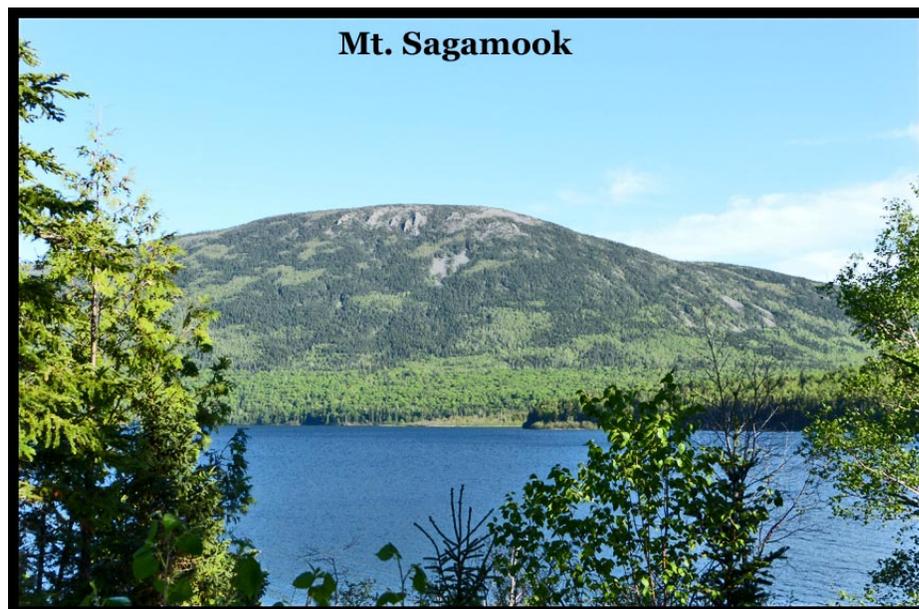


# ***Wulustuk Times***

**Wulustuk - Indigenous name for St John River**

*This publication produced monthly at Tobique, NB, Canada E7H 5K3*



**THE ANCIENT MEETING SITE OF WULUSTUKIEG/ MIG-MAUG CHIEFS**

## **Table of Contents- February 2013**

**A CRISIS OF INDIAN LEADERSHIP**

**MOUNT SAGAMOOK - MOUNTAIN OF CHIEFS**

**WILWILAMEHKW**

**HARPER IN A HURRY TO MAKE NEW LAWS**

**MADAHBEE DECLINES QUEEN'S JUBILEE MEDAL**

**INDIAN STATUS**

**DEAN'S DEN: - Strangers**

### **Wulustuk Times:**

Each month we gather and publish the latest, most current and relevant native information for our readers. Proceeding with this concept, we feel that a well informed person is better able to see, relate with, and assess a situation more accurately when equipped with the right tools. Our aim always is to provide the precise tools and the best information possible.

### **Contact:**

We can be reached at Box 3226, Perth-Andover, NB. Canada, E7H 5K3, or at Box 603, Ft. Fairfield, ME 04742. By phone, call us at 506-273-6737. Our email address is, [pesun@nbnet.nb.ca](mailto:pesun@nbnet.nb.ca)

---

## **A CRISIS OF INDIAN LEADERSHIP**

Dan Ennis

In the matter regarding the disunity and divisions created by male Indian leaders, who should the rank and file Indians follow now that male Indian leaders have been forced, by the actions of Chief Theresa Spence, to either lead, follow or get out of the way. To me the choice is a clear one, follow a true leader in the tradition of the Ancestors.

Chief Spence's action is what those male chiefs should have done from some fifty years ago until today.

Instead what they have done, at least since the days of our oppressor's White Paper, is to create road blocks, bottle necks, division and to be part of the problem in Indian efforts

toward unity in our common struggle to have the jackboots of white oppression taken off of our throats.

There should be no discussion among sensible and reasonable Indian people as to who to follow. It must be the leader who demonstrated true leadership in taking the action she did and who inspires a great many others to follow her lead.

Due to the extreme contempt displayed by our white oppressors, in their perpetration of genocide upon our people (no more Beothuk, Carib, Saco, Kennebec along with a great many more), our people have been terrorized and traumatized to the point of no resistance to the colonization process that our white oppressors have inflicted and continue to inflict upon our people over the last 500+ years.

