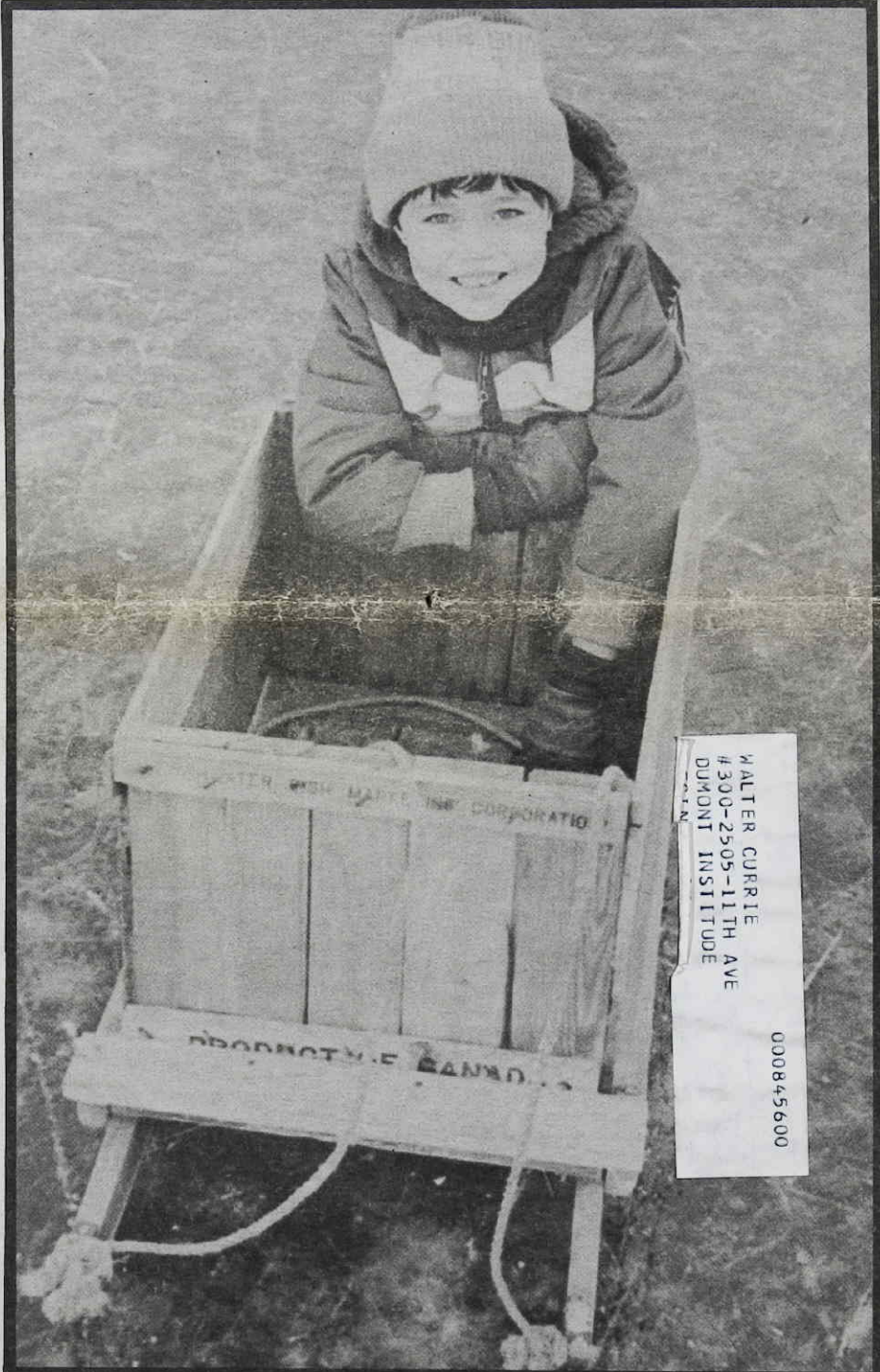


Dec/82

new breed journal

75¢ vol 13 no 12



Interview

with George Smith

Seasonal Reminiscence

Fiction

An Enchanted Christmas

One Northern Autumn

Jessica

a theatre review

MacKenzies' Roast

voice of saskatchewan metis and non-status indians

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New Breed Journal
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Letters

PEN PAL WANTED

Bonjour — Tansi

I am writing in care of your good hand to pass this on to someone who would like to correspond with me. I am a 22-year-old trying to get through university student. I hope to be a teacher soon. I was raised by my Irish father, until he remarried to an English lady — my mom whom I adopted.

My bio-mother was a Metis-Jew (Cree, Irish, Scottish, French, Ojibway and Russian); all in all, she was about half Indian. Since I never knew my mother or grandmother, I know little about being Indian, or what life is like on the reserve. So I am trying to regain a part of my heritage. Maybe I can gain some knowledge from other Metis — so I am interested in making friends through writing — a rather unusual way, but one that I hope to learn from!

My interests besides soccer, horses, photography, arts, crafts, literature and airplanes, are dancing and music. Hope to hear from you!

Mary Ellen Kelly,
12130 Chevelle Drive
Sterling Heights, Michigan
48077 U.S.A.

WRITE TO ME

Dear *NewBreed Journal*:

I don't know if you remember me. I used to work with you people two years ago. It doesn't seem that long.

I miss all of you; I still think of you all the time. I miss *NewBreed* when I don't get it.

Will each one of you that know me please drop me a line? I'd like to say hi to everyone out there.

My address is:

Carolyn R. Campeau
46034 Brookes Avenue South
Chilliwach, B.C.
V2R 1B9

UNHAPPY IN INSTITUTION

Dear *NewBreed Journal*:

I am presently finishing off a term of six months. This joint is really ridiculous; their materialism is out of hand.

We have anti-social tactics, ignorance; I feel the communications between the inmates are totally nil.

This joint isn't really for mature men. They treat us like kids; they have their little charge panel, kangaroo court, whatever. Depending on any phoney charge, the sanctions are really severe, especially for Native inmates. When is this discrimination going to stop? We're only individuals with a small voice on our land, and we're getting the worst end.

A greater problem is the medical staff and their assuming presumptions. If a person has a serious emotional problem, he self-inflicts wounds and they throw him in the "hole". That's the most depressing place a person can be. A person with suicidal tendencies has no other alternative but to turn to his last card. "Suicide" — is this part of the program? If your name is on the psychiatrist's list, it's usually four or five pages long. There isn't enough psychiatric help for the fellow inmates in here.

Another serious infraction here is when two people have a misunderstanding and a fight occurs, the whole range has to suffer a lockup. Is this justice for those people who had nothing to do with it?

Let's face facts. The whites have more priority in here. We Native people have to practically forget about the programs and accept the fact we're the minority they dislike.

We Native people have to struggle and form a nucleus. Unity and understanding, pride and self-determination, are all essential assets in all this chaos in here.

The institution doesn't look at the Native Brotherhood as a referral centre in here for Native offenders. They're against us — denial after denial.

We really need more Native counsellors and more Native flexibility on N.B.S. programs.

A Brother in Struggle,
Chris Acoose
Regina Correctional Centre

THANK YOU DUMONT

Dear Friends:

Often we do not consider the aspect of gratitude in our daily lives, and I would like to take a moment here to express mine.

I have just attended my first Metis conference and enjoyed it very much. One soon becomes aware of the sacrifices undertaken to make it possible. The years many of you spent just holding together our culture, our traditions; attending meetings at all levels; meals missed; time away from home; often dealing with misunderstandings; sorting out concerns and priorities.

Whether paid personally or not, the sacrifices have been many. A traditional Native friend of mine says "To sacrifice is to make the way sacred." I would like to say: "Thank you for making my way here, sacred."

Noni Nault vanGoozen
1st year SUNTEP student

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Dear *NewBreed Journal*

Enclosed you will find a cheque for \$10.00. I want to prolong my subscription but I have forgotten the exact amount for it. So if this amount is not correct, please let me know. I will wind the remaining amount.

In case I don't hear from you, I wish you and the *NewBreed Journal* staff Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Sincerely
Matina Luecke
Berlin, West Germany

1983 CALENDARS

Dear *NewBreed Journal*

I would like to know how I can get a calendar for 1983. If a form is needed please send me one.

Yours truly
Joseph A. Fayant
Sintaluta, Sask.

(Editor's Note: See form inside this issue. Calendar is a limited edition featuring our position on the aboriginal rights and land claims issue. Hope you find it informative.)

STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDANCE

Dear *NewBreed Journal*:

"Struggle for Independence" (October 1982) was beautiful! Time passes. We grow stronger, wiser..... maintain.

In Brotherhood
Dennis Acoby
Prince Albert, Sask.

METIS HISTORY INTERESTING

Dear *NewBreed Journal*:

Please find enclosed a cheque for a three year subscription.

Also, as I am a teacher of Canadian history, I am very much interested in your article on Metis History by Ron Bourgeault. Unfortunately, the first article I received was the September issue. Is there any way I can get the previous issues, even just the article itself?

Also I would like more information on Saskatchewan Native Women's Association. Is it possible?

Yours truly
Margaret Shopland
Rocanville, Sask.

(Editor's Note: We will be glad to forward the back issues dealing with Metis History. The articles started in the March, 1982 issue.)

I would also suggest you get in touch with the Saskatchewan Native Women's office at 1106 Angus Street, Regina, Saskatchewan, or phone 527-1648. The provincial president is Georgina Fisher. I am sure they will be happy to answer all your questions.)

Joan Beatty

Merry Christmas

The December issue of the *NewBreed Journal* is going to be very light as we all rush about trying to get everything ready for Christmas.

We are featuring many of the AMNSIS staff in this issue, as it's very seldom you have the opportunity to meet them. We also talked to some elders about how they used to spend their Christmases, and we hope you enjoy that. Our reporter, Larry Laliberte, also asked some little kids about their expectations of Santa. We have also included some of our favourite recipes and we hope you try and enjoy them.

One of the heavier articles in this issue is the interview with George Smith of Pinehouse. I felt it was just too important to put off until the January issue, as he talks about many of the things we are all facing and the goals we hope to achieve. I know you will find it very interesting, and we welcome your comments on it. I would also like to thank Marie Symes-Grehan for doing the interview, as it takes a lot of work to do one that extensive. Remember, we welcome names of people you think we should interview, or if you have one you have done yourself, we would be glad to print it. The more we hear from local people, the better.

I had the opportunity to attend the NDP annual convention held recently in Regina, and I was kind of surprised at the number of people who turned out. But it was frustrating at times, because so much time seemed to be spent on making sure you followed the right procedure instead of allowing free-wheeling discussions to take place. But I guess they are a necessary animal. One of the resolutions introduced by the Cumberland constituency was to ensure that the next time the NDP forms a government, they deal with the land and aboriginal rights issue instead of trying to put it off as everyone seems to be doing. When the time for discussion came, a couple of delegates stood up and said the Metis people had already received their settlement through scrip. This lady claimed to have done extensive research into the matter. A delegate from the Cumberland constituency pointed out it was the Metis people from the Red River settlements who had received scrip, and that much of the land was taken away by fraud as soon as it was handed out. Then another delegate wanted a definition of the Metis. It was finally pointed out that no one but the Metis people themselves would say who the Metis are, and that the purpose of the resolution was to ensure a process was in place, recognized by government, to deal with the issue. It would be up to the Metis and Non-Status people to say who they are and prove that they do in fact have a claim. The resolution was finally passed, but with surprising slowness from a supposedly socialist party. It still has to go before the provincial council, as it didn't get to the main assembly. It will be interesting to see whether it gets through or not.

It was a really interesting experience, though, as I found that politics are politics, and they are no different from anybody else's, including ours. The only difference with AMNSIS meetings is they are free-wheeling, and you have the right to express your opinion, and you're not limited to two or five minutes.

The Wayne McKenzie roast was also held recently to honour McKenzie for all the work he has done through the years. I don't know whether I would want to be honoured the way he was, but that's a matter of opinion or sense of humour. The point was well made, but things kind of got out of hand, especially by the antics pulled off by Bill Wilson of British Columbia, when he crawled to the microphone in his shorts. Ask McKenzie about that. I want to congratulate our own Rick Wagamese, who was one of the roasters, for a job well done. If you ever need a comedian to liven up the occasion, give Rick a call.

Remember to take it easy for the holidays and not overdo it. I hope you will all have the opportunity to get together with your families and friends to share a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.



CONTENTS

letters	2
achimowins	2
kukwachimin	5
commentary	7
interview with George Smith	8
wehtum MacKenzie's Roast	12
feature fiction an Enchanted Christmas	14
feature Home for the Holidays	16
amnsis news housing book reviews sports	18
cree news	20
theatre review Jessica	21
metis history	21
recipes	22
poetry	23
childrens fiction	24



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Articles submitted to the Newbreed Journal and subsequently published shall be paid for at the rate of \$2.50 per column inch. We reserve the right to publish whole or parts thereof. All material must be signed, however, names will be withheld if requested. Photographs submitted with written material shall be paid for at the rate of \$5.00 per published photo and will be returned upon request.

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MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT



Last year I put a major effort into attempting to ensure that somehow, for the first time in recent history, our people would be recognized officially as one of the Aboriginal Peoples of Canada. When the Constitution was patriated, it did not contain what we would have liked to see in it. It did, however, open some important doors for our people. It contained three important principles as follows:

1. it named the Metis as one of the original peoples;
2. it affirmed existing aboriginal rights;
3. it provided for a process by which existing, or new, rights could be defined and expanded. This was to be done through the holding of a First Ministers' Conference within one year of the formal declaration of the Constitution.

We are now in the process of preparing for this conference. Developments to date indicate that there is a new awareness of Aboriginal People among Federal and Provincial politicians and officials. There is also a new willingness to listen to our people, to learn and to work toward finding ways to recognize our rights and to accommodate our needs, while not ignoring the rights and needs of other Canadians.

Our Association is devoting a major effort to this process. Much of our time will be taken up in preparations for the First Ministers' Conference scheduled for March 1983. This will mean that other matters which also need attention may have to be neglected to some extent. This development, however, is in my opinion so important to the future of our people that it must receive first priority. History offers us once again the possibility of controlling our own destiny and of providing us with a way of doing this, which will make us more independent of the whims of politicians and the vested interests of civil servants. If we are successful, development funds, Native Programs and Native Self-determination will be ours as a question of right. We will no longer have to go hat-in-hand begging and pleading for our fair share. Therefore, we cannot afford not to succeed in this undertaking.

As you know we have had a change of government in Saskatchewan during the past year. We do not yet know what this will mean to our people. It took us ten years to educate the previous crop of civil servants and politicians. It seems we are forced with having to start this process all over. Given this fact, and when coupled with the bad economic times and the negative attitudes of some Conservative MLA's and their supporters, to Native people generally, I believe our relationships with government will again become more difficult for a time. We will have to make some hard decisions as to how we plan to respond to these new developments. I believe we must approach the task with patience, determination and in a spirit of unity, but we must not forget our ideals and goals and we must be prepared to take militant action, as we did with the previous government, when necessary.

Enjoy your Christmas break and holiday. It is a time for being with family and close friends and enjoying ourselves. It is also a time for renewal and hope. I will look forward to your continued support for the Association's efforts in the next year, and I urge everyone to work just a little harder to help achieve our goal of becoming a proud and independent people.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Jim Sinclair

As we approach the Christmas season once again, I find it timely to reflect on what has happened within our Association during the past year, 1982. The previous four years had been ones during which major developments took place within our Association and in our relationships with government. The results were the development of institutions such as Dumont Institute and programs such as SUNTEP, the Communications Program and the Native Employment Service. We also began to make some progress in convincing the Province that we needed an Economic Development Program over which we had control.

This year has been less one of new developments and more one of consolidation of gains made in the past. There have been several reasons for this. The first has been the change in government at the Provincial level. This has brought to a halt many previous initiatives, while the new boys review existing programs and come to grips with the reality of dealing with our people. The second reason has been our preoccupation with the possibility of constitutional reform and the new hope this holds for us.

The one major new initiative we have taken has been in the area of Native Adult Education. The Federal Government has adopted a new training Act. This Act provides the possibility of developing a Native Adult Training system and programs to train Native People within that system. To this end we have engaged consultants and used the services of staff at Dumont Institute to develop a major new training proposal we call the "STEP" Program. This proposal has been presented to the Minister of Manpower and to Provincial officials. Negotiations are currently underway with both the Federal and Provincial officials to develop agreements for Native training under this new Act. Although we know what we want and how we would like to see the system develop, there will of course have to be some compromises to reach an agreement. It is my hope that this agreement can be struck in time to see some training implemented in the fiscal year 1983-84.

Our major concern at the moment is to prepare for the upcoming Section 37 Constitutional Conference of First Ministers tentatively scheduled for March 1983. The specific purpose of that Conference is to attempt to include in the Constitution a more precise definition of the rights of Aboriginal People. Our input into these preparations is through the Native Council of Canada. Our Association is in fact the major contributor to this effort. Our President heads up the Political Committee which is giving direction to and co-ordinating the NCC's input. In addition, much of my time and the time of two of our consultants is devoted to this effort. Tri-partite Work Groups (Federal/Provincial/Native) have been set up to prepare and agree on Agenda Items for the Conference. The first meeting of the Work Groups has been held and further meetings will follow over the next three months. A meeting of Deputy Ministers and Native leaders is scheduled for December 8 and 9, 1982 and, as well, a meeting of Justice Ministers and Native politicians is scheduled for January of 1983.

This development holds some real promise for progress on the issue of Native Rights and this in turn holds hope for greater independence and social, cultural and economic development for our people. We need your support because it is important that we approach this effort as a unified people.

Enjoy your Christmas vacation and holiday break, but keep in mind the need to re-devote ourselves to the ideals and goals for which we have worked over the past decade.

HAVE A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Wayne McKenzie

Greetings from the Executive Director



How Does Santa Know if You've Been Good or Bad?

Melissa Aisaican, 4 years old

I'm a good girl, he watches all the girls when they're sleeping. All the little boys are bad, so he doesn't have to watch them, cause he knows about them. Santa brings me lots of toys, and a whole bunch of candies, but my mom took them away and hid them.

Rory Glover, 4 years old

You could tell Santa I was a good boy, me and my friend are always good but I know somebody that is bad. Could you tell Santa to bring me a horse, and two fast cars, and a pony for my friend.



TIM LAFONTAINE, AGE 7

You have to write it on a piece of paper to tell him if you were good or bad, then put it on the table so he can read it on Christmas morning.



JEREMY HOTOMANIE, AGE 4

Have to be good or else you can't get toys and when I'm bad, my mom tells him.



VANESSA SAYER, AGE 4

He peeks through the windows and the doors too and his little elves help him, too. Then he sneaks in and gives you presents.



BRENT DUSTYHORN, AGE 4

He doesn't give us no candies when we're bad, but when we're good, he gives us candies and toys.



ANNIE DUSTYHORN, AGE 4

I'm a nice girl and I write him a letter and tell him and I'll also tell him if I was bad.



????????????????????????????????



CRAIG SUGAR, AGE 4

My mom tells Santa when I'm good, then he brings me some toys; but I don't know how he knows when I'm bad.



SHANNON JACKSON, AGE 4

He don't give toys when you're bad, but I don't know who tells him.



