INDIAN RECORD

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

First Nations self-government blueprint

After a year of hearings with 558 witnesses at 60 meetings — most held on reserves and community centres across Canada — a special all-party committee of the House of Commons has tabled a sweeping 250-page report. Released in early November, the report backs strongly the proposal that many leaders of Canadian native peoples have been making for years: that self-government be restored to the "first nations" which exercised it, in Canada, long before the arrival of Europeans.

"First nation self-government" would be a unique third level of government in Canada. It would entail the abolition of the Department of Indian Affairs and the scrapping of the Indian Act.

Early reaction from leaders of native groups has been positive. "We've been saying for decades," said Grand Chief Billy Diamond, speaking for the Assembly of First Nations.

Fundamentally, the committee has proposed to grant every Indian band in Canada — or whatever political unit Indians themselves choose to form as an Indian First Nations Government (the entire Cree nation, for example, could decide to function under one government) — the constitutional powers of a province.

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(Fred Miller, OMI, photo)

Oblate Bishops (l. to r.) Piche (Mackenzie), O'Grady (Prince George), O'Connor (Yukon), Exner (Winnipeg), LeGuerrier (James Bay) and Sutton (Labrador) also (not on photo) Legare of Grouard, Alta., Dumouchel (Keewatin), Robidoux (Hudson Bay), Routhier and Sanschagrin (retired) attended the Canadian Catholic Bishops Conference meeting in Ottawa, September 16, 1983.

Oblate Bishops confront Northern Church problems

by Fred Miller, OMI

The Canadian Bishops meeting in Ottawa, September 12-16 1983, confronted the problems facing the Church in northern Canada.

They heard the moving plea of a married woman of Tuktoyaktuk for more priests to replace an aging clergy, a challenge to think in terms of a new rite for Canadian native peoples from an Indian spokesman, and a vigorous presentation in favour of the ordination of married native leaders by a veteran northern missionary.

The problems of the north were only one item on a long agenda which also included the historic, first-ever visit of a Pope to Canada slated for September 1984. Nevertheless, the questions raised by the north were seen as urgent and important.

Father Achiel Peelman, OMI, professor of missiology at St. Paul University, Ottawa, presented a paper in which he invited the bishops to rethink the mode of the Church's presence and service in the north.

He contrasted the Church's early methods of evangelizing the native people with the present opportunity to restate the Christian Gospel in dialogue with traditional native religous concepts and ceremonies.

His research showed that many native people who had accepted the Christian faith continued to practice certain ancestral religious rites in secret. Now they are beginning to do so more openly. He warned that missionaries who ignore this fact are risking missing an important turning point in the religious history of Canada.

He pointed to recent Church documents in support of a policy of incul-

(See **Northern Church,** p. 7)

EDITORIAL

New paths discovered at Banff

by Maurice Joly, OMI

On a warm and sunny day with scattered white clouds floating over the majestic and gentle Rockies, people from all over Canada came to Banff to attend the Gathering '83 Conference sponsored by the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada.

One hundred and thirty people gathered at Banff Centre not only to celebrate the 75th anniversary of the Society but mostly to continue a search formally begun six years ago. In 1978, a first Amerindian Conference sponsored by the Oblate Fathers took place in Ottawa. It's aim was to bring the Indian Peace Pipe and the Catholic Cross closer together. In the following years, the Conferences held in Edmonton, Winnipeg and Thunder Bay, gathered Indian people and Catholic missionaries in an effort to build Indian Catholic communities of faith, ministry and leadership. Good things were happening in Canada's Mission Church. A christian Indian leadership was developing.

Gathering '83 was a celebration as well as a demonstration of the power of the Spirit at work among his people.

Many of the resource people conducting workshops or giving major talks at the Conference were Natives. They covered a wide range of topics, such as: Religious education programme in and by the local Community; Native spirituality, Native spiritual leadership, the family and alcohol treatment, Native ministry and Native deaconate. Jos Couture, one of the main speakers shared the shamanic learning experience. Harold Cardinal in a talk entitled: "The Peace Pipe and the Cross," told the audience his joy to see that the time has come where it becomes possible to share with one another and bring together the Indian way and Christianity.

Other non-native main speakers were Bishop Marcel Gervais of London, Ontario and Father Carl Starkloff, s.j. The bishop put aside a prepared text on new materials for catechists and lead the group in a deep reflection on who Christ is and how he came to bring peoples of all races and cultures to the fullness of their God-given values. "The glory of God is people fully alive," he quoted. Father Carl helped all participants to look at the relationship of Native spirituality and christian spirituality.

Throughout the five-day Conference there was a great feeling of understanding, friendship and joy among the participants. Someone said: "I'm so happy to be here; I'm happy about what we are doing together."

Gathering '83 was not all hard work. There was a time for relaxation. Every evening they gathered for coffee and sandwiches, singing and dancing. Two free afternoons were set aside for hiking or for just being.

The closing prayer celebration was led by Stan Fontaine of Kisemanito Centre. It took place outside on a huge lawn in front of the building with Sulphur and Rundle mountains as a background. The participants formed a large circle and were lead into a purification ritual with sweet grass. Its aroma filled the air.

All were conscious of the fact that although they had walked many miles together, there are still many roads to discover, many unknown paths to find. But we all know that the Lord who calls and gathers us all to himself said: "Seek and you will find." □

Fr. Joly is provincial of the Oblates of Alberta-Saskatchewan.

• ***The Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada has taped all the major sessions. Audio and video tapes are available in the advertisement on page 23.***

Wisdom of elders manifested

The Amerindian Leadership Session in Thunder Bay, Ontario, July 17-22, centered on integrating native culture and Christianity. Found most impressive by many of the 150 participants was the wisdom of the Elders who served as resource people.

One of the exercises called for a response to: "What one question would you as an Indian Native ask the Bishops of Canada if you had that opportunity in September when all the Bishops meet in Ottawa?" Taking their cue from the session's motto, "Be not afraid," the Amerindians present unhesitatingly voiced their wants:

"Allow your seminarians to learn from the wisdom of the Elders. — Ordain Native bishops, priests and religious. — Why are there so many priests in administration? Come and live for a time with us on our Reserve. — Appoint a committee of bishops to work with us on Native sprituality. — Ask diocesan clergy to come north and work with us. — Develop Indian leadership. — Permit the Native Indian to worship with his own symbols. — Continue to support us in land claims and other social justice issues."

Achiel Peelman, one of the fifteen Oblates present, gave two key talks on "Toward a Native Catholic Church." He made an interesting comment, on the opening night. Sitting alone on the stage with ten Native people, Achiel remarked: "Six years ago, there would have been ten priests up here and one Native person.!"

(OMI Information)

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Keeping city families together

by Dorothy C. Lynch

(Indian Affairs Information Services, Winnipeg)

NATIVE FAMILY SERVICES — three small words with a responsibility to tell so much.

Primarily, they represent the work of a group of volunteer Indian women with foresight. In May, 1982, they took decisive action to *try* to prevent the erosion of family life in Winnipeg. How? By "being there" as often as was humanly possible — to intervene as child-abuse rescuers and to represent their own when communication with child welfare agencies in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Northwestern Ontario was of poor quality — for any reason.

It was extremely difficult to carry out their plans without even a glimmer of hope of finding funds. Donations did trickle in — perhaps from a neighbor sharing a few dollar bills — or from a widow's mite.

In time, the following mandate developed — "to provide alternative services to child welfare agencies in exily Services is being introduced to INDIAN RECORD readers as a typical example of how an employee of NATIVE FAMILY SERVICES meets the ever-changing challenges of her job.

In a recent interview, she revealed that she decided as a young girl there was but one path for an Indian child to follow. She must stay in school as long as humanly possible for it was only in this way, an urban Indian could stay "out of the system" — of welfare and unemployment. Her mother, from the Roseau Indian Reserve, and her father, from a small Manitoba town, encouraged her in her ideals. Today, she is a graduate of the university.

Kathy knows her career is with NATIVE FAMILY SERVICES for two reasons. She had the proper background (and maintains close ties with her relatives and friends on several reserves and she empathizes with people of every age, race and creed.

She focussed on two specific cases to illustrate the liaison work she is doing in the inner city. (As requested, details have been altered.)

The first. On a winter morning last year, Kathy received a call from an Indian woman in a closely knit community in north Winnipeg. She told her of a girl of eight and a boy of ten who had been apprehended by the Children's Aid Society. Kathy knew the family, so she called their home to inquire why the children had been taken into custody. The father answered and said:

"Their teacher saw bruises on my boy's arms and legs and phoned the C.A.S. I guess they thought he'd been kicked around at home."

Kathy acted immediately. She called the C.A.S. Child Abuse Unit, where the children had been taken.

The C.A.S. worker said their records showed both children to be in the *legal* custody of their elderly grandmother who lived on a reserve. After two days spend in red-tape-cutting phone calls, Kathy reached someone on the Child Welfare Committee at the reserve. She explained what she knew of the case. She understood the Winnipeg family to be fraught with jealousy and misunderstanding. As a result, the children were under tremendous stress in a high-tension household.

In an attempt to make the most beneficial move for the children Kathy persuaded their grandmother to travel to Winnipeg and use the power of her legal guardianship to take the children back to the reserve. Kathy stated that at no time had there been communication between the Winnipeg Children's Aid Society and the parents. After many attempts at finding out the real reason for the boy's bruises, he finally admitted he had been beaten up at school.

However, IF — and a big "if" it is — there had not been people like Kathy and her co-workers in NATIVE FAMILY SERVICES — to liase between the C.A.S. and the grandmother on the reserve, how many hostilities would have continued in this intemperate situation? Where would they have led in this one, little urban family?

One September afternoon, she heard an ever-so-gentle knock on her office door. When she answered, a young but wearisome looking Indian woman leaned against the door frame, tears streaming down lined cheeks. She spoke in English. She did not understand Kathy's native tongue. Kathy surmised the woman was at her door seeking help because her daughter had been picked up by the police, without explanation.

Then, started a maze of phone calls. Kathy had to backtrack in order to find out why anyone had the authority to remove a teenager from her home without even an *attempt* at an explanation.

Interviews and liaison with many other Winnipeg agencies "in the system" produced few details leading up to this frightening and inhuman situation.

"Linda" we'll call her — had been in a rural foster home for three years. The C.A.S. placed her there after they'd been visiting in her Winnipeg home and found the child had a series of bruises on many parts of her frail body. They assessed the single-parent mother as having a drinking problem. Her older brother, who had never been employed, they understood was likewise having difficulty with alcohol.

Linda was devastated at being removed from the only home she had ever known and sent to the country — to strangers. The teacher in Grade Three class reported her to be a sad, lonely little girl, so it was no surprise when she ran away from the foster home, one day she was in Winnipeg on a shopping trip.

Through a strange set of circumstances, the C.A.S. worker in rural Manitoba did not know Linda was missing. She had been on vacation and no one else was covering her client for her.

School started and as a result, Lind was back "in the system" when her mother registered her as a new student. The school wanted to know about her records. They called the C.A.S. — and the missing youngster was marked "found" in their file. The next step, the case worker called the police — to exercise the necessary authority to place her in a Winnipeg retention home instead of permitting her to remain with her mother.

At this point in the interview, Kathy Mallet's liquid brown eyes did not well up — they sparkled. Her shoulders straightened perceptibly and she spoke with pride, about her determination to use every last resource within her to reach out to Linda, her mother and brother.

Her first task would be to gain the family's trust. The second, to reach out further — with the warmth of understanding.

Daily, Kathy Mallet kept in touch with the various members of Linda's large family as well as the various authorities who had had a hand in the case.

She could not believe that without a visit to Linda's mother, the decision-makers agreed that when Linda's retention order expired, she would be best living with an aunt. Kathy couldn't let that happen for she knew the mother and sister fought continually, which upset Linda every time they were together. Living under the aunt's roof would be a negative solution indeed.

Finally, Kathy was able to arrange a series of meetings which concluded with a plan she felt was best — one which had a future, with some hope of happiness. The NATIVE FAMILY SERVICES devised a personalized program — with one condition. *If* the mother stopped drinking, Linda would be released in her care. Kathy and other workers would visit the family regularly and be in daily telephone contact.

Unfortunately, this on-going contact has produced a bad psychological and physical picture of Linda; grave evidence of the effect her past is having on her present, and will have on her future. She suffers from bad dreams, hears strange voices in the night and is tired continually. She has blood pressure far too high for her age and she is excessively overweight. Her emotions are childlike, as if development was arrested when she was first sent away from home. She is continually suspicious of strangers — fearing she will be snatched again.

To conclude the interview, Kathy Mallet summed up the whole urban Indian problem when she remarked:

"They must have TOTAL CONTROL OF THEIR CHILDREN, as they do in rural areas."

Her statement reminded the writer of Virginia Fontaine, that Saulteaux matriarch, when she spoke at the General Assembly of the Manitoba Indian Education Association in August, 1983, in Winnipeg. She remarked — in the form of a challenge to parents — that children and grandchildren *must* be taught their heritage; they *must* be educated in a home atmosphere in *addition* to the formal education of the school room. Also, she stated:

"I urge you. Put your foot down on your children. It is hard, but WE ARE THE FOUNDATION OF THEIR HOME . . . . They are a real gift from the Great Creator and it is up to us to look after them."

For futher information about NATIVE FAMILY SERVICES telephone (204) 284-8683 or write 450 Flora Avenue, Winnipeg.

Native T.V. show still popular

by Andrea Lang

Entering its eighth season on CKY-TV, the popular television show "Woodsmoke and Sweetgrass" continues to attract a steady audience. Perhaps it is its stature as Canada's oldest and longest running native TV series that draws viewers, perhaps it is the variety of topics and guests which grace the stage or most likely, the charm and the perception of its host, Sherry Theobald.

Sherry is not only the current host of the show but its originator. The first "Woodsmoke and Sweetgrass' began on community access TV ten years ago at the request of the Manitoba Metis Federation. The idea for the show sparked Ms. Theobald's imagination. Here was a chance to avoid the stereotypes so blatantly aired on other shows, to provide a forum for all natives, not simply those in the media forefront.

"I had long resented watching interviews ask one native a loaded question such as 'Tell me, Chief, what do you think are the main problems of Canadian Indians?' Have you ever heard a white man asked to speak for his entire culture."

