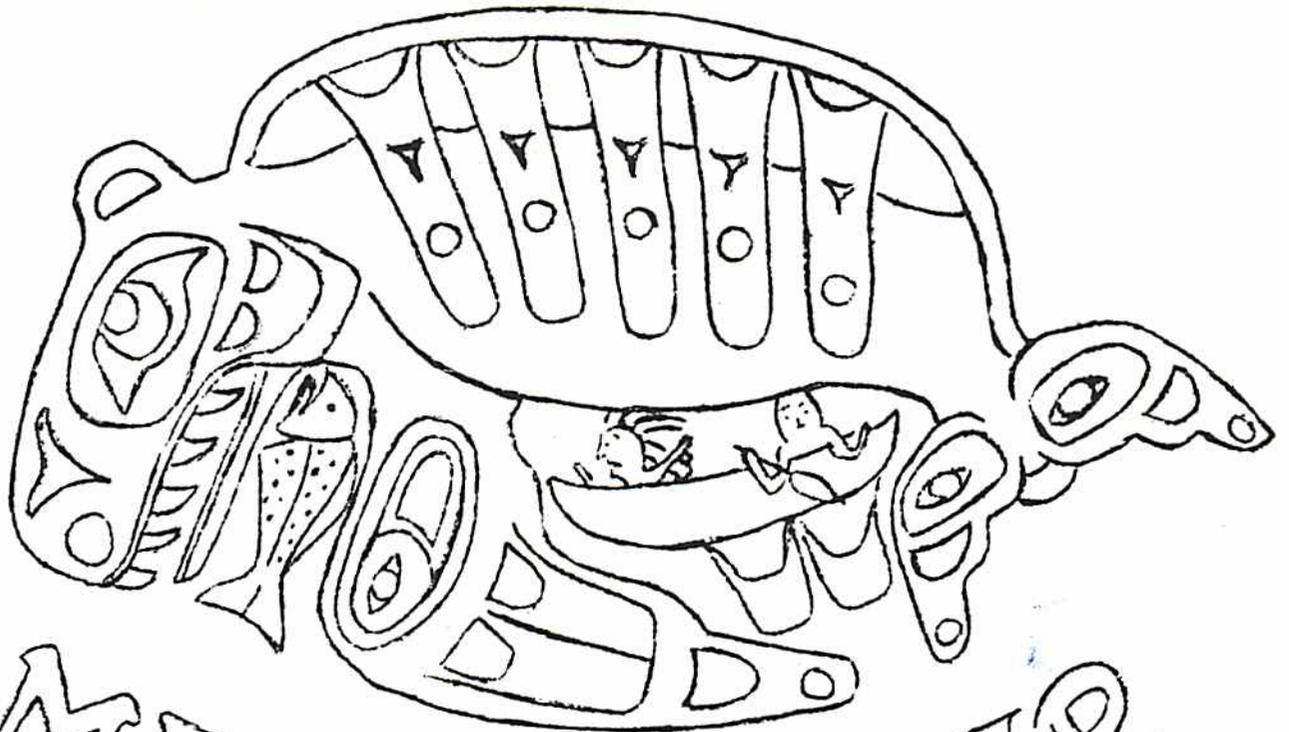


MAY 1970

THE



MESSENGER

By N. KINBRISKET

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WILLIAM HEAD INSTITUTION

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Hi There:

I thank the Editor for the invitation to submit an article. As the New Testament puts it: "He who does good is of God". I take this opportunity to quote a man of the cloth who said: "It takes more than physical accident to produce integrity of character, fidelity in friendship, sacrifice in service, courage and sportsmanship in difficulty. Right living is a challenging affair. It involves a constant and sometimes devastating struggle against temptation. To go further, goodness is not only a matter of right action, but of bravely enduring and surmounting trouble. One way or another, it is true with all of us that the ultimate test of character comes when trouble comes, when some battering shock befalls us and the question presented to our goodness is not so much whether we will do a right deed, as whether we can stand up with integrity of soul under what life does to us. Goodness also involves recovery from moral failure. Sin isn't just a word; it is a stupendous fact in every life, and all of us face crisis when we need to repent, to be forgiven, to be 'transformed by the renewing of our minds.' Staging a comeback is about the toughest of assignments. It involves repentance, confession, forgiveness, restitution, reconciliation. You see what I am trying to say. A good life is not simple - especially when one has done something that makes a long uphill climb necessary, if one is to recover integrity. For magnificent comebacks from moral abysses - vice, criminality, alcoholism, or what you will - I don't believe that one of these did not involve a recovery of faith in God."

