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Windspeaker

Christmas
Memories
Pages 13-22

December 19 - January 1

Canada's National Aboriginal News Publication

Volume 12 No. 20

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News

Gitxsan, Wet'suwet'en suspend suit in favor of treaty negotiations

By Carol Eichstaedt & Doug Donaldson
Windspeaker Contributors

HAZELTON, B.C.

It was an historic occasion full of hope and promise.

In a traditional ceremony on June 13, 1994, at Tse Kya Hall on the Hagwilget Reserve, Gitxsan and Wet'suwet'en chiefs signed an agreement to suspend their land title court action for one year and negotiate with the B.C. government.

Six months later the new relationship heralded by B.C. Premier Mike Harcourt when he signed the Accord of Recognition and Respect has yet to surface. Discussions have bogged down because the federal and provincial sides are unable—or unwilling—to get their house in order.

Mas Gak (Don Ryan), chief negotiator for the Gitxsan, characterized the talks so far as "the usual" where federal and provincial negotiators take their time in making any progress.

"There's reluctance on the part of the Crown until a third party consultation process is set up, so we'll probably have to sit around and wait for that," said Mas Gak. "They will do what they can to make sure they're declared not ready by the B.C. Treaty Commission. I don't think people should tolerate that process."

The B.C. Treaty Commission was established to oversee the multitude of treaty processes getting under way in the province. They set out a six-stage process for negotiating a treaty where the final stage is implementation. Real negotiations don't begin until after the three parties are declared ready to negotiate by the BCTC in stage two.

To pass this stage each of the parties must submit to the BCTC items to show that they are "ready", such as a list of their major issues, the ratification procedures for their side for the final treaty and how third party consultation will take place.

"There's reluctance on the part of the Crown until a third party consultation process is set up, so we'll probably have to sit around and wait for that. They will do what they can to make sure they're declared not ready by the B.C. Treaty Commission. I don't think people should tolerate that process."

— Mas Gak (Don Ryan), chief negotiator for the Gitxsan

On Sept. 28 the BCTC declared both the Gitxsan and Wet'suwet'en sides ready to negotiate.

A half-a-year after the Accord was signed the province finally got enough information in place to pass stage two.

The federal side still hasn't submitted enough documentation to the BCTC to be declared ready.

Because the provincial and federal sides are slow off the mark, the discussions so far are only talks about talks, not negotiations.

As a result of the work which went into the Delgam Uukw court case and other self-government initiatives during the last two decades, the Gitxsan and Wet'suwet'en Nations are well prepared for negotiations and are constantly trying to move the process along.

"We are doing a lot of things ahead of the process," said Mas Gak. "I find it frustrating."

In the Accord the Gitxsan and the Wet'suwet'en agreed to put off their court action for 12 months with a possible extension of another six months if "significant progress" is taking place.

The two First Nations had been granted a leave to appeal the Delgam Uukw case to the Supreme Court of Canada.

With the signing of the Accord the Gitxsan and Wet'suwet'en decided they would negotiate separately on the treaty process. The Wet'suwet'en chief negotiator is Satsun (Herb George).

Despite the delaying tactics by the government sides the Gitxsan have made progress as-

sembling a high-powered negotiating team, establishing an administrative office and working on several interim agreements.

In a series of meetings during the summer the Gitxsan chose five negotiators along with Mas Gak. The five who round out the team are Wii Elasst (Jim Angus), Yoobx (Elmer Derrick), Niis Noolth (Ray Jones), Madeegam Gyamk (Neil John Sterritt) and Skanu'u (Ardythe Wilson).

On Sept. 1 the Gitxsan Treaty Office opened. It is set up to administer the treaty process and has a communications department, library, archives, staff and negotiator's offices. The GTO is in the former tribal council office in Hazelton.

The Gitxsan team have proceeded with trilateral public education exercises through open houses and forums within the Gitxsan territories. They also have unilaterally developed and implemented an extensive public information and education campaign locally and externally.

Another step taken is the work toward the signing of the Significant Progress Agreement. The SPA is the bilateral agreement between the province and the Gitxsan which sets dates for completion of certain products.

These include three points of reference: the treaty framework agreement to be completed by Dec. 31, 1994; the treaty agreement-in-principle by July 1995 and the treaty signing by Dec. 31, 1997.

Included in the bilateral talks are forest resource management agreement discussions between the Gitxsan and the Min-

istry of Forests.

The FRMA is meant to be a tool for the Gitxsan Nation to protect resources on their territories while a treaty is negotiated. The Gitxsan face a business-as-usual attitude by forest companies and the Ministry of Forests despite the B.C. Court of Appeal ruling on June 25, 1994, that Aboriginal rights were never extinguished in B.C. and that consultation must take place before activities affecting these rights, such as logging, take place.

Several "hotspots" have erupted since treaty negotiations began.

In late August, northern Gitxsan chiefs took direct action in the Bear Lake region to protect the delicate ecosystem from clearcut plans by the Takla Track and Timber, based in Prince George, B.C.

The area was described by Gitxsan as a prime traditional berry picking location and the Sustat and Bear Rivers as prime producers of steelhead and Chinook salmon.

In October, in the Fiddler Creek watershed in the western Gitxsan territories, the Ministry of Forests granted a controversial road-building permit to Skeena Cellulose Inc., based in Terrace, B.C.

Lax Skiik (Eagle clan) members, who had protected the watershed for the last eight years, reached the site in mid-October to stop further action. Regardless of the direct action and attempts to negotiate since 1993, the watershed is still endangered.

In his address at the 17th annual Gitxsan convention on Nov. 18, 1994, Mas Gak summarized the events to date in the negotiations and made several strong recommendations.

"I am recommending that an Agreement-In-Principle, and B.C. honoring their own tests, be the benchmark for significant progress. I am also recommending that we go back to the Supreme Court of Canada if we are not close to an Agreement-In-Principle by next November," he said.

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HURON CAROLE

What's musically dazzling, varied, raises money for charity and is spreading across Canada? It's the Huron Carole, which sold out for its Edmonton debut.

See Terry Lusty's review, Page 11.

BYTE ME

Thinking of buying a computer for Christmas? Think again and go for a reconditioned model - they're way cheaper. Windspeaker's computer columnist Gary Armstrong leads readers through the tangled terminology of computer land and how to decide what's right for you.

See page R7.

AD DEADLINES

The advertising deadline for the January 30 issue is Thursday, January 19, 1995.

NATION IN BRIEF

Native casino to open

The Rama Reserve in Ontario has been chosen as the site for the first provincial Native casino. The Chippewa reserve is proposing a resort-casino complex that will produce 815 jobs and will include restaurants and a gaming area with 1,100 slot machines and 57 table games. Rama was chosen over the Wahta Mohawk reserve in Muskoka, and the Munsee-Delaware near London. Profits from the casino will be shared with other reserves rather than sent in part to the province. Indian bands operated a casino at a provincially owned casino in Windsor but sent a portion of the profit to Ontario coffers.

Planning and technology awarded

A software package that organizes inventories of apartment units was among five housing projects awarded for excellency this month. The Canadian Mortgage and Housing Corporation honored individuals, corporations and bands for their innovative contributions to Aboriginal housing across the country. The winning submissions included design for Elders' lodges, a program enabling band members to buy land and build homes, and a housing model that meets the technical challenges of building in the far North.

Oka Inquiry

The Oka inquiry has adjourned after three years and 125 witnesses. It is still unknown who shot and killed Cpl. Marcel Lemay during a police raid on a Mohawk barricade near Oka, Que. Coroner Guy Gilbert, who is currently examining the testimony heard over 128 days of hearings, has reserved the right to call more witnesses to help clarify his report. Gilbert's assistant, Richard Masson, said the intent of the inquiry was to examine the circumstances that led to the death in order to prevent similar fatalities.

Aurelein Gill new Commissioner

Aurelein Gill has been appointed as Commissioner of Indian Specific Claims Commission by Ron Irwin, Minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development. The Commission is an independent body formed to investigate and report on disputes between First Nations and the Government of Canada. Disputes concerning the rejection of a specific claim or disagreements concerning compensation criteria used in negotiating settlements is investigated, and the commission can also arrange mediation. Gill is a member of the National Economic Development Board and has held positions such as Chief of the Montagnais of Pointe-à-la-Peine and Regional Director General of Indian Affairs and Northern Development for the Quebec Region.

Journalist dies at age 78

Journalist Britt Jessop, who broke the story of Grey Owl, died Dec. 8 at the age of 78. Jessop worked for the North Bay Nugget from 1934 until 1981, and discovered that Grey Owl, a popular conservation writer who claimed to be the son of a Scot and an Apache, was actually an Englishman. The story was held for three years until Grey Owl's death in 1938.

Separatism violation of Aboriginal treaty rights

The Assembly of First Nations is urging Prime Minister Jean Chretien to step in and stop Quebec separatism. Separatism is a violation of Aboriginal treaty rights and Natives' international human rights, say Assembly leaders. Chretien has a responsibility to block any unilateral attempt by Quebec to separate, AFN leader Ovide Mercredi told delegates gathered for a special meeting of the assembly. Delegates unanimously adopted a resolution stating Quebec sovereignty is a threat to inherent Aboriginal, treaty, constitutional, and other human rights. The delegates reiterated that the province could not separate without the consent of Aboriginal peoples. The Assembly wants a meeting with the prime minister and the premiers to determine how they will answer to the Native request.

News

Dismantling stops colonialism for Manitoba bands

By Catherine M. Senecal
Windspeaker Contributor

WINNIPEG

Manitoba's First Nations took a giant step towards autonomy on Dec. 7, when Assembly of Manitoba Chiefs Grand Chief Phil Fontaine and Indian Affairs Minister Ron Irwin signed the framework agreement that begins dismantling the Department of Indian Affairs in the province.

"Since first contact with the European societies in what they claimed to be called British North America and was later called Canada, the First Nations have witnessed little by little the assumption of our powers of self-determining nations," said Fontaine.

"With the signing of this accord, colonialism is about to end and the inherent right of First Nations to exercise the powers of self-government and self-determining nations is about to come into fruition."

Irwin told the crowd of more than 500 people that while the complex task of dismantling will involve numerous federal government departments and 60 in-



Catherine Senecal

Indian Affairs Minister Ronald Irwin (left) and Phil Fontaine, Grand Chief of the Assembly of Manitoba Chiefs, signed a framework for dismantling Indian Affairs in Manitoba.

dividual First Nations, they are looking to accomplish early tangible and substantial progress.

"To illustrate our commitment to action, the transfer of three important areas of jurisdic-

tion, namely education, fire protection and capital programs, will be our first task."

The framework agreement recognizes that the people of the First Nations of Manitoba must

give informed consent at every stage of the process. This means each First Nation makes the decision to ratify the agreement at the community level before it is integrated. Fontaine said he hopes all First Nations in Manitoba will buy into the arrangement, but that the decision is up to them.

"We will be establishing a distinct order of government in Manitoba, one that will operate as an equal to the provincial and federal levels of government," said Fontaine.

Irwin said he hoped the First Nations would work together to achieve self-government.

"There are First Nations that are still uncomfortable taking over administration in the elementary schools . . . We're hoping that the ones with experience move ahead, then help those with less experience so that we can move forward collectively."

Incremental resources of \$4.3 million have been earmarked to cover the initial two-year phase of the project, most of which will allow Manitoba First Nations to conduct research, develop government structure proposals, develop program management options and implement a communications strategy. To varying de-

grees, First Nations already control more than 80 per cent of the Indian and Inuit Affairs Program's \$3.5 billion budget.

Meanwhile, Indigenous and Aboriginal groups from across Canada and around the world are watching Manitoba to see how the self-government process will work, a process that may take more than 10 years. After 10 years, a meeting is planned to review the progress of the agreement.

Fontaine's own predictions for the future include First Nations court systems; productive, viable communities; exclusive jurisdiction over child welfare, education, health and other areas; and shared jurisdiction in highway and defense matters, for example.

"I can see communities operating totally different from the way they operate today."

The agreement is a result of an understanding that started in September 1993 when The Liberal Plan for Canada, known as the Red Book, promised "The Liberal government will be committed to gradually winding down the Department of Indian Affairs at a pace agreed upon by First Nations, while maintaining the federal fiduciary responsibility."

A strong North benefits all Canada

By Debora Lockyer
Windspeaker Staff Writer

OTTAWA

The voice of Canada's first lady of the Arctic speeds across 3,200 kilometres of telephone cable as she begins an interview with Windspeaker from her home in Ottawa. Her manner is easy, her approach sure and confident as she discusses her appointment as the first Ambassador for Circumpolar Affairs.

For more than a month now, Mary Simon has been setting up an Arctic shop under the auspices of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. She has been briefed in all the areas her ambassadorial fingers are expected to touch and ruminated over the mandate of the position.

Simon knows well the needs of the North, the commitment of the federal government to the region, but when asked why the rest of Canada should care about her new position, she hesitates and sighs. Southern apathy has often been a stumbling block to improving the quality of life in the North.

All Canadians have a vested interest in a strong and healthy North, said Simon. While southerners many not benefit directly from having a circumpolar ambassador, Simon believes Canada's economic position will improve as northerners take greater control over their lives.

As an example, she cites deficit reduction.

"Inuit are taxpayers like other Canadians," Simon said. As the northern economy improves, the people will be better able to contribute and help reduce costs for the rest of the

country, she said.

Ottawa's creation of this new position is recognition that the North is now a bigger part of the national agenda than it's ever been before, said Simon. Her job will be to represent the government of Canada in the circumpolar region in its dealings with the other Arctic states of Russia, Iceland, Sweden, Finland, Norway, Denmark and the United States.

A priority of the federal government is the creation of an Arctic Council, added Simon. The council will represent a multilateral process which will deal effectively with the issues that affect the circumpolar region.

One such issue is transboundary pollution, which is becoming a serious problem for the people who rely on the natural food sources of the Arctic, she said. Toxins and contaminants like PCBs come to Canada's northern shores from Eastern Europe and can be found in the food chain. It is hoped a body made up of representatives of the region will find ways to deal with Arctic problems through negotiation and co-operation.

While Simon has always been a strong advocate for the Arctic environment, her duties as ambassador will go well beyond this scope. She will be required to help initiate changes in the Arctic policy of Canada, policy that has to this point in time been absent to a large extent, she said.

Policy governing such things as renewable resources and economic development has to be clearly defined and put into place in the region if improvements are to be seen in the social conditions in the North, Simon insists. More than that, the people of the North must have a say.

Environmental agreement ends Apex Alpine blockade

By Dina O'Meara
Windspeaker Staff Writer

PENTICTON, B.C.

Three bands have ratified an agreement with the provincial government ensuring environmental studies be done in the Okanagan region before further development is undertaken.

The initial agreement with the Penticton and Upper and Lower Similkameen bands comes on the heels of a month-long selective blockade of roads leading to the Apex Alpine ski resort. The company had announced a \$20-million expansion of the resort which the bands said would have devastating effects on the area's watershed.

Band members gave their unanimous support to the initial agreement at meetings held in their communities the first week of December, said Penticton band council member Stewart Phillip.

"People saw they need to place their trust in this kind of agreement," he said. "We've achieved a great deal with this agreement."

Previous attempts at negotiating with the company and the B.C. government to have environmental assessments completed were not dealt with to the band's satisfaction.

In November, the bands set up check points on the three roads leading up the mountain, turning back construction workers and equipment, but allowing tourists and regular employees to pass.

Under the agreement, signed Dec. 14 by band leaders and provincial ministers, environmental impact assessments will be conducted in the area encompassing seven mountain peaks and their watersheds.

As well, Apex agreed not to start any new construction between Dec. 15 and April 15, 1995.

The new relationship provides greater opportunities to work through issues as opposed to setting up check points, Phillip said.

"At least now we have a mechanism to deal with these issues in a formal and orderly manner, instead of forming picket lines."

"Now we have a legal, binding agreement that covers development, and it covers a very large area, so we got more than we asked for."

Government may sell Swan Hills plant

By Linda Caldwell
Windspeaker Staff Writer

EDMONTON

News that the Alberta government may sell its stake in the Alberta Special Waste Treatment Centre at Swan Hills has delighted Indian bands in the area.

"Selling it, getting it privatized, is about the quickest way to get the thing shut down," said Richard Secord, lawyer for the Lesser Slave Lake Tribal Council and the Indian Association of Alberta.

"It's our view that this thing can't make a go unless it's heavily subsidized by the taxpayer."

The Alberta government has already sunk \$250 million into the

plant, which it owns jointly with Bovar Inc. Yearly subsidies total \$25 million and were projected to reach \$379 million by 2008.

Bovar, which owns 60 per cent of the plant, is guaranteed a rate of return on its investment, regardless of the plant's performance. The plant, which has never made a profit, has been paid \$34 million as a return on its investment to date.

The plant, which has just received approval from Alberta's Natural Resources Conservation Board to import toxic waste for treatment, sits on part of the traditional lands of Treaty 8 First Nations.

According to studies released by Chem-Security, which operates the centre for Bovar, highly toxic PCBs and other contaminants

have been found in soil, sediments, fish, plants and small animals in the area, where a number of Aboriginals hunt and trap. The levels of PCBs being released are 10 times the legal limit allowed in Ontario.

The provincial government hoped the NRCB approval, which still has to be approved by Cabinet, would help the plant finally turn a profit. But Bovar's subsidiary told the NRCB hearings the plant would continue to lose \$101 million by 1999 even if waste is shipped from other provinces for treatment.

Even if the joint venture is terminated, Bovar will be reimbursed its net investment of \$81 million, which will bring the loss to the taxpayers to a total of \$277 million.

Our Opinion

Sharing and love convey the true meaning of Christmas

And they came into the house and saw the Child with Mary His mother; and they fell down and worshipped Him; and opening their treasures they presented to Him gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Matthew 2:11

When the magi from the east arrived in Bethlehem of Judea in search of the newborn King, they brought with them gifts they felt were worthy of royalty. Today, almost 2,000 years later, the tradition of gift-giving as a means of celebrating Christ's birth continues. Only now, instead of gold and frankincense and myrrh, modern people can choose from a litany of other priceless baubles to bestow upon loved ones, thereby demonstrating the depth of their feelings for them.

However, instead of spending the last days before Christmas searching for the spirit of the season, many of us spend them in search of expensive gift items to fulfill the sometimes extravagant wishes of our young, our sweethearts and a slough of friends and relatives, many of whom we only see on this one occasion each year.

Christmas gift-giving, in fact, has lost its once special meaning. Many of us, instead of finding joy in the celebration, will worry and brood over what we can and can't afford but will buy anyway. We will sacrifice our own economic health to bring a fleeting smile to the faces of the people we love or those we are obligated to please. This tradition often brings more sorrow than gladness.

Looking over the stack of this year's Christmas story entries, sent to us from Windspeaker readers, it quickly becomes clear that the gift-giving tradition is over-rated and over-done. Christmas memories, it seems, are not made up of the things that come from one package or another, but of the gift that can only come from the heart: Time. The memories of time spent with favorite people doing simple things is a gift that never grows old, wears thin or breaks down.

At first glance, one wouldn't think that taking the time to bake a batch of Christmas cookies with the children, help them decorate the house or attend a school pageant would leave as lasting an impression as the marvels placed in the stockings or in brightly wrapped packages under the tree — but they do. A boom-box or a Barbie bride doll can't replace the warmth of grandma's hug and kisses, the singing of Christmas carols while cooking a hearty meal on the stove, or the power of the family gathering together at midnight mass.

In truth, we know it is better to measure a generous spirit and bigness of heart by the amount of time a person is willing to spend, not the amount of cash he is willing to part with. But sometimes we forget and choose to place so much more importance on the material show of love than the love itself. Why? Because we've become accustomed to judging our worth by the things that we possess.