For Sherry Theobald the aim is to present people as individuals with individual views. Controversy is welcome but a view presented one week might very well be refuted by another guest the next. "We are not trying to present one philosophy or objective; the show responds to what the people want."

"Woodsmoke and Sweetgrass" has never had trouble attracting guests or viewers. "We are providing a forum for everyone to have the opportunity to tell their story or speak up for what they believe. When we started the show there were a great number of native people doing a marvelous job and having their efforts completely ignored. Some of these have been community workers, others members of the arts community."

CKY-TV network in Manitoba.

Many of the artists, musicians and writers featured on past shows have gone on to attain some measure of success in their field. Sherry takes quiet pride in their accomplishments, seeing her show as that needed boost in confidence and media access.

"In the early days it was hard to get people to come on the show, not because they didn't have something worthwhile to say, but because they felt uncomfortable with the medium of television and in some cases, awkward in their use of English." Sherry leads them though this difficult stage by explaining that the best interviews are those where the people act naturally. Attempting a somber tone, quoting long, boring statistics or using big, important phrases are not the way to best get your message across, she advises.

The format of the show varies from week to week and might include a mixture of politics, education, fashion, art, and careers. "Some people would like the show to be more radical, more political, but I don't think that is our aim. We want to help foster our pride as a people."

The title of the show reflects this attitude. "Woodsmoke" is taken from the Metis word "Bois Brule" and indicates nostalgia for the past and a homey environment; Sweetgrass is often burned in native religious ceremonies to accompany prayers. "The two combined mean a celebration of who we are as people."

Sherry Theobald is sure of the direction she is going. A Metis in origin, she is petite and pretty with long dark hair and warm brown eyes, masking a mind brimful of ideas and dreams. She researches and hosts 26 episodes of "Woodsmoke and Sweetgrass" each season, fitting in the shooting schedule after a full day spent as a teacher in St. James school division. She has frequently juggled other projects in addition to this full schedule, including developing a kit for the Manitoba Department of Education called "Music of the Metis" and a book of children's biographies and stories called "Stories of the Metis". At one time she acted as producer for native children's TV show on Channel 13 called "Tawow", a Cree word for welcome and has written segments for "Sesame Street". She would like to see children's TV for natives become a regular feature on a local station.

"Children are our greatest assets. If they look at themselves as wearers of beads and feathers, if they are told Indians belong only on reserves, if they see only news shows where Indian problems are constantly the focus, they will never have pride in themselves or their culture."

But for now, Sherry Theobald is satisfied with the strides she has taken on the air. "We get a constant feedback in letters and phone calls, almost all of it positive. There have been some fantastic changes in peoples' attitudes over the past ten years which are reflected on the show.

I am continually surprised by the spirit of our people. They are very alive, very determined to survive and to do well. I like to think of our future. Sure there are some things holding us back now — the government, health problems, isolation — but the people seem to be turning the tide and building toward something better."

Sherry Theobald would welcome anyone who has a story to tell or an opinion to voice as a guest on "Woodsmoke and Sweetgrass". Poetry, artwork and written stories can also be sent and as many as possible will be aired.

Write to: CKY-TV, Polo Park, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

White Horse Park to have new look

by Beatrice Fines

The White Horse Park, west of Winnipeg on the Trans-Canada highway, will have a new look by next summer. The 72-acre campsite, with its lodge, swimming pool and other amenities has been taken over by the Indian Business Development Group Inc. (IBDG) which has extensive plans for up-grading it and adding further attractions. Already 32 workers from Winnipeg's Core Area are busy clearing brush and cleaning up neglected areas of the Park.

Marion Ironquil Meadmore, chairperson of the Board of Directors of IBDG is enthusiastic about this latest venture of the Company.

"We already have so many attractions there," she says. "There is the big lounge with its great fireplace, the swimming pool which covers an acre and a half, a laundromat, change rooms, washrooms, first aid station, concession booth. We even have a mini golf course and are adding a big water slide next summer and bumper boats for family fun. We're looking forward to opening a restaurant there and making this a year-round resort.

"Our men are putting up lights so we'll have lighted trails for cross-country skiing. The swimming pool will become a skating rink and there'll be a wood stove to warm toes and fingers. We want to cater to skating and sleigh ride parties and to serve home-made bread and beans.

"Snow-shoeing is my big thing," she goes on. "I want our place to become famous for snow-shoe races the way St. Pierre has become famous for frog races and Boissevain for its turtle derby."

White Horse Park is just one of approximately 25 projects in and around Winnipeg which the IBDG is helping to develop. After ten years of informal operation in assisting Indian people in business ventures, the organization was formalized in September 1980 when a group of Indian people became the first directors of the company.

The services provided by IBDG include granting loans of up to $25,000.00 for small business development, guaranteeing loans, joint venture financing, assisting with management, carrying on research, doing feasibility studies, and carrying out business seminars and management workshops. They also help clients take advantage of government sponsored programs of assisting business development. Any group or individual of Native ancestry who lives in or wants to develop a viable business in Winnipeg's Core Area is eligible to apply to the IBDG for help. Prospective clients may write to the Indian Business Development Group at 301-213 Notre Dame Ave. or phone 947-1509.

With the help of IBDG, Norma Morriseau and Linda Seymour now have their own hair stylist shop at 875 Sargent Avenue in Winnipeg. It's a dream come true for the sisters both of whom were trained at the Pollock Beauty School, Linda in Winnipeg and Norma in Edmonton. They had gained experience working in beauty shops in Winnipeg and Edmonton (Linda was manageress for The Bay Unicity shop), but cherished the hope of a shop of their own.

IBDG has succeeded in finding some very knowledgeable and successful people to serve on its Board of Directors, Mrs. Meadmore, the chairperson, is a corporate lawyer; and the others are well-known Winnipeg business men, H. G. Paul and Bob Major, Len Flett, Employment Manager with Hudson Bay House, Don Marks, a Business Development Consultant, Tom Campbell, Project Director of Norcan Developments, and Ron McLeod, a graduate at Law. As well there is a strong advisory board, headed by the Hon. Otto Lang, Q.C., with Larry Boland, General Manager of the Winnipeg Core Area Initiative Program, Don Turner, President of Cybershare Data Centre, Ltd., Mary Richard and Yvonne Monkman co-owners of The Teepee Restaurant, David MacLennan, General Manager of Success/Angus Business College, Ken Murdock of the Social Planning Council, Winnipeg, and Izzy Asper, Chairman of Canwest Capital Corporation, Winnipeg.

IBDG operates out of comfortable offices in the Notre Dame Chambers building with a skeleton staff consisting of Bill Shead, (former mayor of Selkirk) as Chief Executive Officer, and two others. With the expertise of its Board and Advisors, and the enthusiasm of people such as Marion Meadmore the success of IBDG seems assured. The Indian people of Winnipeg are certain to benefit from the help provided. □

Today's urban missionaries

by Dorothy C. Lynch

At last, there is a program in place to fill a large gap that has existed for many years in the Core Area — or central part of Winnipeg. It is called the HEALTHY PARENT/HEALTHY CHILD plan.

Care has been sadly lacking for a particular group of pregnant women and new babies. Mothers who, for a myriad of reasons, live entirely outside of any recognized social support system such as is provided by the City Health Department.

They are principally native Indian/Metis, Vietnamese — or, from other ethnic backgrounds, but within the lowest-income class in the city.

Studies in the area show that pregnant women in this group are highly susceptible to disease, early death and possibly, alcohol abuse. Their babies often have a short life span, or are handicapped mentally or physically.

Recognizing this serious situation, last year, the Social Planning Council of Winnipeg decided to sponsor the HEALTHY PARENT/HEALTHY CHILD program. It is co-ordinated through the City Health Department, with funds provided by the Core Area Initiatives and the Federal Government's Local Employment Assistance Program (casually referred to as L.E.A.P.).

A functionally advantageous office was set up at 601 Aikins Street. It is in the same building as the City of Winnipeg North District Nursing Office; with the Public Health Department just down the hall.

This human services project addresses the "whole" person, inasmuch as it is keyed to handle the cultural, mental and physical needs of the pregnant mother and infant. It has passed the birthpangs period and is growing well, principally because of its outreach method of operation.

Necessarily, there is professional staff in the office, and support from an advisory committee made up to include community representation; but it is the six women of similar ethno-cultural backgrounds as the mothers who make the program stand out from all other ones. They are referred to as" paraprofessional" aides. They *are* semi-professional as they have been trained in the physical characteristics of pregnancy: child care and nutrition-importance before and after giving birth.

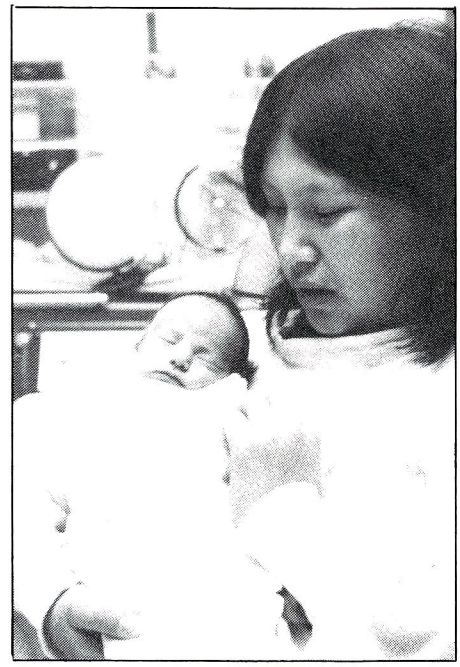
The aides go out into the community and search for those who need help — anywhere — in welfare offices, clubs, churches, schools or by inquiry on the street. By this year, a fairly large network has been established — of mothers who would never even be aware such services as public health nursing, medical clinics or home-care instructions exist.

The effectiveness of these six workers within the HEALTHY PARENT/HEALTHY CHILD plan cannot be overestimated. They are modern-day, urban missionaries. They enjoy in-home discussions of family life, faith, hope and love. They speak the same tongue as the mother — be it Ojibway, Cree, Vietnamese or Chinese. They provide a shoulder created for crying upon. They extend a hand, warmed by caring. They walk with feet inherited from parents who trod paths gentler than concrete.

The outreach service works in this way. Let us call the aide "Mary". She has lived in Winnipeg all her twenty-three years. She has parents who came from the Roseau River Reserve before she and her brother, two years her senior was born. Both Mary's parents worked and brought up their small family to honor their heritage. They continue to visit aunts, uncles and cousins still on the reserve. The children had a good schooling in English, but their native tongue was not forgotten. The children went regularly to Sunday school, then church. It could be said Mary is one of the fortunate few living in this depressed area who is a member of a happy family group.

As an observant adult, she is highly conscious of the daily problems that assault every phase of life in her neighborhood. She knows how to look after herself, in order to go out in the community without fear. She is a model aid to send out to help a mother here and a mother and baby there. She doesn't call this "work"; in a sense, it is the mission she was created for, by means of the HEALTHY PARENT/HEALTHY CHILD plan.

After Mary has told the office staff she is concerned about a neighborhood mother, she and a City Public Health nurse work as a team and visit the patient, to make an assessment of her needs. Mary's job is to tell



(Wpg. Health Science Centre photo)
New mother

of the merits of the support system she represents. She speaks of ways to *try* to solve fear, loneliness, depression, and assistance financially. In her report, Mary notes any area in which she believes the pregnant woman may be a high-risk case; evidence of disease, alcoholism or a poor attitude regarding her future. This report may lead to in-home visiting on a regular basis; accompanied doctor's visits, or contact with someone from a mental health support group. Mary will "be there" all along the way — to interpret — or just to hold a hand.

This social support in the HEALTHY PARENT/HEALTHY CHILD plan will be provided until it is felt the service is no longer required — with hope — not beyond the child's first birthday.

As Mary is comfortable among many races, she promotes the support service by talking to groups, placing posters in agencies, laundromats, bingo halls and large institutions. Each day a file is opened as a result of her work is a step forward in the quest for help *before* it is needed by this particular group of precious people. Please pass the word along to anyone you know who would benefit from the HEALTHY PARENT/HEALTHY CHILD program.

For further information:
telephone (204) 589-4381
or write:
HEALTHY PARENT/HEALTHY CHILD PROGRAM,
691 Aikins Street,
Winnipeg, R2W 4J5

NORTHERN CHURCH (from p. 1)

turation, the integration of native religious and cultural expressions with Catholic ritual.

Bishop Peter Sutton, OMI, of Labrador, speaking on a panel, pointed out the demographic diversity of the north. Some dioceses have large populations of native people and a relatively few other Canadians, while in others, like Labrador, the proportions are reversed. In the south, too, there are some cities whose native populations dwarf anything to be found in the north. So it is a misconception to think that problems of the native Church belong to the north alone.

Everywhere in the north the white population is transient, "even if they stay for 25 years," he said. Such people do not think of the north as home, but rather as a place to make money. And these do not produce vocations.

He also spoke of the large number of Canadian missionaries in South America and Africa who go abroad and adapt themselves to a new culture and learn a new language. In contrast the few who do respond to the Church in the north generally do not learn the native language.

He applauded the healthy trend to lay involvement and lay leadership in the northern Church. But the problems of the northern Church do not boil down to getting more priests, nor to getting more money. Such thinking only tends to oversimplify a complex issue.

Father Robert Lechat, OMI, of Igloolik in the Northwest Territories, questioned why it was that the Anglican Church, which had the same cultural approach as the Catholic Church, nevertheless has twelve native priests and looks forward to having all their native church communities staffed by native clergy while we have only a few deacons and lay catechists. He questioned why we as a Church continue to refuse ordination to married men. He called on the bishops to see in this present situation one of the signs of the times and a hint of the Holy Spirit's direction for the Church.

The question raised by Father Lechat provoked a lively and sympathetic response from the bishops. Bishop Alex Carter of Sault Ste. Marie, in questioning the panel, confessed that he had presented the matter of clerical celibacy to the Holy Father "as a matter of conscience" on account of the lack of vocations to the priesthood from the native people.

Archbishop Adam Exner, OMI, of Winnipeg, expressed the opinion that it was not a question of a lack of moral fibre among the native people, as the question seemed to imply, but rather one of culture. The problem requires the input of the native people themselves, he suggested.

