

DECEMBER 1984

VOL.15 NO. 12

# NEW BREED

Voice of the Association of Metis and Non-Status Indians of Saskatchewan

BEV WORSLEY  
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Matthew 2:10

*The sight of the star filled them with  
delight.*

\$1.50

# "Communicating with each other"

## Letters



### MERRY CHRISTMAS JOE

#### Dear New Breed

It is a long time ago, I know, but Christmas always has a way of bringing back memories. We lived on a hard rock piece of land in the middle of Saskatchewan during the thirties when everyone was so damned hard up you were lucky if you didn't wear your belly button out from rubbing on your backbone. I was only a kid then, craving for all the things kids crave for at that age...You made your own fun and your own toys and your own clothes. Mind you, it wasn't all bad, I can remember doing a lot of laughing during those years. But like everyone else we lined up in church hand out lines and took what ever was given us. I can't remember ever having more than one pair of pants at a time.

I remember the year my heavier winter pants wore out in the seat and had to be patched and re-patched. One especially arrogant older boy dubbed me. "*Two eyes in the ass.*" It seemed such an insult and I hated wearing them pants but as mother pointed out they were better than none. I guess Joe Moore, who lived to the north of us and who hardly ever made it to school, saw that it bothered me and one day he waited at the bridge just when the first break of winter came. When the taunter came along, Joe dumped him into the tumbling water and held him there until he promised to undo the name he had called me. On the third time down and bawling with all his mite the pasty-faced fellow made Joe his solemn promise.

The name stopped after that and with the coming of spring I changed my pants and the incident was forgotten. Joe quit school that year and I hardly ever saw him again. Three years later I quit and shortly after that the war broke out and like other guys my age the army beckon-

ed and we found ourselves in some country we didn't know anything about, doing things we didn't know the reason for.

I was in Caen, France on Christmas Eve and more homesick than a prairie dog in New York City. The lump in my throat was as big as a turkey egg and my eyes weren't watering from the whiskey I was trying to dissolve the lump with, when a pair of piercing black eyes looked me up and down and a deep voice said, "I'll be damned if it ain't *"two eyes in the ass"* himself. "I wept-- I cursed--and I hugged that big lunk there. God--was I glad to see him.

Joe and I spent the next days together hashing over all the old day stuff and filling in the between day stuff and Christmas came and went just a little *easier...I like to think Joe felt the same as I did.*

I never seen Joe again and it wasn't until I came home that I found he had been killed just a week after that, in the move from Caen to Chartres. Like I say, it is long time ago but to Joe Moore, one again I say *Merry Christmas Joe and thank you.*

### SEASON'S GREETINGS

#### Dear New Breed:

We all know the tremendous joy that Christmas and the New Year brings into the homes of our loved ones. It is a time of deep sharing in love, fellowship and respect in our fellowman.

It is also a time for us fallen warriors to long to be near "our" loved ones. To share in the comfort and warmth of our homes...

However, we still stand tall and proud in our heritage to bring you this special Christmas message.

On behalf of the Native Spiritual Brotherhood in the Regina Correctional Centre, we would like to bow down with our people, to share in

love and respect, for the birth of the most powerful loving, and kindest "Leader" the world has ever known, our great "Spirit".

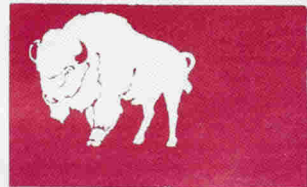
We sincerely wish that all our people will set down their moccasin tracks in the tracks of the great Leader, our "Lord Jesus Christ".

May He guide you on the path of all the Great Chiefs who have passed before us on their walk to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

May He smile on you all through the coming year.

So Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Native Spiritual Brotherhood  
Vern Pelletier.



#### Dear New Breed:

Thank you for publishing the article I submitted for the September issue. It was a very exciting experience to see my work in print.

However, the name on the article was printed as Kimberly Rave, a little disappointing, but I'm sure that was either the result of my messy writing or just a type error.

Sincerely,  
Kimberly Rowe.

Thank you for your letter Kimberly and we apologize for the error in printing your name. It was an excellent article and we certainly hope this correction is adequate.

Have a Merry Christmas and a very prosperous New Year.

New Breed Editor.

# NEW BREED

"Voice of Saskatchewan Metis and Non-Status Indians"

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New Breed sends our most special season's greetings to our Northern reporter, Vi Bouvier as she recovers from recent surgery.



Matthew 2:10-11

*The sight of the star filled them with delight, and going into the house they saw the child with His mother Mary and falling to their knees they did him homage.*

### Contributors

Paul Lovgren  
Val Samuelson  
Sarah Ballantyne

New Breed is looking for community reporters. If you are interested please contact:

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### Freelance Articles and Photos:

Articles submitted to New Breed and subsequently used for publication shall be paid for at the rate of \$2.50 per column inch (10pt., 13 pica). All articles must be signed, however, your name will be withheld upon request. Views expressed are not necessarily those of Wehtamatowin Corporation and free expression of opinion is invited. We reserve the right to publish whole or parts of articles submitted.

Photos that are submitted with articles shall be paid for at the rate of \$5.00 per published photo. These shall be returned upon request.

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## ABORIGINAL BUSINESS WOMEN

### "ORGANIZING FOR ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT" NATIONAL WORKSHOP

Many native economic development studies have been conducted by federal departments. These studies indicate that Aboriginal women are not fully participating in economic development. In order to address this situation and to find solutions to business concerns, an Aboriginal Business Women's National Workshop is being organized by the Indian and Metis Senior Citizens Group of Winnipeg, Inc.

**Dates:** January 11, 12, 13, 1985  
**Place:** Holiday Inn, Winnipeg, Manitoba  
 Workshop topic include:

Marketing  
 Business/ Management  
 Sources of Funding  
 Native Women and Economic Development  
 Training/Employment and Affirmative Action  
 Registration Fee: \$25.00 Pre-Registration:  
 \$20.00, before January 4, 1984

For further information, write or telephone:

**Doris Young**  
 2nd Floor - 169 Pioneer Ave.  
 Winnipeg, Manitoba  
 R3C 2N8  
 (204) 949-4788 or 949-4789

page 2

# NEW BREED

"Voice of Saskatchewan Metis and Non-Status Indians"

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# Editorial

## "THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS"

by Yvonne Nagy

The "Spirit of Christmas" was not within me this year. I made no plans for putting up a tree or any other festive nostalgia. My four grown up children are used to living their own lives and going each in their own directions; hence all that is left are memories of Christmas past.

Today, my daughter Barb came over and we made plans for Christmas dinner. Suddenly, I knew again, the Spirit of Christmas I thought I had lost. It was then I made plans to buy a tree. My grandson Travis, decorated the tree and when it was completed his eyes lit up and his smile grew bigger and bigger. It was then that my mind wandered back to Christmas's of yesterday.

My parents worked hard to create a special day for us. That special day was celebrated without any of the stimulants that seem to go along with today's Christmas festivities. It was achieved as a result of my mothers sewing, knitting and cooking and my father, who each year journeyed out to find the perfect tree and then brought it home to eagerly awaiting children. The celebration was highlighted by our attendance at midnight mass, as is customary for a Christian Christmas.

I remember Christmas with my children celebrating with very limited funds. I would always relate to them, that the true joy of Christmas was to celebrate the birth of our savior, Jesus.

Today my heart feels the joy of Christmas, when looking upon my grandson, who's eyes reflect the excitement and anticipation I knew so well as a girl.

My soul however, feels the "true spirit" of Christmas in rejoicing in the anniversary of "The Birth of Christ." □

## FROM THE DESK OF THE EDITOR

by Jean-Paul Claude



The recent AMNSIS general meeting in Prince Albert held to discuss economic development strategies was proof positive of the uniqueness of the Metis culture. It exemplified the co-operative spirit of our forefathers who travelled throughout the Northern bush and Southern plains building alliances between white settlers, Indian tribes, missionaries, as well as government and commercial interests such as the Railroad and the Hudson Bay Company. It is no wonder we never knew the bloodshed and massacres so common on the American Plains. They never had the Dumont's, Favels, Trotters or McKenzie's. They never had the Metis.

I think it would be well to remember these special talents of our forefathers, especially as we prepare to celebrate the most sacred of holidays; the birth of our Savior, Jesus Christ.

The co-operative spirit of the Metis is alive and well. It always has been. Those who think it had died after the confrontation of 1885, know nothing of the Metis. For the Spirit of the Metis has always been with us. It is most prevalent at this particular time of the year, for if you think about it, that spirit is no other than the true Christmas spirit. The spirit which allows a people to face their foes in the spirit of Christian brotherhood that Riel knew so well.

