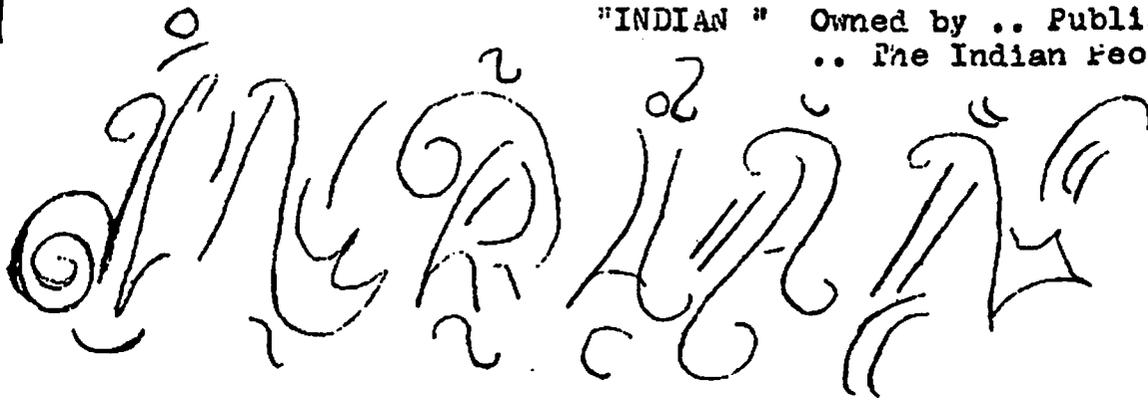


SEPTEMBER, 1969

Metchosin, British Columbia.

"INDIAN" Owned by .. Published for .. The Indian People of /..?



1965 "INDIAN" 1969.

By ~~Art~~ Esak

SEPTEMBER, 1969

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"EDITORIAL"

INDIAN

Out of the mountains came the echoing sounds of a policy which the white man has again written and expects the old Indians to follow. The "New Indian Policy" it's called! They say this policy is based on what the government has heard from the spokesmen of the Indian people at the consultation meetings, but I wonder how many Indians across Canada expressed their opinions? Was it these that said their piece and the government said it was enough to form a policy? This policy does not impose a set of specific rules but suggests a framework within which the Indian people, as individuals and as tribes, can hope to achieve some goal of importance in to-day's society.

This policy rests on the firm belief that Canada should be free of discrimination and that every group of Canadians should accept every other group without prejudice and without artificial barriers.

I believe actions will accomplish much more than words will. The potential greatness of this nation lies in the fact that each of us must get involved in government and that this involvement cannot be limited by one's education, colour, wealth or family. Democracy must work for everyone, or it works for no one. To limit it, is to destroy it.

They (the Whites) say we use the reservation as a "crutch" to go back to when we fail to adjust to city life. We do not wish to forget our culture, nor do we desire to entirely accept another. We are attempting to educate our young people and, through education, afford them the choice, the choice of taking the best from each culture in order that the end result will be a

INDIAN - Continued:

richer, fuller, more meaningful life for them.

Democracy is based upon the involvement of people in guiding and in directing themselves and their future.

Unwise statements by individuals only tend to retard progress in our efforts to understanding the white man and to having the white man understand us. They create conflict and frustrations which eventually lead to violence and destruction.

Education is at one's fingertips, all he has to do is reach out and grasp it -- but I wonder how many Indians in the next ten years will take advantage of this opportunity?

To find the importance of solving everyday problems is one step in the right direction of progressing at a steady pace.

Education can unlock a lot of doors and open the gates to a better free society.

By - Kenzie Basil

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I.E.C. "INDIAN" QWA WAA NAA

"INDIAN" shall be published every three months by the Indian Educational Club of William Head Institution, Box 10, Metchosin, British Columbia, Canada.

The "INDIAN" is provided as a means of expression and communication for the Indian Educational Club. All published material is accepted as being original. Though precautions are taken plagiaristic items may appear and the Editorial Staff does not assume the responsibility for such.

With the provision that recognition be given the "INDIAN", permission to re-print anything appearing in the magazine is cordially granted.

