Ebb and Flow Stories

Ebb and Flow Senior Baseball Team, *circa* 1948, just after winning the tournament at Sandy Bay.
(Photograph courtesy of Alfred Beaulieu, Ebb and Flow)

Contributed by Alfred Beaulieu, Louisa Flett, Marie Houle, Percy Houle, Philip and Gladys Mancheese Malcolm, Rosine Malcolm, Eva Flett Shuttleworth, and Valerie Ranville Shuttleworth

Written and edited by Raymond M. Beaumont
with assistance from
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Jean Malcolm, Elaine Racette, Val Shuttleworth, Deidre Zong,
and Ebb and Flow First Nation

Frontier School Division No. 48
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***Cover Photograph*: Ebb and Flow Senior Baseball Team, *circa* 1948, just after winning the tournament at Sandy Bay.** (*l to r, back*) Bonaparte Racette; George Malcolm; Edward Houle, son of Abraham Houle Sr.; Willie Mancheese, former chief, Ebb and Flow First Nation; Jerry Houle, son of Pierre Houle, Non-Treaty; Joe Beaulieu, brother to Alfred. (*l to r, centre*) Charlie Malcolm, brother to George; Alfred Beaulieu, former chief, Ebb and Flow First Nation; Freddy Flett, s. of William Flett of Kinosota. (*foreground*) Abraham Houle, Jr., former chief, Ebb and Flow First Nation. (Photograph courtesy of Alfred Beaulieu)

Ebb and Flow Stories

The twentieth century has presented great challenges to the people of Ebb and Flow. Already marginalized by history and confined to land inadequate for their needs, they have had to eke out an existence for themselves and their families amid the poverty and uncertainty of the Great Depression and the twists and turns in the economic and political arenas since then. Yet they have faced these challenges with courage and determination. The stories which follow are just a few of those which could be told, but they are representative of the way people at Ebb and Flow have faced life in this century. There is no self-pity in these pages, no blaming of others. Instead, there is pride, independence, humour, and a remarkable resilience in the face of adversity. These stories have much to teach for those prepared to learn.

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Acknowledgements

This booklet represents a continuation of Frontier School Division's commitment to the creation of community and Native Studies materials for our schools.

Many thanks to Darcy Houle and Deidre Zong, who interviewed elders at Ebb and Flow in the summer of 1995, and provided typed transcripts for editing and inclusion in *Ebb and Flow Stories*. Thanks also to Adele LaFrenière and Raymond Beaumont for completing the interviews in the winter of 1996-1997, and to Jean Malcolm and Val Shuttleworth, who assisted locally. Many thanks to Elaine Racette who provided helpful information from band membership files to complete the family trees, and to Ebb and Flow First Nation for generously providing historical information collected some years ago by Chief Louis Malcolm. Much of this data has been incorporated into the brief history of the reserve included herein. A big thank-you to Lee Heroux for his photographs of the contributors, and to Raymond Beaumont for editing and layout. Also to Manitoba Education and Training, Compensatory Grant Programme, and Government of Canada, Human Resource Development, for supplying the funds necessary to complete this project.

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Cam Giavedoni
June, 1997

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Introduction

It is difficult to transfer the richness of an oral interview to the printed page; however, as much as possible, we have retained dialogue as it was actually spoken by the contributors to this anthology. Occasionally, terms used in ordinary speech, like "you know" or "eh?" are eliminated to ensure the flow of the narrative, but enough have been retained to show that this is the way people speak. Ellipses are used to indicate the deletion of conversation irrelevant to the main topics discussed during interviews. We have also avoided as much as possible correcting so-called errors, especially when they add to the text. For instance, Eva Shuttleworth will on occasion use "he" when she means "she," a habit of speech indicative of the influence of Cree on her spoken language. Cree, an Algonquian language like Saulteaux, does not make such gender distinctions. Similarly, Philip Malcolm's use of "Trashing" for "Threshing" illustrates the influence of French locally. Speakers of French generally have difficulty with the "th" sound in English. "Up south" establishes a link with a fur trade past, when voyageurs regularly paddled "up south" on their annual trips from York Factory inland along the rivers and lakes of Manitoba.

Its language is evidence of the complex origins of Ebb and Flow. The reserve is officially Saulteaux, and nearby Bacon Ridge also has Saulteaux roots, but the background of the people is far more complex than one might expect at first glance.[1] Most local people have French-Canadian ancestors, who worked as voyageurs in the fur trade for generations. Some of them also have ancestors who came from the Orkney Islands or some other part of Britain to work in the fur trade. These men married the daughters of Saulteaux, Cree, and other aboriginal tribesmen with whom they traded. As a result, the story of Ebb and Flow combines threads of history going back hundreds of years on two continents. It makes fascinating reading.

Raymond M. Beaumont
June, 1997

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[1] Saulteaux is the term which will be used throughout this text to distinguish the people of Ebb and Flow from other aboriginal groups.

Teacher's Guide

The brief history of Ebb and Flow included in this booklet is designed as background information for teachers planning a community study; however, there are many other useful resources as well. For information on the Saulteaux and Métis, see Native Studies 31 G: *Manitoba's Aboriginal Peoples* (Winnipeg: Frontier School Division, No. 48, 1995) Units 4 and 7 respectively. For an illuminating exposé of the agriculture policy of the Department of Indian Affairs during the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, see Sarah Carter, *Lost Harvests: Prairie Indian Reserve Farmers and Government Policy* (Montreal & Kingston: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1993). An excellent new resource on Indian policy generally is Blair Stonechild and Bill Waiser, *Loyal till Death: Indians and the North-West Rebellion* (Calgary: Fifth House Ltd., 1997). Although this book is primarily focused on the Plains Indian response to the Riel Rebellion, it contains valuable insights on the attitudes of Indian Affairs personnel, particularly men like Hayter Reed, who was a key player in the denial of a new reserve to the Ebb and Flow Band. These books are full of examples of government's folly in reference to Native people. Carefully presented, they can be powerful tools to help students understand how the problems we face today are a direct result of what happened in the past.

A book which can be read by most students, Grade Six and up, is *Vanishing Spaces: Memoirs of Louis Goulet* (Winnipeg: Editions Bois-Brûlés, 1976). Full of wonderful detail about the buffalo hunt and Métis life in nineteenth-century Manitoba, in the hands of the effective teacher, it can be used to help students explore the world their ancestors inhabited. For students at Ebb and Flow with Métis ancestry, it can be a vehicle to instill healthy ethnic pride.

Ebb and Flow Stories is recommended for use by Social Studies teachers in Grades 3 and up. Indexed for ease-of-use, it provides much useful information on aboriginal themes. Below are suggestions for integrating it into the provincial curriculum. (See *Social Studies: K-12 Overview*. Manitoba Education 1985.)

Grades 3 *Ebb and Flow Stories* can be used to supplement Unit 2 of *Communities Today*, which calls for study of a Manitoba Community. It supplies the teacher with information relative to history, needs and wants, and cooperation and conflict, all themes emphasized in the provincial curriculum at this level. Selections from the text might also be read to the students.

Grade 6 *Ebb and Flow Stories* may be used in Unit 1 of *Life in Canada's Past*, especially Subsection 1, Origins and Settlement Patterns of Native Peoples. It can also be used in Unit IV, Subsection 2, Relocation of Native Peoples onto Reserves, and in Unit V, Life in Canada during the Twentieth Century.

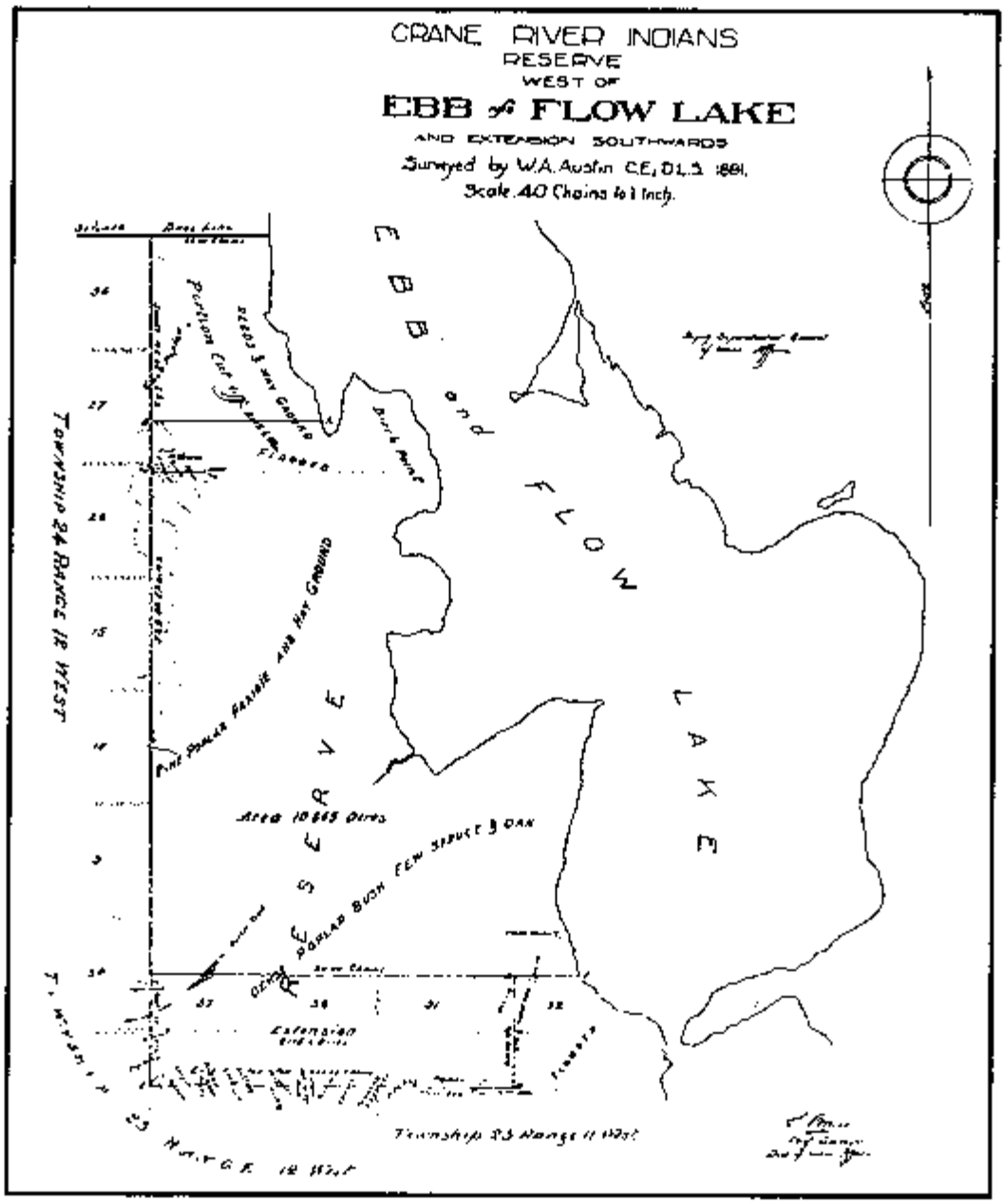
Grade 8 Unit 4 of *People Through the Ages* deals with life in the modern world. Ebb and Flow could be discussed as an example of life in a contemporary western industrial or developing society, depending on whether it is perceived as a first world or third world society. See pages 79-80 in the provincial overview.

Grade 9 *Ebb and Flow Stories* could be used in Canadian Studies, Unit II, Canadian Identity. For instance, What does it mean to be a Canadian for those with a history like Ebb and Flow? Has multiculturalism been a positive or negative force locally? How can a community like Ebb and Flow contribute to the enrichment of the country as a whole? These questions press students to consider who they are, how they are distinct from other people, and what unique contribution they can make to their society. *Ebb and Flow Stories* contains information on the impact locally of the political and economic systems of the past. The brief history of Ebb and Flow raises interesting questions about how government bureaucracy affects people, particularly treaty Indian people. Most of the questions in this course can be discussed from an aboriginal perspective.

Grade Ten North America: A Geographic Perspective is designed to inform students about the interaction of physical geography and human activity within a North American and regional context. It also provides opportunities for students to examine current, local issues of concern in each region. For example, Unit II, 3. Agricultural Activities involves an investigation of farming on a national and international scale. Here Philip Malcolm's cow-calf operation could be discussed. What is required to make an agricultural business like this a success? How much control does Philip have? What is his response to market forces? A local study could be done of the reserve to assess its agricultural potential, both in terms of the assertions of Chief Joseph Houle in the 1890s, and in terms of its agricultural possibilities today. Students could develop a business plan for their own agricultural project. (Of course, students need not be limited to agriculture when considering economic activities which make geographical sense. Fishing is another possibility.)

Grade Eleven *Ebb and Flow Stories* could be used in Canada: A Social and Political History, Unit V. Here students could explore the influence of the fur trading companies

on the people of Ebb and Flow. Or the impact of the reserve system. Consider the fact that nearly two-thirds of the population left the reserve between 1885-1887. Was that a wise choice? This could lead to a debate/discussion of the pros and cons of treaty and non-treaty status. Also, why did the people of Ebb and Flow not participate in the great economic growth of the prairies in the twentieth century? How did the depression affect the community? What action did the people take locally to respond to it? And so on.



Ebb and Flow Reserve, 1881

Ebb and Flow: A Brief History

This history provides background information for the stories that follow. Based on archival materials gathered some years ago by Chief Louis Malcolm, it explains the origins of the people of Ebb and Flow, describes their way of life during the first half of the nineteenth century, and notes their entry into treaty in 1871. It also provides an account of local efforts in the 1890s to relocate the reserve, action which illustrates all too clearly how much control the Department of Indian Affairs exercised over the lives of Native people. Blocked on every side by bureaucracy, Ebb and Flow Band members had difficulty taking control of their lives. Since their land had few resources, they were plagued by poverty well into the twentieth century, a graphic illustrations of how much the present is a product of the past and how important history is to an understanding of the here and now.

Ebb and Flow: A Brief History

Even though they will acknowledge French, Cree, and Scottish roots, the oldtimers of Ebb and Flow generally refer to themselves as Saulteaux, a term which perhaps best describes the language and culture of the community. Certainly Métis influences are also evident, but Saulteaux is the common cultural link between members of the community. "Saulteaux" was used originally to describe the Ojibway people of Sault Ste. Marie, which was the name the French gave to an important seasonal fishing centre at the east end of Lake Superior. A sub-group of the Ojibway Nation, itself part of the Algonquian language family, the Saulteaux undoubtedly moved west as allies of the French during the expansion of the fur trade in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Eventually, "Saulteaux" was used to identify people living along the north shore of Lake Superior as far west as Rainy Lake, Lake of the Woods, and Eastern and Central Manitoba, even though it is uncertain that they were all recent arrivals from Sault Ste. Marie, or even that they were Ojibway, for that matter. For instance, it has been suggested on the basis of archaeological and linguistic evidence that the people living in the western Lake Superior region were originally Cree, who switched to the Ojibway language several hundred years earlier, perhaps because of the introduction of new religious ideas.[1]

Regardless of their origins, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, people identified as Saulteaux, Ojibway, or Chippewa were moving west of Lake Superior into lands claimed by the Dakota.[2] This led to guerrilla warfare in the "debatable zone" between the two groups, and much loss of life. However, in the Smallpox Epidemic of 1780-1782, even more lives were lost. A Canadian trader named Cadotte reported in June 1783 that "all the Indians from Fond du Lac,

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[1] J. Peter Denny of the University of Western Ontario suggests Saulteaux developed when a Cree-speaking Laurel group switched to Ojibway in about A.D. 1300, perhaps with the introduction of the clan system as a more effective means of social interaction than previous alliance systems. This is just one possibility. See J. Peter Denny, "The entry of Algonquian language into the boreal forest," paper read at the Canadian Archaeological Association, London, May 1992. See also Laura Peers, *The Ojibwa of Western Canada: 1780 to 1870* (Winnipeg: The University of Manitoba Press, 1994), 4-7.

[2] Chippewa, or Chippeway, was the name used to identify the Ojibway who travelled along the south shore of Lake Superior into Minnesota. It is not to be confused with Chipewyan, which is the Cree name for the Eastern Dene much further north.

Rainy Lake, Sandy Lake, and surrounding places are dead from smallpox." This was corroborated in June 1782 by a Hudson's Bay Company trader who wrote, "most of the Indians in and Near the Raney Lake is dead."[3]

According to Peter Fidler, a Hudson's Bay Company officer, the Saulteaux people of Lake Manitoba came from Rainy Lake in about 1797 at the urging of the North West Company.[4] If indeed that was the case, they may have been a remnant, a collection of survivors from different families who banded together for survival. It seems their own lands were depleted of fur-bearing animals. The Lake Manitoba region, on the other hand, which had been depopulated by disease of its Cree and Assiniboine hunters, was rich in furs.[5] In such circumstances, it must have taken little persuasion from the traders to get the Saulteaux to leave Rainy Lake, which was so close to their grief as well as to the hostile Dakota.

Of course, they were no strangers to travel. William Warren noted in his history of the Ojibway that the band at Rainy Lake joined its Cree and Assiniboine allies on occasion during the eighteenth century to travel as far away as York Factory for trade goods. They also travelled great distances during their raids on the Dakota. Consequently, the trip up the rivers and lakes to Lake Manitoba, however difficult, would have been no great obstacle.

The Dakota were further away at Lake Manitoba, but they were not forgotten. Even today, elders at Ebb and Flow remember that traditional enemy. An intriguing oral tradition, which has been passed down through the generations, describes a time when the Saulteaux and Dakota Sioux were at war. Here is the account as told by Eva Shuttleworth and recorded by Allen Havard, a teacher at Ebb and Flow School.

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[3] Quoted in Peers, 19. See also William W. Warren, *History of the Ojibway People* (St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society, 1984), 262, where he says Rainy Lake was "almost depopulated" by the epidemic.

[4] Peter Fidler wrote that the North West Company encouraged the Saulteaux to move from their "original land about the Rainy Lake and the western borders of Lake Superior" to the region around Lake Manitoba, so that they could trap for the company. This occurred around the year 1797. See *Many Trails to Manitou-Wapah* (Manitoba Village Historical Committee, 1993), 90.

[5] The Ojibway, Cree, and Assiniboine were traditional allies against the Dakota. As a result, the Ojibway were welcomed into Manitoba by the surviving Cree and Assiniboine.

Long ago the people lived in fear of the war-like Sioux.[6] For this reason, they always camped by the river, so they could escape in their canoes. As was the tradition, in those times, a young mother-to-be left the camp with her younger brother to live in a wigwam in order to be away from the main camp when the time came to deliver her baby.

One night, shortly after the baby was born, she sat watching the stars. In the distance she saw the smoke rising from five pipes used by the feared Sioux warriors. Knowing that they always sent out scouts to discover the size of the camp before they attacked, she told the boy to crawl with her to the riverside and listen close to the ground.

Soon they could hear the sound of Sioux breaking the canoes to prevent anyone from escaping by the water. The shooting and screams told them of the fate of the rest of the camp, as well as their own, if they were found. In the morning, they could hear the Sioux singing their victory song near the camp. Everyone was dead, except one little boy who had been hidden under an old pail by his grandmother.

When he was discovered, many among the Sioux wanted to kill him, but the war chief claimed him to replace his own lost son. The war chief said that this boy would be chief one day. The Sioux left, and the woman and [the other] boy fled to Eagle Island. The Sioux went back into Saskatchewan. The other people from nearby camps moved away to Fairford in fear of further raids.

Years later, when the [adopted] boy was a man, another Sioux war party returned with a captive Saulteaux woman. The man talked with her, while she was working. He told her to watch for her husband to come and rescue her in five days' time. He told her to tell her husband that all the camp would be dark except for one wigwam which would have a fire in it. They should attack this tent first. The man was now a chief, and he told his adopted people a raid would come soon. In order to be ready, everyone would bring all their guns to his tent, so they would be found quickly.

On the fifth night, the captive woman went out and met her husband and his men. She told him what he was supposed to do. The attack began. All the Sioux ran to the chief's tent for their weapons, but the tent was empty. After the battle was over, the Saulteaux asked the chief, if he wanted his Sioux wife and the children to live.

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[6] Sioux is another name for the Dakota people.

He said, no, because their blood was tainted, but the old chief, his adopted father, was to be left alive [for a little while].

He told the men to build a rack and tie the old Chief up on it. Everyone took knives and cut pieces off his body, because he had led the war party which massacred the Saulteaux camp years before. He was to die in great pain to pay for the suffering he had caused the Saulteaux.

Many years later the [Saulteaux] people went to the war grounds [where the Sioux had massacred their relatives] and collected the bleached bones. They were all burned in one hole.

To this day that site on the Ebb and Flow reserve is called the war grounds. People who know the story do not go there out of respect for this past event.

No doubt important details were lost as this story was passed down through the generations. As a result, we are left with puzzling questions about the woman and boy who fled to Eagle Island, about the young Saulteaux captive who seemingly retained his language, even though he was seized by the Dakota at such a young age, also about the apparent ease with which the woman captive was able to warn her husband, who arrived just five days later as predicted. On the other hand, it is a fact that the war between the Ojibway and Dakota was bloody and genocidal. Men, women, and children were slaughtered on both sides without mercy, and it is not impossible that a man might kill his Dakota wife and children out of hatred for the enemy. It was common practice, too, for warriors to adopt captive children as replacements for their own, and it was also a custom on both sides at times to torture captives in the ways described.[7]

We can not be sure of the accuracy of this story, but one thing is certain. The Saulteaux remained in their new home, perhaps because it provided them with sufficient food and furs to sustain their families. It also had a trading post where they could obtain supplies and ammunition. During the heyday of the fur trade, several companies established posts in the region near Ebb and Flow, but it was

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[7] The practice of adoption to replace a lost child is mentioned by Warren in a story about an attack by a Dakota war party of ten men on two wigwams of Ojibway hunters. The Ojibway were all killed and two of the Dakota as well. Warren explains, "This attack is noted from the circumstance that one of the Dakota warriors who was killed, had been a captive among the Ojibways, and adopted as a son by the famous chief, Bi-aus-wah of Sandy Lake. He was recognized by having in his possession a certain relic of this chieftain, which he had promised to wet with the blood of an enemy, to appease the manes [spirit] of a departed child in whose stead he had been adopted." Warren, 185.

the Hudson's Bay Company which was to last. Its first post was built on Dauphin Lake in 1795, followed by others in different places nearby over the next thirty years. Finally, Manitoba House was established in 1828 (at present day Kinosota) and remained open until 1911.[8]

For well over a hundred years, the Saulteaux traded their furs at one or another of these posts in return for goods and supplies. William Brown, a Hudson's Bay Company trader who was at The Narrows in 1818, left behind a not-too-complimentary description of these trappers.

> The most of the Indians of this district, particularly those of Big Point and White Mud River, have been spoiled by too much indulgence - too large debts and by being situated so near to the [Red River] colony, so that their principles are very much perverted. The first had made them insolent, the second indolent, and the last avaricious with anything they have to trade. They are very eager to receive debts, but extremely negligent in paying them.[9]

In other words, they did not show him sufficient respect when they came into his trading post, they didn't bring in as many furs as he wanted, and they drove a hard bargain to get the best return for their labour. To top it off, they were slow to pay their bills!

Brown did observe that the Saulteaux grew a great quantity of potatoes, their only crop, and that they also collected maple syrup in favourable years. They gathered every spring on an island at the north end of the lake, where they erected a big tent to "hold councils and go throu' their religious ceremonies." It was here that the women and old men cultivated their potato fields during the summer months, while the young men were away hunting.

Peter Fidler, who was in charge of the Manitoba District in 1820, described the Saulteaux in detail.[10] Of the young men, he said,

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[8] A detailed "Manitoba House Post History, 1797-1911, can be found in *Many Trails to Manitou-Wapah*, 67-145. A map of the various posts around Lake Manitoba can be found on page ninety-four of the same book.

[9] PAM, HBCA, B.122/e/2, Report of the Manitoba District, 1819, by William Brown.

[10] See *Many Trails to Manitou-Wapah*, 90-92.

> A few of the young Bungee [Saulteaux] men are very flashy and are decorated with a variety of silver ornaments in the summer months such as necklaces made of wampum about two inches broad, arm and wristbands with forgets, broaches, etc., scarlet leggings garnished with ribbons of beads and a number of small broaches which is very tastefully arranged.

Fidler also wrote that the Saulteaux made maple sugar near Big Point at the southern end of Lake Manitoba and sold it by the pound for high prices to the settlers at Red River.

Another commentator was the geologist and naturalist, Henry Youle Hind. While travelling through the region in 1858 with a "half-breed" guide named Whiteway, Hind met an Indian out setting traps. Later he wrote,

> He invited us to his tent, which was placed on the shores of Ebb and Flow Lake not more than twelve to fourteen miles from the Manitoba House [at Kinosota]....He was one of the most successful and industrious hunters in this part of the lake region.
>
> His tent was of birch bark, roomy and clean. Thirteen persons including children, squatted around the fire in the centre. On the floor some excellent matting was laid upon spruce boughs for the strangers; [his wife] squatted on the bare ground; the father of the family on an old buffalo robe. Attached to the poles of the tent were a gun, bows and arrows, a spear, and some mink skins. Suspended on cross pieces over the fire were fishing nets and floats, clothes, and a bunch of bearberry to mix with tobacco for the manufacture of kinnikinnik.
>
> Soon after we entered, [his wife] began to prepare supper which was done by boiling whitefish and potatoes together. When cooked, the whole was poured into a large tin dish and handed to me, together with a cup of tea. Helping myself, I passed the dish to the Indian, but he laid it at his feet. As soon as I had finished my supper, the Indian helped himself and the half-breed, and then passed the dish to his [wife], who divided the remainder among the other inmates of the tent. These consisted of an old, watchful, restless Indian woman, the mother of the mistress of the tent; a newly married couple related to our host; the Indian guide from Dauphin Lake; and five children.[11]

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[11] Henry Youle Hind, *Narrative of the Canadian Red River Exploring Expedition of 1857, and of the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan Exploring Expedition of 1858* (London: 1860). The term "squaw" is a corruption of the Algonquian word for "woman," and was the word used to describe the hunter's wife in Hind's text. The word "wife" has been substituted in its place in the above quotation, because "squaw" has become offensive in more recent times. See also *Many Trails to Manitou-Wapah*, 116-117.

Unfortunately, Hind did not record the name of this man, but perhaps he was an ancestor of some of the people living at Ebb and Flow today. Shortly after, Hind visited John Campbell near Manitoba House. It was toward the end of October, the middle of the fishing season.

> White-fish are abundant. The fishing season having already begun, Campbell had caught 500 White-fish, but he wanted 4,000 for his winter supply. As soon as the fish are caught in the gill nets and brought to shore a slit is made above the tail, through which a pointed stick is pushed. Ten fish are placed on each stick, and the sticks are staged in the open air, about nine feet from the ground, beyond the reach of dogs. No curing, cleaning or preservative process is employed; the dry air and frost preserve them until they are needed....The white-fish I saw at Campbell's might average three to four pounds each. They are considered to be superior to those caught in Lake Winnipeg. This important source of food in these regions is well named *at-ik-um-aig*, or 'the reindeer of the water,' by the Ojibways. It forms a principle article of diet during a large portion of the year, not only for the Indians, but also of the settlers at Red River.[12]

While Hind was at Manitoba House, he made a trip to an island, about twelve miles north on the route to The Narrows. Known as Manitobah Island, Hind and Whiteway stayed there for three days. He witnessed firsthand local fears about the place.

> Indians appeared occasionally in their canoes on the north-east coast of the lake, but although they heard our guns and fired in return, yet they would not venture near us. They have all a great aversion to caves and overhanging rock, conceiving that such places are the abode of fairies or Manitou. The origin of this superstition in relation to Manitobah Island is due to the sounds produced by the waves as they beat upon the beach at the foot of the low cliffs at its northern extremity. During the night time, when a gentle breeze is blowing from the north, the various sounds heard on the island...frequently resemble the ringing of distant church bells....When the breeze subsided, and the waves played gently on the beach, a low wailing sound would be heard from our camping place, about 300 yards from the cliffs where the noise was produced.[13]

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[12] *Many Trails to Manitou-Wapah*, 118-119.

[13] *Many Trails to Manitou-Wapah*, 119-120.

This phenomenon encouraged superstition, but it did not seem to have other deleterious consequences. Hind found the Saulteaux to be a congenial people, as illustrated in one of his stories describing their generosity.

> We met an Indian in a canoe near Elm Point, and Whiteway, at my request, told him we were starving. I wished to ascertain the truth of the statement as often made respecting the liberality of these Indians in cases of necessity. The answer was a happy one; approaching our boat in his canoe, the Indian said, 'Look, if you see anything to eat, take it.' In his canoe were sixty fine white-fish and a few pike. I gave him some potatoes, tobacco, and tea, and accepted a dozen white-fish, which he pressed us to take.[14]

The Saulteaux were peaceful, too. During the winter of 1869-1870, when Louis Riel and others established a provisional government at Red River, bands of Métis pillaged a number of Hudson's Bay Company posts, including Oak Point on the east side of Lake Manitoba. Ewen McDonald, the man in charge at Manitoba House, was almost captured himself at Oak Point. He arrived there on a routine trip just as twenty Métis were looting the place. Returning in haste to Manitoba House, he immediately took action to prevent the same thing from happening there. Gathering the Hudson's Bay Company employees from Fairford and Waterhen, he ordered Manitoba House barricaded with whatever came to hand. Then he sent out spies to determine where the Métis were. Thomas Smith, who was at Fort Ellice at the time, later wrote of the defense of Manitoba House in a glowing tribute to McDonald.[15]

> Great credit is due to Mr. Ewen McDonald of Manitobah Post, for the faithful way he acted throughout in trying times. When at Oak Point Post when the place was taken and robbed, Mr. McDonald narrowly escaped being taken prisoner, he was pursued by a number of half-breeds, but managed to reach Manitobah safely. He barricaded his place determined to defend the property committed to his charge and along with 8 Scots lads, servants to the Company, kept 40 of the brave half-breeds at

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[14] *Many Trails to Manitou-Wapah*, 120.

[15] *Many Trails to Manitou-Wapah*, 126-130.

> bay, whereby saving Swan River District, for had they succeeded in taking Manitobah the whole of the other posts would have fallen into their hands[16]

Whatever their sentiments, the local Saulteaux people did not become involved in the conflict. Indeed, just a year later, 2 August 1871, several hundred of them converged on Manitoba House, where their leaders signed Treaty No. 2 with representatives of Her Majesty the Queen. Ebb and Flow First Nation, as it is known today, had its beginning in that treaty. Originally, it and the Crane River Band were united under the leadership of François, or Broken Finger, as he was also known, but shortly after his death in 1874, the majority of the population chose to establish a permanent settlement at Ebb and Flow Lake rather than further north at Crane River. Ebb and Flow Reserve was surveyed in that year, but because some sections were subject to flooding, a second survey was conducted in 1881. The flood-prone land on the north side of the reserve was exchanged for dryer land on the south. In 1913, a third survey established a reserve of eighteen square miles or 11, 550 acres, and the most recent survey, in 1959, corrected that figure to 11,442, with 15.47 acres alienated for a road right-of-way.

The Treaty Annuity Paylists, 11 August 1876, listed fifteen men, fifteen women, and sixty-four children. Penaisse, the eldest son of Broken Finger, was the chief. From the beginning, both Saulteaux and Métis people were numbered among the band's membership. Then in 1878, the population nearly doubled, when additional Métis families, like the Beaulieus, Ducharmes, McKays, and Fletts joined the Houles, Beauchamps, and Thompsons, who were already registered as treaty Indians. However, when most of these people applied for Half-Breed Scrip after the 1885 Rebellion, band membership plummeted from 173 in 1884 to 64 in 1887.[17]

It appears that the members of the band most inclined to take scrip were those living at Manitoba Village (Kinosota). They had applied in 1880/1881 for assistance in relocating to the reserve, but the Department informed them that they were not required to move. In subsequent years, they may have reassessed the agricultural potential of the reserve and had second thoughts. Certainly band

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[16] PAM, HBCA, A.11/52, fo. 2, Correspondence, 1870. Quoted in *Many Trails to Manitou-Wapah*, 130.

[17] Scrip was a one time payment in land or cash to extinguish the aboriginal land claims of people of mixed European and Indian background living in the North West prior to the 1885 Rebellion.

members were having concerns about the quality of the land. On 15 August 1895, twenty men from the Ebb and Flow Reserve signed their name to a petition for a new reserve.[18] In a clearly worded statement, addressed to the Superintendent-general of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, they explained the reason for their request.

> After so many years, averaging about twenty, trying to make a living by farming on this Reservation, we find that we cannot, the land is too low and the soil alkaline, and our meadows always too wet to make our hay, and altogether we see we cannot sustain ourselves, and to become self sustained as the Department want us to be, we must beg to ask for a change of Reservation. At first, in those years gone by when fur was plentiful we only looked for good rat hunting places and such like, but today we understand better, and for all concerned we humbly pray the proper authorities to give us another Reservation, where we will find good grazing land, and good soil for farming purposes; and the place we now know to be good land for an Indian Reserve, would be two miles from the confluence of the Mossy and Fork Rivers, up the Fork River two miles on each side, there from said confluence on the west shore of Mossy River four miles down by three miles in width...as situated between lakes Dauphin and Winnipegoosis in Township 30, Range 18 west of Principal Meridian.[19]

Mr. Martineau, the Indian agent for Manitowapah, sent the letter on August 22 to Mr. McColl, Inspector, Indian Agencies, in Winnipeg, and noted that in spite of the band's best efforts to farm the land, they had experienced little success. He confirmed the chief's contention that the land was poor.

> During the wet season especially like the one we experienced last spring, hardly any farming was possible...Every spring the roads are wet and almost impassable with heavy loads...when the storms are from the North, the creeks, marshes, and prairies are submerged. Besides these local disadvantages, that part of the country is mostly

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[18] Their names were Chief Joseph Houle, Joseph Beauchamp, Pierre Houle, and William Richard, his councillors, and seventeen other men, namely, Gaiwish, Papitchash, St. Paul, Iron Claws, James McKay, Pierre Houle Jr., Joseph Houle Jr., John Houle Jr., Frederick White Moose, J. B. Macette, Joseph Beauchamp Jr., Louison Beauchamp, Johny St. Paul, Cuthbert Nosquask, John Malcolm, and Billy McKay. The only one who could sign his name was John Malcolm. All the rest signed with an "x."

[19] PAC, RG 10, V3781, F39,809, Petition from the Ebb and Flow Lake Reserve to the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, dated 15 August 1895.

all alkaline. The only advantage for this Reserve...is its valuable large tract of timber land comprising spruce, tamarack, poplar.[20]

In his reply two months later, McColl pointed out that it would be expensive to relocate the Indians to the new reserve and to do so would establish a dangerous precedent. Regarding the land's suitability for farming, he added, "I consider that there is sufficient good land on the ridges back from the Lake at Ebb and Flow for such cultivation the Indians will make for many years to come, and the low lands are admirably suited for stock raising."[21] Apparently, he did not forward the letter on to Ottawa at that time.

On 9 April 1896, Martineau replied to McColl, reiterating his support for the move and enclosing a letter from Chief Joseph Houle, who had visited the proposed site himself.[22] Chief Houle's letter was an articulate and reasoned argument for the relocation.

> I visited the country namely Lake Dauphin Valley, Fork River, Mossy River and Lake Winnipegosis, and have made several inquiries from settlers and parties well acquainted with those localities. I regret very much to state that, that part of the country, Fork River already asked for by myself and Band, can not longer be entertained because it has been already settled by white people and the Country there has been surveyed last fall and is opened for settlement, so we are too late for that place.

That visit must have made Chief Houle realize the urgency of the situation. Available land was rapidly disappearing as settlers poured into the country, a fact which may explain the forthright manner in which he continued his letter.

> So myself and Band have finally decided to take our Reserve as per sketch enclosed and which gives the following great advantage and after visiting personally this new location from North to South and West to East, I find that the Mossy River and Lake Winnipegosis Country is the most profitable for a Reservation for us Indians...that this part of the Country gives us good Timber for our building purposes and the best

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[20] PAC, RG 10, V3956, F139,756, H. Martineau, Indian Agent, to E. McColl, Inspector, Indian Agencies, Winnipeg, 22 August 1895.

[21] PAC, RG 10 V3956, F139,756, McColl to Martineau, 12 October 1895.

[22] PAC, RG 10 V3956, F139,756, Martineau to McColl, 9 April 1896, including a letter to H. Martineau from Joseph Houle, Chief, Ebb and Flow Band, 9 April 1896.

> of soil for general farming purposes, Especially Wheat, and Extensive hay meadows for our stock besides...the fish Industry, as Lake Winnipegosis by its large Extension of 200 miles long and from 10 to 25 miles long and Deep Lake varying from 6 to 40 feet Deep which means protection for fish for years to Come and I know is a fact that fish can be had in said Lake and Mossy River at all seasons of the years.

The Chief argued for a large reserve, because his "straggling fellow Indians" wanted to join him. He also saw educational possibilities.

> In said tract of Land the government could choose the most suitable place for a large Boarding school of at least one hundred children and Enough farming land to teach my young man to become farmers and self sustainers.

Goods were cheaper in the new place.

> I find to my great surprise that the necessaries of life are cheaper there than here, for instance, taking flour as an Example, they have a grist mill within 23 miles where I can get my flour at from $1.25 to $1.50- per hundred pounds.

There were also ranchers on the northern end of the proposed reservation who were "old acquaintances who would be willing to reenter Treaty under the new regulations." Chief Houle felt their success at raising "large herds of Cattle" would make them excellent role models for his own people. In his final arguments, he indicated that the band was willing to relocate at its own expense, and that any garden and field seed the government provided would help to make them "self sustainers." At the Ebb and Flow Reserve, they had been forced to

> look to some other modes for our living, instead of working the land, seeing we could not get any benefit from it, we had to turn our attention to hiring in boats, Digging roots and trapping, and our Experience teaches us that by this means we will never be self sustainers as the Department requires of us to be.

By coincidence, a settler named Wilson from Mossy River wrote directly to the Hon. M. Daly, Minister of the Interior, on the same day (April 9) that Martineau wrote McColl. Brief and to the point, it was nevertheless revelatory of existing attitudes.

> Having heard it rumoured that the district lying between Lakes Dauphin and Winnipegosis has been applied for as an Indian Reserve, I beg leave to state that this district has now quite a number of white settlers *of the right kind* located in it with

> ever prospect of their number being very largely increased this coming season. [italics added][23]

What Wilson meant by "of the right kind" is a matter of speculation, but it is evident he was not including treaty Indians among them. Evidently uninformed about events in Manitoba, Hayter Reed, Deputy Superintendent of Indian Affairs, responded on April 21.

> I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th instant, and in reply to inform you that there is no foundation in fact for the rumour you mention, about application having been made for the district between Lakes Dauphin and Winnipegosis for Indian Reserve purposes, nor has the Department any intention to make such application.[24]

It was a terse statement from a man who would go on to head the department, and who probably did more in his tenure to discourage reserve agriculture than any other individual.[25] It was an arrogant response as well, in view of the fact that Reed did not know the situation in Manitoba. Indeed, it was not until April 25 that McColl finally sent the petition and related correspondence to Ottawa, *eight months* after Martineau had sent off the band request from Ebb and Flow. In view of the fact that Wilson had a reply to his inquiry *within three weeks*, one is left with important questions about the reserve system which placed aboriginal people at the mercy of government bureaucracy.

Reed replied to McColl on May 9, in a cleverly worded letter which pitted Martineau's assessment of the reserve land against that of McColl, a point which the latter could hardly have overlooked. Martineau was to be instructed to make a

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[23] PAC, RG 10 V3956, F139,756, D. F. Wilson, Mossy River, Lake Dauphin, to M. Daly, Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, 9 April 1896.

[24] PAC, RG 10 V3956, F139,756, Hayter Reed, Deputy Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, to D. F. Wilson, Lake Dauphin, Manitoba, 21 April 1896.

[25] In order to more fully understand why Ebb and Flow did not get a new reserve, read Sarah Carter's *Lost Harvests: Prairie Indian Reserve Farmers and Government Policy*. Carter's research reveals the fundamentally racist nature of Indian Affairs personnel like Hayter Reed. He actually believed Indians were primitives insufficiently evolved to be capable of farming like their white neighbours. An illustration of this belief was his ban on the purchase of threshing machines by reserves. In his view, Indians were better suited to the sickle!

thorough examination of the reserve to determine its agricultural potential. No action could be taken, of course, until that was done.[26]

By this time, others were making inquiries. On May 5, Charles McKay, a mixed-blood who had been a member of the Ebb and Flow Band, wrote about rumours that people like himself were being readmitted. Wanting to return to treaty, but not anxious to relocate, he praised the qualities of the existing reserve and discouraged a new one at Mossy River "as I may say I have been brought up there and I know the country pretty well." The Archbishop of St. Boniface, on the other hand, wrote May 16 in support of an earlier proposal that a reserve be located at Mossy River.[27]

In his response to McKay, Reed said that "the Department has no intention to take back into Treaty those whom you refer to as having left it some years ago, nor does it know of any reasons why such course should be adopted." He also noted McKay's "views as to the advantages possessed by the Reserve as at present located."[28]

McKay's support of the existing reserve was exactly what Reed wanted to hear. He must have been equally gratified by McColl's letter of May 29, telling him that it was impossible to relocate the Ebb and Flow Reserve to Mossy River because "the land in question being occupied by about 200 Settlers whose claims could not be obtained for a reserve without paying an enormous amount for them, as the Dauphin Railway is to run close by the place pointed out for a reserve."[29]

In his June 4 letter to the Archbishop, Reed passed on McColl's information and explained that the Department could not proceed because of the high cost to purchase these lands.[30] In fact, McColl's letter reads, "I had an interview with Mr. Glen Campbell today in reference to the matter, and he informs me that he is thoroughly acquainted with the land asked for at Mossy River." We are left to

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[26] PAC, RG 10 V3956, F139,756, Reed to McColl, 9 May 1896.

[27] PAC, RG10, V3956, F139.756, F. Adelard, Archbishop of St. Boniface, to Hayter Reed, Ottawa, 16 May 1896.

[28] PAC, RG10, V3956, F139.756, Reed to Charles McKay, Kinosota, 16 May 1896.

[29] PAC, RG 10, V3956, F139.756, McColl to Reed, 29 May 1896.

[30] PAC, RG 10, V3956, F139.756, Reed to Archbishop of St. Boniface, 4 June 1896.

wonder who Mr. Campbell was, and how well he actually knew the land in question. McColl simply accepted his word, perhaps because it would excuse him from taking any action.

In the meantime, Martineau completed his inspection and wrote McColl, June 20, recommending a new reserve be established. On July 6, McColl sent the report to Reed, who wrote back, July 30, asking McColl where such a reserve could be located, if the request was granted. On August 4, a letter was sent from the Manitoba Superintendency Office indicating McColl was away at Berens River, but that he would respond when he returned.

