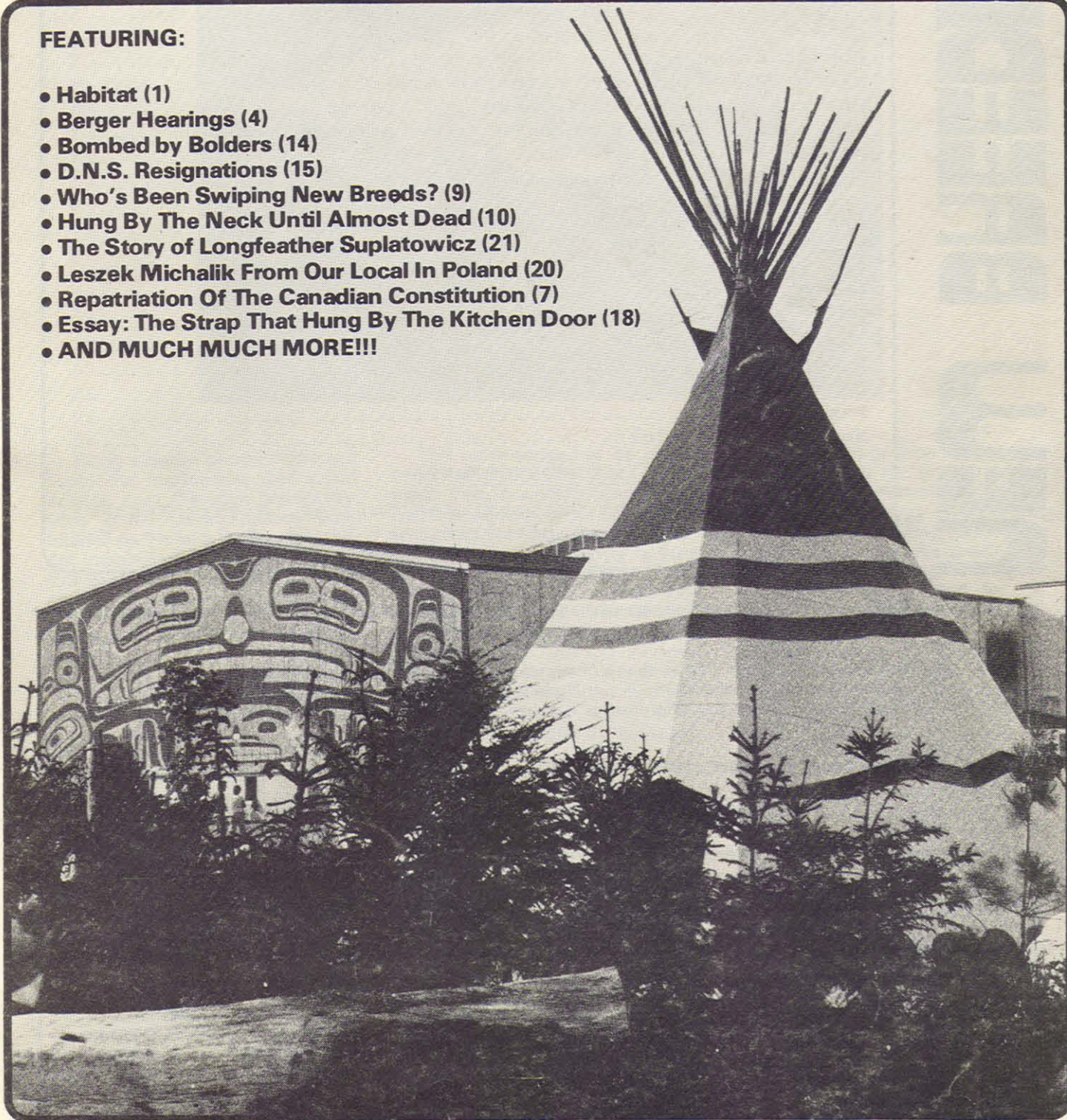


NEW BREED

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FEATURING:

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- Essay: The Strap That Hung By The Kitchen Door (18)
- AND MUCH MUCH MORE!!!



STAFF:

Clifford Bunnie: editor, artist, photographer
Brenda Triffo: ass't editor, writer, photographer
Leanne McKay: trainee

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Attention Writers

Articles must be signed in order to be printed. If you don't want your name to appear in print simply request that your name be withheld.

ATTENTION WRITERS

Articles submitted to the NEW BREED and subsequently used for publication shall be paid for at the rate of \$3.00 per column inch (10 pt., 20 pica). We reserve the right to publish whole or parts of articles submitted.

The subject topic is unlimited — political editorials, community happenings, personal stories, poems, historical essays, or abstract writings are to name but a few of the possibilities. Present day problems and your personal solutions might prove helpful and interesting.

DEADLINE DATE: Submissions must be in by the 15th of each month for the following month's publication.

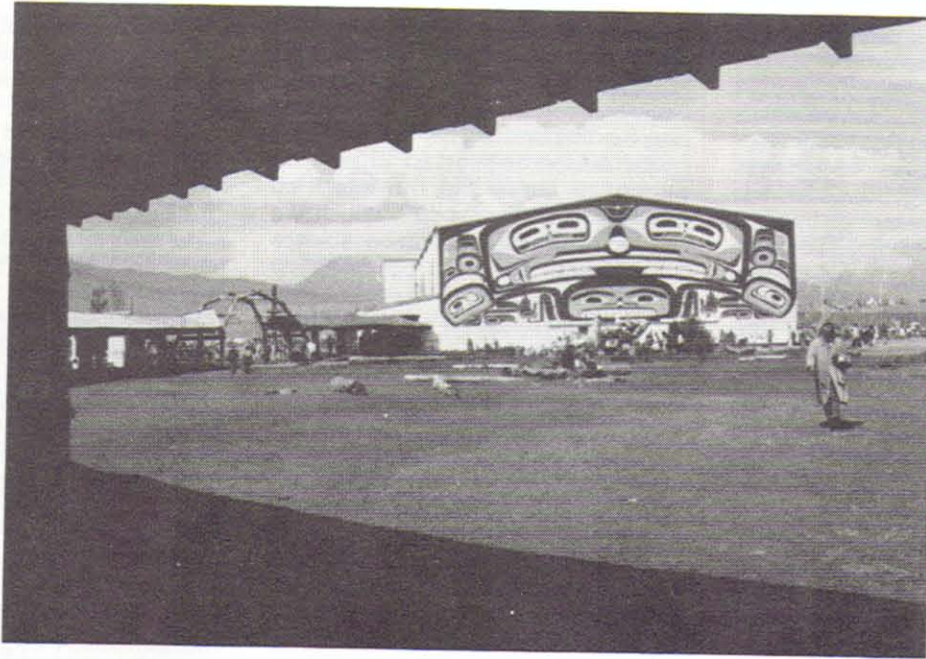
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HABITAT

WHERE DO WE FIT IN??

... "the improvement of the quality of life of human beings is the first and most important objective of every human settlement policy." The Declaration of Principles, which was presented at Habitat, started from that premise. Canada voted against the Declaration!



Being a Native person concerned about the implications that would emerge from Canada's representations to the United Nations Conference on Human Settlements, my first impressions at Habitat were very striking. Everywhere a person looked could be seen some form of Canadian Native art. Nowhere, however, were there Native people's information booths or distribution centers. Other than a booth operated by the National Association of Friendship Centers, which was selling handicrafts and posters, information on the problems faced by our people was left to the Canadian Delegation to make aware to the rest of the world.

The official Canadian Delegation was composed of Federal and Provincial Cabinet ministers along with several upper echelon bureaucrats, such as Mr. Teron, President of Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation (CMHC). But, the Government ever vigilant in its role towards Native people, allowed the National Indian Brotherhood and the Native Council of Canada to each appoint one member to the Advisory Committee to the Canadian Delegation.

This move proved to be of two major advantages to the Government. First, it would counter-attack Native arguments of not being represented by the Canadian Delegation and secondly, it proved to be very useful to some members of the official delegation, who in the daily public meetings would refer all direct and embarrassing questions to the Native advisers. Through this procedure the government was able to create the impression that their programs were solving most of the problems encountered by Native people.

For example, Mr. Teron, President of CMHC, stated that for the past several years, money for Native housing was turned back to Treasury because it couldn't be spent; that CMHC was "crying for Native people to make use of this money." The next day, Ron Basford, former Minister responsible for CMHC and current Minister of Justice, again stated that there was a lot of money for Native housing. He further attributed the lack of Native housing to the lack of organized Native housing programs. This statement appears to be quite inaccurate as there have

been numerous projects submitted to the CMHC and the only drawback being the government's refusal to provide the necessary funding. Mr. Basford, nevertheless, came out radiantly by referring the questions to one of the Native advisers, who gave him nothing but "praise" for the government's great housing program.

What avenues of communication actually existed for Native involvement? To begin with Native people were allocated two, 2-hour sessions at the Forum at Jericho Beach on Saturday and Sunday, May 29 and 30. There were two major drawbacks: first, the Conference didn't begin until May 31st and secondly, the atmosphere at Jericho Beach at this time was that of a carnival. Apart from this the only other voice was Chief George Manuel, President of the National Indian Brotherhood and newly-elected President of the World Indigenous Council. Mr. Manuel was a speaker, along with two international guests at a Forum on Land Use held at Jericho Beach on June 7.

Throughout the period of the Conference it is interesting to note that the Vancouver papers didn't publish any of our press releases or any of the problems that Native people were outlining.

On June 3, the Native Council of Canada's Vice-President Duke Redbird and Secretary-Treasurer Fred Jobin, along with Harry Daniels of Alberta and the Association of Metis and Non-Status Indians of Saskatchewan delegation decided that we could no longer work in good faith through the Canadian delegation. The next day an office was established through which a true picture could be portrayed of the problems we face. Because of this action Duke Redbird and Harry Daniels were able to get on several T.V. and radio interviews and two more sessions were obtained at the Forum at Jericho Beach. The President of the Native Council of Canada, Gloria George, remained on the Advisory Committee in hopes that the Canadian Delegation could be influenced and also for the purpose of keeping access open to official delegates from 3rd world countries. Throughout the period of the Conference it is interesting to note that the Vancouver papers didn't publish any of our press releases or any of the problems that Native people were outlining.

Although the Canadian Government is responsible as being the per-

petrator of our problems, we can't blame them totally for the lack of representation at the Conference. Native people are, to a certain degree, to blame. This was our first major and probably last chance to portray to the World the less than happy circumstances with which we are faced. We may not be able or have been able to be properly represented on the Canadian Delegation, but we sure as hell could have made ourselves and our problems visible by going in numbers to Vancouver. There are numerous ways in which we could have put our message across. Granted, some people tried to get things organized, but unfortunately our leaders felt that there were other more pressing issues. The only visible people were members of the B.C. Chapter of A.I.M. Although their main concern at the time was the extradition hearings of Indian political prisoner, Leonard Peltier, they at least took **action.**

How far was Canada willing to go in relation to the Indigenous (Native) People it has colonized? A June 9, 1976 press release, approved by the Prime Minister's office, states that Canada is actively reviewing all con-

ference documentation with a view to emphasizing the special rights, needs and aspirations of indigenous people. In fact, the Canadian delegation tabled the following amendment to the declaration of principles: . . . "special rights, needs and aspirations of indigenous people must receive full consideration, with particular attention to the equality of indigenous women."

A question of what great significance Canada feels this statement holds for Canadian Indigenous people. Canada has always recognized the needs and aspirations of Native people; this can be attested to by the numerous special Native programs. Canada has also recognized the special rights of Native people as seen by the Treaties and Land Scrips. If Canada feels it wants to go further into the Special Rights of Indigenous People then this is probably where its phrase "must receive full consideration" comes in and ends. It is also important to note that Canada, at this time, only recognizes Treaty and Registered Indians as Indigenous People. What then becomes of the Metis and Non-Status Indians?



Harry Daniels



Duke Redbird



Native Peoples Impression Of
Their Involvement In Habitat

HABITAT

Not surprisingly Canada voted against the Declaration of Principles, as did other Western developed countries (89 in favour, 15 against). The Declaration started from the premise that "the improvement of the quality of life of human beings is the first and most important objective of every human settlement policy."

However, everything was not lost! A group of developing countries had previously banded together and came to be known as the Group of 77. This group by June 4, 1976 increased to approximately 113 countries and they drafted up a Declaration of Principles which, in the end, was adopted by the Conference. Not surprisingly, Canada voted against the Declaration, as did other western developed countries. The vote was 89 in favour to 15 against, with 10 abstentions.

The Declaration is a broad guide for bettering the standard of living in villages, towns and cities, starting from the premise that "the improvement of the quality of life of human beings is the first and most important objective of every human settlement policy."

Although many of the important problems, such as "involuntary migration, particularly politically, racially and economically motivated, relocation and expulsion of people from their national homeland" appears at first sight to apply only to other corners of the world, we can easily see that this same thing has happened to our people. While we are dealing with Treaty Research and Aboriginal Rights, we will very much have to recognize the value of the Declaration of Principles and we must rely totally upon international support.

The following are a number of interesting and, I believe, relevant principles.

... "Human dignity and the exercise of free choice consistent with over-all public welfare are basic rights which must be assured in every society. It is, therefore, the duty of all people and Governments to join the struggle against any form of colonialism, foreign aggression and occupation, domination, apartheid (strict racial segregation) and all forms of racism and racial discrimination as referred to in resolutions as adopted by the General Assembly of the United Nations."

... "The establishment of settlements in territories occupied by force is illegal" and "is condemned by

the international community"... that "action still remains to be taken against the establishment of such settlements."

"The right of free movement and the right of each individual to choose the place of settlement within the domain of his own country should be recognized and safeguarded."