The "INDIAN" staff hopes sincerely that through the medium of this publication a greater feeling of understanding and faith will arise between society and us.

NOTICE TO THE READERS:

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to:

Editor of "INDIAN",

c/o G. Milner, Superintendent,

P.O. Box 10, Metchosin, B.C., Canada.

The Editor,
The "INDIAN",
William Head, B.C.

This letter is from a white man who would like to express his thoughts through the medium of your pages.

Having travelled extensively throughout Canada, and including the Territories, I have had many opportunities to meet and know many Indians and Metis.

Like white people, but to a far greater extent, the Canadian Indian goes from the semi-illiterate to the highly educated. For example, at the Six Nations Reservation at Oshwekan, near Brantford, Ontario, the Indians have full use of the Brantford Secondary Schools, as well as elementary schools on the reserve comparable to those in the city. The homes on this reserve are no different than those in the city. The population of the reserve is typically middle-class Canadian. Conversely, I have lived in the Yukon and seen Indian families living in wood camp tents in sub-zero weather with children who were receiving no education. In the middle there are thousands of just "average" Indians, Canadians like anyone else, but with a difference - they have red skin. These people have a proud past to look back on -- but to the white man's shame, a poor future to look forward to. The blame for this must lie in the past shortsightedness of our lawmakers and also on the apathy of the average white citizen. The Indian too, must accept part of the blame, he too, has been apathetic.

While employed at a Residential School, I was appalled at the manner in which the Indians, adults and children alike, were treated. One of the first things I was told by the principal following my arrival was that the staff were not permitted to mingle "socially" with the "natives". There was a Catholic school about two miles away and the whole emphasis at these schools seemed to be more on which faith could garner the most converts, not on elementary education.

Shortly after my arrival I was invited to attend a Saturday night dance in the Indian Village and when I accepted I was again warned by the principal. When I insisted on attending, I was told that if I did I could pack up and leave. I attended, and the following Monday packed up and left - a bigot like that I could do without, and it is bigotry such as that that has done much to foster the growing resentment the Indian population holds against the whites.

Some of the younger Indian people are taking positive steps to try to correct the situation. Princess Kahn-Tineka Horn of the Mohawks has made many speeches before white audiences on the subject and I have been privileged to hear her. She is persecuted at every turn, but she persists and many politicians are listening to her finally. She is very outspoken, and rightly so. The Indians have a rich heritage, one to be proud of and to cherish. They no longer want to be classed as "second class" citizens, they no longer want to represent 50% of Canada's penal population when they re-

Letter from "Bob" - Continued:

present only 5% of the population as a whole, and there is no reason why they should have to carry these burdens. It is small wonder some are bitter, it is a miracle more are not. It is no wonder they talk of "Red Power". What they are really saying is that they want the rights granted them under Treaty, and the right to live, to play and to work as any other citizens; Rights that the white man has enjoyed for years. They want the right then should they transgress the law they will receive exactly the same justice as a white and in all these rights, I concur. These are not special privileges or special status they ask, these are simply rights that any person living in a democracy deserves.

Possibly this letter is a little outspoken, but the subject is one that has troubled me for years. I have felt guilty and just hope the time has now arrived that our Indian people will be understood and accepted.

- BOB -

GUEST EDITORIAL

We admit to making mistakes. Each in turn has tripped over hang-ups, therefore, we do not pretend to know the answers but only of being aware.

The background of Indian inmates who have run afoul of society's laws are not any different than the ghetto kids who, idle and uneducated have become bitter and frustrated.

The pace of yesterday has changed. Lately we are no longer passive, just letting things run their course. The Indian of to-day is aggressive, searching for answers. Aggressive in that we want to do, rather than having been done for; being rather than having to be; together rather than apart. This had been doubted in the beginning -- that inmates could become involved and absorb themselves into an organized system of decision and policy making.

Four years ago at the first happening of the Indian Educational-Club in the B.C. Penitentiary, it began with one inmate. From there it has blossomed into four groups: B.C. Pen., Agassiz, Matsqui and William Head. Before it was "I want to learn - teach me". Now it is: "I have learned - what's next?"

