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THE Indian news

Vol. Twelve, No. Seven

Ottawa, Canada

October, 1969

An Introduction to Big Cove

by Morris Isaac

Big Cove Reserve is located in Kent County, New Brunswick, approximately 60 miles north of Moncton. The reserve has a population of 1,021. Approximately 100 people are employed off the reserve. Most of the remaining families find seasonal employment during the fall potato harvests in Maine. Others move farther south into Massachusetts to work in high steel.

Albert Levi is the Chief of the reserve and is in the second year of his term. His interest in the youth of the reserve has been his greatest achievement. He operates his own grocery business and drives the school bus. At present, he drives 35 students daily to Richibucto. He also drives an additional three miles to take high school students to Petit Aldouane District No. 12. Next year, the student enrollment in the towns will increase by 25, requiring another bus.

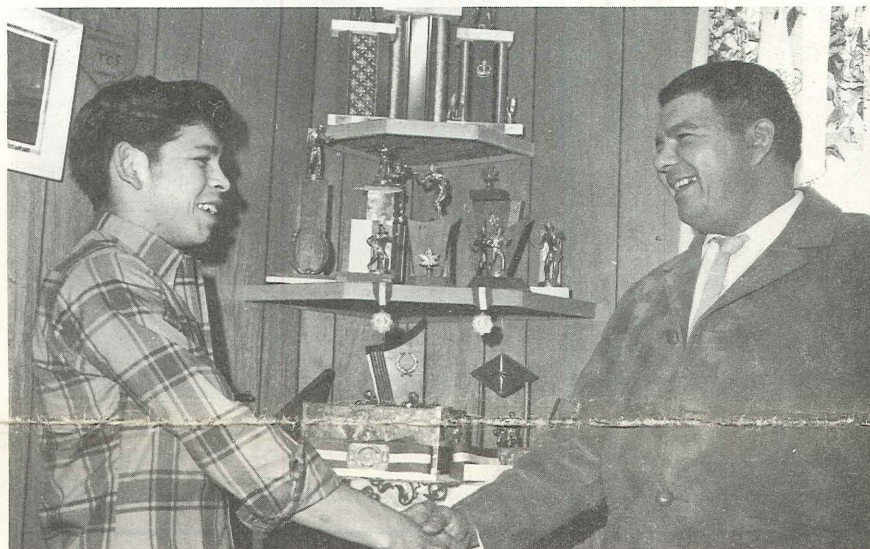
Chief Levi's council is composed of eight councillors and together

they have organized three committees dealing with health, recreation and education.

I asked the chief what projects they are undertaking at present. "We are just finishing up the renovations on the recreation hall for the 20 students taking upgrading courses there. They will be on a twelve-month course. We are also going to ask the Federal Government for an enlargement of our reserve," he replied.

The chief had informed me earlier that their reserve was very small, "only 500 acres", and it was very important that they obtain more land. The Band Council is also trying to interest a textile manufacturing plant in locating on the reserve to provide year-round employment for the Indian people.

He took me to see the men working on the recreation hall. They were just finishing the renovations. As we walked into the hall, I could hear music. Glancing down the hall, I saw four men vigorously painting the floor to the beat of a fiddler.



Alfred Sanipass, last year's winner of the Golden Gloves Championship, shakes hands with the chief of Big Cove, Albert Levi.

At the suggestion of the Chief, I spoke to four high school students. One of them, Peter Clare, said that going to an integrated school was an advantage, although he would prefer to go to school on the reserve. One of his reasons was the distance involved. Participation in school sports and other extra-curricular activities means having to make your own way to and from the high school, he said.

The reserve itself has competent men with skills in different fields. Howard Sock is the water commissioner and town clerk. Peter Levi Sr. is head carpenter and electrician for the Reserve, but he also takes outside contracts. Sam Augustine is unique. He is one of few Indians in Canada who weaves traditional designs. It started five years ago following an illness when he realized he could no longer do heavy manual labour. With nine children to feed, he decided to put his talent to work. He learned how to weave and now produces beautiful dresses, ponchos and Indian costumes. He is also a field worker for the Union of New Brunswick Indians. He says, "It is something wonderful to know how to do it well, and there should be more Indian people involved in weaving."

As for local sports, there is good representation in boxing. Eighteen-year-old Alfred Sanipass has boxed his way to championships in New Brunswick and the New England States in the U.S. He has won the Golden Gloves Championships for the New England States and New Brunswick. Last year he was the Featherweight Golden Boy for New Brunswick. In all, he has 32 trophies to show for seven years of fighting.

While talking to Alfred's father about his son's achievements, I kept wondering when this "Golden Boy" would show himself to my wondering eyes. I asked his father when I could meet him and he replied, "He's right beside you." I couldn't believe it. There stood a lad, approximately five feet tall, who looked like he couldn't fight his way out of a paper bag. It just goes to show that looks are deceiving.

In the attitudes of its people, Big Cove represents those of many other reserves — in the manner the Indian people react to visitors from other reserves, and in their welcome and hospitality.

I bade farewell knowing that I'd

(Continued on Page Seven)

Indian News Appointment



David Monture, a Mohawk from the Six Nations Reserve, near Brantford, Ontario, has recently been appointed Editorial Assistant to THE INDIAN NEWS. As part of his duties he will visit reserves across Canada gathering news material on contemporary Indians for the paper.

Dave is the eldest of the eight children of Bud and Irene Monture. He attended public school on the reserve, a system composed of a majority of Indian teachers and administrators. He received his secondary education at nearby Hagersville, Ontario.

Mr. Monture was previously employed with the Records Research and Clipping Service section, Indian Affairs, Ottawa, and with the Canadian Gypsum Co. Ltd., adjacent to the reserve.

FOR CIRCULATION

L'ART INDIEN S'AFFIRME



Ces poupées qui font parti de l'exposition parviennent de l'atelier Whetung Ojibway Crafts de Curve Lake.

(Photo—D. Monture, Ottawa)

Chant de la mort d'Anpebasapawien

Le coeur brisé d'avoir été abandonnée par son mari; embarquée dans un canoë avec son bébé elle mit fin à sa vie dans les chutes de St-Anthonie.

C'était pour lui, le seul que j'eusse aimé avec tout mon coeur

C'était pour lui, que joyeusement je préparais le gibier fraîchement tué et que ma cabine était si joliment ornée.