SHAUN MCKAY, AGE 2

Me good boy, 'cause I tell him when I'm sleeping.



JENNY ITITAKOOSE, AGE 5

They get a lickin' when they're bad, and when you're good he brings you a lot of toys.



STEVEN FERGUSON, AGE 4

'Cause he looks at you from upstairs and downstairs.



CHRIS FISHER, AGE 4

My moms tells him I'm good boy, sometimes he peeks at you when you're bad.



Dene Yew Deranger, 20 months

Santa? What's a Santa?



Laura George Pinay, 7 months

????????????????????????????

BRIAN ANDERSON, AGE 6

I'm a good boy. He comes and sees me when I'm sleeping, him and his reindeer.

Sabin Palmer, 4 years old

Cause he knows how to fly and he goes flying around every night on his reindeer, and during the day he's busy making toys, and one time I seen him at the store talking to little kids that were bad, so he took their pictures to remember the bad ones.

How Did You Spend Christmas During the Early Period of Your Life?

by Larry Laliberte



John LaRocque

"It was pretty well the same. The kids used to hang their socks. The Roman Catholics would go to midnight mass. We'd all have a meal and all the goodies that go with it. Basically, there isn't much difference. The old Christmas feeling was still there; it's just that today it is celebrated a little differently because of the change in lifestyles."



Lea Hackett

"We went to bed Christmas Eve. Our parents would put the gifts around the Christmas tree. First thing in the morning, before breakfast, we'd all open our gifts. During the course of Christmas Day we'd all have a good homemade meal and get a lot of visitors."

Gladys Dunbar

"We didn't celebrate Christmas that much. Our mother used to make little toys. Never had a Christmas tree. When we did, it would be any kind of tree that we could find. Then we would decorate it with popcorn, homemade streamers and cranberries. We never had a turkey for dinner but we managed to have a chicken. Them days, New Years meant more than Christmas. That's the day when everybody celebrated. Besides midnight mass, Christmas was fairly quiet."



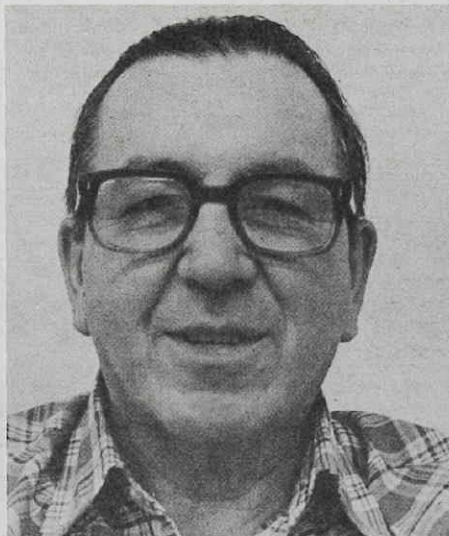
Irene Moran

"We never really celebrated Christmas Day. I used to live with my grandparents and they would celebrate Christmas on New Years Day. Old people them days used to celebrate on New Years Day. That is the day they all went out, cooked big meals, did a lot of visiting and wished each other a good new year as their form of a gift to each other. Just wishing somebody a good year meant as much as exchanging gifts, because them days there was so little to give."



Eva LaPierre

"I was in Lebrét school. What we'd do on Christmas Eve was go to midnight mass. Right after church we would have hot chocolate and donuts. Let me tell you, that was a real treat and a half! Candies were different them days, they were better tasting than the kind they have today. You can't get those kind of candies no more. In our days, we never decorated until the very last few days before Christmas. Today, they decorate a month and a half before Christmas, which has a bad influence on the kids. They think it's Christmas way before it really is. By the time Christmas comes, the good Christmas feeling is gone."



Joe Moran

"Our Christmas at home was rough, but my parents always found a way to give us a Christmas. That's years ago. We'd do a lot of visiting on New Years morning. Tradition was you'd have a little drink and a meal when you were visiting a friend or a relative. People used to decorate their houses and sleighs to go visiting. After we finished visiting, we used to go to a dance. This was in Lebrét, and everybody really enjoyed themselves. Today, you can't find that kind of good time during Christmas and New Years."



Norma Welsh

"I feel a little sad because, when I was a child, Christmas meant so much more than it does now. There was so much loving and caring for one another. Midnight mass was the big thing; just the walk to church was very special. It's hard to explain. Then, Christmas really meant the birth of Christ. Gifts were little things our parents made for us. They were small but the gifts were more appreciated. Another thing I remember is families getting together on Christmas and sharing the warm Christmas spirit together."

Is Uranium Mining Really Necessary?

by Diana Leis, Pinehouse

I recently had the opportunity to tour the Key Lake mine site, 400 miles north of Saskatoon and 200 miles north of Pinehouse. I have grave concerns about the safety and economics of this mine.

Key Lake Mining Corporation (KLMC) is owned 50 percent by Saskatchewan Mining Development Corporation (SMDC), a provincial crown corporation; 13 1/2 percent by Eldor Resources, a federal crown corporation, and 33 1/2 percent by Uranerz, a West German company. The estimated cost of this project is \$563 million. SMDC received \$250 million in interest-free loans from the Heritage Fund and Crown Investments Corporation and \$183.4 million in long-term loans unconditionally guaranteed by the provincial government. Another \$22 million has been spent by the Departments of Northern Saskatchewan, Highways, Environment, Mineral Resources, Labour and Saskatchewan Power Corporation for road construction, training programs, research and monitoring, administration and clean-up. When the mine is in the production stage, it will employ an estimated 500 people at a cost of more than \$100 million per job. Projections for operation time range from 10 to 20 years, according to different sources.

The mine is now in the construction phase and employs 800 people, mostly hired through private construction companies. KLMC has also hired some employees. As of October, 1982, northern residents of Native ancestry composed the following percentages of the total workforce: 58.1 percent of non-apprenticeship trades; 29 percent of apprenticeship trades and 17 percent of technical and administrative positions. It is obvious by the above statistics that most jobs for Native people are unskilled labour jobs. When the mine is in operation, will it need these unskilled labourers or will it hire certified trades people from the south? Will the labour jobs be the most dangerous and the lowest paid? There also is no guarantee the mine will employ 500 workers if there is no market to sell the uranium.

The mine consists of the Gaertner ore body, 1,500 metres long by 80 metres wide; the Deilmar ore body, 1,200 metres long by 80 metres wide, and cobble ore. The Gaertner and Deilmar bodies are covered with glacial sediments and were under two lakes. This means the water has to be continually pumped out from these areas to keep the sites dry. About 7 million cubic metres of overburden must be removed to expose the uranium ore. From my observation, Key, Murphy, Dieter and Seahorse Lakes have been dewatered. There have been concerns about the environmental effects of dewatering raising by Maise Shill, the Regina Group for a Non-Nuclear Society and other concerned citizens. According to Maise Shill, this dewatering process began illegally and "the hydrologists who have studied the Key Lake dewatering plan are not in agreement about the potential spread of radiation and other poisonous metals into the environment resulting from this process".

The Gaertner pit will be mined first for approximately five years because the uranium is closer to the surface. The geologist employed by KLMC told us a small area will be dug to remove the ore, then covered before another small area will be uncovered. The uranium ore will be dug from these pits by workers in air-conditioned, air-tight cab machines to avoid exposure to radon gas. Workers must also wear lead suits to prevent radiation. Where radiation is very high, workers will work a maximum of two hours to prevent lengthy exposure. The ore will be trucked to the mill, where the pure uranium will be extracted. Pure uranium will be trucked in sealed containers to Saskatoon. The tailings (radioactive waste rocks) will be stored in open pits lined with bentonite (a colloidal clay) to prevent seepage into the ground water.

The lakes in this area drain into the Haultain River system, which joins the Churchill River system and then runs into Pinehouse Lake. Any contamination of these water systems would seriously threaten the livelihoods and lives of the people of Pinehouse who depend on this area for trapping, fishing and wild rice harvesting and hunting. The tailings will be recycled into the mill, but when the mine closes, they will remain in these open pits. We were told there will be radon gas released from the pits and tailings, but because the radon daughters are so heavy, the radon gas will not travel far. Workers will be carefully

monitored for radiation levels in their bodies by blood and urine tests, and by buttons all employees must wear which detect the amount of radiation.

Our tour guides knew nothing about the compensation a worker would receive in the event of a health problem caused by radiation. We were told there was no back-up if there was a spill on the highway, but they will be careful and do not anticipate any problems. I have heard there have been several accidents on the road from Rabbit Lake.

Despite their assurances, I have several concerns. I am not convinced there will be no radon gas travelling from the ore pits and tailings storage pits. How stable are the tailings pits? What will happen if there is a flood, a heavy snowfall, a shift in the land, that may cause the tailings to leak out of the pits? How effective is bentonite to prevent any seepage? There is no way to predict what will happen to the tailings in the future. What can be done for a worker who receives too much radiation?

I found the living facilities equally depressing. KLMC employees work 7- to 11-hour days and then have 7 days off. Construction company employees spend 21 days in and 7 days out. The two camps are separate and no visiting is allowed. Accommodation includes one bedroom in a large trailer complex which is shared by the rotating workers. Recreation facilities include pool tables, a weight room and satellite TV. Camp meals include the traditional meat, potatoes and gravy, lots of sweet pastry, frozen vegetables, etc., but they do also supply a nice salad bar and fresh fruit. It is ironical to see such an overabundance of food at Key Lake while 95 percent of Pinehouse are unemployed and cannot afford such luxuries.

The government has spent over \$500 million to create 500 jobs, but this same government has no money to include a northern allowance for welfare recipients to cover the higher costs of groceries and services. Most government employees receive northern allowance on top of high salaries. Saskatchewan Transportation provides no bus service and there are no medical services except a doctor once a week. People must pay taxi fare to La Ronge or Prince Albert for services people in the south take for granted. Why can't the government provide better medical services and bus service?

Planes leave Key Lake daily, delivering workers and returning other workers to their homes for their days off. The Pinehouse Economic Development Corporation (PREDCO) has been promised a loan of \$300,000 over a three-year period from the federal government program that supplies small companies with loans. PREDCO would hire 20 people at a cost of \$15,000 per job and would become a self-supporting business after three years. The federal government has delayed issuing these funds this fall and these workers are not able to start working. Fishermen, trappers, rice harvesters, co-operatives and small businesses also cannot receive sufficient loans to enable them to become independent businesses. People are forced to remain on welfare, which is not enough to enjoy a decent life. Only five people from Pinehouse are employed at Key Lake.

I don't believe the argument that uranium is necessary to provide developing countries with cheap energy. If the federal government is concerned about the poorer peoples of the world, it should stop importing food from developing countries, lower the price of Canadian produce and subsidize Canadian farmers so all Canadian people and all countries can afford to buy Canadian food.

I think we should pressure both governments to stop uranium mining in Saskatchewan and channel this money into other industries, businesses, farm projects and social service programs. People in the north deserve an equal share of tax money to create jobs in their home communities, not in a uranium mine 300 miles away. Support to anti-uranium groups and non-nuclear groups, letters and petitions to MPs and MLAs and demonstrations may achieve this goal.

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3. *Denosa, October, 1982; Box 307, La Ronge, Sask.*
4. *Briarpatch, October, 1981; 2138 McIntyre Street, Regina, Sask.*
5. *New Breed, November, 1981; Suite 210, 2505-11th Ave. Regina, Sask.*

Regina Indian/Native Education Council

What Is It?

Extracurricular activities for children in grades one through 12 who are having trouble in school.

Activities will include study of culture and crafts, films, sports and social contact with other community members.

Tutoring and a studying environment will also be provided.

Where Is It?

The Regina Friendship Centre
1689 Toronto Street, Regina

For More Information Contact:

Greg Daniels at 522-1695
Randy Keeshig-MacLeod at 525-0561

The Regina Indian/Native Education Council is a non-profit, non-political, non-sectarian community service.

Corrections Workers

(A Career Working with People)

The Corrections Division of Saskatchewan Social Services invites applications from men and women interested in a career as a Corrections Worker. The successful applicants will be selected for an eligible list between January and April of 1983 to fill upcoming vacancies. We anticipate several openings in the Saskatoon and Prince Albert Correctional Centres, as well as a few in Regina. Eligible list participants will undergo 16 weeks of intensive classroom and on-the-job training. During this period, you will receive full salary and accommodation while away from home. Temporary positions may be available while you await appointment to a permanent position.

The Correctional Centres house male and female offenders serving terms of less than 2 years, and a number of men awaiting trial. As a Corrections Worker, you will supervise and counsel inmates, and encourage their participation in educational, vocational and recreational programs. Shift work is involved.

To apply, you should have a good work record, supervisory ability, the ability to maintain firm discipline and prevent escapes, to establish helpful, understanding relationships with inmates, and to write concise reports. You will also require experience working with people. Courses related to working with people (psychology, social work, life skills, Indian and Native studies, human justice, etc.) may be substituted for some work experience. Knowledge of Indian and Native cultures and societies, and of an Indian language would be an asset. A driver's license may be required depending on the position assignment. To qualify for the professional salary range, you must have a degree in Human Justice, Criminology or Social Work.

Salary (under review): \$19,596 - trainee
\$20,304 - \$24,360
\$21,420 - professional trainee
\$22,224 - \$26,772 - professional

Closing Date for Applications: January 7, 1983

To apply, or for further information, please contact:
Mrs. B.J. Trout
Personnel Administrator
Personnel and Training
Corrections Division
1920 Broad Street
Regina, Saskatchewan
S4P 3V6
(306)565-3600



Saskatchewan
Social Services

GEORGE SMITH

George Smith is the overseer (mayor) of Pinehouse, a Cree speaking community of 700 people, 100 miles west of La Ronge. Like most communities in northern Saskatchewan, the people have no legal aboriginal rights to land use as do treaty people, although the main source of food and the major portion of cash income is derived from the land and water. Employment is seasonal and centres around commercial fishing, trapping, wild rice growing and pulp cutting.

The legislation governing these communities is a primitive piece called the Northern Administration Act, passed in 1948, with very few amendments since that time. Municipal powers which southern communities take for granted are not given to northern communities; basically, all powers have resided with the minister of the Department of Northern Saskatchewan (DNS) since 1972. Before that, it was the minister of Natural Resources.

During the interview, when Mr. Smith refers to the new Act, this is a concept of a Northern Administration Act proposed by the former NDP government, which the Conservative opposition agreed in the House was a long overdue piece of legislation. The new minister of NDS is publicly committed to the concept, although the legislation is yet to be written. The main idea was to give northern communities powers similar to southern communities, increase the revenue share available to them and enhance the concept keeping with the often-quoted terms, "northern realities and way of life". Northerners can define this precisely as rights and power sharing in decisions made on the use of the Crownlands. Provincial governments have consistently found themselves in a contradiction by publicly stating recognition of "northern way of life", yet consistently exploiting the resources for the southern economy or way of life. Besides the odd small saw mill and uranium yellowcake mill, it is difficult to think of any resource that is not shipped out in its primary state.

The following interview was taped on September 30, 1982 in Pinehouse with George Smith by Marie Symes-Grehan, community planner for the Pinehouse Local Community Authority.

by Marie Symes-Grehan

MS: What changes have occurred in Pinehouse since the Department of Northern Saskatchewan (DNS) was set up in 1972?

GS: At first, not very much. A few houses were built, mainly by outside crews, and it often took them two years to complete a house. Then, around 1978, development came fast, too fast really. The people were not aware of any of the implications of it. They built a \$2 million water and sewer system, but most of the houses were not hooked up to it. We have a \$1 million health clinic and staff housing, but no nurses for almost a year, although they are budgetted for two nurses. They built a Resource Officer's house two years ago for over \$80,000, but there is no budget to hire a Resource Officer. There is a truck, but we have had difficulty getting it to perform to the specifications it was to be built to.

About 50 homes have been built, most with oil furnaces and the warranty work was never performed by DNS. Many have structural problems, so the ceilings are falling in. They built a \$3 million extension to the school and it is good. We got jobs as labourers on the DNS crews that were brought in from the outside to build these projects. Then, last year, they completed everything and were gone.

We are left with \$65,000 to \$90,000 mortgages to pay on the poorly built homes, payments for oil and propane, most houses not hooked up to the water and sewer, phone bills, water bills, electricity bills, all kinds of bills we never had before, and no jobs to pay the bills with. It's crazy.

start. The trappers could have built good cabins and get very good equipment. They would have been a lot further ahead, had better production to pay their loans off a lot faster. But they never listen to the northern people. They always listen to the outside people, with their university degrees and city life, whom DNS seems to always hire and they give the orders — how you can spend your money, you can spend it on this, but not on that. It was hard for the trappers to know exactly what to purchase because they wouldn't let you purchase certain items you might want to have on your trapline. Maybe you could buy a skidoo, but not a sleigh. It was always something like that that they would put in the clauses of the loan, so you could not purchase what you wanted to with your money. Remember, this was a loan we had to pay back, with interest.

Fishing loans were small, too — around \$4,000. That's a small loan for a fisherman. You could maybe buy a boat, motor, skidoo and that was about it. Your \$4,000 was gone, without nets, equipment, a cabin. It didn't help the fishermen all that much, a little, but not much. They needed at least \$20,000 for the good boats and equipment in order to get the production up. But again, they don't listen to the northern people. Most have to go back year after year for another small loan, always trying to catch up from behind. Your debt gets bigger and your poor equipment, your outfit, is wearing out and you can't seem to get ahead. Years ago, everyone was a season in debt to the store or Hudson's Bay. Now we are at least a year in debt to the DNS.

A lot of loans were funded by that branch mostly to individuals. They never really funded community-wide developments that could have created more jobs, given the communities an economic base. Our development corporation got a small loan for a pulp cutting company. That was towards the end. By then, the branch had stopped giving out loans and we couldn't get the amount of financing we really needed for trucking and equipment.

MS: Pinehouse Regional Economic Development Corporation (PREDCO) was started by the town council and is owned by the whole community. Tell me about it.

GS: Northern people have never had the money to start businesses, so we decided to start a non-profit corporation to create jobs. We started out by setting up a pulp cutting company that would employ about 20 people. The pulp cutting industry in the north is almost totally controlled by southern private companies. Now, with the road, they were starting to come into our hunting, fishing, trapping and rice areas. Council has said that we must decide what areas can and can not be pulped out and that if anyone is going to cut that pulp, it will be the unemployed people of Pinehouse.

MS: What difficulties is PREDCO having?

GS: Because it is government financed, the civil servants, who will never accept that Indians can run things themselves, are always interfering, going behind the backs of the Board to banks or suppliers or other government agencies. They start thinking it is their company and they try to run it. They start putting in more conditions to the development funding, and pretty soon you again can't run the company in a way that it will work.

We had two outside managers because government was convinced we could not do it. They both were very poor managers and PREDCO got off to a poor start. When the Board decided that we were



Our land means so much to us. We hunt, fish, trap, plant wild rice, cut trees for houses and heat, build cabins, make gardens...

MS: DNS has an Economic Development Branch. What was it supposed to do?