The Metis Spirit; The Christian Spirit; the Christmas Spirit; is there really any difference? □



## CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

I take this last opportunity as your President to extend to you the best wishes for a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year. The Christmas and New Year Season should be a time when we can all reflect on what has taken place over the past year. We can all up our gains and our losses and see whether we come out ahead or went backwards. It is also a time of hope when we can plan for the future, having learned from our mistakes. Further, it is a time when we should remember that one of the promises held out by the message of Christmas is that we will once again be a free people, who can make our own decisions and decide on how to conduct our lives.

As I look back over the past year I can see progress. I believe we have reached some understanding with the new government and that this will bear fruit. I believe that the economic initiatives that we have taken over the past year will also produce dividends in the future, I believe we did make some progress in the constitutional talks, although, it may be some time before this progress become obvious in terms of practical results. There is therefore hope for better times for our people. There is a chance for greater freedom. However, to realize this we must all make sacrifices. We must all fully inform ourselves and involve ourselves in a plan of action to achieve that freedom. We must grasp the opportunity, it will not grasp us.

You cannot leave the whole task up to your leaders. They can only represent your views if they know them. They can make political deals for the programs and services you need but they cannot deliver them. That is your job, you must get involved. Also your leaders need your support and understanding. A leader cannot function effectively when he is constantly subjected to criticism and to personal attacks and when some of our members act to destroy the work our leaders are doing.

The past years have also seen some losses. There was the very personal loss of Fred Schoenthal as a friend, colleague, faithful supporter and a tireless worker for our people. We lost some of our programs and other funds provided by the province. I believe because some of our board and members have not done their jobs.

I personally, look back with both satisfaction and pride for what the people have achieved in the past 15 years through this organization. The gains have been significant but they have been difficult to achieve and slow in coming. As well, I look to this new year with a feeling of sadness as I come even closer to the end of my term as your President. I am sad because we did not accomplish more. I am sad that we haven't gained the right as yet to govern ourselves. I will also miss the rough and tumble of politics. I recognize that the time has come for me to give up the reins of leadership to someone younger, more energetic and with new ideas.

However, I am not yet ready to leave the organization as a member. I will still be available to help, to advise and to encourage. In particular I want to do some work on the problems and issues of our Non-Status Indian members. Their needs and issues have been to a large degree neglected by the organization. I hope you will agree that this work must be done and I ask your support for my continued involvement so that I can have an important role in this work.

I close with the wish that your Christmas will be filled with joy, hope and rejoicing.

Sincerely,

JIM SINCLAIR,  
PRESIDENT

"I would like to take this opportunity to wish the membership a happy, safe Christmas and New Year. May the season bring you good health, good fortune, and prosperity. May the New Year, 1985, provide a cultural renewal, a heartfelt commemoration of the past and usher in a new era for our nation."

Sincerely,  
Roberta Kelly  
Area Director



#### MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

On behalf of the South East Area Board, Nap LaFontaine, Eva Peters, Vera McLeod, Clifford Fayant, Ray LaPlante, Dominique LaFontaine, Daryle Desjarlais, Sharon Krause, Irene Blondeau, J. Kim Scribner, Eldon LaFontaine, Marie LaFontaine, Tom Desjarlais, Barb Hitchens, Winnie Malbeuf, Dennis LaPlante, Beverly Worsley, Joan Deschambeault, Melona Palmer, Paul Pourné, I would like to extend to you and yours a most joyous Christmas and a prosperous and joy filled New Year.

Nap LaFontaine  
South East Area Director

#### MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

Christmas is fast approaching and I cannot let it pass without taking this opportunity to extend sincere wishes from my family and myself to the AMNSIS membership and especially the people within my area.

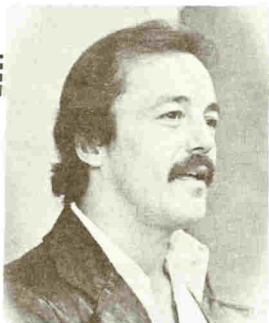
The past year has been important to our development as a Nation. 1985 will be an even more significant time for all of us.

My wish is for the dreams of 1984 to be realized in the true spirit of brotherhood and co-operation I know we are all capable of.

Don Ross  
Area Director







## CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Greetings to all the members and friends of AMNSIS. As we once again prepare to celebrate the Christmas Season I am reminded that for many of our people, this is not necessarily a happy time when they can celebrate, spend some extra money, exchange gifts and participate in other activities generally associated with Christmas. This is because the majority struggle is just to survive and with no extra money to participate in Christmas events. In fact, research has shown that for poor people, Christmas is a time of added pressure because they cannot live up to the expectations of children, neighbors or the community. The result is depression, loneliness and increased use of alcohol to dull their senses to the reality of their situation.

This emphasizes to me more clearly than ever that our priority must be to develop an economic and financial base for the Native community which will enable it to determine its own political, economic and social future. You all know that I am on the N.E.D.P. board. You have heard me plug the AMNSIS plan for the development of financial and economic institutions. I get the impression that some of our members believe this is a pie in the sky, that it will never happen. Nevertheless as I get more deeply involved in planning and developing the AMNSIS Economic Development Strategy, the more potential I see. It is now clear to me that our independence and our self-determination as a people, as families and as individuals depends on our ability to develop an economic base for ourselves or what I call our own economy.

At present we have to go, cap in hand, for funds to run our political organization, our programs and our services. We even have to go begging for funds and goods to hold our Christmas parties for our children. As long as this situation continues we will always be dependent on others and those we are dependent on will try to dictate how we should run our lives and affairs. I look forward to the day when we can generate funds we need to operate our own political organizations and fund our own Christmas parties within our own communities; when we can go to governments with our own equity for programs and services. We will then have some real bargaining power and will be able to take greater control of our own lives.

Christmas may seem like a strange time to talk about this. However, as I understand Christmas it is the celebration of the birth and life of Jesus Christ. Also I understand Christ's mission as both a spiritual and physical liberation of his people. Therefore, Christmas should be a time when people can rejoice in the liberation.

In our society there is little freedom or liberty for the poor or those who are discriminated against and pushed to the fringes of our society. Liberation for our people must begin with economic liberation. Christmas therefore should be a time when we are reminded that as a people we must work harder to achieve that liberation.

I wish each of you the best that the season can bring.  
**MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!!**

Sincerely,

**WAYNE MCKENZIE,  
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR/AMNSIS  
PRESIDENT/SNCC**



Once again, as the most blessed holiday of the year approaches, it is my extreme pleasure to extend to all my friends and associates the best that the season has to offer.

The past year has seen many changes and we have come through them together in the same spirit of unity as when we set out more than a decade ago.

As the new year approaches, a special year for the entire association and membership, my special wish for you is that when this time of year rolls around again, in 1985, we can still say that whatever we accomplished was accomplished in the spirit of brotherhood and sharing that our people are so famous for.

**Mr. Jim Durocher**  
Treasurer, AMNSIS

One of my biggest goals has been to try and get people together whether we be Treaty or Non-Status Indians. I'd like to see that carried on. I probably won't be running again. Many people will be looking at my position but I'm sure the people will pick a good person who will continue with the same goals I've had. It's hard sometimes when you're alone. You have to be at so many different places and for the last couple years, I didn't have any workers. I've been all alone and sometimes when the going gets tough, people desert you. Things get better, then people start coming back.

I've always been a supporter of AMNSIS. I'll always be because I believe that as Native people, our goal is to get a land base and self-government. One of these days we're going to achieve that. I feel very strongly of that.

I'd like to wish everyone all the best including all the staff that work with AMNSIS.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

I've always been a supporter of AMNSIS. I'll always be because I believe that as Native people, our goal is to get a land base and



self-government. One of these days we are going to achieve that. I feel very strongly of that.

I'd like to wish everyone all the best including all the staff that work with AMNSIS. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

**JIM FAVEL**  
AREA DIRECTOR  
North Region III



# AMNSIS REMAINS UNITED

By Jean-Paul Claude



**Prince Albert** - A recent meeting held in Prince Albert and called by the Association of Metis and Non-Status Indians of Saskatchewan (AMNSIS), to discuss specific economic strategy proposals turned out to be more of a surprise than anyone might have imagined. The AMNSIS membership came to the meeting somewhat apprehensive but left with what many of them described as the strongest feelings of unity and brotherhood they had experienced within the organization in many years.

There were those who had suspected that AMNSIS would be divided into two distinct groups (Metis and Non-Status) after the meeting. However it was not to be and those who suspected it were the only ones to leave the three day meeting disappointed.

