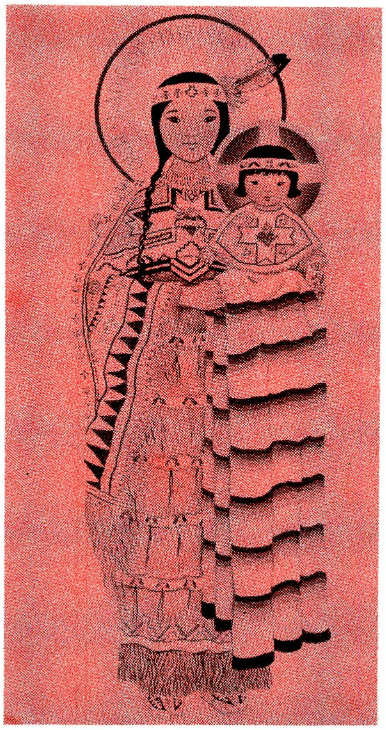
INDIAN RECORD

WINTER
1982 — 1983
Vol. 46 No. 1



St. Joseph's Indian School, Chamberlain, S.D.

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Newfoundland

$1,000,000 held back

by Joan Weeks

A Micmac land claim, asserting title to one-third of Newfoundland, has become just another issue in the long line of federal-provincial skirmishes between Premier Brian Peckford and Prime Minister Trudeau. Newfoundland's Premier has advised the federal government to let all native funding arrangements expire and has announced he will fight any decision recognizing the Micmac as Indians.

"We have found that the Micmacs have no valid land-claim and therefore should be treated the same as all other Newfoundlanders and Labradorians," Peckford announced during a July press conference. The province is reviewing funding already committed to see if it has any "moral obligation" to make good. These funds are now being withheld because of unspecified problems.

Hearing jeopardized

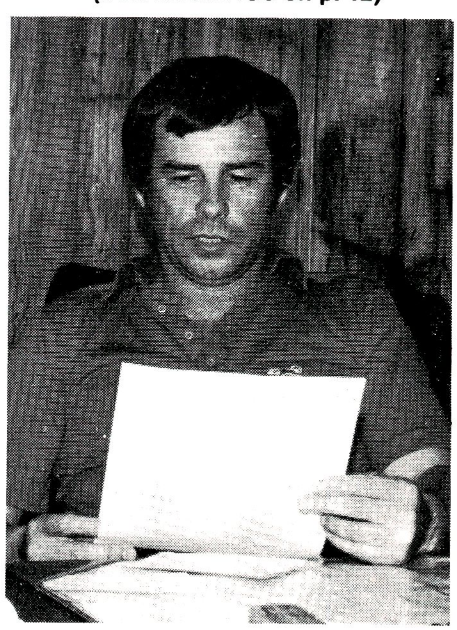
"We can only speculate why the province would be so upset with the land claim," says Newfoundland Federation of Indians president Calvin White. "In the past the Premier has shown a determination for total jurisdiction over all the issues, lands and waters in Newfoundland. We believe the provincial government feels theatened because the federal government may rule in favor of our claim. Peckford, instead of waiting and then intervening, which he has the right to do, jumped the gun by denouncing our land claim prior to the federal judgement." Many Indians feel their right to a fair hearing has now been jeopardized.

"People who have been misinformed by the government think we're going to drive them off their land, give them 24 hours to get out of their homes and disrupt their livelihood," says White. During the constitutional debate Premier Peckford said, "We don't want to deprive our native people but this is going to cost us millions of dollars and disrupt development such as the hydro power in Baie d'Espoir. "When that's coming from the Premier people believe it" argues White, "and their is no basis for that."

The Indian Federation says they don't realistically expect to gain jurisdiction over one-third of Newfoundland. (In a supposedly generous James Bay settlement, the Inuit and Cree received only two percent of their land claims.) The Micmac do hope to gain a substantial area of land, along with enough federal compensation to develop it. "If the Office of Native Claims (ONC) totally rejects our claim, our only recourse is to go before the Supreme Court of Canada," says White. "We don't want a reservation but an area of land for the basis of an economy."

Newfoundland has hired historian Dr. Albert Jones to study a submission made to the ONC by the provin-

(See: MICMACS on p. 12)



Joan Weeks photo

Chief Calvin White

EDITORIAL

Christian faith and culture

The INDIAN RECORD is committed to the respect and promotion of cultural values. This commitment is not a response to a fad nor is it embarking on a bandwagon. Respect for culture is an important element of Roman Catholic teaching and tradition.

In the many letters of Paul the Apostle examples are found of respect for the cultural values of the people with whom he mingled and to whom he brought the good news of liberation in the name of Jesus Christ.

Most recently a veteran archbishop spoke in terms of the divine right to a culture. In 1979, the INDIAN RECORD published and commented on the letter of John Paul II for Mission Sunday 1978, promoting respect of cultural values.

We must admit that Roman Catholics, as well as other Christan communions and denominations, have not always repected and promoted cultural values. Unity has unfortunately too often meant uniforminty. Supposed faith values were simply cultural values. That has meant the values of the majorities have, at times, been imposed on reluctant (and rightly so) minorities.

It has not always been easy to distinguish cultural values from faith values. The core of the apple is not the skin. The wrappings of a gift are not the gift. The map is not the territory. Faith and commitment to Jesus Christ is not only for the Europeans, nor for just the blacks or whites, nor only for the French or the Polish or the Sioux. Commitment in faith to the person of Jesus Christ the Liberator is beyond a specific culture.

But at the same time, faith is expressed by communites and persons who are not in a vacuum, but in a definite space, territory, region, and living at a particular time in history; let's say in Winnipeg, November 26th, 1982, at 10:30 a.m.

Culture is the entire complex of the ways through which a group expresses and embodies its reality. Culture is a human temple, in which the corporative spirit takes on flesh. Culture is created by men and women; culture is a part of the human condition. Culture reveals, confirms and socializes human beings in their humanity. If it is true to itself, a culture must serve mankind. The identity, needs and capacities of human nature call for a culture that nurtures, enhances and communicates human relations.

There are cultural systems which favor an act of faith in Jesus Christ. Some of the elements that make up cultures, institutions, economic relations, social interaction, authority patterns, bring about and go hand in hand with love, service, equality, sexual integrity, peace, sharing, reconciliation.

There are cultural systems that inhibit and threaten the freedom to make an act of faith. Cultural elements such as religious oppression and manipulation, engender competition, fear, violence, envy, avarice, lust, injustice and egoism.

We must ask ourselves how does culture liberate, engage and make real our faith in the person of Jesus Christ?

We must also ask ourselves how does culture threaten, confine, violate, compromise and destroy faith?

Are the demands of human freedom and liberation promoted or crushed by culture? Can faith be a liberating energy for cultural values?

If we keep an open mind on these questions while discussing faith and culture, we find peace; if not, we only find oppression and cultural genocide.

Alvin Gervais, OMI

Deadline for next issue
Vol. 46 No. 2, Spring 1983
Monday, Feb. 21, 1983

INDIAN RECORD

Founded in 1938
Published by the Oblate Fathers

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Published 4 times a year:
WINTER — SPRING — SUMMER — FALL

Subscription rates: $4.00 a year
(4 issues)
Two years for $7.00
Bulk rates: 5 or more copies
at $3.50 each sub. at same address
Advertising rates on request

 # 503 - 480 Aulneau
Winnipeg, Man. R2H 2V2
Telephone (204) 233-6430
If no answer: (204) 237-6943

2nd class Mail reg. 0062 ISSN 0019-6282

Where have all the writers gone?

At a social gathering about five years ago I made the statement that native people were more competent at expressing themselves in the visual art forms than in written words. A voice disagreed. I was asked, "You haven't been in a class of native youngsters lately, have you?" I confessed that I had not.

That voice belonged to Maara Haas. INDIAN RECORD readers have had the opportunity over the past four issues of getting the copyrighted version of the comments Maara Haas made to me that evening. Clearly Maara Haas is convinced that there are potentially competent native writers near at hand. A language teacher from Northern Ontario confirmed this opinion and pointed to her favorite native publication to prove her point.

Yet, despite an ongoing search, the INDIAN RECORD has not been able to locate dedicated, productive native writers. It has found native people committed to a cause who write eloquently about that cause. I have seen excellently prepared studies of (and reports about) causes dear to native people's hearts.

Maara Haas tells us that native people have the perception, the depth and the word skills to tell their own stories, or indeed, any other stories which they might wish to tell.

Experience has taught us that native writers tend not to stick with writing. Instead, they appear to develop an impatience with the rate at which the trends they record move. They decide that more would get done if they put their efforts directly on whatever situation particularly concerns them.

In the short run I suspect they are right. Direct action brings tangible results. In the long run, though, I question if society as a whole, and native society especially, will not suffer because of this lack of chroniclers.

Joan Grenon

(J. P. Aubry, OMI, photo)

Mr. & Mrs. Paul Koostoshin and daughter Pauline came from Fort Albany (north of Moosonee, Ont.) with Sister Kateri Tekakwitha, a Grey Nun of Ottawa.

(J. P. Aubry, OMI, photo)

Deacon Jean Bannon, DIAND Lakehead District manager and former chief of the Fort William Objibwe Band, (left), gives communion at the opening Mass.

140 attend leadership training sessions

Thunder Bay, Ont. — Speaking at the Amerindian Leadership meeting here, July 5, Marlene Castilano, a Mohawk from Trent, Ontario, emphasized that the major problems of many Indian families were alcoholism, inadequate income or unemployment, broken homes and identity crises. The latter come from a low degree of self-appreciation and cultural collapse.

"A situation becomes a problem when there is a blocking up in the fulfilment of values," she said.

An native of the French River Reserve in Ontario, Art Solomon, an Ojibway, examined the situation of families in the historical, cultural and philosophical contexts. He described the natives as being marginalized and crushed, their culture ignored or destroyed. The churches are not entirely blameless in this area. He expressed the hope that a return to cultural roots and to native religion would bring about a more positive development in the near future.

Then Marlene Castilano described the development of identity among the natives. First, the child has no identity problem in the context of its family, but leaving the family it identifies with the marginalized and oppressed in society. The third step is for the native, living in the community of his peers, to close in on himself. Finally the native recognizes that life is a sacred thing and that his own life is sacred. He recognizes himself as a creature, member of the family of mankind.

Gordon Irving, a sociologist of Ottawa's Carleton University outlined some of the social and economic factors that exert influences on the family. He said that poverty is an independent variable which is more important than cultural factors.

Fr. Martin Roberge, OMI, showed how the primitive Church was adaptable to the needs of cultural diversity. He stressed the responsibility of the natives to study their culture in the light of the Bible, thus bringing out the elements of Revelation which are not yet understood by people of different cultures.

Fr. Achiel Peelman, OMI, of St. Paul's University in Ottawa, spoke on recent pronouncements from the Holy See relating to religion and culture.

In the light of cultural elements, social sciences, the Holy Scriptures and theology, the participants spent two full days discussing the development of projects which would meet the needs of native families.

Delegates numbered 140 from the following dioceses: Gaspe, Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, Sault-Ste-Marie, Hearst, Timmins, Moosonee, Thunder Bay, St. Boniface, Winnipeg, Keewatin-Le Pas, Churchill, Saskatoon, Prince Albert, Calgary, Edmonton, St. Paul's, Grouard-McLennan, Mackenzie, Fort Smith, Whitehorse and Great Falls-Billings, Montana.

(More photos on p. 4)

(J. P. Aubry, OMI, photo)

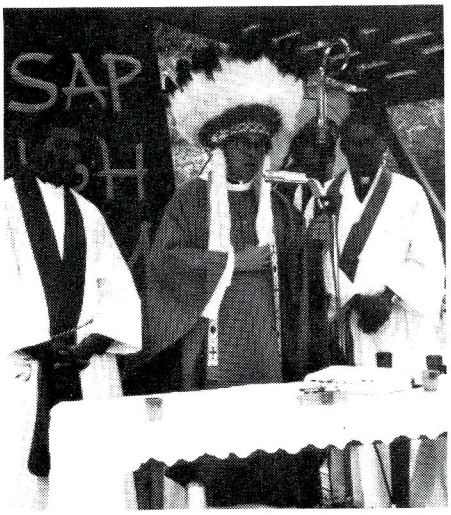
Left to right: Sr. Therese Arcand, SGM, from Saddle Lake, Alberta; from Ile-a-la-Crosse, Sask.; Sr. Kateri Tekakwitha and two others.