GS: The branch provided loans to start small businesses and give loans to trappers and fishermen. In Pinehouse, they funded two identical private businesses, both of which are struggling because there is not enough business for both. The loans they gave to the trappers were small, about \$2,000 — hardly enough for one season. If they had given them \$10,000 to \$15,000, that would have given the trappers a good

going to run it ourselves, the funds stopped coming and the Pinehouse people got the blame for the past poor management. We have to put so many government programs together to fund all the development areas, and there are so many forms and reports to all sorts of program officers. One small mistake by them or us holds up funds for months. Then we get into a cash flow problem, and interest payments from the credit union for short-term loans and late penalty payments from suppliers, the Receiver General.

Most businesses get loans and run their business. We get government programs and a whole lot of government workers who each have their own programs to run, which happens to be our company. It could be a good company. There is a market for wood, but you can't develop a business on government work funding. It's very hard.

It don't think the government staff help much. I think some of them really do want to see us fail. That's the way they keep their jobs. If something works, they go around saying they did it, taking the credit for our work. If it fails, it is all our fault, and they keep their jobs because they believe it shows they are needed.

Two years ago, we took over from DNS to build the houses. For the first time, they were built totally by the local people through our Local Housing company. We built them better, cheaper and faster than DNS. Everything was done perfect and we had proved ourselves to be No. 1. Yet there is still a problem convincing government. No matter how good we are, they don't believe Indians can do things without them running it.

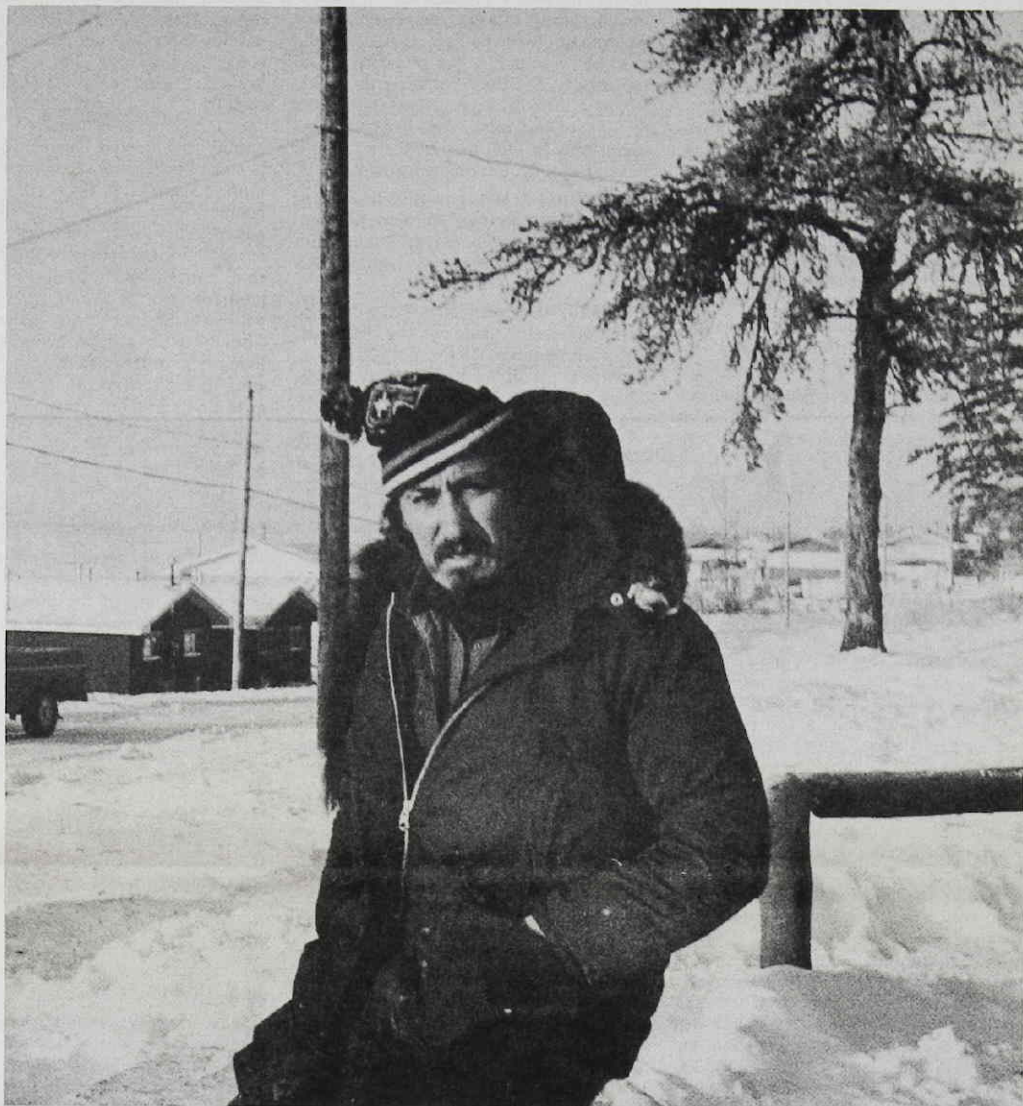
MS: *What are the interests of the government coming into this area?*

GS: Well, they like to control everything. From my experience, I think they would be really happy to see us all on welfare, so they can do whatever they feel like: put in the limestone mine on our fish spawning river, take all the trees. My main idea is to see no welfare up here, except the ones who need it. Lots of jobs and no welfare. We have a lot of potential in this northern Saskatchewan, if we could have our ways to start developing our ideas. We could put a lot of people on jobs but we have never had the chance to make those decisions. The more the people get no chances, and the money comes from welfare, the more the people don't want to do anything. That must be how the government wants it, because that is what they are doing; putting us on welfare and then taking whatever they want, like the uranium or the trees. The trappers lose their trapping area to the pulp companies. They don't get compensation or new land or cabins. They get welfare. Even if they have made a living there all their lives, they just have to walk away with nothing. In Pinehouse, there is lots we could do without being on welfare. We should have a fish freezing and filleting plant and market our own fish.

MS: *What do you get for your fish?*

GS: We get .94 for pickerel; .16 for white fish and .20 for jacks, but if we filleted and marketed them, we could bring all those prices up close to \$2.00 a pound. We are far behind. Years ago, we should have bought our own airplanes to fly out our fish. We must have paid enough freight to have bought four or five planes by now. At .15 a pound to fly out the fish, the airways make the money and we get .05 a pound for the fish.

MS: *You mentioned uranium. What did the government tell you about the Key Lake mine?*



GS: The very first time was before the road was in. Two guys came here and told us they were going to give us at least 50 jobs. These were government people, and they figured since the town was near the mine, the town would really boom. And then they left. I spread the word we were going to get jobs at the Key Lake mine because I really believed them. About two years later, the executive and president of Key Lake flew in here to visit the council and they promised 65 to 85 jobs. They also said there would be a lot of business opportunity for the people and that this town would really benefit from the mine.

Today, we really got nothing from Key Lake. They don't spend any money here and we have five jobs up there. We had to fight like hell to get those five jobs. No business, nothing at all. All we get is dust from the trucks that go by, eating dust every day. That's what Pinehouse got. It's a really sad situation, because when people are bullshitting people that bad, well, there has got to be something wrong with the white man. If they had given us even 40 jobs, then we would have been satisfied. But only five?

I think all this development we saw during 1978 to 1981 in Pinehouse was related to this. I think the government was embarrassed because they built the road to the mine and it passed through here. They were putting millions and millions of dollars into that mine and there was nothing here. They put things in really

fast to keep us quiet. Once the road was in and they were developing the mine, that was the end of working with us. They left and that is it. It's pretty hard for us. We have been left out with nothing. It all went so fast.

The people in the town should have been hooked up to the water before the white people. They already had their own system before the new central one was built. They are all hooked up and we still aren't. We were here first. DNS asked to put it in, saying it was for us. It would stop the children getting sick from the water. I've been without water and sewer for 46 years, and I'm still without it, and there is a \$2 million system in the ground.

I would hate to see another uranium mine in northern Saskatchewan because they don't do the northern people any good. They don't do the southern people any good, just the multinationals. They get their mines built with taxpayers' money and they are going to ruin the world more. That's what I think.

MS: *How much say should northern people have on large-scale development on Crown lands?*

GS: Northern people have to make those kinds of decisions. We depend so much on the things that live and grow on this land. What if there are spills into the Haultain River or the Churchill River from the Key Lake mine or the trucks along the road? It will ruin the lakes, the

air, the land, everything. They never told us about uranium or the mine, only that we would get jobs. That's one of the things we must get on top of. We need powers that give us a say on this type of development. It threatens what we have and we get nothing from it. It is on the lands that we have always made a living from and still do. If our fish are contaminated, we will not be able to sell them or eat them. It does affect us.

MS: *Do you think northern people are going to continue using the lands?*

GS: Oh yes, definitely. We are using the land more because hard times are coming. I'm sure the land is going to remain very important to the people. That's the way we have lived: from the land. Quite a few of the people here still live entirely from the land. We did pretty good while we were building the houses and things like that, quite a few wage jobs in the last four years. But the hard times are back, so we have to depend on the land and whatever jobs we can create from it.

MS: *The teenagers have grown up in the community. Have they been with their parents on the land enough? Can they go out there and live from the land?*

GS: Some can, but most don't have enough skills. While we had quite a few jobs, they were filled by the older people. The younger ones have been left without jobs and the jobs never lasted long, anyway. The kids were in school, so they couldn't get out on the land enough. It is pretty hard for them to get by. That is one of my worries. The young people don't have the skills for the land or wage jobs, and it is very hard for them. We must get a lot of skill training in the north, to become electricians, plumbers, teachers, motor repairs. It is the only way they are going to survive. As far as the land goes, it will feed us. There is quite a bit for people, but there is not enough for everyone to make a living. If it continues to get worse, all the people of Saskatchewan will depend on the land for food. We have to really watch the land, because we need it. We all need it.

A big thing is to wake up the people as to why we are poor — how we have stayed poor while outsiders can come here and get rich. We can't sit back and do nothing. We must do something about the way development has been up here for 200 years. We are beginning to do that in Pinehouse. Quite a few of us have woken up and started to fight back.

MS: *What does aboriginal rights mean to you?*

GS: Aboriginal rights are our only protection now that development has come into the north. We have to establish them. We have been controlled totally by the white man's or outside economies, even before the time of the treaties. Most of us never took treaty. Aboriginal rights is when you will be able to control development and use of the land that makes your living. If we could establish the community boundaries we need and get some development controls on the use of our land under this new Northern Municipal Act, that would be part of aboriginal rights. It is having the right to a say in what is happening on the land we need and use.

When the people who have always lived here begin to have a real say in what is going to happen here, then you could call that aboriginal rights. It is not going to be the government people saying they are going to put a limestone mine and mill on our major fish spawning river, the pulp mill in Prince Albert saying they are going to cut out all the trees where a trapper makes a good living. We are going to be the ones that say 'no, you can't do this here, but maybe over here is a good area for pulp cutting'. We won't ever allow the mine and mill on the Massinagan River. It is not going to benefit the people.

Our land means so much to us. We have so many things to do on that land. We hunt, fish, trap, plant wild rice, cut trees for houses and heat, make gardens, build cabins, always upgrading the land. But you know, it's not only the money part of it; it's the living from this land — that's the most important part of it. It is the enjoyment of what you are doing, the enjoyment of who you are. If you take the joy out of your life, the money is of no use to you. We do it for the enjoyment, we get a little money, but mostly it gives us most of our food. That is why it is so important. In fact, that is where I would like to be today, out on my trap line.

MS: *The mines and government are not employing the people. You have all these new services and no money to maintain them. What are the positive things DNS did?*

GS: Well, they decided what would be developed here, made all the decisions, but positive things? I think a clinic is a positive thing, if we had the two nurses. Water and sewer is a positive thing, if we could be hooked up.

Some people think DNS was pretty good. Some programs were very good. It was handy to go and see them in La Ronge. But it was getting harder to convince them that they should hand over more power to us. We got programs, but no power.

I think we got sucked into things to get the mines in, and now it's all over. They never worked on building an economic base in the communities. That's another reason why we must wake up the people to the fact it's not their fault they are poor. Everyone in the north now has the responsibility to stand up and tell the new government how it is going to be from now on. I feel bad about that, when I see our people sit back. That's when the outsiders are happy, because they figure we depend on them and can't do without them. If I say these things, if I fight back, I am called a racist. Well, the people are 95 percent unemployed in this town; that is racist. We can do better than that. We could create jobs ourselves if we could get access to capital and the resources on the land. But we are forced into make-work programs and not given an opportunity to really develop what we have.

There are so many things we could do to create work. Some communities could choose saw mills and pre-fabricated houses, others could fillet, freeze and market fish. Wild rice could be expanded and processed and packaged in the north. Furs don't have to go out of here in their raw state. Transportation, social services, education, skilled trades — the list of things we could be doing here is endless. The new Act is going to have to deal with these things, provide a basis for communities to start developing their resources.

With a saw mill, people will be able to start building houses with materials that are here. We don't need to buy plywood and aluminum from Prince Albert in order to build a house. We must get rid of the oil furnaces DNS put into the houses and go back to wood. There are many ways we can save money by using what we have, and there are many ways to get money from the land. We must do both of these things. We need incorporated boundaries of maybe a 25-mile radius around the town, all the land that we use to make our living. We must have the say to the land use. We have some really good ideas for our own development.

MS: *You have been very active in developing a new organization called the Saskatchewan Association of Northern Local Governments (SANLG). What is the importance of this Association?*

GS: The big difference is that we formed this Association of communities ourselves. It represents 30 northern communities and can have a strong voice for

northern people. There has to be something wrong with the new government if they can't realize the importance of strong northern local governments.

Most of our concerns are well understood all over the north. We need large community boundaries covering the land we make our living from, and we need money to run the community services and develop our resources. Taxes in the south come from the land, but the government has never taxed the northern resources at their true cost to the economy. A tree that can create a few hundred dollars in lumber or jobs gets taxed through royalties at only pennies. It takes 80 years or more to grow, it is worth more than pennies. The mining companies will not pay royalties until they make all their money back they spent to build the mine, so that uranium will be coming out of the land for free for a long time before the people of Saskatchewan see any money. The north is always being accused of living off southern taxpayers, but if you start to really look at it, the south has grown rich from the north. You can go all the way back to the fur trade. What did we ever get from it — not the money to develop. That went to the south to develop it, in the beginning.

Forming this Association was one of the best decisions we have recently made. We must join together on a community basis and then I think we will be in a good position to talk of the powers we need. The new government will not be allowed to ignore the northern people. If we get a strong community government Act, a say in the land we use and the funds to develop the kinds of things we know about, then we have a place to start. It will be a lot better than the idea of DNS in the long run.

Communities can learn a lot from each other. Try some things other communities are finding that work. We have a lot to share. Also, communities should have an equal chance to develop. Some communities have been left out of many of the development projects over the last few years.

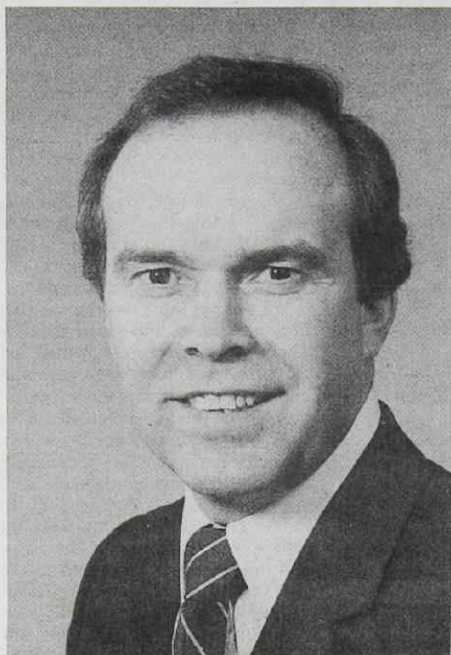
MS: *What are the strengths of the northern people?*

GS: Sharing. We help each other a lot. If you kill a moose, no one keeps it all to themselves. You would never do that. That is a good thing. We are still very close. It makes it easy to organize on a community level. If the leadership makes a bad decision, the people let you know right away, and you never go against the will of the community. A bad decision can be corrected by the people.

But the strongest thing is fighting back. We are willing now to fight back. No longer can they come in here and tell us how it is going to be. Pinehouse, especially, is a fighting town. If the council wants to fight back on something, the people will be with you all the time. I think all northern communities should be able to fight back now, because we have been controlled and cheated for so many years, always told by outsiders it is going to be better for us. It never is. We don't believe them anymore.

MS: *Anything else?*

GS: I think it may be better that hard times have come again. People are starting to realize how much they have been brainwashed, like blaming ourselves or each other for the position we are in for so long. But we are pulling up our socks and getting organized to do something about all this control over our lives. That is the point we are at now. We are starting to realize there will never be jobs created for us by the government or multinational companies. It is time to blame them for the mess we are in. We sure as hell didn't choose this. We were forced off the land into the communities and we are not the ones to be blamed. We are not the ones that are going to ruin the land, either.



On behalf of the Government of Saskatchewan, I would like to extend my wishes for a Merry Christmas to the readers of the *Newbreed Journal*.

It is my hope that at this very special time of year, families can be together to share in the spirit of giving and the joy of sharing.

May the feeling of reverence and joy that comes with the celebration of the birth of Christ be with you now and through the new year.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Grant Devine,
Premier

I wish everyone a Happy Holiday Season
and May You Have

The Spirit of Christmas
Which is Peace
The Gladness of Christmas
Which is Hope
The Warmth of Christmas
Which is Charity
The Heart of Christmas
Which is Love.

Gordon Currie,
Minister of Education and Continuing Education



Season's Greetings



Northern Saskatchewan provides a beautiful and natural setting for the families and friends who will soon be gathering together to celebrate Christmas and the coming of the new year.

The joy of friendship, of caring and of giving is the joy of Christmas. It is the joy that I wish for all of you this Christmas. Have a safe and happy holiday.

Season's Greetings

George McLeod, Minister
Department of Northern Saskatchewan



McKenzie Roasted and Toasted

by Joan Beatty

Regina—Wayne McKenzie, Executive Director of the Association of Metis and Non-Status Indians of Saskatchewan (AMNSIS), was recently "roasted" in recognition of the work he has done over the years for the Native people. Approximately 200 people attended the banquet and dance, held at the Regina Inn on November 20. There were 11 roasters, representing all sectors of society, including Native leaders from across Canada, governments and the media. They included Jerry Sperling of the CBC; Doug McArthur, minister of education under the former NDP government; Ben Baich, who gave Wayne one of his first jobs under the Secretary of State; Bill Wilson, vice president of the Native Council of Canada (NCC); Rob Milen, legal counsel for AMNSIS; Bill Farley, training consultant for the Riel Local; Jim Durocher, Treasurer for AMNSIS; Rick Wagamese of Wehta Matowin Radio; Gil Johnson, advisor to the new provincial government and former director of Canada Manpower in Saskatchewan, and Dona Desmaris, assistant to Wayne.

Master of ceremonies was Harry "the dog" Daniels, former President of the NCC. Co-hosting the ceremonies was Don Ross, AMNSIS Area Director for Western Region III.