C'était pour lui, que je tannais la peau des nobles chevreuils et que je brodais les mocassins qui paraient ses pieds.

Chaque jour, au soleil levant, j'attendais le retour de celui que j'aimais.

Mon coeur battait de joie aussitôt que j'entendais les pas de mon brave chasseur.

Il laissait choir son fardeau à la porte de ma cabine; parfois, c'était un chevreuil, et je me hâtais de le préparer pour le repas.

Mon coeur était attaché à mon époux; et pour moi, son amour était plus que tout au monde.

Mais, il m'abandonna pour une autre. Et, maintenant, la vie est devenue un poids pour moi que je ne peux plus supporter.

Mon enfant est aussi une source de tristesse pour mon coeur, car, il est tellement comme lui.

Comment puis-je supporter la Vie, lorsque tous ses moments sont si poignants et cruels pour moi?

J'ai élevé ma voix vers le Maître de la Vie, je l'ai supplié de reprendre la vie qu'Il m'avait donnée, parce que maintenant, je ne la désire plus.

Je m'en vais avec le courant qui m'entraînera et qui satisfera mon désir et mes prières.

Je vois l'eau écumer. Je la vois bouillonner impétueusement, et elle sera mon refuge,

J'entends les murmures profond du gouffre.

C'est mon chant funèbre! Adieu! Adieu!

Eléonore Sioui. Juin 1969.

Parallèlement pour des fins d'évaluation du marché, des tapisseries réalisées par des Indiens sioux étaient en montre à l'hôtel Royal York. L'expérience s'est soldée par des ventes se chiffrant à environ \$5,000 et a intéressé 24 nouveaux clients. Notons qu'au printemps 1969, lors d'une autre exposition, le même étalage avait été jugé le meilleur dans sa catégorie.

Tom Hill, agent de promotion des petites entreprises, est maintenant en mesure de déclarer que l'art et l'artisanat des Indiens du Canada s'affirment de plus en plus chaque année.

L'exposition automnale de cadeaux de Toronto, tenue récemment au colisée de l'Exposition canadienne nationale, a attiré plus de 900 exposants. Parmi les étalages, dont certains étaient internationaux, figuraient des bijoux, des jouets, de la poterie, des affiches de même que des cuirs travaillés et de la cristallerie.

Le ministère des Affaires indiennes, par l'intermédiaire de sa Section des petites entreprises, y participait, exposant oeuvres d'art et objets d'artisanat indien. A ce kiosque, on pouvait admirer notamment des bijoux, des paniers et des tapis.

Lettres amusantes

par KEITH MILLER

De par mes fonctions, j'écris des articles et des éditoriaux à l'adresse de la population indienne et je suis aussi agent d'information à l'occasion. Il m'arrive donc de recevoir des lettres pittoresques qui provoquent mon hilarité.

Des milliers de lettres ont commencé à me parvenir en 1967. Le Pavillon indien de l'Expo '67 en est peut-être la cause. Il a certainement servi à attirer l'attention du grand public sur les Indiens du Canada et à le rendre conscient de ce qui se passe dans son entourage.

De toute façon, la Direction a reçu plusieurs lettres exprimant des commentaires plus ou moins favorables, mais elle a aussi reçu un très grand nombre de lettres de personnes désireuses de connaître davantage les Indiens et leur mode de vie. Quelques-unes nous ont bien fait rigoler. Un Hollandais demandait une photographie d'un Peaurouge et de son chien. Après le premier moment d'amusement, j'ai pensé: Il ne dit pas de quelle couleur il veut le chien.

Dans une autre lettre, un citoyen de l'Allemagne de l'Est demandait l'adresse d'une jeune fille indienne, sans même voiler ses intentions. Il voulait tout simplement se marier. Je me demandais comment il s'y prendrait pour l'amener dans son pays, quand il y a tant de gens qui désirent en sortir.

"Veuillez m'envoyer un Indien, pas trop gros, car il doit entrer

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Le saviez-vous?

Quarante-trois p. 100 des victimes d'accidents de la circulation au Canada ont absorbé de l'alcool avant l'accident. La concentration d'alcool dans leur sang s'élevait à 0.10 p. 100 au moins d'après les statistiques pour l'année 1966-1967.

dans mon recueil de coupures". Les phrases de ce genre sont très amusantes, car elle viennent d'enfants de 6 ou 7 ans.

Une autre perle nous vient d'une personne qui recevait notre revue; elle nous informe qu'elle désire cesser l'envoi, pour la bonne raison qu'elle allait se marier. Nous avons raison de nous glorifier qu'elle ait considéré notre revue comme un substitut en attendant de se trouver un mari.

En voulez-vous d'autres: "Je m'intéresse à mieux connaître les Indiens, voulez-vous m'envoyer des arcs et des flèches". "Est-ce que les Indiens pratiquent encore la torture?" "Est-ce qu'on mettrait un Indien en prison s'il se promènerait tout nu?" "Je veux venir en aide à l'humanité; veuillez m'envoyer une liste d'Indiens reconnus comme alcooliques". "Est-ce vrai que les Indiens attrapent des poissons à la nage?" "Croyez-vous que les Indiens sont vraiment la tribu perdu d'Israël?" "Quand les Indiens vont-ils commencer leur révolte? Je veux m'unir à eux." Il y a aussi cet homme qui avait tout résolu les difficultés des Indiens par cette formule: "Pourquoi le gouvernement ne force-t-il pas toutes les Indiennes à épouser des Blancs et tous les Indiens à épouser des Blanches".

Nous n'avons pas l'habitude de révéler la teneur des lettres que nous recevons, mais cette petite indiscretion vous fera partager certains de nos bons moments.

THE Indian news

Editor — KEITH R. MILLER (Tuscarora)
Editorial Assistant — DAVID MONTURE (Mohawk)

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THE INDIAN HALL OF FAME

Editorial

by D. MONTURE

What of compromise?

It would seem inevitable that no reserve can remain an island unto itself. To what extent are reserve-level Indians and the Indian organizations willing to bend in a compromise agreement over the policy proposal, if and when the difficult area of land claims and treaty rights is settled fairly. Self-determination will require greater participation. Participation will mean a positive move towards self-government on the part of the Indian people. Does the Indian want to be master of his own lodge once more?

How far is the Canadian government willing to go in recognizing treaty obligations? What of the land claims? The Indian is a proud person. He made agreements in good faith and would like to see them honoured.