In attempting to answer the "difficult question," Harold Cardinal, a former militant Indian leader who has become a moderate, suggested that the Church seemed to have an answer ready to hand in the existence of different rites within the Church, many of which permitted a married clergy.

"We have gone beyond the point of blaming government and Church," he said, adding that he saw no reason why Catholicism and native spirituality could not be reconciled. "There is no reason for us to fear each other," he said, but he suggested the setting up of a formal commission to dialogue. "If we can share each our special vision, we can bring harmony to all our people," he said.

The suggestion of a commission to dialogue on the subject of Catholicism and native spirituality received a number of favourable comments from the floor.

Mrs. Jean Gruben, a catechist from Tuktoyaktuk in the western Arctic, asked for more priests to replace those presently growing old. "The people have a hard time to accept us," she said, referring to hers and her husband's efforts to lead Sunday worship in the absence of a priest. "They still want a priest," she said.

Having listened attentively to these presentations, the bishops worked out a number of resolutions.

They supported the suggestion of Harold Cardinal for the setting up of a commission for mutual dialogue between native and non-native peoples on the subject of religious faith and expression. They approved a resolution to invite religious congregations not already involved in the north to make it a "privileged place" for their ministry. They called on the dioceses of the south to consider offering personnel and other resources to the northern dioceses.

With regard to the intervention of Father Lechat on the question of a married clergy, the bishops proposed "that the northern dioceses be given all services and ministries necessary for their ecclesial mission in accordance with the mind of Christ (in this context the question of celibacy for native people may need to be explored, especially in the light of precedents of the oriental rites)." The Ukranian Rite bishops evinced a particular interest in this proposal since married clergy are a part of their tradition.

The bishops recognized the need for ethnic parishes to serve the special needs of the native peoples. And they resolved to study the feasibility of broadening the base of the Catholic Church Extension Society to make it more nationally representative.

In their final deliberations the bishops expressed the desire to add an ecumenical dimension to their statements and to include the oriental rites in considerations affecting the north.

All of the recommendations were accepted in principle by the full assembly and referred to the appropriate board or other body for further development and implementation. □

Letter to the editor:

We must accept responsibility

Re Indian self-government. We are to be given, at long last, control over our own resources. This is fine on paper but look at what resources we do have that have not been fully used to support all our own people.

Most people on reserves live from day to day, except those who work in the band office. Most of those who work for the band, seemingly by sheer chance, just happen to be related. Our people have been ripped off so long and for so much they cannot tell bad from good.

This could be a final blow to our people.

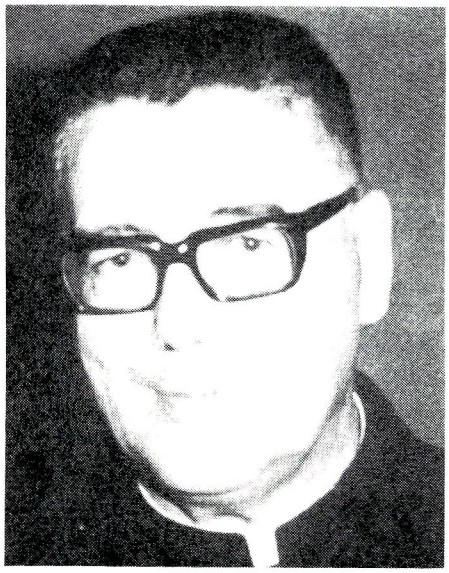
I would like to know where other people stand on this, not only from the people involved in this situation, but also from those who can stand to gain or lose from it.

Earl Morrisseau,
Winnipeg

Our benefactors

During 1983 we have received a substantial contribution from the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada.

We invite our readers to pray at the intention of the benefactors who contributed to the INDIAN RECORD. They are Lavoie Enterprises, Mrs. Martha Diemert, Miss Margaret Feddema, Miss Madeleine Sweeney, Mr. Leo Virole and Rev. F. J. Leslie.



Fr. Lacelle, OMI marks anniversary

LAC PELLETIER, Sask. — Fr. Antonio Lacelle's 50th year as an Oblate was marked here August 28th by a solemn mass celebrated in Ste. Anne's Church.

After his ordination to the priesthood in 1938 Fr. Lacelle devoted 44 years to the Indian Missions in Ontario, Manitoba and Saskatchewan where he served on 36 Ojibway reservations establishing warm relations with thousands of families.

Having learned the Ojibway language with the late Fr. J. Brachet at Fort Alexander, Man., he served 16 years at Kenora and Fort Frances, Ontario, being principal of Kenora's Residential School for three years.

In 1956-58 he was at Lestock, Sask.; in 1958-61 he was parish priest of Camperville and Skownan, Manitoba; in 1961-64 he was at Vermilion Bay, Ontario; and in 1964-67 he was parish priest and religious superior at St. Philip's, near Kamsack, Sask.

Since 1967 he is working with the Native population in Winnipeg. He presently resides at 480 Aulneau Street, St. Boniface, Man. □

Did you know this?

The Indian, Eskimo and Aleut population in the United States of America is 1,418,195. Of this number, 681,213 are living on reservations, with 736,982 living elsewhere.

These figures are based on information from the U.S. Bureau of the Census and the Bureau of Indian Affairs. □

Letter to the editor

Inuit Land Claims

SANERAJAK, N.W.T. — Someone asked me recently what I thought of the Inuit land claims. I answered that the Inuit were only asserting their fundamental right of ownership of the land they occupy and that the Crown cannot take over this right.

For thousands of years the Eskimo have occupied a county in which they were forced to live despite many efforts to move south seeking a more temperate climate. But they were not strong enough to push off the Indians south of the tree-line. They ended by adapting to a severe climate and their population increased under incredibly adverse conditions.

Then came the Kablunark (White Men) . . . first, a few of them in explorer's ships, then more of them: traders and others. The Kablunark had fascinating trinkets and unbelievable riches . . . wooden ships, iron knifes, needles and kettles . . . matches . . . the Eskimo were struck with awe. They welcomed so much wealth and power and took advantage of the economic progress offered them.

As time went by the Kablunark came in greater numbers but the Eskimo never stopped them. But now the White Men had begun to dictate their laws and subject the Eskimo to all their fancies. Naturally docile, the Eskimo did not rebel.

The Kablunark had soon discoverd the incredible wealth of this snow covered-land which enjoys pure air, fresh water, oil and minerals and has a great military strategic value. In a word, a treasure land.

How to acquire their treasure? The Kablunark, the Crown, will pretend to be its owner and will bring the Eskimo to the discussion table "to give" him parcels of land for hunting and fishing. He will put the Eskimo within the enclosures or "reserves" as he already had done, with disastrous results, for the Indians.

It is here that the Eskimo, uninformed, without suspicion made a grievous error. He accepted to speak with the Kablunark stating his viewpoints and conditions. The innocent Eskimo was thereby inadvertently admitting that the White Men were the owner of the land.

On the contrary the Eskimo should have begun by saying: "We will discuss, but let us affirm that this is our land, that we have a full right to it and, therefore, it is our full property. As a logical consequence we have no permission to seek. Nor do we have to be satisfied with a few parcels of land here and there. We will give permission, but let us reserve the roles and then we will sit down and discuss.

"In letting you come into our country without opposition on our part you thought you could take away our fundamental property right. You are wrong! This is our country!

"Admitting that presently we are unable to exploit our ore, our oil fields and the other resources of our country, we are indeed able to give permission to the Kablunark to do so, but under advantageous conditions for our people and country. Very well, gentlemen Kablunark! if you wish to discuss with us with this frame of mind, and only with this frame of mind, we are ready.

"Through the kindness of our hearts we have let you enter in our house, you have seen its wealth, you covet it and you wish to usurp it, thus kicking us out, taking over the whole house. No, thank you! This is where you STOP!"

Franz van de Velde, OMI

Medicine men needed

OTTAWA — Faced with native death rates stalled at tragically high levels, doctors from the federal health and welfare department are looking to traditional cures to help where science has failed. Violence remains the largest single killer of the country's more than 300,000 Indians and 25,000 Inuit, say unpublished preliminary statistics for 1981, the most recent compiled by the department. The statistics are created by poverty and despair, and can only be corrected by native employment and economic development, native control of health care and a recognition of the value of native healers and traditional medicines, says Dr. Ken Butler, senior medical officer for the department's Indian and Inuit health services branch. His department is drafting a report on integrating medicine men into the health care system. It is a "very, very sensitive area," he says. Medicine men were forced underground centuries ago by the church and the medical community, and they remain cloaked in mystery. □

Elsie Knott:

Curve Lake's dedicated bus driver

by Connie Wright

Elsie Knott, school bus driver on the Curve Lake Reserve, just east of Peterboro, is a very busy, very enterprising lady. When I arrived at the red brick building where she works from, Elsie was still on one of her late afternoon runs, so I had to wait amid the hubbub of her general store. Besides her busing service on the reserve, Elsie also owns and operates this Trading Post, which is an emporium of activity all day long. People arrive constantly, pulling up in their cars to pick up their mail in the post office.

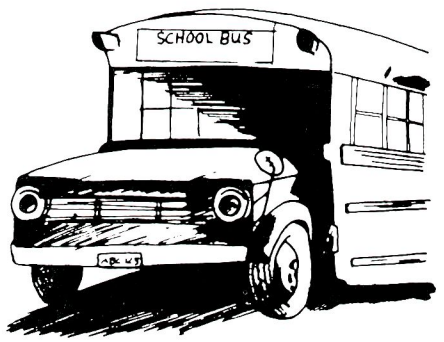
I had been trying all day to reach Elsie by phone but either she was out with the bus, or had gone into Peterboro to pick up supplies for the store. So it wasn't until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when I finally made her acquaintance. When she first laid eyes on me she looked dubiously at all my equipment — tape recorder, camera, lenses, then smiled as one accustomed to meeting the needs of others, and invited me out to the kitchen to talk. As the afternoon proceeded I found her to be a warm, and generous person, who has time for everyone, in spite of the busy schedule she lives by.

So we sat in the small, cramped kitchen. While people milled about us, pinball machines beeped and clanged, and disco music resounded, she told me about her beginnings twenty-seven years ago in the business of busing school children to the nearby community of Lakefield.

In 1953, being elected the first woman Chief in Canada led to her work in the community as a school bus driver. She had run against two men and at the tender age of 19 won the chieftainship by a landslide. "When I became chief," she says, "five students wanted to go to high school so we asked for a grant from the Dept. of Indian Affairs, and advertised for a driver, but nobody wanted to leave the reserve, so I agreed to do it until we could find somebody to take them."

When Elsie began, she did it as a service to the community since she wanted to see some improvement on the reserve. "It was a service since all they paid was $50.00 a week and financially it wasn't worthwhile, but I thought the children needed a better education, so I gave my time to help them." When asked whether if was difficult holding down two jobs at once she says, "No I always got along well with the men and if you needed something done you could always rely on them to help."

At the beginning all she had was an A model Ford for her first five children, so when I naively queried about what an A model Ford was she said, "An old car — one of the first that was made." She got into bus runs because more and more children wanted to go to school. So she bought a van. "No, it was more like a hearse," she says thoughtfully, "converted into a van, with seats put in it." The busing on her reserve grew until she had fifteen students, then thirty-five, at which point she bought her first thirty-five seat passenger bus.



R. H. Kane

Today Elsie owns two GMC 72-passenger buses with 54,000 miles on them. They are 1969 models which she bought through a special loan from the Department of Indian Affairs. She paid the $24,000 for each through her monthly salary and now owns both buses.

She says that her salary is probably equal to the non-native bus drivers, but the cost of gas, insurance, and maintenance means that one only makes a living. "A decent living," she says, "but no more than anyone else on the reserve." She did quote some of her costs: $1100 for insurance, $165 for each tire replacement, and a weekly expenditure of at least $125 for gas. However, she has used her money wisely and has invested her profits in the Trading Post which she also runs, so that, as she says, when she quits driving the school bus she can still live on the store.

In an average day Elsie makes two round trips of 38 miles each. "We take them in the morning to school, then we leave the van, so we don't have to take the buses back and forth." She makes two runs a day, but sometimes they have late busing, which means another trip to pick up students who've stayed to play volleyball or get extra help with their studies.

Her problems in operating the bus have diminished over the years with the advances in technology on the reserve. She says, "sometimes the buses wouldn't start but nowadays we've got electricity; we plug the buses in so they're sure to start, but before that you'd have to get up at 3:00 A.M. or 4:00 A.M. to get them going." But she can still boast to having missed only 7 days in 27 years due to bad weather.

Of course Elsie has had some unusual experiences out on the road especially in winter when the weather is unpredictable. Once she ran into a big snow storm. "It was so bad," she said, "that we had to wait on the main highway until the snow plow came; the snow was that deep, and it just fell in a couple of hours."

She remembers well when she first started, and was so poor she had to wear woolen socks in place of mittens. "It was one of the coldest days in winter, and I had only one child on the bus; the back tire blew out; but I couldn't move my hands, 'cause the sock was frozen to the wheel. So I went straight into the ditch with my hand stickin' to the wheel, and the little girl beside me kept saying: 'Don't do that! Don't do that!' She thought I was playing a game."

To curb vandalism on the bus she spends her time talking to the kids when they come home from school. "Sometimes they come in early," she says, "so they tell you their day's activities, and what they want to be when they grow up. I think when they know you take an interest in them they are better children." One time she took a group of Lakefield children, from their school to the local arena and, en route they jumped out the back emergency exit. She says, "this has never happened with my own children in the 27 years I've been driving."

Elsie admits that "if I had to live my life over again I'd prefer school busing because of the benefit to the children, and because it makes you think young to be with them."

Besides driving the school bus, and running the Trading Post, Elsie at-

Sioux Valley erects lodge for elderly

by Maureen Brosnahan

SIOUX VALLEY, Man. — This progressive reserve in southwestern Manitoba put another feather in its cap this fall with the opening of its own personal care home.

Known as Oyate (people in Sioux) Lodge, the facility will be a new home for about 25 native people from the reserve and surrounding communities. The home will take in senior citizens as well as handicapped adults who require special care and medical attention.