The following are excerpts from some of the roasters:

Jim Sinclair, President of AMNSIS

Jim Sinclair, President of AMNSIS, made the opening remarks, saying he had known Wayne since he was a little boy. "I had a problem with alcohol, as everyone knows, and used to spend my time on skid row. Wayne was living in the north annex, and his brother-in-law used to bootleg. Many times, I used to wait and catch Wayne while he was delivering. I was one of the people who recognized him because he used to have a cream can on his sleigh and he would

why am I no longer the president of the Native Council of Canada? I miss CBC, CTV, and so on. One night, he was thinking about how much he missed the media. He got up, walked downstairs, went into the kitchen, wanted a sandwich, opened up the fridge; the fridge light went on, so he held a press conference."

Jim Durocher, Treasurer of AMNSIS

"Wayne always has a problem. He comes to see me once in awhile when he's down. I know right away, he's got a problem. Either he's after expenses, or something else. 'I don't know why,' he says, 'a lot of the guys that I meet think I'm a fag.'" He looks at me real seriously, like he's asking for an advance or something; I know he is asking for sympathy. So I said, 'Look, Wayne, sometimes I do wonder about you and Sinclair!' If this is a proposal, Wayne, I'm not interested."

Gil Johnson, Special Advisor to the PC government

"Ladies and gentlemen, it's a real pleasure for me to pay tribute to the man who, for seven long, hard years, made my job with Canada Employment and Immigration Commission so much easier. You've all known Wayne for a long time, and I'm sure you all recognize, as most civil servants have, that he's always been even-tempered, considerate and I can assure you, he used to stop regularly in my office to ask if there's anything he or Jim Sinclair or Nap Lafontaine could do for me to make life easier. Though Wayne has always, in the course of his job as Executive Director of the Metis and Non-Status Association, been forced to deal with people who may be bigotted and racist in their dealings with him, he was remarkably unaffected by these things. Once when he was in my office, after having been introduced to one of my officers for the third time, he politely, considerately, offered his apologies and

Jerry Sperling, CBC

"I figure this new government is going to be good for halfbreeds. Any government that cuts four-year-olds out of the dental plan and wants to model our economy on that of the sovereign state of Georgia is going to have millions for Metis people. There is a good slogan for you, Jim. Speaking of Sinclair, there he is — replete with a marvellous tan, fresh from Palm Springs.

"I've been listening to Gil Johnson, the new head hunter and hatchet man for the Tory government. What I want to know, Mr. Chairman, with McKenzie, Sinclair and Johnson all here, is my wallet safe with these potential jail birds?

"You may have noticed at the PC convention, there were provided escorts for all the young ladies. These escorts were to help them get their cars or as they wandered from hotel room to hotel room! They said this was to protect them from any lurking rapists hanging around the Hotel Saskatchewan or the Centre of the Arts. Actually, the real reason was that the news had gotten out McKenzie and Sinclair were attending the convention and the Tories wanted to save their lily-white daughters from those dark Indian bodies. And as you are aware, they don't believe in abortion, either!

"I've watched Wayne's antics over the years and I find that he's tireless, energetic, and absolutely devoted to the betterment of his people. Government officials tremble at the thought he's coming to meet them. He knows what the Metis people need and he's willing to fight for it. If some of it ends up in clothes on his back, so what!

"He's a great guy and he's willing to fight for a better world for his children and for ours. Thank you very much."

Doug McArthur, Former Minister of Education Under the NDP

"It's a real pleasure to be here and to be present with a lot of old friends that I've worked with and associated with on many occasions. I have many other friends who wanted to be here but, for one reason or another, could not be present. Roy Romanow wanted to be here. He couldn't be present because he's still trying to figure out what the aboriginal rights clause should've contained. Walter Smishek wanted to be here, but he was afraid Nap would jump up and interrupt his speech. Jerry Hammersmith wanted to be here, but he was afraid somebody would take his seat away.

"It's an honour to be here tonight to pay tribute to Wayne McKenzie. I've worked with Wayne for a number of years; come to regard him with a very high degree of respect. I've admired his work, and you're lucky to have a person like Wayne working so hard on your behalf. I can only say, Wayne, good luck in the future. I look forward to working with you, because after all, I need work, too."

Rick Wagamese, Wehta Matowin Radio

"I had to do research on Wayne. I had to talk to people who know Wayne; I had to read a lot of old articles. I even went as far as phoning and asking him for an interview. I have to say that he is the most gracious man about his time. He was really good about it. He only charged me \$50 for the first 10 minutes and \$20 for every two minutes after that."

Bill Farley, Training Consultant

"I want to talk about a long-standing rumour about me being an undercover agent... (putting on an RCMP hat)... I just want to let you know, it's true! Just as a small token from the boys at F Division, who put all their wages together and a little bit from petty cash, here's a little donation to Wayne for all the information we've received over the years. On the envelope, it says, 'Special thanks from the best undercover man in the business. Rod Bishop!'"

Bill Wilson, Vice President of the NCC

"Smokey Bruyere is really the President of the Native Council of Canada, despite what Harry thinks. I've been accused of being an absentee vice president; in fact, it's even got deeper than that. They've accused me of not doing a thing. And Smokey — that's leadership!

"I knew Harry when he had a 34-inch waist. I wouldn't say that Harry used the Native Council of Canada to line his own pockets and get fat. I wouldn't say that; Secretary of State has already told us that!



have it full of wine. I would follow him around and on a bottle or two out of him. That's how I got to know him and it's a true story.

"Wayne has been a hard worker over the years, and he's been one of the people who's been a real grassroots sort of a guy. He dresses sharp, but his mind is certainly at the grassroots level, and that's important!"

Rob Milen, Legal Counsel for AMNSIS

"I just want you to know that Harry, as a frustrated politician, likes to take a little bit of a shot at a few of us. After he was no longer the president of the Native Council of Canada, he would wake up in the middle of the night and he'd feel very lonely. He would ask himself all kinds of questions, like 'God,

explained the reason that he'd forgotten this fellow's name. He said all white people look alike.

"I've recently been thinking about taking a holiday, and I'm not sure where to go. But I think I'd really like to spend some time in northern Saskatchewan. I was wondering, Wayne, if you would know of any trailers I might be able to use up there?"

"At any rate, I would really like to pay tribute to somebody that I regard as being a first-rate citizen and somebody who is genuinely interested in doing their very best job he can for AMNSIS and for the people he works for. I have the utmost respect for Wayne. I've enjoyed working with him and I find that he's a real fine individual. Wayne, it's also a toast as well as a roast — good luck!"

"Don Ross, the great Metis hockey player. He was missing for almost eight months after his election. People were wondering where he was. I said, 'Don't worry; he's got a breakaway — he'll be back.'

"Rob Milen is a lawyer. When I got off the plane, I wasn't aware of how cold it would be in Regina. But Milen was there to meet me, with his hands in his own pockets.

"I noticed Sinclair snuck out of here. Is there a midnight driving range open, or what?

"Jimmy Durocher talked to us about budget. What does he know? I was at an Association of Metis and Non-Status Indians of Saskatchewan convention one time. In the province of B.C., we're pretty particular about dollars. We have to know where every dollar and every cent goes. But I've never seen anything as beautiful as Jim Durocher presenting his report to the annual assembly. He said when we started the year, we had \$6.3 million and we spent it all. It was quickly moved and seconded by McKenzie and Sinclair.

"Gil Johnson — the mobile bureaucrat — briefcase with wheels — my kind of guy. Jerry Sperling, CBC, one of those quiche-eating hippies who doesn't know the 60s are over. Ben Baich, Bill Farley's partner in crime, an RCMP.

"Dona Desmaris, Wayne's executive assistant. She thinks that Wayne McKenzie is an attractive guy. Her claim to fame is having worked at the Bay. Do you know why we Metis and Indian people go to the Bay? Because we want to be ripped off by somebody — we know!

"Doug McArthur, the former minister of education before they found out where the books were really hidden. McArthur has gone out of his way to

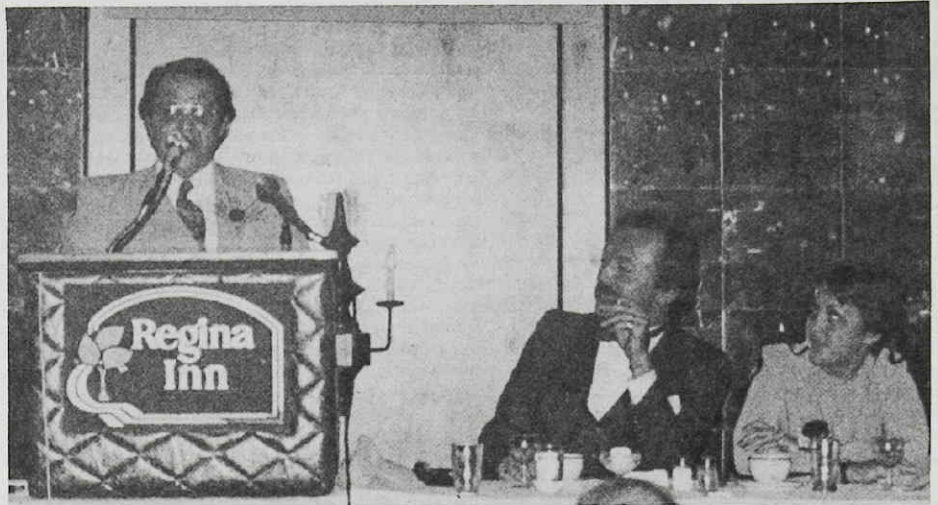
educate himself. He compiled a library that you wouldn't believe. Unfortunately, it was struck by a fire. Both books burned, and he hadn't even finished colouring one of them.

"McArthur, he's a consultant. You know what a consultant is? It's somebody who uses your wrist watch to tell you the time.

"When I first met Wayne McKenzie, I thought there was nobody in the world who could make Liberace look macho! I wouldn't say he's feminine, but where do you find shirts with no shoulders?"

McKenzie said he was pleased with the recognition he has received from all the people who work with him every day and attended the roast to support him. He thanked his wife, Linda, for all the support she has given him over the years.

He was presented with a gift from Don Ross on behalf of everyone who was present. A dance followed the dinner.



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An Enchanted Christmas



My grandfather calls them little people. My school teacher she calls them elves, gnomes and such. She said they exist only in the imagination of children. My grandfather he says they're real. Maybe he's an old child. But I don't think so. He's *seen* them, even *talked* to a few. They sing when they talk, he says. My father he doesn't believe. He just smiles and rolls his eyes when granddad talks. But he respects his father the way I respect mine.

My grandfather, he's gone now you know, but he left many wonderful stories. Him and I we share a secret. Perhaps I tell it to my grandson when I'm an old man.

by John Cuthand

Granddad he talked lots of old days. He remembered when he was little his uncles and father talked of times long ago. From them he learned Crees once lived by a great cold salt water without end and how a mighty river came through their land. He says the people followed this river toward the sunset many generations to these shining mountains. He said this new land was flat with tall grass and few trees. Other Indians made war against Crees. One tribe, though, the hot stone cookers, became our friends. They taught us how to live in this place. They help us, we help them. It was pretty good grandfather said. Then our people started dying from this disease which leaves sores. Trouble all over the place. These buffalo were gone and people were real hungry. Other people came and made life worse to granddaddy's people left and went north. This is how we came to this Slave River country in this Northwest Territories. Just a few of us. Dad says we're all across Canada, though.

Granddad said we have a religion that's as old as this land. He said someday I'll know this. But I'm giving away our secret. Old men they know things. He knew things that even now I wonder at. My grandfather he travelled many places in dreams. He said dreams were doors to other worlds. Lives I guess. He said these worlds are like the skins of an onion. We live in one but can't see those others. Except in dreams he said. He said dreams are gifts like a puzzle we put together.

Anyway that one Christmas I was given a heck of a gift. Little people you know. Oops, I shouldn't say that. Dad says I have a big mouth always flapping. Maybe I should tell it. It's no big secret and nobody would believe it anyways. Maybe Granddad knew that. He says people would laugh at us. I know what I know and it's been buggin' me. Things aren't the same anymore.

We're trappers. Lots of furs in Slave River country. One winter we go after pine martins. We're midway between Fort Fitz and Fort Chip. Just us, no one else. We go up this Jean Marie river to winter camp. Not much really, just a tent with spruce bough floors. We had a little stove to cook on. Dad he'd chop caribou meat with an axe, thin slices like potato chips. Boy they were good when fried. We made bannock right in the frying pan. With the lard pail we made tea. They don't have those lard pails anymore, just plastic. Anyways, we're always moving around, even in the tent. Day says a true trapper is always moving, even when resting. I slept between grandpa and dad. We have big Arctic 3 Stars, nice and warm.

Granddad told stories at night time. Real good stories but I usually fell asleep before he said "ecosay". One time - well many times - but this one time he told of little people. He said generations back when our people lived on the flat lands where trees are few our people talked with little people. There was this place. Big stones, you know, in long rows. Four big piles at the corners. And there was this turtle no one could see except from the sky. Anyway people always went by there. When these rock piles glowed red they would bring the people there to camp. In the morning these little people came and taught them medicines and such. It was real helpful

having those little people around. They were real shy, though.

Anyways it's Christmas eve. I can't sleep. Granddad he has this big bulge in his knapsack. Won't let me see it. Must be a present. So I stay up even when my granddad and daddy are sleeping. No sounds except the ice rumbling once in awhile. It's real cold. Not much light but from the northern lights. I'm almost asleep when I hear this "swish swish" sound. I ignore it for awhile but I'm a little bit afraid so I poke my nose up. This noise stops. Nothing moving except the white cloud from my breath. So back to sleep, same sound again, "swish, swish". Poke my nose up again, sound stops, but I see something out of the corner of my eye. This time I close my eyes but keep my nose out. Same sound, "swish swish". Poke my eyes just a tiny bit. By Golly - there's this little tiny man in the frying pan on the stove. He's skating around in the warm lard having a fun time. He starts going faster and faster around and around. Just as happy as can be. My nose was itchy. This little guy starts going so fast he's a blur going around the rim. I sneeze - whizz! - this little man goes flying fast out of the pan. He hits the canvass wall and bounces into an open can of Magic baking powder. He's sputtering and spitting. The baking powder bubbling around him 'cause he's soaked in lard. Boy is he a sight! He can't climb out 'cause he's greasy. I laughed. "Help me, help me!" he says. So I got up and gently like stuck a spoon down in the baking powder. He pops up but he can't run away he's bubbling so much. The stove's down to coals so there's a bit of warm tea left. I lifted him up with the spoon and put him in the tea pail. Boy he liked that. Scrubbed himself up good, quit sputtering and sat down on the tea bag. "Thank you, George," he said. "How did you know my name is George and who are you?" I asked. "I know everything and nothing. I am everyone and no one," he replied. "I sleep with weasels and I fly with fishes but I'll never ever do the dishes, so there." He was a funny little man, for sure.

He was dressed real strange, too. His moccasins were made of mouse fur. Little pants and shirt were made of flower petals. Middle of winter and he's dressed in flower petals! He was cleanin' himself just like a cat. Real fussy. "Are you one of santa's elfs?" I asked. "No", he said and went back to fussin' over himself. In time he said "My cousin's an elf, but I'm not." "Who are you then," I asked. He looked up, rolled his little eyes, shook his head and said, "I'm no one and everyone. I sleep with weasels and I fly with fishes but I'll never ever do the dishes. So there!" "Boy you're a smart Alec," I said. "In that case you can call me Alec," he said. "I'm Alec the elf who lives on a shelf eating my curds and whey. Boy what a dumb poem. I think I'll give it up." "I thought you weren't an elf," I said. "I'm not. It's just that elf rhymes with shelf. Anyway what can I do for you?" he asked. "What do you mean?" I replied. "Dontcha know you get three wishes for saving me. It's the rule, you know," he responded, "but don't be greedy, eh, just a few things. I've had a hard day." With that he climbed out of the tea pail and sat on the edge of the stove. He crossed his little legs and pulled out a little pipe and began puffing away. He was pretty happy, kinda hummin' and singing at the same time puffing away on his pipe. "You shouldn't gawk at me", he said, "your eyes will pop out." He then made a big smoke ring that settled on top of the stove. He jumped up and jigged to beat the band, his little legs passing in and out between the ring, but never touching the smoke. "This is one of our pastimes," he said. "We love to dance. Many years back these Scots people they see us doing this. They copied us only they used swords. Your people learned from them only you used shashes. Called it the shash dance. But it really began with us." "You're a leprechaun," I said. "Oh, no. Not that again," he replied. "By the way, when are

you going to realize you're not cold?" He was right, I wasn't cold. Even my breath wasn't forming a little white cloud. "It's magic," he said in a soft whispered voice, "and I don't mean magic baking powder," his voice rising to laughter, "Everything is magic. Oh yes, it is." He stopped dancing and sat down, crossed his little legs and started his smoking. "OK, you have three wishes. Now let's hear them. Remember don't be greedy." I thought for a bit then said, "OK Alec the gnome..." "Hold it, I'm not a gnome," he broke in, "gnomes are not at all pleasant. They're ugly and grouchy. I'm not a gnome. Gee!" "I'm sorry," I said. "Anyway, Alec whatever you are, I wish you a long and happy life." "Boy did you blow it," he replied. "That's a foregone conclusion. I'm as old as time and I'm as happy as can be. But the thought is nice. Two more wishes." "I wish my father and grandfather long and happy lives." "So be it," he said, "but what about yourself." "I want to ride in an airplane someday," I said. "Boy are you different," he said. "Mose people want fancy cars, diamonds, gold and such. And all you want is an airplane ride. George when you live in the north sooner or later you ride in an airplane. It's amazing you haven't ridden in one yet."

He jumped up, stepped onto the smoke ring and walked round and round thinking. "George," he said, in time, "I'm gonna take you flying right now. Oh yes I am. We're gonna go places you haven't seen." With that he started dancing real fast. He went into a spin just like a top. A blue light shone around him. It got bigger and bigger until I was surrounded in a ball of blue light. When the light dimmed, I was floating alongside the stove pipe at the top of the tent. Alec he was showing off doing backflips and floating up, down and around. "Neat, eh?" he said. "Lots of fun. Now let's go." We floated out under the tent flap and rose up. I could see the dogs curled up in tight balls in the snow. The fish rack and our two Skidoos. Up, up we went 'till our camp was the size of a postage stamp. I could see the river winding north. To the south I saw the north shore of Lake Athabasca and to the north the glittering shores of Great Slave Lake. I could see Fort Fitz and Fort Smith. There was Pine Point and Fort Resolution. Incredible! Higher we went. The northern lights surrounded us and we were covered in rainbow colors. There was no wind, no cold and I was not afraid. Just in awe at the wonder of it all. "My gift to you is your past", he sung in a high voice. We began to move south faster and faster. The river below appeared to move we went so fast. Alongside were the northern lights twinkling away weaving and bobbing in colors. Many wonderful colors. Around and around they went. They weren't lights I realized they were spirits singing. "They like you", Alec said, "But don't you dance with them. You do that and the only time you'll see your people is as a ribbon of light reaching for but never touching the ground. Those lights are fine in their own way but you were never meant to dance with them." Over Lake Athabasca the lights fell back until we and the stars were alone over Northern Saskatchewan. "You see those rivers - rivers all over the place. They are like chains linked together. Your people travelled them many times and still do. Generations after generations." A wandering river appeared among the snowy land. There was a village on the end of a long arm of land. "That's Ile-a-la-crosse", Alec remarked. "Real good strong political people live there. They run their own lives. Gets the government upset." As we moved past the river and over the bush I asked Alec I said, "I didn't know you fairies were political." "In the first place I'm not a fairy, besides everything's politics when you think about it. I may sleep with weasels and fly with fishes and never ever do the dishes, but I'm still political. Everything and anything is. Ah, here comes Lac LaRonge." We flew overhead. There were only a few street lights shining. "It used to be a



"It's magic," he said in a soft whispered voice, "And I don't mean Magic baking powder," his voice rising to laughter. "Everything is magic, oh yes, it is!"

nice place until they moved those fast food places in" Alec said. "Then it was instant south." Over another lake, another village, "Hello Cumberland House", Alec shouted as we flew over. The street lights winked in response. "Look there's Lake Winnipeg. We'd better slow down or we'll wind up in Quebec." Suddenly a flash of red came whooshing towards us, then shot by. "Santa Claus," said Alec, "and boy is he in a hurry."

