

Metis books examined

By Susan Enge
Windspeaker Staff Writer

EDSON, Alta.

After two unsuccessful attempts, two Metis members gained permission to examine the financial records of the Metis Association of Alberta's general ledger and cheque registry on Dec. 1 after filing a court order.

Jim White, local 18 president from Calgary and Ella Barron, secretary of another Calgary Local reviewed the organization's financial transactions over the last 15 months.

"I thought it went quite well. But, I can't discuss it. We're trying to do this in a fair and reasonable manner. And, we have to sit down now with our legal counsel and decide sometime in January what the next step is," commented White in a telephone conversation from Calgary.

White says he "took notes" with the help of Barron, a bookkeeper with some accounting experience. The information will be distributed to Metis members who are dissatisfied with the organization's financial accountability.

Allegations of misappropriation of funds were being made by Local 44's president Sharon Johnstone-Martel and her husband Dan Martel, former Zone 4 vice-presi-

dent, which were endorsed by Metis representatives from all six zones across the province. Since both Martels have in turn, been accused of misappropriating association funds and had their memberships revoked by the Metis Association last summer, they have been unable to access any information.

Dan Martel is pleased with the progress but denies White has provided him information on the investigation's results.

"We're satisfied. The wheels are grinding slowly, just by getting people to look at the books at all," said Martel.

MAA President Larry Desmeules has always maintained that the books are available for viewing by association members but they must follow bylaw procedures in order to do so.

Cutbacks challenged

By Kelth Matthew
Windspeaker Staff Writer

EDMONTON

Indian and Northern Affairs Canada faces stiff challenge from Native students, Native education administrators and others concerned about post-secondary funding cutbacks.

"The process is really, right now, to put forth this draft proposal (as) basis for discussion and to solicit input from the Indian community," said Indian Affairs regional education superintendent Dave Schepens. An improved policy should result, he added.

The consultation period started "the last week or two of August" and has been extended from the end of September to "the end of December 1988," says Schepens.

He says the policy has been forwarded from Ottawa and he has been meeting with individuals and groups who are concerned about the proposed policy changes.

"Since we've received the package of information on the draft policy in Alberta the process has been one of meeting with all interested groups, particularly band governments and larger

groups like tribal councils and Treaty area people...to clarify the government of Canada's position."

The underlying idea is to encourage "groups of people and individuals to submit their recommendations and concerns," he added.

Native students are concerned about the latest move to cut back their already strained budgets and have formed a coalition of Native student bodies across Alberta and are mounting a campaign to fight the proposal.

The students have split up the province into each of the Treaty areas and have designated people to work on gathering information to be submitted to Indian and Northern Affairs before the end of December.

Albert Crier is working on a volunteer basis as coordinator with the Native students from the Edmonton area and says the group does not have an official name and is more of an idea than a solid group.

"The coalition is more of an idea than an organization. It works as a communications network amongst the whole community. The purpose is to develop a community response to Indian Affairs changes," said Crier.

The group is made up of

"educators, parents, elders, political leaders and students. So all of these little strands, will hopefully, contribute to a combined community response," he says.

According to Crier, the last Oct. 27 Indian Association of Alberta meeting a resolution was passed which asked for a moratorium on the consultation process.

He says students are suspicious of Indian and Northern Affairs and he believes that policy is already in place to be implemented in the next fiscal year.

"We feel that they have already gone ahead and implemented the process to implement the new policy by April 1 (1989)," said Crier.

The policy changes would see the special allowances like special shelter and child care cut out, with students receiving one flat, lower rate. The only special allowance the students would receive would be seasonal travel if they required it.

Crier says the opposition to the proposed changes has brought together concerned Native students who have organized nationally to fight the policy. "Our long term goal is to establish a long term student network that

friendly encouraging support in sports activities.

After an exciting day of bumping, setting and spiking for first place the youths gathered for the evening's banquet, workshop, queen pageant and live band dance. (See sports page for the tourney results and check out the Droppin In column for more news on the workshop, pageant and dance.)

Circle of friends

Sucker Creek youths take time out to meet and greet each other during the band's Fourth Annual Drug and Alcohol Awareness Volleyball Tournament Memorial to Clyde Auger at the rec centre Dec. 3.

The late Auger was responsible for organizing and officiating this annual event for the youth over the past three years. The 22-year-old athlete will forever remain in the memories and hearts of everyone for his



Fighting the purpose: Volunteer Albert Crier

would have connections across Canada."

He says he would like to emphasize the fact that "we are not a threat to the established authorities, band councils or tribal councils. We want to work with them and allow us to talk with their students."

The coalition also plans "to ask them what their goals are. It will take a lot more (learning) time than what Indian Affairs are limiting right now and propos-

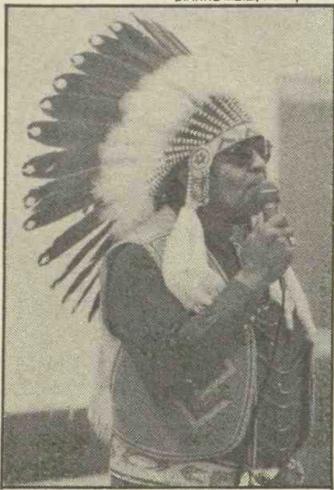
ing to limit. It will take years for some of them to reach their goals."

The coalition does not plan to meet directly with Indian Affairs, rather "what we will do is give it to the educators and to the chiefs as ammunition when they sit down — when the band administrators or the political leaders sit down and negotiate with Indian Affairs on these changes," Crier explained.

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CLOSE TO HOME



DIANNE MEILI, Windspeaker

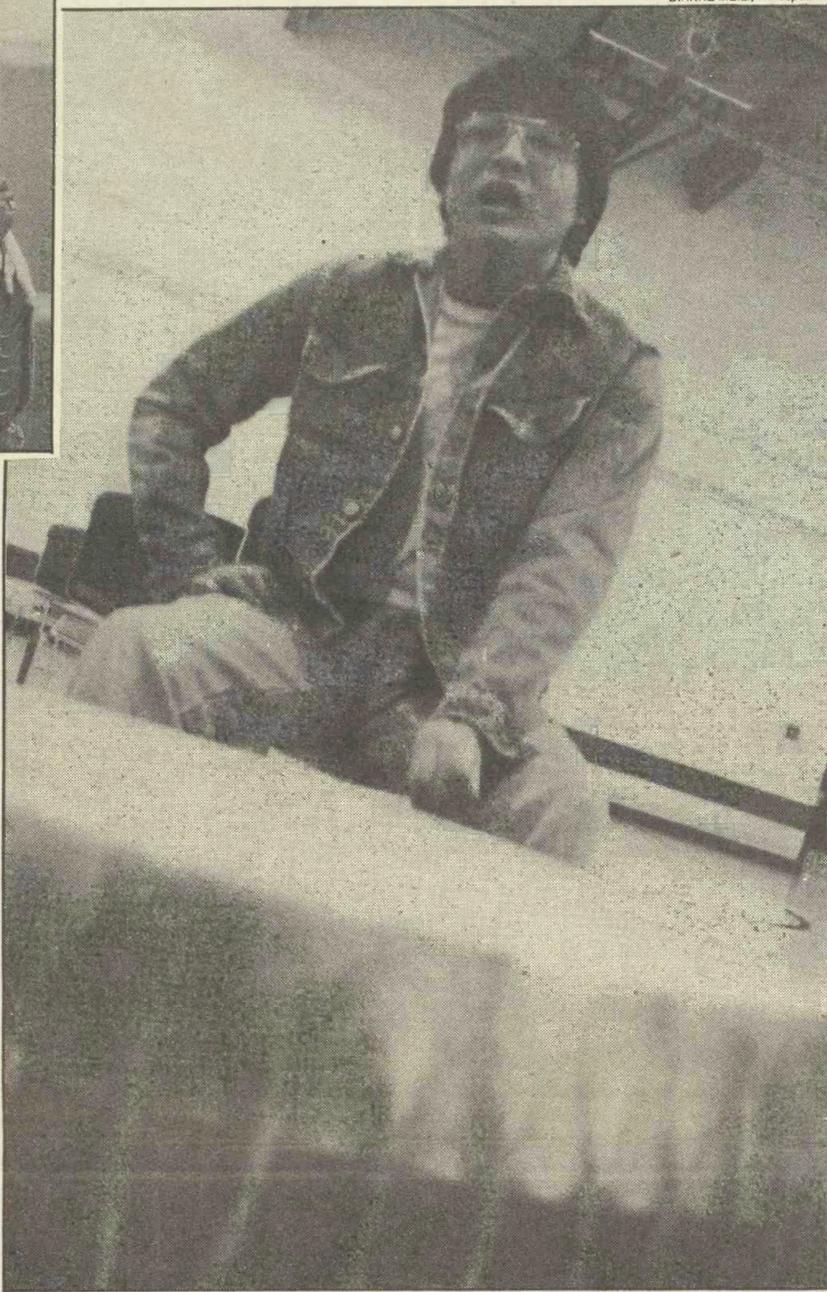
Song & dance

Darryl Rain, of the Native Brotherhood, an organized Aboriginal group at the Fort Saskatchewan correctional centre, sings an old Cree song.

Elder Tom Cranebear, wearing a brightly colored headdress and holding an eagle fan, prays for the inmates during the inauguration of the new facility Saturday night, Dec. 3.

"You can be anything you want to be. Just believe in yourselves. In my sweat-lodge next month, I'll bring all your problems in with me and hope the new year brings all the best for you.

About 200 Native inmates gathered into the centre's gymnasium to watch White Braid Society dancers and listen to songs, getting up to dance.



DIANNE MEILI, Windspeaker

\$65 million irrigation project announced

By Jackie Red Crow
Windspeaker Correspondent

LETHBRIDGE

Both the federal and provincial government along with the Blood Tribe unveiled an agreement in principle reached for a \$65 million irrigation project at a press conference, Nov. 16 here.

The project, which would irrigate up to 25,000 acres on Canada's largest Indian reserve, is subject to approval by Blood band members in a Dec. 15 referendum and by the federal Treasury Board. It has already been approved by Alberta.

The band, primarily through farming operations will finance \$29 million of the project, with \$15.5 million each coming from the Canadian and Alberta governments. The Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Agency, a branch of Agriculture Canada, will provide an additional \$5 million in engineering and project management services.

Indian Affairs Minister Bill McKnight described the project in a press release "as the largest economic development initiative ever undertaken on an Indian reserve."

Alberta's environment minister, Dr. Ian Reid added that the project could mean a bright future for band members, and is an outstanding example of how cooperation between Indian people and governments can lead to growth.

According to numerous studies, the project is both economically and commercially viable. It will significantly reduce soil erosion and will require some 1,000 person years of work during the construction phase, with a majority of the work to be done by band members.

Chief Roy Fox said the tribe "have been negotiating for a number of years on this matter and the project will be a tremendous shot in the arm for the Blood Tribe and surrounding Lethbridge areas."

The project has been talked about for decades, but planning began in earnest in 1980 with formation of the Blood Indian Irrigation Tripartite Committee. Its mandate was to

study feasibility of developing irrigation farming on the reserve.

In a letter sent to band members from Chief Fox, he explained the proposed project will bring irrigation water from the existing Belly River to St. Mary Reservoir canal north to the Mokowan Butte area. At that point a reservoir would be constructed and a canal and pipeline system would deliver water to 25,000 acres in the Big Lease and adjacent areas.

Chief Fox further explained what the referendum means. "You (Bloods) are being asked to allow the government of Canada to transfer these lands to the province of Alberta who now operate the canal and reservoir." In past years, the Blood Tribe surrendered to the federal government some 1,677 acres of land for the construction of the Belly River to St. Mary Canal and an additional 5,805 acres of land for the construction of the St. Mary Reservoir.

"Regardless of how you vote, these lands will remain surrendered. There is no way they can return to the tribe. We are simply being asked to let the federal government turn over these lands to the province.

"A 'No' vote would mean that the lands would remain the property of the government of Canada and the Blood Tribe would gain no benefit.

"On the other hand, a 'Yes' vote allow the existing already surrendered lands, to be turned over to the province of Alberta. In return, the Alberta government and the federal government has agreed to pay for a large portion of the (irrigation) project which would result in great benefits to the tribe and all its members.

Chief Fox emphasized that in order for this project to proceed, it is not necessary to surrender any additional land that was not already surrendered some 30 years ago. "All of the land that the new canals and reservoirs will be built on will remain the property of the tribe. The tribe and its people have nothing to lose and everything to gain by passing this referendum, he said.

Michel/Callihoo band

Anderson battles to revive rez

By Keith Matthew
Windspeaker Staff Writer

EDMONTON

The chief and council of the Michel/Callihoo band is continuing the battle for recognition of band status and rights for the people who were allegedly coerced into signing away their status and rights to their reserve lands.

Chief Gilbert Anderson says, "The chief and council are looking for federal recognition of the Michel band...then we would be in a position to better identify membership. Once we get all of that done we have a problem of securing Indian status for the enfranchisees of the 1958 group."

According to Anderson the Michel band were enfranchised in two separate groups. One group in 1928 and the other remaining members of the band in 1958.

"The band was never eliminated — it was the people and the reserve — officially," explained Anderson. "Even in the legal doc-

uments there is nothing saying Michel band #132 no longer exists.

"It more or less talks about eliminating status for a number of people and disposing of the reserve. In our minds and possibly legally the band was never abolished. So we are trying to revive it," he said.

Anderson and Robert Callihoo tied for the position of chief at an election held on July 17, 1988 at the town of Calahoo when 160 voters split their votes between the two contestants 80-80.

However, Indian and Northern Affairs Canada does not recognize the election or the band. Re-instated band members through Bill C-31 are relegated to the Alberta general list because they have no band to return to.

Michel band members are descendants of two Iroquois brothers, Louis and Bernard Calihoo, who came west with explorer Sir Alexander MacKenzie in the early 1700s.

The Michel band was named after Louis' son

Michel Calihoo, who was the chief by the time Treaty 8 was signed in 1878, the band settled on land near the present-day site of the town of Jasper but the tribe was forced to move in the early 1900s after hunting and trapping became forbidden in what is today Jasper National Park.

The band then relocated about 50 km northwest of Edmonton and for nearly 60 years they lived a peaceful existence on 25,600 acres of land on the south bank of Sturgeon River.

Then the 1928 and 1958 mass enfranchisements took place and people of the band at that time were offered small sections of land, money and shares in a natural resources company called Michel Investment Limited, which still exists today.

It was those events which the descendants say was the basis for their dissatisfaction and they are rallying their forces in preparation for a battle to regain recognition of the Michel band.

If they receive recogni-

tion they will be faced with the task of identifying individuals who are descendants of the original Michel band. "We're talking about descendants who have not been together for a number of years as any kind of a group."

He says they are spread out all across western Canada and into the United States and it must be determined whether or not "they are interesting in being band members" at all.

He says the tasks facing the people of the defunct band are enormous and admits "if you are looking for a very sophisticated plan of action then, no, we don't have that but we do have priorities."

Anderson says they have hired lawyer Bob Roddick of Edmonton to represent them and he has recently made a trip to Ottawa "to talk to senior people" in Indian and Northern Affairs "on getting our band officially recognized."

"We don't have funds," admits Anderson. However, he says, "We certainly know what we have to do."

CLOSE TO HOME

Meander adults learning to read

By Bea Lawrence
Windspeaker Staff Writer

HIGH LEVEL, Alta.

Adult literacy development course programs are commencing Dec. 12 on the Dene Tha' Reserve in Meander River. "The people in Meander would like us to begin to instruct those adults who would like a basic education," said Rick Cookson-Hills, coordinator of the literacy program for the Fairview College in High Level.

Director of the Northern Region, Abe Janzen, from the Fairview College is also helping to coordinate the project. Janzen has been providing literacy tutorial workshops in the northern region for 10 years.

The adult literacy development courses was granted \$7000 assistance under the Canada/Alberta Northern Development Subsidiary Agreement. The agreement is cost-shared by the federal Department of Regional

Industrial Expansion (DRIE) and Alberta's Northern Development Branch. The Agreement is a subsidiary agreement to the Canada/Alberta Economic and Regional Development Agreement (ERDA).

The ERDA coordinates cost-sharing and other cooperative efforts between the federal and provincial governments in support of Alberta's economic and regional development needs.

"This is the first 'full-time' literacy development program in a Native community," said Janzen. "The response so far is good and I feel it (the courses) will go wonderfully well."

Fairview College will provide the training for the expansion of the literacy course. They will train tutors who in turn will train the students in the program. Fairview College has set minimum qualification standards for those interested adults who wish to become tutors.

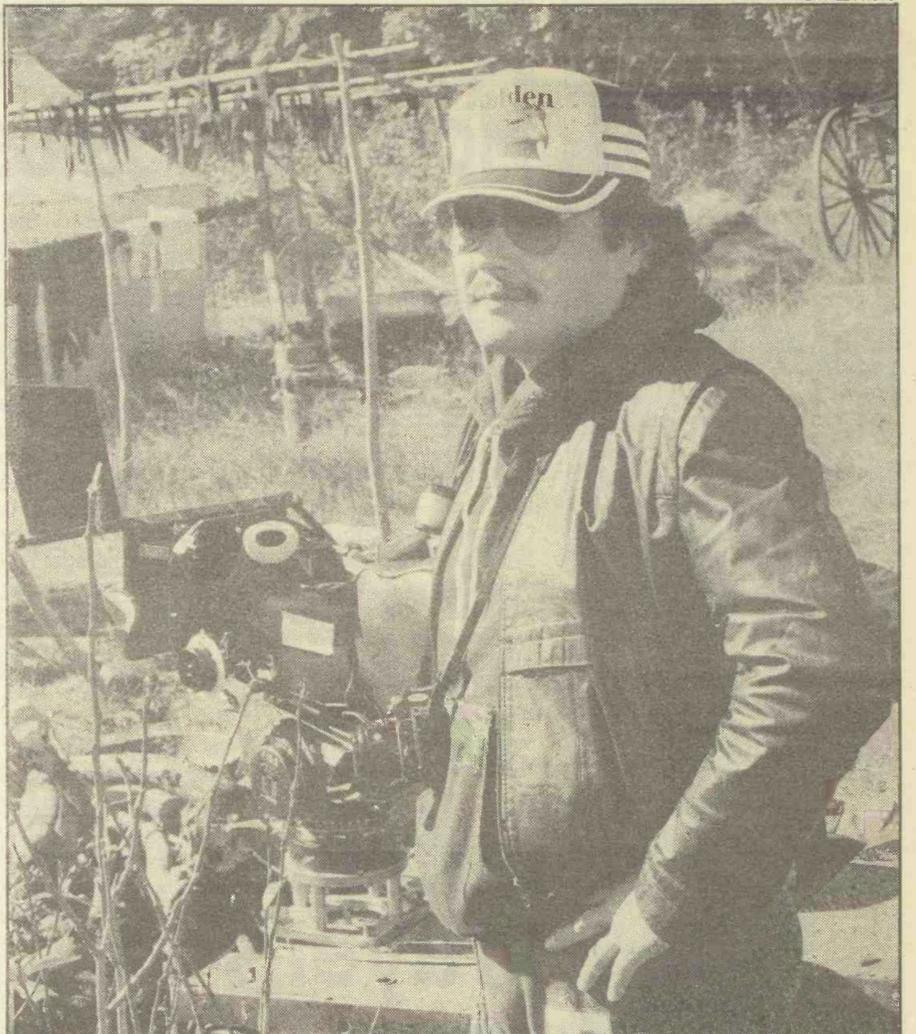
"The qualification standards require tutorial trainees to have a minimum level of Grade 10 education. These trainees must possess a high interest in literacy and the willingness to accept instruction in the art of teaching," said Cookson-Hills.

The literacy development course program will accept a minimum of eight students for each course duration. "I believe we have enough students to fill the program when we begin in December," added Janzen.

"Residents in the Paddle Prairie region are included to train in the literacy development course," said Cookson-Hills.

Interested applicants 17 years of age and older can contact Rick Cookson-Hills at Fairview College 926-4272 for further assistance.

The exact location for these tutorial workshops on the reserve was 'still undecided' at press time. Meander River is about an hour's drive north of High Level.