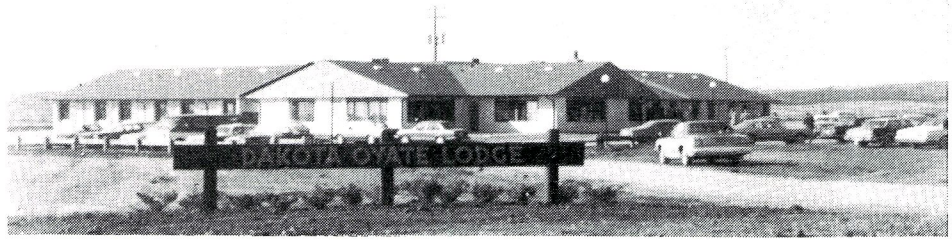
Opening ceremonies were held at the home in late October and attracted about 250 people from the reserve and surrounding areas. As well, members of neighboring bands, including The Pas and Brokenhead bands, presented works of art from their own people which will be used to decorate the walls of the spacious residence.

"Many of us have looked forward to this day," said Sioux Valley Chief Allan Pratt. "We realize this is a need and that Indian people traditionally look after their own."

Residents and guests of the new home were treated to entertainment by the young children's choir from the Sioux Valley School who sang in Sioux and English.

"We've talked about this for nearly 40 years and now it has finally come about," Sioux Valley elder Eli Taylor said.

Eva McKay, another elder on the reserve, called the home a milestone and the fulfillment of a dream. "A dream made of stitches and sewing," she said.



(Bill Scott photo)

Oyote Lodge on the Sioux Valley Reserve opened in late October.

McKay was one of the leaders of the Owoju (farm) women's group on the reserve which first presented the idea for the home to the band ten years ago. "We set the threads. We laid the foundations," she said. "It was hardships and there were struggles."

McKay, Hilda and Beatrice Pratt presented the home with a cheque for $2,186, the proceeds from their evening sewing meetings where they produced Star blankets and other crafts which they later sold. "On these nights we struggled together. We knew this was a dream we would see on the far horizon," McKay said.

The home was built at a cost of $1.2 million with help from the department of Indian Affairs, Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation and the department of Regional and Economic Expansion's special ARDA program.

It will employ a staff of 25, including registered nurses, licensed practical nurses and 15 nurses' aides from Sioux Valley who underwent special training for these positions.

Nine residents have moved into the home so far, including Mrs. Emma Pratt, 98, mother of Chief Allan Pratt. The home is expected to reach full occupancy by Christmas, said Lorna Fairburn, administrator of Oyate Lodge.

"I'm so excited," Fairburn said of the new home and the residents. "They're really, really a great group of people."

Chief Carl Roberts of Roseau River Reserve and chairman of the Dakota Ojibway Tribal Council of which Sioux Valley is a member, praised the community for its efforts in building the home.

"The elders have lived their lives and they have helped us, helped us grow. We have learned from their wisdom," he said. "I feel it is only proper when they are going into their sunset years we make every effort to assist them."

Oyate Lodge is now one of four personal care homes operating on reserves in Manitoba. The others are located at The Pas, Brokenhead and Fort Alexander reserves. □

(Maureen Brosnahan photo)

L. to r., standing Councillor John Sioux, Chief Allan Pratt and Rev. Donald Pratt

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Elsie Knott: (from p. 9)

tends the All Chiefs Conferences in Canada, although she is no longer chief. She is Senator for the Union of Ontario Indians, head of 57 bands; she is head of Recreation for Southeast Indian reserves, and Recreation director for Curve Lake. On the reserve she plans the baseball and hockey. Last winter they sponsored the little N.H.L. and made $3,000 for their recreation fund.

Her philosophy of life is that "if you help yourself, things will turn out better. If the government believes you are trying to do something they are more likely to give you a hand." She is the kind of person who prefers keeping busy to just sitting back. □

(Bill Scott photo)

98 year old Mrs. Emma Pratt, mother of the Chief and of the Anglican priest

Youth Home opened at Sioux Valley

by Maureen Brosnahan

SIOUX VALLEY, Man. — In an effort to continue to care for their own, the Dakota Ojibway Tribal Council has opened a group home for emotionally troubled youths on the Sioux Valley Reserve.

The home, known as the Okiciyapi (people-helping-people) Centre, will house eight boys and girls between 13 and 17 years of age. Operated by the Dakota Ojibway Child and Family Services, Canada's first Indian controlled native child welfare agency, the home is considered a level three home which means it will work with seriously troubled youngsters. Most of the young people who will live in the home will have been in trouble with the law and will need intensive counselling which will be provided by trained staff from Sioux Valley.

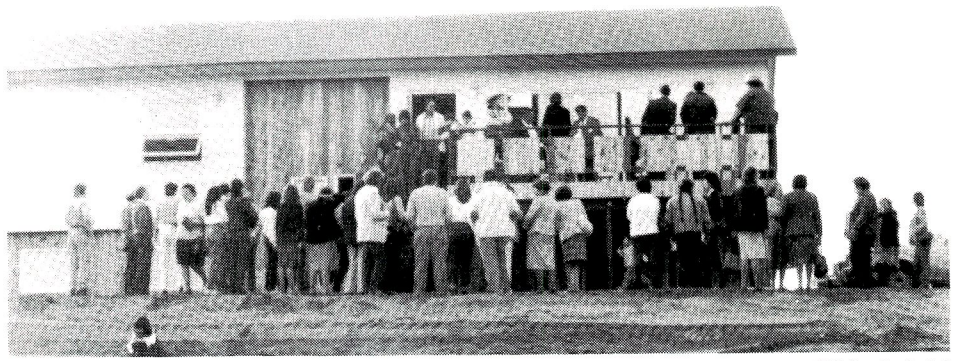
It's the first group home on a reserve in Canada to ever offer such an intensive program.

Construction of the $140,000 facility began last spring and children began moving into the home in October. The home, which is located on the side of a hill and overlooks the rolling countryside of the reserve, will provide plenty of open space for recreation.

Manitoba Senior Family Court Judge, Edwin Kimelman, spoke at the opening ceremonies for the home in late October. "This confirms my opinion that Indian people can look after their own children," he said. "I'm more than satisfied that you've justified what I've said all along: you can and should look after your own."

Judge Kimelman was appointed early last year to study Indian and Metis adoptions and placements in Manitoba. This followed reports that a high proportion of native children had been taken into care by non-native child welfare agencies and were placed in homes outside of Canada.

In his interim report, released late last spring, Judge Kimelman advocated for native people and said they should have more control over the future of their children.



(Bill Scott photo)

Dedication of the Sioux Valley Home

The program at the new Okiciyapi Centre was developed by social work consultant Rick Putern. Six persons from Sioux Valley were trained to work with the children in the home. The home will also have an administrator from Sioux Valley.

Native awareness will also be an important element in the new home, said Tim Maloney, executive director of DOCFS. He said there are plans to develop a wilderness program and to encourage visits with other native groups in the province.

As well, the children will attend the local school or be trained in special skills such as carpentry, mechanics and native arts.

Maloney said many of these children suffer from identity crises and the close contact with Indian culture in Sioux Valley is one way of helping to resolve this.

While the home will be controlled by the DOCFS board, made up of representatives from the eight tribal council bands, there will also be a local advisory board at Sioux Valley.

Art Wambidee, chairman of the local child welfare committee, said the home was a major step forward for the community in its continuing effort to care for its own children. "I think we can go a lot further in looking after our own," he said.

Federal and provincial officials were also on hand at the opening ceremonies. John Zyzniewski from the department of Indian Affairs praised Sioux Valley and DOTC for cutting the trail in the delivery of child welfare services since the establishment of DOCFS early in 1981.

"This is what can happen in three years," he said. "This centre proves you can move control to the reserve level and provide services."

The Okiciyapi Centre is the second group home on a DOTC reserve. Dakota Plains near Portage la Prairie also operates a level one home for younger children. □

Native writers invited

The INDIAN RECORD would like to publish more articles by native writers, especially from the Prairie Provinces, pertaining to the economic, social and cultural well-being of the native people.

The editor is looking for tightly written articles, high in human interest: profiles of outstanding persons, how the Indians run their own affairs and take responsibilities for their own decisions.

Preferred are 1,000 word to 2,000 word articles for which the writer receives an average of $50.00 to $100.00 plus $5.00 for each photo used. Payment is on acceptance.

Contact: Rev. G. Laviolette, OMI
INDIAN RECORD
503 - 480 Aulneau Street
Winnipeg, Man. R2H 2V2

Grandma Blacksmith, travelling crafts lady

by Thecla Bradshaw

"How are you today, grandma?" asked the White saleslady of 72-year-old Jenny Blacksmith (the sales clerk herself a grandmother). Expecting to see a look of embarrassment at this familiar term I glanced at Jenny. Not so. Jenny was pleased and quite accustomed to being called "grandma" by the citizens of Souris.

This is a respectful moniker and not, as I supposed, a flippant way of addressing an elderly lady of the proud Dakota (Sioux) tribe, several thousand of whom reside amongst the picturesque hills of the Sioux Valley Indian Reserve.

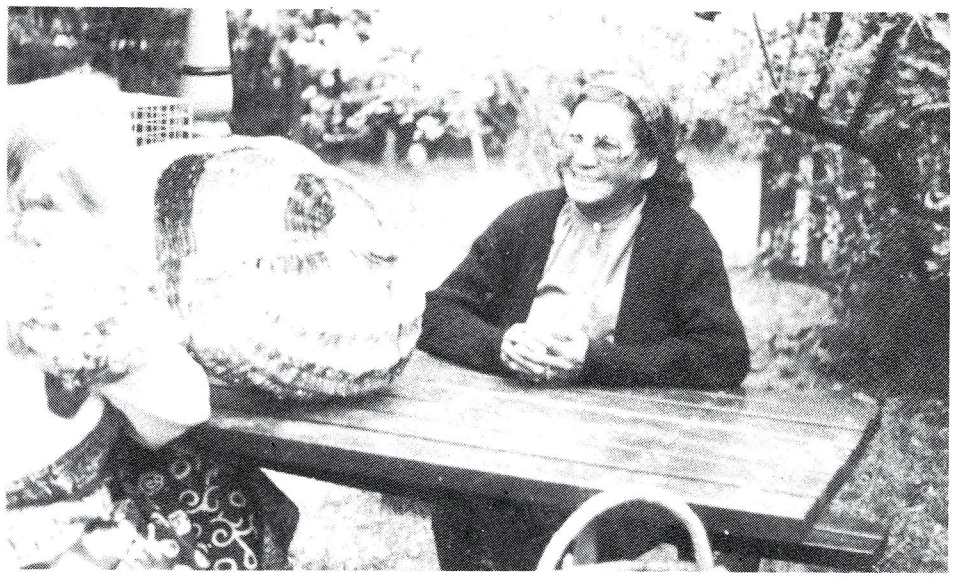
After all, not only has Jenny raised ten of her own children and, amongst a bewildering variety of other occupations, is now rearing eight legally adopted members of her kin. She has shopped in Souris for groceries and supplies for forty-five years.

"Everybody knows me here. I know everybody," affirms the tranquil lady who moves gracefully along the town streets customarily bearing a load of from three to six or seven sizable willow baskets . . . going from door to door . . . rarely returning with any.

In fact, Jenny's baskets, her beaded leatherwork (jackets, moccasins, mukluks, mitts, gauntlets, shoulder bags), her braided floor mats, siwash sweaters and her famed "star blankets" have earned for this skilled craftslady some avid buyers — a few in Winnipeg, others in Brandon and a select group in Souris — "select" because there are never enough to fill the demand.

And while Jenny Blacksmith could nicely provide a private distribution centre with Dakota Indian crafts (she has taught daughters, sons and others the taxing art of basketry) she prefers the old fashioned way of marketing. The direct way. The way that includes visits, cups of tea and the cherished exchange of news.

"Chief Dan George," says Jenny, "had a star blanket on his coffin." Picture a quilt, not a blanket. A quilt made of cotton pieces (all new material) were sewn together in a dazzling geometrical pattern forming a huge star. Former director of decor in Winnipeg's T. Eaton downtown store decorates his home with Jenny's star blankets and baskets, some of the latter in the creamy white of peeled willow. Hang a star blanket on a wall for strong colour accent: quite a tapestry!



(Angela Swaenepoel photo)

No lady of sorrow: Jenny Blacksmith, 72, Sioux Valley Indian Reserve, Manitoba

Star blankets covered one entire wall of the Sioux Valley Community Hall on the day of the funeral of Jenny's husband James. Though snow still muddies the road leading up to the hall, the sunshine softens with the gentler light of spring. Its rays light up the great stars of the quilts and the vivid banks of real and plastic flowers so that the dark faces of the mourning Dakota Indians are sharp and clear.

The hall is filled with people. Overflowing down the back steps and out into the entrance yard. It is one hour before the funeral. The crowd does not face the front wall where the coffin is placed and where family members stand. Seated, the people face toward one another across a passageway down the centre of the room.

An elder stands and eulogizes in the Dakota language . . . another elder . . . and then a middle-aged woman who (perhaps as a courtesy to the only White person present) sprinkles her comments with English sentences. From time to time one of Jenny's older sons removes a star blanket from the wall, rolls it up, then presents it to some individual. The mourning is hard and genuine amongst the people of the valley. James was once chief, was earlier a counsellor, a lay reader in the Anglican Church and, before old age, a school bus driver.

A few moments before the coffin is carried out of the hall and transported across the reserve to the hill where the old and lovely little Anglican church and Indian burial grounds are situated — one of Jenny's sons removes the star blanket from James Blacksmith's coffin, rolls it up, walks down amongst the people to the back of the hall and presents the quilt to me.

"We want you to have it," he says quietly.

Where once it was White that governed the affairs of Indians on the reservations of Manitoba (white for permission, white for legality, white for jurisdiction over the Yes and the No and the You May and You May Not of events that transpire where people are "wards of the federal government") — where once it was only from Ottawa that sanction was given, after interminable delays, for distribution of welfare and other moneys — now the colour is brown. And it is largely the Dakota who run the reservation in the valley.

Are they (the question arises) really operating under an improved economy? — or have the Indian peoples simply taken over the administration of vastly increased sums of money for what still remains a welfare economy? Whichever answer the Dakota and others choose to give, whether positive or negative, the great improvement is not the money increase — but the increase of Indian personnel as staff clerks, teachers, group home workers, welfare administrators, community farm directors, nurses' aides. Salaries for these positions are rising close to par with salaries of white community workers.