Falling, falling, falling. Down, down, down. There's a big river between two lakes. One's a lake anyway. I can see its snowy shore. The other is huge. I can see its western shore, but it's so big I can't see the other. The land is rising up. There's the river mouth by the huge lake. It's getting bigger. I can see the trees. Whump — we landed in a pine tree and bounced into the snow. "I knew we should have slowed down over Cumberland house," Alec said. "Anyway here we are. That river you saw is called the Nelson River. This big water is really part of an ocean. It's called Hudson's Bay." He scrambled up, swept himself off and started walking over the snow. I followed. "I'm not sinking in this snow," I said. "Of course not. It's magic I keep telling you," he replied. On we walked till we came to a clearing beside a frozen waterfall. Big rocks everywhere. "This place reminds me of Yellowknife," I said, "These big rocks everywhere." "It's Precambrian Shield," he replied softly. "The oldest rock in the world. These were once mountains, but look how they're worn down now. Just nubs. Anyways it's time for a smoke." He sprang up on a rocky ledge, pulled out his little pipe and began his smoking. He was real quiet thinking real hard. In time he said, "You know I was telling you about rivers and how they're important to your people. Everytime your people made a stand there's a river involved. Halfbreeds made a stand in 1869 by the Red River. Oh yes, they did. Then in 1885 by the South Saskatchewan. Plains Cree made a stand twice by the Battle River. Those Dene Nation people they made a strong stand several years ago where the Liard and the mighty McKenzie Rivers meet. Fort Simpson I believe. The Red Deer River was even the border between your Cree people and the Blackfoot Confederacy. Your people, too, made a peace treaty in the fifth generation by a river. They made their treaty with the Dene Nation. The river then became known as the Peace River of northern Alberta. Oh yes, rivers are very important to you. Lots of power in moving water." He kept puffing, thinking, then said, "Those old halfbreeds measured distance by river in pipes. Oh, yes. They paddle like crazy long ways then they all stop and have a smoke together. Pipe was about seven miles. Some people walk a mile for a Camel. Heck old halfbreeds paddled seven." I told him we came a long ways for his pipe. "Tapwe!" he said, "we sure did." Then he got quiet again thinking, finally he said "George, there's a reason we're here. Sure it was fun flying around, briefly seeing Santa Claus and all but there's a reason we're here. What bothers me is I'm not the one who can teach you this gift. But I can guide you a little bit. Hmmm. Let me begin by saying your people, as I keep saying, are a River People. That's why your people are all over Canada from James Bay to Fort St. British Columbia. From your people in the north to Rocky Boy Montana. Even the Mississippi River is a Cree word meaning "big river". Did you know your people travelled to the gulf of Mexico. Only a few, but they did. But I'm off the track. This Nelson River, this Hudson's Bay country is where your people began. Right here twelve generations ago. Lont time ago." "My grandfather told me that," I interrupted. "He said it was so long ago only a few legends of it remain." "Those fragments of your past your grandfather gave you are important," he said. "This night you'll learn

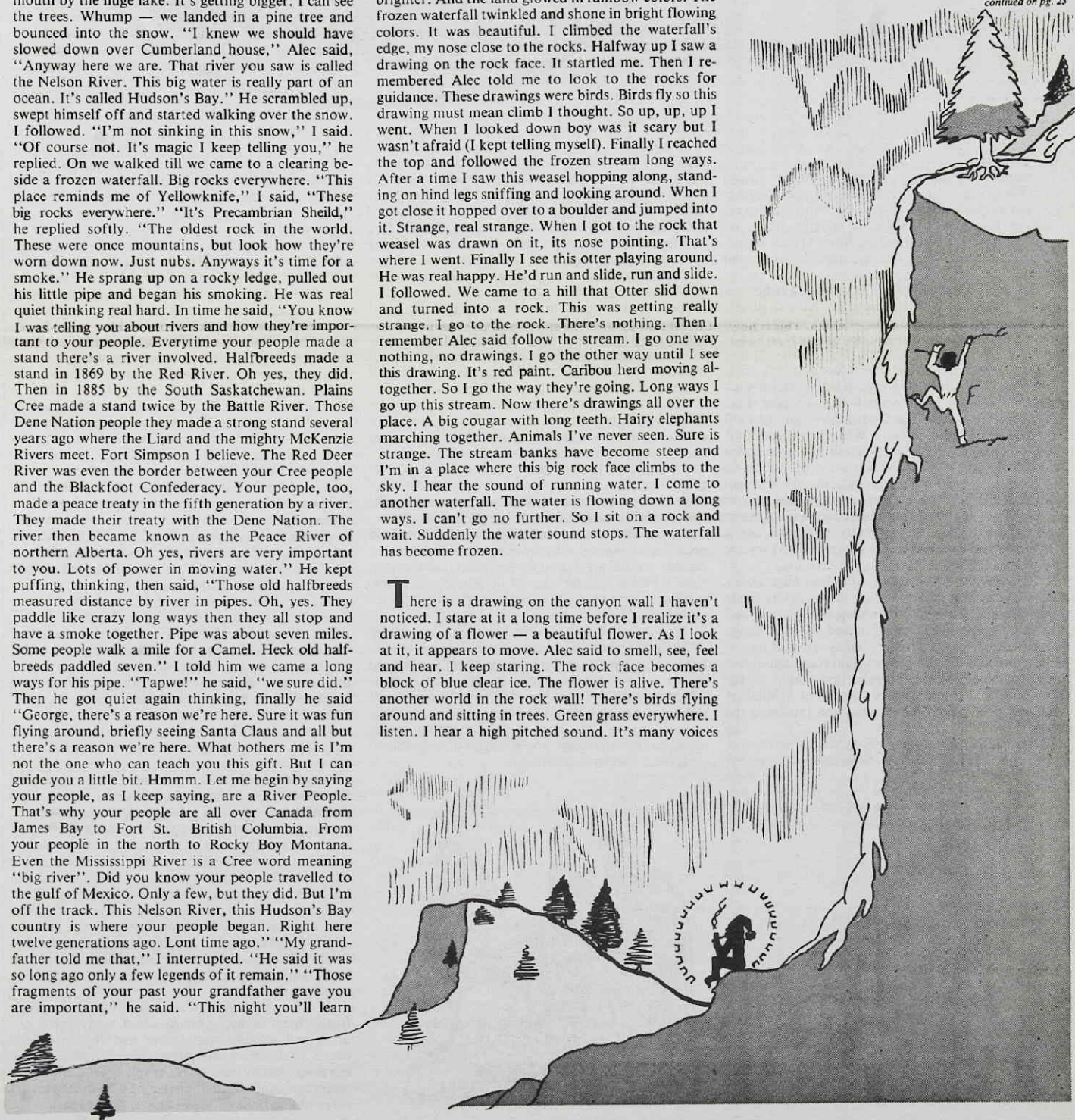
more, much more. Then it's up to you to put all you learned together. Nistotain? George my role in life is to have a lot of fun and play tricks on animals and such. I'm only one of many. This is why it's hard for me to teach. In fact I shouldn't but I know alot cause I'm so old. Knowledge isn't always a good thing. Anyway let me put it this way. This frozen waterfall is the beginning. Follow the frozen stream. Look to the rocks to guide you. When you're there you'll know. Use all your senses. Smell, see, feel and hear. When it's time to come back you'll know. But when you do, don't tell me anything, O.K.? Now you go alone. Don't get scared 'cause there's nothing to be scared of. Oh yes I turn the lights on for you." With that he started dancing around on the rocky ledge. Almost instantly the northern lights grew bigger and brighter. And the land glowed in rainbow colors. The frozen waterfall twinkled and shone in bright flowing colors. It was beautiful. I climbed the waterfall's edge, my nose close to the rocks. Halfway up I saw a drawing on the rock face. It startled me. Then I remembered Alec told me to look to the rocks for guidance. These drawings were birds. Birds fly so this drawing must mean climb I thought. So up, up, up I went. When I looked down boy was it scary but I wasn't afraid (I kept telling myself). Finally I reached the top and followed the frozen stream long ways. After a time I saw this weasel hopping along, standing on hind legs sniffing and looking around. When I got close it hopped over to a boulder and jumped into it. Strange, real strange. When I got to the rock that weasel was drawn on it, its nose pointing. That's where I went. Finally I see this otter playing around. He was real happy. He'd run and slide, run and slide. I followed. We came to a hill that Otter slid down and turned into a rock. This was getting really strange. I go to the rock. There's nothing. Then I remember Alec said follow the stream. I go one way nothing, no drawings. I go the other way until I see this drawing. It's red paint. Caribou herd moving altogether. So I go the way they're going. Long ways I go up this stream. Now there's drawings all over the place. A big cougar with long teeth. Hairy elephants marching together. Animals I've never seen. Sure is strange. The stream banks have become steep and I'm in a place where this big rock face climbs to the sky. I hear the sound of running water. I come to another waterfall. The water is flowing down a long ways. I can't go no further. So I sit on a rock and wait. Suddenly the water sound stops. The waterfall has become frozen.

There is a drawing on the canyon wall I haven't noticed. I stare at it a long time before I realize it's a drawing of a flower — a beautiful flower. As I look at it, it appears to move. Alec said to smell, see, feel and hear. I keep staring. The rock face becomes a block of blue clear ice. The flower is alive. There's another world in the rock wall! There's birds flying around and sitting in trees. Green grass everywhere. I listen. I hear a high pitched sound. It's many voices

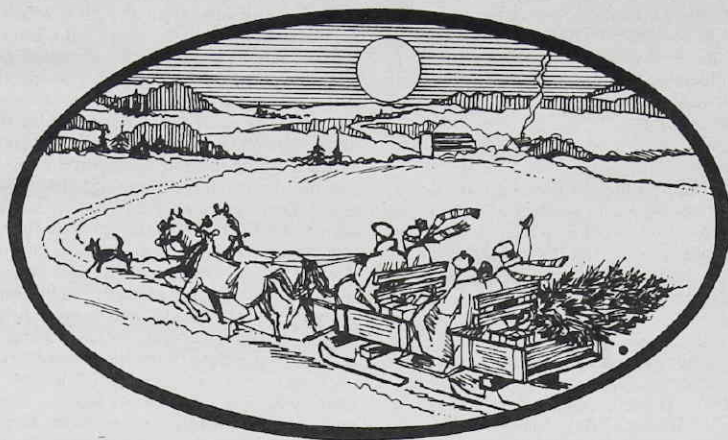
but one coming from the flower. Oh that's a pretty flower. It's yellow then it's orange then blue. I smell and this beautiful scent of springtime comes. I feel and my body tingles. This flower, this enchanted flower fades and the blue clear ice world becomes rock again. The vision has passed. I close my eyes and I'm sitting by Alec.

"Don't tell me! It's not my place to know and don't ask questions! ok?," he says. I can't talk just shake my head. "It's time to go home," he said. "Remember this is the place your people — all of your people — come from. No questions!" With that he began to spin. He became a ball of blue light that grew to cover me. We began to float up, up, up. We flew as before over the rivers and bush higher and higher. Lake Winnipeg was behind us when we saw

continued on pg. 23



Home for the Holidays...



by Joan Beatty

Ever since I can remember, Christmas always signified to me a time for families to get together and lots of good things to eat, but especially to remember the birth of Jesus. I imagine that's no different from anybody else, but I don't think Christmas can be as nice as the ones we spend at home, and still do.

Things have changed. The Christmases I remember when I was a little girl seemed to have a deeper meaning to them. It seems like we took more time to pause and think why we were celebrating Christmas in the first place.

Just before freeze-up, most families left their homes to go to their trappings. There was no such thing as worrying about school then, because there was none, and you weren't expected to go out until you could cope on your own. When I think about it now, you became quite independent and responsible at an early age, because you were expected to do chores right along with everyone else. But you had your rewards, too; for example, you learned how to set traps, and if you caught something, even a mink, it was yours to keep. So you really tried hard, and it was with great expectations that you walked several miles every day to see if you caught anything.

A month before Christmas, we would start talking about going home, which usually meant flying home in an airplane. This was an exciting time for us. Dad would go home by dog team ahead of us to make arrangements for the charter, telling us what day to expect him and the plane. We would stand out on the lake for hours, waiting for the first sound of the plane, all packed and dressed to go, our belongings and furs piled neatly where Dad had indicated the plane should land.

Once we got home, our house always seemed so large after living in a two-room cabin for several

months. Dad would go sell the furs, including ours, and we'd shop for our new clothes. We wouldn't wear them until the night of the Christmas concert, held at the missionary's house, which was also used for church services at the same time.

I recall everyone getting all excited for the evening concert, dressing up, and walking to the mission house. The babies would be all bundled up with heavy scarves over their mouths, the mothers regularly checking on them to make sure they were alright. I would look up at the millions of stars as we were walking to the church in the cold, clear night, and try to imagine how bright the Star of Bethlehem must have been to be able to outshine the rest of them and guide the three wise men.

We would sing Christmas songs out of the Cree and English hymn books. The missionary would tell us the Christmas story with Dad interpreting it to Cree so that everyone could understand. As the story was being told, I could never get over the beauty of the Christmas tree and I would gaze at the miniature baby and manger, imagining how cold it must've been for Baby Jesus.

At the end of the service, all the children would get a bag of candies with peanuts and an orange; the parents would get tea and Christmas cookies and cake. There would be a lot of laughter, with everyone lingering to visit until close to midnight, and then we would all head for home.

We always had a Christmas tree, and Santa (*Wesakicak*) came every year. Just before we went to bed — and we stayed up as long as we could keep awake — we would hang up our stockings in different parts of the house. There were lots of stockings because we had a big family. By some magic, because I could never hear anything during the night, our stockings would be full of nuts and all sorts of candies in the morning.

When we woke up — and you always vowed to be the first one up — Dad had already been up for hours, the house all warm from keeping the wood stove going all night, and the gas lamp all lit up because it was still dark. But best of all, it was the aroma that woke you up — the bacon and eggs and pancakes would be well under way. To this day, Dad still makes the best pancakes and the best coffee.

We would all make a mad dash to where we hung our stockings, full of goodies, and then head for the Christmas tree where there would be presents for everybody. Whoever could read a little would hand out the gifts. The gifts were always something you wanted at the local Co-op or had admired in the Christmas catalogue.

Then we would all eat, barely able to put down our gifts and candies. Usually during breakfast, relatives and friends would start coming in, shaking your hand and wishing you a Merry Christmas. They would get a pot of tea or coffee and be offered breakfast. This was a real tradition amongst the local people, and the visitations would continue late into Christmas Day.

Around mid-morning, Mom would start preparing for the Christmas dinner. When I think about it now, we always managed to have a turkey and it was a real treat. Dad was always able to get it from somewhere, because many times I knew it was only our family who had turkey — we would end up feeding other kids and some of our uncles and aunts and always my grandmother. It was hard to get turkey in those days, as our village was a fly-in community, and the local store very seldom stocked them. For a special dessert, Mom would make *lapocin*, a kind of Christmas cake.

To this day, we always manage to have someone, other than a family member, either eat with us or spend Christmas with our family. It's almost become a family tradition; one of us usually ends up bringing somebody home who is less fortunate than us and doesn't have anyone to spend Christmas with.

After the meal — and you could usually barely move — we would go sliding, including the adults. This was a real highlight for the kids because the adults would use the dog sleds, which the children could never use because it was too dangerous. There was one big, high hill beside the lake that was a favourite for the adults. We would all pile into the sleds with one of the adults steering and take off. We would end up way out on the lake. There would be a lot of laughing and joking and there were many times we all got dumped.

It would be close to midnight when we would finally head home, exhausted and ready for a hot drink and another snack from the Christmas leftovers. Then we would collapse into bed after a long but a very happy day. It was at this time Mom would remind us again of the purpose of Christmas, saying never to lose sight of it. I will never forget that.



The Magic of Christmas



The head office of the Association of Metis and Non-Status Indians of Saskatchewan would like to extend a very Merry Christmas and best wishes in the New Year to all.



Back row (l. to r.): Dennis Shatilla, Ron Nablo, Kenn Whyte, Tim Pynch, Keith Turnbull, Wesley Budd, Alphonse Janvier. Second Row (l. to r.): Christel Barber, Erma Taylor, Sara Lochead, Maureen Lerat, Marilyn Belhumeur, Myrna Martyniuk, Don Mclean, Arlo Yuzicapi, George Wolfe, Lyle Mueller, Lorraine Bunnie, Janette Heath, Martin Shulman, Karen Main, Beverly Cardinal. Missing: Cliff Bunnie, Rick Thatcher, Jane Cruikshank, Bob Leishman, Larry Heinemann, Rob Milen.

On behalf of the Native Alcohol Commission, I extend our heartfelt greetings to you and yours this holiday season. The Metis and Non-Status people of Saskatchewan have and are making progress on all fronts. We at NAC are proud of our program and the contribution we have made over the years to our peoples'.

Alcoholism has hurt many individuals and their families. We know, however, that alcoholism can be treated. We have seen many good strong people overcome their problems.

May this Christmas and New Year be the best of times for you and your family. Remember, "One day at a time".
The Native Alcohol Commission Staff

Christmas Message from the Gabriel Dumont Institute

Over the past decade, Aboriginal Peoples the world over have begun to plan, organize, and work to preserve their culture. As Christmas approaches and another year ends, the Management Board and the Institute staff feel proud to have played a role in helping our people preserve and develop their culture, their riches, their gifts to the world.

Our efforts to preserve the Metis and Non-Status Indian heritage and to assist our people to develop themselves as a people of worth, pride and dignity have been fruitful. We have made steady progress in areas of research, library development, curriculum development, community and adult education, Native studies, and training programs. A highlight of our successes are 128 Metis and Non-Status students enrolled in SUNTEP. In the New Year, we look forward to new developments and successes.

We would like to take this occasion to thank everyone for your encouragement and your strong support for our endeavours as we struggle to achieve our goals. We trust that the Christmas Season will be one of peace and goodwill; that the New Year will bring renewed energy, hope and prosperity.

Seasons Greetings from the Gabriel Dumont Institute Management Board and Staff.

SUNTEP Staff: (Regina) Liz Copper, Donna Scarfe, Marion Desjarlais, Aven Ross, (Saskatoon) Rita Bouvier(Director), Brian Aubichon, Iris Koentz, Tom Severson, Lois Gibb,(Prince Albert) Frank Pinkman, Eva de Gosztanyi, Niel Sherwin-Shields, Shirley Warren(Apologies to the three SUNTEP Centres for not reproducing their photographs here).