No stranger to television: Mohawk writer Michael Doxtater

'Giving' inspires writer

ONTARIO — Mohawk Indian writer Michael Doxtater says Native people are always giving presents and bestowing honors — one reason why he wrote the story *The Gift* for the CBC television series *Beachcombers*. The program aired Nov. 20 and was filled with images of people giving things to other people.

"I'd heard about potlaches and knew they were significant for B.C. Indians so I didn't want to try and show something sacred and perhaps offend those people," says Doxtater.

"What I think the show is about, though, is a kind of honoring song for people who have wisdom and material wealth and their willingness to share these things with others.

"Indian people are

always sharing what they own and what they know. I've been trying to tell Native stories from the Native point of view for years. Even storytelling is a form of sharing."

Doxtater has been involved in television, radio and newspaper writing since 1973 and is no stranger to network television. His story *Hack's Choice* premiered the Gemini-nominated 1986 season of *Spirit Bay*, also a CBC production.

He is currently trying to find time to finish his first novel *On The Coyote Trail*.

"It's hard to find the time to create new stories," says Doxtater. "I find myself doing documentaries and consulting on other people's stories more than my own writing. It pays the bills."

In fact, Doxtater has consulted on several productions including *Primedia's Frontier*, *First Choice's Daughters of the Country*, several *Spirit Bay* episodes and most recently *Amazing Spirit Productions' feature Where The Spirit Lives*, scheduled to air on CBC in the spring of 1989.

Doxtater has also produced and directed seven documentaries on Native Canadians along with six advertisements for the National Native Drug and Alcohol Abuse Program (NNADAP).

"I've seen an increase in the number of Indians working on films and television the last two years. Myself, I've been doing this for fifteen years now. It's nice to see Native people being involved in stories about themselves, finally."

Video explores Metis gov't

In March 1988 the Manitoba Metis Federation, in conjunction with its annual general assembly, held a three-day conference in Winnipeg.

The conference focused on negotiations resulting from a Tri-Partite agreement between the Manitoba Metis Federation and the federal and provincial governments in addition to four major issues of concern to the Metis people in achieving self-government.

The conference and issues will be at the centre of *Metis Self-Government*, a two-part series produced by the Video Special Programming and cablecast on VSP Cable Channel 7.

On Sunday, Dec. 11 at 6

p.m., *Caring For Our Young Ones*, part one of the series, addresses the issues of education and child and family services through interviews with Manitoba Metis Federation members and conference workshop participants. These include Mary Conway, Leonard Klyne, Tracy Jackson, Solange Guiboche, Joyce Larocque and Lucille Bruce.

Part two will be cablecast at 6 p.m. on Sunday, Dec. 18. *Managing Our Own Affairs* focuses on the issues of economic development and housing through interviews with conference participants including Beatrice Atkinson, Max Bossi, Ed Swain, Joe Sayies and Wayne

McCarron.

The series will also visit the Metis community of St. Laurent for profiles of fishing and housing developments as well as interviews with Edgar Bruce and Robert Gaudry of the Manitoba Metis Federation Inter-lake Regional office.

The programs also include interviews with Manitoba Metis Federation president, Yvon Dumont, MLAs Elijah Harper, Harry Enns, Jack Penner, minister of Natural Resources and recipients of the Order of the Sash, Doctors Judy Bartlett and Marlyn Cox. Watch as Video Special Programming explores the issues in *Metis Self-Government*.



Mmm, mmm ... home cooking!

Edmonton police officers were special guests at the Annual Sacred Circle feast and pipe ceremony at Edmonton's Oliver School Dec. 2.

Alfred Bonaise elder in residence at Poundmakers Lodge conducted the pipe ceremony for the small audience. This was followed by a feast of stew, bannock and refreshments.

The Alexis band powwow dancers provided the entertainment for the guests. "The dance member's ages are anywhere between 23 months and 28 years-old," said Donna Potts of her dance troupe.

Wind speaker

Windspeaker is published by the Aboriginal Multi-Media Society of Alberta (AMMSA) each Friday to provide information primarily to Native people of northern Alberta. Windspeaker was established in 1983 and is politically independent.

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Windspeaker welcomes letters to the editor. Letters should be brief and include the name, address and telephone number of the writer. We will not print unsigned letters unless there is a good reason for withholding your name and even then the editor must know the identity of the writer. Windspeaker reserves the right to edit letters for length, taste and libel.

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YOUR WORDS

Hopi advocates going broke, need help

Dear Editor:

The Hopi Epicentre for International Outreach in Flagstaff, Arizona is currently in need of funding in order to remain active and open. The office was established in February, 1987 to facilitate the communication between the Traditional Hopi Spiritual Leaders and the Global Community. With the director, Marilyn Harris and a small staff of volunteers, the Hopi Epicentre has issued the message of the leaders through the approved publication of the newsletter, Kahtsimkiwa.

Since our Winter '88 publication we have been to West Germany and Switzerland and

addressed the West German parliament and the Green Party on the hazards of living near uranium mining operations.

We have been to New York City, Philadelphia and Los Angeles to speak out against the current legislative attacks on Native land and the proposed mining operations.

At the request of the Havasupai Tribe, we assisted them to coordinate an international uranium conference held at Red Butte on the south rim of the Grand Canyon.

We have travelled to Washington, D.C. to give testimony in a congressional hearing on the Indian Finance Corporation Act, and again, at the request of the Havasupai Tribe,

spoke on their behalf as well.

We are regularly invited by other organizations to aid them in their efforts to protect the environment. And we are continually working with the Alliance of Native Americans and non-Native people to bring together in strength and goodwill all peoples of the world.

Although proposals for grants have been continuously submitted to foundations there have been no sustaining positive responses. The office has remained open due to exclusively to the kindness and generosity of friends. Because of our vigorous efforts to spread the message of the leaders and join people together in defense of the planet, our home and our Mother, such funding is totally depleted.

We have neither the funds to print and mail the next issue of Kahtsimkiwa or keep the office functioning. We ask your help. Whatever you may contribute, however little you may think it is, will surely help and is greatly appreciated.

Our facilities are humble, our need is urgent.

Ahskwalii-Kwakhai
Staff of the Hopi Epicentre

Lost, but strong

Dear Editor:

I am an inmate at Fort Saskatchewan Correctional Centre and my name is Darrell Peter Rain. I hope my article gets printed, for it could have a dramatic impact on people finding themselves and realizing there are others who care.

Feeling lost and lonely I sat down and wrote this article Nov. 24, 1988. At various times it is good to be close to the Creator. Just because you're in jail, divorced, abandoned and forgotten doesn't mean life stops there.

Sincerely,
Darrel Rain

P.S. Someone out there cares for you whether you realize it or not.

Brotherhood Prayer

Oh Great Spirit who comes to us in different forms
Soothe my heart as it cries.
Hear my soul as it speaks.
Most of all, save my brothers and sisters around.
No matter what tongue we speak or what color we bear, we are all your children.
Amen.

greatly appreciated.

Thank you again for helping the society to inform the public of this special event.

Sharon Breum
Program Officer
Alberta Indian
Arts & Crafts Society

Lubicon prayers

Dear Editor:

I wasn't going to write about the Lubicon Land Battle but after so many articles and news on it I have to.

I would like my Cree relations in Alberta to know that although I can't be there in person, I am with you in spirit. Whenever I enter the sacred sweatlodge and say my prayers to Kitchi Manito...I will remember my strong and brave brothers and sisters in Alberta!

Stay strong. My brothers and I down here in Arizona send you our strength!

Remember, the Great Spirit helps those who help themselves. So, continue to protect Mother Earth.

Respectfully,
Don Stow
Chippewa Nation
Arizona



WINDSPEAKER FILE PHOTO

An artsy thank you

Dear Editor:

We would like to take this opportunity to thank you for your promotional assistance for our National Show and Sale of Canadian Native Arts and Crafts.

As a non-profit society, any courtesy promotion we receive is

AS I SEE IT...

Life lost in tragic fire

This week a tragic story hit the news.

Firefighters from Gypsumville, a central Manitoba hamlet, were on their way to a reserve house fire, in the hope of saving a life, when they were called back by the fire chief. Apparently, the band had failed to pay their bills to the Gypsumville fire department.

Meanwhile, a 3 1/2-year-old Indian child died in the fire. Even though police and fire officials say the child couldn't have been saved even if the fire department had responded immediately, the fact that the fire truck was called back because of an outstanding debt, is a chilling statement about how lacking in compassion our society can be. Especially since the firefighters allegedly knew there were children in the house.

The chief and a councillor insist there is animosity toward Natives in the Gypsumville community. They say racism and feelings of resentment between the community and the 1,500-member band on the Fairford Reserve were the real reason the fire truck was called back, not political agreements or money.

But there is more to the story. It's not just another case of the nasty whites not giving a damn about the Indians. The band has to take some responsibility here, too. The Indian Affairs Department claims to give the band as much as \$200,000 to cover firefighting expenses. With \$80,000 the band bought a fire truck, but had failed to finish the fire hall because they ran out of money. So when the call came to put out the house fire that killed the little child, the reserve fire truck was frozen and failed to start.

Perhaps the chief and councillor's claim is correct, and racism came into play when the decision was made to call back that Gypsumville fire truck, but the fact remains that the Indians must take responsibility, too.

If the band received the amount of money Indian Affairs says they contributed toward fire protection on the reserve, then money mismanagement may also have contributed to the death of that child. The band must look to the cause of their problems and not exclude a deeper look at themselves in the process.

By Dianne Meili

GRASSROOTS

Sharing at Sucker Creek

Hello! Tansi? Gla Ne Tlou? Howz everyone this week? Nice to be talking to you all again. Thanks for droppin' in. I had a great weekend. How 'bout you?



DROPPIN' IN By Bea Lawrence

Telephone (403)455-2700 to have your community happenings considered here free of charge....no news is too small.

In my travels over the weekend I met some wonderful, wonderful people. Yup! They are out there! Look for them in the Lesser Slave Lake district.

Oh yeah, I'm sure there are more of you good people roamin' 'round. We just haven't met yet ... that's all!

Anyhow, time for some community news update.

Sucker Creek: Check out the sport page in this issue to get the results of this band's Fourth Annual Drug and Alcohol Awareness Volleyball Tournament Memorial to Clyde Auger held Dec. 3-4.

In conjunction with the volleyball tournament at the rec centre, the youths enjoyed a tasty banquet Saturday evening.

This was followed by plaque award presentations to chief and council; the coordinators; and to the youths of the Family Sharing Circle Workshop for their outstanding achievements.

On behalf of chief and council members who could not attend the youth event due to prior engagements with an elders banquet in High Prairie, resident Steve Willier accepted the award.

After the presentations the youths formed a large circle for the evening's Family Sharing Circle Workshop.

Present for the workshop were the coordinators: Marilyn, Cam and David Willier (no relation); the team coaches; a few parents and Elder James Yellowknee, a National Native Alcohol and Drug Awareness Program coordinator for the Regional Council of the Bigstone Cree Band.

Look for a news update relating to Sucker Creek's Family Sharing Circle Workshop in Windspeaker's upcoming 'Youth' issue on Dec. 23.

After the evening's workshop the Fourth Annual Volleyball Tournament Queen Pageant was announced. There were six candidates vying for the title.

The results were: third runner-up, Sheila Calliou from High Prairie; second runner-up, Connie Calliou from Sucker Creek. And the winner ... Rita Bellerose from Driftpile.

Cultural Society Native dance troupe. Campiou is also a Driftpile resident in the Lesser Slave Lake area.

Panelist judges for the queen pageant included: Sandy Willier (wife of emcee Steve Willier), Starseekers' band members Brian Young and Larry Yellowknee and ... yours truly.

The Starseekers played Rock and Country for the youth till 2:30 a.m. "They were willing to play even longer had more youths stayed around," said Beryl Willier, a Sharing Circle youth member.

Truly, the Willier surname dominates the rest in 'Sucker City' country. They are not all necessarily family relatives either. Calliou placed second.

Coordinator Marilyn Willier and the rest wish to express their appreciation for the patience and acceptance bestowed on their spouses and children for the duration of organizing an event of this nature.

Special acknowledgements to Gloria Calliou for preparing and cooking the youth banquet and to all the donators who made Sucker Creek's Fourth Annual Alcohol and Drug Awareness Volleyball Tournament Memorial to Clyde Auger a success.

Slave Lake: The Native Friendship Centre will be closed Dec. 23-28 for the Christmas holiday. The centre will host a New Years Eve Ball Dec. 31 featuring the Fourth Generation Band. Advance tickets cost \$17 or \$20 at the door. Contact Carol Letendre at the centre at 849-3039 for details.

Edmonton: The CNFC here will host a senior's Christmas banquet and dance Dec. 14 at the Montgomery Legion 10328-100 St. Invitations are extended to those seniors 55 years and older. Contact number is 452-7811.

A Children's Christmas Party will commence from 1-4 p.m. at Oliver School 10210-117 St. Dec. 18. Children 2-12 years must register at the centre with Anne Cardinal before Dec. 12.

An oldtime dance is slated for Dec. 17 from 9:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. at the Westmount Hall 10978-127 St. Music will be provided by Rodney Sutherland and Country Pride.

That's all for the week folks! Tune in again next week. Till then, wear those smiles!



Event coordinators: David, Marilyn and Cam Willier

Handwritten text in Cree syllabics, likely a letter or message related to the community news.

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GRASSROOTS

ROCKY WOODWARD, Special to Windspeaker

Donald not 'just a sex object'

By Lyle Donald
Windspeaker Correspondent

EDMONTON

What a thrill it was to be nominated as the unsung hero award put out by this newspaper, and I would like to thank my nominator Brenda Blyan for thinking so highly of me. It's good to know that she isn't like the rest of the ladies who see me as just another sex object.

It's been a busy couple of weeks in the Metis community, around the city and there is a lot more coming up with the festive season fast approaching. Back on Nov. 27, the Saxony Motor Inn here in Edmonton, Metis Local 2085, Metis Association of Alberta and Native Network News put together a fundraiser to get our own Metis girl Priscilla Morin from Lac La Biche

to Nashville. Priscilla will be going to Nashville, Tennessee to take part in a couple of amateur shows on the Nashville Network, including one called You Can Be a Star.

There were plenty of entertainers from all across Alberta who came out for the evening and shared their talents, just to name a few there were the Fourth Generation Band, Alvis Gray, Chief Chucky Beaver of Wabasca, Earl Gambler of Calling Lake, White Braid Society dancers and the CNFC square dancers. We had hoped to raise a whole lot more money than \$400 but like Ray Fox said it was the thought and effort put into the idea that really counts.

On the week of Nov. 14-18, I was in Winnipeg taking in the second annual Metis Child Welfare Conference, and took in the

Louis Riel commemoration ceremony. Even though the weather did not cooperate, a lot of strong Metis showed up to pay their respects to the man who fought hard for recognition of Metis rights. The mayor of Winnipeg also got into the picture and declared it Metis Week. The conference drew Metis people from all of the western provinces, with several recommendations coming of the conference, one being that this annual conference continue.

The Metis National Council have now taken over the responsibility of hosting these conferences, and dealing with Metis child welfare issues as a national body. All of the Metis leaders from across the west showed up to the conference:

Larry Desmeules of Alberta; Yvon Dumont, MNC spokesperson and Manitoba Metis Federation president; Norm Evans, Pacific Metis Federation; and Clem

Chartier, Saskatchewan Federated Metis. All made super opening statements on how important it is that we be more involved with the destiny of our Metis children that end up in the child welfare system. Next year's conference will be hosted by the Pacific Metis Federation tentatively in Victoria, B.C.

Also in Winnipeg it was good to see a couple good old friend, especially Percy Tuesday, a musician who used to play here in our fair city back a couple of years ago, thanks for taxiing us around town. Also, if you remember the C-Weed band, after their split in 1986 Wally and Don Ranville, along with the kid Clint Dutiaume, formed the band Free Bird. Well, right now they are working on an album which will be released some time in the new year. Clint is also working on a new fiddle album which will also be out in the new year. So after those are released, they will be touring and promoting them, so keep an eye out for them.



Nashville bound: Priscilla Morin

Upcoming events include the Metis Christmas party to be held Dec. 16 at 6:30 p.m. at 103 Avenue and 105 Street. For more information, call Irene at 482-1828. Also Metis Local 2085 will be hosting their annual New Year's Eve party, featuring the Max L'Hirondelle Band at the

Saxony Motor Inn. For more information call Lyle at 452-6100.

Also at this time, I would like to say goodbye and good luck to our editor Dianne Meili. She is resigning to write a book on Native elders. Let's hope she finishes the book before she becomes one.

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Good News Party Line

Handgame tournament, Dec. 27 & 28, Saddle Lake Community Hall. For more information call 726-2491 (Al Delver).

Family Dance, Dec. 26, Saddle Lake. Music by Moses Cardinal and The Band. Sponsored by Saddle Lake Counselling Services.

PUT IT HERE.

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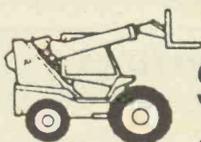
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FIRESIDE FICTION



Snowshoes for Grampa

By Richard Wagamese

who was a real Indian.

It was the hardest thing Bobby had ever done. Making those snowshoes had taken much longer than he'd thought at first and his hands still ached from the work. Snowshoes. What a great idea! When Grampa opened his present tomorrow morning he'd really be surprised. Proud too, Bobby thought. Proud to have a grandson

His Grampa came to town from the reserve for all the holidays and Bobby eagerly awaited every visit. He loved his Grampa. He loved the stories he would tell about hunting, fishing, animals and especially about the old days. When he thought about those stories Bobby had to smile. He loved the way his

Continued Page 3



'Tis the season to remember good friends with kind words and sincere sentiments. Since it is better to give than to receive, we give you our best wishes for a happy holiday season.



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Snowshoes for Grampa

From Page 2

Grampa's face would go when he told stories. With his long grey braids, twinkly eyes and crinkly face he looked exactly like he should. Grampa was a real Indian.

Those snowshoes were so much work! Bobby had seen a picture of snowshoes in the Sears catalogue and had taped it up on his dresser mirror. Snowshoes couldn't be that hard to make. After awhile he'd walked out to the alley behind his house and gathered everything he thought he'd need. Two long skinny branches from Mr. Kobec's mountain ash tree became the frames. Bobby had just bent them around and tied them together like in the picture. Then he'd used almost all of his Mom's brown macrame cord to tie across them for the webbing.

His hands ached even more as he remembered the effort needed to pull and tie those cords across the frame. For awhile there it was so hard that Bobby had wanted to quit and just buy Grampa something. But he couldn't. Real Indians could make snowshoes. He remembered reading that somewhere. Now, he'd actually made some snowshoes so he had to be a real Indian.

He was glad that he hadn't quit because all the kids at school were always making fun of him. They teased him about his long braids. Timmy Parks had even gone so far as to call him a little girl! Everyone always listened to Timmy

Parks so the teasing got real bad after that. They all said he wasn't a real Indian because he lived in the city and he didn't even speak Indian. They said his braids were just pretend and that he was a pretend Indian.

But he'd show them.

from the poem he'd read in school about not a creature moving, not even a mouse. Some things about school were okay he thought. The snowshoes were wrapped in bright red and green paper beside his bed. The paper crackled noisily when he went to pick them

But he'd show them.
He'd show them all.
Maybe his Grampa
would even come to his
school to show off the
snowshoes that Bobby
had made. Then they'd
know that he, Bobby,
was definitely
a real Indian.

He'd show them all. Maybe his Grampa would even come to the school and show off the snowshoes that Bobby had made. Then they'd know. Then they'd know that he, Bobby, was definitely a real Indian.

When Bobby woke up on Christmas morning the house was very quiet. He thought about that line

up and he had to force himself to move more quietly. This was it! This was the day Bobby would prove to everybody that he was a real Indian.

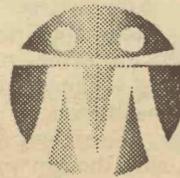
He crept downstairs and put the snowshoes around the back of the tree. His Mom and Grampa were just starting to move

Continued Page 4



Season's Greetings

The Board of Directors, Executive and Staff of the Alberta Federation of Metis Settlement Association would like to take this opportunity to wish all Settlement members, friends, and relatives a very Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous 1989!