It is out of this colonization process that our present-day elected leaders come from. Today this colonization process is so thorough that most of our people are not aware of just how colonized we have become.

The only way that we as a people can ever begin to shed our colonized minds is through awareness. We must first recognize, acknowledge and accept the fact that our people are a completely colonized people where we now think, talk, act and behave exactly like our white oppressors. In our delusional colonized state of mind we have forgotten our Great Creator-given original instructions, our traditional teachings, our spirituality, our languages and our identity as Indians... as human beings.

As to our white oppressor's most recent Indian legislation, what I call "the Ominous Bill", it is no different than the very first piece of white legislation ever enacted in Canada which was the Indian Scalp Bounty Act. Any and all white oppressor legislation such as the Indian Reservation Act, the Indian Act, the Indian Women Sterilization Act or the Indian Residential Schools Act, that is forced upon our people are all designed to accomplish one thing and one thing only... The Final Solution to Canada's Indian Problem.

One thing that all Indian Peoples have to be aware of and always bear in mind is that we have done nothing wrong (except accept the Europeans in the first place) and we are doing nothing wrong in living our Great Creator-given responsibility to defend and protect our Sacred Earth Mother, ourselves, our families, our clans, our communities, our nations, our spirituality, our language, our culture and our identity.

These are the words of a child of the Canadian Holocaust.

---

## **MOUNT SAUGMOOK- MOUNTAIN OF CHIEFS**

In 1862 thirty-three year old Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, Hon. Arthur Hamilton Gordon, son of a British prime minister, hired the legendary Gabe Acquin from St. Mary's Maliseet community as a guide and interpreter for the purpose of visiting new and growing

settlements throughout New Brunswick. It is during his journeys with Gabe that Lt. Gov. Gordon discovers how valuable the streams and water ways of New Brunswick are for travel because of the difficult dense and tangled forests .and how important and indispensable the Maliseets' birchbark canoes are for navigating these streams as well as traversing the narrow portages cut through the forests between rivers and lakes. During his travels in this developing British colony the Lieutenant Governor kept a detailed journal from which he later published selected memorable adventures.

In his journal Lt. Gov. Gordon describes his Maliseet guide: "Gabriel ..a Melicete Indian from the camp opposite Fredericton .. the pet guide and huntsman of the garrison - a clever fellow, speaking good English, which, however, as he had learnt it chiefly from officers, abounded in odd expressions of military slang." Gabe's experiences from guiding these British elite of Fredericton made him very fluent in the English language and also familiar with their manners and customs. He became an important mediator and unofficial diplomat between British and Maliseet nations.

During the spring and early summer of 1863 Lt. Gov. Gordon completed a number of visits to "settled districts" in the Province, and then on the 30th of July he commenced "another extensive journey through the wilder parts of the province" with two attendants and his guide Gabe Acquin. His purpose of this expedition was "to ascend the Tobique to its forks, follow the southern branch to the wild lakes from which it comes, then to mount the northern branch to its source, and, crossing the portage, descend the great Nepisiguit river to the sea." There were no roads through this wilderness country, so the expedition would be entirely by canoe and on foot.

On August 1st he met up with Gabe at the Maliseet village at Tobique Point where they began their official expedition by birchbark canoe. He visited some of the people in their homes and notes one family in particular where they had a tame beaver. After visiting with the people in the village and just before leaving, he writes, "my children presented me with a sort of address, or petition, asking for support for the priest, medicine for the sick, blankets for the poor and aged, &c. I made them a short answer, which Gabe translated, sentence by sentence, as I went on. This over, we descended the bank, got into our canoes, bade good-bye to our cortege, and pushed off." Three more Maliseet men and two more bark canoes were added to the party. Lt. Gov. Gordon describes the canoes as being "small, holding only one of us in each, and an Indian in the stern. Mine was paddled by Sabanis, the head man of the village, a very good and worthy Indian, but rather too old for hard work, and knowing little English." Old Sebanis addressed the high ranking white man as "Saag'm" which refers to a chief or tribal governor in Maliseet terminology (variously spelled sachem, saugem, sakom). Lt. Gov. Gordon was quite flattered to wear this unique Maliseet title. The canoe of one of the other white men was paddled by Inia, "a very dark old fellow, and hardly able to speak anything but Melicete, except a few words of Micmac." The third white man was in another canoe paddled by "young Lolah - a mighty hunter - active, intelligent, and strong, a thorough Indian, and an unspoiled one." Gabe paddled in his own birchbark canoe with Noel, "a half-breed, who talked very good English."