"What's next", for some, has been X-Kalay, Half-Way House for ex-convicts, the dream and sweat of all those who have worked towards a definite and practical end.

For those of us who have been here and have left, or soon to leave, we will not have left behind just another joint to do time in, another joint

Guest Editorial - Continued:

that fed on old hang-ups while creating new ones, but an organized "bag", a purpose for being. "Identity" some call it, but being Indian is good enough, in fact the only thing good enough for you cannot change what you were naturally made.

The pattern of programmes which we have set up for ourselves are aimed at solving individual hang-ups, collective uptight feelings and all that garbage that reservations and residential schools have created.

As an Indian Group we do not claim responsibility for the new awareness that to-day's youth are experiencing, but as inmates we claim awareness of being Indian and Convict at the same time and of knowing the stumbling blocks which we face. Programmes created not for solving Indian-White relationships, but of only for ourselves. "Participate!! Contribute!! It is your future, make it truly yours. You couldn't have made so many wrong moves armed with a healthy intelligence". This quote is by the residents of X-Kalay.

Abandon your fear of intimacy, learn to share, rid yourself of the garbage which hung you up in the beginning.

Slowly at first the little things crept in tentatively. We experienced them gradually as time and the trial and error system of learning became more positive. We had set into motion cultural, personal and collective methods of learning.

Group discussions, closer contact with outside or "square john" people via guest speakers. Public speaking being our formal method of communicating. The meetings on the whole are informal, chaired by one executive and the agenda controlled by the whole membership body. Subjects at times controversial, others purposely creating a relaxed feeling, thus encouraging more group participation.

It seems incredible that once most of us were addicts, thieves and woe-begones haunting Vancouver's East end and are now scheming with the best of them. That's integration for you I suppose. But if you are of the skeptical type and don't believe what I've said, arrange to come to one of our meetings on Monday nights at 7:30 P.M. and see for yourself.

Danny Allan

REFORM AND OBSERVATION OF MAN

As we search further into the meaning of reform and try to find the solution for a man's behaviour, we realize the essential importance and purpose of the individual.

Purpose not only defines the "WHAT", it also explains the "WHY". Reform means "change" in part of it's definition, but are we not sometimes too hasty in wanting this change in a person?

We must remain constantly aware that the human individual is not just a machine. The human has feelings, sensitivity, and purpose.

Crime has been defined as a violation of the law and as unacceptable behaviour which violates the rules of social order. It has also been defined as the state where an individual escapes into his emotions and allows his emotions to govern him. It is an adjustment to emotional needs. The ends are observable objects or relationships which satisfy the individuals actions.

We must therefore seek the deeper meaning, the motivation for his crime. We must explore the past actions and values of each individual. We must examine behavioural characteristics of individuals and we will then discover the motivation.

C. Billy

Efficiently balancing life's needs
Thus times change.
In the spring dreams melt away
Destroying waste, making way
For summer, and dreams yet unfulfilled,
But the coming fall like despair
Slowly changing the way of things;
Readying man for winter slumber
Where he will again stay in a motionless state
For days, months, possibly years
If things that are do not change.
But as before they shall awaken -
With a tingling sensation!
For one and many have sat for hours
Creating again like naught before
A formula for atomic destruction,
Bringing with it what seems
To be man's only purpose for living.
Written in blood were history's pages,
Millions died so that they could sing
Of heroes strong and dear.
Who dares wonder why the cause -
Who asks of things that be -
If mankind will ever control his
own thoughts, but, -- perhaps -
The burning of bridges after man's
Creations and the parts they play,
Along with the games they think of,
Will thus destroy man's own
Search for everlasting infinity
Is just too much to hope for.
So I, like many others, sit quietly
Listening again for rippling waters,
Gentle Breezes gently moving -
Things that are and always be;
For it is here, as before, hope shall,
In nature's way, life begin.

Kenzie Basil

E D U C A T I O N

In its broadest meaning, education is a process that begins when we are born, and continues throughout life.

To our young Indian people in high school, however, education must have a special and more personal meaning if it is to serve them in later years.