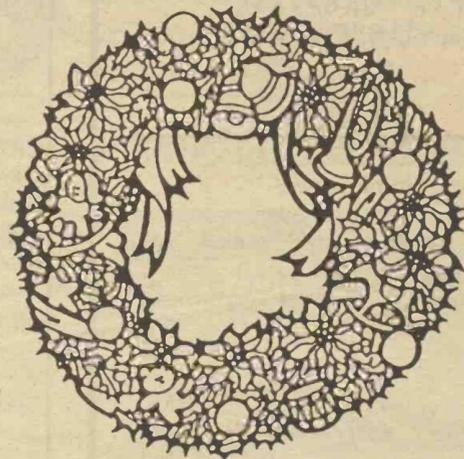
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Snowshoes for Grampa



From Page 4

the snowshoes over and around and over. He looked at them from every possible angle. A little tug here, a little tug there and then testing the strength of the frames with a bit of a bend.

"Well!" he said finally. "These have to be one of the finest pairs of snowshoes I've ever seen. Thank you, my boy!"

Bobby thought he was going to explode. Happiness ran through his whole body. He liked them! He'd done it! He was a real Indian after all!

"Try them out! Try them out," he screamed.

"Well I guess I'd just better do that," Grampa said with a big smile.

"Wouldn't want to head out in the bush without knowin' how they work!"

"I'm so proud of you, Bobby," his Mom said, giving him a big hug. "And I didn't even know you were making them. What a nice surprise!"

Bobby watched with pride as Grampa bent over in his chair to tie the snowshoes onto his slippers feet. Again it seemed to take forever. Finally, though, they were tied on and his Grampa wiggled his feet around in them.

"Feel pretty good," he said. "Now to find out how they walk!"

He stood up. Looking down at his feet he wiggled them around a little more. So far so good. Slowly Grampa moved one foot ahead of the other. Then

the other foot. Plop, plop, plop. The snowshoes made soft plopping sounds with every step Grampa took across the room. They were working, Bobby thought. I really did it!

Then, just as Grampa was getting ready to head down the hallway, one of the strings holding the frame of the left snowshoe together snapped with a loud THUNK! As he bent around to look down at the tangled mess tied to his foot, the snowshoe on Grampa's right foot went THUNK too. Grampa's face looked real surprised. Now, instead of snowshoes, there was a long branch of mountain ash with a bunch of brown macrame cord tied to it attached to each of

Continued Page 6



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Snowshoes for Grampa

From Page 5

his feet. Bobby's heart sank completely.

"Well I'll be," Grampa exclaimed. "Collapsible snowshoes! What'll they think of next? Boy, these'll come in real handy Bobby!"

His Mom reached out to touch him but Bobby moved away. He'd failed. He couldn't even make snowshoes. The kids at school were right. He wasn't a real Indian. Real Indians don't live in the city. Real Indians can speak Indian. Real Indians don't have to wear pretend braids in their hair. Bobby ran from the room and up the stairs leaving a shocked Mom and Grampa staring up after him.

Up in his room Bobby buried his face deep in his pillow and tasted the salty tears he cried. He wished he'd never thought of those snowshoes. He wished his Mom hadn't moved them here after his Dad died. He wished he'd never asked to wear his hair like his Grampa and right now he wished more than anything that he wasn't an Indian because he didn't know how to be a REAL Indian. He felt lost.

After awhile there was a soft knock at his door. A big brown hand appeared around the edge of it fol-

lowed by two long grey braids and two great big shiny brown eyes filled with tears. Grampa came and sat on the edge of Bobby's bed and gently laid a hand on his grandson's back. Quiet. It was real quiet for a long time.

"Bobby," Grampa said. "It don't matter about them snowshoes breakin' like that. We can fix 'em up together if you like. The important thing is that you cared and loved me enough to spend all that time makin' 'em for me. That's the best present you could ever give me."

"But they broke!" Bobby cried. "They're no good."

"Sure they broke. But you know something Bobby? The first pair of snowshoes I made broke too."

Bobby rolled over on his bed in surprise.

"Really Grampa? Yours broke too? But why? You're a real Indian and real Indians don't make snowshoes that break!"

Grampa was surprised. He looked at Bobby a long, long time and his eyes got real soft. He reached over and hugged Bobby for a long time and the warmth felt real good. Finally he mussed up Bobby's hair and sat up again.

"So that's what's really



behind all this, eh?" he smiled. "You think that your makin' some snowshoes is gonna make you a real Indian huh?"

"Yes Grampa," Bobby explained, "I wanted to prove to all those kids at school that I was a real Indian because they're always teasing me about my hair and saying that if I

was a real Indian that I could speak Indian and that I wouldn't live in the city but on the reserve. Real Indians know how to hunt and fish and trap and ride horses and all kinds of things that I don't know how to do and I thought that being able to make those snowshoes would mean that I am a real Indi-

an. But I couldn't. So I guess I can't be a real Indian."

Grampa smiled. He moved closed to Bobby on the bed and put a warm arm around his shoulders. One long grey braid kind of spilled down the front of Bobby's shirt and bumped up against his own long black braid. They looked

pretty good beside each other Bobby thought.

"Yeah," Grampa said slowly. 'Must be kinda hard eh? When your dad died I really wanted to keep you and your Mom with me at home. Kinda' help raise you up and show you all the

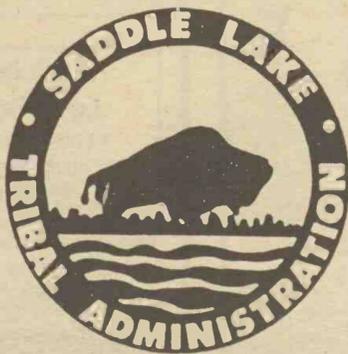
Continued Page 7



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Snowshoes for Grampa

From Page 6

things my Grampa showed me when I was young. But your Mom knew better. She had to come here so she could work and send you to school. And it's better this way. I always try to come around as much as I can so at least we can know each other. And Bobby, I was real proud when your Mom told me you wanted to wear your hair just like mine. But you know something? Wearin' your hair like an Indian and makin' snowshoes like an Indian or doin' all that stuff you think that Indians do is never gonna make you any more of an Indian than you already are."

Bobby sat straight up in surprise.

"Already are? I mean, already am?"

"That's right, Bobby. You already are a real Indian. Always have been. Livin' in the city don't make you any less an Indian. Not speakin' don't make you less. Not doin' all that stuff don't make you less either. There's lots of people on the reserve don't do none of that stuff and they're all Indians. Shoot, look at me.

I can't even ride a horse!"

"But I want to learn more, Grampa. What do I have to do?"

Grampa smiled.

"Just be," he said.

"Just be? What does that mean?"

Grampa smiled again and squeezed Bobby's arm.

"It means not doin' nothin' except what you been doin'. That's all."

"What do you mean Grampa?"

Grampa leaned forward on the bed and put his hands out on his knees. It seemed like he was looking at something way behind the other wall. He didn't say anything for a few minutes and then he turned to Bobby and smiled once more.

"Member last summer when we sat behind that hill and watched those baby foxes playin'?"

"Yeah," Bobby said, 'I remember."

"Well," Grampa continued, "member after awhile that old mother fox came around and started playin' with her babies?"

"Yeah. That was kinda neat!" said Bobby.

"Well, after that she kinda started leadin' those baby foxes around and showin' 'em where to sniff

He wished he'd never asked to wear his hair like his Grampa and right now he wished... he wasn't an Indian...

and scratch around for bugs they were eatin' and then makin' 'em watch while she chased down that rabbit?"

"Yeah, I remember all that," said Bobby, starting to wonder what in the world all this talk about baby foxes had to do with his becoming a real Indian.

"Bobby, them little foxes just knew they were foxes.

And they knew that they were always gonna be foxes no matter what. So all they were tryin' to do and all their mother was tryin' to teach them was everything they needed to know about bein' a fox."

He looked at Bobby and laughed at his puzzled expression.

"What I'm sayin' is that

you are an Indian, Bobby. No one can ever take that away from you and no one can tell you that you aren't as long as you believe you are. Everything that you learn makes you more. More Bobby and more Indian. So learn whatever you want to learn. Wear your hair however you want to wear it. Speak however you want to speak and live wherever you want to live. As long as your believe and know in your heart, you'll always be an Indian, no matter what."

"So being an Indian is inside me already?" Bobby asked.

"That's right, my boy. It was as soon as you were born."

"And it always will be?"

"Yeah. Always will be."

"No matter what?"

"Yeah." Grampa said.

"No matter what."

"Just like those little foxes!" Bobby cried.

His Grampa smiled.

"Just like them little foxes."

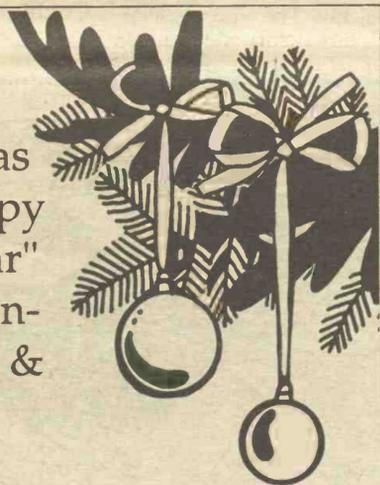
Bobby looked up at his Grampa's face and said very seriously, "Grampa, do foxes eat turkeys?"

"Turkeys?" Grampa asked, puzzled. "Well, I supposed if they had the chance they'd eat a turkey..."

"Well then," Bobby said, "I'm not only an Indian then, I'm a fox too 'cause I've got a chance to eat a turkey today and I'm gonna do it! Last one to the table's a retarded moose!"

Bobby ran laughing towards the stairs and his Grampa watched him run. He stood in the middle of his grandson's room and looked around slowly. There goes an Indian, he thought. Yes, there goes a real Indian.

"Merry Christmas & a Happy New Year" from Management & Staff



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Ray Simpson S78

President's Christmas Message

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

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*Fred Gladstone, President,
On behalf of the
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FIRESIDE FICTION

The legend of Smiling Eyes



By Dr. Anne Anderson

Many moons ago, a tiny Indian baby was born to a chief and his wife. They named her 'Smiling Eyes'. A prophet foretold her future, which was to be

filled with excitement, great happiness and in later years, some bitterness.

Smiling Eyes grew up to be a beautiful princess. At the age of seventeen she danced on the open plains; many men came to woo her

without success. The Chief saw to it that only a man of knowledge and a great hunter would some day claim her.

In the month of autumn leaves, a young chief came passing over the plains with

his tribesmen. Word soon spread that he was looking for a wife. He was known as 'Swift Foot', and one of the finest hunters in the South.

When Smiling Eyes saw him, he swept her off her

feet instantly. A celebration was made. What rejoicing. The peace pipe was passed around (first to the elders) and never had anyone seen such a handsome couple.

Smiling Eyes, bursting with excitement and much happiness, glanced toward her people. Then, holding hands with Swift Foot, she disappeared into the forest.

Several weeks went by before they returned. They spoke of many happenings of the past. They both knew that their routine of life would be different. The eldest of mothers was a helping hand to the young chief's wife.

Months later, Smiling Eyes knew that new life was within her. She prayed to the grandfather of the heavens for a son. Someday, he would replace her husband. She did not know what new era was near, which would cause her great pain.

Time went by very quickly. The wise medicine

men and their women were concerned over Smiling Eyes. The eldest of all mothers was chosen to give her herbal teas. They would give her strength and courage, for soon she would give birth of her own flesh and blood. This is the greatest gift bestowed upon all women. The elder knew that birth was now due.

It was in the Month of Laying (May) when the beauty of the green first appeared, that Smiling Eyes disappeared into the forest unnoticed, taking with her the essential things: a moss bag, small blanket and oil. Soon, the oiled baby was neatly laced into his moss bag with plenty of fresh moss. Yes, she had her wish. It was a son, whom she named 'White Cloud'.

A son born to a chief was great news. When Smiling Eyes appeared with her new-born son, Swift Foot stared at the tiny bundle, speechless. Soon the tiny babe was taken by the

Continued Page 9

Joy to the World

Beyond the presents and parties that have come to symbolize Christmas, there still exists the true universal spirit of love and hope that a child's birth brought to the world. On this happy and holy occasion called Christmas, may you and yours enjoy and share these, the greatest gifts of all. Our sincere wishes go out to you for a joyous holiday season.

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The legend of Smiling Eyes

From Page 8

eldest of grandmothers and from then on Smiling Eyes was told to relax and drink strengthening herbal teas. The happy parents watched their tiny son sleeping and growing each day.

As years went by, Smiling Eyes noticed her son was a great dreamer. His mind was like white clouds floating in the beautiful sky. She could not make him out.

When White Cloud was ten winters old, he spoke of the outside world and an education. His thoughts were like the whiteman's. Traditional cultures were not interesting to him.

Smiling Eyes was deeply hurt, her wish for her son to become chief was shattered. The chiefs marvelled at the intelligence of such a young one. However, nothing was said to him and Smiling Eyes waited to see what would happen.

Two years later, disaster struck the family. As the tribe was crossing the plains, heading for buffalo herds, a wild arrow killed Chief Swift Foot. Everyone was stunned over such disaster. Smiling Eyes and White Cloud mourned deeply over their great loss. They spoke of the wild arrow. She saw that this drove her son away from her way of life and each year he lived in his own kind of world and temptation to leave grew stronger.

Smiling Eyes knew that the climax was near. She saw her only son coming towards her. She felt hurt feelings, cross feelings all tearing at her heart. 'I am leaving here to go and fulfill my wishes,' he said to his mother.

'May I ask, are you not proud of your race and culture like your forefathers were?' she said very sharply.

'No, mother, I must go. That wild arrow that was the cause of the death of my father has driven me further away from this changing world. I may reconsider in the future, but today I am leaving. Please try and understand.'

Smiling Eyes was doubly hurt. She knew that harsh words were not the answer; this would only drive him further away from her. 'How shall I live without him,' she thought. With bowed head she prayed for help. But, there was White Cloud walking away and not looking back. She continued to pray and her thoughts were with him.

As time went on, occasionally Smiling Eyes got news of White Cloud. She remained cold towards him and he did likewise. But when she heard he had married Little Fawn, she was ready to disown him. Later on, the news of a grandson made her feel better. He was named 'Light Foot'. Smiling Eyes knew she

would now join the eldest of Mothers' Group.

Years went by and still there was no reunion in sight. Her thoughts were with her grandson daily. He was now of school age and her heart ached for want of seeing him.

One day Smiling Eyes was sitting in her favorite spot, which was under a shady poplar tree back of her cabin. Nearby were the sounds of a merry gurgling brook, which brought joy to her as her sight was now failing. But while she sat there, her inner feelings told her that soon she would see her son and family, and for the first time, her daughter-in-law and grandson. Suddenly, the sounds she heard were the jumping of a

thirsty deer coming to water.

Smiling Eyes looked towards the brook. Sure enough, there came a boy of

'Why do you cry?' asked Light Foot.

'I am crying for joy. Where are your parents!' she asked him. 'They will

Years went by and still there was no reunion in sight.

about eight winters, running to her.

'Hello eldest of Mothers, how are you!' Speechless, Smiling Eyes, with trembling hand reached for him.

Tears filled her eyes and Light Foot noticed her.

soon be here, we're coming to live on grandfather's land. Father told me of him. I want to learn to shoot with bows and arrows,' he continued. This made Smiling Eyes happy, and Light Foot did not lose

any time asking his grandmother many questions.

Suddenly, White Cloud and Little Fawn were in sight, each carrying heavy packs. Smiling Eyes could not find words to say, and could not move, so overcome by happiness was she.

Little Fawn laid her pack on the ground and went forward to greet her, with White Cloud following. He told her, 'The many wrinkles tell me it is time I come home and care for you. Little Fawn and I will take over, as I have reconsidered and will live here where my son can live our way of life as he grows up.'

Light Foot was the pride and joy of his grandmother. She spent all her time

answering his questions. The sadness, bitterness and loneliness suddenly left her. There was new hope within her; her son could be chief. With his education he could be a great chief.

Each night, Smiling Eyes heard the merry gurgling of the brook. She prayed to the grandfather in the heavens.

'The past is now forgotten, my son has returned. I see that life has been good to me. Let our cultures grow and let us be proud of what we are,' Smiling Eyes thought and then fell into a deep sleep.

In the not too far away she would join her husband, Swift Foot, in the everlasting hunting grounds.

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- MEDIUM FRIES
- MEDIUM GRAVY

Holiday Value Pack

FIRESIDE FICTION



Lazarus and the Wolf

By Dianne Meili

(The following story is loosely based on a tale my grandfather told me when I was a young girl.

It was Christmas Eve and no animal stirred in the forest. They were all home with their families, snuggled into their dens, lodges or nests. They were safe

and warm and celebrating this most wondrous of holy nights.

The squirrel family was in their nest, in the knot of a tall, old pine tree. Mother had brought out some special dried Saskatoon berries she'd been saving since summer and the children were stuffing their mouths full. The two youngest twin squirrels had

already begun to nod off and Father was readying their little dried grass bed, made extra warm with bits of soft mooseskin from the moccasin he'd stolen from an Indian camp.

Mother carried in the two twins and laid them gently in the straw. Then she touched Father on the arm and they moved toward the tree knothole to

look out at the huge flakes of snow piling up softly below.

Away off in the distance, near the ancient pine tree that stretched mishapenly out across the river, Mother's sharp little eyes caught a spray of snow spurt into the air. "Strange," she remarked to her husband. "I just saw something move in the

snow out by the old pine. Who would be out on a night like this?" Father just shook his head, shivering, and led her back to the cozy living room.

Still curious, she let Father go on and turned to look out the knothole again. Narrowing her sharp, black eyes, she could barely make out what looked like a rabbit, trying to hop through the deep, powder snowdrifts. The rabbit's big hind feet were sending up fantails of snow each time he leaped.

She strained and squinted her eyes to see who it was, but it was too far away. Her eyes began to water and she shook her head, realizing she was getting colder by the second standing before the knothole. She hurried down into the tree behind her husband and was glad her own kin were safe and warm.

But out in the forest, the temperature had dropped and the snow continued to fall. Old Lazarus rabbit, a snowshoe hare from the sand hills area, made his way through the deep snow.

Poor Lazarus had no family of his own. In his younger days he'd been too much of an adventurer, always journeying here and

there to see what he could see, instead of taking a wife and raising a family. He had made many friends on his travels, though. From his cottontail buddies in the southern United States, to his Arctic hare chums of the high north tundra, he made it a point to keep in touch with most of them. But this Christmas his friends were far away and he was all alone. So, at the last moment, he'd decided to burrow out of his tunnel and visit some of his cousin animals in the forest.

The thing was, Lazarus loved children and played for hours with those of his friends. He sometimes regretted not having his own family, but on the whole he was content with his life, knowing he was privileged to have seen so much of the world. Whenever he got blue, he just remembered some of the experiences he'd enjoyed and the friends that he'd made, and life didn't seem so bad.

But now he was getting cold. How much further was it to the beavers' lodge? "I've been travelling an awfully long time ... I should be getting there soon," he said to himself. He gathered his strength,

Continued Page 11

JOY TO THE

And best wishes
for a happy
holiday season.



From the Janvier Band,
Chief Walter Janvier, Council,
Band Members & Staff



**Janvier Tribal
Administration**

Chard, Alberta T0A 0S0
Telephone: (403) 559-2259

On behalf of the
Alberta Progressive
Conservative Association
*May peace be with you this
holiday season and
throughout the coming year.*



From **DON R. GETTY**
Premier of Alberta

Lazarus and the wolf

From Page 10

hoping to sight the lodge as soon as he got to the top of the next rise.

And then, as he reached the crest of the hill, his eye caught a slight movement in the bushes at the bottom of the hill. He stopped in his tracks and his eyes got

dered why he wasn't afraid of the sharp-toothed brute. Suddenly, the wolf stood up and turned. He stepped further into the bushes and a haze enveloped him. Lazarus blinked his eyes to get a better look, and when he opened them again, the wolf was gone.