The agenda called for the issue of an organizational split to be dealt with on the final scheduled day of meetings. The membership however, seemed to want to deal with that issue immediately and it was moved to the beginning of the agenda and became the first item for discussion.

The first morning dealt specifically with that issue and before the assembly broke for lunch there had been two major motions passed. The first was to maintain the organization as it was and direct it to deal with both Metis and Non-Status issues. The second was a demand by the assembly to have the Metis National Council continue to recognize Jim Sinclair as the true spokesman for the Metis people of Saskatchewan.

Although this turn of events might have been surprising to some, it shouldn't have been for the AMNSIS membership has gained an international reputation for their unique ability to pull together and work cooperatively under difficult conditions.

This fact was again borne out as the meeting continued and reports were heard from around the room that this had indeed been the most positive and worthwhile meeting they had attended in years. And indeed it seemed that way as grassroots people from around the province rose to express their ideas on the relevant issues which affect AMNSIS and its membership today.

After the vital issue of AMNSIS unity had been dealt with, the assembly got right down to work and never stopped until the three day affair had ended. Wayne McKenzie was joined by an AMNSIS consultant, Doug McAurthur, who explained the strategy's basic structure and how it could be implemented to support the economic initiatives and priorities of AMNSIS. The assembly then broke off into smaller study groups which were attended by well versed and prepared facilitators. These groups returned the following morning to discuss their concerns and recommendations in regards to the economic strategy as they understood it.

After the first day's meeting, Jim Sinclair and members of his executive met with an organization representing local Northern government leaders and they discussed in great detail, ways in which AMNSIS could better serve the specific needs of these communities.

The second day of the conference was just as busy with Rob Milen and Larry Hienemann, two AMNSIS consultants presenting information on the various legal and long term implications of the proposed economic strategy. The assembly had a number of questions and after lunch they again broke off into their smaller discussion groups and formulated their final queries and proposals.

The second day of meetings was followed by a banquet with the key

note address being delivered by Myles Morin, Conservative MLA and backbencher who unfortunately was not as prepared as one might expect when addressing such a prestigious assembly. The evening however was salvaged with a dance where most everyone enjoyed themselves well into the morning hours as they danced to the music of Misdeal. The Dance was hosted by the Prince Albert AMNSIS Local.

The assembly was called to order on schedule on the third and final day. At this time a spokesperson from each of the study groups addressed the assembly and presented their concerns and recommendations regarding the proposed economic development strategy. For the most part, the recommendations were well thought out and reflected a degree of interest and concern seldom seen at meetings of the past. The resource people who facilitated the smaller study groups were more than well prepared as they were brought in a day earlier than everyone to sit through a day of intensive informational and instructional study sessions. Those resource people were responsible to a great deal for the success of the overall workshop and deserve a hand of thanks. They were Wayne McKenzie, Larry Heinemann, Bonita Beatty, Keith Goulet, Chris LaFontaine, Doug McAurthur, Rita Bouvier, Dona Desmarais, Joan Beatty, Tim Low, Marion Desjarlais, Norman Johnson, Devin Daniels, Mary L'Heureux and Donovan Young.

As mentioned earlier, feedback from the assembly was overwhelming and following are just a few of the comments made.

Next month, New Breed will present an indepth study of the conference and the various proposals which came out of it. We will also present more specific reactions from various AMNSIS members.

New Breed/December/1984





*"Jim Sinclair and I had our disagreements over policies, but today, I wouldn't want any other leader to represent me in Canada." Clarence Trotchie*



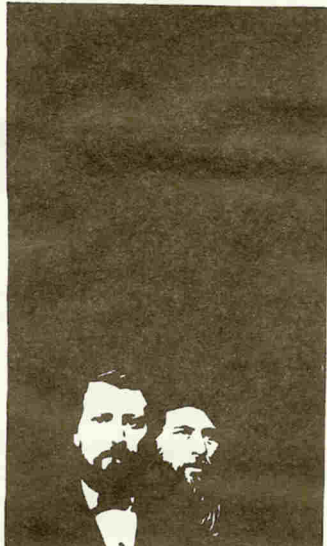
*"This meeting was one of the best meetings I've attended in 10 years. 300 or more people attended and no one left until the discussions were over." Jim Sinclair*



*"I think if ever one of the Board members or executive did as much work as Sinclair did we would be even further ahead of everyone else."*

*Julie Pitzel - Local 7, Prince Albert, presently attending Suntep for 3rd year*

*New Breed/December/1984*





*"Proponents of a split within AMNSIS are just elitist Metis, as far as I'm concerned."  
Vital Morin, Ile La Crosse*



*"I see alot of growth among the people. It was good."  
Beverly Worsley - President Local 103, Sintiluta*

*"I believe we are going to go ahead and fight for these rights as one people."  
Alvin Campeau  
- Director East Central Area*



*"I've always wanted to see it, and it happened yesterday where SLANG got together with AMNSIS and talked about the problems we are facing in the North"*

*Larry Beatty, Deschambaulte Lake*

□





# CREATING CHRISTMAS MAGIC



By now, you should all be prepared to welcome in the holiday season. There will be a few minor details still to be dealt with, however, that will help to ensure a truly joyous and safe occasion for you and all of your loved ones.

If you haven't erected and decorated the annual Christmas tree yet, no doubt you will be doing so within the next few days or so. It's somewhat strange but this Christmas tradition, which provides so much joy to all of us, ironically, the source of much untold pain and anguish for an increasing number of people each year. Many of our homes were not built or equipped to accommodate the Christmas tree. As a result, it is often cramped into a too-small space, crowded by an already overtaxed electrical circuit. Our local fire departments report an increasing number of fatal home fires each year, resulting from these conditions. While putting up your tree this year, take heed:

*If purchasing an artificial tree, be certain it is constructed of registered inflammable material.*

*Be certain that your natural tree is placed in water or tea solution and the container is left accessible to add more water after the tree has been decorated. Many of our readers have indicated that placing a number of aspirin tablets in this solution is of great benefit in maintaining the freshness of the tree and preventing it from drying out too soon.*

*Be certain that the tree is mounted in a strong, firm standard, so there is no chance of it tipping over if disturbed by the holiday festivities or over-exuberant family pets.*

*If possible, disconnect all other appliances from the outlet box which will be used to power the electrical tree decorations. If this is not possible, ensure that these appliances are not turned on at the same time the decorations are.*

*Don't leave the tree lights on for extended periods of time and never, never go to sleep while forgetting to disconnect them.*

*There are a number of inexpensive tree decorations on the market which are constructed of tissue or*



by Jean-Paul Claude

*other flammable materials. Save your money, home and life by passing them up or placing them well away from the tree if they have already been purchased.*

*Warn your children about the fire hazards surrounding the family tree and take special pains to ensure that all safety practices are observed.*

*If possible, provide a fire extinguisher near the tree and be certain that all family members know when and how to operate it properly. There are some excellent and relatively inexpensive fire extinguishers on the market. This could be an excellent and truly loving gift suggestion.*

Now that the home is decorated, we are almost ready to greet our holiday guests and well wishers. An attractive Christmas wreath hung on the outside of the door will serve to invite all our friends in to share the joy of Christmas with us. You needn't go to a lot of expense for a wreath. With a few odds and ends from around the house, you can create a truly personal and magnificent wreath that will outshine any that you might find on the commercial market.

If you are stuck for time, there are a number of wire and styrofoam wreath frames that can be had at your local craft store. They also sell a multitude of decorative items which can be mounted on these frames, all quite inexpensively. However, with a wire coat hanger or small piece of scrap plywood, bits of ribbon, some discarded plastic greenery and flowers, some colourful yarn, buttons, ribbons and bows, you can create a masterpiece that the most prestigious craft store would be proud to display. Here are two wreath projects which you might have fun constructing:

## Wreath Number One:

### Materials:

One bunch of plastic, dried or fresh eucalyptus leaves and berries, if possible - one wire coat hanger, stretched out to form a ring or circle; some light-gauge wire; two yards of narrow red satin ribbon (or whatever scraps you have on hand).

### Directions:

Wrap the eucalyptus leaves around the clothes wire ring and tie it on with the light-gauge wire. Tie off the wire at the back of the ring so it doesn't show. Wrap the red ribbon around the ring and finish off with a big, happy bow. You might also add some small, red, decorative balls, using berries.

## Wreath Number Two:

### Materials:

One can of Bon Ami Cleaning Powder; one sponge; paint brushes; your children's old discarded paint set; plastic bowls; cheese grater.