This Christmas, let's take some direction from the one man we choose to honor at this time of year. Let's celebrate His birth by remembering His words.

"Do not lay up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust destroy, and where thieves break in and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust destroys, and where thieves do not break in or steal; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

Matthew 6:19-21



Illustration by Don Kew

'twas the night before Christmas...

By Gilbert Oskaboose

Northern Ontario Dec. 24, 1964 — on a bitterly cold Christmas Eve — halfway between somewhere and nowhere — a Greyhound bus whispers through the night.

Some passengers try to read, others sleep, most of us just sat crunched up against frosted windows, staring out into the night.

Suddenly the driver let out a curse and half-stood on the brakes. The big bus bucked and swayed, then shuddered to a stop.

In a blast of wintry air a white-haired old man climbed aboard. He handed the driver some crumpled bills out of an old army greatcoat that hung on him like a horse blanket. The driver muttered darkly about unauthorized stops and some drunk in the rear yelled:

"Shut the friggin door! Were you born in a barn or sumpin'?"

Passengers fidgeted around, sticking pocketbooks and shopping bags on the empty seats beside them. I planted my feet up on the seat beside me and pretended to be asleep. The driver — still grumbling — slammed the door shut, let off the air brakes and the bus lurched off in to the night. The Old Man just stood there. He didn't make a move to sit. He just stood there, tugging at a dirty white beard, a small grin

spreading over his weathered face.

Then he roared: "My God, it's Christmas and I've never seen a sorer bunch of sad sacks in my whole life."

Silence. An absolute silence hung there in the bus like a shroud... Then the drunk at the back of the bus farted. It was an awesome thing... the equivalent of at least three sticks of dynamite... a flatulence Hall-of-Famer... a thunder-clap that rolled through the bus like the Crack of Doom... reverberating, echoing, popping windows...

The spell was broken and the Old Man started moving down the bus, seat by seat shaking hands, talking, laughing, hugging and kissing complete strangers.

As he moved down the bus he left behind him a spirit... of happiness, joy, renewed hope, oneness... something wonderful... In his wake he left people no longer strangers introducing themselves, laughing, talking. Even the driver loosened up and started whistling.

In those days I wasn't the friendliest person in the world so when he reached me I was stiff as a board, watching his approach through narrowed eyes.

He stuck out a big paw and I took it, mainly out of respect for an Elder. His deep blue eyes seemed to be looking straight into what was

left of my soul when he whispered, "Your Ma will be glad to see you, son, you've been gone away too long."

Then he moved on, leaving me to wonder how did he know about me and too many distant provinces, too many relationships gone sour and too many lonely roads that led nowhere...

I didn't think about it too long because a sailor had dug out an old harmonica and was blowing them sweet and low.

The Old Man put words to the carol and soon the whole bus joined in — at first shyly, timidly — then loudly in glorious song. By the time the bus reached my stop we were up to Silent Night, Holy Night. Everybody stood up to see me off.

The sailor gave me a hard handshake and wished me smooth sailing, a pretty girl I had dismissed earlier as a probable snot gave me a quick hug and a shy kiss on the cheek. I damn near burst into tears when the old Indian couple embraced me together and wished me and mine the best Christmas ever.

As my boots crunched through a hard crust towards the warm lights of home a gentle snow started falling, and I thought about the Old Man, about a busload of strangers — and the real meaning of Christmas.

Windspeaker

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Your Opinion

Forget taxes — First Nations paid with their land

Dear Editor,

It troubles me that some Canadians feel that First Nations are taking an unfair advantage of federal government programs and certain tax exemption benefits. Recently, Toronto columnist Diane Francis stated in her commentary that "Ottawa should amend the Indian Act immediately to make sure that Indians pull their weight".

I found this statement so ludicrous my immediate reaction was "that poor uneducated and misled individual". Just exactly how much more weight does she expect First Nations to endure? Our very history since the signing of Treaty Six has been seriously marred by skillful but illegal government maneuvers that read like something out of an international espionage novel.

This is kind of how it goes. The Queen through her reps make a Treaty with the Indians of Alberta and Saskatchewan. The year, 1876. Their intention, invade a country without firing a shot. They promised the First Nations that they will continue to hunt, fish and trap as before. They promised among other things to provide health services, education and exemption from the Queen's taxes. And most of all, they agreed to share the land and its resources and live in peace with each other.

Less than 30 years later, in 1905 and after much political wrangling, the Crown in Right of the Dominion of Canada establish the western colonies into the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan. But what good is a province

without full control of its natural resources? In less than 30 years later, in 1930, the First Nations people lost almost all their land and control of their resources by way of the Natural Resources Transfer Act. First Nations were forced to watch all this like a bad nightmare, the kind you can do nothing about. They were not even permitted to leave the reserve without a special permit.

They took the children from their homes and took away their language and their courage in their residential schools. Many of us perished in the terrible epidemics that swept First Nations like wildfire and the hard cold winters brought freezing starvation.

In writing her article about First Nations not pulling their weight, she quoted only one source, the Attorney General's report. Perhaps what that poor unfortunate non-Native journalist should know is that every story has two sides. In our case it's three sides: First Nations, the federal government (Queen) and the province.

According to the Royal Proclamation of 1763 and later affirmed in the Canada Act of 1867 as well as the spirit and intent of Treaty Six, it was agreed that First Nations would be consulted on any legislation that affects them. This was not done at the conception of the provinces and again First Nations were not consulted about the transfer of natural resources to the province. The very question about the legal creation of the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan becomes in doubt. Did the federal government pass the Alberta and the Saskatch-

ewan Acts in 1905 without conferring with the First Nations? Of course the answer is quite obvious, yes. They considered First Nations at the time to be merely a minor pain in the side, but not strong enough in number with even less First Nations people informed of the proceedings and therefore went ahead with colonization with a gusto. The provinces were entered into Confederation in 1905 but the federal government retained control of the province's natural resources, choosing instead to provide seed money for expansion of the settlements, mining, lumbering and building of the railway system.

Then in 1930, after much pressure and campaign promises, Prime Minister King awarded each province control of the land and natural resources in exchange for a share of the revenue going to the federal government and the other provinces. Not once was it mentioned that the First Nations had any interest in a share of their lands and resources. That particular fight has only begun in earnest and hopefully through skillful negotiations at the bilateral table, First Nations will be allowed to benefit from the fruit of their land. When the treaties were signed, only a ploughshare's depth of land was given to the Queen. Nothing deeper than that or living on the surface was ever surrendered by First Nations people.

It really burns my tailfeathers when some Canadians cannot appreciate what a great contribution and sacrifice the First Nations have made to this country. Efforts must continue to per-

sue the British Parliament to apply its influence to ensure that Canada fulfills its treaty obligations and to stop the unilateral destruction of our lands and its resources.

Many view the treaties as the surrender of First Nations land and resources to the Queen. But many more people view the entire process as the biggest peace-time land grab in the history of the formation of Canada. In fact the treatment of many Indigenous peoples around the globe by their colonial invaders, peacefully or by force, is the subject of a special committee at the United Nations.

The time has come for all First Nations people across this country to continue educating the general public, who unfortunately don't know their own history. Enlighten them of the many injustices that have been committed on First Nations peoples, even to this day.

However, it is never too late to sit down like honorable people to solve the issues that concern and affect us. We are a proud and sturdy people and we have endured much more adversity than most Canadians will ever hope to understand. Our love for our land cannot be measured in terms of its worth in dollars. We have always depended on our land and its resources for survival and it is our treaty right to govern ourselves, determine our own future and utilize an equitable share of our natural resources to meet the needs of our people.

Thomas Piche
Hobbema, Alta.

Elder sees hunting charge as threat to treaty rights

Dear Editor,

For some unknown reason, I do not know why, but suddenly I got this spirit stirred up in me quite strongly to write about the Dettah treaty Dene Elder who is charged for killing a caribou near the end of the Ingraham Trail. This happened north of Yellowknife when two young game officers, Dave Williams and Roger Fraser, both presently employed by the GNWT, issued him the tickets.

But first, I will explain what transpired before going ahead with this writing.

After receiving the tickets on Nov. 11, 1994, this treaty Elder, Benoit Noel, a pensioner, became, and still is, very upset and confused. He felt totally lost and helpless.

On the way back to town, this definitely finally sunk in deep down in his very essence, to his soul and it really hurt him very badly. And then he asked me to have this written up for him in the paper.

He said he cannot read,

write or understand English at all because he has no formal educational background whatsoever. Then he went on to explain to me in Dogrib language that when the treaties were signed, one of the things the Elders had officially stated before the signing of the treaties was/is that there would/will not be any game restrictions and regulations imposed on the treaty First Nation peoples.

The First Nation Peoples would/will always be allowed to hunt, fish, and trap anytime of the year and anywhere they please. He also has clearly expressed when the treaties were signed, the land issues had never been discussed or negotiated before, during and after the signing of the treaties.

So now, what he really wants to know is what is happening to the Aboriginal and treaty rights. He strongly believes that the Aboriginal and treaty rights are being undermined very rapidly.

Then I have spoken about this particular incident to several

people. Some people have told me personally that if this kind of issue (or any other important issues) is not being brought up to the surface, this can go on indefinitely. As a result, some even have strongly encouraged me to go ahead and write about it.

Another thing, the Aboriginal languages that became law in the NWT is binding, in effect and force. The Aboriginal languages have not been written on the tickets. So the tickets are considered invalid and void.

In concluding, after receiving some strong encouragement from some people, now I am able to write about the treaty Elder who is charged for carrying on his traditional way of life. That his ancestors have done this for thousands of years is still very much practised by him as an Elder who lives alone in a log cabin in Dettah community. This treaty Elder surely does have a strong desire to have his dire consequences revealed.

Charlie Beaulieu
Yellowknife, N.W.T.

Sharing may aid healing process

Dear Editor,

Upon reading your newspaper *Windspeaker*, Oct. 23, 1994, my heart goes out to the families of the ones who commit suicide. It reminded me of when I was a child growing up in a violent world.

At the age of 24 my nephew committed suicide; he was 21. My niece, who was only 13, also committed suicide. Most of my relatives drowned due to drinking, etc.

Through these nightmares I vowed I'll never become an alcoholic, or use drugs. I've been battered sexually and physically and mentally abused but somehow managed to come out at the top with my sanity intact.

A lot of times I wished there was someone out there

that I can reach out and correspond with. Now I have knowledge of what's happening out there, thanks to *Windspeaker*, I can do it. Please, could someone send an address for Pikangikum, Ont. reserve or someone out there. Somehow we First Nations have to pull together and stop this mental suffering. I am sure there is a gap between us but corresponding might help.

PS: I have two daughters, ages 10 and eight. I went up to grade 6 and I know how to read and write, but my math is terrible. I'm 31 and at this moment attending counselling for healing.

Masi-cho
Barbara Bertrand
R.R. #1, Box 3, Holley Road
Quesnel, B.C. V2J 3H5

Reform policy on land claims "no cash, no land"?

Dear Editor,

Who's speaking for the Reform Party on land claims? Is it Reform MP for St. Albert, John Williams, who says "We should be leaving cash out of agreements," *Windspeaker*, Nov. 20, 1994 or is it Skeena MP Mike Scott? Just months ago Scott was saying the opposite. That to the "greatest extent possible" cash be used instead of land settlements, *Prince Rupert This Week*, Sept. 4.

If the best thing for First Nations people is to get off of reserves and into the "Canadian Mainstream", as Scott arrogantly declared on Nov. 25 in the House of Commons, then Reform should practise what they preach, and assimilate their viewpoints.

Is the underlying Reform policy on settlement with First Nations "no cash and no land"?

Joe Barrett
Skeena N.D.P. President

Student seeks historical, cultural knowledge

Dear Editor,

I am writing to your newspaper in the hope that some of your readers may consider helping me with my study.

I am an English person, living in England, and have for some time now been doing much study into Native tribal histories, cultures and lan-

guages.

Unfortunately, I am very isolated in my studies here in England. I have no contact with Indian people at all.

Therefore, if there is anyone of Canadian Indian descent who would consider helping me with my studies, in order to further my understanding of the many Native cultures, I would

be grateful. I can be reached by writing to:

Mrs. Susan Dewey
45 Park Road
Gosport
Hampshire PO12 2HQ
England

Thank You
Susan Dewey

Indian Country

Community Events

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO INCLUDE YOUR EVENTS IN THIS CALENDAR FOR THE JANUARY 30TH ISSUE, PLEASE CALL ETHEL BEFORE NOON WEDNESDAY, / JANUARY 18 AT 1-800-661-5469, FAX: (403) 455-7639 OR WRITE TO: 15001 - 112 AVENUE, EDMONTON, ALBERTA T5M 2V6.

NATIVE ELDER'S SOUP & BANNOCK

Every Wednesday at noon
Cottage E, 10107 - 134 Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta

SOUP & BANNOCK

Every Tuesday & Thursday at noon
Friendship Centre, Edmonton, Alberta

HEALING CIRCLE

Starting Monday, January 9, Every Monday after
Edmonton, Alberta

LADIES NATIVE CRAFT NIGHT

Starting Tuesday, January 10, Every Tuesday after
Edmonton, Alberta

WOMENS HEALING CIRCLE

December 20, 1994,
Lloydminster, Alberta

CHRISTMAS RODEO

December 24 - 26, 1994,
Hobbema, Alberta

CHRISTMAS POWWOW

December 24 & 25, 1994,
Hobbema, Alberta

SADDLE LAKE CHRISTMAS POWWOW

December 26 & 27, 1994
Saddle Lake, Alberta

SADDLE LAKE CULTURAL EDUCATION ROUND DANCE

December 28, 1994,
Saddle Lake, Alberta

STANLEY BUFFALO MEMORIAL ROUND DANCE

December 29 & 30, 1994
Hobbema, Alberta

ON THE RED ROAD NEW YEARS POWWOW

December 30, 31 & January 1, 1995
Minneapolis, Minnesota

NEW YEARS COMPETITION POWWOW

December 30, 31 & January 1, 1995
Tuscon, Arizona

ABORIGINAL HUMAN RIGHTS MEETING

January 9, 1995
Friendship Centre, Edmonton, Alberta

5TH ANNUAL CROSS CULTURAL CONFERENCE & 19TH ANNUAL NAPI COMPETITION POWWOW (see ad)

January 11 - 15, 1994,
Pincher Creek, Alberta

ALBERTA NATIVE WOMEN'S PROVINCIAL VOLLEYBALL TOURNAMENT

January 20 - 22, 1994
Enoch, Alberta

ALBERTA NATIVE MEN'S PROVINCIAL VOLLEYBALL TOURNAMENT

January 27 - 29, 1994
Enoch, Alberta

FIRST NATIONS TOURISM & RESORT DEVELOPMENT CONFERENCE

January 26 & 27, 1994
Vancouver, British Columbia

DAKOTA OJIBWAY WINTER TRIBAL DAYS

January 26 - 28, 1995,
Brandon, Manitoba

SIFC INVITATIONAL VOLLEYBALL & BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

February 3 - 5, 1995,
Regina, Saskatchewan

ALL-NATIVE HOCKEY TOURNAMENT

February 17 - 19, 1995
Prince Albert, Saskatchewan

Oki. I have a bone to pick with the education our younger generation is having to put up with. I was talking to a friend of mine, she made me aware of certain things her daughter, who is in high school, was learning about the Natives on our continent. Her daughter's teacher was asked a question about Indians; to tell you the truth it was about the term of 'Indian Giver'. She thinks it came about because the Indians gave their land away and now they want it back. How dare she! Is this what my child is going to learn in school about his or her heritage? What I have learned about this term is when the first Europeans came, they were the ones who gave the name to clarify their broken treaties. You know teachers are role models and if they don't know anything about Native traditions, they should learn the truth before they "teach" it - not just state their own racist opinions.

Healing the wounds

The healing circle of life has given many people a reason to live now. There is a support group named Voices, Adult Survivors of Childhood Sexual Abuse, which is willing to help anyone who wants help. Voices' aim is to give back many survivors' esteem and to increase the public's awareness of sexual abuse and its lasting effects. They point out that they are there for the people who think they are alone. They also put up support groups for people who need to share and for those who care. They work in partnerships with professionals, communicating the needs and resources of survivors. They are as much in need as any non-profit organization. If you would like to donate a few bucks I'll give you an address and it is: VOICES for Survivors Support Society, 27A - 250 Willingdon Ave., Burnaby, B.C., V5C 5E9. Thanks!

A bone to pick!

Another one! Well, you know I have been on this job for quite a



PEOPLE & PLACES

by Ethel Winnipeg

while now and I have to say something to you people that give me wrong information. I do take care of the community events, too. I do have people who phone me and give me dates and events and I am grateful. Also, I seem to be talking more or less about myself and my life, so hey, you guys give me a shout and tell me what's going on around your area! This must be my umpteenth plea, right?

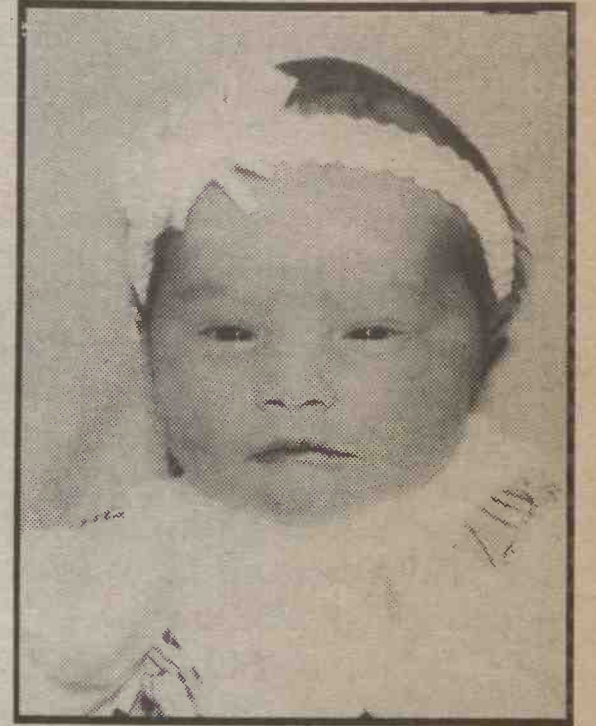
A time to help

This past weekend I went to a friend's place out in Hobbema. On Sunday, you know how Sundays are. Boring! Well, I invited myself to the bingo, no, not to play but to help out his family. They had put up the bingo for their father's memorial round-dance that will be happening at the end of this month. You know I never really went behind the scenes when a family puts up a memorial. I really have to give credit to the people who remember their loved ones that passed away in years before. That is a lot of work put into it!

A mailed baby

I received a letter just last week and when I looked in the letter I found a beautiful baby girl. I was so amazed because she was so quiet. I quickly found out her name and it is Liana Christine Therese Wolfleg. She was born in the Libra moon on September 12. Her parents are Jason Black and Marianne Wolfleg. Just thinking about it, would that make Liana's last name Black Wolfleg? Jokes. My dear 'hammer nose' friend, you have

the most gorgeous baby in the world.



Liana Christine Therese

Well, you know that Christmas is just around the corner. Yippee! You know when I was growing up I always loved Christmas, you know for the presents and food and more food. Christmas is a celebration of the Great Spirit. We should not forget why this is a great holiday. I look at the tube, or even a newspaper, and see that Christmas has a price tag on it. Bulloney! You know, I was talking to yet another friend of mine and she told me that her family seems to forget the main reason. She said they see their presents and check the price on them. Wah! Christmas is given to the human race to celebrate life. It is a time to set aside the negative aspects of life, such as greed. To give what is most important, that is your love, trust, respect and honor. Money can't buy those things and if you give a little, you receive a lot. Anyway I hope everyone has the best Christmas you ever had!