Long seconds passed before the stunned rabbit

The water will freeze you."

"Oh," said Lazarus to himself. He hadn't thought of that. He'd only thought about being inside the lodge with all the little beaver children, not about how he'd get to the lodge.

"Yes, yes, you're absolutely right. I don't know what I could have been hinking of," Lazarus said, slightly embarrassed. "Well, I thought I'd drop in to see the squirrel family while I'm in the neighborhood, anyway."

"That would be wonderful. They've got the whole family home for the holidays, too," said Father Beaver, hoping it didn't sound like he was trying to get rid of Lazarus. But he couldn't stay out in the river all night talking to the rabbit.

"Lazarus, wait here and I'll get the kids to come and say hello," he offered, but the snowshoe hare was already on his way again.

"I'll be by tomorrow. I'll see them then. You get yourself back inside where it's warm ..." shouted Lazarus behind him as he hurried along the trail, ears burning with shame.

"Cheer up, old chap, the squirrel family's tree is just ahead," he told himself.

At the base of the pine tree, Lazarus thumped his huge feet on the trunk and called up to Mother Squirrel.

"So, it was you I could see in the distance when I looked out a bit ago," exclaimed Mother Squirrel, poking her tiny head out the knothole. "Snow flying up all over the place ... whatever are you doing out tonight, Lazarus?"

"I was home in my burrow, and then I thought I'd like to visit my friends, so I headed out for your forest.

Continued Page 11

In the light of the moon,
Lazarus saw the
silver-tipped hairs on
the wolf's chest glisten.

bigger. There, looking straight at him, was a wolf ... a huge wolf. In the light of the moon, Lazarus saw the silver-tipped hairs on the wolf's deep chest glisten. The beast's black forehead and body markings were like none he'd seen before. The frightened Lazarus looked for the nearest log to dive under.

But something paralyzed him and his eyes caught the wolf's again. The magnificent beast had settled back on his haunches and he was simply observing Lazarus. Strangely, there was no glint of hunger in the yellow eyes. A strange feeling of calm came over Lazarus as he found himself admiring the silver giant. He was deeply impressed by the strength of the canine, yet he won-

realized he was very cold and had better get moving again. He scanned the river to his right and could just make out the dome of the beavers' lodge in mid-stream.

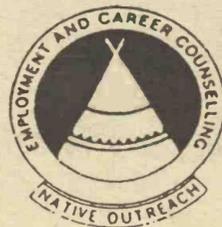
He scampered to the riverbank and called out for Father Beaver. It wasn't long before the beaver's head broke the surface of the water.

"I've come to visit you on Christmas Eve," Lazarus called out. "Is your family all home for the holidays?" he asked.

"Why, yes they are, and we're plenty happy to have oldest son spend the festive season with us once again," answered Father Beaver. And then, never one to beat around the bush, he added, "You're welcome to come inside, but won't you have an awfully hard time swimming out here to the lodge.



And best wishes for a happy holiday season. May you and yours enjoy the fun and friendship that make this time of year so special. It has been our pleasure to serve you over the past year and our sincere wish to serve you on further in the coming year. You are special to us and your needs are our number one priority. Merry Christmas!



Native Outreach

3rd Floor, 10603 - 107 Ave.
Edmonton, AB T5H 0W5
(403) 428-9350

Calgary: Room 201, 1211-14 St. Calgary, AB T3C 1C4 (403) 245-4374

Grand Centre: Box 1168, Grand Centre, AB T0A 1T0 (403) 594-7360

High Level: Box 480, High Level, AB T0H 1Z0 (403) 926-3635

Hinton: #201, Summit Building, box 1409, Hinton, AB (403) 865-7811

Lethbridge: 1616-2nd Ave. S., Lethbridge, AB T1J 0G2 (403) 320-9010

Merry Christmas

Happy Holidays to you and yours.
May Christmas fill your hearts and homes
now and always, and may the future
hold only the very best for you.

From Principal Alex Boyda
and school staff of the...

Driftpile Community School
Driftpile Band #450

General Delivery, Driftpile, Alberta T0G 0V0
Telephone: (403) 355-3868

Lazarus and the wolf

From Page 11

Are all the kids doing OK?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. The twins couldn't be more bright eyed and bushy tailed. They're getting to be such a handful. And Lazarus, you know you're always welcome."

Mother Squirrel watched as Lazarus stood on his very tippy toes to try and reach the knothole. He stretched and stretched but he was nowhere near it. The forest was silent except for the scratching sounds his paws made on the rough bark.

Mother Squirrel felt sorry for him but there wasn't anything she could do to help. There was nothing for him to stand on to get to the knothole. She usually chattered away to anyone who'd listen, but to the little rabbit below she didn't quite know what to say.

Seeing Mother Squirrel start to shiver in the cold, Lazarus quickly said, "Well, never mind. Just glad I could come around and wish your family all the best. Hope the Creator smiles on you and your's in the coming year."

Ears burning again, Lazarus felt completely foolish. What was he going to do? Was his brain



turning to mush? It was a long way back to his warm tunnel and all the travelling was making him too tired to go much further. Suddenly, he cheered up again, remembering the Field Mouse Family. He loved the tiny brown mice children with their sharp little noses and bright black eyes. And, best of all, he neither had to swim nor climb to get to their little tunnelled nest on the ground.

Hurrying faster now, he bounded to the place he knew they dug their burrows. Sure enough, just

ahead of him he could see some holes that marked the tunnel entrances.

Deep below the snow, on the surface of the frozen ground, the Field Mice were in their dried-grass nest, just tucking into a fine Christmas Eve meal of wild rose bush bark. All twelve of the little mice children were ravenous, having built up a good appetite playing tag in the snow tunnels.

With all of them noisily gnawing and chomping, Father Mouse barely heard his name being called by someone outside.

He scurried up the snow

tunnel, wondering who could be out and about on a night like tonight. When he reached the tunnel opening and saw his old friend Lazarus, with a heap of snow piling up on his head (it was coming down even harder now), he laughed in delight.

"Well, Lazarus, how good it is to see you. Old boy, how's it going? What are you doing in this neck of the woods? Have you finally stopped travelling and settled down here?"

"No, no. I've still got my burrow back in the sand hills. I just thought I'd

come round and spread some Christmas cheer." And then, because he was really getting chilled, and was thinking of how warm the dried grass hay that the little mice lined their nests with would be, Lazarus blurted, "I was thinking about how happy the little kids would be to see me. Am I in time to see them or have they gone to bed?"

"Nope, still up. Little rascals played in the tunnels all day. Wouldn't doubt if they've still got the energy to play some more. But Father Mouse was wondering how Lazarus

could possibly visit the children. Surely the rabbit knew that in winter, field mice rarely come up from beneath the snow, except to get food. And Lazarus was too big to come down the tunnel, let alone fit in the family nest.

Lazarus was thinking the same thing and his big pink ears were starting to turn red again. He wasn't going to be able to see the mouse family, nor could he spend the night with them.

"Oh my goodness!" shouted Lazarus, startling his friend. "I'm supposed to be at Whitetail Jackrabbit's place before midnight and I'm late! Got to run for now, old pal! I'll see you in the new year. Give my season's greetings to everyone ..."

Father Mouse watched Lazarus leap away until he could no longer see the snowshoe hare's white body bounding against the white snow. He sniffed the icy night air, turned quickly, and scurried down to the nest, hoping the kids hadn't eaten all the wild rose bush bark.

Lazarus ran until his lungs ached. Then he stopped. The white lie he'd told his friend was for the best, to save him from

Continued Page 13

Wishing you and all your loved ones
a very



Joy and peace now and always, and may the wonderful spirit of Christmas light your way through the coming years. A message from Chief, Council and Members of

ALEXIS BAND #133

Box 7, ONOWAY, Alberta T0E 0X0



Season's Greetings

We take this opportunity to extend best wishes to our band members and many friends. A message from the chief, council, administration and band members of the

CREE BAND

Box 90, FORT CHIPEWYAN, Alberta T0P 1B0

(403) 697-3740

Lazarus and the wolf

From Page 12

embarrassment. But, now what was Lazarus to do? Fact was, he just didn't know any more animals in the area. He'd been away so much, he'd only gotten to know the Beaver, Squirrel and Field Mouse families.

Slowly, Lazarus turned around and headed back the way he'd come. His ears flopped over, the tips already bent a little with frostbite. He was so tired. He half-heartedly hopped over to a dead tree and hollowed a space for his body on the snow's surface. Bunching himself together tightly, he fell asleep.

Sometime later he was awakened by a high-pitched squeak. He focused on the snow a few feet ahead of him. There, standing on hind feet, was a wee baby deer mouse, nervously fidgeting.

Delirious with cold and fright, he bolted for the bushes. Watching him skitter away, Lazarus' eyes were still heavy with sleep. But then he saw something that made his hair stand on end. The wolf he'd seen earlier was standing in the

bushes, and the little mouse was blindly running straight for him! Lazarus made a quick decision.

With all his might, he dove ahead and crouched down in the mouse's path. It ran headlong into the rabbit's chest. Lazarus huddled over the deer mouse, and with eyes closed, waited for the wolf's jaws to close around his neck.

Nothing happened. Finally, Lazarus peered around behind him and was surprised to see empty air. There wasn't even an impression in the snow where the silver wolf had stood. He could see no paw prints anywhere around him. The wolf had seemed so real. But had it only been a dream?

Something wiggled against his chest and Lazarus realized he hadn't dreamed the part about the lost baby deer mouse.

"Are you lost, little one? Tell me where you live and I'll take you home."

But the white-footed mouse didn't answer. It had burrowed deeper into the rabbit's soft chest fur and was already asleep.

Lazarus didn't want to wake him. He gathered himself closer around the

mouse's brown body to protect it from the fierce wind that had suddenly sprang up. Lazarus was starting to feel a welcome warmth. He

in the morning, anyway.

In the grey morning light, ten brown deer mice frantically skittered along the snow's surface. They ran in

Fact was, he just didn't know anymore animals in the area

looked down at the sleeping ball of fur and his own head bobbed. His eyelids were very heavy and just before he dropped off to sleep, he decided it would be best to find the youngster's parents

circles, as though searching for something.

"He's here! I've found him," sounded the tiny, excited voice of Grandfather Deer Mouse.

Mother Deer Mouse,

nearly senseless with worry, ran to gather her baby tightly in her paws. "How did you ever get out of the nest without me catching you?" she chided, and then buried her nose in her son's scant fur. Meanwhile, the rest of the mice formed a semi-circle around the snowshoe hare's body.

"Hhmmmm. Wonder what he was doing out on a night like that. As if the weather wasn't cold enough, you'd think he would've been in with his family on Christmas Eve. Nobody goes out on Christmas Eve," said Grandfather Deer Mouse.

"Must've been here for a while. He's stiff as a board," offered Aunt Deer Mouse.

"Well, whatever he was out here for, it was sure lucky for little junior that

this rabbit happened along when he did. That's all I can say. Just thank the Creator," Cousin Deer Mouse added.

"Getting this little scamp back is my best Christmas present ever," breathed Mother Deer Mouse.

None of the Family noticed the giant silver wolf towering over them just a few feet away. The mice scampered back toward their nest, each one taking turns carrying the lost baby who'd been returned to them.

When they'd gone, the wolf walked slowly over to the lifeless body and, standing over it, raised his silver muzzle to the sky. When the last howl of the wolf song ended, the silver giant and the body of the small rabbit had disappeared without a trace.

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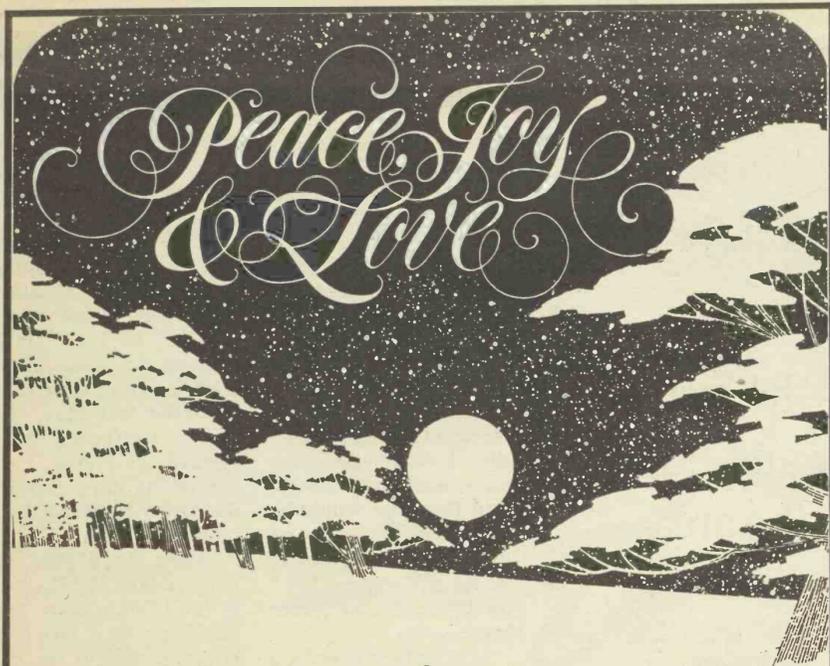
Happy New Year

Special greetings to all Native people (Indian & Metis) across Alberta. And a Christmas wish for all... that the happiness of this time last throughout the year, and the peace His coming brings fill all the world with hope.



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Our best wishes go out to you and yours for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Mission Indian Friendship Centre

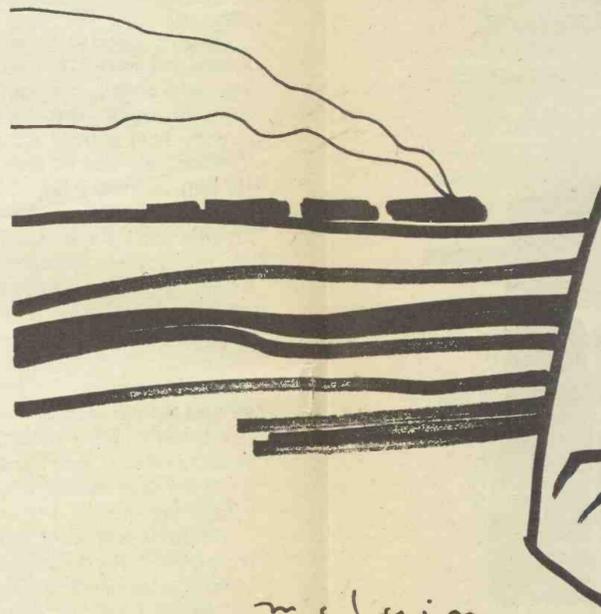
33150A - 1st. Ave.
MISSION, B.C. V2V 1G4
Telephone: (604) 826-1281

Otter Tail's sons return

Long ago, an Indian named Sam Otter Tail was a good friend to a missionary who travelled among Native people. He named the missionary 'Good Heart'.

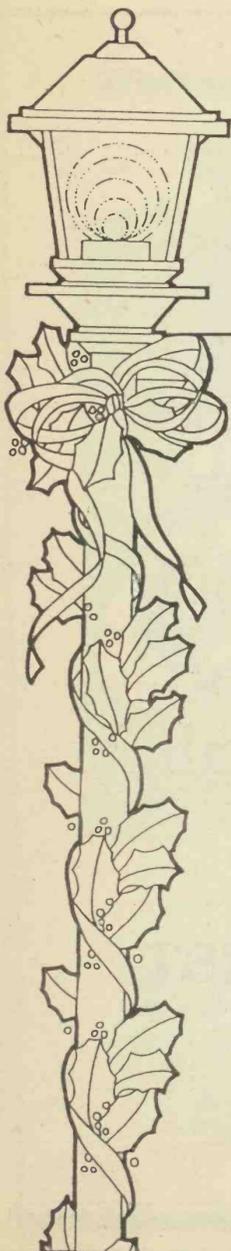
Otter Tail was a well built man, tall and straight with a conspicuous Roman nose that told he was of the Iroquois tribe. Good Heart and Otter Tail had travelled together on many a hazardous trip on the reserves, helping to administer to the sick and the dying. The Indians had given these men Cree names. Otter Tail, being so powerful and tough was called Muskwa (Bear), while the missionary was named Pihew (Partridge). Why the name 'Pihew' came about was because he could eat a whole partridge at a meal. In those days beef was not seen or bought, so a variety of wild meats was always on the table.

Otter Tail had been sent to school at a young age, so was well educated and capable of helping the missionary when troubles arose. As time went on, he found himself lonely and all alone, therefore his visits to his missionary friend's place were regular. Otter Tail had no family at home. His wife, Little Beaver, was taken away by the Great Spirit many years ago. She had left two fine sons to Otter Tail. These boys were now at school. Their names were Tom and Terry Otter Tail. They had not been home for eight years, although occasionally Otter Tail went to see them. They were now eighteen and twenty years old. But finally the boys were through school. A message was sent to their father to meet them at the station. Otter Tail prayed to the Great Spirit that night. 'Thank you for car-



ing for my boys while they were away. I will be there waiting for them.' It was a fifteen mile drive, but he would be there to meet his sons whether it was rain or shine.

In the early Otter Tail was way. He knew he early, but he wa and wanted to s boys. At last he He tied his hors



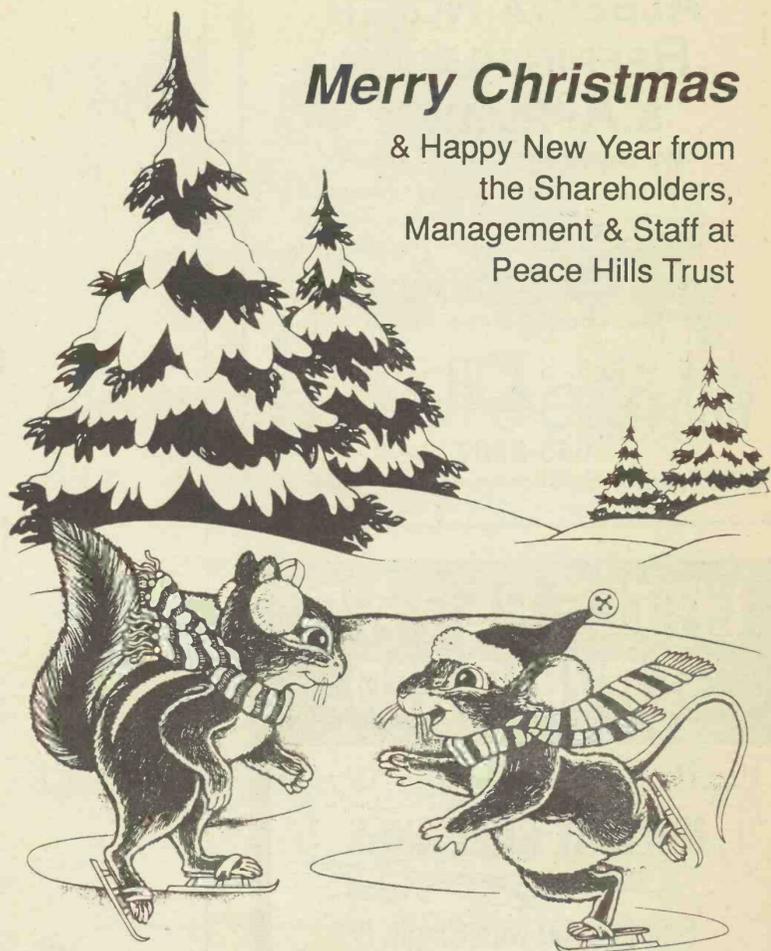
JOY TO THE WORLD

Christmas is candy-colored lights setting the community aglow, and packages aplenty displayed invitingly under the tree, and the magic anticipation reflected in a child's eyes but the true spirit lies even deeper.

That is the human spirit of love, kindness and friendship that is exchanged during the holidays. We wish this for you. And best wishes for a happy holiday season.