(J. P. Aubry, OMI, photo)

Xavier Michon, director of Thunder Bay Friendship Centre, addresses a session.

(J. P. Aubry, OMI, photo)

Fr. J. E. McKey, SJ, welcomed the assembly at the open air Mass celebrated by Bishop O'Mara on top of Mount McKay, north of Thunder Bay on Sunday, July 11th.

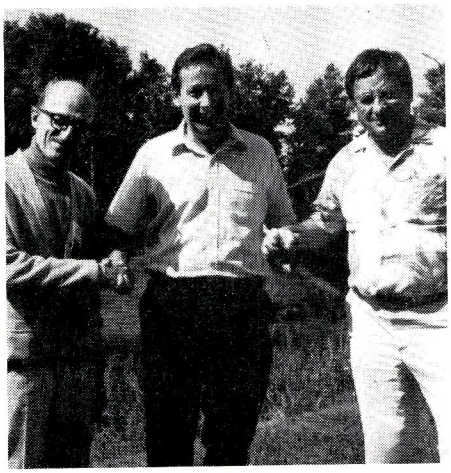


(J. P. Aubry, OMI, photo)

Deacons: Nahum Fiddler and Walter Mamakeesic both of Sandy Lake, Ont., assisted Thunder Bay's Bishop John O'Mara at the opening Mass.

(J. P. Aubry, OMI, photo)

Ursuline Sister Bernadette Feist (centre) with D. Kerbrat, OMI, who animated the sessions.



L - R: the late Fr. J. P. Aubry, OMI, provincial, Very Rev. John Green, Oblate General Assistant for Canada and Brother Etienne Aubry, OMI, general secretary of the course.

United Church natives form northern presbytery

by Beatrice Fines

Keewatin, the United Church of Canada's first all-native presbytery, is begining to find it's own way and run its own affairs according to the Reverend Publius Fiddler who is the chairman.

The new presbytery was formally established in July 1981 after functioning on an informal basis for almost a year and serves 14 pastoral charges in northern Manitoba and nothwestern Ontario. Altogether 16 communities are involved. Three of the smaller ones have part-time ministers and one of these is served by the only non-native pastor in the presbytery. Two are looked after by local elders with the help of visiting ministers.

The native presbytery was set-up for a number of reasons. Mr. Fiddler, who is the minister at Island Lake (Man.) says the people wanted to decide for themselves what was best for their communities since the concerns and needs of northern communitities are quite different from those in the south.

"Most northern communities," says Mr. Fiddler, "do not have summer camps or Boy Scout and Brownie troops such as are fostered by southern churches, but focus on Sunday School, choirs and pastoral care."

As well, some of those living in the north do not speak or understand English and when they went as delegates to presbytery meetings or meetings of the Manitoba Conference of the church they were at a loss to know what was going on. Keewatin presbytery business is conducted in Cree, Saulteaux and English and by a committee of the whole rather than in small committees. Though this may

be a more time consuming way of doing things, it provides experience in conducting meetings for all present.

"I think they've made a good start," says the Reverend Doug McMurry, past president of the Manitoba Conference, who attended several Keewatin meetings during his term as president last year. "They conduct their meetings well."

Mr. Fiddler says the new presbytery is trying to follow what other presbyteries were doing in the area previously rather than begin new programs.

"We don't want to change things until we understand what we are doing better," he explains.

One of the issues he hopes to tackle in the future is the ordination of native ministers. For the past several years the United Church has had a special training program for native ministers. Capable elders were given ten weeks training in the summer at the Church's centre in Fisher River and supervision the rest of the year.

Natives interested in entering the ministry want more academic training than what is offered under this plan. They feel they must be competent in two cultures and also be able to speak either English or French as well as their native language. Although the University of Winnipeg used to have an undergraduate program for those entering the ministry, the only one available in the west is at St. Andrews College in Saskatoon, a long way from home for those in Keewatin presbytery.

"The people of Keewatin presbytery started out not knowing anything about committees or executives or church paper work and suddenly had to learn what others have been learning for fifty years," says the Reverend Stanley McKay, a native minister who recently became the first national co-ordinator of native ministries for the United Church.

Mr. McKay, whose father is also a United Church minister, says the goal of his new position is to have a greater native presence in the national United Church. He will work from the United Church offices in Winnipeg but will commute to his home in Koostatak, 100 miles north of the city where his wife Dorothy is teaching and his three children are at home.

As native co-ordinator, he will tend to about 40 comunities across the country from the Oka reserve east of Montreal to some in British Columbia. He says he is particularly anxious to visit communitites in British Columbia and Quebec as he is not as familiar with them as he is with those in Ontario and on the prairies. He hopes that by having one central person to contact for information, people will be able to find answers to their questions and concerns more readily.

His own community of Koostatak, where he was the part-time minister for seven years, has not joined the Keewatin presbytery. Being not so isolated and because most of the people speak and understand English, they chose to stay in the Selkirk presbytery.

With the establishment of the all-native presbytery and Mr. McKay's new appointment the United Church has placed native members of its congregation more in the forefront of Church affairs than ever before in its history.

The Keewatin presbytery belongs to the Manitoba Conference which extends from Thunder Bay to the Saskatchewan border. □

Project "Rene" provides new skills

Project Rene, located 130 kilometres north of The Pas on Highway 10, and 40 kilometres down the Kississing Road, carries with it "so much hope" according to an Opasquia Times editorial.

The Project provides an alternative to present forms of incarceration and provides a means to change attitudes along with learning the necessary skills for a responsible and self-sufficient lifestyle.

Project Rene is a fairly original idea, according to The Pas paper, brainchild of the Native Clan Organization which runs the project.

"The idea," says one of the organizers of the project, Ted Chartrand, "is to give job training to Native and Metis inmates who are now in jails around the province, so they can have skills which will help them avoid being repeat offenders when they leave."

Inmates in jails throughout the province can apply to come to Project Rene, and the Project would like to have applicants who are serving sentences of three months or more — mainly so they can be part of the Project long enough to derive some benefit from it.

When they arrive at Project Rene, they will take job training in such skills as cooking, carpentry, motor maintenance, welding, and native life skills such as trapping, fishing, plumbing and maintenance.

There are plans in the works to get a trapping permit for the project, and a commercial fishing licence for a lake that isn't being used currently by any of the nearby communities.

Project officials have also arranged with Manfor for the workers to take part in reforestation programs.

"When the residents leave the project, says Chartrand, it is hoped that they will be able to take their place in the workforce, or get further training."

One of the residents is studying cooking under cooking instructor Joe Renaud and when finished, it is hoped, 'should be able to get a job in any bush camp.'

Other residents are involved in construction and maintenance on the site, and in the next few years will be involved in constructing permanent housing facilities to replace the trailers that have been rented from Manitoba Hydro.

Put to practical use, this building method could be used on Indian reserves that are experiencing housing shortages.

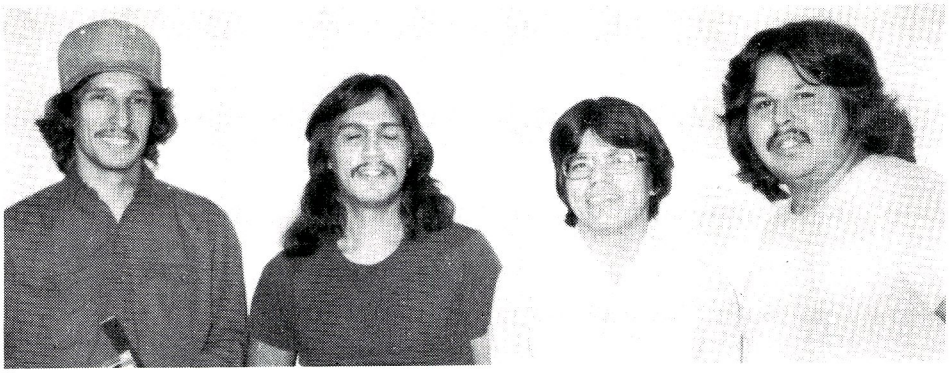
While the first inmates moved into Project Rene early in October, the project was first planned a year ago, and the Project, which may be Western Canada's largest half-way house, was set up in Winnipeg.

The organization decided that a facility such as Project Rene was desperately needed up north. The project was named Rene after a young native man from Northern Manitoba who was killed while hitchhiking in Alberta on his way to Manitoba to face charges for minor offences.

According to an organization press release, "Rene symbolizes all those who, if things can be changed somewhere along the line, might not become caught up in the same cycle that defeated Rene."

(The Flin Flon Reminder)

Commerce Chamber initiates skills training program



(Kathleen Teillet photo)

Left to right: Stanley Campbell, Lawrence Chartrand, Myles Spence and Ernie Lewis.

by Kathleen Mazur Teillet

Many people talk a good deal about the problems of the urban Indians without tackling the source of the problem.

In 1979, after some years of talking, the Winnipeg Chamber of Commerce decided to do better. It set up a fact-finding commission whose purpose was not only to discover the troubles of residents in the core area of the city, but also to find solutions. It became evident at once that core area problems are in large part Indian problems and that the source of many of those misfortunes is unemployment.

The chamber dug deeper and found that while some unemployment among Indians undeniably exists because of prejudice, quite a lot is there because Indians and Metis arriving from rural points generally have no saleable work skills.

As a non-proft association, the Chamber of Commerce was in no position to fund any kind of training school but it knew where to look for help. It looked to LEAP (Local Employment Assistance Program), a baby of the Federal Government's Department of Employment and Immigration.

With funding assured, ($470,000) the Chamber set up a board to establish a labor training program under the chairmanship of Eric Nernberg. That was in April of 1980.

It was not until the fall of 1982 that the hard work of Chamber volunteers bore fruit. On October 21, a spacious, fully-equipped training centre was opened at 903 King Edward Street.

This centre has instructors, machines, tools, staff and, at present, ten students.

At this time, the students are still in an orientation phase but they will be tracked into a training program in welding, metal work, or spray painting, depending on aptitude and interest.

Bill Laurie, industrial supervisor of the Centre, said that each student who completes the program will be placed in a job. "We have no intention of training a lot of welders and then abandoning them," Mr. Laurie said.

While students are in training they are paid $4.00 per hour.

Mr. Laurie said that if a student shows himself to be unacceptable or untrainable, he will be dropped from the program and someone else will be taken in his place. In this way, the credibility of the centre will be maintained for employers who will be able to trust the graduates of the program as well-skilled and reliable workers.

The courses are set up to last for 18 weeks but Mr. Laurie expects to be able to place some students well before that time. He feels sure that apt students will be able to continue learning on the job.

Already the centre is doing work for a neighboring business and the students built all their own work tables and machine stands.

Many of the students were referred to the centre by Pathfinders. a native employment agency. All who are accepted must be referred by a social agency, must be unemployed, must be core area residents, and must be unskilled. Probably not all will be eligible to enter a community college but Mr. Laurie expects some graduates to go on to community college and he is teaching mathematical skills as well as metal work.

Student Ernie Lewis is from the Michipicoten Harbour Reserve near Wawa, Ontario. Ernie is an Ojibway who worked as a miner underground until the bottom fell out of mining with the recession. He came to Winnipeg about a year ago but, he says, "There is nothing in the city for someone whose work experience is mining."

Ernie has taken machine work in high school and hopes to find work in a machine shop. He is anxious to be back in the work force especially since he has now become the father of a little girl, Lachelle. She is two months old and Ernie says he wants a lot more for her than life on the welfare rolls.

"It's hard to be unemployed when you have held down a good job for a long time," says Ernie.

Myles Spence, a Metis from Eddystone, 50 miles south of Dauphin, has

(Kathleen Teillet photo)

The core area Labour Training Program is located at 903 King Edward Street, Winnipeg.

been in Winnipeg for 12 years. He had been employed in a factory but was laid off. Pathfinders told him about the training centre.

Myles is enthusiastic about the centre and also enthusiastic about the opportunity to learn a trade. He doesn't yet know what skill he will be best suited to.