Best A-A Wishes,

Ernie S.

'Beachcomber' Group,
Alcoholics Anonymous.

THE VANISHING INDIAN

- Wally Laroque -

Many moons ago, the plains and valleys of Central and Northern British Columbia were inhabited by Indians, as were the coastal regions, the Queen Charlottes and in short almost all of the province. Then progress set in -- the Indians were little by little segregated in small areas aptly tabbed reserves, as if they were animals, and a dying species, to be preserved as historical oddities. They were given many promises by the great white mother across the seas - but little by little these promises have been broken by the benevolent white man, who of course, knows what is best for his red rothers. Today the reservations are inhabited mainly by older persons and small children -- as soon as the age permits the young people are leaving for the glitter and gloss of the big cities -- but because of the inferior education they have received from our Ottawa know-it-alls, they arrive totally unprepared to assimilate themselves into white man's society -- and they end up trying to ease their sorrows, forget their miseries, and overcome their feeling of inferiority by congregating in the skid row districts of the city, living on welfare, spending countless hours in the pubs, sometimes wishing they were back home, sometimes wishing and hoping that some way could be shown for them to rise above their environment. Some succeed -- but not enough -- some are permitted to attend technical and vocational schools and prove apt pupils, pupils who surprise their instructors by their ability to learn, when properly trained-- some of the girls succeed in secretarial or nursing aide courses-- but again face disillusionment when they apply for work, then suddenly find that the 'job has been filled' only to learn later that it wasn't filled at all, but that they had been discriminated against because they were not white. Canada has come a long way in 100 years, but in this area it has not come near enough -- Education is necessary-- and not only for the Indians--white people must be shown and educated to the fact that the Indian is also a citizen--a first citizen, that for too long he has carried the dirty end of the stick, and that the time for this acceptance by the white man is long overdue. If this is not done the future will see bands of militant young Indians, feeling perfectly justified in exercising "Red Power" -- and Canada will find itself in the same position that Selma, Detroit, Atlanta, and other American Centres found themselves in. Canada's Indians no longer are willing to accept the title of second class citizens, and they should not have to beg or demonstrate to be shown that they aren't--It is the responsibility of the white man to expediate programs that will upgrade the Indian NOW and gracefully prepare a place, and an honoured place for him in our century.

A NATURAL TRIP

Mind running endlessly,
searing, tearing,
creating, bringing about freedom
moving along avenues of endless thought
one atop the other, building,
then suddenly destroying.
Brilliant radiant light, powerful,
in focus - burning at the fingers
slowly, pitilessly,
then an instant for the eternal sake of being
that joyous moment, when the vile
aching feeling of nausea
is alight with the glow
from heavenly bodies
Do moonbeams travel together
along darkened roadways
of unknown distances, whispering
meaningless camarade sounds
to fill the void?

Does the twisting, turning and
almost fruitless thoughts of girls
always turn to somber thoughts?
How then must my thoughts while along
darkened avenues of moonlit nights travel?
Along the corridors of a constantly
busy thoroughway that is my mind.
How then must my mind accept the
pittance of being mere mortal?
Darting here, darting there,
the natural flow of thought
was once undisturbed
the collected truths and the sages
of history cannot meet
the infant's delight
of finding his naturalness
bringing forth that mortal sanity
which we of darkened years
can never know no more.
Do infants gurgle and chuckle
finding delight in something small
Does the moaning wail of saxaphones
in the night destroy
what we have created?
the notes hanging, then slowly
dropping, emptying out the ache
and filling - if only for a moment
an infant like delight
of small things, once forgotten,

OUR WORLD

Many people live in an atmosphere of unhappiness and dissatisfaction. They are dissatisfied with their incomes, their families, their way of life; they are jealous of their neighbors and envious of almost everybody they meet. In fact, they spend so much time complaining that they accomplish very little for themselves and they antagonize many people they meet. They expect, as a result of their complaints, that their employers, society, the government or any other nebulous "they" will provide them with everything that they demand and which, if received, would not be appreciated. They overlook what they have and crave what they do not have and live perpetually unhappy lives. They forget that they live in a world of their own creation and they alone are the only people who can change it.