"Nations must avoid the pollution of the biosphere and the oceans and should join in the effort to end irrational exploitation of all environmental resources, whether non-renewable or renewable."

"The highest priority should be placed on the rehabilitation of expelled and homeless people who have been displaced by natural or man-made catastrophes, and especially by the act of foreign aggression. In the latter case, all countries have the duty to fully co-operate in order to guarantee that the parties involved allow the return of displaced persons to their homes


and to give them the right to possess and enjoy their properties and belongings without interference."


"Historical settlements, monuments and other items of national heritage, including religious heritage, should be safeguarded against any acts of aggression or abuse by the occupying power."

Barney Danson, Canadian Minister of Urban Affairs, the President of the Conference, said in a closing statement that what Governments did after Habitat would be "the real test of our achievements here." He added, "I believe that all of us will leave this Conference with a better idea of what we **ought to do** and how we **might** do it."

We know where Canada stands, therefore, if we want change, then we Native People will have to bring it about through International Aid.

by Clem Chartier



 **Indian Habitat**

- 90% of Indians live in houses without toilets, telephone or water.
- less than half of Indian homes are habitable and there is a backlog of 4,351 houses required by families with no shelter whatsoever.
- the average earned Indian income on reserves is under \$2,000 a year.
- 53% of Indians are unemployed. Seasonal unemployment runs as high as 95% in some communities.
- 41% of Indian families live on welfare, compared to the national rate of 3.7%.
- the Canadian Foundation on Alcohol and Drug Dependency concluded that Indian alcoholism has a psychological base that is directly related to poor living conditions.
- This is the situation in Canada. Indigenous peoples throughout the world live in comparable conditions.

From the Book: NOTICE, THIS IS AN INDIAN RESERVE

THE LAND IS NOT FOR SALE

The third week of May, 1976 the Berger Hearings were in Regina to take the pulse of public opinion toward the proposed MacKenzie Valley gas pipeline.

Amidst the formality of the Hearings and the atmosphere of the Regina Inn's Elizabethan Ball Room my mind could not help but wander back to a time three years ago when I sat by the bank of the MacKenzie River on some lonesome shoreline somewhere between Inuvik and Fort Good Hope in the Northwest Territories. The haste and pettiness of the modern world somehow didn't really matter then and the warm and kind Indian people in this Canada's last frontier were a reflection of the land they loved. To the people of the MacKenzie River Valley the land is everything. Now progress has erased the old-time Saskatchewan prairie I was seeing, perhaps for the last time; a land exactly as nature intended it to be. It is a hard feeling to describe; but it is an overwhelming one.

I couldn't help but think, as I do now, of the impact a similar project had upon the lives of the Indian and Metis of Saskatchewan. That project was the Canadian Pacific Railroad and the problems it created.

The Berger Hearings took place on Wednesday, May 19, exactly one week from the 91st anniversary of the fall of Batoche. History may well be repeating itself for the similarities between the Saskatchewan Indian and Metis of the early 1880's and the Native peoples of the Northwest Territories' MacKenzie River Valley in 1976 is staggering.

Among both people a feeling of strong nationalism was and is prevalent. The Metis of the western plains often referred to themselves as the new nation. Among the various tribes of the MacKenzie River there is a word they often use to describe themselves. That word is *Dene*. It means "the people". In Fort Simpson, Northwest Territories, a small community so reminiscent of Batoche, the Dene people in their own words stated to Canada and to the world... "We, the Dene of the Northwest Territories, insist on the right to be regarded by ourselves and the people of the world as a nation."



Judge Berger

The prevailing political wind of the 1880's and 1976 is amazingly similar. Sir John A. MacDonald's national dream (the Canadian Pacific Railroad) was a costly, controversial, unpopular mammoth undertaking just as assuredly as is the proposed MacKenzie Valley Pipeline. Sir John A. MacDonald, in defense of the national dream, stated that the railroad was necessary to protect Canadian sovereignty in the west and insure British Columbia's entrance into Confederation. Today, the Multi-National Corporations are warning the Canadian public that the MacKenzie Valley Pipeline is an absolute necessity to insure petroleum needs to a so-called energy starved North America. Then, as now, it is the Native people who stand in the way of what has become known as progress.

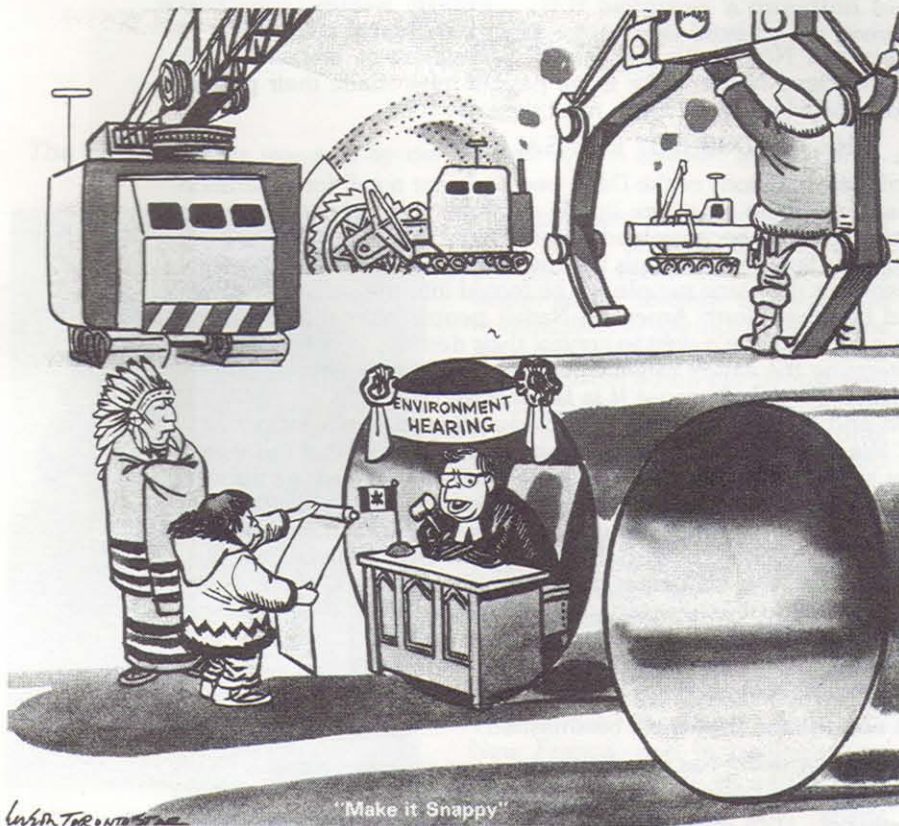
In the 1880's the Metis and Indians unsuccessfully petitioned government to recognize their grievances. Prime Minister Sir John A. MacDonald's response was...

"Should those miserable half-breeds not disband, they must be put down".

The result of government's inaction was the Riel Rebellion and the crushing of Indian and Metis resistance at Batoche.

Frank Tomkins, Executive Member of the Association of Metis and Non-Status Indians of Saskatchewan, was once heard to remark that it was strange but it seems everytime the Metis make a stand there is a river involved. The Red River Rebellion in Manitoba was by the banks of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. Batoche was on the banks of the South Saskatchewan River. The Dene Declaration, that now famous Statement of Rights, was drafted up in Fort Simpson by the Native people of the MacKenzie River Valley. Fort Simpson is located at the junction of the Liard and MacKenzie Rivers. The Natives of the western Northwest Territories are now making their stand... perhaps for the last time.

SUBMISSION FROM THE PEOPLE OF SANDY BAY,
TO THE BERGER INQUIRY



In Sandy Bay people are familiar with the process of government inquiries into land usage of lands inhabited by Native people. We, along with other people residing along the Churchill River formed the Missinipe Committee which was charged with the responsibility of insuring public input into government decisions effecting the social and natural environment by damming the Churchill River system. From the beginning our committee was a sham. It was created and funded by the Saskatchewan government in order to give the appearance of public input into government decision making. Even at its inception the government had insured its failure. The finances were insufficient to provide anything but a caricature of public input.

With travel costs as high as they are in the North we were faced with decisions of either holding a few small public meetings or carrying out research so that we could have something substantive to say at those

meetings. We did not have the financial resources to do both. Forced to penny-pinch in our ongoing fight for adequate financial resources we found ourselves with insufficient funds to publish our final report. As a result, while our committee existed, it could only give the appearance of meaningful public input into the government decision making process.

So now you are conducting a public inquiry into the impact of a pipeline on the MacKenzie River Valley. Perhaps we should believe that the federal government has more honorable intentions than those exhibited by the provincial government when it created our committee. But we have reason to be skeptical.

Public opinion does not exist in a vacuum. It is created. If this were not so why then would the oil companies be spending millions of dollars to create the opinion that an "energy crisis" looms on the horizon for Canadians? Why would they be

trying to create the opinion that only by allowing them to make exorbitant profits will they be able to "discover" the oil necessary to solve the "oil crisis"? Why would they be trying to create the opinion that a MacKenzie Valley Pipeline is necessary to transport the oil that will solve this crisis regardless of the costs to the inhabitants of the MacKenzie Valley? They do it in order to create public opinion favourable to a pipeline.

But do the Dene people have the resources to counteract this propaganda? Do they have the millions of dollars necessary to take their message to the millions of T.V. viewers who watch the Esso hockey commercials? No! They only have their homes and their land. Land that the oil companies would violate in a second if they could get away with it.

And what role does your inquiry play? Does it bring the Dene message to the rest of Canada? You have heard their message: The land is their land and it is not for sale. Do you propagate their position? Do you explain why it is essential to their economic, social and cultural existence to preserve their land? No! You collect the public opinion that has been created by the oil companies. You collect the opinions that say the Native peoples' land rights can be violated. By your very existence you allow the Dene peoples' ownership of their land to be called into public question.

Does the Canadian government formulate policy after sending inquiries into northern Canada to gather public opinion on the rights of ownership of the City of Toronto. That land belongs to Indians. It was stolen from them. Was this theft ever investigated? Were the armed robbers brought to face justice for their crimes? Half of Edmonton is Indian land based on signed treaties with the Government of Canada. Is there a public inquiry into its present occupancy and usage?

The Dene people closed the doors to public inquiry with their declaration: The land is not for sale. We support their inalienable rights to their own land.

THE LAND IS NOT FOR SALE

Our Association circulated a pamphlet at the Berger Hearings. It read as follows:

THE LAND IS NOT FOR SALE

The Association of Metis and Non-Status Indians of Saskatchewan wholeheartedly support the land claims of the Dene Nation. The Dene people have made their position clear — their land is not for sale. How many times must they say this:

THE LAND IS NOT FOR SALE

The Dene Declaration of the aspirations of the Dene people is not a call for separation. They are not advocating a separate state. They are simply asking for control over the use of their own land. This control is essential because land is the basis of any economic and cultural life of a people. It is from the land that the basis for any society finds meaning. Without control over land and its resources the Dene people will be forced into the same dependent subservient existence faced by other North American Native people after their land was stolen from them. The Dene people have a right to control their destiny, to determine how their land is utilized, to determine the extent to which the environment is altered and the resources depleted. They have this right because **it is their land.**

The association of Metis and Non-Status Indians of Saskatchewan is not submitting a brief to the Berger inquiry. We are not doing so because we do not believe that the inquiry has been formed to provide justice for Native land claims. We believe that just the opposite is true. The federal government does not form inquiries to question the rights of land ownership of other Canadians. It is taken for granted that other people have a right to ownership to their land. **ONLY INDIAN LANDS ARE SUBJECTED TO PUBLIC INQUIRIES!**

In Saskatchewan we know well the Canadian government's attitude towards Native lands. Last week marked the ninety-first anniversary of the Canadian government's armed theft of our lands with the war they waged against us at Batoche. Like the Dene people we too petitioned the government. We too had massive support for our just cause, including total support from the province of Quebec. John A. Macdonald replied:

"If the Metis people do not disband they must be smashed."

This attitude of the federal government has not changed. In our case they sided with the interest of the CPR and the needs of Eastern and British capitalists to create a market for their goods in Western Canada. Now they plan to side with the interests of the oil companies. The struggle is the same only instead of the excuse being steel rail, it is steel pipe.

The government of 1885 under their guise of "Manifest Destiny" claimed that they were acting in the interests of the majority of all Canadians. But the destruction of our self-sufficient economy was only the first step in the destruction of all self-sufficient farming in Saskatchewan, and today we can see that it also led to the destruction of family farming itself. In the long run only the capitalist elite benefited. If the government is allowed to steal the Dene land the results will be the same.

This must not be allowed to happen. The land belongs to the Dene people and **THE LAND IS NOT FOR SALE.**



Repatriation of the Canadian Constitution

In 1906 the Prime Minister said in Parliament, "The interests of the *people* must supersede Indians' Rights. . . if it becomes a question between the Indian and the white, the interests of the white will have to be provided for."

The following letter was sent by our President, Jim Sinclair, to the Prime Minister of Canada, Pierre Trudeau.



The leaders and members of the Saskatchewan Metis and Non-Status Indians have listened to the recent debate on bringing home the Canadian constitution with a good deal of concern. We are of the view that this move could seriously jeopardize the aboriginal rights and claims of all Indian people, but particularly of those who are presently excluded from the provisions of the Indian Act.

Since the time of Confederation our ancestors have had to fight for the recognition of our rights in the face of efforts by politicians and senior government officials to deny us those rights. It was the concern of our ancestors that they would be arbitrarily denied their rights that led to the Red River and Batoche conflicts. More recently our people have again become concerned about those rights and re-establishing their claim. Many of our people, particularly in the north, find those few rights which they understood they had left, being increasingly limited through development and legal action.