(Note: The old man Sebanis could have been Joe Sebattis about whom there is a legendary tale of romance starring his beautiful daughter Anita, the setting of which takes place for the most part at Nictau Lake. Or he could have been John Sabbattis another renowned Maliseet guide who Captain Richard Levinge, an Irish baron, always engaged for his services. Capt.

Levinge said that John Sabbattis could carry a quarter of moose on his back for half a day while travelling on snowshoes. One night camping in the forest John demonstrated to the Captain his skill at bird calling by attracting one by one a parliament of owls in the light of the camp fire. Lolah could have been Nicholas Lolar, another well-known Maliseet guide. Noel could have been Noel Bear, a hunter, trapper, guide, and basket-maker.)

As they began their canoe trip up the Tobique they passed through the narrow gorge (Tobique Narrows) and when they reached above the rapids they pulled their canoes into "a rushy inlet, from which rose a grassy knoll, where stood a picturesque group of three Indian children with wreaths of orange tiger-lilies twined round their heads." That night they camped "in a very pretty place, at a turn in the river, and on the right bank" they fished, bathed and then "after a smoke we speedily went to sleep." On Monday, August 3rd, they arose before daybreak and continued on the river in their canoes passing through another series of rapids above which they came to clear, deep water and a small unnamed settlement of about a hundred people. When they landed at this settlement he officially gave it the name of Arthuret. Since this settlement was in the parish of Gordon he writes, "The people thought I meant to associate my own Christian name with the chief place in the extensive parish of Gordon, but in fact my mind was dwelling on the little border village where Sir James Graham lies buried." (Note: This border village in the old country would be the village of Arthuret, Cumbria, England.) Today this rural community is spelled Arthurette.

During this first segment of the journey Gabe took the men to a beaver "camp" as Lt. Gov. Gordon called it. At the beaver lodge they dug open the rugged stick and mud structure and after much hard labour they reached the inside and killed a beaver. This was a new experience for the Lt. Governor who had come here from England where the beaver had been wiped out three hundred years ago. He had his first meal of boiled beaver, which he said was "very good, especially the tail, which is all fat - the flesh itself tastes somewhat like coarse tongue with a soupcon of flavour of hare." Eventually they reached Nictau (from the Maliseet Nictuwahte, "it forks"). He writes, "On the afternoon of the 6th August, we reached the 'Nictor,' or 'meeting of the waters,' where the Momozekel and the two branches of the Tobique unite." This was the place of the forks that he spoke of in the initial planning of his expedition. This was also the same place depicted by New Brunswick author Charles G. D. Roberts in his story about the young moose who became King of the Momozekel. The Momozekel (Mammozekel) was called by the Maliseets, Epee-cee-tus-sis.

On the top of one low hill they came to an old winter camp of Lolah's, built out of bark, "in a tent fashion," and shortly after that they rapidly descended to the shores of Quispam Pechayzo, which he was told means "The Long Lake" [It still retains the English name today]. The Lieutenant Governor was extremely pleased to learn from Sabanis that he was the first white man to ever have reached this lake; "Great was my pleasure at Sabanis' observation that 'the Saag'm' was the 'first white face gentleman' that had ever reached it."

