flu epidemic, some Kahnawakeronon visited Weymontachingue in northern Quebec where Indians were living in what was considered primitive conditions. They found that the incidence of mortality was almost nil and few were sick for more than a couple of days. There's no way of attributing this to the possibility that the germ didn't reach the community since the epidemic was virtually universal. By then Kahnawake had converted to conventional medications and many of our members fell, to the degree that coffins were not always available. But in Weymontachingue, the Attikameks were still treating the ill with remedies like turkey-grass served up in the form of tea. Witch doctors would have had little effect on this plague. Witch doctors as referred to by the uninformed are now labelled as "psychiatrists." The old-fashioned witch doctors used vapors instead of the conventional couch.

Matty McGregor

Mr. Fixum. Matty's expertise in resetting bone and ligament disorders was handed down from his forefathers. At 75, he still has a wide clientele from the surrounding area. Kahnawakeronon form only part of his practice.



Another example of irresponsible writing is contained in the book inappropriately titled "Apologies to the Iroquois," which immediately proceeds to insult us from cover to cover. The author claims to have attended Grand Council meetings, which we all know would not have been tolerated. He accuses us of being false, saying that any Indian who didn't have the prototype complexion was a half-breed. In addition, his insistence on using Indian words in an incorrect context borders on the hilarious. Yet it's strange that this author, Edmund Wilson, has an otherwise excellent reputation. Similar writers claim an authenticity by asserting they lived and worked among native groups. Although their native hosts are usually hospitable, that hospitality does not always extend to divulging their cultural keepsakes. We suggest these authors remain in a field where their subjects are more predictable or where accurate documentation can be found.

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eight of the ten abducted Indians died while in France of poor acclimatization or ill treatment, or both. The two survivors were left in France to prevent the news from reaching Canada. On their return to the new world, the French assured the Indians their ten brothers were so happy with the golden castles of Europe that they elected to remain behind.

There is constant references to the "unwashed" savages, vermin-ridden, and so on. Let's review these accusations. First of all, we don't doubt there were Indians who lacked spirit and were easily led to the stranger's encampments. There were also Indians who lacked hygiene. These two groups were one and the same. They were not the same Indians who the reports claimed to be sleek, or who darted by in canoes at speeds mystifying the visitors. They'd see one, then ten, then a hundred, then none. These reports were consistent in saying the Indians were will o'the wisps, impossible to keep tabs on or to locate, yet historians quote figures about our strength. For example, they surmised that we never mustered more than 2,000 warriors, so they estimated our total population at the time to be as low as 10,000 Iroquois, thus further proving the European's penchant for assumption and conjecture.

Queen Isabella, who took two or three recorded baths in her lifetime, was very fond of the natives, and urged her explorers to do all they could to dissuade the Indians from the heathen practice of bathing. She was typical of the Europeans of the time. At this writing, the standard of cleanliness in France is repugnant to the Euro-Canadian tourist who is now accustomed to North American standards.

As mentioned before, reports to the home base always seemed to be motivated by a request for more money, more equipment,

more clothing and more military help to achieve even more power on this side of the ocean. Obviously they needed sympathy and to appear to be in a desperate situation in order to receive a favorable response. "The Jesuit Relations" contains a letter written to a superior in which the author says he was sleeping in an Iroquois tent in the dead of winter. He goes on to say that while the portion of his body that was facing the fire was warm, the reverse side was freezing cold. In the early 1960's, students made an experiment under the same conditions, using a fifteen-foot diameter skin tent which was twelve-feet high. The first student to get cold was to waken the others. No one woke until the fire was completely exhausted in the morning.

Pierre Esprit Radisson reported that because of his popularity with the Iroquois (due to exploiting the fur trade), he was given the Indian name of "Ohrima." As with other Indian words used by historians, it was a puzzle to our own native informants. However, after some research, we found it was an archaic slang word referring to a person's lower anatomy.

If Jean de Brébeuf, instead of becoming a saint through martyrdom, had been subjected to the investigative scrutiny now required to qualify for sainthood, the dedicated Father Henri Béchard might have more of a challenge to achieve his objective than with the proposed canonization of our Kateri Tekakwitha. Some of the facts surrounding the de Brébeuf episode seem to be irregular. Quebecers are also having second thoughts as to the credibility of their legendary hero, Dollard des Ormeaux, as he so fancifully called himself.

Now let's address "savagery." Hypothetically reversing colonization, imagine the Indians landing in England, planting the cross and flag in Sherwood Forest, and then destroying the





animal life. Obviously these invaders would have been brought through the Tower of London without the courtesy of the customary "one for the road."

Refer to any group of history books and you'll find their contents are substantiated by the writings of their predecessors. There's even one credited to a part-Seneca named Eli Parker whose name was used only to make its material more con-

vincing.

Indians don't like being called savages any more than any other race wants to be disparaged, yet the authors of this term were themselves loathe to look at their own history. Nothing after all, was more cruel than the religious inquisitions and purges. Henry VIII's spat with the Vatican over the principle of divorce led to the final solution of decapitation of used wives. Examples of European savagery are obviously abundant. One could make a major case of Cortez's treatment of the Aztec people, for just one instance.

Jacques Cartier's image as a hero to this day is beyond all rationale. His own writings reveal him to be a greedy and deceitful cheat. Let's forget history based on these fabricated accounts and let's accept it for what it is - conjecture and biased assumptions. With this in mind we should be able to achieve a greater tolerance between our various cultures.

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#### AN INUIT STORY

One Peter Desbarats apparently found it necessary to study Inuit and Indian folklore. He obviously started with a predetermined plan to find stories unlike other cultures. The result plainly showed it didn't take long before the Inuits discovered what he wanted to hear, the invasion of privacy being softened by their own native good humor. They related so-called folklore to him by the score, and these people are not without a great amount of wit. Many of these tales were so ludicrous and uncouth that we could not repeat them even if they were possible in any culture. The informants are probably still slapping their knees and giggling over these tales. Again we have a

writer who had previously written worthy books but who could not understand that our past lives were not formulated and did not make any pattern they could easily etch out.

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Eskimo Pete

#### ANOTHER INUIT STORY

The aboriginal's habits have always attracted the curious. While in Hopedale, Labrador, in the late fifties, I was prodded by the camp engineer to get an invitation to visit one of the Inuit homes. They sensed Inuits and Indians were alike in that they were aloof and valued their privacy, and they thought that being a native, I could gain them an entrance. After presenting their request to Eskimo Pete (those were the days before they preferred the name of Inuit), he agreed to humor them.

Once we entered his simple home, our technologically-minded friends immediately noticed an archaic stove propped up by logs, about a foot and a half off the floor. They were completely astonished by this, and when Pete went out for more wood, they immediately filled the room with a discussion as to why the stove was raised in this manner. At first the conclu-

sion was that this benighted Inuit was unaware that heat rises anyway, and so the stove should be lowered, not raised. However one of the more enlightened engineers came to Pete's defense and declared that since our races have little inherent intellect, we'd been bestowed with superior instincts that would account for the peculiar orientation of the stove. The question was then how to find the reason. The following sparkling plan was devised; we would ask him when he came back with the wood.

"Pete, these wise men say heat rises, so you should have known that the stove should have been lowered, not raised. How could you do such a stupid thing?" Native logic came to the fore when Pete replied that our theories were all well and good, but that was all the stove pipe he had!

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## INDIAN STUDIES

There are few Indians who have not been pounced upon by students of anthropology. They're easily identified by their pipe, khaki shirt, foam safari hat, cameras slung over each shoulder, left hand gripping a magnifying glass, all prepared for a quick draw. They've come to prove that Indian cheekbones are still set twenty-millimeters higher in the face than the average Caucasian's. By the intensity in their stare, one is assured that they will return home in triumph, with full substantiation of their predetermined theories.

The team's next assignment: why their prototype Indian has fewer facial hairs. And maybe they'll also look into why our more conveniently located head hair seems to last longer than theirs.

## THE TWO-ROW WAMPUM



### Two-Row Wampum

This belt symbolizes the agreement and conditions under which the Iroquois welcomed the white peoples to this land. "You say that you are our Father and I am your son." We say, "We will not be like Father and Son, but like Brothers." This wampum belt confirms our words. These two rows will symbolize two paths or two vessels, traveling down the same river together. One, a birch bark canoe, will be for the Indian People, their laws, their customs and their ways. The other, a ship, will be for the white people and their laws, their customs and their ways. We shall each travel the river together, side by side, but in our own boat. Neither of us will make compulsory laws or interfere in the internal affairs of the other. Neither of us will try to steer the other's vessel."

The agreement has been kept by the Iroquois to this date.

The agreement symbolized by this belt clearly illustrates that we were not obligated to be subservient to white direction.

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### WAR

When writers refer to our ancestors as being warlike and barbarous, they might consider that our weapons have long since been buried under the white roots of the Great Tree of Peace in spite of inane claims by a "hard hat" import claiming it was all an illusion. Other cultures have included vicious wars, atrocities and the threat of annihilation as part of their recent repertoire.

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## INTO THE POT

The Amerindians are said to refuse to enter the mainstream of Canadian society, the melting pot. It's been suggested that they join the majority on its terms and contribute to the harmonizing of the population. However, our people see only unending discrimination for them under this concept. Also the treaty symbolized by the Two Row Wampum shows that this was never the intent.

If there is some logic for Europeans to reproach other races for such injustices as was inflicted on the Italian and Japanese-Canadians during World War II, then it's interesting to note that although the federal government was the perpetrator of this American-inspired scheme, they made sure the acts were committed in western Canada where there was a more ready climate.

Discrimination seems to be somewhat encouraged through the school years, beginning with the biblical accounts of Judas. The sophisticated thing to do is to read and quote Shakespeare, yet he didn't have a drop of tolerance in his pen. "The Merchant of Venice" is a supposed comedy, containing certain ironies and is not necessarily based on fact. In selecting a villain, a master observer of human nature such as Shakespeare, could have avoided casting more aspersions on a culture already pilloried. Charles Dickens had great success with "A Christmas Carol" by naming his money-grubber "Ebenezer Scrooge," thus slighting no one.

The damage done to the Jewish reputation was increased by the talent of Shakespeare which infiltrated everyday life. One-liners such as "Jealousy is a green-eyed monster," "It's Greek to me," and "Discretion is the better part of valor", have en-

tered into familiar conversation and most users are unaware that they're quoting the Bard. It then follows that the plot, however trivial, has had an equal impact. It's not suggested that this play be stricken from school curricula, but young students should be taught that Shakespeare's plots were not his strong point, that this play could have been realized without insulting any particular culture, and then all would be well.

Maybe it's true that misery loves company, but our people's annoyances are only slightly dispelled when they realize how Europeans belittle each other. The Irish, for some reason, were the butt of ridicule at the close of the 19th century. In New York, the fortunate ones became policemen, in Canada they were relegated to shanty towns. But fortunately for the Irish, along came the Italians and the Poles. There's hope, though. Now they're making prime ministers and presidents of these former Irish knaves.

For some reason or other, the golf club is an institution best exemplifying discrimination. We have clubs where other cultures or colors need not apply. The area's Jewish population had to construct seven eighteen-hole courses because they found membership closed elsewhere. One of the old traditional clubs must be excepted though. The Country Club of Montreal accepted a Mohawk, eventually appointed him Director, and ultimately President. The Beaconsfield golf club has broadened its views over the years, so again, there's hope for the future.

Two local best-selling books, "White Niggers of North America" and "The Anglo Guide to Survival in Québec" reflect how both the English and the French accuse each other of being over-dominant. So be it for the grand melting-pot. The two dominant cultures are as far apart today as they were 226 years

ago when hostilities supposedly came to an end. It's well documented that the only major contest the Indians lost to the whites was in the honoring of treaties. In Canada, we held our own in battle.

The whites may have had numerical, armament and technological advantages, but fortunately for the natives, they had each other.

No, our elders feel we're not quite ready to become part of this one big happy family.

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### WESTERN HOSPITALITY

In the early 1980's, our then Prime Minister, Pierre Trudeau, as part of a national economic constraint program, urged Canadians to visit Canada first, and he himself toured western Canada with his children. In the course of his railroad journey, he was pelted with overmature fruit and was the subject of verbal abuse and demonstrations at every stop in spite of being accompanied by his youngsters. In frustration, he responded with an unacceptable gesture. The newspapers featured the apparent grossness of this "Frenchman" who was obviously unfit to run the country.

Two years previously, a western lady was interviewed on TV. She was shown spinning a can of beans while explaining how dreadful life had become for the housewife since the bilingual labels required such tiring gyrations.

Shortly before this, the Montreal hockey team played in a western city. Some uninformed official decided to have the national anthem sung in the two official languages, resulting in a standing response of jeers for the French version. The



same welcome was given in Toronto, prompting hockey star, Guy Lapointe, to comment how strange it was to be more welcome in American cities than in his own Canada. There are many accounts of Quebecers who were turned back when they applied for work during the short-lived western economic boom. All this would suggest that the "red neck" label cast on the west was not entirely unsolicited.

A group of us were working in the Toronto area in 1951, and were pleased to find that the Alexander Cup Finals would be played in Toronto and Montreal. We took in every game played in the Maple Leaf Gardens and enjoyed some exciting and entertaining hockey. Curiously though, while the Montreal Forum was sold out for the games, the Toronto matches drew only a thousand or so each night. We asked a sports fan at work for an explanation. He told us the reason was that not only was one team from Quebec, but the Ontario team was from Catholic St. Michael's. So these two points negated splendid performances from players like Toe Blake, Larry Kwong and Jimmy Orlando, then in the twilight of his career.

Yeah, folks, discover Canada this summer.

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#### THE CHOIR OF ST. FRANCIS

The consistent quality of music produced by our choir didn't just happen. It was the result of hard work going back many years on the part of many people. The original group which started to gain recognition was pioneered by Louise Jocks, Mrs. Josephine Jocks Jacobs and Mrs. Anne Phillips Lahache. Louise was a fine organist who could also hold her own vocally, Joseph-

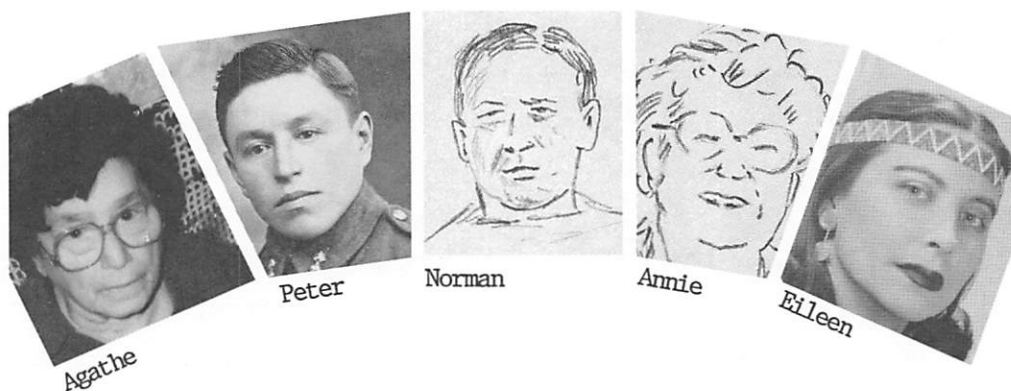
ine was also an organist. Mrs. Agathe Taylor sang for sixty years and was later joined by her husband, Peter, a World War I hero. Then came the mellifluous voice of Norman Saylor, our first and only lawyer, later joined by brothers Earl and Clarence. Eileen Jacco Lefebvre was also a major ingredient in this group. Our popular Esther Kane Phillips, a former choir president not only contributed her strong and controlled voice, but she helped keep morale high with her sense of humor. Some other well-known personalities of the past were Joe A. Beauvais and his sister, Cecelia Ouimet. Unfortunately, Mrs. Ouimet's cultured voice was not passed on to her son, Roger. Mrs. Paul Paul and May Curotte also brought their fine talents to the choir.

With guidance from Fathers Hauser and Bernier, both doctors of music, the choir excelled through the years, reaching it's annual peak at the Midnight Mass on Christmas. The lineups at the church door for that service resembled crowds at a Stokowski concert.

Conway Jocks remembers a remarkable incident during his career in the armed forces. While in the army on duty in Hawaii, he was posted to sentry duty in a remote part of the post. It was on a Sunday afternoon many years ago, and he tuned his radio to a Honolulu station specializing in classical music. He said he almost fell over when he heard the announcer say they were going to play a full hour of music from the Caughnawaga choir. While it gladdened him to hear them again, it also made him quite homesick.

There's no way to list all the members of the choir past and present, who have made the mass more meaningful. We've been fortunate to have had them all these years.

## THE CHOIR OF ST. FRANCIS





## SHOW BIZ

Kahnawake's share of the fur trade declined rapidly after the North-West Company was absorbed by Hudson's Bay and the headquarters was moved to Winnipeg. Fortunately, while that income-producing source was waning, another avenue was opened to them when, in the 1860's, Kahnawake Indians were asked to perform in Europe. In 1867, two Mohawks exhibited handicrafts at the Paris Exhibition; fifteen performers went on tour in 1867, including Taiaiake Rice's lacrosse team; and in 1876, fifteen lacrosse players, led by Big John Canadien, completed a tour of the British Isles.

A more permanent source of income became available when the Buffalo Bill Cody Wild West Show was put together in 1883 and would continue for thirty-three years. That troupe proved immediately popular because people, particularly Europeans, were interested in the American west, and especially in the Indian "folklore," including their dress, customs and the mythology built around them by the popular press. This was, of course, during the last years of the Indian wars. One of the numerous imitators of Buffalo Bill's show was Texas Jack's which employed numerous Indians from Kahnawake and Akwesasne. In the meantime, Iroquois in New York were performing in exhibitions at the Buffalo Centennial Exposition.

During the first years of Kahnawake's participation in entertainment industry, some attempt was made to maintain traditional Iroquois values, but in light of the audience's preference to see the "real" wild west, our Indians had to adopt the "Sioux look," to make up new dances and songs and to learn trick horse-riding. The wild west shows faded during the first world war, but many of our families still retain memories and

souvenirs of that era. Among the numerous personalities that come to mind are American Horse, Princess White Deer and Joseph Akwiwanoronon Beauvais. Those performers who outlasted the wild west genre went on to vaudeville. Vaudeville itself was one step away from the Broadway stage shows where some of our young lady dancers found some success.

The era between the wars was marked by costume, dancing and vaudeville exhibitions in holiday pageants, exhibitions, conventions and club shows. Some of the basic training for our performers was gained by working at Chief Poking Fire's Indian Village here in Kahnawake. In fact, much of what the average Montrealer knows about Kahnawake was learned at the village, though they didn't realize that it was the flashy western nations they were watching.

