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THE Indian news

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Ottawa, Canada

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TAWOW, Canada's Only Indian Cultural Magazine

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EDITOR: Sheila Erickson Photo credit: Paddy Gardiner

TAWOW, a cree word meaning "welcome", was originally conceived to encourage people of Indian descent to express the beauty of their culture through a written media. It is strictly a Canadian Indian magazine soliciting only articles written by Canada's "first citizens".

The task of determining what will be published in the magazine is left to the Editor, Miss Sheila Erickson, a non-status Indian from Fort St. James, B.C. Miss Erickson became Editor last July when former Editor, Mrs. Jean Goodwill returned to (see TAWOW page 5)

Grant to Chimik Venturers

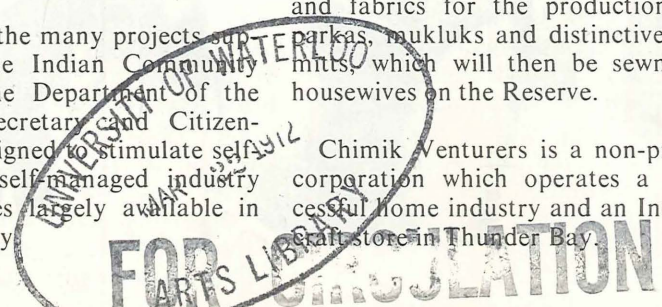
TORONTO — A \$10,000 grant to Chimik Venturers for a cottage crafts industry project in the Thunder Bay area has been announced by the Hon. John Yaremko, Provincial Secretary and Minister of Citizenship.

This semi-home industry project for the manufacture of garments of native design will employ some 16 women at the Fort William Indian Reserve.

Half of the money will be used for the hiring of a trainee assistant manager, and the rest for the purchase of sewing machines, leather and other materials.

The women will also cut leather and fabrics for the production of parkas, mukluks and distinctive ski mitts, which will then be sewn by housewives on the Reserve.

Chimik Venturers is a non-profit corporation which operates a successful home industry and an Indian craft store in Thunder Bay.



Native Youth Receives Federal Grant

OTTAWA — A federal citizenship grant of \$15,423 has been awarded to the Native Youth Association of Canada, Montreal, to help pay for their operating and administrative costs, and to assist them in the development of native youth programs.

The announcement was made by the Honourable Gérard Pelletier, Secretary of State.

The Native Youth Association of Canada was founded three years ago by a group of native university students, who were employed by the

federal government for the summer months. Its members come from Métis/Non-status and status Indian youths.

The aims of the organization are to promote communication and exchange of ideas amongst the native youth, to coordinate local and regional programs, and to provide training experience for the future leadership of Canadian native people.

Since its creation, the Association has held three major conferences. The concept of a national organization was given approval at the first national conference held in Vancouver last August, when fifty native youths were nominated as delegates by the various provincial Indian and Métis associations throughout the country.

TANZANIA HOSTS INDIAN LEADER

Mr. George Manuel, President of the National Indian Brotherhood returned December 21, 1971, from a sixteen day trip to the East African country of Tanzania to attend their 10th anniversary day celebrations of Uhuru (independence).

During his trip, Mr. Manuel had the opportunity to meet with President Nyerere, members of his government, and representatives from

many of the sixty countries in attendance. At the meeting with President Nyerere, Mr. Manuel expressed the best wishes of the Indian people for Tanzania's continued efforts and the way that the Tanzanian people had come to grips with their political, social, economic and cultural problems.

Mr. Manuel was very pleased with the reception accorded him in Tanzania. The Tanzanians with whom he talked had been under the impression that the "Red Indians", as we are known, had been wiped out by the white man, since their main source of information has been westerners showing the Indian constantly getting the worst of the battles. Mr. Manuel was happy to dispel that impression. When he wore his headdress and buckskin jacket to the State Ball, he was immediately surrounded by admirers.

Mr. Manuel commented "that by making trips such as this one and the one I made to New Zealand and Australia, the rest of the world is becoming aware that Indians still exist as a people and that we are still fighting for our rights and that (see MANUEL p. 7)

Indians know about foreign takeovers

(Toronto Daily Star)

Canadians today seem quite concerned with the problem of foreign takeovers. I have much sympathy for their concern. I am Ojibway and write as a member of Midewiwin. Midewiwin is an Ojibway society dedicated to helping the original Canadians. You call them Indians.

If the white man wants any first-hand opinion on foreign takeover, let us. We have over 400 years of experience. Take our word for it. The one who takes over will benefit. The other one will suffer.

FRANK GUILLE
Toronto



La Tanzanie Reçoit le Chef Indien

M. Georges Manuel, président de la Fraternité des Indiens du Canada, est revenu, le 21 décembre dernier, d'un voyage de 16 jours en Tanzanie (Afrique de l'Est) où il a assisté aux fêtes du 10e anniversaire de l'Uhuru (indépendance).

Durant son séjour, M. Manuel a eu l'occasion de rencontrer le président Nyerere, les membres de son gouvernement et plusieurs délégués des 60 pays représentés. Lors de son entretien avec le président Nyerere, M. Manuel a exprimé, au nom des Indiens, des paroles de félicitations aux Tanzaniens pour les efforts soutenus déployés afin de vaincre les obstacles à leur épanouissement politique, social, économique et culturel.

M. Manuel est revenu enchanté de la réception qu'on lui a ménagée en Tanzanie. Les Tanzaniens avec qui il a parlé avaient encore l'impression que les Indiens rouges, comme

on les appelle, avaient été détruits par l'homme blanc, puisque leur principale source de connaissances leur avait été apportée par les films de genre western où les Indiens perdent toujours les combats. Mr. Manuel s'est dit heureux de dissiper cette impression. Au grand bal d'État, il avait revêtu sa coiffure d'apparat et son veston en peau de daim que tous sont venus admirer.

M. Manuel a fait remarquer que "des voyages comme celui-ci et ceux que j'ai faits en Nouvelle-Zélande et en Australie attestent, aux yeux du monde, que les Indiens existent toujours comme entité et que nous continuons encore la lutte pour nos droits. Nous ne serons pas réduits au silence ou à la disparition par le gouvernement qui nous a enlevé nos terres et nos coutumes pour nous isoler dans des réserves.