PINCHER CREEK & the PEIGAN NATION present...

5th ANNUAL CROSS CULTURAL CONFERENCE

19th ANNUAL NAPI COMPETITION POWWOW

JANUARY 11 - 15, 1995 - PINCHER CREEK, ALBERTA CANADA

CONFERENCE: *Walking Forth In Harmony*

- Conference Blessing/Feast/Entertainment featuring... Comedian/Singer Winston Wuttunee & Local Fashion Designers
- *Wednesday, Jan. 11, 1995 at 5 pm - Piikani Nation Secondary School Gym \$25/Couple • \$15/Single or \$10 for entertainment only (separate seating)*
- Native Literature • "The Coyote Chronicles"
- Health & Healing
- Economic Leakage
- Environmental Issues "He Who Snoozes Loses"
- Marketing Arts & Crafts in the 90's
- Self-Government Perspectives

CONFERENCE FEES:
\$20/All sessions • \$5/Per session • Elders Free
Students \$10/All sessions or \$3/Per session
must show student card upon request, includes Post-secondary

POWWOW

- Master of Ceremonies: Peter Strikes With a Gun & Chief Earl Old Person from Blackfeet Nation, Montana USA
- \$11,000 payout
- MCC Hockey Arena - Main Street
- First Grand Entry - Friday • 7:00 pm
- Registration closes: Saturday • 1:00 pm
- Drum Competitions: 5 places (12 First Place Jackets)
- 12 Dance Categories (1st Place Jackets)
- Specials & Giveaways
- Drummers bring your own P.A. systems
- 1995 Crowning of Miss Napi
- P.A. System by: Clarence Knowlton
- Host Drum: *Seekaskootch, Onion Lake, Cree Nation, Sask.*
- 1994 Drum Champions • Lead Singer: *Elroy Nalstus*

CRAFT TABLES MUST PRE-REGISTER - CRAFTS WILL BE INSIDE THE ARENA WITH A LIMITED NUMBER OF TABLES

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION & REGISTRATION CONTACT THE NAPI FRIENDSHIP CENTRE AT (403) 627-4224

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 - CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



WE WILL **NOT** COMPLY!

On January 1, 1995, Revenue Canada is proposing to take away your taxation rights.

O. I. GROUP OF COMPANIES and our 650 LEASED EMPLOYEES WILL NOT COMPLY with REVENUE CANADA'S ILLEGAL RESTRICTION OF OUR RIGHTS

We believe that Revenue Canada has made this illegal decision in order to aid the Government in implementing its 1969 White Paper with the clear purpose of:

- **Assimilating us**
- Taking away one of our last significant **TREATY AND ABORIGINAL RIGHTS**
- Turning our First Nations into municipalities
- Getting rid of legal obligations towards us by:
 - forcing us to **give up our rights** through complex agreements whose ramifications will start to be felt in the years to come;
 - forcing Provinces to accept some of these legal obligations;
 - eliminating Federal Government's legal obligations by forcing First Nations to accept the **transfer** of some of **these rights back** to First Nations

The secret Government Paper* which we distributed widely in 1993 stated *that the taking away of off-reserve rights was a first step in implementing a series of steps which would, we believe, result in our assimilation.* The **next step**, according to this paper, is to **implement on-reserve taxation.**

O. I. believes that unless we start taking unified stands against this oppression now, there will be **nothing left** to defend in the future.

O. I. already has much **support**. Some of the groups who, in addition to our 650 leased employees, are joining this struggle are the Coalition on Aboriginal Inherent Rights and Economic Alternatives (CAIRES) and its 2,400 members, National Association of Friendship Centres, Aboriginal Defence League, ACT FAIR, Calgary Aboriginal Alliance, Sucker Creek First Nation...

We will continue to challenge this issue politically and will also support other efforts to do so as well.

LEGAL CHALLENGE

Our lawyers are at this time preparing a **legal challenge.**

We will be filing in court in a matter of days.

It you want to or will be defying these guidelines as of January 1, 1995, please contact:

O. I. Group of Companies

(416) 591-6995; 1-800-461-9495 (toll free) or fax us at (416) 591-7438.

WE HAVE TO START DEFENDING OUR RIGHTS!

* copies available through O. I.

Natives under the tax axe again

OPINION

By Dale Komanchuk
Native Issues Monthly

When the clock strikes midnight on Dec. 31, the vampires at Revenue Canada will make good on their threat to bleed even more taxes from status Indian employees working off-reserve.

First announced by the now-dead Tory government at the end of 1992, this newest tax-grab allows only some status Indians working for businesses headquartered on an Indian reserve to remain exempt from income tax on earnings for work done on-reserve, despite the fact that Section 87 of the Indian Act is intended to allow status Indians and band businesses to operate tax-free.

The move originated as a response from Ottawa to the Supreme Court's 1992 ruling in *Williams vs. Canada* that unemployment insurance earnings are taxable for status Indians if the insurable earnings were the result of work done off-reserve. Ruling that tax exemptions acceptable under Section 87 should be based on "sufficient connecting factors" linking the income source to a reserve, the court left the door to further litigation wide open by failing to specify what determining factors should be used in future cases.

Some tax lawyers and Aboriginal leaders interpreted the court's ruling to mean that some status Indians who had been forced to pay income tax prior to the *Williams* case might be found exempt if they showed a sufficient connection between their income source and a reservation.

Closing doors

Seeing this coming, Revenue Canada quickly closed the door by announcing last year that it would not consider refunds on taxes paid prior to 1985, saving Ottawa from repaying many who had been unfairly taxed on reserve-based income. At the same time, it introduced its now-infamous *Williams Interpretation Bulletin* (IT-62) which set out arbitrary definitions of the "sufficient connecting factors" that were left vague in the *Williams* decision.

Prior to this decision, income tax for status Indians was determined on the basis of a framework arising from the Supreme Court's 1983 *Nowegijick* decision which said that all status Indians working for on-reserve employers were tax-exempt. In the ensuing decade after *Nowegijick*, many Aboriginal businesses and organizations moved on to reserves, increasing local employment and keeping tax money in the communities.

Location key

Williams allowed Revenue Canada to skulk around this obstacle by twisting the intent of the ruling, arbitrarily interpreting the "principle factor connecting income to a reserve" as

being "where the duties were carried out." It then issued a remission order giving status Indians working off-reserve a temporary exemption from the Income Tax Act during a transition period that was to have ended Dec. 31, 1993. After that time, only those who met the government's arbitrary interpretation of "sufficient connecting factors" would be allowed to continue enjoying the exemption.

This move led a great many Aboriginal people to begin planning legal challenges to Ottawa's claw-back of what is commonly seen as an Aboriginal right. Most First Nations in Canada agreed long ago to trade huge tracts of land and resources for Aboriginal rights, including tax immunity "as long as the sun shines and the rivers flow."

The outcry was picked up by the Liberals who, as official opposition, wanted to score whatever hits they could on the beleaguered Tories. In a letter dated June 30, 1993, for instance, Jean Chretien said that Revenue Canada's changes were "based on a seriously flawed understanding of the Supreme Court's ruling in the *Williams* Case" because "in the *Williams* Case, the Supreme Court was rendering a decision on the issue of the tax status of unemployment benefits — and in doing so cautioned against the very interpretation offered by Revenue Canada."

Calling the Tories move "unilateral" and "irresponsible," Chretien went on to complain about the changes being made "without the prior consultation of Aboriginal peoples and their representative organization" and offered assurances that "a Liberal government would act in a far different manner."

In a promise which has not been kept in many areas including income tax changes, he added: "We consider the relationship between the federal government and the Aboriginal peoples as a co-operative and participatory process towards the resolution of long-standing problems."

Liberals flip-flop

As seen so many times before, after coming to office the Liberals flip-flopped on their promises. Glossing over their verbal and written agreements to end Aboriginal taxation, the new government announced that it would simply "extend" the transition period for one year to midnight Dec. 31, 1994. Accompanying that announcement was a new Revenue Canada brochure titled *Indian Act Exemption for Employment Income: Detailed Guidelines*, which simply re-packaged RevCan's earlier position that the taxation of status Indians will be determined by a complicated matrix of factors like where the employee lives, where the work is done and where the employer is based.

Under the guidelines, fully safe are only those status Indian individuals living on-reserve, performing all of their employment duties on-reserve for a re-

serve-based company or band council. If at least half of the work is done on-reserve and they either live on-reserve or their employer's operations are on-reserve, the employee might be exempt from taxes. Likewise, the employee might also be exempt if all or some of the work is done off-reserve but she or he lives on-reserve and the employer's operations are based there.

In a move which some complained smelled of corruption, employees of tribal councils and regional, provincial or national status Indian organizations like the Assembly of First Nations were made exempt from income taxes, even when the organizations are located off-reserve (apparently because these groups are working on a non-commercial basis for Native people living on First Nations). The same exemption was applied to Native organizations dedicated to the social, cultural, educational or economic development of First Nations.

Exemption confusing

However, it remains unclear exactly who this latter exemption will apply to, since the government has already said that it will not extend it to Friendship Centres or Aboriginal employment agencies because such organizations are said to be mainly focused on off-reserve Aboriginal people. Likewise, groups that operate off-reserve to serve the needs of reserve clients fall into yet another hazy area and it is likely that individual employee's income tax will be pro-rated according to a complex formula based on the portion of their work done for on- and off-reserve clients.

The bottom line of all this convulsion and red tape for Native people is renewed splintering and division as they fight for tax immunity. Each individual with a tax grievance will be forced to take on the Revenue Canada bureaucracy, which holds the final decision in any such dispute. Beyond that, the only official avenue of redress is a long, arduous and extremely expensive foray before the very courts that created this whole mess by providing vague wording in the *Williams* decision. Once again, official federal policy appears to be designed to leave the First Peoples divided, spinning in legalistic and bureaucratic circles just to retain what was promised to them long ago.

Who gains?

Is all this really necessary? Is our federal government really so hard up for money that it must squeeze even more money from the poorest of the poor?

One thing that is sure is that the average Canadian taxpayer is unlikely to offer much support for Native people in this struggle and not only because of decades of misinformation from the media and politicians about Aboriginal people living high off the hog at "our" expense. Joe and Jane taxpayer are also well aware that their share of taxes have continued to increase with

every federal budget over the last few decades. Individual income taxes have increased as a percentage of the overall federal tax revenue from 32 per cent of total revenues in 1961 to 50 per cent in 1992. And thanks to the Tories and now the Liberals, the regressive Goods and Services Tax is here to stay, hitting everyone equally hard on virtually every purchase, no matter their income (aside from a few meagre refunds).

We are paying more, but where is all the money going? If we are to believe the media, most of it is servicing an enormous debt created by decades of government mismanagement. While that appears for the most part to be true, the present media-induced climate of debt-hysteria has served to disguise the truth that while individual income taxes accounted for an additional 18 per cent of federal revenues between 1961 and 1992, the percentage of taxes paid by corporations dropped from 21 per cent at the beginning of that period to an estimated 6.3 per cent of federal revenues this fiscal year.

Corporations evade taxes — legally

It is in these corporate handouts that the real story lies. Consider the particulars: during the 1992 fiscal year, Statistics Canada figures show that 63,000 companies with combined profits of \$14 billion failed to pay a single penny in income taxes because of perfectly legal deductions, reductions, incentives and credits. Liberal Finance Minister Paul Martin also noted last December that tax reductions in the manufacturing and processing sector cost the Treasury \$315 million in 1990 and gifts to the Crown added up to an additional \$26 million that same year. Refundable capital gains for investment corporations cost Canada an additional \$81 million, exploration write-offs \$156 million and business meals, entertainment and other

perks an additional \$357 million.

And in 1992, the Auditor General's report warned that tax breaks for foreign affiliates costs Canada hundreds of millions each year, with little or no tangible benefits for Canadians.

Not only these corporations but also their owners and the country's elite continue to receive a warm slap on the back at our expense. Recent finance department figures show that nearly one in 10 of those earning an average of \$286,000 a year paid less than 10 per cent of their income in taxes in 1990. And a study by StatsCan has revealed that 20 of Canada's millionaires paid about \$100 each in taxes. Family trusts have also allowed wealthy families to defer taxes on untold fortunes, to a tune of more than \$1 billion a year in lost revenue.

From the first licence granted to the Hudson's Bay Company in 1670 to the present day, corporations and the country's elite have continued to grow fat off the land and resources of the First Peoples. Now that those resources are thinning out and non-Native taxpayers are becoming less able to provide the financial glue needed to hold our government together, Ottawa is moving into Native territory once again, backpedaling on tax exemption promises exchanged long ago for First Nations' land, resources and self-determination.

Because the corporate elite provide most of our political leaders and the funding that allows them to run in and win the elections, no one should expect either the Tories or the Liberals to rock this boat too much. Instead, they will continue to bleed more wealth from Natives and other individuals while allowing their national and multinational corporate partners to continue their global free ride at our expense.

(Native Issues Monthly is a Vancouver-based research report on Native affairs and issues.)



Iitaamomahkattoyiiksistsiko!

"Merry Christmas"

**Kitahkahaopih powa annohk
maanaaksstoyiikh**

"May you live well in the New Year"



ROYAL BANK

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zilch
nothing
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(...no matter how you say it, it's still the same
- Windspeaker receives no government funding.)

MAKE INFORMED CHOICES... KNOW THE FACTS



Windspeaker is committed to servicing the communications needs of Canada's Aboriginal people.

Arts & Entertainment



Morley, Alberta's Stoney Park Singers are the world singing champions — for the second year in a row.

Stoney Park takes world championship

By Michelle Huley
Windspeaker Staff Writer

MORLEY, Alta.

An Alberta singing group has won a world singing competition for the second consecutive year.

The Stoney Park Singers of the Nakoda tribe near Morley, Alta., won the 1994 World Singing Championship at the Schemitzun Powwow in Hartford, Connecticut. They took home the same award in 1993.

Coleman Beaver, lead singer of the group, said they felt "pretty good" about winning the championship.

"We didn't expect it," he said. "We've been playing for 18 years. It started for fun. We had a powwow down here and the boys wanted to try singing, so Dad taught us how to sing."

The boys, or the group, consists of five brothers, a couple of friends and nephews, said Beaver.

"We're a family group. That's how we stay together."

The singers have recently

released their fourth CD, and are currently working on yet another release.

"Most of our songs are based on the Native language," he said. "Aude's Journey is a song dedicated to our Dad. It's a powwow song, but it talks about his life, the things he did."

Beaver's father Paul passed away Jan. 11, 1994. Their mother, Carolyn Beaver, continues to travel the powwow circuit with the group.

Another reason the singers continue to sing is to hopefully influence Aboriginal youth.

"We sang in a couple of schools. We always told the kids: 'Stay away from drugs and liquor. If you stay away, you'll succeed at whatever point you're trying to get to'.

"Some of them are losing their heritage, losing the way of the spirit. When we started, there were hardly any young drum groups. Now, we look around, and there's a whole bunch. We're feeling the people coming back.

"And we make our own drums," Beaver said. "They have spirit, the spirit to make people get up and dance."

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 - Crying Woman Singers (Cat. #SGCW022194)
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 - Grey Eagle (Cat. #SGGE101593)
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Arts & Entertainment



Tom Jackson

Huron Carole a sell-out at Edmonton debut

OPINION

By Terry Lusty
Windspeaker Contributor

*"It wasn't easy that first year
in Toronto. We barely made
our expenses."*

— Tom Jackson

EDMONTON

It was a sell-out crowd that greeted folks attending this year's Huron Carole Benefit Concert at the University of Alberta Meyer Horowitz Theatre Dec. 3.

Although it was the first time that the concert was staged in Edmonton, the public did not disappoint. They packed the house. Consequently, it most certainly paved the way, and then some, for the concert to return in future.

The Edmonton Food Bank was undoubtedly smiling from ear-to-ear since they were the designated recipient of the profits from ticket sales of the fundraiser.

And the man largely responsible for making it all happen was none other than Tom Jackson, a Manitoba Metis who is better known to most of the public for his role as former Chief Peter Kenidi on CBC TV's hit series, *North of 60*.

Jackson's a man who is accomplished in many ways — actor, singer, pool player, businessman, etc. However, one of his truly notable achievements over the past few years has been his humanitarianism in organizing this Christmas concert to help the needy at Christmas time.

He began the concerts a few years ago in Toronto, included Winnipeg the following year, and added Calgary last year.

"It wasn't easy that first year in Toronto. We barely made our expenses. But that's changed, and how! A year later, they raked in \$30,000 from the Winnipeg concert. Last year, in Calgary's Convention Centre, they sold out. This year, in Edmonton, they did likewise."

Jackson hopes to build it

more nationally by adding the cities of Saskatoon, Regina, Montreal, Vancouver, the Maritimes, and perhaps, Victoria. That's his dream, and anyone who knows Jackson knows just how possible his dreams are of coming true.

The Edmonton concert had local favorite Laura Vinson and her Free Spirit Band kick off the evening with a barrage of high-spirited numbers, many of them accompanied by colorful Indian dancers. Exciting to be sure.

The following acts offered a fine cross-section of songs with mixtures of performers' usual fare as well as the Christmasy stuff. Vinson was succeeded by the ever-popular Bill Bourne, another local favorite.

The increasing popularity of bluegrass music became very apparent from the reception that Jerusalem Ridge received. The four-piece group was featured last year at Big Valley Jamboree.

Finally, the artist that everyone had been waiting for, Tom Jackson, stepped up and thrilled the audience with his superbly rich baritone vocals. Backed by three females and one male vocalist, Jackson did a rather laid-back, enjoyable set which more than demonstrated his abilities along folk lines, as well as voice control and smoothness as he ran through his tunes with ease and gentleness.

Some of the tunes he performed are from his recently released compact disc, *No Regrets*.

The event was admirably co-hosted by another Native actor, Auggie Schellenberg, and by CBC Television's Bonnie Vallevand, who hosts the country music show *Country Beat*.

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Arts & Entertainment



Don Miller

Florent Vollant (left) and Claude McKenzie are Kashtin.

Kashtin's newest hypnotic, harmonic

OPINION

akua tuta by Kashtin, a Columbia recording

By Jesse Stand
Windspeaker Contributor

This musical treat starts by placing you by the lakeshore, the loon crying to your spirit, the hypnotic drum beat luring you into the Kashtin spell.

Light and airy guitars, a blues fiddle, some harmonica and warm, sometimes gravelly vocals harmonize together in a mature sound. These are songs of Mother Earth, self-confidence, compassion, hope and dreams. By the second tune, kasset — All the Children, Kashtin has set the mood.

Earthy melodies and folk guitars remind me at times of mainstream artists

Dire Straits. For those new to Kashtin, as I am, this seems like a good disc to get into. It matters not that I do not understand the lyrics, as the translations are included. The emotions are well expressed in the lead performances and backing rhythms. The production is as rich as any recording gets. The songs are varied from upbeat folk, lovely ballads and even a toe-tapping country tune called Tapue Shtutune, You Really Make Me.

For the youth it's a mellow popular recording. For the adults it's a classic sound that's safe and still lively. The only fault I can find here is sometimes a couple melodies build to a climax without a follow-through in unleashed vocals. Hey guys! Next time try letting go on one or two tunes. You almost did it on Tshekuanu Mak — Why.

All in all this is a disc worth paying for and leaving on the stereo for a couple of days straight.

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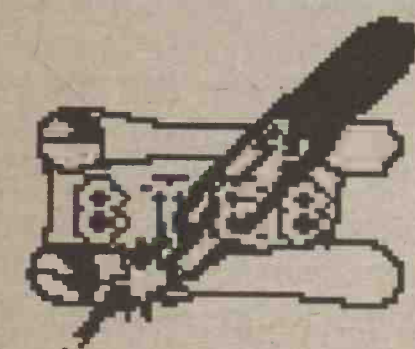


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Regional Section

Volume 12 No. 20



Terry Lusty

Oh, what fun!