### Directions:

*(Note: paint washes off very easily.)* Mix one-third cup Bon Ami cleaning powder and one-quarter cup of water into a plastic bowl. Stir hard with a paint brush. This solution should be the thickness of pudding and you can thin it with a few drops of water whenever it seems to be getting too thick. To add the colour, simply grate the paint tablets from the children's paint sets into the solution. Separate the solution into smaller portions before adding the different coloured powders. The number of portions will depend on how many colours you decide to use. Add enough water to maintain a medium thick consistency. Copy or trace a wreath from a magazine onto a piece of white paper. Tape the design on the outside of the window while following the design on the white piece of paper. Let it dry for five or 10 minutes and then touch it up. When it's finished, remove the paper design from the outside of the window. After the holidays are over, simply remove the design from the window with a wet sponge. □





It is my sincere pleasure at this time to extend the heartfelt season's greeting of myself and my family to the entire AMNSIS membership, but especially those within the boundaries of North West Region III.

The 1984 fiscal year was very productive for the locals within this area and I will be doing all I can to make 1985 even more prosperous for all of you.

May the Spirit of Christmas be with you all and grant you and your loved ones a most blessed holiday.

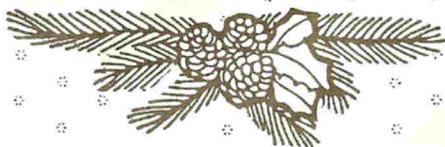
**Norman Hanson**  
Area Director  
North West Region II  
Buffalo Narrows, Sask.



On behalf of the Provincial Metis Society Housing Association and Staff, I would like to take this time to wish all our friends and clients, A very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

May 1984 pass by as a pleasant memory and may 1985 prove more prosperous than the last.

**Norman Durocher**  
Director  
PMSHA  
OF AMNSIS



To the readers of the  
New Breed Journal:

May this holiday season be filled with the love of our friends and families, and the good will of people everywhere.

Best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

**Pat Smith,**  
Minister of Education



**May the Peace and Joy of this  
Holiday Season be with you and  
your families.**

**Hon. Sid Dutchak  
Minister Responsible for  
Indian and Native Affairs**



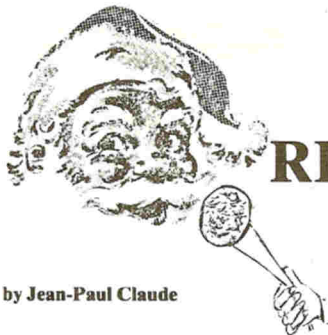
**SEASON'S GREETINGS  
from the  
EMPIRE CAFE**

The management and staff of the Empire Cafe at McIntyre Street and Saskatchewan Drive in Regina, would like to take this opportunity to extend the best that this sacred holiday has to offer to all their past and future customers.

Dining has always been a special treat at the Empire and the New Year promises to be even more exciting with a new menu and price structure, that is sure to please your appetite and satisfy your budget.



\*\*\*NEW BREED SPECIAL\*\*\*



by Jean-Paul Claude

## REPORT FROM THE NORTH POLE

**North Pole, Earth-** I suppose everyone knows just about everything there is to know about Santa Claus. We all know that he lives at the North Pole and only leaves there once a year to deliver special treats to all the children in the world at Christmas time. We know that he lives with Mrs. Claus and a whole crew of tiny elves who keep an eye on the children of the world and report back to Santa when any of them have been naughty. The elves also help Santa in his workshop, making all the special gifts that are delivered on Christmas Eve. We know that he has a herd of magical reindeer who pull his sleight through the air and one extra special reindeer who lights the way through the dark winter sky with his shiny nose. Most of us know all these things and even more about this very special man.

Well, the New Breed thought so too, but when we recently sent our Northern reporter to interview Santa, she came back and told us some things that we never would have guessed.

For instance, did you know that Santa and Mrs. Claus have a little boy. Well, it is true and his name is Sammy Claus. He goes to school in one of the smarter elves cottages and works after school and on weekends in his Daddy's workshop. Mrs. Claus also told our reporter that Sammy won't be working in the workshop as much next year. It seems he likes working with Santa so much that he hasn't been doing all of his homework. In fact, he even failed a recent spelling test.

Something else we found out is that Santa really has eleven magical reindeer instead of the nine (including Rudolf), that we've always heard about.

It really is true. One of the reindeer

name is Slow Willie and the reasons we never heard of this before is that he is so slow at everything that he can never be ready in time to join Santa on his annual Christmas trips. Willie is so slow that he has never learnt to fly yet. Santa told us that whenever there was a flying lesson, Slow Willie would never arrive until after the flying school bell had rung at the end of the day and all the other students had already gone home.

The other reindeer is called Proud Pietro. It seems that he is too proud to be seen flying around with the other reindeer. He thinks it will ruin his reputation and so he spends most of his time looking in the mirrors in the stable so he can admire himself. He thinks he is quite handsome but according to Mrs. Claus, he really isn't handsome at all.

We always thought that Santa Claus loved children best of all. Well, that is not completely true. He does love children very much but he also loves moms and dads just as much. That is why he gets very sad and upset whenever his elves report that a child has not obeyed his parents or that a child has talked to her parent in a disrespectful way. Parents are especially special to Santa. So are grandmas, grandpas, uncles and aunts. In fact, Santa loves everybody just as much as everybody else.

One more thing we found out was that Santa doesn't stay at home on Christmas day after he has finished his deliveries. We thought he would be so tired that he would want to go straight to bed. Well, he is very tired, but there is something Santa thinks is so important that he can't go to sleep until after it is done.

Every Christmas morning, after

he returns to the North Pole, Santa changes into his very best clothes. Then he, Mrs. Claus, Sammy, the elves and all the reindeer, even Willie and Pietro, all go to church. Santa told us that this is the most important part of Christmas.

According to Mrs. Claus, even though everyone works all year preparing for Christmas, it just wouldn't be Christmas at all if they didn't remember why everyone at the North Pole works so hard all year long. She told us that it was because Christmas is really Baby Jesus's birthday. Since they can't give birthday presents to Jesus himself, they try to give all the other children in the world a present instead. She said that this makes them all feel very happy. This is the real reason why other people give us presents at Christmas time as well. They are really giving us a birthday present to celebrate Jesus's birthday.

Sammy Claus told our reporter that each year they take turns visiting a different church and this year they just may be visiting the same one where you and your family go to celebrate the love of Jesus.

This year, when we open our Christmas gifts, we are going to feel very special about them because we will know that they are really presents for Jesus. For that same reason, giving gifts will be more special than ever before as well. We hope it will be just as special for you.

And while you are at church on Christmas morning, take a quick peek around. You may just see a very happy family sitting behind you. You will surely notice them for they will be sitting with a bunch of very tired elves and eleven very magical reindeer. □





*A few of Jean Pelletier's special children*

## JEAN PELLETIER

There is a special lady within the Saskatchewan Native community who believes that the extra special feeling we all have for children while the Christmas spirit has a hold on our hearts is something which should be maintained all year long. She not only believes that the children should be our special joy all year but she has dedicated the last two years trying to share that special joy with everyone who has had an opportunity to meet her children.

I am speaking of Jean Pelletier of Regina and her children are the children who are known throughout Saskatchewan as the Riel Cresaultis Dancers, who are taking the joy and pride of their Metis culture back to the streets where they used to spend a great deal of their spare time before they came to know Jean.

Jean said that she had a lot of difficulties with her own children and she realizes now that part of the problem was that she never spent enough time planning worthwhile activities that would keep them busy and out of trouble. Most of her own children are grown now but because of the sometimes difficult experience

of watching them travel through the school of hard knocks, Jean takes a very special pleasure in working with the children of the Riel Cresaultis Dance Troupe.

Jean is originally from Crooked Lake, Saskatchewan and though she has been away for a very long time she says that she still feels very close to her Metis roots. The one thing she regrets about her earlier life is that she didn't spend more time with her own people. She says that her Metis culture becomes more vital to her each passing day. She feels the best way to share the pride she now feels for her culture is through the dance group. "Metis dance tells the whole story of the Metis. It is a lot of other dances but at the same time it is completely different. It is unique. It is Metis."

According to Jean, seeing a Metis cultural dance group in Saskatchewan is a dream she has had for a long time. Two years ago, while taking a SUNTEP class and she had a lot of spare time on her hands. It was at this time that she decided to use that time to try and make that

long time dream a reality.