When the movie industry was based in New York, Kahnawake Indians were much in demand to portray Indians of all types. The United States mint recruited a Seneca man to model for the famous "Indian Head" nickle. A US gold piece featured Columbia in Sioux head-dress. The Canadian and American governments at all levels asked Indians to participate in civil and local celebrations such as I Am An American Day, Columbus Day, the Champlain anniversary, the Jacques Cartier anniversary, the founding of Manhattan, the Montreal Olympics, and so on.

One of the last celebrated occasions was during the dry winter of 1980 when Jack Diabo's troupe, with tongue-in-cheek, was asked to perform a "snow dance" at Montreal's Place Ville Marie. Amazingly enough, snow began to fall even before the performance was finished!

The concept of "Indian" dances is based on a rule which gives the audience what it wants, whether or not it's fact or

fancy. The genuine article is usually of interest only to the natives or anthropologists. We suspect this also applies to other ethnic entertainments.

As we've seen, interest in Indian culture extended into other areas. When the British scout movement came to North America via Canada some seventy-five years ago, it was decided to adopt a forest and trail theme with Indian undertones. Today a major part of North American scouting is based on the best values of Indian culture. In the movies, the stereotype Indian has given way to a more realistic and sympathetic depiction. Gradually, governments have come to realize that the aboriginal population is a unique resource, and governments are, in the end, people; people who were influenced by Indian shows and performers in their youth.

Finally, wherever there was an Indian performance, there was a display of Indian handicrafts. These souvenirs were usually made at home, then either sold to an agent or brought to the selling point by the maker or a younger relative. The profits of this cottage industry weren't particularly large, but it provided some income for those who were previously left out of the market. Again, as in show business, they made items that the buyers wanted to see and these articles themselves became stereotypes.

While our experience in the entertainment industry is now largely a thing of the past, family memories will persist and we will always have the knowledge that we were important participants in an original North American venture, as we were in politics, war, the fur trade and high steel construction.

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# SHOW TIME



Angus Emiaskowa Jacobs



Angus "American Horse" Montour



Louis Deer





Joseph Akwiwanoron Beauvais in the movie "Hiawatha".



### *The Real American Game*

Hockey was developed from America's oldest organized sport, Lacrosse, the very word, HOCKEY, being of Indian origin and derived from the phrase "HO-GHEE," which translated from the Mohawk tongue means, "it hurts." The first explorers to enter the valley of the St. Lawrence River found the Iroquois tribes playing "Baggataway" (lacrosse), and heard the expression "HO-GHEE" uttered as the warriors banged each other over the shins with their sticks. When the white man adapted the ancient Indian game to the ice he reduced the number of players on a team from twenty to seven, cut the size of the playing field in half, flattened the hard rubber ball into a disc (which we call the "puck"), and reshaped the sticks after removing the rawhide stringing. The names of the players' positions in both games remain unchanged—goal, defence, center, and forwards. The majority of our professional and amateur hockey stars can be found on teams playing in the various lacrosse leagues during the summer months, as lacrosse is simply "hockey" in the summer.

Louis Deer's daughter, Princess White Deer.  
Dancer, model, world traveler.



Jim Cross



Sawatis Tahoria



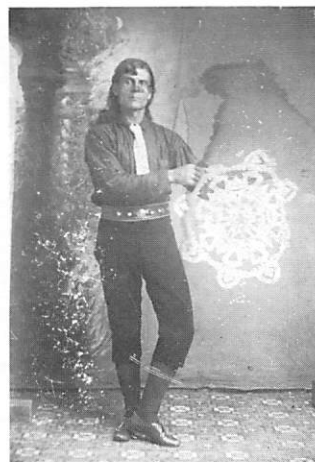
Mary Nelson



Helen Skye



Josephine Skye



Louis Deer in his magic act.



Louis Deer



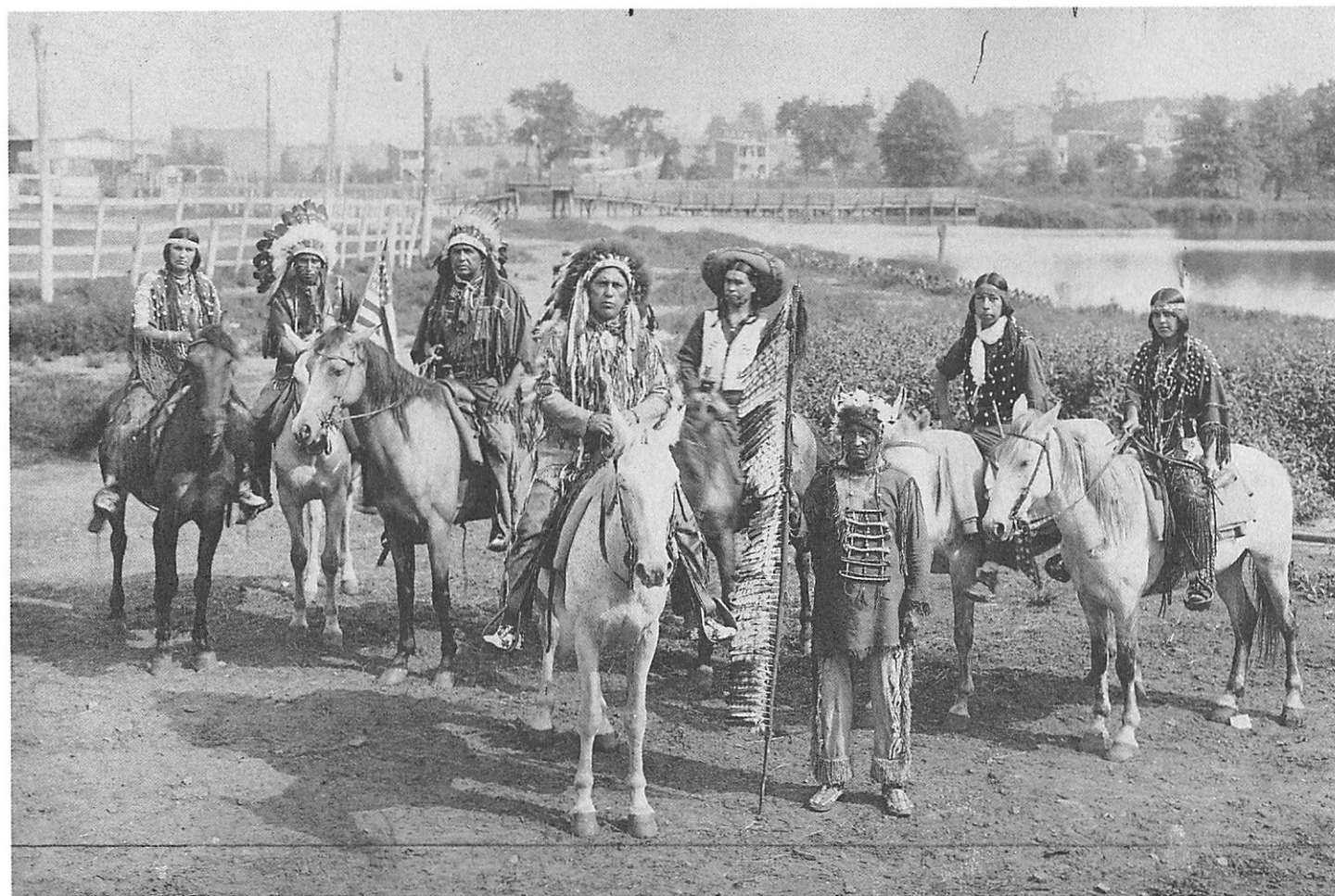
Karoniatens Beauvais and family.



Kanatase Marquis and family.



Happy New Year, 1910, at the New York City Hippodrome.  
 Emniaskoia Jacobs, Joe "White Eagle" Monique, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Delormier,  
 Sarah Beauvais, Tharorathe, John Casey.



Armie Kane, Joe Beaugé, unidentified, unidentified, Emniaskoia Jacobs, Beauvais, American Horse, and  
Mrs. Montour



This group performed in the same shows.





Frank Beauvais

John and Emma Beauvais, Mr. Entertainment of his day. In addition to native skits, he played many musical instruments, including the violin behind his back. He was Cecelia Beauvais' brother and Joe's (Romeo) and Jimmy's uncle. On the right is their son, Frank, born and raised in the United States.



Ann Foster Norton, Saterlia Adams, Angus and Noah Beauvais; three Martin children.



Windsor Hotel Pow-Wow, 1930

Rear: Jack Hill, Angus Jacobs, guest, Kanatakeniate Stacey, Kahionhakeron Diabo, Mr. Beauvais, Tsiorkakwente, Mathew Lazare  
 Front: Sakowihe Martin, Katsirakeron Deer, Josie Skye, Helen Skye, Josephine Skye, Peter Jacobs, Karonhianonha, Angelique Delormier, Mr. Delormier, Joe Mayo, Kanatasa, Cecelia Delisle.



Helen Skye



Louise Aomwenstakera Beauvais



RtL Poking Fire, Eleanor French, Evelyn Montour, unidentified, Keso, unidentified,  
Joe "White Swan" Mayo, Red Boy, unidentified children in front.





Louis Kenwenteson Beauvais  
Shown as he appeared in wild west shows as a medicine man. His dad, Kanawatase, started this medicine book. His show name was J. B. Talikeno. This name was later used by his son, John Beauvais, for stage purposes. His notes were in our language for security reasons. His father, Louis Kanowatse, eventually ran his own show. The book contains thirty pages, and one can see how the handwriting changed after Louis completed the second half.

Ma u Mei May, 17th 1887  
J. B. Talikeno

Ka noto tsi ni io tai io m  
To Ka io stathenakwekor,  
noterashona  
onenontate 3 Kateron  
o. nontsi 3 Kateron  
Kateraontsi 7 aonts  
otakwarhe Konni 1 lbs.  
orhotekowa 6 aonts  
tio tereseshona 6 aonts  
anenoron 3 aonts  
tsithkarenon Kowa 5 aonts  
tio Kavanawen 1/2 lb  
se uve Kontie 4 aonts  
ilrensonniottha 2 aonts  
Sarto 18 aonts  
onerate Single 10 aonts  
oni state koriton 4 aonts  
one twentara  
tio non Kwatshewz thi  
shin shishon

Tokenha Kenetaina te  
Kaistor

Gum Mych	2	ozs
" Guaiac	2	"
" Camphor	2	"
Boyenne	2	"
Sassafras Bark	2	"
Trupentine	2	"
Cil Hemlock	1	oz
" Bregamons	1/2	ozs
Powd Opium	1	oz
Alcohol	1	gal



Isobel French (Princess Gardenia)

### ISOBEL FRENCH

When your hair has turned to silver,  
I will love you just the same.  
I will always call you sweetheart,  
That will always be your name.  
In a garden filled with roses,  
Down the sunset trail we'll stray.  
When your hair has turned to silver,  
I will love you as today.

We can still hear the words of your lovely song, Isobel, wherever you are. Your premature departure left heavy hearts among your people, your family, and even your dog, Bozo.

Poor Isobel's hair never had a chance to turn silver, her death at a young age cut short a potentially successful singing career. As it was, even with her health problems, she sang beautiful ballads daily over a Montreal radio station until illness finally took her away. This was in the early thirties and we're sure the survivors of that era will always remember her when she sang under the show name of Princess Gardenia.

She was survived by other princesses of Indian shows; Eleanor and Elsie, brother Gilbert, and that fine athlete of years past, Howard French.

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### THE CROSS TRAGEDY

A young man had a few drinks, obviously more than necessary. He noticed he was being followed by a police car, and with the exuberance of youth mixed with alcohol, he unwisely elected to make a run for it. He did make it to his driveway and into his house, so the frustrated officer did the next reasonable thing, he apprehended the younger brother. Looking out the window,

David, the older brother, saw the officer dragging the youngster into the cruiser. Seeing red, he rushed out armed with the end of a pool cue and struck the car, demanding the release of his brother. The constable's overzealousness turned to panic (les Iroquois?) and fear, so much so that he shot David three times point blank..

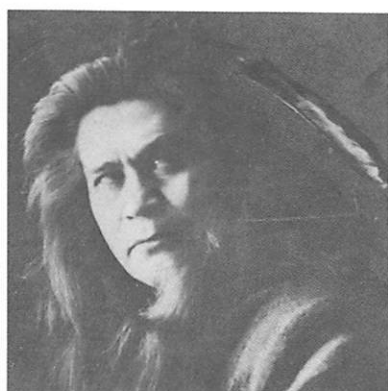
Those were the simple facts surrounding the tragedy. Generally speaking, our people felt that most importantly, a proper compensation should have been given to David's family. It was also expected that the responsible officer would at least be transferred to a less sensitive position where he would be less likely to inflict another tragedy on someone else. Once on Indian land, moreover, he could have radioed our own police force and they would have made sure justice was served without recourse to assassination.

There was a long trial in which these simple facts were bandied about, resulting in a verdict exonerating the officer without restrictions. Our people were left with the impression that the officer, apart from not having the proper training, didn't seem to have the courage and reflexes demanded by his work. Let him go, they said, put him behind a desk, but no - a short while later it was reported that "Wyatt Earp" was back on patrol, fully armed.

The fact that this man was not put out of harm's way for the sake of the public and himself left us with the nagging suspicion that a more severe punishment might have been meted out if the victim was a Caucasian. This feeling was somewhat dispelled by the results of the Sherbrooke motel shoot-out in which an innocent man was killed by police and another was wounded but the officers were also subsequently exonerated.

David Cross' death may not have been in vain if it went to prove that we could be better policed at home by our own Peace-keepers. Because of this tragedy, we have gained the departure of the outside police which relieved some of the tension in the community. So Dave, in your own way, you've helped make life better for the Kahnawakeronon.

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#### TWO CULTURES, TWO OUTLOOKS

Sometime in 1901, Chief American Horse was travelling about Europe with an Indian troupe as a continuation of the command performance given at the coronation of Edward VII in London. Angus Twanietanaka Montour, to give his real name, was still mourning the death of his wife, Shara (Charlotte) Beauvais and being abroad helped dispel his forlorn mood since there was so much to do. The troupe had performed in various cities and like

so many of our people at that time, they were skilled in such arts as rifle shooting, acrobatics and rope dancing in addition to the conventional Indian routines. American Horse was an impressive looking figure, very tall and picturesque, and he was also one of the most interesting people of his era. He had friends in all walks of life, appearing with such dignitaries as Sir Wilfred Laurier and Quebec premier Sir Lormer Gouin. While at the Dutch capital of the Hague, a constant spectator was Anna Van Dommelen, a niece of Queen Wilhemina, and the sister of the famous Dutch actress, Carolina Van Dommelen.

Since American Horse and Anna were both widowed, there was a natural attraction for each other. By the time the troupe's ten-day engagement was finished, they had fallen in love, but while the relationship knew no bounds, they had to wait until the show returned to London in order to be married since Holland required a two-week banns announcement.

Anna's royal family protested vehemently over the marriage. They thought a connection with the red race would tarnish their noble lineage. As a consequence, Anna had to sacrifice her family ties but she returned to set up her household in Kahnawake, content with the humble and peaceful environment. But her family continued to hound her, sending numerous letters begging her to come to her senses and return to her native Holland to resume her station in life. Her answers were always no.

Eventually a delegation from the royal house of Orange came to Montreal for the sole purpose of reconciling their differences while trying once more to convince her to return. But she assured them that she was now part and parcel of Kahnawake and the Mohawks, and here she would stay forever. The delegation was then satisfied that she and Angus were inseparable, and so

resigned, they invited both of them to return to the Hague for a family welcome. Although they accepted the invitation, it was never to be. Their plans were thwarted by the outbreak of World War I. However Anna was now comforted by the knowledge that her relatives understood the attraction she found in her chief and she was no longer considered a wayward runaway. But wars, death and depression removed any chance of ever having a happy reunion.

So there it is - royalty and romance in Kahnawake. Anna had a son, Frank Dommelen, who was raised here, later married and sired Arthur Van Dommelen, his last heir and still with us now. Arthur married Elsie Johnson who died some years ago and he is presently married to the former Ida Morris.

Before this story was known, Arthur always appeared to have something special. This class we refer to should be used more liberally.

Arthur and another man, Roger Ouimet, have spent their entire lives in Kahnawake, neither of them know any other home. Arthur is the adopted grandson of American Horse, long a commanding figure in our town and one of the first traditional chiefs after the Confederacy returned. Roger lost an eye playing lacrosse on our behalf. Based on the fact that the concept of adoption has always been an Indian trait, and that the Great Law of Tekanawitha makes provisions to suit these situations, we think that if these two men cannot be granted full status, they should at least be granted assurance that future administrators will not dismiss them from the reserve. This possibility must always be in the back of their minds, preventing them from enjoying well-deserved peace of mind.

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THE OLD LANDMARKS



## THE OLD LANDMARKS

Before the Mercier Bridge was erected, local stores, services and schools played a much bigger part in our lives. Our neighbors, Ste. Catherine and Châteauguay, were far from us and were not that much better equipped, so we were dependent on our own resources.

Starting at the tunnel was...

1: Charlie Mitchell's. He had established quite a little complex, selling oil, fabrics and non-perishables. He sold hardware such as nails, hinges and glass from a small annex which still stands.

2: Joe Kirby's grandfather, Soronswe, who sold groceries.

3: Karenhotonkeh, located at Kane's Corner from where he sold fresh meat and vegetables.

4: Leon Perras. Light hardware, groceries, gas and oil.

5: Ahnastienens Norton's store on the corner, west of the Legion.

6: Joe Barne's place, three large floors and a big warehouse in the rear, full of you name it.

7: Kahetoto's large dance hall and ice cream parlor, opposite corner from the Peter Delisle homestead.

8: Kanawanto's. It was later occupied by Hector Carrier.

9: Arienonkto's, Eddie Delaronde's father. He operated a large market which was later taken over by Stephen, Dave and Earl Lafleur.

10: Wise Ratennions, Maggie Delisle's grandfather, had a meat market now occupied by the renovated home of Mike Delisle.

11: Jim Curotte's pool room, ice cream parlor and grocery.

12: Jean-Baptiste Teharerens store, founded at the turn of the century, with the family living on the second floor. Tehar-

# THE CAUGHNAWAGA GAZETTE

JOURNAL OF THE IROQUOIS RESERVES

PUBLISHED ONCE A FORTNIGHT

No. 3.

CAUGHNAWAGA, APRIL 13, 1905.

(Single copies : 4 cents.  
Yearly subscription : 1 dollar.

## CAUGHNAWAGA CELEBRITIES.

### III.

Napoleon Giasson, Post-Master.