In the meantime, while the bureaucracy was moving at a snail's pace, events were speeding up in the Lake Dauphin agency. On July 21, A. N. Norquay, the Indian Agent at Lake Dauphin, wrote the Winnipeg Superintendency with reports he had received of Indians settling along the Mossy River. In the absence of McColl, the secretary, T. R. Burpe, passed on this information to Ottawa, August 5, adding that Mr. Norquay did not feel "it would be in the best interest of the district to allow the Indians to have a reserve there."[31]

Norquay had reported that a "number of Indians had taken possession of the land along either side of the Mossy River," that they "number about 300 that they come in twos and threes, and express the intention of remaining there and to force other settlers out of that neighbourhood." This greatly alarmed the local settlers, and the Dauphin *Pioneer Press* took a decidedly anti-Indian stance in its report of the incident in the first week of August.

> It appears that a number of Indians, headed by a chief and the school teacher from the Ebb and Flow Lake reserve, came up in the spring and staked off a strip of land about five miles wide and ten miles frontage on Mossy River and Lake Winnipegosis, for the purpose of having a reserve formed there.[32] This was done

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[31] PAC, RG 10, V3956, F139,756, T. R. Burpe, Secretary, Department of the Interior, Officer of the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, to The Secretary, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, 5 Aug. 1896. Burpe also reported that the Chief Clerk of the Department of Agriculture had confirmed the report, claiming it was based on an earlier application for a reserve at that location made several years before by Archbishop Langevin.

[32] The Chief, of course, was Joseph Houle. The school teacher was Michel Dumas. For data on the Dumas family, see *Many Trails to Manitou-Wapah*, p. 366. A picture of Michel Dumas can be found in Blair Stonechild and Bill Waiser, *Loyal till Death: Indians and the North-West Rebellion* (Calgary: Fifth House Ltd., 1997), 75.

without any authority from the Government and seemed to be the work of a few schemers. The land staked off included the locations of a number of white settlers and the Indians told these they would have to move. The exploiters very cleverly staked the land so as to shut off Red Deer Point, a peninsula in Winnipegosis nearly 25 miles long. They intend to return as soon as their treaty money is paid at their reserves which is being done now. No trouble is anticipated with them except the annoyance of the attempt, which may deter some new settlers from coming into that locality. As far as we can learn, the movement is on the part of the more shiftless, roving members of the reserve at Pine Creek, Ebb and Flow, Crooked Lake and Water Hen River. These Indians will not work and having cleared out the game near their reserves think that by a little bluff game to force the Government to give them a new reserve where the game and fish are not yet skinned out. The school teacher who is working up the scheme is Michel Dumas, no other than the third in command of the rebellion of 1885.[33]

The bias in the article is obvious. The Indians were portrayed as a lazy bunch of ruffians, the cast-offs of a number of reserves, uninterested in farming, and ready to shove out their neighbours to obtain hunting lands. Moreover, their leader, a school teacher, was portrayed as a rebel, who was suspect because he had participated in the 1885 Uprising on the Métis side.[34]

Reed's response was predictable. In a letter to A. M. Burgess, Deputy Minister of the Interior, dated 5 September, he wrote,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st Inst: together with enclosures, all relating to an attempt made by the Indians of Ebb and Flow Lake Reserve, to take possession of lands at Mossy River, and in reply to inform you that instructions have been given to make them desist from any unauthorized attempt in the direction indicated, and any interference with the settlers.[35]

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[33] PAC, RG 10, V3956, F139,756, Extract from the *Dauphin Pioneer Press*, dated 5 August 1896.

[34] It never seems to have occurred to the newspaper reporter that the chief and his councillors could have been the leaders, and the school teacher merely the man who wrote their letters for them. Dumas did indeed participate in the 1885 Rebellion. According to *Many Trails to Manitou-Wapah*, p. 366, Dumas "escaped with Gabriel Dumont to Buffalo Bill's Circus in Cody, Montana."

[35] PAC, RG 10, V3956, F139,756, Letter from Reed to A. M. Burgess, Deputy Minister of the Interior, 5 September 1896.

In a letter to McColl, written the same day, he acknowledged the petition that the Indians of Ebb and Flow had sent the department to exchange their "present Reserve for land elsewhere better adapted for agricultural purposes." However, he made it clear that he would not tolerate any unilateral action on their part.

> It should be clearly explained to them that their request for a change of Reserve is receiving consideration by the Dept. but that unless and until granted, they have no right whatever nor will they be permitted to do more than hunt over unoccupied lands, and are open to prosecution & punishment if in pursuit of their avocation of hunting, they trespass upon the lands of settlers with whom they must not interfere in any way.

The letter also contained a threat.

> The school teacher Dumas should be warned that if he desires to hold his position, he must carefully abstain from advising the Indians to act in any way independently of the Dept. with regard to such matters.[36]

In McColl's reply, he noted that one of the reasons for the Indian petition was high water levels in Lake Manitoba flooding low-lying land. In fact, fourteen years earlier, all the reserves in that region had been inundated. However, he felt this was an occasional situation and did not warrant moving the Indians to new reserves. Anyway, the government was proposing that the outlet of Lake Manitoba at Fairford River be made wider to prevent the water from rising, so he felt the problem would soon be solved.[37] He was equally opposed to one big reserve.

> I think it is not a good policy to concentrate a number of bands on any reserve for they would soon destroy all the game and fish and fur in its vicinity and the consequence would be that the Department would have to feed them as their farming operations would be inadequate to supply their wants, whereas when they are scattered over a large tract of country as at present they succeed in supporting themselves from its resources in fish, game and furs, as well, as working in sawmills, cutting logs and ties, on steamboats, canoes and at the fisheries on the lakes....I would therefore strongly recommend that the proposed changes in those

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[36] PAC, RG 10, V3956, F139,756, Reed to McColl, 5 September 1896.

[37] PAC, RG 10, V3956, F139,756, McColl to Reed, 24 September 1896. As Eva Shuttleworth noted in her story, flooding forced her family to leave the shores of Lake Manitoba more than fifty years later!

> reserves at Ebb and Flow, Water Hen River, Water Hen River, and at Pine Creek be not entertained, for even if the change would ultimately be for their benefit, I know as a positive fact that many of the Indians would not leave their present reserves unless they were compelled to do so by physical force.[38]

Evidently, McColl did not feel the Indians could be trusted to make their own decisions in these matters. Nor did he envision their being successful farmers, seemingly oblivious to the fact that they had never had a chance to prove their capabilities on the poor land they occupied. Although unstated, he may also have feared too large a concentration of Indian people in one place. There is power in numbers, and such centralization could have created administrative problems for the agency.

Reed certainly agreed with the thrust of McColl's arguments against the move, but in his reply noted Martineau's suggestion that flooding was normal at Ebb and Flow and that the land was too alkaline to be of much value for farming. Nevertheless, he felt that evaluation could be set aside because of the possibility that the outlet of Lake Manitoba would be widened "in the near future." He felt it would be "advisable to point out to the Indians concerned that it would be premature to do anything in the direction of exchanging their Reserve, until it be seen whether arable lands are likely within any reasonable time to be provided by the means indicated."[39] Prepared as he was to accept vague future possibilities, it is little wonder Reed did nothing.

Since the low-lying land of the reserve proved to be much as Martineau described it, and continued to flood for years afterwards, one can sympathize with those who decided to take matters into their own hands and stake out a new reserve at Mossy Point. One can also understand how demoralizing it must have been, when Chief Houle and his councillors failed to obtain a new reserve, blocked at every turn by the delays and intransigence of bureaucrats in the Department of Indian Affairs. With less autonomy than their relatives at Kinosota, and limited by the land they already possessed, the people of Ebb and Flow Reserve had few resources to make the transition from hunting to agriculture.

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[38] PAC, RG 10, V3956, F139,756, Letter from McColl to Reed, 24 September 1896.

[39] PAC, RG10, V3956, F139,756, Letter from Reed to McColl, 5 October 1896.

This historical background provides a context for the stories which follow. After the failure of their efforts to obtain a new reserve, the early band members eked out an existence as trappers, fishermen, and farm labourers. They were never able to pass on much in the way of material goods to their children, but they were honest, thrifty, and hardworking. They shared with their neighbours and maintained a sense of humour in the face of adversity. These are the characteristics they passed down through children and grandchildren to the contributors included in this anthology. Born in poverty, like their ancestors, they have worked hard and consistently to succeed in the twentieth century. If the youth of Ebb and Flow can follow their examples, they will be just as successful in facing the challenges of the twenty-first.

Local Self-Government: Ebb and Flow First Nation Administrative Offices, 1997

(courtesy Lee Heroux)

Ebb and Flow Stories

The following stories are based on taped interviews conducted between the summer of 1995 and spring of 1997 with Ebb and Flow residents, Alfred Beaulieu, Louisa Flett, Marie Houle, Percy Houle, Philip and Gladys Mancheese Malcolm, Rosine Malcolm, Eva Flett Shuttleworth, and Valerie Ranville Shuttleworth. Although some editing has been required to weave these interviews into a cohesive whole, every effort has been made to retain the 'voice' of each contributor through the inclusion of many direct quotations. The aim has been to record the stories "in their own words" as much as possible.

Alfred Beaulieu and his wife, Lillian Mousseau (Courtesy Lee Heroux)

Ebb and Flow School, 1997 (Courtesy Lee Heroux)

Alfred Beaulieu

A former chief living now in semi-retirement on the reserve, Alfred Beaulieu was born 17 July 1924 at Ebb and Flow, a son of Simon Beaulieu and Caroline St. Paul.

> My mother came from in this reserve; that's why I am here. And my dad came from Sandy Bay. And when they got married, well, my mother didn't want to live in Sandy Bay. I guess that we went there quite many times, just to go and visit or spend the summer, and go out working in Westbourne in thrashing days. And that's how we were, always pretty close with Sandy Bay. And my dad, especially my dad, he'd be gone for Christmas holidays and then come back after Christmas, and we stayed here with my mom.

Alfred's paternal grandfather was Antoine Beaulieu, who was of Ojibway and French origin.

> My dad's great-great-grandfather was a Frenchmen. He married in Sandy Bay. I don't know, maybe that's a hundred some years ago. And that's where all the Beaulieus came from.

His paternal grandmother was a Woodhouse from Fairford. As Alfred recalls, "Every time I go up there, the Woodhouses would take me as a relative."

> And then, we were nine of us in the family. No, seven. Two girls and five boys. Seven, that's seven....And they [have] all died, except one girl. Young, way younger. [s]he's the baby. Lives right across here. That's the only one that survived. My brothers all died, four of them, and one sister....I was right in the middle. My brothers, two older and two younger than me, and the sisters were younger.
>
> I grew up right here and I never lived anyplace else....[We'd] visit Sandy Bay, especially in the summer, around July and August....We used to go in the wagons and we stayed there for a while....And then we kept on going to Westbourne, where there was always...big...farmers. And my dad had his own...farmer to work there, so we went there all fall, and at the end of the thrashing, and all that, we came home again.

Other people from the community went elsewhere to thresh.

> Some of these people here stopped in Langruth, eh. They knew Armstrongs, they used to call those. And they all stopped there; they were good farmers, too. And like my

father-in-law...Willie Mousseau...heard that, eh? And that's where they stopped....That's my father-in-law, that's her dad [his wife's father], and her mom was Marie Therèse Leclaire from Pine Creek. That's where she came from.

Westbourne was where Simon Beaulieu and his family threshed. Alfred recalls travelling there and tenting along the way.

Canvas tents....There's always stoves, yeah, lots of blankets....We'd make a fire outside and cook our meals.....But in the farms...sometimes they lent you...shacks, you know, granaries, where you can go in when there is a storm. There's a storm coming, so you can move in there for the night, eh? In a way, that was good that way.

Simon, Alfred's father, had a particular job he did during the threshing season.

Well, it was mostly stooking sheaves, eh. Those sheaves you call them. He'd stook them, and when everything was stooked out, then they'd start thrashing. They had a big thrashing machine there.

His mother also worked.

Maybe sometimes she'd help in the farm there, washing dishes, cooking maybe. And us, you know, we helped out stooking....When you were about this high, [about eight, nine years old] you started....As you grew up, you'd do a better job and a good job at it....I was about eight years old when I started to help my dad out, to do the stooking....We were all there, we were always there, a whole bunch of us. Whoever could lift a sheaf, you know, bring it up and help you....My mother helped, my dad, my brothers.

I've seen a lot and I've learned a lot of hard living, too, them days. 'Cause you didn't get no welfare....No welfare in them days. No nothing. [The farmers paid] about fifty cents an acre....Sixty cents was good, good money then. I remember them days when they were saying, 'Well, we're getting fifty cents an acre now.' So that was...good. Well, you get to that field, you know, forty acre field, fifty, oh a long ways down, big field....

Alfred's mother would pick berries sometimes, when she wasn't helping his dad in the fields.

A little, little bit, you know, for us to eat, to can them....We picked the scalers here and there, eh? Sometimes from that farmer, the scalers that they didn't need. And we'd get some and then started to store the stuff. And when we come home in the fall, we

had a few sealers of jam, and brought home some potatoes with us, cabbage, and whatever we need from the farmers.

Simon worked for a Jim Patterson, whose brother also farmed a good deal of land. Alfred remembers working for Jim when he was a bit older.

And then I begin to grow up, be able to help my dad better. Then I was about fourteen years old, and I started in the thrashing - thrashing for a farmer. So I started to work; he gave me a job. I was sleeping half of the time, you know....When I got to the thrashing machine with a load of...sheaves to throw in, and then I falled asleep. They poked me. They says, 'You got to get up.' He says, 'You got to unload your load.' So I got up, and *two* dollars a day. Me and my dad made four dollars a day. That was good money. Twenty dollars a week, I guess, or something like that. [laughs] Yeah, that's all we got, and later on after the war there, 1945, they were paid five bucks, five bucks a day thrashing. Boy, it was good money. Everybody was talking about it.

Another of the farmers he worked for at Westbourne was named Raul [Roehl?]

He was there for, I don't know, maybe ten, twelve years, maybe more. When they started to get those combines, his uncle was the first one that got it...'Well,' he says, 'I'm getting one next year, so maybe I won't need you guys anymore.' So they felt sore, you know, 'cause he liked the farmer, and the farmer liked him. But, what else can you do? There was nothing to do, but there was a lot of farmers there that need[ed] help with stooking yet. After that, then everybody got combine now, eh?

After the threshing was over, the family returned to their home at Ebb and Flow. Home was "just a shack...by the lake over there." It was "A log house, plastered house...with that mud." Every year it had to be repaired.

Every fall day they'd repair it, around October, when we come home, right away we got to work the house up, fix it up so. In the fall there, you'd see people working all over.....You make a hole. You clean up that black dirt; you clean it all up. Make it so big, 'cause you can work. And then you start shovel that up. Shovel that mud into tubs, them old tubs. Put a little bit of hay, crush it, you know, so it didn't fold, eh? And I put hot water, and stirred it up, and it gets so thick. Put it on between those logs, it doesn't come out. Works pretty good, you know....outside the house. And then we have, well some would have...the same thing with the roofing. 'Cause there was no lumber in them days, hard to get lumber, but if you put your mud...with hay and then put more mud, it didn't leak. Cause it's so hard...when it rains, it didn't go

through. It's just like a roof today. Some made a good job, you know. Some made poor job.

After the fall repairs of the house, Alfred's father began trapping.

Anywhere he wants to go, but he was mostly hunting around here, Ste. Rose, the big marsh there. There was a lot of rats there, a lot of minks, a lot of weasels....Most of the time. There was a lot of things for trapping. There was a lot of furs then, good price furs, too....It was mostly weasels, minks, but he was after minks though, 'cause the minks were about...well, they got to be the good price later on. Before that, it was about twenty dollars. Twenty dollars. But [then], it's just like two hundred dollars, eh?

But when my dad used to talk about hunting them old days, he said they used to get fifteen, twenty cents a rat. That's very old days though. That's close to a hundred years now. They only get ten cents, fifteen cents. And when I was trapping I used to get two dollars, two twenty- five, two-fifty.

Them days, you know, you could buy a lot of stuff. Yeah, I know one old guy who lived here. He got pension for twenty dollars. Boy, he used to bring in lot of stuff, you know. *Bags*. Flour, sugar, everything what he needs with that twenty dollars. But today you just put that twenty dollars of stuff, what you buy, in your pocket.

Alfred recalls other things were cheaper, too, like at Treaty Days when he was a boy.

The kids would have races, and I'd be there, too. That Clarence Henry from Shergrove put up a store here, a big tent, and we used to help him build up that tent...I was just a kid then...about twelve....I wasn't playing ball yet. I remember coming here with that storekeeper. He used to have...bananas in one whole stick....He even brought ice-cream. It's one of those big insulated things, you know. And then, he had cigarettes them days, about five cigarettes in one little box....Well I like them cigarettes. And then you buy that for seven or eight cents, I think, the whole five....Them days, you know, you buy tobacco. It's only ten cents a pack with the cigarette papers. That's all you paid. Salt, five cents a box. We still talking about that, you know, what we used to pay.

Alfred was

about twelve, when I started to learn how to look after myself....They train you how to trap, know what to trap, and how to make your living....Them old traps, eh....Henry had them here....Henry and in town, anywhere you can buy those.

He always had guns, too.

Mostly twenty-twos and shotguns, and same as my dad use to have them guns....You survive with that. If you have to shoot ducks, shoot deer, whatever you need to live on,...There's a lot of deer right now around here....

Alfred's father and his family would usually trap "right up to January."

And then sometimes we had enough to eat then. And sometimes we didn't have nothing to eat. That's how hard it was. But then we had a good storekeeper here....Adam, from Ste. Rose. Dude Adam, they called him....Right here, right across the creek here. And that store was there for a long, long time....He would give some stuff to my dad when he was hard up....And...about two, three guys came in there after....Around [the nineteen] forties, yeah. Things started to change then.

Adam's store wasn't the first one in the community. Henry's store at Shergrove had been there longer.

That's the only store there was around here, [Clarence] Henry. He was over at Shergrove....His dad [Dave] built up that store, and this [Leonard] Henry carried on when his dad [Clarence] died....I asked him about that store....I said, 'How old is that store?' 'Oh,' he said, 'About sixty years old.' So he [Clarence] must have been a very young man when that store was built. Because his dad must have built it, and then he carried on, and Leonard Henry here, took over. So they retired, oh, six years ago, seven years ago. They built another store across there, a newer store. That's where he is living now, and everybody felt sorry the store was closed.[40]

Like Dude Adam, and his own father before him, Leonard Henry gave credit to customers he knew.

The people he knew. Like me, I always get what I want there, so he knew the people. Well, he knew all the people in the Reserve.

Still, the people did not have to rely entirely on the local storekeepers.

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[40] Dave Henry built the original store in 1918. His son Clarence took it over in 1923, and Clarence's son Leonard took it over in 1963. For a history of the Henry Family, see *Patience, Pride, and Progress*, Eddystone and District History, pp. 408-417.

Another thing what happened here was, them years we used to order flour. Our parents use to order flour, from the mills sometime, I don't know where, but anyways they got it. My dad would order about ten bags, twelve bags, depending on the family size here, I guess. Flour. I don't know what they paid, but at treaty time they paid that flour....You had to pay the Indian Agent, and the Indian Agent paid for the order of the flour.

And the Indian Agent would deduct the price of that flour, and give the rest of the money. So that's one way we survived through the winter, here in this reserve. 'Cause there was no elk - nothing....Yeah, that's how we survived. That's one big survival there, that flour.

There was the railway coming into...Alonsa, right up to Alonsa, and it ends right there. And then they would take the flour. Somebody would go, a team. There used to be an old guy here, George Elsie. He had horses, two team of horses. He'd get all that flour, put it in a sleigh, the big sleigh. The horses would carry that, and then he'd pass them around....various people. And then they'd give him a little bit of flour [as payment for hauling]. A pretty good old guy that....He would get it for all the people around here, whoever ordered the flour. Most the people ordered the flour.

And this guy would bring it for us, from Alonsa....George, George Elsie[?], they called him....That's that old guy....[He lived] at Reedy Creek here. Reedy Creek is only about four miles down. It used to be a post office, but I don't know if it's still there. I think it's still there.

Getting enough food for the table was a challenge, and people found unusual ways to make a living. One of them was the gathering of Seneca Root.

Digging Seneca Root, that's another way of living them old days. They were a good price too. Well, not a good price, but you make a good living on it. Digging one whole week you might get two bags, and you buy lots of stuff....It used to be fifty cents [a pound], but them old days they only paid, my dad used to say, seven cents.

In them old days there, when they were going to buy Seneca Root, my old dad used to tell us, there was a flower hanging all over the post offices, the stores, a flower, you know. 'That's going to be good money; that's medicine,' them storekeepers would say. 'We're gonna buy...lots of it.'

And then we didn't know it was that. And then they asked all over. An old lady said, looking at that, 'Oh! that's *weensecanse*. There's lots of it here.' Where the people are living now, where nobody lived, there was lots.

Some of the oldtimers Alfred knew had their own stories about gathering Seneca Root. But he isn't sure everything they said about those days was absolutely true.

> And then this old guy would tell us, old Pierre Houle, old Pete Houle, 'The next day they start digging. You didn't dig with the shovel now, what you guys are using today,' he says, 'the shovel. We had those picks. And then I had a blanket there, no bag (because today we got bag for Seneca Root, throw it in that bag then, eh?) First thing you know, you got lots of roots. I put a blanket like this. (on the ground) Didn't even look, just threw it there. Ah, noon hour, I looked. Oh, I got a pile of root there. In the evening, I couldn't tie that thing up, couldn't tie it.'

Next day they all wanted to know how much are they worth. There was a store at Kinosota over there, old Manitoba House they called it. His name was Lockhart, that storekeeper. Well, they all went there. They all walked, but the horses would carry...in wagons that Seneca Root because it was so much of it. Taken two days to gather it.

> 'Boy,' he [Pete Houle] says, 'I had mine there, a big pile. And they start sell. Oh, boy they buy a lot of stuff. Then mine came on that scale'
>
> And then this storekeeper asks, 'What you want for your root?' Pete says, 'There's a horse standing outside there. I want that horse.' He was just joking, but the storekeeper thought he meant it. The storekeeper says, 'Take that horse. OK? That's just about how much you got there for one horse.' [Laughs] I don't know, eh. We didn't believe him.
>
> 'Well how much was your root?' [someone asked old Pete Houle] 'Well, around four dollars, and that horse was worth four dollars,' he says. That's what he's telling, you know, and that horse isn't worth much!...That root came up [to] two dollars [a pound]. Now I think it's three dollars a pound, green, and they're buying that again.

Making a living, whether from trapping, gathering Seneca Root, or threshing for the farmers in the fall was a struggle. And so was education.

> I started school here, I was seven years old. There was a little school right here, so I started. My older brothers were in Sandy Bay...,They were there. They were trying to put me there. But, no, no, I don't want to go there. I don't want to go there. The priest would come here, Father Paulette, they called him. One of his eyes was kind of crossed, you know. He used to come here and ask me, 'You'd better come with me, come to school over there.' I said, 'No, I'm not going. Well, maybe someday I'll go.

but not now.' So I went to school here, with the school teacher by the name of Taggart, and then he became a priest someplace. No hair. Smart, smart teacher. He had what you call those...short wave...radio....

In the 1930s, when there were no phones at Ebb and Flow, the short-wave radio was its link to the outside world. Reggie Taggart made plenty of use of it, especially during the winter when people needed Dr. Gendreau from Ste. Rose.

Well, everybody who's gonna need him, would go and leave their message there [at Reggie's], they want to see the doctor....He'd call to Winnipeg. Then [they would] relay the message to the doctor [at Ste. Rose]. And the doctor would come on a snowplane. Snowplane...not airplane...they're on the ground [like a bombardier] but they were faster. You could hear it for miles from here, coming....They'd go anywhere....Somebody would get seriously sick. And [Taggart] he'd call from here, from that school. He had everything upstairs. You used to hear like this, [tapping sound] and, well, nobody believed it....There was no cars them days. You can't travel on the road, because...that road to Ste. Rose was about this high of snow. Bank was about this high. No road. Nothing open. No snowplows, I guess.

There used to be a guy there [Ste. Rose] had that snowplane, going around with the doctor. His name was Nick Guyot. That's the guy that was carrying the doctor....So he'd come [the doctor], and then while he was there he was checking around everybody. He used to come to our place over there. My dad knew him pretty good, the doctor, Gendreau. I think he was about the same age, I guess....He used to come a lot here.[41]

Mr. Taggart was the school teacher at Ebb and Flow during much of the thirties.

I must have been around thirteen when he left. Then I moved to Sandy Bay then, eh. That's where I finished my schooling, and he was gone. He was a good teacher....I stayed here till I was about [Grade] Four or Five, and then I go to over there....I didn't even finish grade seven.

Alfred was at Sandy Bay Residential School "about two, three years."

I had two smaller brothers. I had to look after these little guys here, so that's the reason I went there. My kid brothers....They finish school there, too.

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[41] For a picture of a snowplane, see *Patience, Pride, and Progress*, p. 28. For a picture of the road to Ste. Rose in the old days before paved highways, see p. 29.

Alfred liked his stay at Sandy Bay. "Good sleeping and good meals, and a good place to play and everything, you know." As he recalls, the school was a three-story, wooden building, about one hundred and fifty feet long. According to what he remembers, the children slept on the "second floor." The classrooms were,

> Right on the top over there....Second floor was mostly...where the nuns and priests [lived]. There was one priest there who lived a long time. I guess since that thing was built. Father Chagnon...The main floor...that's where you eat and to play. Not really big, but enough size to play anyways. And the girls had theirs, too. And there was a place you eat and cooking, and all that....And there was in the middle there a chapel, a big chapel, and one on the north side.

When asked about what he learned there, Alfred will tell you in a joking way, "Not a hell of a lot," but on reflection, he will give a fuller answer.

> I don't know. We learned quite a bit. They even trained us to work, you know. Work in the barn, how to clean the stables out, how to milk cows, and feed pigs, everything, you know. Two guys working there; they train us. That's mostly the training for the older guys, you know, so you could come out and you'll be able to work someplace, and learn how to look after the cattle and feed them and how to milk the cows. I use to have two cows myself too, to milk them. That's them black and white, that's Holstein. Yeah, that's funny them Holstein. All of a sudden, you milk and then stop.

What Alfred is referring to is the habit of cows to occasionally withhold their milk.

> 'Well, leave him alone for two minutes.' Then I'd get up and go back there, and there's a lot of milk again. One of those cows, milk one big pail. Give you lot of milk. I learned that for one thing. And I learned how to clean the stables, how to clean the manure with the fork. I learned that, too. And I learned how to go for hay and the horses. That's what I learned in that school, I mean about the working part of it. Working for a farmer.
>
> And I go to school in the evening sometimes. There was a lot of praying though. Yeah, we get up early in the morning, six-thirty. You got to go to the chapel. And before you go to sleep, you'd go to the chapel. Well I said to my buddies there, the boys, I said 'Boy, whenever I get out of here, I'm gonna have enough praying for the rest of my life.' (laughs) And then I don't go to church. That's what we used to say.
>
> Everybody would get mad, while you're playing. Seven o'clock in the evening, 'Well, church time, everybody.' 'Cause we didn't even use to play a lot there, playing pool,

playing cards, and everything, you know. So, while we're amusing ourselves, and all of a sudden somebody would be calling us, 'Praying time.' Everybody would go.

So, I guess, in a way, that was good. And they always tell you not to do this and that, you know, stealing and everything. So I learned quite a lot there. Although I did not learn much education, I've learned a lot. So that helped me when I was a chief. I was a chief for twenty years.

Although he does not feel he received the best education at Sandy Bay, he learned enough to get by. He does not believe that school was abusive as others have claimed.

I went against that. I don't believe that....Well like in...the dormitory you know, kids all over, boys. But I never noticed anything....Just sleeping. A guy would come in once in a while, and I'd know this guy, and then popped out again....To guard the boys, you know....So, I was totally against that thing, about what they were saying about the priest. Maybe some other priest but, not where I was, not them priests.

Alfred has spoken to others who share his view.

I talk to some of them now about that. And then they said, 'Nothing ever happened to us,' they said. I don't know why...they're talking about this. How all of a sudden, this can come up....I know some people they were getting paid to go there for a week, to make up these stories. It's a big story. I know that. Maybe some I don't know....I don't know, why they're against this [residential school]. I know they're against it, but I don't know why.

After he left school, Alfred returned to Ebb and Flow, and trapped with his father during the winter months.

But in the summer time, we mostly...lived in the Ste. Rose area there, trapping and working....We used to brush the bush and everything like that, picking stones, and all that.

It was during the 1940s that he married Lillian Mousseau under rather unusual circumstances.

Fifty years ago, since I got married...last summer....My wife comes right in here, around in this place here. I had a house here all the time....She was very young, fifteen, sixteen, and I was about...I was about twenty-two when I got married. But, we stayed together for a year. Practice, I guess. [laughter]

Her parents...I guess, they walked over there to that priest, 'cause we said, 'No, no, we're not gonna get married.' We had a little boy already there. That Lawrence there...'And, no, we don't have to get married.' All of a sudden, the priest came to the house, where they were living, right here. Anyways, he came there. 'Well,' he says to my wife there, 'You have to get married now, because we are not gonna allow this staying together like this anymore.' 'Well,' I said, 'We are not even prepared for anything.' 'Well, it doesn't matter,' he says, 'You gotta do it now, or this may never happen again.' So I said, 'OK,' right there.

So we got outside. There was an old lady standing there, and there was my buddy there, Freddy Flett. 'Well, boy,' he says, 'I should run for somebody there.' 'No, no, no, we do it right now,' I says, 'Take that old lady [as a witness], that's that old Jean Racette's wife.' Boy, I didn't like that, but anyways we got married....If we would have known, I could have just walked away. Because this way if I wanna go home, I'd go home. And go some place where I wanna go, but now I'm married. Well, what the hell am I gonna do? [Laughs]

Although he had been shy of marriage, Alfred settled down to domestic life. Soon he had his own place, small, but suitable to the needs of his family.

First fall and winter I had a home all ready. We built one....This old man helped me. He was a carpenter....Indian Affairs [paid for] part of it, like the roofing, the windows, the doors and the rest of it we had to use, ah?....All you needed in them days was a cookstove, eh, and a heater. That's all. That's all you had and nothing else. And the rest is boiling pots and frying pans. We all had that, eh?.....We had some stoves, those little tin heaters. That's what I had when I was living over there. Then I used to get a load of wood. My father-in-law had horses. I'd go for a load of wood anytime I want to and cut it up.

Alfred remembers an amusing incident from those days. As was customary for all small children, his little girl was wrapped up tightly in blankets for warmth and put on the bed to go to sleep. Then she 'disappeared.' Alfred explains.

When the kids were small, we had to keep an eye on our kids, [so] they don't throw their bed sheets up, and [get] cold, eh? I know one time we had a laugh. We had...a little girl. That's Hazel; she's working in the band office now. And my dad says, 'Where's that little girl?' She was just small, you know....But she fell down, between the two beds, here. She was stuck in there. [Laughs] 'Oh, oh, there she is right here.' I don't know if she was sleeping. She didn't make any noise!

Care of his children was more than checking on them at bedtime. It also required providing them with their needs. There was nothing at Westbourne now. After the Second World War, farmers shifted from threshing machines to combines. There was no longer any need to stook sheaves. As a result, Alfred turned to trapping, just like his father had done, to provide his family with the necessities.

> We went through the tough times. The people...my age knew all this. They knew all the hardships we had, to try to make it go for a living. A good thing I didn't have many kids yet....When I got married, I had kids, and...I had to trap everyday. Everyday to survive, you know. Get some squirrels and sometimes I got the odd mink....I went across this lake early in the morning, across another lake over there, just this side of Dog Creek. I used to trap around there. And go north, and then come across this way again....I was trapping all over the place. I even went to this side of Portage, the Delta Marsh.
>
> I [was] trapping with....Bonaparte Racette, pretty good chum of mine, trapping, and everything. Played ball with him, too. So that's how we got together and trapped all winter. Sometimes sleeping in the snow, not in the snow, but...we only had two small blankets. And I guess he had the same thing. But we slept together, you know. Put a little bit of hay and sleep there. We had to travel, hunting. One time, many times, we had to tent there. We had to leave that tent, and go another place over there, and we didn't want to come back. So we had to sleep outside. We survived.

Survival could entail some unusual manoeuvres. During World War II, they had to be careful to avoid the bullets at the army training base near Dauphin.

> We...used to trapping where they were training, that...last war, 1945. We were told not to go in the lake, 'cause they were shooting there. Bullets, you know. Practice, ah?....That's in...Dauphin Beach. They was trained there. And we used to be just right in the bush there. But soon as they quit, we'd go down. We would go out...Sundays, 'cause they didn't work on Sundays. But we'd be there on Sundays, all day....

There wasn't much else besides trapping and odd jobs for a man on the reserve to do, so Alfred's prospects were poor. To make matters worse, he had health problems.

> I got sick....I shot a jumper across the lake over there, and made a big fire, skinned that deer, but I could only carry half. So I packed it in my packsack there, put half and leave the rest all wrapped up with the deer hide, so's I could pick it up. I try to

make it small, and leave it there and cover it up with snow. Next morning, I'd come and pick it up. That's across the lake, about seven - eight miles from here.

So I started out, started out right through. No road. Nothing. About halfways down from here, I felt kind of funny. So I guess I hold the blood here eh, (points to arm) circulation, the blood, my arms. Then I look at my arms. Oh, they were big, you know. So I took my bag off, and stayed there for a while. I was sweating. I got home. I told my wife, I said, 'There's something wrong with me'. Took my shirt off and everything. Then she kinda worked on my arms, washed in hot water, and then cold water, and I started to get better.

And that spring I got sick....I was trapping up south there, rats. This thing started [ear infection]....And that's when I started sick. I was sick eight years. I was eight years in the hospital, off and on. Two days, three days till that thing would go down. Come home, back again....But...the doctor, Gendreau, he was a good doctor, and he says, 'You're gonna [be] sick about six years; it's not gonna hurt you.' About eight years, I was back to normal again.

Ill health coupled with limited economic opportunities meant a bleak future for the Beaulieu family and many other people on the reserve. An amusing story illustrates how bad things could get.

Them old people used to talk a lot....One woman here sent two cows. Shipped two cows, truck, you know....And that cheque came back, and she owed, I think, three dollars. And the old lady was looking, 'How much is this cheque?' 'Nothing,' I said, 'You owe three dollars. You should have kept them here.' [laughs] [S]he should have butchered those cows instead!

By the 1950s, the situation was bad enough that Alfred, now a member of the band council, joined his fellow councillors to do something about it.

One year, that was around 1951, 52, we got help....We want to go and see the Indian Affairs. I was in the council, you know. Jane Houle, me, Willie Mancheese, James Malcolm, we were the four councillors, and the Chief was Peter Baptiste. So Peter Baptiste couldn't go. He said, 'I can't make it.' So anyways, the four of us, 'Let's go anyways; we have a car anyway.' So we went [to Dauphin]. A hard spring and that was around March, February, in there, hard times. So we went to the Indian Affairs. There was a guy by the name of Ken Stewell. He was the assistant to the Indian Agent, so we went to see this guy. 'Well,' he says, 'You have to talk to the Agent.' Well, the Agent, he came down and says, 'No, no, just go ahead and help them, what

they want....Give them what they want.' So we got the welfare. I don't know how many kids I had, about three or four. We got forty dollars. That was good money, forty dollars - that's a month.

The council distributed the money according to need.

Well, we brought everybody orders for the whole thing. We spent our time there [in Dauphin], making the orders pretty even. So, if they have four kids, forty dollars for four kids...something like that. So...that helped a lot, you know.

You're a trapper, or...a fisherman, or something like working in the lake, that [welfare money] helped you a lot to buy stuff. Then people started to buy couches and things like that, chairs. Of course we always had tables, old chairs, and then we started to pick up there. When I became Chief, I worked for the people pretty hard, to get more relief, more welfare. So it happened that way, because I was one of the poorest them times, and I know what the hard times was. So I had to look after my people....So we lived on pretty good.

Although they were getting by, Alfred was anxious to see other improvements. That is why he ran for chief. Once elected, he gave up trapping to devote himself to civic government. He served between 1964 and 1970 and between 1982 and 1994, a total of twenty years. During that time, he was able to see important changes in the reserve.

I guess that is one reason I became Chief for a long time, because I looked after my people. And then, after a while when I was a Chief for about three years, four years, we looked into the school. There was a guy by the name of Al Friesen, school Superintendent from Dauphin. He used to come and see me. He says, 'Alfred, you better get away from the old school there.' He used to call it an old barn, that little school there, eight grades there, one teacher.

So I started [to] talk to the people, went around. Some people helped me, but some people went against it. 'No, I don't want my kids to go to Bacon Ridge, ah, Hill Ridge.'...There was a school over there. They were pretty well getting to be good organized. There was eight classes already. One teacher in every class. So this guy, that's what he was after, you know, Friesen. He says, 'You better do it this summer,' he says. And then your kids will be in one [class]. They're gonna learn fast.

Well, I had my kids starting to school. That little Hazel there, she's pretty bright, you know, when she was going to school here. She was going to school here and that really convinced me I had to further the education of my girls. And...this Alice, my

oldest, was already in Grade 6, Hazel was Grade 4. And then they put Hazel in Grade 5. No, she's not a Grade 5, she's gotta go to Grade 6, so she jumped that Grade 5, and go to grade 6. So she caught up [to] her...big sister.

So anyways I worked that up, and then finally we got it approved, the kids to get some buses. Some guys would be working there. We had two buses to start with. The two guys were getting jobs, and [other] guys were getting jobs working over there at the school, too. So that's a start. Well, that was pretty good....The school was built there, that Hillridge School; it was there already. I knew that Principal there, Napper, AJ Napper.

They were bused over there. And everybody wake up, you know, and says that's good. The kids are learning pretty good, pretty fast now. Two years time, the kids... and my girls, finish Grade 8 there. So they went to Ste. Rose. They were bused to Ste. Rose to...Grade 10. That Hazel graduated there. She graduated in Brandon and...the other one [Alice], well, she went up to Grade 10, too. And that really start up everything.

And then this old principal after, says, 'Let's build a bigger school here [at Hillridge], big gymnasium.' That's what he was after first. I said, 'No. We're gonna build our own school....And then we worked oh, for a few years, four-five years, to get that school built, and I had a pretty good council to back me up, good band manager to back me up....Even doctors or people back me up to build a new school, release the land there for the province...thirty some acres, I guess.

So we done that. They wanted that. They says, 'If you release the land, we'll build a school. All right, nothing hard about it. We release that land to the province to build the school. And then when we build that school, everything was booming here. Jobs, there was about fifty jobs there now. Everybody's working, so first when I took the kids over there, some people would talk to me bad about it, you know. 'You shouldn't do that. We don't wanna mix with those people.' 'Well,' I said, 'We have to.' I said, 'Listen here, we're mixing with those people right now. We're playing ball together, we're playing hockey together with those people, and we're even having parties with those people.' So what! 'What's wrong here?' I says, 'Why don't you do the same thing what I'm doing. I'm trying to unite this community....We don't want to fight all the time....That's no good.'

And now everything is equal, everybody is equal. You go there, or I come. They come here and I go there, and I get along with everybody. I've got more friends over

there than here now. Yeah, that's what started. Otherwise, some other places, they're a different people on the other side. The border on the other side; it's "Don't go there!". So I didn't wanna see that, you know, 'cause I knew I could do it and I did it. So that's why we're going to school together now....And I think that everybody's glad that we did this.

Never one to resist change, Alfred is positive about the band's decision to assume total control of the school.

I think it's gonna work all right. When I was a Chief, we started to talk about it already then. But, I wasn't involved in that part much....All I was going by is the reports from school, the school committee. So I look at the report. Well, everything was good, so why should I go and bother? I never had no trouble with teachers, never had no argument, nothing. So I was satisfied. Something goes wrong, well, I talk to the Principal, nobody else. The Principal will tell me to look into this. The parents blame the teacher, you know. "You gotta do something about it!" 'Well,' I said, 'I got nothing to do about it, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go and see the Principal. He can settle this.'...So I used to go and see the Principal, [he'd] tell me what was wrong, and then a report came, and everything was settled, instead of arguing with the people and making fights.

We didn't work that way. I know they were complaining about one school driver over there, so I talked to the guy. I said, 'I got a letter to show you here, partner. Come here.' So I showed him that letter. Well, he had good excuses to protect himself. So anyways I says, 'I'm gonna go and see the...school Principal; then he's gonna talk to you.' So I went to see the school Principal and show him the letter. 'Get that guy in and talk to him.' 'OK, I'll do that for you.' So everything settled down. That way we didn't have to fight anybody, and the arguments stopped right there.

Although education was a major concern while Alfred was chief, he and his council had other interests, too.

We got a pretty good store there....We build that store too....And we built the arena too....That all happened when I was [chief], but I had a good council, and I had a good band manager. The band manager I had, that's the one that's Chief now, Louis Malcolm....He's a good Chief.

Alfred is anxious to see further improvement in Ebb and Flow, especially economic development.

We always talked about building up something here, some industry like sewing factory or something. I gotta guy in Winnipeg there. I talked to him. He's selling jackets, uniforms for kids, shoes, Arnold Asham. He's from here. He used to be about four - five miles from here. And then he came up [to] visit me in [the] Canadiana Inn [in Winnipeg]....So we visit quite a while at night there, and then he says, 'Maybe we can start up a factory there, selling shoes and uniforms, jackets, everything and pants, and socks and everything.' 'Oh,' I says, 'That'll be a good idea. I'll bring it up with the new Chief there.'...Oh, he was quite impressed about that. My impression is, frankly, that'll be good.

And then, we were talking about building a mini-mall here, you know....The people are going to Ste. Rose to shop,...a long ways to go. That's thirty miles from here, and then you spend about twenty-five, thirty dollars to go and shop. Well, if you had a mini-mall here you could save that money, eh?...That's what we're trying to do now.

Alfred feels the population in and around Ebb and Flow would support such a project.

With the Metis side there, it's...close to two thousand [people]. That's the surrounding area like Reedy Creek and Kinosota. They got no place to go now, you know....And across the lake here, there's Vogar. It's only about half an hour drive. They'd be coming here, if we build a mall here, small mini-mall, not a big one, but...some offices there, and different stores.

One ways to obtain money for such projects is to make sure as much money as possible is spent in the community now.

When I was in there too, I got...V.L.T's....That makes money....It stays here....They're saving that money. But sometimes they let us know when they're taking that money for some reason, a good cause. They're not playing around with that money.

They [also] got that tobacco tax. We got some tobacco here and give our slips over there and then the band gets that tax. It comes in quite a bit....The province gives it back to the band. There's three, four, places here that's selling tobacco and two places for gas. To get gasoline tax. And there's quite a bit of money made in...those two, slot machines and tax. They're doing pretty good there at the office. And as the council goes, most of them are highly...educated...so they're way better than when I [was] in. [Laughs]

He may have had little education, but Alfred has a great deal of sense. Nowhere is this better expressed than in his efforts on behalf of youth. He has major concerns about the youth.