The going was tough at the beginning. She started in the basement of her home and it wasn't until some time later that they were able to begin rehearsing in the basement of a local school. Although the realization of her dream has been fraught with difficulties, Jean told us that there never was a question of giving up or quitting once the ball was rolling. "The only thing that wasn't hard to find was dancers," she said. "Once the kids heard about us, they seemed to start coming out of the woodwork. There were times when we were rehearsing in my home that there was barely enough room to move let alone dance. There were a lot of kids interested. A lot of them were from the street. These were the last kids in the world you would expect to be interested in dancing. But there they were and there was no way I was going to quite if they were willing to come out. I knew things would work out. Day by day things began to come together. Day by day the dream was becoming a reality."

Jean says that the problems have not ended but the benefits far outweigh the difficulties. "The kids have changed since we began. They have learnt to have a great deal more respect for each other and more importantly for themselves. Some see hope in their lives where before there was none. Some have broken out of shells that they carried around for a long time. They have a new confidence; a new born pride; a new brightness in their eyes. I just have to look in their happy faces and I know it was all worthwhile. These kids have come a long way and if they aren't going to give up on themselves then neither will I."

If there is a Santa Claus I'm sure that he must be Metis. The new spirit that Jean has uncovered in her children can only be the Christmas Spirit. But unlike the rest of us, Jean celebrates that spirit every day of the year; just like Santa Claus.

Santa Pelletier, Hmmmmm! ☐

# Holy Night

## ST. LUKE 1

26 And in the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth,

27 To a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary.

28 And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, *thou that art* highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.

30 And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favour with God.

31 And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name JESUS.

32 He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David:

33 And he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end.

## ST. LUKE 2

3 And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

4 And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:)

5 To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.







# CHRISTMAS CAROLS

## SILENT NIGHT

*Traditional-Key of B-Flat*

Silent night! Holy night!  
All is calm, all is bright;  
Round yon virgin mother and child!  
Holy infant, so tender and mild.  
Sleep in heavenly peace,  
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, Holy night!  
Shepherds quake at the sight!  
Glories stream from heaven afar,  
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia.  
Christ, the Saviour is born!  
Christ, the Saviour is born!

Silent night! Holy night!  
Son of God, love's pure light  
Radiant beams from Thy holy face  
With the dawn of redeeming grace.  
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth,  
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth.

## WE THREE KINGS

We three kings of Orient are,  
Bearing gifts, we traverse afar,  
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,  
Following yonder star.

### Refrain:

O star of wonder, star of night,  
Star with royal beauty bright,  
Westward leading, still proceeding,  
Guide us to the perfect light.

### Solo (Melchior)

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,  
Gold I bring to crown Him again,  
King forever, ceasing never,  
Over us all to reign.

### Solo (Casper)

Frankincense to offer have I,  
Incense owns a Deity nigh;  
Prayer and praising, all men raising,  
Worship him, God most high.

### Solo (Balthazar)

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume,  
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;  
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,  
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.  
Glorious now behold Him arise,  
King and God and Sacrifice;  
Alleluia, alleluia.  
Earth to heaven replies.

## O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

*Traditional*

O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie.  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by:  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting light:  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight.

O Holy Child of Bethlehem,  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin and enter in;  
Be born in us today.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord, Emmanuel.

## AWAY IN A MANGER

*Traditional*

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,  
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head;  
The stars in the sky looked down where He lay,  
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,  
But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes;  
I love Thee, Lord Jesus; look down from the sky,  
and stay by my cradle until morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay  
Close by me forever and love me, I pray;  
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,  
And fit us for heaven to live with Thee there.

## O HOLY NIGHT

*Traditional*

O holy night! The stars are brightly shining,  
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth;  
Long lay the world, in sin and error pining,  
Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth.

A thrill of hope the weary soul rejoices,  
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn;  
Fall on your knees, O hear the angel voices!  
O night divine, O night when Christ was born!  
O night divine, O night, O night divine!

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

adapted by Jean-Paul Claude

The first day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
A snow goose in a Fir tree.

The second day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
Two feathers bright  
And a snow goose in a Fir tree.

The third day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
Three caribou  
Two feathers bright  
And a snow goose in a Fir tree.

The fourth day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
Four coloured beads  
Three caribou  
Two feathers bright  
And a snow goose in a Fir tree.

The fifth day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
Five beaver pelts  
Four coloured beads  
Three caribou  
Two feathers bright  
And a snow goose in a Fir tree.

The sixth day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
Six frisky foxes  
Five beaver pelts  
Four coloured beads  
Three caribou  
Two feathers bright  
And a snow goose in a Fir tree.

The seventh day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
Seven loons a'crooning  
Six frisky foxes  
Five beaver pelts  
Four coloured beads  
Three caribou  
Two feathers bright  
And a snow goose in a Fir tree.

The eighth day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
Eight buckskin jackets  
Seven loons a'crooning  
Six frisky foxes  
Five beaver pelts  
Four coloured beads  
Three caribou  
Two feathers bright  
And a snow goose in a Fir tree.

The ninth day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
Nine turquoise rings  
Eight buckskin jackets  
Seven loons a'crooning  
Six frisky foxes  
Five beaver pelts  
Four coloured beads  
Three caribou  
Two feathers bright  
And a snow goose in a Fir tree.

The tenth day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
Ten guitars plucking  
Nine turquoise rings  
Eight buckskin jackets  
Seven loons a'crooning  
Six frisky foxes  
Five beaver pelts  
Four coloured beads  
Three caribou  
Two feathers bright  
And a snow goose in a Fir tree.

The eleventh day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
Eleven pounds of bannock  
Ten guitars plucking  
Nine turquoise rings  
Eight buckskin jackets  
Seven loons a'crooning  
Six frisky foxes  
Five beaver pelts  
Four coloured beads  
Three caribou  
Two feathers bright  
And a snow goose in a Fir tree.

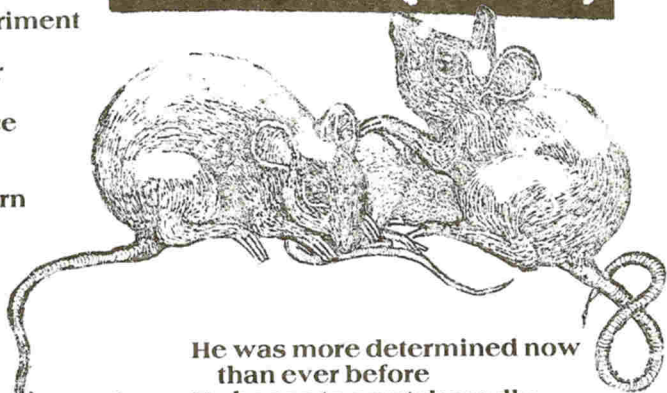
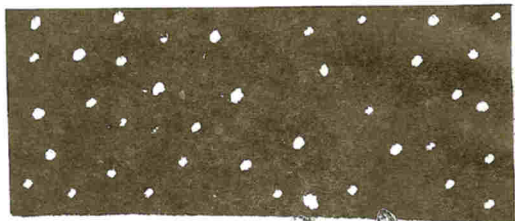
The twelfth day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
Twelve trout a' swimming  
Eleven pounds of bannock  
Ten guitars plucking  
Nine turquoise rings  
Eight buckskin jackets  
Seven loons a'crooning  
Six frisky foxes  
Five beaver pelts  
Four coloured beads  
Three caribou  
Two feathers bright  
And a snow goose in a Fir tree.

# A CHRISTMAS MIRACLE

by Jean-Paul Claude

It was the night after Christmas  
and all through the house  
Every creature was stirring  
except one poor mouse  
While all of mankind  
was wrapped up in mirth  
His wife was in labour  
soon to give birth  
Through the din of the merriment  
he did try his best  
But he couldn't provide her  
with one moments rest  
He'd tried to find someplace  
both cozy and warm  
But a cold outside porch  
is the place they were born  
With no straw for a nest  
and no coat of their own  
Within fifteen minutes  
the first three were gone  
Together they cuddled  
close over their young  
And no one cared  
they were too wrapped up in song  
Of sleighbells and noels  
and jingle bells too  
Of fat men and babies  
it all seemed so cruel  
To think while they celebrate  
one child's birthday  
Outside on the porch  
another's life passed away

And now with just one infant's  
breath still remaining  
And a mother so weak  
That her's too now was waning  
He decided he couldn't  
just wait and do nothing  
Determined to fight back  
his thin blood now rushing  
With the babe in his arms  
and his mate leaning on him  
He moved even nearer  
the party within  
As she rested with child  
just outside the door