Youngsters at the Ft. McMurray Winter Carnival got an old fashioned treat on the back of this horse-drawn hayrack. The ride took passengers along McDonald Island on the Smye River during a bright winter's afternoon.

Gandhi's vision of non-violence and love continued by grandson

By Debbie Faulkner
Windspeaker Contributor

MORLEY, Alta.

East and West met this month at a southern Alberta reserve when the grandson of Mahatma Gandhi shared his vision of a world filled with good will.

"It was against the British rule that my grandfather put up his big fight," Rajmohan Gandhi explained to the Stoney children among the guests at the Nakoda Lodge. "He believed in no-violence and love.

"But I forgot all that when I was fighting with my sister," Gandhi joked, referring to his own childhood.

He spoke at Nakoda Lodge in Stoney country on Dec. 9 at a reception which included per-

formances by young Stoney dancers and drummers, and a visiting South American pipe and drum group.

Gandhi, who was travelling in Canada and the United States, was invited to the Stoney Reserve by Wesley Councillor Tina Fox. "Don't you dare leave Canada without setting foot on my land," she had said to Gandhi while he was in Western Canada recently.

"There is absolutely no sign of arrogance in him. He is very humble and a very warm person," she added.

The Stoney Elder travelled in India last April as part of a tour sponsored by the Moral Re-Armament group to Shillong, a city in northeast India.

"I told him we are on a healing journey, taking responsibility for our lives and trying to decolonize ourselves," Fox said.

"I feel through the pipe that the spirit of these mountains will go all the way -15,000 miles - to India."

- Rajmohan Gandhi

The Aboriginal people in that part of India know about the "Red Indian" of North America, she said. But often the knowledge is culled from comic books.

Gandhi has build his adult life around his grandfather's teachings. In Rajmohan's case, the enemy wasn't a colonial power, but misunderstanding between Hindus and Muslims in his own country. The conflicts between the two groups have lead to bloody confrontations, and continues to be a source of strife in the country.

Besides work for reconcili-

ation between Hindus and Muslims, Gandhi was also head of India's Human Rights Commission. Currently, Gandhi is a research scholar at the Centre For Policy Research in New Delhi, India.

In 1975, he founded the Asia Plateau, a conference centre for the Moral Re-Armament group, located near Bombay. Asia Plateau is a meeting place where various regions, countries and industries can begin the process of reconciliation.

The movement believes that personal integrity, love and good will are the starting points for

peace and good government.

Chiniki member Henry Holloway agreed.

"We have a lot of social problems on the reserve. To create peace anywhere, we must start with ourselves. Peace first comes from within," he said.

Gandhi ended his short address by thanking his hosts for their gift of peace to him through a pipe ceremony.

"I feel through the pipe that the spirit of these mountains will go all the way -15,000 miles - to India."

As a leader, Mahatma Gandhi led his people to fight British rule not with guns and clubs but with passive resistance. Gandhi himself was imprisoned for 10 years by the British. Finally, in 1947, Britain granted India its independence. One year later, Mahatma Gandhi was assassinated.

Central Canada

Province recognizes traditional healers in new health policy

TORONTO

Traditional forms of Aboriginal medicine will be recognized in Ontario under a new health policy announced by the provincial government and Native leaders.

The policy endorses the use of traditional healers, medicine people, midwives and Elders. In addition, the government has pledged that those practising traditional medicine will be

recognized, respected and protected from government regulation.

Health Minister Ruth Grier said it may well be the first time that a minister of health has acknowledged the role of Aboriginal healers. Under the policy, Native people will be able to use Western medical practices and those from their own communities.

The Ministry of Health has pledged to turn over more of

the design of the health care system to Native communities. The budget for Native health care will rise from \$2 million to \$20 million annually. As part of the expansion, the province will finance 10 new Aboriginal health centres: three more hostels to treat Aboriginal patients in Kenora, Timmins and Toronto and five new youth and family substance-abuse treatment centres and healing lodges.

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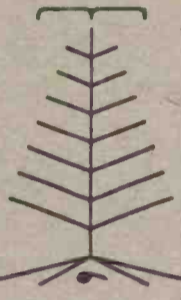
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Prairies

Disabled Natives lobby for recognition

By Debbie Faulkner
Windspeaker Contributor

CALGARY

Disabled Natives need recognition on a national level, through the Assembly of First Nations, said delegates at a recent health conference.

Representatives from several provincial associations made that clear at a national First Nations health conference Pathways to Holistic Health held in Calgary, Alberta Nov. 27-30.

"If we had a national committee, we could achieve our goals," said Ian Hinksman, president of the British Columbia Aboriginal Network on Disability Society.

Hinksman pointed out that some First Nations leaders and the provincial and federal government already have begun to support the society.

That support, however, must grow, said Hinksman.

"When the national leaders of First Nations begin to develop their framework for Pathways to Healing, we urge them to remember to consider the disabled Aboriginal people," he said.

Too often, disabled Aborigi-

nal people find that accessing services is frustrating because of jurisdictional grey areas at the reserve, provincial and federal government levels.

"We are always being bounced around from one agency to another," explained one disabled conference delegate.

Often too, disabled people must leave their homes on the reserve and move to urban areas to access services.

"A lot of parents want to keep our kids at home," expressed one parent. "Our hands are tied because of resources."

According to a 1991 survey done by Health and Welfare Canada, the rate of disability is higher among Aboriginal peoples than other Canadians. Between the ages 35 to 54, for example, 34 per cent of all Aboriginal people suffer from some disability compared to the national average of 14 per cent.

Diabetes, heart problems and arthritis are the three major disabilities affecting Aboriginal people in Canada.

To help disabled people receive the support they need, Archie King, advocate for the Saskatchewan First Nations Network on Disabilities said the

rights of a disabled person should be made a statutory entitlement.

Oliver Cardinal, president of the Aboriginal Disabilities Society of Alberta, said he was encouraged after meeting informally with AFN National Chief Ovide Mercredi during the conference.

"We have to talk to tribal leaders," said Cardinal.

During a disability circle hosted by the First Nations Health Commission, disabled persons and caregivers had an opportunity to present their concerns to an AFN representative.

Involvement at the local level, backed by support from chiefs and elders, was the key point made by several circle participants.

"The needs should be drawn from the ground up, but there has to be a commitment from the leadership," said Shirley Bigney, vice-president of the Aboriginal Disabilities Society and president of the Calgary Native Disabled Society.

Pathways to Holistic Health was co-hosted by the First Nations Health Commission of the Assembly of First Nations and the Alberta Indian Health Care Commission.

Stepping out of the shadows

CALGARY

So often being disabled means being invisible in the community.

"There are so many people who are hidden," said Florence Wylie, executive assistant for the B.C. Aboriginal Network on Disability Society. All it takes is a gravel road to keep a wheelchair-bound person at home, she added.

Part of the solution to the problem of invisibility within a community lies with disabled people themselves, said speakers at the recent Pathways to Holistic Health in Calgary.

"We have to start speaking for ourselves," said Kyle Prettyshield, vice-chairman of the Saskatchewan First Nations Network on Disabilities.

"The more support we get, the better things are going to happen for us," added Prettyshield, who was left a paraplegic after being in a car accident.

There is another task the disabled must do too, added Archie King, a Saskatchewan delegate.

"When a person becomes disabled, he is faced with the

problem of accepting that disability. If he does not, he has the problem of isolating himself from his families and friends."

Aboriginal people also need to remember their traditional way of caring for special needs people, said Shirley Bigney, vice-president of the Aboriginal Disabilities Society of Alberta.

As a child she remembered her parents regularly receiving one special needs youth as an honored guest. The young man was treated to tea and a hot meal, given a change of clothes and a place to sleep for the night.

In the morning, the mentally-challenged youth would be gone, but on the back doorstep there would be a pile of firewood.

"The Elders were not telling us 'this is how you are to treat people', they were showing us," said Bigney, herself confined to a wheelchair.

"When you treat people with respect and kindness, they reciprocate... Let's get back to the tradition of treating our special needs people with respect and dignity, and I assure you those people will give back to the community."



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JB'S AUTOMOTIVE

Sports

Arctic coach inducted to the hall of fame

By Andrea Buckley
The Yukon News

WHITEHORSE

At first glance, Eddie Arey doesn't seem like a prime candidate for the Yukon Sports Hall of Fame.

You won't see any animated encouragement, yells and screams from the sidelines when he's coaching. Arey's participated in eight Arctic Winter Games, as well as the Northern Games, the World Eskimo Olympics, the North American Indigenous Games and the Commonwealth Games.

And he doesn't know how many medals he has. He's never counted them, he said. Arey doesn't say much. In fact, you're lucky if you get a quick nod as you pass by.

But if you pry information from the Yukon's foremost Arctic Sports athlete and coach, you soon realize he deserved the induction this fall to the hall of fame.

"The self-discipline the athletes learn is important enough to keep the Games go-

ing," he said. "Somebody had to keep them going."

Arey, an Alaskan Eskimo, was born in 1949 at Whitefish Station in northern Yukon, near Herschel Island. He learned Arctic Sports in Aklavik and Inuvik before coming to the Yukon in 1978. Nobody really taught him how to do the the one-foot high kick, the Alaskan high kick, the ear pull and the arm pull, he said.

If you wanted to learn, you taught yourself by watching others do the sports, he said.

"All you had to do was watch. Nobody really taught you. If you were interested, you could watch and learn."

He uses the same philosophy in coaching young athletes.

"I don't tell the kids they have to do it. I say, 'If you want to, I'll show you. If not, don't waste my time.'"

When Arey first came to the Yukon, a group of people were working to get Arctic sports into the Arctic Winter Games. He became the coach of that team and competed as an athlete as well.

Arey stopped competing

in 1990 but has racked up 40 medals over the eight Arctic Winter Games he's participated in. He's also won medals at the Northern Games in Inuvik, McPherson and Aklavik, as well as the World Eskimo Olympics and the 1990 North American Indigenous Games in Edmonton.

He said the rules of the games haven't really changed much since he was a child. And he'd like it to stay that way.

"They're trying to define the rules more clearly because there are a lot more contingencies," he said. "I don't see anything wrong with defining it more clearly. They have to be adjusted but when they try to change the rules, there's no way I want that."

For instance, there are several different ways of doing

the one-hand reach, he explains. Some athletes balance on their knuckles while others are on their fingertips and others rest the palms of their hand on the floor.

"With all the different ways of doing it, it could be a real technical nightmare," he said. "We try to define it in an overall way. We define everything before each event starts."

Beating the competition, however, isn't really the purpose of the games, he said. In fact, he can often be seen helping athletes from Alaska or the NWT at Arctic Winter Games competitions.

"It's always been that way. It's not really a team sport. It's an individual thing - a person against himself."

"If I go and help somebody to kick that extra little bit,

to see the expression on their face is worth it. You can't put it in dollar form. I tell them right off the bat, 'If you don't win a medal or a competition, that's OK. Just go out and do your best. You know what your record is. If you beat it, that's good enough for me.'"

Arey took a group of Arctic sports athletes to the Commonwealth Games in Victoria this summer. The group stayed at the cultural village and demonstrated their sports in front of thousands of spectators at the Games.

But he didn't think much of all the hype and hoopla surrounding the event.

"It's too commercial," said Arey.

The Arctic sports coach was inducted to the Yukon Sports Hall of Fame Oct. 21.

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A Metis Night Before Christmas

By Rocky Woodward

It was the night before
Christmas when all through
the house,
not a creature was stirring
not even my dog.
The stockings were hung
by the chimney with care —
yours would be too
if you only had one pair.
The children were nestled all
snug in their beds,
with old woolen toques
covering their heads.
And Mama in her long johns
and I in my Metis hat,
had just settled down for a
long winter nap.
When out on the snow there
rose such a clatter,
I sprang from the floor to see
what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew
like a flash,
I tripped over the dog — into
the wall
I did crash.
The moon on the breast of the
new-fallen snow,
gave a luster of midday
to my wrecked cars down be-
low.

When what to my wondering
eyes should appear?
Maybe food for the table —
eight tiny reindeer.
With a little old driver so
lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be
someone from Revenue
Canada!
More rapid then hungry
ravens his coursers they came,
and he whistled and shouted
and called them by name.
"Now Dasher! Now Dancer!
Now Prancer and Vixen!
On Comet! On Cupid! On,
Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch!
To the top of the roof!"
The fat man screamed as I
counted each hoof.
I watched him closely,
he was dressed all in red,
while visions of reindeer steak
danced through my head.
Then I trembled and shook
'cause I couldn't believe
that this was all happening on
Christmas Eve!
So up to the housetop the

steaks they flew,
with the sleigh full of toys and
the fat man, too.
And then in a twinkling I
heard on the roof,
the prancing and pawing of
each sweet little hoof,
As I drew in my head and was
turning around,
down my chimney he came
with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, there
was nothing to fear,
I looked up the chimney
hoping the reindeer would
appear.
A bundle of toys he had flung
on his back,
and he looked like a trapper
just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled!
His dimples how merry!
I hollered to Mama are the
reindeers still there?
He had a round face and I
knew at a glance,
this guy could eat
by the looks of his pants.
He was chubby and plump
and I knew it was silly,
but this fat little guy was
making me hungry.
With a wink of his eye and a
twist of his head,
I knew right then the reindeer
weren't coming in.
I hollered to Mama, "Quick
fetch me my gun!"
Then I sprang up the stairs like
a starved man on the run.
Santa spoke not a word but
went straight to his work,
while I climbed up on the roof
like a half-starved jerk.
Santa laying a finger aside of
his nose, arrived just in time —
up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh to his
team he did call,
while I lay in the snow from
whence I did fall.
But I heard him exclaim as he
drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all.
And to all a good night!"
So Mama in her long johns
and me out in a cast,
looked out the window where
the reindeer flew past.
There's presents for morning
and wood in the box,
a duck in the oven
— but the reindeer we lost.



ED. JOE '92

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Good King Wenceslas
Looked out
on the Feast of Stephen.
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Tho' the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By St. Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."

Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild la-
ment
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
and the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, my good page;
Tread thou in them boldly;
Though shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dented;
heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christmas men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing.



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The 12 Days of Christmas

*On the twelfth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
12 dogs a-barking,
11 rabbits frying,
10 Indian maids fancy dancing,
Nine Metis jiggling,
Eight bannocks cooking,
Seven ducks a-quacking,
Six Canadian geese a-stewing,
Five turquoise rings...
Four fiddle tunes,
Three government grants,
Two pairs of moccasins
And a spruce hen in a spruce tree.*

Here comes Santa Claus

*Here comes Santa Claus!
Here comes Santa Claus!
Right down Santa Claus Lane!
Vixen and Blitzen and all his reindeer
are pulling on the rein
Bells are ringing, children singing,
all is merry and bright;
Hang your stockings
and say your prayers,
'Cause Santa Claus comes tonight.
Here comes Santa Claus!
Here comes Santa Claus!
Right down Santa Claus Lane!
He's got a bag that is filled
with toys
for the girls and boys again.
Hear those sleigh bells
jingle jangle
Oh what a beautiful sight.
Jump in bed,
cover up your head,
'Cause Santa Claus comes tonight.
Here comes Santa Claus!*

*Here comes Santa Claus!
Right down Santa Claus Lane!
He doesn't care if you're rich or poor,
for he loves you just the same.
Santa knows
that we're god's children,
That makes ev'rything right;
Fill your hearts
with Christmas cheer,
Cause Santa Claus comes tonight.
Here comes Santa Claus!
Here comes Santa Claus!
Right down Santa Claus Lane!
He'll come around
when chimes ring out;
then it's Christmas morn again.
Peace on earth will come to all
if we just follow the light;
Let's give thanks to the Lord above,
'Cause Santa Clause comes tonight.*



MARGARET BRIDGMAN, M.P.
surrey north



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HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING



Hark! The herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the angelic hosts proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Son of Righteousness!

Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
mild He lays His glory by, Born
that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

THE FIRST NOEL

The first Noel the angels did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay a-keeping their sheep
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star,
Shining in the East, beyond them far;
And to the earth it gave great light,
and so it continued both day and night.

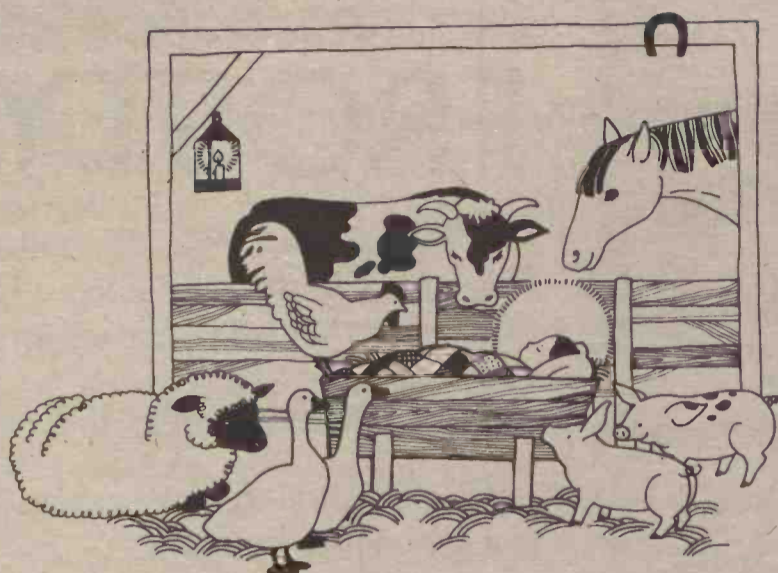
and by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek a King was their intent,

And to follow the star wherever it went.

This star drew nigh to the north-west
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Then entered in those wise men three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.



AWAY IN A MANGER

Away in a manger,
no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus
laid down his sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky
looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus
asleep on the hay
The cattle are lowing,
The Baby awakes
But little Lord Jesus;
No crying He makes.

I love Thee, Lord Jesus;
look down from the sky,
And stay by my side
until morning is nigh.
Be near me, Lord Jesus;
I ask Thee to stay
Close by me for ever,
and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children
in Thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven
to live with Thee there.

DECK THE HALL

Deck the hall with boughs of holly,
Fa la la la la la la la la

'Tis the season to be jolly,
Fa la la la la la la la la

Don we now our gay apparel,
Fa la la la la la la la la

Troll the ancient Yuletide carol,
Fa la la la la la la la la
See the blazing Yule before us,
Fa la la la la la la la la

Strike the harp and join the chorus,
Fa la la la la la la la la

Follow me in merry measure,
Fa la la la la la la la la

While I tell of Yuletide treasure,
Fa la la la la la la la la

Fast away the old year passes,
Fa la la la la la la la la

Hail the new, ye lads and lasses,
Fa la la la la la la la la

Sing we joyous all together,
Fa la la la la la la la la

Heedless of the wind and weather
Fa la la la la la la la la

O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL

O Come all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye
to Bethlehem;

Come and behold Him
Born, the King of angels;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
Christ, the Lord.