YUKON INDIAN CENTRE

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Telephone: 667-7631



Merry Christmas

& Happy New Year from the Shareholders, Management & Staff at Peace Hills Trust



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- Hiking
- Historic S
- Photograp
- Bird Wat
- Wood Buf
- Swimming
- Hunting
- Canoeing
- Boating
- Picnickin
- Winter
- Trapline
- Snowmob
- Ice Fishin
- Snow Sho
- Wildernes

SE

FO

FIRESIDE FICTION



my boys while they
way. I will be there
g for them.' It was a
mile drive, but he
be there to meet his
whether it was rain or

In the early morning,
Otter Tail was well on the
way. He knew he would be
early, but he was restless
and wanted to see those
boys. At last he arrived.
He tied his horses to the

post and then sat down on
the station platform to have
a good smoke. He always
carried a stone pipe given
to him by his forefathers.
There he sat enjoying his

smoke. It seemed hours
before the boys came. In
the far distance, a whistle
of a train could be heard.

Continued Next Page

Season's Greetings

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Christmas

Year from
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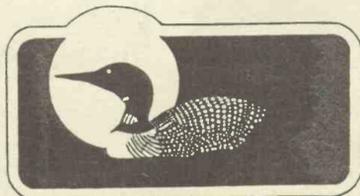
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Christmas brings a welcome opportunity to wish you the best the holidays can bring ... peace and joy and the special closeness of family and friends. Have a happy, happy holiday and a bright New Year. From all your friends at the...

Athabasca Native Development Corporation

Box 5355, #209 9714 Main Street, Fort McMurray, AB T9H 3G4
Telephone: (403) 791-6541

Otter Tail's sons return

From Page 15

He listened and again he heard it and a smile came over his bronze face.

When the train came to a halt, the passengers began to step down and Otter Tail could not see anyone who looked like either of his boys. Both had modern dress and both stood almost as tall as he stood. Only when the words 'Hi there, Dad' were heard did Otter Tail know these were his sons' faces. Oh, how proud Little Beaver would have been if she could only have seen them, he thought to himself. The boys got their baggage and soon they were off for home. Tom drove the horses part way and then Terry drove the rest of the way.

Sam went into the house while the boys unhitched the horses. He saw his sons were both white men now. They had mastered the English language perfectly and Sam saw that they were capable of doing chores. Sam hurried around the unkempt home and prepared some food for his sons. He couldn't believe his eyes when he watched his sons eating. Everyone helped to put the dishes away and then there was time to relax and

renew acquaintances. Over and over Sam stared at his sons. He could not believe they had grown to be such fine men. They enjoyed their holidays and were out in the woods or at the river. They asked to make canoes with birch bark and paddles; bows and arrows with feathered ends. They had lessons on herbal remedies, poisonous plants, directions of the winds, the weather, the moon changes, good fishing times, the legends of our forefathers and superstitions. This went on during the summer and it all brought back memories of their childhood days on the reservation. Sam could see that, although his boys followed the white ways, they still were proud of their Indian heritage.

Occasionally, mail arrived at the home of Good Heart. The boys received letters from their friends. Some were returning to the big city for advanced studies. The boys were at a loss and did not know what to do. Sam did not encourage his boys. 'Do as you wish to do,' he told them.

One day Tom and Terry went for a long walk in the woods. They realized their father was a lonely, elderly man. Tom, the oldest, wanted to take administra-



tion so he could replace his father as chief when the time came.

Terry decided to stay home and trap one season. The furs were plentiful that winter and Terry banked his money. He also learned

the Indian way of living, which he thoroughly enjoyed. Sam Otter Tail was happy to have one son at home for the winter months. Tom wrote occasionally and often made Terry wish he was back in

the whiteman's city. However, his turn would come the following year. Tom would come back to stay with his father and study the administration of reserve living.

Sam Otter Tail was

indeed happy with the arrangements the boys had made. He knew that the boys' concern was with him. Life on the reserve was not so lonely anymore.

Continued Page 17

Seasons Greetings



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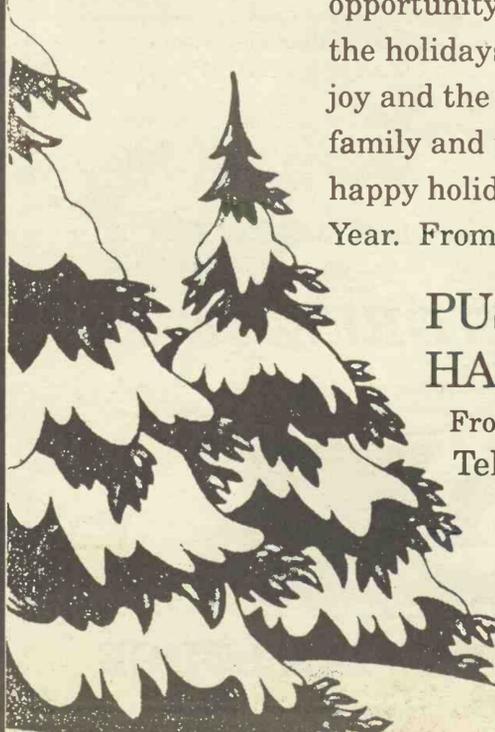
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Otter Tail's sons return

From Page 16

Good Heart and his wife always invited the Otter Tails over for meals on Sunday. This was where Terry and his Father spent their time. Soon the younger groups met Terry and he was totally accepted. He was known to be very knowledgeable so he worked his way around the reserve. He found out life on the reserve was very free, but it took more than just freedom to survive. He spoke and met many Elders, including prophets and medicine men. He was loved by all as he showed a great future for his people.

One day, as the year was quickly going by, a letter was received by Tom, who was to come home and care for the father so Terry could go and finish his schooling. In the letter there was mention of a meeting with an Indian maiden known as Smiling Face. Otter Tail listened while Terry read the letter

over and over. 'I will be back with my dear Smiling Face, and if you accept her she will become my wife so I can give you a grandson.' Otter Tail was totally surprised and stared at Terry. The letter continued by saying, 'after a traditional marriage, I will have to return, as I have accepted a job at Indian Affairs here in this big city where my wife and I will live.' There was complete silence.

Terry knew now that going for advance studies was almost out of the question. This was actually a blow to both Otter Tail and Terry. Finally Otter Tail broke the silence. 'Well, I see our brother has the power and knowledge to think and plan for his future. If he has accepted employment with Indian Affairs he will still be involved with all reserves, including ours. We will see him frequently. My term of chief will come to an end in fourteen moons. I would gladly pass my position on to you as chief.

You are known here by our Elders; you would be qualified for such a position. I have great faith in you, my son. Your brother and yourself could, with your knowledge, help our peo-

ple by introducing new methods of education, farming, and industry among our people. We must look to the future, never look back. A pattern must be set for the many moons ahead for the children of today and tomorrow and their children. They are our future generations. Our forefathers

Sam could see that, although the boys followed the white ways, they were still proud of their heritage.

ple by introducing new methods of education, farming, and industry among our people. We must look to the future, never look back. A pattern must be set for the many moons ahead for the children of today and tomorrow and their children. They are our future generations. Our forefathers

leaving us. Think this over my son: 'Do not feel too badly.' These were Otter Tail's words to his son.

Time went on very quickly and each day the meeting of Tom and Smiling Face was the current news. Terry wondered what it would be like to have a sister and he began to prepare himself for the

event. News spread through the reserve quickly. Preparations were made. This is not like a marriage of today. It was generally done by the chiefs smoking the peace pipe and prayers to the Great Spirit and burning of incense, asking for guidance of the couple and acceptance of the new bride to the tribe.

Tom Otter Tail arrived with his bride-to-be. He was fully clad in a buckskin outfit, given to him by Smiling Face. He proudly presented his bride to his father and brother and all chiefs and medicine men. Smiling Face she truly was, her face a picture of happiness. She dressed in a white buckskin beaded dress made by her Mother and Grandmother and her beautiful black braids hung down held in place by a head band. There never was a more handsome couple seen before. They stood holding hands, as they spoke to Chief Otter Tail. She was accepted by all, full-heartedly, and

Terry thought that his brother Tom had made a very fine choice.

Chief Otter Tail was indeed happy. He remembered his late wife, Little Beaver. How happy she would have been to see her son today, he thought. He knew Tom had made a wise choice, for Smiling Face showed her friendliness by speaking to all brothers and sisters. Many Elders were happy for they saw she was a wise woman. Many gifts were bestowed upon the happy couple. Terry did accept his father's position later on. It was from then on that the brothers, Tom and Terry - with the help of Smiling Face, steered the Otter Tail reserve and tribe in the management of reserve administration.

From then on, Chief Otter Tail quietly retired to his cabin home while Terry grew up to be one of the most promising chiefs ever known in history.

(Story courtesy of the Dr. Anne Anderson Native Heritage and Culture Centre)

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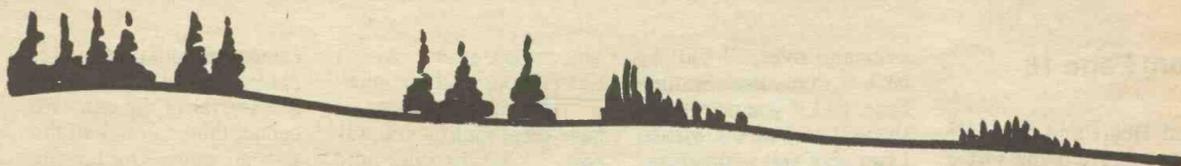
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FIRESIDE FICTION



By George Blondin
Windspeaker Correspondent

Well, all I know is that the Dene people as a group survived in the very early days by their laws and culture. In order to understand better how the Dene celebrate Christmas today, how they came about Christmas holidays I have to start the story in the beginning. It is easy to understand how the Dene people survive before the white people came, their whole lifestyle was only to survive. So their daily work is to hunt and fish, to provide for their family. They have their own culture to celebrate together at a gathering place, also through their medicine power, they establish a spiritual way to pray to their Creator.

Regarding their travel on this big land, they have to do that because they have to follow the game and also too much people can't stay in one spot all the

time, so a large tribe travels all winter for game, and in some areas are big fish lakes where people come together to congregate. When this large group come together, this does not mean that they have a special holiday mark on the calendar. They have none, they just come together and start to celebrate when a big gather take place in the summer. They start off with a big feast, all the people save food for this special occasion and people look forward to this feast.

So the celebration starts with a big feast; after they feast with good food, all the elders start to talk about where they were all winter and give good advice to the younger people on how to behave and be good citizens. Then they start hitting the drum and they gather a special group to hit drum to pray and to talk to their Creator through the drum.

So when the prayer start

to hit drum all the crowd stand and concentrate in their own way to pray to their Creator and ask for favor and help; what we do now, this takes a long time. When it ends, the actual dancing with the drum starts, this goes on all night.

In the century of the 1800's when the missionaries first arrived, the Dene

looked at them as very powerful people, because the Dene are very poor. The Dene people react to something very easily. To start with the Dene react to the truth almost instantly, in time the teaching of the Church established Christmas day and also Easter, these two days became very important for the Dene people after the priest

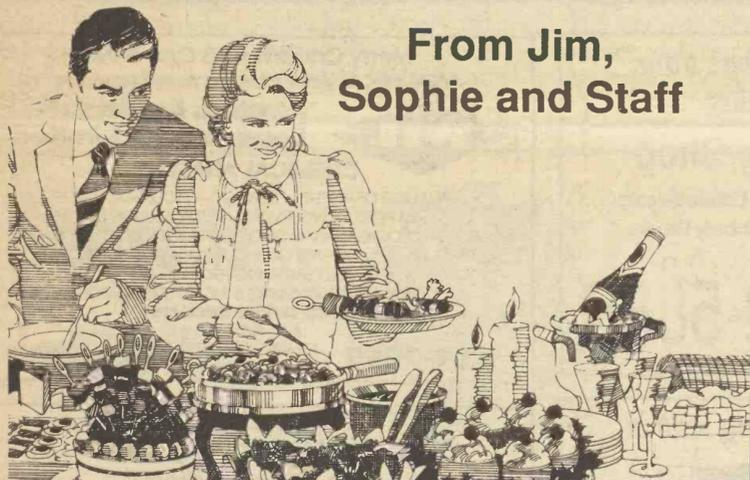
came into the country. When the first missionary came they were very poor, just as poor as the Dene people. The Dene people had great respect for the priest. I have never heard of the Dene having conflict with a priest, they believe what the priest preach and they try to help the first missionary as much as possible.

In the early part of how the priest made mass in Latin and confess and get communion was very important for the spiritual thinking of the Dene people. So in time all the Dene people of the North recognized these two

Continued Page 19

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Blondin recounts Dene holiday

From Page 18

Church holidays. Also, Dene people recognized you had to help the Church priest to make things easy so people could understand. You have to give something to Jesus he said, people are poor but they all had something to give to the Church in their own way, it don't have to be cash because there was none in them days. But they gave what they had, in the early days the Dene got very religious in time with the teaching of the priest in the area. Dene people learn that Jesus was born on Dec. 25 and later died on the cross for us and rose from the dead which is Easter day. So the priest would own a small image

of Baby Jesus, St. Mary and Joseph and show it to the people on a corner of a Church or a house so the people could react to it; in that way people really converted.

So the people in the early days gave anything they had: fish to eat, fish for priest dogs, meat, dry meat, pound meat, moccasins, fur, weasel, muskrat fur. Around Christmas Day there would be a pile of presents to give to the newborn Jesus for the priest, this goes on for a week. So the Dene people of the early days still celebrate feast in the summer because it's their own culture, but they don't have a special date for it. But Christmas and Easter holiday really fit into Dene way of life of that time.

The Hudson Bay Com-

pany and other northern traders were established in the north to trade fur with the Dene people, the same time the missionary came a

trade with all the Dene from the North. So the Dene people of the north really enjoy the Christmas their own way.

So the people in the early days gave anything they had: fish, meat...

little later, about the start of the 19th century. Dene people all over the North are happy to see Christmas season come about. So all along the McKenzie River Bank there are communities maybe every 150 miles with trading posts which

First of all the Dene people start to trap real hard and try to catch as much fur as possible to go to the trading post at Christmas time to get everything they need for their family. The women too are very busy getting ready for Christmas

so their husbands and children can wear new mitts, parkas, mukluks and moccasins. So when Christmas day comes close they all start travelling towards the nearest trading post. Sometimes they take their wife with them, sometimes the wife stays behind, it depends on how many children they have.

When they arrive in the community they sell all their fur and get ready to go to midnight mass and celebrate Christmas day, they give out presents, it's not their culture, but in time they learn how. They really enjoy coming together on Christmas season after the Dene hunt and trap all over the country, they enjoy seeing each other because they love each other as a big family. They start a big feast and a tea dance like

they always do and really enjoy the Christmas season. In them days people used only dog team to travel.

But today, after seventy years, everything has changed for the Dene people in the McKenzie Valley. What they did in the past to celebrate Christmas is just a memory. Our Elders all over the country complain, but the movement is so strong that people can't help it, first they have to react to the change that took place.

We learn the new way just like the non-Dene do of course, everybody goes to school and children like the modern way so the parents have to react to it, we put up Christmas trees and start to give presents and so on. This change of life style has to come about sometimes, so it might as well be now.

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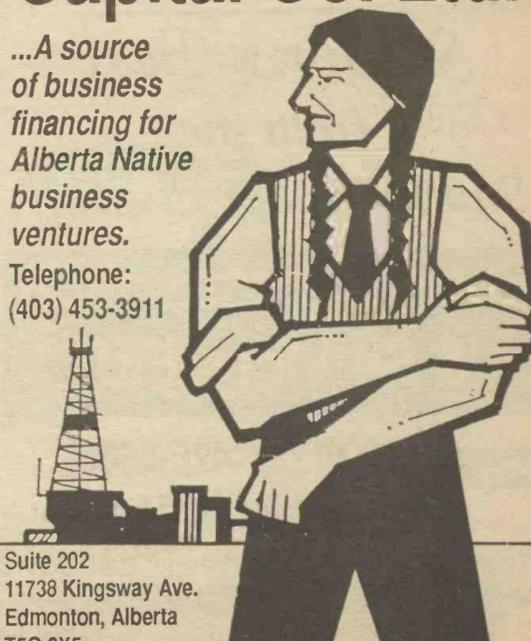
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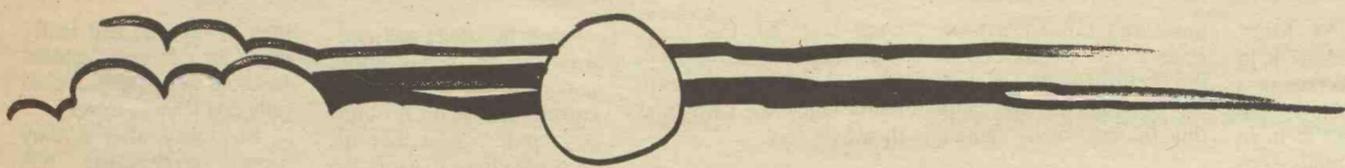
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FIRESIDE FICTION



The mercy of Muskwasis



By Susan Enge
Windspeaker Staff Writer

Muskwasis (Little Bear) stood in front of the fire rubbing his hands together, trying to warm them up. It was cold but he found it invigorating, made him feel alive. It was late, but he wanted time alone, a chance to look at the twinkling stars, the swirling northern lights. He wanted to listen to the stillness.

He glanced up at Mother moon. She's smiling tonight, he thought, but he wasn't sure whether it was just because he felt happy. After all, he thought, tomorrow was a big day. It was Christmas, a day he had been waiting for, for a long time.

He stomped his feet in the snow, clapped his

hands quietly, so as not to wake anyone, and made his way back into his tent. He silently slipped into his bed, a spruce bough mattress with several fur hides beneath and overtop of him, and quickly fell asleep.

Oooooo weeee! oooooeee! called out Wa'pikunoo (Snow owl), the camp's revered elder. It was time to get up to greet Father Sun. Oooowwee! Oooowwee! she cried, waking up the camp.

Muskwasis raised his head and looked around the tent. His two older brothers and younger sister were already up, for their beds were empty. It was still dark out, but he heard others stirring outside, making their way to the Circle. He was still feeling drowsy, wishing he went to bed ear-

lier the night before.

After the sunrise ceremony, Muskwasis found himself encircled by all the elders. Wa'pikunoo grabbed him and hugged him.

"Now, Muskwasis, you were born into a family with great powers. You must prove your worth today. We have decided to test your strength and your goodwill, for it is Christmas, a day the Creator sent his only son to us. He taught our people how to love all living things on mother earth," said Wa'pikunoo affectionately, smiling down at him.

"You must leave our camp now and show the Spirit World you understand the meaning of love. Do not return until the raven signals you have passed your test. Then we will feast upon your return," she said, holding him tightly.

Muskwasis looked up at Wa'pikunoo with fear in his eyes, holding onto her caribou hide dress. He knew she could tell he was afraid, for she was given the gift of seeing things no one else could see, espe-

Continued Page 21



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The mercy of Muskwasis

From Page 20

cially in dark places. And, he quickly tried to cover his thoughts of fear with confidence and courage. But, it was too late. Wa'pikunoo whispered quietly, "Don't be afraid my little one. Just follow your spirit, it will show you the way."

His mother and father were waiting for him outside his tent. They were smiling. "My child, you have been blessed today. Here is a pack full of things you will need for your journey," said his mother, Mukases excitedly.

"Quickly now, you must leave. Remember, let your Spirit guide you. And don't forget what we've taught you. Show your love for others and they will show their love for you."

"When you need guidance. Pray, my son" said his father, Umisk (beaver).

His sister started to cry and grabbed his leg. "I don't want you to leave Muskwasis. I'll never see you again," she cried. His two older brothers picked her up and wished their brother a safe journey.

Muskwasis grabbed his snowshoes and walked into the forest alone, carrying his back pack. It was quiet. He walked and ahead of me tomorrow," he said, throwing his fur blankets onto spruce boughs he had gathered earlier.

Otihiwin began to cry, as she made her bed, near

the fire. She yawned and stretched, then lay down for a good night's sleep. "Oh, I am so unhappy. Maybe tomorrow, I can find a way to convince Muskwasis I am not so terrible. Maybe he will then let me stay with him." thought Otihiwin as she fell into a deep sleep.

But Muskwasis tossed and turned. No, I will help little Otihiwin, he decided. She needs me and I will find a way." Just as he made his decision, he heard a raven cawing in the distance. He opened his eyes and saw Wa'pikunoo, the elder from home, standing before him.