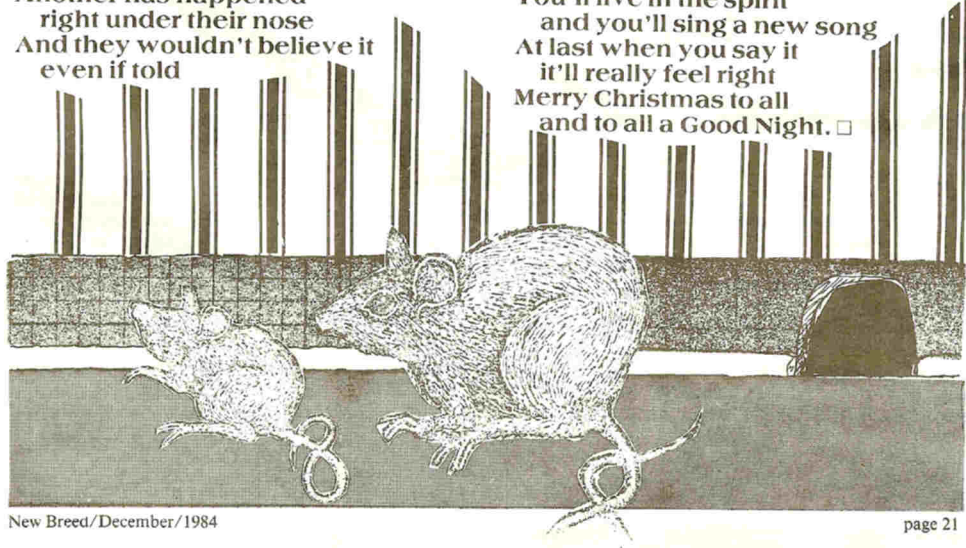


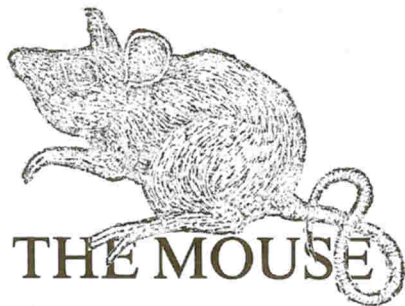
He was more determined now  
than ever before  
He began to scratch madly  
the door from without  
And he wasn't surprised  
when there came a loud shout  
It's a mouse filthy vermin  
send the cat out there now  
And the cold air exploded  
with a roaring MEOW  
The moment he saw it  
he turned and he ran  
For the brief moment following  
was part of his plan  
For as the door had been opened  
to let out the beast  
His mate and young son  
scurried in towards the heat  
No one noticed them enter  
it was much too much fun  
To watch as the scared mouse  
was set on the run  
His flight was not lengthy  
being too cold and weak  
And he couldn't run far  
on his four frozen feet



Inside now they're warm  
and their strength is returning  
Their bellies now full  
and their hearts hot and burning  
In hate you would think  
from the pain and injustice  
But it's love that they feel  
for it's all part of Christmas  
Their pain and their torment  
their needing and wanting  
His heart almost empty  
yet so full of giving  
He gave what he could  
and he gave what was needed  
The strong call of love  
was the one that he heeded  
The party continues  
with jingle bells ringing  
And spirits of Smirnoff's  
has shy voices singing  
Of slieghbells and noels  
and jingle bells too  
Of fat men and babies  
it all seems so cruel  
To think while they celebrate  
a miracle old  
Another has happened  
right under their nose  
And they wouldn't believe it  
even if told

If your Christmas seems lacking  
in spirit and life  
Perhaps you're the one  
who's spirit ain't right  
Don't look to commercials  
and media trife  
Turn your eyes right around  
and look around deep in your life  
Christmas too is a gift  
and must be accepted  
Never forced on cold hearts  
who want to reject it  
The miracle of Christmas  
is not history's claim  
It's survival not owing  
to celebration or fame  
Each Christmas it's reborn  
in some one deserving  
With less thought of taking  
with spirit of serving  
So take a good look around you  
this bright Christmas Day  
And know of the miracles  
unfolding all day  
And if you see even one  
before the last guests has gone  
You'll live in the spirit  
and you'll sing a new song  
At last when you say it  
it'll really feel right  
Merry Christmas to all  
and to all a Good Night. □





## THE MOUSE

### THAT DIDN'T BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS

Charlie the Clock stood in the corner of the dark room. The only light was the silvery beam of moonlight that shone on the floor in the middle of the room. Mary Mouse appeared from the tiny hole near the chimney. She scampered about and danced gaily in the moonlight. Sometimes she skipped and twirled on two legs, and sometimes, but not very often, she did this on all four legs.

"Ah me," sighed Charlie, "how different mice are today from the way mice behaved in the past. I remember your grandmother, Minnie Velvetpaw and your grandfather Willie Whiskers. How dignified they were; always dancing very nobly, with none of this friskiness I see in you now, to my surprise."

"I should be happy and merry," said Mary, "this is Christmas Eve and tomorrow is Christmas."

"So it is, so it is," replied Charlie. "What does Christmas mean to you, Miss Mary Mouse?"

"It means a lot to me!" exclaimed Mary. "I have been very good for a long time and I haven't used any bad words. I haven't chewed any holes and I haven't worried my mommy by running behind the flour barrel, where that bad trap is set. I have been so good that I am sure Santa will bring me something very nice."

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What Mary had said sounded very funny to Charlie. He started to smile, then chuckly, and finally took to laughing so hard, that he struck twelve instead of ten, which was very careless.

"Why you silly little mouse," he exclaimed. "You don't really believe in Santa Claus, do you?"

"Of course I believe in Santa Claus," said the little mouse. "Didn't Santa bring me a really nice buttered cracker, a gingersnap, and a delicious piece of cheese last Christmas. This year I am expecting him to come with more nice things for me. I would be very ungrateful if I didn't believe in him."

"I once had a sister who did not believe in Santa Claus," Mary continued. "She died before I was born. My mother told me all about her. My sister was a long, thin, skinny mouse. She was not the short chubby type that is usually found around well supplied kitchens. She was the type of mouse that did not believe in the accepted stories of the mouse kingdom. For example, from the time she was very young, she did not believe that the moon was made of green cheese."

"For a long time, she did not believe there was an evil enemy such as the cat. My sister believed in the cat later on, because one night, she lost about two inches of her tail. The cat

frightened her so bad, that for an hour after, her heart was beating so hard that it lifted her off her feet and she bumped her head against the roof of our little home. The cat was so upset when she escaped that he promised he would spend all his time trying to catch and eat her."

"Yes," Charlie said. "I remember the time it happened very well".

"From that time on the cat wanted my sister for his main meal," Mary continued. "The cat hunted and waited and watched and planned, and did everything possible for a cat can do, so he could eventually catch and eat her."

One Christmas Eve my mother got all my brothers, sisters and myself ready for bed. She was telling us to be good and go to sleep, as she thought Santa would bring us all something very nice before morning. We began telling each other what we hoped Santa would bring. One wanted a piece of Roquefort Cheese; one wanted Swiss cheese; another Motzorella cheese, and the fourth, Cream Cheese. There were eight of us all together, so it was a wide variety of wishes.

"My children," my mother would always say. "We should be very happy with whatever Santa brings us, although myself, I would prefer a nice piece of American cheese. Now off you go to your

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dreams, so Santa will find you all sleeping."

"All the children obeyed except my sister, I don't believe in Santa Claus, I am not going to sleep, I am going to creep out of here and have a quiet time to myself, she had said."

"She was such a silly fool," Mary continued. "Who do you suppose was listening when my sister said she didn't believe in Santa Claus?"

"Why Santa Claus himself," Charlie answered.

"Oh no!" Exclaimed Mary, "It was that wicked cat. Just as Santa waits for naughty children, the cat also waits for naughty mice. The cat went and got a piece of white fur, so he could cover himself up in a disguise. He didn't look at all like a cat. Do you know who he looked like?"

"Like a doll," said Charlie.

"How silly you are!" Mary exclaimed. "Why he looked just like Santa Claus."

"Oh yes, I am beginning to understand now," replied Charlie.

"There is not much left to my story," Mary added. "My sister crept out of the hole by the chimney and out into the moonlight. There she was dancing and dashing around without a care. All of a sudden she was what she thought was a giant ghost. She felt her little heart beat faster. "Purr, purr-r-r-r," the ghost in white said. My sister cried "please don't hurt me." The white ghost replied, "no I will not hurt you. I'm Santa Claus and I have a beautiful piece of cheese for you." My sister answered, "how good of you." Before she could say anymore, she was grabbed by two cruel paws with sharp claws, that brought her tiny crushed body to the mouth of that wicked cat. I can tell no more, for it was exactly three weeks to the day, from the time she lost that two inch piece of her tail that this tragedy had happened."