Lawrence Chartrand, also Metis, from Red Rapids, 271 miles north of Winnipeg, near Thompson, was previously employed at the Freshwater Fish Marketing Board but that job ended.

Lawrence knows exactly what he wants to do. He wants to learn spray painting, get a decent job and be independent. He is sure that the centre will be able to put him on this path.

A hard-working former construction worker and farm laborer, Stanley Campbell, wants to try master welding. Stanley has been in Winnipeg off and on for about 10 years. He is married and the father of two children.

"There are no construction jobs left," said this native of Beacon Ridge. "It's time to learn a good trade."

Unique in Canada

The students are full of enthusiasm and hope. The Chamber of Commerce feels sure the centre will help many to find work. The Federal Government declares the program to be unique in Canada and is watching it with special care. And, already, potential employers like Flyer Industries are waiting for the first students to graduate.

The centre, correctly called the Core Area Labour Training Program, was opened by Lloyd McGinnis, president of the Winnipeg Chamber of Commerce and Bob Bockstael, MP for St. Boniface. Mr. Bockstael said at the time,"It is a step in the right direction and a visible sign of the government's and the Chamber's faith in the people of Winnipeg's Core Area."

Mr. McGinnis agreed. "The Chamber has faith in the students, in the staff and in the program itself." he said.

As for the students, Ernie Lewis summed it up: "I think I'll find a good job. I was working before for a truck company and the people were really good, nice people. I don't think I will run into any discrimination."

With an attitude like that, with good solid training behind him, and with the backing of the Winnipeg Chamber of Commerce which speaks for more than 4,000 businesses, Ernie Lewis and the other graduates of the centre are sure to be winners. □

Surveys indicate breast-feeding is best

by Andrea Lang

Six years ago when Theresa Harper began her work as a Community Health Representative at the St. Theresa Point reserve, Island Lake, the mothers of the community seemed firmly divided on what was the best method of feeding their infants. The older mothers, with more children, usually opted for breast-feeding — it was quicker, simpler and less expensive.

The younger mothers, however, often saw this as an outmoded form of feeding babies. They wanted to mimic the city mothers they had seen or heard of, follow the advice of magazine and newspaper ads. They usually fed their newly born babies from bottles, most commonly using a pharmaceutical formula such as Similac. The bottle was modern, less embarrassing and showed that no cost would be spared in feeding their babies.

Theresa Harper saw the dilemma at a glance. If the trend toward the bottle continued, it soon could become the predominant method of infant nutrition. Not only was formula feeding impractical in northern reserves where costs of imported food is high for even the most basic items and refrigeration poor or nonexistent, but she saw it is a potential health hazard.

"I wanted to support my own beliefs statistically," she says, "so I conducted a survey of all the mothers and infants in the community. The findings supported my views — those babies who had been exclusively bottle-fed usually suffered more infections, were hospitalized more frequently and spent more days in hospital with an illness."

Home visits helpful

Mrs. Harper used the results of her study to begin pre-natal education of all expectant mothers in her region. She does not conduct formal classes which she says don't work well in a northern environment, but instead goes from home to home talking to young mothers about the benefits of breast milk. "I tell them, you are not cows so why give your babies cow's milk?"

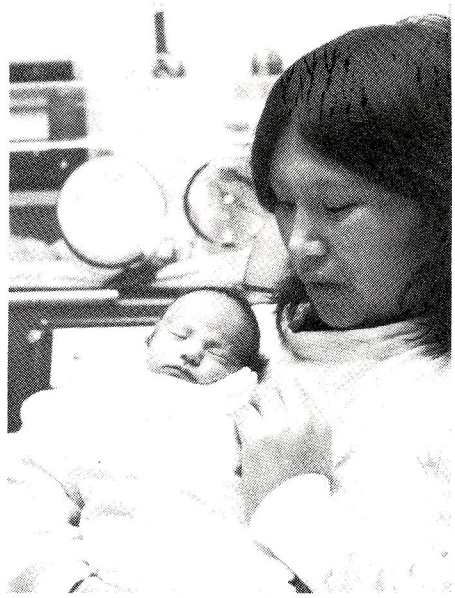
Though a gradual process, the events appear dramatic viewed from a five year perspective. When I talked with Mrs. Harper she had just completed a tabulation of the infant feeding practises for the babies born January-October 1982. Of the 60 new babies, only five were being bottle fed.

This trend seems to be experienced on other reserves as well where both C.H.R.s. like Theresa Harper and community doctors and nurses practise on-going pre-natal education. In a survey of six reserves conducted by Health and Welfare Canada in 1981, statistics showed 82% of mothers breast fed to some degree. Many of them (54%) were combining breast and bottle feeding but there was an overall sharp decrease in the number using solely the bottle.

Interviewed by teen-agers

The survey was a student summer project in 1981. Native teenagers from each reserve were sent in pairs to interview the mothers of new babies in their area. Their results were compiled by three students from the University of Manitoba's Dept. of Human Ecology under the supervision of Gail Marchessault, Regional Nutritionist with Health and Welfare Canada.

"The study was not large enough to be statistically valid and indicates trends only," emphasized Miss Marchessault . "We are presently conducting a survey of infant feeding practices on all Manitoba reserves for all babies born during 1982 but those results won't be available for some



(Health Sciences Centre Winnipeg photo)
In the Health Sciences Centre nursery

time. Due to the impact that breast feeding can have on infant health, Medical Services Branch has the promotion of breast feeding as one of its priorities."

A.C. Macaulay, in an article for the *Canadian Family Physician,* reports that bottle-fed babies suffered five times as many episodes of infectious illnesses in their first year of life than babies who were exclusively breast-fed for three months. Judith Ellestad-Sayed in the *CMA Journal* also found that bottle-fed infants were hospitalized ten times more often and spent ten times more days in hospital during the first year of life than fully breast-fed babies. Both these studies were conducted on native infants in isolated communities outside of Manitoba.

Within the province, a task force on Maternal and Child Health points out that infant death rates on reserves are nearly twice that of the provincial population. The limited evidence suggests that increasing the rate of breast-feeding would improve the health of infants on reserves.

In her article in the *CMA Journal* "Breast-Feeding Protects Against Infection in Indian Infants", Ellestad-Sayed outlines the benefits of breast milk for the infant:

"Our data indicate that it is the younger, better-educated women living in less crowded homes who are least likely to breast feed. We have shown that breast-feeding, at least in isolated Indian communities where infant morbidity and mortality are higher than in Canada as a whole, has a very strong protective effect against infection. This effect is independent of family size, over-crowding in the home, family income and education of the parents.

(Health Sciences Centre Winnipeg photo)

Breast feeding is taught at the Health Sciences Centre

"The economic advantages of breast-feeding are also considerable, both to the family — breast-feeding costs less than artificial formulas cost to buy — and to society as a whole, for breast-feeding reduces the cost of hospitalization. Furthermore, human milk is nutritionally superior to any type of infant formula and breast-feeding fosters the bonding between mother and infant, which is of benefit to both of them."

For the native mothers in the Manitoba survey it was not necessary to read the experts to reach the same conclusions. For those surveyed in 1981, the reasons for breast-feeding were much the same: healthier and better for the baby; easier, cheaper, positive past experience and closeness to child.

Most said they reached their choice on the advice of a relative, others reached the choice alone and some had their husbands preference in mind. Only 22% had talked to the nurse and 24% to the doctor about how to feed their baby but 74% had talked to the doctor when they were pregnant.

Preliminary Surveys

Fifty mothers with infants between 0-6 months were included in the preliminary study in 1981. They came from three isolated northern reserves: Garden Hill, St. Theresa Point and Wasagamack and three southern reserves: Fairford, Lake Manitoba and Lake St. Martin (78% were from northern reserves).

Most of the mothers were between 15 and 24 with a wide variety of education levels.

Twenty-three of the mothers had raised a total of 68 previous children. The incidence of breast-feeding those children was lower, 68% compared to 82%. When asked about feeding for future children, 82% still approved breast-feeding and were positive about their present experiences.

Of the 14 mothers who were solely breast-feeding, 71% reported no illness and 29% reported one or more illnesses.

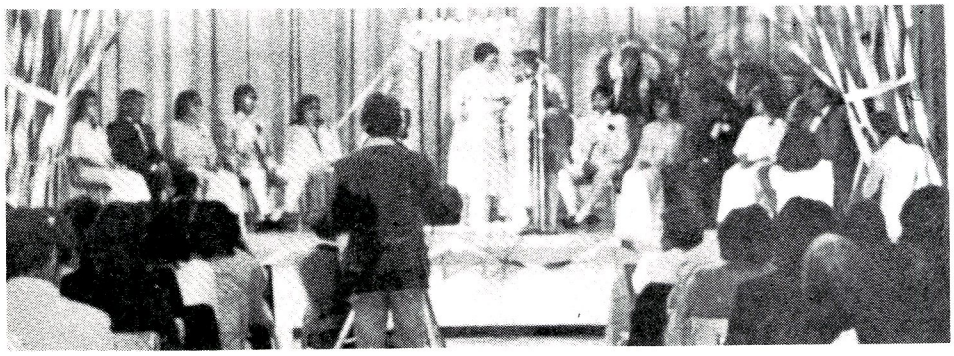
Of the 26 mothers who were combining breast and bottle, 50% reported no illness and 50% reported an illness. Of the nine mothers solely bottle-feeding, 44% reported no illness and 55% reported one or more illnesses.

These findings are supported in other studies though few have been done in Manitoba or among native populations specifically. □

Graduation marks end of 17 years struggle

LEBRET, Sask. — The graduation of ten students from the Qu'Appelle Indian Residential School here in May, 1982, marked the end of a 17-year long struggle to re-instate grades 9-12 at the school.

After all senior residences were closed by the Department of Indian Affairs in 1965, 24 bands in Yorkton, Touchwood and File Hills districts worked together to keep the Qu'Appelle school going.



The graduation ceremony took place in the school auditorium

The graduates were Jean Bear (Ochapowace), Sharon Bird (Little Red River), Vera Desnomie (Peepeekisis), Leon Kaisaiwatum (Piapot), Mary Anne Kitchemonia (Keeseekoose), Kelly Redman (Standing Buffalo) and Wayne Ironstar, Keith Ryder, Angie Spencer and Dale Whitecap, all from Carry the Kettle.

Three cash awards of $500.00 each will be given to graduates of the school who successfully complete one year of study either in a recognized university or a residential school. □

Land claims are basis of native identity

by Michael Stogre, S.J.

In December, 1981, the Hon. John Munro, minister of Indian Affairs and northern development, published a document entitled, In All Fairness: A Native Claims Policy. It came as no surprise. An earlier draft version was leaked and came to public attention.

The revised version contains nothing new except to delimit its scope by dealing only with comprehensive land claims, that is, with claims which include issues of self-determination in addition to land, money and resource questions.

Specific land claims, on the other hand refer to grievances re implementation and/or interpretation of existing treaties and parliamentary acts. These are not ruled out and are to be dealt with in a separate policy statement.

According to Munro, "What this statement contains above all in this time of political uncertainty and general financial restraint, is a formal reaffirmation of a commitment: That commitment is to bring to full and satisifactory conclusion the resolution of native land claims.

Munro, speaking for all Canadians, says: "All . . . would agree that claims have been left unresolved for too long." He may be right. And the recent outcry over the temporary deletion of section 34 of the Constitution would indicate that there still exists substantial support among Canadians for respecting aboriginal title.

Rights include identity

Aboriginal rights are not an end in themselves. They are a necessary condition for maintaining a cultural identity. The government concurs with this: "Identity goes far beyond the basic human needs of food, clothing and shelter. The Canadian government wishes to see its original people obtain satisfaction and from this, blossom socially, culturally and economically."

With these intentions and goals, who would not agree? Canada, the United Nations, the Catholic Church itself, all agree that human rights include cultural identity. This teaching is contained in many official church documents.

One important statement is found in The Church and Human Rights published by the Canadian bishops December 10, 1974: "Not only individuals but also communities and particularly minority groups enjoy the right to life, to personal and social dignity, to free association, to development with a safe and improved environment, and to an equitable distribution of natural resources and of the fruits of civilization.