"You have done well, my son. For you have shown love is greater than all things. You have won the heart of many at home, for your power is strong for such a young man. Come now, your family is waiting for you. We must feast and dance tonight."

Muskwasis jumped up and hugged Wa'pikunoo. "Thank you so much for this lesson. I will always treasure this day, for it has taught me much. Can we invite Otihiwin to the dance, too Wa'pikunoo? years. He's punishing me," she sobbed.

"Why? What did you do to make him so angry?" asked Muskwasis, as he drew her near his camp site and began to build a fire.

"I couldn't get out of bed in time in the mornings to greet Father Sun. It's so cold that early in the morning. And, I need that extra sleep, for I am always so

tired. He is so mean. He doesn't understand me, at all," mumbled Otihiwin, as she knelt down to help him.

Muskwasis was very shocked. It was strictly forbidden to miss morning prayer. How could he help her when she violated all sacred? She is unworthy of his help. I can't take care of her. She is evil. It's wrong. What should I do? wondered Muskwasis, deep in thought.

The fire was burning brightly now and Otihiwin stood by the flames, soaking in the warmth. Night had fallen and the temperature was dropping.

"You must leave my camp," blurted Muskwasis. "What you have done is forbidden in my camp, too. Tomorrow morning, after I give thanks to Father Sun, I want you to gather your things. I am on an important mission. I am going to sleep now, for I am tired and I have a long journey walked, further and further away from home, marking his path along the way so he wouldn't get lost.

The sun was going down slowly and the forest grew dark. I should stop and settle down for the night, thought Muskwasis, throwing his pack to the ground. Just as he began to gather wood, to make a fire, Muskwasis heard a murmur coming from the west, just beyond a rise. It sounds like someone is crying he said, standing still to listen.

He walked towards the sounds. The sobs grew

louder. He peeked behind a big oak tree and saw a little girl sitting on the ground clutching her doll and crying. She looked no more than 10 years old. She had long black hair decorated with brightly coloured beaded hair ties, which were the colours of the Cree tribe from Calling Lake.

"What's the matter, little girl?" asked Muskwasis. "Why are you crying? Can I help you? Are you lost?" he asked.

The little Cree girl, jumped to her feet, staring at Muskwasis with tears rolling down her face, and mumbled, "My name is Otihiwin and I'm not lost. My grandfather banished me from home and turned me into a child for seven For I am sure she is hungry and lonely for friendships." asked Muskwasis looking over at Otihiwin still fast asleep.

"No, my son. You have broken the spell cast on her by her grandfather. She has

learned well, for he will explain everything to her. You will meet her again. Not tomorrow, but another time. Be quick now, many await your arrival."

With that Muskwasis gathered his belongings and began the long walk home. Wa'pikunoo was nowhere to be seen. He glanced up at the moon.

She's smiling again tonight, he said. He looked up at the tree tops.

"Caww, Cawww". It was a raven's call.

Christmas...

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O Great Spirit

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- Bette Spence

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FIRESIDE FICTION

Revenge of the medicine people

By Dr. Anne Anderson

This story occurred before the coming of the missionaries and the fur traders. Our people lived from the natural resources of the land and from the beliefs which they practised. In those days, for a man to be respected, he had to have knowledge of the use of medicine for protection.

A dispute began when a medicine man named Chepwasin came from North Spirit Lake and asked an elderly couple for the hand of their lovely daughter, who was called Nawakesis. The medicine man wanted this girl for his son but was refused by the parents. This angered Chepwasin, the medicine man, to have to return to North Spirit Lake with his rejected son, Washkwon. A scheme for revenge formed in Chepwasin's mind. Upon reaching his village he gathered all the great medicine men for a conference. However the mother of Nawakesis was a well known, feared sorceress and the medicine men concluded that the preparation for her destruction would take time in order for it to work.

Throughout the winter the medicine men learned most of the power of their victim and what to be careful of. Finally in the spring season they gathered to execute the final act of their plan. The war ceremony was held in the sacred longhouse of the

village where a wood carving, in the likeness of the old woman, was erected in the centre of the room. The medicine men were seated on both sides of the longhouse, beating on the drums and singing to the spirit of the gods, while other people danced around the wooden figure. Throughout that evening they danced until the leader rose and called a halt. Then he took his old flintlock rifle and fired at the wooden statue, embedding a slug into the leg. The ceremony was over and the old woman was going to pay for her insult.

In Sandy Lake everyone was asleep when this woman screamed, bringing her family to her side. In her leg they saw a huge slug which somehow appeared under her skin without a wound. The husband quickly took his knife to remove the slug but she stopped him, saying she had been attacked by surprise and that her fate was sealed and there was no way to save her. As she lay there gasping for breath, they noticed the slug was making its way upward. She forbid any effort to save her life and said, 'I have been wronged, my life has been taken for no reason. Before this summer is over, over half of their population will perish.' She was dying and she asked her family to leave her outside for awhile to meet someone.

Continued Page 23

Christmas brings a welcome opportunity to wish you the best the holidays can bring...peace and joy and the special closeness of family and friends. Have a happy, happy holiday and a bright New Year - from Education Coordinator, Daryl Kingfisher, Education counsellor, Leonard Ermine and staff.

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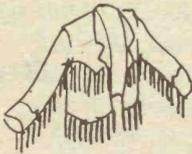
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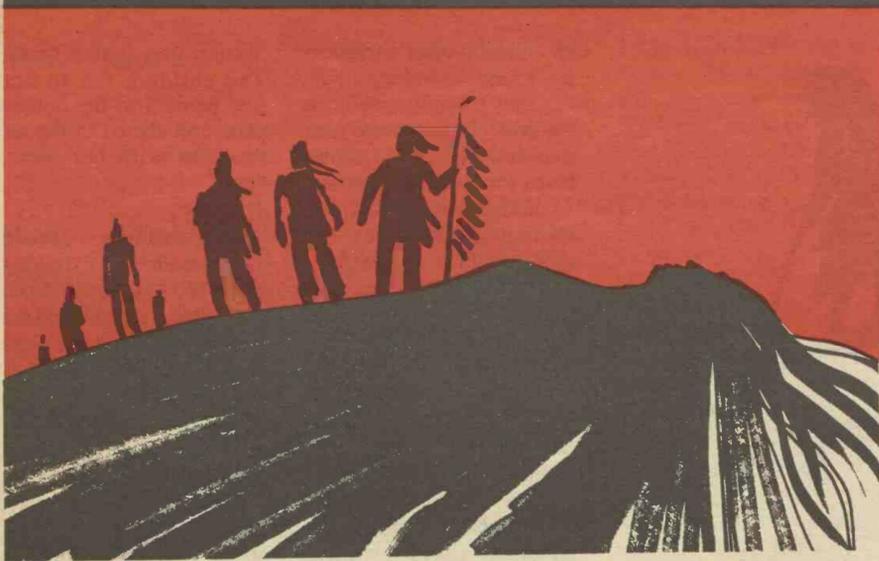
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Revenge of the medicine people



From Page 22

They were ordered to leave her alone; to wait inside. Then they heard a great howl from a wolf. A howl that shook the whole Tipi. The wolf, who was the spirit guardian of the old woman, was mourning over her death. They could hear the beast circle the Tipi several times and then the howling faded off into the distance towards North Spirit Lake. When the Sandy Lake people went to investigate, the old woman was dead.

From the few people in North Spirit Lake that still recall the incident, they say that one evening the terrible howl of a great wolf was heard in the forest. It brought fear into the hearts of all who heard it. Then came a strange plague that destroyed most inhabitants of that great village. Everywhere people were dropping dead, attacked by, an unknown force. A person would sud-

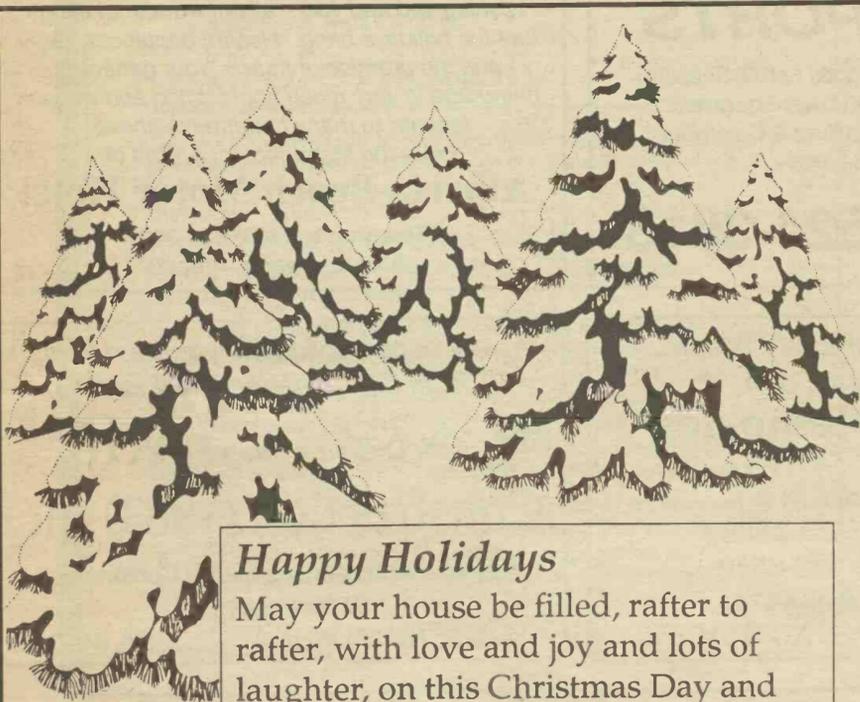
denly buckle, gasping and coughing up blood mixed with insects of all kinds. All these creeping things were spreading throughout the entire village. Moving the camp didn't solve the problem for very long. The great medicine men's attempts to hold back the plague were useless; they were dying inside their once mighty shaking tents. Finally, the few remaining leaders decided to take the people to Sandy Lake to beg for mercy. On their journey down the river, every time they broke camp, they left behind more graves. All during the trip they could hear the howling of the spirit wolf behind them, digging up the graves devouring the corpses.

Wasehkwan had survived the plague but he announced that he too was going to die. Before he died he asked not to be covered too deeply in his grave because he intended to rise after death and to into the beyond in both

body and soul. His request was carried out when he was laid to rest with the others. When the now small band of fleeing people approached their destination they noticed the wolf had turned back and death had stopped coming. In Sandy Lake they were welcomed and stayed there for the summer. In the fall they were concerned for their hunting grounds and they left to go back to the North Spirit Lake. On the journey they thought about the words of Wasehkwan.

On their way they found Wasehkwan's grave empty and they didn't find his canoe until a few miles upstream. There, high on a cliff it rested, where he had left the world, body and soul.

Our people say the population at North Spirit Lake was larger than at Sandy Lake before this plague. Today there are only a few families there: the survivors of the old woman's curse.



Happy Holidays

May your house be filled, rafter to rafter, with love and joy and lots of laughter, on this Christmas Day and ever After.

A message from Chief Harvey Bulldog,
Council and Members of the
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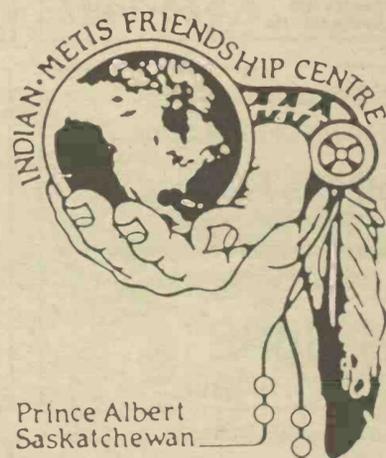
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FIRESIDE FICTION



Walking with Kookum

It was autumn and the forest was beautiful. The leaves of the hardwood trees (maple) were like red-hot coals. There were many shades of yellow, brown, and gold dotting the coniferous trees.

Kookum (grandmother) was busy caring for the grand-children, napes and

iskwes (boy and girl). Her son and his wife were out on their annual hunt. Kookum and the children knew there would be a lot of meat to dry. The children gathered dry sticks and piled them near the drying racks (akwawan). The racks were a few yards away from the tipi sur-

rounded by trees.

It was now two days past since grandmother took over babysitting. The children were beginning to get restless. They were five and seven winters old. They asked Kookum if they could go for a walk, on a path which led down to the lake. This water was

known as Clear Water Lake - so true to its name, as it looked like crystal. Many a time tipis dotted the area surrounding the lake during the summer months.

'Would you like to go for a walk?' they asked again. Kookum knew she had to act quickly for she saw that they were getting very lone-

ly. Grandmother agreed to go, taking with her pemmican and a small tomahawk for protection, and she also decided to gather some herbs for sooner or later she would have to replenish her medicines. She knew the roots would be at their best and fully matured now. The children ran wildly down the narrow path amid the splendor of colors, and the smell of autumn was also in the air. Kookum heard their laughter and it filled her heart with joy. She shouted at the children, 'Pehik noosisimak (wait for me my children).' (But I'm positive the children did not hear her.) She shouted again, 'Pehik, pehik, (wait for me, wait for me).' Suddenly, the laughter of the children ceased. She knew the children heard her and they would be waiting along the way for her.

Grandmother hurried down the path keeping her eyes open for roots and plants. She saw the children sitting by the wayside waiting for her. As she approached the children,

'Astum ota, (come here).' The children ran to her. She pointed to the Seneca plant and started to dig the root out with her tomahawk.

The children watched their grandmother digging at the precious root. When she pulled it out she told the children that the herbs were given to us by Mother Earth, for we are her children. They bowed their heads while Kookum prayed silently to the Great Spirit, placing a small amount of tobacco in place of the root. The children watched their grandmother and they finally started down the path towards the lake. Kookum practically had to run to keep up to them. Suddenly, the children stopped abruptly.

When grandmother finally came to them she saw the children staring at something ahead of them. There was a Bambi (fawn)

Continued Page 25

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Walking with Kookum

From Page 24

coming towards them and it came to the children and started to lick at their hands. The children petted the Bambie and grandmother grew worried about the little animal. She knew often times they are hard to get rid of.

'Children,' she said, 'We must now continue to the lake; for soon we must return.'

They continued on towards the lake; it was just a ways. In fact, when they neared the water's edge, they heard makwa the loon with his lonesome call. He was telling the forest people that he spied someone. Of course it was Kookum, the children and sure enough Bambie, not far behind, romping along right to the water's edge.

Suddenly, out of the forest came Bambie's mother, the doe, dashing wildly and excitedly at the behaviour of her child. Grandmother told the children not to move. She was not sure just what the doe would do. The doe finally reached her young one. I am sure she wondered why her child was acting so. She gave it a few quick licks on the nose and back and started madly back to the woods with her young one closely behind. Kookum gave a sigh of

relief as they watched the doe leaping in the woods.

'Let's sit here,' she told the children, 'I brought some pemmican along. Would you like some?'

The children agreed and they sat down and rested, listening to makwa and his repeated haunting calls. The crows were cawing as they flew past and the eagle was calling to his mate at the mountain's edge. Far off yonder in the forest the owl was hooting, for now soon the sun would retire in the West. Suddenly, a coyote was heard and the children decided it was high time to leave for home. The howling sounded a bit frightening.

Kookum got up and started back, the children following behind. 'Grandmother, you walk too slow,' said the children and they started running and laughing down the trail. They did not know they were going to have another fright. Soon they were out of sight as Kookum hurried along the trail.

Finally, she heard no sounds, no laughter, or anything. Hurrying along the trail she felt frightened inside and wondered what had happened to the children. They still had a ways to go to their tipi.

Kookum called to the children. 'Pehik, pehik awasisak (wait for me chil-

dren). But no answer was heard. So off she started and there she saw a huge bear eating dried saskatoons that had been left on the willows. She knew why the children were not to be heard.

By the wayside was an old fallen tree. As she stood near it she heard sounds and sure enough there were the two very frightened children. They had seen the bear and were hiding from it. It didn't seem to take any note of the children as it pulled the saskatoon willows down and continued to enjoy the dried berries.

Kookum coaxed the children out of their hiding place. She saw they were in tears and took them across the woods until they reached the path further down. There was no sound of laughing or talking from the children. They were truly terrified.

Finally, Kookum broke the silence by telling them, 'I am not afraid of a bear,' she said, 'if a bear comes, I just tell him, 'I am not afraid of you' and he will leave me alone. Of course, I do have my tomahawk, I will use it if he comes too near.'

The children knew their Kookum was very brave.

(Story courtesy of Dr. Anne Anderson's *Native Heritage and Cultural Centre*)



Christmas brings a welcome opportunity to wish you the best the holidays can bring...peace and joy and the special closeness of family and friends. Have a happy, happy holiday and a bright New Year. From management and staff



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FIRESIDE FICTION

The song of the Nightingale

By Gail Duiker

The sky was a silver plate. Etched upon it were silhouettes of trees. Beyond those trees was the smooth round disc of the moon.

Jesse Long Arrow walked behind his brother, Willie and the others. He heard the older boys' laughter.

One of them turned and looked back. "Hey, Willie...Your shadow is coming up behind you."

Willie turned, his face red. "Aw, geez, you guys always gotta make fun of me!"

The other boys turned off at the corner where the rutted road forked.

Willie waited for this younger brother. "Hey, Jesse," he said, kicking a pebble. "They don't mean

nuthin'. You know how us older guys are. It wouldn't look good if we was to let you's hang 'round all them other younger guys, they'd start to hang around too."

Jesse picked up a pebble... "That really why?" he thought, but he never said it out loud.

There was a raven sitting on a fence post. Jesse threw the pebble at it.

"You missed, Jesse," said Willie. "What would our great grandfather have thought about that? Mom says that he was the best with a bow and arrow. That's where we got the name Long Arrow."

Jesse pushed his glasses up his nose. "Who, who, c-c-c...cares?" he sputtered out the words.

"Aw, Jesse...C'mon...I was jus' kidding." Willie

playfully punched Jesse's arm.

When they arrived home, Jesse went to his room.

"What's the matter with Jesse?" their mother asked.

"Aw, nuthin'. He just sticks to me like glue. I don't mind when we're walking home. But geez, Mom! Even at recess when we're trying to play football, he hangs around. Just watchin' me, all the time make me nervous!"

Mother promised, "He'll outgrow that. He's more quiet than you are. You are more like the sun. People know when your are around. But Willie, he is more like the moon. Just give him a chance, he'll soon see that the moon has its place in the sky, too!"

The weeks flew by and Willie forgot his mother's words. As it became cooler the boys put their footballs away. With the old priest's instruction and advice, the children proceeded to build a rink behind the school of Assumption. When, the priest was late, one afternoon, they sent ten of the younger ones to the parish to enlist his help.

After endless buckets of

water, the rink was a mirror of sheet ice.

School days took on a new meaning and a restlessness could be felt within the four-room school house. Hockey season was on! All the kids from grades one and up scurried around trying to finish their homework. After all, the ice was waiting!

It was on Friday afternoon that Miss Nelson called the class to attention.

"Before I allow you to go home for the weekend, I have some important news. Christmas is only a month away and it's time to begin to plan a school concert. The other three classes are helping with the programs. One of the numbers we'll be working on is the Little Drummer Boy. Among the grade fours, fives and sixes there must be someone who would like to play the drummer boy."

No hands went up. Some of the older boys looked longingly toward the door and toward the hooks where the newly-sharpened skates hung.

Silence.

Suddenly Mike Blueboy could contain himself no



longer. "Aw, geez, somebody get on with it...The ice will be getting mushy already!"

Miss Nelson looked at Mike. "Okay, Mike, how about you?"

The class snickered. "What do you hafta' do" bellowed Mike.

"You'd have to learn a song," replied Miss Nelson.

"Holy Moly!" Mike said, looking disgusted. "Ask Willie over there, he's good at singing Blue Suede Shoes."

Miss Nelson looked hopeful, "Willie?"

Willie felt every eye resting on him. In particular, he felt the pressure of Mike Blueboy's gaze. Mike, at 160 pounds he was no one to fool with. "I'll do it!" Willie said grudgingly.