When the proposals of both the Indian organizations and the government are known to all concerned, when the panic subsides, then let the negotiations begin — and let both sides be prepared to compromise.

We Get Some Funny Letters

by KEITH MILLER

Being in the type of business where we write stories and features for the Indian people, it gives us a chance to laugh at a few of the letters we receive.

In 1967 there was a marked upsurge in the number of letters we were receiving. Thousands of letters started to arrive. This was possibly started by the Indian Pavilion at Expo '67. It focused attention on the Canadian Indian and the general public was made aware of what was happening in their own back yard.

As a result, the Branch received many letters, both pro and con, but mainly they requested information about Indians and their way of life. Like the one from Holland asking for a photograph of a "red Indian and his dog". After we stopped laughing our first thought was, "I wonder what colour he wants the dog."

Another was one from an East German resident who wanted the address of a young Indian maiden. He hid nothing in stating his intentions. He wanted to get married. I often wonder how he thought of getting her into his country when so many people are trying to get out.

"Please send me an Indian. Not too big because he has to fit in my scrapbook." These are cute and they are mostly from kids about 6 or 7 years old.

Another was from a person who

was receiving this paper. One day she wrote telling us to cancel her subscription. Reason — she was getting married. It was kind of nice to think this paper had been a substitute until she found a husband.

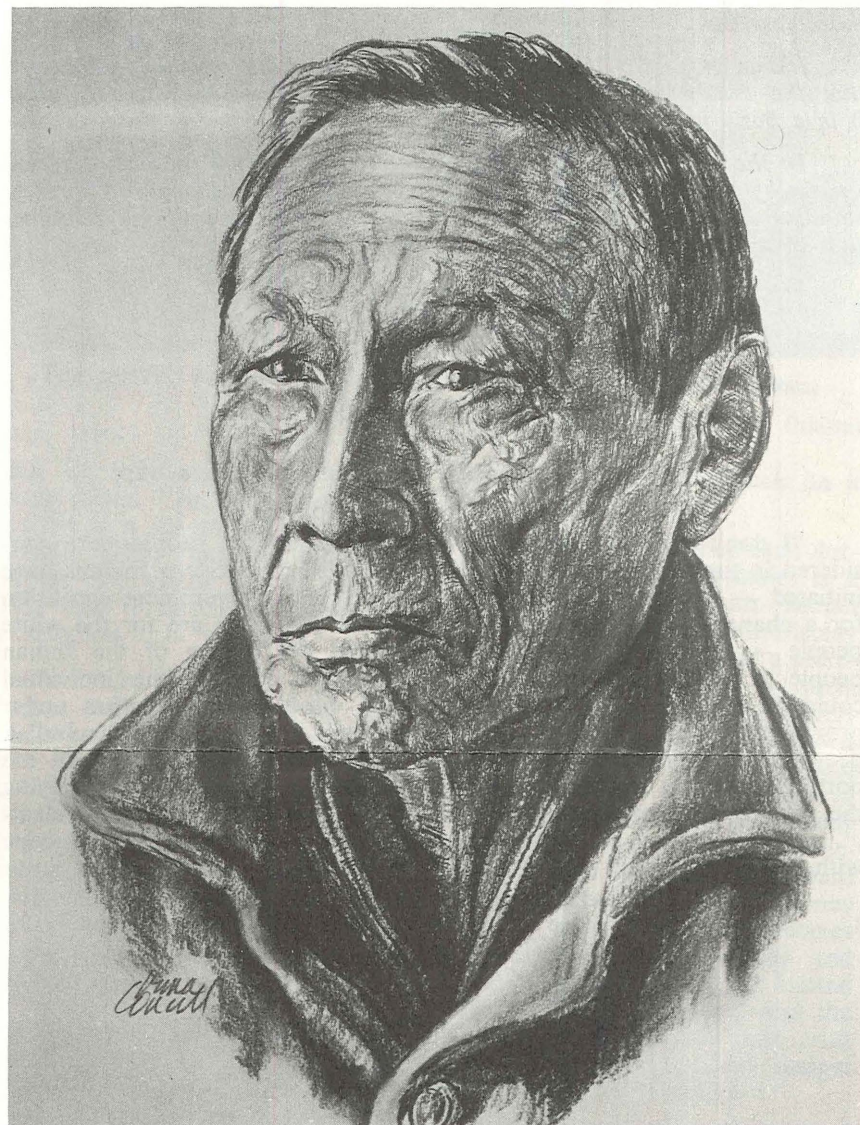
Here are a few more: "I'd like to learn more about Indians, would you please send me bows and arrows." "Are the Indians still practising torture?" "Will an Indian be put in jail if he walks around naked?" "I want to help people, please send me a list of known Indian alcoholics." "Is it true Indians catch fish by diving for them?" "Do you think the Indians are really the lost tribe of Israel?"

We even received a proposal for Miss Kahn-Tineta Horn of Caughnawaga. This we forwarded to her and since she's not married yet we can only assume she turned down the proposal.

"I am sick of the whiteman's life. Where can I get an application form to become an Indian?"

"When the Indians start their revolt, I want to be on their side." And then there was the person who had the Indian situation figured out; "Why doesn't the government force every Indian girl to marry a white man and every Indian man to marry a white woman?"

We are not in the habit of revealing the contents of the letters we receive, but we thought we should share some of the more amusing ones with you.



Big Bear

Big Bear, a Plains Cree, was born in 1828. It was written that he had natural gifts of courage, a great sense of humour, a keen intellect and oratorical powers. He appeared to know how to make a living without begging from the government of the time.

During the treaty-making of his era, Big Bear was a stabilizing force. He told his followers they were giving up their birthright, lands and independence for mere beads. He employed passive resistance to gain concessions before his people became more of a minority in their own land.

Big Bear died in 1888. It was later written: "His name belongs with those who have resisted tyranny and opposed injustice. He was not only a great Indian but a great Canadian."

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Did You Know

Did you know that there are about 2,800 different languages in the world.

And Now The Indian Speaks

In June we ran a four-page special edition of THE INDIAN NEWS outlining the Government's proposed new Indian policy. We now present the views of a group of Indian leaders concerning the Indian Policy Statement.

The following statements are the results of an opinion poll taken by THE INDIAN NEWS. No effort was made to select a particular group. Those who offered opinions are closely bound to their reserves and we feel that they express the general feelings of the people on those reserves.