Lacking still is the Indian moral and political clout to establish whatever industrial or agronomous developments — on or near the reservations — are required for freedom from welfare, for a healthy and viable contribution to the Canadian economy.

Jenny is the last person to worry about such matters. Or to worry at all. Even a recent but severe eye affliction (result of diabetes) is stoically and completely accepted. "I never worry," she murmurs when asked the secret of what she repeatedly calls her happy life. "I'm always happy."

One son, Clarence, is employed at the Indian Friendship Centre in Brandon. Clifford is a carpenter on government housing projects and has steady work. One daughter, Grace, is director of Sioux Valley AA counselling and travels fairly extensively in this capacity. Ivy is a typist at the Valley office. Yet other adult sons and daughters have left the reservation and married. Charles does everything: truck driving, farming, had army training and young James is an artist. Lynne, Michelle, Warren and Roxanne are still in school. Eighteen in all.

Like other Canadian Dakota who originated in Minnesota after 1862, Jenny travels back and forth as though there were no border. Her idea of geography is vertical, from Sioux Valley into South Dakota from where parents Charles and Nancy Dowan came in 1882. Jenny still owns land around Aberdeen, South Dakota, and takes frequent trips by car to collect rent and survey the property.

Though she is no lady of sorrow, Jenny sometimes speaks pensively about the death of her daughter Marie, a nurse, at age 32, in a tragic accident at Chicago. Jenny's grandfather, Okipa, was killed in Germany in 1918 and she lost two brothers in World War Two.

"Lots went over . . . I remember. All got killed . . . Some come back but died soon."

Jenny says, "Yes, this is true story. In the old days my father he walk in springtime to Winnipeg — and he walk back home," a distance of some 340 miles. Why? For the Communion wine that nurtured the faith of Sioux Anglicans and the lives of Jenny, her parents, five sisters and three brothers.

Charles Dowan set out on foot for Minnedosa, rested there, then on to Portage La Prairie. Another sleep. And the one day trek to Winnipeg where the Hudson's Bay House provided the wine and whatever provisions Charles could carry back home.

"Blankets were cheap. Everything was cheap those days. Butter ten cents a pound. Eggs five cents a dozen, sometimes free. Bread was five cents a loaf. We got apples for 50 cents a barrel. Meat? 25 cents enough for two meals. A whole pig was just a few dollars. Fifty cents for 25 pounds of flour. Today it's seven to nine dollars.

(Angela Swaenepoel photo)

"Everybody knows me here, I know everybody." Jenny Blacksmith in Souris.

Quite contrary to the carping accounts of life in Indian residential schools, Jenny enjoyed her seven years of experience at the Elkhorn Indian residential school — and prior to those years, her life at the Sioux Valley day school.

"We ate bannock and eggs for breakfast, then walked or rode horseback three or four miles to day school. The teacher made oatmeal for our lunch most days. My mother made us warm bonnets and mitts. We were never hungry or cold."

The notoriety of violence associated with reserve life hits every Indian family and Jenny is not unscathed. But the new era is here and now. Sioux Valley Chief Allan Pratt, and Councillors John Sioux, Robert Bone, Mike Hotain and Clifford Mazawasicuna are part of the steady thrust up and out of the dark transition years. So is the Rev. Donald Pratt, Anglican Dakota priest on the reservation — and Emma, his charming 93-year-old mother.

While the elders may not quite approve of radical change, "I worked for fifty cents a day," says Jenny, "but today everybody's a big shot sitting in offices for two or three hundred a week." There is a growing unity of young and old: life-mode is shaping up differently, directions are changing.

Jenny's little litany of loneliness has a trace of wishful thinking. She approves of the lodge for senior citizens and would like to retire.

"I'll give my house to my kids. Nothing to worry about, no trouble for me, except my parents is gone. I used to be lonely but not now. I lost my daughter . . . I lonesome for awhile. My brothers dead . . . I used to get lonesome. Now my husband died. In the evening I get lonesome — kids play ball, go to show, nobody home . . . So that's the end, I guess." □

Grandfather

by Garey Emile

Walking onto a podium with hair hung white as snow;
Neatly combed and braided, his voice is soft and slow.
"I have lived in two cultures, for more than half a century.
And when I'm gone from this world, I'll leave my memory.

"For my greatest weapon is my voice that carries in the wind,
The echoes of my forefathers, where life I'll soon begin,
I leave you my message to walk with pride and dignity,"
And with this he ends, "please be proud," a solemn plea to me.

GRANDFATHER, THE MILES YOU LEFT BEHIND,
I'LL BE THAT POWERFUL EAGLE, SOARING TO FIND
THE PROMISING FUTURE IN THE LAND WE'VE KNOWN,
CANADA, THE HOMELAND, WE ONCE OWNED.

The buffalo once came in many, now leaves from few to none,
The green meadows are darkened when the clouds hide the sun,
Your memories will live forever, either in this world of mine,
Or where the waters gently flow, and the sun always shines.

For, I too, will leave my message, it will ride with the wind,
Of an old Indian man of yester-year, I'm so proud of him.
Who left us with this message, I too gladly say,
Please be proud to be an Indian, and share that wealth each day.

(Edmonton, 1982)

A visit to Fort Good Hope

by Sylvia Opl

(Sylvia Opl photo)
The author with Diana, the cook's daughter

"In the beginning God created the world and gave it to the Dene to look after."
(Traditional belief of the Dene Indians.)

In March of 1982 an Oblate priest came to Toronto and spoke about the people he had lived among for thirty years: the Dene. He talked about his arrival from France, filled with the zeal to evangelize them, to dispense his religion and ideology. Now he freely discloses the transformation that came to him as he became a recipient of a culture whose spirituality and social values put to shame much of the "system" outside.

Father Rene Fumoleau, OMI, is now a prominent advocate of the right of the Dene to form their own nation and thus retain their traditional way of life. He views with horror the prospect of indiscriminate invasion and exploitation of their land by those who see it only as a resource-extracting area.

He proposed the visit of a group to a Dene Village after, he said, he had found out whether the residents could cope with it! Happily they decided they could. So I had the opportunity to go, not as a tourist or "developer", but as a guest.

Our visit to Dene started in Yellowknife. Here we learned of the historical lifestyle of the Dene as it has been through countless generations, a tradition of hunting, gathering of berries, and fishing. It was a hard and demanding life in this northern region; the need to share the resources was vital: everything that the land gave had value, and every part of it was put to use. The flow of life was taken from the seasons.

To the Dene, the land was like a person, to be respected and valued. The great river that flowed north to the Arctic Ocean was a life-stream, the blood that flowed through the body of their land. All human and social needs were part of a total view; health, education, housing, and religion, were incorporated into it. These concepts were conveyed to us continually as we listened to the people who spoke to us, and by the films that we saw.

The white men who came here two hundred years ago brought an ideology which was as opposed to the Dene thinking as it was possible to be, one based on motives of profit, personal advantage, and greed.

The first to come were fur-traders, who gathered the creatures of the woodlands, not for the survival of the people but in unimaginable numbers, for people living far away who had no knowledge or concern for the natural balance of the land. They took the furs, doing so for gain, not in a spirit of common welfare. This rationale for plundering the land's gifts must have created a devastating clash with the Dene way of thinking.

After this first encounter the inhospitable climate allowed the Dene a period of relative non-interference. At the end of the last century, however, oil was discovered in the Mackenzie valley, and the curtains that had been drawn over the region were flung apart.

The probing searchlights of the energy resource hunters began to sweep the land. The boundaries that created Alberta, the North West Territories, British Columbia, and the Yukon Territories seem to have originated on a drafting board instead of by the natural features of the land. They disregard tribal boundaries.

Perhaps the Dene people looked at the course of history and saw what had happened to other Native peoples. Perhaps they realized that since the status of a province hadn't yet been hammered out, there could be a chance to retain their original control. Or perhaps a few strong voices rose to inspire them, because, about ten years ago, the Dene, with sixteen different bands, five different dialects, and an enormous tract of land, began to join forces and to weld themselves into one Nation.

They then dared to take on the courage of David facing a bureaucratic Goliath, and to tell the Federal Government that there has been some sorry misunderstanding, that the Territories are "Denendeh", the land of the Dene.

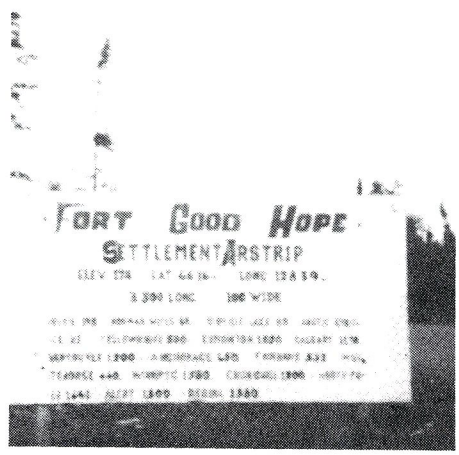
We heard the Dene's strongest official voices — Georges Erasmus, president of the Dene Nation, and Herb Norwegian, vice-president, men with different personalities but one in their resolution to come to terms realistically with the situation facing their land. They wanted to ensure that the Dene would be fully involved in its future.

Georges' self-assurance and sophistication provided an excellent strategy for dealing positively with the white establishment. He pointed out the basic premise of the Dene position, that there wasn't at any time the remotest possibility that they would have sold their land to the new people. What was to them hospitality was taken as surrender of themselves and relinquishment of their land by their "guests".

The treaties that emerged were based on this false assumption, said Georges, which is why they have no recognizable validity. The Dene's eyes are now open, not only to the past, but to the present, and to the "ever-increasing threat of the future as new mineral wealth is detected."

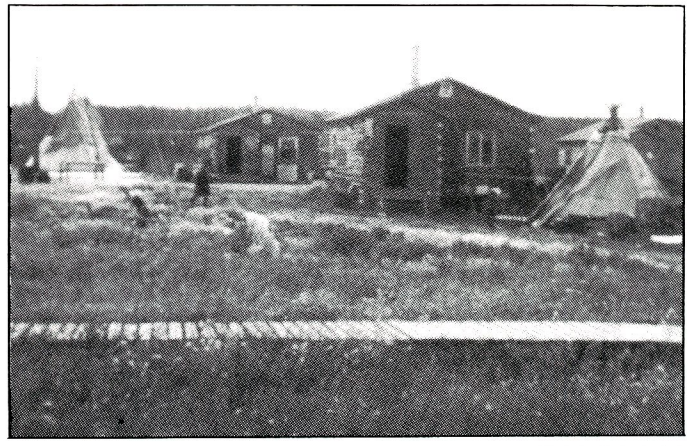
The future? First and foremost one that is based on Dene principles. Enough has been learned to establish that white methods will not work. Will the Dene elect to revert to their traditional lifestyle, rejecting the alien society outside, living virtually in isolation?

Would this even be possible? Or will they maintain control of their land and select from the white way that which benefits them? Making these



(Sylvia Opl photo)

Setting out on a boat trip from Norman Wells, N.W.T., June 12, 1982.



(Sylvia Opl photo)

Fort Good Hope — view from main road

decisions is a stupendous problem, made worse by the urgency of reaching a solidarity of intention before the forces of Government or mega-companies take hold.

Herb Norwegian spoke more softly, but echoed all of Georges' statements. "It isn't a question of remaining apart from Canada, but of having the North West Territories evolve into a province under Dene control, operated in their way," he said.

We left Yellowknife and travelled to Fort Good Hope, taking a tour of Norman Wells on the way. It was very easy to see how much wealth oil creates: no money had been spared to provide the workers with luxury, both in living quarters and recreational facilities. The arrangements for comfort and convenience certainly impressed us, but not in the way that the guide presumed. We could see only too well the enormous power that the Dene have to confront.

Fort Good Hope lies along the Mackenzie River shore on top of a cliff; the eye must travel far to see the opposite side of the river at this point. One walks from end to end of the village along a gravel road or on board walkways. The church is at one end, there is the Hudson's Bay store, and the inevitable R.C.M.P. post.

In the large community hall, we saw the Dene way in process.

Our group had brought films about Indian culture, and it hosted two evening presentations. These were communal affairs, with everyone coming, sleeping infants, teenagers, the oldest residents, mingling with common respect and acceptance. The "generation gap" is unknown to these people.

Nominations and proposals for a new chief were sandwiched between films with ease.

People from the village spoke of their many concerns. Previously the Dene had been completely able to live with their own resources. When these were removed by the Territorial Government, they were replaced with subsidies, welfare, eroding self respect.

A host of "programmes" have been set up to deal with problems that never previously existed.

Father Fumoleau spoke from his long experience and empathy with the Dene. He told of their dilemma in dealing with Government. If they act on Dene principles they won't get anywhere, but to adopt white techniques is to be at odds with their natural way. I thought of Georges Erasmus, and hoped that the need for acting "white" can be resolved with no permanent damage to the Dene way.

Rene gave us a concise table to demonstrate the fundamental difference. [1]

With our "white" notion of society in mind, we asked Rene if individuals are meaningful and necessary. "Yes," we were told, "but the principle is that while there is freedom within the Dene society for the individual to be as strong and capable as possible, this ability is to be directed back to the community for its benefit.

Back in Yellowknife I visited with a friend whose husband is a mining geologist, an agent of the forces I had come to see as potential destroyers of an admirable and valid society. He is a worthy man, wanting to use his skills and to maintain this family of good people. I prayed that the goodness and decency which bonds common people would overrule the devouring and impersonal greed of the establishments.

On the plane back to Toronto, a businessman, very pleasant and honest, complained about the "free-riders" in society, and the workers who have to carry them, full of the ethics of achievement.

"The White man lives in the future," say the Dene.

"I'm getting ahead, prospects are good, and that's what matters."

"We live for the time that is, and the past and future should never be a cause for pre-occupation," say the Dene.

Toronto at night glittered below like enormous spilt treasure. I thought of a quiet Dene Village, of what in life is precious and valuable, such as personal integrity. Ahead, the world of pinball arcades, juvenile courts, street muggers, tranquilizers and psychiatrists, courses on parenting, books on self-awareness.