God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the
Virgin's womb;
Very God

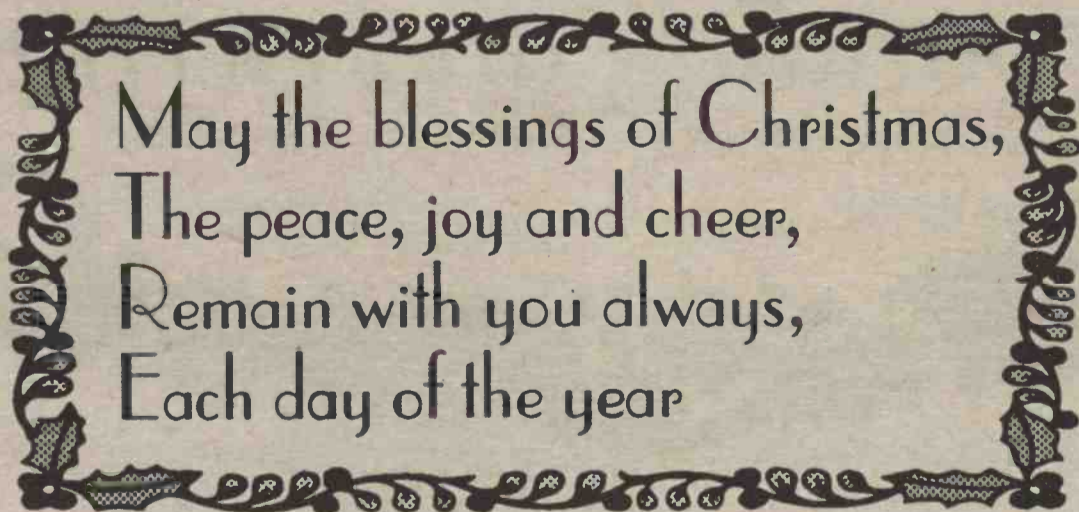
Begotten, not created;
Sing choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven
above;

REFRAIN

'Glory to God
In the highest':
Yea, Lord we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;

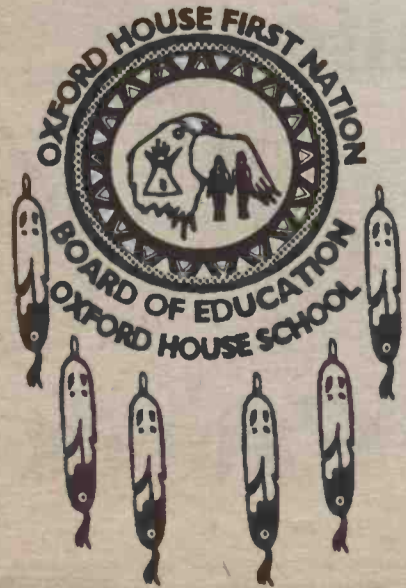
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SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN

You better watch out
You better not cry
Better not pout
I'm telling you why
Santa Claus is comin' to town

He sees you when you're sleeping
He knows when you're awake
He knows if you've been bad
or good
so be good for goodness sake

He's making a list
He's checking it twice
He's gonna find out who's
Naughty and nice
Santa Claus is comin' to town

You better watch out
You better not cry
Better not pout
I'm telling you why
Santa Claus is comin' to town



FROSTY THE SNOWMAN

Frosty the snow man
Was a jolly happy soul
With a corn cob pipe
And a button nose
and two eyes made out of coal

Frosty the snow man
Is a fairy tale they say
He was made of snow
But the children know
How he came to life one day

There must have been some magic
in that old silk hat they found
For when they placed it on his head
He began to dance around
Oh Frosty the snow man
Was alive as he could be
And the children say
He could laugh and play
Just the same as you and me

Frosty the snow man
Knew the sun was hot that day
So he said lets run
and we'll have some fun

Now before I melt away

Down to the village
With a broomstick in his hand
Running here and there
All around the square
Saying catch me if you can

He led them down the streets of town
Right to a traffic cop
And he only paused for a minute
When he heard him holler stop!

Frosty the snowman
Had to hurry on his way
But he waved goodbye
Sayin' don't you cry
I'll be back again some day

Thumpity thump thump
Thumpity thump thump
Look at Frosty go
Thumpity thump thump
Thumpity thump thump
Over the hills of snow



May your Christmas season be merry
and peaceful for you and your family.

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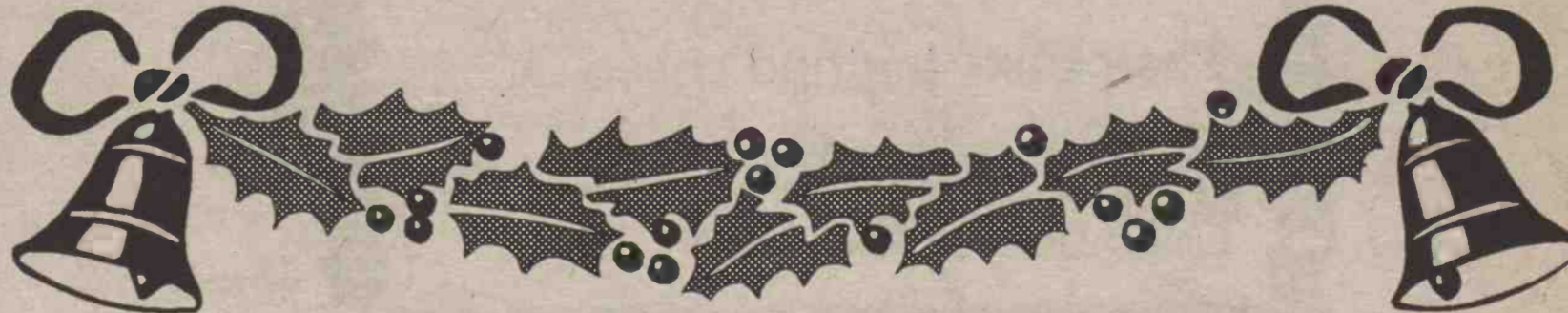


May The Real
Meaning of
Christmas And
The Joys of The
Season Be
Experienced By
Each One of You
This Christmas!

TOM KEEPING, MLA
Nipawin, Saskatchewan

May the
Christmas Season
and the New Year
bring to each
and every one of us
blessings rich,
abounding and eternal.



**Premier Roy Romanow
and the
Saskatchewan
New Democratic Party Caucus**

Sports

Lewis takes first-round win in first pro fight

By Terry Lusty
Windspeaker Contributor

EDMONTON

They were on the hunt but only one of the two got their prey. On December 9, two Native boxers, Willard Lewis and Stan Cunningham, were in search of a win to further their boxing careers. However, only one of the two climbed out of the ring a victor from eight fights all told at Edmonton's downtown Convention Centre which attracted over 4,000 fans, according to promoter Glen Carriere.

Lewis, five times the Canadian amateur champion, held onto his winning ways in the pro ranks as he went on to convincingly defeat Kirby Russell from Edmonton in the Cruiserweight division. The Lewis-Russell fight was the fifth bout on a boxing card billed as "Lord of The Flys" that featured the International Boxing Organization World Flyweight Championship, a match-up between Edmonton favorite, Scotty "Bulldog" Olson, and

Roger "Pee Wee" Espanola originally from the Philippines.

Lewis, who now stands at 2 - 0 - 0 (two wins-no-losses-no draws), went after his opponent early in the first round to hammer his way to an easy victory over Russell who was making his debut in the pro ranks. Russell hardly landed a punch on Lewis who aggressively pounded Russell with a devastating series of head and body shots that rapidly took their toll.

Although it was evident that Russell was in serious trouble halfway through the first round, the referee did not stop the fight until 2:59 into the round. It proved a rude awakening for the overmatched Russell.

Lewis has maintained his conditioning at the Hobbema Reserve in central Alberta where he's been working out with former Canadian Heavyweight Champion, Kenny Lakusta. He also works hard training young aspiring, as well as experienced boxers at the reserve. He said he went into the fight feeling pretty confident of winning, but not taking it for granted that he'd just walk all

over his opponent.

In the Junior Welterweight division, Cunningham was outgunned in three rounds by a younger and more powerful Billy Irwin. No slouch this Irwin character who knocked out his last opponent, Steve Thomas, in the first round. The former Canadian Olympian came into the fight with a credible 10 - 0 - 0 record with seven of those being KOs. He won the Canadian title in his eighth fight as a pro, and is intent on winning the British Commonwealth crown which is currently held by Billy Schwer.

Irwin lit into Cunningham with a battery of hooks and jabs in round two which left the veteran Cunningham staggered. Cunningham's corner wisely threw in the towel after a punishing third round.

The main event, of course was the Olson - Espanola fight for the IBO world title. That fight went the distance, all 12 rounds before being declared a unanimous decision in Olson's favour. However, it was not an easy match for Olson who came off a 10-month layoff after breaking his hand in his last



Terry Lusty

Stan Cunningham's swings proved ineffective against Willard Lewis' strength and know-how in the ring.

February against Jorge Roman, who'd been signed as his original opponent for the evening.

The extremely game, and three-inches-taller Espanola was better prepared having fought six opponents this year.

Olson, nonetheless, had trained well enough that he was very fit, and although tired after the 12 rounds, he proved capable and won rather convincingly despite one judge only giving him a one-point edge.



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New Liquor Act in store for NWT

IQUALUIT

New legislation regarding buying and selling alcohol is in the works for the Northwest Territories.

Richard Nerysoo, territorial minister of Safety and Public Services, wants to see a new liquor law ready for 1995. Some of the issues being considered are raising the legal drinking age to 21 from 19, preventing pregnant mothers from buying alcohol and giving communities more say about going dry.

Alan Downe, an advisor with

Safety and Public Services, is currently holding public meetings to gauge public opinion on proposed changes. At a recent meeting in Iqaluit residents called to make the Liquor Act tougher. One of the most frequent suggestions was to give local governments more control over granting and suspending of liquor licenses, as they are more in touch with the communities than the central government in Yellowknife.

Joe Smith, an employee of the Maliiganik Tukisiiniakvik legal aid office, said bars in Iqaluit make large profits and should be forced

to turn over a percentage of those profits to the town council to pay the salaries of social workers and therapists. He also suggested issuing photo identification cards to get into bars, and allowing town council authority to suspend card privileges.

Some of the most moving testimony came from Iqaluit resident Annie Nattaq, who spoke through an interpreter. She asked everyone to close their eyes and imagine an Inuit family going out on the ice to hunt. After they have worked hard and had a good day of hunting the sky turns red and they

know they must go home. Tired and lazy from travelling and hunting, they go straight to bed.

Then she told everyone to open their eyes and see the world that they really live in, to see their children bruised and crying, to see their parents cut up with black eyes, to wake up beside a stranger and not your husband. This is the sad truth about alcohol in the north, she says.

Reprinted from *Native Issues Monthly*, a Vancouver-based research report on Native affairs and issues.

Program fails to keep prices down

YELLOWKNIFE

According to government surveys, residents of northern Canada have to pay at least double for food what their southern neighbors have to pay.

"A majority of women reported running out of money to buy food at least twice a month and not having enough to eat in the house in the previous month," stated the survey.

The survey, conducted between 1991 and 1993, also concluded that women, especially those who are pregnant or breastfeeding, are at risk of malnutrition because of low intakes of calcium, vitamin A and folacin.

"This places the next generation at a disadvantage - physically and mentally. Families are under tremendous stress in the North," said Judith Lawn, the consultant who headed the survey.

The survey was done in conjunction with a review of the federal government's air stage food mail program, which is designed to provide cheaper food prices for northern residents. The program was given \$14.9 million in 1994, but food prices have not come down.

Several conditions of life in the North came out clearly in the survey: incomes are lower, unemployment rates are higher, less is spent on perishable items and money spent on cigarettes, gambling and alcohol is a major culprit in the malnutrition.

In addition, the survey showed that four out of five Inuit

women smoke and that a two-parent family would have to spend more than 100 per cent of their income on food, after housing costs are paid, to eat properly. In Broughton Island, Baffin, for instance, it would require 137 per cent of a family's social assistance income to buy the survey's recommended 46-item food basket.

"The high cost of food, fear over the ability to adequately feed the family, fear over the safety and supply of country food, lack of money to buy food and not having enough to eat were serious problems affecting many Aboriginal families," the survey said.

In a related story, two Iqaluit businessmen said they have come up with a way to lower northern food bills by 10 per cent to 20 per cent, depending on the region.

Pierre Claude Dufresne and Edward Snowball say that they want to build a huge warehouse-style depot for food in Iqaluit. Food could be ordered in bulk from the south thus bringing down price. These savings could be passed along to communities who order in bulk.

The idea was discussed at a meeting of Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development bureaucrats who are touring the north to get views on the federal food mail program. The meeting was also attended by business people and local leaders who want a say in what happens to the subsidy.

Reprinted from *Native Issues Monthly*, a Vancouver-based research report on Native affairs and issues.

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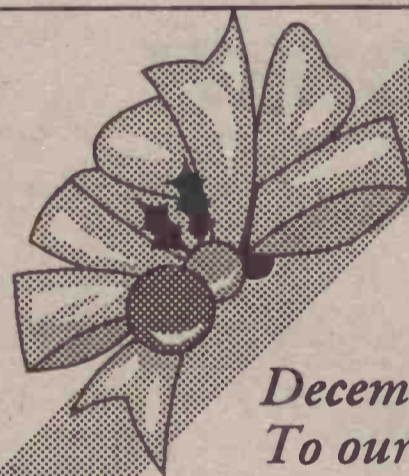
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December, 1994
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ComputerTalk

Reconditioned computers excellent Christmas gifts

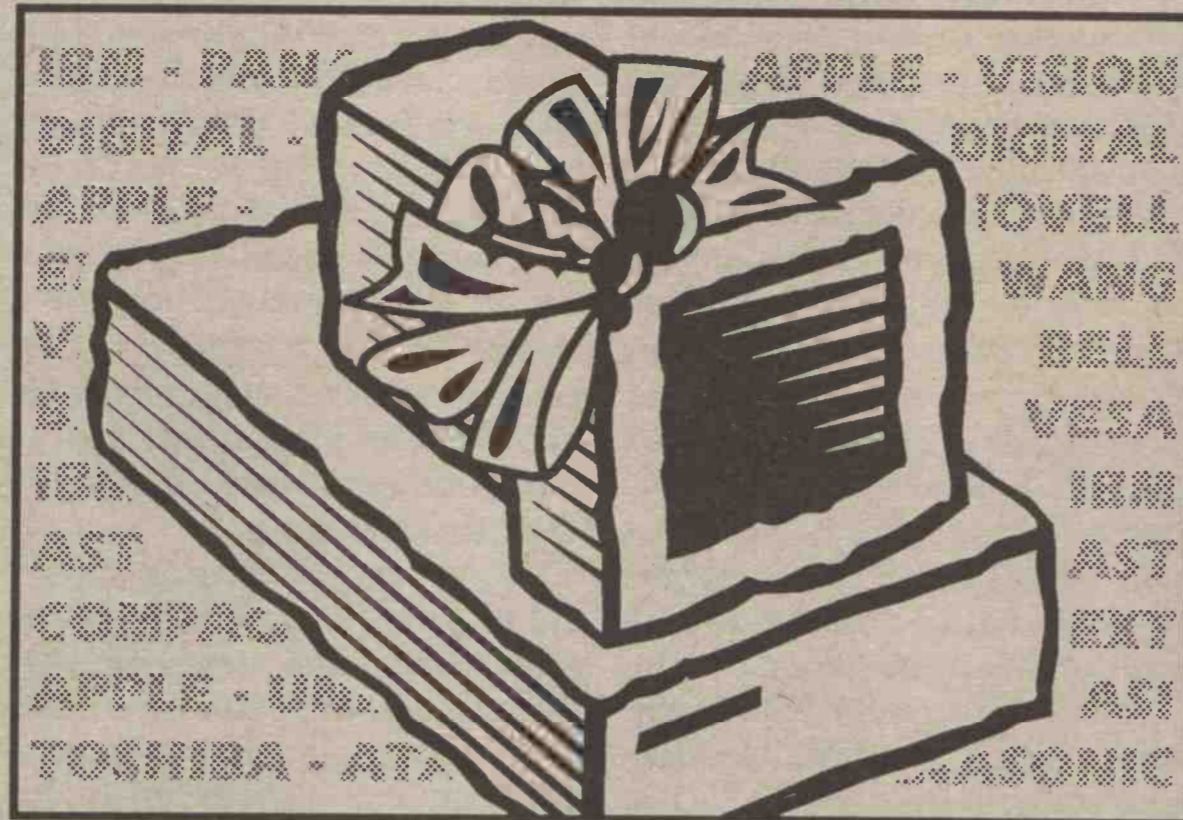
By Gary Armstrong
Windspeaker Contributor

Christmas and New Year are almost here. For many people a computer is on a list of giving or receiving. Every year major computer companies make their largest profits during Christmas season. Many people are willing to spend thousands of dollars on a computer that will make life a little easier.

But is it wise to spend money on a new computer which depreciates tremendously after a few months?

Before buying a computer, take a careful look at what the computer will be used for. If you are only typing out memos, letter, research papers or looking to buy a computer for the kids, there is no need to spend more than \$500 on a computer.

In fact, many Internet consultants believe an average home computer owner uses only 35 per cent of a 386 computer's processing power (more on what 386 means later). On the other hand, if you work in a business which involves complicated graphics, accounting or desktop publishing, then you might need a high-powered microprocessing compu-



ter such as an IBM compatible 486 or Pentium machine.

While searching for that perfect home computer, you have probably encountered annoying computer sales people who talk about numbers of IBM compatible machines such as a 386dx/40MHz, or 486dx2/66MHz, or Pentium 90MHz computers. Each 386 or 486 is a microprocessor chip which is the heart of a computer, the central processing unit, or in computer talk, the CPU. The numbers indicate the power of the computer, like the horsepower of an engine.

The new computers at the

moment are 486s, and the more powerful Pentium computers. The letters "sx" mean no built-in math coprocessor within the CPU, while a "dx" has a built-in math coprocessor.

MHZ stands for Megahertz, the processing speed of data in the computer. Usually, the higher the MHz, the faster a computer.

For most people buying their first computer, a reconditioned 286 or 386 computer has tremendous microprocessing power. Standard word processing, spreadsheets, some database management, graphics and educational games usually

work great with these older machines.

Another important point is to have a good sized hard drive to store important information. I would say at least a 150 MB hard drive is needed for most family computers. Hard drive space-memory tends to soak up information quickly, as most people find. The larger a hard drive the better off you are when storing important documents and programs.

Another important memory device is to have a 1.44 MB disk drive in a reconditioned computer. Most computer programs in stores are 1.44 MB or so-called high density format.

When you shop around for the right reconditioned computer look for a 286 or 386 that has at least 4 megabytes (MB) of random-access memory (RAM). Keep in mind many programs on the market require at least a 386 with 4 MB of RAM to run.

The more RAM a computer has the less it has to access information from the hard drive. When a computer accesses data off a hard drive more time is spent.

One of the best add-ons for any computer is a fax/modem. With this device the whole

family can enjoy traveling electronically to places around the world on the Internet (Moccasin trail leads to Internet highway, Regional Windspeaker Sept. 12-25, 1994).

If kids need some library information, they can explore massive libraries and enormous databases of information through the electronic link without leaving their home. And sending a fax is often cheaper than making a phone call or sending a document by mail.

Last but not least is buying a monitor. Most often a reconditioned computer will come with a monitor. For today's games and graphics, make sure it has VGA graphics, at the minimum, either with a VGA card installed or that the monitor be VGA compatible.

The letters indicate the level of density of colors a screen is capable of showing, rather like different levels of resolution on television screens. Older model color monitors are EGA/CGA and do not provide enough resolution to run higher density programs. Newer SVGA monitors have density levels in the millions and are good for professional uses.

Dr. Battle, PhD. - Author of



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Justice

Hobbema policing dispute on a simmer

By Carole McDowell
Windspeaker Contributor

HOBBEMA, ALTA.

RCMP continue patrolling a central Alberta reserve following a temporary reprieve of a moratorium to vacate their office there.