Indian Affairs Minister Jean Chretien has said on many occasions that the Policy Statement is not meant as a final solution but rather it is a basis for discussion and consultation.

In the next issue of THE INDIAN NEWS we will publish a recent speech by Mr. Chretien in which he clears up a great deal of misunderstanding about the policy proposals by making a point-by-point examination of what the Policy Statement says and what it does not say.

The Editors

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"I don't think the ideas expressed by the Indian people were considered in the new policy . . . I like the idea the western Indians have initiated — that of a counter-proposal. Maybe the government can listen for a change . . . it seems to me that the proposals are for the white people — to convince them. It disregards the feeling of the Indian people . . . Band council should have land control, one individual could be exploited . . . Maybe welfare, health and education under provinces. I would like the Branch to remain but would like the Indian people to have more say in what is going on . . . the people in the north need our support . . . I think he (Mr. Chrétien) is satisfying the wishes of his own party. I think he has to conform with their ideals . . . It would set us back a few years, we'd be so busy trying to cope with the new way of life.

John Wakegijig, Band Manager,
Wikwemikong Reserve, Ontario.

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"We should settle the lands problem before we talk about a new Indian Act or a new policy. If we don't know where we stand on our land claims and treaties, we can't do anything with the new policy now . . . I don't think the Minister made that policy himself. I think it was already made before we had that last meeting (Ottawa consultation meeting) with the Minister."

Max Gros-Louis, Chief
Hurons of Lorette, Quebec.

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"I don't agree on the basis of the original people being led into taxation . . . As far as the economy of the country is concerned I think the Indian people have made it possible with their land surrenders for everyone to live here. If there were enough representatives in Ottawa I think the Minister would think twice before making any policy. . . . Now they've got to come across with their promises. We are very keen on having our treaties honoured before any policy."

Chief Adam Solway, Blackfoot Band
Gleichen, Alberta.

"The Indian Affairs and federal government are about 25 to 30 years too soon with this policy. They didn't get us ready; let's put it that way. It's just too sudden. I think the federal government should deal with each individual reserve separately. I would rather see a revised Indian Act . . . our younger generation will tell the government when they are ready . . . in 25 years our young people will decide to take part more . . . could you see people on your reserve paying taxes to their own municipal council? No."

Chief George Hill
Oneidas of the Thames
Ontario.

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"The majority of our Indian people don't know too much about the policy. Only people on committees have actually seen the thing . . . The land should be controlled by the band councils instead of the individual owners . . . Indian Affairs could manage these matters much better than anyone else."

Don Marshall, Councillor
Sydney Reserve, Nova Scotia.

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"I see it as a way of doing away with the reserves and we will eventually be no more. I wouldn't agree to this under any conditions . . . It might be all right in another 150 years from now. Before we suggest a new policy we should try and educate many more of the reserve people . . . if we take away hunting and fishing rights we'll be taking away a means of existence for too many . . . I do not want any organization making a policy for me, I would like to make my own. I would be sure to look into hunting, fishing and land rights, I would do nothing to even encourage putting reserves in a spot where they might soon disappear."

Art Anderson, Welfare Administrator
Six Nations Reserve, Ontario.

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"They want to put the Indian ahead too far, too fast. The people are not educated and trained enough to handle the responsibilities of municipalities. I would rather see a revised Indian Act. We have to think in terms of a majority — people just are not ready."

Mrs. Margery Thomas
Councillor, Esquimalt Band, B.C.

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WIRE TO PRIME MINISTER TRUDEAU FROM NATIONAL INDIAN BROTHERHOOD

It is evident from the Annual Meeting of the National Indian Brotherhood that the new Indian Policy is not acceptable to the Indian people of Canada. Each provincial leader explicitly rejected the Policy Statement, and in addition to rejecting it they demanded that time be given to provincial organizations to prepare briefs suggesting alternative policies.

Because of the strong and decisive rejection of the Policy the National Indian Brotherhood demands that the Minister not use the name of the National Indian Brotherhood or any provincial or territorial organization in any way whatsoever in reference to, and in relation to the New Policy Statement. We as a National Organization wish not to create any confusion: we request the Minister to avoid further confusion by using the name of the National Indian Brotherhood.

SIGNED: Walter Dieter, President, National Indian Brotherhood.

Profile of a Friendship Centre

by D. MONTURE

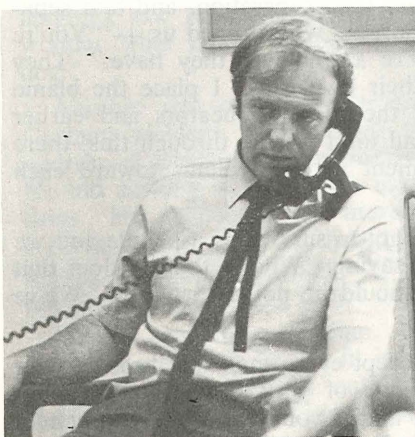
Imagine you are 20 years old. You didn't do very well in school and of course you find you are tired of the local system. Beyond the local pulp mill, guiding in season, and earning a few bucks with the fire patrol, there isn't a great deal of opportunity in your particular area. There are the mines a hundred miles to the north. Some people discriminate. Winter is coming on. You are leafing through an old Weekend magazine with pictures of GO trains and subways and smokestacks. You suspect that there might be a lot of those Eaton's catalogue type women in that same place. You decide it's time to move on, to seek your fortune and you choose Toronto.

There's a chance of going to school again maybe, or finding a job and a little room of your own — and bright lights.

Those new western boots, a corduroy sportscoat and a lot of old things go into a couple of shopping bags and a borrowed flight bag. The beat-up Spanish guitar and some extra strings will also go. Your first stop is North Bay. You happen to be an Indian.

There are others like yourself in the big city. They come from Roma, Curve Lake, Manitoulin, Moosonee, Kenora and many other areas. It is thought that the Indian population in Toronto varies from roughly five to fifteen thousand, the greater number being there during the winter months. The trend seems to be general. It is an exodus of people from the rural to the urban condition. In most cases, the people coming to the city often do not have the skills required to compete on the labour market.