Our organization, as well as our counterpart organizations in other provinces, have in recent years begun action through research and re-education to attempt to determine what our legitimate rights and claims are, and what action our people wish to take to redress these rights. As our research progresses we become increasingly more aware of the fact that those of our rights which were recognized and that the minimal compensation, which we did receive, was based on the fairmindedness, sense of justice and of legal precedents established by the British Crown.

The "Articles of Capitulation" adopted by the British Crown in 1760, when the British conquered New France, and in particular the Royal Proclamation of 1763, have become important parts of Canadian constitutional law. This later document has become known as the "Indian Bill of Rights." It formed the basis of later legislation designed to compensate the native people for their rights. It also formed the basis on which treaties were negotiated and concluded with the Indian tribes inhabiting Canada. The British North America Act itself does not deal with the questions of Indian rights nor does it recognize that such exist, except for hunting and fishing rights which were guaranteed, in a limited way, in the amendments to the British North America Act by which the natural resources were transferred to the three prairie provinces.

Indeed our research shows that the first Prime Minister of Canada and his officials had little regard for the rights of Native people, and only acted to recognize such rights because of pressures from the British Crown, pressures from certain influential and fair-minded people in Canada and because of pressures from the Native people themselves.



The Prime Minister saw the arrangements with the Indian tribes and the eventual compromises he made with other Indians (including the Metis) as expedients which would assist the government in ensuring the peace and security of the settlers and as a means of ensuring continued unmolested exploitation of western lands for the purposes of settlement.

It is of note that in 1889, the then Prime Minister acknowledged to the House of Commons that for reasons of pacification, Indians would be allowed to choose land where they wanted it and that it was the intention of the government to induce them away from this land later, when the chances of hostility were reduced, so the land could be opened for settlement. In 1906 another famous Prime Minister said in Parliament, "The interests of the *people* must supersede Indian rights. . . If it becomes a question between the Indian and the white, the interests of the white will have to be provided for."

Continued on next page

THE REPATRIATION OF THE CANADA CONSTITUTION

Given this kind of official attitude of the Founding Fathers and the records of dealings of the government with our people, it is not difficult to understand that our people would view with alarm, any steps the government might take which would jeopardize or remove altogether those constitutional rights which we do have. My people, therefore, want from you and your government, an ironclad guarantee

that in repatriating the constitution, the other legal documents, legal precedents, and common practice which all form the basis of British constitutional law and hence of Canadian law, will still be recognized as the basis of Canadian constitutional law and practice. It is these later aspects of the constitutional law and not the British North America Act which guarantee our rights. We insist that these rights remain intact

and continue to be honoured.

If your government cannot give us such guarantees then we request that no action be taken, on repatriating the constitution while the whole question of aboriginal rights and claims, and of just and fair compensation for these, has been finally settled with all Native peoples in Canada.

Below are a few quotations made by Canada's "PEOPLE IN POWER!" If our elected officials are that ignorant and racist (even to the point of putting down Native people publicly) I think it's about time we took steps to replace them with competent, intelligent, fair-minded human beings.



"I mean what did the Indians ever do for Canada? When we found them they were still dragging things around on two sticks."

*James Richardson, 1975
Canadian Defence Minister*



"Any Grade 10 student could have ground that thing out in 15 minutes."

*Judd Buchanan, April 1976, Minister of
Indian Affairs & Northern Development
(referring to the Dene Declaration)*



The Indians should have learned from the lessons of the Riel Rebellion."

*Rod Sykes, 1975, Mayor of Calgary
(referring to sit-in at DIAND in Calgary)*

"Those damn Indians have gone absolutely wild! We should have given them a bunch of teepee's and some cord wood and that's all. . . I could buy the Indian Chiefs off with a case of goof [cheap wine]."

*Ed Harrott, May 1975
Conservative Member/Temiskaning, Ontario*

WHO'S BEEN TAMPERING WITH THE QUEEN'S MAIL??

by Leanne McKay



The last two issues of NEW BREED have been hard-hitting, to say the least. Reaction from our readers has been most favourable and we are quite pleased that our efforts are being appreciated.

However, a problem has arisen of late. It seems that the better our issues become, the harder it is to get them to our readers. Every issue we faithfully send out 3,000 copies to readers in all parts of the world, and almost daily we receive letters asking why copies of NEW BREED haven't been received.

We have tried without success to find out why delivery of our magazine is delayed and often not even made. None of our subscribers in the penitentiary have received an issue since February. Now it would appear to us that if addresses were incorrect, or if we had used insufficient postage, the magazines would be returned to us. This is not the case.

We all know that tampering with the Queen's mail is a federal offense, and surely our postal workers would not have a hand in holding up delivery of our magazine. Therefore, we have come to the conclusion that Her Majesty with the aid of the her noble police force (RCMP) must be personally responsible for pilfering NEW BREEDS from mail boxes and hoarding them for their own reading enjoyment.

This isn't necessary your Majesty! We would be more than pleased to send you and the troops in your noble force complimentary subscriptions for life.



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HUNG BY THE NECK

by Leanne McKay

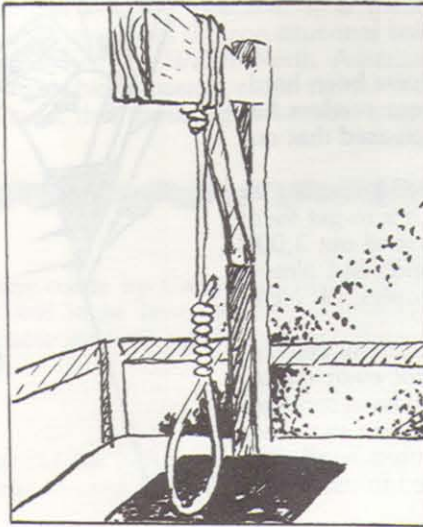
"The Indian reserves that type of treatment exclusively for dogs."

In the March/April issue of *New Breed* I wrote an editorial entitled, "The Hanging Law." Since that time I have done extensive research into both our penal system in Canada and the history of capital punishment in Canada. As a result of my research, I believe that I was far too fair with our government officials.

I personally had very mixed emotions concerning capital punishment. My basic belief is that no man has the right to take another's life. Yet I have uncles and cousins who are police officers and prison guards. If they were to be killed while carrying out their duties I would have, at one time, been the first to cry for the execution of their murderers. Since reading Frank W. Anderson's book, "Hanging in Canada," I feel that no crime is horrendous enough to warrant hanging.

The idea of hanging a human being by the neck until dead was handed down to us by European explorers and settlers. Among the first witnesses of public hangings were our own Native people of Canada. The Native people viewed this practice as abhorrent and just one indication of the backward and uncivilized nature of these foreigners who invaded our domain, took our land and forced their way of life upon us. When a Hudson's Bay Company clerk was hanged at Fort Ellice in the early years of the 19th century, the Indian chiefs who witnessed this gory event were heard to comment, "The Indian reserves that type of treatment exclusively for dogs." Yet to our invaders and conquerors from across the sea, hanging was a necessary and natural part of life much as breathing or sleeping.

The first person executed on the mainland of Canada was reputed to have been a young girl of 16. Her crime was petty theft. In Ontario the first execution was that of Josiah Cutten, convicted of the crime of burglary. In Halifax, in 1795, no less than 12 thieves were publicly hanged; one of them for stealing a few potatoes. On September 18,



Same man hung twice!

1803, B. Clement, a boy of 13, was hanged at Montreal for stealing a cow. He was executed the same day that sentence was passed. The judge, in his mercy, saw fit to shorten the waiting period because of the boy's youth. His mercy did not extend to a respite of the sentence.

In Ontario in 1831, Cornelius A. Burley was convicted of the shooting death of Constable T. G. Pomeroy, who had attempted to arrest Burley on a minor charge. Burley received the usual sentence in which he was to be hanged by the neck until dead and that his body was to be turned over to the local physician to be dissected and anatomized.

The local sheriff, whose duty it was to perform the hanging, had engaged the services of a local volunteer. The inexperienced and misguided volunteer used a slender rope in the execution of this grisly task. As a result, the rope broke and Burley fell to the ground. Before the eyes of the somewhat shocked and startled spectators, the half-hanged man staggered to his feet and walked in a dazed fashion around in circles before them with the rope dangling after him.

After recovering his wits, the hangman recruited the aid of several policemen and led the half-conscious man back to the scaffold where he was hanged again.

On December 21, 1838, a group of "rebels" were hanged. Public feeling towards "bungling" had, prior to this date, been directed towards the hangman, but in the case of Joseph Duquette, the focus changed.

Duquette was scarcely 21 and was the youngest of the six men who were hanged that day. He had the misfortune of having the rope badly placed around his neck, so that when the trap fell from beneath their feet the rope slipped and his body dangled grotesquely in full view. The spectators began a chant of "Pardon! Pardon!"; but there was no pardon for Duquette. The hangman grabbed the rope; pulled Duquette back onto the platform and tried again. This time he was successful and Duquette met his fate as had his comrades.

On the morning of February 15, 1839, Pierre Narbonne was sentenced to be hanged. In his youth, Narbonne suffered a severe accident and one of his arms was severed just below the elbow leaving only an awkward stump. The binding on Narbonne's arms slipped off the stump and his hand became free. He reached up and grabbed the rope, struggling to draw himself back on to the platform. The attending sheriff and the hangman fought with him to make him release his hold on the noose and in the end this was successful and he died of strangulation with his mates.

In the West by 1840 a thriving community had grown up around Fort Garry and the white man extended his foreign laws for several miles beyond the settlement. When a Saulteau Indian allegedly took the life of two Sioux Indians within the shadow of the fort walls, he was arrested and brought to trial in the white man's court.

It is doubtful that this man even spoke the white man's language and even more doubtful that an interpreter was provided for him and of course it would be ridiculous to

Children imprisoned for being orphans.

believe that any Indian people sat on the jury that condemned this man to hang at the end of the white man's rope. At any rate, there is no mention of these things in the court records.

As a result he was publicly hanged on September 6, 1845. Local white historians recorded this as a festive day in the otherwise dull life of the settlement. What kind of sick people would celebrate the death of a fellow human being who in all likelihood didn't even know what was going on around him or why!

Although there were no real reforms made concerning capital punishment up until this date, some questionable reforms were made in the prison system. In Ontario in 1834 it was decreed that children would no longer be sent to prison for the crime of being an orphan. Instead they were sent to orphanages. Mighty Caucasian of them!

This did not, however, prevent the authorities from sending children convicted of crimes to the penitentiary. The early records of Kingston, Canada's first penitentiary, abound with such names as Antoine Beauche, aged 8; Alex La Fleur, 11; Sarah O'Conner, 14; and Elizabeth Breen, going on 12.

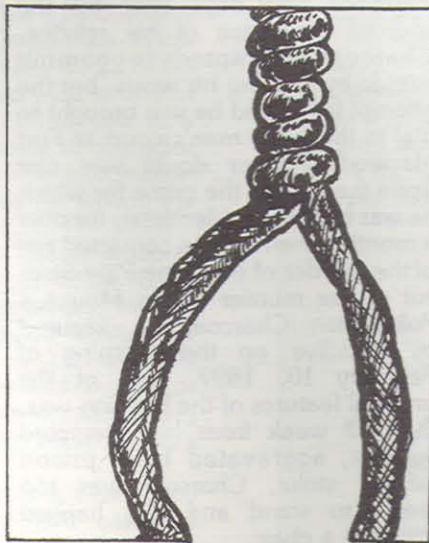
The first execution to be performed after Confederation was that of Ethan Allan, and his was followed closely by that of Joseph Ruel and Thomas Jones. The lack of decency of the new dominion was evident when the death warrants for murderers John Hoag and Bush Curtley were signed on Christmas Eve, 1868.

The first execution in the new dominion to gain acclaim was the hanging of Patrick James Whelan. On April 7, 1868, Thomas D'Arcy McGee (one of the Fathers of Confederation) left the House of Commons in Ottawa shortly after 2:00 a.m. He walked to his rooming house about a quarter of a mile south and as he was about to open the door was shot through the back of the neck by an unknown assailant.

It was Canada's first political assassination and it filled the country with horror. Believing that the motive was political and that the Irish Fenians were behind the crime, the police quickly arrested a man named Patrick Whelan. After a highly controversial and emotional trial he was convicted and sentenced to death. His execution took place on February 11, 1869 and was attended by over 5,000 people.

One hundred years later a Montreal lawyer, T. P. Slattery, wrote two books on the subject: "The Assassination of D'Arcy McGee," and "They Got to Find Mee Guilty Yet." In these books Slattery clearly demolishes the probability of Whelan's guilt and leaves the reader with the feeling that an innocent man went to the gallows that morning in 1869.

In December, 1879, a Cree Indian by the name of Swift Runner was charged with the murder of his wife, mother-in-law and seven children. It was said in court that he wilfully killed his family and then ate them. In actuality it would appear that his family died of exposure during a fierce storm north of Fort



Strange circumstances behind Riel's hanging.

Edmonton. People in the North have often times been forced into cannibalism when stranded in isolated areas during harsh Canadian winters. In all probability, this was the case with Swift Runner. Swift Runner was tried, convicted, and sentenced to hang.

After reading the death warrant to Swift Runner, Sheriff Richards of Battleford, Saskatchewan found himself faced with an awkward problem. There was no qualified hangman available. An old army pensioner named Rogers volunteered to carry out the supreme penalty of the law.

When placed on the uncertain trap on the morning of December 20, 1879, Swift Runner paid little attention as Rogers strapped his arms and legs, but launched into a speech thanking the priest and the police for their kindness to him in prison. Several Cree Indian chiefs smoked stoically through this. At the end of his speech, the condemned man turned on the executioner and began to scold him for keeping him waiting in the bitter cold.