"The magisterium makes a special plea on behalf of minorities, claiming the need for public authorities to promote their betterment with effective measures, to conserve their language, their culture, their ancestral customs, and their accomplishments and endeavors in the economic order: the right of every people to keep its own identity is affirmed."

Thus the aspirations of the Inuit and the Dene Nation are in harmony with what the church hopes for all peoples, to cite two Canadian examples that are well known.

Social analysis

How, then, should we respond to the invitation of the government? First of all, following the exhortation of Paul VI, who said, "It is up to the Christian community to analyse with objectivity the situation which is proper to their own country, to shed on it the light of the gospel's unalterable words, and to draw principles of reflection, norms of judgment and directives of action from the social teaching of the church."

In other words, we must subject this policy statement to rigorous social analysis, unpack its historical roots, delineate its contemporary causes and consequences and then act in light of faith seeking justice.

As one contribution toward social analysis of this public policy statement affecting all Canadians, I offer the following comments and critique.

Any government policy is the result of a decision-making process which constitutes a system. The dynamic system includes as inputs: the reasons why the action was taken or proposed; the constraints limiting choices; the principle actors exerting force on the process; and the risks the policy entails.

These inputs then move the government process which includes contributions of the bureaucracy, government ministers e.g. cabinet, party and Parliament. Thus there are not only external contributions but internal contributions.

Further revision

This interaction of the first two phases creates the output which includes policy and a strategy of implementation. The output, in turn, interacts with society and certain outcomes result. Some are intended but many may not be forseen and so output and outcomes become new action imperatives calling for further policy revisions or alternate strategies.

The policy statement being discussed is fruitfully examined from this perspective. Other tools of social analysis not used here could also add further insights.

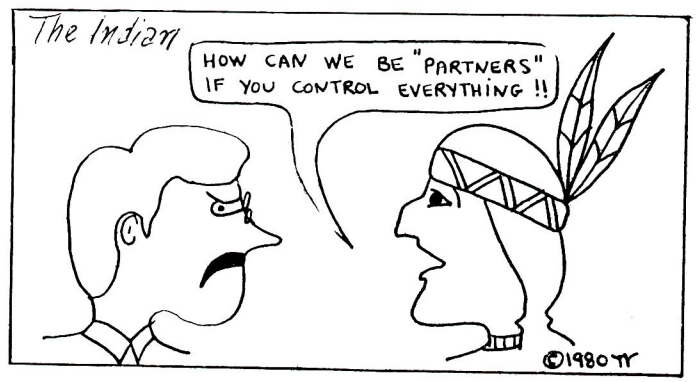
I invite other Canadians, especially the native peoples, to add their perspectives and analyses to mine. The first question, then, is: Why this policy and why now?

Ostensibly the government was acting because of previous policy and prior commitments to the native peoples to honor "aboriginal title."

In fact, the government claims to be continuing "a process begun two centuries ago, of compensating native peoples for the loss of traditional interest in the lands."

(Prairie Messenger)

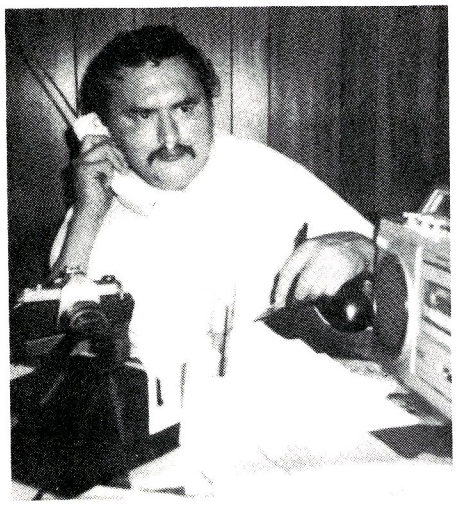
Rev. Michael Stogre, serves on the board of Project North, an ongoing Canadian interchurch committee for native justice.



Heron publications

The song in my soul is beautiful

by Bernelda Wheeler



Everett Soop

The living room chesterfield is long and faces a large window. On the right side of the chesterfield there's a corner table piled high with books, magazines and newspapers. In front of that and against the wall there's a filled bookcase. On top of the chesterfield there's a couple of cushions, maybe a quilt or blanket and the ever present newspapers and magazines. The phone often finds itself on the floor in front of the chesterfield.

Under the chesterfield at times there may be bottles of liquor that can be pulled out with the top end of a walking cane. Under the chesterfield is also the home of a dog eared, well used, worn out bible.

If he's home, the occupant of the chesterfield is Everett Soop, sitting in front of another small low table also covered with magazines, clippings, note pad, pens and whatever other items a cartoonist and columnist needs for his work.

It was in June of 1968 that Everett began his work as cartoonist for "Kainai News" a bi-monthly Tabloid published by Indian News Media in Standoff, Alberta. His cartoons have been appearing in the paper regularly and whatever topic of interest is hitting headlines, readers invariably scan the publication to see what Soop has done in the latest edition.

And Soop has done it all from taking strong swipes at band councilors to poking sharp barbs at the likes of Prime Minister Trudeau and other well known and controversial leaders at every level of politics. His caricatures of Trudeau strongly resemble gloating, gleeful or greedy vampires while Rene Levesque is portrayed as a smooth but sleazy ineffective attempt at being a gentleman with two or more cigarettes protruding from his mouth.

Cartooning is what Soop does best and most effectively. His work and the response from readers is testimony to a courage seldom seen in the native community.

Native people, although critical of one another don't make their criticism public, but Soop does and it earns many letters to the editor of Kainai News and it's not unknown for Everett to come home in a less than satisfactory physical condition as the result of the odd beating from those who weren't exactly ecstatic over his cartoons and quips.

But fear is not a part of Everett Soop's character. He's just as likely to do it again, this time more accurately and to the point. The messages of the cartoons however, are not always poking fun and barbs at politicians. At times you're not quite sure whether a cartoon is comical or a very sad and powerful statement about the conditions, social, economical or political, of Native People in the country.

In a book of cartoons entitled "Soop Take a Bow", published in 1979, taken from a cross section of his work over the years, one can get a good handle of the life of native people. In a fierce and almost last ditch attempt at reviving tradition and heritage, the present has a great influence on how we do that.

Soop's portrayal of a Pow Wow has the dancers as straight as arrows, pride in every fibre of their being, but the middle dancer is a man flanked by three women on either side, a dog is looking up and quite satisfied on one side of the dancers while a child is pulling at the skirts of an older woman on the other.

Also included in the Pow Wow is Andy Capp, and we all know his reputation. The cartoon carries a number of statements and is at once comical, satirical and sad.

Double meanings, wit, brilliance, satire are all a part of Everett Soop's work, but so is a keen sense of observation and a profoundly precious humanitarian characteristic that recognizes such things as chauvinism, child welfare (or the lack of it) and a deep and proud loyalty to the country.

Soop uses phrases like "my beloved Canada" that wring tears from the most dignified and unfeeling of souls.

Toward the end of "Soop Take a Bow" there's a cartoon of an Indian, arms and legs wrapped around an object that is half fleur-de-lis and half maple leaf. Part of the caption reads "it's my Canada too." Remember all the kerfuffle about Quebec separating and leaving Canada?

But "humour", says Everett, "is never very far from tragedy." The humour is ever present in loose and floppy moccassins that should fit snugly and in broken and dilapidated looking feathers and flying braids, the astonished, fearful or self-satisfied expressions on the faces of his caricatures will send you into gales of laughter until you see a deeper message.

Humour is almost an obsession with Everett Soop. He's at his happiest when he can make people laugh even at his own expense. He makes himself laugh. "I find myself funny sometimes," he says and then proceeds to describe how he unbuckles his pants while he's working because they all but "cut me in half".

Then he has to make a quick trip to the bathroom and his brother Oliver is summoned for help to lift Everett to a standing position. Everett stands up quickly but his pants fall down because he's forgotten about the unfastened buckle. There stands Everett cursing and swearing with his pants around his ankles, not a glimmer of a smile on his face while everyone else in the room is choking with laughter. And none of it has even touched his dignity.

He has this uncanny ability to maintain his dignity under any and

all situations. This ability is probably his strongest ally and asset because he's been through some hairy and scary situations through his dependency on others. He's been left sitting on a toilet in a hotel room but that's no problem, he'll invite you in to visit until he's rescued.

Drinking bouts present problems, his friends might forget him in the oddest places, sitting in a truck, in a pub, at a restaurant. Booze eliminates inhibitions. So if someone is mad at Everett while drinking, they can beat the bejeebers out of him without fear of physical retalliation but don't try to argue.

If there's anything that Everett Soop can do it is use the English language. It's his every tool, weapon or soother and he can make you feel regal and resplendent or cut a swath that leaves you in ribbons.

Whether innate or developed, Everett's mastery of words is almost a necessity because of muscular dystrophy discovered during his teens. It's more than twenty years now that this condition has seen him going down from a boxer and hockey player to someone in a wheelchair. His muscles slowly lose their strength and by now he's barely able to walk. The arm muscles are going and drawing and writing are becoming increasingly harder. This is a source of worry because being handicapped has never been a deterrent for work. Everett Soop has worked all his life at the things that he knows best.

Cartooning, writing, speaking, organizing, editing and teaching are only a few of Everett's talents and abilities. As a painter, Everett has had several art shows but he's quick to tell you that his art is not necessarily "Indian" art. Actually he doesn't know what kind of an artist he is, "maybe a French impressionist," he says. Perhaps it doesn't really matter; he loves to paint but gets a bit indignant when people try to talk him down in price. He'll agree with their price and make them happy but then refuses to sign the painting until the price comes back up to what he thinks is fair.

Writing and cartooning make a good living for Everett: "I would rather paint" he says, "but my conscience wouldn't let me." Published in Kainai News, Native People (Alberta) and several other publications including Mcleans his work is never boring.

His topics are found everywhere. One time he wrote a whole column on his musings about flies and mosquitoes, he was sure he saw a fly raping a mosquito. In another column writing about a group of people, he listed the types, some nationalities, including "a Shuswap up in a tree".

At a conference of artists, recently, participants were becoming generous and began making donations to keep the group financially viable. Everett also made donations . . . One was for me, to make my broadcasting more interesting. I have no accent but I have never discussed this with Everett. He donated his legs to a carver: "they were no good to him anyway." When he finished all he had left was his liver but he needed that because all this business was going to drive him to drink.

Through Everett Soop's efforts, the Blood Reserve now has an association for the handicapped and a society for artists called BRATS: Blood Reserve Art and Theatre Society. Eventually Everett will be teaching art and a writers' club is in the planning stages. "I have this bunch of wild dreams" Everett says, as he refers to Martin Luther King; and even though he may not see the fulfillment of those dreams, he has at least had a hand in starting the action.

Meanwhile there are his own personal interests. He loves Nana Moskouri but more. He loves the opera and his record collection is impressive. His library includes the Book of Mormon, the writings of Einstein and of Bertrand Russell, books about nature, the oceans, poetry. One of his loves is writing poetry because of all forms of art, he believes that poetry is the closest to one's heart and soul.

Gitskenip

EVERETT SOOP

The Bible under the chesterfield is read and re-read but few people know about it, they might laugh. If anyone comes in the house while Everett's Bible reading is taking place, the little Bible goes sailing under the chesterfield until the next time of solitude.

It's Sunday afternoon. The opera is on television and Everett sits engrossed on the chesterfield amidst papers, books and cushions. You wonder about his human phenomenon and half decide that he is one of God's gifts especially for Canada, more especially for Canada's indigenous people. Your gratitude for this human gift and the privilege of knowing him fills your heart with inspirations and beautiful but soft thoughts about such a precious person.

Suddenly the most horrendous yowling yodel issues forth from the lungs of Everett Soop who couldn't carry a tune in a bucket if someone paid him. "I can sing like Pavarotti," he exclaims with his arms widespread and his head up in a grandiose fashion. Then in a preoccupied and pensive voice : "Some people think I sound like a sick cow."