Nous combattons aujourd'hui pour les mêmes principes que dé-

THE Indian news

Editor — THERESA NAHANEE

Editorial Assistant — DAVID MARACLE

The Indian News is a publication devoted to news about Indians and Indian communities in Canada and is a vehicle for the free expression of viewpoints and opinions held by Indian people. The opinions and statements contained in its pages are not necessarily those of the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, which produces this publication each month for free distribution to Indians and other interested persons and organizations. Any article may be reproduced provided credit is given the author or this paper.

400 Laurier Ave. W., Room 360, Ottawa, K1A 0H4, 995-6386

fendaient nos ancêtres il y a cent ans. Louis Riel et Crowfoot sont maintenant reconnus comme des héros canadiens, et pourtant les Métis et les Indiens luttent encore pour les mêmes causes qu'ont défendues ces chefs. Nous devons utiliser la presse et l'opinion publique mondiale. Ce n'est qu'en renseignant les autres pays sur nos problèmes, en tant que minorité, que nous réussirons à forcer le gouvernement à prendre des mesures concrètes pour s'unir à nous afin de surmonter nos problèmes."

Dans ce même ordre d'idées, M. Manuel espère bien retourner en Tanzanie avec tous les dirigeants

de sa Fraternité afin de s'imprégner des sentiments communs qui circulent dans le Tiersmonde et de les communiquer à leurs compatriotes au retour.

M. Manuel a ajouté que ce voyage constituait une des expériences les plus enrichissantes et les plus agréables de sa vie. La dignité, l'enthousiasme et la fierté avec lesquels les Tanzaniens s'attachent à la solution de leurs problèmes pourraient servir d'exemple aux Indiens du Canada.

Il est à souhaiter qu'un jour les Indiens du Canada pourront accueillir les Tanzaniens avec l'allégresse d'un Uhuru.

Le Séminaire Saint-Augustin de Cap-Rouge

Yvon Moreau, Raymond Jourdain et Luc Lainé sont des étudiants indiens qui fréquentent le Séminaire Saint-Augustin de Cap-Rouge.

Mais qu'est ce Séminaire? C'est avant tout une institution privée qui offre à ses disciples les cours de Secondaire V, de Collégial I et de Collégial II. Cela veut ainsi dire que ses portes sont ouvertes aux étudiants de tous les coins de la Province. Le Campus est une école récente puisqu'elle ne fonctionne que depuis 1965 grâce à la collaboration de 11 communautés religieuses. Chaque communauté sert de résidence aux étudiants qui suivent leurs cours à l'établissement central, appelé communément "Bloc Central".

Qui fréquentent notre institution? Le Séminaire invite tous les étudiants sérieux et capables d'envisager tant son enseignement que son genre de vie communautaire. L'école ne tient pas à faire concurrence à aucune autre institution. Mais elle veut honnêtement aider les jeunes. Dans un monde en constante évolution, il est important que des jeunes se retrouvent ensemble et vivent fraternellement dans un même but. Le Séminaire nous offre un lieu favo-

nable à la réflexion et à l'épanouissement complet de notre personne, à tous les points de vue: intellectuel, social, humain et communautaire. Voilà en quelques mots ce qui différencie notre institution des autres écoles et qui lui donne sa valeur.

Au début, ce genre de vie pourra peut-être vous sembler difficile et exigeant. Il l'est de fait. Mais personnellement, je crois que pour un jeune d'aujourd'hui c'est la plus belle et profitable expérience qui lui est proposée. Elle vous apportera (autant que vous saurez en profiter) une discipline et une fermeté qui vous serviront toute votre vie durant.

Je n'ai l'expérience que d'une année au Séminaire. Mais je puis vous certifier qu'elle m'a été profitable et je ne la regrette en rien: au contraire, j'en suis satisfait.

Pour terminer, j'invite d'une façon toute particulière tous les étudiants indiens, qui sont réellement intéressés, à venir se joindre à nous. Puis, pour de plus amples renseignements, adressez-vous à Rodrigue Thérberge, Séminaire St-Augustin, Pavillon St-Rédempteur, Cap-Rouge.

Luc Lainé, Secondaire V
Village-des-Hurons



by W. Simon

Historical Notes

BUFFALO, NEW YORK, 1805

Chief Red Jacket to a Missionary:

"Friend and Brother, it was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and he has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us; our eyes are opened, and we see clearly; our ears are unstopped, and we have been able to hear distinctly the words that you have spoken; for all these favours we thank the Great Spirit and Him only . . .

"Brother, listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great land. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for use by the Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and the other animals for food. He made the bear and the beaver, and the skins served for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread.

"All this he had done for his Red children because he loved them. If we had any disputes about hunting grounds they were generally settled without the shedding of blood.

"But an evil day came upon us; your forefathers crossed the great waters, and landed on this island. Their numbers were small; they found friends, not enemies; they told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and came here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat; we took pity upon them, granted their request, and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat; they gave us poison in return.

"The White people had now found our country, tidings were carried back, and more came among us; yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends; they called us brothers, we believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased, and they wanted more land, they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened and our minds became

uneasy. Wars took place; Indians were hired to fight against Indians; and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquor among us.

"Brother, our seats were once large, and yours were very small. You now have become a great people, and we scarcely have a place left to spread our blankets. You have our country, but you are not satisfied, you want to force your religion upon us.

"Brother, continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably with His mind, and if we do not take hold of the religion which you White people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter; you say you are right and we are lost. How do you know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as for you, why has not the Great Spirit given it to us, and not only to us, but why did He not give us, and our forefathers, the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We know only what you tell us. How shall we know to believe, being so often deceived by the White people?

"Brother, you say that there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you White people differ so much about it? Why not all agree as you can read the book? . . .

"Brother, the Great Spirit has made all of us, but he has made a great difference between his White and Red children. He has given us a different complexion and different customs. To you he has given the arts; to these he has not opened our eyes. We know these things to be true. Since He has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that He has given us a different religion according to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for His children. We are satisfied.

"Brother, you now have heard our answer to your talk. As we are going to part, we will take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends."

The chiefs and other Indians drew near to the minister, but he arose hastily from his seat and told them that there was no fellowship between the religion of God and the works of the Devil, and that he could not shake their hands.