The Canadian Indian Centre of Toronto provides the assistance often needed by many Indian people coming to the city. Here, the problems of Indian people can be dealt with individually. The centre provides a counselling service through a court worker, Mrs. Milly Redmand. In the words of Executive Director Bob Fox, "Once an



BOB FOX

Indian youth has been in court something negative has already happened — we hopefully try to avoid this; we try to get to the people before they get in trouble with the law". However, where this can not be done, Mrs. Redmand is there to obtain legal aid and provide advice in the courts.

Jeannette Corbière from Manitoulin Island is the youth worker. The youth program now involves seven students. Six are Indian. These young people work in a leadership capacity at social events held in the centre, the planned craft co-operative and in cultural activities. All are interested in working with Indians when they graduate, thus making the centre somewhat of a training ground for the students.

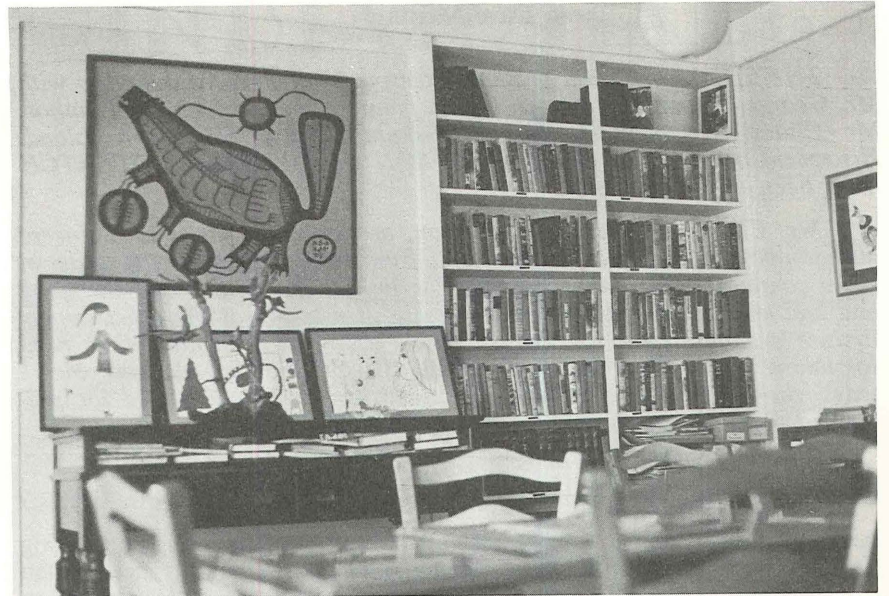
Opportunity is provided for young Indian students in the city to meet and to be with other Indian people in comfortable surroundings. This tends to make the time at school more bearable. There are frequent social activities, including discussion groups and dancing.

The centre has collaborated with the University of Toronto School of Nursing, whose home-care nurses look after the Indian people requiring care. The University of Toronto Extension Department now runs an Ojibway language course which was initiated at the centre.

I discussed with Executive Director Bob Fox the ramifications of urban living on the Indian person and in his description: "Imagine the young Indian who gets on a bus and gets in at 12 o'clock midnight — talk about cultural shock, to come from a rural setting into something like Metro Toronto."

It was Mr. Fox's opinion that it is easier for a woman to survive in the city than for a young man. Often, the young man comes in with a lot of ideals and too few skills. Success seems to elude him. He becomes disillusioned quickly and then there is a problem. There is usually plenty of work available for a woman in Toronto, even one with few skills, whether it be as a domestic or in a factory. Bob talked of the problems a man would have in attaining an "urban Indian identity" in living in the city, in being proud of himself, in travelling back and forth to the country or the reserve if he wants, and still knowing where he belongs and fits in. This identity requires an adjustment and a certain amount of material or other success.

Often the centre finds itself in a role of interpreter to both sides, Indian and white. Mr. Fox said, "Many white people are very insensitive and often racist without even knowing it." A lot of information is requested from the centre and he commented on the content and



The centre's comfortable library, well-stocked with Indian themes.

(Photo—D. Monture, Ottawa)

lack of information involved in many cases. As an example, a teacher in a school in the city was asked: "What made the Indian go wrong, the whites or the blacks?" This kind of misunderstanding obviously has to be remedied.

We talked of the Government's Indian Policy proposals. Mr. Fox had some definite opinions along this line: "I don't think the new policy, if implemented, will change the Indian situation a great deal. It might drag it underground to a certain extent — and as an example we note Jewish culture and how it has continued to survive and be very successful in the midst of a larger culture."

... "Reserves are like refugee camps, I think — whether or not there is a barbed wire fence around them. They still can be very protective and also very destructive to an individual. They build up dependencies and in the case of Canada and the reserves, other people make the decisions and that destroys a person. Whether this proposed legislation is going to work or not will be interesting to see... What they have now is definitely not working — it is only increasing dependency. It couldn't be any worse. Look at the statistics. Indians are the fastest growing minority group in Canada. The dependency upon government finances such as welfare, is growing equally as fast. When it gets to the point where it is necessary to do something about it because it is hurting financially, then I think governments are going to move."

The centre is a large old building at 210 Beverly Street and as part of its facilities, it has a drop-in lounge. I sat and watched a fast game of table tennis played to a background accompaniment of country and western music, in the midst of a few concentrating card

players. It was two o'clock on a Wednesday afternoon.

Downstairs is a kitchen used during social activities. Upstairs is a well-stocked library with Indian themes prevailing, a craft display area, counselling offices and a secretarial office. The house is worth \$80,000 and was paid for entirely through grants obtained through the drive of one woman who refused to take no for an answer. She was one of the interested people serving on the 25-member board of directors. Approximately half the board members are Indian. The money for the centre's operation comes from the federal, provincial and municipal governments, the United Appeal, private donations and the centre's Christmas card and craft sales. The centre's yearly budget is approximately \$50,000.

Talking to Mr. Fox of immediate plans for the future regarding the centre, he sees it becoming more involved in cultural activities and social action. He is optimistic about the potential of more Indian young people becoming involved in the work of the centre. Young people are genuinely concerned about what is happening to Indians in Canada and they have the youth and vigour to want to do something about it. So, for the Indian, whether or not he is socially adrift in the city, just making it there as a student, or if he has had enough and wants that bus ticket home to the reserve, the Canadian Indian Centre in Toronto is there with cultural and social activities — and help.

In summation, and in the words of Executive Director Bob Fox, "If you ever want to become dedicated to working with Indian people, you should work in an Indian centre. It's not like a nine-to-five government job. It takes a little bit of everything. It is a job that is strangely rewarding although strangely frustrating."