> The young people today, they are smart, but they're abusing their life, stealing for money and stealing to buy that marijuana....And there's about three or four guys...selling here. And I'm totally against, but what can I do? That's one thing the kids don't know. How they're abusing their lives.
>
> I think...what should be done is have a meeting with those kids...try to convince them to quit this, because some of them are playing hockey. That's a good life to play hockey, because you got your mind on that thing, instead of going over there to smoke.

For Alfred sports are an answer to the problems of youth. When he attended the residential school, he played on a baseball team, and he continued to play when he returned home.

> We had a good team. That's the small ball, eh? We had a good team, and still we have a good team. Yeah, I played ball quite a bit....I coached after, when I quit playing ball. I started when I was still playing ball, too. I coached a little bit....I still coach.
>
> The boys came here the other day. I told them last year, 'I think this is gonna be my last year.' And they came here, and they said, 'No.' They said, 'We want you again next year.' I said, 'OK.'

There is a good reason why his team still wants Alfred. He coached some pretty good teams in his day, and they have gone places.

> Well, the big championships, that's where we go. Like Saskatchewan, we took about three or four championships there already. And then we took our team to Goodfish, Alberta.
>
> I had a pretty good team in my days, you know, when I was a ball player....Bonaparte Racette, he was a great pitcher, that guy. He beat teams from anywhere in Manitoba. And then that kept on going, and we developed some pitchers, and I've always had a good pitcher - two, three pitchers. And that kept on, and then I had to quit playing ball. I was about forty years old. Then I started coaching. I had some good players here. I had them in the little league. I started them when they were small. Some of those guys are still playing. I'm the only coach all those years. I used to go out on Sundays, when I didn't work. And that really kept my life happy, 'cause I had to do

something, instead of getting drunk on Sundays....And then the Indian Days started. That was 1969, 1971. The Indian Days started in Lower Fort Garry...and then we took the championship there. We kept on taking those championships. And then, I guess they got tired of us, and they quit.

And then they invited us in White Bear, Saskatchewan, to go and play. But it's all white men from around that district, you know. They even had two teams from the States to beat us, and we beat them, yeah. We took the championship there about three, four times already. They're still calling us. We go to Neepawa,. We win there every year, but that's all white men though, white teams from Neepawa, and Minnedosa, even Dauphin.

We got pretty good team. And then, we went to Goodfish. We were invited in Goodfish. I guess they heard about us. 'We got two teams to play, to play you guys,' he says, 'To start with.' (They were teasing us, you know) You play two games; then you go home.' [Laughs] And then we...beat everybody there.

We beat a team from over there, they call them Lac la Biche. They were pretty good. They had a professional ball player in there, but we knew what to do with him. And then we win that championship. They want us back, but that's a long ways to drive. It costs about a thousand dollars to get there and to come back. And we didn't make nothing, but we got the name, trophies anyways. As long as we got the money back to come home and then we go. I don't know how many times we went to Saskatchewan, White Bear.

And then these Aboriginal Games in the States....We had some pretty good opposition at the end there, from that team, they call Bemidji....We met that States team there...two years ago. Oh, there was a lot of people. Some people from way up south there, they call them Negro Indians. I was talking to a guy there. He says, 'That's what they're calling us.' I says, 'Why they call you that?' 'Well,' he says, 'We'd been with the colored people...and first thing you know we're more blacker, and so they call us Negro Indians.'

Alfred is convinced that sports keep the youth out of trouble.

If you're in the sport. Of course you can't be sporty all the time. But you got to work, too. It helps the people to keep away from mischief, drinking and smoking. If they want to play ball, they'll have to play ball instead of doing this in the evenings.

For Alfred, baseball is a discipline. It helps build good character and determination in his young players. For instance, because of their aboriginal

background, his players sometimes face racist taunts from the crowds, all of them designed to get them angry and off balance, so that they will begin to make mistakes. Wisely, Alfred advises them how to handle this kind of provocation.

> Sometimes you hear something from the crowd, and you don't listen when you're playing ball. You don't even pay attention, because if you get mad, well, you gotta fight pretty near everybody in the crowd.

This is good counsel. Anyone who can withstand the jeers and taunts of the rude, the stupid, and the ill-informed is much better able to play the game of life. He is more likely to win baseball games, too, as Alfred's teams have done over the years. Alfred ought to know because he faced a defeat of sorts a long time ago himself, and he learned from it.

> When I was young I had a tryout with Neepawa baseball team. I was there for about a week. But I had just got married then. I was about twenty two, twenty three, and when the practice [was over] they'd all would go home. I was alone in the hotel. I got lonesome. I said, 'No, I'm not gonna play ball any more, the hell with it. I'm lonesome for my kids.' I had two kids already, Alice and Lawrence. 'No, I'm gonna go home this weekend, not gonna play ball with Birnie here in Neepawa.' I was playing for Neepawa.
>
> So the new uniforms come in Monday or Tuesday. His name was Jim English, that manager there, an old manager. I said, 'No, I don't want to.' 'Why?' 'Well,' I said, 'I don't wanna play ball here.' He says 'Too strange?' [I says] 'I know the boys are good to me, but every time I go and eat at the cafe there, there is about half a dozen guys come up there looking at me. Where the hell I come from? And some say I come from south.' [laughs] I says, 'I don't like...they're talking about me on the other table. I hear them.' So I says, 'I'm not gonna play ball anymore. The boys are good to me, the ball players, but the people, you know, they're questioning who I am, what am I doing here, what's wrong with our boys, so I gotta quit anyways.' So that's the last one I played there.

Alfred learned from that experience. It was humbling to be an outsider and have to face the derision of ignorant people. It was humbling, too, to realize his family was more important to him than the game of baseball. He could have looked upon his homecoming as a defeat. Instead, he applied what he had learned. More can be accomplished by a team of like-minded people, who respect and honour one another, than ever can be achieved by one person among strangers. That's one

reason why Alfred is never bothered by setbacks. You simply learn from them and carry on. When you are down, you just get up again and start all over.

> We used to be in the big league games. The teams from towns here, they used to come here, and then we'd go, too. There was a lot of people here every time we played here. And Kinosota team was there too, Sandy Bay, and Sandy Bay dropped out, and we kept on going until we couldn't make a league team. But we're talking again to make a league team next year.
>
> They've always had a good hockey team here....Like there's two guys that went to the junior hockey. Then they came back, and they were the trainers. And then the teams started....That's that Rene Hunter; he played for the Dauphin Kings. And John North; he played for [the] Dauphin team. And then we organized a big league team, not a big league, but better than the way they were. So we went to tournaments in Kenora, Ontario, and they win quite a few tournaments.
>
> They had a pretty good team. They still have a team, but they're getting slower, a little bit slow, not as good. Some guys are not even coming back to play. They quit. So that's the bad part of hockey, eh? You play too hard, hard on the legs, get hurt. Not like baseball. You don't get hurt.

Coaching local baseball is one passion of Alfred's, but he has other interests as well. For instance, he is back at trapping.

> The furs, they're coming up....I'm going to sell foxes over there [at Amaranth]. I only got twenty bucks from the storekeeper, from the fur buyer, over there. According to the books, they're worth fifty bucks, on sale....Even the muskrat, they're about twelve dollars, a muskrat skin today.
>
> We went out, quite many times this year with my boy there [grandson Joe "Sonny" Beaulieu]. That's one of my daughter's sons I sort of telling how to set a trap. He's pretty good, so he caught a few mink, and then he wanted to sell to that guy there. The minks we let them live so long a period there. They don't multiply that much.

Alfred has noticed that many animals besides the mink are not multiplying, in spite of the fact they have not been hunted much in the past few years.

> Like the wolves there. They get that mange they call it....They're not multiplying, even the rabbits....even the jumpers, the deer. There's not that many, and there's lot of the people around here quit nightlighting. They used to go out nightlighting, but now that's stopped, no change in the deer at all. There's no more than what there were.

> We didn't trap much...for quite a while, because all the good buyers we had here, like Wilkinson and Adam, [stopped buying]. Wilkinson was the best one, and when he died, his sons bought for a while. Their store burned down...and then when they quit, well, nobody to buy, so everybody quit trapping.

Even though most people have stopped trapping altogether, Alfred has a dim view of those who would abolish hunting altogether.

> I don't even listen to them...'cause some poor people have been living on that [trapping] for many years, so why should we stop that, eh?

Traditional trapping is a right Alfred would like to preserve. However, he is not so sure traditional foods have much of a place in the modern diet.

> We got a lot of beaver, but we don't eat those. Well beaver tail, some kids...eat it, muskrat tail, some of them. But, you know, the kids are changing. We eat rabbit. And 'No, I don't want to eat it.' They don't want to eat it. They don't eat like the way we eat. They don't even eat meat. They want potato chips or something. They eat potato chips and one drink, and that's their dinner. If my daughters bring in the pizza here, that's the one they go for.

In his youth, Alfred ate quite differently from his grandchildren. His favourite food was bannock.

> And our old people, nothing better than lard; some didn't even want to eat butter. And potatoes and deer meat. Deer meat is what we lived on. Even rabbits [rabbit stews]. Put some potatoes in there, and that was a good meal....Them days, you could eat fat, because most of the time you were hungry, especially when you were trapping. Walking around, you know, you can eat anything....My old dad used to cook muskrat when we were travelling. And we don't eat it right away, eh? It had to be cold...and then after that it was good. More taste I guess, more taste than a rabbit. But you eat the muskrat once or twice, and that's it....I still hunt for muskrat. We get some from the north there, from Skownan, trappers over there, 'cause there's hardly any muskrat here. Too dry, I guess.

In spite of the changes he has seen, Alfred Beaulieu is optimistic about the future of his home community. He has to be because he and Lillian had a big family.

> There's nine kids, ten, one died...a baby, a newborn baby, you know. .Stillborn. Of those nine kids, there were six girls, and three boys.....The oldest one is Lawrence, second oldest would be Alice, third one would be Hazel, fourth would be Rita, and

Debra and then the boy there Joseph, and Sharon, Christopher, and Elaine....My oldest boy now is fifty....

With grandchildren and great-grandchildren coming up, Alfred wants to see a bright future open up for them. Certainly it is possible, if other men and women in the community can follow his example and work, not only for improved economic conditions, but for social improvements as well. It takes effort to coach a baseball or hockey team, to man the teen canteen, and be there as a role model for youth, but that's what it takes to build a strong community. Alfred has lived by that belief all his life.

Old Hillridge School (Courtesy Lee Heroux)

Group of Ebb and Flow Residents, *circa* late 1940s. Louisa Malcolm Flett is the woman wearing the white apron. Standing, second from the left, is her mother, Catherine Flett Malcolm. A useful student research project would be to enlarge this picture, identify the remainder of the people portrayed in it, then display the labelled photograph prominently in the school. (Courtesy Jack Mulvena, Langruth)

Louisa Flett (Courtesy Lee Heroux)

Louisa Flett

Louisa Marie Flett was born 29 January 1923 at Ebb and Flow, the youngest child of John Malcolm and Catherine Flett. She is known as Louisa or *Chee-goo-quay*, a nickname for which she cannot give a meaning. "I don't know," she says, "All I know is that Elie Mousseau called me that. Ask him!" She had five brothers, James, John Robert, Ray, Charlie, and George, and a sister Liza, who died young. Later on, she had two half-sisters, Jane and Alice, the surviving children of four born to her mother and Jean Racette after her father's death.

Her early memories are sketchy. As far as she knows, her parents came from Ebb and Flow originally. They lived in a shack on the north side of the graveyard, but she remembers little about it. Her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Flett, looked after her most of the time. She recalls that some people travelled using horses, while others walked. The road from Ebb and Flow down to Portia was "one big snake road," winding its way across country.

She knows little about her parents or those early years in Ebb and Flow because her father died of tuberculosis, when she was only four years of age.

> My dad died, and my mom was trying to help herself out making hides....She was tanning hides, making leather jackets and mitts and everything....That's why she put us all at the residential school, because she was too poor to keep us....My mother got hides from whoever shot a deer or animal. From the people around here. The white people used to bring them, [too]. She beaded all of her hide work. I don't remember where she got beads. They went to Westbourne, all over the place, and that's where she got them, I suppose. I don't know. She made moccasins, mukluks, baskets, and carpets. That's how she made a living in the wintertime.

Her mother was skilled. Besides beadwork, she also embroidered using silk thread, as well as the hair from the horse's tail, which she dyed different colours. Louisa recalls the patterns her mother used.

> It's almost the same patterns as Noo-noose [Catherine Malcolm, wife of Louisa's brother John Robert]. That's where Noo-noose got the patterns from, probably from my mom. That's where most of the ladies got the patterns from is from my mom. My mother was very skilled at patterns and working with leather. I didn't bother what my mother done. I just wasn't interested.

In spite of her talents, Louisa's mother never had much money. Even in her later years, when she could no longer work much, she received little assistance.

> Toward the end there, when she was going to die, my mother only received $7.65 for her ration. She used to go and get tea, flour, rice, and bacon from the ration house they used to call it. They used to put them in pieces for her, besides. That was in Ebb and Flow near the school. They had a shed there. The chief [then was] Abraham Houle Sr. [His Indian name was Ma-chee-sis.]

After her father's death, Louisa and her brothers and sisters were sent to the Sandy Bay Residential School.

> All of us went...except for Alice. Some didn't stay long, but I was the one that stayed *long*! And John Robert Malcolm, that's my brother, he worked in Sandy Bay as a night watchman for I don't know how many years.

Although one might expect that it would be her mother Louisa felt the greatest yearning for in those first days away from home, it was her grandmother she really missed.

> Usually I was always with my grandmother, Eva's [Eva Shuttleworth's] mother, and my mom's mom. I was always there.

Since she was only four when she went to Sandy Bay, she wasn't quite ready to go to school yet, so she did other things.

> I remember I used to run away. I used to go with the priest, take me to the south farm.

Her brothers, of course, had to attend their classes, so they stayed at the school, not just during the week, but on the week-ends, too. Unlike the day students who came from the nearby Sandy Bay reserve, they were in residence and too far away from home to return there each week-end. Instead, they remained at Sandy Bay during the entire school year. On rare occasions, they might be visited from Ebb and Flow, but as Louisa recalls, these only occurred "once in a while, 'cause my mom was very poor." She and her brothers went home for the summer on June 30, and Louisa recalls being back and forth between her mother's and her Grandmother Flett's home until it was time to return to school August 15.

Louisa was at Sandy Bay until she was fourteen years of age; then she spent another two years at the Fort Alexander School. She liked it much better than at Sandy Bay, although, "it was pretty well the same size of school."

> There was a test for T.B. in Sandy Bay School. They found that I had T.B. I was then sent to Fort Alex. I was there in 1937, '38, and '39. They made a preventorium there, they called it, you know, for us to rest there....I was examined by a doctor. He prescribed me T.B. pills. I took them for two years while in Fort Alex.

She also recalls that her treatment involved plenty of bed rest and lots of milk to drink. Still, that convalescence did not mar her memories of her time away at school. In spite of illness, Louisa enjoyed her years at the residential schools.

> [Sandy Bay] was a big school with lots of rooms....There were a hundred and sixty-eight girls, and a hundred and sixty-nine boys....It was a big school, and when I left, it was extended on both sides....
>
> The classrooms were in the middle of the building, second floor. That's where we used to go to school to Grade Six. There were four floors in the school. There was a big grandfather clock. There was, where you go to meet father, an office; that's where there was a clock. And there was a clock in the classroom.

There were playrooms in the school, and after the evening meal and study time were over, Louisa recalls going to the one for the girls.

> They were in a different place from the boys. We were in a different playroom. And we had toys there. Games, some games. And record players....We had an old organ. They had one in the chapel, [too]. That's where my brother Charlie learned from...by one of the sisters. He was a *good* organist. [Sometimes] we went to church in the evening.

The dormitories were on the third floor.

> The nuns had their own rooms. The boys and girls were separated, the boys on one side of the school, the girls on the other side....John Robert, my brother, was a night watchman....He used to unlock that door to come in and check there. I don't know if there was something there. He used to come and unlock it, and lock it up again. But, well, no way somebody to come in. The nun had a room in our dormitory. [In the morning] she would put the lights on and tell us to get up.
>
> We also had fire drills, in case there was a fire...Many times we got hurt from there. There was just a big pipe, and you had to hold onto it. [laughter]

It is hard to imagine children sliding down those pipes from the third floor. No wonder an occasional student was hurt from time to time! Nevertheless, however

primitive a system, it was better than dying in a fire. Otherwise, the school was well equipped for the time, and supplies, like pencils and papers, were provided for the students, probably by Indian Affairs, although Louisa believes the nuns ordered them. She thinks they also ordered clothing for the children, although they were not uniforms. The students never wore identical clothing, except

> Once in a while, like, when we had our first communion. Then we had black dresses and white collars.

Louisa had "two to three sets of dresses." Clothing was, in her words, "casual."

> We were poor. I'm telling you, we were poor at Sandy Bay, so when I went to Fort Alex, I got clothing there. Nicer clothes, like this, you know, cotton. In Sandy Bay we had something like blue jeans.

The nuns did much of the work at the school, and they taught Louisa

> Quite a bit. I am a good Catholic. And then they showed me how to knit. They showed me how to crochet. They showed me how to sew pantses, like boys' pants, jeans. They taught us a lot.

Louisa remembers the sister who taught her how to sew. "She died not too long ago. She lived to be about a hundred years old." She also remembers Sis. Ste. Agnes, the cook, and especially the times when she "helped out" in the kitchen. "It was good. I always stole cookies. I used to like to steal cookies." [laughter] Then there was the sister who taught her to sing songs and hymns, and her favourite nun of all, Sister St. Guy, who taught her in Grade Six.

> Some say they were mean, but they weren't mean to me. That's a big *lie*, whoever says that. I suppose I was listening to the nuns. Maybe that's why. And the others that are always complaining about the nuns are the ones that didn't *listen*. Like the way it is now, when some kids in school are very bad, 'cause they don't listen.
>
> The nuns taught us all kinds of school subjects - reading, writing, everything. The nuns in Sandy Bay were...St. Joseph sisters; in Fort Alex, the nuns were Oblate sisters. [They] all dressed the same, black and white dresses with a crucifix...*black*, heavy clothes. There were eight [or twelve] nuns in Sandy Bay. The Mother Superior was Sis. St. Anselm. And then another one was Sis. Mary de Lorette. They were not all teachers. Some had different jobs. They taught us to cook, sew, and some nuns kept the kids....There was always good times. They were always good to us....I liked it there better than here.

> We had to go to school from nine to four. After that we used to work till six o'clock. That's the sewing we were doing or knitting. We were allowed to speak our own language, but in school we spoke English.

Although they were allowed to speak Saulteaux in school as well as English, the nuns often spoke French. Louisa recalls with amusement one incident where the French language got her Grade Six teacher into trouble with the principal. As she recalls it, Sis. St. Guy was exasperated with her one day and said something to Louisa she could not understand. Suspicious, Louisa repeated the phrase to the principal, who instantly demanded, "Who said that to you?" It must have been bad, because Sis. St. Guy was reprimanded.

Louisa recalls that there were others besides the nuns at the school.

> There were two priests. Father Chagnon and Father Comeau. They did not teach; they kept the children. The head of the school was Father Chagnon. He used to look after the chickens, farm, like. He's in the cemetery at Sandy Bay. That's where he wanted to be buried. He lived with the Sandy Bay people for all those years. He was very good. Too good to the people. Father Comeau used to go around. After that, he came to Ebb and Flow. There was one brother, Bro. Highytens. He was doing the laundry, and the washer. He was good. He didn't bother nobody.

Conflict with the teachers and other staff was rare, but Louisa recalls being angry at one nun and making a rude gesture behind her back. Unfortunately, the nun [Sis. St. Omeer] turned around and saw her.

> And she gave me a strap. I got one strap in eleven years. That was the one. But she was big! [laughter]

It was more common for conflict to involve the older girls. "They were kind of mean to us, the bigger girls. They would try and fight us, grab our hair." [laughter] However, this teasing did not lead to serious conflict. For the most part, the children engaged in occasional mischief, even Louisa on occasion. After the lights were out at night, for instance, she whispered to her friends "many times. And get scolded if we were caught." [laughter] Still, neither Louisa nor her brothers got into any serious trouble. "They always said the Malcolms were good children. We were always obedient, I guess."

In the residential school, "bad" children were punished.

> The kids that were really bad got a strap. The person who [generally] gave the strap was the principal...Fr. Chagnon....Some kids ran away just to be in trouble. They got the strap when they got back. If they [still] didn't listen they were sent to another residential school in Lebret, Saskatchewan. I remember once, if they ran away, they put them in Gravelburg, Saskatchewan.

The residential school taught Louisa respect. She also learned to work there, too.

> We got up at 6:00 a.m.. We had to pray, say our morning prayers, in our bedrooms. We would...do our chores, like clean our beds...wash up...make breakfast....There were no showers, just bathtubs, and we would take a bath once a week. I don't know where the hot and cold water came from, but a truck used to fill a water tank outside the school.
>
> At breakfast we had porridge, bread, and milk. At lunch we had hot bread. For dinner we would have soup....We had meat, potatoes, bread, but we didn't have the butter. We had some kind of grease. No pies. They made some jam like cranberry jam, or whatever they had in the garden. They [the meals] weren't too bad.
>
> Every meal we prayed before we ate....We all ate at the same time. We ate in the same room, but we sat in different tables, boys on one side, girls on another table. There was no talking allowed....After breakfast we washed and cleaned the dishes. Then, we went to school....I didn't have any homework.

Indeed, when she was a little girl, Louis had little work to do, except in class. As she describes it, "The little girls played; the older girls worked." Although she never worked in the laundry, Louisa knew what was done there.

> The way we washed clothes was in big washers in the laundry room. We used Sunlight Soap [square bars] and lye to get rid of stains on clothes....I think there were about twelve girls working in the laundry....Some had to work in the chapel, some had to work in the sewing room, some had to work at the kitchen and lunch rooms....Me, I was cooking in the kitchen.

Louisa cooked "potatoes, meat, pork, or whatever they had....We didn't have no butter. No grease....We never had fried food. Everything was boiled." She remembers that the residential school had big gardens.

> We had big gardens...tomatoes, corn, potatoes. They had all kinds of vegetables. The old principal used to plant them, and we all used to help him, the older kids. In the fall [we] picked the potatoes, tomatoes, everyone of us.

Louisa recalls other things besides the gardens.

> I remember a big garage, [the building] where the chickens were, the big barn, and people living around who were working around, I guess.

There was also farmland associated with the school. The south farm "was far, let's say, about five miles from the school." There were cattle, horses, pigs, and chickens, which entailed chores with which the boys helped. And although she can't remember the farm machinery, she knows they had a threshing machine for harvesting the grain.

However, in spite of the work that needed to be done at the residential school, it was not all work. According to Louisa, the students

> played ball games, football, and baseball. We used to go to the south farm or north farm. That's a place they used to call it. We played baseball.

They always had a field day at the school each year, where they had sack, three-legged, and wheelbarrow races, as well as baseball, but she recalls no special treats like ice cream and hot dogs on those days. "All I can remember," she says, "were boiled eggs and bread."

There was also a Christmas concert every year with drills, recitations, plays. Louisa recalls one of her roles.

> They dressed me up like a little old man and dancing. I was always the leader of the choir. I still sing.

According to Louisa, the residential school was an effective system. "That is why today I don't believe in Indian religion at all, because I listened to them." Indeed, Louisa was taught to be a good Roman Catholic by the nuns. She is still a strong Catholic, as is her family, and will "die like that, too." She thinks "nothing" of the revival of Native religion. "I don't care for it at all." When asked to explain her feelings further, Louisa is frank.

> There was a lady here that was sick. She's my niece, and she died of cancer. And they said, 'That's Louisa's fault. Louisa had bad medicine.' That's why I don't believe in Indian medicine any more. And she was my only best friend. They spread it around. Even there was a woman from Camperville that said that.
>
> That's why I don't believe in Indian medicine. The priest laughing at me. 'You know I'm gonna do when you die? I'm just going to open up that coffin and put that

> sweetgrass under your face.' [laughter] He's teasing *me* all the time. 'Cause we're almost stopping it in church. They don't use it anymore. No. 'cause I can not go to church when I smell that.

To appreciate Louisa's feelings, one must remember that she has difficulty breathing at times, perhaps as a result of the tuberculosis she had so many years ago, but a problem that means she must be on oxygen from time to time. Since smoke of any kind can trigger her breathing problems, she is understandably opposed to its presence in church. And in her home, too, where a sign in her kitchen asks people not to smoke.

Louisa is ready to defend her church. When there was all the publicity about abuse of Native children at residential schools,

> One woman from Sandy Bay phoned me, about hearing on the news about the priests and nuns. 'Are you against it?' she asked [meaning against the residential school]. I said, 'No.' Then she said, 'Same here, I'm not against it either.' We both went to school together. Nothing bad ever happened to us. They punished us once in a while, only if we were bad. They would only put clothes pins on our noses or ears. That wasn't too bad. I guess that's why I respect everybody now. These kids around here today don't respect anybody....The kids today should be punished for being bad.

Louisa recalls that the Catholic Church was much stronger in Ebb and Flow years ago.

> All people used to go to church. Of course there were hardly any people around, just a few families in Ebb and Flow. Everybody went, no matter if you had to walk two miles, you had to go to church. The priest used to just come here once in a while....Then Father Comeau moved in.

He must have moved to Ebb and Flow shortly before Louisa herself returned home in 1939. "When we got older, each of us had to come home when we turned sixteen, probably to make room....I came back to Eva's. My mother was close there." Father Comeau wasn't far away either.

> He was strict, I'm telling you. He would lecture about lipstick, no bobbypins in your hair. You had to have long sleeves, and close fitting around the neck. He told us to use a big needle to stick, to carry, so the men wouldn't bother us. Darning needle.

In spite of his warnings, Louisa began to go around with a non-treaty man named Thomas Flett, and in due course, Father Comeau and her mother became involved.

> He made me marry, you know, made me marry my husband. And my mother....I was told to get married, by my mom....I guess she had a hard time supporting us. There was too much of us in the family.
>
> And then we were sixteen years together, and he left me with my six children. I didn't know nothing in those days, I guess. Not enough to think.

It was not an arranged marriage. "In her [mother's] day, I guess, the parents would choose who you had to marry," but not in Louisa's time. Although pressured into marriage, she had chosen Thomas Flett herself and married him 6 May 1940 at the old Roman Catholic Church. Her wedding day was different from those of today.

> We went in a wagon....In our days it was more quieter than it is today. All those big receptions we have today, we didn't have them then. We had dances, but they were not as big as the dances they have now.

They had their supper at Mrs. Victoria Flett's. Like Percy Houle, she and her husband borrowed the plain gold band from that lady.

> When we got married, I had to borrow a ring from her. One of her daughters [Dorothy] has that ring today.

Marriage, of course, brought many changes into Louisa's life, one of which was the loss of her Indian status, which she did not get back again until "about eight years ago," as a result of Bill C-31.

> I don't remember exactly when I lost my treaty, but I remember the government or whoever gave me $50.00. With that $50.00 I bought a horse which cost me $45.00. I then bought lots of groceries with the $5.00 left over.

Fifty dollars was a great deal of money at the time for a young couple, who had very little of anything. The horse was a necessary purchase. Essential for transportation, it played an important role in the local economy and were always named in recognition of its worth. Louisa remembers Nelly and Queen were two they owned. Life was pretty rustic in those days. After their marriage, Louisa and Thomas lived for a while in "an old shack, with a roof made of mud. I don't know who built the house. It was already there." They used a wood burning cook stove to heat the place, and lighting was provided by coal oil lamps and candles. Louisa believes Roderick Flett was the first one to get electricity.

Finding work to meet expenses was always a challenge. "My husband trapped...on his own and sold his furs." He also worked as a farm labourer. Louisa remembers that her parents "used to go to Westbourne in the fall to stook for farmers." Likewise, in later years, Louisa and her husband joined other families and left Ebb and Flow in the fall to work for the farmers.

> Some...went to Ochre River, and Westbourne. Most of them were threshing fields. I remember being in Langruth. We travelled...by team and wagon; we had our own horses. We travelled with about six or seven families....There was lots of us that used to go...from here, well, not *here* [Bacon Ridge] but we left in [or from] the front [Ebb & Flow Reserve on the lake]. All I remember is we travelled with Roderick Flett's family....We used to spend the summer there [at] Bob Armstrong['s], and there's some more there I forget. We had our own tents, and the guy that they were working for made us a place where to stay, so nobody will bother us. That was about fifty-two years ago [in 1995], when Elizabeth was born. She was born at that farm at Langruth.

Louisa didn't work on the threshing gangs herself. She spent her time

> caring for my kids, picking berries, and that's all....I was there with my husband....My husband was fed by the farmers.
>
> I picked plums, crabapples, strawberries, raspberries, saskatoons, cranberries, chokecherries, and hazel nuts. We used to sell them...in exchange [for] meat. They were our food money. And we used to have ration books for your tea, for your sugar, and they used to buy them from us, those farmers in Langruth. They gave us food for them.

Louisa does not remember what her husband was paid for threshing, but "I remember I was stooking in Westbourne after I got married. I only got fifty cents a day. That's all I remember. I had three kids already."

Louisa and her husband had six surviving children - Martha, David, Elizabeth, Joe, Julie, and Andrew. Michael died shortly after he was born, Joseph and Marie were stillborn, and there were two miscarriages. In the early years, the midwife was always present. "I had seven kids through a midwife. David and Martha were born from Mrs. Pete Houle, and the rest by Mrs. Rosalie Guiboche." Besides the midwife, Mary Anne Mancheese, Louisa Davis, and her mom were present. In those days, it was "just the ladies only; the men were not allowed." Louisa remembers no medicines being given out by the midwives to make it easier for the

mother. None of her births were difficult, although Michael had to be taken to the hospital where he died four days later. Dr. Gendreau of Ste. Rose assisted her in later years, and as Louisa recalls, "he gave me seven operations before he died."

Childbirth was certainly different then, and so was death.

> Delorme Houle and William Flett used to make the caskets out of boards. My grandfather Jim Flett used to make the headstones out of lime [cement], or whatever they used. The women would make lace out of black material. They got that stuff from Shergrove, when there was a store there. Same with the baby caskets. They were also made of boards. I don't know where they got the boards from.

During the winter months at Ebb and Flow, Louisa and Thomas lived in a little log house, which was plastered with mud inside and out, just like the other houses around the community. Louisa recalls, "we lived on family allowance," because her husband's trapping did not provide enough money to sustain them. For her part, Louisa did everything she could to stretch their resources as far as they could go. For instance, she transformed old winter coats. "We had old coats, and then we turned them around so they looked new." And she made fur hats as well. Occasionally she would make an order for material from the Eaton's catalogue, so that she could make clothing. Besides this, she knitted socks and mittens.

Water was essential for carrying on the household chores, which were very difficult in those days.

> It was hard, *very poor*, but we were never hungry. From the time I got up, I would have lots of washing to do. I remember I had three days of washing clothes, then I would mend, iron them. We had a team of horses, and when David was older he went and got water in the barrel, so it was a little bit easier then. I used to make diapers, like little quilts. It was very different than it is today...back then. Today young mothers have it real easy.

In spite of her many challenges, Louisa managed to raise her family successfully. Now she lives in a comfortable, modern home with all the amenities. She still knits and crochets afghans. Pictures of her grandchildren are proudly displayed on her kitchen walls, and as she will point out, several of them have gone on to higher education. One of them, Kathleen Desjarlais, is now a vice-principal at the Ebb and Flow School. Louisa shares her home with her nephew Jeffrey and a granddaughter, Shaunda. Even though her health is failing her, she has clear

memories, strong views, and a sharp wit. It is not surprising that she has made a success of her life.

Marie Houle (Courtesy Lee Heroux)

Marie Houle

Marie Houle was born in Ebb and Flow, 20 August 1929. Her father, Abraham Houle, came from Ashkowananing (Skownan), but he moved to Ebb and Flow when he married her mother, Marie St. Paul. Marie had three brothers, Edward, Roland, and Antoine, one sister Ellen, besides others who died in infancy. Edward has since passed away, too.

> Roland married to Jane Houle, you know, Louisa Flett's sister. That's the one Roland married. And Edward married Violet, they call her. But his wife died, and he died, too. Antoine...married. Dorothy Spence is her name, from Sandy Bay. But they lived together. That woman lives in Winnipeg now. Antoine lives here by himself. He got this house here [like hers], and Roland got the same house. He lives across that road, right there, by himself, too.

Marie also has her own home on the reserve, newly built in the summer of 1996, a bright and cheerful place, neat and tidy, with pictures of her children and grandchildren decorating the walls. Warm and comfortable, with all the modern conveniences, it is far different from the houses of her childhood. When Marie was growing up, her family lived at various places on the reserve, always in a log house, but not always the same one because they moved about a great deal. Life was rustic in those old houses. Marie remembers what one of them was like.

> We had an upstairs with two beds. All us kids slept on them. My mom and dad slept downstairs. Our house had two rooms....I don't know where we got them from, but we had regular furniture, like the stuff you see today, but not as nice. It was old stuff, cheap wood, not new ones. That was all people had back then. We used what we could. Anything at the time. Old tables. It was broken stuff. Old. Not like this today [Indicates her furniture].

That log house was insulated with mud plaster, inside and out, just like the other houses in the community. Mudding the house in the fall was one of Marie's jobs.

> I did all the houses when I lived in the front, over there....If somebody had a broken house, like that, to have to put mud on it, they come and ask me....I was good at it. I was the one to do that, to plaster that house with the mud....I'd put mud there and a little bit grass, dry grass, and make it like this [indicates stirring motion to mix the ingredients], just like a, I don't know what to call it. And after that, I'd put it on the

side like this [motions with hands to show how she plastered the wall]. I'd put it there.

Plastering was done on the inside of the house as well. Then it was whitewashed.

Inside and out. After they dry up, I put that thing on the wall, just like this. [painting motion with the hand] We paint. We use, lime they call it. Just like white one. Just like this [points to the white walls of her home]. That's what we do outside and inside. That's what we do.

For lighting in those old log houses,

We used Coal oil lamps [laughs]. Or we used grease in a dish, soaked a rag and burn the rag in the dish. That's where we got light from in the dark. I remember my mom making that kind of candle. [The first person to get electricity] was *Mucheesis* [Abraham Houle]. I remember my brother Edward saying that to me.

Marie recalls hauling logs for the fire, too, a big job because they had a cook stove as well as a wood stove for heating the house.

Me and my mother cut wood all the time, together. We had a team of horses. Sometimes we come here before the road was around, before the roads around here. We came here, down the bush there, that creek there. That's where we get the wood from, all over the bush where we lived over there. We used the wood. We never sold it.

She and her brothers and sister had other chores, too.

Oh, yes, we had lots of work....Even we went to get water by old metal pails from the lake. I helped my mum do lots of things around the house. I cleaned and washed clothes by hand. We used a scrub board and soap.

Another chore she had was connected with livestock.

We had some horses, cows. We used to go out in the field by the lake and cut hay for the horses and cows. We cut the hay by hand....We kept our horses in a log house barn. We had big horses, spotted in colour. I don't remember if our horses had names....We had a fence for our horses, wire fence and a log fence.

In the winter they [people at Ebb and Flow] hardly had any work; just my dad would go out hunting around here to feed the family. There was no road here. Before this, [it] was bush around. Hunting here, hunting over there where the bushes are.

The main game animal was the white-tailed deer, and any meat her dad obtained from that source would be eaten fresh or "dried and smoked" by Marie's mother to preserve it. Marie recalls her mother would gather dry, almost rotten wood [either white poplar or birch], so that it would make plenty of smoke. Her dad also hunted grouse and trapped for muskrats, which he stretched and dried for sale to the fur buyer.

The land provided other resources, too, for Marie's family.

> My mother used to snare the rabbits. She used to snare rabbits with my dad, together. He used to snare every so often.
>
> We picked all sorts of berries. We picked chokecherries, raspberries, saskatoons, cranberries, and wild strawberries. We used to pick lots of berries near where Lawrence and Marilyn Flett live today [near field by band hall]. I also remember picking berries where Victoria Flett used to live. My mother used to preserve the berries and make jams.
>
> My mother cooked for us. My mom had some forks and knives, but very little. We were very poor. We had a little bit of plates, like the ones you have today.

During the winter, her parents lived at Ebb and Flow. In the summer, they were on the road.

> They usually only worked in the summer. It was hard to find work. They usually took us along to go and work, while we would be on summer holiday. They pulled wagons [horse and wagon]. They usually went out digging Seneca Root in the bush. They travelled to Neepawa to stook and t[h]resh fields....That's what they do, for years. And they would go all over the roads. They follow all kinds of roads to get there, not like this road....A trail, they see one, when somebody pass there with a trail. That's where they follow that. That's what they do. They travelled all over to look for work. When they finish one guy doing the t[h]reshing or stooking, and then they went [to] another guy. They went back and forth working all over, where they go there in Neepawa. We would camp near a farmer's field near a bush a whole summer. We [children] would just play wherever we stayed. We didn't stook, just my dad and mom.

Still, Marie can remember picking Seneca Root.

> Long ago they used to dig, my mom and dad used to dig. And from there they would buy stuff and groceries. We picked Seneca Roots all over. It was very easy to

> find. There was lots of bush, not like today, all the fields you see used to be bush. We travelled for days sometimes to find good spots to dig roots....We sold them at Shergrove....sold it green, instead of dry. It was all green....Clarence Henry used to buy it from us. We got about four to five cents a pound for them. I don't really remember how much we sold them for.

Her family was quite poor, and they had few of the things we have today.

> My mother used to get clothes for us somewhere, and we would wear them. I don't remember my mom buying us any new clothes. She used to make dresses by herself.

Marie does not recall her mother making clothes for her children, but she remembers they did not have adequate winter clothing and there were times her hands nearly froze for want of proper mittens.

When her family was in the community, Marie attended a little one-room school, which was right next door to their home at the time. However, she did not go often.

> We went to school in Ebb and Flow School [near the old church, not Comeau]. That's where I went to school. I didn't want to go to school; I didn't want to learn. I only went up to Grade Three here in this school, with that teacher [Hilda Adam]. I helped her raise her children later.

Perhaps the reason she did not like school that well was because it was so difficult to learn in English, especially when the teacher spoke the language with a French accent. English was a foreign language to Marie. Only Saulteaux was used in the Houle home. Although children were not punished for speaking their own language, English was definitely the language of instruction in the classroom.

> The school teacher taught us how to talk [English]. She wrote on the blackboard what she was saying. My mom, she never talked English....Now everybody's talking English, and are having a hard time to say Saulteaux now.

Marie remembers that the school was small and heated by a wood stove during the winter. Like many schools in those days, they began with "Oh, Canada" in the morning and ended the day with "God Save the King."

> That teacher taught us as soon as we walked into the school. We sang it. We prayed a little, but not very much. We used scribblers and pencils. We didn't have to buy any of them; the school supplied them to us.

Marie liked her teacher.

> She was really kind. Her name was Mrs. Adam....After Mrs. Adam teaching school, I would then again baby-sit because she would go and help her husband [Dude Adam] run the store. They would get home around 6:00 p.m.. Then, I would go home to my mom's.
>
> The children's names were Charles and Paul Adam.[42] That family comes from Ste. Rose. I remember even potty-training the youngest one, Paul. Today, he's so big [laughs].

Generally Marie did not baby-sit during the week, when there was school.

> I only stayed there, to baby-sit, after school, Friday after school, or else on Saturday, Sunday. If they went anywhere, I would baby-sit. Sometimes they used to pay me four dollars. That's all.

In a day when things were much cheaper, and men sometimes worked for five dollars a day, four dollars was quite a sum of money. The opportunity to earn an income by doing something she enjoyed must have made school all the more disagreeable with Marie. She did not feel quite the same way about attending church.

> I went to church [Roman Catholic]. I remember every night starting from the first of May a man named Steve Reynolds [school teacher] would come to our home and teach us the Bible and how to pray. That's where I learned to pray....The one [in our family] who was really religious was my brother Edward. He used to really enjoy going to church. My brother Roland though was the only one who didn't like going. [The old church] was really nice compared to today....I don't remember when it burned.

Ordinarily the church was the centre of family and community events like baptisms, wedding, and funerals, but not always.

> I remember one wedding I went to. They got married on the road. The priest was there to marry them. My brother stood up for them [best man], dressed just how he was. They didn't get married in a church. I guess in those times everybody was poor....They're not like today; they're so expensive.

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[42] Charlie Adam later ran the IGA. Then he sold it to Eric Altenburg.

Funerals were different, too.

> When a person died, they didn't have to go with the undertaker or anybody. They would make the casket and put the body in it....Delorme Houle would make them....In the reserve they used to give him, after repairs were done, and if there was any [lumber] left over, long ago. That is what he used a long time ago, even the cross he made with this wood. When he was given the leftover wood, he was also given other supplies like nails. Like a shed, when it's no longer usable.
>
> The bedding and flowers were made by Victoria Flett...[and] the old ladies....They made it. They covered the inside of the casket with black material. [Victoria Flett] made those flowers with that [crepe paper] and they were pretty. Just like that flower over there, that red one [points to a red rose in a vase on the shelf] over there. And also green, different colours she used, when somebody died. They were used long ago.
>
> They would put the casket in the corner and cover [it] with a sash or something. The body didn't leave the community, not like today...Back then they didn't do that.

Before every funeral there was a wake, which was somewhat different from wakes in other communities.

> When someone died we would play cards, talk about times when the person was alive. The priest would come over to do a prayer. Then, he would go.

There have been changes in the customs relating to death. Now the body leaves the community to be prepared for burial, a casket is purchased from an undertaker, and the wake is usually no more than a day. But there is still a community supper, and people share in the costs. When a death occurs, most people still come together to mourn the loss of a neighbour.

If there have been changes in the way people leave this life, there have been changes in the way that they come into the world, too. Most children today are born in hospitals, but two of Marie's seven children were born at home with the help of a midwife.

> Rosalie Guiboche helped me with my son Felix. He was born right at home. There was just the three of us when Felix was born, my mom, myself, and the midwife. She was my nurse [laughs]. Another was my son Wilfred, who was also born in my home. Mrs. Victoria Flett helped me there. There was my mother, myself, and the midwife, also my brother Roland's wife Jane.

> I had two children born at home with the help of a midwife. My father went to get them. When I was about to have my baby, he would load up the horse and wagon, and go and pick them up.

Besides Felix and Wilfred, Marie also had Johnny, and daughters Margaret, Janet, Patsy, and Lena. Although she was alone, she had help from her mother when the children were small. She also received assistance from the band "and the family allowance, once a month." It was plenty of work raising a family, but now that they are all away from home, things have changed.

> I can't work any more, just sit. I got nothing to do. I have shortness of breath. I had an operation [in '94]. Heart surgery. I now have a hard time to breathe. I went to Winnipeg. They also...took out one of my kidneys. I also have another ailment. And I have it right here [middle of abdomen]....They call it shingles. I am sore right here now. I am sick, lots of sick I have. That is how I am.