What is desirable and superior in a culture which has proved toxic and dehumanizing to those who live in it? I thought about the accountability we shall have to face if, instead of curing our own sicknesses, we knowingly infect people that are still healthy and sound. □

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[1]

	Dene	**White**
Politics:	consensus	representation
Economy:	sharing	hoarding
Education:	personal responsibility	conformity
Social Methods:	co-operation	competition
Important time:	present	future
Approach to life:	patience	action

Who owns the Indian Reserves?

by Sylvia Opl

The Indian Act of 1876 set down the status of Indians in Canada, and established areas of land to be set aside for their use, where the great percentage of them still live.

What the Indian naively thought at first, and many others still think, is that these areas, or reservations, belong to the Indian people. Here is an extract from the Indian Act:

> *"Indian Lands (reserves) do not belong to the Band, but to the Crown, which has set aside this land for the use of the Indian."*

That gives no doubt about who owns reserve land. Here is another extract:

> *"The Governor in Council may determine whether any purpose for which lands in a reserve are used, or are to be used, is for the use and benefit of the land."*

The translation from that section is that the Government can direct where schools, administrative centres, health centre, even burial grounds, will be situated in the reservation. Any transaction, sale, or any exchange of goods must first be approved by an agent of the Department of Indian Affairs.

The Government can set up any schools it wishes on reservations, negotiating with any kind of religious agency for this purpose.

The Child Welfare Act earlier this century declared a Juvenile Delinquent as a minor convicted of a crime and sentenced by a judge. The Indian Act decrees that any Indian child missing or absent from school will be termed a Juvenile Delinquent. Nowhere do we see that these decisions are other than unilateral Government ones, with no concept of dialogue with the people whose lives are affected by them.

Before the settlement, the subsistence of the Indian was totally tied in with his environment. Most Indian nations had a hunting and gathering economy, and not only food but all other necessities were obtained from natural resources. In less than one generation all of these resources disappeared, and the lifestyle of thousands of years was destroyed. In exchange, or substitute, for these surrendered lands, Indians were granted government dispensations such as free education (by Indian Act terms), free medical treatment based on what was available in the late 19th century, and subsistence funding, which amounted to perpetual welfare.

From the economic aspect, the Indian was converted into a non-contributing person: no skills were taught to replace his original ones and, in the reservations, he was isolated from the continuing progress of the economy, and unable to participate in it. The result has been that by the 1974 standard measurement of poverty, $3,500 annually, 80% of Indians were below this standard.

From the human viewpoint he was also deprived of his own integrity. He was expected automatically to identify with an ideology that was not only much more complex than his own had ever been, but one whose profit motive in utilizing natural resources was quite alien to him. White society saw him as economically unmotivated, and socially apathetic, and until recently he hadn't found it especially worthwhile to change these images.

Changes eventually come in any social situation, however, and evidently one has started with the emerging of some vocal Indians, who are not just asking for, but demanding, a new deal for their people. They are not in complete agreement as to how this can best be done, and either are for maintaining reservations or eliminating them and having Indians live with other Canadians and not segregated from them. But they do agree in wanting equity for Indians, in educational and work opportunities, and in social recognition.

There is no doubt that educational opportunities are almost a scandal when we look at the proportion of young Indians who do not reach the last grade of public school, with almost a nil prospect of getting into meaningful employment. But even educational opportunities aren't enough unless the prospects of using them are there; and many reserves are in areas which have little potential for using any skills. Within the reserve, the threat that is felt by many older Indians if their children acquire high-level work skills is that they will go "white" and abandon their heritage. But this isn't confined to the Indian; Mennonite and Hutterite colonies also constrain their children from influence by outside lifestyles.

The Government, in a White Paper of 1969, introduced proposals that seemingly had intentions to bring improvement in Indian educational and economic conditions, the most realistic being the initiation of programmes to upgrade and train for marketable skills, eventually putting an end to the degrading situation of on-going handout subsidies. Indians will then probably need to go outside their reservations and go to where the work is.

The reservation was, at the time of colonization, an expedient step to clear the land for settlers; but no group can remain cut off from the main body of society without means to sustain itself economically and also culturally. Other groups have been able to live as contributing and participating members of society and still maintain their ethnic identity.

Indian culture appeared to be completely adequate in dealing with all human needs. Indian spirituality embodies the concept of the earth as the Creator's gift, to be appreciated and respected. There should be an end to white society's ignoring the value of the Indian factor, and of Indians' acceptance of being ignored. The time has come for the Indians' role of passive receiver of white lifestyles to be reversed, and they are invited to give of the wisdom that their culture holds.

There is a growing element who would welcome their presence and influence in shaping our attitudes, of our relationships to each other, and to the earth we live on. Indians must demand the right they have to full acknowledgment and recognition, as full citizens proud of their origin, confident and ready to share their heritage with others, and enriching and nourishing our society in doing so. □

Deadline for the April 1984 issue of the INDIAN RECORD

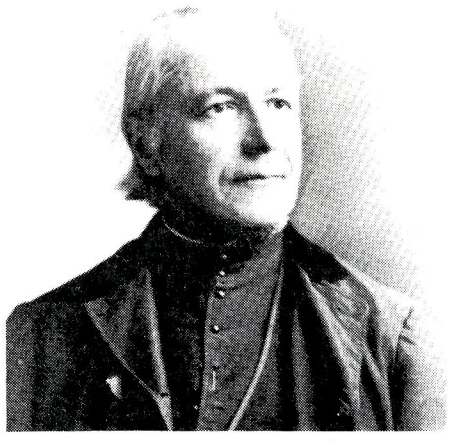
February 22, 1984

100 years of residential education

by Raymond M. Alain, OMI

It is quite an honor to be published in and by the INDIAN RECORD, the oldest, amongst few survivors, of many Oblate magazines, newspapers devoted to the respect and promotion of social justice, regard for human rights and cultural values — those of the Indians of Canada.

We wish, in two articles, to give readers a glimpse of such promotion over the last century, in the field of formal education. At the same time, be it an homage to the many unsung heroes who have accompanied and guided native youth on the road to knowledge.



Fr. Albert Lacombe, OMI

Fr. Joseph Hugonnard, OMI

Dawn on the land

Right from the beginning of New France in Canada Recollets, Jesuits, Sulpicians, Sisters of Marguerite d'Youville and Marguerite Bourgeois, had spent their lives at the task.

After the British conquest, pastors of different denominations gave it their attention. By 1829, 559 children of Indian origin, 315 boys and 244 girls, were attending 15 schools in Lower and Upper Canada (Quebec and Ontario of today).

The arrival of the Oblates in Canada, especially in the North-Western Territories (1845), where diocesan priests Provencher, Dumoulin, Belcourt, and others had been laboring since 1818, gave a new impetus to education without definite policy or structure. The names of Lac Ste Anne, Morley (Rev. McDougall), Ile-a-la-Crosse, Lac la Biche, a few others, remind us of that period. At the same time political authorities worried about the educational situation.

In 1847 Dr. Egerton Ryerson was commissioned to study the educational set-up and offer his advice. His report to Mr. G. Vardon, assistant superintendent general of Indian Affairs is one of the most important and influential in the field. About the institution he envisioned, he said, "I would suggest that they be called industrial schools: they are more than schools of manual labor, they are schools of learning and religion." A follow-up ensued and different experiments were attempted but with poor results.

By 1877 governmental help amounting to $992.95 was distributed amongst 25 schools (5 Anglican, 20 Roman Catholic). Many obstacles blocked the development. Inspector Graham wrote in 1881: "I find it very difficult to secure the services of competent teachers, difficulty of getting there, high prices charged for provisions, cut off from any mail communications."

Sunrise over the prairie

The answer to the common search was to be a "Black Robe Voyageur."

Armed with the half-optimistic report (1879) of Mr. N.F. Davin, in substance much resembling Ryerson's, with Bishop Grandin's approval and staunchly supported by Archbishop Taché, Father Albert Lacombe, OMI, left for Ottawa. As so often in his life his mission was one of ambassador, go-between, one would almost say of matchmaker. His dream was to give reality to the dream of many others.

He negotiated a "marriage of reason" between the state, rich of means but devoid of experience, and the church, short on money but gifted with a devoted and generous personnel. The formula was not a recipe for perfect bliss, without clouds or sparks!

The agreement reached, with a few adjustments from time to time, was for a century the key institution, often the only one, permitting the state to fulfill its treaty obligations towards the Indians and the church better to accomplish its mission to teach and evangelize a nomadic population.

On April 1st, 1883, Sir John A. MacDonald wrote to the negotiator, Fr. Lacombe: "three industrial schools will be established, a Protestant one at Battleford, two Roman Catholic ones, at Dunbow (south of Calgary) and at Qu'Appelle, on the river of that name." This cost the grand amount of $44,000.

By the end of 1884 the three schools were operating. They offered instruction in agriculture, animal husbandry, mechanics, home economics — and religious instruction and training. This last aspect had top priority, not only for the Church partner but also for the government. They were heeding Ryerson's words: "This last (religious instruction) I conceive to be absolutely essential . . . ." to give the Indian some degree of integration in an already changing world.

"To build a better future for and with the Indian people" in the words of Father G.-M. Latour, OMI, who outlined the role of residential schools in 1963.

1884 marked the actual beginning, and what a beginning it was with the seventeen protégés of Father Lacombe! Writes one biographer: "They led the patient Father and his small staff a merry dance, running away, breaking all his rules and thinking up scores of new varieties of mischief. They overtaxed even his deep reservoir of geniality."

By the end of Spring 1885 peace had been restored . . . with the departure of the last student-to-be. Father Lacombe was off to an easier task; trying to keep the peace on the prairie. At Qu'Appelle, under Father Joseph Hugonnard, OMI, possibly the most prominent in many generations of educators, and a younger group of pupils, the first year was much less stressful. After a few years both schools were noteworthy for their remarkable results.

A glorious morning

On December 31st 1902, there were 31 Roman Catholic schools, built

at Church expense, all with Oblate principals.

By 1905 and 1906, the boarding and industrial schools of the different Churches offered their services to 50% of the school age children of Indian origin in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. More than 2,000 attended the residential schools, 694 others were educated in 74 day schools on or outside reserves.

In 1915 registration had reached 4,661 in 74 residential schools.

In 1926, the system had attained cruising speed and altitude. In 36 schools, more than half the total, the Oblates and the collaborators: religious and lay people, natives and non-natives, saw to the education of 3,000 children from the border of Quebec to the waters of the Pacific Ocean. Eastern Canada had yet to join the field: Fort Georges in 1930; Sept-Iles (Seven Islands) in 1952; Amos, Shubenacadie and Chesterfield Inlet in 1955; Pointe-Bleue in 1960; were established.

Of 3,000 students, only 133 reached sixth grade. During that same period, in day schools, some on reserves but many public and common, where neither the federal Government nor the Oblates had much to do or say, only 125 pupils of Indian origin had reached that same level.

The total number of children in day schools was 8,455, with an attendance record of 60% compared to 90% in residential schools. 44 of the above 125 attended the same day school in Caughnawaga, under the guidance of a religious order of nuns.

An interesting quote from a 1926 report reads: "Continuation and high school work is now being taught at several of the day and residential schools. The policy is to make grants to the most promising graduates of Indian residential and day schools. If Church and department representatives consider a graduate worthy, the department provides a grant . . . continued only when satisfactory reports are received."

Figures and numbers aside, the point remains that spending too much time in manual occupations and chores did not help — even if quite often the health condition of the pupils forced teachers to soft pedal academic activity. Besides, schools were expected to do their share in self-support. Training in agriculture or animal husbandry involved some chores or at least getting close to herd and barn.

At the same time (Nov. 3, 1925), Mr. Duncan C. Scott, Deputy Superintendent General for Indian Affairs, was stressing the importance of vocational training in a letter to Father F. Blanchin, OMI, provincial for Alberta: "I must emphasize the very important instruction in farming, gardening and the care of stock."

He had realized that if the buffalo was gone, the land was always there, ready to feed and reward any one, native or immigrant, that would trust her with his love and his work.

(To be concluded)

How the first Medicine man came to the Cree

by Connie Wright

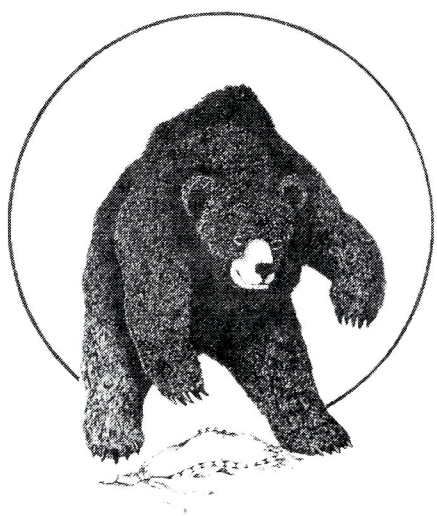
Once, a long time ago, there was a bear who lived in the deepest, darkest part of the forest. He lived alone hunting and berry picking but he was a lazy sort of bear: he only hunted when he got hungry. Life was good for the bear until one day it happened, he was out hunting and could find no food. As his hunger became greater, the bear realized that he must go to the sacred spot and pray to the Lord of all creatures so that he might find some food.

So the bear went to the holy of holies, at the centre of which was a deep pond. Throwing a stone into the pond, the bear began to pray "Oh Gitchi Manitou where has all our food gone? I am hungry and oh so alone."

Gitchi Manitou answered and said, "A terrible sickness is coming. All the animals have fled together from this forest, they have taken all the food with them. You too must go to the edge of the forest otherwise Man will overtake you and you will get the sickness which is coming."

But he was a selfish sort of bear and his only thoughts were, "I will hide and wait for man and then I will no longer be hungry." But Gitchi Manitou knew his thoughts and said, "Wicked Bear, all you can think about is your stomach. I have warned you and you have not listened. You must stay here and be open to this terrible sickness which has come upon Man."

The proud bear paid no attention but instead went off to wait for Man to come. But when he started to walk through the forest he found that the forest had changed. Bear became very frightened and confused and was soon completely lost.



The silence of the forest made his misery seem even worse when all of a sudden the bear could hear noises coming from the clearing nearby. Climbing to the top of the tallest tree he could find, Bear trembled at his discovery. This must be man.

Bear trembled all the more as he remembered what the Lord had promised him for all his foolishness. But what he was not prepared for were men and women and babies lying inside their tipis looking sad and forlorn.