As for Santa when he came that night bringing cheese and other presents, he heard with great sorrow what had happened to my sister. Before he left he said that in all his experience, he had never known a mouse or a child who had good things happen to them after saying that they didn't believe in Santa Claus have things go well for them. □

New Breed/December/1984



## CHRISTMAS TREE O CHRISTMAS TREE

At one time, one of the great delights at Christmas time was when Dad or Mom pulled you, and headed out to the forest to cut down the annual Christmas tree. This was, indeed, a special time when all the family in the joyous task of selecting the perfect tree, cutting it down, struggling to get it home, preparing decorations, dressing it up and finally gathering around the beautiful transformation and joining together to sing in the spirit of the season. It was then that you really knew Christmas had arrived.

This is still a valuable tradition with most of those fortunate enough to live near one of our grand Saskatchewan forests. However, things are not quite as they used to be. For instance, before packing the axe and bundling the children up on the sled, Dad or Mom must first be sure that cutting the family tree is, in fact, legal in their area. They will do this by checking with the department of Saskatchewan Parks and Renewable Resources office or their local conservation officer.

Black spruce, balsam fir or jack pine Christmas trees may be taken from the provincial forest, free of charge, providing the tree is for personal use. Commercial cutters must

apply for a permit identifying species, quantity, and cutting location before any harvesting can take place.

White spruce cannot be cut for use as Christmas trees unless they are specifically designated as such in salvage areas. Since white spruce is one of the most valuable softwood trees in the province, its harvesting must be closely regulated.

Residents are reminded of several more forest management rules regarding provincial forest Christmas tree cutting.

-Never remove trees from plantations or reforested areas;

-Don't waste trees by harvesting a Christmas tree and then cutting another which may appear more attractive;

-Don't cut trees over 14 feet in height or over four inches in diameter;

-Don't cut tops off trees. Stumps must be less than 12 inches high after cutting.

The department of Saskatchewan Parks and Renewable Resources suggests that by observing these regulations, residents will be helping to manage the forest for the use and enjoyment of today's and tomorrow's generations. □



# THE GREENS OF CHRISTMAS

Researched by Paul Lovgren

The use of plants and greens as winter decorations began almost two thousand years ago, before the birth of Christ.

Evergreens are plants that are continually green all year round such as holly, laurel, and pine. The pagans in their belief, believed that evergreens stood for life. When the sun reached its lowest point they brought evergreens indoors, believing this would make the sun rise.

They used the evergreens to scare away ghosts and witches that tried to come inside their homes. They used thorns of holly leaves to prick witches with and burned juniper berries to chase away demons. Evergreens with berries such as mistletoe, holly, and ivy were considered sacred.

## MISTLETOE

About twenty-two hundred years ago the Celts, who occupied the British Isles and France, and their priests, called Druids, believed that mistletoe which grew on oak trees had special powers. They thought the oak tree god, lived in the mistletoe after the oak branches died. When winter came the high priest, dressed in white, cut down the mistletoe with a gold sickle. The mistletoe was caught in a white cloth so it wouldn't touch the ground where witches could harm it. They placed part of the mistletoe on the altar and killed two white bulls as gifts to the gods. Later, they gave the rest of the mistletoe to the people to hang over their doorway for good luck. They called mistletoe the "all healer" in that it would cure all manner of ills.

Kissing under the mistletoe comes from Scandinavian legend. One of the gods, Balder, was afraid he was going to die. His mother, Frigga, made everyone and everything promise not to harm him, but she forgot to tell the mistletoe, as she thought it wasn't important enough to cause trouble. Another god named Lokki, who was envious of Balder, asked the blind god Hother to throw a mistletoe dart at Balder and kill him. Frigga having lost her son cried so much that the



tears became white berries on the mistletoe. She pleaded with the gods to bring back Balder. The gods, liking Balder, did so. Frigga was very happy and pleased. She stood under the mistletoe and kissed everyone who passed beneath.

In time the mistletoe became the symbol of peace and love. Enemies, upon meeting beneath it, laid down their arms and made peace. Because of the pagan origins it is usually not allowed inside churches. It is hung in homes where people kiss under it to end arguments and bring good luck.

## IVY

The early church leaders tried to stop the pagan custom of bringing greens indoors, even after becoming Christians they continued to do it. The church leaders decided to make greens, part of the story of Christ's life. One story suggests that the crown of thorns Christ wore at his crucifixion, was made of holly leaves. When the thorns pricked his head, his blood changed the white berries to red.

## IVY

This took a much longer time to be accepted, as ivy was the symbol of the Roman god of wine, Bacchus. As time passed ivy became the symbol of everlasting life and was used as a Christmas decoration as well.

Holly and ivy are mentioned together, since they were the symbols of the male and female halves of

nature. Holly was man's plant, as it was protected by thorns as man would protect himself with weapons. Ivy was known as woman's plant, as it had to be supported by wall or tree in the same way women were thought to need the support of man in the Middle Ages.

## ROSEMARY

Rosemary has a sweet aroma and a gray-green colour. The story goes that it received its smell when Mary hung baby Jesus's blankets over it. Its colour is said to come from Mary's gray-green coat, which she threw over the branches.

## CHRISTMAS TREE

The tree stands for life, as evergreens did before Christ was born. The custom of cutting down a whole tree is just a few hundred years old. Only the branches were brought indoors during the pagan festivals.

It is not known clearly how the custom of decorating the tree began. Some people think it was started by Martin Luther, a 15th century monk, who lit the tree with candles to show how it looked when it was lit up by starlight.

It is very unusual to see two trees look identical because of the wide variety of homemade and commercial decorations available today.

Decorating the tree is a way to bring people together and do something imaginative and creative at Christmas. □



## SAM WOLF'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

by Val Samuelson  
Jean-Paul Claude

Once there was a wolf named Sam, who lived in a large, North Saskatchewan forest. One winter day as he sat alone in his den, he came up with a wonderful idea. He decided to have a Christmas party.

Sam wondered who he should invite. He took out his pen and paper and wrote down a few names. Then he wrote out the invitations and delivered them to all his friends.

The next day when the animals received their invitations, they became very excited. They wondered however, whether Sam was playing a trick so that he could have a feast for himself.

Abraham, the wise old owl, was getting to gether all of the feed and getting ready for his party. While he was busy, all the animals met by the small pond.

Abraham, the wise old owl, was the first to speak. "What do you think of this party we are being invited to?" he asked.

Fluffy Rabbit answered immediately, "I'm afraid to even let Sam see me."

Annie echoed the same feeling. "Last week he chased me until I just about dropped," she said.

Lily was shaking when she told them that Sam almost turned her in to one of his meals.

When all the other animals had New Breed/December/1984

finished speaking, Abraham suggested that since they were all afraid, he would go first and see what Sam was up to. The other animals all thought this was a good idea.

After the meeting, Fluffy said that he still would not go, even if it was a real party. "Fluffy, if it is a real party," Annie exclaimed, "you'll miss all the good things to eat."

"Yes, I guess you are right", Fluffy responded. "But I will only go after Abraham says it is safe." Annie, Fluffy and Lily then went to play in the forest, far away from Sam's den.

When the day came for the party, they all went to see Abraham. Abraham then went to watch Sam, while the rest of the guests went to play on the frozen pond.

Sam was in his den making the last preparations for his party. After he finished he sat down to wait for his guests to arrive.

When it was past the time announced for the party, Sam wondered to himself if his guests were ever going to arrive. The day turned into night as he sat and waited for them. He was starting to feel very sad.

Abraham, upon seeing this, flew off to the little pond where everyone was playing. After catching his breath, he told them all about Sam's

plans.

"I feel real terrible," exclaimed Fluffy.

"So do I," answered Annie.

"Well why don't we go now," Lily suggested. "We can explain to Sam why we didn't arrive on time."

Fluffy lead the way as they started off. When they arrived, Abraham knocked on the door. Sam walked to the door and opened it.

"What do you want?" he asked in a sad voice.

"We are sorry we didn't get here in time for the party, but if it isn't too late, we'd like to stay," answered Abraham.

"Why are you so late? Didn't you want to come to my party,?" Sam asked.

"We weren't going to come because we thought maybe you would eat us up", Fluffy replied.

Sam understood and told them to come in and get the party underway. Fluffy ate so much that he almost burst. The girls didn't stop dancing all night. Abraham played his fiddle and Sam happily howled his heart out until the sun began to poke it's head over the distant horizon.

When it was time to leave, everyone agreed to forget their differences each Christmas and party together in peace. □







# A GOOD "OLD" FASHION" CHRISTMAS

by Janice Pelletier

In an effort to plan our Christmas this year I found myself reflecting back to my childhood. My thoughts were that if I could gather together the pleasant memories I have of these Christmas's, I could perhaps give my children a Christmas to truly remember.