Always courteous and obliging, and of most prepossessing appearance, Mr. Giasson is a representative French Canadian Post-Master. His wife, kind and good, is a worthy helpmate. His beautiful daughter is the wife of Mr. Willie Crépain who keeps the Grand Central Hotel at Châteauguay Basin. His son, a well-brought up and refined young fellow, is at the College of the Sacred-Cœur at Ste. Marie, and is coming home for Easter. Mr. Giasson shewed us, with pardonable pride some of his boy's handwriting, and we must admit that it was perfect.

"I was born at Caughnawaga", said the genial Post-master, "as were my Father and Mother; my Grandfather came from France. My wife is a daughter of Mr. David Lafeur, and she is related to the Delormier family. Her mother was Henriette Desparois dit Champagne; my wife's maiden name was Clothilde Lafeur. I am brother-in-law to Mr. Cherier, member for Laprairie in the Parliament of Quebec.

I have been Post-master here for seven years, and I am ticket agent for the C. P. R. since March 1902, now 13

years, and I am agent for the North American Life and the Ottawa and Equity Fire Insurance Companies.—I have never had any complaints nor has anything gone wrong with the Post Office since I had it.

Before the New York Central moved up I was Station Agent and agent for the Dominion Express Co., for 7 years. When the New York Central took the road I transferred my business to the village as City and outside agent.

I also do the hiring of the men and supply their tickets to destination for several lumber companies. I sometimes go with a gang to destination. I may be going with a gang to Ottawa or elsewhere at any time now.

I have almost too many occupations! I am agent for Foisy Bros., for organs, pianos and Sewing-machines. I have sold 75 sewing-machines, and several pianos and organs for them. I have presented them for 15 years.

I have the work of driving the Bell telephone repairer, and being the mail-carrier. I always have one or two horses on hand and ready.

I am the local manager of the Long Distance Bell Telephone Co.

During the summer I measure quarried stones for the Government. A royalty has to be paid on all stones leaving the Reserve, and this is the thirty-first year during which I do this measuring work. Formerly there were no quarries.

I have seen great changes in the Reserve since I was a boy. I was educated for three years at Ste. Therese College, and three years at Ottawa University. Mr. Joseph College, also six months at Montreal Collegiate School. Mr. Chas. "G. H." was Principal then."

Two more interesting points with regard to Mr. Giasson's family may be mentioned: His grandmother, Marie-Louise de Sakepé was born at Caughnawaga, as the registers show, on September 7th 1770. This proves how long Mr. Giasson's family has been connected with this locality, and as appears from the prefix "de", his ancestors the de Sakepés were a French family of noble birth. He also shewed us an interesting relic in the shape of a horn bearing an inscription to the effect that it was presented by the Government to his great-great grandfather, Pierre Hubert, February 1st, 1813.

erens was a very prominent Kahnawakeronon. He built one of the most handsome homes this town had ever seen. When passing by, note that there are few signs of deterioration although there's been minimum repairs over the years. Though Jean-Baptiste lived a short life, it was an effective one. He was our chief for a while and well known to the Canadian statesmen of the day. He was quick to pounce on any injustice and take issue with any government decree he thought unfair. In his forty-three years his impact has assured his memory will not be forgotten. The store was taken over in the early 1920's by his son, Louis Dailleboust. We've seen it operated as a general hardware and paint store, but it also stocked the everyday pleasantries such as magazines and newspapers. No matter what you needed, Louis and his wife, Annie, always seemed to have it. He'll always be remembered.

13: Gedeon Giasson's sold meat and bread.

14: Mosias Meloche's place dispensed shoes, fabrics and clothes. He opened early Sunday morning to accomodate churchgoers whose breadwinner may have been late in arriving with the traditional Saturday paycheck.

15: William Meloche, where ladies could purchase hats and lingerie.

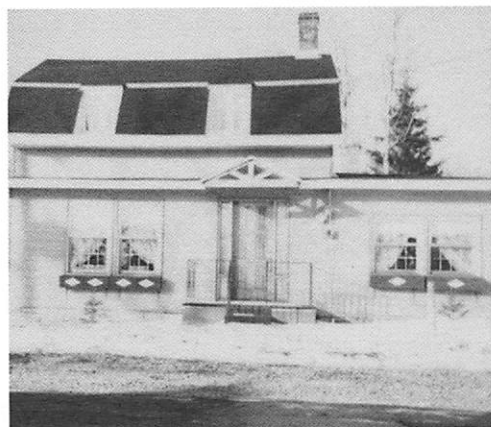
16: Watias Gordon's store had writing paper, copy books and light groceries.

17: The old high school, now the site of Kateri Elementary School. It burned down in the forties, one of the many fires that seemed to plague our "imported" janitor who was then in charge, but this was the most spectacular fire by far. It was in full glory by midnight and most of Kahnawake was there in addition to fire trucks from Lasalle, Lachine and Châteauguay.

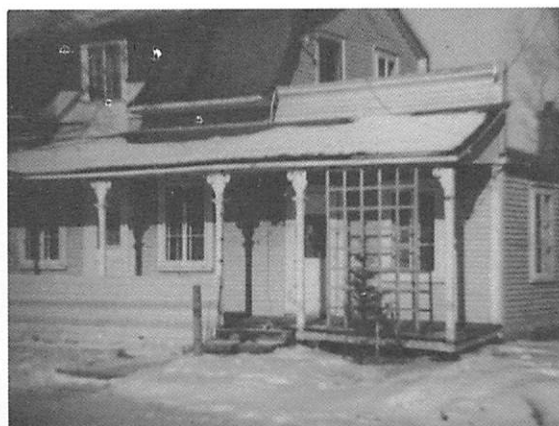
During the climax of the fire, lo and behold, music was heard coming from the hall on the second floor. It turned out to be Johnny Jocks and his friends, rendering a hot version of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" on the piano. When things really got too hot for comfort, Johnny decided that the lovely old instrument would not be burned so the gang threw it down the fire escape. That piano never sounded the same again. But Johnny denies the story to this day. He claims he was playing "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," but there's general agreement that John's groggy voice was created that night because of all that smoke swirling around his tonsils.

18: Maggie Martin's store, dispensed light groceries and soda treats.

\*\*\*



Now



Then



Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mitchell who ran this store from the late 1800's. The building is still there, including the little addition on the left which served for hardware and glass. Charlie was one of the unfortunates, buried in the night after succumbing to the Spanish Flu epidemic of 1918-1919.



A 19th century candy jar found in Charlie's store.



Remember?



Boy, was gas cheap then!



William Meloche's clothing store.



Frank Deer, looking over things.



William Sonorose Rice's.



Margie's Tea Room.



The first wharf store.



Note the ferry boat captain.



A view of the Diabo store, later run by Louis Dailleboust and wife Annie.



Jean-Baptiste Teharerens, seen here with a smiling Prime Minister Mackenzie King.



Still attractive.





The village main street, with Joe Barnes' store on the right.



Where was this on the west end?



Watias Gordon's.



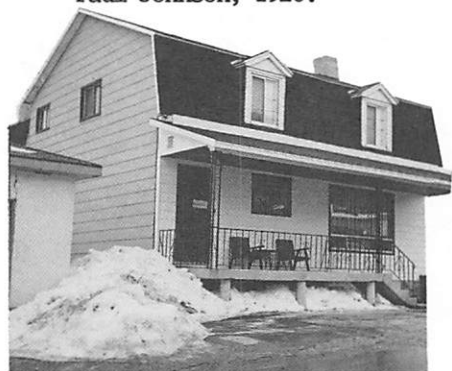
Dindo's old bakery, now  
the Leborgne home.



The first mobile restaurant.  
Paul Johnson, 1926.



Gedeon Giasson's, relocated and  
renovated.



Mosias Meloche's clothing store.



Wise Ratenminon's, Maggie Delisle's  
father.



The 1752 blacksmith shop, a movie house in the early 1900's. Chief Poking Fire's residence on the right.



Sharon Sway (Kirby)



Kanawanto, later Carrier's, and later yet, Charlie Canadian's.



Arienonkto Delaronde's old store, later run by Steve, Dave and Earl Lafleur.

## SPORTS APLENTY

After many discussions with veteran athletes and fans, the credibility of yesterday's sports personalities are assessed even to this day. We find that our occupations leave most workers in American cities, away from home except for the weekends. That curtails the development of athletes, especially in team sports not to mention the complete lack of facilities available to them.

Our town has still managed to nurture some outstanding performers. From his friends and foes alike, one name comes up as the best all-round competitor produced here. That man was John "Big Six" Jocks. Six not only starred in baseball, hockey and lacrosse, but played most positions with equal proficiency. In 1918 he played Triple A (International League) for Rochester. He was a pitcher at the time and was scheduled to report for spring training with the parent Chicago team. During the off-season, he was on an ironworking job in the Thetford Mines area and smashed his shoulder in an accident. Six still continued to play as part of the infield in lesser leagues. He also played lacrosse against the likes of immortals like Charlie Conacher, "Battleship" Leduc and "Newsy" Lalonde. In his latter years, because of his fading speed, Six played as a more than adequate goalie. From a sporting point of view, Big Six Jocks is still remembered by most old timers everywhere. On his way back from a job in the Yukon during the war, his younger brother, Joe, said he was once mistaken for Six in an Edmonton bar. The stranger was said to have been disappointed at not meeting the famous Big Six whom he knew by his lacrosse reputation. Six later became the one-man law and order officer in our village for many years.

Other sports notables are as follows..

Hockey-Paul Jacobs and John Leclaire. Six's brother, Joe, played for the New York Rovers. There was the famous line of George Cross, Angus B. Montour, Mike Lefebvre, Frank Montour, "Pidgley" Norton and Barry Delisle.

Lacrosse- There were too many to name them all, but there was Tom Two Rivers, Watias Hemlock, Louis and Jimmy Alfred, John Scott, Sak Mayo, Mike Montour and Paul Jacobs. That famous Kid Line featured Johnny Rice, Ron Delisle and Bud Morris, whose dad, Frank, was also a great one. Bill and brother Roger Ouimet, both had great shots, but Bill's was like a bullet. Earl Lafleur played the game as one of the classiest performers, as did Joe Hemlock and nephew George.

Baseball- Again we find Big Six at the head, followed by his buddy John Scott and that formidable pitcher, Gid Canadian, along with Larry Jackson, "Smotts" Delormier, Louis "Beef" Delisle, Mike Dionne, Sam Nelson and Peter and "Beef" Regis.

Golf- Tops had to be "Guyo-Guy" Montour and brother Matty "Mad Eye." The long-hitting, cross-handed George Cross, also Joe Diabo who had all the shots. Angus Patton always came through as did Louis Beauvais and George Hemlock. The Kirby brothers were a pleasure to watch. Danny has played and often beaten the best, and brother Herby hasn't hit a ball into the rough in forty years, but he did miss a twelve-foot putt in 1962. Some of his critics say he lost a ball in 1959, others say it fell out of the bag. Joe Horn, as a junior, came up with the most prominent performances. Everybody's favorite in the late forties and early fifties was Frank Delisle. He was the ultimate in smooth swinging and pleasant disposition. Today we have the class and ability of Albert Diabo.

Wrestling- The father and son combination of wrestling, Joe and Carl Bell, performed under the names of War Eagle and Don Eagle, respectively, and excited us in the forties. Father Joe was a world champion long before, when wrestling was a science. Carl's career as a boxer was cut short by an accident in Vermont. His son, John Kim, is presently an assistant conductor for the Toronto Symphony and is a guest conductor with many fine orchestras in Canada and the United States. Another good wrestler was Billy Two Rivers, now a Kahnawake councillor.

We would be remiss in not acknowledging the sports entertainers from our cousins in Akwesasne, including those hall of famers, John and Louis White, also the exciting Angus George and Louis Sunday, the Spinorama Man. Tom Longboat was not from Kahnawake, but as an Onondaga, he put a feather in everybody's Iroquois hat by becoming the fastest long-distance runner in the world.

With full respect to the foregoing, our greatest achiever is undoubtedly Alwyn Morris. Alwyn inherited his grandfather's (Tom Morris) heart. He was a good athlete even though slight of stature. Kahnawake has never shown the admiration for any of its notables as it has for Alwyn, and deservedly so.

With no sponsorship as in other communities, we must also salute the men behind the scenes who organized and contributed the elusive funding and direction to achieve what sports we did have. This includes men like Louis Arakonte Curotte, John Delormier, Angus Snow, Dave Lafleur and our dynamic Father Mike Jacobs. And guess what? Again we find Big Six coaching, managing and refereeing any game around.

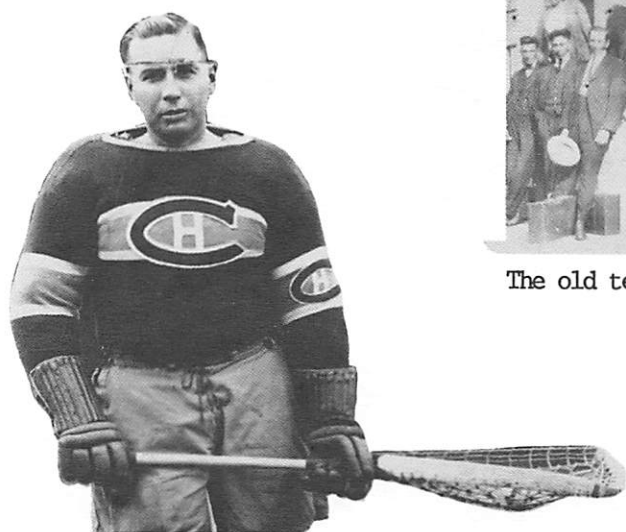
The tenor of our sports preferences is undergoing a process of change. Our clubs such as the Legion and the Moose, are now

sponsoring Little League teams and marathon running, but there is still little financial support for the traditional venues of hockey and lacrosse. The senior team has to exist from season to season and the juniors are difficult to maintain. While the paddling club is deeply involved in provincial competition, the local schools have done good work in organizing running teams at all levels. The Survival School has done extremely well with their wrestling program, achieving one of the best records among the schools of its stature in Montreal and the neighboring communities.

\*\*\*

# SP RTS

Alwyn. If he ever runs for chief, goodbye Joe!



John "Big Six" Jocks.



The old team waiting for the stage.



Top trio of their day, John Scott, Big Six, Gid Canadian.



Black Eagle, a great five-miler. Jim Foote's father.





Left rear: Big Six Jocks, right center: Smotts Delormier.



Rear: Big Six, Jim Ross, Julien Jacobs  
 Center: Beef Regis, Smotts, Bumpus  
 Front: Peter Regis, Dick Diabo

## The Leaside Team



Rear: Angus Deer, Pete Stacey, Warathate, Mike Atshenias Montour, Louis Alfred, Paul Thomas, John Scott, Sak Mayo, Paul Jacobs, Prudhomme, Peter Taiiaiake Rice.

Front: Louis White, Aieh Tekarihnoen, Joe Martin, unidentified, Watias Hemlock, unidentified.





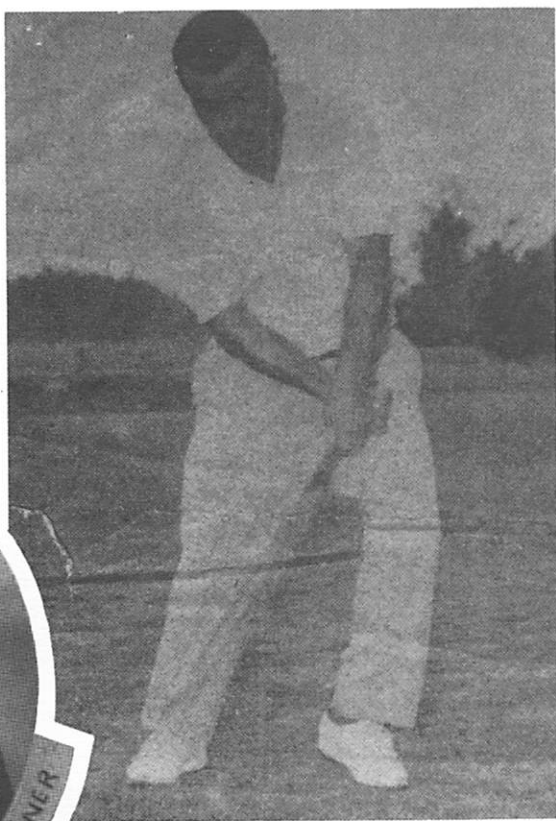
Front: Peter Jacobs, Joe Island, Louis Leborgne, Lawrence Hill  
 Center: Frank Johns, Peter Stacey, Charles Angus, Joe Martin, Casey Jacobs, Frank Mayo, Casey Jacobs, Joe Alfred, Angus Delisle, Willie Stacey.  
 Rear: Tom Diabo, Angus Deer, Paul Jacobs, Louis Alfred, Peter Rice, John Simpson  
 Joe Hemlock, John Scott, Joe Dominik, John Douglas.



The famed Tom Longboat appeared in Kahnawake in a fifteen-mile race. In those days we had a fenced-in field, complete with grandstand and facilities for a half-mile track. Peter Deer competed but didn't have a chance since he was only a miler. However our John Diabo from the bush was second and Tom Patton was third. Our folks were proud to see our boys challenge the greatest.



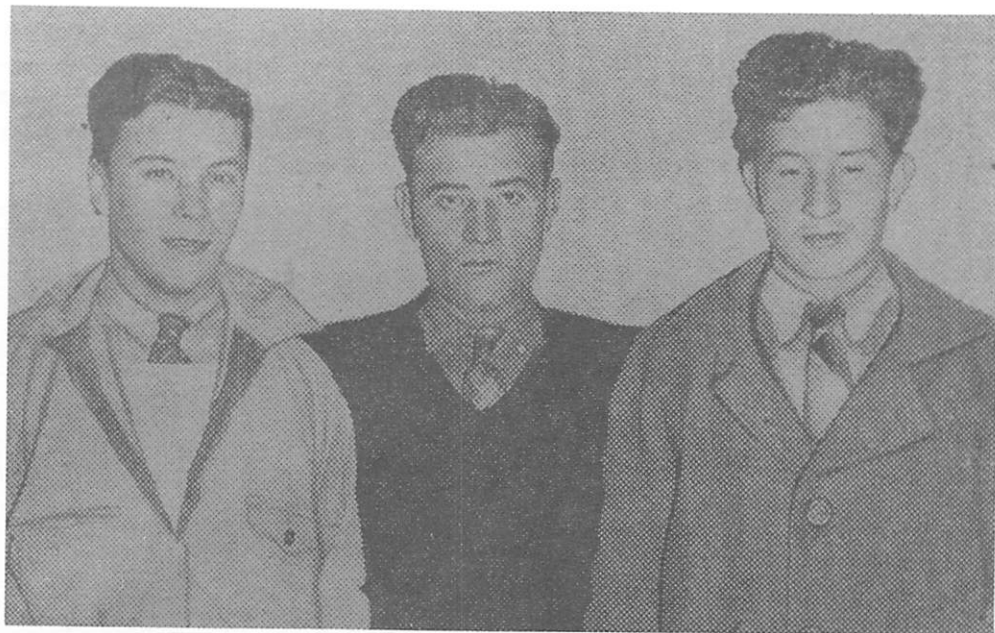
Tsitsakarra, a champion miler. Won the North American Indian Olympics in 1904 at St. Louis, Missouri.