Editorial

by David Monture

A Canadian Press story of last year described William Wuttunee as a swinging Calgary lawyer with hard-headed white business sense, a Cree who does not hesitate to tell Indian leaders to 'go to hell' with their demands. In the article Mr. Wuttunee was said to boast that his 14-year-old daughter lends money to her younger brothers and sisters and charges them interest.

Now Mr. Wuttunee, former president of the National Indian Council, which never did get it together, has written *Ruffled Feathers*, a highly critical book as a growing number of observers on the Indian scene would note; a timely book.

He attacks Harold Cardinal, his book *The Unjust Society*, the Indian Association of Alberta, the money handling of all Indian associations and the leaderships' preoccupation with native rights issues which he describes as being part and parcel of "a treaty mentality." As a pro white paper advocate, he dismisses the red power argument as "the segregation of Indians from

white people, the establishment of an administration financed by the Canadian taxpayers and run by Indian organizations . . . the promotion of a buckskin and feather culture and an attempt by Indian leaders to muzzle any criticisms by their fellow Indians . . . the perpetual criticism of the Indian Affairs Branch, and the process of white witch hunting."

This criticism is potentially constructive. It is time that Indian people step back and take a damn good look at those people who represent them — apparently as far as government is concerned — from a monetary point of view. But we know that Wuttunee can afford to say what he says as a card carrying member of the establishment and perhaps his harsh criticisms even serve to steer white backlash legal business his way.

He would do away with all special legislation pertaining to Indians. "The Indian Act promotes a spirit of inferiority and, coupled with the treaty mentality, is one of the main

reasons for the current difficult situation." The consensus of most native groups is that the rights issues must be given priority investigation before the special constitutional relationship with the Crown is undermined further. He suggests that the treaties really aren't worth the paper they are written on, that Indian leaders make an over-generous interpretation of them and that THEY broke the treaties, for example, by joining in the Riel Rebellion of 1885. He goes on, "The federal government has kept its promises under the treaties. Since the turn of the century the government has paid out on behalf of the Indians the sum of two billion dollars." Come on now Mr. Wuttunee. But let us give him a final run at the treaties, he states: "So long as the treaties are held in solemn reverence and so long as Indians continue to lick their wounds in the memories of the past, Canada will have the problem of a people unable to stand on their feet in a new society." He never does explain his idea of what the new society is all about but we would assume it to be as competitive and yes, as nightmarish as the world of the recent popular study *Future Shock*. We get the feeling that Mr. Wuttunee would have all Indians plugged into a Great Computer in the Sky where we are all suddenly and efficiently programmed to feel

culturally and constitutionally equal to the urban white man, probably in Wuttunee's case, an upper middle class white man. How boring.

Throughout the book he consciously uses *they* in talking about native people and not *we*.

Mr. Wuttunee has no use for the reserve (though he hasn't lived on his own Red Pheasant reserve in nearly 30 years) bluntly urging, "young people should be encouraged to leave the reserve as early as possible, and they should be helped to fit into the Canadian way of life." Perhaps he hasn't heard yet, as our present government tells us; that there are Canadian ways of life. We know that Wuttunee is talking about one-way integration — the white way on what should be a two-way street. The most objectionable line in the book, "The problem does not lie with the white people any more; the problem is squarely placed upon the shoulders of the Indian to reassess himself with regard to his position on integration." He doesn't seem to realize that a growing number of people today; young people, many ethnic people, growing numbers of people who have made it, so to speak; as well as Indians, simply do not want to be a part of his world of bland middle-class and miscel- (see page 8)

WE ARE CASUALTIES NOT FAILURES

by Douglas Cardinal

Educators, your systems have failed, and are continuing to fail, the Indian people. Your own statistics show that on an average 95 per cent of Indian people fail to reach grade 12. I say our people are casualties rather than failures. Educators try their best to make us believe that we are the failures rather than themselves, and many of them succeed in damaging our children.

We, the Indians of Alberta, will be the guardians of our own children which is guaranteed in our treaties. Our elders are our testaments and books since we are of a non-literary culture.

The thoughts of the 42 bands and chiefs are expressed in our eight languages in the following words:

"We, the people of this land, from the scattered areas of this province, will send our chiefs to virgin land, where we will gather together and sit in deep meditation. We will weep for the lost herds of buffalo. We will weep for the destruction of the animals, the birds and the fish. We will weep for the destruction of the earth, the land which was ours. We will weep for the poisoning of the air which we breathe. We will weep for the poisoning of the water which we drink. We will weep for the destruction of our spirit and our pride and we will contemplate those people who have controlled our destiny and the destiny of our life-givers for the past few hundred years. We will weep for the destruction of life and the lifegiver, for we are life and when our lifegivers — our environment — is destroyed we too are destroyed.

"We will give thanks that we have survived, and we will look into each others eyes and feel the oneness of our people and the oneness of our spirit and we will reflect our heritage. We will stand on the land and feel the roots which reach out from our feet and we will feel the winds across our brow. We will recall our rooted past and will turn to our forefathers and we will look inward to ourselves. Again, we will feel the true meaning of the land. Again we will feel the true meaning of the animals, the fish, the birds. Again, we will feel the true meaning of the air, which we breathe, and we will feel reborn. We will join together in the ceremony around the offering pole and look up to the Great Spirit and relive the ceremonies that grew from our association and love of our land. With the help of our medicine men, we will raise our spirits, for we are burdened with a heavy task. When we feel the oneness of our total en-

vironment of our brethren and ourselves, we will gather together in council. We the Bands of Alberta, will gather in council around a ceremonial fire. Where there were many bands, there will be eight tongues, but the eight tongues will learn to speak as one tongue, one voice — and here, we ourselves, will determine the destiny of our own people. We will call together, from each band, men to be trained as warriors in the Indian way. We will teach them how we have survived for thousands of years on this land. We will teach them the true meaning of being a warrior in spirit. We will give him the pride and self-esteem which we hold here in this sacred place, and we will teach him how to use the old

weapons of survival.

"But, we have an even greater task in the instruction of our warriors. We will have to teach him to survive in the world of today. We will equip him well with all of the tools for surviving in the world of today. They will not be dull weapons, they will be sharp and useful. We will improve and hone these weapons, for our survival and our stature as a people.