You are about to agree but his attention is directed to the living room window. The great expanse of sky and perhaps the chirping of a bird, something in obscurity that only he understands and no one else; he adds dreamily: "But what does it matter? The song in my soul is beautiful." □

MICMACS (Continued from p. 1)

ce's 1,400 Micmacs. Peckford's statements are based on conclusions drawn from a report released by Jones in July. Dr. Jones argues that European settlement on the south coast predates the Micmac presence and says archaeological finds indicate the area's original inhabitants were Beothuk Indians.

This report and Peckford's subsequent comments set off an avalanche of mud-slinging in which Conne River Indians called the Premier an "amoral politician with a racist mentality" and local academics referred to Jones work as "flawed and opinionated." Archaeologist Dr. Stuart Brown of Memorial University says, "Jones evidence for a Beothuk presence on the south coast scarcely bears scrutiny". "Present archaeological data does not help either side resolve the issue of prehistoric Micmac presence on the south coast," he adds.

The Micmac submitted their original land claim, entitled "Freedom", to the ONC in 1979. It showed that the Micmac occupied Newfoundland prior to 1824. Freedom was rejected in January, 1982, and the ONC implied occupation had to be proven prior to 1713. In March, a second document was submitted which contains two references proving the Micmac were in Newfoundland in 1696 and 1705. The provincial study, however, only looks at Freedom, a claim which had already been rejected. "Why," wonders White, "did Jones ignore our latest evidence which was available as early as March?"

Federal funds withheld

The provincial government has been withholding federal funds designated for the Conne River Band for almost a year. The total monies owed is close to $1 million. The Royal Bank of Canada and Newfoundland Light and Power Corporation cancelled the Band Council's credit in September. "If the federal minister doesn't intervene we will be without electricity and water within 30 days," said Council representative Marilyn John.

Conne River Indians have filed a suit against the provincial government to determine who has jurisdiction over funds but a court date has not been set. They have also appealed to Indian Affairs Minister John Munroe and Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau for help but no answer has been received. White says he can't understand why the provincial government wants special funding cut when it is reimbursed for 90 per cent of all expenditures made in Indian communities. Conne River is the only recognized Indian community in Newfoundland, although Micmacs live throughout the Island.

Other Indian areas of the province have also requested funding and have been consistently refused. At the heart of the dispute is the status of Micmacs, who don't meet the Indian Act definition of Indians. No one can explain, however, why Conne River was singled out to receive assistance in the past. The Indian Affairs Department refers to Newfoundland Indians as "people of Micmac descent." This means there are no reservations on the Island and the Micmacs don't receive standard federal benefits.

"Indian people in Newfoundland have a higher drop out rate, are less educated and less ambitious than whites," says White, "because the only type of activity they can relate to has been eroded away. They are being marked as criminals for hunting and fishing as their ancestors always have. We are encouraging young people to advance their education so that when we are able to build an economy we will have the expertise right here."

"Some people think our Land claim is a get rich quick scheme," he admits, "but far more are acceptive. Instead of receiving handouts as we have for a number of years, make work, social assistance and unemployment, we want the basis to help ourselves. If we fail to win this claim we will feel that our efforts to make the Indian people equal to other Canadians will have failed. It will be a sad day for Micmac leaders and Indian communities. □

Collective action by native organisms

YELLOWKNIFE, N.W.T. — George Erasmus, president of the Dene Nation, said recently that a major victory for all native people had been won. At the assembly of First Nations Confederacy meeting which took place Nov. 19 in Vancouver. He said the Dene Nation's resolution advocating unity amongst major native organizations was passed unanimously.

The Dene Nation has been working for the past eight years to unite all major native organizations in Canada and spearheading a collective approach toward breaking down the barriers that have kept our people divided.

The Assembly of First Nations (formerly) the National Indian Brotherhood now represents all Treaty Indians. The Native Council of Canada represents the Metis and Non-Status Indians. The Inuit committee on National issues represents the Inuit people. The Native Women's Association of Canada represents Native Women, both Treaty and Non-Treaty.

A joint meeting is to be held here in the Spring of '83 to develop a joint strategy for presentation to the Conference on Section 38 of the Canadian Constitution and to work out a common approach toward the recognition of aboriginal rights.

The Assembly of First Nation voted unanimously that the upcoming Constitutional Conference take place in Yellowknife. □

My Pledge to Kateri

I, the undersigned pledge to offer up each day, one Our Father and/or one Hail Mary until the miracles needed for Kateri's canonization are obtained.

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To anyone forwarding 100 names we will be pleased to mail out a Mother Nealis (13¾" x 9¼") coloured picture of Kateri ready for framing. *Hugh and Denise Dashney*

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KATERI TEKAKWITHA

c/o Hugh and Denise Dashney

4590 Alexander #11

Pierrefonds, Quebec H8Y 2A7

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Address _____

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30¢ Stamp

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▲ First fold

Seal here with scotch tape — no staples

My golden jubilee

In my letters to many of Kateri's friends, I have been mentioning my Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit this coming September.

Why call attention to myself? Outrageous! I'm doing so because I think it's an opportunity not to be missed to favor Blessed Kateri's canonization.

Please, nothing for me personally, but as many signed daily Prayer Pledges of one Our Father and one Hail Mary as possible to obtain from the loving Heart of Christ and from our Blessed Mother the miracles needed for the elevation of the Lily of the Mohawks to the ranks of the Saints.

Mrs. Dorothy Nash of Webster Groves, MO, mother of nine, has already sent in 173 signed Prayer Pledges and I don't know how many subscriptions to **Kateri.**

Even if you can't do as much, a baker's dozen or less would be appreciated. My aim, you see, is 50,000 signed Prayer Pledges.

Don't you think the good Lord in heaven and His Blessed Mother would open the door to all this knocking? (Luke 11:10).

And we would have our St. Kateri Tekakwitha in the near future! ***H.B., S.J.***

Help Father Henri Béchard, SJ, celebrate his Golden Jubilee!

To comply with postal regulation SEAL HERE with scotch tape (no staples).

Seal here with scotch tape — no staples

Young, alone . . . and pregnant

by Genny M.

When I first found out, I didn't tell anyone nor did I go to the doctor. By then I was already four months gone. My boyfriend didn't even know and I wasn't going to tell him because it wasn't his anyways, but then I started to show and people could see it now.

The first one to make me admit it was John and I kept saying: "No, I'm not. No, I'm not." And he'd say: "Yes you are. Yes you are." So finally I said: "Yes, I am."

That was when I had to decide what I was going to do with this baby. I didn't have no mother or grandmother that I could rely on to help me with the baby when it came and I'd been gone too long to come back and pretend I'd never left by then.

So I had to decide on my own, with the help of social workers and teachers and, by the time she was born, I had decided to give her up for adoption.

I kept on going to school and that was kind of hard getting hassled by the boys, and all I could do was yell back at them and get mad about it, and tell myself how awful it was and wish I would've been smarter.

By the time Christmas was rolling around I went to the doctor and he was mad, or tried to be, because I hadn't gone to see him yet. I didn't care much, but I was mad when he told me I would have to go to the city and get a check-up.

The appointment was two days after Christmas, so I would have to spend Christmas in the city and not be able to spend Christmas with John. I cried all the way to the city thinking the world had come to an end.

Christmas was awful then with my friend's mother thinking I'd been raped. Being around all those white people whom I didn't know and trying to be skinny and only have one person to talk to!

I was happy when I was coming home and would be able to see John again. I guess I was pretty lucky that he stuck with me and helped me think out a lot of things then but, when I got home he wasn't back yet, and I waited for him to phone me when he got back.

He phoned but he wasn't coming back. He had shot somebody but he didn't tell me that; all he said was, "You'll find out." We talked for a long time.

When we finally hung up I went to go and wait for him. He never showed up and I knew I wouldn't see him for a real long time. I must have cried for about three days and I didn't want to eat or sleep. I felt so bad I didn't even want to live anymore, but that baby kept me going even though I cried a lot. I still went to school everyday and, once in a while, I would go for coffee.

John had been gone about a month and we were writing letters to each other all the time when, one night, I woke up with a sharp pain in my back. I walked around a bit and then went back to bed; it happened again about an hour later, so I went and got something to drink and eat and went back to bed and slept till dinner. By then my back was very sore and I figured I might be in labour. So I got dressed and went and asked my teacher what it was supposed to feel like.

An exhibition on Indian Portraits by Nicholas De Grandmaison, from the private collection of the Bank of Montreal, opened at the Glenbow Museum here, October 15; it will be on view until January 30, 1983.

Capturing the indomitable spirit of the Plains Indians, this exhibition of 41 portraits includes some of the Russian-born artist's finest works. Above PEMOTA (the Walker).

Then I went and sat in a restaurant for a few hours and gave myself a stomach ache from all the coffee I drank before a friend drove me to the hospital because he thought I'd have the baby in his truck. I laughed at that one.

I was pretty lucky to have people with me when I was in labour, talking to me and rubbing my back. Finally I had the baby and it was a girl, then they put me to sleep.

I woke up a few hours later and they gave me a needle and moved me to another room. In the morning they came to wake me up to change the bed and give a lunch of stuff that they give to the mother when they have babies and change the bed. They made me get up and walk around. It was pretty hard that first day but it got a little easier as the days went by.

I spent five days in the hospital and only touched my baby once. When they let me out I was real happy, but it didn't last long since I didn't know what to do with the baby, except that I'd changed my mind about two things.

First of all I didn't want to give her to just anyone and secondly I didn't want white people to keep her, and I knew that I couldn't cry — if I did I would be out like the other girls getting drunk lots and feeling pretty lonesome because those babies didn't stop them from being lonely no matter how much they loved them. I didn't want it to be like that.

I spent a whole week trying to find somebody and I was really happy when my aunt said she would take her, but I could never take her back. I knew why she said that, and I'm glad for that today, because if I was to go and take her back it would really mix her up, meeting new people and travelling around all the time. She would grow up being really confused about who she is and where she's from.

I know because it happened to me.

I would like to give this story to all young women up north. It is my story about being young, alone and pregnant. For some of you, you are very lucky that you have your parents, while some of us have to live in foster homes and boarding schools. In those places they don't teach us about sex, we have to learn on our own.

A long time ago though before the churches and fur traders came, our lives as young women and girls were very different and the alcohol wasn't around to make us confused about who we are.

Today a lot of young girls end up getting pregnant when they are drunk, and when we drink it does a lot of bad things to the baby while it is trying to grow. Sometimes the babies are born drunk. It's not good that way and it sure isn't fair to the baby.

My baby will be three years old tomorrow. She is still with my aunt, and I can go visit her whenever I want to. I know that she's a really happy girl. I'm just lucky it worked that way for me. Mind you, I know that next time I get pregnant I'll be ready for it and not have to worry about what to do with it. I hope that some of you will too.

And another important thing is your baby's future. Today a lot of the young men don't care and they, like us, don't have any respect for each other (girlfriends), only a few of them do. It's real easy for us to find boyfriends, but a lot of them aren't really honest in what they say and we have to be careful to look out for those ones.

I think I've said enough. I hope that you girls take time to learn about sex from your parents or your grandmothers — especially them, because they know better than any of us; after all they are grandparents.

Let them teach you first. They know best and would probably like to tell you. You just have to be brave enough to ask them. And, if you're lucky, they will tell you lots of things. Just trust them, for that is the old way! □

Encounters

by Irene Hewitt

Long-time INDIAN RECORD correspondent Irene Hewitt writes of poignant encounters she has had with native women.

There are four women whom I especilly remember. In each situation the catalyst which brought us together was the church.

On three of these occasions they and I were there for totally different reasons. Death brought the three to the house of God. As church organist, I came to perform a service.

Two of the funerals were for elderly women. A fire in Channing (a subdivision of Flin Flon) had destroyed an old building which housed a store and living quarters. The owner, Mrs. Leonie Guilbault, was killed. (So were two women who were staying with her. It was customary for her to offer refuge.)

An elderly Indian woman not known to the parish — I expected only a small congregation, but the church was almost filled and most of the people here were young and white. "It looks like nearly all of Channing has turned out. Mrs. Guilbault must have been someone quite special," I thought.

At her funeral the priest explained that he had chosen Matthew 26:31-46, because this gospel summarized Leonie Guilbault's life . . . "I was hungry and you fed me — homeless and you took me in."

A church filled with mourners, many young and many non-native, testified to the truth of this.