These are big changes. When asked about other changes around her, such as the loss of language, she says,

> I don't like it one bit. The younger group of people don't talk our language. When they don't understand what we are saying, I really hate it. When I talk to my grandchildren, when I ask them something, they say, 'What are you saying?' That's what they say to me. All the children around here; that is how they are. When you talk some Saulteaux, they just look at you. 'What you say?' you know. 'I'm not telling you,' I told them. 'You try to listen what I say.' No, I don't tell them. 'You better know how to talk in Indian,' I told them.

Marie has seen plenty of change over the years. She raised a large family all by herself, but she has lived to see grandchildren, and now great-grandchildren growing up nearby. Today she lives in quiet retirement at Ebb and Flow, and often you can see her walking along the road, perhaps reflecting occasionally on all that has happened around her during one short lifetime.

Percy Houle (Courtesy Lee Heroux)

Percy outside his teepee (Courtesy Lee Heroux)

Percy Houle

Percy Houle was born 9 September 1933 in a tent about half way between Ebb & Flow and Ste. Rose du Lac. His parents had been at Ochre River, where they had been working for a farmer, but had headed home, so that their child could be delivered by the local midwife. They both came from Ebb & Flow, although Percy recalls stories of relatives coming from Bone Reserve in Riding Mountain National Park.

> Some of them came from there. That place was once called Bone Reserve, until they were asked to move from there because there was going to be a national park built in the area. To this day it's now called Riding Mountain National Park. There is a cemetery still there. One of my grandfathers came from there;...his name was Kih-chih-ma-ma. His name in English is "big woodpecker with a big red cap on its head." In those days that's all the names they had. They didn't have the names you have today. There was no Jim, Jack, or Joe; everybody used nicknames. My mom used to call me Kih-chih-mook. My aunties and uncles used to call me that, too. I don't know where I lost it - somewhere along the line.

Percy's mother Edith had twelve children, four by her first husband, Pierre Houle Jr., and eight by her second, Walter Flett. Percy is from the first family, and the eldest boy. He was only six years old when his father passed away. At the time, they were living in the Comeau area just outside the reserve.

> Comeau was a priest, then they named it after him. When the road went in there they called it Comeau. A year after, we moved just a little further south [to] Jim Flett's old place.

When Percy was a boy, homes were far different from those most people live in today.

> Our roof had straw on it. My grandfather used to make a roof out of straw, dried hay, cut it up and plaster it on, layer over layer. Next thing you know, the roof is finished. Those roofs never leaked, and they were warm. The houses were made of logs, plaster on the walls.
>
> Most floors I saw were just bare ground with whatever cardboard they found to cover it up with. That was your floor. Most of them were dirt floors, but most families tried to cover them up as best as they can with whatever they can find. There was no

such thing as plywood. Whatever boxes you found, you spread them on the ground, and that was your floor.

Percy still lives in a log house.

As a matter of fact, I'm the only one in the community living in a log house right now. Those logs are over seventy years old. This house has been moved about three or four times now. Those logs are still as good as new to the day they were put on.

Percy remembers a united community when he was growing up.

Everybody loved one another. Supposing that somebody had shot a deer in the community. Right away the families...would get a share of that meat. If there were ten families there, you would get a small share of that meat. That's how it was.

We had a net in the lake all the time. My [step]-father was a fisherman. He always had a few nets, a canoe, a small row boat. As a ten-year old boy, I used to go and lift the nets and bring back the fish we caught. The old people used to come with pans, pots, to get a share of the fish. I still don't remember why they, the old people, didn't go and get the fish themselves to give us a break! They liked the fish. We still kept on lifting the nets day after day in order to live.

Everybody got along with one another. I remember the treaty used to get their own gunpowder for ammunition....People from outside the reserve used to get gunpowder from people from inside the reserve, from which the gunpowder was...granted to the treaty. They all shared what they had with the people outside the reserve, because they were all related. The people were all the same. Only some of the people were bought out, or the government gave money to the people and sent them away from the reserve.

There were few disputes in the community, and people dealt with their own problems.

Maybe the kids had a fight somewhere. The neighbour would go and see the other neighbour with the kids that got into a fight. They would then settle their disputes themselves like saying, 'You don't do that again.' Then that would be it. You wouldn't hear of it again. Sure, us kids used to fight, too, but behind the bush. You don't let mom and dad know because you got a licking again if they knew you got into a fight. You got a licking when you got home.

One of the reasons minor quarrels did not become major disputes was because of the mutual respect there was among the people for each other.

> Everybody respected everybody....We had no laws, as far back as I could remember. A family would leave their house for a few months, come back, and they would find it the same way, too, as if they never left....Families would come back to their homes, and find that nothing was disturbed or nobody broke in. Of course, there was not much there for anybody to take anyway....Nobody ever took anything away from you. Whatever you had was yours. You respected a person's house, you respect[ed] the elders, you respected everybody. Today it's not like that.

There were plenty of relatives around, too, most of them "within a three mile stretch."

> They were almost like your 'extra' next-of-kin. When your mom and dad were not home, they were the one's looking after you. Sometimes if you were hungry, you would go next door. They would give you a piece of bannock or whatever they had.

Sharing was essential, when so many people were poor. Families, including boys like Percy, had to work hard to survive.

> We had a big garden. We always had lots to eat. Nobody had a dollar; nobody had money....We had horses...six to seven horses. We milked two cows every day, and put up hay. Basically [I] looked after the livestock. We cut wood every day with a buck saw. There were no power tools then....In the wintertime, there is fishing. My step-father was always fishing for the big fishermen on wages. In the summer time, they would work for farmers or ranchers, putting up hay and stuff like that. In the fall, they would all leave to Westbourne, or Langruth, where there would be threshing and stooking jobs in the fields. Now the farmer does all the threshing and stooking by himself with a combine and whatever. The farmer today needs little help.
>
> I remember the wagon trains leaving Ebb and Flow. About twenty teams of horse and wagons heading south for Westbourne and Langruth. Everybody had a team of horses. If you had a team of horses and a wagon, you were considered wealthy, because you had your own means of transportation. I remember when those wagon trains would leave and return in the fall....People with families would leave and go work for farmers.
>
> I worked on a tail end of a threshing machine. I was only fourteen then. Working with six teams, and four pitchers, and the stokers. I remember the first day. My hands were all blistered, and the next morning I couldn't hold a pitch fork. Those

guys I was working with told me just to grab that fork and never mind my blisters. I could just see blood pouring out in between my fingers. After a few days like that, my hands were as tough as a bear's paw. They didn't bleed any more. They were so hard that I was able to do any hard labour work after that....I don't remember exactly how much we got paid. I think it was five dollars a day. That was almost the hardest work around was threshing fields.

Even though life was hard, people still found time to have fun.

They had parties at somebody's home. Whoever had the biggest house would host the parties, dances, and socials. There was no such thing as a big hall. There were no children allowed, just the older people. They had all kinds of fun. There wasn't very much drinking, because nobody ever went to town. Once in a blue moon you went to town with the horses. Some old-timers usually drank, but it was hardly noticeable that they were drinking. They didn't abuse their drinking, not like today. If they set their own wine crock somewhere, nobody knew about it because it was against the law.

They also had sports days.

I think that's when the Treaty Days were held. People from surrounding communities would come. It was a big event. Everybody would come to see the relatives that they only saw each other once in a while because they lived in surrounding reserves.

Everybody would have a good time. During the sports days, there was baseball, racing, and horse racing. There is a little bluff near the lake and prairie where the people would walk their horses. That was the starting point, and they would run out to the clearing, and that would be the finish line - in a straight line. Today, they have a race track that is round.

I really used to enjoy watching horse races. The men would also run from the same area where the horses ran. I used to run from there, too, many times. I used to run with the men, even though I was young. I would come in third. I was really proud of myself coming in third.

When Percy was growing up, he was a strong Roman Catholic and attended church regularly.

I was very religious right to the time when I was about fourteen-fifteen years of age. I always went to church. I sang in church. I was even an alter boy....I'm still a

strong Catholic, and I also believe in the traditional way....When I was given the ceremonial peace pipe when I was a young man, then I knew what religion was all about, because you spoke from the heart....The church I go to now is the sweat lodge....Today, more and more people of our culture are going back to the traditional ways. It's coming back strong.

Percy also attended a one-room school at Comeau.

> The size would be about twenty-four feet by thirty feet. At least thirty pupils attended the school....[It was heated by] a wood furnace [in the winter]. The community used to bring a load of wood, saw it up. Each family had to donate a load of wood for the heating of the school....It had to be cut, chopped, and loaded ready for the wood furnace....
>
> We had just pencils and scribblers....They were provided by the school; nobody had money to buy anything. That's all we had. We had very few books, and there was also a strap that was about four inches wide and about sixteen inches long. If you were late, you got the strap, which I got...every day for being late....The teacher would ask why we were late every day. I had no answer. I couldn't speak English. So the teacher says that I was stubborn, and he wanted my hand. I then got the strap. I wasn't stubborn. I just couldn't speak the language.
>
> The reason why I got the strap every day is, at noon I would go home for lunch. My [step]-father would make us go back to the wood pile and cut wood. [He] would say that we were not allowed to leave that wood pile till we were told to leave. By the time we were told to leave the wood pile, it would be about five minutes to one, and we lived a little further away than a quarter mile away from the school. By the time we would get near the school, the...bell would be ringing. I could see the other children running inside the school already, so we would start running like jack rabbits, but we were late already. Every day like that. I was late, and I got the strap.
>
> So one day I said, 'enough is enough.' I told my mom that I got a strap every day. She would say that I've been bad again, and I would say that I wasn't bad. I got a strap every day for being late because my [step]-father would keep us at that wood pile just long enough for us to be late when we returned to school.

Percy remembers that they got a new teacher every year, mostly because "it was an isolated area, and they didn't want to stay too long." Most of them were strict, except one teacher.

She was really good to us. She had one son, who was about thirteen years of age. Roger was his name. Their family name was Brunneau. Mrs. Brunneau. She was so good to us that when she left, we all cried. She told us that she would not be coming back. That really broke our hearts.

Percy left school under unusual circumstances.

I was in Grade Five in the fall. The teacher [Alphonse Clements] told us that he had bad news for us. 'All the people that are in Grade Five must leave the school and make room for the younger children.' We only started that day when the school was so full. I think about ten of us were told to leave and make room for the younger children. I was turning fourteen that fall....That was the end for school, but later on in my life I went back....I thought it was really good for me that I didn't have to go to any more school. It really hurt me later on though. That's why I had to go and work for construction with a shovel and a pick. I worked on sewer and water all my life, every chance I got. I worked in the trench, in the bog, and in the mud. It was not a very clean job, but I really enjoyed it, and that's the job I learned.

Although he was happy to leave school, he still has fond memories of those days.

There were a lot of good things, too, in school. We played baseball, football....We had a big ball diamond outside the school. We played ball every chance we got. Track and field, we did it ourselves. Whoever thought was faster than another, they raced one another....Everybody was friends to one another. Not like today, you turn around and you get stabbed in the back. We all lived in a small community, and everybody was happy.

Percy went to work after he left school, at commercial fishing during the winter months, and in construction during the summer. Then in 1954, he married Mary Alice Malcolm.

The weddings today, you got to have a nice vehicle to take around the wedding party. Everything has to be nice and beautiful. It takes a lot of money to get married today.

When we got married, we didn't know anything about a ring or wedding band. My mother borrowed a ring, a plain gold band, from Mrs. Victoria Flett. She used to lend out that wedding band to whoever wanted to get married. That was a church belief that you needed a wedding band to give to your wife.

When we got married, Jerry Thompson and his wife were having their fiftieth wedding anniversary. My cousin, Alfred Houle, happened to be getting married, [too]. So we had a double wedding.

There was no such thing as receptions, like they have today. My mother invited everybody to our house to have a feast. We all had a big dinner. When my mother prepared the food, she had about fifty-sixty chickens. We killed about twenty chickens for the wedding feast. My step-father also shot a deer for the feast. Everybody was happy.

All we received from my mother was a blanket and one pillow. She said, 'My son, that's all I have to give you.' Also this old woman from Valley River gave us a frying pan. That is all we had, nothing else, no money or anything.

I found work right away, after we married. My mother told me that I'll have to move out, that I am now on my own, and that she cannot support me anymore. I used to support my mother, before I got married. I used to come home with a big pay cheque worth two - three hundred dollars. That was a lot of money then. We bought clothes, toys, gifts for Christmas, when I came home.

After his marriage, Percy continued to work for wages as a helper to a commercial fisherman, Joe Kjartanson. He also worked in construction during the summer. At the same time, his wife and he raised four boys [a fifth died young] and five girls. While his children were growing up, Percy's own thinking matured, and he became more interested in traditional native values, and things like sweet grass, the sweat lodge, and the drum.

I was getting up to my early forties before I knew what it was. The culture, the religion, was all very new to me. I was getting old already. Nobody showed me what this was all about. I had to find out for myself.

[The elders] were strict in their way, but they never told us anything about the culture, the culture which we see today such as the sweat lodges, sun dances, pow-wows. There was no such thing as that, because they were hiding everything from the priests. They didn't want them to know what they were doing.

One of my grandfathers had a drum. He was a medicine man....He used to doctor the people, and kept quiet about it, and nobody said anything about it because the were scared of the priests. They were scared that they would come and take their drums, rattles, the pipes, and whatever they had.

When I was given the sweat lodge, I didn't know what it was till I had to show myself what it was. I learned through visions and dreams. An old medicine man told me to pay attention to them. From what experience I have, I would like to pass it on to anybody who wants to learn. I'm a pipe maker, and I make lots of pipes for people, because the pipes are going to be very important in the upcoming years.

I remember one of the pipes my grandfather had. It was shaped and made out of clay. He shaped it, cooked it, then smoked it. It looked like a brick after he was finished with it, because it molded so hard. Now we shape and cut our pipes with machines.

Percy's interest in traditional values was part of a growing awareness of the world around him. When he was young, for instance, local people were uninvolved in politics, and he can only recall one incident where his family was in any way connected with government.

When my father passed away, my mother went to see somebody, wanting some help to provide for us four kids. So the word got around, and I don't know who [had] written a letter to the government for assistance. My mother received eighteen dollars a month for us four kids. That was in 1939 or 40. She bought a whole load of wood, a bunch of groceries, clothing for all us kids, and a jacket for herself. All that for eighteen dollars a month.

Later, Percy himself became involved in local politics.

[When] the Manitoba Metis Federation was born, I was very much involved. My uncle was one of the co-founders of M.M.F., Andy Spence. He came around and told us what was going to take place. We had meetings, discussions, and they told us what to expect and what the goals were. Right away we made our chairperson, and the rest of the members. Every community started like that. When there was money, everybody wanted to be Metis.

The M.M.F. showed and taught us how to speak for ourselves, not to beat around the bush, or hide when the white man came. Then I knew we were living, too. We were part of this country....In M.M.F. we had meetings and discussions. We discussed what we would like to see in the community. What we discussed would be carried on. We had an outdoor arena, buildings for change rooms, ball diamonds. The old school was given to us. We tried to fix it up to standards.

I was involved with the M.M.F. for thirteen years, and I represented the people in Bacon Ridge. When you spoke, you represented the people. You had a voice to speak; the politicians would then listen. The M.M.F. was one of the best things that ever was. I'm sorry that I'm not a part of it now. I now have a treaty number. I don't know what is going to happen now; I know Bacon Ridge doesn't have a representative at this point in time....The housing is poor. The roads are poor. They have no voice.

Percy is no longer associated with the M.M.F. He has obtained treaty status through Bill C-31.

Bill C-31, I still don't fully understand it, because we're not recognized. My wife was the first one who applied and became a Bill C-31 in 1985. Then [at that time], the rest of the people didn't want to be Indians. They wanted to be Metis. But my wife went ahead and got Bill C-31. She received a treaty number. She got a whole bunch of money back, from three to four years back-pay from government taxes. Once my wife got her back-pay of the taxes she paid into, everybody wanted to be an Indian again.

I think it is going to be good. Now I have a treaty number, hopefully [I will] receive a house in the reserve. I will thank the ladies that brought that up and fought for the rights of the people, native women all across Canada. Groups of women got together and went to see the government to see if they could reinstate their status, because they thought it was not fair when they married a non-treaty man, they lose their status.

Percy recalls that the non-treaty community of which he was a part sometimes cooperated with the Ebb and Flow band.

The biggest project that both sides worked together [on] was the new school....Before our [high school] kids used to go to school in Ste. Rose, and the younger ones at Hillridge. We used to hear that there was people in Ste. Rose that were prejudiced against our native children. So the two sides worked together to build our own school, to bring our children home.

Our famous chief, Jim Mancheese, had the idea, and we carried it on to make a standardized school for our children. His dream was never mentioned, how [he] had a dream to bring our children home to go to school. He was a great man and I still honour him. If he'd be alive, he would have done a lot more.

Although he is happy about the school that was eventually built on the reserve, Percy is concerned about his native language.

> I'm very sorry to say that we are losing our native language. My own grandchildren don't understand me when I use my mother tongue. Why are we throwing our language away?...Once the elders are gone, our Indian language will disappear, too. Why I think we're losing our language is because it's probably the only way now to communicate with other people, by speaking English.

Besides the loss of his language, Percy has also become concerned with issues in the world beyond the community of Ebb and Flow.

> We are destroying the world, our world. We are polluting our waters. The chemicals the farmers use in their fields runs down into ditches, then on to rivers and lakes. That is why the fish are dying. Same with the cattle. How many needles that cow gets before it's fully grown? Then it is slaughtered and shipped to the local grocery stores. We don't know what we are eating.
>
> You can go into the bush, hunt yourself a deer, moose, elk, rabbit, and what not. There you know what you are eating. Those animals were given to us to feed on. There is very little buffalo left. The white man slaughtered most of the buffalo. They chased them all away, so we will starve.

That's what Percy thinks anyway, and since he is retired now, he has plenty of time to think. While his wife is away at the school doing her custodial work, he has time to solve the world's problems. He also has time to entertain. Since seven of his children live nearby, he also spends time telling his numerous grandchildren the old stories. He continues to make pipes and visit old friends. He still lives off the reserve, and patiently waits for the time he has his own house there, but Percy is recapturing his Native roots. Treaty number or no treaty number, he is beginning to know who he is.

Philip Malcolm and his wife Gladys Mancheese Malcolm

Gladys Mancheese Malcolm (Courtesy Lee Heroux)

Philip and Gladys Malcolm live on the Ebb and Flow Reserve in a comfortable home that looks out across a wide expanse to the road opposite. During the winter months, that space is covered with a blanket of pearly-white snow, broken only by an occasional leafless scrub oak, and conveying an impression of deep sleep. However, just outside the living room window, there is plenty of life. Here in strategically placed sites, Philip has put bird feeders, which attract a great deal of attention. His wife Gladys explains.

> He made each a birdhouse for the girls. I put a bag of birdseed in them for Christmas presents. [Philip] I made three of them. And one of my daughters-in-law came over and never said anything. [laughs, followed by a long pause] And I never said anything either. [laughter] [She later received one as a gift.]
>
> The woodpecker is as big as the bluejay. I like to watch them....There's about eleven different kinds that come here. Even there is one junko,...a black junko. [We

usually only see them] in the spring and in the fall, but this one stayed here, wintering here. Dark.

[Gladys] We have little humming birds in the summer time. [They] fight each other. Even little wee ones. My sister was coming in the morning, and I was washing dishes, and watching them at the same time. She said, 'I've just seen a mocking bird at your bird feeder. [laughter] [I asked], What kind of a mocking bird? (laughter)

The birds represent a pleasant diversion for two busy people. Philip is a carpenter as well as a rancher, and Gladys runs a cafe. Ebb and Flow has been their home for most of their lives, so they have plenty in common. Indeed, they attended their first communion together.

[Gladys] I just found a picture of our first communion....When the old school was being shut down, they spread out lots of pictures, from all those years, from the old school, and that's where I found this old picture. I didn't realize that we had our first communion together. [laughs] I knew I had had my first communion, but I was not sure of who was all there.

Not all things are so readily forgotten. Philip well remembers the grandparents of his youth.

My grandmother was Liza Thompson. I don't know my grandfather. I only know my step-grandfather, Pete Gameau. He was my grandfather....They lived at Eddystone. She was related to people at Eddystone....My grandfather...did everything - fisherman, trapper, a jack-of-all trades. Mr. Gameau has boys that are living, and a daughter. He had a different wife before. I don't remember her [Liza Thompson's] history very much....She was an old one. I was just a kid when she died.

In their later years, Liza and Pete moved into Ebb and Flow. As Philip recalls, his Uncle Charlie Campbell also had a house there.

They used to live in that little village by the lake side. And there was quite a village there, but there isn't any more. There are only two or three families where there used to be a village....That is over here by the lake side...not on the reserve, on the south side of the reserve.

They got water from the lake. They lived a quarter of a mile from the lake. They used the ice in the winter time. They used a team of horses with a stoneboat in the

summer to get the water from the lake. Barrel on a stoneboat. And they would go by the lake. In the winter time they would melt snow and ice. They got ice from the lake.

Philip lived nearby, at least for the first few years. Then his mother became ill with tuberculosis and had to be sent away to a sanitarium. As Gladys explains it, "That's how Philip ended up in a boarding school." "It was around 1947," adds Philip, "I would be about eight years old, I guess....Sandy Bay. We both went there." Philip's father visited him from time to time while he was in the residential school.

My dad was a very good man, a hard-working man. He worked all his life. I guess he did. He worked at the mine when my mum was at the sanitarium. That's when he used to come to visit us, from Amaranth there. He worked there at the mine, that gypsum mine. He worked all his life.

Gladys also went to the school at Sandy Bay, because her mother died of tuberculosis. As she explains, this disease was a real problem in the past.

When...they did treaty days, they used to have this X-ray truck....You'd walk in there....About every year everybody got checked for TB....My sister was sent to Brandon, and to Selkirk. She got TB, too....I think that's what my mother had, too. But it was too late for her. She was quite sick, and she had a baby at the same time. That baby lived for a short period of time. Another little girl died after the baby died....I lost my mother when I was five, eh? That's where we were, living at that south settlement there on the reserve...There was three of us girls....That's how we ended up in the residential school.

Like Philip, Gladys had a father who was away a great deal.

My Dad was always...out working, always on the road....He worked at...this fish camp here and Kjartansons from Leifur...this side of Amaranth....Joe Kjartanson's. It was a fishing camp there. He worked there for a few years. That's where we spent most of our summers and winters when we were at Sandy Bay...That was home for us. That old house is still up a little bit, just about falling. It was a huge house, but when I went there, it looked small. That's where I spent most of my summers in that old house.

Like so many of her generation, who lost a parent to tuberculosis, Gladys has few recollections of her mother, but a baby-sitter, who looked after the children during that sad time, told Gladys how attentive her father had been to his wife.

> 'Every time he went out,' said one of those baby-sitters, 'He'd bring her home something, like, a nice coat, with a hat, a matching coat and hat. I think she had three sets of those, and I remember that colour,' she said, 'That time I was baby-sitting, he brought her home a hat and a coat. It was American Beauty, that colour, it was real sharp.' So he must have been good....He always brought her home something. And I remember after she left, I was quite young, but I remember playing with something - It was heart-shaped, and it had a comb, and a brush, and a mirror. That's what she had.

Although the death of her mother meant Gladys and her sisters had to go to Sandy Bay, she has no bad memories of residential schools. "I was there for nine years. For me it was good." Philip agrees, "I went up to Grade 6, and I came out of there, Grade Six, and I finished here in Ebb and Flow." He admits residential schooling wasn't always as good for others, but the issue of abuse is not one he likes to discuss. Gladys prefers to place emphasis elsewhere, too.

> We learned to respect. That's what I hear [from] most of the families when I go visit them. I would rather have my kids brought up in the boarding school than what it is now....Children are getting out of hand, and there you knew how to respect somebody. Well, when you were told something, to do something. Nowadays you tell some kid to do something, they ignore you. I went up to Grade Eight. After that - when you were sixteen, you weren't able to go back in there. So I came out in 1956.

Gladys returned to Ebb and Flow, where she renewed her acquaintance with Philip, and married him in 1958.

> After we got married, he was working at that fish thing, there, cold storage...in Winnipeg, you know, that Salter Bridge. [Philip] For one summer I did that. [Gladys] That summer when we moved to Winnipeg, right after we got married....There was nothing out here - but he was working also at CN. The men used to go out, all that summer, eh? A couple of years he went. We had a car when we left here, but we sold it over there. It was a '50 Ford. (Philip) It was [in good shape], when I got it [laughs], not when we sold it. I think we only got $50 for it.

According to Philip, living in Winnipeg was all right. "It wasn't that bad. You could walk where you wanted at night. I don't think you can do that now." Gladys recalls their first place,

> We stayed at Martha Street, just behind...Main Street. That's where we stayed. [Philip] Then we moved closer when I got the job. We moved closer to Salter Bridge. [Gladys] I think it's Helen [Ellen] Street. Logan and Helen. That's where we stayed. It was quiet then. That time I remember Woolworths was right [at] Logan and Main. It was a new building; it was real nice. We used to call that a "ten cent" store.

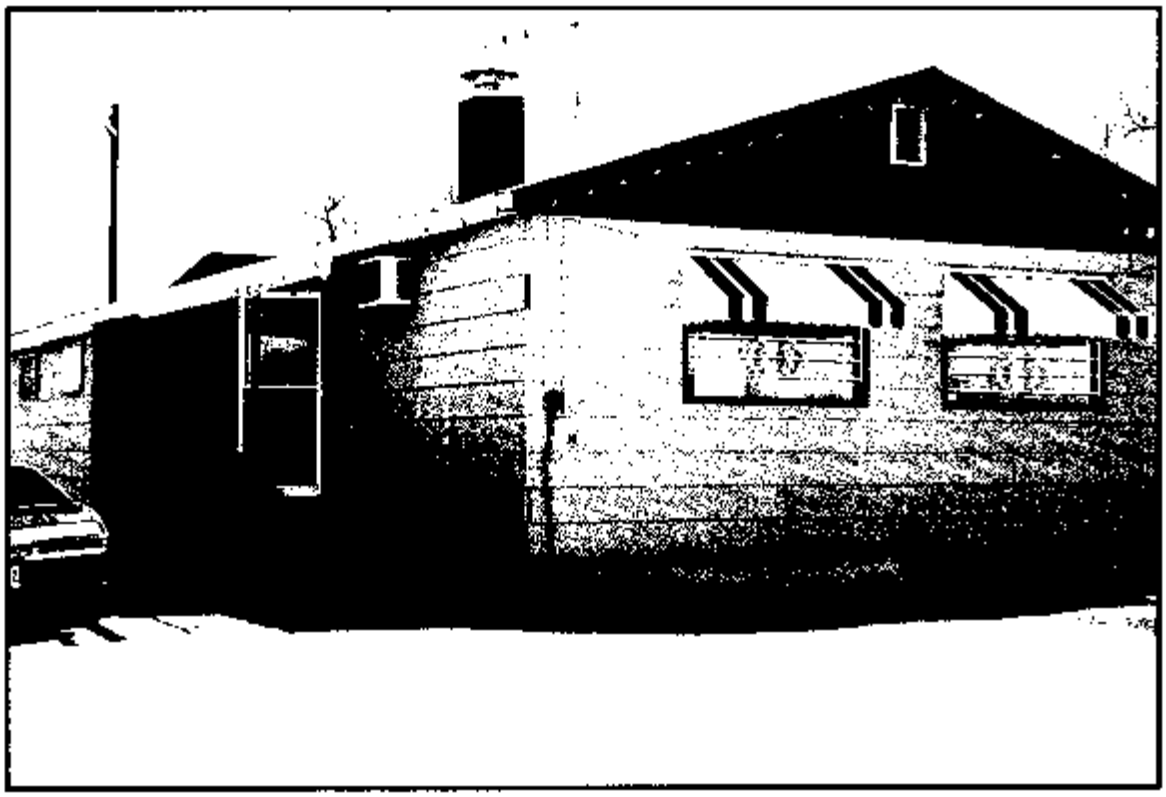
Philip continues,

> It wasn't hard to make a living. We always had enough....I worked in Room 21 in Winnipeg Cold Storage where they glazed the fish. It would be 21-23 below in there. When you come out [laughs] sure feel the heat [laughs]....I used to bring home fish from cold storage [laughter]. [Gladys] And I worked in the sewing factory. Manitoba Tent. It was on Dufferin. Yes, Dufferin, I think it was. That's what I say. I used to run from that place across the Salter Bridge, alone, eh? No trouble at all.

Even though they were managing all right in Winnipeg, they decided to return to Ebb and Flow. Philip recalls.

> We came home anyway, and then we built a log house over here. My Dad built a log house for me that we had bought from my Uncle George Malcolm...and then we moved it over here. Right across here...where my daughter's house is, right there, that brown building. That's where it was. And then we took upgrading when we first got married, eh? [Gladys] I know Kingsley was a baby, when we left. We worked in a vegetable farm this side of Headingley...[Philip] Before that. Jensen's Produce. That's where we used to work, for three summers, I think. We had three [children]. We had one already, when we started off, and then Kingsley, then Raymond, and Marcella. What grade level did we get? [Gladys] Grade Twelve. [Philip] I took a course in carpentry and went to Winnipeg, and three or four months I stayed there...M.I.T. [Manitoba Institute of Technology] We used to go on the Notre Dame Bus. I guess it is called different now...Then she joined me over there. When was that, 1966? [Gladys] Something like that, '65.

(Philip) '65. And I worked...And then, the cafe. The cafe we built there, that time when I started my apprenticeship. We built a house there, that's...the cafe...our old house. When Gladys started the cafe, we moved that old house across here.



Gladys Malcolm's Cafe (Courtesy Lee Heroux)

[Gladys] I think that was the first house that he built, that cafe there. That's our old place. [Philip]: And I worked there...across the road here....To finish my carpentry course, I had to do some practical work, so I got a job at Quinn Construction, and I worked at the Royal Bank Building at Portage and Main, twenty-one stories high building. That's where I started that fall. When the job was finished, I came back here, and I built the first two homes.

These were homes in the community. As Gladys explains it, "Some houses were being constructed, and there was always outside help, when there was something like this going on, like this construction. There was always a white person coming, too." However, when Philip became a qualified carpenter, there was no longer any need to look elsewhere for expertise. He became a role model for others to emulate. Of course, he did not do it without hard work and determination. As he himself explains,

I had to go to Brandon later on. It must have been '68, 1968. And I went to Brandon. I think it was a month and a half or three months I went back to finish my time. And then that is when I got my certificate. And then, that's when, I guess it was after that, when I started working here...full time...I worked for the band sometimes, and I worked for other bands, too. Crane River, Waterhen, Valley River, I went all over.

While all this was going on in Philip's life, Gladys was hardly idle.

I was working for the store, the Band store. I worked for Wilkenson off the reserve, about ten years, something like that. After, I worked at the band store. They started from the hall. We had a temporary store there. [Philip] We partitioned off the band hall.

All this was necessary because Wilkenson's Store had burned down. The band store operated for a few years, then was replaced by M & S Cash and Carry, which is still operating. While she was working there, Gladys also had a home to maintain. "Saturdays and Sundays were my wash days for the week," she explains, "At the same time, chasing the boys and girls, because they were growing up."

Local Store: M & S Cash and Carry (Courtesy Lee Heroux)

The cafe came later, as did Philip's cow-calf operation. Philip, with help from Gladys, explains how he got into ranching.

> I think that one time we bought an old cow. [Gladys] And it calved. [Philip] And it calved, and my youngest daughter, how old was she? [Gladys] Maybe one or two. And we went. That morning, we went and checked on the cow, eh, and the calf, and everybody rushed out - to go and see the calf. She was coming with one shoe on, and another shoe on, and we left her behind! [laughter] [Philip] And they liked the animals. So I think that is how it started. We had about ten head at one time, fourteen, I guess it was. Was it in '79, '78 or '79, when Manitoba Indian Agriculture had started up? And then Larry Pascal came to ask me if I wanted a loan to expand my herd. So I did. But at the same time I was carpentering, too. I was a carpenter and I was a rancher at the same time.

Expansion came as a result of Manitoba Indian Agriculture.

> [Philip] It started in 1975. [Gladys] Something like that, yeah. Like this here, where we are, this was just bush. All this along there, we opened that field there, and we started and cleared this up. It was just done by hand. The young boys liked coming, always asked us to do a little bit of job there, and that's what they was doing.

As they expanded their operation, the Malcolms needed more land, until they had four hundred and fifty acres nearby.

> [Gladys] There's a field here, another field here, and a field across, and two fields in- [Philip] Three fields. 150 acres at Mervin's, on the other side of the road.[43] The fields are alfalfa - for feed. And we lease right around the reserve, for grazing, and some for hay....Some that we've got can be developed. Most of the land is stony out here. I don't know what class it would be, Class Four, maybe Five. It grows good alfalfa, but sometimes we get about four bales to the acre. Four bales, maybe three bales the first cut. And the second cut, we get from a 50 acre field we'll get 100 bales. First, we'll get three hundred, then a hundred.

Their small herd of cattle grew, too.

> It's a cow-calf operation. [I have] about seventy myself. My boy [youngest son, Mervin] has somewhere around thirty head. Right now he is trying to get more cattle. Yeah, over a hundred head, I guess. But we work together, like, help make

[43] On the west side of Provincial road No. 278.

Percy Houle (Courtesy Lee Heroux)

Percy outside his teepee (Courtesy Lee Heroux)

Percy Houle

Percy Houle was born 9 September 1933 in a tent about half way between Ebb & Flow and Ste. Rose du Lac. His parents had been at Ochre River, where they had been working for a farmer, but had headed home, so that their child could be delivered by the local midwife. They both came from Ebb & Flow, although Percy recalls stories of relatives coming from Bone Reserve in Riding Mountain National Park.

> Some of them came from there. That place was once called Bone Reserve, until they were asked to move from there because there was going to be a national park built in the area. To this day it's now called Riding Mountain National Park. There is a cemetery still there. One of my grandfathers came from there;...his name was Kih-chih-ma-ma. His name in English is "big woodpecker with a big red cap on its head." In those days that's all the names they had. They didn't have the names you have today. There was no Jim, Jack, or Joe; everybody used nicknames. My mom used to call me Kih-chih-mook. My aunties and uncles used to call me that, too. I don't know where I lost it - somewhere along the line.

Percy's mother Edith had twelve children, four by her first husband, Pierre Houle Jr., and eight by her second, Walter Flett. Percy is from the first family, and the eldest boy. He was only six years old when his father passed away. At the time, they were living in the Comeau area just outside the reserve.

> Comeau was a priest, then they named it after him. When the road went in there they called it Comeau. A year after, we moved just a little further south [to] Jim Flett's old place.

When Percy was a boy, homes were far different from those most people live in today.

> Our roof had straw on it. My grandfather used to make a roof out of straw, dried hay, cut it up and plaster it on, layer over layer. Next thing you know, the roof is finished. Those roofs never leaked, and they were warm. The houses were made of logs, plaster on the walls.
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> Most floors I saw were just bare ground with whatever cardboard they found to cover it up with. That was your floor. Most of them were dirt floors, but most families tried to cover them up as best as they can with whatever they can find. There was no

such thing as plywood. Whatever boxes you found, you spread them on the ground, and that was your floor.

Percy still lives in a log house.

As a matter of fact, I'm the only one in the community living in a log house right now. Those logs are over seventy years old. This house has been moved about three or four times now. Those logs are still as good as new to the day they were put on.

Percy remembers a united community when he was growing up.

Everybody loved one another. Supposing that somebody had shot a deer in the community. Right away the families...would get a share of that meat. If there were ten families there, you would get a small share of that meat. That's how it was.

We had a net in the lake all the time. My [step]-father was a fisherman. He always had a few nets, a canoe, a small row boat. As a ten-year old boy, I used to go and lift the nets and bring back the fish we caught. The old people used to come with pans, pots, to get a share of the fish. I still don't remember why they, the old people, didn't go and get the fish themselves to give us a break! They liked the fish. We still kept on lifting the nets day after day in order to live.

Everybody got along with one another. I remember the treaty used to get their own gunpowder for ammunition....People from outside the reserve used to get gunpowder from people from inside the reserve, from which the gunpowder was...granted to the treaty. They all shared what they had with the people outside the reserve, because they were all related. The people were all the same. Only some of the people were bought out, or the government gave money to the people and sent them away from the reserve.

There were few disputes in the community, and people dealt with their own problems.

Maybe the kids had a fight somewhere. The neighbour would go and see the other neighbour with the kids that got into a fight. They would then settle their disputes themselves like saying, 'You don't do that again.' Then that would be it. You wouldn't hear of it again. Sure, us kids used to fight, too, but behind the bush. You don't let mom and dad know because you got a licking again if they knew you got into a fight. You got a licking when you got home.

One of the reasons minor quarrels did not become major disputes was because of the mutual respect there was among the people for each other.

> Everybody respected everybody....We had no laws, as far back as I could remember. A family would leave their house for a few months, come back, and they would find it the same way, too, as if they never left....Families would come back to their homes, and find that nothing was disturbed or nobody broke in. Of course, there was not much there for anybody to take anyway....Nobody ever took anything away from you. Whatever you had was yours. You respected a person's house, you respect[ed] the elders, you respected everybody. Today it's not like that.

There were plenty of relatives around, too, most of them "within a three mile stretch."

> They were almost like your 'extra' next-of-kin. When your mom and dad were not home, they were the one's looking after you. Sometimes if you were hungry, you would go next door. They would give you a piece of bannock or whatever they had.

Sharing was essential, when so many people were poor. Families, including boys like Percy, had to work hard to survive.

> We had a big garden. We always had lots to eat. Nobody had a dollar; nobody had money....We had horses...six to seven horses. We milked two cows every day, and put up hay. Basically [I] looked after the livestock. We cut wood every day with a buck saw. There were no power tools then....In the wintertime, there is fishing. My step-father was always fishing for the big fishermen on wages. In the summer time, they would work for farmers or ranchers, putting up hay and stuff like that. In the fall, they would all leave to Westbourne, or Langruth, where there would be threshing and stooking jobs in the fields. Now the farmer does all the threshing and stooking by himself with a combine and whatever. The farmer today needs little help.
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> I remember the wagon trains leaving Ebb and Flow. About twenty teams of horse and wagons heading south for Westbourne and Langruth. Everybody had a team of horses. If you had a team of horses and a wagon, you were considered wealthy, because you had your own means of transportation. I remember when those wagon trains would leave and return in the fall....People with families would leave and go work for farmers.
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> I worked on a tail end of a threshing machine. I was only fourteen then. Working with six teams, and four pitchers, and the stokers. I remember the first day. My hands were all blistered, and the next morning I couldn't hold a pitch fork. Those

guys I was working with told me just to grab that fork and never mind my blisters. I could just see blood pouring out in between my fingers. After a few days like that, my hands were as tough as a bear's paw. They didn't bleed any more. They were so hard that I was able to do any hard labour work after that....I don't remember exactly how much we got paid. I think it was five dollars a day. That was almost the hardest work around was threshing fields.

Even though life was hard, people still found time to have fun.

They had parties at somebody's home. Whoever had the biggest house would host the parties, dances, and socials. There was no such thing as a big hall. There were no children allowed, just the older people. They had all kinds of fun. There wasn't very much drinking, because nobody ever went to town. Once in a blue moon you went to town with the horses. Some old-timers usually drank, but it was hardly noticeable that they were drinking. They didn't abuse their drinking, not like today. If they set their own wine crock somewhere, nobody knew about it because it was against the law.

They also had sports days.

I think that's when the Treaty Days were held. People from surrounding communities would come. It was a big event. Everybody would come to see the relatives that they only saw each other once in a while because they lived in surrounding reserves.

Everybody would have a good time. During the sports days, there was baseball, racing, and horse racing. There is a little bluff near the lake and prairie where the people would walk their horses. That was the starting point, and they would run out to the clearing, and that would be the finish line - in a straight line. Today, they have a race track that is round.

I really used to enjoy watching horse races. The men would also run from the same area where the horses ran. I used to run from there, too, many times. I used to run with the men, even though I was young. I would come in third. I was really proud of myself coming in third.

When Percy was growing up, he was a strong Roman Catholic and attended church regularly.

I was very religious right to the time when I was about fourteen-fifteen years of age. I always went to church. I sang in church. I was even an alter boy....I'm still a

strong Catholic, and I also believe in the traditional way....When I was given the ceremonial peace pipe when I was a young man, then I knew what religion was all about, because you spoke from the heart....The church I go to now is the sweat lodge....Today, more and more people of our culture are going back to the traditional ways. It's coming back strong.

Percy also attended a one-room school at Comeau.

> The size would be about twenty-four feet by thirty feet. At least thirty pupils attended the school....[It was heated by] a wood furnace [in the winter]. The community used to bring a load of wood, saw it up. Each family had to donate a load of wood for the heating of the school....It had to be cut, chopped, and loaded ready for the wood furnace....
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> We had just pencils and scribblers....They were provided by the school; nobody had money to buy anything. That's all we had. We had very few books, and there was also a strap that was about four inches wide and about sixteen inches long. If you were late, you got the strap, which I got...every day for being late....The teacher would ask why we were late every day. I had no answer. I couldn't speak English. So the teacher says that I was stubborn, and he wanted my hand. I then got the strap. I wasn't stubborn. I just couldn't speak the language.
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> The reason why I got the strap every day is, at noon I would go home for lunch. My [step]-father would make us go back to the wood pile and cut wood. [He] would say that we were not allowed to leave that wood pile till we were told to leave. By the time we were told to leave the wood pile, it would be about five minutes to one, and we lived a little further away than a quarter mile away from the school. By the time we would get near the school, the...bell would be ringing. I could see the other children running inside the school already, so we would start running like jack rabbits, but we were late already. Every day like that. I was late, and I got the strap.
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> So one day I said, 'enough is enough.' I told my mom that I got a strap every day. She would say that I've been bad again, and I would say that I wasn't bad. I got a strap every day for being late because my [step]-father would keep us at that wood pile just long enough for us to be late when we returned to school.

Percy remembers that they got a new teacher every year, mostly because "it was an isolated area, and they didn't want to stay too long." Most of them were strict, except one teacher.

She was really good to us. She had one son, who was about thirteen years of age. Roger was his name. Their family name was Brunneau. Mrs. Brunneau. She was so good to us that when she left, we all cried. She told us that she would not be coming back. That really broke our hearts.

Percy left school under unusual circumstances.

I was in Grade Five in the fall. The teacher [Alphonse Clements] told us that he had bad news for us. 'All the people that are in Grade Five must leave the school and make room for the younger children.' We only started that day when the school was so full. I think about ten of us were told to leave and make room for the younger children. I was turning fourteen that fall....That was the end for school, but later on in my life I went back....I thought it was really good for me that I didn't have to go to any more school. It really hurt me later on though. That's why I had to go and work for construction with a shovel and a pick. I worked on sewer and water all my life, every chance I got. I worked in the trench, in the bog, and in the mud. It was not a very clean job, but I really enjoyed it, and that's the job I learned.

Although he was happy to leave school, he still has fond memories of those days.