Friends:

At this very special time, allow me to extend to you and your loved ones, the warmest regards and wishes during this Blessed Season and throughout 1983 Season and throughout 1983.

I hope we at P.M.S.H.A. have served you well in the past and sincerely trust that we are able to serve you even better in the future. These are not only m To serve you better in the future. These are not only my thoughts but those of all our staff.

Merry Christmas and Happy '83
Christopher LaFontaine,
On Behalf of all P.M.S.H.A.
Board members and staff.

On behalf of the Association of Metis and Non-Status Indians of Saskatchewan, I wish each and every member a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Jimmy Durocher
Provincial Treasurer



by Paul Claude

I don't know where the past month has gone, but here we are again. I suppose it must be true what they say about time flying when you're having fun. That certainly has been the case around our house for the past six weeks, since we began the multitude of family activities in preparation for this special family Christmas.

I have made a fantastic discovery in that regard that I want to share with you now. It is the fact that the more of the Christmas spirit you use, spend on others or give away, the more of it grows inside yourself. It's the only thing I've found in these inflationary times (except debt) that grows as you use it. It's something within ourselves and it's something we'll have for a very long time to come, now that we've discovered the secret of Christmas spirit.

Thus, we must get ready for the festivities and well wishing guests that are so much a part of this special, blessed event.

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 is, 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 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.

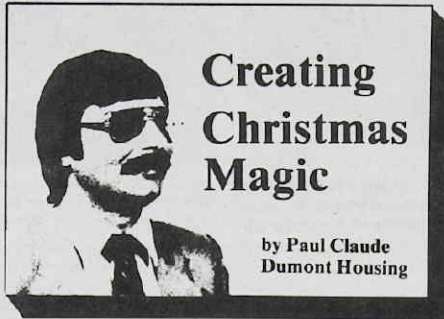
If possible, provide a fire extinguisher near the tree and be certain that all family members know when and how to operate it properly. There are some excellent and relatively inexpensive fire extinguishers on the market. This could be an excellent and truly loving gift suggestion.

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,

Pattern for Felt Wreath Parts:

To enlarge pattern, draw a larger grid of 1" squares. Then draw the pattern on the larger grid, one square at a time, until the entire pattern has been transferred and enlarged.



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.

If you like a challenge, try this third design. This is a project that the whole family can work on together, making it a valuable and precious family heirloom.

Wreath Number Three:

Materials:

One 36" x 72" piece of green felt; one 30" x 10" piece of red felt; 30" x 10" piece of gold felt; 3 yards of brown yarn; stuffing; one 18" square ¼" plywood; 16' thin wire; pliers; small can of green paint; 2½ yards of 2½"-wide satin type brown ribbon; heavyweight thread; a saw and a triangular file; sandpaper.

Directions:

To make the base, draw 2 circles on the plywood as shown in Figure 1. Cut out the wreath shape. Using the saw or file, cut out 16 inner notches and 16 outer notches as shown in Figure 2. Sand the base down, paint green and then let dry. Following Figure 3, loop wire around plywood from notch to notch. Use pliers to twist ends of wire and bend ends flat against the base. Run a line of wire between all loops at centre of entire circle as shown in Figure 4. Secure ends of wire and flatten against base. Cut out the number of pattern pieces as indicated on each piece.

Using patterns, cut the cactus pads from green felt. Using the bud pattern, cut out about 24 pieces from each, the red and the gold coloured felt. There should be enough for two buds for each pad. Top-stitch the bud tops to the wide end of half of the bud pieces. Match two halves of a bud together with wide tops together and coloured bud tops inside. Baste and sew one-eighth-inch seams on three sides, leaving the small bottom end open for stuffing. Trim seams and corners and turn. Complete all buds in this way. Stuff the buds lightly, but do not seam ends closed. Make cactus pads as for buds, leaving a small opening for stuffing. Baste a bud onto a large pad piece as shown in Figure 5. Put another pad piece on top of the bud. Stitch one-eighth-inch seam around bud piece and over bud, leaving a small opening on pad piece for stuffing. Trim and turn.

Repeat for four more large pads. Stuff the pads lightly and slip stitch through the pad and leave about ½" of yarn on both ends of pads. Arrange the pads as desired on the wooden wreath frame. Using a large needle and heavyweight thread, sew one pad at a time to the wires on the base. Make a wire loop on the back of the wreath in the desired place for hanging. Make a bow from ribbon and attach to the bottom of the wreath. For wreath backing, cut a circle from green felt the same size as the plywood base. Glue the backing to the wreath.

I want to thank those of you who have called and written to tell me how they've enjoyed the construction projects, and I can promise you that there will be many more of the same in the year ahead.

By now, I'm sure all the children have sent in their entries for the Christmas Shopping Money Contest which I featured on page 42 of the last edition. The winners should be receiving their prizes within the next few days, and we'll feature their names in the next edition.

Let me take this opportunity to extend the warmest holiday wishes for a joyous and blessed Christmas and prosperous New Year from myself, Chuck Endrill and all of our co-workers at Provincial Metis Housing Association. We trust we have served you well in the past and we sincerely hope we can continue to serve you even more in the year ahead.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
HAPPY NEW YEAR!

— Paul Claude

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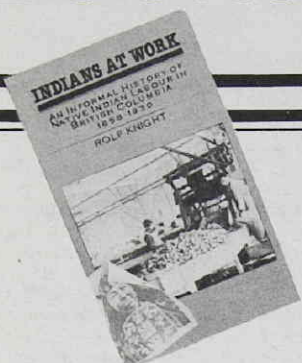
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BOOKS



Gabriel Dumont Institute of Native Studies and Applied Research

Library/Resource Centre Newly Acquired Books October, 1982

American Indian Stereotypes in the World of Children: A reader and bibliography/A.B. Hirschfelder, 1982. 1 copy, Regina.

Battle for the West: furtraders and the birth of Western Canada/D. Francis, 1982. 2 copies, Regina. 971.01 F62B18

Canadian Education in the 1980s/J. Wilson, 1981. 1 copy, Regina 370.971 W34C12

Core Area Report: A reassessment of conditions in Inner City Winnipeg/F. Johnston, 1979. 1 copy, Regina

Demographic Composition and Economic Circumstances of Winnipeg's Native Population/S. Clatworthy, 1980. 1 copy, Regina

Direction for Change: A Career Development Workbook/J. Goodman, 1979. 1 copy, Regina

Effects of Education on Native Behaviour in the Urban Labour Market/S. Clatworthy, 1981. 2 copies, Regina

The Indian Act: 4 copies, Regina

Issues Concerning the Role of Native Women in the Winnipeg Labour Market/S. Clatworthy, 1981. 2 copies, Regina

Man's Rise to Civilization: the Cultural Ascent of the Indians of North America/P. Farb, 1978. 2 copies, Regina

Moose-Deer Island House People: A history of the Native people of Fort Resolution/D.M. Smith. 1 copy, Regina

Multicultural Curriculum for Special Education Students/S. Kamp. 1 copy, Regina 372.190084 K17M71

Native Claims in Rupert's Land and the North-Western Territories/K. McNeil, 1982. 1 copy, Regina

Patterns of Native Employment in the Winnipeg Labour Market/S. Clatworthy, 1981. 2 copies, Regina

Study of the Community School Concept: The Fort Rouge Experiment/S. Vanderhoef, 1978. 1 copy, Regina

Successful Native Employment Projects in Canada/R.C. Schary, 1980. 1 copy, Regina

Toward a Legal Education and Information Program for Native People/D. Kydd. 1 copy, Regina

Training Volunteer Leaders: A Handbook to Train Volunteers and Other Leaders of Program Groups, 1975. 2 copies, Regina

DECEMBER

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

JANUARY

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

Hockey Notes: the Recreational Department of the Association of Metis and Non-Status Indians of Saskatchewan would like to establish a hockey league, Bantams, Midgets and Old Timers (35 and over). Tentative plans are to separate the province into areas that would best suit a hockey schedule. Games would be scheduled from AMNSIS main office. Each area would play within their division throughout the season. Once a year, play-offs would be held in the areas, then meet for a final play-off. All interested persons are urged to contact Claude Petit as this would be an ideal recreational program. However, without input from the Locals, it will not get off the ground.

The AMNSIS Recreational Department is happy to announce they just recently formed a Saskatchewan Golf Association which will become officially incorporated within a month. A metis and Non-Status Veteran Association is also presently being organized. They would greatly appreciate names of veterans, their rank and which divisions they served. Submit to AMNSIS office, c/o Claude Petit. Once established the members would be entitled to special benefits. So get your name in as soon as possible.

Remember, if you want a sports event in the *New Breed Journal*, get hold of me at 525-9501, extension 12.

I'd like to wish all AMNSIS members all the best throughout the festive season. Being on the Saskatchewan Native Communications staff gives me great pleasure to know I'm contributing in a small way to the betterment of all people in the Association. Unfortunately today's main conversation topic seems to be "times are getting harder". This just gives us more reason to stand together and fight a little harder. If one thinks about a hundred years back, the people then stood for what they believed in. Many lives were lost but like Louis Riel said. "We shall fail perhaps, but the rights for which we fought will never die". And this coming new year we're going to see a lot of change in the AMNSIS organization on account of the constitutional sittings, once an agreement is settled, there's no coming back. To get the best possible agreement, we all have to show support for the leaders of AMNSIS.

Indian Lawyers to Host Conference

The Canadian Indian Lawyers Association will be hosting a national workshop on indigenous rights and the Canadian constitution. It is felt that this is a timely topic, as Canada has just recently reshaped its legal relationship with Great Britain and is currently going through the motions of dealing with the rights of the aboriginal peoples.

The current constitutional documents make reference to the aboriginal and treaty rights of the aboriginal peoples and provides for a constitutional conference which will enable, for the first time, the participation of the leadership of the national indigenous political bodies to discuss rights which should be enshrined in the constitution.

The Canadian Indian Lawyers Association does not presuppose what the positions of the aboriginal peoples will be, or even whether their political representatives will participate in that forum. What we envision our role and the conference itself as being is merely a vehicle for and an analysis of what some of the rights of the aboriginal people are, along with an opportunity for the sharing of information and/or ideas.

We encourage the leadership of the aboriginal peoples throughout Canada to participate in this conference. We also encourage any other aboriginal person who can participate to please do so. The conference is also open to non-indigenous peoples or governments who have a desire to learn and expand their understanding of the complex issues confronting aboriginal peoples.

The conference will be held at the Delta Ottawa, 361 Queen Street, Ottawa, Ontario, during the week January 25 to 28, 1983.

A limited number of rooms have been reserved. Those who wish to preregister a room will be reserved, pending their availability.

There will be a registration fee of \$20.00 to help defray some of the administrative expenses.

For further information, contact:

Clem Chartier President
116 Middleton Crescent
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
(306) 955-2275

Judy Sayers Secretary-treasurer
Box 370
Hobbema, Alberta
(403) 585-3038

TENTATIVE AGENDA

Tuesday, January 25, 1983:

Self-determination/Self-government

9:00 a.m. Welcome, Opening Prayer, Introduction
9:30 a.m. Denendah: Nick Sibbiston
10:00 a.m. Inuit Perspective — T.B.A.
10:30 a.m. International Aspects: Prof. Doug Sanders
11:00 a.m. Metis Settlements: Elmer Ghostkeeper
11:30 a.m. Akwesasne: Traditional Law — T.B.A.
1:30 p.m. Group Study Sessions
4:30 p.m. Plenary Session

Wednesday, January 26, 1983:

Land Rights

9:00 a.m. Welcome, Prayer, Introduction and Review
9:30 a.m. Metis Land Rights: Clem Chartier
10:30 a.m. Treaty Land Rights:
Sharon Venne/Judy Sayers
11:00 a.m. Non-Treaty Land Rights — T.B.A.
11:30 a.m. Land Rights and the Canadian Constitution:
Bill Badcock
1:30 p.m. Group Study Sessions
4:30 p.m. Plenary Session

Thursday, January 27, 1983:

Indigenous Rights and the Canada Act

9:00 a.m. Welcome, Prayer, Introduction and Review
9:30 a.m. Panel: Assembly of First Nations
Native Council of Canada
Inuit Committee on National Issues
1:30 p.m. Panel: Native Women's Assn. of Canada
to 3:00 p.m. Indian Rights for Indian Women
National Assn. of Friendship Centres
3:30 p.m. Legal Analysis: Murray Sinclair
to 4:30 p.m.

Friday, January 28, 1983:

9:00 a.m. Welcome, Prayer, Introduction and Review
9:30 a.m. Plenary Session
12:00 noon Closing Prayer

cree news logo

by Sara Ballantyne



Handwritten Cree text, first column, starting with 'C' and 'A' characters.

Handwritten Cree text, second column, starting with 'P' and 'P' characters.

Handwritten Cree header for the second column of text.

Handwritten Cree text, third column, starting with 'A' and 'P' characters.

Review

Jessica's Troubled Road to Knowledge

Jessica is a disturbing yet provocative portrayal of a Metis woman coming to terms with her spiritual self through an intense, often terrifying spiritual journey. Her ordeal/destiny is personal yet serves well as a metaphor for all Native peoples' search for a place in a world they no longer control. Jessica is a good play.

Jessica's road to knowledge is a troubled one. Her life is out of balance. She is vulnerable, alone and adrift. She is easy prey to a series of misfortunes that bring her to the brink of madness and death.

by John Cuthand

She is, moreover, a study in seeming contradictions. She is innocent yet she is not. She is vulnerable yet she is not. Her mixed blood, Indian and white cannot be rejected and in losing control she gains control. Jessica is one very deep complicated lady. She is alternately a prostitute, a heroin addict and a native activist in charge of a halfway house. She lives in the modern world yet destiny leads her into the most ancient of religions.

She is helped by a childhood benefactor, the spritly, testy, yet kind sage Vitaline, a Cree medicine woman. In childhood Vitaline assigns her old man Hahaso, the crow, to be her spiritual guide. Hahaso is a comical almost cartoon like spirit who enjoys horse races. Musgua, the bear, is a healer and it is he who Vitaline summons to give Jessica direction. His gift to her is memories. It is the childhood memories which give her perspective and onus to meet her destiny.

Jessica, the play is neither a searing indictment of white people - though it could easily have become that. Nor is it a sugar coated Natives can do no wrong indulgent, self romanticizing view. No one is on or off a pedestal. Jessica's universal humanity makes her appealing.

Humour is skillfully woven throughout. Four letter words abound but they are necessary to the plot. This play is so different from conventional Native cliches that carefully nurtured and properly promoted it could leave such theatrical standards as *The Ecstasy of Rita Joe* in the dust.

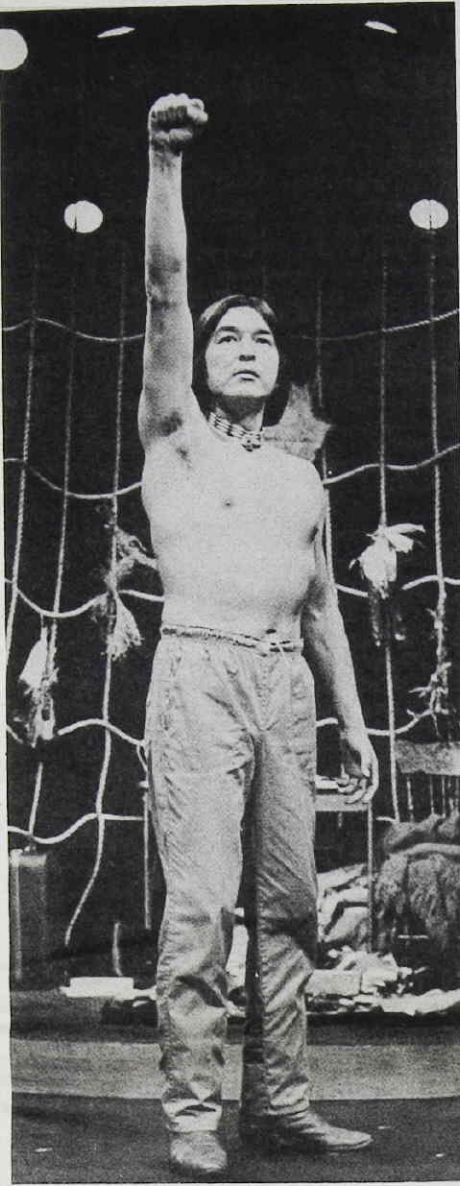
Jessica has just completed a successful two-week run in Saskatoon's 25th St. Theatre. The play has received good reviews and played to packed houses throughout. In fact Jessica was the best attended play in the history of the 25th St. Theatre.

Though this is a good play, it has a notable flaw. This being Linda Griffith's portrayal of Jessica. She is simply not convincing. One is always conscious she is acting but never quite filling the role. In one scene Jessica is confronted with the suicide of a friend. Griffiths is alone of the stage and it is completely up to her to carry the scene. She doesn't. If Jessica's role could be filled with a native actress the calibre of supporting actress Tanto Martin this play would soar.

Graham Green as Musgua the bear and the Indian militant Sam is very good. He particularly stands out in his moving soliloquy following the beating of Jessica. One hates Sam for beating her but finds he is in the end a tragic figure in himself. Green does well.

Jessica must resolve two opposites in her spiritual self. These are personified by the vicious wolverine spirit and Hahaso the crow. To achieve oneness with herself she must bring both benefactors' adversaries? together. The play remains open to interpretation. The key, however, is realizing Jessica must endure and learn from her experiences - no matter how hard - in order to gain "power".

In all likelihood Jessica will tour across Canada. Saskatoon was an excellent initial testing ground. If the play can keep its Native substance intact it will definitely go places. If not, well, does anybody remember "Alien Thunder", the movie story of Wandering Spirit. That is a lesson on how compromise can ruin a good thing. Keep it Native.



Sam played by Graham Green

In this article, and perhaps one or two others, we will temporarily move from the overall examination of the history of the Metis people and deal only with the question of women. Until now the author has not had a clear understanding of the relations between men and women in Indian society and how the European caused major changes to take place. Otherwise the question of women would have been included from the beginning. After an examination of the whole political and economic system of the Fur Trade which needed an internal source of cheap wage labour, the author came to see the radical social, economic and racial changes that effected the role of women and hence the nature of their oppression. After all, it was the women who gave birth to the labour that the Hudson's Bay Company needed so desperately. It was therefore realized the question of women must be dealt with. It should also be noted the question and the nature of the oppression is a complex one, and the author only wishes to bring into the open the very basis of this oppression and why it occurred. After laying out the basis of the women's question up until the late 1700's (the creation of the labour market in the 1780's and 1790's), we will then continue with the overall history of the Metis people with the oppression of women being included.

The exploitation and oppression of peoples throughout the world by sex, race and class is basic to the capitalist world of which we are a part. Unless we can come to terms with the nature of this oppression and exploitation and understand how it was intentionally created we can never create a real alternative for human existence.

We have seen in the past how the European mercantile capitalists engaged in the economic conquering of the Indian population as a whole. The result

Metis History

The Question of Women

by Ron Bourgeault

was the exploitation and oppression of the people as a source of labour. Why is it then important that the question of women be dealt with? Since women are half of the population, they are as well half of the oppressed. To deal with a society only in terms of its men and their role does not give an adequate understanding of that society. By not understanding the oppression of women, one does not understand the overall oppression of society.