The following is a quotation from one of the greatest social philosophers who ever lived:

"It is an incontestable truth that man is enclosed in the environment he creates, and so bound by the limitation he sets himself. He lives in an atmosphere to which he belongs and in the sphere of his own imagination".

Let man take a new look at himself and at the world he has built for himself. "He is enclosed in the environment he has created and is so bound by the limitation he has set himself"; if more people understood this great truth they would stop complaining about things they cannot control, they would realize that in their world they are the product of their own creations and if they feel the conditions under which they live require improvement, it is up to them and they alone can do something about it.

All of us live in a world in which we belong because it is the world for which we have settled. To complain about it is absurd, the grounds for our complaints are our own lack of action, initiative, interest or energy, it is easier to sit back and criticize. Man is as free as his own imagination and initiative. He is limited only by the fences that he himself has erected and maintains. When faced with a world which provides everything, we very rarely appreciate the things we have or the things which are within easy reach. We are given complete freedom yet we immediately talk ourselves into little worlds of our own and then complain because the whole world isn't ours. We play it safe and bargain for pittance and then complain because the pittance we bargained for are not enough. We want more but we refuse to do more in order to earn or justify it. We want opportunity yet we cling with both hands to whatever shaky security we can find. We want more knowledge, yet we do not want to study. We want better jobs, but we are not prepared to work for them. We want the love and respect of others, but we withhold our own and very rarely express our appreciation or understanding of others. We want our children to be educated, yet we do not want to go through the trouble of being educated ourselves.

OUR LOSING BATTLE

- Martin S. Walkus -

Perhaps the most salient feature in the upward or downward trend of the Native of B.C. today is their adaptability. I speak of one tribe in particular. This is the Kwakiutl tribe. Theirs is the ability to adapt to white man's culture, and unfortunately their evil ways. This tribe extends from Campbell River to the Bella Coola Inlet. They were once and still are, a proud people. And rightfully so, because of their heritage and ancestry. But, in the Indian of today, sadly in many tribes and bands, alcohol is the most crippling, ever-destroying enemy of the once-strong people. Now they or most of them, are grovelling for a drink of wine or beer. However, there are the few, such as Alert Bay that are trying to revive their culture and relive their heritage in brief, by their potlatches and other ceremonies. Our tribe has a culture also, but sadly lacking is the spirit with which to revive and again boast of our true pride. We, that is, the Kwakiutl, have been instrumental in the development and the improvement of many of the tribal dances. We have rightfully so, then a proud history. Why then are most of us drinking in the pubs and bars that the white man has brought so harmfully into our lives? We cannot hope to live as a people because of this thing called alcohol or booze. We must first clear ourselves of this liquor before we can again regain the remnants of our respectability. If we should be able to accomplish this; then we will rise in the ranks of a great nation. Many of the young people are potential candidates for greater and fuller education. There is not one band in the whole of the Kwakiutl nation that is not capable of bettering themselves. However, I am not saying this just to be a "Square John". Far from it. I would like though, to see our people to be able to say; I am from the Kwakiutl, instead of hiding your face in shame, because others say; 'Oh he's from the lowliest tribe on the coast'.

If our tribe had their pride again that they had in the older and better days, they would be the best there is again. Our past is worth looking into and developing the traditions and tribal lores. Most Indians, however lowered in society, can and do say, that they are an Indian and be proud.

The government too, is to be held responsible in part for the decline of some of the people. They haul them out of their natural habitats and deposit us in some crowded reserve, and then have the audacity to tell us to make something of ourselves. Their excuses on the purposes of moving a tribe on a large scale are so feeble as not to be bothered with. Some are, we need the electricity. Why now? Most of us have been getting along good with what we had.