There were a lot of good things, too, in school. We played baseball, football....We had a big ball diamond outside the school. We played ball every chance we got. Track and field, we did it ourselves. Whoever thought was faster than another, they raced one another....Everybody was friends to one another. Not like today, you turn around and you get stabbed in the back. We all lived in a small community, and everybody was happy.

Percy went to work after he left school, at commercial fishing during the winter months, and in construction during the summer. Then in 1954, he married Mary Alice Malcolm.

The weddings today, you got to have a nice vehicle to take around the wedding party. Everything has to be nice and beautiful. It takes a lot of money to get married today.

When we got married, we didn't know anything about a ring or wedding band. My mother borrowed a ring, a plain gold band, from Mrs. Victoria Flett. She used to lend out that wedding band to whoever wanted to get married. That was a church belief that you needed a wedding band to give to your wife.

When we got married, Jerry Thompson and his wife were having their fiftieth wedding anniversary. My cousin, Alfred Houle, happened to be getting married, [too]. So we had a double wedding.

There was no such thing as receptions, like they have today. My mother invited everybody to our house to have a feast. We all had a big dinner. When my mother prepared the food, she had about fifty-sixty chickens. We killed about twenty chickens for the wedding feast. My step-father also shot a deer for the feast. Everybody was happy.

All we received from my mother was a blanket and one pillow. She said, 'My son, that's all I have to give you.' Also this old woman from Valley River gave us a frying pan. That is all we had, nothing else, no money or anything.

I found work right away, after we married. My mother told me that I'll have to move out, that I am now on my own, and that she cannot support me anymore. I used to support my mother, before I got married. I used to come home with a big pay cheque worth two - three hundred dollars. That was a lot of money then. We bought clothes, toys, gifts for Christmas, when I came home.

After his marriage, Percy continued to work for wages as a helper to a commercial fisherman, Joe Kjartanson. He also worked in construction during the summer. At the same time, his wife and he raised four boys [a fifth died young] and five girls. While his children were growing up, Percy's own thinking matured, and he became more interested in traditional native values, and things like sweet grass, the sweat lodge, and the drum.

I was getting up to my early forties before I knew what it was. The culture, the religion, was all very new to me. I was getting old already. Nobody showed me what this was all about. I had to find out for myself.

[The elders] were strict in their way, but they never told us anything about the culture, the culture which we see today such as the sweat lodges, sun dances, pow-wows. There was no such thing as that, because they were hiding everything from the priests. They didn't want them to know what they were doing.

One of my grandfathers had a drum. He was a medicine man....He used to doctor the people, and kept quiet about it, and nobody said anything about it because the were scared of the priests. They were scared that they would come and take their drums, rattles, the pipes, and whatever they had.

When I was given the sweat lodge, I didn't know what it was till I had to show myself what it was. I learned through visions and dreams. An old medicine man told me to pay attention to them. From what experience I have, I would like to pass it on to anybody who wants to learn. I'm a pipe maker, and I make lots of pipes for people, because the pipes are going to be very important in the upcoming years.

I remember one of the pipes my grandfather had. It was shaped and made out of clay. He shaped it, cooked it, then smoked it. It looked like a brick after he was finished with it, because it molded so hard. Now we shape and cut our pipes with machines.

Percy's interest in traditional values was part of a growing awareness of the world around him. When he was young, for instance, local people were uninvolved in politics, and he can only recall one incident where his family was in any way connected with government.

When my father passed away, my mother went to see somebody, wanting some help to provide for us four kids. So the word got around, and I don't know who [had] written a letter to the government for assistance. My mother received eighteen dollars a month for us four kids. That was in 1939 or 40. She bought a whole load of wood, a bunch of groceries, clothing for all us kids, and a jacket for herself. All that for eighteen dollars a month.

Later, Percy himself became involved in local politics.

[When] the Manitoba Metis Federation was born, I was very much involved. My uncle was one of the co-founders of M.M.F., Andy Spence. He came around and told us what was going to take place. We had meetings, discussions, and they told us what to expect and what the goals were. Right away we made our chairperson, and the rest of the members. Every community started like that. When there was money, everybody wanted to be Metis.

The M.M.F. showed and taught us how to speak for ourselves, not to beat around the bush, or hide when the white man came. Then I knew we were living, too. We were part of this country....In M.M.F. we had meetings and discussions. We discussed what we would like to see in the community. What we discussed would be carried on. We had an outdoor arena, buildings for change rooms, ball diamonds. The old school was given to us. We tried to fix it up to standards.

I was involved with the M.M.F. for thirteen years, and I represented the people in Bacon Ridge. When you spoke, you represented the people. You had a voice to speak; the politicians would then listen. The M.M.F. was one of the best things that ever was. I'm sorry that I'm not a part of it now. I now have a treaty number. I don't know what is going to happen now; I know Bacon Ridge doesn't have a representative at this point in time....The housing is poor. The roads are poor. They have no voice.

Percy is no longer associated with the M.M.F. He has obtained treaty status through Bill C-31.

Bill C-31, I still don't fully understand it, because we're not recognized. My wife was the first one who applied and became a Bill C-31 in 1985. Then [at that time], the rest of the people didn't want to be Indians. They wanted to be Metis. But my wife went ahead and got Bill C-31. She received a treaty number. She got a whole bunch of money back, from three to four years back-pay from government taxes. Once my wife got her back-pay of the taxes she paid into, everybody wanted to be an Indian again.

I think it is going to be good. Now I have a treaty number, hopefully [I will] receive a house in the reserve. I will thank the ladies that brought that up and fought for the rights of the people, native women all across Canada. Groups of women got together and went to see the government to see if they could reinstate their status, because they thought it was not fair when they married a non-treaty man, they lose their status.

Percy recalls that the non-treaty community of which he was a part sometimes cooperated with the Ebb and Flow band.

The biggest project that both sides worked together [on] was the new school....Before our [high school] kids used to go to school in Ste. Rose, and the younger ones at Hillridge. We used to hear that there was people in Ste. Rose that were prejudiced against our native children. So the two sides worked together to build our own school, to bring our children home.

Our famous chief, Jim Mancheese, had the idea, and we carried it on to make a standardized school for our children. His dream was never mentioned, how [he] had a dream to bring our children home to go to school. He was a great man and I still honour him. If he'd be alive, he would have done a lot more.

Although he is happy about the school that was eventually built on the reserve, Percy is concerned about his native language.

> I'm very sorry to say that we are losing our native language. My own grandchildren don't understand me when I use my mother tongue. Why are we throwing our language away?...Once the elders are gone, our Indian language will disappear, too. Why I think we're losing our language is because it's probably the only way now to communicate with other people, by speaking English.

Besides the loss of his language, Percy has also become concerned with issues in the world beyond the community of Ebb and Flow.

> We are destroying the world, our world. We are polluting our waters. The chemicals the farmers use in their fields runs down into ditches, then on to rivers and lakes. That is why the fish are dying. Same with the cattle. How many needles that cow gets before it's fully grown? Then it is slaughtered and shipped to the local grocery stores. We don't know what we are eating.
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> You can go into the bush, hunt yourself a deer, moose, elk, rabbit, and what not. There you know what you are eating. Those animals were given to us to feed on. There is very little buffalo left. The white man slaughtered most of the buffalo. They chased them all away, so we will starve.

That's what Percy thinks anyway, and since he is retired now, he has plenty of time to think. While his wife is away at the school doing her custodial work, he has time to solve the world's problems. He also has time to entertain. Since seven of his children live nearby, he also spends time telling his numerous grandchildren the old stories. He continues to make pipes and visit old friends. He still lives off the reserve, and patiently waits for the time he has his own house there, but Percy is recapturing his Native roots. Treaty number or no treaty number, he is beginning to know who he is.

Philip Malcolm and his wife Gladys Mancheese Malcolm

Gladys Mancheese Malcolm (Courtesy Lee Heroux)

Philip and Gladys Malcolm live on the Ebb and Flow Reserve in a comfortable home that looks out across a wide expanse to the road opposite. During the winter months, that space is covered with a blanket of pearly-white snow, broken only by an occasional leafless scrub oak, and conveying an impression of deep sleep. However, just outside the living room window, there is plenty of life. Here in strategically placed sites, Philip has put bird feeders, which attract a great deal of attention. His wife Gladys explains.

> He made each a birdhouse for the girls. I put a bag of birdseed in them for Christmas presents. [Philip] I made three of them. And one of my daughters-in-law came over and never said anything. [laughs, followed by a long pause] And I never said anything either. [laughter] [She later received one as a gift.]
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> The woodpecker is as big as the bluejay. I like to watch them....There's about eleven different kinds that come here. Even there is one junko,...a black junko. [We

usually only see them] in the spring and in the fall, but this one stayed here, wintering here. Dark.

[Gladys] We have little humming birds in the summer time. [They] fight each other. Even little wee ones. My sister was coming in the morning, and I was washing dishes, and watching them at the same time. She said, 'I've just seen a mocking bird at your bird feeder. [laughter] [I asked], What kind of a mocking bird? (laughter)

The birds represent a pleasant diversion for two busy people. Philip is a carpenter as well as a rancher, and Gladys runs a cafe. Ebb and Flow has been their home for most of their lives, so they have plenty in common. Indeed, they attended their first communion together.

[Gladys] I just found a picture of our first communion....When the old school was being shut down, they spread out lots of pictures, from all those years, from the old school, and that's where I found this old picture. I didn't realize that we had our first communion together. [laughs] I knew I had had my first communion, but I was not sure of who was all there.

Not all things are so readily forgotten. Philip well remembers the grandparents of his youth.

My grandmother was Liza Thompson. I don't know my grandfather. I only know my step-grandfather, Pete Gameau. He was my grandfather....They lived at Eddystone. She was related to people at Eddystone....My grandfather...did everything - fisherman, trapper, a jack-of-all trades. Mr. Gameau has boys that are living, and a daughter. He had a different wife before. I don't remember her [Liza Thompson's] history very much....She was an old one. I was just a kid when she died.

In their later years, Liza and Pete moved into Ebb and Flow. As Philip recalls, his Uncle Charlie Campbell also had a house there.

They used to live in that little village by the lake side. And there was quite a village there, but there isn't any more. There are only two or three families where there used to be a village....That is over here by the lake side...not on the reserve, on the south side of the reserve.

They got water from the lake. They lived a quarter of a mile from the lake. They used the ice in the winter time. They used a team of horses with a stoneboat in the

summer to get the water from the lake. Barrel on a stoneboat. And they would go by the lake. In the winter time they would melt snow and ice. They got ice from the lake.

Philip lived nearby, at least for the first few years. Then his mother became ill with tuberculosis and had to be sent away to a sanitarium. As Gladys explains it, "That's how Philip ended up in a boarding school." "It was around 1947," adds Philip, "I would be about eight years old, I guess....Sandy Bay. We both went there." Philip's father visited him from time to time while he was in the residential school.

My dad was a very good man, a hard-working man. He worked all his life. I guess he did. He worked at the mine when my mum was at the sanitarium. That's when he used to come to visit us, from Amaranth there. He worked there at the mine, that gypsum mine. He worked all his life.

Gladys also went to the school at Sandy Bay, because her mother died of tuberculosis. As she explains, this disease was a real problem in the past.

When...they did treaty days, they used to have this X-ray truck....You'd walk in there....About every year everybody got checked for TB....My sister was sent to Brandon, and to Selkirk. She got TB, too....I think that's what my mother had, too. But it was too late for her. She was quite sick, and she had a baby at the same time. That baby lived for a short period of time. Another little girl died after the baby died....I lost my mother when I was five, eh? That's where we were, living at that south settlement there on the reserve...There was three of us girls....That's how we ended up in the residential school.

Like Philip, Gladys had a father who was away a great deal.

My Dad was always...out working, always on the road....He worked at...this fish camp here and Kjartansons from Leifur...this side of Amaranth....Joe Kjartanson's. It was a fishing camp there. He worked there for a few years. That's where we spent most of our summers and winters when we were at Sandy Bay...That was home for us. That old house is still up a little bit, just about falling. It was a huge house, but when I went there, it looked small. That's where I spent most of my summers in that old house.

Like so many of her generation, who lost a parent to tuberculosis, Gladys has few recollections of her mother, but a baby-sitter, who looked after the children during that sad time, told Gladys how attentive her father had been to his wife.

> 'Every time he went out,' said one of those baby-sitters, 'He'd bring her home something, like, a nice coat, with a hat, a matching coat and hat. I think she had three sets of those, and I remember that colour,' she said, 'That time I was baby-sitting, he brought her home a hat and a coat. It was American Beauty, that colour, it was real sharp.' So he must have been good....He always brought her home something. And I remember after she left, I was quite young, but I remember playing with something - It was heart-shaped, and it had a comb, and a brush, and a mirror. That's what she had.

Although the death of her mother meant Gladys and her sisters had to go to Sandy Bay, she has no bad memories of residential schools. "I was there for nine years. For me it was good." Philip agrees, "I went up to Grade 6, and I came out of there, Grade Six, and I finished here in Ebb and Flow." He admits residential schooling wasn't always as good for others, but the issue of abuse is not one he likes to discuss. Gladys prefers to place emphasis elsewhere, too.

> We learned to respect. That's what I hear [from] most of the families when I go visit them. I would rather have my kids brought up in the boarding school than what it is now....Children are getting out of hand, and there you knew how to respect somebody. Well, when you were told something, to do something. Nowadays you tell some kid to do something, they ignore you. I went up to Grade Eight. After that - when you were sixteen, you weren't able to go back in there. So I came out in 1956.

Gladys returned to Ebb and Flow, where she renewed her acquaintance with Philip, and married him in 1958.

> After we got married, he was working at that fish thing, there, cold storage...in Winnipeg, you know, that Salter Bridge. [Philip] For one summer I did that. [Gladys] That summer when we moved to Winnipeg, right after we got married....There was nothing out here - but he was working also at CN. The men used to go out, all that summer, eh? A couple of years he went. We had a car when we left here, but we sold it over there. It was a '50 Ford. (Philip) It was [in good shape], when I got it [laughs], not when we sold it. I think we only got $50 for it.

According to Philip, living in Winnipeg was all right. "It wasn't that bad. You could walk where you wanted at night. I don't think you can do that now." Gladys recalls their first place,

> We stayed at Martha Street, just behind...Main Street. That's where we stayed. [Philip] Then we moved closer when I got the job. We moved closer to Salter Bridge. [Gladys] I think it's Helen [Ellen] Street. Logan and Helen. That's where we stayed. It was quiet then. That time I remember Woolworths was right [at] Logan and Main. It was a new building; it was real nice. We used to call that a "ten cent" store.

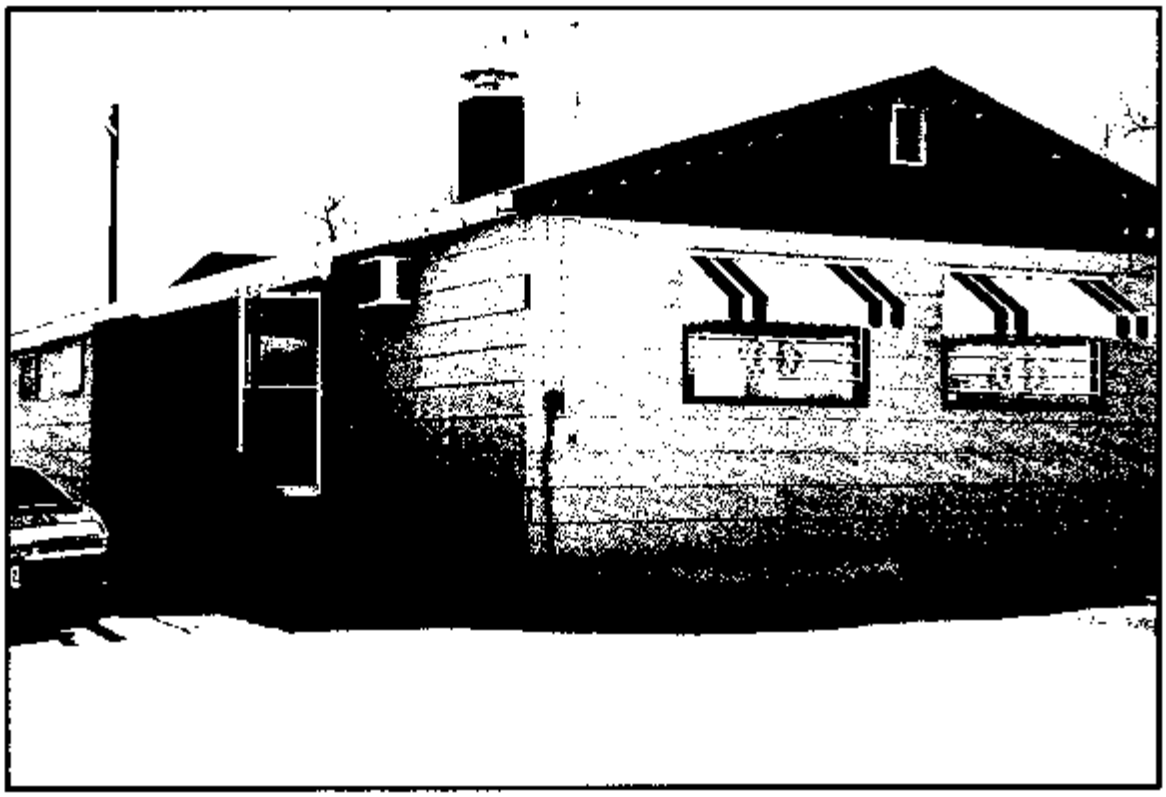
Philip continues,

> It wasn't hard to make a living. We always had enough....I worked in Room 21 in Winnipeg Cold Storage where they glazed the fish. It would be 21-23 below in there. When you come out [laughs] sure feel the heat [laughs]....I used to bring home fish from cold storage [laughter]. [Gladys] And I worked in the sewing factory. Manitoba Tent. It was on Dufferin. Yes, Dufferin, I think it was. That's what I say. I used to run from that place across the Salter Bridge, alone, eh? No trouble at all.

Even though they were managing all right in Winnipeg, they decided to return to Ebb and Flow. Philip recalls.

> We came home anyway, and then we built a log house over here. My Dad built a log house for me that we had bought from my Uncle George Malcolm...and then we moved it over here. Right across here...where my daughter's house is, right there, that brown building. That's where it was. And then we took upgrading when we first got married, eh? [Gladys] I know Kingsley was a baby, when we left. We worked in a vegetable farm this side of Headingley...[Philip] Before that. Jensen's Produce. That's where we used to work, for three summers, I think. We had three [children]. We had one already, when we started off, and then Kingsley, then Raymond, and Marcella. What grade level did we get? [Gladys] Grade Twelve. [Philip] I took a course in carpentry and went to Winnipeg, and three or four months I stayed there...M.I.T. [Manitoba Institute of Technology] We used to go on the Notre Dame Bus. I guess it is called different now...Then she joined me over there. When was that, 1966? [Gladys] Something like that, '65.

(Philip) '65. And I worked...And then, the cafe. The cafe we built there, that time when I started my apprenticeship. We built a house there, that's...the cafe...our old house. When Gladys started the cafe, we moved that old house across here.



Gladys Malcolm's Cafe (Courtesy Lee Heroux)

[Gladys] I think that was the first house that he built, that cafe there. That's our old place. [Philip]: And I worked there...across the road here....To finish my carpentry course, I had to do some practical work, so I got a job at Quinn Construction, and I worked at the Royal Bank Building at Portage and Main, twenty-one stories high building. That's where I started that fall. When the job was finished, I came back here, and I built the first two homes.

These were homes in the community. As Gladys explains it, "Some houses were being constructed, and there was always outside help, when there was something like this going on, like this construction. There was always a white person coming, too." However, when Philip became a qualified carpenter, there was no longer any need to look elsewhere for expertise. He became a role model for others to emulate. Of course, he did not do it without hard work and determination. As he himself explains,

I had to go to Brandon later on. It must have been '68, 1968. And I went to Brandon. I think it was a month and a half or three months I went back to finish my time. And then that is when I got my certificate. And then, that's when, I guess it was after that, when I started working here...full time...I worked for the band sometimes, and I worked for other bands, too. Crane River, Waterhen, Valley River, I went all over.

While all this was going on in Philip's life, Gladys was hardly idle.

I was working for the store, the Band store. I worked for Wilkenson off the reserve, about ten years, something like that. After, I worked at the band store. They started from the hall. We had a temporary store there. [Philip] We partitioned off the band hall.

All this was necessary because Wilkenson's Store had burned down. The band store operated for a few years, then was replaced by M & S Cash and Carry, which is still operating. While she was working there, Gladys also had a home to maintain. "Saturdays and Sundays were my wash days for the week," she explains, "At the same time, chasing the boys and girls, because they were growing up."

Local Store: M & S Cash and Carry (Courtesy Lee Heroux)

The cafe came later, as did Philip's cow-calf operation. Philip, with help from Gladys, explains how he got into ranching.

> I think that one time we bought an old cow. [Gladys] And it calved. [Philip] And it calved, and my youngest daughter, how old was she? [Gladys] Maybe one or two. And we went. That morning, we went and checked on the cow, eh, and the calf, and everybody rushed out - to go and see the calf. She was coming with one shoe on, and another shoe on, and we left her behind! [laughter] [Philip] And they liked the animals. So I think that is how it started. We had about ten head at one time, fourteen, I guess it was. Was it in '79, '78 or '79, when Manitoba Indian Agriculture had started up? And then Larry Pascal came to ask me if I wanted a loan to expand my herd. So I did. But at the same time I was carpentering, too. I was a carpenter and I was a rancher at the same time.

Expansion came as a result of Manitoba Indian Agriculture.

> [Philip] It started in 1975. [Gladys] Something like that, yeah. Like this here, where we are, this was just bush. All this along there, we opened that field there, and we started and cleared this up. It was just done by hand. The young boys liked coming, always asked us to do a little bit of job there, and that's what they was doing.

As they expanded their operation, the Malcolms needed more land, until they had four hundred and fifty acres nearby.

> [Gladys] There's a field here, another field here, and a field across, and two fields in- [Philip] Three fields. 150 acres at Mervin's, on the other side of the road.[43] The fields are alfalfa - for feed. And we lease right around the reserve, for grazing, and some for hay....Some that we've got can be developed. Most of the land is stony out here. I don't know what class it would be, Class Four, maybe Five. It grows good alfalfa, but sometimes we get about four bales to the acre. Four bales, maybe three bales the first cut. And the second cut, we get from a 50 acre field we'll get 100 bales. First, we'll get three hundred, then a hundred.

Their small herd of cattle grew, too.

> It's a cow-calf operation. [I have] about seventy myself. My boy [youngest son, Mervin] has somewhere around thirty head. Right now he is trying to get more cattle. Yeah, over a hundred head, I guess. But we work together, like, help make

[43] On the west side of Provincial road No. 278.

hay together. We make thirteen hundred or fourteen hundred bales every summer, like, a thousand pound bales.

Philip Malcolm feeding one of his calves (Courtesy Lee Heroux)

The calves are generally born in the spring.

They start about February 23, I guess, the first ones. Sometime they drag on till May. [laughs] We sell the calves in the fall. [Gladys] We used to have one type [Simmental]. We are changing. Charolais. [Philip] There is supposed to be a meeting in Eddystone or Ste. Rose, and talk about the type of cattle the buyers want...I pretty well know what type they want. They want Charolais Cross. That's all there is to it.

For us that raise just cow -calf...we have to sell in the fall, and the price of cattle, the highest that I sold the last two years was eighty-three cents a pound and the lowest was sixty-three cents a pound. They only want certain types of calves to feed. [Gladys] The last two years, it's been bad. [Philip] It's been bad. When it was good, it was a dollar twenty-five, a dollar thirty-five. And that was really good.

> Five, six hundred dollars, seven hundred dollars a calf, but that was three or four years ago now, and it's not coming up really fast right now.[44]

The price paid for their calves is crucial, because they are expensive to raise. Costs include such things as fuel, equipment, labour, and leases. Philip has land on the reserve, but not enough. Therefore, he has to lease crown land, which is subject to taxes. According to Gladys, these are paid "just on crown lands, when you pay your lease." Philip wonders about a scheme to eliminate them altogether.

> I don't know if it is going to work, what they are talking about. That we buy land from crown lands. Buy land from crown lands, and then the reserve is going to buy it from us. The band, chief and council, buy it from us, and then we won't have to pay taxes then. We'll just pay for the lease.

Concerning income from crown lands, Philip explains it does not have to be declared because their base of operation is the reserve. Also,

> Anything that is delivered into the reserve, we don't pay the GST. [Gladys] We try to get away with that fuel, too, eh. [laughter] Like the priest. One time he was getting a V.C.R. and T.V. for the church, eh. And he went and asked Philip to sign it for him, so he could get away with the tax. [laughter] [Philip] He was teasing, eh? [Gladys] He said the church was in the reservation, so it should.

Whether priest or rancher, cost is a concern and a challenge; yet in spite of the difficulties, Philip is not the only rancher on the reserve. His cousins, Chris, Arthur, and Louis Malcolm also have cattle, as well as some of the Beaulieus and the Baptistes. "Chris started after I did, eh. Arthur had a few head before I did, and Ralph Beaulieu, he started a way after...I did." Ranching is not something new. Most of the oldtimers at Ebb and Flow had a pair of horses, because they provided transportation. Gladys's grandfather, Charlie Flett, had them, and James Malcolm, Philip's dad, had horses as well as a few head of cattle. Philip and Gladys still keep a few horses "just for the kids."

Gladys continues to run her restaurant, and in addition to his ranching, Philip supervises housing construction on the reserve.

> I was the project manger [summer of 1996]. I had to look after twenty homes that were built in the reserve. Eight CMHC homes and the rest were subsidy

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[44] In May 1997, the price was $1.13 a pound.

capital....CMHC, I guess, they're the ones with the money. The lot is in the records, and everything, so they know where it is, and who is living in it. And then we have CMHC inspectors to come and see them, and see if everything is done right....They only come at the time when we need them - after the foundation is finished. They come again when it's done. CMHC, we've got lots for them. Subsidy housing, which is capital housing, I guess, those are built wherever the people want them. Low income.

With population growing, there is always demand for new houses, but Philip is no longer alone. There are a number of good carpenters now, and plumbers, too, like Larry Hunter. Philip explains that "He is the maintenance man. He was the main plumber last year." Larry grew up in Ebb and Flow, or more precisely at Sucker Creek. Gladys explains,

Well, that's where they all lived, over there. Sucker Creek, they called it. That's where he grew up. I remember him when he was born. We were at the hospital at the same time - Ste. Rose, that old hospital. We went upstairs, where we were. Lucy Baptiste was there, too, and myself. There was three of us. Our tonsils were pulled out that time. And I remember Lucy telling us that Larry was born and we went downstairs to look at him. The rooms looked big at that time, and now looking at them they are real small.

References to Ste. Rose Hospital is a reminder of the changes that have occurred in health care. In the old days, childbirth was not considered a medical problem. Gladys remembers.

I think there were a lot of midwives at that time. And I remember them talking about it...And my grandmother went and showed me that spot where her little house was, at that time when I was born, in the bush there. And I remember they didn't allow us to a certain house there - where the baby was being delivered 'cause, you'll - what did they say? - you'll block the way for the rabbit to bring the baby. [laughter] So they chased us away, 'go and play in the field.'...Men used to run away, I think, when the first cry was there. [laughter]

Both Philip and Gladys remember when people went away to harvest.

[Gladys] They used to talk about...way back when they were moving from place to place. They went up to Westbourne to do t[h]rashing, eh, all these hard picking roots in the fields all summer....They all did that. [Philip] When they first came and got me, to take me to Sandy Bay. [Gladys] That's where they picked us up. [Philip]

They picked us up at...Langruth or Westbourne. [Gladys] We were at Langruth. [Philip] That's where they picked us up. They worked there for farmers, t[h]rashing. Schneider, or something, he called them, my dad used to call them people....They went back there every year to the same place, to go t[h]rashing in the fall. He had a team of horses, and I don't remember much about it, only remember that's where they picked us up, at that farm. There must have been a big camp. I remember some of the boys were there, old men now, some of them. There was quite a big camp, like, tents and everything. [Gladys] I think they started off, like, digging Senec[a] Roots, and gradually going to where they were going, digging roots at the same time.

Gladys and Philip also recall the old church.

[Gladys] We were talking about the settlement here, and the church is about a couple of miles from there, eh. I remember walking from there to go to church. [Philip] It was about a mile, I guess, from the south village...that's where the church was. North, there. They call it north, where the church was at. It burned down. [Gladys] 1952, I think, '52. It wasn't real big. [Philip] And it was facing different, eh? (Gladys) It was facing the lake, but it didn't have no basement, just ground level. [The new church] is a little bit too high for the old people to climb up. [Philip] And the ones on wheelchairs. It is hard for them. [Gladys] If we have a large funeral. It usually ends up at the hall there. It's easier for the older people.

[Philip] I remember when...it was. Bro. Lagasse, his name was, that built that church. Father Comeau was the boss. I remember when my dad took, I don't know how many teams they had there, maybe ten teams of horses, and they used those scrapers that were held by hand. And then I remember I was on the lines, getting the horses to go and that, and one of the men was behind on the scraper holding it down to dig out the basement. [laughs] Just the one way, go and turn around. Almost like a plough. They just trow [throw] them over, and when it's filled up, and then, where they're going to unload, they just t[h]row them over. And that's how that basement was dug.

There have been other changes since the present church was built. Attendance was down for a few years, but lately it has improved, especially among the older people. There has also been a response to local interest in traditional spirituality. As Philip explains it,

> They've introduced the sweetgrass and drums into our church. And some of the old people don't approve of that. Till, they're all gone, I guess. It helps some of the people to come to church, when they know that some of their tradition is being used.

For some, the return to church has been prompted by tragedy, like suicide, for instance, which has touched a number of families, including the Malcolms, whose youngest daughter took her own life. Although a painful subject, Philip feels,

> It is better to talk about it. To get it out....That's the way it was. It was quite high....It's stopped now a little bit. Like, there isn't that many suicides... not as bad as it was.

Concerning the loss of their daughter, Gladys explains,

> At that time, two of my cousin's sons committed suicide while my daughter was over there, at Dog Creek. I don't know whether that started her. At the same time, she was having trouble here with boyfriends.

Although ready to concede that it might be "copycat" behaviour, Philip has other thoughts on the matter.

> The drugs do that, too.

Drugs have been a problem locally, but finding proof to convict the drug dealers in court can be a difficult thing, as Gladys illustrates with a story she heard from Sandy Bay.

> A lady was concerned about her children coming home with drugs all the time and passing out, or something like that anyway. She went and bought this drug from this guy, and she went and showed it to the RCMP. But she had bought it, making proof that he is selling it, and she was charged for possession of drugs! She didn't take a witness with her.

Although the wheels of justice may turn slowly, it has not prevented Philip and Gladys from taking action themselves. The loss of their daughter was a turning point, as Gladys explains,

> That's how we started bringing back people to church. It was really going down. Ourselves, we never went to church at that time. And then it turned around....Lay people. That's what we are now. We are starting to do awakes....We pray, we say the rosary, sing, and we read them scriptures, talk to the people. [Philip] Every Sunday, every second Sunday- [Gladys] Every other Sunday, the priest doesn't

come out; that's when we do our communion service. The church is full sometimes...And the last two, three years, we go to this pilgrimage in Lac Ste. Anne, Alberta. It's really something to see, about twenty to thirty thousand people. We went and held a mass there, the second year we went. We will probably do it again this year. [Philip] I guess that's the first time in their history of this pilgrimage they had Ojibway sung in there. It is usually all Cree and other languages.

[Gladys] It is nice to hear other people talk—it seems like everybody has the same problem we have. [Philip] Some could even have tears in their eyes. [Gladys] Like there was one person there. When we were there that first Sunday, the Stoney Nation was singing, and there was one boy that came up there....I guess his parents were always coming to this pilgrimage every year, year after year, and as he was growing up, he came there, but he [was] half stoned sometimes, eh? [Philip] He was on drugs, eh? [Gladys] And he said, 'The last time, I don't remember how I got out, how I got home.' But, I guess, the security must have took him home, stoned. And he lost his parents, and he said, 'Then, one time, I woke up, and I was here,' he said, 'And my parents were gone. And I came and listened here, and this is what I heard.' Like, the same kind of trouble he was in, somebody else was talking about. And then he said, 'I am able to talk in front of yous now, talking about myself, and now that I understand why my parents used to came here, how inspiring it is. But why do I have to do that now that they are gone? Why didn't I show it while they were living that I can do that, too?' That was what he's sorry about.

As active lay people, Philip and Gladys are assuming more leadership in the church.

[Philip] We get asked to go to other reserves, go to Ephinstone. [Gladys] Dog Creek. We went there last week. My cousin died there, too, last week. She died of cancer. They wanted an awake there. [Philip] We sometimes get asked to go to weddings. (Gladys) Weddings Sing songs there...We sing, with both the violin and the guitar. Drum. And Arthur [Philip's cousin] is getting involved with a little organ.

During the past eight years, Philip and Gladys have transformed their lives, and, as Gladys explains, it has had a good effect.

For us, and the family, I don't think they are using any drugs. I am not aware of them. But other people, other parents are concerned.

Of course, drugs are just a modern expression of another, older variety, namely alcohol, which Philip and Gladys admit was used in the past by their own fathers. Philip recalls his father's behaviour when he had a few drinks.

> He likes to sing. That's where I get my singing, I guess. [laughter]....I never remember my Dad fighting or anything. Or even your dad, eh? They wasn't that type of people. They wouldn't go looking for a fight every time. [Gladys] My grandfather and his brothers, I guess, used to gather together and they'd fiddle all at the same time, challenge each other.

Evidently, even when alcohol was used, it's effects did not seem as harmful as they are today. Perhaps it was because there were fewer people living on and around the reserve in those times, all of them friends and relatives to each other. Philip explains.

> In that village, south there, south from the church where there used to be that village there...they were all related...and if there was anything they were short, they could surely get it from one house or another, borrow, a cup of sugar, salt. (Gladys) Lard. [laughter]
>
> [Philip] They would help each other. And their horses or their animals. If anyone wanted to borrow, their harness or whatever, they could go and borrow it. [laughs] I just remember what happened to my dad. I guess he was sitting on the ground fixing his harness. I guess the time before, he had lent it to one of your [Gladys's] uncles, eh? Walter Flett. He had his horses. They would be rough, eh, break the harness, or something, here and there. And I guess my dad was fixing the harness, just sitting on the ground with a hammer and rivets, riveting away at the harness, fixing the harness. 'That's what all Walter always does! Walter always does! He lets the horses break the harness, and he doesn't fix them, brings them back.' And I guess Walter had been coming...and he was [laughs] already standing. [Gladys] Already standing beside [Philip's Dad]. And there he is! [Philip] And there he is! [Laughter]
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> But that's the way they were. They'd help out each other in whatever way they can. Even they went out hunting, they'd share everything. [Gladys] The ladies would cut up and dry meat. And I remember my grandpa used to have his fiddle out while he was waiting for the meat to dry. [laughter] Even in the morning, I remember when they moved up here, after everybody had moved up to the ridge. They moved this house there, and we used to go on the weekend. We used to sleep over at his place,

and early in the morning he would play his fiddle. You could hear him playing, eh? And he had already cooked us some breakfast, and playing the fiddle at the same time. Or making bannock. He was better than my grandmother. [laughter] My grandmother was in the hospital, too. She had TB. All that time she was in the hospital, he was raising up his three sons. I guess that is how he learned about cooking and making bannock.

Gladys's reference to the move to the ridge is a reminder that many of the people at Ebb and Flow once lived near The Narrows. She explains,

That settlement here we're talking about. That used to be a reserve. And then they switched. They sold this part of the land, and bought that part there. They switched land. Because there was a lot of fishing then. [Philip] At The Narrows. North of The Narrows. [Gladys] So that is how they ended up with that reserve over there....In the late 1800s. And that's where they had a settlement there, too. There is nothing there. I think it is a pasture now, they said. They are trying to look for that landmark they had there. Somebody had seen it....A farmer is leasing the land. [Philip] There's a guy that used to live here, his name was Gabriel. He had seen the markers, like, it was saying Ebb and Flow Reserve. That guy is living in Winnipeg now. [Gladys] This lady that we went with...to the funeral...at La Broquerie just last week, she said...she knows where about it is. But she's not quite sure. They were going to go back. They were going to go see it last summer, but then she lost her husband, and she got carried away with something else. [Philip] It could be up to ten acres, so I heard.

It was frog collecting, those big, green frogs, that revealed the landmark. Gladys explains.

That's the time that this guy, this Gabriel seen this landmark. That's the time. At one time they were picking frogs, and lots of people were doing that....That's how they ended up in there. That's how they came on that landmark. I remember I was young then. My dad was taking us to go and pick frogs, too. They sold them. It's got to be alive....They sent them down to the States to eat them. Frog legs...Three inches, I guess, was the largest one, eh? [Philip] The legs only. Well, they must have went to the States. I think they did. We were sponsored to go to Texas with Manitoba Agriculture. And we went by plane, from Winnipeg to Texas, San Antonio. And one time we went to a cafe there...that they served just about anything

you want. There was...frog legs, and snake, rattle snake...just about anything. That's why I say they must have went south.

The harvesting of frogs occurred during the 1950s. Gladys recalls,

1956 maybe, right after I got out of school. There was nothing else to do. [Philip] Before you were married. [Gladys] So they got us to pick frogs. [laughs] Exciting!...We used to go out at night, eh? After the frogs had settled under the rocks, open up the rocks, and have the flashlight. [Philip] They'd turn over a rock, a flat rock, or something, and you'd find them sitting there. I guess they must come from the lake. They come to the shore after dark. And, what I heard anyway...This was [laughs] a true story. I guess they were washed in the foam....They were sitting along the water, and the foam, eh, washed on to their heads, their eyes. And he said this one frog was doing this. [Philip rubs his eyes] [laughter] Do you believe?

Believe it or not, it is a fact that for two or three years frogs provided a few dollars of much needed money for the local economy. Philip remembers.

It must have been twelve cents a pound, eh?...I used to go out....There were lots of people. [Gladys] Wilkinsons there had a gravel truck, and that's where they loaded up everybody...They put them in a sack bag....in water....Someone would come and pick them up every day. [Philip] Some went out during the day, too. I remember my dad telling me that. I wasn't with him. But along the shore, on the banks, they'd have burrows made from muskrats or whatever. And they'd reach in there, and they'd they find them, like, in the fall, eh? They'd all go and hibernate. And reach in there and take them out....There was the one kind only, the big green ones.

For Gladys and Philip the years have presented many challenges, but they have been equal to them. Whether it was gathering frogs, going to Winnipeg for work, getting advanced education, or setting up a business, they did what was necessary to get by. Furthermore, they have been able to succeed in their own community. Booth are happy to be living in Ebb and Flow. As Philip states it,

Some people have asked me if I'd ever want to move anywhere. I'd never move out of this house even....It burned down three years ago...We were in church. [Gladys] It didn't really completely burn down; it was gutted. [Philip] It was really damaged...My grandson, talking to his dad, I guess, he was talking about a new house. We should do like what Grandpa did and let our house burn down. [laughter] We built right here. Same place. Same foundation.

There is no question that Philip and Gladys are content in their home, and in Ebb and Flow as well, where they can both earn a living and serve their neighbours. It should surprise no one that they have set their roots down firmly in the ground, and this is where they'll stay.

James and Rosine Malcolm Family, 1940s (*l to r, back*) Fred Houle, Del Garneau, Rosine Thompson Malcolm, James Malcolm holding Janice, Fr. Lambert. (*l to r, front*) Philip, Pearl, Rosemary, Theresa, and Annie Malcolm. (Courtesy Gladys Malcolm)

Rosine Malcolm

Rosine Malcolm was born 16 January 1916 at Vogar, Manitoba, the home of her father, a man she never knew.[45]

> That's where he was, I guess. They told me about my dad, but I didn't want to meet him because he didn't love me when I was small. No use talking to him.

Her mother, Liza Thompson, did not stay at Vogar very long. In April 1918, she and Rosine were on Sugar Island. As Rosine's son Philip explains it,

> They used to make sugar there. I guess they stayed there. They wouldn't stay there right through the year. They would only stay there when the sap was running.

Although she had brothers at Eddystone, Liza went from Sugar Island to a site at Ebb and Flow just off the reserve. Rosine remembered their home.

> [We lived] some place around by Maxine's in the bush there. There was a little house...a log house. We had everything in the house, only we didn't have no radio or t.v.. That's where we lived, me and my mom. Just the two of us. My brother [Charlie Campbell] lived with his uncles.

Her son Philip explains the location further.

> There was another village, there was two villages, like. There was one, the Métis, They lived just where you go out to the lake side, when you go out to the opening there. There was one there, and there was another one, half a mile south. That is where I grew up. Half mile south, there was a village there....It was right along the boundary line. Some of the homes [were] on the crown line side, we lived on the reserve side. But we were all related. That's half a mile south from there.

Because Liza was a single parent, she had to go out to work. This meant that Rosine had lots of chores to do at home.

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[45] Rosine Malcolm was first interviewed in the summer of 1995 by Deidre Zong and Darcy Houle. However, circumstances intervened to prevent follow-up, before Rosine passed away, so that her history was not completed. Nevertheless, what we have of her story has been included here.

I stayed home. My mom was busy working around all the time. She was a good worker. She always helped teachers, like with sewing, cooking, washing. That's how she would make her living. She's a good worker.

Her mother would not allow her to go to a residential school.

She said, 'If I let you go there, they'll give you a hard time.'

So Rosine went to school at Ebb and Flow, the "one at the front."

It was a small school, not very many kids. We never had to buy anything like that. Indian Affairs did. We only had one [teacher] all the time. When one goes away, one comes back. There's only one time there was two girls there. One was the teacher, but one would just stay there. They were sisters. Then she got sick, and they all left....There was only two teachers I know. They were strict, that Mrs. Walter Flett and Mr. Terrigate[?]. That was the last one who teached us.

Rosine remembers treaty days.

They would play ball, and the kids would have fun, like a sack race. We didn't have no horse races. That's what they would do just to have fun.

Rosine married James Malcolm in 1931, when she was not yet sixteen. Although she knew her husband, her marriage was arranged.

I stayed with the teacher. That's where I met him...We went to Sandy Bay to get married. They picked him; they wanted me to marry him, I don't know why, my mother-in-law and my mom. You know, I just don't remember what happened. I guess we wanted to get married.

Her daughter-in-law, Gladys Malcolm adds.

I heard her tell that. Like, she remembered overhearing her mother. I don't know where. She was going by. She said, "She's going to marry his [Philip's] dad. I'm going to make sure he married her." For what reason I don't know. But she had in mind to get them married.

As was common in Ebb and Flow, Rosine borrowed a ring, in this case from her future mother-in-law.

I didn't have one. Mrs. Catherine Malcolm lent it to me. But I had a wedding ring after. My mother-in-law gave it to me, a nice one. Then I gave it to Joanne, and Joanne gave it to Billy Boy and Billy Boy gave it to his girlfriend. I think Lorraine's got it. It was a nice wedding ring. I don't know why I gave it to Joanne.