"But, not only will our warriors be dedicated to the survival of our people, but, they will also be dedicated to teaching the immigrant culture the love the Indian feels for his land. We will teach the immigrant culture to love the animals, the fish, the birds. We will teach the immigrant culture to love the land, the earth, which we love. We will teach the immigrant culture to love the air which we all breathe and the winds

we feel across our brow. We will teach him to love the clear waters and the mountain streams. We will teach him to love this land as we love this land. Our very survival depends upon this task.

"When we let others destroy our own environment, our own lifegiver — we destroy ourselves. For our own survival we must teach the immigrant culture to love as we love, for we have been here thousands of years and theirs is but a short time. We have survived great suffering and loss but we are a great people, the true people of this land, and the great suffering and hardships which we have experienced in the last few hundred years and the fact that we have survived will give us great strength, endurance and tolerance, so that we will be an even greater people. The future achievements of our people will be even greater than the past.

A VISIT TO ST. MARY'S

— submitted by Rev. Duhaime

Psychology 20 teacher Marg Crosby and 10 of her students at Senator Riley High School, High River, put together their impressions of a visit to St. Mary's School on the Blood Indian Reserve as follows:

HIGH RIVER — Our visit to St. Mary's came about after several class discussions on minority groups.

Our class of 37 students ran into such rash statements from some of its members as "The majority of Indians are lazy, dirty, unmotivated and unreliable."

We decided to prove this conclusion is based on myth, impatience and misunderstanding. Hence our visit to St. Mary's.

Contrary to what many uninformed people might think, we did not find the Indian students are the same as we.

There are differences — big differences — unavoidable differences — disturbing differences.

With just a little tolerance though, these differences are not ignored or overlooked, but accepted for what they are, without apologies or excuses.

Differences are recognized and a two-way attempt is made to understand them. Yes, the cultures clash at times but what tolerance and a desire to understand have accomplished is unbelievable.

St. Mary's school is the only school on a reserve in Canada which goes to Grade 12. Contact was made

with Father Duhaime, the administrator of St. Mary's Blood Student Residence.

He immediately showed his interest by putting us in touch with Steve Shaw, the progressive principal and the young social studies teacher, Doug Watts, both of whom felt the project really had merit.

Finally, the arrangements were completed for 10 girls to spend a week in residence at St. Mary's and attend classes at the school, followed by a week's visit with nine St. Mary's girls and one brave boy at High River where they would be billeted in private homes and attend classes at Senator Riley High.

St. Mary's is made up of a day and a residential school, covering all grades from pre-school to Grade 12, some 450 pupils in all.

As we drove into the grounds of the residence that first Monday evening, we were nervous and extremely apprehensive about the whole thing and actually wished we were back home. By the end of the week we were wishing we could stay much longer.

That is how completely we were accepted.

It is impossible to measure how much we gained or the value of the new friends we made but we came to a deeper understanding of many things.

One thing which greatly impressed us was the relationship between the older students and the younger pupils.

At St. Mary's we ate, slept, studied, rested and played with others ranging in age from five to 19 and found it to be a very natural and pleasant way of life.

The little ones were extremely warm and affectionate. At first, they would simply smile shyly as they peeked at us from behind doors or other friends.

Soon, however, they were inviting us to visit them at meals, join them in their games and even sneak into their rooms for a special goodnight after the Sisters had put them to bed.

The older students never seemed to exclude the younger and they, in turn, loved to include the older.

There seemed to be a sort of understanding, everyone seemed to make up a big family, where each accepted, respected and had genuine affection for the other.

The congeniality of meal hour was a most rewarding part of our experience. Meals were served cafeteria-style. Dinner might consist of soup and crackers, stew and a simple dessert like bananas, topped off with milk that was really delicious or coffee for those who wanted it.

On the last day of the visit, two of our students were taken on a tour of the modern kitchen by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Garwood, the chef and his wife.

Potatoes are peeled by machine and boiled on an enormous stove shaped like a kettle. Bread, buns, pastries and cakes are baked in huge ovens able to hold 24 loaves of bread at one time.

Frozen stuffs, including meat, are stored in large walk-in freezers. After a meal is served and students

(see page 5)

St. Mary's . . .

(continued from p. 4)

have cleaned and stacked their own plates, glasses, silverware, dishes and trays are all placed on a moving belt, which runs into a huge dishwashing machine for hygienic washing and scalding. The entire staff is made up of women from the reserve, and meal time was happy and filling!

It did appear that the boys and girls at St. Mary's do talk together in large groups as friends, much more than we do at our high school, where we tend to pair off and go steady.

Most high schools today complain of lack of school spirit but this quality at St. Mary's is fantastic, partly due to the fact that it is a residential school and participation in sports is close to 100 per cent. Athletics begin in the fall with football and continue until spring when the high school rodeo is held. Everyone makes it to practises and the whole school is behind every sports event. The boys

have a top-notch football team. These boys are really not built for the sport — they are tall and light, yet they are consistent winners.

We did feel the girls on the reserve take a back seat in sport — they don't seem to be given as much encouragement as the boys and they are sadly lacking in uniforms and travel assistance.

One thing about St. Mary's, unlike many other federal Indian schools, is that subjects are relevant to the Indian culture and way of life. In addition to industrial arts and home economics, bead craft, Black-foot (language) and rodeo are all taught. Students stage their own rodeo in the spring.

These St. Mary's students also have a marvellous sense of humor but they are so kind about it!

Where we tend to make jokes at the expense or embarrassment of other people, they are very careful to say "jokes" after each crack so that no one would be offended. Learning things like that can be fun and valuable.

sen considered it a great honour to be sacrificed to the spirit, and the sacrifice took place as it had every year since unknown times.

One year the daughter of a great chief, who was loved by all the people, was chosen for the sacrifice. She was his pride and joy. He had been a great warrior at one time and only she was able to change his stern face to laughter. She was his only child and his wife had been killed many years ago during an enemy raid. His heart was filled with an overwhelming sadness but he did not let it show so that his people would not know that he was in grief.

The day of the sacrifice arrived

LEGEND OF NIAGARA

Now it was told by the old people that long ago a spirit lived in the Great Niagara Falls. There lived on the high banks of the river which fell over that great cataract, a people whose custom was to make a sacrifice to that spirit who dwelt in the falls. The sacrifice was to be the most beautiful young girl in the village, who had just reached womanhood. She was to paddle a white canoe, laden with flowers and fruit of every description, over the falls.