THE ANTI-GENERATION

- Stanely J. Klyne -

Do you think it would be safe to say that every Generation can be held directly responsible for one generation in their lifetime? Now that one I'm responsible for, generalizing on the negative side. It's rather hard to find anything good to say about. Like all the factors, re: respect, code of ethics, anti-establishment, everything they seem to lack, is our fault. So why be so quick to condemn? As much as the truth hurts, there has got to be a way to correct it. But, it's not the way we are trying it. Today is April 15, 1970, remember this day, it's the day you only have to be nineteen to drink in Licensed Premises. One can only say that the Government's thinking must be; "We would rather our children be alcoholics than drug sodden addicts". Which is the worst of the two evils? To me it's like biting off your nose, to spite your face. But we pay the elected Members of the Legislative Assembly a good wage to make important decisions, so one must respect their thinking, but what will the next concession be? Perhaps they could lower the age of consent to marry, to twelve years old! This certainly is food for thought! Where will it all end?? I don't mind taking the blame for a generation. I guess one could say it was a lack of total interest and selfishness on my part. But I don't think it's fair to blame my generation for machines and everything the Anti-Generation is against, like blame the money-grabbing Fords, Duponts, to name a few of the responsible 'Pillars of Society'. Seeing they are anti-everything, let them be anti-nylon or synthetics and see if this isn't a good way to get back at the DuPonts (panti-hose) and machinery from the auto-manufacturers. As they are the ones who take everything out of the earth and return only pollution and smog! I also realize that we must set the example by the environment our children are brought up in, but even if we live in the age of the 'pill' the anti-generation will also be responsible for a generation themselves and if we think we have trouble, just imagine how much trouble our children will have with our grandchildren...! Where will it all end? MAYBE religion is the answer! Who's to say? Everyone knows that there must be some drastic changes made in our present society. If we hope to survive, I personally think discipline is really what we all lack and without it, there's no way, one can expect to achieve self-discipline. Another thing that I've become aware of since I grew up and shed my selfishness. Why do we always worry about people all over the world when things are not so good right here at home? We are always so concerned about Communist Aggression, but nothing is ever said about what our government does. Of course I'm referring to the Tsawwassen Indian Reserve that the Social Credit Government has expropriated for Roberts Bank super port! (If this isn't aggression! what is it?). But then this would have to prove, once and for all; just what the Indian is thought of by the government. Like I've known it all along, but everyone used to say "I was an agitator and Red Power Advocate,

MOUNTAIN OF LOVE

- Louis J. Alexander -

I'd like to thank the Indian Club here at William Head, the members and guests and last not least though, of thee only, I, Mr. Wonderful for attending the meetings. It has been educational in a way yes, I had to help myself. First before it could help me. I could have gone up there every meeting and never missed one and could have said; oh yes it has helped me, with just giving one or two speeches, but I'd be unfair, first to myself and the wonderful people who put their very effort into what's yours and mine while we are here. The main thing I've found out is never to be afraid to get up and talk in a loud voice. What's there to be afraid of? Or to be so shy for? Sure I find people will laugh at you, some may not like what you are saying or doing. But for me, I find I enjoy the things I speak about, at least I'm not keeping it to myself. Man I'm grooving all the way to the land of Eden. Say they'll soon be turning me out to the psychedelic world to a so-called psychedelic shack over at Vancouver. That's most cat's opinion about where I'll be splitting to. Yep, they speak colorful things about that shack, to me! Well it goes like this and not like that, just on one groovey trip baby! I've started pretty young and it seems to be one Mountain after the other. Sure, I've climbed them all, one by one. There've been many heartaches for myself and for a most wonderful young lady who I do respect and love truly. She has stuck by me for eight painful years, and all this time, I've been in and out, and here I was so blind baby, to see how much I really meant in her life. But I always found a stupid excuse to think she was crazy for waiting until she finally got tired of climbing those mountains with me, and now myself, I've come to the peak, mind and soul.

Include two socks within the box,
One short and one to long,
Never admit they do not fit.
Just sneer, and say "your wrong!"
A cigarette? Oh thanks, my pet,
But not a tailor made,
Those years alone I rolled my own,
On the salary I was paid,
As ash-try, boss? No thanks, I'll toss,
My butts upon the rug,
A drinking glass? I'll have to pass,
I'll use the metal mug,
When I am ill, just give me a pill,
Just send me off to choke and cough,
Don't try to understand,
As long as I can stand,
If I complain about a pain,
Then stare me in the eye,
Say, "OK, Jerk!" get back to work.
Your kind will never die;
For supper make a rubber steak;
Or serve some leather pork;
Use lots of lard and fry it hard;
Until it bends the fork,
The heap some suds upon my spuds,
Or bake them, dear, in sand,
Make sure the skin is not thin,
To brake with mortal hand,
Whatever you fix, be sure to mix,
The courses all in one,
Carrots, peas, and maybe cheese,
Spill tea upon the bun,
When serving tea, it ought to be,
Cold as a wardens heart,
And make the bread like heavy lead,
That I can't tear apart,
And when you bake, for goodness sake,
Put raisins in the pies,
But squash them well so I can't tell,
The currents from the flies;
Its understood that pies is good,
With coleslaw on the top,
My memory brings me many things,
That you can splash and slop,
Now don't you set the table, pet,
For I am not used to that,
Three times a day hand me a tray,
Then vanmosse, beat it, scat,
I'd like it fine if I could dine,