WINS K. OF C. GOLF TOURNAMENT. — George Cross of Kahnawake who won the golf tournament held July 24th at the Meadowbrook Golf Club under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, Lachine Council, with a low gross of 73. The low net in the tournament was played by René Pilon of Lachine with - 71

Along with fellows like Lester Saylor and James Kane, George Cross could challenge pros and amateurs alike.

## Redskin Front Line in Hockey



George Cross      Mike Lefebvre      Angus B. Montour

Trio of Iroquois Indians, center and wings of Van Cortlandt Hockey Club.



Rear: Angus Snow, Big Six, Pete Delormier, Onesime Leborgne, Angus Stacey, Jimmy Alfred, Big John Norman.

Front: John Leclair, Goldie Delisle, mascot Jacobs, Norman Lefebvre, George Cross, Angus B. Montour, Arthur Albany.

Note number 11's team must have been sponsored by Jack Hit.





Don Eagle  
The Indian Death Lock



War Eagle  
The Scientific Hold



P. JACOBS



J. JACOBS



D. TWOAX



Small Dominik

Part of the 1904-05 lacrosse champions.



Action at the old rink.



Larry Jackson's 1905 lacrosse team.



The old bowling team  
Gene, Willie, the writer, Wally and Percy.



George Watias Hemlock.  
You name it, he played it



Peter Goodleaf, Sandy Norton, George Cross, Louis Curotte, Sonny Jocks, Paul Johnson, Goldie Delisle, Mike Deer, Howard French, Tom Paul, Onesime Leborgne, Jim Deer, Jim Alfred, Louis Dailleboust.



This team was formed and played in the Quebec City area before the Quebec Bridge disaster. From left to right; Beef)) Regis, center; Larry Jackson, Gld Canadian, front center; Mgr. Alex Beauvais, extreme right; Big Six Jocks.



Kanawaki caddies of 1918.





Hey Alwyn, here's your grandfather, also an athlete!



Pete Taylor, A. Snow, J. Montour, Big Six, F. Goodleaf, L. Curotte  
Tony Norton, Tom Morris, N. Saylor, Jerry and Frank Montour  
Dick Diabo, mascot Johnny Jocks, Angus "Guay" Montour



Sam Nelson, a great Sioux  
athlete who came here in  
the early 1900's.



Gary Delisle, George "Pidgery" Norton and Barry Delisle. All fine  
athletes, but golf was not Gary's bag.

# Ethel Beauvais, Noted Skier, Dies at Esterel

By MYRTLE COOK

Ethel Beauvais, one of the prettiest and most popular girl skiers in the Laurentians, died at her Esterel home yesterday afternoon.



Ethel Beauvais

The lovely athlete who represented Canada at the Women's International meet at Lake Placid a few years ago, was well known among the Eastern Canada ski fraternity. Her familiar trim figure, sueding along with her down the slopes, attractive sister, Dorothy, never failed to draw admiring glances from onlookers. Her smooth, effortless style of skiing and daring on the steeper courses, won her the respect of all her rivals.

Ethel passed away after a lingering illness. She will be remembered not only for her winning personality and skiing skill, but also because she was one of the first among Laurentian instructors to teach the Parallel System along with her brother Maurice.

She retired from competition but never gave up her interest in the game. We used to run across her at Esterel. Always the conversation would turn to the snowflights.

A fine swimmer and daring aquaplane rider, Ethel will be sadly missed all along the skiers' front.

During the off ski-season Ethel did considerable riding. She was also adept at water skiing and could handle a rifle with the best shot in the district. She was a good ice skater and could handle a hockey stick with élan. She was an excellent cook and designed many of her clothes. She caused a mild sensation a few years back when she appeared in an all white ski racing suit topped with white fur hood.

We recall one incident during the Lake Placid invasion. As the team members came to the border and were interviewed by the U.S. customs men, the officials asked for our passports. It was during war time. Identification cards with finger prints and all the other red tape was necessary.

When the officers came to Ethel and Dorothy, they flashed beautiful smiles and replied simply "We do not need any papers, we are amateurs."

They will bury Ethel tomorrow morning at 9 a.m. from the little church at Caughnawaga.



Father Arthur Beauvais showing off his two lovely daughters, Dorothy and Ethel, both of whom competed on the Canadian Olympic team at Lake Placid in the early 40's. Ethel was also a competent swimmer. It's believed she died prematurely at 19 from overtaxing her body in training. In those same years, brother Maurice was rated about the sixth best skier in Canada.



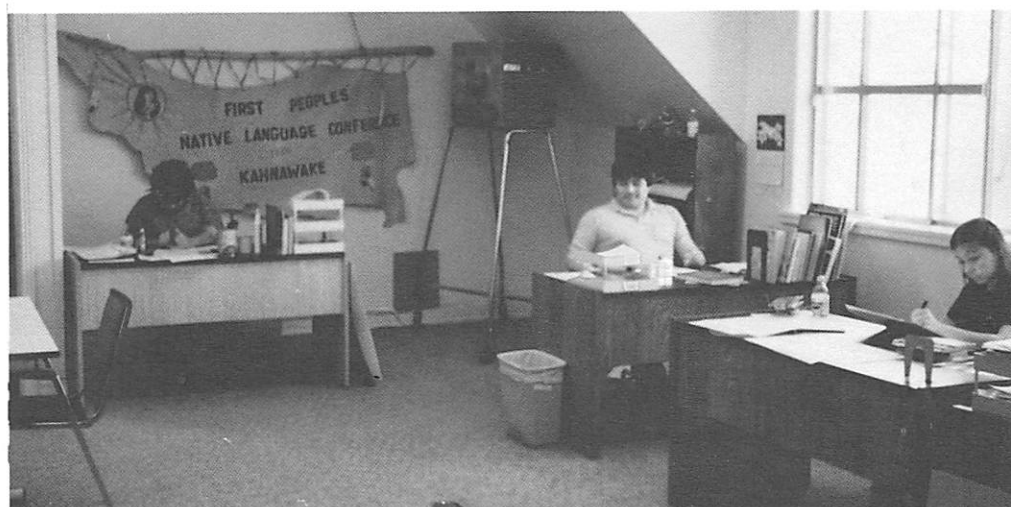
Herb Kirby and Lester Zachary, two longtime members of our golf intersectional team, celebrating after separating two adversaries from their wampum.

## The Artists of Kahnawake

Native people are generally recognized as natural artists with their own innate sense of color, harmony and composition. Some of the world's finest sculptures and drawings have been uncovered in ancient Indian sites. The Iroquoian people who once settled the Ohio and Missouri valleys are well known for the beauty of both their spiritual and utilitarian vessels. The trail of their distinctive pottery style follows a path from the mound cities to Huronia and the other Iroquoian settlements in the northeast. Although our ancestors necessarily worked with nature's own materials, such as clay, skin, bones and shells, our people today maintain the old traditions but in a lateral mode.

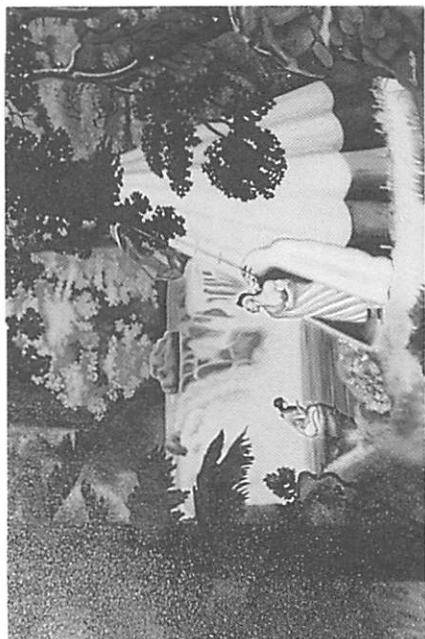
Art is not a static thing, it changes with time. World art has moved from the medieval to the modern. Sculpture, for example, now takes advantage of today's esoteric materials. So it is with native art. While we honor and cherish our ancestors' work, we would dishonor it by imitation. Instead we have built on it, bringing its spirit into the twentieth century.

With this in mind, we now look at some of our artists who are not only giving us visual and inner pleasure, but who give us a message made more meaningful by using our own terms of reference. These people are not just Indian artists, but artists who happen to be Indian.





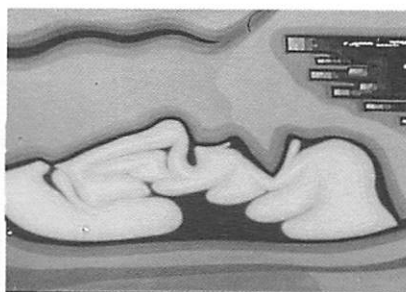
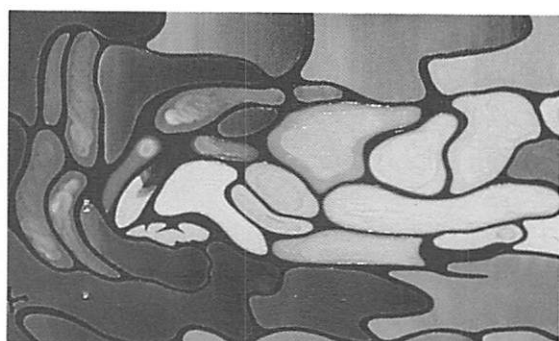
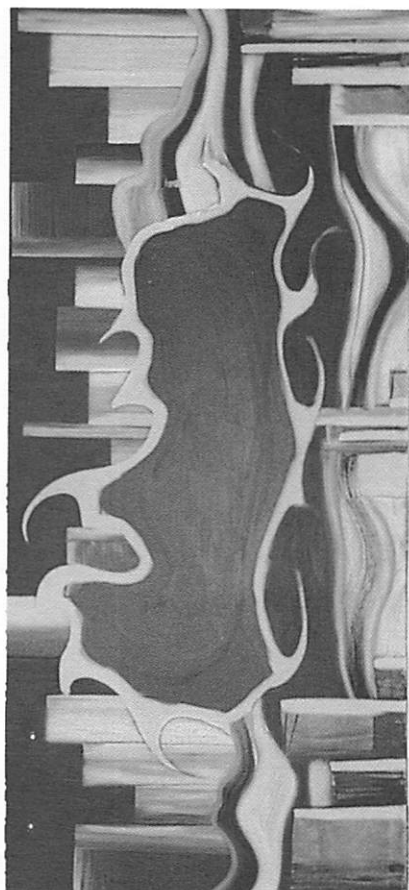
TOP



Louis Hall displays his kestowah.

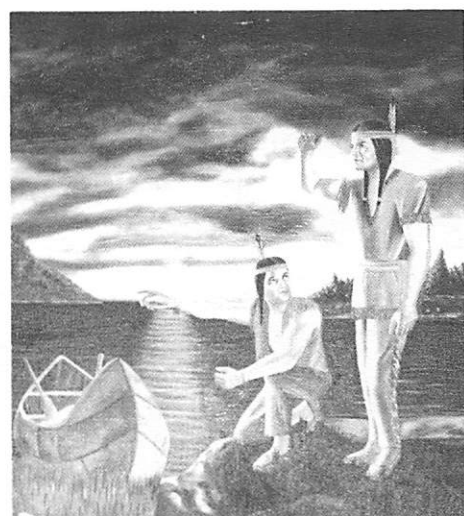
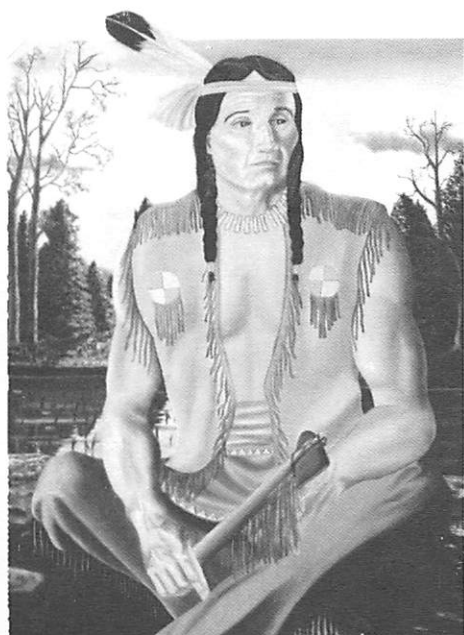






Some of the art of Andrew Delisle Jr. Although Andy has only been painting a short time, he's had successful exhibitions.

Top

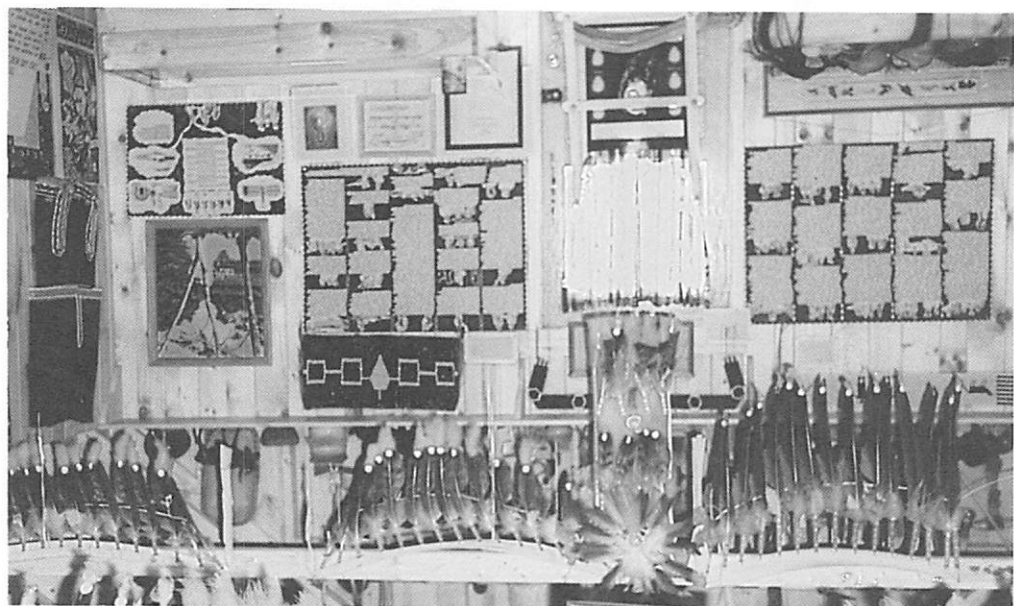


Paintings by Deep Sky (Roy Montour)

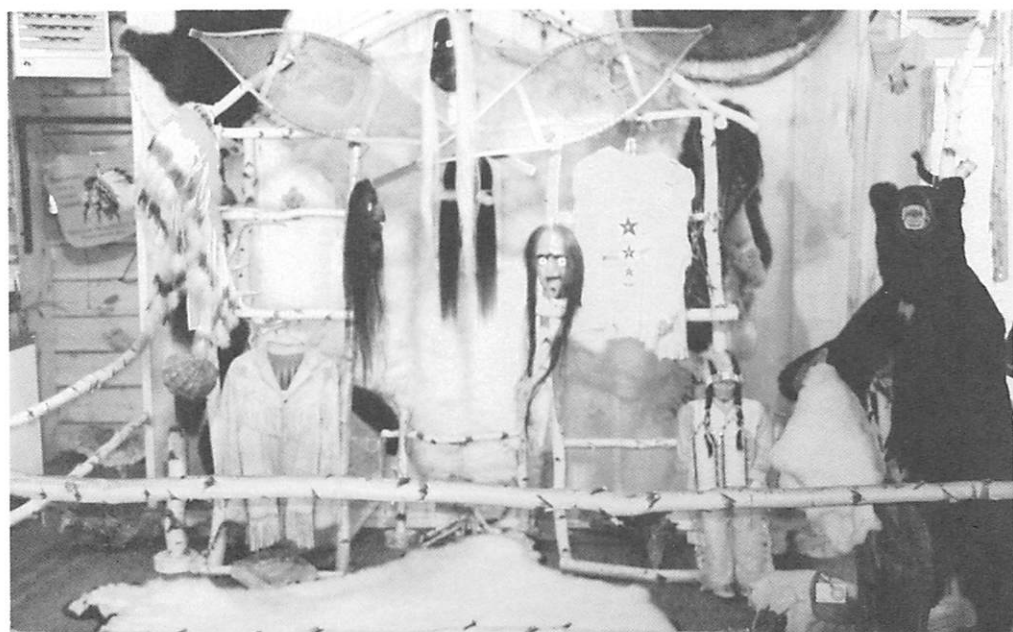




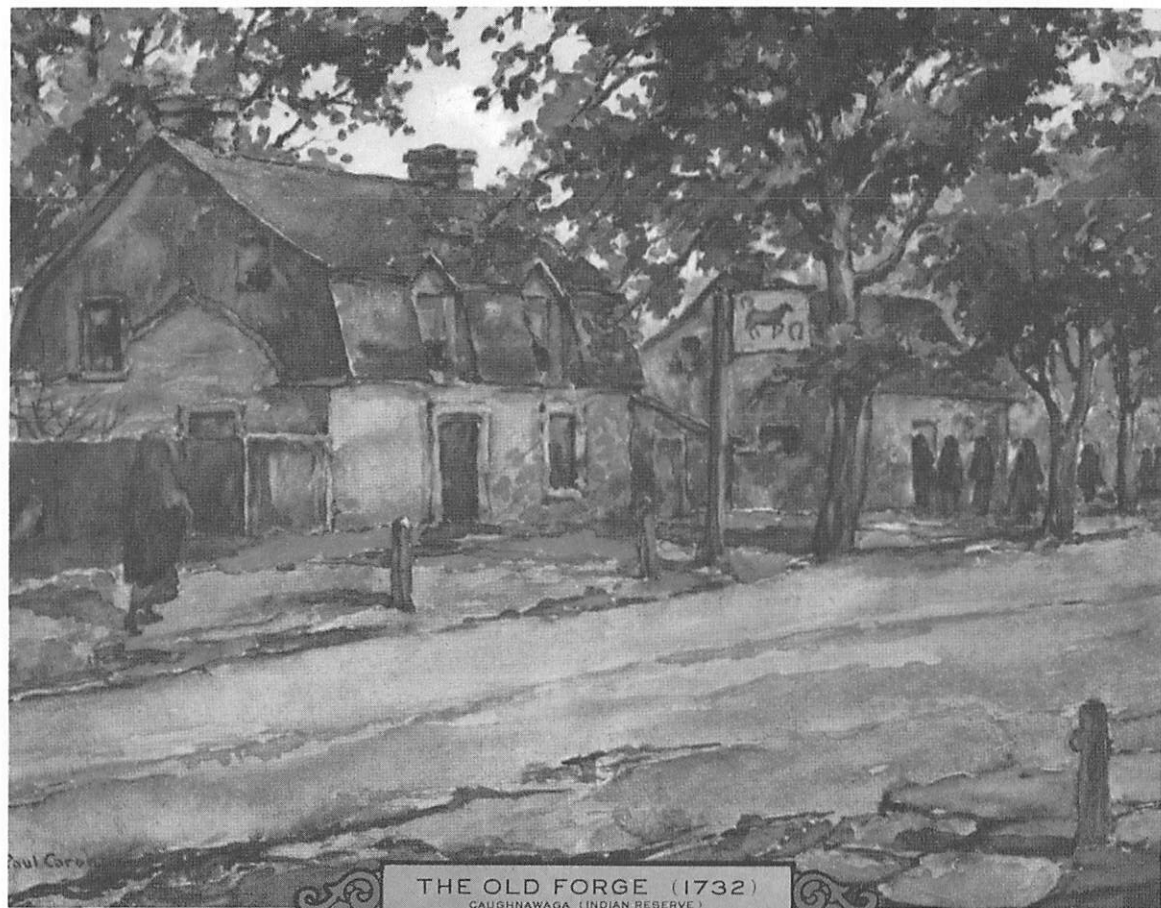
Steve McComber's sculptures reflect our Iroquois heritage.