The Bear began to feel sorry for Man and he started a simple prayer to ask Gitchi Manitou for forgiveness for the sins of himself and the people he saw around him. Since the Lord is a good Lord He opened his heart again to the Bear and said to him, "Bear, you were once selfish but have learned in your heart to be unselfish. For this I will make you great among these people. First I will make you a man and then I will give you a sacred medicine bundle which you must use to help these people."

So that is how the Cree people were spared from the terrible sickness and that is how they got their first medicine man. □

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE:

A pioneer missioner: Fr. Pandosy, OMI

by Barbara Etter

Father Charles Felix Adolphe Marie Pandosy, O.M.I., is credited with "bringing the word of God, the first settlers, a thriving industry and a lasting culture to the Okanagan Valley."

Pandosy arrived in the Okanagan Valley in 1859. Travelling north from the Washington border he proceeded along the old Brigade Trail to what is now Kelowna, and there established Okanagan Mission, the first permanent mission in B.C.'s southern interior.

When he died more than 30 years later, at age 67, he was buried in the mission grounds and a small cross marked his grave. [1]

By the turn of the century the mission land had been subdivided and sold, with the original buildings (church, school and residence) destined to house cattle, pigs and hens for the next 50 years.

In the late Spring of '54 Norman Carter, a salesman, writer and historian, discovered the condition of this important site and was appalled. A chain of events were put into motion culminating in the purchase of two acres of Mission land, the restoration of the three original buildings and the area designated an historical site in 1958.

This summer two archeology students under the guidance of Okanagan College's archeology instructor, James Baker, found Pandosy's grave. It will be marked and a dedication ceremony will be held to pay tribute to the man who, more than any other single person, shaped the history of the Valley and its native people.

Remembered by the Okanagan Indians as "a huge powerfully built man with a big booming voice and a ready wit." Pandosy was a tall man for his time, standing six feet tall with curly black hair and a full beard.

Okanagan elders recall stories about Pandosy, relating how he used to creep up to Indian homes and peek inside, brandish his belt and roar, "Are there any BAD boys in here?" — a signal for all the children to scatter.

Many stories involve Pandosy's guide, William (sometimes identified as Narcisse or Charlie). An inveterate gambler, William once gambled Pandosy's new saddle and lost. A public fist fight between Pandosy and William resulted which apparently was mostly in fun, as Pandosy was noted for his good-humour as well as his hot-temper.

(Eric Seaman photo)
Fr. Pandosy, OMI

Although he is remembered with fondness and respect by the Okanagan Indians, Pandosy's arrival in the Valley was far from auspicious.

As he travelled north from Colville, Washington, Pandosy was stopped by Chief Chapeau Blanc on Beaver Creek and Lac Du Chien (now Penticton). Chapeau Blanc didn't object to travellers but he did object to settlers.

Fortunately Pandosy was accompanied by Cyprian Laurence who was married to Chapeau Blanc's niece, Teresa. Laurence's wife intervened on their behalf and the group proceeded north.

Shortly after, while camping at L'Anse au Sable, the original mission site, Pandosy investigated a noise in the night and realized that his tent was surrounded by Indians. Using a long kitchen knife he carved a small circle in a nearby tree, paced off several steps and proceeded to demonstrate the accuracy of his marksmanship. Eventually the Indians disappeared.

Both of these incidents were isolated ones and Pandosy had no further trouble getting in the Okanagan Valley as the Okanagan Indians were noted for their peaceful, non-warlike nature.

Pandosy, with four other Oblate missionaries of the Congregation of Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate, had left France at age 23 to work among the American Indians in the northwest.

The Yakima and Cayuse Indians with whom Pandosy worked, were described as "dirty, repulsive in appearance and manner." Witchcraft and superstition reportedly played a large part in their lives and the Oblates were unsuccessful in their attempts to christianize them.

Added to the missionaries' problems were the constant skirmishes between the Indians and the U.S. army with the missionaries caught in the middle, mistrusted by both sides.

Finally in 1858, the Missions in Oregon were abandoned and the Oblates moved to B.C.

Father Pandosy, with Father Pierre Richard and Brother Richard Surel, quickly established a successful Mission in the Okanagan. The first baptismal entry was made by Pandosy on October 4, 1959 and by 1861 one-third of the Okanagan Indians had become Christians.

As teachers the priest were less successful. Neither the Indian children nor their parents were convinced of the need to attend the Mission school and all attendance ceased when two Indian boys ran away from school to go duck hunting with Pandosy's "borrowed" gun and one was accidently shot.

As Chapeau Blanc had anticipated, settlement occured rapidly with the building of a permanent Mission. Ironically, the first land claim was filed by Cyprian Laurence and signed by Pandosy.

The Oblates were successful farmers and Pandosy is credited with planting the first fruit trees in the Okanagan — apple trees which produced a hardy, deep red fruit shaped like a delicious. Okanagan Mission eventually became known as the "Priests Ranch" as the missionaries raised cattle and horses and even had their own brand: O.M.

In many ways Pandosy appears to have been a rather eccentric man and his manner of dress was somewhat

typical. Instead of the traditional Oblate long black cassock and cincture (wide cloth belt), Pandosy wore a Jesuit cassock and a brown leather belt, acquired, it is believed, during his final years in Oregon while working among the Jesuits.

Pandosy spent a total of nine years in other B.C. Missions, however, the Okanagan was where he spent most of his years and undoubtedly had a lasting influence.

While working in the Okanagan Pandosy often covered great distances, sometimes on horseback, often by foot and always accompanied by a guide as he never did master the Okanagan language.

It was while serving his people that Pandosy died. Early in 1891 he received a call from Similkameen and, although the snow was deep, he started out, reached Keremeos and married a couple from Princeton. Already fatigued, he caught a chill and by the time he reached Penticton he was seriously ill.

"Chief Francois took him to his cabin where everything was done to relieve his sufferings, but in a few hours the venerable priest expired in the arms of his old friend."

On February 6 his body was taken back to Okanagan Mission on the S.S. Penticton and buried, a simple cross marking his grave. □

Recommendations (from p. 1)

It would exercise jurisdiction over education, family relations, land and resource use, revenue-raising, economic and cultural development and justice and law enforcement.

The band, or unit, would first decide to govern itself. It would then set up a process to shape a form of government. Once a structure was worked out, it would be submitted to the people for ratification. Then the band would seek recognition for its government from Ottawa and choose or confirm leaders who would begin negotiations with Ottawa on what jurisdiction would be exercised. Once agreement was reached, the Indian First Nation Government would begin to operate on its own under eventual recognition in the Constitution.

Membership in the band would be determined by the band members themselves without reference to the Indian Act or interference from Ottawa. Dealings between the federal and provincial governments and the Indian peoples would be through the First Nations Governments.

The Commons committee's proposed first step is that the federal Parliament pass an Indian First Nations Recognition Act that would commit Ottawa to recognizing the maximum amount of Indian self-government.

This legislation also would set down minimum criteria that a First Nation Government would have to meet in order to be recognized as self-governing.

These critera would include demonstrated majority support for whatever political structure had been devised; some system of accountability by the First Nation Government to its people; a membership code; procedures for decision-making and appeals in accordance with international covenants; a system by which officials could be removed from office, and the protection of individual and collective rights.

The committee proposes joint jurisdiction among Indian, federal and provincial governments over land to which an aboriginal claim has been established but which is not part of land that the First Nation Government actually occupies.

The committee also proposes that Indian and provincial governments work out joint administrative agreements on, say, hunting, trapping, fishing and environmental laws.

For example, if a province gives a company timber-cutting licence adjacent to Indian land, or permits a mill or mine to dump effluent into a river that runs through Indian land, obviously the hunting and fishing carried out inside the Indian land will be affected.

There will be many problems along the way. But the committee's fundamental notion sounds so right — to end the abysmal colonialism of the Indian Act and give first peoples back their institutions.

Committee's recommendations

Committee members, during a series of meetings, heard 558 witnesses. Among its recommendations:

— The federal government and the provinces should amend the Constitution to recognize "Indian 'first nation' governments as a distinct order government within the Canadian federation (along with the federal and provincial governments)."

— These nations, (there are 573 Indian bands in the country) would have full control of reserve land and resources. Their governments would make the laws. "Non-members moving on to Indian first-nation land to live, do business or visit would be governed by Indian first-nation laws."

— The Indian Affairs Department, which employs about 5,000 people and has a budget of about $1.2-billion for the 1983-4 fiscal year, would be eliminated over five years. The northern development section of the department would remain.

— A smaller Ministry of State for Indian First Nation Relations would be formed to act as an advocate for Indians and to negotiate financial arrangements.

— Until constitutional recognition of Indian governments, the federal government should introduce legislation allowing "the maximum degree of self-government immediately." Legislation would be jointly developed with Indian groups.

— And the federal government would take back from the provinces all legislative control for "Indians and lands reserved for the Indians" and then turn that jurisdiction over to recognized Indian-governments.

The committee argues the federal government has the power to take legislative control under a section of the 1867 British North America Act, now the Constitution Act, which states Indians are exclusively under federal jurisdiction.

Spending accountability to Parliament is so restrictive that more than 25 per cent of the Indian Affairs Budget is spent by the department on administration. Bands spend another huge portion on paperwork before any money gets to programs.

Finally, the report says the $345-million native economic development fund, approved by the federal government earlier this year, should be used to capitalize a bank to be used by Inuit and Metis. Churches, unions and institutions also could invest in the native development bank.

The recommendations would affect only the estimated 325,000 status Indians recognized under the federal Indian Act. "We must guard against any interpretations . . . that might deprive the Inuit, Metis and Indians not currently recognized under the Indian Act of their right to compatible forms of self-government." □

The China Teapot

by Beatrice Fines

(This story is based on a true incident)

The utter quiet of the July afternoon had not eased the quiver of apprehension that Mary Ann had felt from the first moment Charles and the team had disappeared into the poplar bush on the ridge south of their homestead. There was no logical reason for concern. She had everything she needed and he'd be back by nightfall the next evening, as he always was after a trip to High Bluff, Manitoba. And besides, the Indian troubles were over.

On his last trip to the village, Charles had seen a copy of the *Manitoba Free Press*. In almost a full page of fine print, it had told the story of Gabriel Dumont's last battle at Batoche and the surrender of Louis Riel, the Metis leader. All that had happened hundreds of miles to the west anyway. There'd been no Indian or Metis trouble in Manitoba for fifteen years. And yet, Mary Ann wondered, could anyone be sure that inspired by another leader, they might not rise to drive out settlers like Charles and herself.

But at least, at this moment, she decided there was no place on earth more peaceful than her own little log home. Outside, her ten valued laying hens scratched lazily in the dust, clucking softly. On the doorstep little Ellen sat in the sun, talking to her dolly with the solemn wisdom of a four-year-old. A fly drummed lazily against the window. The chair where she sat rocking the baby creaked rhythmically in time with his soft breathing.

Mary Ann began to sing — "Count your blessings, name them one by one" — Charles and the children, first of all; then the house solidly built with two good-sized windows, so much better than the sod shanty where they'd spent the early spring; her stove, her sideboard, the rocking chair and her prized china teapot, hand-painted and holding a good ten cups.

When they'd first talked of leaving Ontario for the west, Charles had suggested selling all their goods to save cartage — and her heart had plummeted.

"Oh, please, not my china, not the teapot anyway. It came from France!"

Her stricken face had been enough for him. He was a good man, stoical, often silent, but strong and kind. This time tomorrow she might see his silhouette on the top of the ridge, and following behind the wagon would be a milk cow — their first.

The baby was asleep. Mary Ann got up, crossed the room and put him down in his cradle. Carefully she spread the cheesecloth over the top to keep the flies away.

"I should shut the door against the flies," she thought, "but how I would miss that band of sunlight that cuts across the cabin and shines on my teapot."

She turned, smiling, to look at it; and almost simultaneously the sunlight was obliterated by a long shadow — the shadow of a man.

"Charles?" She turned to the door, puzzled.

It was not Charles. Another man, equally tall, equally broad, stood on the doorstep. He wore a fringed leather tunic, heavy trousers and mocassins. His long hair fell to his shoulders and was held away from his face with a beaded headband. His eyes were deeply set in their sockets and two deep furrows ran from his nose to the corners of his wide mouth.

Mary Ann felt the blood rush to her head then drain slowly away, leaving her slightly dizzy.

"What do you want?" Her voice was weak and tremulous. Did he understand English?

The Indian made no sign that he had even heard her. He was not even looking at her but gazing around the room.

"Are you hungry?" Mary Ann gestured toward the table where three fresh loaves of bread, carefully covered with a cloth, were cooling.

Still the Indian said nothing.

"I have no money," Mary Ann said.

The Indian moved into the room, his step noiseless, quick. Mary Ann drew back and put herself in front of the baby's cradle. The Indian's eyes turned in that direction.

"Ah," he said suddenly, "Ah," and strode past her to the cradle. For the briefest moment he hesitated, then in one swift motion reached down, threw the cheesecloth aside and picked up the baby.

"No!" Mary Ann was beside him in a bound, grasping his arm and pulling on it with all her strength.

"Again the Indian paused and allowed her to catch up a little, and then hurried on."

"No, you can't have my baby!"

They did take white babies. Hadn't an Indian stolen the child of Anne-Marie Lagimodiere, the very first white women in the west? And hadn't the child been retrieved only after a wild chase across the prairie by her husband and his friends?

The Indian shook his head. With a quick lurch he broke Mary Ann's hold and strode to the door. She followed screaming, "No, No," but he held the baby high, out of her reach, and strode swiftly across the yard, scattering the hens as he went.

"Please, please, I'll give you anything you want."

Mary Ann ran to keep pace.

"Mamma!" Ellen's shrill little voice came from behind her. Mary Ann hesitated for just a second. She could not let the Indian out of her sight and she could not leave Ellen. She raced back, grabbed the little girl by the hand and half dragging her, ran to catch up to the Indian who was headed for the meadow behind the house. He had stopped and was facing her. There was the merest suggestion of a smile on his face.

"He wants us all," she thought, horrified. "He wants us all to go with him. Why'"

He strode on again, faster now, toward the swamp that lay beyond the meadow. Mary Ann, hampered by the stumbling child and her own long skirts, followed, calling out, "Please, please, give me my baby and leave us alone!"