On August 12th they entered a rather difficult channel of dead waters for some distance, "and then suddenly broke into a great lake, possessing more beauty of scenery than any other locality I have seen in the province, except, perhaps, the Bay of Chaleurs." It was here he first saw the beautiful mountain rising above the shoreline of this lake, its magnificent form reflecting on the smooth surface of the pristine waters. He describes the lake and mountain scene before his eyes: "Close to its southern edge a granite mountain rises to a

height of nearly 3,000 feet [true height is 2,549 ft], clothed with wood to its summit, except where it breaks into precipices of dark rock or long grey shingly slopes. and in the lake itself, in the shadow of the mountain, is a little rocky islet of most inviting appearance.... A lovely evening sun shone on us, and our voyage across the lake was most pleasant." This mountain with the outcrops of bare granite on top was referred to at that time by the English as Bald Mountain or Bald Top Mountain. This was one of three mountains in the area called by that same name, causing some confusion. But that was about to change.

This majestic mountain plays a significant role in the history of both the Maliseet (Wolastoqiyik) and Mi'kmaw nations. At an elevation of 777 m (2,549 ft), it lies at the dividing line of the watershed of the Nictau Lake into the Tobique and St. John River (Wolastoq) systems south to the Bay of Fundy (this being Wolastoqiyik country), and the watershed of Nepisiquit Lakes into the Nepisiquit, Upsalquitch, and Mirimichi River systems eastward into the Chaleur Bay (this being Mi'kmaw country). Traditionally the Maliseets hunted and fished up to this majestic mountain in the forestlands on its westerly side, and the Mi'kmaq came up to it on the easterly side. For this reason its location became a neutral or common ground and logical meeting place for the chiefs of these two nations.

The next morning, August 13, the Lt. Gov. and his party began their climb up the rugged mountain: "It was very steep ascent all the way - first through thick hard-wood - thick, but not much encumbered with under-growth - then over screes of rock and among patches of stunted fir. The flies were maddening, not only in the woods but in the open air at the very top, where one would have supposed the wind would blow them away. In about two hours we reached the summit, from which the view is very fine. The lakes lie right at our feet - millions of acres of forest are spread out before us like a map, sinking and swelling in one dark mantle over hills and vallies, whilst Katardhen and Mars Hill in Maine - Tracadiegash in Canada - the Squaw's Cap on the Restigouche, and Green Mountain in Victoria, are all distinctly visible." With the expansive view of both Maliseet and Mi'kmaw lands before him and the knowledge of this being their meeting place, he writes in his journal, "I named the hill 'Mount Sagamook', that is, 'Mount of Chiefs' " [sakomak is plural of sakom]. Normally under the British government of that time certain authorities were appointed to assign official names to geographic places, changing original Indians name to English names, under a strategy of dispossession of Indian lands. However, this is possibly the very first time a high ranking English official chose to assign a meaningful Indian place name to one of their time-honored, ancestral locations. From that day forward maps continued to be revised and updated to reflect the new name.

After climbing back down the mountain the Lt. Governor and his two attendants bade goodbye to their "Tobique Indian friends", leaving them behind in Maliseet land and walked across the three mile portage to Nepisiquit lake into Mi'kmaw country: "Here, at the bottom of a deep narrow inlet, we found the new canoes, Micmac in build, accompanied by the two biggest log canoes that I ever saw." They used the Mi'kmaw canoes and dugouts fitted with simple but effective sails to take advantage of the westerly breeze and quickly "sail" across the chain of Nepisiquit lakes to the narrow outlet. Here they camped for several days fishing, hunting, trapping, bathing, chatting around camp fires, "in short," he said, "we had several days of very great pleasure." There were so many fish at this campsite location that he recounts catching forty-one in about as many minutes. He writes that it was during this time in the evening "after devouring our supper of trout, I sat long over the fire, listening to

Indian legends." In his journal he relates some of these stories about Clote Scarp [Kluskap, Glooscap] and Malsunsis the little wolf. About Muween [Muin] the bear, Lhoks the panther, Pekquann the fisher-marten and Koo-Koo-Skoos the owl. He was rather surprised that in these stories the tortoise was considered "the great lord and chief among the beasts."

As they descended the Nepisiguit River through Mi'kmaw country on their way to Bathurst they came to a forest of great white pines. Three that he saw cut down by lumbermen he took time to measure, one being 135 feet in length, another 122 feet and the other 111 feet. At one time white pines grew as high as 160 feet, but by this time most of the largest pines had been cut. There are few pines if any left standing today that would be that high. During the last leg of his journey down the Nepisiguit River he also named Gordon Meadow Brook that empties into the river below the Nepisiguit Falls, a kilometer above Middle Landing Rapids.