After the traditional Roman Catholic service, they had a big dinner at her mother-in-law's, but no dance. Since her husband was treaty, Rosine settled on the reserve just "two houses from the hall," according to her son Philip. At any rate, it was near her husband's grandparents.

> They told me lots of things like what not to do...how to make my living and how to raise my kids, stuff about what's going on. There's lots of stories.

As a young married woman, there was much Rosine had to learn about keeping a home and raising a family. Eventually, she had thirteen children of her own, only two of whom died, and she raised three after that, Randy, Amanda, and Billy. Some of her children were born in the hospital; some were born at home.

> Philip, my oldest son, Dr. Gendreau came to my house to deliver Philip because I was sick too long. After that I had them here. When I was in the sanitarium, that's the first baby I had in the hospital, Janice. She's forty-seven already, and then the rest I went to the hospital. After that it was at home.

Rosine recalls that her husband was present when her children were born, somewhat unusual in those days, but more common now. Her grandmother, Caroline Flett, acted as midwife for the children born at home, and an aunt assisted her. There were no complications and no medicine required then, or later on, for her children. They were healthy, none ever had colic, and Rosine seldom took them to the doctor. Nevertheless, Rosine required medicine herself when she got tuberculosis.

> That's what I had why I was in the sanitarium. I was there two years and two weeks, and I had four years treatment...In the needles they put something, there, to my lungs. I had four years here and three years on one side. I was over there [Brandon] then, when I started treatments. They sent me home, and I took my treatments here in Ste. Rose. Dr. Gendreau did it.
>
> The nurse took us down there [Brandon]. There was four of us. Let's see, there was six of us. They picked us all up and we had an x-ray. Then, they knew I had it. Then, they took us to Winnipeg, then to Brandon. The told us we were just going for check-ups for two weeks. Next time, they told me, 'You have to stay three months.' Then next time, they told me, 'nine months,' and then I stayed there two years and two weeks.

Rosine was in her early thirties when she had to leave for Brandon. By that time, she and James had five children.

> I left them here, but they sent them to Sandy Bay Residential School. That's why they were there, Annie, Theresa, Pearl, Philip, and Rosemary. Five. I left five kids.
>
> When I came back, they were still going, and Antonia. I didn't let Robert and Randy to go there. Then they sent them back to Bacon Ridge, and they only stayed there for one week. Then they sent them to Ste. Rose to finish their grades.

Rosine Malcolm (Courtesy Ebb and Flow School)

Eva Shuttleworth

Eva Flett Shuttleworth (Courtesy Lee Heroux)

Eva Flett Shuttleworth is a most interesting lady, with a sharp mind, a quick wit, and plenty of memories of the past. Today she lives at Bacon Ridge, just outside of Ebb and Flow Reserve, but she is connected by blood or marriage to most of the families in both communities.

> My sister [Catherine] married to that John Malcolm, aah? Roderick Flett married Melvina Ranville from Crane River. Charlie Flett married Marie Spence from Eddystone. My sister Julia married Pete Gameau. Christine married Norbert Davis from Belcourt, North Dakota. My other sister that died last year, Louisa, married Pat Davis from Belcourt, North Dakota. And Walter married a Ukrainian girl from east of Winnipeg. And I married Bud.
>
> The Davises...were from the states. They always said they had no hay at Montana. They had a bunch of horses and cattle. And they came to Belcourt, around Dunseith, they call it....It's all hills, and no hay, so they came this far, north this far, and then

there was *lots* of hay land that time. There wasn't very many white people lived here that time. [The Davises were] Ojibway, but they didn't talk Saulteaux. They talked English, Cree, and French....So our families are *all* just *mixed*. Just like a Christmas cake!

And it isn't over yet, because Eva has five children.

Jimmy, the oldest. The second one John. He lives in Dauphin. And Allan lives up south here. And my baby, Doug. He lives at Dauphin. Him and his wife [Sharon Malcolm] were graduated at Ste. Rose....and then they got married. And then she worked in a bank, and he got hired on the highways. He's still there, pretty high up now, and she is, too. And now he bought a shop....Got lovely skidoos there for '97. He always was in racing, him and his wife....You should see his trophies. He has a beautiful home. Allan [lives] about half a mile from here. He is a trucker, like Jimmy. And his wife drives a bus. And also belongs to L.G.D. And then Jimmy also has a bus. Now Jimmy married Valerie Ranville. Johnny....first he married Philip Malcolm's sister. And then they got a divorce, and he married Ann Ross, my son-in-law's sister [Jimmy Ross's sister]. Allan married a girl from Skowman. Lena. But she was adopted by people from Duck Bay, or Camperville, somewhere. Doug [married] Sharon, Arthur Malcolm's daughter....And Florence married Jim Ross.

Such family connections highlight the long association Eva has had with Ebb and Flow. Yet in spite of them, her story started elsewhere.

I was born in Lonely Lake. That's north of Eddystone. All the rest of my brothers and sisters were born at Kinosota....I don't know anything about Lonely Lake. Only I was born there. And then they moved back to Ebb and Flow.

Her father was James Flett, but he was always known as Jim.

His dad was James Flett....He [lived] over there at the Point there, at Ebb and Flow, south of Ebb and Flow....His mother was Mary Thompson. The Thompsons came from Fairford.

The Fletts were an old fur trade family, of Orkney and Cree descent, whose members had worked many years for the Hudson's Bay Company. Eva recalls, "when they were young, when my Dad was young, he always told us that. Like, and they used to go up north, I guess, taking freight." Much earlier, the family had lived far to the west. Eva explains.

> They came from...Oregon, in the States. That's where Pierre Houle, his great-grandfather came from. And then they came to Dunseith. That was Peter Flett. Let's see. What was he to me? My Dad and my grandpa, and my great-grandpa. Peter Flett, fourth generation. And then...they left, too...and they came to Erickson, and Peter Flett met Mary Caribou. And they went to Selkirk, and that's where they were for a long time. And my grandfather was born over there. And old Pierre Houle and them...came up here....And finally they came this way when Peter Flett died....My dad was sixteen. That's what he always told us.....So they came to Reedy Creek, and that's where my grandfather died.

The Fletts were part of the mixed-blood population, which tended to be "English" in sympathy and Anglican in faith. According to Eva, "James Flett was Anglican....The Thompsons were Anglican."

Eva's mother, however was of a somewhat different stamp. As Eva explains, her mother, "Caroline Beauchamp was Catholic." Her family were of Métis stock with cultural links to Quebec.

> They were French people....My grandmother, I think, came from up west somewhere. She lived to a hundred and five, Catherine Delorme. She married Joseph Beauchamp, my grandfather. I don't remember my grandfather. He died the year I was born. And my grandmother had blue eyes. And so's my Grandpa. My mother said my Grandpa was white. Pretty well all their family...my mother's sisters...were white women.

Evidently, the Beauchamps did not always live at Ebb and Flow. As Eva explains, "My mother always said, 'My dad at The Narrows.' They all lived over there." However, a number of families moved closer to Ebb and Flow, "South, outside of the reserve" at a place that had no name, "until Mr. Grafton built the school there, and they called it Comeau School....Everybody calls it that, that one little area. Just a few people were there."

Although there were differences between James and Caroline, they were more apparent than real. Nowhere was this more evident than in matters of religion. They attended the Anglican services at, "Reedy Crick, We used to go five miles. We used to go, and drive a wagon, the Flett Family, like, two Fletts." Nevertheless, Eva's mother "was a very, very strong Catholic."

> We never eat meat Friday. And when Lent, we had to walk over there, storm, no storm, to [the Catholic] church, me and my sister, my older sister, and my little nieces. We would run there in the evening, Wednesday, to pray, and then Friday.

Nevertheless, Caroline Beauchamp "always went" to the Anglican services. As Eva explains it, "There was no difference from the Anglican and the Catholic."

The common link between James and Caroline was their aboriginal heritage, which included a knowledge of traditional spirituality. As Eva explains it, 'My Dad knew it; My mother knew.' Fluent in Cree and native ways, they were quite at home among the Saulteaux at Ebb and Flow. However, they did not always live there. For a time, they were at Kinosota, then at Lonely Lake, where James was involved in, "I guess, a little bit of ranching, not much." He continued to have a small mixed farm, after the family moved to Ebb and Flow. As Eva recalls, there was always plenty to do.

> Them days...they worked hard, the old people, and that. Not like now. But, nobody was ever hungry, you know. Never out of food....Everybody trapped. They'd leave, dark at night.....At dark, four or five o'clock, men went out hunting, winter time. A weasel like that, big weasel like that, you could buy flour out of there, tea, or sugar. For a good price. Now they don't buy even a weasel, squirrels. I used to see my brother, piles like that, weasels, and -. boy, they were good money in them. That's how people made a living here.
>
> In summertime, they go up west digging roots, Seneca Roots....The cows kept me at home. We had to milk them cows. But my brothers and sisters did....And in the spring after winter, we went to Sugar Island. Lotta people. We would go there the end of March or beginning of April, all depends how the weather was, and how the stars were. And then we would get there and start tapping.
>
> First, we would open up the little houses, the small little houses, and we would wash all the cans and boiling kettles, and start tapping trees. My mother used to tap eleven hundred [trees]. And there was St. Pauls on this end. And the old lady St. Paul the next camp. And my cousin, William Flett, the third place. And up east side, William Mancheese, the old chief. And then (my auntie, my uncle) was the Ducharmes. And we were the last ones at the south.

The Manitoba Maple was the tree they tapped, and Eva's mother had many gallon containers to catch the sap from those eleven hundred trees. She used various cans she had collected, as well as handmade containers known as rogans. These were

put together from pieces of birchbark folded at the ends and fastened with water willow. Rogans were traditionally used to tap the trees, a job the children were not allowed to do. "They weren't allowed, because they would miss. No little kid was allowed to go near the trees." An adult tapped the tree just up from the base of the trunk.

> And then you put your pail there, and a chip there to run into, to drip into that container....I've seen my mother and my sister tapping trees on snow shoes....They were just walking on the snow, ah? Tapping trees....Everybody made their own [snowshoes]....They always used to use seaming twine....but here they cure[d] skin. They'd take the hair off the jumper, and the skin off, and they would make Indian rope....They would soak it in water, and that's where they knitted the *Shkum-may*, and they made a place for your foot there, eh. And they used to make them fancy, little bit. Coloured yarn on each side...ones in red, and blue. They used to be pretty.
>
> And then we had about four barrels, each set to hold water, two pails, and then you boil that water till maple sugar....Thirty-six pails, I think, it used to hold to a barrel....Let's see...the fire would be from about there to here, I guess (about two metres)....Oh, that's a hot place,...If we had four of those barrels, we would get about three good pails, water pails, of syrup, thick syrup [each day]....We used to be there sometimes two weeks, but...it's not every day they [the trees] run good, you know - just all depends. If it freezes at night, and nice day in the daytime, that's when they run. And then they make it into sugar after.

When she was young, Eva helped bring in the pails of sap, but it was her mother and the other women who boiled it for maple syrup. This job was done in a

> Big wigyam. And then early, just before even daylight, it would start boiling...before it got too hot, aah? *Aah*, it was hot in there....They'd be finished about twelve o'clock, eleven thirty. They start five o'clock in the morning.

To make the sugar,

> You just cook it, cooked it, just like a taffy. And if you wanted [to] make it into a cake, you did a little harder....After I got married, every year I went over there. I would get enough syrup to do us one year, aah? I would can it into quart sealers. We didn't have to buy syrup.

Making maple sugar was just one of the jobs women did.

> And the women made baskets, rugs, buckskin jackets, moccasins, they'd tan hides, and gloves, things like that....They sold them. We were never out of food. Never anybody.

Eva remembers the women made baskets out of,

> Red willow...Any different sizes. Valerie [Eva's daughter-in-law] has a lovely basket that she bought from Yvonne Spence....[It] was made at Eddystone. My niece's daughter [Yvonne] makes all kinds of baskets. She takes them to Winnipeg and sells them over there....[I] made all kinds of them....I guess if I were ten years younger, I would make them....You had to get red willow. Sticks. Different sizes. And you had to make a frame first. And dry it.
>
> Everything I did my mother taught me....There was only three of us, me and my dad and my mom, aah? So I got into lotta troubles trying to learn, because if she got up to make dinner, she was knitting, I'd grab it, aah? And I guess, I must have dropped [a] stitch here and there, aah? [laughter] She would tell me, 'Don't you touch that again!' And I didn't learn. I grabbed it again every time. Same thing with fish net, this making net, aah? I didn't know first, I just pulled that and I tied. And I didn't know I was supposed to hold it in that little board and put a knot there, so that knot can't slip. I didn't know that. Oh, gosh, she used to get mad at me.....I was the only one. I was the youngest in the family, and that's why I got in trouble all the time....Finally I got to learn all those things. Seaming nets. She taught us everything, my mother did...All the old ladies knew.

One of those old ladies was grandmother to Isabelle St. Paul, who is married to Eva's grandson, Brian Shuttleworth.

> *Her* grand*mother* used to make *lovely* baskets....That was Mrs. Flett, Victoria Flett, my first cousin. My mother's sister, Joanne, that's her daughter [Victoria]. And then she married my first cousin, my Dad's nephew [William Flett]....She made baby baskets, aah? They'd be four, five feet long. She didn't use the red willow - little bit maybe - but she used spruce [roots]....They were long, those roots.

Making use of local resources was standard practice for the women of Ebb and Flow. Eva recalls that people would give their deer hides to her family.

> They give them to us [usually in the fall during hunting season]. The ones that didn't...make buckskin jackets, and that, eh? We tanned hides. And then my mom

and my sisters used to get lots of tanning from white people, eh?...Like, they would bring them there....They would tan hides for half and half.

Eva recalls that her mother was very good at making buckskin jackets from these hides. She decorated them, too, "and it wasn't beadwork. It was silk...silk thread. Colours. They were just like sinew, *ah-tiss*, thread." Eva remembers her mother and her childhood well.

[laughs] I don't know how to put it. She was strict....I always thought she was mean, but I guess she was a good woman. That's why I never get into no trouble....And my dad, too, was strict....The parents were like that in Ebb and Flow. They were all like that....And she never smoked. She never drink liquor. The rest of us girls, we never did. No smoking around. I guess we didn't know the difference, like. And me, I thought that's the way you are supposed to live....We'd go to bed, and it gets dark not till about nine o'clock summertime. We would go to bed about eight o'clock, and it's still daylight. And...we didn't think nothing of it, going to bed that time. And get up early in the morning to milk the cows before the flies, she told us....We always kept around twenty, and a bunch of horses.

Like many families that kept cattle and horses, the Fletts named their animals.

The last time when I helped my Dad, I was sixteen, seventeen. The first cow was over there, Molly. She had a lot of milk. And then there was Maggie. And the second stall was Rosette, we used to call her. And Bella. We used to name them all. And Molly was on this side. I forget what the rest of them was, but that's the ones I used to milk. That's how I know them so well.

We had one favourite horse. There was King. He was small, and he was mean. He used to run away, and the whole herd would go. There was Nellie, we called, and Diamond. And there was one, we used to call him Wahbee. [laughs] That a - it was a grey horse. Just called him Wahbee.

We had chickens. We always had chickens. Not too many, maybe forty, around that time. And maybe about twelve [eggs] in the wintertime. But summertime...she killed a lot of roosters. I hated chickens. Because we had a chicken house, chicken coop, and they had a stove there, it was screen[ed], eh? And every day my mother tells, 'Go and make a fire for chickens overnight.' Boy, I hated that. I told her some day when I get married, I'll never have a chicken. [laughter]

A rooster was the main reason why Eva detested poultry.

Oh, we had one wicked one, one time, a white one. He was wicked. And you know what he used to do? He used to go into the garden and steal beets. So one time, my nephew Charlie Malcolm, that's Philip's uncle, he was same age as me, they would come home from Sandy Bay School. They'd stay with us most the times because my sister had to make her own living, eh? And my dad used to tell him, 'You stay with us here, Charlie. You help me...around haying, or anything, eh?' My mother used to get old nets, and we had to strip those nets. She used to make ropes out of that for the farmers around, eh? And we spread that net along the fence. Every once in a while, we'd go out there. We'd have to chase that rooster from there. And he'd fight us. He'd come after us. Boy, this time, we fixed him. We spread that old net there. Not long my sister came in. '*Mom*,' she says, 'The rooster's caught on something. He's hanging out there.' We went over there. He had got caught, and he was dead. I was happy, boy. Charlie used to laugh about that before he died. 'Do you remember when Grandma cried for her old rooster?' He was big, and he was mean. But I guess we used to tease him; that's why.

We always had one pig. And they would buy one in the spring, for the fall, like, to butcher. Everybody did, them days. [laughs] Not nowadays. That's what I always tell Florence, my daughter. You guys have to run to the store to get your meat cut up. We done all our own cutting long ago.

Meat came from a variety of sources, and there were different ways of preserving it.

In the spring the suckers just comes in the crick. That's why they call it Sucker Crick...That's where the school is - up north there, by the Baptistes. The crick goes up to the lake. And in the spring when...the ice breaks, the suckers come in there like crazy, and now, my mum and them, we all used to go over there. Bunch of tents, gather these fish, eh, and filleting them up and drying them and everything. They would dry them good, and they would get a red willow, long red willow, scrape it all up. And, like, supposing this is a sucker, you would open it up, and they would make a hole in the middle and they would put them [the suckers] all there. And we used those all summer. There are some they had chopped up and, what did they call them? I forget, in my own language, *no-quay-kun*. The same as meat, eh?

The fish, white fish, that's when they came in [October]....over here at the river, Ebb and Flow. They would fish only at night. That's when they'd move. And my dad used to go, and the chief and all them, and fish wagon boxes, just sometimes full.

And, *Oh*, they were good. And they would scrape them, and split them, and hang them by the tail. And make a great big smoke rack, and they would smoke them. That's what they would use for the winter.

Dried fish on willow sticks could be kept in a variety of places out of harm's way. Fresh meat and other produce had to be stored in a cool place, like a cellar or ice-well. The Fletts called theirs a dairy, and it was located close to the house for easy access.

Just everybody had dairies....There was a step you go in. About three feet and then you would step down into them. And log. They had shelves and [a] sod roof. And then they would mudwash it, and whitewash it inside. Oh, it was just beautiful. That's where my mother keep milk and everything. You go there, if it was hot, it's *cool* in there. All of the old people had those *Oh tah sin iko mick*, they used to call it, *weh tah sin igo mick*. We even kept eggs and anything....They called them old dairies. [laughter].

They saved everything, even sucker heads. They saved them like that, and smoked them up, and they used to roast them, put onions and salt and pepper on them. They were really delicious. And the meat is the same way. When it was all dried up. She would wash flour bags, and put them in there, and tie them, and keep them in that [dairy].

They used to hang up beans in bags, too.

Like beans. She used to call, 'We're going to thrash [thresh] today.' I hated that song. We would get all these [beans], and then she had a canvas purpose for that. We'd put those [beans on the canvas], and we'd take a stick and pound them. Then you take all of those shawls [shells] out of there. Then you just pick the beans and put them in bags. And were they ever good. You soaked them overnight, to cook them, like, eh?

Beans were just one crop from Caroline's large garden. Eva comments on its size.

You better believe it. I know all about it. [laughs]....Oh, it was a great big garden....My sister, the oldest one, had a house not far from us....That's Philip Malcolm's grandma [Catherine Fleu Malcolm]. And she used half of that garden. And then, when you came in that gate like that, we dug a hole [to drain]...where the carrots, beets, all that sort of stuff, so they wouldn't drown, when it rained. And the potatoes were on that side....We used to get a little over a hundred bags. Sometimes

a hundred and fifty, because she sold them a lot in the fall, to buy flour....And one time, my brother got married, Walter Flett. He married a Ukrainian girl. And she used to send for seeds. And one time we sent for peanuts. We were going to plant peanuts. So we did plant them. We planted them just like potatoes about a foot apart, and we got about, a big bag, a grain [grain] sack, full up, in the fall....You had to put them in the oven for a while, to roast them, and cure them for the winter.

They always had lettuce for salads, too.

We used to like that because we had lots of sweet cream....We made that like, vinegar and sugar, and radish....And if we got a hold of apples somewhere, that time, maybe you'd see an apple once a year. Only treaty time, eh, storekeepers come around.

We had a little store....They had to go to Ste. Rose with a team and wagon. No cars them days. Nothing. And Alonsa. So they asked my dad one time. 'Why' (the chief came there), and he said, 'Jim, why don't you get something - tea, sugar, what we need, like?' So he went to Alonsa, and he went and got a freight, made a deal with Mr. Chrustie, his name was, from Alonsa. And that's how we started. And they started buying [Seneca] roots. He really made out good. When did he do that? I was about fourteen, fifteen, I was born in 1916. Figure that out. It would be about 1932....We stayed then, until he got sick. Then I went away and left. I went to Kinosota. That's when they gave it up.

The store was located in the Flett home.

Right at our house. That old house up there. My old house....It has been moved a lot. In the first place, Mr. Racette built that house....And there used to be a sawmill here. I guess, it was a long time ago, around 1912 or 1913. And he had a bunch of cattle. And he sold milk, and cream and butter to them for lumber. Then he built that house. Him and his son. And then I guess, I was two years old, eh, my mother and dad moved back to Ebb and Flow from Lonely Lake. So they trade houses. This house, where he built, was outside the reserve. He didn't know where the lines were, so they just trade[d]....And then we moved in there. I was two years old then. I've been in that old house ever since. I'm eighty now.

Eva's home that goes where she goes (Courtesy Lee Heroux)

Eva may be eighty, but her memory is sharp. She can remember many things from her childhood, like Ebb and Flow in the 1920s.

> There was a log house school, mud and whitewash. And they had the old time double...seats, like desks. And it had upstairs on it. That's where teachers lived. It must have been about...twenty by twenty-four...big place. That's where...the church is now. And then they had an old church, there, too. It burned though. And people all had log houses, mud, plasters, whitewashing....

Mudwashing and whitewashing were familiar chores to anyone who had a house, and some added their own special touches to the process.

> They whitewash it, aah? First mudwash, and then they put whitewash. And that was second coat. And then they tied a piece of cloth....They put dyola there, that dye, you know. And they tied it, and they dipped it in water, and they [she makes a dabbing motion with her hand]. And oh, it made nice, or else they could make designs, something like that, aah? That's how they do it. They would tie it about that big (diameter of five centimetres).

> Some of them [houses] had tar-paper roofs. And then some of them grass roofs. I seen it and I could do it, I bet, if I had to. Just like that. There wasn't very many people them days, you know.

Not many people, and even fewer cars. Eva vividly remembers the time she saw her first automobile.

> I was seven. Davises moved in here from Dunseith, North Dakota. And the girl, she taught school here, Laura Davis. And she had - must have been a Model T, eh? It had wooden wheels and a canvas top. And in the fall, she would put [on] swag curtain[s]....That's all I remember. She was a very close friend with my sister. And my mum and dad and them went to harvesting. Me and my sister and my brother stayed together, three of us. And this car came there. And I remember. I'll never forget. And granny was still living. Little granny. She was short. Granny Beauchamp. And now we are gonna go and visit Amelia, because we're close friends, eh? And my sister put a sweater on me, and it was long-sleeved. I was dragging it. It must have been my brother's sweater. And I was crying. I didn't want to go in there. I told her, 'Where's the horse,' aah? She said, 'We don't need horses to go in that.' So, little granny got in the front, and my brother, me, and my sister, at the back. I was crying hard. I was so scared. I didn't know what it was, aah? And my sister says to me, 'That's automobile.' She said, aah? And Granny Beauchamp, she never did speak Saulteaux, aah, she just speak Cree and French. And Granny said, 'Ah, bey, bey, bey, bey.' She was laughing her head off. I remember that. And I was saying, and she was short, eh? 'No *chiboux*,' [*chevaux*, horses] she says. I don't know, it must have been horses, she meant, aah? She found that very funny, '*Gonee bayshin*' [I'll die laughing], she said. She was scared to get killed. She was laughing. Now that's all I remember, that we went over there, and I'll never forget that silly looking thing. I got so scared.

That wasn't the last time she was to be frightened by a motorized vehicle. Several years later, a snowplane, forerunner to the bombardier, arrived at Ebb and Flow. Not only was the vehicle scary, but so was its passenger, the famous Dr. Gendreau.

> And there was no doctor in Ste. Rose. Maybe in Dauphin, I don't know. That's too long ago. They done their own doctoring. The old ladies were very smart. All of a sudden (I was twelve years old. I'll never forget that. We kept...Charlie Flett's second oldest girl. Rita. We kept her because my dad said we'd keep her because

they had a big family, and they were hard up), we heard a noise. We were cutting up (I don't know where my mother got the catalogue from...because we never seen a catalogue). Ah, we were cutting up these little dress, these little kids, aah, making *chee pie an set*, we used to call them, little ghosts...and making them dance. And then we heard a noise. My dad and my mom was at the barn. They were doing chores. All of a sudden...my dad came...and this guy was carrying a brief...more like a little suit case. He had on a fur coat, a fur cap. Here was Dr. Gendreau. He came there with a snowplane.[46] And he had a driver by name Guyot. From Ste. Rose. A Frenchman. He put that on the table. He opened it, and my dad, of course, we didn't understand, and they called Rita first. And he start taking these things out, and he told my mother, said, they called my mom, and he told my mom, *Wee pa tuk quay gaa so wuk*. [These two are] Gonna get a needle, aah? It was for small pox, or something, chicken pox. And then I seen a needle. And it was - no, boy! Rita was crying. I ran upstairs. I didn't want that needle. I got so scared. I just crying hard. I hanged on to the bed iron, like, aah? My Dad said to me, '*Kee wee Ke chee no che win*!' 'I'm going to give you a lickin', if I get a hold of you,' he said, aah? And then, I just hang on there, and my dad, my brother came, and Walter, and he said, 'Come on.' '*Ne shee mes*,' he said to me, 'my kid sister.' I...could feel my heart, just, aah? And Rita was crying hard. I look at her like that. They'd put something there. Ah, I thought, boy, I must have been stupid. I was just screaming. They were fighting me, aah? That's the first time I seen a white man, too, eh? And he was French, too, aah? He laughed at me. He was talking. I don't know what he said. I guess he was trying to talk to me, nice. Anyway, finally my brother got a hold of me, and hold me tight, and *I* was just screaming. Think I was getting killed. Well, to me, it was, needle, aah? You see, that's the first time I seen that. I never ever forgotten that snowplane. Or the needle!

Cars, snowplanes, and needles were frightening, but school was not.

We went to Ebb and Flow school, whenever we had a chance to go. That was treaty....I only went up to about Grade Five. We could have went to Kinosota, but that was too far away, twelve, thirteen miles, fourteen miles from here over there....It was, aah, it was good.....My teacher was Mr. Taggart. He was from England. Reggie Taggart. But my first teacher was my sister-in-law, Catherine Boychuk. She

[46] For a picture of Dr. Gendreau, see *Patience, Pride, and Progress* (Eddystone and District Historical Society, 1983), p. 48. On page 28 in the same book, there is a picture of a snowplane.

was [from] east of Winnipeg. We used to have lots of fun - from Grade One to Grade Eight. And there was about fifty kids maybe, maybe more.

We used to play ball, race. [laughs] We used to race, I remember that. And we used to play train....We used to have lots of fun and that teacher would come out and play with us. We used to play football. We used to play that a lot. Half girls go with half boys. We used to play lot of things, play, the little kids. We would call one mother, one father, and we'd take from our home broken dishes, and things like that...We had a nice school. One class, just one classroom. That was from one to eight. And no noise. Mr. Taggart or Catherine walking around, busy writing, and all that, eh? The kids were really good-behaved....I didn't understand English or anything. I learned that anyway....Well, I can read! Pretty good. But I couldn't before, like. I read knitting, crocheting, and all that. Like, I taught myself a lot.

Like others, Eva faced a language barrier, when she entered school. In her words, she spoke, "mostly Cree and Saulteaux. Because my dad spoke them." All their neighbours were Saulteaux-speaking. "It was only us that spoke Cree, the Flett family, you know. Only my Dad, because on account of my mom and my Grandma." And in the home, "Cree most the time, my mum and me, my Grandma speak. But my dad used Saulteaux. But my Grandma and my mother spoke English a lot, because I guess my Grandma Beauchamp used to cook for [the] Indian agent at The Narrows."

In spite of the difficulty of learning to communicate with the teacher in English, Eva enjoyed her years in school very much.

We never ever had a fight, in school....Maggie Houle, she's same age as, well, my birthday's in December, hers in January, a month apart, that's what she told me here last summer, 'I don't know what's wrong with kids nowdays. They fight in school.' We never, ever - I never. There isn't a soul could say people was mad at me. We were all close friends.

Eva has her ideas on why children got along.

Because our parents were very close to each other, too, like, the neighbours, aah? If one killed a jumper, they shared that jumper with everybody. If they went, got a bunch of rabbits, they all shared. And lovingly. There wasn't such a thing as divorce. I never knew anybody separating or anything like that....Maybe odd ones [quarrelled], like, if they used to drink moose milk. [laughter] Not the way it is nowdays....Old people we used to see them drink, and you never knew. There was

[a] dance; they'd go into the bush and drink....They made their own. Moose milk....I don't know [what it was made of]. I never knew, because I never, no. That's where the government made a mistake, when they allowed young people to go in the hotel, aah? My brothers, they were all over thirty, forty, when they started to drink. And yet my dad drank, when he got older.

It seems that people got along with their neighbours better in the past, and although they drank, most used alcohol in moderation. Law-abiding people, they never saw a policeman, except at treaty time.

That first time we seen a policeman, he had on a red coat....That's once a year we saw a policeman. Once a year, mind you. No courts, nothing. Today, he lives with us here on the road. He's here. They're here all the time, night and day. And that time you saw a policeman once a year. They would come out here that time, treaty time, on horseback. Two of them, sometimes one. They'd be travelling with...Mr. Waite, Mr. Nicholson. He was from Portage, and then...Alex Letendre...the interpreter from Fairford. They would be there two days, pay treaty....See how people lived that time? Close. Friends. Love one another, you know. Helping each other. The police never, ever came....That was so different. That was happy days. Aah, no worries. Nothing.

You lived good. You didn't live like a king, but you had three meals a day. And we worked, us kids worked hard. We had to cut wood by handsaw, like, Swedesaw, and split the big wood and bring it in.[47] And we had to bring the ice....We had wooden barrels. We chopped - we just put it there, and that water stayed there....And then we carried snow on our backs for washing clothes, because the old ladies didn't believe in using lake water. It was too hard.

There was little or no government assistance available to people, so everyone worked hard to eke out an existence. They were imaginative, too. Women, for instance, had the most ingenious ways of turning the oddest cloth into something useful, aided of course by a handy product called dyola.

They used to buy it for ten cents a package-because all the old ladies done a lot of dying long ago. Like flour bags....Hundred pounds, and then there was fifty

[47] The Swedesaw is a handsaw with a bow-like tubular frame. The blade is kept taut by the tension of the bow. A Canadian term, it was originally loggers' slang for a large crosscut saw. *Gage Canadian Dictionary*, 1983.

pounds....Make little dresses. Little slips. Pink. Sheets, pillow cases, and that.....They all done that....Because I had a friend, Margaret, I used to be over there always on the reserve with her, playing together. They would save all the pockets, overall pockets. I guess there were no jeans, just overalls. They would save the pockets, and those denim jackets, white pockets. They used to take them all apart, and we would wash them by hand, and then dye them different colours. That's the squares they made for quilts. And then that flour bag, they'd unravel that [thread]. They would dye that colour, and they would stitch fancy stitch on the blankets....They were too hard up. There never was nothing....The old ladies was wonderful to sew things.

Poor as they were, the people wasted nothing. Required to work for everything they had, people developed a strong work ethic, which was amply demonstrated in the life Eva led after she left home.

I was coming twenty when I left home. My [future] husband and his sister, they were looking for somebody to work for them, across the lake, over at that Horse Bluff. You can see it from Reedy Creek.[48] And I didn't want to go. And my mom said to me, (It was at night, right after New Year's, Boxing Day...shortly after, they came over, in the evening....They needed a hired girl for a few days.) My mother said, 'You had better go, and go and work a little bit.' I never been away from home before. Never. *Aaah*, I got sick. I was too lonesome. I cry at night. Twenty years old. Crying! And they asked me what was wrong, and I told them. You know, my brother-in-law, he'd come upstairs and talk[ed] to me. But they used to come to dances always a lot, there, and I'd met my husband before that, a year or so. And finally I got over it a little bit, because Jim Malcolm, that's Philip Malcolm's dad, was cutting cordwood for my father-in-law for the fish hatchery. And they were there.

And I worked hard. I'm telling you, we worked hard. We had to put building paper up. On the ceiling, walls, and paint it, the walls. That water paint, calcimine, they used to use.[49] So that's where I was for two years, and finally, me and my husband got married. Rudyard [Shuttleworth]. Richard, we used to call him, but he had a

[48] For a map of Horse Bluff, showing the home of the Shuttleworths and their neighbours, see *Many Trails to Manitou-Wapah* (Manitoba Village History Committee, 1993) p. 162.

[49] Calcimine is a white or coloured liquid consisting of a mixture of water, dye, glue, etc., used especially on plastered ceilings and walls. *Gage Canadian Dictionary*, 1983.

nickname, Bud. His dad came from England. [His mother] came from Rochester, [N.Y.]....She was Eleanor Muirhead. I guess, she got married before she met my father-in-law....He came to New York, and he met her there. And then they came to Grass River, south of Amaranth. And then they came to Kinosota when Bud was seven years old. And that's when they were baptised....And then they went to Horse Bluff. They had a bunch of cattle, ranching. His mother, she couldn't work or anything like that, and...I guess she lost a daughter, and she had a nervous breakdown. But she got over it, but she...was always weak. She couldn't remember to do anything.

Trained as she was by a very capable mother, Eva was more than able to assume an important role in the household, because the Shuttleworth womenfolk were not the best of cooks. This was amply illustrated in the bread-making department.

It was funny, you know, because my mother was a great cook....I learned a lot from my mother...because I was the youngest, and...my sisters were all married....Next day when we ate, boy, the bread was *heavy*. Because our bread was always light, aah? So she [Mabel, her future sister-in-law] baked bread. I watched her one day. And when the bread rised a little bit, she poked it and it fell down and [she] put it in the oven. So one day, I said, 'Mabel,' I said to her, 'Can I try to bake bread today.' 'You know how?' she says to me. Because, I guess, because I was an Indian girl, she thought I didn't know. [laughter] 'Well,' I said, 'I can always try.' I didn't tell her I could bake bread, eh? So we used yeast cakes that time, those square yeast cakes....So I mixed that yeast cake overnight. That's how we used to bake that....You mix that yeast and potato water, mix it a little bit, overnight, and in the morning, you mixed [it] all up. *Ooh*, my bread was just rising. First I did was I made scones. Like they had never ate scones before. I made a bunch of them. Oh, they liked that. They were eating them with jam, eh? And I made about twenty loaves of bread....From then on, I cooked bread all the time. [laughter]....She was like a princess, eh? They were all like that. Beatrice, too. But Beatrice was close, me and her....[Mabel] had [been] raise[d] in Portage. When she was twelve, her dad, put her in Portage. And then she went to Winnipeg, lived with Battys there. And she never, well, none of them learned. They didn't know how to cook, any of them. Me, of course, I knew.

Bud and Eva were married 16 August 1937.

I was married at Horse Bluff. My father-in-law wanted for us to get married in his house, and I was against that, but I didn't say anything. And Mr. Scrace, the air force guy, had a holiday, and he married us. And our fortieth anniversary, he married us again. And he died three years ago....I got to know lotta English people, more than my own people, after I went over there, eh?

The Shuttleworths welcomed Eva into the family without hesitation.

They thought I was a great person, and everything, aah? Because I used to make their shirts. My father-in-law, his shirts, aah? He had trouble to get his shirt sleeves; they were always short. And one time he was making an order, Eatons, so I said to him, 'Mr. Shuttleworth, why don't you order,' I said, 'material? I'll make you a shirt.' And he says to me. 'Can you make a shirt?' (Granny had a sewing machine, aah?) 'Yeah,' I says, 'I'll make a shirt for you.' So he ordered material. He says, 'How much will I get?' 'Well,' I says to him, 'Get ten yards.' I thought that I'd make something for myself, too. So I made two shirts for him, like, and, boy, did he ever like that. His sleeves was right up to here. [laughs] I made all my kids' clothes. I knit all their socks. And they wore lots of buckskin jackets. Buckskin pants. Me and my sister, my older sister, used to come and help me after my mother and dad died....We'd keep her and her boyfriend, and she was a great sewer. We never used a thread. You sew...with sinew, from the backbone of an animal, jumper. You see, you cut...the backbone. Lotta people, they make steak out of that. At least we do....We would cut that thick part of the backbone, and you scrape that...and you put it on a flat board, and you dry it....I still have lots from when I used to sew, like moccasins. Oh, you can't break it, that or linen. Of course, the band, they used to get that in treaty - Indian reserve -linen. That's what they used to make nets.

Bud and Eva lived with their in-laws for a while before getting a house of their own.

We lived with them for about a year, and then we moved a house there....Well, when I got married, my mother passed away, and my dad stayed with me. And then he told me, he says, 'You're the youngest; you can take the house.' So my husband and I moved the house in the fall, early in the fall, to Kinosota, over there, Horse Bluff, north of Kinosota....That house was built around 1912....The old man that built that house [was] William Racette.

The house was their home for the more than fifteen years Eva and Bud stayed at Horse Bluff. And it was there that most of their children were born.

I had four boys. Well, I had five boys, but lost one [George]. He was nine months. He got bronchial pneumonia. And one girl, Florence....None of them was ever in the hospital. They were all born in that old house....I had Mrs. Garrioch for a nurse, an old lady from Kinosota...Ida. Ida Garrioch....Well, the first one, Jimmy, I had, it was my mother deliver[ed], then Mrs. Ross, Jimmy Ross's grandmother, old Liza. And from there, John, and Alan, and Florence, Mrs. Garrioch was there. Well, there was a little nursing station. A little nurse came, but she was very nervous. And she [Mrs. Garrioch] was a lady was always ready to fool. She wouldn't think twice to sit down and start joking and fooling. [laughter] She was a wonderful old lady....The only one that was born in the hospital was Doug, the youngest one, because Mrs. Garrioch was too old already....That's the only one.

I used to follow my mother because I was the youngest. She would go along the lake. There's flowers...purple flowers. They're big ones, aah? And when you break them,...there's...like milk inside....Milkweed....She would dig those roots, and then, she would wash them and dry them and every time my sister and them were going to have a baby, she would make this medicine for them [boiled] like tea. And then, they would drink it just as if you were drinking water through the day.

And one time I said to her, 'Why do you have to pick these?' 'Course, I guess, I must have been lazy to go out there with her digging around the lake. 'For your sister,' she says. And I said to her, 'What does that do to her?' 'After she has her baby,' she said, 'That blood that stayed there nine months has to come out. And [s]he says, 'She'll never have a bit of blood anywhere stick.' She delivered Jimmy, and she give me that medicine. She brought a gallon, for me to drink it.

That's why today women have lots of cancer...because they are not cleaned up. There is nothing they take to clean them up, aah? Same thing when these doctors, they have those caesareans. They just take that baby out, aah, and they sew you up....The old people, they made you have to take that Indian herb medicine....They don't do that anymore. That's why there's so many problems.

That's why old people long ago, they all had their own medicine bags, aah? If anybody had a fever, they gave you medicine with a drink. This *weekay*, oh, that's a great one. That Indian ginger. It's thick. Valerie [Eva's daughter-in-law] start getting the flu here, and...I told her, 'Valerie,' I said, 'I'll make you sweat.' So I made that, cedar and that *weekay*, and I boiled it, and I made her stand in it. I put a cloth over that, and boiling. *Awh*, when she got up from there, the sweat was just

dripping. So I boiled that, and then we strain it, and I made her drink that, and next day she was okay....We drink that lots of times, me and Jimmy....I always used that....I seen the doctor a year ago, just about two years, the last time my doctor's appointment....The only thing I ever take is aspirin before I go to bed. That's it. Only.

Little kids now. Teething. My mother used to go to a pin cherry tree. When you go out in the summer...watch for pin cherries, and...a little red jello all over. That's what my mother, the old ladies used to take us. When the little kids had trouble with teething, they would rub that under gums, that jello, eh? And then, if...some kids have the eczema, they would use same thing, pin cherry, big tree....First they'd skim it, take off a bit, just that skin part. And then underneath that, they scrape it....not the willow, just that.....You skim all of that.[50] Use a knife upside down, not right side. *Same* thing with chokecherries. It's the *same* thing....And you boil that; it turn to *red*. And now...you keep half for washing - your hands, wherever you got it. And keep half, you drink a glass of water, with that in a glass. And...that just cured it. You never get it again.

Traditional medicine such as these no doubt had a positive effect on Eva's health, but it was hard work that provided the young mother with the exercise her body needed to stay healthy. And there was more than enough of that at the Shuttleworths.

They had over a hundred head of cattle. Sheep as well....I end[ed] up there, getting worked the heck out of me, milking cows, and clipping sheep.....Well, in the spring, when the lambs came in, you had to bring them all in from the field...on account of wolves, and then let them out again in the...morning. Every day we done that. And then first part of June we start clipping. We did that, and we shipped the wool to Winnipeg....Just one dog we had. But they were all over. That's a big place, Horse Bluff, aah? We had cattle there, over a hundred head of cattle....And then when I went there, my old man gave me seven calves, my dad....And two big cows. And then we start raising cattle from there....And those sheep....We bought sheep, too, me and Bud....We had sixty-eight, I think. The old man had the other ones....

As her boys grew, they assumed their share of the chores, and when Bud went out to B.C. to work, they took over his responsibilities, too.

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[50] It is the jello-like substance just below the bark which is the used for medicinal purposes.

Me and Jimmy and Johnny clipped one year eight hundred, nine hundred sheep. My husband went north of Vancouver [to] Nechako, B.C. He worked there for the summer. So that left me and the two boys, and Jimmy was fifteen, Johnny was thirteen. We clipped by half shears, those new electric clippers that time, around nine hundred sheep, we clipped....And we shipped cream. When he went to B.C. there, we shipped cream to have money to buy food. like....The boys, me, we milked, I think, fourteen cows that time.

Me and the boys worked hard, me and Jimmy and Johnny. Like, haying...I took my bread....I mixed it *early* in the morning.... I took it in the hay meadow..."cause you had to mix it once, aah? And then we come back, and then I bake it. [laughter] I used to drive a stacker team, sweep team. Stack it....We used to put about a hundred and eleven, ten stacks. About that....We had good meadows over there. No stones. I knew where all the stones were, because I used to cut hay, too, aah? I helped the boys....Oh, why did I do that? I didn't know the difference. I was so young.

While her husband was away, Eva was responsible for both her children's physical *and* spiritual welfare. Her boys attended Sunday School at Kinosota and what they learned there was reinforced at home.

Jimmy was fourteen when his dad went to B.C. You know how I brought up my kids? When we went to bed, I made them all kneel down along the edge of the bed, and we prayed. Like...the Lord's prayer, I believe in God, and I confess. And I made them learn all ten commandments. Lot of things. That's why one of my sons is very religious. John.