My earliest recollections for this special event were the many preparations we made together. Our huge house was filled with the smells of cleaning and baking. The biggest thrill of all for myself, my brothers and sisters was when my mother would let us help with the polishing of our huge wood floors. After she completed the task of waxing the floors, she would let us bring out our old wool sweaters and pull each other around on them in an effort to get those old floors to shine. We would busy ourselves with this task for a long time, screaming and laughing all the while. As mother baked, we were inspired by the aromatic smells coming from the kitchen. We put up the decorations, which each year consisted of the same red and green streamers and huge red bells hung on the ceiling. When all this was completed, usually the day before Christmas Eve, my father would set out to find the tallest and fullest Christmas tree. Of course this was the event most looked forward to. We were all permitted to assist in dressing up the tree. By the time our tree top was ready to go on, the tree had become a masterpiece. Although the presents under the tree must have been a big thing to me then, my strongest memories are those of love and togetherness; memories of our family.

Another Christmas that stands out in my catalogue of memories is the one we almost didn't arrive home in time for. We were residents in the boarding school then. Although we enjoyed the prepara-

tions, it was not quite the same. The Christmas spirit was certainly prevalent in the school, with the decorations, carolling, and everything else. But I wanted desperately to be at home with our family. We finally resigned ourselves to spending Christmas at school. The day before Christmas, however, our parents surprised us by arriving to pick us up. We celebrated Christmas that year on the reserve with my grandparents and all my fathers family. There was plenty of good food and many relatives to share the joy of our Christmas. Once again the memories that come easiest are those of "family."

Christmas's had been celebrated with tradition for many years in our family.

Through the years as we became older and lived our lives as adults we seldom came together as a family at Christmas. For me, these were far less joyous times.

As time passed members of my family died. Though their spirits will always be among us, there remains a certain sadness in my heart.

So when I say to my children, this year we are going to have a good old fashion Christmas, I'll explain to them that Christmas is for loving and sharing, giving of yourself to make others happy, and for bringing together family and those who are dear to you. We share by exchanging good feelings, good food and memories of Christmas's past.

This year we're going to attempt to bring together all the family, five brothers, five sisters, several neices and nephews, and the spirit of our deceased grandparents, our dear father and brother.

For me this will be the best present of all, and for my children I hope a Christmas to remember. □



## NIGHT HEARTS

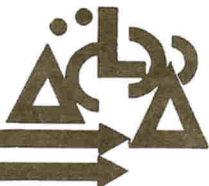
*Starry sky  
one star that glows  
individual light.*

*Star so high  
in the blackness that flows  
still within sight.*

*Dawn breaking  
fragmenting darkness fading  
enveloping night.*

*Earth heart aching  
in the morning  
of yesterdays light.*

by Edward Poitras



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## PUBLIC HEARINGS POSTPONED

### Indian and Native Education

The Saskatchewan Human Rights Commission has postponed public hearings designed to examine the question of whether or not children of Indian ancestry benefit from our education system to the same extent as the rest of society. The hearings have been postponed to allow interested parties more time to prepare their submissions. The hearings were scheduled for December 3rd in Regina and December 6th in Prince Albert.

THE HEARINGS HAVE BEEN RESCHEDULED AS FOLLOWS:

**Prince Albert:** February 7th, 1985  
Sheraton Marlboro  
1:30 p.m.-8:00 p.m.

**Regina:** February 13th, 1985  
Sheraton Centre  
1:30 p.m.- 8:00 p.m.

Interested groups and individuals are invited to share their opinions, ideas and possible strategies for change within the education system. Oral and/or written submissions will be accepted.

To arrange for the presentation of your submission, or for further information, please contact:

Ailsa Watkinson, phone 664-5952, Saskatoon

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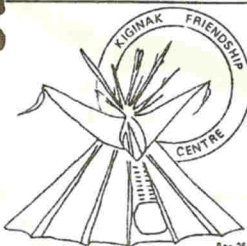
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Thank-you for your overwhelming support on September 4, 1984. I will continue to represent you to the best of my abilities over the next 4 years- Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.  
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(R-L) front row- Jean-Paul Claude Jo-Anne Amyotte Second row- Yvonne Nagy Joan Beatty Back row- Edward Poitras Ron Bitternose Missing: Marilyn Obey

It is that blessed time of year again when our thoughts are turned to others rather than ourselves. The magic of this Holy Holiday Season never ceases to amaze us. If a stranger were to visit this planet at this time of the year he would truly be amazed at the spirit of love and brotherhood that is so much a part of everyone and everything that it seems to hang in the air awaiting the grasp of anyone with an inclination to share in it. He would no doubt be equally amazed to find those who refuse the joy of this spirit as they refuse to reach out to that which is so freely offered.

Our prayers this year then are for those unable or unwilling to share the peace, joy and happiness we feel today, that their hearts might be softened and warmed by the love of those around them.

We also can not forget that the joy we feel today is because of the love that is shared with us throughout the year. We, the management and staff of Saskatchewan Native Communications have been truly blessed to have so many share their gifts with us already this year that our happiness during this Holy season is insured even if the spirit of Christmas had not found it's way into our hearts before.

At this time, we would like to thank you all for allowing us to share our meager gifts with you and to thank you for the most generous gifts of assistance and support you have offered us throughout the past year. We pray that this spirit of Christian brotherhood, this Spirit of Christmas continues to be shared freely by all of us throughout the New Year and beyond.

We wish you and yours a most blessed Christmas and an eternally joyous New Year.



## Let Us Introduce Ourselves

by Jean-Paul Claude

You have met some of the most talented communications people in Saskatchewan on this page in the past six months. They have a great deal to do with the success of Whetamatowin. But as we all know, even the most sea worthy and well manned ship can run aground if it is not captained by an experienced and competent hand.

The Captain in the case of the good ship "Whetamatowin" is none other than Joan Beatty, an attractive and talented lady familiar to many of you for her dedicated and committed service over the years.

Joan is a Northern lady who moved South in the physical sense but who's heart is still very much in the cold expanse of Northern Saskatchewan.

Journalism is basically the art of communicating and in this sense, Joan began her career as a journalist at a very early age. As a young girl she would serve as a translator between the government field nurse and her own Northern people who required medical attention.

Joan's entire career has been dedicated to communications and the Native people of Saskatchewan. She has worked as a secretary, ministerial assistant, employment officer, radio programmer, radio announcer, newspaper editor and communications administrator. Regardless of her particular title at any given time her first priority has been to work towards the betterment of the situation to which Saskatchewan's Native community is exposed to.

Whetamatowin does not always run along as smoothly as one might prefer. As with any corporation there are the usual day to day problems of balanced budgets, staff disputes as well as the entire array of other problems experienced by all managers. Joan however, seems able to take these in her stride and turn large problems into small ones. Perhaps these problem solving skills were derived from her years of experience but I would rather expect that the initial training was a result of watching her father manage a large family and a small budget on



## JOAN BEATTY

little else than a tremendous amount of love and patience.

Joan says that her sweetest memories are those as a child when the family would travel into the bush to work the traplines together. Each member of the family had a certain number of traps to maintain and would be allowed to keep the money earned from them. She also recalls the cold, crisp Northern nights when her father would be away. Her aunt would stay over and as the children would cuddle on the cold floor, around the wood stove, her aunt would capture their imaginations with her famous legends as lonely wolves howled through the otherwise silent night.

These are still very precious memories, but the dearest memory of all is that of Christmas. Joan says that often her father would be away for months, working the bush. However he never failed to return for Christmas. In fact that was often the only time, all year when the entire family would be together for any length of time. It was a busy life but nothing was more important

than Christmas. It was a special time for loving your neighbor and praising God. It was a time for brotherhood and joy. It was truly Christmas as Christmas should be.

The only time Joan has not fully enjoyed Christmas has been the times she has had to work and was not able to return to the homefires to celebrate with her loved ones. "This was a lonely time," Joan tells us, "and one that no one should ever have to experience."

Joan says there is still alot of work to do in regards to ensuring that all Native people receive the information they will need in order to realize their dreams of freedom from poverty, prejudism and all conditions which would hold them back. She intends to continue until the work is done. After that however, she does have some dreams of her own that she intends to persue.

The greatest of these is to return to the North and the freedom that she knew as a girl. It is a dream she has maintained ever since coming South and one which every true Northerner feels burning in his or her heart.

I began by telling you that Joan left her heart in the North. It seems only right that I end it by telling you that she says she will eventually return to reclaim it. □