This 300 km expedition through the wilderness of "Indian Land" with his Maliseet and Mi'qumaw guides, sleeping outdoors at nights, had a profound impact on Lt. Gov. Gordon. He writes in his journal that in all his travels in other countries never has he experienced "so awful a sense of man's insignificance, and of the calm changelessness of nature, as in the depths of the American forest.....There is a charm in forest life and its freedom, which is ever new for those who have strength of body and a temper of mind which enable them to enjoy it, but which is almost inexplicable to those who have never tried it, or never surrendered themselves to its influence." This high ranking representative of the British monarchy could boast after his expedition in the wilderness with Gabe that he had "readily devoured musquash and wild onions." But then he adds, "It might not sound so palatable if I were to translate the name to rat."

Collections Canada website reveals that after four years of service in this British colony, "Gordon appears to have had little regard for the style of politics or politicians in New Brunswick, both of which he considered corrupt and unsophisticated. He left the province in 1866 with his new wife, and resolved never again to work in a self-governing colony." Even today some of us can sympathize with him in regard to the corruption in our New Brunswick politics. Perhaps one of his greatest accomplishments before abandoning New Brunswick was that he officially gave back Mount Sagamook its ancestral name, the Mountain of Chiefs. It is the highest traditional meeting place of the chiefs of two First Nations and is protected within Mt. Carleton Provincial Park.

..... all my relations, Nugeekadoonkut.

---

**WILWILAMEHKW**  
Nicholas Smith

I was sitting at Peter Paul's heritage table of so many memories when a neighbor brought in an old greeting card with Adney's signature. Adney had drawn a large wigwam with a smaller one on either side of it. A large set of antlers protruded from the center

wigwam, circles were on top of the smaller wigwams. The left circle was clear, the one on the right was dark. Below was the inscription: "May the horns of Wilwilamehkw Protect you and your Goods from Evil Spirits by Day and by Night and make Prosperity. Edwin Tappan Adney" The background gave the appearance of being etched on birch bark, typical Maliseet art. The neighbor wondered what the card's significance was.

Peter Paul immediately expounded on the St. John River serpent that was one of the pristine River's inhabitants. When Peter was young accompanying his grandfather trapping muskrats near Vanceboro, the elder hunter suddenly stopped, pointed and in a soft voice whispered, "Wilwilamehkw!"

Almost every body of water near tribal lands had large sea serpent type of creature that in some way interacted with tribal members and became an important part of their heritage. The Passamaquoddy creature is in the ocean and sometimes comes close to shore with its head high above the water. It was last seen by three fishermen when it rose up near their boat a year or two ago. Their name for the marine monster was Wilwilamehkw. There were various spellings. Present day speakers tend to drop the kw ending, a guttural wosh or rush of wind escaping from the throat that was very evident in Maliseet speaking in the 1950 era. Now the name with "sis" ending, indicating that it is a small one, refers to the detestable slugs one might find devouring favorite garden plants. Increase this little feller's size about a thousand times and it becomes Wilwilamehkw. I recall the Woodstock young people getting ready to leave for the Houlton Fair. They invited a Maliseet elder to go with them. He declined because "Wilwilamehkw was there." He used the word to refer to an alligator that was being displayed there.

The traditional wilwilimekw had a large set of antlers, emphasizing the horns on a slug, giving it a fearsome appearance when he thrust his head above the water. Wilwilamehkw had anything but a friendly appearance at best.

It was a test of a man's bravery and courage to approach the serpent. Sometimes it seemed to come close to shore where there were Indians with its head high, its wet antlers glistening in the sun beckoning to the men on shore to come and scrape his horns. The saved scrapings from the horns gave a hunter an incredible reputation and powers enabling him to have the best of hunting luck or prosperity in the coming years.