FISHING AS DESCRIBED BY

- Martin S. Walkus

My fondest wish right at this moment is to be out on the high seas again. I was born a fisherman and will die a fisherman I guess. I will try to tell how it really is on the rocking, gentle friend and at the same time, enemy of a man who ekes out his living or just plain pleasure from the sea. I really don't know where to begin, but as starters, I'll tell how I first got hooked on this type of living. I first started on a seine skiff. I'm sure some of you know what a seine skiff is. For the benefit of those who don't, it is a large skiff that is used in seining. However, this particular vessel was converted into a gillnetter. It is back breaking work to pull the full two hundred fathoms of net in when the wind is really whistling through and lashing the sea into huge white waves that threaten to swamp your boat. I really think that I'm not getting across as I should. But to continue bravely onward to the end of this page, I had a tent of sorts hastily erected to protect us from the biting westerlies, and the rain. Our sole mode of travel was a mere three horse outboard motor, which of course barely pushed our boat at the required speed at which to travel. Howsoever, we got to our destination, is somewhat chagrined to find that our fishing ground was taken. I was taken. I was a bit putout, because I had a small skiff which was hardly sufficient to compete with the bigger and faster boats. When we finally arrived to throw our net in the water, we found utter chaos. Of course I had traversed up to the blueline. Those who are familiar with the blueline know how it is if an enterprising, but tiny boat tries to bull their way in where angels fear to swim. We were consequently ousted out of the line rather in an undignified manner of which I didn't approve. But that is off the track somewhat. It is a thrill to get a netload of fish. You are pulling the numerous silvery salmon into your clutches if somewhat uncertain of your standings with the best fish of the seas. This is just the good side of the deal, now the bad side of it. If a fisherman has a no-no or a skunk as it's commonly called. A 'skunk' is a net that is void of fish. That is if you struggle valiantly, to regain equal grounds with the fish by means of the object you have on or in your boat, whichever the case may be, you lose ground and catch no fish, thereby losing to the fish. Then there is the load of weeds and kelps and all the nemesis of the net. Such nemesis as huge logs and stumps that would threaten to rip your net to shreds. Also there are the huge ships that have no regard whatsoever for your welfare. In spite of all this, I get an accomplished sort of feeling when I do get the big payoff, or just a statement that tells me that I owe the company such and such an amount of money. But there is a feeling of mastery when I cruise along the ever-changing ocean so vital to our welfare. I come from a tribe that consists mainly of fishermen who were if not the best pardon me, that should be best, part of the best on the coast. This in general, is the

little disappointed because such a little thing could keep them from coming to see you. Prison is a place where a letter from home or from a lawyer can be like a telegram from the war department. When you see it lying on your bed, you're afraid to open it. But you do it anyway and you usually end up disappointed or angry. Prison is a place where you see men you do not admire and you wonder if you are like them. It is a place where you strive to remain civilized, but where you lose ground and know it. Prison is a place where if you are married, you watch your marriage die. It is a place where you learn that absence does make the heart grow fonder, and where you stop blaming your wife for wanting a real live man instead of a fading memory. Prison is a place where you go to bed before you are tired, where you pull the blanket over your head when you're not cold. It is a place where you escape...by reading, by playing cards, by dreaming or by going mad. Prison is a place where you fool yourself, where you promise yourself you'll live a better life when you leave. Sometimes you do, but more often you don't. Prison is a place where you get out someday, when you do, you wonder how everyone can be so calm when you're so excited. When the driver goes over twenty-five miles per hour, you want to tell him to slow down, but you don't because you know it's foolish.