An interim agreement was struck at the Hobbema Reserve near Edmonton, allowing RCMP to return to work temporarily, after running their office from a trailer just off the reserve.

But as in many reserves across the country Native people are insisting that a process begin that will help them police their own communities.

The Ermineskin, Montana, and Samson Band Councils asked the 14-member detachment to leave the reserve in mid-September. The Native bands have been asking the provincial and federal government to contribute funding so the bands can operate an all Native police force. When the government refused again last month a notice was handed to the officers asking them to leave.

The recent agreement allows the RCMP to return to the reserve and sets up a new structure for the force. The six-member Hobbema police force will be properly trained and will work with the RCMP. Up to now the two forces have

worked independently. The Native force has office space upstairs, and the RCMP are on the first floor of the detachment building on Highway 2A in Hobbema.

The arrangement is only temporary while negotiations continue for an all-Native police force. The council hopes the force will be an all-Native community based force by the end of 1995.

But funding doesn't seem to be the only catalyst in the decision the council made in asking the RCMP to leave.

"We need more culturally sensitive locally based community policing and that is not happening right now," said Mel Buffalo, Director of Operations for the Samson Cree Nation. Buffalo also sits on the Implementation Plan Committee for the Hobbema Police Service.

The committee has received a number of complaints since the beginning of the year that they say involve the use of "excessive force, brutality, and racism."

One woman who ended up in jail after a fight complained to the band that she was mistreated. Mildred Lightning wrote in a signed statement she had two sets of stitches removed while she was in jail. She told the nurse a doctor had instructed her to leave the stitches for two weeks. The nurse removed them anyway.

Lightning said when she returned to her cell the wounds opened and began to bleed. Her cell mate called for a guard and Lightning was sent home.

"I was discharged and had to hike back home," she wrote.

Cecil Crier is the former Chief of Police of the Hobbema Police Force. He said when he was a constable he would go out on calls with the RCMP members. He says excessive force was used usually when an individual with a criminal record was being apprehended.

Crier said excessive force is one of the problems causing tension with the RCMP.

"I know lots of these guys who have a criminal record and I don't think they are really that bad you know. You just have to talk to them for a while and then they'll come with you.

"But if they're arresting someone and he even just moves his arm a little then that's resisting arrest and then they use all that (what they call) necessary force."

Crier resigned from the force earlier this year. He said he needed a change and that there were too many problems. He says the new agreement will likely work if all the members are sincerely prepared to work together.

The two forces were never supposed to act independently but when Crier was chief a couple of RCMP refused to work

with the Native officers. They said some members of the Hobbema Tribal Police were not properly trained, Crier charged.

"I thought it was their job to train us," he said.

Several people have also made allegations of improper use of force by the RCMP when dealing with small incidents on the reserve. Crier said. But at least one Aboriginal police officer disagrees.

Lawrence Aimoe is a corporal and second in command at the Hobbema detachment. Aimoe, a Manitoba Metis, volunteered to come to the detachment and disagrees with the idea that his colleagues use excessive force.

"There will always be complaints against the police, but I've never seen the kind of force you're talking about," he said.

Aimoe maintains the situation on the reserve is political.

"Its a problem between the bands and the province," he said, adding the difficulty originated there and not in the day-to-day policing of the community.

The corporal also said since the RCMP moved the detachment to Hobbema the crime rate dropped considerably.

"Since we moved onto the reserve in December of 1991 we have not had one murder. Prior to our moving here there was an average of three to five murders per year."

Aimoe was disappointed to hear the same people thought there was discrimination by the officers attached to the RCMP.

"I am one of the three Aboriginal members that was promoted by the department two years ago. I am very aware of that kind of attitude. Sometimes people say things they don't mean. Policemen are no exception, but I don't think you can call that racism."

Aimoe said they were trying to tailor make programs would suit the Native culture. He pointed out that every officer in the 14-member detachment except for one volunteered to come to the reserve.

While Crier alleged RCMP aren't interested in learning about Native culture, Aimoe said officers want to be involved.

"Three of our officers attended a three-day cultural workshop at Buck Lake. They learned a lot about Native culture," Aimoe said.

Other residents say they want the RCMP to leave. Lorraine Cutarm is a business woman and studied at the University of Alberta. But when police barged into her home at 2 o'clock in the morning she felt like a "common criminal."

Cutarm says police were looking for one of her daughter's friends. But she can't understand why she was treated that way.



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Christmas Memories

How Santa helped me

By Leroy Fox
Gallivan, Sask.

As I'm walking down the street, a strange feeling of loneliness comes over me. This feeling only comes to me during the Christmas holidays. It's a time for joy for other people, but not for me.

Watching people shop for gifts and groceries, I can remember when my family and I did the same thing. Being with my family was the thing I liked so much about Christmas. Five years ago, it all vanished. The Christmas holidays will never be the same.

My memory takes me back five years ago. I'm sitting in the living room admiring the decorations we put up that night and the feelings I had about my family and the special Christmas we were going to have together.

Suddenly, the phone rings. It is my mother-in-law. She's hysterical. She says, "It all happened

this afternoon when you were at work!" I interrupted by saying, "Calm down, I can barely understand you." She takes a deep breath, tries to speak calmly but she falls apart again and starts crying for a while.

I angrily say to her, "Tell me what happened." She calmed down long enough to tell me.

"A drunk driver hit them head on. They all died instantly."

I must have fainted because when I came to my senses I was on the floor. That minute it all came to me. My family was gone for good.

Everything in my life fell apart. I didn't want to do anything but feel sorry for my loss. I started drinking, taking drugs and sleeping around. The drugs kept my mind off my late family.

The booze helped me forget about them when I was with other women. Nothing could help me though when the Christmas holidays came around. All Christ-

mas was to me was a reminder of what I had lost. Oh, what a painful memory. I just wanted the loneliness to stop for I couldn't deal with it anymore. I was usually feeling suicidal this time of year.

Staggering down the street on Christmas Eve, I met a homeless person. His name was Nicholas. He was about 55 to 60 years old, a long beard, long shaggy hair, and a short person on the heavy side. His clothes were stained, wrinkled up and had a pretty bad smell. His shoes weren't matched, one was a work boot, and the other a winter boot. He was carrying nothing but a light brown suitcase. He was always smiling. I figured him to be sort of retarded.

We started walking around. He was looking for something. Nicholas asked, "You hungry?" I replied, "Sure am." We were in the back alley of a restaurant when he said, "Lift me up so I can

get in there." It was a dumpster.

"Don't just stand there, hurry up. I'm hungry," he said. I lifted him up and in he went into the dumpster.

"Right on," he shouted. "Hit the jackpot. Half a steak, half a baked potato, and some vegetables," he said, handing me some food. "Here, have a Merry Christmas."

"I'm not into food from the garbage," I responded. I offended him, I could tell by the look in his eyes.

He got up, and replied with pride in his voice, "I don't like it either, but I have no choice. I have to eat too, you know." He takes a bite of the steak and continues, "I didn't want my life to be like this, but I have no choice. Either this way, or give up with life totally." He must have known I was really depressed because he added to give up totally.

I left him standing there eating away at his food. What a

weird thing, I thought, a homeless person telling me to go on with my life. I already knew this but this lonely feeling was driving me to my grave. This Christmas was going to be my last.

That night I went out to the cemetery. I stood there before three graves. I was here every year this time to wish them a happy Christmas. Usually, I would be on my hands and knees, crying my head off. This year, I waited for a sign from my wife to go on with my life. I must have been still buzzed because I thought that Nicholas was my sign to go on with my life. I realized that my wife and kids were in heaven, and would be waiting for me and not to use their loss for my own downfall even though it was a major contributor.

I left there with a feeling of hope and a bit of satisfaction in my heart. It's time I move on. Thank you, Nicholas, wherever you are. I know who you are. S.C.



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The First Gift

By Shirley Kiju Kawi
Mother Quill of Membertou
Sydney, N.S.

Festive is the season of Christmas as we know it today. Laughter and good cheer are spread far and wide. Trees are decorated with care. Gifts are wrapped with love. Oh, such scenes cascade warmth through one's spirit. I could not help but wonder if Two Arrows had felt the same as I do so many centuries ago.

The beginning of winter settles in on a small island off the eastern coast. Two Arrows lived with his parents and younger sister, Moon Child. Chilly winds howl outside the teepee as Two Arrows adds more wood to the fire. Mother cradles her daughter close to her while gently singing a lullaby of old. Two Arrows looks up from the fire at his mother and speaks.

"Will my sister be well, soon?" he asked worriedly. He could see the tears in his mother's eyes as she continued to sing softly.

When at last Moon Child had fallen asleep, Mother lay her down and sat next to her son.

"Two Arrows," she began with a heavy heart. "Your father hunts over the mountain that is three days away. He does not know of his daughter's sickness. You must find him and bring him back for Moon Child is gravely ill."

Two Arrows felt the pain in his mother's heart. Quickly he gathered what was needed for his journey past the mountain of the Ancient One. For two days Two Arrows followed the trail of his father and the other hunters. With night coming he had to stop and make camp. After he had finished eating Two Arrows felt the change of wind which told of a storm overnight. He knew he had to gather more wood for the fire.

As he picked sticks of wood, he heard a song of strangeness all about him. Upon hearing it, it left him in stillness, barely breathing. Then it was gone as quickly as it had come. Back in his shelter Two Arrows grew tired and soon fell fast asleep.

The wind grew fierce around the lean-to, awakening the boy. Realizing it was not yet dawn, Two Arrows turned over, covering his head to maintain warmth. He was about to fall back to sleep when he once again heard the strange song.

Slowly he emerged from his shelter looking up at the night sky. Suddenly he saw a bright glow in the distance.

"Perhaps it is the hunters," thought Two Arrows. "I must go quickly and find father."

All along his journey he thought of his sister, Moon Child. The light grew closer, warming his trembling body. Once again he heard the song which tingled his senses while

beckoning for him to come closer.

Two Arrows trudged on. Finally he stopped in wonderment for the song came from just ahead. A short distance away he saw a teepee snugly set beneath the boughs of evergreens. Thinking that he had reached the hunter's camp, he rushed forward shouting for his father. A man stood at the entrance holding the flap open.

Two Arrows stopped. Not a muscle stirred. Not a sound passed his lips.

"This is not my father. I do not know him. Who is he?" All these thoughts raced through his mind. As the man spoke to Two Arrows, he smiled while inviting the boy into his home.

Inside the warmth of the teepee, Two Arrows felt at ease as he watched in wonderment at a young woman holding a newborn child while singing the lullaby he had heard earlier. His thoughts saddened as he again felt the pain and saw the tears of his mother holding his sister.

Tears began to roll down his face as he knelt close to the child covered only with tattered skins. Reaching into his bag, Two Arrows felt the softness of rabbit fur. He took it out and gave it to the lady. She smiled as she wrapped her son in its warmth.

"I cannot stay. I must find my father. You see, my sister is very ill. I must hurry." With that Two Arrows left and continued on his

journey.

It was early morning when he reached the camp of the hunters. Hurriedly he related Moon Child's illness to his father. It wasn't long before everyone headed back to the village.

As Two Arrows entered his home three days later only sobs of sadness greeted him for by the fire sat his mother cradling Moon Child in her arms. In silence they wept. It was just too much for Two Arrows to bear. Silently he slipped out into the cold air.

With tears streaming down his cheeks he said sadly, "My parents, if I could give you one gift to take away all your pain and suffering, then I would."

It was then he remembered the child in the woods. He returned to his teepee and sat next to his mother and father. He then told them of his encounter with the people in the woods. He spoke of the warmth and kindness he had felt and of the song that the lady had sung to the child.

Two Arrows sang the song throughout the night as he held Moon Child close to him. It was the sounds of the morning that had awakened him from his sleep. Laughter and good wishes were passed around for many had heard the song, and like his sister, they were healed.

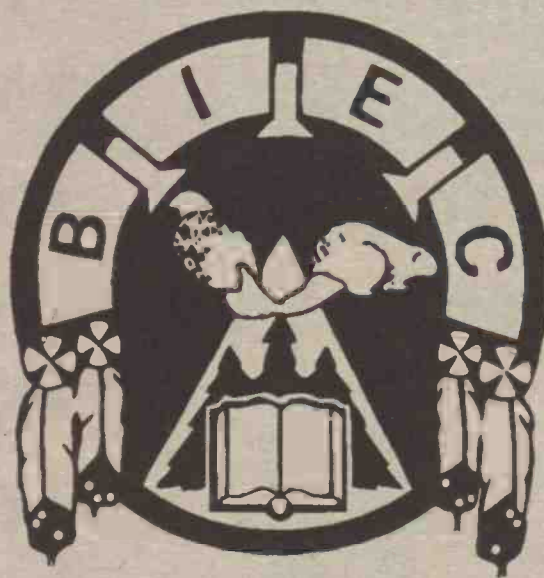
Two Arrows' first gift was the healing song given by the Creator to be passed on for generations to come.

Christmas without my Mom

By Eileen Mooswa
North Battleford, Sask.

I had just lost my Mom that year, but I was too young to understand. My Kookoom had custody of me after my Mom had passed away. She was always drinking and leaving me all over with different aunts and uncles.

Anyway, I was staying with my auntie and she had seven kids of her own plus me. My cousins were opening all their presents and I was wondering why I didn't have as many as they did; all I had was this pink and black teddy bear. I felt so lonesome for my Mom and my Kookoom because we spent other Christmases together before. Then, my cousin yelled out that our Mooshoom was coming with a big bag. When he finally came in, he had on a Santa hat, big black boots, and a red shirt. He put these two big bags in front of me and handed them to me one at a time. After I opened them all, I was so happy. I felt as if the whole world was watching me and that they were also happy for me. To this day, when I think about it I still cry because maybe my Mom was still watching over me because I could feel warmth instead of loneliness.



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who have made our progress possible.*

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Season's Greetings From Minister Ronald A. Irwin

With the festive season just around the corner, I would like to take this opportunity to extend heartfelt greetings to Northern and Aboriginal people and all other Canadians.

I always think of the holiday season as a special time for the children and as a time when families come together. As the International Year of the Family comes to an end this month, we use the holiday times to reflect on special moments of the past with family and friends. I would also like to take this opportunity to continue looking toward the future.

We are seeing positive changes as a result of working as partners with Aboriginal peoples and their leaders. As much as we are working to accomplish real objectives for the day, we are also building strong bridges to the future for our children.

The past year has seen some significant changes being made with Aboriginal communities throughout the country such as dismantling the department as it affects First Nations in Manitoba, pursuing with First Nations and the province co-management of natural resources in Saskatchewan, increased funding for post-secondary Aboriginal students and confirming Mi'kmaq jurisdiction over education in Nova Scotia.

Both Northern and Aboriginal people can feel confident that recognizing their rightful place in this country is a fundamental commitment of this government. The time has come for us to reach deep inside ourselves to find the strength, determination and co-operative spirit to continue working toward our shared objectives and achieving our aspirations together.

The progress we have made together this year is only the beginning, but the relationships we have developed will serve as the bridges to the future success.

With this in mind, I would like to wish you all a safe holiday season and a happy New Year. I look forward to continue working with you in 1995.

Christmas Memories

Christmas Eve above the 60th parallel

By Janusz Zalewski
Edmonton, Alta.

It is not easy to keep this light of faith alive in a land where darkness prevails six months of the year. The sun shines now — just for a moment — to demonstrate that it still exists.

I could never forget my first Christmas among Native friends in Ford Liard, a small community (population of 380) on the Liard River just north of the British Columbia provincial boundary in the North West Territories. The Oblates first came here 70 years ago. The mission house and church of Saint Raphael is where they work now. It is a single compact building with two floors and small bell tower. The bell is rung to invite people to Mass on Sundays and feast days and, as now, on Christmas Eve.

It is almost midnight. People arrive quickly and fill the church. Despite the extreme cold and the lateness of the hour, there are many children and many Elders. This is sign of a strong family life, and the Elders are treated with great respect. They take their places with silence, looking with curiosity towards the crib where the baby Jesus lies, next to Mary and Joseph, the shepherds and the animals, the moon and stars above.

In the back of the church and near the exit there are many teenagers and people who came late. Their faces seem to be happy and serious at the same time.

There are a few white people present, but the dominant group is Slavey, members of the Athapaskan-speaking Dene people. Some of them come to the Mass only once a year, leaving their camps and traps in the bush, journeying many miles, regardless of the weather, to meet Our Lord on this special night. They fill the chapel with the scent of fir trees, freshly chopped wood, forest and open spaces.

Many of them speak no English, and the woman at the front of the church laboriously translates Oblates words as he speaks. Listening to her translation, my mind drifts back to the Grandin Oblate provincial house in Edmonton, to the simple but aesthetically pleasing chapel. When superior spoke, I felt a sense of brotherhood among all who were gathered there. Even though he was speaking to everyone, his comments were mainly for the benefit of Father Leszek Kwiatkowski, OMI, a young Polish missionary who had recently started preaching in the north:

"Today I would like us to give thanks to God for sending another missionary north. It is an answer to the prayers and requests that I made to young Polish deacons for help. I would like to have many, but I pleaded with God to send at least one. Even though it is only one priest, he reaches many people as he celebrates Mass, listens to confessions, prepares converts — gather people together in the name of God. Now Father Leszek is the fourth Polish priest to go to this very difficult mission. Lord, I would also like to give thanks for the country of Poland. It is as poor as it is rich — rich in people and faith. Let us ask that missionaries do not become discouraged. Let us ask that they become stronger, bringing happiness and compassion, giving sacraments, instructing converts. May they spread the Good News about rising again and everlasting life. We pray also that they be able to carry their cross in the name of God."

Now, in this snow-covered village, everyone is moving toward the light. People are moving forward to take from the hands of the Polish priest the mystery of the Body of Christ to welcome the birth of Jesus. Perhaps this will be a time of rebirth, perhaps a time of offering one's services to the Church and people. Only the Lord knows the minds of the people who come forward for the sacrament.

Almost everybody takes communion. The Jesus who faces us from the mural at the front of the church looks concerned about something.

Maybe it's that so few people came to confession before Mass. Maybe he feels sorry that the mission is full only once a year. Probably not, for in the past they came here not in love and goodness but in fear and trembling. . . .

The Mass is ended. "Merry Christmas!" "Merry Christmas!" The words are spread around the room as the people greet each other. Outside it has warmed up to -18 C. A few trucks and skidoos rev their engines. Mother Nature has covered the "land of hope" with a blanket of fleecy white snow.

(After nearly two years in the north, Janusz (John) Zalewski, who now lives in Edmonton, promised himself and the Oblate Fathers that he would try to publicize their northern missions. This is one of a few of his stories translated from Polish — dedicated to "the heroic missionaries of the north" — the Oblate Fathers and nuns serving the Native people.)

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Christmas Memories

Christmas... long time ago

By Cedelia Moosomin
Cando, Sask.

Christmas long time ago was very different from the one we now have. Recently I was asked to write about a memorable Christmas, but I could not think of one that I could write about. What I remember most is what my father said about how his Christmas was, so I thought why don't I write about his and compare it with mine, so you'll know what I mean.

He started off by trying to

make sure that his family had a nice Christmas and New Year's Day. He would haul wood by a team of horses and sell it to the white farmers for \$2 or \$3 a load. These loads of wood he would haul to town, which is a good eight miles from where they lived. This money that he made went towards the Christmas dinner and whatever presents he could buy for us, which is amazing because my parents have seven daughters.

On Christmas Eve, Joyce and Annie, my oldest sisters,

would help mom bake the cakes and pies. The turkey would be put in the oven to cook overnight. They made sure the fire never went out. We also had a Christmas tree that Dad had gone for. This tree didn't have lights or shiny ornaments, instead all the decorations were made from colored paper cut out in all shapes and all in designs of snow flakes. You can smell the sweet smell of pine in the air along with the smells of the turkey, cakes and pies that were being cooked. Grandma or mom

would make sure all the stockings were hung and everyone had to be good or else they wouldn't receive a gift from Santa Claus and all the children had to be in bed early.