And so I was reminded of another old lady whom the townspeople of Flin Flon had come to mourn because she had been an example to them. The priest had described Granny Cadotte as "one of those special people chosen by God to show us how to live."

At the third funeral another Indian woman provided an example of Christian love. This funeral was for an accident victim, a young man named Dale. He had been raised as the foster son of a non-native family. Somehow in all the heartbreak no thought was given to his natural mother who lived nearby. Although not included in the funeral plans, she attended. At the graveside she was overcome with grief and Dale's natural and adoptive mother clung to each another. Although she must have born ill feelings against the family who took her son, in accepting comfort from the woman who tried to replace her, she showed forgiveness.

The encounter with Pauline occured at an Ash Wednesday Mass in a little prairie town. The priest had given the congregation a task: we were to write on slips of paper the problem or character defect we intended to work on during Lent.

When a stranger seated next to me confided that she could not write, I advised: "Our Lord knows what is in your heart. Just fold the paper and turn it in."

Instead, she preferred to have "those things set down" and requested that I record them for her. And so Pauline trusted me with the secrets of her life.

The slips of paper were then burned and their ashes were used to mark our foreheads. When I came to be marked with the ashes I felt that I was marked with Pauline's hurts and anxieties . . . and I felt the rightness of this.

I am grateful for these encounters; they have enriched my life. □

◀ ***FILM REVIEW: "WINDWALKER" is a dramatic movie with genuine visual beauty and unusually authentic treatment of Indian culture. The film was made in the Cheyenne and Crow languages.***

Native ancestral healing

by Bernelda Wheeler

"These voices kept at me, talking to me and telling me to do evil things, take cars and drive at high speed . . . I was encouraged to be cruel to people. It was all very confusing and I would try to run away. And I would run and run . . . sometimes I'd be driving someones car . . . like a maniac . . . trying to get away. Then I wouldn't remember. When I came to, it might be days later and miles and miles from the last place I remember. It was strange and frightening. I was always scared."

Alice had many stories like this in her life. Episodes like the above took place time after time for years. Then her family heard of George Councillor of Kenora. He worked with Alice and the voices and amnesia stopped. There has never been a recurrence.

For many years, George Councillor had been helping and healing people from all over northwestern Ontario and Manitoba. He was known as a medicine man and his work in life was to heal.

Hundreds of people are leading healthy lives because of George Councillor. He died in the late 70's while working in the medical profession in Kenora.

To the general public, medicine people are a mysterious lot. Some see them as having strange mystical powers; wielding a hypnotic influence that is part superstition and part mind over matter, mixed with some knowledge of natural healing herbs.

Wise and selfless

From many years of listening to stories about these erudite people, and from personal knowledge of their work, I have come to have a profound and permanent respect for these wise and selfless people.

It has taken the better part of four-hundred years, but some members of the dominant society are also developing a respect and belief in the abilities of medicine people.

Professionals in the fields of psychology, psychiatry and other areas of medicine are working with them to heal and improve the health of their native patients. For example, Dr. Gilmore, a psychiatrist in a midwestern Canadian hospital, often referred patients to the late Reverend Andrew Ahenekew, an Anglican priest who had been given the power to heal through a vision. His medicine had been given to him by a northern animal. Through this vision, for the ensuing years of his life, he healed people in ceremonies that were in part Indian ritual, and partly Christian prayer. Andrew was known to have cured lung cancer, two cases of muscular dystrophy, a serious heart condition, leukemia, diabetes, and psychiatric conditions.

While he was on his way to the U.S. answering a call to heal someone, Reverend Ahenekew died of a heart attack at the Winnipeg International Airport in 1978.

Medicine men and women are still doing their work on both sides of the Border. Last summer I met a young medicine man who is known far and wide for his work.

The following is only one of many stories of people who are now enjoying good health because of this man:

Several doctors had diagnosed Sadie Louis' condition as incurable and inoperable cancer of internal organs. There was no hope for a long life until she went to the medicine man in South Dakota.

Through ceremonies Sadie was healed. That was several years ago and to date there has been no trace of cancer. Sadie's gratitude to the spirits that healed her, and the medicine man through which they worked is one that will live with her always.

Working with medicine people in South Dakota is clinical psychologist Dr. Gerry Mohat. When I spoke with him last spring, he told me of several miracles that he had witnessed personally. He mentioned a woman who had been crippled so badly by arthritis that she was dependent on others for eating, moving around and personal care. For several months she attended healing ceremonies and her condition improved steadily. Now she is completely independent.

But the healing is not passive on the part of the patient. Dr. Mohat says it is as much up to the patient, as it is to the spirits and the medicine person through which the healing takes place.

Medicine people are everywhere. Most of them live in poverty, in cities or on reserves. One is a professional in a university. His everyday dress is a three-piece suit.

Clinical psychologist Dr. Marlene Echohawk was present when this medicine man cured a woman who, it was believed was possessed by an evil but powerful spirit that made her do all manner of strange things such as screaming and running across the campus. The healing ceremony took place in a university women's dorm. The patient has been normal ever since.

Alcoholism cure

Another case that Dr. Echohawk remembers concerned a young man who suffered from alcoholism. Through a ceremonial ritual he was cured instantaneously. His condition changed dramatically to the point where he immediately began to get good marks in his study classes, assumed all responsibility for his family and had a personality change that focused on the positive improvement of all aspects of his life. Dr. Echohawk saw him three years later and he was still on an upward swing.

But beware the pretenders! A friend of mine had cancer of the throat. A man professing to be a medicine man said he could heal Terry and asked him how much money he had. The pretender was given over two-hundred ($200.00) dollars. Terry died two months later. Terry had been given false hope. The pretender doesn't make it look good for the real medicine people, whose byword in work is integrity.

That doesn't change the fact that medicine people out there are fulfilling their duties and responsibilities in life. They have been with us for thousands of years.

Among the most respected people throughout our history, medicine men and women continue unobtrusively to help and heal us, asking only that we do our part. Great Mystery, we thank you for our medicine people! □

Modern nature healing

by Jordan Wheeler

Every culture has its own way of healing and ways to maintain the health of its people. In ancient times, what we know today as Western European civilization had ways that are as strange today, as our way was to them when they arrived on our shores.

We were seen as pagan, ritualistic and superstitious. We were even seen as devils, having evil powers that were manifested because of our relationship with the evil one. But let's consider what some of the ancient Western European beliefs about health were, before judging another culture.

I remember reading a book about one of the famous medicine people in medical history. His name was Dr. Ignaz Semmelweis. It was Dr. Semmelweis who discovered that being clean in the operating room decreased the number of deaths of post-operative patients. An admirable discovery, which happened approximately only one-hundred and twenty years ago. More than two-hundred years before that, the well known Canadian explorer Cartier wrote in his journal that "they", (meaning Indians) have a heathenish habit of bathing daily in the streams." So, with respect to cleanliness we were at least two-hundred years ahead of Western European civilization.

At the time when one in every ten Europeans suffered from some illness due to malnutrition, Indians on this continent already knew of and lived on a balanced healthy diet. Illness and deformity were seldom seen by those colonists who recorded what they observed of our way of life. Because of the holistic lifestyle of the indigenous people of America, we recognized the value of good physical, mental, emotional and spiritual health. Our medicine people had to know all these things but as in today's society, there were specialists in each field, but also as in today's society, some of them were specialists in more than one field. Someone who knew herbs, might also be community advisor in spiritual and social matters. By today's standards he would be a pharmacist, a psychiatrist and a man of the church.

There is evidence that southern American nations performed brain surgery. Their scalpels were of obsidian glass, sharper and stronger than the steel scalpels used by modern doctors.

A personal healing

Let's explore what is happening today with respect to medicine people and their work. I don't have to go outside of my own family for proof of their effectiveness. My grandma has medicine for diabetes that was given to her by someone in the west.

When I was six, I began having nightmares. I don't remember any of them but my family says that they lasted for several hours. No one could say or do anything to bring me out of them, nor stop them. Doctors examined me, put electrodes on my head, but there was nothing clinically wrong with me. All I remember about these nightmares is that they were huge and scary. I could never remember what it was that was so scary. Slowly I would wake up and wonder what was going on because everyone was so concerned. They would ask me questions and I wouldn't know the answers. I didn't like those episodes.

When I was eight, my sister (who was then fourteen) and I went to South Dakota for the annual Sun dance with our grandma and aunt and her family. I had a scary nightmare and my sister took me to an old medicine man. I remember he was praying in Sioux, and doing unfamiliar things to me. We were in his big teepee, it seemed, for hours. I wasn't afraid but I wondered what was going on. Later I learned that I was being healed by this old medicine man. He was small, spoke English and told jokes. My mom says she spoke with him about the healing a year and a half ago, and he just shook his head and smiled. "Ah," he said, "he good big boy now, eh?"

I don't know about the 'good', but I can't be accused of being small!

That healing took place almost ten years ago. Nightmares that used to happen at least every two months, have plagued me only twice since then, and they were very mild. In the past six years, there have been none at all.

I'm quickly developing a reputation for being a skeptic but when it comes to Indian medicine people, I remember that when doctors couldn't help me, it was a little old wrinkled Sioux man who cured me. Skepticism has no place in my perspective of medicine people. After all, I sleep well, and it was a medicine man who made this possible. □

Bernelda and Jordan enjoy new experiences

Bernelda Wheeler who was familiar to radio listeners across Canada as hostess of the CBC series "Our Native Land" has taken a new position, that of Councillor for the Alcoholism Foundation of Manitoba.

She will also continue with her writing for the INDIAN RECORD and as a contributing editor of SWEET GRASS which is published in Toronto.

The new host of "Our Native Land" is Brian Maracle, a member of the Six Nations and a graduate of Carleton University, Ottawa. The program is now broadcast from Ottawa and is heard at 7:05 p.m. on Saturdays.

Bernelda's son *Jordan*, who is also familiar to INDIAN RECORD readers, left December 16 for Jakarta, Indonesia as a member of Canada World Youth. Jordan will be learning about the culture of the people in that far eastern land.

He spent two months in St. Paul, Alberta, in training with eleven other Manitoba boys chosen for the Indonesian project. Indonesian youths are partnered with Canadians for mutual learning.

Jordan is a graduate of the Technical Vocational School in Winnipeg and hopes to enrol in a university academic program next fall.

He has been invited to share his Indonesian experiences with INDIAN RECORD readers. □

Creative Writing: IV

by Maara Haas

Fourth of a four part series by creative teacher and author, Maara Haas, reflecting her experience with native students. Opinions expressed are Ms. Haas's own and do not necessarily reflect those of the INDIAN RECORD.

Sometimes, in a perverse way, external factors can provide the stimuli to creativity, as it happened in my residency at Leaf Rapids.

For economic reasons, the families of native Newfoundlanders were divided; the teenage boys of the family and the wage-earning fathers, locating at Leaf Rapids; the mothers, along with the younger children being mobilized in Newfoundland.

The ensuing feud between the newcomer students who felt themselves victims of circumstance and the local students who saw themselves victimized by the newcomers, provided through creative writing, the release of high-voltage emotions.

The choices of color in a first and second order of preference selected by the students, confirmed the feelings/responses with accuracy: brown/blue (a clinging to society to offset loneliness), grey/yellow (the desire to be released from an intolerable situation offering no way out), brown (a feeling of neglect), and dark blue, a first color among the native Cree, color-wise indicating a sense of unification, family stability, and the need to "band together", to "cluster" in groups.

In colorscope readings, the light variations of a color (pink, rather than red; pale blue, rather than dark blue) are interpreted as a longing, a desire to escape the hard realities of life. A good 40% of the Newfoundland students preferred ligther variations; native students did not.

Teaching at Oxford House, I again found in the color choice of students, the preferred dark blue and the affinity to band together in "clusters". Expectedly, the personality of the writer-student entered into it.

Wilmot Robinson, a forceful advocate for native rights and a forceful individual, saw "large trees in clusters" on his dominant horizion. The intellectually (color-wise yellow), introspective Mary Sinclair, described "the sun's rays extending like clusters of small yellow flowers." Joyce Okinow, who revealed through her writing to be overwhelmed by personal problems, saw in the personification of "the tiny green trees" a woman dwarfed by an overwhelming landscape.