The groan of the trap and the swack of the rope cut short his scolding.

All Indian and Metis people in western Canada know only too well that one of our greatest leaders, Louis Riel, was hanged in Regina November 16, 1885. But how many are aware of the strange circumstances behind the actual hanging?

The Riel Rebellion, which lasted from March 20 to May 10, 1885, centered around the French half-breed community of Batoche, 35 miles northeast of Saskatoon. There, our people bravely fought and died against overwhelming numbers of dominion soldiers under General Middleton. For his part in the uprising, Louis Riel was sentenced to be hanged for high treason.

An inexcusable blunder occurred when the sheriff of the district consented to permit a man named Jack Henderson to act as hangman. The

HUNG BY THE NECK UNTIL DEAD

Hangman Hodson took obvious delight in performing the mass hanging.

tragedy of the entire affair was that Henderson, who had been a political prisoner of Riel 25 years earlier at Fort Garry during the Manitoba uprising of 1869-70, had taken on the task out of personal revenge!

Three years later when James Gaddy and Moise Racette were scheduled to hang at Regina for the murder of a homesteader named Hector McLeish he was called upon to officiate again. On June 13, 1888 from the same cell block which had held Louis Riel, Gaddy and Racette were led through the same second story window of the North West Mounted Police barracks onto the same infamous scaffold. Going purely by guess, Henderson allotted both men the same drop that he had given the half-breed leader, but his calculations were wrong. The plunge of eight feet was disastrous for Racette. His neck was of a more delicate structure than that of his partner and the noose bit so deeply into the flesh that he was almost decapitated.

Henderson was never allowed to officiate again and on July 3, 1902, the murderer of Louis Riel died on his homestead in the Wood Mountain, Saskatchewan area.

During the same rebellion, a band of Cree Indians around Fort Pitt and Frog Lake engaged in several battles and took several white prisoners. Among these prisoners was a squat, cross-eyed little man whose peculiar nature intrigued the warriors.

At the conclusion of the rebellion, eight of the Cree were arrested and tried for various murders and true to the white man's habit, all were adjudged guilty. They were to be hanged on November 27, 1885 at Battleford.

As the eight men were led from their cells through rows of soldiers and police, their astonishment might be imagined when they were met at the top of the platform by their peculiar prisoner. It was Robert Hodson.

Scorning to wear a mask, Hodson took obvious delight in performing the mass hanging of his former captors. His eight victims were buried in a common grave on the slope of the hill below the fort which has been preserved to this day.

The year 1890 was notable for two reasons. First, there were ten executions that year. During the 23 years since Confederation, only 85



The prisoner, too feeble to stand, was hanged sitting in a chair.

persons had gone to the gallows, less than four per year. The banner year had been 1885, when twelve were executed — ten of them in Saskatchewan. The second was the appearance of Canada's first hangman of note, Mr. John Robert Radclive.

During the closing decade of the 19th century, Radclive was called upon to perform the execution of a blood Indian named Charcoal.

On the afternoon of October 13, 1896, Charcoal allegedly shot and killed another blood Indian named Medicine Pipe Stem. The doubt of Charcoal's guilt is evidenced by the fact that he had always been a quiet, patient man, very industrious and friendly. Following the death of Medicine Pipe Stem, Charcoal fled for fear of his life and one of the greatest manhunts the prairies has ever known was launched. A month later, on November 10, Charcoal shot and killed Sgt. W. Wilde of the NWMP, who tried to arrest him. Captured two days later by the coerced assistance of his relative, Charcoal attempted to commit suicide by slashing his wrists, but the attempt failed and he was brought to trial in the white man's court at Fort Macleod. Further doubt was cast upon the guilt of the crime for which he was hunted so relentlessly for over a month, when he was convicted not of the murder of Medicine Pipe Stem but of the murder of the Mounted Police man. Charcoal was executed by Radclive on the morning of February 10, 1897. One of the unusual features of the hanging was, that still weak from his attempted suicide, aggravated by a prison hunger strike, Charcoal was too feeble to stand and was hanged sitting in a chair.

Hangman Cleveland becomes President of the United States.

From the evidence given to date, it would appear that hangmen are unfeeling, cold-blooded murderers. Perhaps this was so in cases where the hangman was exercising a personal revenge but this was not always the case.

Towards the end of his career Radclive was known to say: "The remorse which comes over me is terrible and my nerves give out until I have not slept days at a time. I used to say to condemned persons as I beckoned with my hand, 'Come with me.' Now at night when I lie down, I start up with a roar as victim after victim comes up before me. I can see them on the trap, waiting a second before they face their Maker. They taunt me and haunt me until I am nearly crazy with an unearthly fear. I am two hundred times a murderer, but I won't kill another man." Several hangmen from other parts of the world, John Ellis from England, John Hulbert of New York, and Mr. Lang of Austria committed suicide. Not all hangmen found their jobs an overpowering burden. One hangman, Grover Cleveland, later became President of the United States.

In 1915 Mr. Robert Bickerdike brought a private members' bill into the House of Commons for the second time, to abolish capital punishment. The bill was defeated when the Minister of Justice spoke against it. Having had his bill defeated for the second time in a row, Bickerdike began to assemble one of the most gruesome scrap books in the annals of Canadian penology. The first article in his book was the bungled hanging of Antonio De Lena.

De Lena was condemned to hang on February 4, 1915 but a stay of execution was granted so that his case might be appealed. The appeal was refused and a new date was set for May 1, 1915.

Ten seconds after his fall through the trap, Antonio kicked off his right slipper, and after doing so began to loosen the bonds on his hands. Having freed his hands, he thrust his arms upwards against the rope in an attempt to slacken it. As his elbows were fastened to the belt around his waist, he could not raise his arms higher than his head, and it was impossible for him to seize the rope and pull himself up.

HUNG BY THE NECK UNTIL DEAD

Drunk Hangman misjudges death. Prisoner cut down too soon.

Despite the drop, his neck had not been broken, and his desperate struggles to survive continued for another five minutes. It was not until ten minutes later that he was pronounced dead.

At 5:00 a.m., October 6, 1922, Bennie Swim was escorted to the scaffold by two hangmen by the names of Doyle and Gill. As Doyle walked towards the scaffold with the condemned man he was seen to stagger slightly and was surrounded by the strong odour of alcohol.

Five minutes after the trap had been sprung and before the doctor could finish his examination, Doyle called out to cut Swim down. His assistant Gill did as instructed and the body was lowered into the pit. On examining the man again inside the prison, it was found that his neck was not broken and that indeed, he was still breathing. As the agonizing minutes ticked by the doctor could see that the pulse was strong and that the breathing was improving. It appeared that Swim was going to live.

The still unconscious man was again carried to the scaffold where

Gill this time carried out the execution alone. The neck was badly broken by the second fall and the body was cut down after nineteen minutes.

Mrs. Tomasina Sarao was one of four persons found guilty of the brutal slaying of her husband Nicholas. She was sentenced to hang on March 28, 1935 along with three of her accomplices. One of the other condemned men was given a stay of execution but no respite was given for Mrs. Sarao. Prior to being executed it was customary to have the hangman visit the condemned person in the prison, in order to weigh them and note any peculiar physical characteristics. Mrs. Sarao's hangman, Arthur Ellis, was not allowed to visit her in prison and was given instead a piece of paper with her weight recorded on it. He was given her weight as it was when she entered prison. She had, however, over her long stay in prison, gained considerable weight. Ellis had adjusted the rope for a woman of 145 pounds. The woman who met him that morning was a stout woman of 187 pounds.

In hypnotic fashion, the rope began to swing back and forth. Mrs. Tomasina Sarao had been DECAPITATED!

Two seconds after the bolt had been drawn, hangman Ellis and the spectators knew that something disastrous had taken place. The noose came flying back up through the trap, slapped against the overhead beam and then fell back through the hole. In hypnotic fashion, the rope began to swing back and forth.

MRS. TOMASINA SARAO HAD BEEN DECAPITATED!!!

Between the years 1957 and 1963, the Conservative Government under Mr. John Deifenbaker commuted 52 of 66 death sentences. From April, 1963 to December, 1972 the Liberal Governments of Mr. Pearson and Mr. Trudeau commuted all death sentences.

Even now as our present government under Mr. Trudeau debates the question of capital punishment I think it would be wise to consider the words of hangman Arthur Ellis: "Hanging belongs to the past age . . . The scaffold at Hamilton is in a state of disrepair. It is a dangerous apparatus and should be demolished."

ATTITUDES!

The winner of this month's APPLE AWARD is Frank Horn. Congratulations Mr. Horn. It's not just anybody that we give it to.

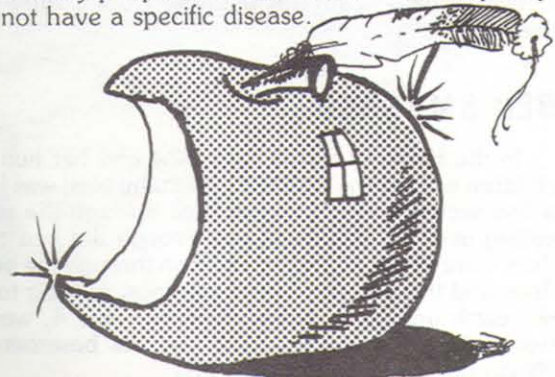
The May 10, 1976 Toronto Globe and Mail carried the following front page headline: "99 of 120 Students at Quebec Indian College Treated for Gonorrhoea." Now add to this the fact that it was graduation day for 22 of the students and the fact that the Globe and Mail is one of eastern Canada's largest newspapers. What you now have is a disaster and two men are primarily to blame for it. First, Mr. Frank Horn for making this information public and secondly Mr. Richard Cleroux for writing the story.

The fact that a newspaper of this size should stoop to this level is a giant step backwards for journalism. Can't anyone see past their own personal prejudices? Whose business is it if 99 of 120 students were treated for gonorrhoea? Would anyone care if 99 of 120 students were treated for ingrown toenails, or bad breath or dandruff? What about our Native people who are dying from mercury poisoning, malnutrition and white society's apathetic attitudes.

Reports such as these do nothing but perpetrate such apathetic attitudes. It is little wonder that cases of venereal disease are getting out of hand. Information

concerning patients who are treated for V.D. is supposed to be confidential. Small wonder people are hesitant to go for treatment when they can't be sure that the information of their case will indeed be kept confidential.

In a world of rising inflation, unemployment, starvation, overpopulation, and exploitation of natural resources, I am sure there are better things to report on than how many people of a certain ethnic minority may or may not have a specific disease.



“BOMBED BY BOULDERS”

in Sandy Bay



“WAR SCENE”

“This looks just like a scene from a war”, commented one Sandy Bay resident. The kitchen was open to the sky and the kitchen floor had a hole in it large enough for the table to fall through. In the basement, holes from the main floor showed where rocks had cut through the house, ripping out wiring, breaking floor joists and tearing down the furnace ductwork.

Over the front door, a boulder had torn the entire facing from the house, and had broken down the staircase railing. Virtually every window in the house was broken.

“They just tried to speed up the work too fast,” said a village resident who saw the blast. “It’s lucky nobody got killed, and it’s a miracle no one got hurt.”

DNS Project Management plans to repair the house.

The home of Bibian Bear of Sandy Bay was “bombed by boulders”, according to one eye witness, when DNS Project Management personnel misjudged the explosives needed to remove rock in the path of the sewer and water installations.

In attempting to meet the June 30 deadline, the Prince Albert supervisor apparently tried to remove all the rock near the Bear home in one blast instead of two, and insufficient backfill over the blasting site allowed the explosives to hurl the large rocks high over the village and to crash through the roofs of the home pictured, plus an unfinished DNS house next door, the home of Norman Natoweyes about 100 feet away, and render unliveable a small log home owned by Roderick and Ann-Marie Bear.

Mrs. Bear was preparing bannock in the log building when the concussion of the blast caved in one side of the house, and flying rock broke through the roof. The house was so badly damaged that the Roderick Bears were forced to move in with a relative until another house could be made ready for them by LCA Overseer Louis Bear.

BED SMASHED...

In the home of Bibian Bear, she and her two grandchildren were in the bedroom when the blast was felt, and a few seconds later a boulder fell through the roof and ceiling over the bedroom, cut through the bed the children were sitting on, and carried on through the bedroom floor and the wooden basement floor, coming to rest in the earth under the house. Gregory, age 4, was saved from falling through the hole into the basement when Bibian grabbed him from the bed.



Story and pictures by Ken Collier,
LaRonge, Sask.

18 D.N.S. RESIGNATIONS IN 3 MONTHS

During the period of January 1, 1976 to April 2, 1976 there have been eighteen resignations from the Department of Northern Saskatchewan. Why the rate of resignations is so high is a matter of great concern to northern Saskatchewan residents. Is it because the civil servants can't stomach the policies sent out by the Bowerman regime? Or perhaps these people won't knuckle under the iron rule of Theodore the Powerman?