In certain Vocational Schools here in British Columbia there are a number of vocational counsellors who are of Indian origin and they are responsible for those Indian students who come from the remote parts of the province. They work with each student and try to provide the widest possible experience in general education as well as the opportunity for personal knowledge. This prepares the student for the day when he will have to go forth in a strange environment and function as an individual; where each must evaluate and decide his course of action; where he must have regard not only for his or her problems, but also for the problems of others and, finally, where each must be prepared and willing to accept responsibility for the consequences of his actions, if individual freedom is to have any meaning at all.

A friendly handshake is all one student needed to cement their friendship and unite their hearts.

These young students are there for the great common purpose of getting an education. Small differences are set aside for greater purpose for which they are toiling.

There are many things one can accomplish when he or she has achieved an education. There is a promising future for those who reach this goal.

Sonny Dumont

Metchosin Few - Danny Allan -

Ladened with goodies
Quickly packed,
Hobby made things
Begotten, over the years.
Things they've valued,
Letters received, photos kept,
They are ready, place your bets.
There they go!!
Some to reservations, others to cities,
Some to win, others to show.
Two dollar rooms, or homes
Aglow, where ever it may be,
There they go!!
Those freshly starting, receive
Warm farewell, best to all.
He that lives in memories,
Remembering a love once found,
Now lost to time, the eternal enemy.
Well to him, we really don't know.
These are the Metchosin few,
Whom most have forgotten.
Who, over the years, have done
Their share carrying the load.
Society wished them to be gone -
They have gone!!
But they are back here, they are,
Some to win, others to place,
The agony of it all my friend.
Some again are destined to lose,
Such is the course of those -
The Metchosin Few.

THE INDIAN IN PRISON

The majority of Indians in jail to-day do not think for themselves. Therefore, a large percentage of them are, or will be, repeaters. Many are uneducated in the ways of society, feel inferior to the white man, or are just outright lazy. They will not try to help themselves in any way to prepare for a better future.

Since many are from remote parts of the country, they are fascinated by the stories they hear in prison. Too many take these seriously and upon release they go out, try what they have heard and as a result land up right back in.

There is also the problem of getting along with fellow Indians (inmates); many are suspicious and jealous of each other. The few who do try to help the others are generally frowned upon as others feel they are out to beat them.

What I am trying to say is that until such time as the Indian learns to think for himself, and deserves the respect of others, he may as well prepare to spend the rest of his life in prison. It seems that any Indian who does try to better himself is criticized by the others and is said to have been "brainwashed" by the "white man".

A close look will show that this is just not so. It simply shows that he has matured and is capable of thinking in tune with modern ways of life and not as when the world was proceeding at a slow crawl. So, until the Indian learns to cope with the present and to respect the rights of others, he will always be in prison.

John S. Crocker

A C T I O N

Everyone professes a belief in Peace and Love -- yet most fail miserably in applying it to their own lives. They fear to show such "softness" to anyone else. How long can this slow progress of enlightening people to such a universal comfort go? Must we only write about it and talk about it, or is it not time to act on it? My feelings are: "No!! - We cannot leave it. We must back up our words with action. Spread the word! Spread the action! Lay it on thick and heavy!"

Turn on every man, woman and child to whatever is their "thing". Bring laughter and gladness to every person's heart.

Gradually, oh, so very gradually, we may get sold on the idea -- and from this idea new and exhilarating experiences may pass before your eyes through technocracy and through the freedom to approach anything you want.

ACTION! This is the password that shall carry Love and Peace to its highest peak, or else utter degradation.

B. & G. Chartrand

BELLA BELLA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Bella Bella is my home town. It is located about 350 miles northwest of Vancouver on an island in the Queen Charlotte Sound.

The Indian population is at least 2000. There are approximately 300 non-Indians at Bella Bella.

Since coming to William Head Institution, located on the southern tip of Vancouver Island, I have had the opportunity of taking part in a well established club, the "Indian Educational Club". In the past six or seven months we have had many interesting meetings and we have been privileged to entertain many wonderful guests.

Here in the institution I've been taking a vocational course in carpentry. This has now been successfully completed.

When I leave here I would like to return to Bella Bella and either go back fishing or, if possible, obtain work as a carpenter.

Steve Reid