Prayers, songs and ceremonies perpetuated by the Navajo Indians were strongly color-related. Their concept of two existing worlds visualizes an upper world radiantly multicolored and a somber lower world dominantly black.

The Navajo's poem to "The War God's Horse" is steeped in color:

"I am the Turquoise Woman's son . . . .
My horse has a hoof like striped agate.
My horse has a tail like a trailing black cloud.
His name is made of short rainbows."

One of the most powerful statements made in the tradition of color relating to native people, is the chant of the Pawnee priest:

"The morning star is like a man.
He is painted red all over.
That is the color of life."

Of all the colors mentioned in Ojibway legends, the color red is most frequently mentioned. One legend tells of the rock carvings at Lake Nipigon, where an Ojibway Indian of immeasurable power, cut markings into the sacred cliff walls with his bare fingers, from which flowed a red matter so powerful and so sacred that it remained forever without fading. The keeper of the "offering rock", in the same vicinity, is a red sturgeon whose presence denotes good luck.

It is said that some segments of the Ontario Ojibway believe their dead existing in the heavenly realm, exist as a Society of Heavenly People *(Okeezhikokah Enninnewuk).*

The robes worn by their guardian angels are scarlet, extending from the Pawnee red "color of life", the Ojibway scarlet robes are synonymous with "eternal life".

Two medicine eggs, light blue in color recalled in the legend of the Medicine Thunderbird, stand apart from the bright, primitive colors in Ojibway legends.

Why are the eggs light blue? If the theory of Faber Birren, a color expert, is valid, "light variations indicate a longing to escape one's circumstance". The light-blue eggs substantiate that the color interpretation, for as the story goes, one drink from the contents of those eggs liberates White Beaver from his burdensome human form and changes him to a free-winging Thunderbird.

Traditional Indian poems are as varied as the native people themselves. Their awareness to color-related worlds of their own unique design and creativity, range in the spectrum from blacks and whites to the Apache "black-spotted, blue-spotted, yellow-spotted living sky."

Distinguished from all others, the Cree legends are crystal, washed of color, the tansparency of their vision radiating spirituality. Rarely is there a hint of crimson sky; "of red embers glowing like the wick of a lamp." In "The Legend of the Younger Sister" drawn from "The Sacred Legends of the Swampy Cree", a Carl Ray collection, "a large red star" and a "small bright star" are the sole references to color, aside from the mention of "an orange sun" envisioned by Ja-Ka-Baysh in "The Snaring of Geesis."

Despite the over-clouding greys and browns, the extremes of bitterness and yielding compromise, the Swampy Cree retain that all-colour white spirituality.

"In the warm April sun, my dad and I are pulling our twelve foot canvas canoe, a sled underneath. It is six miles to Semple Bay from Oxford House. It is all ice, for the snow has melted away by now. As I look ahead to Spirit Island, all you see is the warm air seemingly eating up the land and the ice. Looking behind is the color of brown land, like a piece of a big chocolate cake with vanilla ice-cream melting away on top.

"The scent of dog manure can be smelled, for it must be expelled on the ice. Along the way lines of flying geese keep passing overhead in a V formation. I try counting them, but they are too many and and too bunched up, for they are flying high. To me, they look like war planes going north to battle.

"My dad, Joseph, is a loner and rarely talks to people on the reserve. He always reminds me of things that are bad and of what is good. He always carries his Bible everywhere he goes, even out trapping. For two hours, we walk. Finally we come upon the north of the river. This is a good place to camp. There are rocks and small pebbles with sand mixed into the earth.

"Looking around, there are lots of poplar trees and evergreen trees but only a few spruce trees. The scent of the trees smells like a spirit had come along and sprayed them all with his best perfume."

"What do you like to eat?" asked my Father
"Oh, anything. I'm too hungry to decide, anyway."
"How about bologna?"
"Sure, they will do."

"Soon the smell of fried bologna sausage is filling the clean air. They looks delicious as my father flips them over till they are slightly brown on either side. The sun is gone now . . . We bed down on dry grass and pieces of evergreen trees."

"I wonder who made the birds and animals?" I ask.
"God, of course," answers my dad.

(excerpts from the works of Alistair Weenusk)

Newly initiated, native education on reserves leaves itself wide open to flexibly innovative schedules and the extension of broad, creative concepts which educational systems outside the reserves would find difficult or impossible to program.

At whatever speed native educators accelerate students to match the provincial standards, the Indian Philosophy of interrelated living and learning will not allow for *a rigor mortis* schedule of the nature that disciplines city students geared to computerized learning for the sole purpose of getting a job.

Students on reserves will have within reach the advantages rural children do not. The common situation in rural areas where children bus to a central school owing to the closure of "small schools" in their home vicinity, demands of a child, a 14-hour workday, equivalent to children employed in bottle factories in the 18th century.

There will be no need for a native student to rise a 6:30 to connect with a central bus and to return home on that bus with three hours of homework before him, leaving no time during school hours or after hours to indulge in any form of creativity.

One possible danger arising in native schools on reserves, is the secular nature of its existence, apart from the outside world. To paraphrase Rudy Wiebe's study of the Mennonite people, "Peace Shall Destroy Many", it could be that "Pride Shall Destroy Many" on native reserves, if education does not see fit to program for survival.

The easiest way to teach a native child his figures, is to substitute snowshoes for apples, but if he wishes to further his education and to communicate with others outside the reserves, he will have to be taught at an early stage that the world he is entering speaks in metric oranges and apples and not snowshoes.

In the tug-of-war decision to function independently on limited funds or "blackmail" provincial funding dependent on compromise, native people on reserves might very easily see themelves as victims.

The introduction of literature in creative writing sessions, serves as another kind of stimulus to creativity where a part of the assigned two hours a week on alternate days, can begin with a poem, a descriptive passage, a dialogue from a stage play or a chapter from a novel.

Riel's Diary, translated by Denise Dawes and published in a centennial edition of the original Nor'Wester; "The Street Where I Live"; my own novel depicting northend Winnipeg in the thirties; "Corner Store," Bess Kaplan's story of a Jewish community in Winnipeg and Garfield McRae's childhood experiences recalled in his novel "A Room on the River", are all stories of victims within the boundaries of Manitoba.

To know that one is not alone, not singularly different from other humans, is helpful toward the acceptance of a situation for what it is, in a true proportion.

In a two-part series on Indian education featured in a recent edition of the Winnipeg Free Press, the bitter experiences of native people attending Indian residential schools in the '30's, recalled, for me, the public schools of that era in northend Winnipeg.

Immigrant families, sleeping six to a bed or on Salvation Army folding cots, did not think to protest the humiliation their children suffered in the daily line-up at these schools for a lice examination often resulting in shaven heads or burned scalps treated with towels of kerosene.

Though Canadian-born, children of immigrant parents did not have the pride of their own christian names, disregarded by the teachers under the 30's educational system. A student of Italian heritage whose name was Francesco, easily translated as Frank, was enrolled by the teacher as Mike, a name he carried until he left school.

Educators, then referred to as teachers, were highly respected by immigrant parents, who never questioned the "office razor-strap" discipline. The punishment, casting dishonor on the family, initiated a second strapping by the parents.

Most children fluent in the language of their parents, lost that language when they entered school, where anything outside the British-oriented curriculum was labelled despicably "foreign." Native literature in the schools at that time, was native English, Irish, Scotish and American.

Acclimatizing the past and the present, the new climate of education on reserves will have to be decided by the question, "What do we need (not what do we want) in native programming?"

If language is the memory of a people, which I believe it is, then language must have first priority. Native assertiveness in the struggle for human rights, fought in the political bearpit, where words, not guns, are the weapons used, will depend on Indian leaders who can speak effectively, creatively, equalizing English to their own language.

Yet, in itself, language can present a barrier. The native student on a Manitoba reserve who sat on the school steps to eat a 'macintosh', was understood to be eating an apple. With a slight variation in the spelling of the word, spoken identically, a Newfoundland student sitting on the school steps at Leaf Rapids would be eating his raincoat (mackintosh).

Perhaps through creative writing, the dream source of the physical and spiritual worlds lodged in the memory of the native people, the universal language of literature (poems, stories, songs, drama) may be the joining river between their people and all peoples, flowing towards cultural understanding.

Acknowledgements:

The Navajo "War God's Horse Song", interpreted by Louis Watchman.

Color Me Human, a copy of the original photo, courtesy of Sister Lenzen, Oxford House, Manitoba.

Indian drinking behavior: possible causes and solutions

by Patricia D. Mail

The mythology surrounding Indian alcoholism and drinking behavior has long been shrouded in mystery and misunderstanding. Perhaps the most common myth is that of "physical difference," which maintains that the American Indian is somehow physiologically different and therefore cannot tolerate liquor in the same way as can the Caucasian.

However, the greatest difference between an Indian with a bottle and a Caucasian with a bottle would seem to be in the style of drinking and drinking behavior. While more and more publications are devoting space to the psychopathologies of Indian drinking, very little research appears evident which relates to Indian drinking behavior per se.

The subject of Indian drinking behavior is complex and has attracted enormous superficial interest from nearly everyone who has ever come into contact with a reservation border town. Out of the plethora of available literature, is it possible to glean some possible causes for the "Indian style of drinking?" And given an understanding of some of the precipitating factors, are there practical solutions.?

Probable causes

One principal difference in behavior may be attributed to the clash of cultures between Indian tribes and the dominant "American Ethic." Although the United States was founded on the cornerstones of freedom of worship and the permission to retain essential elements of "old country" culture, these same freedoms were rigidly denied the Natives who were found to be inhabiting the New World.

The options presented to the American Native were to do things "my way" or not to participate at all. Underlying this attitude was the core of prejudice which suggested that differences in perspective and lifestyle were not to be tolerated. The psychological trauma induced by this dualism or ambivalence is enormous, and the resolution for the stress is often sought at the bottom of a bottle. Alcoholism may not be a universal Indian problem, but it is a major problem for many tribal groups.

Another major distinction between the Caucasian and the Indian who have problems with alcohol is in the manner in which each becomes "alcoholic."

A third attribute of Indian drinking behavior is that of "binge drinking." often thought to be more characteristic of the Indian than the Caucasian. It is suspected that much binge drinking may well be a result of legislation rather than tradition or physiology.

Recent research concluded that alcohol laws seem to have a significant effect on Indian drinking patterns, and the continuation of prohibition is probably more detrimental than serving as a protective factor.

To summarize the information on probable causes, it would appear that behavioral attributes and legal factors rather than physiological proclivity distinguish Indian drinking styles from those of the Caucasian. Some researchers cite evidence of continued historic traditional influences within Indian culture as also influencing the "style of drinking," but for the most part, it would appear that Indian drinking is learned behavior, passed from generation to generation and peer to peer, strongly influenced by prohibition and caucasian discrimination.

Creating the "firewater" myth

However, the myth of the "drunken Indian" persists in White lore and literature. Of all ethnic and minority groups in the United States, the Native American is the one that comes to mind when people raise the issue of problems with alcohol.

A large part of the "firewater myth" is derived from the observation of the casual tourist. The opinions of the tourist are based on experience with possible one to two dozen inebriated Indians who shame even their own people by their behavior. The traveler never sees the sober, hard-working thousands who keep the reservation running. One can easily conclude from a chance encounter that all Indians are alcoholics. Nothing could be further from the truth. But circumstances have for many years gone against the Indian.

The matter of prohibition noted earlier is also a factor in creating visible drunkenness. Not being able to bring alcohol onto the reservation, the Indian must drink in town or on the road leading to the reservation. Because tribal law prohibits possession, transportation of liquor is achieved "internally." And because drinking is illegal on the reservation, young Indians have only one model after which to pattern their drinking behavior; rapid consumption. Adult models who display prudent consumption patterns are markedly absent on most Indian reservations.

Another problem for the laymen and professionals alike, in discussing Indian alcohol use, is the language itself. When Caucasians speak of an "alcoholic," there comes to mind a medically defined and behaviorally delimited individual whose condition is understood to be one in which alcohol has the upper hand, i.e., ethanol addiction. However, when speaking of an "Indian alcoholic," this same definition does not necessarily apply. Cultural and behavioral differences, in the absence of medically supportive data, may lead the non-Indian professional to apply a label where it is not warranted. Therefore, the matter of definition is vitally important in objectively considering what is, and is not, an alcoholic American Indian.