A Candid Interview With George Clutesi

Dave Monture

THE INDIAN NEWS presents excerpts from a recent interview with Mr. George Clutesi, well-known Indian painter, poet, lecturer, and author. Mr. Clutesi is a member of the Tse-shaht Band of Vancouver Island. His recent books, *SON OF RAVEN*, *SON OF DEER* and *POTLATCH* have been most successful.

Mr. Clutesi, a quiet, sensitive man, presented his views in a sincere and sometimes emphatic manner. He saw little dignity in the state of some contemporary Indian people. We talked of injustice and the good and bad in both Indian and white society. He spoke of the great opportunities available to young Indian people today and the immediate need for taking advantage of every potential. He spoke of the old and sincere ways, shortcomings and religion and most of all the great need for preserving the best that Indian culture has to offer.

Q. Can you pinpoint a shortcoming among Indian people, Mr. Clutesi?

A. The shortcoming of practically all Indians — that he's too trusting isn't the word for it, there's some other word that fits better than trusting — it's his teaching to accept all men, listen to all men when they talk. This is exactly what was our downfall. We accepted, we listened to the early missionaries though they told us — rather, they rammed it down our throats — that everything Indian was wrong. In time we began to believe this and our downfall really was that we were too polite and too gullible. Do you know what our old people thought when the missionaries came to us — we listened to them because we believed that they would also listen to our teaching. But it never occurred. They didn't even ask us if we had a faith, religion, a God. And before we knew it we had lost pretty near everything.

There is not one day the white man does not fight for his rights. This is not so with the Indian.

Q. What of the older generation, Mr. Clutesi?

A. Without our old people we would have vanished. Because of the old people I am able, and have been able to express my opinions. Because of the old people I am able to communicate, if I do, with you people today who are considered to be ultra-modern Indians. Without old people you will get nowhere as a nation. And this applies to every nation on the face of the earth.

Q. Describe the Indian mentality, character, spirit, the way he laughs, the things he laughs at, what makes him happy, what he appreciates, can you elaborate on these aspects, Mr. Clutesi?

A. All through my great age I've heard this condemnation: "You're a dying race, you're going to vanish from the face of the earth."

I mean this is what I read. This is what I heard throughout my growing up period — article upon article written by the white man of the vanishing race. When I was a young man I helped bury an Indian, once, twice a week for years. We would have (vanished) if we hadn't come back to our God, the same God that the so-called Christians brought to us. I think the Indian, even in his adversities, still clung to that hope, that indestructible faith in a higher being, and I think it is because of this that he is happy.

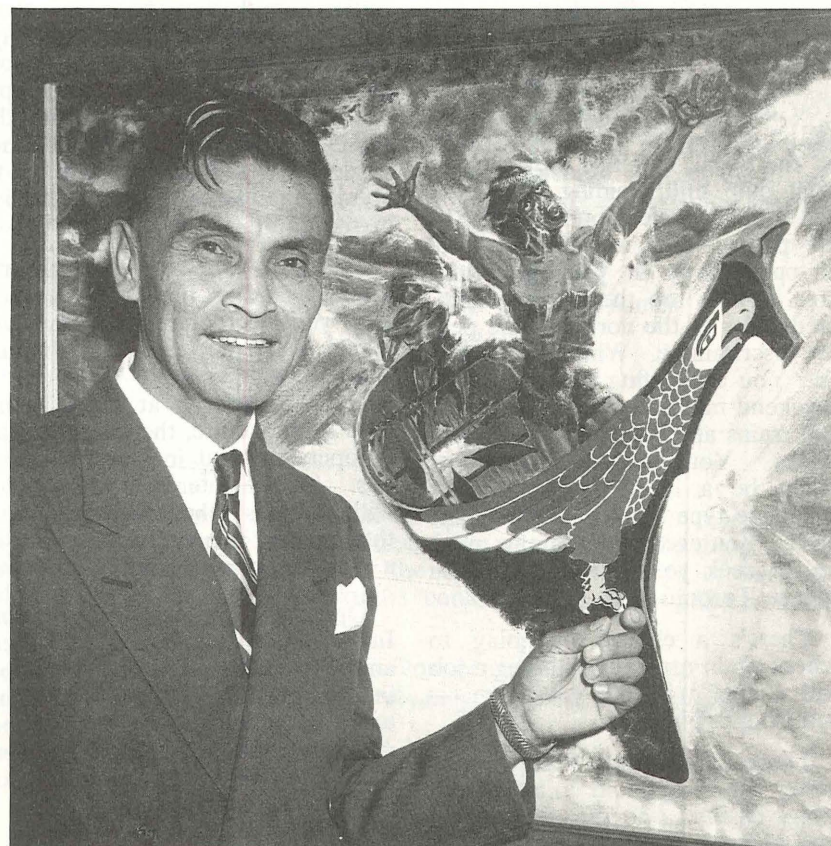
No matter how much sadness there might be in their own environment, they have the time to sit down and laugh — and this actually brings you back together. Without laughter you're a dead race. It is very seldom that you'll see a white man laugh in the same circumstances.

Whenever you see two or three Indians together — always laughter, and this is good for your soul. It has kept us from being destroyed and even though we lost our talents, our teachings we retained. They couldn't take that laugh away from us.

. . . The white man forgets that it took 2,000 years to get where he is today and still his negative side is increasing as fast as his productive side.

Q. What do you think of the position of Indian people working with the Department of Indian Affairs?

A. I've only been here three or four days and what I see on the surface I am very pleased with. It is completely, entirely different and



George Clutesi

Here Mr. Clutesi is pictured beside one of his favourite paintings. At one time he was a student of Miss Emily Carr.

(Photo—Victoria Colonist)

I don't care what the older ones that were here before say to me. There's a complete turnabout in the atmosphere within the different levels of the Indian Affairs building.

When I used to come here, I used to be, for instance, greeted with a wringing of the hands — "Mr. Clutesi, we were expecting you." And then they would introduce me to one or two Indians. They would never leave me there one minute with that Indian. But the last two days, I came to the same building and a white man who is in charge of that floor, takes me to the office of an Indian and there he leaves me and that Indian takes care of me, takes care of me and provides answers or takes me to another floor, if the case might arise, to provide me with what I'm asking for. It should have been like this in the very beginning. I see a great change in the — I can't say administration, because I haven't reached that room yet — but I see a great deal of a better sociable atmosphere in every office that I visited in the last week.