Did Eva resent all the work and responsibility she had over the years at Horse Bluff?

Never....My husband worked very hard, but we were close. We were in *love* together, very much....In the morning I'd go out to the barn. Our barn was ninety feet long, horses and milk cows. I would clean that barn with the stoneboat and a team of horses. I had my own team to drive. King and Dick. And my husband took two or three racks to go and haul hay, [accompanied by] my nephew Joe Gameau, and Johnny. Johnny was eight. And then they would feed the cattle, feed the sheep....I would clean that barn, and I'd clean it all up, water up everything, water the calves, we had calves, sixty feet long, calves, and I'd clean that up, too. I'd be in the house maybe sometimes before ten, sometimes after ten. It took me sometimes

two and a half hours to do all that work. And I cleaned it just like I cleaned my house. And now today, when I think of that, boy, why did I do that?

And now I'd come in, but I *always* had one of my nieces there, ten or eleven years old, aah? And my house was spick and span, always, because we had lot of visitors, my father-in-law's friends, aah? English people came there.

Among the nieces and nephews that stayed with Eva were the children of her sister Julia and Pete Garneau. Julia died, and Pete had married Liza Thompson, who did not get along with her step-children.

I kept them all, pretty well....He had three boys and one girl, but they didn't stay with them too long....So Joe came and found me at Horse Bluff, and I kept them. I raised them. Ann and Del came. Del, his second oldest. I raised them two. And then Lawrence came. But he didn't stay too long. Maybe a year he stayed with us. But the girl got married shortly after that....So them kids, they still come to me as a mother, like Del and Joe.

With nieces, nephews, and children of their own, plus the work associated with their farm, Bud and Eva had busy lives indeed. They had to struggle for a living, but after so many years at Horse Bluff, it looked as if they would be there for many years to come. No one anticipated the natural disaster that was to force them away from there.

We lived there till Jimmy was fifteen.....We lived over there about sixteen, seventeen years, I guess....And then the flood came....We moved first to Kinosota, for that summer....The water kept coming up there, and then we could only find hay meadows up west here, for the cattle....And then we came back here, Bacon Ridge...because there was no hay in Horse Bluff. It was all under water. That's the time that flood. Around 1952 Terrible. Where our house was sitting, it was under water, all under water....We brought a little kitchen. We lived in there all summer, because my husband leased some hay land....We had quite a few cattle, and that, and horses. And then that fall we moved the house back here. Now that's where it sits.

After the move to Bacon Ridge, Eva became involved in community efforts to get a school. Jimmy and Johnny were older by this time and taking correspondence under the supervision of Lucy Baptiste.

Johnny used to go with the horse to the front....with Steve Reynolds, at the Comeau School....He came from up around Swan River, somewhere....In 1951 or '52, they

built that Comeau School, on the outside there...around '49 or something like that, because we came here in 1953, I think, from Kinosota....And then we had a school here. Doug and Florence started school, and...then they went to high school at Ste. Rose.

Getting a school meant sacrifice on the part of the community, and Eva certainly did her share.

Well, first, we had lotta meetings.....They told us it took ten children to have a school here. And we had ten here, more than ten. Mr. Grafton told us, if you find a teacher, to teach, we'll start right away. And we got Mr. Napper, who was in Alonsa. And we kept him. That's how it started. First home there, my sister [Louisa]'s kitchen, or [rather] living room. They lived in the kitchen for about three years....And then, I lived in my living room and upstairs. I closed my kitchen off. We put a hole in my bedroom door for a kitchen. I loaned my kitchen, too, for Grade Six, I think it was, for about two years.

Then they built the school here. I was secretary for seven years. I was involved in the school *all* the time, everywhere. I didn't have to be asked to do this and that. We were right in there working....[Eventually] we had quite a few [teachers]....There were fourteen [from] all around, and from Ebb and Flow.

Having been so much involved in the school at Bacon Ridge, Eva was skeptical when the treaty and non-treaty students were amalgamated in the new school on the reserve in 1983, and she is nervous about the transfer of control of that school to the band.

I didn't want them to move it, but everybody else said. Now look what's happening. Local control, aah?....But the new chief said it's not gonna be much difference. He told me that. I talk to him a lot....He says, 'We'll see how we make out, but I don't think anybody should worry about it.'

Besides her work to promote the school, Eva got involved in local efforts to improve housing.

We were trying to get housing...like some kind of decent buildings....That's when they start that housing business, that time....And we did get them....We all had this meetings together, in Winnipeg, Indian and Metis together. And Grafton helped us a lot. He was with Special Schools....

Oh, he was a nice guy, that. He told us some day it was going to come that, 'Where you people working now,' he said, 'There'll be one man operating.' That's true. It's only one man operating that now. That time we [were] working at the farm, harvesting. There'd be one, two, three, four, five, six, seven of us there. One harvester. Every year I went there from here.

And he said, 'You people make your children go to school. Some day, the secretary work and all that, it's going to be one machine do everything. You can talk to anybody overseas, and you will get an answer.' He was right. He told us that lots of time.

Eva's concern for education is a reflection of her concern for the future of the youth. She is a member of the Youth Justice Committee, and interested in helping teenagers whenever she can.

I help teenagers a *lot*. I talk to them. They come to me, because I fool around with them, eh? I fool with them.

Her interest in the youth is something she learned from her father.

My dad used to go to the store. He would bring a bunch of tobacco before we had a store. I was about eleven. And he would ask this old Pierre Houle to come and tell us *sah sih gun uk*, Nanabush stories. And then my mother would put a blanket, and we would cook a bunch of tea biscuits, raisins, *paquaschigunisuk*, raisin biscuits, a big pan. And my dad would go round pick up all these young people, like, teenagers, and that. They would *all* sit around there, and then my dad would tell them *Ma chan mish ke papa a say ma*.[Go give your dad some tobacco] And then they would come there....We'll say about, maybe ten, fifteen kids. You didn't hear a noise. Just that old man. And if he told you the story, you could almost see what he was talking about. Do you know what I mean? He was so good. He would tell us. This person was *coming, coming! listen, listen!* coming closer, *and closer*. Like that, eh? He was so good. And you'd see the kids moving closer to him, because they were scared, aah? Oh we used to just like that....It's too bad now the kids doesn't *know* nothing like that.

Storytelling like that is gone now, like so much from the past, including the familiar face and touch of a beloved husband. Yet Eva is very much in the present. She still lives independently in the old house she has carted round with her all her life, and she has projects on the go. For instance, she has blankets to

make. Although they never returned to Horse Bluff, one of Bud's nephews went back there, and he has sheep.

> Simmie's still there....He's very close to us, because [h]is mom is dead. His dad is dead. And he likes me very much. Simmie Brandson. And now we're getting a bag of wool from him. We're gonna make blankets, me and Valerie, this summer....Lot of blankets....So we'll get pretty busy this summer, if God provides me to live that long. [laughter]
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> All my blankets [are] out of the wool. Wool inside. I got about four to cover up yet....You can sleep outside with those blankets. You'll never get cold. Same as rabbit robe....Before I was married, I had my own rabbit blanket. We all had rabbit robe[s]. Oh that was wonderful thing to have. When you kill a rabbit, you skinned it, aah? And then you cut it about that wide [6-7 centimetres], all the way up to the arms....And then when you done a bunch, you tie them together outside on a pole and they waved out there. *All* the fur comes out, and the hide is tanned as well in winter time.
>
> And then you make a wood square, frame. And you tie canvas all round...that frame...and you cut holes about that far [6-7 centimetres]....And now you get a wooden needle, *manowgoons*, you call that in Indian. And there's a hole in the centre. You put your rabbit rope there. And then you tie it there, and then you start, put those holes in there, come back again, till you finish that...like a crochet, eh. *And* that thing is warm. My mother and my sister and them old ladies there used to make them for people at Alonsa, and Kinosota, Ste. Rose....I don't think anybody makes them like that [today] because there's no rabbits hardly....One of these days I'm gonna make a little one...a little rabbit robe.

Woollen blankets and rabbit robes are just a couple of the things Eva wants to do. She also wants to pass on what she knows.

> We made lye soap. And our clothes were snow-white and smelled fresh when you bring them in. They used fat and ashes, water, and they pour it. I used to make that after we went to Horse Bluff for the boyses jeans and that.
>
> You boil water, must have been summer time, and they used an iron pot - I have one - had little legs. And then they put the ashes there, put about half, and then filled water. And they boiled, boiled, boiled that, and they strained that water. Now...they kept that lye water, and then they cut up fat. Grind that fat all up, and strain that grease, and...that lye water, they pour it in there. And stir it all up, till it got thick,

and then you make your paste....My mom had a wooden box made. And you poured that there, and the next day, she cut it in squares, and that really smelled nice.

I gave Florence my iron pot. I gave her everything, because that's the only girl I have. And my flat iron pot I gave it to her, when I went blind. I told her, 'Florence, you have to take over.' But this one [Valerie, her daughter-in-law], I'm learning her lot, the old ways. Like I showed her how to make plum pudding and that, aah? She made it this year for Christmas. I show her how you boil it, aah?

Now Jimmy wanted me to make him Spotted Dog, but I won't bother to mix it, so she'll learn how. They should have been learning from me long ago. I'm eighty now. It's not much time for them to learn, aah? They could have learned lot of things. And I warned them about this lots of time.

It's a timely warning. In the hustle and bustle of daily life, we often forget that our elders have great stores of knowledge that will be lost if we don't take the time to ask questions and record what we hear. Eva's memory is a rich repository of valuable information about the past. Perhaps there are others, whose stories need to be told as well.

Valerie Ranville Shuttleworth (Courtesy Lee Heroux)

Valerie Ranville Shuttleworth

Valerie Ranville was born 29 June 1942 at Ste. Rose General Hospital, the eldest daughter of eleven children born to Emile Ranville and Mary Spence, who were living then at Eddystone, but who later moved to Winnipeg, when Val was four or five years of age.

> They had an auction sale, and sold everything up to a point, and away they went to Winnipeg....My parents bought this rooming house near Broadway and Portage, three stories high, a huge home. I remember we lived on the main floor in the house. They rented out the other levels to couples and single people.
>
> We [later] moved to St. Boniface. They bought four lots. My dad worked for Swift Packers, and my mom was having kids. We left...because of the flood in 1950. I remember the day we left. The water came in two feet deep in the house, and we just never went back. My dad must have went back, I guess, to sell the property. If they would have stayed there, they would have been well off, because it was really good property.
>
> I remember school in Winnipeg. When I was six, I went to this great big school. [It was] very intimidating at first....I remember my mother teaching us our numbers, letters, words. I took Grade One and Grade Two in the same year, so that gave me a lot of confidence. I just remember near Christmas time, these three adults came in my class, took me out, and took me to another room where they had me do spelling, arithmetic, and all that stuff. Later, they told me that I'll be going to Mrs. Allen's class....Just like that I was in Grade Two. From there on I was always a year ahead, but physically smaller than everybody.
>
> We stayed there in Winnipeg for about four years....My parents then came back to Eddystone, so we had to travel to Shergrove where there was a school...a one room school. Our school bus was a car. Bert Wilkinson was the driver. I only stayed there one year [Grade Four; 1950-1951], and the teacher was Mrs. Leonard Henry. She's still living in Shergrove to this day.

The return to Eddystone brought other changes besides schooling. Valerie was too young for chores, when she was living in Winnipeg, but after she returned to the country, things changed. She remembers "scrubbing board floors on our knees every day" using a "pail of water and Sunlight Soap."

> My mother would also use wood ashes and spread them all over the floor. She would then scrub the floor with the ashes. This would clean the floors. The ashes acted like a bleach.

When they first returned to Eddystone, Val's dad had rented a farm house that had formerly been occupied by Tom and Lizzie Grey. They stayed there for a season or so, then moved to a house by Lonely Lake.

> The house and the quarter belonged to my mom's great uncle, Louis Campbell, and he was a bachelor. He lived in a little house....My dad built on to it and we lived there...and we had to walk about three miles to school [at Eddystone]. Then, when the fifth one of the family, Gordon, started to school, they moved closer to the highway, so that they would be closer....We still walked to school...only a mile and a half...and we lived there until I was in Grade Nine or Ten. Then, they moved again across from the Eddystone School....

Emile Ranville was an uneducated man as far as book learning is concerned, but he was a capable carpenter. As Valerie recalls, "My dad was totally illiterate. He could just write his name, but he could build a house right from scratch." There was carpentry work to be done every time he moved his family.

> My Dad built lots of houses. He built onto the house when we lived by the lake. Whatever shack we happened to move into, he'd improve on it. He'd build onto it, re-align it, whatever. When they moved...across from the school...no one had to walk far; they just had to run across the road, all those ten younger than me. He built that house from the ground up. My mom always had built-in cupboards, because he could build them...but my dad never finished a house completely. Sometimes there would be this room and you could see the rafters, or he wouldn't put up all those baseboards. He always built with frame, never a log house. That house in Eddystone was about forty feet long and about twenty [to] twenty-five feet wide. Upstairs...my sister and I had this small little bedroom that just a single bed could fit in there and a chest of drawers,...and my mom and dad had a room, and all the rest of it was for all the boys, 'cause there was eight of them. He built Stoney's Esso in Eddystone, and...he built the store. He built George Forsyth's house. And he built a house for Taylors, and then when they left Eddystone, and sold it, that house was ...moved to Ebb and Flow. When they went [back in 1968] to Winnipeg, that's all he done till he died was carpentry work.

When Valerie was going to school at Eddystone, teachers were generally young, seventeen and eighteen years of age, right out of high school with no teaching qualifications. They usually stayed for a year, except Marjorie Day, who married Leonard Henry, and Myrtle Moar from nearby Kinosota. It was problems with one of these inexperienced teachers that prompted her parents to withdraw Valerie and her sister and send them for a year to a residential school at Cayer. Valerie was ten years old and in Grade Six at the time.

> That was the first boarding school we went to, and we travelled there by horses half way and then we got a ride with some other people whose son was going to school there. They would give us a ride up to their place, and then my dad would pick us up. And that was always by horses, every week-end, on Friday night we'd be picked up, then we would go back again Sunday nights. I don't know if my mom and dad paid any money to the nuns for our board and room, but I know we had to take a lot of our food. We had to take enough jam, things like that, mustard, ketchup, different kinds of food we had to take with us. We had to take a box of grub every week to this boarding school.
>
> I didn't have too many problems there, but my sister did. She was four years younger than me; she was only six. She had a rough time....They were prejudiced 'cause they are all French over there. They're not really French, they are native just as much as we are, but they considered themselves better than us because we were the Indians - *Les sauvages* they called us - and they were the French people. So, they were pretty mean to us that way. The nuns weren't too bad. There were lots of kids there. There must have been seventy or eighty kids from Cayer, and I don't know why parents right in Cayer sent them there instead of letting them walk.
>
> Grade Seven and Eight I took back in Eddystone, walking about a mile and a half. Grade Nine I took by correspondence in that one-room school and I'd get help from the teacher,...the teacher at that time was Myrtle Moar. She was very good about helping. I'd go to school every morning and do all my courses, all my Grade Nine courses.
>
> Then when I was in Grade Ten, they sent me to St. Charles Convent in Winnipeg. There I was a charity case. I got in there because my auntie was a nun. I can't really remember the figures, but I think it was about one hundred and twenty [dollars] a month, and we all had to stay there seven days a week. We only got ourselves one week-end a month. I think that we paid about thirty [dollars], and it was a heck of a

time to keep up that thirty dollar a month fee while I was there. In that place, nobody was prejudiced. There were three other Native girls, one of them lasted only three weeks. She went home. She couldn't stand living in the convent. The other two, although they were Native, they didn't recognize it. Like myself, I never ever tried to be white or anybody else but who I am, but them, even though they were Native, they considered themselves in white society. I never had any trouble with the school work. In Grade Nine I was by myself. In Grade Ten, I was in school with about twenty-five or thirty girls in the room. It was all girls; that school was all girls. I stayed right on top of the class. I was first or second. My biggest competition was the other Native girl [Gail Wazniak] from Crane River. Her and I were always racing to get the highest marks. I don't know how we ended up. She may have been ahead of me in some areas. She had been going to school since Grade Eight and Grade Nine. This was her third year, and up until I came she was always first in class.

In Grade Eleven I did not want to go back there....I didn't want to be stuck in that convent, going to bed at nine o'clock, getting up at seven on Saturday and Sunday, as well as Monday to Friday. That's how it was. And they were very wealthy people. Girls came all the way from Quebec and Ontario because it was a private school....I was going to school with all these big shots, girls who could join their parents in Florida for Christmas instead of going home to Montreal. That rich, that well off. To me, that's rich....But they didn't think they were better. They were all the same. They were just as good a friends with us as with any one else. I never felt put down in that school by anybody, by the students or by the nuns. I got along well with everybody.

In Grade Eleven I went to school in Dauphin. It was called Dauphin Collegiate; today it is MacKenzie School and Grades Seven to Nine. Then it was Nine to Twelve. There was about nine hundred students there, and I just couldn't take it, the culture shock. It was worse than that convent. There were just over a hundred girls there [the convent] from Kindergarten to Grade Twelve. And then they had some day students coming in from the community. That's what built up the classes. But that school in Dauphin, I didn't like it there at all. I stayed in Ochre River with a great-aunt and uncle, my dad's uncle and my mum's aunt [George and Elise Ranville] , and I took a bus from Ochre River to Dauphin. That bus did not stop at all our homes. It stopped only two places at Ochre River, and all of us had to go there. He'd only made two stops to pick everyone up in Ochre River. Then he

would pick up all the way to Dauphin, and by the time we got to Little Dauphin [just outside Dauphin on Highway 20], the kids were standing up. There weren't enough seats. We were just packed like sardines in that bus.

There again I had no problems staying on the top five in the class. At Christmas...I asked my mom and dad if I could go to school in Ste. Rose and stay in the convent there. They agreed and I stayed there.

Valerie completed all her credits, except chemistry. This was a consequence of the move. At March in Ste. Rose they were not as far in the course as she had been at Christmas in Dauphin. She did not return to school, but she has taken quite a number of courses in the years since.

In the meantime, her family was struggling to make a living. Her father worked for the ranchers in the area, and he never made more than five dollars a day until he moved his family permanently to Winnipeg in 1968.

I don't know how they made it, but they managed to raise us all. And that summer in August [1958] he managed to have a cow or two cows. There was one cow anyway, and we were milking that cow and it had a calf. We didn't have to buy milk. We were able to drink all the milk we wanted....and in August of that year, the storekeeper came and picked up that cow for a bill my mom and dad owed at the store. He took it right out of the yard, loaded it up. And as I was sitting there in the kitchen watching this happening, I knew I was not going back to school. I thought, 'That's it. If this is the kind of thing that is going to happen, they are not going to have me to worry about.' My mother didn't want me to quit. She wanted me to graduate, but she couldn't beat my arguments which I told her, 'We have no cow now; we have to buy milk again. At least if I'm not in school, you don't have to pay my board and room, buy my clothes and my books. (You had to buy all those books we used in high school, everything.) If you don't have me as an expense, it will be easier. If I go to work, I will help you.' So I always say I quit school in August.

Both her parents wanted her to go back, but she refused to go.

Why do kids drop out of school now? What reasons? Whatever their reasons - the work's too hard, can't get along with the teacher- it was none of those reasons. It was purely for financial reasons. It was a struggle for them [her parents] to just make sure I had a coat, and they couldn't just give me any coat, because I am going to school over there in Dauphin, or Winnipeg, or somewhere. She always made sure I had new clothes, 'cause all my life I grew up with second hand clothes. I got two

new sets of clothes a year all the time I was growing up, that was for Christmas and the concert, and one for my birthday in June. So I managed to get one new winter outfit and one new summer outfit! Otherwise, all my clothes were hand-me-downs, and even as the eldest I still had hand-me-downs. In all those schools I went to, that's what I wore. I don't know if the kids today could even begin to understand that - never to get new clothes. The only thing I got were new shoes. I never did wear second-hand shoes.

Her mother wasted no time arranging with her sister, the nun, to send Valerie to teach in an Indian residential school in Ontario. She went there by train in late August, along with another nun's young sister, who was also going to teach, and she remained there until the Thanksgiving long week-end in October. Indian Affairs hadn't paid them, but the nuns gave them enough money for their way home and extra to purchase some clothes. That was the first time Valerie was able to buy more than one outfit. After a brief stay at home, she returned to the school, but in November Indian Affairs decided she could not teach with just Grade Eleven. She had to have at least a Manitoba Grade Twelve. They managed to find an Indian girl from Manitoulin Island, who was qualified.

The other one quit, the one I went with. She was from Ile des Chenes. She was about a year or two older than I. She had Grade Twelve, so she could have taught the whole year, but the nuns were so mean to us. Now, we weren't students, we were employees. We were staff. She couldn't take it. She quit, and she left and went home. Then this other girl came and we were the only single girls working there as teachers. The only other lay teacher was...this other man, a bachelor. He seemed old to me at the time, but I was only sixteen, so he was probably about thirty!...We used to take our meals by ourselves, that lay teacher, the other girl, and some maintenance people. There was about six or eight of us.

Naturally, there was plenty of tomfoolery, and the nuns became suspicious that there was more going on between the young single people than there actually was.

So this girl quit, and she went home, and I stayed. Then the other girl came, and now those nuns were really bad, really mean with us. They moved us outside into a building that had no plumbing. We had to use a slop pail for a washroom and had to empty it ourselves. In the meantime we had our room in the main convent where there was running water, a bath tub, everything. So I quit in January. I came home for Christmas, and I had went down to about - I was only a hundred pounds - but I

went down to less than ninety pounds. Now when I went out of the classroom, they gave me other work, like in the laundry room and kitchen, physical work....I was doing that, and it was hard. I never could do physical work all my life - that time was one experience. So I went back in January and I got sick and went home at the end of January.

The only time we ever went any place was with that bachelor teacher. He had a car, and we were able to go to Dryden. So about once a month he would take us girls and we would go to see a movie. That was the only time we were out. And we were not even students. We were supposed to be adults, working, have a job. My mother didn't blame me. I had a big fight with one of the nuns there before I left....The other girl did, too, with the same nun, when she left in November....What she was jumping on me for was, when we were in that house with no plumbing, when we had to wash our hair or have a shower, we had to go into that building, the main building, the big building, and go and wash our hair and stuff, where the students were. And that was okay, but one of the sinks blocked with hair, and she blamed me, and got after me. 'The sink was blocked with my hair,' she said, and I said, 'Well, there are lots of other people here using these sinks.' Well, we fought anyway.

They hadn't paid us until December. Then they paid us right from September, and it was more money than I had seen in my life. I think I got about six hundred dollars, because I had to pay back what they lent me in October. So I must have been making two or three hundred dollars a month. They took my pay down when I went out of the teaching and into the laundry room, and the kitchen, and all the places they put me to work to keep me on there. You know what I did with that? I came home and I paid all my mom and dad's bills. I paid their bill at the store in Eddystone, and they were dealing here at Frank Wilkinson's, and I paid the bill there. I paid that off. I sent the money home actually, and that's what I done with all that money I made till January. They didn't have that many [bills]. There wasn't that much, but I guess to those storekeepers it was. The bills might have been one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars, but to them, I guess they thought they would never pay, I don't know.

I stayed home for a month, and got over a flu sickness, then I went to Winnipeg, about in March, a month or two later, to go to look for a job....I applied for jobs at three places, and I got all three jobs. So I just had to choose. So, of course, I chose the one with the most money. The one with the most money was CP Telegraphs,

> Canadian Pacific Telegraphs, and the average wage at that time [1959] was about fifty dollars a week for secretarial work. That's what I would have got at [each of] the other two jobs, and when I went to work at CP Telegraphs, I got eighty dollars a week, but there were shifts I had to work. They worked seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day.
>
> What they did was hire people and they would train them to be a teletypist. And what I did was send telegraphs all over the world....As you are typing, it is already being received over there. We used to talk to people in Vancouver and...people in Montreal, and ask them, 'How's the weather?' and all that.
>
> So I was on shift work, and I worked there till I got married in 1960. I made very good money there, but of course I wasn't giving as much at home, because I'm living in Winnipeg now and not living in a convent with the nuns and just having to pay a flat rate for board and room and nowhere to go. That's what I did till I got married.

Valerie met her husband, Jim Shuttleworth, at Bacon Ridge, when she was fifteen years old. At the time, it was common for people to have dances in their own homes. The furniture would be moved out to make way for the fiddler and the dancers. It was at one of these social gatherings that Val and Jimmy met.

> They used to have dances here every Saturday in a house - at Auntie Louisa's house. [Louisa Davis] When people used to come from all over, and they used to last until seven o'clock in the morning. There were no halls in those days. There was one hall in Eddystone, and there was Rancher's Hall....That's where our own wedding dance was.

They were married the year Valerie was eighteen, in June [1960], at the little Catholic Church in Eddystone. The wedding supper was at her mom and dad's home, and the dance at Rancher's Hall. France Desjarlais played the fiddle, and there were two or three others with their guitars, playing polkas, schottisches, old time waltzes. The hall, which had been built as a community centre by local ranchers, was located about ten or fifteen miles from Eddystone on the way to The Narrows.

After their marriage, Val and Jimmy lived in Winnipeg for a while, because Jimmy was working for CNR at Symington Yards. He continued working, but Valerie had to quit her job.

> They had a policy that they didn't want married people working for them. As soon as you got married, you lost your job. So when I got married in June, I was losing my job, but I stayed on in July and August because they were short of trained people for the holidays. Then we moved back home.

Jimmy was laid off, so they spent the winter at Eddystone, in a little house right next to her parents. It was only ten by twenty, and had been built for her bachelor uncle after he left that quarter on Lonely Lake. The old man had died the January she returned from Ontario. Valerie says, "You could put that house in my kitchen today." Their daughter Roxanne was born that winter, and in the spring Jimmy went to work for CN. During that summer they needed kitchen help for the gang he was working with. He suggested Valerie, and she got the job. After they were laid off in the fall, they stayed at Eddystone the second winter, and their son Duane was born February, 1962. Their little family was beginning to outgrow the house, which was pretty rustic, in any case.

> There was no Hydro in there. We run an extension cord from my Dad's house across the yard, and that's all I had. No running water, of course, so I did all my laundry at my mom and dad's house....We had those two little rooms, ten by ten each, and a couch that opened up into a bed, and that's where we slept.

That summer Jimmy got a job with CN on the section, and they travelled north to the Lynn Lake Line. They got on the train at Cranberry Portage and went up to Sherridon with their two babies. They spent the summer in the north at three different spots. Jimmy was the foreman and had three men working for him, providing summer relief to foremen who were on holidays. He hoped it would lead to a permanent job, but that fall he was laid off again, and they spent their third winter at Eddystone. By now her father had added another bedroom, so their little house was roomier. The following summer Jimmy went to work for construction in Winnipeg.

> We could never live in Winnipeg. We could never live with the expenses. Jimmy and I. We tried, a couple of times. So then there was an opportunity to drive for a farmer. That's when his driving began, when he left CN, and went as a truck driver for a farmer in Beausejour....They provided us with a house, and all we had to worry about was the heat. They paid the Hydro.

Jimmy and Val stayed for about a year at Beausejour, and it was here their daughter Pat was born. When she was four months old, it was evident she was seriously ill.

> We wouldn't take her to a doctor in Beausejour. Of course, we thought there was no doctor like that old Doctor Gendreau in Ste. Rose. Everybody thought he was God. Well, we wouldn't even take Pat to a doctor in Beausejour or Winnipeg. We rushed her all the way back to Ste. Rose to Dr. Gendreau, and he just sent us back to Winnipeg because he said there was something very wrong with her. And that man we were working for at Beausejour was very upset with us because his brother was a doctor in Beausejour. And he wanted us to go there, and we were so stupid and stubborn, we should have. Why we had to come all the way back to Ste. Rose, I don't know, but we did. Until she was three years old, she had to see the specialist every two weeks.

They moved to Winnipeg and Jim worked on construction, until Pat had surgery in 1966 for a heart problem. She made it through the operation, and did not have to see the specialist in Winnipeg so often. The family came back to Eddystone, and Jimmy got a job on a P.M.U. farm operated by a Charlie Coulter. Jimmy managed the ranch for over a year. When it was haying time, Val's dad and brothers worked there, too, and Valerie made meals for them. They ate a lot of 'bolognie' that year, because it seemed that was the only meat Charlie knew. Valerie also milked a cow, so they had fresh milk for their family. Their son David was born that August [1967]. At about this time, Larry Wilkinson's taxi business at Bacon Ridge came up for sale. Jimmy was interested, but he needed $4000 for the purchase, and he didn't have any money. However, he was able to get the franchise for a taxi business out in the Kinosota-Alonsa area at no cost, because there had been no taxi service there previously. Now he needed a car, but he had no collateral to back up a loan. Fortunately, Bernie Archambault, the manager at the Royal Bank in Ste. Rose, was confident enough in Jimmy's character to advance him the funds he needed.

> He bought a newer car, and put a license on it. I'll always remember that bank manager. He [Jimmy] ran that business for a few months until he could get enough money to buy Larry's. And then John came in with him. John quit his job. John was a section foreman for CN for many years, his brother. All those years we were moving around with our kids, he was a section foreman.....That's when we moved here. Jim was never satisfied anywhere. He was in construction. He was a truck

driver for a farmer. He worked for CN extra gangs, CN section, as a foreman. He always wanted to work for himself.

Valerie recalls when she settled in Bacon Ridge, that it was the largest all-native community she had ever lived in. "I found that we were able to run our own affairs a lot more than the other places I had lived."

When we first came here, we rented Uncle Roderick Flett's daughter Mary's house. It was located just next door to him....It was just a square or a rectangle, a frame house, built by Joe Lagimodiere [Mary Flett's husband, a brother of Frank Lagimodiere of Duck Bay]. There was a wall down the middle. Half was divided [in] half [again, into] the living room and kitchen. The other half was divided into three bedrooms. There was no plumbing, and heat was from a wood stove. We didn't have an electric stove; we couldn't afford it. We had Hydro though, for bulbs and lights....We lived there one winter; then, we moved down the road to Jim's parents, where we live today....We moved into this small house and added on to it. We had a coffee shop for six months [1971]; then, it burnt to the ground. We never rebuilt the coffee shop. It was too much work.

Comparing her home to that early home, Valerie notes the contrast.

It's about one thousand square feet bigger. There's indoor plumbing, and every appliance you can think of is there. In the old house, we had a slop pail. We had no plumbing in the old house. We had to use a commode, when we went to the bathroom. We had a wood fire cook stove. Today we have an electric stove, microwave, dishwasher.

It is not just her home that has changed. Val herself is a far different person today from what she was when they first settled in Bacon Ridge. The changes began dramatically in 1968, when she suffered a complete breakdown. It was only later that she could look back and see the signs that had been building up during the previous years, but in those days people were not as familiar with the symptoms as they are now. However, the situation was severe enough in January that Jimmy took her to Ste. Rose Hospital, where she remained a few days, then was transferred to Brandon Mental Hospital. There she underwent treatment, including shock therapy, for three or four weeks before returning home. Friends and family rallied to her aid. While at the hospital, she received many cards, letters, and visitors. Her sister Delphine quit her job in Winnipeg and came home for six months to look after the children. Then her thirteen-year old brother Norman

came and stayed with them for about a year. During the day, he was in school at Ebb and Flow, but in the evening he helped out in the home. As Val describes it, for the next two years she cried and slept, a dark time that included a relapse and return to Brandon a second time.

By 1971, Valerie was in recovery, but her progress was to be sorely tested in the upcoming months. In March, her home and coffee shop burned down, and in June little Pat, six and a half years old at the time, died only a few days after a second heart operation. Then in November, Val's grandmother passed away, and she was too grief-stricken to attend the funeral. Feeling she had been under too much stress, the doctors decided as a precaution to admit her to the Brandon Hospital a third time. This time, in contrast to her other visits there, Val was acutely aware of her surroundings, and she knew she did not want to be there. Indeed, in about a week's time, she was on her way home again. During the Christmas season, family, including her mother and mother-in-law were nearby, each working hard to make Val's days as stress-free as possible. But in time they had to get back to their own lives, and she was left alone again.

One morning in March 1972, as she was walking down the stairs in her home, Val paused for a moment and looked out through the window. As she stood there gazing at the world, a sudden, penetrating insight came forcefully from the depths of her soul. "You've got to get over this yourself," it said, and Valerie was transformed. By the time she had reached the foot of the stairs, she knew what she had to do. She took her medication, fourteen pills a day at the time, and threw it into the slop pail. Then she went to work and cleaned her house top to bottom, ceilings, floors, and walls. As the days and weeks went by, it became evident to her husband and family that Valerie was well again. Her demons vanquished; Val could now resume her place in the family circle once more.

The taxi business had been good for the first years, then in 1972 the band started its own taxi service, and Jimmy's clientele was cut in half. He started trucking at about this time. In the meantime, Val had seen an opportunity to carve out a place out for herself at the school in Bacon Ridge and was strong enough to take advantage of it.

> Back in 1971, our school was administered by Special Schools, and there was one man running it from Winnipeg. We were a filing cabinet in Winnipeg! That was us, eh, out of this man's office. So he came out one time, and I suggested that maybe

there was some paper work that I could do 'cause I had all my office skills - for the school. And he thought it was a wonderful idea, and so he hired me. That was in '71, but it didn't work out with that principal, the principal we had then, so I worked for a month, two months, and took a leave of absence till the following year, 'cause that principal was on his way out....and I came back in '72 and I was working for Special Schools when Frontier took over.

Besides working at the school, Val often ran the taxi in the evenings because Jimmy was away trucking. It was too much, so they sold the business in 1976. Jimmy continued to truck, then he got the bus contract to transport the high school students to Ste. Rose. After that ended, he began bussing the children from the Metis side to the school in Ebb and Flow. By 1981, the family was well established at Bacon Ridge, and the older children were beginning to leave the nest. It looked as if the Shuttleworths were headed toward a predictable middle age, when an unexpected, but happy event occurred. Val and Jimmy had another baby.

Sherri was born in 1981, when David was fourteen years old. Everyone was shocked, excited. I felt that we were given a second chance, to raise a second daughter after we lost Pat.

Sherri's arrival meant the inevitable adjustments, but Val continued to work for Special Schools, then went to work for Frontier in 1982. A new school had been built on the reserve for both treaty and non-treaty students, and Val acted as secretary there for a year. Then in 1983, she became business manager, and has worked in this capacity ever since. Jimmy also continued to truck, and he maintains his bus route to this day.

Over the years, Valerie has seen many changes, not only in the world outside, but also in herself. Her many struggles have made her challenge old belief systems and accept new ones.

I was raised Catholic, and I had to go to church every Sunday....I started questioning my religion when I was twelve. The Church disappointed me. The priests used to preach that all Protestants go to hell and all Catholics go to heaven. My best friend at the time was a Protestant, and I used to think, why would she go to hell? There is nothing wrong with her. She's just fine, even though she's not Catholic. Then when I married an Anglican, the whole family disowned me. My mother tried to stop me.

not because he was an Anglican, but I was too young. I think, though, her reason was I was Catholic and he was Anglican!

The Roman Catholic is still the main church in Ebb and Flow, but Valerie now follows a new way.

> I found our own way, the traditional way. It fills every need, but it took me fifty years to find it. It was always there, but that's because I was that kind of person. [A person who questions religion]....I think the sooner our people get back to our culture, the stronger we will be....Another thing that really moved me is the medicines. They're out there naturally. I'm still learning about more, like sweetgrass, cedar, Seneca. Our own people use everything natural. They respect nature and mother earth. That's what I say. I found my spirituality, and I'm very happy with it.

Valerie has seen many other changes, too. When she came to live at Bacon Ridge twenty-eight years ago [1967] with her husband Jimmy, they came here by car, but Valerie remembers earlier visits to Ebb and Flow by different means.

> I can remember coming to Treaty Days by horses from Eddystone. It was [a road] somewhere through the bush. It's probably the one you use for snow machines now that cut across through Eddystone. That's the road we used. I came here with my parents and grandparents, but I was very young. I don't think I was ten yet. I just remember the long line of horses, wagons, and staying in a tent...for three days.

Concerning Treaty Days at Ebb and Flow,

> All I remember is that we got ice cream once a year, and it was there. It was five cents....I remember baseball. I think there were dances, but we were put to bed. We couldn't, we were not allowed, to run around once it got dark. We didn't have fast time in those days. They didn't change times, so it got dark an hour earlier than it does today.

There have been big changes in her family, too. Roxanne finished Grade Eleven, then married Victor Desjardins, from whom she later separated after eight years of marriage. A single parent, with children Shane and Jacqueline, she went into New Careers and became a library specialist, working for Frontier School Division for five years. Her "healing time," as she describes it. Then she returned to university, obtained her B.A. and is now working for the University of Manitoba

as programme director, Aboriginal Business Education Programme, Faculty of Management.

Duane finished high school and took some university courses. From the age of sixteen, he worked at anything he could do, and has worked for Frontier School Division as well as the City of Winnipeg. Today he is director for Manitoba of the Canadian Council for Aboriginal Business. His work philosophy is "Give five years of your best," then move on.

David finished Grade Twelve and entered the R.C.M.P. He was stationed at Cross Lake, but he went to Poundmaker, Saskatchewan, in March 1997 as a corporal. His wife is Isabelle St. Paul, and they have three children, Greg, Jimmy, and Jamie.

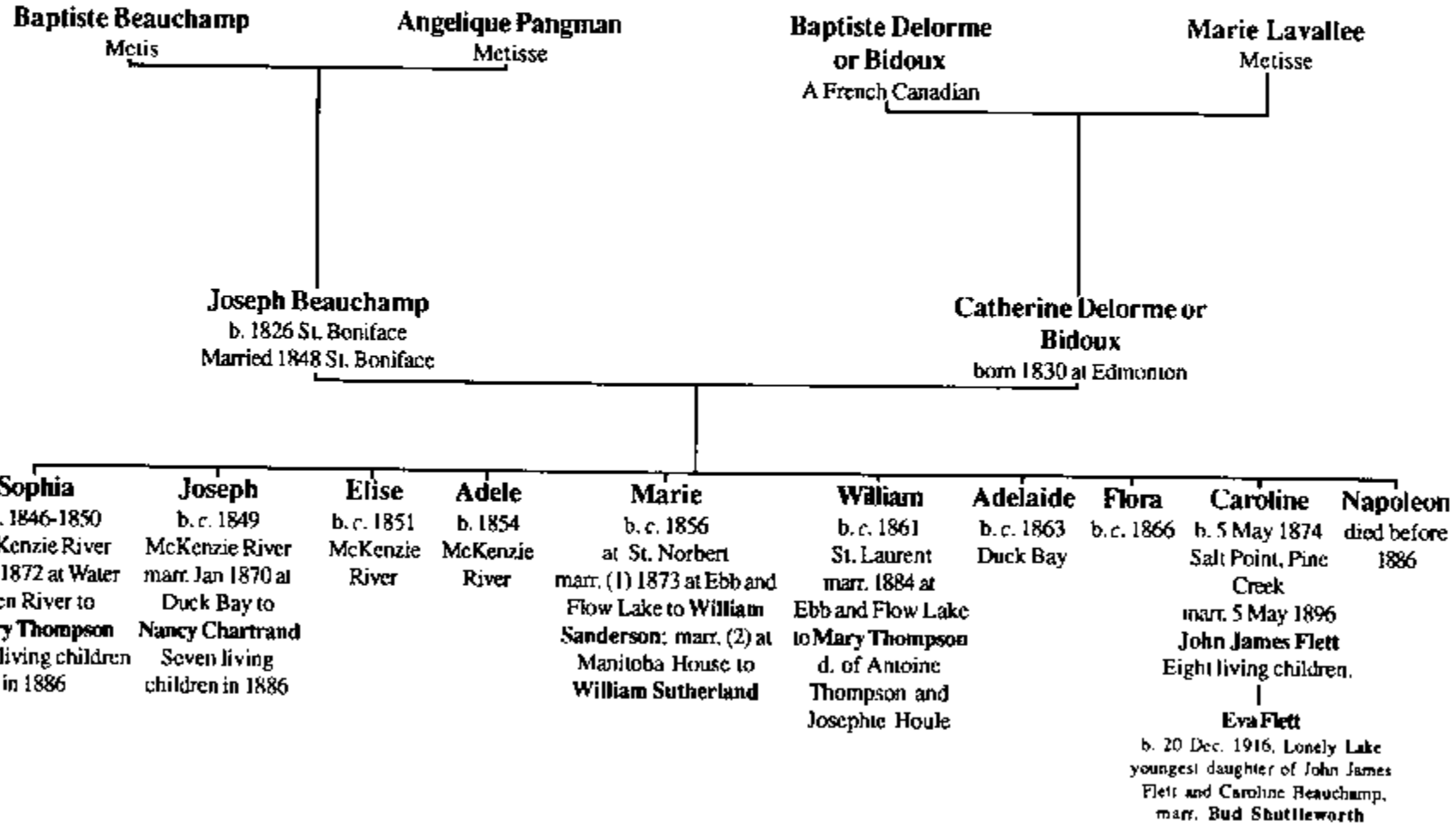
Sherri, the only one of Val and Jimmy's children still at home, attends Grade Ten in Ebb and Flow School. When she finally leaves the nest, it will be just one more change her parents have to deal with.

Change has been a connecting link in a story which has much to tell us. Val's efforts to get an education is a lesson for all those who would quit school for trivial reasons. The trials her husband and she went through getting themselves established in life is a lesson in perseverance. If you are willing to try different jobs, and never let discouragement defeat you, it is possible to succeed. Her struggle to conquer emotional and spiritual torment, and the devotion of her husband and family in that troubled time, is a lesson in courage and unconditional love. It is a story of success in the face of formidable obstacles, and one which can be an inspiration to us all.