Heading the list of the resignees is:

- Douglas Schweitzer (Deputy Minister) resigned effective Feb. 13

Close behind are:

- Victor C. Ellis (Economic Development Director) resigned effective Jan. 2
- Brian C. Cousins (Extension Services Director) resigned effective Jan. 2
- Dr. Maitland J. McNeil (Health Services Director) resigned effective Jan. 2

Other resignations are:

- Melanie A. Heenan — effective Jan. 2
- Susan Johnston — effective Jan. 2
- George Morin — effective Jan. 2

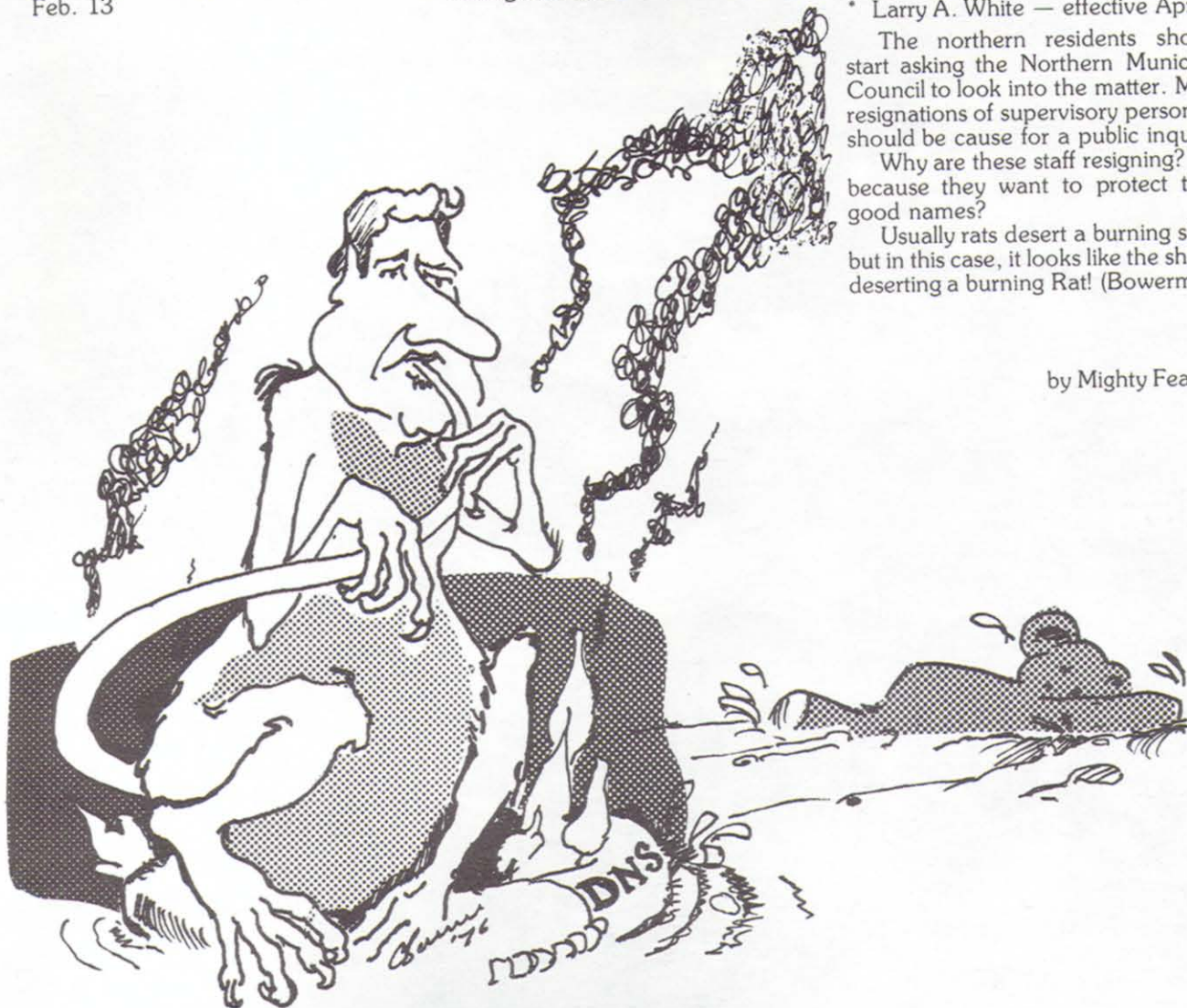
- Barrie O. Ward — effective Jan. 2
- Yvette Stasiuk — effective Feb. 6
- Mary Toews — effective Feb. 6
- Allan R. Galambos — effective Feb. 20
- Gerald O. Labine — effective Feb. 20
- Loretta Parenteau — effective March 12
- Jeannine D. St. Amand — effective March 12
- Donna G. Lawson — effective March 26
- Norman L. Carr — effective April 2
- Louis M. Pederson — effective April 2
- Larry A. White — effective April 2

The northern residents should start asking the Northern Municipal Council to look into the matter. Mass resignations of supervisory personnel should be cause for a public inquiry.

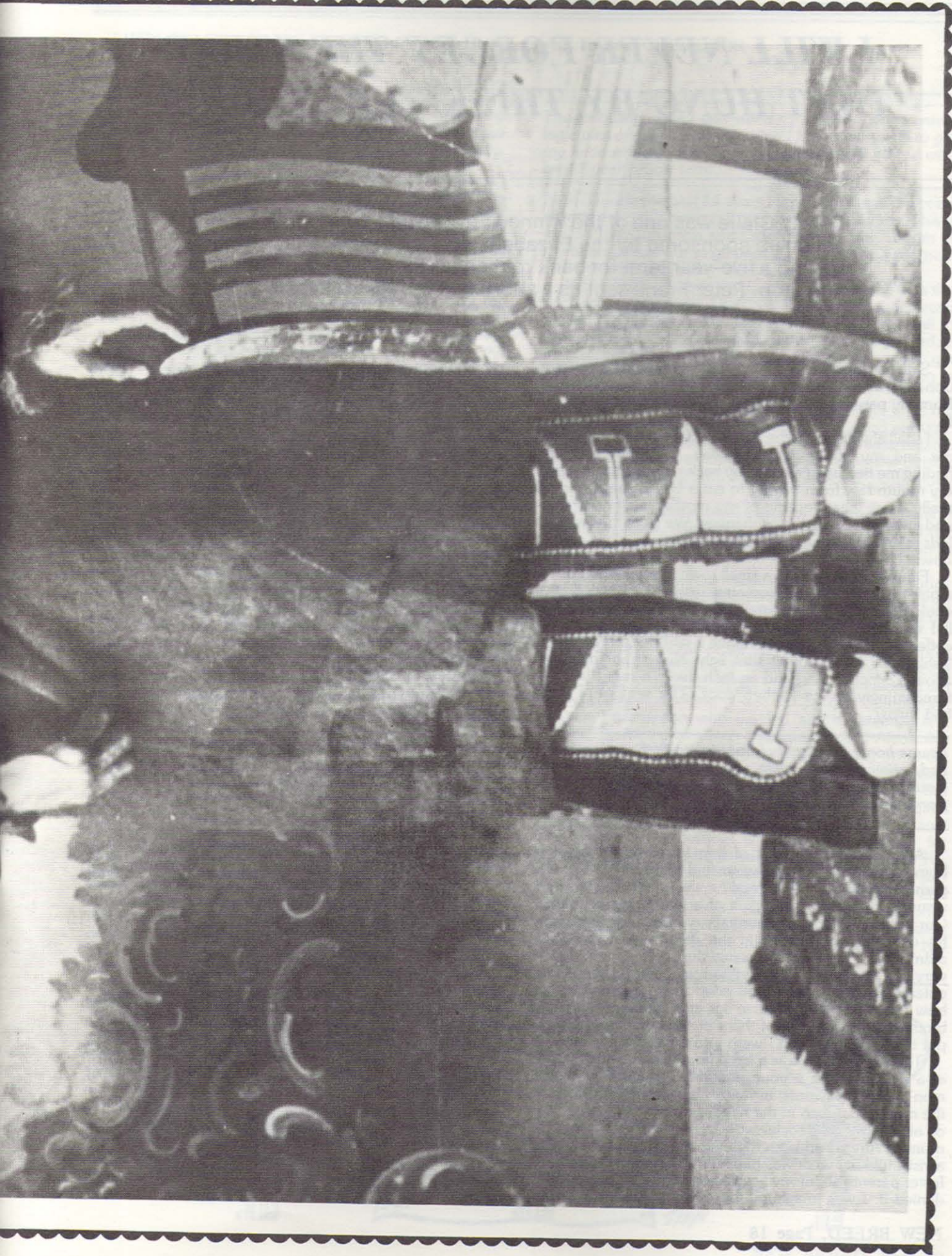
Why are these staff resigning? Is it because they want to protect their good names?

Usually rats desert a burning ship, but in this case, it looks like the ship is deserting a burning Rat! (Bowerman)

by Mighty Feather







ALMIGHTY VOICE

BY BRETT TAYLOR

I WILL NEVER FORGET THE STRAP THAT HUNG BY THE KITCHEN DOOR

by Terri LeClaire

Terri LeClaire was one of the winners in a writing contest for woman prisoners sponsored by the Elizabeth Fry Society. She is presently serving a five-year term for bank robbery at the Prison for Women at Kingston. Peter Frank sent us a shortened version of the story of her life that led her to prison.

Since as far back as I can recall my life has been one upheaval after another. At the age of four I was taken from my parents and placed in an orphanage in a city in S. . . .

I shall always recall the day the RCMP came and took me and my young brother away. I remember them finding me tied up in a barn, my back raw from a beating, my mouth raw from having to eat a bar of soap. I don't really know what became of my mother but my brother and I were placed in the orphanage. We were the last two kids to be placed in a foster home before the place closed down.

Finally a couple from a small town in S. . . . took us as a pair. In this home the woman was the aggressive one. I could never seem to do anything right in that household. If I were late getting home from school, or made the coffee too strong, or spoke above a whisper, I received a lashing. I'll never forget that light blue strap that was about 12 inches long and an inch thick: It hung forever threateningly by the kitchen door. The symbol of how bad I was?

I came home from school one day to find my brother in bed, grimacing with pain. He was suffering from stab wounds in the hip, the result of a five-prong pitchfork from our foster mother.

After nearly two years of that foster home, I came home from school one day to find my brother in bed, grimacing with pain. I learned he was suffering from stab wounds in the hip, the result of a five-prong pitchfork. Our foster mother had continually warned him not to pile his collected pop bottles in the garage, a warning he didn't heed. This was the result! Just before supper that very day my social worker visited us. I ran to her as she entered the front door, and cried and screamed about how "that woman" tried to kill my brother. Both my brother and I were out of there by late evening. He was put in the hospital and I went into a new home.

This foster home was a large farm. Such a fine picture of a place to raise a youngster. My foster father was a man of very few words and every day I received a slap in the mouth, a punch in the head, or a beating with a "cat of nine tails." My social worker used to visit every six months. After I had been there six months and she made a visit I told her what was happening. She questioned my foster parents about my accusations and, of course, they denied it. I was imagining these things, because of my

previous home environments and as she was leaving she patted my shoulder gently and told me to be a "good girl." I remember my throat being very dry and my heart thumping heavily as she drove away. My foster father was standing there like a thundering giant, his eyes burning slits of pure hatred and meanness. In his right hand he held the "cat of nine tails" and they were dripping with water. I had learned about Jesus in the orphanage and I was told he loved me. He was good and would always be my friend. So now, as many times before, with tear-filled eyes I talked to Him and asked Him to make me a good girl.

My social worker continued her visits every six months and I learned to smile at the right time and to answer her questions the way they should be answered.

I was 12 years old when my world really exploded. I was entering the front door of the house; I froze on the spot as my eyes fastened on the scene before me. My foster father was sitting on my brother, delivering punch after punch to his limp head. There was blood all over the floor and every once in a while an agonizing moan

My foster father was standing there like a thundering giant, his eyes burning slits of pure hatred and meanness. In his right hand he held the "cat of nine tails" and they were dripping with water.

escaped my brother's swollen lips. Silently I cried out for help to my foster mother who stood by the kitchen sink. I remember I didn't say a word to her. I tried, but no words would leave my mouth. In that agonizing moment I became two people. Hate, bitterness, hurt and, yes, fear of this man before me caused my whole personality to snap. I decided to fight back.

My eyes darted to the corner of the kitchen where a loaded .22 rifle stood. I walked over to the rifle, picked it up and aimed it at my foster father. My throat was parched and my hands shook like a leaf. My voice cracked as I asked to my foster father to get off my brother. Tears were streaming down my face. My father jumped off my brother and started walking slowly towards me, his hand outstretched. He started to laugh at me, calling me gutless and telling me I'd better give him the gun or he'd wrap it around my head. I begged him to stay back, but this time he relied a little too heavily on my fear of him. For one brief second my eyes left my foster father's face and I looked at my moaning bleeding brother lying on the floor. That was it.

I WILL NEVER FORGET THE STRAP THAT HUNG OVER THE KITCHEN DOOR

Then one day the three of us were going for a drive (my son was 9 months old then) when we were sideswiped by a heavy diesel truck. My family was killed instantly.

As the shot rang out my foster father's hand went to his left shoulder. He looked at me in bewildered shock and then he hit the floor with a heavy dead thud. Panic overtook what senses I had left, and I began to fire the gun wildly. I fired at my brother who was on his feet by now and running. I then began firing at my foster mother and she ran for her life also. I knew I hadn't hurt my brother or my foster mother, but I did think I had killed my foster father. I dropped the gun and with the movements of a sleepwalker, I walked out and towards the river, five miles away.

I wanted to die — but I did not die. I never reached the river where I was going to drown myself. The RCMP had been called and I was taken into custody. They told me my foster father was not going to die.

I was taken to a court; a great number of questions were fired at me. I was afraid to answer because I didn't think they'd believe me anyway. The judge took this silence as stubbornness and the end results were my being sentenced to a reform school until the age of 18. I only lasted there three months. I became ill mentally and was sent to a mental hospital. I was nearly 13 when I entered the hospital and wasn't released until I was nearly 16.

Upon leaving I entered a hairdressing school. I did not remain in school long because I met and fell in love with a man. God, dear God, how I loved my husband. He was such a good man; so very gentle towards me. He was nearly 18 years older than I, but that was no problem. Eleven months after our marriage I gave birth to an 11 pound, 6 ounce baby boy. My life was complete.

Then one day the three of us were going for a drive (my son was 9 months old then) when we were sideswiped by a heavy diesel truck. My family was killed instantly.