On Christmas day, a church service was held and most of the people attended. After the service the clergy woman would give out a bag of clothing to each family to use. Also in this bag were one or two pieces of candy for each child. When this was all done they would invite one or more families over for the Christ-

mas dinner.

Again on Boxing Day till New Years eve, my father would haul wood to town. New Year's Day was a very special day for all because it was a day to be happy with no alcohol or drugs. Back then, pure fun was had by all people by visiting and greeting each other, going from house to house.

Later on in the evening, a traditional feast was held and then a round dance. Families from far and near came on horse sleighs to visit family and friends.

Missing mom at Christmas

The following is a poem written by Lori, Joyce Hilton's daughter, when Hilton left London, Ont. to live and work in England for six months.

*Darkness brings the midnight hour,
And, here I sit, once more;
Memories soar within my mind,
Just like the nights before.*

I sit before a Christmas tree, a glistening array of lights, thinking of a distant home, and wondrous, snowy nights. Each tiny bulb depicts a scene, of my life in a magical place; A place where every joyous time, I see my mothers' face. I see a moment on the ice, my mother by my side, struggling with a happy grin, as we fight to keep in stride. The next scene is a quiet time, but, one we do each year; Strolling through our favorite park, alive with Christmas cheer. A falling bulb does catch my eye, so I swiftly end its plight, Looking close, I see my mother, holding me so tight.

The next bulb's a kaleidoscope, it's spinning evermore; It's mom & I at Christmas time, entering each and every store. Another bulb, another scene, special presents I recall; Most dear is one my mother gave, of a musical, porcelain doll. So many bulbs, so many scenes, such times bring back a smile; Memories somehow ease the pain, of the long, and lonely miles. But, Mother, hear my words of love, from far across the sea; I loved you then, I love you now, you are a part of me. There is a bulb I mentioned not, from high atop the tree, I saved it for the very end, for it means the most to me. Within this brilliant bulb of gold, there lies a secret prayer; One we felt, that at the time, we both had need to share. "Forever in our hearts, and souls, Forever in our minds; Though parted by both land and sea, Our love is for all time." I love you Mom, Lori Christmas 1989

Siblings make Christmas a joy

By Darlene Goodvoice
Wahpeton Dakota Nation
Prince Albert, Sask.

Being four years old at the time, having my two brothers and two sisters come home from residential school for Christmas was very exciting. Of course they commented on how I had grown which pleased me to no end. Now I had some kids to talk to and play with, if only for a few days.

What I really enjoyed most

was when they hitched up the team and horses and we went visiting all our neighbors, friends and relatives around the reserve. We would be all bundled up in snow suits, heavy clothing and then covered with a couple of buffalo robes. I remember watching ours' and the horses' white breath as they trotted down that old wagon trail, which is rarely used these days. I would also watch the sky just in case I might see Santa Claus riding along with his sleigh and reindeer. My oldest sister would often

get us all singing Christmas songs and carols with the jangle of harness and bells for accompaniment.

We did not worry about receiving gifts because we enjoyed visiting, eating and laughing and there would always be extra fruit and candy given to the kids to take home with them. I will always cherish those happy times we had and now it is my turn to bring happiness and cheer to my children and grandchildren. I have spoken.

Babies, Christmas make fond memories

By Barb Bertrand
Quesnel, B.C.

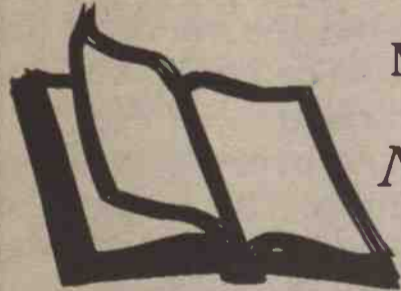
This is my fond Christmas memory when I was living in Fort Simpson, N.W.T. For my older daughter's safety I always had a small table-size tree. After my younger daughter was born I decided to spend Christmas with my family in Fort Liard, N.W.T. My sister, Judy, wanted a big tree, so my brother-in-law went out and

got a big tree. He dragged it in, set it all up. Everyone pitched in and started decorating the tree and singing Christmas songs. They strung colorful blinking light bulbs in the tree and it was finished and ready to be plugged in. My younger daughter, who was crawling at that time, crawled behind the tree and was playing peek-a-boo at us. My brother plugged in the blinking lights to see what her reaction would be.

Ha! No action, but we got action from her older sister. She was screaming at the top of her lungs "My sister! My sister!" She ran to her sister and grabbed her by the arm and dragged her out from under the tree. My older daughter stood in front of the tree looking at the blinking lights and waving her little fist at the tree and said "bad Bebo." In their baby talk, Bebo means ambulance.

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Christmas Memories

My most memorable Christmas

By Valerie Stone
Cando, Sask.

When I was a little girl, my most memorable Christmas was riding on a sleigh which was pulled by a team of horses. The family all piled into the sleigh where we would seat ourselves nicely and wrap up with quilts. My brothers usually fooled around on the sleigh and would jump off, then run to catch up with us. Dad, holding the reins, would

occasionally turn around to give the boys a holler. Mom and I would giggle at him because he always had a white mustache. The harness had bells on it which jingled as the horses trampled through the snow on our way to Christmas dinner.

The people gathered at the Catholic Church for dinner, which was prepared by the ladies. After the meal, the children would line up to get their candy bag and presents from St. Nick. Everyone

would then get ready for some good old fiddle music or Pow-wow singing.

To me, this is a very good memory of how people were not greatly affected with alcohol and how everyone got along. There was no bitterness to other people. The Catholic Church went up in flames years ago but the memories of those good old days will always remain cherished. The church may be gone, but what I treasure is how people got along.

Family Christmas

By Jean Whitecalf
Gallivan, Sask.

Christmas was very comfortable and cozy when I was small. My parents would wake us up Christmas mornings and we'd race out of our beds to look under the Christmas tree. The older siblings would distribute the nicely colored wrapped presents to the younger ones. It was the responsibility of the older children to look after the younger kids by cleaning up after them.

Then after playing with the

toys from Santa, our Mom would call us and give us each a kiss and wish us happy Christmas with tears in her eyes. The tears meant she's glad to spend another Christmas with her children.

After washing, we'd get ready to eat breakfast and then the older children would help get the Christmas dinner ready. About noon, we'd all sit around the beautifully set table and my father would say a prayer thanking God for a beautiful day. We would then eat until our stomachs were full and after we'd go

back playing with our new toys. My siblings and I would get ready with our parents to go out visiting our relatives until it was dark and come home to sleep.

This went on until after my mother was gone to Heaven, but our grandmother and father would keep doing this tradition year after year. Now that both our grandmother and father are gone too, we still have family Christmas dinners for our children and have the lost loved ones in our minds and hearts.

Christmas celebrates Christ's birth

By Vivian Stone
Cando, Sask.

In the early morning of Christmas Eve, my little sister Faye and I were the only ones up while Mom and Dad were still sleeping. Faye and I sat on the couch looking out the window.

It was such a beautiful morning and the sun was glaring in through the window as the snow was glittering so beautifully out there. I held my sister's hand and took her to the kitchen where we

got ourselves some cereal to eat. After we ate, she wanted to go and play outside.

"Well," I said to her, "let's go find our winter coats, boots and mitts."

It was such a warm day, so Faye asked me, "Vivian, lets go to Jesus' mansion, the one Dad built yesterday." I told her, "That's not a mansion, that's a manger where Joseph and Mary had their baby boy. His name is Jesus."

We went to observe the arch that stood not too far from our

house and not too far from the road. Inside, we saw three fake cows standing behind the bales and a big star on the eastern side facing the arch. As we were staring down, my sister asks me, "Why is there a baby doll there?"

"That baby doll represents Jesus, how he was born long time ago. When Jesus was born, a lot of people came down to give gifts to him and on that day he was born, it was on Dec. 25, so that's how Christmas became Christmas. The great king was born!"

My guardian angel

By Doreen Adams
Gallivan, Sask.

The Christmas I remember most was when I was about six years old. At that time, people were still poor, but each year everyone celebrated Christmas.

The night before Christmas, my Mom, Dad, my brother and I went and stayed at my uncle's place. That night, before I went to bed, I hung my clean stocking on the wall. When I got up the next morning, my stocking was filled with Christmas candy, peanuts, mixed nuts, and oranges. I also got a little baby carriage with a doll. I was always so happy when I got something because it wasn't very often we had new toys to play with. We even used to use cardboard boxes to slide with.

I have one cousin that I am very close to. She and I were brought up together by our grandmother. On Christmas night, I walked to my grandma's house just to go and show my cousin what I got for Christmas. It was very dark and cold that night, and the snow was about five or six feet high. Carrying the toys that I got for Christmas, I had to go walk across a valley to get to my grandmother's place. As I was walking up the valley, a pure white horse with a long mane was following me. I have never seen a horse so pretty. Today I still remember that horse following me, but now I think it was a horse spirit because when I stopped, he would stop, too. When I reached the top of the hill, he went the other way and I have never seen him again.

Going out on Christmas Day

By Donalda Adams
Gallivan, Sask.

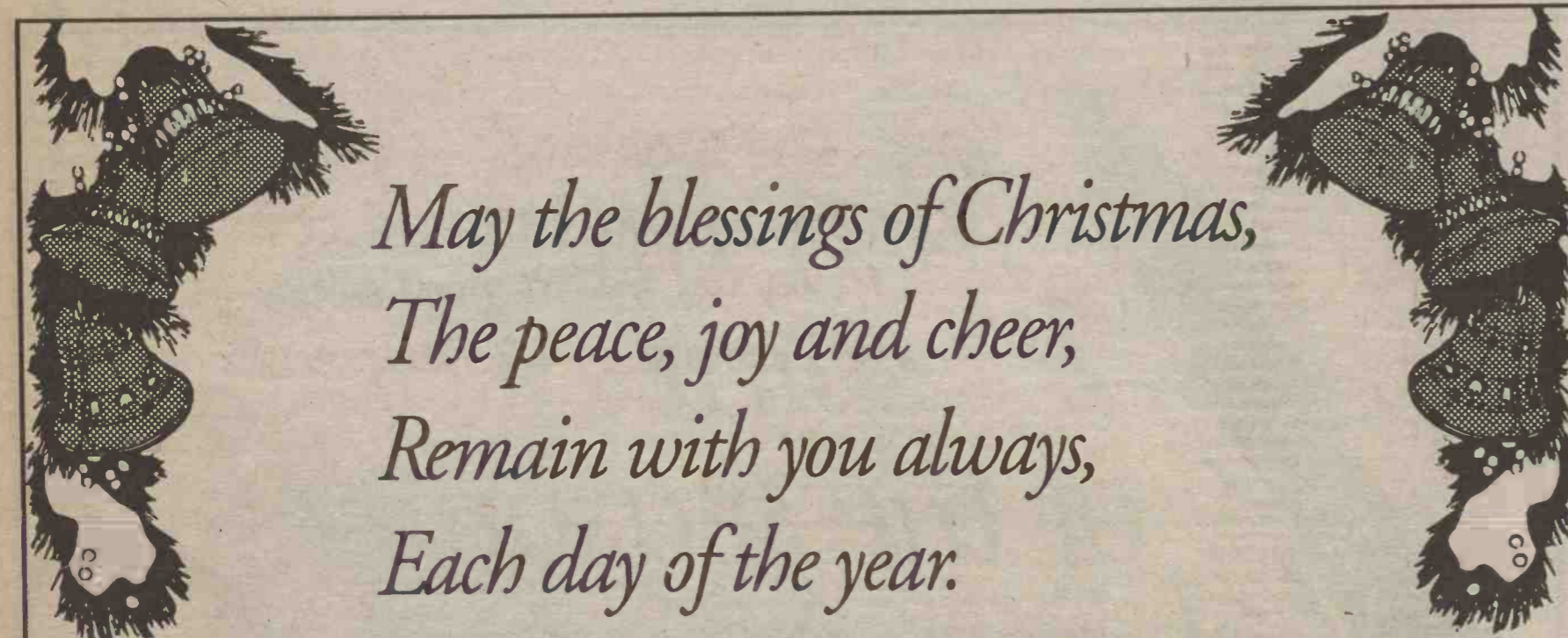
Every Christmas, the kids would be the first ones up, eager to open their presents. If you weren't up by the time all the kids were done, you were woken up in a flash.

Slowly, my parents would get up and our mother would start the mouth-watering Christmas dinner. While our mother was cooking the eight of us kids would find something to do, some going out to play, some playing with the new toys, and some of us fighting, only to make up and play again.

One by one, we would each have a bath using the kind of tub where you had to haul and heat

your own water. The boys would each take a turn first, and then each of the girls would have their turn. After each one was finished, we would dress in our Sunday clothes, so we would look decent to go out wishing family and friends a Merry Christmas.

I was one of the last ones to have a bath one time, and the water wasn't thrown out right away. I had just changed into my best suit of clothes when I started teasing my brother. He came after me and I started backing up, not realizing where I was going. All of a sudden I was tripping over something and landed right in the tub of water. Getting soaked and ruining my clothes, I got a scolding from my mother and I had to change my clothes.



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Christmas Memories

Miracle Night

By Lavina Adams
Gallivan, Sask.

It was a cold, frosty winter with icicles hanging from the roof ledges and kids walking past the picture window bundled up from head to foot. Neighbors' lights were flicking off and on and kids inside were all excited, getting ready for Christmas.

The town site also had colorful lights and relatives visiting and wishing each other holiday greetings. My old man and I were just sitting there watching the people go by and wondering how our families were. I was just a few months pregnant and we had spent all our money on gifts but that is all we had. His dad had left a few days before

with his wife because they were called away. So we were left back wondering what to do for a Christmas dinner, a tree and lights. Our house was the only one that didn't look at all like we were celebrating the birth of Christ. So we got the one set of lights that we had and put them around the picture window. Then we got our Christmas gifts and

put them where the tree was the year before.

As we sat there in silence, not saying a word, I looked at my husband with tears in my eyes and his filled with emptiness. I said, "Honey, let's go to bed." Just before we had gotten into bed, we knelt on our knees, held each other's hands and prayed to Christ.

I asked myself if there is one, where was he now when we needed him most?

We were sound asleep when we heard banging at the door. It was his dad and wife carrying all sorts of stuff. I've never seen such a glorious night and the North Star shining so bright. I'll never doubt the Lord again.



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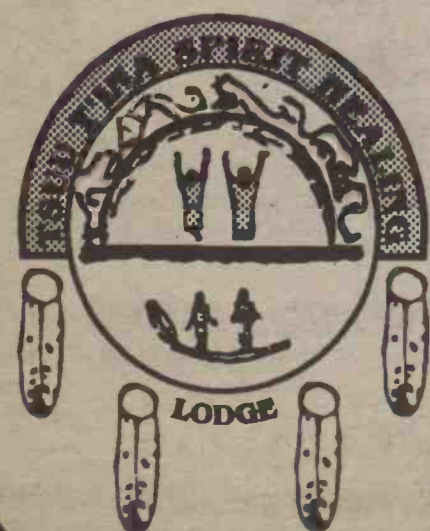
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Christmas Memories

Memories of Tlingit Christmases

By Emma Sam
Whitehorse, Yukon

Years ago as a child I can remember how people used to welcome in the New Year. It was a lot of fun to watch. People used to celebrate the holidays right from Christmas Day till New Year's Day. There would be feasting and dancing the whole time. Visitors and even relatives who had just returned from their traplines were not allowed to do any of the work such as cooking or cleaning, packing water or cutting wood. Even their dogs were taken care of

for them.

On New Year's Eve as the time got closer to midnight my Uncle George Johnston and a young boy would go outdoors. When Uncle George came back in just before midnight he would be wearing a white rabbit skin on his head so it would look like his hair was grey. In one hand he held a cane and in the other hand he held a pipe. He represented the old year. When he walked he was stooped way over as if he was old. Right at the stroke of midnight the young boy would rush in. He represented the new year. He'd grab the old

year's hand and pull him outdoors. Everybody waved "bye-bye" to the old year. The young boy representing the new year would come running back in and everyone would yell "Happy New Year". Then the people would go outdoors and shoot their rifles in the air to shoot the old year away. On Jan. 2nd everyone returned to their traplines or wherever they came from. All these festivities were fun to see but now it's sad because nobody carries out this traditional Tlingit custom any more.

Is Santa Claus real?

By Sharon Fox
Cando, Sask.

I used to believe in Santa Claus when I was 12 years old. Back then we were at Mom's house on Christmas Eve. The tree looked nice with handmade decorations with an aluminum star at the top. There were a couple of lights going around the tree with presents underneath.

As I was looking through the presents, I noticed my name wasn't on any of them. I was so disappointed and had tears coming down my face. Santa had forgotten about me. So I went outside. It was dark with only a few stars shining. I laid on the ground and made an angel and then I

whispered to Santa, "Why did you forget about me?" I told him that I wanted a Raggedy Ann doll, and told him where I lived. Then I went in to bed.

The next morning, Mom was handing out the presents as I sat in the corner disappointed. Then I finally heard my name. The box was big, with red wrapping paper and a big bow on top. As I ripped open the box, I saw my doll. That's when I believed there really was a Santa. Later, I told my sister that Santa Claus had come to our house just to bring me my present, but she didn't believe me. I knew there was a Santa no matter what anybody said.

Later as we played outside, I whispered, "Thank you, Santa."

KISTENIMITOTAN P'Uo Γ DC'



On behalf of my wife Linda and my daughters Koonu and Danis, I would like to express our BEST WISHES for a safe and joyful Christmas and New Year's holiday season. Let's continue to work and carry on the true meaning and value of respect for 1995.

Keith Goulet

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President's Christmas Message

I would like to extend to you my very best wishes during this special holiday season.

It is my hope that you and yours will enjoy a quiet moment of reflection and may you find personal peace upon which you can bring in the New Year.

It is my hope that you and your loved ones shall receive prosperity and happiness in the forthcoming year.

Fred Gladstone, President,
On behalf of the
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Christmas Memories

Grandfather hosted memories

By Shirley Baldhead
Wahpeton Dakota Nation
Prince Albert, Sask.

My grandfather, Robert Goodvoice, would host a supper at his place. Nothing fancy, with people bringing all kinds of food and goodies to eat. After supper the older folks would start storytelling about past Christmas and New Year's parties. They would tease each other about what one or the other had done. There would also be announcements made about births, marriages and upcoming events like that. Time would just seem to fly by and about 10 p.m., people would pull out their fiddles, guitars and hand drums, some-

times there would even be an accordion or banjo. Everyone would be wishing each other good tidings throughout the night amidst their singing and dancing.

Grandpa would make bowls of fruit punch and make sure that they were always full. Around midnight he would spike a couple of bowls with strong spirits for the adults; this was the only time he offered spirits to anyone.

Children were allowed to stay up as long as they could. And about 3-4 in the morning everyone would be packing their stuff to go home. All the people would be tired but happy and glad that they spent some time with their friends and relatives.

The people we love

By Isobel Wapass
Gallivan, Sask.

I remember the times when my parents were together because we used to have a lot of fun. We would go outside and have snowball fights. I remember my late brother that one time when he got a face wash from my dad. It was so funny because my dad had a hard time getting him down.

I will never forget you, my brother, because Christmas will never be the same without you to bring joy to everybody. You were the one that kept everyone's spirit up.

You are my Christmas memory and I will never forget you. I remember the fun times when we would help decorate the tree because the whole family was there to help.