A third major factor in the creation of the myth could be identified as "Program Failure." Programs to intervene in curing (actually arresting) alcoholism among Indians have not, for the most part, been a notable success. Part of this failure may be due to the very large target group selected for program concentration. The wrong approaches coupled with a high risk population produces ready-made failures, or, at best, low cure rates. A vicious cycle is established in which a program is funded on the basis of wrong expectations, and then funding may be cut off because the program fails to meet those expectations.

The target groups are still the heavy and chronic drinkers within the Indian communities, thus assuring a very low success and high recid-

ivism rate. Yet it is fairly safe to say that not until prevention becomes a keystone for alcoholism programs can any real progress hope to be demonstrated.

In addition to being used as a weapon, alcohol is a well known drug. It is a depressant drug, and as such was used by the Indian as he was his land being lost, his families being slaughtered or separated, his numbers being overwhelmed, and his cultural values being bull-dozed under wave after wave of European immigrants.

The crucial question facing both Indians and professionals in Public Health alike is to determine exactly what are the causes of Indian abusive drinking, and to identify where appropriate intervention for PREVENTION may best be applied. If public health professionals cannot accomplish this alone, or in collaboration with Indian para-professionals, then an interdisciplinary approach drawing from all the social and biological sciences needs to be utilized, if particular assistance could be the disciplines of sociology and anthropology.

Once the causes are ascertained, the treatment modality will be virtually self-evident. This is not to say that the treatment of any individual suffering from alcoholism is a simple matter. Alcoholism and/or problem drinking in any society is a complex problem, and may be further complicated by the intricate cultural weave which overlies the physical addiction. For the American Indian, alcoholism and the presence of alcohol in Indian culture has been and continues to be particularly devastating.

Combatting alcoholism: changing behavior

It is especially important, now that so many other drugs are available to people, to determine the roots of Indian alcoholism, and to provide comprehensive programs which will continue to provide support for the recovering alcoholic. Thus far, efforts at prevention have failed badly on some reservations. Glue and gasoline sniffing may be the second greatest drug problem among pre-teen and early teenage Indians. What are the stages, the processes that lead a child to try something preferred by a peer, to try something when he knows it is inherently dangerous, and when he has seen the brutal results in accidents and illness among his friends? The answers are not simple.

In the book, *Drunken Comportment,* two U.C.L.A. scientists report data which suggests that alcoholic behavior is learned behavior, and not necessarily the product of depressed "high centers of reason" in the brain. This is an extremely important consideration. If drunken behavior can be learned, and learning can be patterned, then Indian drinking behavior can be consciously changed.

Although the Caucasian refers to "The American Indian" as though he were a single entity of common racial or ethnic origin, the opposite is in fact the truth. The American Indian is as culturally diverse as the many European cultures and Asian cultures taken together. It is extremely difficult for knowledgeable people to generalize when talking about the "American Indian" for just this reason.

Many cultural units

There is no American Indian, but many separate and distinct cultural units. That alcoholism has done the greatest damage to the Indian male is a generalization which is fairly safe to make. One result of this damage is that tribes which were patrilineal and patriarchal now exhibit a pattern of Indian women taking leadership roles.

Also the federal employment policies, until very recently, also contributed to the destruction of traditional family support without providing an adequate replacement for the male head of household by concentrating on employment of women for low-scale clerical and supportive jobs in federal agencies.

There are Indian communities which are in serious need of broad social assistance programs to restore the dignity and preeminence of the male in the family and community.

Treating the hardcore alcoholic is one way to expend federal monies granted to combat the "problem of alcoholism," or to seek solutions to the Indian drinking problem. However, a far better use for the monies allocated to alcohol programs would be a direct broad-based educational program at young Indians, beginning in pre-school. Indeed, such preventive education would do no harm in Caucasian schools as well. The sense of self-responsibility and self-worth is a fundamental preventive perspective which all young people could acquire.

Missionaries, churchmen, and religious fanatics, all of which proliferate on Indian reservations, have not helped the Indian's self-image in regard to alcohol anymore than have the Caucasian stereotypes. Prevailing against any drinking at all only creates questions and conflicts in individuals which are resolved either by drinking too much or becoming a fanatic as well.

For every alcoholic "saved" by religion, there are ten who die of cirrhosis and attendant complications related to chronic alcholism. Religion is one part of the answer, for some people, but it is not the universal answer nor the ultimate solution. Taking away tradition and not providing adequate replacement has virtually rendered a "religious solution" to Indian drinking effective.

Medicine in the late 1960's and early 1970's does not seem to provide much of a solution either. Modern medicine is able to minister to the symptoms, providing relief from D.T's and soothing the traumas of "drying out," but chemotherapy is no cure and only substitutes one crutch for another.

Root causes are not touched by the magic of medicine. Neither has psychology proved to be very effective. For many Indian people, Alcoholics Anonymous has also proved to have only limited effectiveness when undertaken in Indian communities. Perhaps a restoration of Indian ceremonial systems might provide much of a solution as anything now available, especially within those cultures which are reasonably intact.

New approach needed

Overall, each of these treatment modalities (i.e. religion, medicine, A.A., psychology, and traditionalism) contribute in a small way to the solution of curing the problem-drinking Indian, but to prevent alcoholism within the Indian community, a wholly new approach must be formulated. It must be inter-disciplinary, with the preventive aspects strongly stressed and early intervention emphasized.

Eduction must serve as the foundation in order to eradicate the fear, shame, superstition, and poor self-image which haunts the Indian who drinks. Teaching the American Indian how-to-drink rather than not-to-drink may ultimately provide the best solution to the myth of American Indian alcoholism and generate a new hope for Indian communities currently caught in the despair of severe problem drinking.

(Listening Post, AIHCA, St. Paul, MN, USA)

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VANISHING SPACE. Memoirs of Louis Goulet

Book review by Thecla Bradshaw

VANISHING SPACES. Memoirs of Louis Goulet by Guillaume Charette. Translator: Ray Ellenwood. Pemmican Publications. $7.95

by Thecla Bradshaw

This hero is a Metis . . . This Metis is a hero: stated either way it fits Louis Goulet. But there's a subtle difference. Louis Goulet is a whole man as Metis, not half-and-half as the conventional image is generally portrayed.

VANISHING SPACES, the book compiled by Guillaume Charette from memoirs and interviews with Louis Goulet, is a first-person narrative that carries the reader through the epic events of the 1870's past the turn-of-the-century. The volume is a major achievement, especially in light of the fact that numerous persons were involved in putting together, first, Goulet's aural account, then compiling his memoirs and translating them to English. But most creditable is another factor: the lilt and charm and speedy pace of Louis Goulet's storytelling is preserved from cover to cover.

Guillaume Charette spent many hours with Goulet and provided the bulk of information which Emile Pelletier further assembled as text. Elizabeth Maguet has skilfully edited the English translation.

Manitoba artis, Real Bérard, captures Goulet's somewhat mystical persona in a portrait of the Metis entrepreneur, outrider, scout, guide, raconteur. His sketches appropriately illustrate both the down-to-earth tools and furnishings of the era, and detailed drawings of wildlife. Bérard uses a crosshatching technique which is particularly effective in his portraits.

Louis Goulet's story begins:

"I came into the world on October 6, 1859 . . . . I was born right after my parents got back from a buffalo hunting expedition that set out from St. Norbert (Manitoba) . . . in the direction of the Missouri, and got as far as the foothills of the first range of the Rocky Mountains . . . I happened along just at the height of a bad epidemic that was raging through the population of newborns. Fearing I might not last long, my godfather . . . saddled up and galloped me off to St. Norbert so I could be baptized the same day . . . Today, the little village of Morris sits on the exact spot where I was born."

Though the story is not always related chronologically (all to the good) the reader sees the prairie as wild, teeming with vitality, extravagantly beautiful — and the Metis as exemplary in strategic planning.

"Once it had been decided to mount an expedition, the news was announced from the pulpit and by criers in as many parishes and missions as possible, telling people that if anybody wanted to join in the buffalo-hunting caravan, all they had to do was be at a certain place on a certain day at a certain time. The reason for calling the assembly was just about always the same: to elect a first and second leader along with a council of at least twelve. We also decided on the rules of order for the march. Each member of the executive who took part in the expedition had a voice in the assembly . . ."

"The caravan was made up of 230 families, 1,200 souls in all, 1,200 carts of which 250 were loaded with our leather tents, robes and other camping equipment. The fair sex and children were packed in as tight as possible so as to save space and also to keep warm under their buffalo robes. All the men were on horseback."

An interesting contrast to the Goulet spirited narrative was provided recently by the C.B.C.'s most prestigious literary program. A substantial prize was awarded to the writer of a hodge-podge of vulgar and arrant nonsense read for the C.B.C.'s listeners. This introverted "essay" was entirely personal and reflected the decadence of a stale society where nothing happens.

What a contrast Goulet's VANISHING SPACES! However intense his hardships Goulet had the wisdom to speak for his people, never subjectively, always viewing events in the more generous and greater perspective of history in the making.

On the other hand, he shares intimacies that reveal his deep sense of appreciation at the world of nature:

"Sleeping in a tent in the wide open prairie has charms . . . A night in the open, unspoiled nature is bustling with life . . . Prick up your ears, listen to the night: thousands and thousands of bulls bellowing that hoarse buffalo call, shaking the earth with their challenging roars, their battle cries; the little wild prairie dog yaps like a fox; farther from the camp, the coyote worries about having hundreds of dogs in the neighborhood barking and howling all night long; the great prairie wolves echo their calls from the hillocks. How can I describe the song or rather the cry flung back and forth between the whippoorwills?"

And as the tall, athletic horseman competes for a position as army scout, spy and rider:

"After some stiff testing to see if we could ride, handle horses in all kinds of ways, converse and read in English, speak at least three Indian dialects fluently, shoot a shotgun, rifle and pistol, even box a little and throw a knife, we were all three accepted, Desjarlais, Jackson and I."

Translator Ray Ellenwood in his scholarly "Afterword" writes:

"Goulet's memoir takes a broader historical dimension when we see it as the portrait of a man and a society full of ambiguities and contradictions in a time of great social upheaval. His French culture and his religion are immensely important to him, yet he is drawn to what he calls Indian mysticism. He can be a scout for the U.S. Army, spying on and fighting against the Sioux, yet he recognizes his kinship with the Indians even while a prisoner of Big Bear. He is fascinated by modern technology, yet is heartsick at the passing of the old way of life."

Yet Louis retains the good humour evident in the light touch (very "French") his stories reveal:

"Soon many different kinds of tradesmen began to appear: blacksmiths, wheelwrights, builders, carpenters, cabinet-makers, painters, decorators, bricklayers, stone masons, plasterers, goldsmiths, cobblers, harness-makers and who knows what else! Alas, the time was fast approaching when the liberal professions would arrive and a man wouldn't even be able to kick the bucket without a doctor pronouncing him dead."

Louis Goulet was in good company during his eventual imprisonment: Riel was there and his council key persons in uprisings at Duck Lake, Fish Creek, Batoche, and many Indians, including Poundmaker and his band. "The prison was full to overflowing."

A most convincing account of Riel's state of mind and Goulet's conviction of the latter's absolute sanity is related. Goulet "talked to him at least a hundred times and I never noticed anything abnormal about him . . . I'd be more inclined to argue that he had a sixth sense, like the old-timers . . ."

Congratulations to Pemmican Publications for this six-by-nine-inch treasury. The text is perfectly clear, easy on the reader's eyes. An ideal gift for all ages, all Canadians, any who wish to discover Canadian heroes — in this instance, Metis.

exc

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The Sub-committee on Indian Self-Government of the Standing Committee on Indian Affairs and Northern Development of the House of Commons will be holding meetings to examine the Government of Canada's total financial and other relationships with Indian people, and to review all legal and institutional factors affecting the status, development and responsibilities of Band Governments on Indian reserves.

Individuals and organizations wishing to make written submissions to the Sub-committee relating to the aforementioned subjects may do so in French, English or both official languages.

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