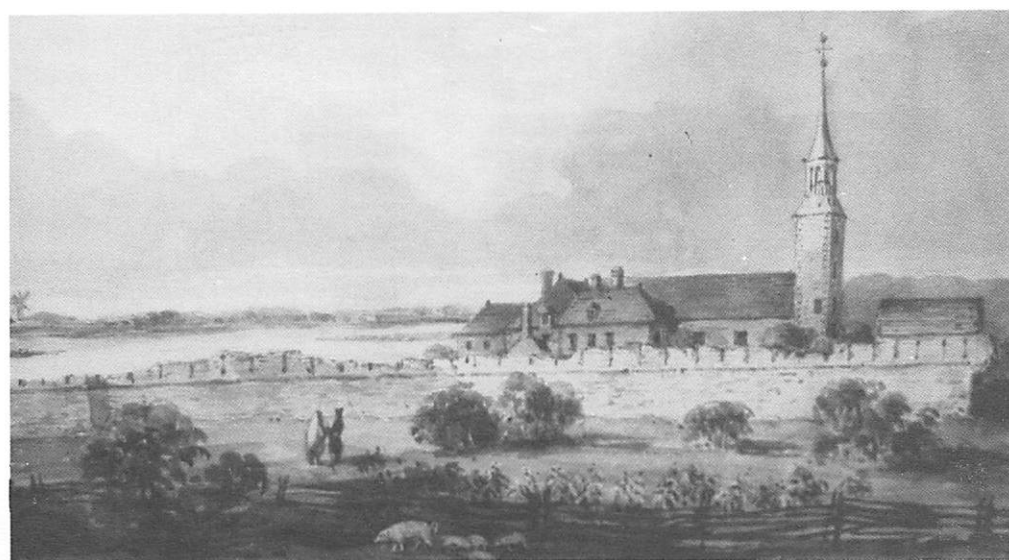
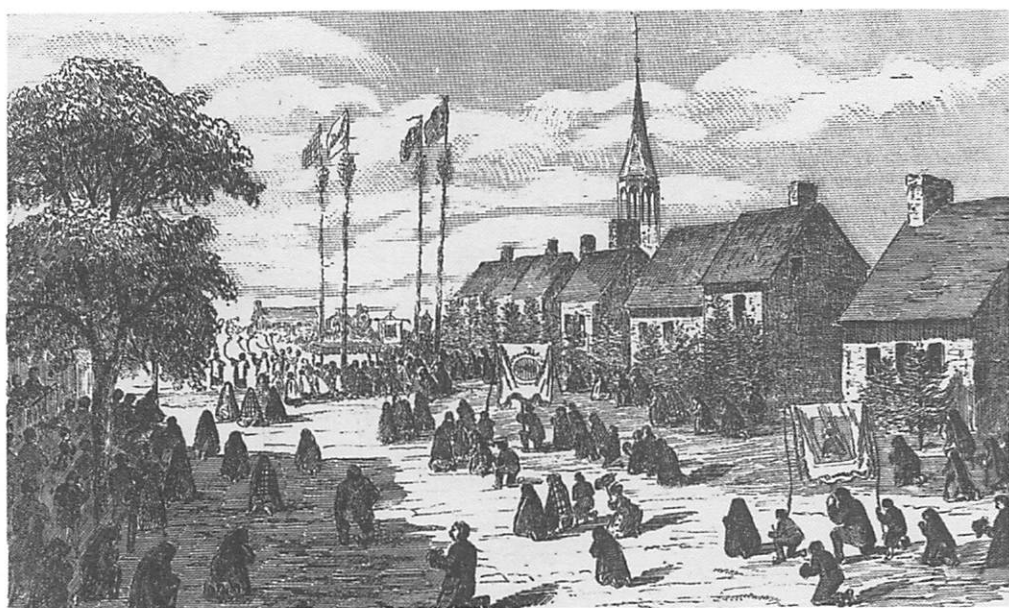
Ray Fadden's native museum at Onchiota, New York, containing many worthy exhibits.



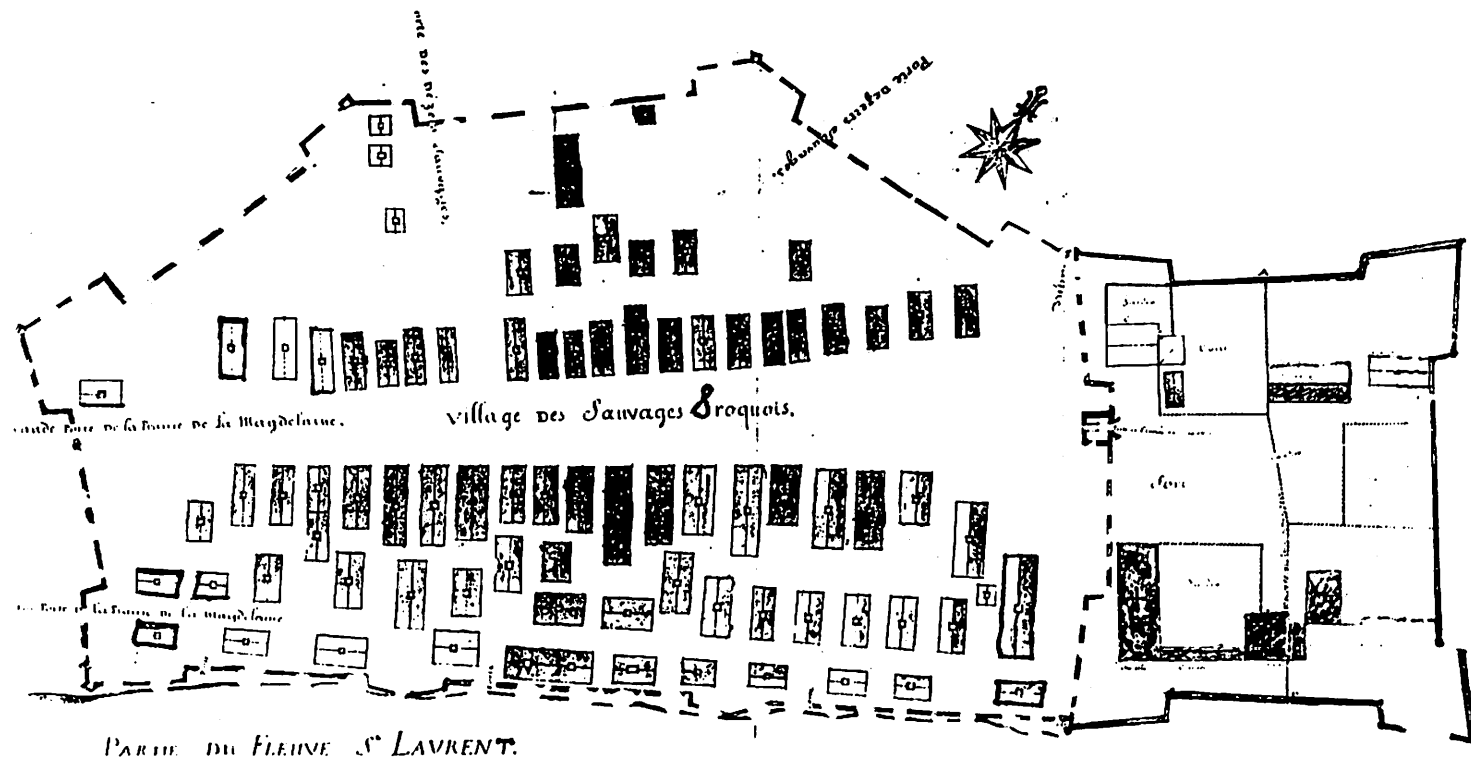
Andrew Delisle Sr's., Okwari, a combination museum and native crafts boutique.



THE OLD FORGE (1732)  
CAUGHNAWAGA (INDIAN RESERVE)



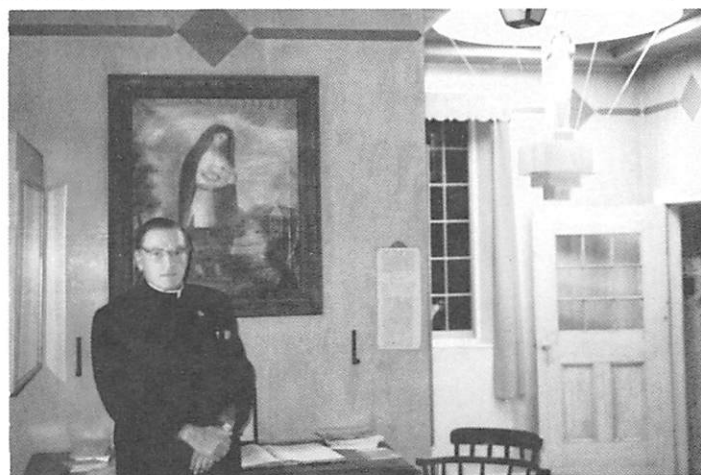
Scenes of 19th century Kahnawake. The artist would have probably been standing at Peter Delisle's corner, looking at the original church. It seems they built the new church around the old one, using it as a scaffold. We probably used the little chapel on the hill during this time. The scene below would have been from the opposite direction prior to the church fire in 1848. Note the Lasalle wind-mill.



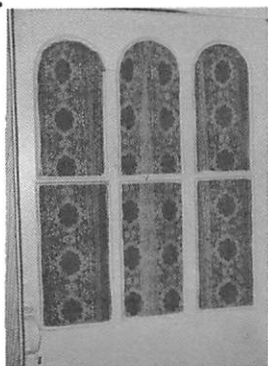
The master plan of the so-called village of the savages and Fort Sault St. Louis drawn around 1745. We short circuited the plan by not allowing the dotted portions to be built. So this fort ended up by being no fort at all.



Built in 1883, this building may have been our first post-office. Now the Annie Horn home, it shows little change. Note the wide original exterior door at right, and the slot for inserting letters.



Our Father Lajoie may not be quite three hundred years old, but his surroundings in the church are furnished with many artifacts.



Speaking of doors, this one in Tom & Josie Moon's home is close to three hundred years old according to architects.

### The tactical contribution of the Indians

In April, 1812, Governor Prévost sent a group of Indian scouts to serve with the Voltigeurs. They did not eat the same food nor did they have the clothes, weapons and pay as the regular troops. Salaberry sent his Indian scouts on reconnaissance patrols or used them in surprise attacks. He also assigned them to the outposts in the company of regular pickets.

### The Amerindians from Lower Canada were very valuable allies

"you will immediately proceed to Caughnawaga to select and send forward to Châteauguay such of the Indians at that place as are able and fit to be employed in the Field . . . The Saint-François Indians (Odanak) should be sent forward and placed in the same position as the above

Frederic, Military Secretary to Sir John Johnson, Indian Superintendent.  
Montreal, October 5, 1813.

Two placards at the Battle of Châteauguay museum at Allen's Corners.



## Our People Today

This book has recorded our participation in past societies. The following pages outline the activities of our people today.

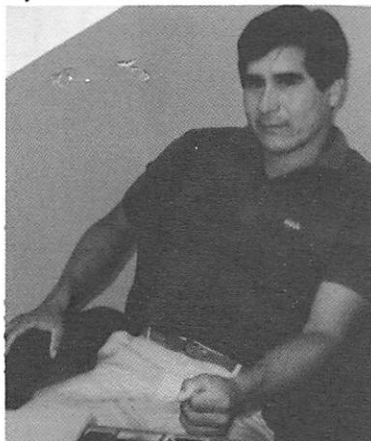
Natives are fed up with the accusations that they're parasites on the economy who are owed a living from the world's downtrodden taxpayer. Any cost borne by the non-natives are as per a prior agreement made in exchange for access to our lands and our assistance in the country's wars against old enemies. And these costs are considerably lower than monies spent on foreign aid or bailouts of hopeless business ventures.

It's commonly misunderstood that races are created equal, not similar. Many of our customs and aspirations differ from yours. The high steel work of the majority of our men over the years is well known, yet most of you wouldn't partake of this vocation for all the money in the world. The fact that our younger generation do not flood the universities for careers in overcrowded professions doesn't lessen our sense of values for all things in common.

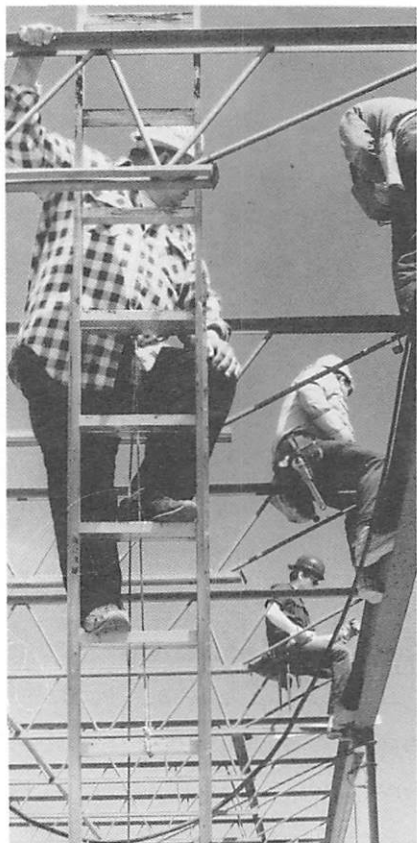
The following examples should be ample proof of today's Indian creativity and resourcefulness. In spite of this, we do have our derelicts and drunks - don't you?



Nowitekjhonwake, our chief in 1885.



Joseph Norton, our chief in 1985.



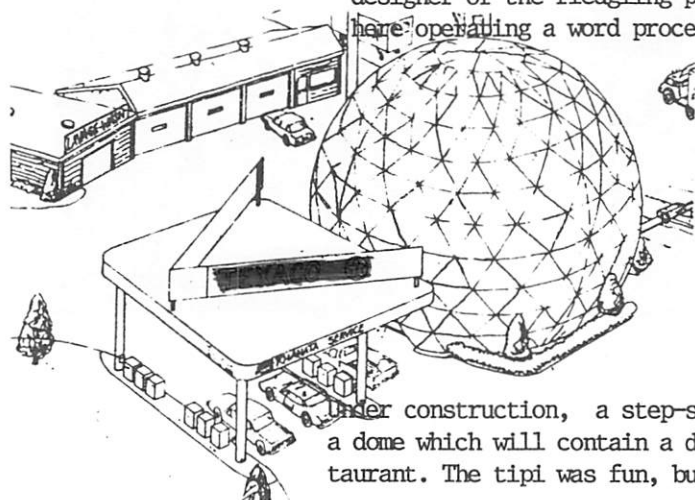
Erecting the new hospital.



Franklin Williams, project manager for our Kateri hospital, seen here with his general superintendent, Conrad Montour. Franklin also operates a driving range and a gas bar.

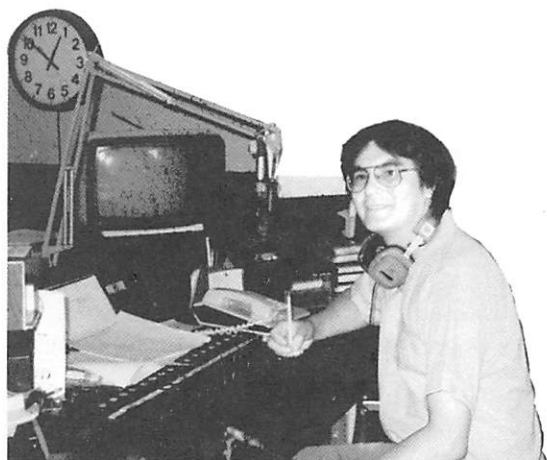


Conway Jocks, founder of our radio station, also the designer of the fledgling project shown below. Seen here operating a word processor.



Under construction, a step-saver service center built around a dome which will contain a delicatessen and a specialty restaurant. The tipi was fun, but it doesn't always work.





Joe Delaronde, CKRK-FM Station Manager. Joe has become the voice and pulse of Kahnawake.



Frank Natawe presents the classics, soothing old favorites and tips on the Mohawk language.



Roy and Ryan Montour preparing the auto body and mechanical shop for their new venture. The R&R Auto Clinic will offer day, night and weekend service. Mechanic Dean Leclair swinging into action on the right.



Karl Diabo, The "D" in B&D Electric, conducting a work demonstration. B&D is executing the electrical contract for the hospital with an all-Indian staff

Anybody wanting concrete foundations, etc., see George Leborgne and his boys.



Glen Delaronde distributes building supplies and also builds fine homes.



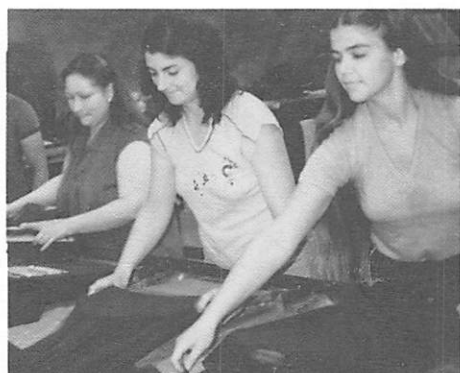
Joe Deom, our town's civil engineer.