OPPRESSION OF WOMEN

In the process of the economic conquering the egalitarian or classless society of the Indian people, the Europeans re-arranged for their own ends the social relationships between men and women. In short, women were put in a position of subservience to men, a position they were not in previously, in order that the exploitation of labour and production of fur could take place. It is therefore important that the oppression of women be dealt with in order to understand the position that women are now in, and the nature of the overall oppression of the society.

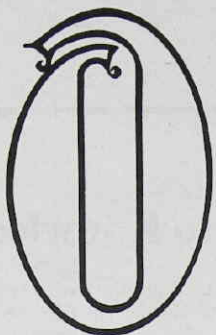
The differences or divisions, either social and/or economic, between men and women, that occurred centuries ago have been re-enforced or supported and

exploited many times by the overall development of capitalism in this country and the world. The original reasons for the creation of these divisions in the late 1600's and early 1700's are not necessarily the same reasons that are used today although these basic divisions are still being exploited. For example, men were used in the late 1600's and early 1700's in the production of fur for the European. This basic class position has been maintained and exploited throughout the centuries. Women at the same time in history were prevented from working equally with men, in maintaining the whole society or band as the case may be. Women were also prevented from having further mutual influence or decision-making with men in respect to carrying out public responsibilities in the collective society. When the collective society was destroyed or ruptured by mercantile capitalism, women were forced to become dependent upon men who were producing fur, the sole activity upon which society was maintained. Women's work became exploited by the European who forced women's dependency upon their men in the production of fur, by placing women in strictly support roles for example, preparing the fur to be traded with the European. Just as the collective society as a whole was destroyed and men became exploited as a peasant source of labour, so did women become entrapped in the same system in a dependent role in relation to the men.

Women were exploited in support work and being solely maintained in the rearing of children - who were then used as a source of labour when grown up.

It is upon this basis that it is important to bring out what was created three centuries ago in order to have an understanding of the way in which oppression operates today.

to be continued...



Holy Night



Friends

Friends are people you can depend on to help
you out in times of trouble
Friends are people you can trust
Friends are people who respect you, who you are
and what you do
Friends can be of any race or colour
Friends can be handicapped or disabled
Friends can be anyone, so grab someone today!

*Kathy Fayant
Roy Wilson Centre
Sedley, Sask.*

One Solitary Life

He was born in an obscure village
the child of a peasant woman.
He grew up in still another village where
he worked in a carpenter's shop until he was thirty.
Then for three years... He was an itinerant preacher.
He never wrote a book, He never held an office
He didn't go to college,
He never visited a big city.
He never travelled two hundred miles
from the place where he was born.
He did none of the things...
one usually associates with greatness.
He had no credentials but himself
He was only thirty-three when
the ride of public opinion turned
against him.
His friends ran away
He was turned over to his enemies and
went through the mockery of a trial.
He was nailed to a cross between two thieves.
While he was dying...his executioners gambled
for his clothing, the only property he had on earth.
When he died
He was laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.
Nineteen centuries have come and gone and today
He is the Central Figure of the Human Race...and the
Leader of Mankind's Progress.
All the armies that ever marched,
all the navies that ever sailed,
all the parliaments that ever sat,
all the kinds that ever reigned...
put together — have not affected the
Life of Man on Earth as much as that.

*Author Anonymous
Submitted
Submitted by:
J.E. St. Denis
Regina Beach, Sask.*

Christmas Eve

Millions of large snowflakes drift slowly past the window
amassed together to form a white blanket below
a pale shroud glimmers faintly in the moon's glow
Silence hovers and settles it's wings for this holy Eve.
Inside the Christmas tree lights blink slowly off and on
as if they just could not wait to whisper to someone
the happy secrets wrapped so carefully, one by one.
Yet, it too must wait and rest for the special day to come.
A mysterious peace settles the earth like a dove
carrying on it's wings the great message from above
a centuries' old promise of God's eternal love
All the universe sings out — 'the rock of Ages has come'.
Multitudes of angel choirs sang loud in the skies
the ancient joyful song of all the ages gone by
'out of Judah's rulers — a great leader would arise'
All Bethlehem rejoices, 'Behold, the saviour has come'.
Two thousand generations have come and drifted through
yet the eternal message still rings constant and true
great men have lived — died — and are remembered anew
Yet all humbly bowed to proclaim this Lord God as their King

*Bonita Beatty
Deschambeault Lake, Sask.*

Night Before Christmas

"'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through
the earth God's people were waiting the time of
Christ's birth.
The various prophecies, God-given with care
Came to pass on one night in Judea there.
The people were scattered through Israel's land
paying their taxes at Ceasar's command.
Young Mary, with Joseph, espoused to be wed,
Descendants of David, to Bethlehem sped.
'Twas late in the evening they arrived there that day.
They found at the inn there was no place to stay.
Away in a stable, no place for a guest
They settled, that couple, to find some rest.
The star in the sky shone unusually bright.
To herald the event to take place that night.
When there on the hay, her time now full come,
The Virgin, dear Mary, gave birth to God's son.
With no crib to lie in, a stable with sheep
Because for our Savior a place for His sleep
Moreover, that night in a field calm and still
Rough shepherds were resting serenely and until
Through the dark of the sky God's glory shone round
All quaking and frightened they fell to the ground.
To these as they trembled God's messenger came
Good tidings of great joy to all to proclaim.
'For you on this day in the city close by
A baby, you Savior, in a manger does lie.
So go to the stable, the baby you'll find.
In swaddling clothes, He lies here entwined.'
And in a twinkling, 'twas heard through the air
The praise of the angels assembled up there.
'To God in the highest all glory and praise
Good Will amongst men and peace through their days.'
When the angels returned then to heaven above,
There stood the shepherds amazed by God's love.
A moment they wondered, then hastily ran,
Found Mary and Joseph and God's gift to man.
The baby, named Jesus, man's Saviour from sin,
Had come as was promised, His work to begin.
His eyes not quite opened, how much they would see
Of hatred and failures, of man's misery
The shepherds, the wonder, made known as they went,
Told all of the Gift that mankind was sent.
The star, that same star that proclaimed His birth,
Was shining for people all over the earth.



An Enchanted Christmas

continued from pg. 15

that flash of red coming towards us only slower than before. "Santa Claus", Alec said to my unasked question. "And boy is he tired. Hello Cumberland House, goodbye LaRonge, Ile-a-la-Crosse you doing good, hello rivers. Oh no, there's those northern lights. Boy they like you. Came all the way down to La Loche just to meet you. Remember what I said, no dancing with them." The last thing I wanted to do was dance but I was thinking of that flower. That beautiful enchanted flower. "Someday if you're good, I'll take you into the Nahanne River Valley," Alec said, "but I can't promise anything. Anyway you're almost home." The land rose up, the Slave river and the Jean Marie river came into sight and got bigger and bigger. Down, down, down we went. There was our camp. "I have to go now," he said. "Alec what are you, anyway?" I asked. Alec's last words were, "I'm no one and everyone, I sleep with weasels and I fly with fishes but I'll never ever wash the dishes, so there." My eyes closed and when they opened I was lying in my sleeping bag beside my grandfather. Dad was up making breakfast.

"Some little animal got into our food," dad exclaimed. "Boy he made a mess! Lookit this." He held up the baking powder tin. It was covered in dough. Only the word "magic" remained. "Must be some mouse living in the spruce boughs. 'Anyways breakfast's cooking,'" dad said. "Mechisoo". With a grunt grandad got up and got dressed. He looked at me and said. "This grandson of mine must have had good dreams. His eyes are shining." I got up and we had a breakfast that couldn't be beat.

We were in our parkas our breath fogging the air. "We need more wood and those dogs need feeding," dad said. He left. The dogs were heard barking and howling. When he returned he brought wood and a long cardboard box with "Coey" written on it. "Merry Christmas son," he said. The gift was a 22 repeater with scope and two boxes of shells. "You're ten years old," dad said "and it's time you became a provider. A rifle is a very personal thing. We Crees will share anything but we very rarely, if ever, loan our rifles to anyone. The true Indian is a hunter, a provider."

"You know," granddad said. "There are some Crees who when they die their people lash their rifle crosswise to a tree as their headstone. Very important a rifle." I was very pleased with my gift. And when night fell it was still cradled in my arms. In the evening my grandad told his stories. This Christmas he went to his knapsack and brought out a bag of oranges and nuts. "These may be a bit frozen," he said, "but they're still good." In the half light of the kerosene lamp he started talking of days past. "I got this in the mail this past fall," he said holding up a big manilla envelope. "This anthropologist who was hanging around Fort Smith this summer got to talking with me. I told him of our winter counts long ago when we lived on the prairies. We have an ancestor three generations ago. His father was Assiniboine or Stony Indian. The Stonies are a Sioux people. Those were our friends who taught us how to live on the plains. His wife was Cree. He was a spiritual person and he kept track of his life through winter counts. A winter count is the important events of a people or a person drawn on a buffalo hide. One drawing for each year. The drawings form a spiral read in the direction the sun follows. This anthropologist remembered our ancestor's name. Then this came in the mail. It's a picture of our ancestor's winter count. He wrote that this buffalo hide is in a museum. Here it is." He handed my father and I the photos. On it was many drawings arranged in a spiral. There were drawings of horses, strange symbols and animals. Then I saw something that made chills jump up my spine. There was a drawing of a flower—the very same beautiful flower I had seen on the rock face. I counted the drawings. The flower was the tenth drawing. The same age as me.

"All I know of this ancestor of ours was that he made friends in a dream with this little person who slept with weasels, flew with fishes, and was too cheap to wash pots," grandad said. "He talked about this religion called the way of the enchanted flower. He said it was the oldest of religions. That's all we know about him." Dad poured steaming cups of tea all the way around. Grandad was looking at me, half smiling. "You too eh grandson," he said, then sipped on his tea. The ice rumbled in the distance and grandfather said, "Hush up or I'll make you wash the dishes." Old people, they know things.

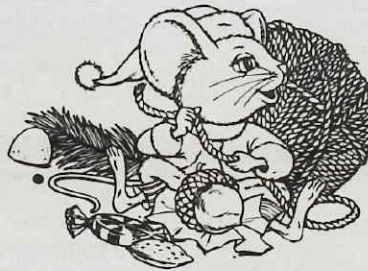


Poor Man's Fruit Cake

Cut ½ cup salt pork into small pieces. Pour ½ cup boiling water over the pork and dissolve ½ teaspoon soda in the water. Let stand. Beat together: 2 eggs; ½ cup molasses; 1 cup sugar. Blend all these ingredients together with: 1 cup raisins; ½ cup chopped citrus, dried or fresh, fruit; ½ teaspoon each: cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg.

Add enough flour to make a thick batter. Pour into a standard cake pan and bake in a moderate oven until done. When cooled, hide it — because it won't last long.

—Submitted by Paul Claude, Dumont Housing



Whipped Short Bread

Cream 1 lb. soft butter. Add ½ cup corn starch, 1 cup icing sugar, 1 tsp. vanilla or almond extract, 3 cups flour. Add ingredients one at a time and beat well. Drop by teaspoon on baking sheet. A cherry in centre of each cookie. Set oven temperature at 325° Bake 12 to 15 minutes. submitted by Elsie Davey

Taffy

1 cup maple syrup (250 ml.)
½ cup packed brown sugar (125 ml)
¼ cup water (50 ml.)
1 tblsp. butter or margarine (15 ml.)
⅛ tsp. cream of tartar (1 ml.)

In large saucepan, combine all ingredients heat to boiling and boil until syrup reaches hard ball stage (260°F./125°C) on candy thermometer. Immediately pour onto lightly buttered plate.

As candy cools, fold edges lightly over centre (to prevent edges from hardening before centre cools.) When taffy is cool enough to handle and only a dent remains when pressed with finger, butter hands and gather taffy into ball, pull taffy between hands, stretching until it becomes very light in color. Stretch and twist taffy into rope about 1 inch (2.5 cm.) thick. Cut into pieces and wrap each in waxed paper or coloured cellophane. Makes about 30 one inch (2.5 cm.) pieces.

submitted by Annie Charles

Pine Needle Tea

Use 2 tblsp. young pine needles and steep them in a pot of hot water for about 10 minutes.

Hobo Bread

In a large mixing bowl, pour:
1½ cups hot water
¾ cups raisins
(May add dates, nuts, mixed fruit peel, cherries.)
Stir in 4 tbsp. baking soda. Mix well.
Add 4 tbsp. butter, 1½ cups brown sugar, and 1½ cups white sugar. Mix in 2 tsp. vanilla, 1 scant tsp. salt, 4 cups flour. Add 2 large eggs. Mix well.
Grease six (1 quart) juice cans (paper removed). You can use different sized cans.
Bake in moderate oven at 350° for 45 to 60 minutes. Cool in cans upside down on rack. Cool thoroughly before wrapping.

STEAM FRUIT PUDDING

4 eggs
¼ cup brown sugar
¾ cup butter
½ cup cooking molasses
½ cup figs (chopped)
½ cup dates (chopped)
½ cup mixed peel
½ cup red cherries (chopped)
½ cup green cherries (chopped)
½ cup raisins
½ cup currants
1 tsp. vanilla
2 tsp. baking powder
2½ cups flour (add more if needed)

Mix all ingredients

Dip cloth bag into melted grease, flour the inside thoroughly. Put batter into bag about ½ full (need room to rise). Secure bag tightly at top, then put in a pan with water. Boil water. The pan could be a jam pail with a lid. Once you have the batter in the pail put something heavy on lid so it will stay down.

Boil for Four Hours at Steady Heat.

Sauce for Steam Pudding:

Melt 2 cups white sugar until golden brown. Add 3 cups water. Add pudding flavour of your choice. Thicken sauce with cornstarch and water paste.

Bullet Soup

2 lbs. ground beef
2 medium size onions (chopped)
Salt & pepper to taste.
Mix all ingredients together then make meat balls the size of a golf ball. Roll the meat balls in flour.
Put the meat balls into cold water then heat. When they come to a boil add more salt in pot. Add celery, carrots, potatoes then cook about an hour to thicken

To Thicken Soup

Mix flour and water in a jar, shake until all the flour is mixed pour over soup and stir. Simmer and enjoy.



One Northern Autumn

by Marjorie Kendall



VI

Curled up in a sleeping bag atop a wooden box beside the caged bird in the garage, Marilu was first to hear her father's truck driving into the yard.

Leaping up and flinging wide both swinging doors, she ran out, and hardly noticing her father, grabbed the doctor by a jacket sleeve, pulling him toward the garage.

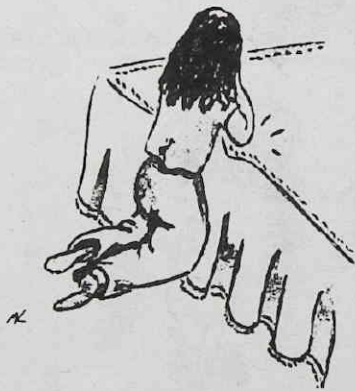
"Oh, Doctor! I'm so glad you're heeere!" she wailed. "Come quickly! His leg looks sooo soooooore!"

"I'm coming, child. I'm coming," the doctor assured her mildly. "But wait," and, setting his bag on the ground, bent over from the waist until his kindly round face was level with hers. Speaking very seriously, he warned, "You musn't expect too much, Marilu. I'll do what I can, but your friend has been hurt for some time, and the wound may be badly infected. I want you to be brave now, and go inside the house with your mother until your father and I come in."

Cupping one hand under her quivering chin, he continued, "I think he'll be all right, though. We have some good medicine that I believe will help him."

Next, placing one hand on each of Marilu's sagging shoulders, he turned her toward the house, urging softly, "Go now... go."

The little girl's heart was so sore, she couldn't speak. But she could pray, and that's just what she did. Kneeling beside her bed in the silence of her room, she asked God to please help Saugitan walk again, to make him stand tall and proud in every day's sun, and fly straight and true in every night's moon. And if God would do this for her, she'd help His hurt animals for the rest of her life, be a good girl forever and ever, and never tease Tommi, or hide his ball again, Amen. When she couldn't think of anything more to say, she



prayed without words. So intent were her thoughts that she didn't hear the kitchen door slam. Her father had to call out to her. At the sound of his voice, she sprang like a startled fawn from the floor and flung herself at his waist.

Half phrases tumbled from her trembling mouth, "Did he...? Can I...? Is he...? Will he be...?"

"Steady... steady... little one," chuckled her father, swinging her up and outward. "Yes, he'll be all right, and yes, you can go out to him."

She flew out the door, forgetting to shut it behind her. It banged back and forth against the outside wall and shook the whole house.

Before leaving, the doctor told Bess and Alex he would write for information about the bird first thing in the morning.

You'll let us know when you hear, eh, Doctor?" both parents asked. "It'll be hard for the kids to keep from talkin' for very long."

One week and three days passed. The doctor had twice returned to change his 'patient's' bandages.

"Any news yet?" he was asked on both occasions.

"Afraid not... Ought to be some soon, though," he would reply.

Four days later, Doctor Fisher again knocked at the door of the cabin. Bess, seeing his dusty, faded blue car pass an opened kitchen window, hurried to open the door, and the doctor entered, carrying in his hand an official looking, long brown envelope.

It was addressed to him, so he opened it, and when he did, something slipped through his fingers and fell with a clunk to the floor. Bess stooped to pick it up. It looked like a short, wide yellow ribbon with some kind of metal attached to the top part. She showed the object to Alex, who took and held it up for the doctor to see. Glancing at it, and clearing his throat, the doctor then unfolded the letter that was also inside the envelope, and started to read, "This Enclosed Badge of Honour is, with Our Deepest Gratitude, to be Presented to the Brave Young Person, Who, at the Risk of Her Own Life, Saved the Life of One of Our World's Rarest Birds. It Will Be Presented by The Territorial Commissioner in a Public Ceremony to be Held on the Courthouse Steps in the Country's Capital City, the Third Day of September, 1949... and it's signed," the doctor's voice rang proudly, "The Prime Minister of Canada!"

Hearing the last words, Alex's already square shoulders squared even more, and Bess grey-green eyes blossomed with tears of joy.

This happiness lasted only a short time, for the next words the doctor read promised sadness...

"The bird will be removed from its present whereabouts, and taken charge of by authorized persons as soon as possible."

The thoughts of all three people in the suddenly silent kitchen turned immediately to the little girl, who, at that very moment, with

her brother Tommi, sat in the garage with her new-found friend. How would she receive the news? How could they tell her?

The worried father voiced what they were all thinking. "It'll break her heart."

Turning to the doctor, he held out his hands, palms up.

"You've known her since she was a baby, Doctor. Would you tell her for us? She might understand your words better."

Dr. Fisher put the letter down on a table in front of him and motioned to Bess.

"Would you pour me a cup of tea, please?" he asked quietly.

"I'll see what I can do. Not too long ago, I lost a dog that was a very dear friend, and know how badly she is going to feel, but first," his voice was low, thoughtful, "if only to give me time to think of what to say, I'd like a nice hot cup of tea."

Later, watching Marilu and Saugitan in the garage, he hesitated saying anything. The child was ecstatic about her discovery.