My mind was so scrambled and torn I didn't care whether I lived or died and that's exactly how I lived for the next 14 years. Because of past experiences I kept my tears buried within me. I began to drink and spent my days and nights in the bars getting smashed right out of shape.

Before long I began to hustle the streets to support my booze habit. Next came the heroin. Beautiful Heroin; she was much better than booze ever thought of being.

I received my first prison term when I was 18. I had begun to steal as well as hustle in order to support my

The following week I was standing before a judge entering a plea of guilty and screaming I had to go to jail to get my head straight. The judge obliged me. He hit me with an 11-year prison term.

habit. During the past 14 years I have done over 10 years of solid time, this being my third penitentiary term. This is my last term in prison and I say that from the bottom of my heart. Allow me to go back again here for a moment and you'll have a better idea as to why.

When I gave birth to my first son in the early '60's the doctors tied my tubes. They had to give me a Caesarean section because of his size and the fact I was too small to deliver a child normally. Well, as the years progressed, a miracle happened! My tubes became untied and I got pregnant again and gave birth to another beautiful son in 1973.

I tried my damndest to pull myself together after my baby was born, but my damndest wasn't good enough. Finally I took my young son and left him with reliable relatives. I knew I was too sick to be a responsible person and a good mother any longer. I had a 20-cap-a-day heroin habit.

Sick and in terrible need of a "fix" I robbed a bank. I robbed the bank, then ran through the back door of the next store. I sat down right there in the store and began to cry hysterically.

The following week I was standing before a judge entering a plea of guilty and screaming I had to go to jail to get my head straight. The judge obliged me. He hit me with an 11-year prison term.

For the first couple of weeks, while I was at the provincial jail, I walked around in shock. I was experiencing the loss of another child. While I was sitting all alone I did an awful lot of thinking. I was no longer unimportant because I had a son who needed and deserved a life.

I had learned a bit about a program called Alcoholics Anonymous. There was such a program going on in the institution and to say I got involved is putting the phrase mildly. That was nearly two years ago and a lot has happened. My sentence was reduced from the original 11 years to five, which I am serving now. I was also transferred from the provincial jail to Kingston Prison for Women. My son has been transferred from B.C. to K., where I see him often. When I tuck him into bed just before I leave to return to prison I get on my hands and knees to pray to "my Jesus." I ask him to keep me strong, to always let me be a good mother and most of all guide me "today", forever "today". I leave "tomorrow" in His hands.

LOVE-LIFE PROBLEMS AGAIN, EH.



Native and Proud

Senator James Gladstone



Senator James Gladstone was born in Mountain Hill, Northwest Territories on May 21, 1887. He was the son of William James Gladstone and Harriet LeBlanc. His father worked for the Hudson's Bay company for some time and later set up the first carpentry shop in Alberta. His mother was a Blood Indian of the Blackfoot nation.

As a young man, James Gladstone attended St. Paul's Anglican Mission, as well as the Blood Reserve and Calgary Indian Industrial Schools. He worked as a dray man at Fort McLeod, Alberta from 1906 to 1907. In 1911, he was employed as a scout for the NWMP and on July 23 of that year he married Janie Healy. Following his marriage, he was employed as a mail carrier for the Blood Indian Agency and also as a ranch hand for ranchers in the region. He finally settled on his own ranch at Cardston, Alberta.

He was president of the Indian Association of Alberta from 1948-1954 and was again elected President in 1956. He became honorary president in 1957 and a Patron in 1958. He was a delegate to the Joint Committee of the Senate and Commons studying the Indian Act (1947). He was also a delegate to Ottawa on Indian problems and grievances in 1951 and 1953. He was called to the Senate on January 31, 1958. He was the first treaty Indian ever called to the Canadian Senate.

His family are dearly remembered in that Mount Gladstone and Gladstone Valley are named after his father.



OUR PEOPLE



LESZEK MICHALIK

NEW BREED Popular in Poland, East Germany & Czechoslovakia

Dear NEW BREED,

Thank you very much for your letter and copies of your NEW BREED.

I am sending you my article about my great friend and teacher Mr. Longfeather Suplatowicz, Canadian Native who lives in Poland. Maybe it will be interesting for you and readers of the NEW BREED and you will decide to publish that article in your magazine.

I will be very happy to receive six copies of the NEW BREED — your magazine is very popular among my many friends here in Poland, in East Germany and in Czechoslovakia. Time after time I lend them it, but unfortunately I have not money to pay for subscription. I

would be more than happy to receive NEW BREED in the future, free as before, if it is possible. My Membership card expires in April 30, 1976. I have been a member of the Metis Society of Saskatchewan from 1973 and I will be grateful for a new membership card if you could send me it.

Thank you very much. Awaiting your answer.

Sincerely yours
Leszek Michalik
Plac Wolnosci 22a/10
82-400 Sztu
Poland, Europe

THE STORY OF LONGFEATHER SUPLATOWICZ

The story of Longfeather Suplatowicz was submitted by Leszek Michalik from our Local in Poland. Below is a picture of Leszek displaying a NEW BREED and a poster of Louis Riel.



Anyone who is familiar with a colorful history of Polish Fights for Freedom will recognize the name of Stanislaw Suplatowicz. Another outstanding individual is her son Longfeather Suplatowicz, named Polish-Canadian Indian.

Today Mr. Suplatowicz lives at Gdansk, Poland. He is 55 years old and takes part in many activities popularizing Canadian Natives' culture in East Europe. I'd like to tell you something interesting about his life.

"I have two homelands — Canada and Poland and I have two names — Polish and Indian," said Longfeather Suplatowicz, a Shawnee who lives in Poland. Longfeather is a Polish sailor, a historian and a writer.

His mother, a Pole, Stanislaw Suplatowicz, was a teacher in Radom City. After 1905 she was arrested by Russian authorities for her revolutionary activities and deported to Siberia. In that time Poland was split between Russia, Prussia and Austria. Some years later, before the World War I, she decided to fly from Siberia into Alaska to Canada with eleven other convicts. Her companions died during the travel and the brave girl reached Canada alone. She was hungry and exhausted when a group of Shawnee hunters found her. Living in the teepee she knew life and customs of the Indian redeemers. The Indians adopted her and gave her a Shawnee name White Cloud (Ta-Wah). She learned the Shawnee language soon and when the second winter came White Cloud became the wife of the Chief named Tall Eagle (Leoo-karko-ono-ma).

Longfeather (Sat-Okh) was born in 1920 near MacKenzie River. "I remember the free and wild time of my childhood when I lived with my family — parents, brothers and sisters in the teepee. I was taught to live in a traditional Indian way of life. I remember my brothers fighting against the Mounties who tried to shut us in the reservation."

Poland was recognized as an independent republic by the treaties of Versailles in 1919. Stanislaw wanted to see her free homeland before her death. In 1938 she moved to Poland with her son Longfeather. Here the World War II surprised them and they had no possibility to come back to Canada. White Cloud was very ill and

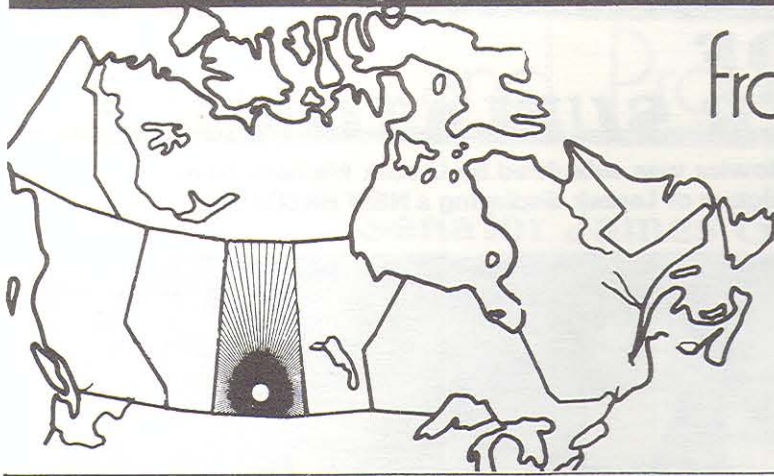
died soon. Longfeather was divided — a fate of many Polish people: eight months in the prison of Gestapo (German Nazis's Secret Police); prisoners transported to the Concentration Camp in Oswiecim (Auschwitz); an escape from the train; then a fight in Polish partisan warfare against German Nazis invaders.

In 1945 Poland became independent again. Longfeather Suplatowicz decided to stay here after the war and started to work in Polish merchantmans. As a Polish sailor he sailed to Japan, India, Africa, South America. In 1965 he visited his Native brothers in Canada for the first time since a long time. Don Eagle, Mohawk's Chief from Caughnawaga reservation invited him to visit his people. Canadian press wrote at that time: "Canadian Indian is a Polish sailor."

Longfeather Suplatowicz wrote six books and many articles about the real life, history and tradition of North American Natives. His first book "Land of the Salt Rocks" is an extraordinary account of his life between Shawnees. A reviewer wrote: "That is really an excellent book: full of sincere poesy (poetry), uncommon plastic and most interesting." His books were translated into German, Czech, Slovakian, Hungarian, Russian, Hebrew and many different languages.

From time to time he co-operates work with the Polish Television in Warsaw hosting a special "Indian program". His programs cover a wide variety of Canadian Native culture and are very popular in Poland.

"I am trying to teach my hearers and readers to understand and appreciate ways of Nature. I hope that some of our philosophies will be recognized and may be useful to setting standards and goals in the future," said Longfeather Suplatowicz.



from OUTSIDE our PROVINCE

ANTIGONISH, MAN KILLS BOY Given \$75.00 Fine



Andrew Francis Marshall was the 11 year old adoptive son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Simon of Antigonish County, Nova Scotia.

On November 8, 1975, Andrew and his step-brother, John, hiked from the town of Antigonish towards home at Harbour Center. They got a ride with Hector MacDonald as far as their driveway. Both started off to cross the street and suddenly one of them got hit and was dragged several hundred feet while the car continued on towards

Antigonish. A boot and shreds of clothing remained on the pavement; the body was somewhere in the bushes and the driver fled from the scene.

The driver of the car, Lee Irwin Benoit, returned to the scene of the accident after hiding eight cases of beer and a quart of Rum. Benoit was charged with refusing the breathalyzer and leaving the scene of an accident, failing to give assistance. He was fined \$75.00 for refusing to take the breathalyzer and was acquitted on the second charge.

The Simon family and lawyers acting on their behalf have made several unsuccessful appeals to the general public, and the Attorney General's office. They have also approached the two provincial Native associations for their support.

The Simon family has been turned off when their pleas were heard on an open line radio show. Local papers refused to cover the tragic accident. RCMP say no additional charges are warranted, even though Lee Benoit did not have a driver's license, had liquor in the car at the time of the accident, had been drinking prior to the accident and has had several serious traffic convictions in the past.

It appears that white society has a new weapon with which to eliminate Native people and thus end the "Native Problem". Society just sits apathetically idle and watches the tragic and needless slaughter of Native children without batting an eyelash or raising a finger to see that justice is done.



"In the course of my reading — by no means confined to law — I have reviewed many of the world's religions. The tenets of many faiths hold the deity to be a trinity. Seemingly, the parole boards, by whatever names designated in the various states, have in too many instances sought to enlarge this to include themselves as members."

Justice Hugo Black U.S. Supreme Court

TWO CARDS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK

New Brunswick Indians may now present two forms of identification when seeking sales tax exemptions in retail outlets. Either the Indian status card issued by the Federal government or the identification card issued by the Union of New Brunswick Indians will be honored. Through presentation of the cards Indians qualify for exemption of sales tax on purchases up to \$300 in retail stores. On purchases over \$300 Indians are required to obtain a form from the provincial tax branch. When the program was introduced to give Indians sales tax exemption, only cards issued by the Union of New Brunswick Indians were honored. Changes have now been made to honor the federal Indian status card. Indians obtaining cards from the Union of New Brunswick Indians are not obligated to join the organization.



MAINE INDIANS GET \$5 MILLION YEARLY

Indians in Maine, U.S.A. became eligible April for what may amount to \$5 million a year in federal aid. Still unsettled is their claim that almost half the state was illegally taken from them. The aid will come through the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs, acting in response to a court decision that Maine's Passamaquoddy and Penobscot tribes are entitled to the same protection and assistance that federal law provides for Indians in other areas. The Indians claim that both Maine and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts (which was responsible for Maine before it became a state in 1820), took a total of 10 million acres from them in violation of a 1790 law. About nine million acres of the land taken from the Maine Indians has since been sold to private interests. The state owns most of the rest. Today Maine's Indians live on three reservations that cover about 21 thousand of Maine's 21 million acres.



NELSON SMALL LEGS



Nelson Small Legs, Jr.

May 16, 1976, Nelson Small Legs Jr. put a .303 rifle to his chest after writing a suicide note indicating that he was sacrificing his life in the cause of Native rights.

Small Legs had carefully considered his death. "My suicide should open up the eyes of non-Indians into how much we've suffered. I give up my life in protest to the present conditions concerning Indian people of southern Alberta."

Small Legs had spent his life working for change. He was setting up a seminar on Indian issues for high school teachers. He was working on a street program to help Native people in Fort McLeod. Two days before his suicide, Nelson spoke before the MacKenzie Pipeline hearings at Calgary.

In Ottawa, Judd Buchanan was reluctant to discuss the name of Nelson Small Legs. He appeared bothered by the fact the Nelson mentioned his name in the suicide notes. "What really concerns me is the media who have given the incident an exposure beyond belief," Buchanan says. "The youth was a member of the American Indian Movement, and that's an import without an elected base that we can very well do without."