Stephen Cross, a trilingual salesman of lighting fixtures, appliances and furniture.



Alan Goodleaf, our plumber, tackling the project of his career, the new Kateri hospital.



Lionel Jacobs directs his attractive staff in his progressive silk-screen plant.



Norman Stacey, cabinet maker and home renovator, being served building materials at Allan Goodleaf's Pro Hardware store.



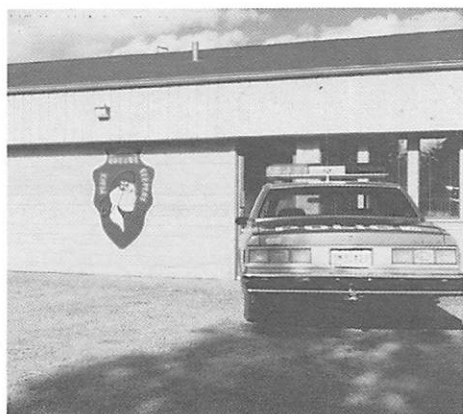
June Delisle, a Mohawk councillor for many years, June has guided our hospital and medical programs to today's high standard.



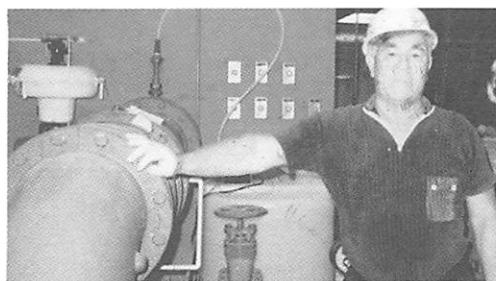
Randy Goodleaf, owner of one of the two service stations operating here.



Eileen Lazare, the church registrar.



Kahnawake Peacekeepers



Chuck Skye, a top ironworker in the States, now converted to the maintenance engineer of our water works.



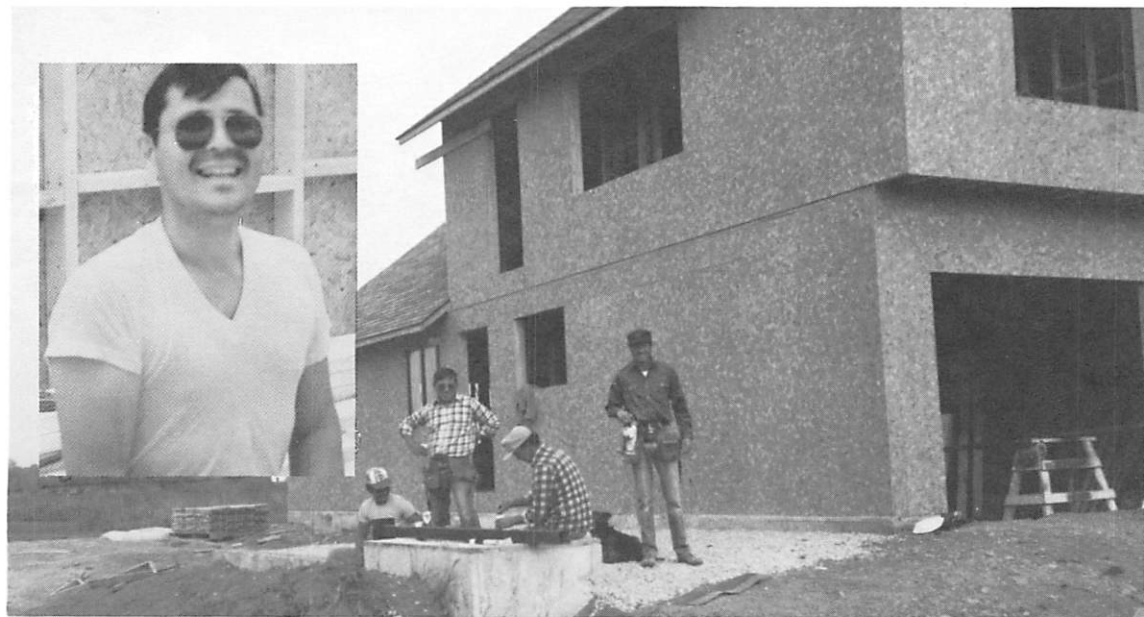
One of our two major markets.



Ronnie Delisle carries on a family tradition. He says the secret of his sumptuous hamburgers is the use of the same frying pan his folks used in Margie's Tea Room in the 30's.



Winnie's Teepee, one of our handy stores.



Elmer Jacobs, happy with the construction of one of his many fine homes, all achieved with local boys.

### THE KANAWAKI GOLF CLUB

Through negotiations with the Kanawaki Golf Club over the years, improvements were made in which the landowners receive a fair and indexed rental. Employees are paid wages comparable to other clubs in the region and Indians are no longer restricted to caddying or field work. Kanawaki is an asset, providing work for our youth. This was achieved without hardship on the old club since it continues to flourish and is still considered an Anglo golf haven, with a dash of French. It inspired us to take up the game of golf, which is now just about as popular as our national game of lacrosse. Our village can now boast of four golf courses, three of which are owned by our people, and another is presently under construction.



The Kanawaki Golf Club. It moved to our town in 1912. The Big "K" is regarded as the lushest in the region and has retained most of the prestige gained over the years.



Louis Patton, Angus' elegantly attired greens superintendent.

Pop relaxes while the family looks after things. Angus Patton, former Kanawaki caddy, ironworker superintendent, supermarket owner, now the proprietor of the area's most popular club which contains all facilities, including a banquet hall. The club is a family affair, assisted by wife Mary and the children. Angus took over brother John's nine partially completed holes and he now has twenty-seven challenging holes.





The boys are building a new course on Route 138 at this writing. It's designed by the province's most eminent golf club architect, Graham Cook.



Lafleur's Golf Club, another family affair. Dave is the absentee proprietor while the club is ably managed by wife Millie, daughter Cissy and son Peter. Dave is also a prosperous butcher.



Building a high pressure hand car wash.



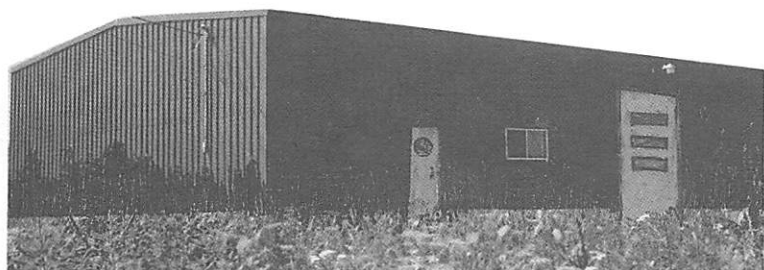
Mohawk Hills Golf Club. In addition to serenading you with western ballads, George Hill offers a superb executive golf course designed by Graham Cook.



Elmer Jacobs Hardware, also selling building supplies for today's needs.



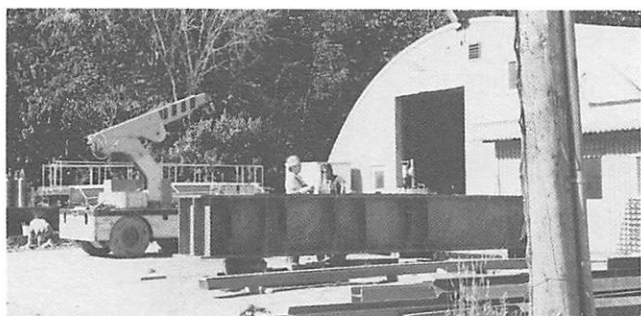
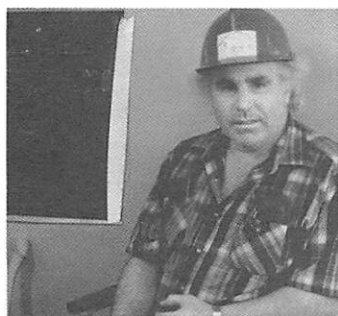
Gregory Charles' new sports store.



Wayne Delormier's steel fabrication and erection, specializing in racking.



Irving Goodleaf, a degreed consultant and business administrator, oversees the groundbreaking and construction of our first residential apartments (18 units).



Bill Meloche, like Wayne Delormier has used his experience as an ironworker in creating this flourishing steel fabrication company.



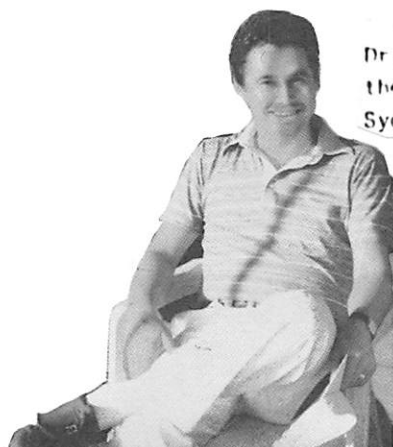
We also have small entrepreneurs who are no less important. Besides advertising, Mitchell picks up where you leave off.

Advised by Brian Deer, the Kanienkehaka Raotitiohkwá Cultural Center contains a museum, library, the Mohawk language group and the radio station.



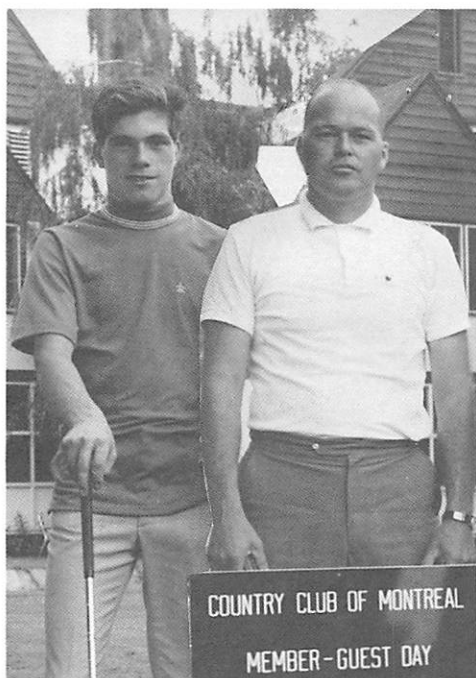
Our elders can now do their thing. Most members helped make this book possible.





Dr. Louis T. Montour

Dr. Louis Montour, our popular physician, follows in the footsteps of doctors Patton, Williams, Jacobs and Sydney Snow, now practicing in the States.



Andy and Joe are the only Kahnawakeronon to achieve professional status in golf. Andrew plies his trade at the family club, while Joe returned to high steel. The chap on the right is Don Knowles, a Kanawaki member who strived to soften relations between Kahnawake and Kanawaki.

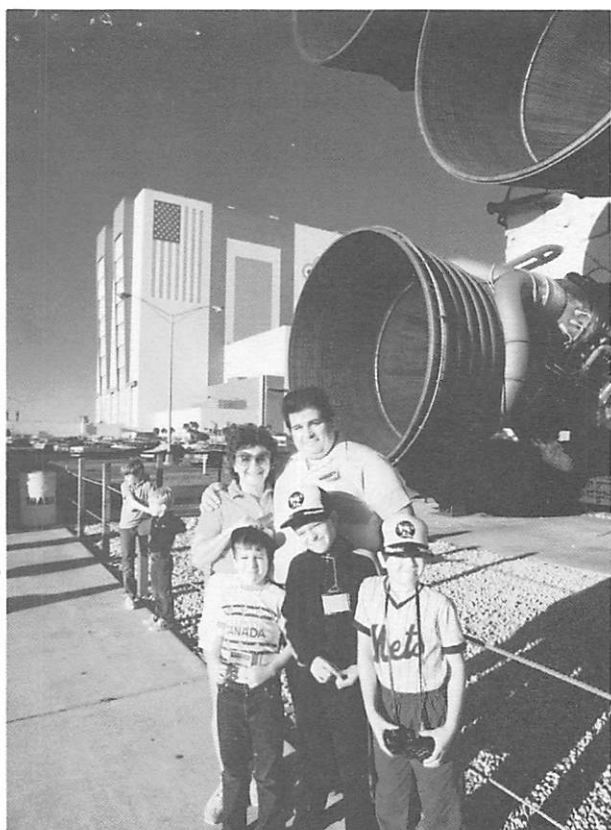


Okwari exhibits and sells native arts and crafts.

Seneca Productions produces independent institutional videos, supplies native communications groups and is in the process of setting up a continental-wide network for native communities and schools.



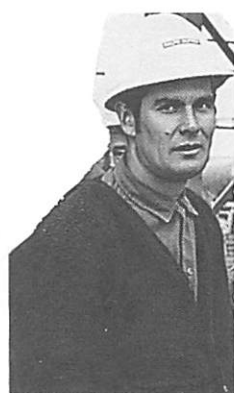
Peter Rice and former Communications Minister, Marcel Masse.



Seneca owner, Peter Rice and family, after filming a shuttle lift-off at Cape Kennedy.



Seneca receptionist Nancy Lafontaine and office manager, Pat Nestruck.



Ralph Alfred. Wood, steel or concrete, he'll build it well.



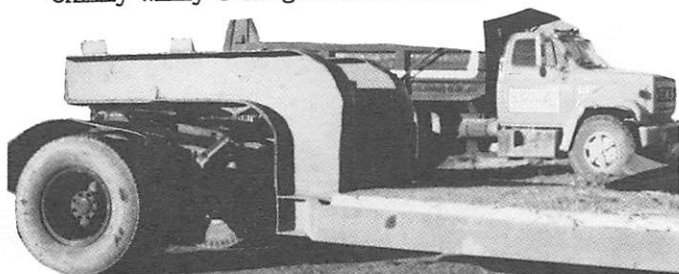
Mohawk Fuel on the road again.



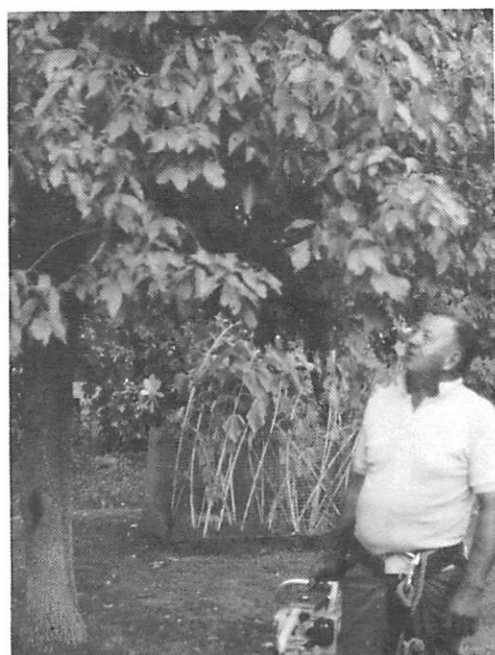
Ruby, checking her cash and readying her fixtures.



Chilly Willy's neighborhood store.



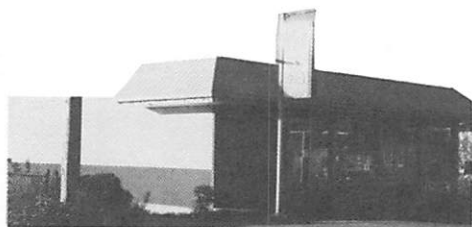
Wayne Rice's Mohawk Paving and earth moving.



Jack Gilbert, tree surgeon deluxe.



Years ago Dan Kirby found that sloppy trees interfered with his golf game. So along with being a top amateur golfer, he now operates a fine tree service.



Clary Saylor's Caughnawaga Market.



Johnny Rice's JR Petroleum.



Franklin Williams' new gas bar.



Rabaska Restaurant.



Pauline's Goodies



John Deer's bridge contractors.



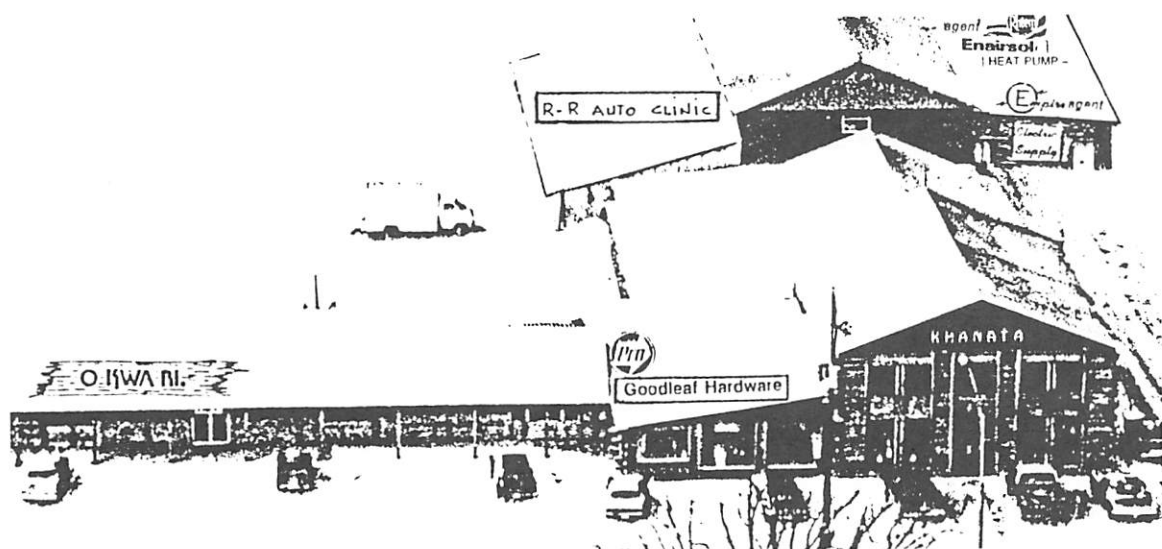
One of three video outlets.



George's snack shack.



Gary Horn's tree service is everywhere.



Khanata Plaza, where you'll find furniture, lighting, Pro Hardware, Okwari, Empire Electric, Enairsol, and the R&R Auto Clinic.

## W R I T E R ' S   N O T E S

While some of these historical conclusions might be considered brazen, they've been arrived at through oral accounts of our elders, spiced with some study of the accepted historians where logic dictated.

The findings of our history are too often based on some antique log book, reports to a superior in Europe, or a status report by a political figure of the past. Many of them could have fallen to the temptation of embellishing the facts. The writer's image is enhanced if his adversary is portrayed as being devious or cruel. A historian's career must be frustrating. Take fairly current events for example. Will 22nd century historians report that the ruler of Iran was a tyrant, or was he a savior who deposed a tyrant?

Even armed with modern technology, it's evident we can't realistically factualize today's happenings, so how then can we expect any degree of authenticity about North America's native history? Historians certainly were unable to draw any conclusions from our reports and communiques. Obviously they went up in smoke.