Now it was said that the girl cho-

Sioux Chief, Sitting Bull, in 1875 — one year before the battle of the Little Bighorn:

The quotation reads as follows:

"The spring has returned. The earth is glad to feel the new embrace of the sun. Every seed will awaken and every animal will think of increase. All will share the sun and soil. We will yield to our neighbours — even our animal neighbours — the same right as we claim to inhabit the land. But we now have to deal with another breed of people. They were few and weak when our forefathers first met them and now they are many and greedy. They choose to till the soil. Love of possessions is a disease with them. They would make rules to suit themselves. They have a religion which they follow when it suits them. They claim this mother earth of ours for their own use and fence their neighbours away from them. They degrade the landscape with their buildings and their waste. They compel the natural earth to produce excessively and when it fails, they force it to take medicine to produce more. This is an evil.

This new population is like a river overflowing its banks and destroying all in its path. We cannot live the way these people live and we cannot live beside them. They have little respect for Nature and they offend our ideals. Just seven years ago we signed a treaty by which the buffalo country was to be ours and unspoiled forever. Now they want it. They want the gold in it. Will we yield? They will kill me before I will give up the land that is my land.

Probably the most worthwhile part of the whole exchange occurred when the St. Mary's students came to live in our town. Then the effect of the exchange encompassed the whole school population of over 500.

It showed its influence strongly in Psychology 20 as we sat, in sometimes tense discussion groups, daily, for 80 minutes and truly got to appreciate and understand one another.

It spread to 10 homes where St. Mary's students were billeted and to the families living there, who suddenly realized that these Blood Indian teenagers had the same hang-ups as their own kids. It spread to our Active 20-30 club members who invited us to their fort-nightly dinner meeting and were motivated to make plans for the formation of a similar club on the reserve.

The spirit of fellowship really spread on the final night when the girls had a gigantic slumber party, let down all the barriers and really confided in one another.

Project — St. Mary's was obviously a smashing success!

and there was a great feast put on to honour the girl. The day was spent with singing and dancing and great fun was had.

The sacrifice was to be made in the evening, so as the sun slipped down behind distant hills the people gathered along the shores to watch the passing of the white canoe. Soon the moon came out and created many spectres dancing on the edge of the mighty falls. Now it was said that these spectres were the spirits of those who had been sacrificed in the past and that they were waiting to guide the chief's daughter to the spirit world.

Soon the white canoe, laden with fruit and flowers, bearing the young girl, drifted silently towards the centre of the falls. As she paddled the current became swifter and the canoe was drawn quickly to the edge.

Suddenly from on down the river a strange canoe struck out for the white canoe and the falls. The strange canoe caught up with the girl and paddled alongside her canoe. The people recognized the other person as their great chief, whom they all loved. The people gave out loud shouts to the chief for him to come back, but their shouts were drowned out by the rushing water of the falls.

The princess and her father, standing in their canoes holding hands, silently slid over the great Niagara. The people were struck with immense grief and from that time on they made no more sacrifices to the

TAWOW

(continued from p. 1)

work in her home province, Saskatchewan. Before coming to work for the magazine as Assistant Editor, Sheila worked in a radio station in Prince George, B.C. as a copy writer.

The magazine, a glossy, professional-looking magazine, is published quarterly by the Department of Indian Affairs in Ottawa featuring such categories of creative writing as: poetry, short stories, Indian legends, articles of a cultural nature, and each issue features a different Indian artist. Some of the articles featured (written by Indian people) were: "Women's Shawls", a book review on Poundmaker, "The Story of Chief Anahim", "Manitoba Indian Centennial Celebrations", "Ksan". Some of the leaders of Canada's Indian Cultural revivalists who appeared in the magazine include: Alanis Obomsawin, Bob Davidson, Daphne "Odjig" Beavon, Chief Dan George and Buckley Petawabano.

Indian writers are encouraged to send material of a cultural and creative nature to the magazine for publication. All manuscripts sent in will be given consideration for publication, and if published will be paid for on a one-time North American Rights basis. This means that after it has been published by TAWOW, the writer may re-submit it to another magazine for publication if he/she so desires.

All manuscripts should be sent to: The Editor, TAWOW magazine, Room 810, 400 Laurier Avenue West, (Department of Indian Affairs), Ottawa, Ontario. K1A-0H4.

Anyone desiring to subscribe to the magazine should direct their enquiries to INFORMATION CANADA, 171 Slater, Ottawa, Ontario. The magazine is distributed quarterly at the cost of \$1.00 per issue.

falls. They mourned many years for the loss of their great chief and his daughter.

Now it was said that when the chief and his daughter entered the spirit world in the falls they created a splendour of many colours rising in the mists from the tumbling waters. The colours created a many-hued rainbow across the bottom which remains to this day.

Now that is how the old people explained the sacrifice and the birth of the rainbows rising from the mists.

Dehanadisonkwe

THE PATH OF BIG BEAR

by: Robert Whelan

(continued from Vol. 14 #10)

Negotiations continued from 1871 to 1877 when these treaties were made and land surrendered to the Crown:

By Treaty Number 1, dated August 3, 1871, the Chippewas and Swampy Crees surrendered to the Government of Canada a large tract of land in southern Manitoba.

By Treaty Number 2 of August 21, 1871 the Chippewa Indians surrendered to the Federal Government a tract of land in southwestern Manitoba and a small portion of south-eastern Saskatchewan.

Treaty Number 3 refers mainly to Ontario but a small portion of south-eastern Manitoba was ceded to the Federal Government on October 3, 1873.

By Treaty Number 4 of September 15, 1874, the Plains Cree and Chippewa Indians surrendered a large tract of land comprising most of southern Saskatchewan to the Federal Government. This treaty is known as the Qu'Appelle Treaty.

Treaty Number 5, known as the Lake Winnipeg Treaty, was concluded September 20 and 24, 1875, and by it the Federal Government obtained a surrender of 100,000 square miles of northern Manitoba from the Chippewa and Swampy Cree Indians.