"Ooooooh... Doctor! Isn't he the most elegant bird in the world? Have you ever seen such dreamy eyes or such silky feathers in all your life?" And, wrapping her skinny arms around the creature's neck and shoulders, hugged him close.



"Ooooooh..." she trilled. "I wish everyone in the world could see how fine he looks. That would make me soooo haaaappy!"

"Aaaaaagm" thought the doctor. "That's my answer!"

Slyly, he prompted, "Everyone can, you know, Marilu."

"They can?" she asked, surprised. "How?"

"Haaaaruuumpphh... Huuumpphh... Well!" he cleared his throat again, and, sitting down on an empty oil barrel beside her, leaned forward, "You may not know this, but Saugitan is a very famous bird."

"My Saugitan?" she pointed, her eyebrows like pale crayon lines curving almost up to her straggly hairline.

"Yes," the doctor answered. "Your Saugitan. You see, he's a very rare, special bird. There aren't many like him anywhere in the world, and some people who care very much are trying to protect the ones that are left. They study every move these birds make."

He motioned to the shiny band around the crane's good leg.

"See that narrow strip of metal?"

Marilu looked.

"Those numbers you see on it," the doctor explained, "are his identification numbers. Each bird has a different series, and whenever they fly from north to south each year, someone checks to see if all have arrived safely."

"And if one doesn't?" she asked, almost fearfully.

"Weeeeelll," the doctor drawled, rubbing his bare chin with one hand. "If there are some missing, everyone concerned becomes very sad. They think one may have died, or got lost."

"Oh," the child said in a very small voice. "And do they think Saugitan may be dead, or lost?"

"I'm sure they must."

The little girl swallowed. The doctor could see she was thinking very hard.

"If someone finds out he's here, will they come and take him away?"

The doctor, not looking at her, nodded.

Chin on chest, she mumbled, "If he is taken away, will he be with friends?"

Again the doctor nodded.

Marilu sat motionless. Dr. Fisher studied her lowered head, bit at some dried skin on his thin lips, and waited.

When she suddenly looked up at him, he thought he saw a tiny flicker of interest lighten her somber grey stare.

"You said he could be seen by everyone in the world. How?" she asked curiously.

Dr. Fisher then showed her the letter, and the gold silk ribbon, and told her about the presentation by the Commissioner.

"Will there be someone taking pictures that will be shown in newspapers and magazines and everything?"

"You bet there will," the doctor grinned.

Her vivid imagination then seemed to take hold.

"Can I tie a big red ribbon around his lovely long neck? He'd look divine in a satiny, big red ribbon, don't you think? And could I stand beside him when his pictures are being taken?"

The patient doctor answered yes to all her questions. He could see that a feeling of anticipation and pleasure had replaced her first sense of loss, and that was just what he had hoped would happen.

When Dr. Fisher rose and turned to leave, Tommi, carrying his black bag, went outside with him. Marilu, busy thinking plans for 'the big day', and sharing them all with Saugitan, had already forgotten they were there at all.

"Oh, you'll be the handsomest bird anyone will have ever seen," she chattered. "I'm going to brush your feathers until they dance like sunlight on the channel! Everyone will point and say, 'What a lovely, lovely bird'. And my hair will be curled, and I'll wear my prettiest dress so you can be proud of me too. Oooooh Saugitaaaaan... Oooooh Saaauggitaaaann!"

And, flinging both arms across his back, buried her head in his feathers and let all her tears flow, because, although she felt very happy, she was also very sad.

"You'll come back to me. I just know you will," she whispered against his neck. "Next year, when the grass is butter yellow, and the geese are honking south, you'll come back."

As if understanding every word that was being said, the splendid white bird, with a gesture that seemed to say, 'I'll be back, Marilu... I'll be back', bent his graceful neck sideways, and lovingly rubbed her tear-stained cheek with his great, warm beak.

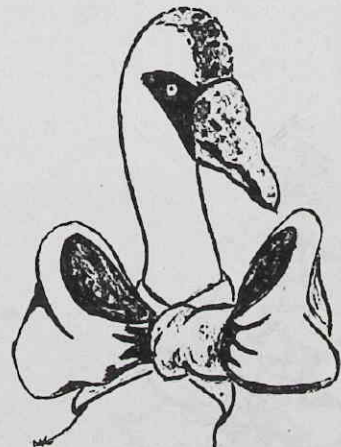
VIII

"Dr. Two Moons!" a woman's high-pitched voice interrupted from the opened doorway to her office. "Why... you're crying!"

The lady speaking held a whimpering ball of fluffy white puppy in her arms. Walking swiftly toward the desk, she asked, "Is there anything I can do to help?"

"No... No... It's all right," the lady doctor mumbled with some embarrassment, and quickly wiped her teary eyes with a tissue.

"It's all right," she repeated. "There was something in my eye, that's all... just a little something that lodged there a long, long time ago, and now..." briskly depositing the dampened tissue in a waste basket beside her desk, looked up, "Mrs. Morin, what can I do for you and that sweet, sweet bird you're holding...?"



THE END

Happy Holidays To All!

When I was hired by the Board of Directors of the Saskatchewan Native Communications Corporation in August it was made quite clear to me by the Board and members of staff that the organization had been suffering from certain difficulties - morale problems, funding and administrative hassles, and it was lacking certain key pieces of electronic equipment for both its radio and television operations.

It has required a major effort on the part of staff and administration to resolve many of these outstanding concerns over the past four months.

There is always a measure of frustration and anxiety, among creative people who care about their work, when roadblocks to the exercise of that creativity get in their way.

When financial support for travel is not available a reporter can be severely handicapped. When there is no phone patch in the radio studio, a reporter in the field cannot properly be recorded. And when you find yourself equipped with a fine music studio that doesn't quite make it as a radio program-packaging operation, you are almost bound to hear the anxious gnashing of teeth and accompanying, blasphemous commentary from radio staff. And if you can't come up with the dollars to rent that editing suite for your TV crew, you'll find them focusing dubious eyes in the direction of administration.

Without dwelling unduly on the above (and a host of other 'problem areas'), I believe it is fair to suggest that considerable progress has been made by the Corporation and its' trainee staff over the past four months.

The major obstacle to actual radio programming has been resolved with the purchase of essential equipment. Radio staff, meantime, have been using their time productively by embroiling themselves in in-depth technical courses in sound production here at our studio. Several staff have also taken professional voice training.

Radio Co-ordinator Wil Campbell now has his staff working to produce lively, magazine-format demonstration tapes. This will continue in January. Negotiations have started with CBC and private networks and stations, and we look forward to being 'on air' early in the new year.

Television presents exciting opportunities for Native Communications but it is also a much more complex and demanding medium. To move successfully into television production the Corporation and its' Board of Directors must assess their opportunities very carefully.

Wide-ranging changes in broadcast technology and broadcast policy are opening up a tangled web of TV broadcast options. During this shake-down period in the industry, we are getting on with the job of training our people to produce educational television programs which are immediately useful and can be telecast on Cable-TV.

The first of these videotape productions by the Corporation, *Batoche '82*, was shown first in the November 15 to 18 period on Cable-TV facilities throughout the province. We are pleased that our initial production was considered of sufficient quality and interest to be shown repeatedly since that time.

What is now required in both our radio and television efforts is a process for involving Native people of the province more directly and more effectively with our trainee staff. This will see Native organizations and individuals working closely with us to assess the impact and potential impact of various approaches to Native-produced and Native-controlled programming.

Our Promotion and Marketing Co-ordinator, Janice Hill, will be working with the Administrator and the Secretary to the Administrator, Helen Gielis, to develop this program.

The role of the administrator/consultant in all of this is a demanding one. He should understand and respond to staff concerns. He should try to 'tune in' to the broad range of creative processes at work in the communications environment, both inside the Corporation and externally; to arrange appropriate professional training for staff; to ensure, as possible, that the essential infrastructure, funding and support services for staff are in place at the right time; to resolve problems of motivation when they occur; to assist the Corporation in defining its' communications concerns, goals and priorities; to draft budgets and financial proposals to governments, and institute effective financial management.

The Corporation was substantially over-budget by last summer. It has been essential to institute cutbacks in spending so that major expenditures could be made on electronic equipment absolutely essential to our studio programming operations for the new year. We are now ready to broadcast through the good offices of the CBC and other networks and stations.

The new name and new tabloid magazine format are only the outward signs of efforts made and planned to make the *Newbreed Journal* rank with the best in Native publications in Canada.

Lack of funding, however, has restricted our plans to improve our photographic production facilities. That and other changes have been postponed until next year, but Editor Joan Beatty and her staff are working enthusiastically to develop a more responsive, more lively and more readable *Journal*.

There have been several staff changes in the past four months as we seek to strengthen our overall communications capability.

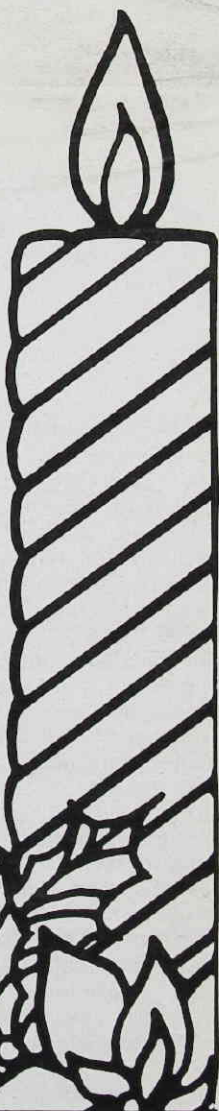
Rick Wagamese, a former assistant editor of *Newbreed*, returns to Native Communications with experience in radio, gained in Alberta. Rick is host-announcer for our demonstration programming now being packaged. He also hosts our DJ service for Native-sponsored dances and functions.

John Cuthand joined us as Features Editor for both the *Journal* and *Wehtamatowin Radio*. Annie Charles was recently hired as a television trainee and advertising sales representative. She will also add her fluent Cree translations and commentaries to our radio packages.

A Television production co-ordinator plus a TV training specialist will be added to our staff early in the new year, along with an additional TV trainee.

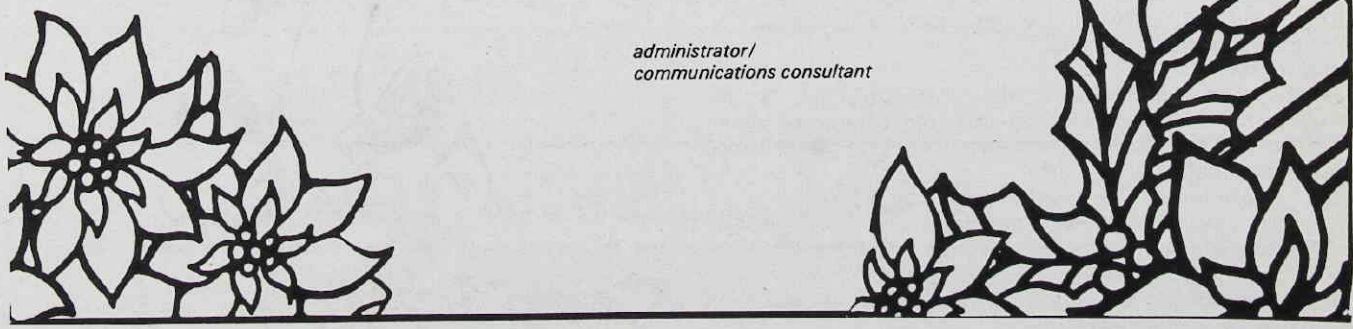
The Corporation's staff welcomes the additional appointees to our Board of Directors and looks forward to working with them.

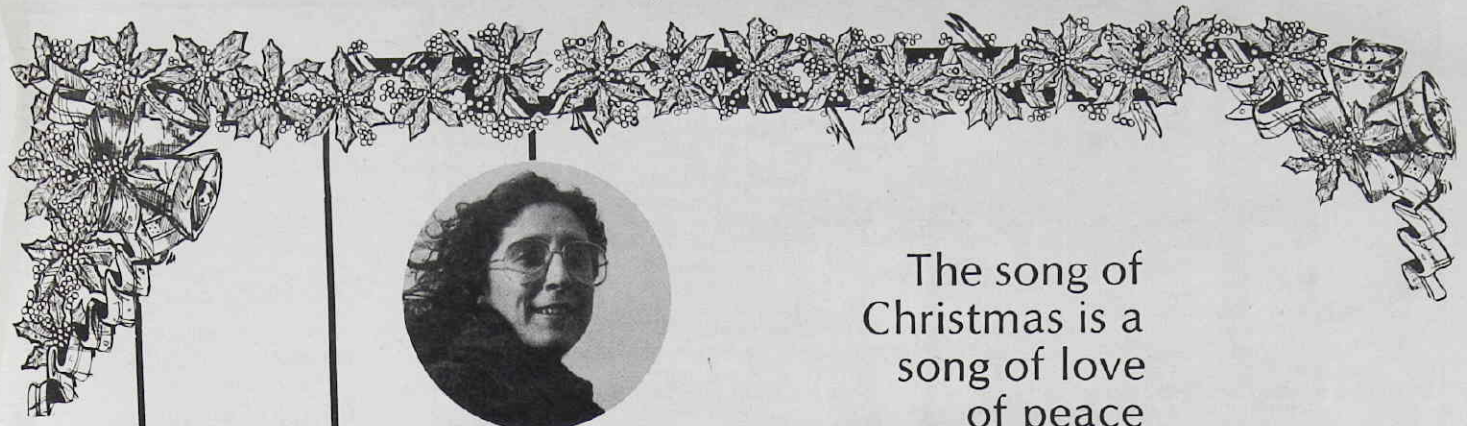
The 1983 should certainly be a productive and exciting one for the Corporation. I am grateful for the opportunity to support this important enterprise on behalf of Saskatchewan's Native people.



W. Cuthand

administrator/
communications consultant





April Boyd
Interim Co-ordinator
Wehtamatowin Television

The song of
Christmas is a
song of love
of peace
and of joy.



Wil Campbell
Co-ordinator
Wehtamatowin Radio

May its special
harmony bring
happiness to you and
yours throughout the
coming year.

Wehtamatowin

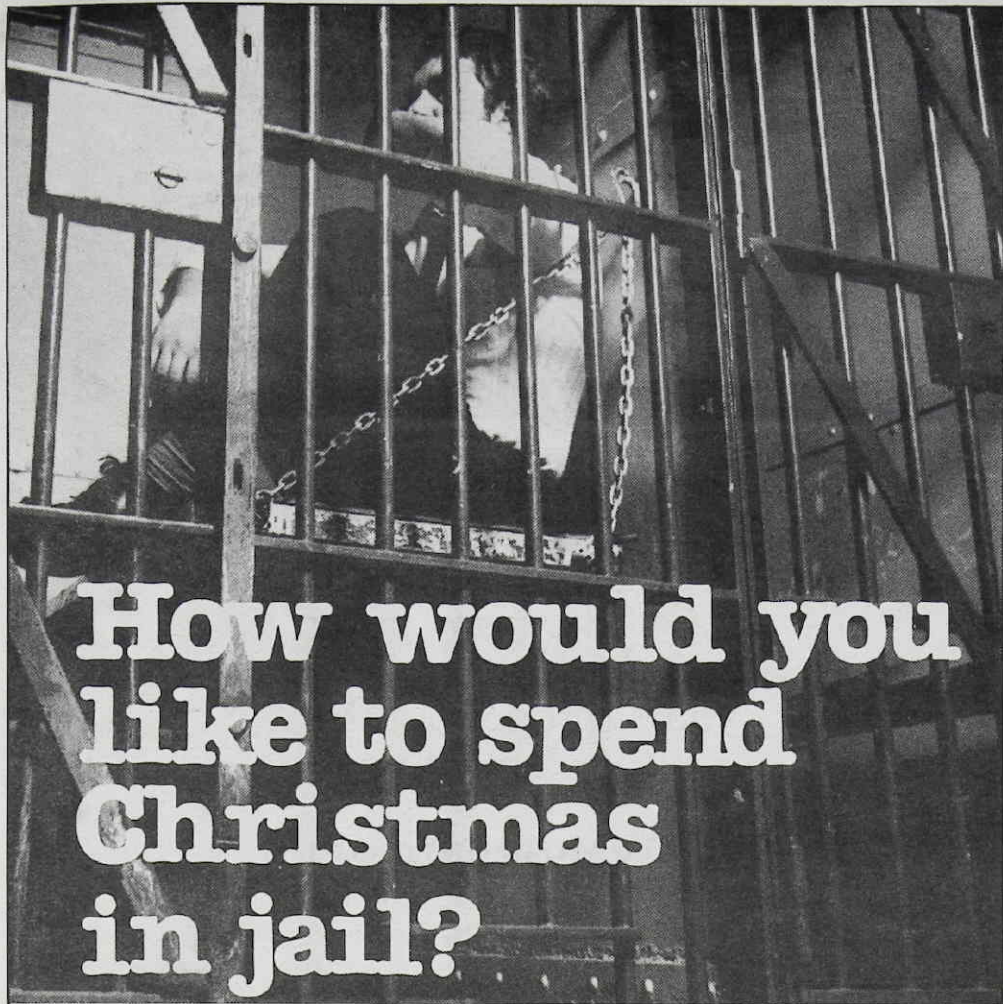


Joan Beatty
Editor
Newbreed Journal



The staff of Saskatchewan Native Communications Corporation:
Front row, left to right: Annie Charles, Jan Hill, Helen Gielis, Bonnie
Boyd. Back row, left to right: Roger Ross, Larry Laliberte, John Cut-
hand, Wil Campbell. Missing: Rick Wagamese, Vye Bouvier, and Sara
Ballantyne.

Saskatchewan NATIVE COMMUNICATIONS Corporation



How would you like to spend Christmas in jail?

That's the risk you take if you get caught driving while impaired this holiday season.

If it's just for the night you're lucky, next time it could be longer.

There's no place like home for the holidays. Make sure you're there to enjoy them.

Remember, you can always say no to drinking and driving.



Dr. Scott Soutar

is pleased to announce the opening of his office for the practice of

Family Dentistry

at 1039 N. Devonshire Drive in the **Rochdale Mall** (directly adjacent to Sherwood Mall)

For appointment please call:

924-0880

Office Hours: 8:00 am to 5:00 pm

WEHTAMATOWIN TELEVISION

is pleased to announce our first half-hour documentary:

BATOCHÉ '82

This educational/cultural/historical videotape features interviews with Dr. Walter Currie and writer Maria Campbell.

For more information contact:

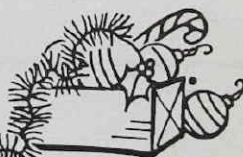
Jan Hill
Public Relations &
Marketing Co-ordinator
Sask Native Communications
210-2505 11th Avenue
Regina, Sask. S4P 0K6
(306) 525-9501



Seasons greetings from **Bennett-Dunlop Ford Sales Ltd.**, 770 Broad Street, Regina and sales representative **Ralph Nabis**, phone: 522-6612 (bus) and 949-0223 (res). Mr. Nabis has been with Bennett-Dunlop for two years and has several years experience in the retail sales field. Come in to see him for professional service that you can count on



Thank you for your patronage throughout the year for new and used vehicle sales. Remember for your new vehicle in the coming year: "We Service What We Sell"



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