"Okay..." Miss Nelson smiled. "We'll plan the

other numbers on Monday. Seeing it's late, all the younger children should go straight home. See you on Monday!"

Outside the school the boys laced their skates. Hastily, two teams were made. The game was on!

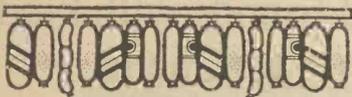
Willie bit his lip; Jesse wasn't a great skater or shooter. Besides, he was small. Geez, his mother would kill him if he got hurt playing with the bigger guys.

Suddenly, Willie came up with a great idea. "Well, Jesse, we'll allow you to be the puck getter. It's an important job! When the puck goes into the snow bank, then you gotta dig for it."

It was one week before Christmas when it happened — something that would

Continued Page 27

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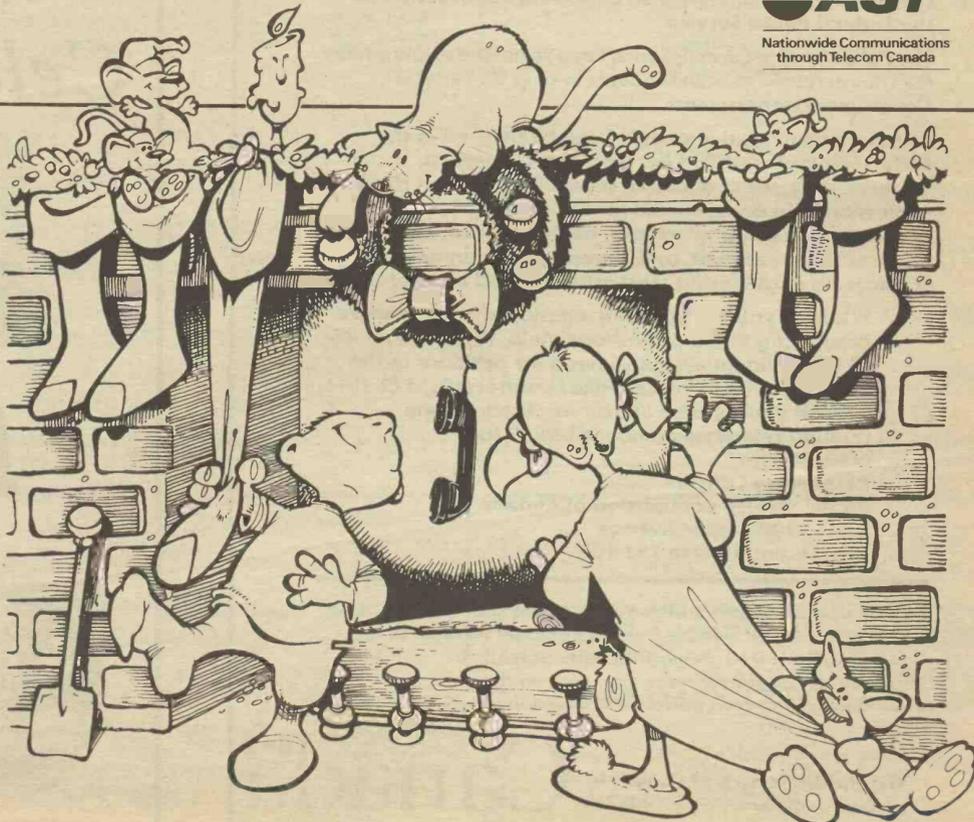
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Long Distance



Song of the Nightingale

From Page 26

change the way that Jesse saw himself.

At noon, the boys had hurriedly shovelled off the rink. They shooed the girls away. "You girls can skate at recess. See, we even cleaned the ice for you!" It was quick thinking on the boys' part. If they hurried, there was time for a quick scrimmage.

Willie shot the first goal in. Within minutes the school bell would ring out. This made the goal even more rewarding and it also made the pressure on the opposing team very intense. The opposing team, led by Mike Blueboy, skated across the ice.

Letting go of a tremendous slapshot, Mike fired

the puck. In a rounding arc, it plunked into a snow bank.

Jesse looked toward where it landed. "Well, don't just stand there, owl, go look for it!" yelled Mike Blueboy.

Willie watch his brother, gophing into the snow bank. He glared at the towering player. "Why don't you find it? You put it there!"

"Who, who, who is going to make me?" stuttered Mike Blueboy, copying Jesse's stutter.

"I am, that's who!" replied Willie as he skated toward the bigger player.

But within a moment it was over. Mike gave one mighty push and Willie was in the air. When he landed with an awful thud, his arm was turned strangely beneath him.

"I'll go get the father!"

shouted one of the boys, running toward the priest's house.

On Monday, Willie showed up for school sporting a cast on his arm. All weekend long, Jesse had cared for him. Willie wondered how he could have treated his brother so bad all this time. He glared across the room at Mike Blueboy, "some friend!"

Miss Nelson clapped her hands together. "I've heard there's been an accident. The drum will be too heavy for Willie to carry in the Little Drummer Boy song. Is there anyone who will carry the drum? We're going to change the Little Drummer Boy to include another boy. Anyone?"

Jesse felt his hand go up. "I...I'll do it," he said.

The night of the concert, it snowed large soft flakes

which covered the trees with a large white blanket. Assorted trucks and cars drove up to the little schoolhouse. Those who lived closer to the school, walked.

Soon, the school's largest classroom was overflowing with people.

Willie and Jesse's parents sat in the front row. For the first number, the grade ones and twos acted out a Mary, Joseph and baby Jesus play. They were cute and there was much applause.

The curtain opened again. Standing on stage were the two brothers Jesse and Willie. Jesse carried the drum's weight on a large strap that hung around his neck. Beside him stood Willie, his arm useless in the cast. With his good hand, he carried the sticks. As the lights dimmed, Jesse looked down at the drum he didn't

know how to play.

In the wings, Miss Nelson whispered, "I'll put the music on, Jesse. Just play softly."

"Here," Willie said, "you'll need these. He handed Jesse the sticks and smiled.

Then he began to sing, "Come they told me, pa-rum-pum-pum-pum. A newborn King to see, pa-rum-pum-pum-pum."

Jesse beat on the drum softly. How he wished he could sing, how he long to be like his brother, to be good at everything. He looked across the rows to where his parents sat. How proud they looked!

It was then it happened. His voice flowed free and rang out across the large room. It joined his brother's voice and was as pure and sweet.

Across Willie's face came a look of complete surprise. "What happened to Jesse's stutter?" he wondered. But he continued to sing.

Their mother sat up straight in her chair. Down her face streamed two large tears. She whispered, "A tipiskaw peeyesees, a nightingale has been born this night."

So it was that the sun and the moon shared the same sky and in the same sky echoed the sweet voices of the two nightingales.

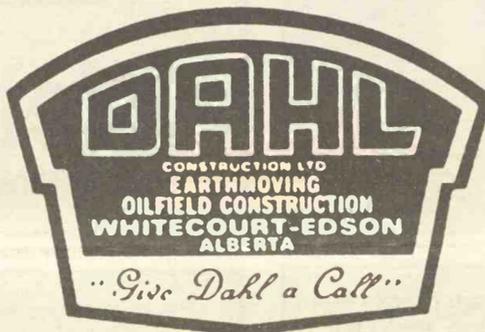
(And, for those of you who want to know what happened with Mike Blueboy. He clapped the loudest that night for Willie and Jesse. It turned out without Willie there was no competition in the hockey games and no one, *no one*, could find the puck like the little guy he called owl!)

Season's Greetings
We would like to wish
our friends and
neighbors a very
special holiday.



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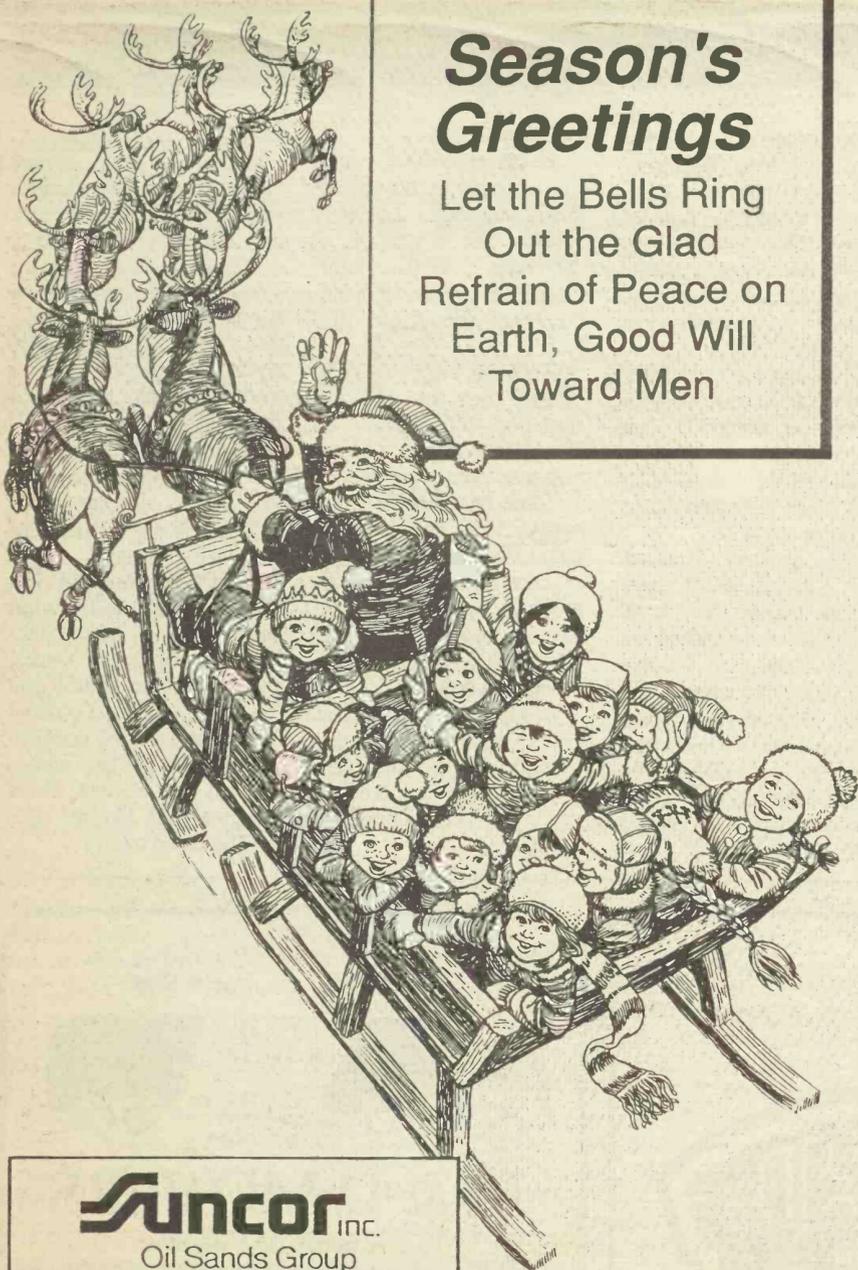
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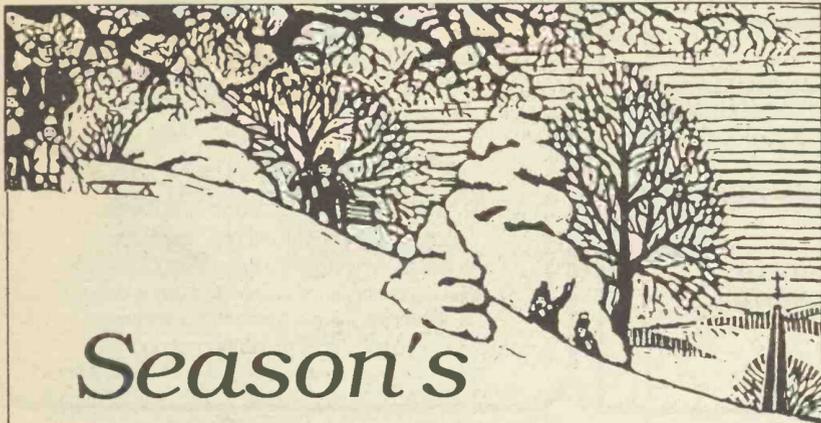
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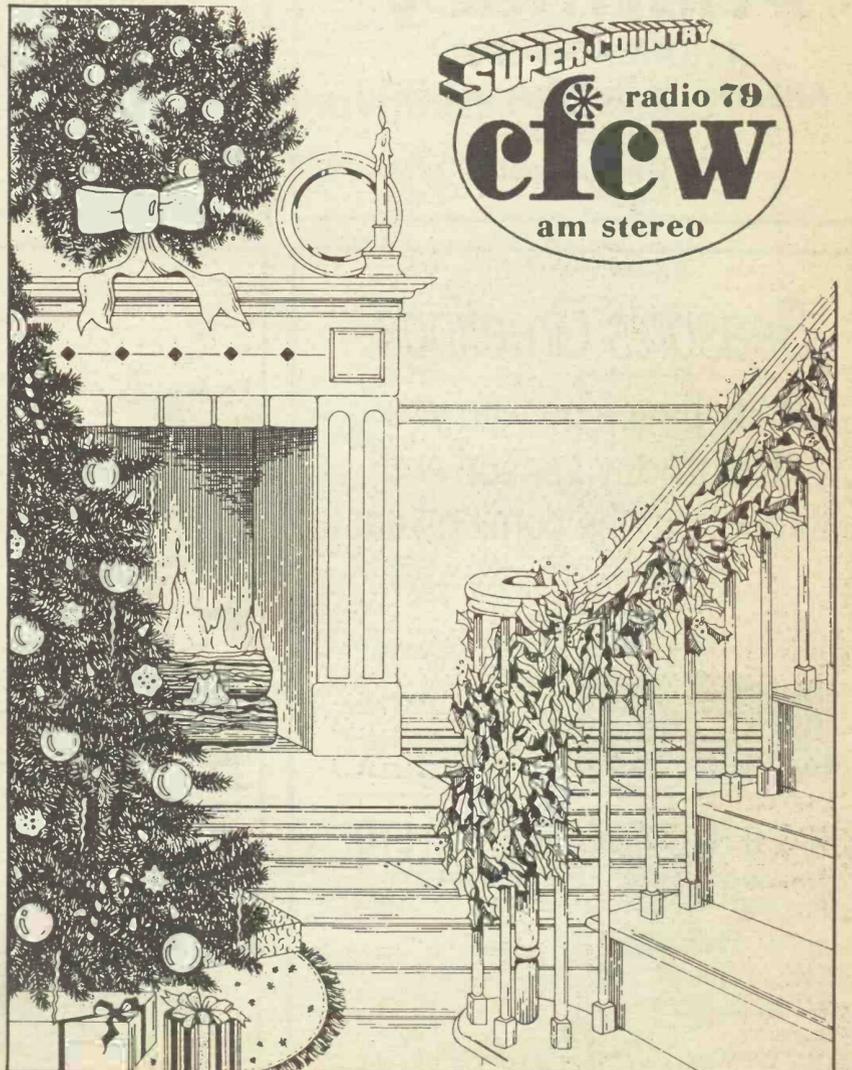
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PEOPLE

Famous folk singer praises Ominayak

By Susan Enge
Windspeaker Staff Writer

EDMONTON

Canada's premiere folk rock singer Bruce Cockburn always wanted to meet Chief Bernard Ominayak.

Reports of the Cree leader's political acumen intrigued him. And, the battle the Lubicons were waging for a homeland, equipped with a comprehensive aboriginal rights package, aroused his interest.

His wish came true when he discovered, in a two day visit to Edmonton in November, the Cree leader was available for a brief meeting.

"I think what the Lubicons have done is just fantastic. I'd like to see who this guy is and get acquainted," said Cockburn waiting outside the conference room where Ominayak and band members were engaged in a negotiating strategy session.

"When I was growing up I never heard anything about Indians...until I went on a holiday to Manitoulin Island. We were driving through this little village of run down houses with Cadillacs parked in front.

That was the first time I saw Indians and I thought this is weird, they don't have feathers. I was ten years old."

Since that time, however Cockburn has been actively promoting Aboriginal people's fight for self-government and self-determination. He has actively sup-

"That was the first time I saw Indians and I thought this is weird, they don't have feathers. I was ten years old."

ported the Haida Indians in British Columbia. More recently, he toured Mozambique's countryside where he obtained a first hand glimpse of the indigenous people's situation.

Cockburn walked into the conference room where Ominayak was winding up a negotiating strategy session with his band members, and shook hands.

For the next half hour, Chief Ominayak briefed him about the state of land claims negotiations and explained the reason the band erected road blocks around Little Buffalo. He illustrated the traditional homeland of the Lubicon on a small map and pointed out the trapline areas some of his members continue to use.

"Do you think you'll have to resort to more action?" asked Cockburn, referring to the possibility of losing management control in negotiations.

"That depends a whole lot on if the federal government are prepared to move. If they're not, then we're going to have to figure a way to try and move 'em," answered Ominayak.

Before Cockburn left, he offered Chief Ominayak his public support.

Cockburn has written songs about the oppressed state Indians exist within, called 'Red Brother, Red Sister' and 'Stolen Land'.

Being a country and western music fan, Ominayak consulted a young Lubicon as to who the folk rock singer was, before welcoming Cockburn into the room.



Writer of Red Brother, Red Sister and Stolen Land: Bruce Cockburn

MEET Wilbur C. Picky

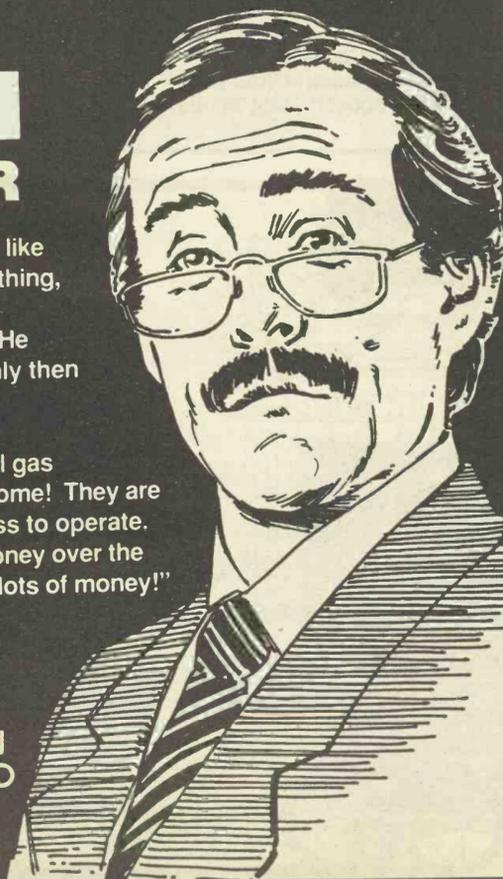
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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT



Show opened: Lee Willier, John McIssac and Elizabeth Turbayne

'Spiritual Imagery' displayed

"Spirituality Imagery" (Images d'esprit) is an exciting look at contemporary Albertan Indian art. It is being held in conjunction with the opening of Indian and Northern Affairs Canada's grand new offices in Canada Place.

This exhibition features

works by Albertans including Joane Cardinal-Shubert, Alex Janvier, Jane Ash-Poitras, George Littlechild, Kim McLain and other talents.

The exhibit, proudly presented by the Alberta Indian Arts and Crafts Society jointly with Indian and

Northern Affairs Canada, will be held Nov. 28 through Dec. 19 at the magnificent new Canada Place Federal Building, Main Floor (south entrance) 9700 Jasper Avenue, Edmonton.

Open from 9 to 5 p.m. weekdays. All visitors are welcome. Admission is free.

Inuit and Africans carve a link

(NC) - Soapstone carving is a traditional Inuit art. It's also the traditional art of Kenya's Kisii people. As a result of an unusual collaboration, carvers from Canada's frozen tundra are now sharing information about their art and their marketing co-operatives with their colleagues in southwestern Kenya.



Sharing: Arnamissa and Ongesa

The instigator of the novel exchange is Kisii sculptor Elkana Ongesa who became aware of Inuit soapstone sculpture while studying toward a master's degree in education at Montreal's McGill University in 1986. He suggested an exchange between Canadian and Kenya artists. In August 1986, Jimmy Arnamissa, a widely exhibited Inuit artist, received funding from Canada's International Development Research Centre (IDRC) to travel to Kenya.