Q. How about jealousy amongst Indians — have you found this, Mr. Clutesi?

A. Very much so, and this is contrary to our teachings in the past. We arrived at this feeling because of our total separation, and that separation was brought about by the churches who trained us — "You're a Catholic, you're Protestant, you're a whatever they have." They have over 300 denominations in their own isms. I place the blame largely on the mistaken policy of the earlier educators and earlier leaders in the different churches and until we see through this, there won't be any noticeable improvement in our feelings toward each other.

. . . We have a job to do, we've got to survive as a people and we cannot do this if we are continually saying, "Who in the hell does that man think he is? He's nothing, I should be doing that job." We've got to get rid of that feeling.

. . . The Indian teaching is to accept every man that crosses your door — what he believes in is none of your business, that's our teaching. Call him in, call him in, and if you're so poor you cannot even offer him a cup of tea, nevertheless call him in and let him enjoy the warmth of your fire.

SEQUOYA

by MARJORIE NARVEY

George Gist, better known as Sequoia or Sikwayi, did in 12 years what the so-called civilized races took 2,000 years to do.

He invented a distinct Cherokee alphabet.

Sequoia was born around 1760 in the Cherokee town of Taskigi in Tennessee. He was the son of a Cherokee woman of mixed blood and, it is believed, a German trader. As a youngster he dreamed of being a great hunter and trader. This dream was shattered when a hunting accident crippled him for life. He then turned his full attention to crafting beautiful silver jewelry. Up until the time of his accident he had made jewelry when not on hunting and trapping expeditions.

Although there was a mission school not far from his home, Sequoia never attended school. Thus, he grew up in the tribe rather unacquainted with English or the civilized arts.

It was only during these trying years after the accident that Sequoia became impressed by and interested in the arts of writing and printing. Through a small Cherokee school-boy he came to meet the missionaries, and with their help, came to understand the importance of writing and printing as instruments and weapons of civilization.

He immediately put his ideas together and started a system of writing which would be suitable for the Cherokee language.

The attempt to write a language took time and patience, but Sequoia had both these essentials. He listened to word sounds while people were talking and tried to memorize all these sounds in the language. At one time his wife was so discouraged just seeing her husband writing signs on scraps of paper that she became suspicious. She told the neighbors about it and they too became suspicious of Sequoia. They feared that he was practicing some kind of witchcraft that would harm the town.

In order to lure him from his work, his wife asked him to go with her to visit a neighbor. While Sequoia was absent, the neighbors took all the scraps of paper and burned them. When Sequoia returned from his visit he discovered that all his past efforts had been destroyed. Hence, he had to start his work all over again.

After years of work, he finally submitted his syllabary, in 1821, to the chief men of the nation. The syllabary consisted of eighty-six characters, each standing for a sound in the Cherokee language. To convince the chief members of the nation, he had his daughter leave the room and asked the chief to

say a few words. Sequoia wrote these words down on his "Talking Leaf" and asked his daughter to come in and read what was on the paper. Much to the surprise of the men, she repeated the very words of the chief.

Sequoia's daughter had stayed by his side while he worked on his alphabet and she had memorized all the symbols of the language.

On their approval, the Cherokee of all ages set about to learn the alphabet and it was learned with such zeal that within a few months, thousands were able to read and write their own language.

What the missionaries among the Cherokee had failed to do after years of trying, Sequoia accomplished almost overnight.

In 1822, Sequoia visited Arkansas to introduce writing in the western division of the Cherokee nation. It was there that he took up his permanent abode in 1823. Five years later he was sent to Washington as a representative of the Arkansas Band, in whose affairs he played a prominent part. Also, when the Cherokee of the east joined the old settlers of the west, promising a future re-united nation, Sequoia's influence and counsel proved to be important assets to the future organization.

In his declining years he withdrew from political life and started visiting tribes of various stocks searching for the elements of a common speech and grammar. He sought also to trace a lost band of the Cherokee that, according to tradition, had crossed the Mississippi before the Revolution and wandered to some mountains in the west. It was while pursuing this quest in the Sierras of Mexico that Sequoia met his death. He died near San Fernando, Tamaulipas, Mexico in August of 1843.

As a tribute to this man of wisdom, the giant redwoods of California were named in honour of him. No other tree in the world grows as tall as the Sequoias of the United States west coast.

As another sign of remembrance, the U.S. presidential yacht is named Sequoia in honor of this great North American Indian.



New Elementary School at Brochet

A nine-room elementary school in Brochet at the tip of Reindeer Lake in northwest Manitoba opened its doors this fall to 99 Indian children from the Brochet Indian Reserve.

The school was built last summer under a joint agreement between the Frontier School Division of Manitoba's Department of Education and the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development.

The Department agreed to provide more than 50 per cent of the construction cost of \$400,000 based on the projected numbers of Indian and white children attending the school.

Big Cove . . .

(Continued from Page One)

renewed old acquaintances and made new friends. I wonder how many people I've missed; people who have unique stories to tell of their past, and historical events. I hope to return to Big Cove some day. I am sure when I do I'll see many more changes. Yet I'll also find friendship and congeniality.

This is the first time that the Education Branch of the Department of Indian Affairs has contributed to educational facilities in the Brochet area. The opening of the new school means that Indian children can live at home while attending school instead of living in student residences nearly 300 miles to the south and east at The Pas and Cross Lake, Manitoba.

Indian Students Attend New High School

Ottawa — The recently completed Caledonia Secondary School at Terrace, in northern British Columbia, signals a new era for the Nass River Valley Indian high school students.

Among advantages gained by the Indian students in the area are: a closer proximity to their homes, which helps to strengthen family ties; able to assimilate more easily with the social pattern in a community which bears strong similarities to their home settlement; and the opportunity to remain within the boundaries of their own provincial school district.