That is why Christmas is so special to me because you never know when that special person will be gone. Christmas is all about forgiveness and love. It is not about getting the food or the presents. It's about loving the people that are with you and being grateful that you see them every year at the same time and place.

Christmas is about season and perpetual hope.

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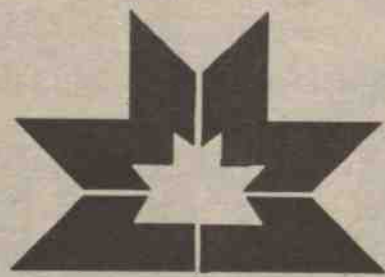
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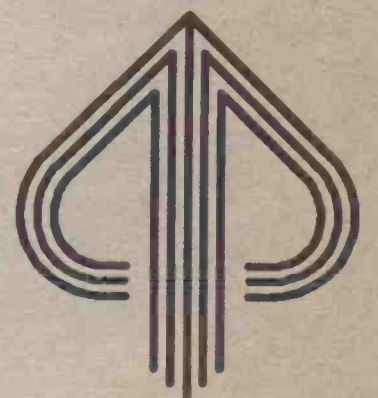
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Christmas Memories

Christmas turns magic for 11-year-old Metis

By Irene Collins-McFeeters
Edmonton, Alta.

Christmas, when I was a youngster, was a time when everyone would truly celebrate the birth of Jesus. It was a time to go to church, with family, Mum and Dad, my brothers and sisters. My Dad would hitch up Dan and Babe, our huge horses. They seemed huge to me, a small child of five or six years of age. Into the sleigh we would all go, bundled in big blankets. My Dad would already have filled the sleigh box with hay, and it made a nice cushiony place for all of us to sit. My Dad would stand at the head of the sleigh box, in his big mackinaw and hat with the funny ear flaps. On his hands, he would wear his fancy moosehide beaded mitts that my Mum had spent hours working on. The rest of us, in every semblance of dress and color, would pile in for the short drive to the school house, which tonight would double as a church for midnight mass.

The drive there, even though short, was always awesome for a six-year-old. Everywhere I looked there were stars, shining brightly in the sky, as if they too were excited to be celebrating such an auspicious occasion. And the trees, they were virtually alive with a million sparkles, brushed on just for this evening. The jingle of the bells on the horses' harness completed the orchestra. We would all be speaking excitedly, sometimes all at once, our breath turning into a pure white mist where it met the cold winter air. There was my mother fussing with the covers, as if I could feel the cold in all my excitement.

"Sit still," she would say to me in Cree. I wonder if she knew how hard it was for a six-year-old to sit still on such a grand occasion?

"Whoa! Whoa!"

"What, so soon?" I thought. It seemed like we had just started and

already the sleigh was pulling into the school yard, the runners making a sweet squeaking noise as it rode over the hard-packed snow.

"My, there are ever so many people here," my little mind thinks. I'm even more excited as I think that soon I will be seeing my best friend, Madeleine. She also happened to be my cousin, but being best friends was ever so much better than being cousins, or so my little mind reasoned.

As my mother hustled us all into the school house, she kept doing her best to juggle her arms between me and my little brother, who was only two years old. My Dad was busy, unhitching and tying up the horses, giving them hay to last them at least the two hours we would be at the school for church services.

Everyone knew everyone else. That's what made these times special. And everyone took the time to greet each other, even to stop and say hello to us little children, some making comments about how much we had grown, and my didn't my little brother have such light-colored hair. We were typical Metis living in a typical Metis community.

As I grew older, it seemed like more things were happening around Christmas time. I remember fondly the school Christmas concerts, especially the year I was chosen to play the princess in Dick Whittington's *Cat Goes to London*. The year was 1959 and I was in grade six. That school year, we also got another classroom so that all the grades didn't have to share the one classroom.

That year was also the first time that our one teacher got a teacher's assistant. Oh, we thought it was so neat to have another teacher, especially one we practically grew up with. You see, Miss Dion was my Dad's cousin's eldest daughter, and every summer, she

and the rest of her family came to my Mosoom Collins', just down the hill from where we lived. Heck, I knew her ever since I could remember knowing anyone. I figured knowing this, I should definitely have an inside edge on the rest of the kids in school. Well, she was practically my cousin, albeit once or twice removed. But the others didn't have to know that, did they?

Unfortunately, Miss Dion didn't play favorites. I guess the term "teacher's pet" hadn't been coined yet in Metis land, at least it didn't apply to me.

Nonetheless, I got a fairly important role in Dick Whittington's *Cat*, as the play got to be known. I don't remember the gist of the story, or if it even had a plot. All I remember is the excitement of getting prepared for the play. We started planning early. We were to have a real stage, well not exactly real, but one the bigger boys would make, out of slabs from the sawmill, as I recall. The stage was quite large, or so it seemed to me at 11 years old. It stood about two-and-a-half feet off the floor. The floor was made of old rough lumber borrowed from the lumber piles that sat behind the school, probably left over from the time they cut logs there to make our school house.

The construction had to be done after school hours, close to the night when we were to have the Christmas concert. The front of the stage was done up in slabs, salvaged from the discard site at the old sawmill. The various tools needed were sneaked in from home by whoever happened to feel brave. As I remember, there were a lot of brave fellows in the construction crew.

The rest of us girls, big and little, were to borrow bed sheets from our mothers so we could have curtains around the stage. What came in were sheets of various shapes, sizes and colors, usually made from

flour bags our mothers had sewn together and dyed in various hues. But our curtain was a beautiful sight to behold. Kinda like Joseph's coat of many colors in the Bible.

Next came the planning for the play. There were lines to learn, costumes to design. As I recall, my costume had to be something that a princess would wear.

"Get your mother to make you something out of gauzy pink material," my beloved Miss Dion said. I wondered how I was going to explain 'gauze' to my mother in Cree, but I was certainly going to try. I wasn't about to lose an important part such as this just because I couldn't say 'gauze' in Cree.

"I'll make her understand," I vowed to myself. The one thing, my mum was a great seamstress. She could make anything out of any material, but gauze, I don't know. Try as I might, I could not explain to her.

Finally, she suggested an old bridesmaid's dress that my sister had worn to be someone's bridesmaid. It looked awful. It was about four sizes too big for me, and I could just see me in it, skinny as I was.

"I just can't show up at our lovely concert wearing this," I thought to myself. I just felt like sitting down and crying. But why was my mum looking so cheerful?

"I wonder how she would feel if she had to wear this ugly old dress. I can't imagine my lovely sister ever consenting to wearing something so hideous," I said to myself, not even thinking that on her, it probably fit the way it was supposed to.

"Oh well, at least it's pink," I said to mum.

She just smiled and told me I could try it on tomorrow after school. The next day, in school, all the girls who had a part in the play were excitedly talking about their costumes and their lines. "How's your costume coming, Irene?" my cousin Hervina asked. "Ah, OK. My mum's working on it."

My cousin was always dressed with such nice clothes.

"What about your slippers?" Miss Dion said your costume included satin slippers."

Satin slippers, in Metis land, you gotta be kidding! Heck, I wore homemade moccasins in the winter time, where was I to get satin slippers? By now, I was really down and out. I didn't have the heart to go home and tell mum I needed satin slippers, after what we just went through to find something that resembled a 'pink gauze dress'. No thanks. I'll just keep quiet and hope a miracle will happen and produce satin slippers. Man, this acting was nerve-wracking.

As the evening of the concert drew closer, our rehearsals were getting better and better. We did have to concede and use a cardboard 'cat', though. The 'real' cat that Lawrence brought kept running off the stage and hiding underneath it. Then everything would have to cease and someone would crawl underneath the stage to rescue the 'cat'. That 'cool cat' was not about to make its debut into the world of stage plays, so Lawrence as Dick Whittington had to settle for dragging a cardboard cat on a string behind him as he walked up and down the stage.

All in all, it was shaping up to be a great concert! Except for my 'ugly' dress and the fact no slippers had materialized. The longer I put off trying on the dress, the less chance I had of changing my mind

at the last minute when I saw how hilarious I looked. Finally it was the eve of the big event.

"Tomorrow, in the afternoon, Mr. Dedeluk said we could have a full dress rehearsal," said Miss Dion. "Make sure you don't forget to bring your costumes."

Oh brother, now everyone will see me in that ugly dress. My heart sank. What should I do? Grin and bear it?

I'm sure I drug my feet all the way home that day after school, just dreading having to tell mum I needed to bring my costume to school the next day, the dress... and what of the slippers? When I entered our house, my mum was seated at the sewing machine.

"Astam ota nitanis," (come here, my daughter), she called as she held up a dress I could hardly recognize. It was the same pink, it even had the same fluffy netting, but it was now my size.

"Try it on," she said to me gently, in Cree. "If I have to fix it up more, I'll know where to fix after you try it on."

It was like a dream. I quickly shrugged out of my parka, kicked off my boots and reached for the dress.

The dress fit perfectly. And it was so elegant. I looked at my mum. I didn't have to ask her how. I just knew. And she knew I knew. I hugged her and tried to kiss with my outburst of emotion. Now for the miracle to bring my slippers. Oh, well, at least the dress is long enough, even if I do have to wear my moccasin slippers.

The next day, I carried my bundle with great pride. I couldn't wait to show my cousin Hervina my dress. I was a happy little girl trundling through the snow, on my way to school. Unbeknownst to me, my second miracle was waiting for me when I arrived at school. My cousin was standing in the cloak room, looking just as excited as could be. Behind her back she held something.

"Just wait till you see what I have brought today!" she fairly beamed.

"Boy, isn't it just like her to steal my thunder," I thought to myself. Here I was going to be the one to show off my dress, and here she was excited about her own surprise.

"Well, what is it?" I feigned interest. "These," she said as she held out a pair of white satin slippers.

I was stunned, speechless!

"Silly, I brought them to show you. My Auntie sent them to me as a Christmas present. I thought of you right away. You could wear them for your costume. Remember how we were wondering where you were going to get satin slippers? Well, here they are. Kinda big for you, but what the heck, wear a couple pair of your Dad's woolen socks. No one will know the difference."

"What about you?" I asked her. "Don't you want to wear them to the concert?"

"I don't need them for my costume, and besides I'll wear them after the play, when we get our treats and Santa Claus arrives." Just about then, I loved being Metis. The sharing and caring, even among us kids. We were just like one big happy family.

The play was like a dream come true. Everyone remembered their lines. Everything went the way it was supposed to, except for the cardboard "cat" who would occasionally get caught between the cracks of the stage floor.



December, 1994

To our Friends and Neighbours:

In 1994 you made Windspeaker Canada's most popular source for news and information for and about Aboriginal people.

All that has been accomplished in 1994 would not have been possible without the assistance and support of many people - particularly our readers.

We thank you all for your support in 1994 and over the previous eleven years, and we look forward to servicing you in the year to come.

During the Holiday Season, the Windspeaker office will be closed December 24th and will re-open January 2nd, 1995.

We wish you all a safe and joyous Holiday Season.

The Board, Management & Staff at Windspeaker

Christmas Memories

Moving into the house that Dad built

By Donna Doss
Vancouver, B.C.

One of my fondest Christmases comes from many, many years ago, in my childhood. My family was moving to our new home. It was during the Christmas holidays. Dad had built our new house and we were moving in on Dec. 23rd. The new house stood in the midst of a winter landscape. The air was crisp and filled with excitement.

Bits and pieces of furniture and household goods were moved over the previous weeks, but we were actually going to sleep in our new house. Everyone was so ecstatic about the move. We were going to have new bedrooms, a huge kitchen,

a basement (can you imagine that?), and a nice, big living room. Our little, old comfortable house had become quite cramped with our growing family.

Mom was freaking out because there was so much to do. Beds to set up. Babies' diapers to change. Dinner to cook. The list went on and on. We didn't care. We had our new home. We were in a new and exciting place.

We were going to have the perfect tree. We would go walking in the hills behind our reserve, X'axlip, (more commonly known as Fountain Reserve, near Lillooet, B.C.), looking for our "perfect" tree. We were such a large family and there were

always squabbles about which tree was perfect. Every year we had the perfect tree. And each year, the tree would be more perfect than the last year.

We were all so proud be-

cause we all had a hand in building that house. We helped lay the tiles. We helped Dad by holding up the gyp rock and by trying to paint. What an undertaking that was!! Dad said there

was a little bit of all of us in that new house. That house is no longer standing, but we still have those wonderful memories. Memories of our first Christmas in our new house.

Career Section

PROGRAM OFFICER/ABORIGINAL RIGHTS

Part-time: 17.5 hours per week

Starting Date: February 20, 1995

CUSO, with a background of over 30 years of international development, is seeking a Program Officer/Aboriginal Rights. This will be new work for CUSO and the preliminary phase will be to identify issues of common interest. The work will be undertaken with a hands-on grassroots approach to social justice, concentrating on the collective interests of Alberta in sustainable development, including health, social, economic, gender, land rights and popular education. Within this context the Program Officer will plan, develop and implement programs; fundraise; facilitate and support the work of volunteers; and administer all related program activities.

ESSENTIAL SKILLS, EXPERIENCE AND KNOWLEDGE:

- Knowledge and/or clear understanding of First Nations including Metis, treaty, status, non-status, on-reserve and off-reserve communities in Alberta;
- Minimum of 3 years experience in development/programming work (includes experience in development work, inter-regional networking, community and program coordination work, program management or related fields) and a knowledge of the networks in the region;
- Proven program management and program administration skills (design, development, implementation, monitoring, support and evaluation);
- Sound understanding of the regional context;
- Experience in coordinating and motivating volunteers;
- Effective communication, representation skills and leadership skills;
- Fund-raising skills.

DESIRABLE:

- Knowledge of First Nations' languages;
- Experience linking international and local issues.

A full Job Description is available from the Human Resources Department in Ottawa.

To apply, please send a resume and a short statement on how you see your contribution to this work, to CUSO, Human Resources Department, 135 Rideau St., Ottawa, ON, K1N 9K7 or fax (613) 241-8068 by December 30, 1994.

CUSO is committed to Employment Equity.

CO-ORDINATOR, PREVENTATIVE CHILD CARE SERVICES

STONEY TRIBAL SOCIAL SERVICES CHILD & FAMILY SERVICES

The Chiefs and Council of the Stoney Tribe are seeking a motivated, experienced and mature individual to assume the responsibilities of Co-ordinator, Preventative Child Care Services. Responsible to the Co-ordinator, Stoney Child and Family Services, the successful applicant will be required to:

- Recruit regular and specialized foster homes, and receiving homes.
- Facilitate and co-ordinate foster parent training programs and workshops
- Initiate an "Early Intervention" program.
- Develop guidelines and policies for on-reserve foster homes and child neglect/abuse reporting systems.

The appointee will have a thorough knowledge of the principles and methods of social casework in child and family social services. The minimum acceptable qualifications are a Bachelor of Social Work degree with current accreditation, and/or diploma in Social Sciences Planning; and demonstrated organizational and communication skills. Preference will be given to candidates with previous successful experience in providing preventative social services with and for Native Indian clients.

Please forward a full resume/curriculum vitae with salary expectations and other relevant data to:

D. Paul Morris
Director of Human Resources
Stoney Tribal Administration
P.O. Box 40
MORLEY, Alberta T0L 1N0
Tel: (403) 881-3808
Fax: (403) 881-2187

Closing date for receipt of applications:
Noon, Tuesday, January 3, 1994

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On behalf of the Board of Directors and Staff of the



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Career Section

Help Wanted: Tourism Coordinator

Affiliated Tribes recently received confirmation from the Administration for Native Americans for the development of a new staff position. The title of the new position will be Tourism Coordinator and will report to the Regional Economic Development Coordinator. Duties include the overall management and administration of tourism related activities determined by the ATNI Economic Development Committee. The person filling this position will be responsible for developing and implementing project work plans, as well as managing staff and project consultants. In addition, the Tourism Coordinator will be actively involved in the financial management and long-term budget forecasting for the development of an Indian Country Tourism Network.

This is a full-time position, located at the ATNI regional office in Portland. Candidates should have a four-year college degree, with work experience in the travel-Tourism industry. A strong background in oral and written communications, with marketing and promotion experience a plus. The ideal candidates will have experience coordinating public and private sector agencies, and will have knowledge of various funding sources. This position will serve as a liaison between public agencies and ATNI member tribes.

Send resume, cover letter and salary requirements to:
AFFILIATED TRIBES OF NORTHWEST INDIANS at
825 N.E., 20th Ave., Suite 310, Portland, OR 97232
 Call Dan or Jolene at (503) 230-0293

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 Resumes accepted up to January 3, 1995 or until position is filled.

Please mail resumes to: **Mr. John Loftus**
Executive Director
Action North Recovery Centre
Box 872
High Level, Alberta T0H 1Z0
Fax: (403) 926-2060



UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA FACULTY OF LAW

The Faculty of Law at the University of British Columbia invites applications for a Director of the First Nations Law Program, commencing July 1, 1995. For many years the Faculty of Law has attracted significant numbers of First Nations students, with close to fifty students currently enrolled in the LL.B. and graduate programs. The Director will have academic and teaching responsibilities in the Faculty, as well as responsibilities for the development of First Nations academic programs and curriculum in the Faculty. The Director will also be involved in liaison and program development with First Nations communities and organizations outside the University, as well as recruitment and support of First Nations students. Candidates should be qualified to teach and do research in legal issues relating to First Nations. Experience with First Nations communities, organizations and issues, as well as knowledge and understanding of First Nations cultures, are also important. Clinical legal experience may also be relevant. Preference will be given to First Nations candidates.

The position will be filled at the rank of Assistant Professor at a salary commensurate with that rank and with the candidates qualifications and experience. Appointments at a more senior rank may be considered for candidates with exceptional qualifications.

Applications and curricula vitae for the position should be forwarded as soon as possible, or by February 15, 1995, to **Professor Claire Young, Secretary, Appointments Committee, Faculty of Law, University of British Columbia, 1822 East Mall, Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1Z1, Fax (604) 822-8108, Ph. (604) 822-4669, E-mail young@law.ubc.ca.** This position is subject to final budgetary approval.

UBC welcomes all qualified applicants, especially women, aboriginal people, visible minorities, and persons with disabilities. In accordance with Canadian Immigration Regulations, this advertisement is directed to Canadian citizens and permanent residents.

Tune in to the Native Perspective News Hour weekdays at 6 and 10 p.m. on CFWE 89.9 FM - Alberta's Aboriginal Voice.

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The **INNER CITY YOUTH HOUSING PROJECT** is presently accepting applications for Part-time and Relief Resident managers. (These positions are live-in, residential settings.)

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QUALIFICATIONS: Experience in the human services field with emphasis on aboriginal/inner city communities. Must possess excellent problem solving, communication and life skills. An ability to work independently and as a team player, and a strong commitment to youth are necessary. First Aid and CPR are a requirement, a valid driver's licence is an asset.

Please submit resumes to: **P.O. Box 1892, Main Post Office, Edmonton, Alberta T5J 2P3**

CLINICAL DIRECTOR

STONEY ADOLESCENT TREATMENT CENTRE

The Board of Directors of the Stoney Adolescent Treatment Centre at Morley, Alberta are seeking a motivated, experienced and mature individual to assume the responsibilities of Clinical Director.

The successful applicant must be credentialed either as Psychiatrist, PhD Psychologist or MSW, with at least five years solid experience supervising and working with First Nations People in a treatment setting. Salary very competitive. Excellent growth opportunities.

Please forward a full resume/curriculum vitae with salary expectations and other relevant data to:

D. Paul Morris
Director of Human Resources
Stoney Tribal Administration
P.O. Box 40
MORLEY, Alberta T0L 1N0
Tel: (403) 881-3808
Fax: (403) 881-2187

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