Again the Indian paused and allowed her to catch up a little, and then hurried on.

They were in the swamp. Even in this dry year the ground was spongy and wet underfoot. Ellen began to cry. Mary Ann hoisted the child to her hip and struggled on, half falling. In that moment the Indian disappeared into a hollow where the reeds and sedges were head tall. Mary Ann screamed and scrambled forward. There he was, waiting for her again, still cradling the baby securely on one arm.

This time as she came close he suddenly pointed to the sky behind her. Mary Ann looked back. A dense black cloud was stretched across the sky along the horizon.

"What is it?" she asked, but the Indian was already pushing ahead.

The swamp water was knee deep here. Mary Ann's wet skirts clung to her legs. Her hair came loose, the long braids uncoiling down her back. How far had they come? A mile, two miles? Where was he taking them? Charles said the swamp stretched all across the southern end of the great lake of Manitoba.

The water was getting deeper. The spongy earth sucket at her feet. She stumbled and almost dropped Ellen. Then she saw that the Indian had climbed up on a hummock that rose some feet above the marsh and still holding the baby was squatted there, watching her.

She put Ellen down, braced the child with her hand, and they both clambered up to stand beside him. He motioned for them to sit down and held out the baby for her to take. Gratefully, she took her son and hugged him to her breast. The Indian was staring at her and as she met his eyes, he lifted his hand and pointed again to the sky.

The sun was a red ball, appearing and disappearing through great billowing clouds. Smoke! The entire ridge was afire, the prairie as well. The Indian had taken the only action which he was sure would make her follow him to safety.

Mary Ann placed a hand on his arm. "I'm sorry I didn't understand," she said.

The smoke clouds rolled closer and closer. Now they could smell the burning, feel the sting of it in their eyes and throats and see the lick of flames along the edge of the swamp. But they were safe.

Dusk came quickly, and the night. They watched as the red glow of fire moved swiftly eastward. The Indian sat impassive while Mary Ann made her children as comfortable as she could, nursing the baby when he cried, persuading little Ellen to sleep with her head in her mother's lap.

With the daylight the Indian stood up, stretched and began to lead them back through the swamp and across the blackened prairie where the grass turned to ashes beneath their feet.

They were home. Miraculously the house, protected by the small earth-bare clearing which surrounded it, still stood. But the chicken coop, which had been nearer the unploughed prairie was gone and the dead hens were scattered about the yard. The smoke had killed them and would likely have claimed her and the children as well.

As the Indian turned to leave Mary Ann grasped his arm.

"Wait, wait," she said. She ran into the house, took the teapot from its honored place and hurried out.

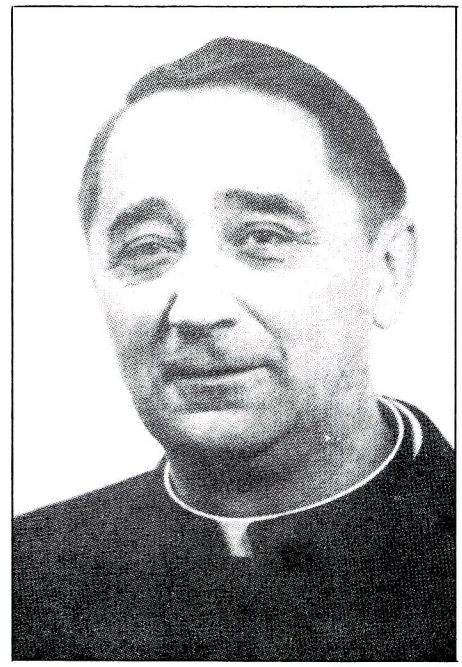
"You have this. It's something I value and I can't think of anything else to give you." She held it toward him and he took it, and turned it around and around in his hands, watching the sunlight glint off its polished sides.

Then his face brightened into a broad smile. He nodded his head slightly, turned and walked rapidly away across the prairie.

(First published in 1980 in Western People Magazine)

Native radio news show

REGINA — A fledgling native broadcasting company has asked Regina City Council to sponsor a radio news show aimed at city natives. Council is looking at the request as a possible way of spreading the word on the mayor's Task Force on Indian and Metis Initiatives. Saskatchewan Native Communications Corporation (SNCC) is asking the city to sponsor a half-hour, once-a-week native news magazine program. Christopher LaFontaine of the radio company said, "Recent studies and surveys dealing with the growing Indian, non-status and Metis city population and subsequent increased racial tensions, support a need for better understanding. We believe the key is communication. □



Fr. André Florentin

Fr. A. Florentin died accidently in Pinewood, Ontario November 5, 1983. Born at Funda, N.D. in 1913. He joined the Oblates in August 1936 and was ordained to the priesthood in June 1941.

Having spent one year at Fort Alexander, Man., he was appointed to St. Philipp's, Sask. in 1943, then to Sandy Bay, Manitoba in 1945.

In 1949 he was appointed to Crane River, Man. where he was priest in charge for the district and teacher at the village school. He erected a chapel residence there.

From 1957-61 he was superior and principal of Fort Frances Residential School in Ontario.

He contracted polio in 1959, He taught at Gravelbourg, Sask., College from 1953-57 and from 1961-66.

From 1966-1973 he worked in the Fort Frances district Indian mission. He was appointed pastor at Pinewood, in 1973.

The funeral was held at Precious Blood Church in St. Boniface at which 5 bishops and 40 priests were present. He was interred in St. Boniface Cemetery.

R.I.P.

Comment

I believe that separation of the Indian education from the Church is a dramatic mistake for which the federal government is responsible.

Congratulations for your firm stand on this issue.

F.B. Bahyrycz

BOOK REVIEW:

Extinction: The Beothucks of Newfoundland, by Frederick W. Rowe. McGraw Hill Ryerson, 161 pages, $10.95.
by Connie Wright

Senator Frederick Rowe in *Extinction: the Beothucks of Newfoundland* does his level best to expose, eradicate, and dispose of the mythology surrounding the disappearance of the Beothuck nation. The approach in his text is direct and scholarly; his argument terse and well directed. However, one wonders whether or not myths are being dispelled or new ones are being added.

The basic historical outline is simple: the Beothucks were among the first inhabitants of Newfoundland; they practised migratory hunting to make the most of a land which offered a very meager existence; and they spent summers on the coast fishing and winters inland hunting caribou.

When the settlers began to build colonies in the 17th century, contact was made with the Beothucks by a man called Guy in 1612. He tried to set up a friendly discourse with these people, but almost all other contact, like the excursions of Cull Buchanan and Peyton led to violence and bloodshed. Newfoundland became the site of many interracial conflicts between Beothuck and Europeans. The end result was the total annihilation of an Indian population and the establishment of a British colony.

From these limited facts has emerged the mythology which has irritated and dogged the minds of Newfoundland descendents like Frederick Rowe and Harold Horwood. Rowe never forgets his overall purpose to defend his own ancestors and to release the guilt of the whiteman's burden. This aim colours and somewhat taints his thinking on the subject. Even in rationality he is not freed from the emotional appeal of creating new myths to replace old ones.

For example, one of the traditional myths about Hant's Harbour was accepted by Howley, a historian greatly admired and accepted by Towe. Howley made note that 400 Beothucks were slaughtered at Hant's Harbour. Sentimentalists like Harold Horwood in a Macleans article and Keith Winter in *Shawnadithit* both enlarge upon and indulge in the morbid details. They make the situation more graphic, painting the settlers as terrifying and bloodthirsty. Rowe becomes greatly disturbed by this free use of information and valiantly undermines their efforts as being gross exaggerations or possible untruths. His point is exceptionally well taken.

Romanticists have capitalized on current social trends but one nagging historical fact remains — the Beothucks were destroyed. One is overawed by Rowe's handling of scant historical information about the Beothucks. One watches him struggling with a conscience fraught with guilt and as he vacillates, wondering where to hurl the blame for the fate of the Beothucks. Throughout, one is impressed by an intellectual haunted by the ghosts of the past. *Extinction* is remarkable because none of the romanticists have resurrected these people with such colour and virtuosity. Only someone deeply possessed could stand as evidence to the all-abiding power of this now extinct race.

The settlers themselves viewed this nation as an uncontrollable and frightening force and their ambivalence is shown by this formula: Cull captured Shawnadithit, her mother and sister, (the latter two were dying of tuberculosis), they were returned to Notre Dame Bay with food and presents, within a week the two had died and Shawnadithit returned to civilization; this formula corroded the Beothucks until all were dead.

This ambivalence of the settlers might also reflect their fears about what they were to do with this vast universe of Newfoundland which they found themselves in; they may have seen the native as part and parcel of a land they sought to control. Rowe's book *Extinction* may also make one wonder whether these settlers have as yet come to terms with their environment. □

Gathering '83 audio and video

Audio cassettes, may be obtained at $5.00 each from ***Sister Bede Sullivan, OSB, The Thomas More Media Centre, 3305 Rolston Crescent, Victoria, B.C. V8Z 4N9.***

The corresponding titles are available on video tapes on loan from Church Extension. Requests should be addressed to: ***Marcel Lamarche, Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada, 67 Bond St., Toronto, Ontario M5B 1X5***

2 — Dr. Joseph Couture: The Shamanic Learning Experience;
3 — Dr. Joseph Couture: Elements of Solution;
4 — Dr. Joseph Couture: Elements of Solution (Part II);
5 — Native Ministry Training Centres: a panel discussion involving Father Mike Murray, SJ; Father Carl Starkloff, SJ; Anishnabe Spiritual Centre; and Father Jacques Johnson, OMI, and Stan Fontaine, MA, from the Kisemanito Centre;
6 — Sister Viola Bens: Developing a Religious Education Program in and by the Local Community;
7 — Sister Viola Bens: Developing a Religious Education Program in and by the Local Community (Part II);
8 — Father Mike Murray, SJ: Developing Native Ministries;
9 — Father Mike Murray, SJ: Developing Native Ministries (Part II);
10 — Chief Harold Cardinal: The Peace Pipe and The Cross;
11 — Chief Harold Cardinal: The Peace Pipe and The Cross (Part II);
12 — Bishop Marcel Gervais: Basics of Catholic Faith;
13 — Bishop Marcel Gervais: Basics of Catholic Faith (Part II);
14 — Bishop Marcel Gervais: Basics of Catholic Faith (Part III);
15 — Bishop Marcel Gervais: Basics of Catholic Faith (Part IV);
16 — Sister Dorothy Bob, SSA: Development of Spiritual Lay Leaders;
17 — Sister Dorothy Bob, SSA: Development of Spiritual Lay Leaders (Part II);
18 — Bea Shawanda, Manitoulin Island: Ministering to the Alcoholic;
19 — Bea Shawanda, Manitoulin Island: Ministering to the Alcoholic (Part II);
20 — Father Carl Starkloff, SJ: A Christian Theologian Looks at the Relationship of Native Spirituality and Christian Spirituality;
21 — Father Carl Starkloff, SJ: A Christian Theologian Looks at the Relationship of Native Spirituality and Christian Spirituality (Part II);
22 — Sister Florence Leduc, CSC: Holistic Pastoral Care;
23 — Ann Luke — The Native Child;
24 — Ann Luke — The Native Child (Part II);
25 — Stan Fontaine: Compatibility of Native Beliefs with Christianity;
26 — Stan Fontaine: Compatibility of Native Beliefs with Christianity (Part II);
27 — Sister Eva Solomon: Religious Education Is For Real; and
28 — Sister Eva Solomon: Religious Education Is For Real (Part II).

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ADDRESSEE

Illegitimate offspring entitled to register

A Supreme Court decision handed down in March 1983 rules that illegitimate male offspring of registered Indian men are entitled to be registered under the Indian Act.

The judgement in the case of John Martin vs H.H. Chapman ruled that John Martin, the illegitimate child of a non-Indian woman and a registered Indian man, is entitled to be registered under the Indian Act, Section 11 (1) (c). This clause states that:

11 (1) Subject to Section 12, a person is entitled to be registered if that person

(c) is a male person who is a direct descendant in the male line of a male person described in paragraph (a) or (b)

Mr. Martin's first attempt to apply for registration under the Indian Act was refused by the government on the grounds that Section 11 (1) (c) applied only to persons who are legitimate male descendants of registered Indian men. The Trial and Appeal Divisions of the Federal Court of Canada also confirmed this interpretation.

However, the Supreme Court of Canada ruled that the qualification of being legitimate should not be read into this clause, and decided in favour of Mr. Martin, directing that he be registered as an Indian under the Indian Act.

As a result of this ruling, the Registrar must now register all other illegitimate male persons whose fathers are registered Indians. Procedures are now being prepared for the use of membership administrators in dealing with the expected large number of requests for registration that will likely follow.

Report endorsed

CALGARY — Indians say they are prepared to use civil disobedience to win acceptance of recommendations in a recent Commons report that said Indian nations should be recognized as a level of government.

Alberta and Saskatchewan Indians concluded a three-day conference on Indian government here, endorsing in principle the findings of the report. The group's leaders said civil disobedience migh be needed if Ottawa and the provinces ignore the recommendations. □

$640-million settlement

OLD CROW, Y.T. — When the Yukon Government built a huge new school in this tiny Indian community in the top, left-hand corner of Canada, the people insisted that traditional wood-burning heaters be used. This reliance on tradition is why many people will tell you Old Crow is the purest Indian community anywhere in North America.

But there is nothing traditional about the vote which made this hamlet of 250 the first Indian band to accept an unfinished agreement-in-principle with the federal government as answer to the 10-year riddle of the Yukon's comprehensive land claims.

Ninety-seven status and non-status Indians voted to approve the agreement between the Council for Yukon Indians and the federal Government. Six voted to reject it.

The community approved 65 sub-agreements, including giving up claims on the rest of the territory in exchange for $640-million to be managed by the new Central Indian Corp., 20,000 square kilometres of prime hunting, trapping and resource lands. □

Education studied

REGINA — Arnold Tusa, MLA for Last Mountain-Touchwood and legislative secretary to the minister of education, has been appointed to begin a consultation process with individuals and groups involved in native education at the elementary and secondary school level. The study will be looking at successful programs, problems and needs, and ways of increasing parental involvement in the education system. □