Ed Burnstick, Canadian AIM Director, read two of the suicide notes at the Graveside. "We've never been a violent people," he said. "But it's time to start thinking about our children. Is there any future for us?"

METIS SOCIETY CO-OP CAMP

For the past four or five years a group of people have been attempting to develop and operate a Summer Camp at Little Manitou Lake (near Watrous) for the Metis people. In reality the concept was to have children and young people from disadvantaged families attend the Camp but the emphasis has been on Metis and Non-Status Indian families.

The potential of the Camp is great and all that is needed now is the input and support of the people and the Locals. It is not only a good sound social endeavour, it is also a sound economic enterprise. The following proposal will explain more fully and it will suffice here to give a brief picture of what can happen.

- The Camp is located on the shore of the Little Manitou Lake (near Watrous) on 30 acres of land.
- There are facilities for feeding over 300 people.
- There is accommodation to sleep over 300 people of all ages.
- The beach is sandy and clear.
- There are a couple of boats and motors which can be used to cruise around the lake.
- The Camp grounds will have ball game facilities as well as swings and things for smaller children.
- For safety reasons there will be one qualified supervisor for every 10 children.
- There will be First Aid facilities as well as qualified persons to handle any accidents.
- A vehicle will be ready at all times to transport sick or injured people to hospital.
- There will be a full-time Camp Administrator living at the Camp.
- The Camp facilities can be used for workshops, seminars and staff training sessions by the Metis Society, Metis Housing and other organizations.
- A future plan is to build a 9-hole golf course.
- The Camp will be used as a learning and playing process for all people of all ages.

- The operation of the Metis Society Co-op Camp will depend on what direction it will get from the people.

Little Manitou Lake is an ideal health resort. There are plans drawn up by a few people who use the resort at Watrous which could turn the whole area into a health resort and park. These plans are going to be presented to both Provincial and Federal Governments in preparation for submitting a Proposal for funding. As these plans develop the Metis Co-op Camp will be involved.

The buildings at the Camp can be insulated and used as year-round facilities for many things. They could be used as training quarters for carpenters, plumbers, etc. for the Metis Housing. The Camp could also be used as a type of rehabilitation centre for alcoholics and drug addicts. It could also facilitate a few hunters in the fall. The Camp would be an ideal place for the people who would just like to spend a weekend at a lake. The potential of the Camp is unlimited and the Board has hopes of developing and nurturing its growth.

The Metis Co-op Camp will become an economic enterprise which will be owned, developed and operated by the Metis people of Saskatchewan. It will be one way in which the adverse myths will be done away with and many barriers will be broken. It will also be a "land base" where the Metis people will begin to secure more land and therefore secure more rights in the larger society.

In order for such a Camp to develop it will be necessary for the Locals to become involved in every way possible. At the present time the Saskatoon Local has taken the job of getting the Camp rolling. But it is hoped that all the Locals will become involved and that a Board of Directors can be elected at an early date in order to ensure involvement and input of the Locals.

This Brief and the following Proposal will be explained more fully by myself or a Board member from Saskatoon. We will contact each Local and request some time to explain the concept and potential of the Camp.

Respectively submitted,
Art Lloyd, Co-ordinator
Metis Society Co-op Camp

NEW REGIONAL OFFICE OPENED IN PORCUPINE PLAIN

May 17, 1976 the Association of Metis and Non-Status Indians of Saskatchewan opened a new regional office in Porcupine Plain. There are five members on staff and they offer a full range of services to the Metis residents of that area.

Clarence Campeau is the Area Director of the new office. Alvin Campeau is the Recreation Field Worker, Keith Andrews is the Housing Field Worker, Martin Genialle is the NAC Worker and Frank McDonald is the NRI Field Worker. If anyone in this area should require

service in any of these fields please contact the people mentioned above. The mailing address of the new office is:

The Association of Metis and Non-status Indians
of Saskatchewan
Box 577
Porcupine Plain, Saskatchewan.

Or you could contact them by phone at 278-3030.
Best of luck in the future!

ESTERHAZY LOCAL 84

The NEW BREED thanks Lee Henry for sending us the following information for our paper.

"I'm writing to you to let you know what the Esterhazy Local #84 is doing. The enclosed letter and picture will let you know more about their Local. There are some very dedicated members there. In regard to the picture it speaks for itself. Mrs. Rose Tanner told me the Catholic Church never charges them any money to hold their Bingos, so they donated the television set to them in appreciation.

Dear Rose & Riel,

Kindly accept our congratulations to yourselves and to your Metis Society for your continuance to devote attention to the needs of society as illustrated by your picture in the February 18 edition of Potashville Miner Journal. Minnie and I were both enthused when we saw your picture.

We shall never forget the pleasant six months we spent with you fine people during our Upgrading Term of 1973-74. The classroom atmosphere was always so pleasant with recognition, respect and freedom demonstrated to each individual by each individual. Trouble or any form of friction was unknown.

Thanks again Rose for the beautiful rug presented to me, and also thanks for the kind remarks inscribed on the outer wrapper. This rug was placed on the back of my reclining chair and is there today. Now we can show visitors the picture of the donor.

Kindly convey our greetings to Betty and Harley and to your entire group, and keep up your good work. We have a number of precious souvenirs as reminders of our pleasant association with your group.

Hope you are both well and enjoying life to its fullest degree.

Faithfully yours,
Minnie & Henry Veal
Box 277, Langenburg, Sask.

The letter also enclosed was sent to Mrs. Tanner who taught them while they held N.R.I.M. Classes. She was also proud in knowing them and what they are doing for themselves.

I thought this was a good human interest story and other Locals should know of it.

Thank you.

I remain,
Lee Henry, Saskatoon.



WELWYN LOCAL 46

The NEW BREED received a short note of thanks from Robert Belhumeur, Jim Belhumeur and Arthur Ducharme which they said could be put in our next publication.

"We are very thankful with our winter warmth program. The much needed material was received last month. Thank you!"

The NEW BREED thanks the above local for writing in and letting us share their pleasure. Remember locals this is your paper — use it! Write and let us know what is happening in your community (and send photos if possible). We will be more than happy to print your articles.



Books, Poems and Stuff

BOOK REVIEWS

THE LIFE OF LOUIS RIEL

Dr. Peter Charlobois



At last there is finally a book on Riel that Native people can read and appreciate! If all the paper from all the books that have been written about "The Riel Rebellion" were turned back into the trees they came from, there would be more than enough lumber to satisfy the housing needs of native people in Saskatchewan. Most of these books that have been written through the years have been outright trash. Some like *Strange Empire* by Howard have shown some compassion but have fallen short on presenting how the Metis felt towards those troubled years and their leader, Riel.

Dr. Peter Charlobois' book *The Life of Louis Riel* has finally presented the Indian and Metis cause to an enquiring public. It is an important book that had to be written. Although eastern book critics have given the book some bad reviews, it must be remembered that these same critics were very excited about Pierre Berton's book *The Last Spike* and *The National Dream* a few years ago. Berton is an admirer of the Metis' old friend, Sir John A. McDonald who was the Prime Minister of Canada during the uprising of 1885. Sir John A. McDonald had this to say about the Metis cause: "Should these miserable halfbreeds not disband, they must be put down." Or, "Riel shall hang though every dog in Quebec howl in his favour." So much for any credibility the book critics have with native people.

Charlobois has been called biased in favour of native people. He certainly is but he backs up that bias with facts. Perhaps the book is one that Canadian people don't want to hear but it is one they need to hear, just as Dee Brown's book *Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee* shocked and shamed an American public a few years back.

The book is full of photographs and provides quite interesting reading that can be easily understood just as truth is easy to understand.

For native people and those concerned with the struggle of native people, it is "must" reading.

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST



Publishers – Viking Press – by Ken Kesey

This best selling novel and Academy award winning movie takes a refreshingly new look at mental illness and the institutions that house our mentally ill. The administrators of the institution really appear to be the ones in need of medical attention rather than the patients. One of the major characters is a seven-foot Indian called Chief Bromden by his fellow patients. As is true in all of society, this quiet, strong, Indian man appears to be the most sane member of a colorful array of characters. Perhaps it is our people who are sane while the rest of the world is mad. Read the book and you will understand what I mean.

DISLOYAL GENERATION

*You might call this a threat
But don't be suspicious
It is only an example
Of opinions
And everlasting hope
That our value
Will be accepted
As equal
Some day soon*

*An ordinary poem
Expressing a situation
In an abandoned dream
With unfaithful women
Possessed and brainwashed
By an alien way of life*

*A native beauty
Amused by cheapness
And a pointless voice
That carries offensiveness
But isn't noticed
In dark rooms
And wine*

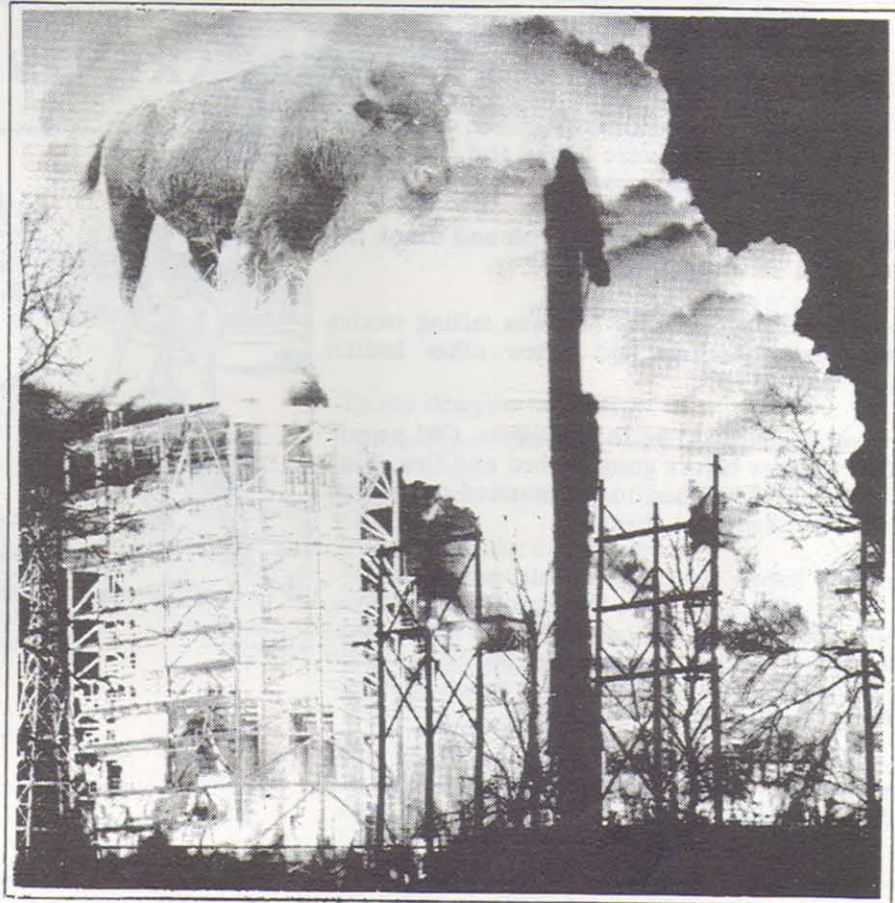
*A native generation
Touched by its own tradition
And yet pushing it aside
For a cheaper cause*

*Your valuation
Of your people
Is melting away
And in its place
A second hand brassiere
Comes into existence*

*Delinquent gangs of cats
Kill sparrows
And suspects play poker
In gutters*

*Butterflies
Are still a symbol of freedom
And we still taste our seasons
But veins
Of our native blood
Are warped
And twisted
Out of place*

*I am out to influence cleverness
On to our people
But no one
Wants to get involved
They are content
With phoney signatures
And motel rooms*



*We have gone
So far back
In tipping the bottle
That I know some of us
Who would without thinking
Trade their mothers
As collateral
At some bank
For drinking money*

*Don't take these words
As being nasty
And what I say now
Is private*

*Personally I am fascinated
By dynamite and nitroglycerin
And crime*

*I would like to
Just once
Smile a ferocious smile
And harpoon
All alien sleepwalkers*

*If this poetry
Is giving you a headache
Then why don't you confess
That your fancy-pants
Bear silent shame
Which you wallow in
With no feelings
For your ancestors
Of long ago*

*All rights reserved
Written by Lyle Lee*



bits & pieces

OUR GRANDPARENTS

Long time ago as far as I can remember old people never used liquor. They were happy and there were never any break ups of homes.

They lived on rabbits, moose and fish and drank the juice of these creatures they killed.

The only entertainment they had was telling stories of Wesakchak, checkers and a few other Indian games.

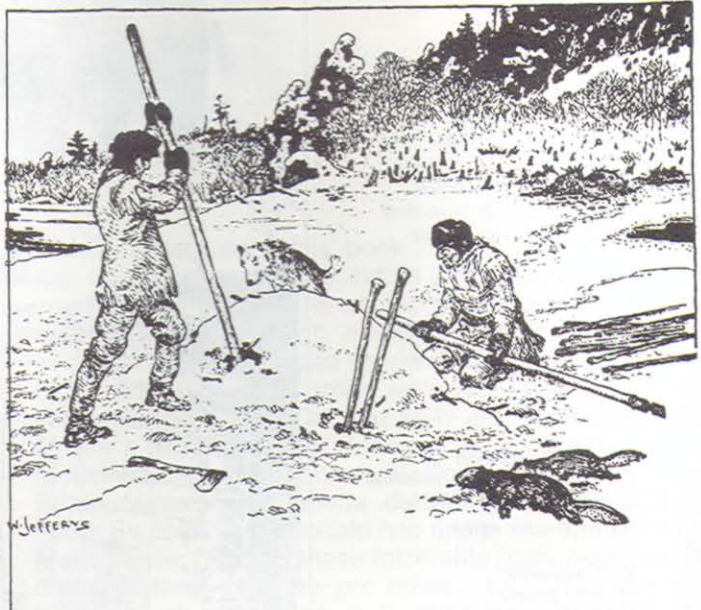
They never talked back to their parents. Old people said their prayers before going to bed and first thing in the morning. They had to get married to the one their parents chose for them.