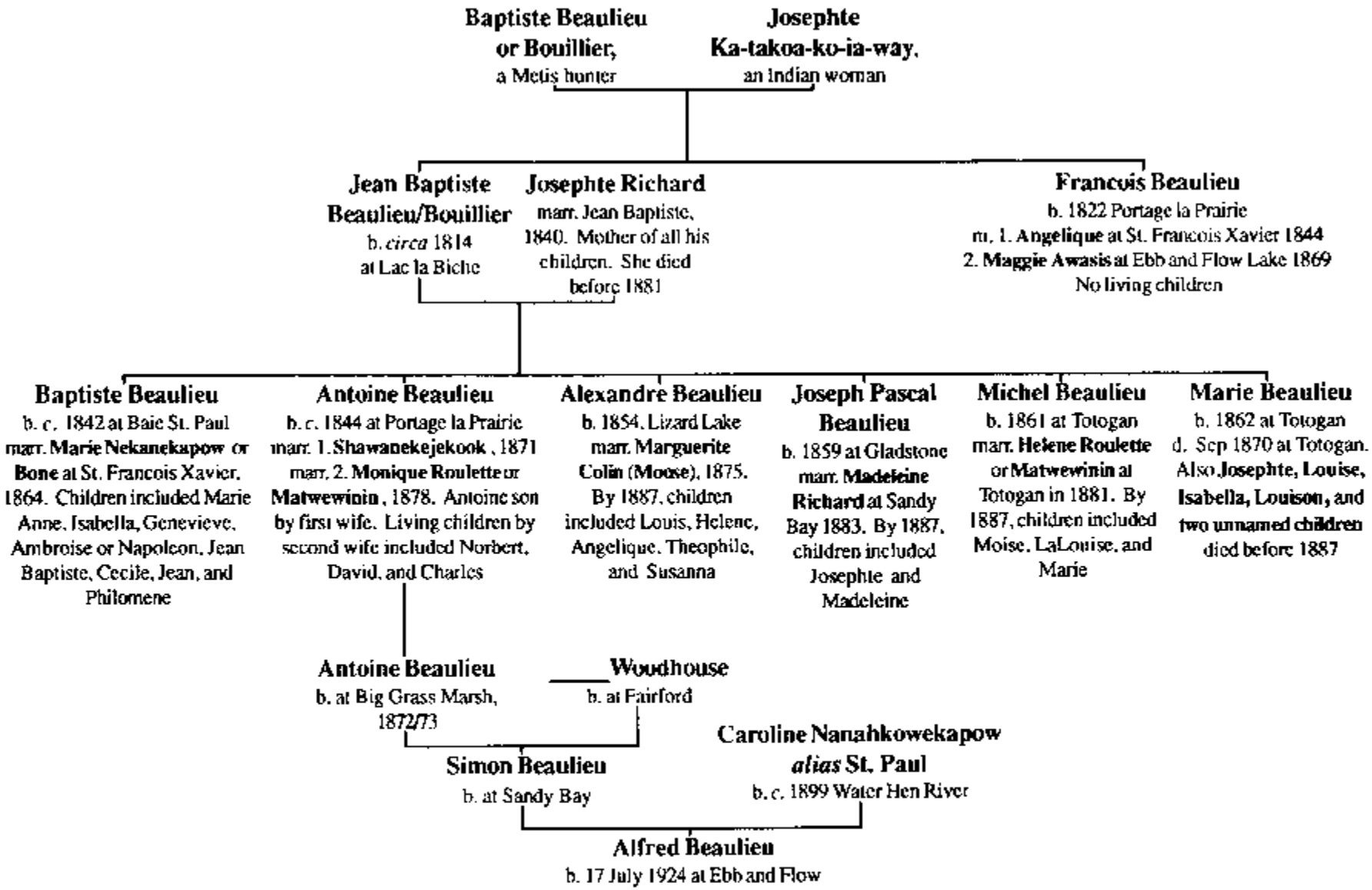
Stoneboat, *c.* 1901, typical of those used at Ebb and Flow for hauling water (Note outhouse in the background) Austin - Farms 5 (Courtesy Manitoba Archives, Provincial Archives of Manitoba)

Family Charts

With the exception of Valerie Ranville Shuttleworth, whose family tree can be found in *Many Trails to Manitou-Wapah*, page 423, the following family charts illustrate the ancestry of those who contributed to *Ebb and Flow Stories*. Although incomplete, they should provide interesting reading for those who have the same ancestors as our contributors. They may also encourage a few to do further research to create a more detailed record of local community and family history.

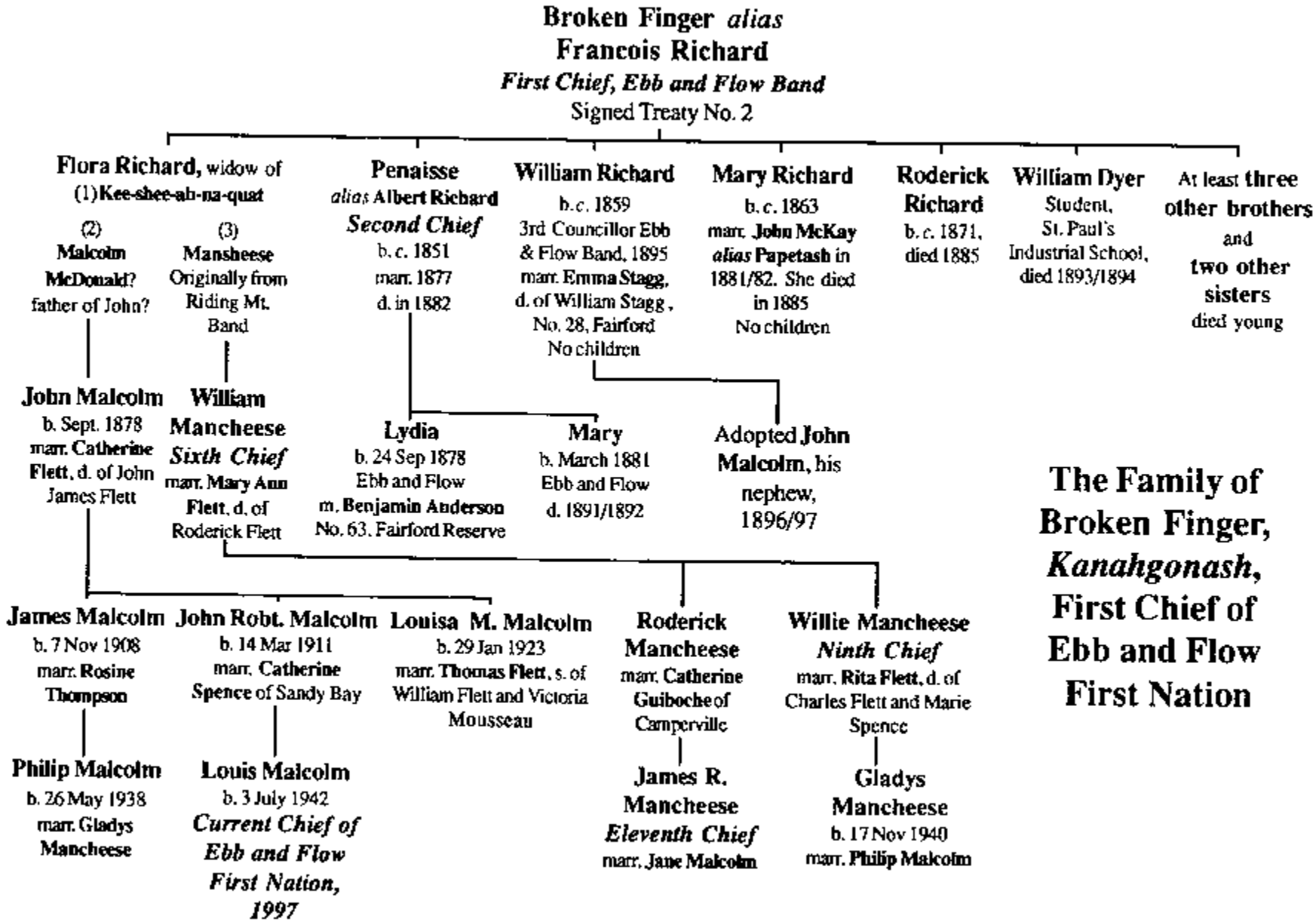


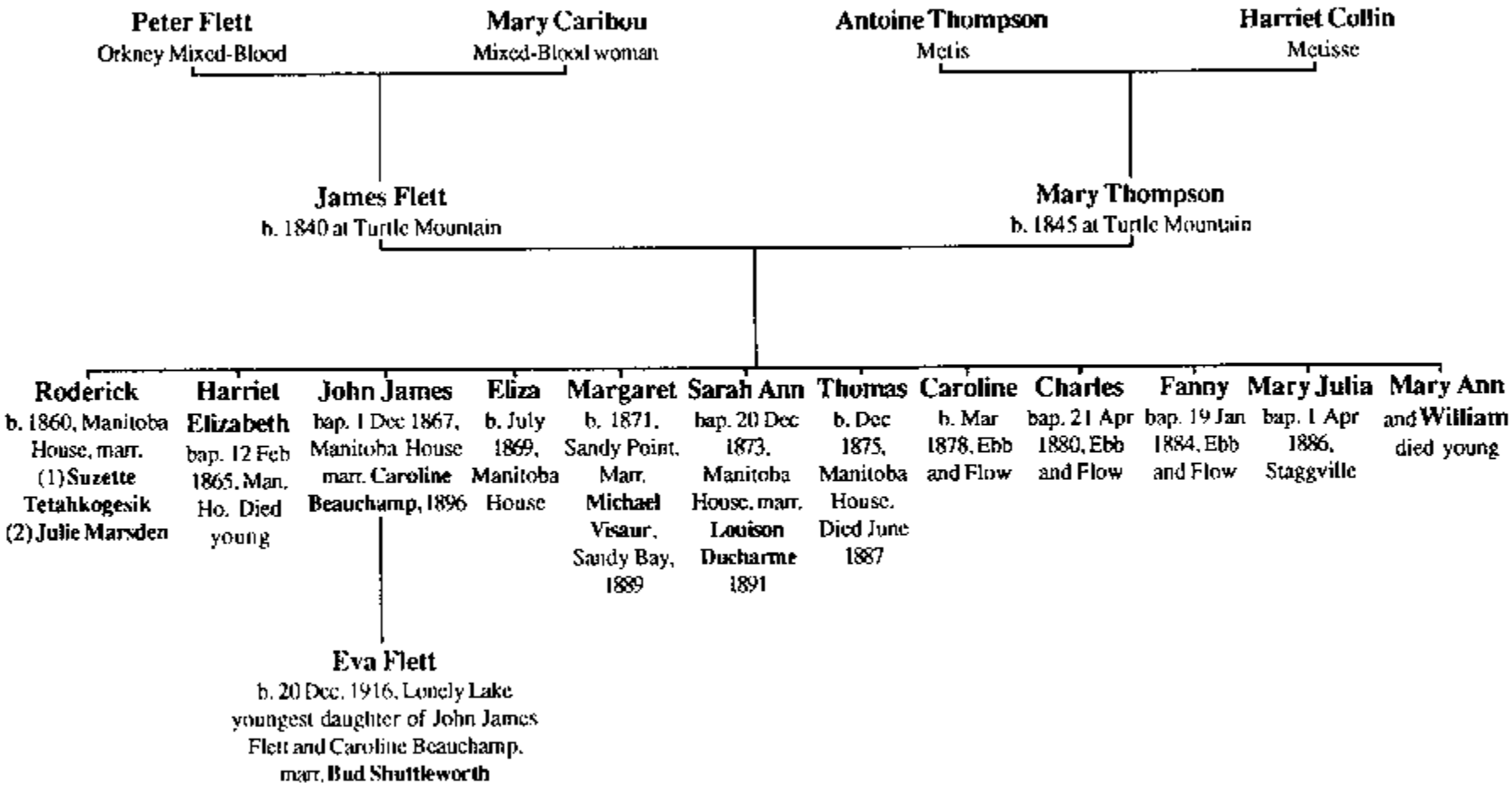
The Beauchamp Family of Lake Manitoba



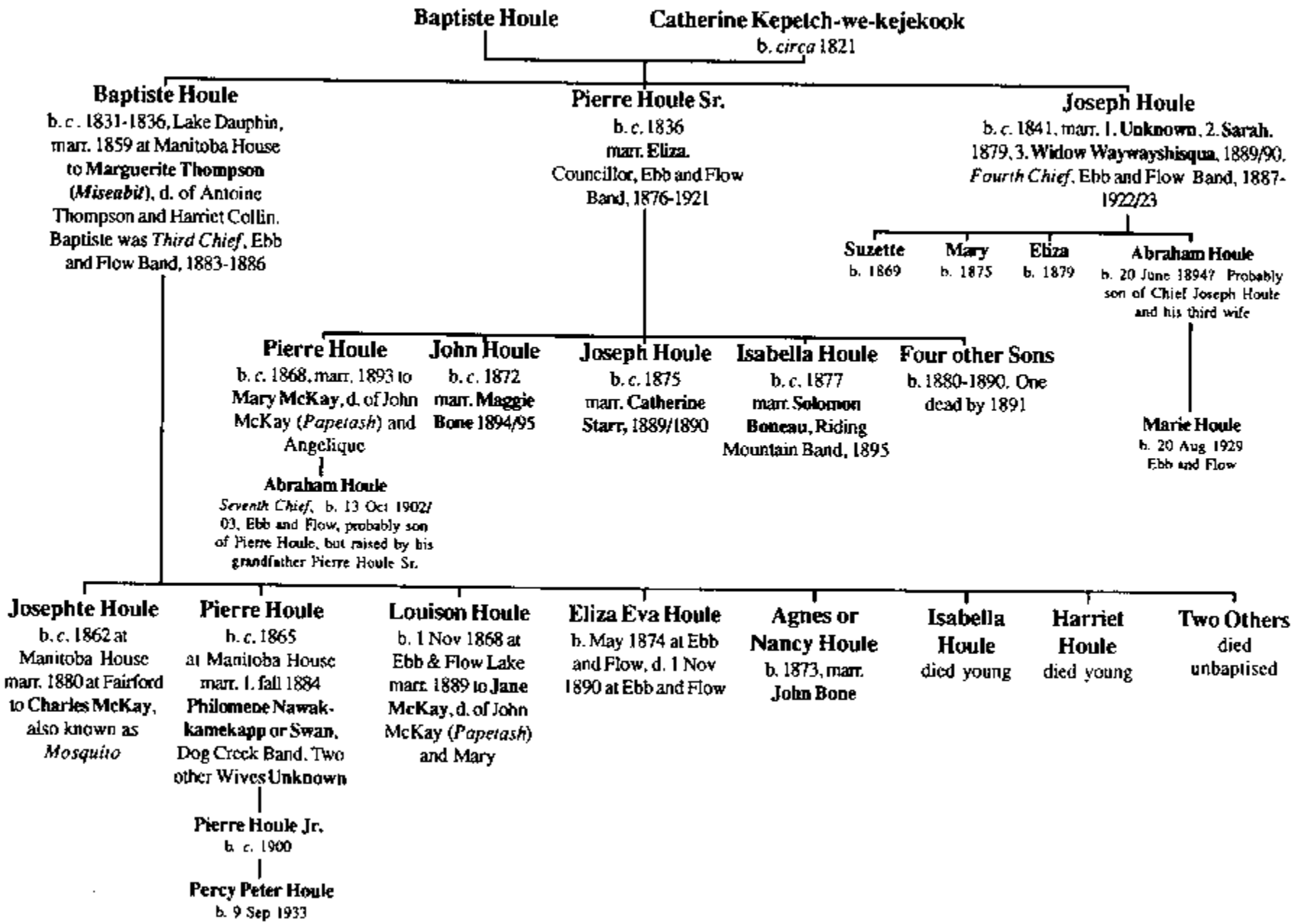
The Beaulieu Family of Sandy Bay and Ebb and Flow

The Family of Broken Finger, *Kanahgonash*, First Chief of Ebb and Flow First Nation

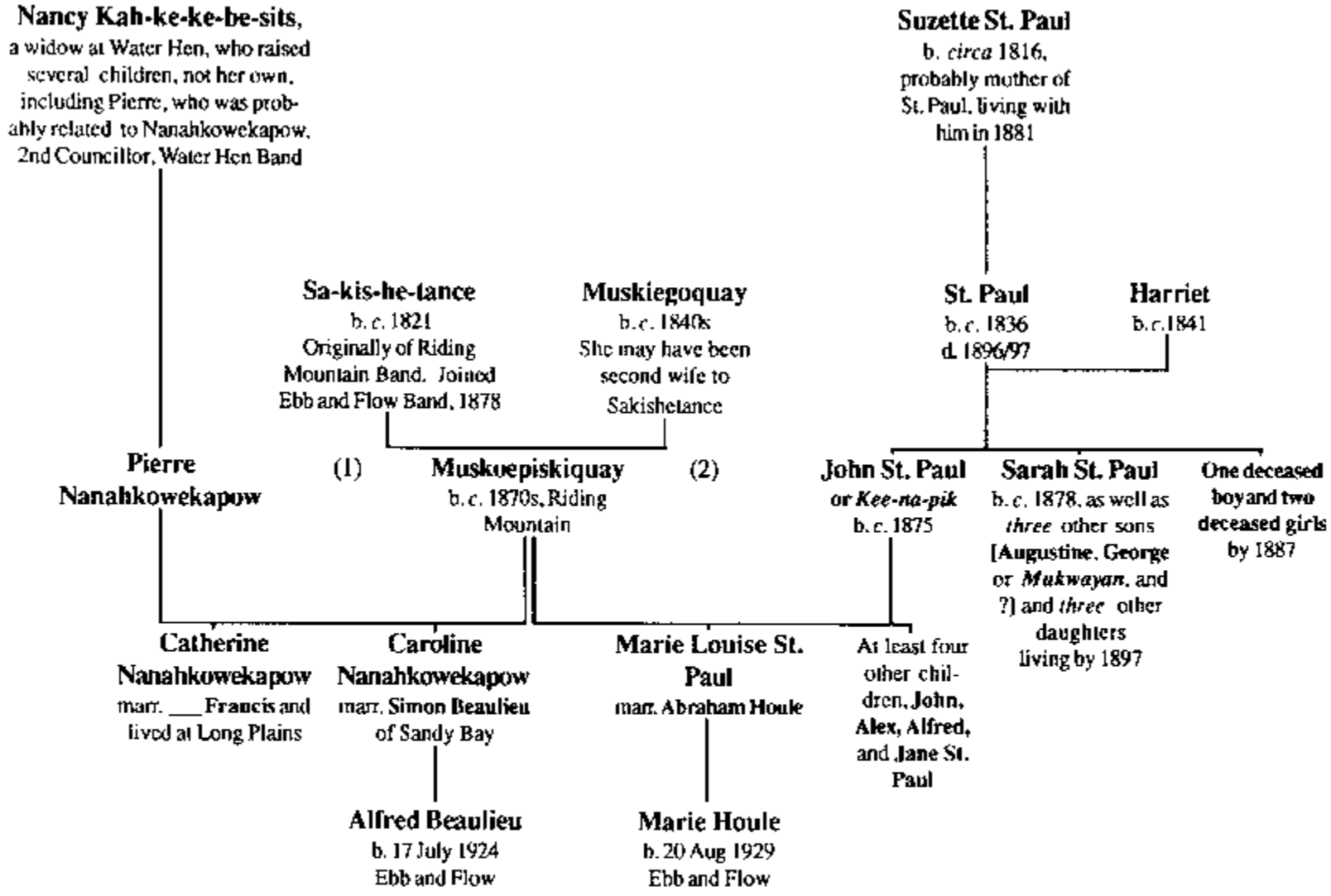




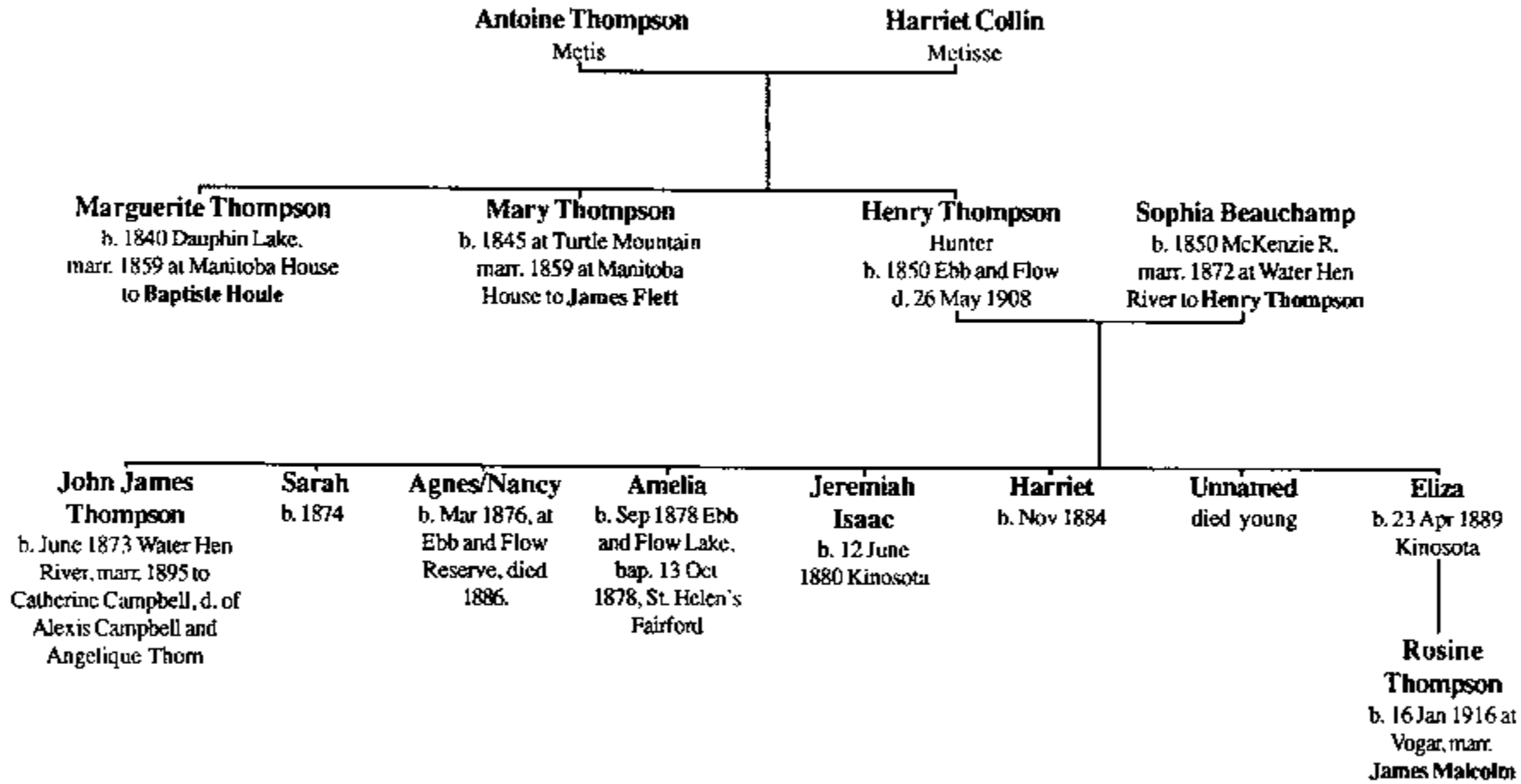
The Flett Family of Manitoba House and Ebb and Flow



The Houle Family of Lake Manitoba



The Sakishetance and St. Paul Families of Ebb and Flow



The Thompson Family of Ebb and Flow

Family Histories

Most people who have lived at Ebb and Flow for any length of time should be able to trace their roots through one or more of the following family histories. Information for them was obtained from Anglican Church records (Kinosota and Fairford), Treaty Annuity Paylists, Half-breed Scrip Applications, the community history *Many Trails to Manitou-Wapah*, and from a collection of archival materials compiled by the Ebb and Flow Band. These histories, brief and incomplete though they are, will help students and community members alike to better appreciate the part their ancestors played in the development of Western Canada. Perhaps they will also encourage further research to illuminate a history which is still largely untold.

Beauchamp

Beauchamp is a well-known Métis family. Joseph Beauchamp, who is the direct ancestor of many people at Ebb and Flow, was born *circa* 1826 at St. Boniface, the son of Métis parents, Baptiste Beauchamp and Angelique Pangman. We know little about his youth, but probably he lived at St. Boniface or nearby. It is likely that he took part in the annual buffalo hunts, when the Métis left their homes and travelled out onto the plains to hunt the buffalo. They would often be gone for months, travelling south into North Dakota and Montana, north into Saskatchewan and Alberta, then back east to the Red River Settlement. The Métis thought nothing of travelling hundreds of miles during a hunting season.[51]

In 1848, young Joseph married Catherine Delorme or Bidoux at St. Boniface, possibly in the Cathedral there because both of them were Roman Catholic. Catherine was a daughter of a French Canadian named Baptiste Delorme or Bidoux and a Métis woman named Marie LaVallée. Catherine had been born in 1830 at Edmonton, so she was eighteen when she married. During the next few years, Joseph worked for the Hudson's Bay Company, and his eldest children, Sophia and Joseph Jr., were born at McKenzie River. According to his scrip application, Joseph and his family moved to Duck Bay in 1854, and, except for his daughter Marie, who was born at St. Norbert in 1856, all of his children were born on the west side of Lake Manitoba. In 1870, he was living at Duck Bay. Later, he moved to The Narrows on Lake Manitoba, and was a member of the Ebb and Flow Band for a time before leaving treaty in 1887.

Joseph and Catherine had twelve children, most of whom married and raised families. Their youngest daughter Caroline married John James Flett in 1896, and their descendants can be found on the Ebb and Flow Reserve as well as in the neighbouring communities.

Beaulieu

Beaulieu is an old French-Canadian name sometimes spelled *Bouillier* in the old records. The direct ancestor of the Beaulieus at Ebb and Flow and Sandy Bay was

[51] For a wonderful account of the buffalo hunt, see Guillaume Charette, *Vanishing Spaces: Memoirs of Louis Goulet* (Winnipeg: Editions Bois-Brûlés, 1979).

Baptiste, a Métis, born sometime before 1800. We do not know much about him, except that he took an "Indian" wife named *Ka-takoa-ko-ia-way* and raised at least two sons, both of whom settled on the west side of Lake Manitoba. The elder, Jean Baptiste, was born c. 1814 at Lac la Biche, northeast of Edmonton. The younger, François, was born c. 1822 at Portage la Prairie. The family moved around a great deal because Baptiste was a hunter, and his sons later reported that they lived temporarily at such places as Portage la Prairie, Riding Mountain, and Baie St. Paul, when they were young.

Baie St. Paul is located about half way between Portage la Prairie and Winnipeg on the Assiniboine River, and Jean Baptiste said they were there in "about 1826." Evidently, they returned to that area seasonally for quite a number of years. After Jean Baptiste married Josephte Richard in 1840, for instance, his sons Baptiste and Antoine were born at Baie St. Paul or nearby. François married in 1844 at St. François Xavier, which was a community only a short distance away.

François had only one child, Marie, who died young. Jean Baptiste, on the other hand, had twelve, several of whom survived childhood. Alexandre was born *c.* 1854 at Lizard Lake, which was probably in the Riding Mountains, Joseph Pascal *c.* 1859 at Gladstone, and Michel and Marie at Totogan in 1861 and 1862 respectively. Totogan was located north of Westbourne just up from the outlet of the White Mud River into Lake Manitoba.

According to Baptiste, his hunting grounds were at Riding Mountain, but Totogan seems to have been a base camp for a number of years. In September 1870, for instance, his daughter Marie died there, just after they had finished putting up hay.[52] His brother François was further up the lake at Manitoba House (Kinosota) in 1870, perhaps having settled there because his second wife was from Ebb and Flow Lake.

When Treaty 2 was signed at Manitoba House in 1871, The Beaulieus were entered on the band lists. François and his wife were at Ebb and Flow, but later he went to reside on the Sandy Bay Reserve, where Baptiste's family had settled. Then in 1887, the entire family applied for scrip, which was a one-time payment in land or money to those who could prove they were of mixed European and

[52] If Baptiste was hay-making, he probably kept horses as a means of travel. Horses had been used by the Métis for a long time and were essential during the buffalo hunts. Although we have no evidence that Baptiste was hunting buffalo in 1870, undoubtedly he had done so in earlier years.

Native background. As a result some of the Beaulieus are treaty, and some are Métis.

Alfred Beaulieu of Ebb and Flow Reserve is a descendant of this family. Although further research has to be done, it appears that Alfred is a great-grandson of Antoine Beaulieu, the second son of Jean Baptiste Beaulieu and Josephte Richard. Antoine's eldest son, also named Antoine, was born at Big Grass Marsh in 1872 or 1873 to *Shawanekejekook*. Antoine Jr. apparently married a Woodhouse from Fairford, and their son Simon was Alfred's father. Or so it seems at the moment. Perhaps a member of the family will find out for sure!

Flett

The earliest known ancestor, for whom we have direct evidence, is James Flett, who was born *circa* 1840 at Turtle Mountain, the son of Peter Flett and Mary Caribou.[53] When James applied for scrip many years later, he described his father as an Indian, and his mother of mixed European and Indian background. No doubt his father had European roots as well, because Flett is an old name associated with the Hudson's Bay Company.

The Peter Flett family lived at St. Peter's in the Red River Settlement when James was young, but in the 1850s, he moved to Manitoba House, where he married Mary Thompson in 1859. She had been born *circa* 1845 at Turtle Mountain, the daughter of Antoine Thompson and Harriet Collin. The Thompsons must have moved to the Lake Manitoba area shortly thereafter, because her younger brother Henry was born at Ebb and Flow Lake *circa* 1846-1850. Henry was later to marry Sophia Beauchamp, the eldest daughter of Joseph Beauchamp and Catherine Delorme.

Like the Beauchamps, James and Mary Flett were members of the Ebb and Flow Band for a time, although like many of the band members, they lived off the reserve at or near Manitoba House. In the 1880s, they left treaty, but many of their descendants are members of the Ebb and Flow Band today, including the current [1997] chief, Louis Malcolm.[54]

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[53] *Many Trails to Manitou-wapah*, pp. 370-372, suggests that Peter was the son of William Flett of Firth in the Orkney Island. However, no convincing proof is provided, so more research is required.

[54] Two other chiefs, Willie Mancheese and his son James Mancheese, were descendants of Roderick Flett and Julie Marsden.

Houle

The Houle family of Ebb and Flow is descended from an old Métis family, which has lived in the Lake Manitoba region for well over one hundred and fifty years and perhaps longer. The first known member of this family was Baptiste Houle Sr., whose wife was Catherine Kepetch-we-kejekook. They had three sons, Pierre, Baptiste, and Joseph, and at least two daughters.

The 1881 Census describes the Houle menfolk as hunters and labourers. They were listed as French, even though they were all living on the Ebb and Flow Reserve at that time.[55] Their religion was Roman Catholic.

Baptiste, the eldest son, was chief after Penaisse died in 1882. He served until 1887, when he left treaty. Born at Lake Dauphin *circa* 1836, he married Marguerite Thompson or *Miseabit*, the daughter of Antoine Thompson and Harriet Collin. When they applied for scrip in 1887, their living children included, Josephte, Pierre, Louison, Eliza, and Nancy or Agnes, most of them born at Manitoba House. Josephte was married to Charles McKay, commonly called *Mosquito*, and they lived near Crane River. Pierre, who was born in 1875, married Philomene Nawak-kamekapp or Swan, a member of the Dog Creek Band. After her death, he apparently married again. Louison married Jane McKay, a daughter of John *Papetash* and Mary McKay of the Ebb and Flow Band. Eliza died in 1890, and Nancy married John Bone.

It is interesting to note that Baptiste's son Pierre returned to the reserve many years later. Eva Shuttleworth remembers him well, as he was a cousin of her father, his mother Margaret Thompson and Eva's grandmother Mary Thompson being twin sisters. Pierre was married more than once. His children included Pierre Jr., Delorme, Jerry, and Ida (Categas). Percy Houle, who contributed to *Ebb and Flow Stories* is a son of Pierre Jr.

Pierre or Pierriche Houle Sr., the second son of Baptiste Sr., was born *circa* 1836, probably around Lake Dauphin. He was a member, Number 20, of the Ebb and Flow Band and served as a councillor to the chief from 1876 to 1921, first under

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[55] One's ethnic origin was generally determined by tracing back through the male line, in this case to an ancestor who was a French-Canadian.

Penaisse, then under his brother Baptiste Houle, until he left treaty, then under his other brother Joseph, who was chief for thirty-five years. Pierre's eldest son, Pierre Jr., No. 54, served as a councillor in 1908, but his death prevented a longer term of service. According to the 1881 Census, Pierre Sr.'s wife was named Eliza. They had four children at that time, Pierre Jr., John, Joseph, and Isabella, all born between 1868 and 1877. Abraham Houle, who served as chief of the Ebb and Flow Band, 1940-1958, was probably a son of Pierre Jr., but raised by his grandfather Pierre Sr. after his father's death.

Joseph, No 21, the third son of Baptiste Sr., served as chief from 1887 to 1922. He was married three times. His first wife died in 1877/78. They had at least two daughters, Suzette and Mary. A third daughter Eliza may have been the child of Joseph's second wife Sarah, who died in 1888/89. His third wife was Widow Waywayshisqua from Water Hen River. They had a daughter by 1890, and a son by 1891. This son was probably Abraham Houle, who is described in the band records as a son of Joseph. Pierre Houle Sr.'s third son was the only other Joseph who could have been father to Abraham, and he had no living sons at that time. This Abraham Houle was the father to Marie Houle, who contributed her story to this collection.

There were probably more Houles on the early treaty paylists for the Ebb and Flow Band than any other family. As might be expected, most of the people of the reserve today can trace one or more of their roots back to this large family.

Mancheese

Mansheese was a hunter who joined the Ebb and Flow Band in 1878.[56] At that time, he was married with three sons and a daughter. By treaty time in 1882, his wife, a son and a daughter had died. In 1882, he married Flora Richard, the widow of Kee-shee-ah-na-quat and daughter of Broken Finger, and they had four more children, three sons and a daughter, all of whom died, except William. By August of 1890, Mansheese himself had died.

[56] In the old treaty annuity paylists, the name is spelled Mansheese. Today the preferred spelling is Mancheese.

Of the two sons who survived from the first marriage of Mansheese, one married a woman from the Riding Mountain Band in 1890/91, and the other, Na-Taw-e-nang, married a daughter of Memeokotikapow of the Silver Creek Band.

William Mancheese was the only surviving child of the second marriage. He later became the chief of the Ebb and Flow Band. Eva Shuttleworth remembers him well as a tall, well-built man with dark hair. William married Mary Ann, the daughter of Roderick Flett, the eldest son of James Flett and Mary Thompson. One of William's son, Willie Mancheese, also served as chief. Another son Roderick did not serve himself, but his son James Mancheese was chief for a time. There are numerous Mancheese descendants in Ebb and Flow today.

Richard

The name Richard has an important place in Ebb and Flow history. Broken Finger, the first chief, was also known as François in the records of the Department of the Interior. It is quite possible that his Métis surname was Richard. His son *Penaisse*, the second chief, settled his family and the bulk of the band at Ebb and Flow Lake, while the remainder formed a separate band at Crane River. In the 1881 Census, Penaisse is recorded as Albert Richard. William, Roderick, and Mary Richard, his brothers and sister, are listed in the same census. They were described as members of the Church of England.

We know little about this family at present. In 1875, the widow of Broken Finger, a woman named *She-ten-se*, was recorded with five sons and three daughters. The very next year, however, her name does not appear, and only four sons and two daughters are recorded. Perhaps she and the children died. However, if she were the second wife of Broken Finger, she may have remarried and taken two of the children with her to her new home. The records do not say. Penaisse, as eldest son in a hypothetical first family, would then have taken responsibility for his younger brothers and sisters.

Whatever the case, four brothers and two sisters were in the care of Penaisse at Ebb and Flow in 1876. Of these, one sister died in 1880/81. Mary, the other sister, married John McKay, or *Papetash*, in 1881/82 and died childless three years later. Of the brothers, William married Emma, the daughter of William Stagg of Fairford, 14 January 1884, at St. Helen's. One brother died in 1885, and

Roderick died in 1886. The last brother, who was given the name William Dyer, went to St. Paul's Industrial School. He died in 1893/94.

Penaisse married Margaret and had two daughters, Lydia, born 24 September 1878, and Mary, born in 1881. After his death in 1882, Margaret married Samuel Marsden of the Lake St. Martin Band, at St. Helen's, Fairford, 27 April 1885. Mary died in 1891/92; but Lydia married Benjamin, son of James and Alice Anderson of the Fairford Band, at St. Helen's, 3 August 1894. By 1903, the Andersons had two girls and a boy, so it is quite likely Penaisse has descendants at Fairford today.

Although Penaisse has no known descendants at Ebb and Flow, the bloodline of Broken Finger can still be found in two families locally. Penaisse had one other sister, Flora, described in the paylists as the widow of Kee-shee-ah-na-quat. Apparently, her husband and their daughter died in 1875, for she was all alone the following year. In September 1878, however, she had a son, who was baptised, 13 October 1878, by Rev. Abraham Cowley, when he was on a missionary visit from Fairford. Described as about a month old at that time, he was given the name, John Richard. The origins of this child are shrouded in mystery. In 1896/97, he was adopted by his uncle, William Richard, who was a councillor for the band by this time, and in 1901 his name appeared on the band list as John Malcolm.

According to *Many Trails to Manitou-Wapah*, the father of John Malcolm was a Malcolm McDonald, who served with the Hudson's Bay Company. Eva Shuttleworth, who is familiar with the old stories, has a somewhat different version. As the youngest in the Flett family, she listened to the old people and remembered what they had to say. Moreover, her eldest sister Catherine was married to John Malcolm, whom she knew from her childhood. She also knew his mother, whose Saulteaux name was *Weendigoose*. Eva remembers her as a very attractive woman with fair skin and black hair. According to the story Eva was told, Weendigoose had a son by a young Scotsman, a surveyor who was working in the area. He wanted to take her and the child back to Scotland with him, but she would not leave her home. When the Scotsman asked if he could take their son with him, she refused once more, fearing she would never see him again. No trace of a Malcolm McDonald has surfaced, but there is a reference to a Thomas Malcolm in the Kinosota records in 1891. Someone may unravel the mystery one day, but for now one thing is certain. The Malcolms are directly descended from the first chief of the Ebb and Flow Band through his daughter Flora, or

Weendigoose as she was known in Saulteaux.[57] Her great-grandson, Louis Malcolm, is the current [1997] chief of the Ebb and Flow Band.

John Malcolm is not the only descendant of the old chief, for Flora remarried in 1881/82 to a widower named *Mansheese*. Of their four children, only one survived, a son named William Mancheese, who is the ancestor of the Mancheese family at Ebb and Flow. He also served as a chief of the band from 1930 to 1938, his son Willie served first as a councillor, then as chief from 1962 to 1964, and his grandson James Mancheese from 1972 to 1976. Thus, for five generations the family of Broken Finger has provided chiefs for the Ebb and Flow Band.

St. Paul

A hunter named St. Paul was recorded as a member of the Ebb and Flow Band in 1876. According to the 1881 Census, he was forty-five years of age, so he must have been born *circa* 1836. His religion was listed as Roman Catholic. At that time he and his wife Harriet had two children, John, aged 6, and Sarah, aged 3. Suzette St. Paul, who was probably his mother, was also living with St. Paul. According to the census, she was sixty-five years of age, which would make her birth date *circa* 1816. St. Paul and his wife were the parents of six sons and five daughters before his death in 1896-97. Four of these children, two sons and two daughters, had died by that time. The following year, one of his daughters married a man at Valley River. In 1901, the eldest son, John St. Paul, married Muskoepiskiquay, the daughter of Sakishetance and Muskiegoquay. At that time, John adopted Muskoepiskiquay's daughters by her first marriage to Pierre Nanah-Kowe-Kapow of Water Hen River. Johnny and Muskoepiskiquay had at least four more children, John Alex, Alfred, and Jane, who married Joseph Catagas of Valley River.

Of Johnny St. Paul's brothers, Alfred Beaulieu remembers Augustine (or Eustane) and George, who was also known as *Mukwayan*, or *Mukwa-won*, which means "Bearskin" in English. Eva Shuttleworth remembers her father telling how George got that name. Apparently, when he was six or seven he used to give himself the names of wild animals. Every morning, he would have the name of a new one, until one day he told everybody he had decided he wanted to be called

[57] Eva Shuttleworth only knew this woman by her Saulteaux name.

Mukwa-won from that time forth. And so he was. George's son Rene died when he was fifteen, but Augustine had a son Norbert who had a large family. As a result, there are still St. Pauls at the Ebb and Flow Reserve.

Sakishetance

Sakishetance was a member of the Ebb and Flow Band.[58] According to the 1881 Census "Sakeetense" was sixty years old, which suggests a birthdate in about 1821. His family was listed as belonging to the Church of England. It is possible Sakishetance had been married before, because his wife Muskiegoquay was listed as thirty, when one of his children, Mamnacapo, was described as nineteen years old.[59] However, census records are often inaccurate, particularly concerning ages of people who did not know the exact time of their births. Besides Mamnacapo, Sakishetance had two daughters, Muskoepiskiquay, who was eight years old, and Julia, who was one.

In 1896, his daughter Muskoepiskiquay married Pierre Nanah-Kowe-Kapow of the Water Hen Band.[60] He was the son of a widow, Nancy Kahkabesik. Pierre and Muskoepiskiquay had two daughters, Catherine and Caroline. After Pierre died, Muskoepiskiquay returned to Ebb and Flow, where she married Johnny St. Paul, in about 1901. They had at least five children, John, Alex, Alfred, Mary Louise, and Jane. From this second marriage, there are many St. Paul descendants at Ebb and Flow. Although Jane St. Paul married Joseph Catagas of Valley River, Marie Louise married Abraham Houle of Ebb and Flow. Their daughter, Marie Houle, is one of the elders who contributed their stories to this anthology.

Catherine and Caroline, Muskoepiskiquay's daughters by her first marriage, also left descendants. According to Alfred Beaulieu, Catherine married a man

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[58] According to Eva Shuttleworth, the name Sakishetance means "shaking a toe," as in the game often played with infants, "One little piggy."

[59] Mamnacapo was apparently described as female on the 1881 Census, but this does not correlate with the 1881 Treaty Annuity Paylists, where Sakistance is recorded as having a son and two daughters, one of whom [Julia] had been born that year. Mamnacapo was probably the Saulteaux name of William Sakishetance, who took his own treaty number in 1893, after his marriage. What became of William's descendants is unknown at this time.

[60] The spelling of *Muskoepiskiquay* is taken from the 1881 Census. Her mother's [or perhaps step-mother's] name was spelled *Muskiegoquay*. According to Alfred Beaulieu, his grandfather Pierre Nanah-Kowe-Kapow name means "Bending your head to the earth."

surnamed Francis at Long Plains and had a family. Caroline married Simon Beaulieu of Sandy Bay, and her descendants include Alfred Beaulieu, who served as chief of the Ebb and Flow Band for many years.

Thompson

Henry Thompson was born at Ebb and Flow Lake *circa* 1846-1850, the son of Antoine Thompson and Harriet Collin. His parents were of mixed European and Native origin, and probably had both Scottish and French roots. However, they practised the traditional trapping and hunting life followed by their aboriginal ancestors. We know that the Thompsons had lived at Turtle Mountain earlier, because Henry's sister Mary had been born there *circa* 1845, and it is likely they moved north to Lake Manitoba to take advantage of the hunting in the area.

It was in 1859 at Manitoba House that two of Henry's sisters married, Mary to James Flett, and her twin Marguerite to Baptiste Houle. In 1872, Henry married Sophia Beauchamp, the eldest daughter of Joseph Beauchamp and Catherine Delorme, and they raised a large family. Like the Fletts, they entered treaty as members of the Ebb and Flow Band, but in the 1880s they left. Nevertheless, there are many direct descendants of the Thompsons at the Ebb and Flow Reserve. Rosine Malcolm, for instance, a granddaughter of Henry Thompson, married James Malcolm, and her son Philip was a contributor to *Ebb and Flow Stories*. Thompson relatives can also be found in nearby communities.

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