Peter Paul told the story of hunters in a canoe pursuing a deer. The excited gunner held his weapon waiting for the animal to appear. Suddenly a rogue wave hit the canoe resulting in an unexpected lurch. The gun popped out of his hands dropping over the side of the canoe into the water. Just as suddenly as hunter dropped his gun, the exasperated hunter faced the awesome head of a Wilwilamehkw holding the dropped gun in its antlers. The irritated hunter was unable to regain his composure and courage to go to the serpent and retrieve his gun. When the hunter showed no sign of approaching the Wilwilamehkw, the creature disappeared below the surface of the water with the gun still in its antlers. Neither beast or gun was seen again.

In this case the Wilwilamehkw was helping the hunter by returning his weapon lost overboard and providing him the opportunity to scrape the powerful powder from his horns. Unfortunately the man lost out because he could not muster the courage to approach

Wilwilamehkw face to face. Wilwilamehkw was a creature to help Indians but they had to prove themselves as courageous hunters worthy of the power of the scrapings from Wilwilamehkw's horns.

---

## **HARPER IN A HURRY TO MAKE NEW LAWS**

By Iain Hunter TIMES COLONIST

It has been apparent for some time that the government of Stephen Harper might benefit from a little help in making law.

The prime minister's hell-for-leather approach has opposition parliamentarians upset and other people brandishing rude signs, marching in the streets and threatening blockades - as some First Nations and friends of the environment are today.

Harper law has also, from time to time, been found wanting by the courts - notably legislating mandatory minimum sentences for gun-related crimes which the Ontario Superior Court has found "cruel" and "disproportionate" and therefore a violation of the Charter of Rights.

The death earlier this month of Francis Muldoon, the judge who was president of the Law Reform Commission of Canada in the late 1970s and early '80s, reminded me that the commission, too, is dead. It was killed, as the Law Commission, by the Harper government in 2006.

Its function was to recommend ways to "modernize" and "improve" federal laws and delete others. It was independent of the government and its bureaucracies, and used the experience of judges, lawyers and academics to conduct what were called "philosophical" inquiries into legal issues affecting society.

The Mulroney government disbanded it in 1993, but had the grace to say it was because of the need for fiscal restraint. It was revived in 1997 by the Liberals.

The Harper government's reason for killing it was less subtle. John Baird as Treasury Board president said its work wasn't "meeting the priorities of Canadians." He suggested that the government wasn't interested in funding an organization that had the effrontery to criticize the government's legislation.

This government has exhibited, especially since it obtained a majority in Parliament, a pretty unsubtle grasp of complicated legal issues. It has shown a fondness for less-discriminating blunt weapons over more-precise sharp ones.

There was a report last week that Justice Department lawyers drafting legislation are, one of them has alleged, under instructions to play scant heed to the risk that the laws may violate Charter rights. The inference I take is that Harperlaw, such as "reforms" affecting

immigrants and sentencing, is designed more for politics than legality - for show more than for effect.

Lawyers and judges, like police, see the how laws affect society - its miscreants and victims and those caught between. Legal drafters in government cubicles and politicians on Parliament Hill don't.

Laws are drafted to meet political and legislative deadlines. Politicians don't have the time or leisure to consider whether the laws they propose go too far or not far enough, or examine closely the societal issues that the law in general is expected to address.

Law-reform bodies exist to offer help to most of our provincial governments. The government in Ottawa today thinks it needs no help. The courts are telling it otherwise. So are people in the streets.

One report commissioned by the federal body before it was disbanded called for a greater recognition of indigenous legal traditions. Shouldn't that at least be debated today as a way to improve the testiness of the relationship between many aboriginals and many other Canadians?

Other studies abandoned in 2006 included age-based law, legal and policy barriers facing prospective immigrants, and policing and security - a favourite topic around the cabinet table, apparently.

Surely it's about time someone took a hard look at this when the public mood seems to tolerate so much that the law now declares a crime.

People are softer, today, on pot, prostitution and abortion than they used to be, and our lawmakers can't keep up.

So people found in the vicinity of six marijuana plants are lumped in with those wallowing in the stuff.

Debating this isn't "the priority of Canadians" - not for a government that thinks full prisons make safe streets, one sentence fits all and rehabilitating offenders is a waste of time.

The government's in a hurry - and the devil take the hindmost.