Those were happy days for the old people.

The End.

The above article was submitted for publication by Mrs. Mary Ann Ross of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. The NEW BREED thanks Mrs. Ross for her contribution and would like to hear more from you out there.

NOTE: We pay \$3.00 per column inch (10 pt. 20 pica) on any article that is used for publication. See inside of front cover for full details.



THE MONKEES' JAMBOREE

The Monkeys one day had a big jamboree,
Their leader sat up in the tallest palm tree
And said with a chuckle, "My good fellow Monk,
If you want a good laugh just give ear to this junk
The teachers of Men in a place they call 'school'
Are training each youngster to grow up a fool.
The kids all run wild and never get spanked;
If our babies did that, their tails would be yanked.
No well-mannered Monkey dictates to his teacher,
Beats up the policeman or shoots at the preacher,
Poisons the baby, or kills with a gun,
And then laughs and says 'We are just having fun'.
Monkeys, my friends, have respect for each other,
We hand out no sass to our Father or Mother.
The picture I've painted you'll agree is quite sad.
But listen, my brother, I'm boiling mad.
For here's what they're taught — that miserable flunky,
That creature called Man, was at one time a Monkey!
An ape just like us, and what's more, if you please,
He claims that at one time he swung thru the trees.
Fellow Monkeys, I think this is going too far.
We don't envy their home their wealth, or their car.
But when they will spread such a horrible rumour
It's time for all Monkeys to lose their good humour.
So, come, you must help me prepare a big sign,
Protesting that Man's no descendant of mine.
If evolution be true, then boys, we are sunk;
For I'd sooner be father to weasel or skunk."



pen pals

In Between

WORDS OF A FATHER

My Mother is Native, my Dad is white,
I'm in this world and I have no rights.
I have no people I can call my own,
Like the Indian and white they have their own.
I have nothing but little dreams,
I'm the lonely Metis who's in between.

The Indians have a culture and song,
The whites have a government so strong.
The animals can play and be free as the breeze,
The fish, they swim beneath all the seas.
And happy are they that are rich and clean
I'm the lonely Metis who's in between.

Did God make a heaven just for white and red,
If so, what will happen when I am dead.
Will my spirit be lost and forever gone.
Or will the angels sing a rejoicing song.
Blessed are those that see Virgin Mary our Queen,
I'm the lonely Metis who's in between.

And like all human beings that came upon this earth,
I too came, but by a mixed birth.
My Mother is Native, my Dad is white,
Why oh why do they have to fight.
In my bedroom, crying in dreams,
I'm the lonely Metis who's in between.

I'm now in a prison so dark and gray
I'm not like the whites and Indians who have their say.
My heart cries for someone to turn,
As I humbly seek the freedom I yearn.
But this prison is so hard and mean,
I'm the lonely Metis who's in between.

I seek the love and friendship you all have gotten,
So please don't treat me as one of the forgotten.
For when I cut myself, my blood is red like yours,
So open your door to me and say, "What is mine is yours."
But when I look into that rippling stream,
I'm the lonely Metis who's in between.

Dennis Erickson

THINKING OF YOU

I'm thinkin' of you again
I do it often
Mostly when I've been hurt inside
But sometimes, when I'm having
The most fun, wishing you were here
Or wishin' I were there
Wishing anything that would mean
We'd be together

Del Anaskan

To my daughter and sons:
Whom I gave the three most valuable things
In the world
My love, my blood, and the color
Of my skin.
That's all I have to offer
That's all I have in the world
Always carry them with you
Like feathers and wings.

With all the powers of the world
And the forces of the Milky Way
These they can't take from you,
My children.

Carry these special things
Deep inside your hearts
Let them guide you to daylight
Like a bright, shiny star

Be proud of what I gave you
Because there is no other in this land
Who can give you, what I gave you
When you first stepped out of the
Lord's hands.

These three things, my precious ones
Will shine night and day
Until I break these chains of sorrow
And make these heartaches go away.

But in the meantime, my children
I will love you with all my heart
I will think of you every day
And dream of the brightest star

I will pray for you and for me
For us to be together
Until that day, Love your Mother
Just as much for:

I'll love you forever
My love for you, **my children**
Will stay deep down within my heart
Forever.

Del Anaskan
Box 160
Prince Albert, Sask.

now IT'S YOUR TURN

POLICE BRUTALITY INCIDENTS HUSHED UP

Dear New Breed

Since I have just received our March-April Edition of the NEW BREED my comments on the publication are late, but, I'd like to give them to you anyway.

I have just started reading NEW BREED within the last eight months; before that I didn't even know you existed. I find that the NEW BREED is a very up-to-date and informative magazine. It's too bad that you don't seem to have a very wide source of readers. The only way I got ahold of one is when I started working at a Friendship Centre. I think you should try and get your magazine sold at news stands.

As for my comments on the March-April Edition... I think it's the best publication of the NEW BREED I have seen so far. I have never seen so much horrible information about the Police Force before, although I have heard of things that have happened here in my own community that nothing was ever done about. All incidents have been hushed up and the policemen have left suddenly. Also a couple of murders (or so called murders) were not thoroughly investigated and not even the parents know how or why their children have died. Nor even the cause of death.

Without actually knowing what happened how can any one person find out anything. Especially when it did involve them; but they would like to see justice done.

Can you the NEW BREED inform myself, and I'm sure a few other people are interested in helping, how we can help. Especially when we live in Northern Communities.

A Concerned Subscriber

EXPERIENCES POLICE BRUTALITY

I have just finished reading the NEW BREED — March/April '76 edition. I was not surprised at all when I read all those stories about Police Brutality. I do agree with everyone 100 percent that there is just too much crime the police are getting away with. Police Brutality seems to be a common

NEW BREED page 30

disease throughout Canada and other countries. When will this all end?

No matter where you go it's no different. The police can do whatever they like with you but you can't touch them and even if you don't, you still get charged for Assaulting a Police Officer. If we turned around and tried to charge the police, the court doesn't want to hear about it. Especially if we're an Indian.

I have experienced many policy beatings in my days and I could never do anything about it. Many times I wake up in a cell and I'm so sore all over I can hardly move. I'm tired of this just as much as anyone in our Native world. What are we to do to stop this Brutality of the Queen's Cowboys...

Joey Chille
Uranium City, Sask.

NEW BREED SHOULD BE SENT TO HEAD OF POLICE COMMISSION

You put all these articles in your paper about the way the cops are mistreating Native people. Did you ever stop to think about how many white people read this magazine? Just as far as I know only Native people read this magazine such as myself and the only thing it does is make me bitter. Why don't you take a copy of your March/April Edition and send it to the head of the police commission and let him get a first hand view of what the Native people really think of the way cops are treating Native people. I really think it's time someone spoke out about the way cops really are. I know for a fact that many people are afraid to say anything in fear that if they're ever picked up for any reason that they will be beaten for saying anything against the cops. The cops are put in a town to protect all people... not just the whites.

Thank you,
Yours truly
Lillian Merceredi
Uranium City, Sask.

NOW IT'S YOUR TURN

UNIVERSITY FINDS NEW BREED TOPICAL & INFORMATIVE

Thank you for forwarding to us complimentary copies of the **NEW BREED**. We feel it will add greatly to our collection of periodicals. Please find enclosed our remittance of \$9.00 for an 18 month subscription, covering monthly issues beginning July 1976 and ending December 1977.

May we take this opportunity to compliment you on the quality of your publication. The format is appealing, while the content and theme are topical and informative. We look forward to receiving future issues.

Continued success in your work!

Yours truly,
Janice Siekawitch, Documentalist
Canadian Plains Research Centre
University of Regina

STIMULATING MAGAZINE

I took out a subscription to your magazine in January of this year in anticipation of good reading on a regular basis... I find **NEW BREED** to be an interesting and stimulating magazine which should be required reading for all of us "white people".

Sincerely, Gill Gracie
Box 98, LaRonge, Sask.

If You Want to Be a Politician

Have you ever wondered what goes through the head of a politician when he is sitting through a government session in the Legislature or the Houses of Parliament. Here is some of what those elected members do!!

- * Some pick their nose
- * Some doodle on scrap paper, drawing pictures of what have you
- * Some read comic books (is this diplomatic privilege?)
- * Some take naps
- * Some fill their briefcases with sandwiches then eat them during session
- * Some polish their podiums (those funny little desks they sit at)
- * Some write letters home
- * Some just sit there looking in the air at the ceiling (Teddy)
- * Some sit there with their finger stuck in their ear up to the knuckle
- * Some just sit there with a vacant look on their faces
- * And nobody knows a damn thing about what is going on.

Members of the public who voted in this troop of psychological misfits... do you like this type of representation? If you do then just go on living as you have. If you don't why don't you vote to get decent representation in the government, and send those doodlers, nose-pickers and eardrum scratchers back to their home towns because a politician is supposed to be the best you've got and not your rejects.

by Mighty Feather



Comments on our publication would be most welcome.

- what do you think of the 'New Breed' in general?
- what are your opinions on specific articles?
- what else would you like to see in the 'New Breed'?

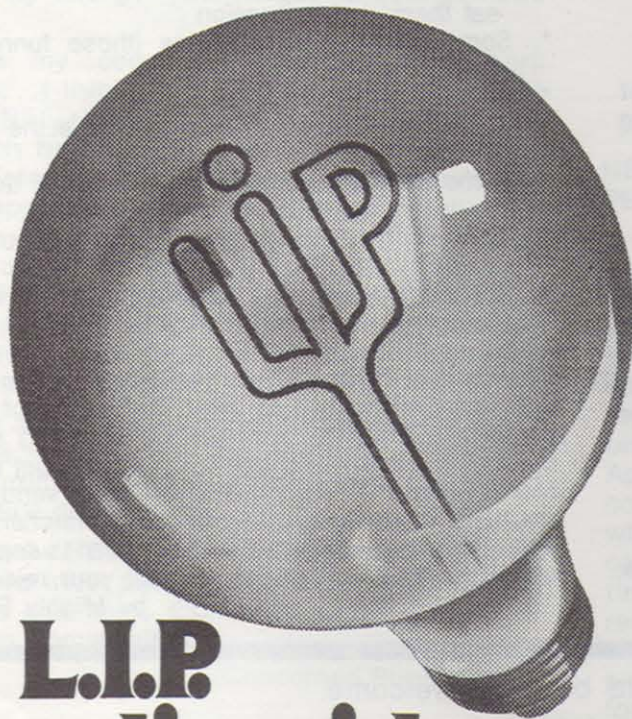
These are but a few of the questions we would like to have comments on.

Send to:



NOW IT'S YOUR TURN
NEW BREED
4 - 1846 Scarth St.
Regina, Sask. S4P 2G3

You only have until September 10 to put the initiative into your Local Initiatives Program.



L.I.P.
**Sending ideas
out to work.**

You can create jobs this winter by getting to work on an idea this summer. We are looking for proposals for community projects that will provide work for the unemployed and make useful jobs where there were none before.

Your L.I.P. program has up to \$100,000 for every approved project. Your idea should get underway anytime between November 1st this year and January 31st, 1977.

All applications must be in our hands no later than September 10, 1976. Other than that, it's up to you. If you've got the right idea, we'll help you put it to work.



**Manpower
and Immigration**
Robert Andras, Minister

**Main-d'œuvre
et Immigration**
Robert Andras, ministre

Applications available now. See your
Local Canada Manpower Centre, Job Creation
Office or Native Outreach Office.



THE LOCAL INITIATIVES PROGRAM (LIP) IS AIMED AT ALLEVIATING HIGH SEASONAL UNEMPLOYMENT BY ENABLING INDIVIDUALS AND GROUPS TO IMPLEMENT INNOVATIVE PROJECTS WHICH CREATE JOBS AND BENEFIT THEIR COMMUNITY.

WHO CAN APPLY?

Any individual, municipality, organization, or group with the provincial target aimed at low income, native, and women's groups.

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

SOME PAST PROJECTS HAVE BEEN:

- HOME IMPROVEMENTS for the aged people.
- TIMBER DEVELOPMENT to start a logging operation on the Thunderchild Reserve.
- PRAIRIE RECREATION to train and employ people to design and construct play-ground facilities.

AND MUCH MORE!

WHERE CAN YOU APPLY?

CATHY

1955 Smith Street
REGINA, Saskatchewan

569 - 5930

ANNE

306 Federal Building
SASKATOON, Saskatchewan

665 - 4441

PEGGY

Room 309 & 310
Federal Building
10 - 13th Street East
PRINCE ALBERT, Saskatchewan

764 - 6829

You may also contact your
local Manpower Centre.

Application Deadline is September 10, 1976
DON'T BE LATE!



Indian Habitat

- 90% of Indians live in houses without toilets, telephone or water.
- less than half of Indian homes are habitable and there is a backlog of 4,351 houses required by families with no shelter whatsoever.
- the average earned Indian income on reserves is under \$2,000 a year.
- 53% of Indians are unemployed. Seasonal unemployment runs as high as 95% in some communities.
- 41% of Indian families live on welfare, compared to the national rate of 3.7%.
- the Canadian Foundation on Alcohol and Drug Dependency concluded that Indian alcoholism has a psychological base that is directly related to poor living conditions.
- This is the situation in Canada. Indigenous peoples throughout the world live in comparable conditions.

Credits

From the Book: NOTICE-THIS IS AN INDIAN RESERVE
Photos By FREDERIK STEVENSON