By Treaty Number 6 of August 23 and 28 and September 9, 1876 at Forts Carlton and Pitt and Battle River the Plains and Woods Cree and Assiniboine Indians surrendered 120,000 square miles extending across central Saskatchewan and Alberta.

By Treaty Number 7, known as the Blackfoot Treaty, of September 22, 1877 at Blackfoot Crossing the Blackfoot, Blood, Peigan, Stony and Sarcee Indians surrendered the southern part of Alberta.

All the treaties were based on the first treaty made at Fort Stone in 1871 with some minor differences in the terms due to different local conditions.

The terms of the treaties are:

1. A relinquishment of the Indian right and title to the lands from Lake Superior to the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

2. The Indians had permission to

hunt in the ceded territory and to fish in the waters thereof as long as it remained the property of the Crown.

3. Annuities of five dollars a head to each Indian, man, woman or child were promised in perpetuity, and an annual payment of \$25.00 was promised each chief, and \$15.00 to each councillor or head man. The chiefs and head men received suits of clothing and the chiefs received British flags and silver medals.

4. Lands were allotted to the Indians, to be set aside as reserves for homes and agricultural purposes, which lands cannot be sold or alienated except with the consent of the Indians and for their benefit. In Treaties 1, 2, 3 and 5 these lands were reserved to the extent of 160 acres per family of five, but in Treaties 4, 6 and 7 one square mile was reserved for each family of five.

5. Agricultural implements, oxen and cattle to form the nuclei of herds were given to the Indian bands on a once-for-all basis, in order to help them become adjusted to agricultural pursuits.

6. Provision was made for establishment of schools on the reserves for the instruction of Indian children.

In order to administrate the treaty area it was divided into two superintendencies. The Manitoba Superintendency included the area ceded by Treaties 1, 2, 3, and 4. That of the North-West Territories covered the areas of Treaties 5, 6 and 7. A Chief Superintendent was appointed who was required to reside in his superintendency so he could meet the Indians and supervise his deputies from the field. Indian Agents were put in charge of districts and the bands living in them and required to live in their respective districts.

At the time these treaties were made more than three-quarters of the population of the prairies was of mixed blood, mostly French and Scottish half-breeds. Some of these people owned their own farms and continued farming after the Government confirmed their land holdings. But many half-breeds were completely involved with the Indians, living with them and speaking their language. They were considered to be Indians when the treaties were signed and placed on the band lists of bands they were living with.

A system has been set up; records



were being kept of every person of native blood that could be classified as an "Indian" and the counting began for each "Indian" had to have a number; lands were being surveyed and the co-ordinates of reserves and their boundaries were inked in on maps in faraway offices and carefully stored away like old license plates for antique cars; superintendents and agents had been posted to the reserves where the grass grew quite high now that the buffalo had gone. All that's left to be done is to enclose the Indian in the system. It's the first step to civilization.

It wasn't easy getting all the Indians to go into the reserves. Some wouldn't go. There was Big Bear and others such as Little Pine but most others did go quietly if not joyfully. Once they were on the reserves the system would carry the Government's policy of creating conditions which would enable the native people to become self-supporting by turning hunters into farmers.

It is at this point that what has come to be known as the "Indian problem" first began. The idea of putting a nomadic people within the definite limits of a reserve proved to be the basis of a mutual misunderstanding: the Government felt that the Indians would go on reserves and by doing the things white men do, such activities as farming and going to school and in his spare time per-

haps making and selling buckskin jackets and beaded moccasins, they would fit into the way of life of Western technological civilization; the Indians thought they would go to a certain part of the prairies and there continue to live their own way of life.

Almost from the moment when they were first approached about treaties the Indians were told they would not have to change their way of life. Lieutenant-Governor Archibald clearly said during negotiations for Treaty 1 that the Indians would not be forced to follow the way of the white man and other treaties reaffirmed this statement. Typical is this section from Treaty 3: "Her Majesty further agrees with her said Indians, that they, the said Indians, shall have the right to pursue their avocations of hunting and fishing throughout the tract surrendered as herein-before described, subject to such regulations as may from time to time be made by her Government of her Dominion of Canada, and saving and excepting such tracts as may from time to time be required or taken up for settlement, mining, lumbering or other purposes, by her said Government of the Dominion of Canada, or by any of the subjects thereof duly authorized therefor by the said Government."

But the Government did want the
(see page 7)

Indians to settle down and it had wanted it years before the Treaties came into existence; the only alternative was to set aside extensive territory for the Indians (the first suggestion from the Manitoba Indians when Treaty 1 was being negotiated was for Indian territory amounting to two-thirds of the area of the province) where, undisturbed they could live their own way. To the colonial mind this was unthinkable; empire builders take all. As early as 1873 the Government had settled on agriculture as the means by which the Indian would be induced to settle down. In that year Indian Commissioner for Manitoba and the North West Territories J. A. N. Provencher wrote: "The best means to break them of their roving habits, to elevate and assure their position, is to attach them to agriculture."

Exactly what the commissioner meant by "to elevate and assure their position" is not clear. But if it meant, as it seems to, that he

should be encouraged to adopt the standards of thought and conduct of Western technological civilization and find his security in a job performed repetitively at a fixed time and place, then the commissioner's thoughts were premature. The Indian did not want to be part of civilization; he did not want to farm; no matter what he was induced to say, he wanted to gallop over the plains after the buffalo, for that was his way of life. The Commissioners negotiating Treaty Four sent this report to Ottawa in 1875: "Many of the bands have no desire to settle and commence farming, and will not turn their attention to agriculture until they are forced to do so on account of the failure of their present means of subsistence by the extermination of the buffalo."

And soon the buffalo would be exterminated. They all knew it would happen, the Commissioners, Father Leduc who wrote in 1874 that they'd disappear in the near future, Father

Andre, who gave them five years unless the Government did something, and the Indian themselves, who were quite aware of what we now call "ecological balance." As early as 1876 during Treaty payments at Qu'Appelle each chief and headman in the district separately pleaded that the Government do something to save the buffalo. In 1877, Father Andre, appalled at the continuing slaughter of what buffalo remained asked the Government for restrictions. Many such pleas and requests were passed on to Ottawa. The Government heard; it did nothing. Its attitude is contained in an 1876 reply to the Lieutenant-Governor of the North West Territory from the Federal Minister of the Interior which says that the preservation of the buffalo was a matter for the local government which "could probably devise a cheaper and better plan than this parliament, it being on the spot, and more familiar with the matter." Distance does lend enchantment to Provincial

and Federal responsibilities.