---

## **MADAHBEE DECLINES QUEEN'S JUBILEE MEDAL**

UOI OFFICES (Nipissing FN) January 22, 2013 - Grand Council Chief Patrick Madahbee says the acceptance of a Queen's Diamond Jubilee Medal would be inappropriate, since the Crown's representative in Canada has refused to discuss the broken treaty relationship directly with First Nations representatives.

Madahbee was notified that he had been nominated to receive the medal - which honours outstanding contributions to Canada in recognition of Queen Elizabeth II's sixty years of service to the British Commonwealth - at a Jan. 24 ceremony in Toronto.

"I want to express my respect and gratitude to whomever nominated me," said the Grand Chief. "But I hope they appreciate that, given the current political challenges being faced by First Nations, I do not feel it appropriate at this time for me to accept this award.

"The treaty relationship promised in the Royal Proclamation of 1763 has been broken by the current federal government. The Covenant Chain we accepted at Niagara in 1764 has been badly tarnished. Canada's rule of law, as expressed in its Constitution and by its Supreme Court, is being ignored.

The prime minister has an obligation to have the Queen's representative involved in any discussions we have with his government about Canada's obligations to honour the treaties.

Madahbee said the highest honour he has received was being chosen to speak on behalf of the 39 member communities of the Anishinabek Nation.

"Trinkets are no substitute for treaty rights."

The Jubilee Medal program is administered through the office of Governor General David Johnston, the Queen's representative in Canada, who refused earlier this month to participate in "policy meetings" with First Nations leaders in Ottawa.

The Anishinabek Nation established the Union of Ontario Indians as its secretariat in 1949. The UOI is a political advocate for 39 member communities across Ontario, representing approximately 55,000 people. The Union of Ontario Indians is the oldest political organization in Ontario and can trace its roots back to the Confederacy of Three Fires, which existed long before European contact.

---

## **INDIAN STATUS**

Taken from "A Sketch Account Of Aboriginal Peoples In The Canadian Military"

By: John Moses (See Chapter 3)

The notion of a legal 'Indian status' was first introduced in Lower Canada (Canada East) in 1850, with the passage that year of 'An Act for the better protection of the Lands and Property of the Indians in Lower Canada.' This Act provided the first legal definition of who was to be considered an Indian for the purposes of the administration of Indian affairs. The definition contained in the 1850 legislation was relatively liberal, in the sense that it

recognized as Indians not only such persons who were obviously racially Aboriginals, but also non-Indians who had intermarried into Indian communities or who were otherwise accepted by Aboriginals themselves as community members on the criteria of their own customary traditions. This included non-Aboriginals who had been adopted as infants, youths or adults into Indian communities. Definitions appearing in subsequent legislation were more exclusive and restrictive, as later governments became increasingly concerned with paring down rather than increasing the number of persons who might be eligible to receive treaty payments, rations, and other considerations or compensations.

---

### **DEAN'S DEN: -Strangers**

One lived beside the foothills  
That spread against the south  
The other chose the valley  
That ran towards the river's mouth,  
Each one claimed the hunting grounds  
Where his forefathers used to roam  
Mindful of the territory  
His ancestors had called home,  
But hunger knows no boundaries  
And famine stalked the land  
Each set out in desperation  
As starvation gripped his band,  
Near midday he saw the stranger  
With whom he must compete  
And he, a stranger likewise  
The other didn't want to meet,  
They both were at the limits  
Where spheres of influence met  
And the rights of either party  
Were not distinctly set,  
Glares exchanged in warning  
Strangers about to clash  
When from a shadowed thicket'  
They heard heavy antlers crash,  
A moose darted to the open  
And as soon as they were seen  
It made a sudden movement  
To escape them in between,  
Too big, too quick, for either  
To make a single kill  
Instinctively - together  
They'd have to pool their skill,  
In moments it was done with

As they watched their quarry fall  
"Strangers" dressed their bounty  
Meat enough, when shared, for all,  
There beside a friendly fire  
Were forged the bonds of aid  
No longer adversaries  
A pact, of peace, was made!  
..... D.C. Butterfield

Believe in yourself! Have faith in your abilities! Without a humble but reasonable confidence in your own powers you can be successful or be happy.