One could understand if some of these statements may be construed as us having an animosity towards our non-native neighbors. This is not the case. In general we think Canadians are fair, logical and sympathetic once they're presented with the facts. We're only suspicious of some authors and research of the past. Our criticism of their behavior and attitudes is not intended in any spirit of reprisal. Only with the knowledge of our sensitivities and objections can adjustments be made to harmonize the future. One must remember this work is quite

unique in the native bringing the Caucasian to book instead of the usual scenario where non-natives subject us to close inspection, as witnessed by the hundreds of volumes written to portray our "unconventional" way of life.

\*\*\*

## A Conclusion about Canada

Our people sense the reason for the negative insensitivities brought to light in this work is the result of the uncertainty of the Canadian self-image. Their decision to remain loyal to the Empire and not to attend the Boston Tea Party should have been more rewarding. But this allegiance, although admirable, did not result in profitability. Canadians were aghast at the prosperity the Americans had gained from this act of treachery. They were also surprised at the enormous strides the Yanks made in establishing themselves as world leaders in science, technology and medicine. The unkindest cut of all came when these unappreciative traitors became the cultural kings of the world. The development of the motion picture and personalities such as Rudolph Valentino, Al Jolson and Jack Benny left no doubt as to their supremacy in entertainment.

All this contributed to the Americans now being a cohesive entity, even developing a distinctive American "look", taller and sturdier. Those damn rebels had it made while Canadians became more uneasy and confused. They still feel like a cat watching a ping pong game. The Canadians want no part of Americanism because that would denote opportunism and the Canadian culture would be lost in the sea of American vulgarity.

When a Canadian is asked to describe his culture, its own uniqueness becomes vague. He travels to Europe with every conceivable maple leaf adornment his attire can bear, not so much to portray his nationalism, but to prevent himself from being identified as the Ugly American\*. Foreign countries are amused

\*The criteria for this evaluation was based on the US tourist abroad who had been considered loud and boastful. The continental economic structure allowed only the upper and middle classes to travel, while in the meantime, the United States had shed the class system. It now sent out tradesmen and other individuals who had recently acquired their wealth. The comparison, not being equal, we see this label as a bum rap.



by this charade, humoring their guest by expressing their preference for the rugged Canucks. If it weren't for the flashing of these badges, the continentals couldn't tell a Vancouverite from a Seattle tourist.

In spite of the objections from many Canadians, mostly westerners such as the late Prime Minister, John Diefenbaker, Canada gradually severed most ties with the splendid but no longer relevant monarchy. A good number of Canadian citizens are still uneasy with the loss of the security they felt under the royal umbrella.

Even though the French-Canadian has made great inroads in politics and industry, he still feels unwelcome outside Quebec. His unnecessary hostility towards the Queen, compared with the warm reception given to her father, George VI forty years ago, indicates the increase of unrest in the past half century.

While Quebecers have achieved a gigantic stature in a short period of time, disaffection with Canada would weaken both, especially when overshadowed by the industrial monster to the south.

Why then cannot the Quebec government and certain other groups understand that every cry for more restrictions against other cultures, or for isolationism, further alienates this province from promising bases. Indirectly these actions perform a sales job for other areas such as Ontario which compels the younger generation to follow industry out of Quebec.

Neither culture, Canadian or Quebec, can claim a priority on a first arrival basis. Quebec was occupied when you got here.

Canada has been trying to create an image and the result has not been positive. Writers, in their quest for a distinctive Canadian style, have usually wound up being less than captiv-

ating. The same statement applies to movies and TV. Canadians do buy Canadian works because they hope to find a Canadian counterpart to O. Henry, Carl Sandburg, David O. Selznick and Mario Puzo. Montreal author, Mordecai Richler, has put Canada on the literary map, but he just writes and lets the chips fall where they may. The protectionist policies on entertainment, such as the Canadian content rules and the blacking out of US channels, tells it all.

One area of our society that begs for attention is the frenetic modern music. Canadian songwriters could extend an effort to regain the melodies and harmonies so soothing to past generations.

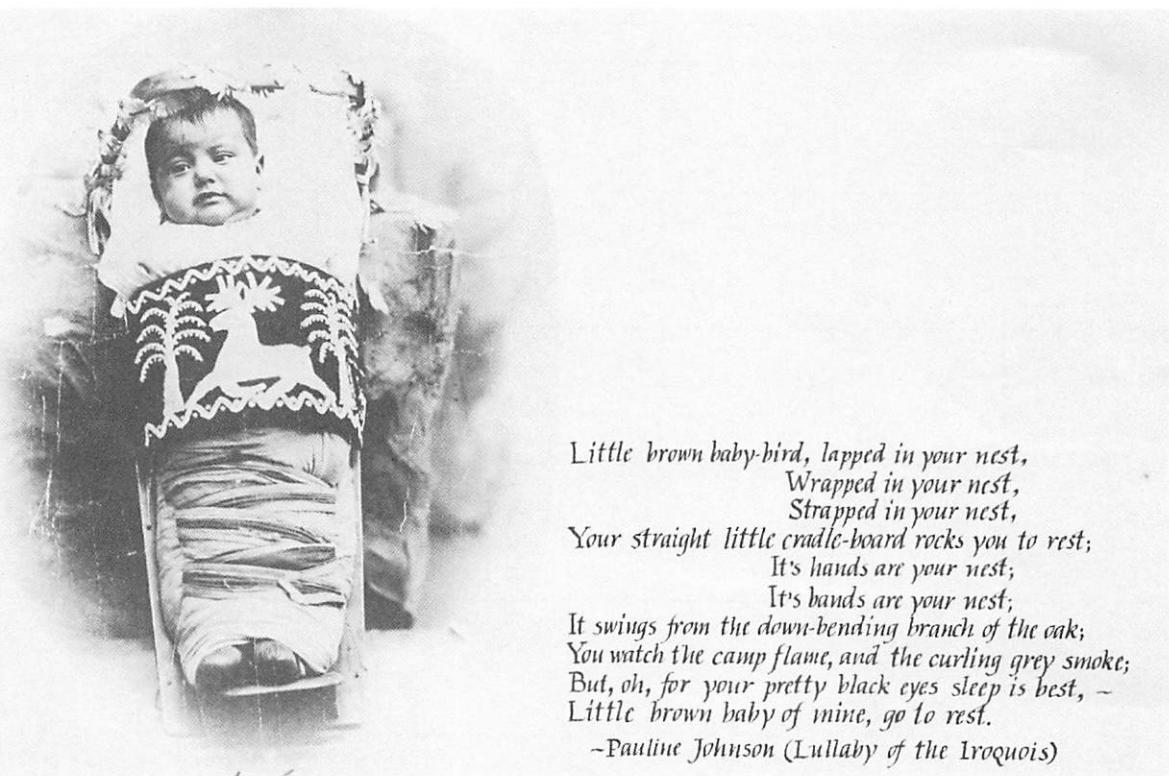
Many parliaments see themselves as world mediators, similar to Switzerland's role in the world economy. Canada, as another "third man in," in world controversies, could only incur more tension.

Our elders offer this humble advice: Canada and its people have a lot going for them, so don't be concerned if your own work ends up looking "American." Past experience shows it as almost inevitable. But if it happens, that would be better than being unique and dull. Let your image float, the world will form its own judgement either way.

That was Big John's philosophy, and with all his shortcomings, he was the epitome of excitement.

-Toknikon-

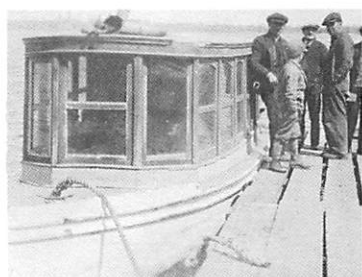
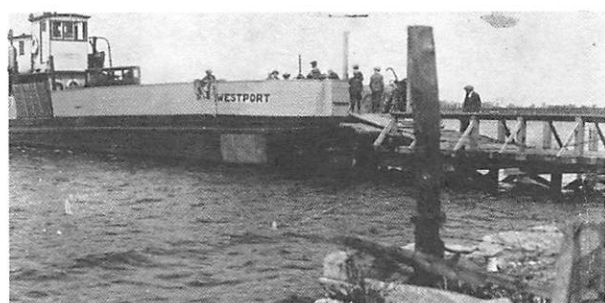
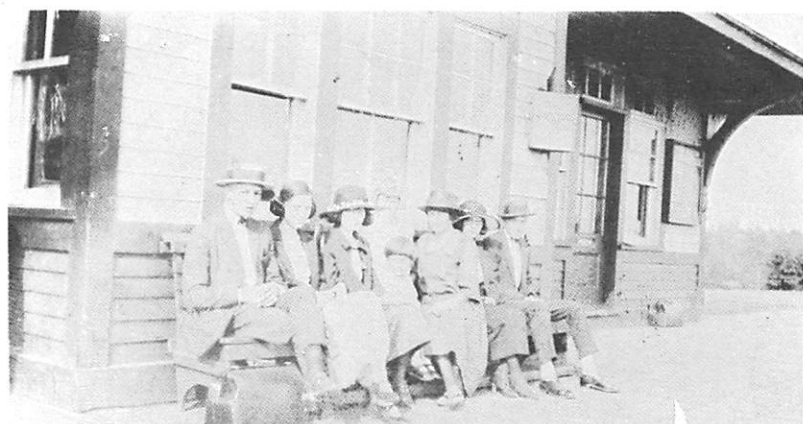
## THE ALBUM



*Little brown baby-bird, lapped in your nest,  
    Wrapped in your nest,  
    Strapped in your nest,  
Your straight little cradle-board rocks you to rest;  
    It's hands are your nest;  
    It's hands are your nest;  
It swings from the down-bending branch of the oak;  
You watch the camp flame, and the curling grey smoke;  
But, oh, for your pretty black eyes sleep is best, -  
Little brown baby of mine, go to rest.*

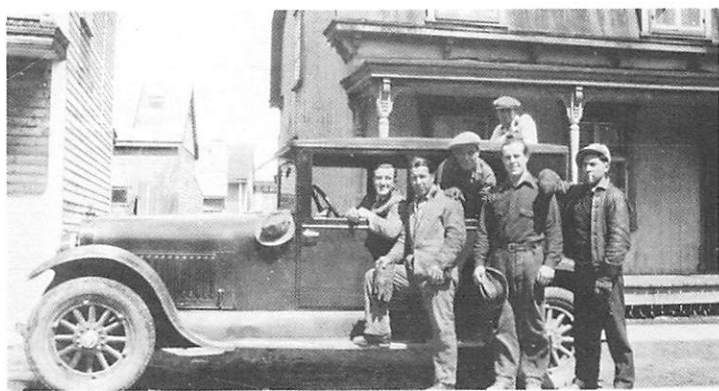
*-Pauline Johnson (Lullaby of the Iroquois)*

Yesterday's travel scenes.



Boats operated by Filiza Meloche.

The old wharf behind Julien Jacobs' home.





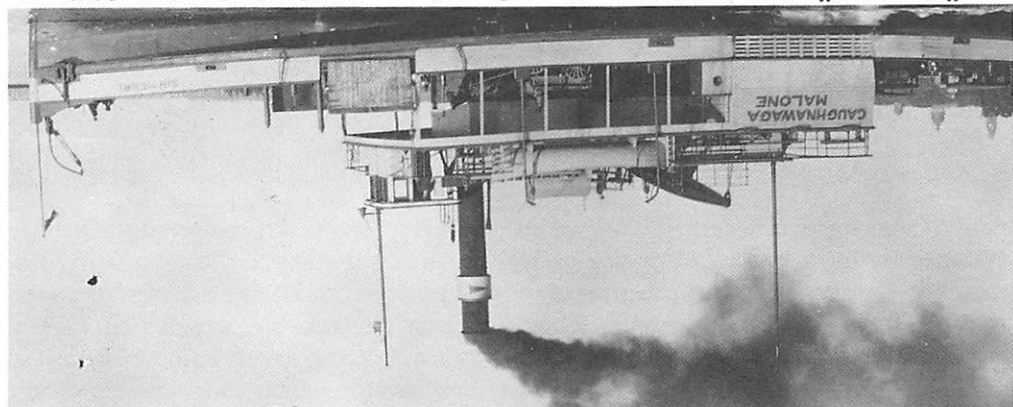
The "Jacques Cartier" and the "Sir Henri" had live dance music in the 1930's so the passengers could cross to the tune of the "Darktown Strutter's Ball".



The "Lafayette". Part of the ferry service prior to the building of the Mercier Bridge.



The "Sir Henri", the most interesting of our boats. Built in Sorel in 1872, it served many ports of call until 1935 when the Mercier Bridge shortened her and her sisterships' careers.



Top: Another migration to Indian land, this time to the beach operated by Malo. Many pleasant hours were spent here by our visitors. Kahnawakeromon were not often seen here because they knew about its poison ivy.





Three of our favorites of the 40's. From left to right, Bevis Jeffries, Ti-Gus Fournier and the boss, Henri Malo. These boys provided us with efficient summer travel to Lachine for entertainment and shopping. The four boats below were well ahead of their time, powered by ca. 1926 Packard and Lasalle engines. They purred like kittens and were powerful enough to tow large vessels. Their longevity was remarkable. We found one still active in 1983. They were built of cypress.





# Only Human

By SIDNEY FIELDS

OF THE 500 MOHAWKS in the Metropolitan area 160 are adult males, and 157 of them are iron workers. Paul Horn, 52, (see photo) an iron worker since he was 14, is the acknowledged leader of the Mohawks. We met on the job, where Paul is the foreman of ten men, including his son Gerald, tearing down a 215 foot high Con Edison gas tower in Brooklyn. Before he let me get into his moccasins for a while Paul explained why Mohawks become iron workers.

"They're born sure-footed," he said, "and they need it in this job. They don't need a college education to be an iron worker. It pays \$3.85 an hour, and they're free to travel anywhere, if they quit one job they can walk across the street and get another. It's tough work, dangerous, but Indians are fatalists. They wake up knowing they might die today, and it's okay."

He warned me that since the gas tower job began last Thanksgiving no one was hurt, and I wasn't to break that fine record. Then he taught me how to hook up the blow torch, put the goggles on and cut up scrap steel on the floor into five foot sections.

"Apply the air when it starts melting," he said. "That's it. That's it. Now blow it away! Blow it away!" I didn't get it. And Paul frowned. "Blow air," he said. "Air! It melts away like butter."

IT DIDN'T. So Paul asked me to climb the spiral staircase and try preliminary cutting of a 20 foot section and not apply air. The 60-ton crane at hand would yank it out and lay it on the ground. I "shinned" up, stood on a three foot platform about 30 feet above the ground—a little nervously, and applied the torch. Nothing seemed to happen.

"Just burn that hinge off!" Paul yelled. "You a cripple up there?" I couldn't get the torch going. "What-daya got the twitches?" he roared. "Don't stand there like wood. I'm the wooden Indian here!"

Then and there it was plain I'd never fill his moccasins. I got out of them at once, climbed down, and we just talked of Paul and Mohawks. Like most of his generation he was born on a reservation in Hogansburg, N. Y., near the Canadian border.



THE OTHER FELLOW'S MOCCASINS

HIS REAL NAME is Fallen Trees, but when baptized got the name Paul Horn, after his father's friend. His wife is a Mohawk, and they have a married daughter who has three children. Their son, 20, quit St. John's after two years to become an iron worker, which depressed Paul considerably at the time, but he's now resigned to it. His family is very clannish, and during the Summers they vacation on the reservation.

"And I visit them on week-ends," Paul said.

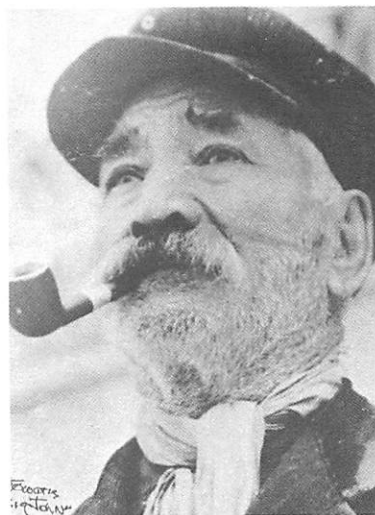
As the local Mohawk leader Paul is expected to take the initiative whenever one of them is in trouble, in need, sick, or dead. He runs the charity parties, takes up collections, and makes funeral arrangements whenever a Mohawk dies.

"We take care of our own," he said. "Recently, one of our men died, and left a crippled daughter. We collected \$4,000 for her, and she won't be in need."

About ten days ago Paul and the Mohawks ran a card party, in a Protestant Church, divided the proceeds equally between the Protestant and Catholic churches the Mohawks attend.



Jeannine Jocks presenting an award to Nancy Deer.



"It's over, but hell it's been fun." Big John reflecting on his life in his twilight years.





The bestest band what am!



Our former chief, keeping the best of company.



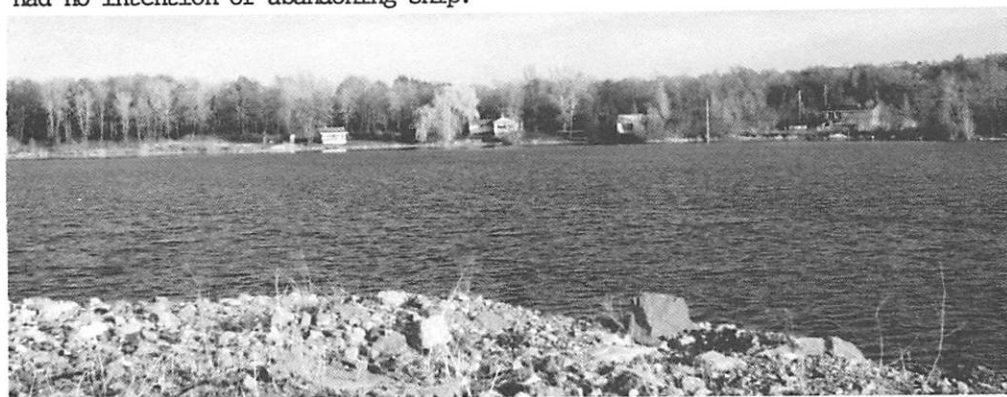
19th century chairs made by fine craftsmen such as Felix McGregor, John Decaire and many others.



Our elusive wampum belt. It was left to us by the Hurons in 1676 as a pledge of friendship and goodwill. It was stolen from the church vault.



Typical Seaway scene. Germaine remained inside the house during the move. She had no intention of abandoning ship!



A view from the Marina, looking at the rock bass pile.



Where's the rostrum?



Can anybody remember this setting?