Arnamissa's one-month

stay as artist-in-residence at Kisii College greatly interested Kenya carvers. So did the information he imparted about marketing co-operatives. The Federation of Co-operatives of Northern Quebec (FCNQ) is a 13-community federation that markets Inuit sculptures. Carvers receive two-third of the selling price of the sculpture. Kenya carvers, on the other hand, receive only 10 per cent of their work's selling price in Kenya, or about two per cent of what the sculpture sell for overseas.

The collaboration has resulted in an exhibition of Kisii and Inuit sculptures in Pointe Claire, Quebec. Museums Canada is now planning to take the exhibit on a cross-Canada tour. With funding from FCNQ and the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA), two or three Kisii carvers will travel to Canada to learn co-operative marketing and management techniques. CIDA funds will also be used to establish a fine arts department at Kisii College and a community outreach program.



Merry Christmas

From the Council Members: Archie Collins, Madeline Cardinal, Lee Desjarlais, Lydia Cardinal, Allan Wells, Pam Anderson & Staff

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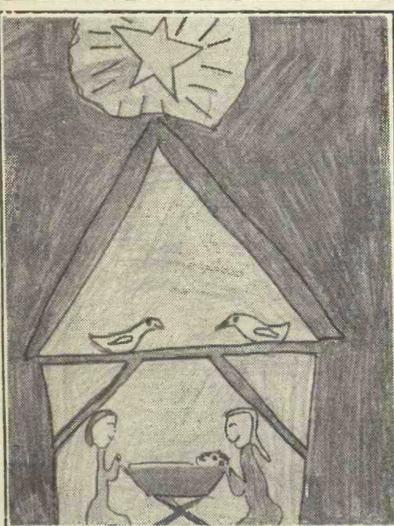
In accordance with the Apprenticeship Board requirements, the Pre-employment Motor Mechanic program provides instruction in vehicle repair, proper tool usage, automobile parts and mechanical terminology. Safety habits are also integrated into the program.

Students who complete the 12-week program and pass the Apprenticeship and Trade certification Branch examination are credited with the First Period technical training in the Motor Mechanic apprenticeship program.

Applicants should at least 17 years of age with proof of Grade 9 completion or a High School Transcript. Applicants who do not meet these requirements may challenge the Apprenticeship Entrance Examination to be held on December 20, 1988 at the Grouard Campus.

Deadline for application is January 18, 1989. Applicants who wish to challenge the Apprenticeship Entrance Examination must submit their applications by December 16, 1988.

Please forward applications and/or inquiries to:
Glenna Anderson, Registrar
Alberta Vocational Centre-Lesser Slave Lake
Grouard Campus
Grouard, Alberta T0G 1C0
Phone collect: (403) 751-3915



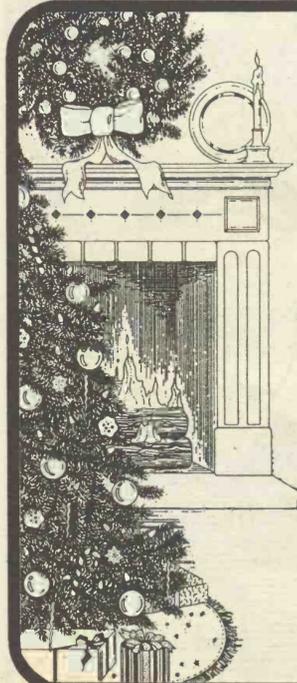
CELEBRATE!

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son..."

John 3:16

~ Edmonton Catholic School District

Edmonton Catholic Schools close for the holiday season at 12:15 p.m. on December 23, 1988 and re-open on January 9, 1989 (regular time).



Staff & Management of Nova Scotia's Monthly publication "The Micmac News" wish all our friends out west a joyous and Merry Christmas.

Roy A Gould
Executive Director, Publisher
The Micmac News
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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Arts group offers grants

The Canadian Native Arts Foundation, the only national non-profit organization devoted to providing Native youth with educational and professional development opportunities in the arts, will be accepting grant and scholarship applications until Jan. 15, 1989.

The Canadian Native Arts Foundation was created by well-known Native symphony conductor, John Kim Bell in 1985. The foundation disperses individual grants and scholarships in the performing and visual arts to those Native young people who would not otherwise enjoy the opportunity to pursue their artistic goals and aspirations.

The foundation's scholarship fund is available to status, non-status, Metis and Inuit people for studies and development in the performing, visual, crafted and graphic arts.

All interested persons can apply by submitting a written proposal to the foundation, which outlines: the applicant's course of study or specific project; training and education to date; letters of recommendation and press clippings; and a detailed budget describing all costs, and other funding sources that would apply to this particular course or project.

The foundation will provide grants in the following areas: *education* - for tuition, private instruction,

attendance at special seminars, and educational events, and for specific expenses related to the applicant's education including art supplies, costumes and equipment; *professional development* - for apprenticeships with professional arts organizations to assist artists ready to emerge as professionals to gain work experience. These apprenticeships may be with cultural centres, museums, theatres, media centres, galleries, dance and musical companies. To assist emerging artists gain market exposure by providing funds for special shows and performances, as well as seed money for theatre, dance, music, television, video or radio productions.

The foundation reviews all applications received, and bases their decisions on a combination of factors with particular emphasis on: the merit of the project; financial need of the applicant; applicant's talent as determined by peers, references and awards; applicant's commitment and



Foundation creator: John Kim Bell

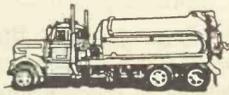
dedication to completing the project; in specific cases, the ability of the applicant to locate matching funds; and scholastic merit where applicable.

For further information, please contact Shelle or Judy in Toronto at (416) 588-3328, or write directly to The Canadian Native Arts Foundation, 77 Mowat

Ave., Suite 321, Toronto, M6K 3E3.

NOTICE OF TEMPORARY GUARDIAN/SHIP TO: LEVI SOOSAY

Take notice that an application for Temporary Guardianship of your child, born on May 25, 1988, will be made on December 14th at 9:30 a.m. in Wetaskiwin Family Court. CONTACT: Shonda Kiester, Alberta Social Services, (city) Wetaskiwin Telephone: 352-1214



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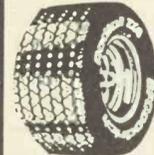
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SPORTS & LEISURE

Sucker youth bump, set and spike

By Bea Lawrence
Windspeaker Staff Writer

SUCKER CREEK, Alta

'Sucker City' Smashers fought back to defeat the overall first place Driftpile team 15-8 at Sucker Creek Band's Fourth Annual Drug and Alcohol Awareness Volleyball Tournament Dec. 3-4.

Smashers trophy winners were MVP Matthew Willier, best spiker Kelly Halcrow and best setter David Willier.

Jeff Giroux won the MVP trophy for the Driftpile team.

"The game was pretty exciting but tough," said recreational director David Willier. The 19-year-old youth has served as a member on the recreational committee for the past two years.

The Kinuso team from the Swan River band placed third in the tourney.

Eight teams came out to bump, set, spike and serve at this year's Memorial Volleyball Tournament to Clyde Auger.

Twenty-two-year-old Auger was a friend and an inspirational support leader for all the Sucker Creek youth volleyball enthusiasts.

"He was responsible for organizing and officiating this annual event over the past three years," said Cam Willier coordinator of the National Native Alcohol & Drug Awareness Program (NNADAP) for the Regional Council in the Lesser Slave Lake district.

BEA LAWRENCE, Windspeaker



A healthy alternative: Sucker Creek Smashers win

The teams travelled from Valleyview, Wabasca, Sturgeon, High Prairie and Peavine (Big Prairie). There was one no-show team from Valleyview and High Prairie, as well as the Alexander team.

Volleyball games were played all day Saturday, followed by a banquet, workshop, a Tournament Queen Pageant and a live-band dance which lasted until 2:30 a.m. (See Droppin' In column for news update.)

Sunday, the games started at noon and lasted till 5 p.m. By 6 p.m. the trophy presentations got underway. Smasher Matthew Willier presented the individual trophy awards. Presented also were the all-star hats to key players of the tournament and team packages (key-chains, stickers and hats).

Aside from one embarrassed player who split his pants (during an exhibition game) there were no injuries to report.



BEA LAWRENCE, Windspeaker

Surprisingly, the Smashers won the tournament. The team missed many practices due to ongoing renovations at the rec. centre. The centre was just completed

prior to game time Saturday. Hats off to Family Circle Youth Coordinator Marilyn Willier who assisted Cam and David throughout the tournament.

KEITH MATTHEW, Windspeaker



Sports Council Award: John and Esther Belanger

'It's about time' Belanger wins recognition

By Keith Matthew
Windspeaker Staff Writer

EDMONTON

Metis disabled athlete John Belanger received a plaque in recognition for competing and winning medals in the 1988 Seoul Paralympics from the Alberta Sports Council on Dec. 2 at the Edmonton Inn.

"It is about time," says Belanger. "I've been at it for quite a few years now. When I was competing in Seoul even members of the Canadian Amputees Association started to recognize me because I was winning."

The last time Belanger competed in the paralympics in New York four years ago, he and other disabled athletes were not recognized for

their efforts. "Once the big Indian starts to win then that's when he gets the recognition I guess," he exclaimed.

Belanger offered some advice to other young disabled Native people. "There is a lot you can do in sports. Not only does being active in sports get your body in better shape for daily living but it also keeps the mind busy too. Once you place your disability second and sports number one then you are going to do all right."

He says he would also like to see more disabled Native people in all areas "of the public eye" to improve their visibility and get over the fact that they have a disability and improve their outlook on life.

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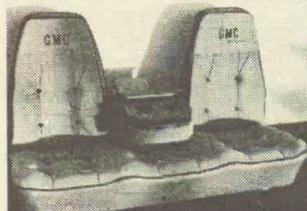
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SPORTS & LEISURE

Got the Xmas spirit?

I should warn you before you read any further. My chair just broke and now I'm sitting at a tilt, so watch out, my stories are going to be slanted.

Everyone's been asking me lately if I've got the Christmas spirit yet? I always answer 'I don't know,' because I'm not sure what the Christmas spirit is.

Once it meant toys, toys, toys — and the Christmas spirit was really anxiety and suspense about the mystery packages under the tree.

Another time it was in celebration of Jesus' birthday, until I read where a theologian said that Christ was really born sometime in February.

The next year I tried to celebrate a couple of ideals brought into the world by Christ — you know, like love your neighbor, love yourself. But I figured if I can't do that all year 'round, then I'm up the creek.

So then the Christmas spirit became time off work. Kind of hollow, since it's not embracing some kind of positive feeling, but just running from something else. Not to say I don't like my work, but around this time of the year our issues are four times the size they usually are. After the first three weeks in December, the staff here need seven days just to recover from holiday burnout.

Once, I even modified the holiday experience. I had the Christmas liquid spirits. Thank God that didn't last.

Now I'm beginning to wonder just what this Christmas sp...hold on a sec'....I feel something....yes, I think it is....yes, I'm sure it is....the Christmas spirit! I'm positive now....I just got the Christmas spirit.

Oh, about what I was saying. Never mind.

Goodfish Lake: For some, the Christmas spirit means time for sports events. Having said that, you might regard Goodfish Lake as the Santa Claus for sports fanatics. During the holiday season they'll host a whole



SPORTS ROUNDUP By Kim McLain

Telephone (403)455-2700 to have your community sports happenings considered here free of charge.

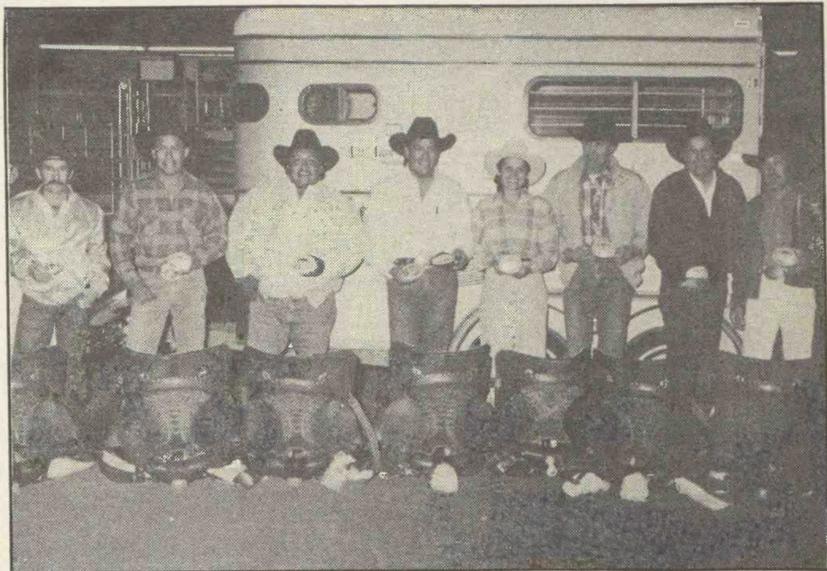


Photo Courtesy James Fain

week of hockey.

Things start with a no-hit hockey and round dance combination Dec. 26-27.

Then the little guys take over Dec. 28-30 in a minor hockey tourney for atoms, squirts and novice.

"The roads are alright," says rec man Kevin Halfe, encouraging everyone to magnetize toward Goodfish. For more information contact Kevin or Rene Houle at 636-3622.

Alexander: Rec man Jerome "Max" Yellowdirt is looking for entries for their Funtime Hockey Tournament (non-contact slapshot) scheduled Dec. 17-18. Teams that pay the \$300 entry fee are guaranteed three games, he says.

To enter, or for more info, contact Jerome at 939-5887.

Horse Lake: If Alexander is too far to travel, try the rec hockey tourney hosted by the Horse Lake H&K Lakers Dec. 17-18 at Hythe, Alberta. Hythe is in the far west of the province, about 50 km west of Grande Prairie.

Organizers hope the tournament will be a 10-team, double knockout event.

Hurry, deadline for entries is Dec. 14. Contact Dean Horseman at 356-2248 at work or 356-2664 at home.

Cowboys and Indians: Even though the Canadiap cowpokes were shut out by the Americans at the

Indian National Finals Rodeo at Albuquerque, they still deserve our congratulations. I'm sure next year our cowguys and cowgirls will come out meaner, tougher, hungrier. Just wait, then you'll see some real free trade.

Picture here are our American brothers and sisters who earned champion status at Albuquerque. Left to right, they are: Howard Hunter, saddle bronc; Leonard and Leslie Williams, team roping; Wally Dennison, calf roping; Geneva Tsouhlarakis, barrel racing; John Colliflower, steer wrestling; Jim Jacobs, bareback; and Dave Best, bulls.

Meanwhile in Reno, Nevada, Albertan Janelle Shade placed second in junior barrels at that invitational rodeo.

By the way, this is only a belated congratulations, not a full-coverage story. The story on the INFR was last week.

Last laugh: This guy was watching Sunday afternoon sports and guzzling beer. Finally, late at night, he fell asleep in his chair.

The next morning, his wife came downstairs, shook him, and said, "Wake up, you kookoos, and get to work! It's twenty to seven."

"In whose favor?" he asked groggily.



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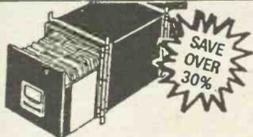
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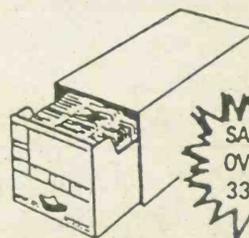
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23 ⁶⁵ ea	27 ²⁵ ea	27 ⁹⁵ ea

The original self-stacking transfer file.

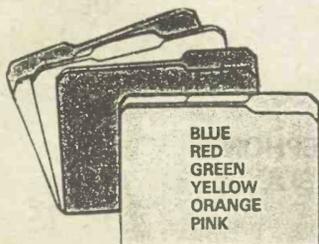
STOR/DRAWER

Provides drawer convenience and extra economy.

CHEQUE SIZE	CHEQUE SIZE	CHEQUE SIZE
\$353-202	\$353-211	\$353-212
6 ⁹⁹ ea or	7 ⁷⁹ ea or	8 ³⁹ ea or
6 ²⁹ ea/12	6 ⁹⁹ ea/6	7 ⁴⁹ ea/6



SAVE OVER 33%



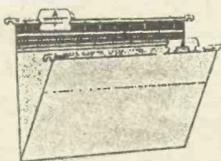
COLORED FILE FOLDERS

173-A49 Letter Size List 23.22/box 173-A69 Legal Size List 27.97/box

13³⁹ 5 Boxes or 14.99/bx

15⁹⁹ 5 Boxes or 17.99/bx

OXFORD REVERSABLE HANGING FOLDERS



Available in Green, Pink, Red, Yellow, Orange, Bright Green and Blue. Please state color when ordering.

LETTER SIZE	14 ⁹⁵ /4BX
192-5152	15.95 ea
LIST 24.10	
LEGAL SIZE	17 ⁹⁵ /4BX
192-5153	18.95 ea
LIST 28.75	

NOW 2 NEW COLORS BURGUNDY OR GREY



Happy Holiday Greetings

to our many Native friends and customers from the Management & Staff

"Home of the Ukranian Smorgasborg"
WE CATER TO WEDDINGS, RECEPTIONS & ANNIVERSARY PARTIES

ROYAL CANADIAN LEGION

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11150-82 St. Edmonton, Alberta
479-4277

HOLIDAY CHEERS

At this special time of year, may you and yours enjoy the true feeling of this happy holiday season. From Chief Ernie Houle, Council, Staff & Band Members

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(403) 636-3622

May our hearts be open to Christmas that the circle of love & peace may grow.



WE'VE MOVED!
TO A NEW LOCATION
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☎ 452-7811
METIS WOMEN'S COUNCIL OF EDMONTON
* HOUSING REGISTRY * NATIVE SENIORS PROJECT
** PLEASE KEEP FOR FUTURE REFERENCE **

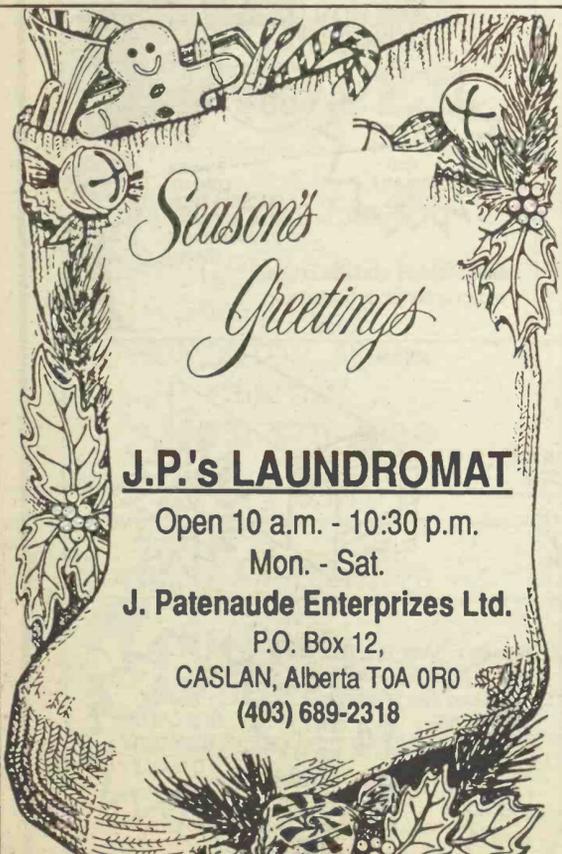


THE EDUCATION AUTHORITY of the Onion Lake Band

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- Program Transfer Intergovernment Negotiations
- Financial Negotiations Teacher Evaluation Cree Language Programming Classroom Consultants
- Educational Psychologist

Would like to wish all readers a Merry Christmas & a Happy New Year.



Season's Greetings

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P.O. Box 12,
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(403) 689-2318



May the best of the season be yours
Merry Christmas
from

Alberta Native Friendship Centres Associations
#201, 11445-124 Street
EDMONTON, Alberta
T5M 0K4

May peace be with you this holiday season and throughout the coming year.

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