Only one band of Crees under Big Bear held on to the old freedom. He would not sign any treaty; he and his few followers roamed the prairies, ghosts from the past on an ancient path through the grass that was high and thick now that the buffalo had gone. His burr-like persistence, coupled with a saving sense of humour, plus the charity of native friends on reserves enabled them to survive in their ancient natural kingdom that had been laid waste by the greed of strangers.

Now they were over, the days of boundless freedom; no longer were the people of the plains riding after the buffalo or running to the Lodge of the Sun in an ecstasy of air and sunlight. They were confined within the boundaries of reserves.

Part III — Next Issue

SWAN LAKE RESERVE NEWS

by Susan Hiebert

The ghost of Chief Oozawakwan walked the shores of the Swan Lake waters, and lived in the memories of the people who attended the ribbon cutting ceremonies at the opening of a \$15,000 administration building at Swan Lake Reserve #7, in Manitoba, on February 4. A hundred years ago in 1871, Oozawakwan, also known as Yellow Quill, signed the treaty with the white government to accept the Swan Lake reserve for his band.

Situated in south-western Manitoba, about 100 miles from Winnipeg, the Swan Lake Reserve contains 10½ sections of land, of which about half is presently under

cultivation. In the past the greatest portion of the land was contracted to white farmers, but as the contracts expire the property is being farmed by the band. About seven band members are full time farmers.

The band council is presently in the process of forming a cooperative to run the agricultural and other work projects. The cooperative, a non share capital venture, will take over a Cow & Calf operation which was started on the reserve in 1971, and now has 49 cows with adequate pasture land cleared. The cattle are being wintered in an open range with loose housing, and long range plans call for a feed lot which will allow

the calves to be fed out for sale.

Also on the long range planning board are fish farming, a hog operation, growing wild rice, and perhaps a tourist attraction on six miles of Swan Lake frontage owned by the band.

Two white men, Victor Nelson, manager of the Louise Credit Union, with offices in Pilot Mound, and Wm. Scurfield, a lawyer at Manitou, are on the cooperative board in an advisory capacity. Tim Conway, a white farmer who once farmed much of the band property, acts as advisor to the farm operation.

The band council has been in charge of its social budget for over a year, and on April 8, 1972 the reserve will become completely self-governing.

Chief Richard Cameron is assisted by a full time administrator, Wilfred Mousseau, as well as four council members. At present these are Tommy Daniels, Tony Cameron, Harry Mousseau and Fred Soldier. The band secretary is Bernice Mousseau.

Chief Cameron started a hog project of his own in 1971 by building a \$10,000 modern hog barn. The feed pens can handle twelve Yorkshire hogs at one time, and they are ready for market in six weeks.

The aim of the band council is to create employment on the reserve for all members of the band. The profits from the cooperative will be shared by all members, with the council acting as an executive body looking after the administration of the farm, and any other work operations on the reserve.

The population of the reserve is

around 475, of which approximately 150 live off the reserve. The reserve has its own police constable, Maurice Cameron. Students are bussed to integrated modern elementary and high schools at Pilot Mound, 15 miles. Swan Lake, a village three miles away gets most of the reserve business.

There is no church on the Swan Lake Reserve, also no restaurant, store, garage, or any kind of business outlet. Having to patronize the white towns in the vicinity has probably been a factor in helping to make the people outgoing. The residents deal in a competitive atmosphere, unlike many reserves which have white people operating stores for a captive clientele on a reserve.

The new Oozawakwan Administration Building is designed to accommodate the many social and business functions on the reserve. It will make modern business equipment and office space available and help streamline the ever increasing work load involved in running the affairs of the band.

The building contains six private offices, one of which will be occupied by a representative of the Manitoba Indian Brotherhood. There is a spacious conference room, and the basement has a recreation hall, as well as a room with kitchen facilities. This latter room will be used to teach home economics and prepare meals or lunches for events held in the building.

Chief Richard Cameron gave the host speech at the ribbon cutting ceremony, and Wilfred Mousseau spoke on the long range plans of the band council. Dave Cruchane, President of the Manitoba Indian Brotherhood, praised the Swan Lake people for the efforts they are making to become self-governing and self-supporting.

MANUEL

(cont'd. from p. 1)

we will not be white-washed or silenced by the Government that so willingly stole our land, took away our customs and put us on reserves.

The same things that our ancestors were fighting for a hundred years ago are the same things that we are fighting for today. Louis Riel and Crowfoot are now Canadian heroes, yet the Metis and Indians are still fighting for what those leaders fought for. Only now we must wage our battles on new ground. We must use the press, public and world opinion. Only by getting other countries acquainted with Indian problems, since we are a minority in Canada, can we hope to press the Canadian government

into taking positive steps to join with us in combating our problems."