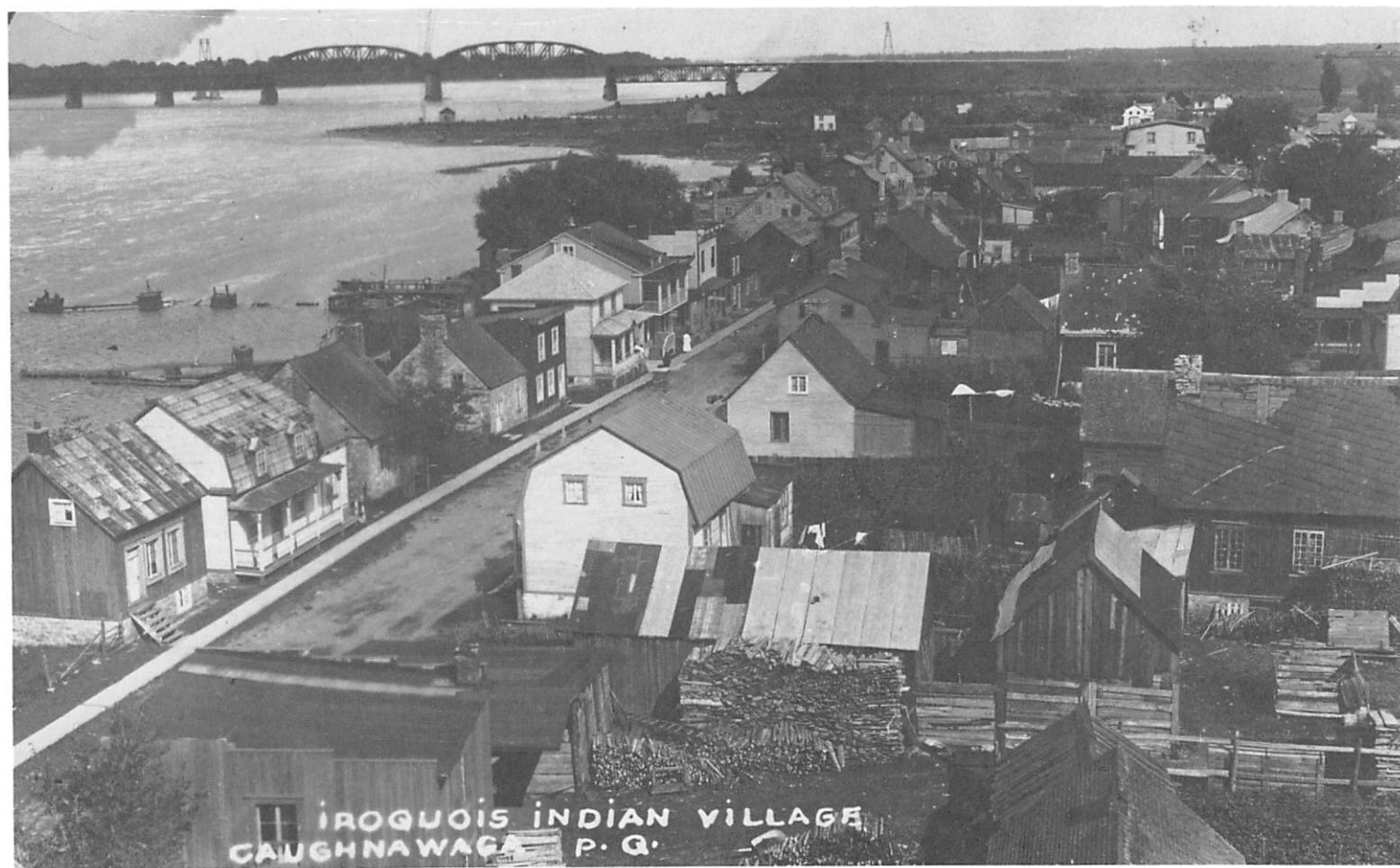


There's about eighteen years' difference between photos A and B.





Kahnawake (B)





Rear: Kohtio Canadian, Louis Hill, Joe Jacobs, Albert French  
Front: William Sonorose Rice, Angus Standup.

Where was this garage? Old-timers say it was in front of Joe Johnson's home near the wharf. With that brick facing, it seems elaborate. It apparently belonged to Dr. Williams.



Big John Charlie's family.



The gang relaxing on the beach  
in front of the old freight  
terminal on the wharf.



Mr. and Mrs. Sawanatso.



Bubbles  
Still in town.



Charlie and Angus Canadian.



We don't know either.



Eugene Skye, Ione and Leslie  
Albany. Wonder what happened  
to Gene's suit?





Mrs. Joe Decaire, John and Margaret Hall assess the ice build-up.



1943. This wouldn't help my cousin's gout.



Big Joe Beauvais' family. Sosekova's grandmother is on the left, his father, sisters and mother on the extreme right. This picture was taken before Joe's birth in 1889.

Roger Ouimet, Ralph Delisle, the writer, and Karl Diabo.





Willie Bush and Angus McComber.



Peter Taylor, Frank Day, Joe "Morry" Morris  
Clear Sky.



Hey, I don't remember this store!



John Bush's mom and pop tending the field.



They knew how to have fun in 1926!



Myra and Tessie Delisle, Joe Snow, Cecelia Busher, Mr. and Mrs. Pete Delisle and Len Big Canoe in 1926.



Joe Morry Clear Sky entertaining the ladies in 1927.



A lazy Sunday afternoon in 1924.



Joe Mayo and Pete Taylor in front of Joe's home.



Poking Fire and Mike Dominic.



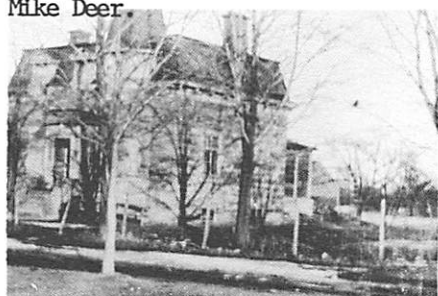
Boponda, in World War I.



Louis White, Joe White, Mike Kane and Mike Deer.



Diabo, Phillips (father of Joe Laneige), Joe Dominik, Constant Albany.



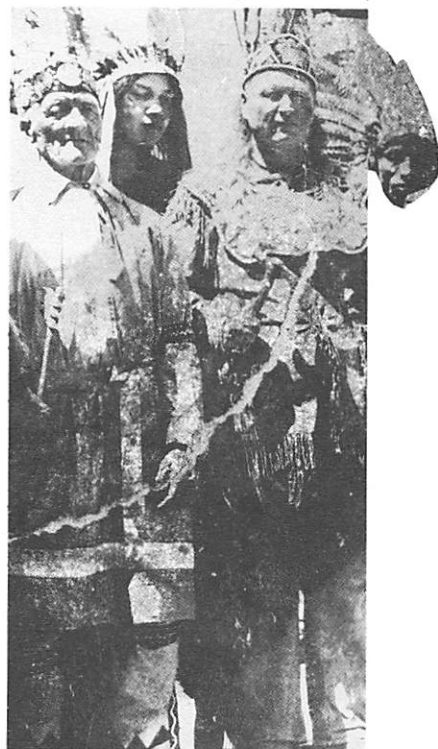
The old Delisle homestead.



Enthre Delisle, our chief for many years in the 30's.



Mrs. Louis and Lazar Diabo on a brisk day.



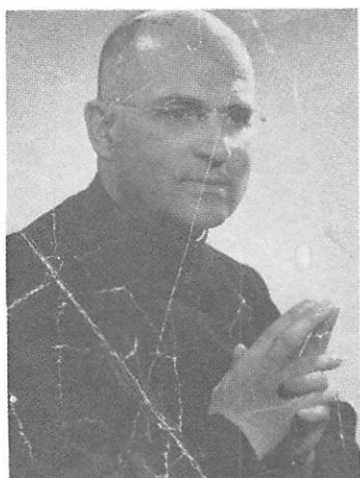
Iohaio, Noah, Tehaise Arheonaha.



Big Angus Jacobs American Horse



The Bush family going to town.



Rev. Réal Lalonde, our pastor of the 40's.



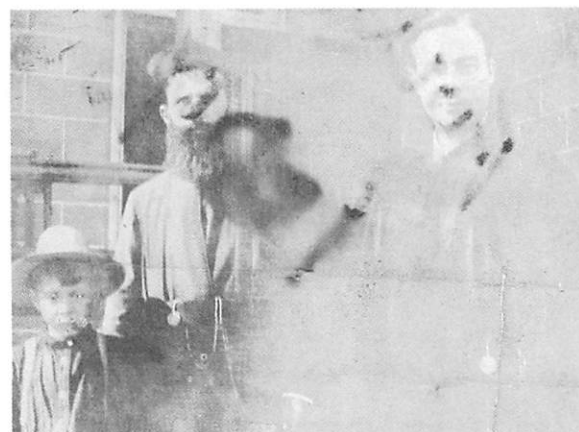
1977



1985



Hi nurse!



Fathers Gras (Tekaronioken) and Granger (Kawenteson).



Dr. Louis T. Montour

For years, our hospital has been a godsend for our chronically ill and our elders.





Charlie Ratennions

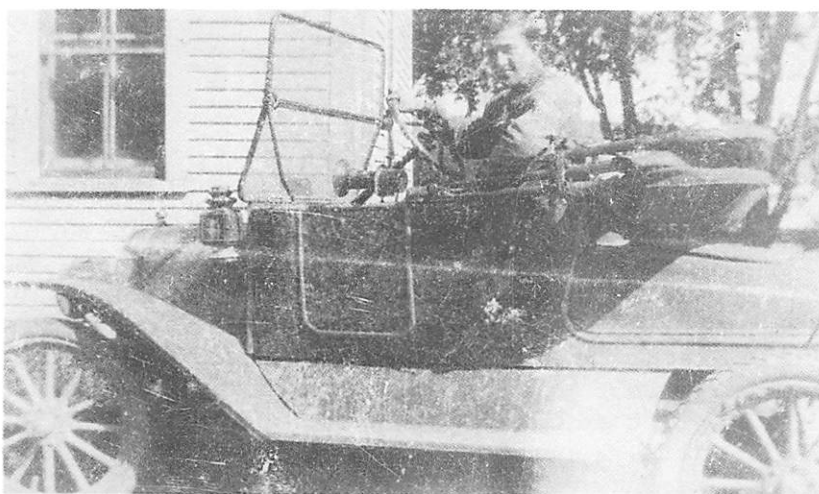


Charlie at the barber's.

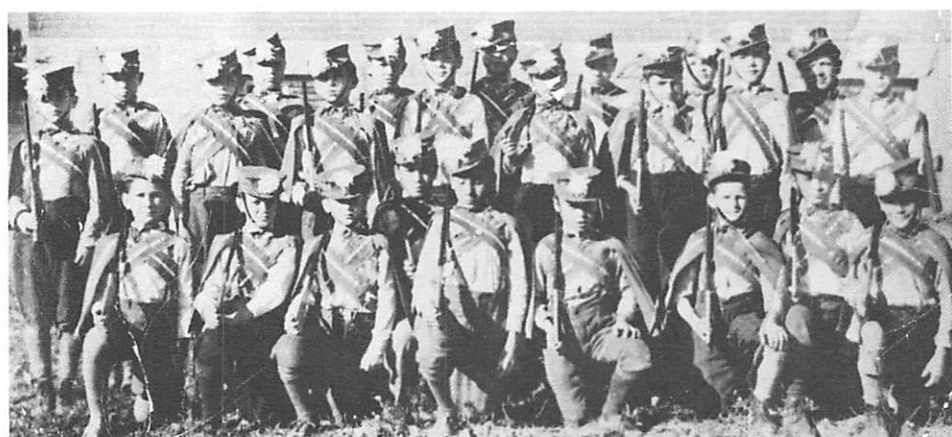


In the spotlight again.

Charlie the taxi man.



Brother Angus getting ready to compete.



Guys like Hubert Edwards, Eugene Skye, George Splicer, Roy Montour, Jean Guy Leduc, Eddie "Cantor" Diabo, Gordon Delisle (biting fingers), John Hemlock, Robert Jacco, Buddie Morris.



Our town was made up of east and west enders. Westerners were more with it. For instance, they had better swimming facilities such as the Wharf and the Point. We were sometimes surprised to see our eastern friends make the rare expedition to the beach in mid-summer, led by George Splicer. We were astounded to see him climb to the top cross-bar and prepare for a swan dive. Those east end boys never could heed our advice anyway, so we stood transfixed, knowing that one of the many assets George's body didn't have was suppleness. Our hero took off, looking like a flying cruciform, landing in a pile of rocks that even Rivermont couldn't underestimate. George spent the rest of that fine summer as a guest of Madam Perrono's guardian angels at the hospital. The wide part in his hair is a reminder to this day that east end boys should have always consulted with the west before making any serious decision.

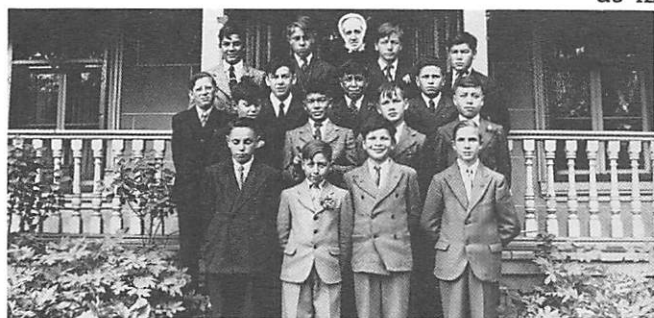


Oscar Jackson

Doctor Angus Ostawensaraes Patton and family. Left rear: Warianna Tsiokenronh Sky, Mrs. Gordon, the doctor. Front: Louis Diabo, Anharreso Phillips, Shanectadie, John Patton. Dr. Patton was our first professional, making his education available to other Kahnawakeronon by assisting in legal and civil problems. He was born in 1861, married Marion Fitz-Allen in 1906, and met his end in a mishap at the railroad station in 1919. The accident occurred on his return from helping others in a Montreal court case. He lived and practiced at his parents' homestead. Future generations should remember his dedication.



He guarded the town at night.



The Patton homestead, later converted to a convent.



Remember these guys? There's only one left now.



Frank Stacey, electrician politician and fisherman. He had a short but full life.

Cecelia Beauvais, John the entertainer's sister and mother of Joe, Jimmy and Charlie.







Angus "Stick" Rice, John Diabo, Peter Jacobs, Margaret Jocks and Ida Leclaire.  
Small Dominik.



Don't worry girls, we won't say who...



Marshal Dillon, Paul Johnson and  
Mike Lazare.



Louis Snow's original home.



The platform's back!



Look, Ma, no pavement!



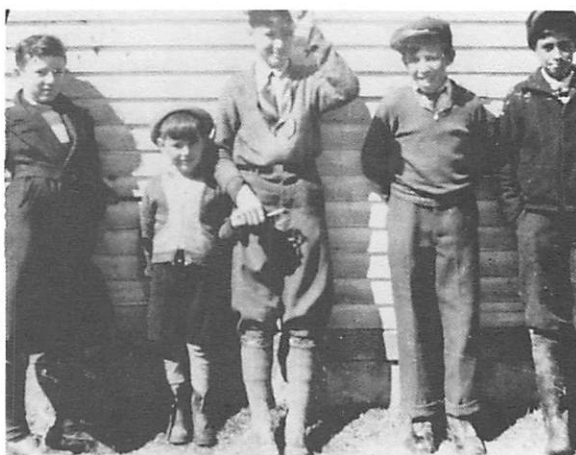
The old Kateri Hall, used for bingo, assemblies and tombolas.



Wanda Big Canoe and Skipper.



Mike and Irene



West end mob of 1941. The writer, Walter Beauvais, Louis Beauvais, Joey Stacey and Tommy Deer.



The very popular Larry Jackson. A big and powerful athlete, son of Louis Jackson and father of Pearl.



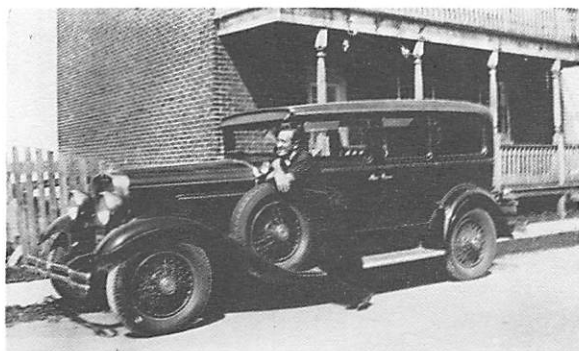
Kahnawake's only certified electrician for fifty years.



Remember Donald's black Dodge?



Goodleaf's Hall.



Hey, need a cab?



Small Dominik Diabo and  
Big Dominik Two Axe.



The Wigwam



John Hall and Joe Leclaire cooling off. Mike Whyte

The Cross home on the island.



The Paul Home.



Two of the classiest homes in the past one hundred years.



What are they up to?



Ti-Bert, who pushed a hack for many years.



Anybody need wiring?



Action in town.



Ducky, Donald and Georgie Jocks.



Saontariakon (Frank Cross The River)  
and Tioherote (Joe Stalk)



Charlie and Elizabeth, with Joe Beauvais, Alec McComber and the  
gang at Coney Island.



Chief pilot Ti-Gus demonstrates for  
a mademoiselle.



Larry Jackson and grand daughter.



About the author....

Johnny Beauvais was born in 1928 in Kahnawake. He studied at Loyola institutions in Montreal and Baltimore before going on to a career in electrical contracting. He is now the owner and developer of a Kahnawake commercial center.

Craig MacLaine

Radio Canada International

## KAHNAWAKE...

This is a very unusual and interesting book. So much written about native people has been by those not Indian. Even when well-intentioned, (and this has not always been the case), they have judged as onlookers and outsiders. But in this book, a Mohawk of Kahnawake (Caughnawaga), speaks of his people with an Indian voice.

Johnny Beauvais' book is a miscellany of some fifty pieces. He moves from topic to topic, giving information, opinion, interpretation. No one can read this book without seeing Indians in a new light, or without realizing how little they have been appreciated or understood as people with their own traditions, temperament and outlook.

Beauvais' topics range from language to war, treaties to culture, God to nations. Included also is the first full story of Beauvais' great-grandfather, Big John Canadian, the larger than life character, independent and resolute, famous as a pilot and lacrosse player. He clearly distinguishes between the two Big Johns, Big John Canadian and Big John Rice. The two have very often been confused, or regarded as one and the same.

This book contains a remarkable collection of photographs, astonishing in number and variety, providing a vivid glimpse of places and events, of the people in their own life-style.

Taken altogether, the book reveals how much there is to know about Kahnawake and how little is known. The book is a revelation, and should open the way to a better understanding of what the Indians have contributed to Canadian life by skills of their own, and how much they have to offer.

Edgar Andrew Collard