Motherhood

by Mrs. Rose Morris

I am a mother with children of seven
And I mean every word when I say they are from heaven.
I love being a mother as you can plainly see,
Because I know there is a rainbow above me
Watching over me and my growing brood.
Sometimes well off, to me that's very good,
Many a happy time and hardly a care
Very seldom a home which would bring a tear.
I love this duty which was chosen for me.
With a baby in my arms snuggling up close to me,
Singing a lullaby with my hubby close by.
Times are not perfect, but we give it a try
To bring up our children to be good women and men
Is a job we love, as I fuss over them like a hen.
Now that the little one is asleep, the elder is at prayer,
Something we hear so often, "God bless mom and daddy dear".
He took our baby, the baby we all love,
But I know He wants him away up above.
The oldest four are in their happy teens,
While we worry, they sing and dance with glee.
Someday we will be alone and grown old,
Memories will bring back memories often told.
Good times and hardships are always with us,
And in no time at all, just my hubby for me to fuss.

Indian Child

The following poem was written as a reply to Eli Jacko's, "Hello Red" which appeared in the July edition of the INDIAN NEWS. The author, a non-Indian living in Toronto, is about to adopt an Indian child.

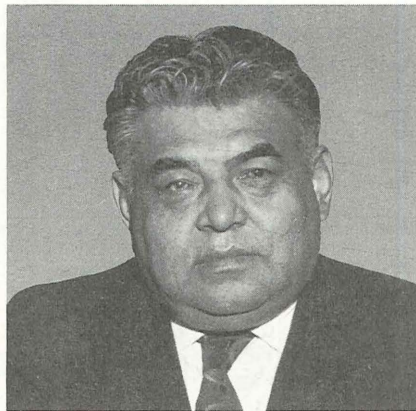
Ask me who would I be
If I wasn't me
Ask me? Ask me?
I'd be Louise,
Louise Crowchild.
I saw you first
On a stage singing,
School presentation day.
Oh, so pretty
Little Louise.
I came to your reserve
Proud Indian child
I came,
Not knowing
What I would see.
I pinned our Centennial Pin
On a card for you Louise,
From me —
But we never spoke a word.
Can I come back one day
Louise?
To show the world
Pretty Louise,
I would bring my brush
And yes, my pen,
Show Canadians what they
Have never seen,
Or felt
My proud Indian friends.
If I wasn't me
What would I be?
An Indian
Like Louise.
You don't want us to
Change you,
I wouldn't anyway
As you are,
I like you
Unspoilt and beautiful.
Ask me who would I be
If I wasn't me
Ask me Ask me
I'd be
Pretty Louise
Of Alberta.
I will come back
I can't keep away
Like some magnet
You stay, you stay
With me,
Louise.
Can I illustrate your glory
Without hurting your pride,
I'll try Louise
I'll try.
This is my magnificent obsession,
I will come back to you —
Louise.

Beryl Noel.
August, 1969.



Opinion

Here are some excerpts from an Indian News interview with Guy Williams, President of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, during the recent Winnipeg Conference of the National Indian Brotherhood:



Guy Williams

"An Indian leader cannot be involved in provincial or federal politics. He's got to be neutral and he's got to prove himself a neutral, not a back-door politician. You've got to attack any M.P. if it's an issue that will better the lot of the Indian people whether it be an N.D.P., Conservative or any other political group in Parliament. The Indian problem must come first. It's dangerous to involve politics, personal politics too, if you're an Indian leader. Sooner or later you will be involved in some unpopular situation that may be dangerous to you as a person, if not the organization. So, no Indian leader should involve himself in white man's politics. He should be open-minded, he should be politically free to discuss problems of Indians with any political party in Canada."

* * *

"We think we see the handwriting on the wall — what our young people are going to do within 10 years or 14 years. We believe that there may be 3,000 Indians in the city of Vancouver or on the lower mainland from all parts of B.C., who have left the reserves and bought homes or erected homes so their children can go to schools in the city. They are struggling to maintain themselves in this very tough society which rents houses or sells or buys homes, pays taxes. A few have given up and gone back, but the greater majority of those who make the move are hanging on like hell. I think the kids are going to benefit. Some are having problems with their kids — but who isn't?"

Manitoba Indian Brotherhood to Manage Province-Wide Community Development Services

Ottawa—The Manitoba Indian Brotherhood has been given approval of a plan to set up and manage its own province-wide community development services, it was announced recently by Indian Affairs Minister Jean Chrétien.

The agreement was signed in Winnipeg by Mr. Chrétien and David Courchene, President of the Manitoba Indian Brotherhood. It gives the Brotherhood authority to organize and administer a community development services program for 23,000 Indians living on 36 reserves in Manitoba. The benefits of development projects set up to aid Indians will be shared by non-Indians who live within the boundaries of the serviced communities.

Funds for the program will come from government sources in the form of payment for services provided, plus administration expenditures.

The Legend of Mr Waugnee's Lesson

By James Adams
Age 15

Christie Residential School, Tofino, Ehattisaht Band
Told by his Grandfather

Hum - m - m! Very handsome indeed! Ho-hum! That Mr. Waughnee, the otter, was certainly a bore. He preened himself for hours on end and was never satisfied.

He had worn out several brushes and combs, but he still kept at it, hardly ever did he stop, except to eat; and rarely ever did he sleep. Was he ever going to learn that one must not be full of vanity? His actions certainly gave the impression that he was very indolent and inconsiderate of others. Everyone, naturally, had a certain disliking for him.

One day news came that a whale of gigantic size had been harpooned by several brave warriors and its meat was to be distributed to the people of the camp. Jubilantly the people hurried down, attempting to get the choicest meat before all arrived.

The Chief, a renowned man and a wise leader, was given the privilege of dividing the meat of the great monarch of the sea into adequate portions. He soon proceeded to the task of cutting and chopping the prized meat until only a very small amount remained.

Meanwhile, Mr. Waughnee, the otter, devoted all his attention to primping, his customary pastime in his hours of leisure. He then proceeded to dress in his best attire and brush his fur until it fairly shone. He strutted down to the beach to find that only a great structure of the whale's bones remained. He searched and felt, but the only share of the great whale that he found was a tiny piece of its intestine, which the crows had left him. Disappointed? Yes! He was also very angry.

The otter had learned his lesson the hard way — the lesson that each of us must learn — never shall man succeed through vanity and self-conceit.



A Youth's Dream

I see your face,
It is always near me, though I
Am days away from you.
In dear memory, I always see your
face.

I see your face.
Alone, in the dark night
I turn down the light and
In the darkness, I see your face.

I see your face.
You did not want to cry, but I
Remember now, tears as we said
goodbye.
That is how I see your face.

I will see your face.
Only wait. When spring birds fly
Home to nest and mate, so shall I,
And I will see your face.

by Luke Issaluk