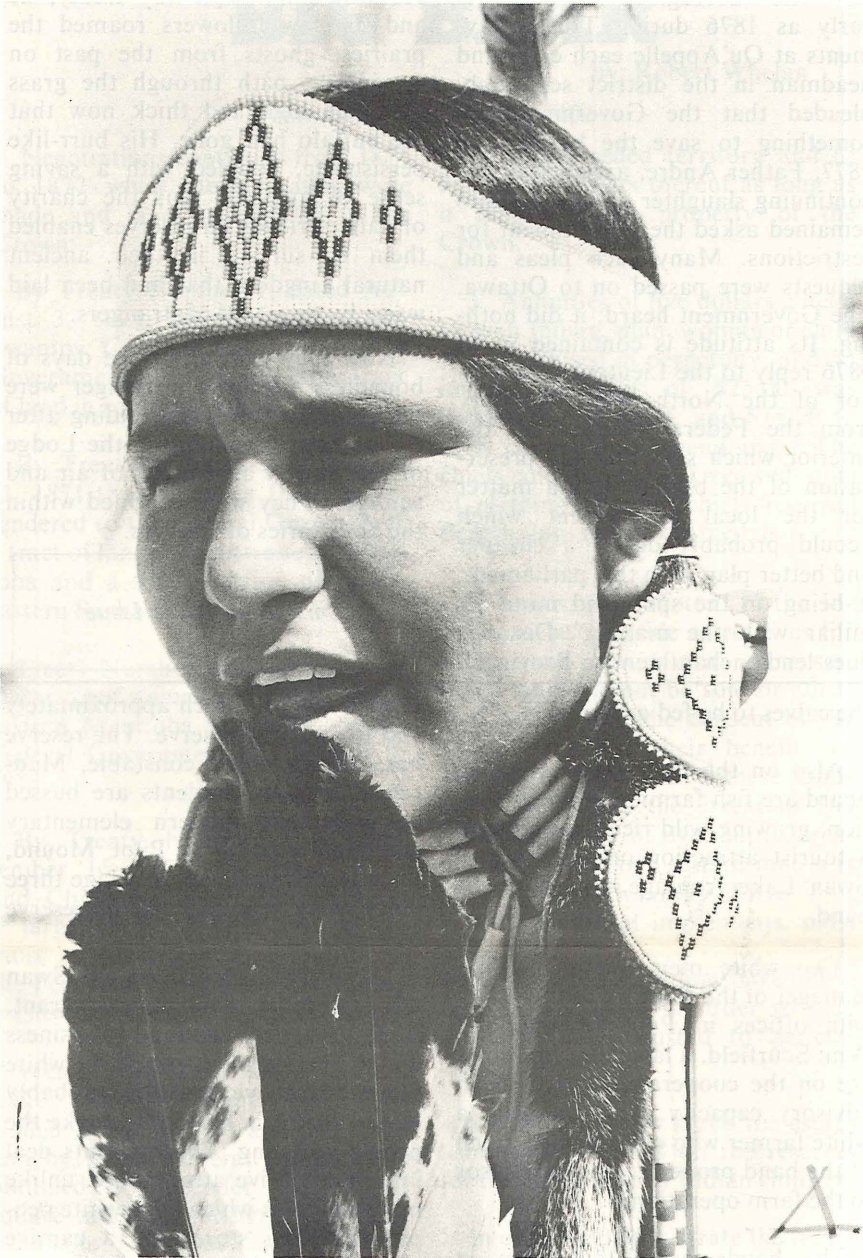
In keeping with his view, Mr. Manuel hopes to make a further trip to Tanzania with all the members of his executive so that an awareness may be created amongst the Indian leaders and the Indian people of the common bonds that exist throughout the world amongst members of the Third World.

It was Mr. Manuel's expressed view upon his return that his trip had been one of the most rewarding and enjoyable experiences of his life. The dignity, exuberance and pride with which the people of Tanzania attacked their problems could serve as an example to the Indians of Canada.

Hopefully the Indians of Canada might one day be receiving Tanzanians with greetings of "Uhuru".

WE SPEAK

by Suzanne Shetler



Mock us. Neglect us.
Mistreat us.
Strip us of our pride
And culture.
But let me tell you this,
When He spoke,
Our Chief,
Silence covered the land,
A stillness, so real,
The waters of our streams
Were heard trickling

Through the forests
And every Indian listened,
Sincerely, in expectations,
Depending on their leader
To guide them.
And let me tell you this.
It is a sign.
For we are the cultivators
Of a new race.
We are the Indians
Of tomorrow.

NOTICE

The article which appears in Volume Fourteen, No. Ten entitled "Cultural Development Regionalized" is not government policy, but was merely a suggestion put forth for consideration. There is a possibility that it may be changed after a National Cultural Committee meeting to be held in Ottawa, March 16-18.

ANAWAKALOU DIED TODAY

Anawakalou died today,
Alone in camp, remembering his dear Pitsumay.
Awaiting the return of those who hunt the Arctic wanderer,
The old man's brown granite face showed the signs of surrender.

The wind chanced to hear his last cry,
As lazily, it carved an ivory clouded sky.
Stunned by the sight of his lifelong friend lying still,
The breeze became a sigh, but soon an angered shrill.

The storm buried the child for who it sang at birth,
And climbed the highest peaks to scream the hurt,
It struck at the hunters and bowed them in reverence,
And painted the sky black with unyielding persistence.

Word was blown to the village elder,
Working the stone in a round house of winter
He raised his head when the message was over,
And remembered Anawakalou, as a great hunter.

Deep into the Arctic night, the blizzard continued,
Like a barbaric conqueror, who could not be subdued.
The owl's eyes closed in shame, the ghost wolf howled his name,
The north west wind made certain they too felt the pain.

Anawakalou died today,
Alone in camp, remembering his dear Pitsumay.
Left behind in despair and neglect,
But the Arctic wind paid its last respects.

Tima.

CROW'S DEATH

— Miss Eleanor Millard
(KAINAI NEWS Feb. 1, 1972)

Long, long ago
When there was nothing but sky
And earth,
Crow was.
And Crow said,
"I am lonely,"
So Crow took some dirt from the
bank of the Pelly,
And he mixed it with his spit,
And he shaped a man.

And man was smaller than Crow,
And Crow said:
"I am your master, and you must
obey me."
So man did Crow's will, and killed
muskrat for their food,
And kept warm fires.

But soon man grew strong and tall,
And he too was lonely.
One day he said to Crow:
"Make me a woman, for I am
lonely."

And Crow knew that man was good
to him, and so in the Spring,
He gathered wild roses,
And shaped a woman.

Crow was pleased with his work,
And saw that woman was beautiful.
She had long hair the color of his
feathers,
And smelled of the woods in Spring
Woman also grew,
Becoming more beautiful as summer
passed.

Crow began to tease woman,
Pecking her hair and flying around
her at her work.
This angered woman, and she said
to man:

"Crow wants me as his wife."
So man was also angered,
And one night he took an axe
and killed crow.

And this is how the world began.

DID YOU KNOW ...

It is the Indians who taught the Europeans about sanitation, food nutrition and physical fitness. The Canadian or U.S. books have never taught real Indian history or culture.

"Winds of Change"
CBC Northern Service and
Loyola College, Montreal

EDITORIAL

(cont'd from p. 3)

laneous Canadians. In fact, he had better start preaching his doctrines of plastic cultural equality to the white people who aren't buying the rat race like they used to either.

Perhaps it would be appropriate to issue Mr. Wuttunee with a white-status card before he continues on his mission.