

New Breed

MAGAZINE



Spring/Summer 2008

New Breed

MAGAZINE

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Any correspondence or inquiries can be made to:

The Gabriel Dumont Institute
2—604 22nd Street West
Saskatoon, SK S7M 5W1
Telephone: 306.657.5716
Facsimile: 306.244.0252

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GABRIEL DUMONT INSTITUTE
of Native Studies and Applied Research

Editors:

Darren R. Préfontaine
darren.prefontaine@gdi.gdins.org
David Morin
david.morin@gdi.gdins.org
Amy Gallagher
amy.gallagher@dti.gdins.org
Amaranta Sokol
amaranta.sokol@gdi.gdins.org

Editorial Board:

Geordy McCaffrey, Executive Director
Karon Shmon, Publishing Coordinator

Contributing Writers:

Belhumeur, Marilyn
Brown, Bradley
Gallagher, Amy
Kastrukoff, Jennifer
Kirton, Jonina
Kovacs, Kim
Morin, David
Morin, Lilah
Nicholat, Christa
Pahlus, Henri
Préfontaine, Darren
Sokol, Amaranta
Tourond-Townson, Margaret
Wilson, Lisa

Front Cover:

Photograph by Bonnie Hrycuik

Back Cover:

Photograph by Bonnie Hrycuik

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Aboriginal Storytelling Month 2008

Article by Marilyn Belhumeur and Kim Kovacs
Photographs by Marilyn Belhumeur

As part of the fifth annual Aboriginal Storytelling Month, the Gabriel Dumont Institute Library in Regina hosted writer, performer, poet, playwright, and amateur comedian Simon Moccasin. Simon is from the Saulteaux First Nation in northwestern Saskatchewan. He has performed with the Bionic Bannock Boys, has appeared on shows such as "Moccasin Flats," and "Untamed Weather", and has had stand-in parts on CTV's "Corner Gas." He has a Bachelor of Education degree from the First Nations University of Canada.



Simon Moccasin

Simon began his storytelling session by telling the audience who he was and where he came from. He also introduced his partner, Tracy, and their seven week-old daughter Sage, who joined Saskatchewan Urban Native Teacher Education (SUNTEP) students and faculty in listening raptly as Simon led them through a series of stories that alternated between reflective and thought-provoking reminiscences of his personal history and laugh-out-loud-funny stories of *Wisahkecahk*. Simon's flair for physical humour was evident as he acted out an amusing story about



Simon Moccasin

Raven that had his audience laughing from beginning to end. After about an hour of stories, Simon, Tracy, and little Sage joined SUNTEP students and faculty for some light refreshments and more talk. (Sage in particular was very patient with all of her admirers, some of whom were threatening to take her home with them!) In the end, Mom, Dad, and Sage went home together, leaving SUNTEP students and staff with smiles on their faces and a few new stories to ponder.



SUNTEP Students

John Arcand Receives the Order of Canada

Article by David Morin

Photograph Courtesy of John Arcand

On Friday, April 11, 2008, John Arcand received Canada's highest civilian honour, the Order of Canada. The Order of Canada was created in 1967 to recognize a lifetime of outstanding achievement, dedication to community, and service to the nation.

John Arcand, known as the "Master of the Métis Fiddle," has worked tirelessly to preserve Métis music and culture, and has been recognized by his country for his efforts. John is an inspiration to all up-and-coming fiddlers, having taught and mentored many of them.

John's accomplishments include making fourteen recordings to date, composing over 300 original tunes, and creating the hugely successful *John Arcand Fiddle Fest*, now in its 11th season. John shares his talents extensively by instructing at fiddle camps, by teaching private students, by promoting Métis culture through workshops and performances, and by doing presentations at many schools and youth events each year.

The 11th annual *John Arcand Fiddle Fest* runs from August 7th—10th, 2008. See the website for more information: www.johnarcandfiddlefest.com.



John Arcand and Her Excellency, the Right Honourable Michaëlle Jean, Governor General of Canada

Rossignol Elementary/High School Presents 9th Annual *Michif Language Festival*

Article by Lilah Morin

On the evening of April 9, 2008, the community of Île-à-la-Croix celebrated the 9th annual *Michif Language Festival*. Staff and students from both schools performed oral presentations in the form of songs, nursery rhymes, and dialogue in the Michif language. This event is growing each and every year. As a committee, we estimate the attendance for this year's event to be around 600 people.

The evening began with an opening honour song performed by Dorothy Dubrule, the "Lord's Prayer" recited by the Grade 5 class, and the Métis National Anthem sung by all that attended. Each class then sang or recited a piece of literature in the Michif language. After the oral presentations, local youth and elementary

students then conducted a square dance in honour of their late grandmothers. The elementary school held a jigging contest prior to the festival. These students were able to demonstrate the "Red River Jig." The evening also included a drama skit by the youth drama club from the community. Their focus was the effects of alcohol in our northern communities. The festival ended with a traditional meal, which consisted of *moshwa wiyas l'rrabboo ekwa la galet*.

Overall the *Michif Language Festival* was a huge success. Next year, the committee plans on dedicating the festival in honour of the late Malvina Badger.

Ekosi marrsi!

Métis Cultural Development Fund

The Gabriel Dumont Institute has entered into a partnership with SaskCulture, Inc. to develop and administer the *Métis Cultural Development Fund* (MCDF). Funding for this program is provided by Saskatchewan Lotteries Trust Fund for Sports, Culture and Recreation.

The MCDF provides funds for activities that preserve, strengthen and transmit Métis culture and traditions in Saskatchewan. An emphasis is placed on children and on building cultural leadership skills, transferring knowledge between generations, skills development mentorship and having fun. The activities should encourage gathering, sharing, learning, celebrating and developing Métis culture in Métis communities.

Applications must be submitted prior to the May 15th and October 15th deadline.

For additional information and an application form and guidelines for the MCDF, please contact:

Secretary, *Métis Cultural Development Fund*

Gabriel Dumont Institute

2—604 22nd Street West

Saskatoon, SK S7M 5W1

Phone: (306) 934-4941

Fax: (306) 244-0252

or visit our website at: www.gdins.org



Tourism Agencies to Celebrate the 125th Anniversary of the Northwest Resistance/Rebellion

The Saskatchewan West Central Tourism Association Inc. (SWCT) will capitalize on the tourism opportunities associated with the 125th anniversary of the 1885 Northwest Resistance/Rebellion by implementing a three-year action plan to guide tourism development and marketing initiatives.

The announcement was made today in Duck Lake by the Honourable Christine Tell, Minister of Saskatchewan Tourism, Parks, Culture and Sport, the Honourable Maurice Vellacott, Member of Parliament for Saskatoon-Wanuskewin on behalf of the Honourable Rona Ambrose, President of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada, Minister of Intergovernmental Affairs and Minister of Western Economic Diversification, and Ian McGilp, Industry Development Manager for Tourism Saskatchewan. Each party is contributing \$75,000 over the next three years toward the comprehensive marketing plan.

"The 125th commemoration, in 2010, of the 1885 Northwest Resistance is an excellent opportunity to tell the story of the prairie Métis and First Nations peoples' struggle with government forces and how it has shaped Canada today," Tourism, Parks, Culture and Sport Minister Christine Tell said. "The Ministry of Tourism, Parks, Culture and Sport is excited to contribute to the preservation and telling of such a central story in the history of Western Canada and indeed, our nation."

The Northwest Resistance/Rebellion crosses the modern boundaries of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. The First Nations and Métis peoples of this area have left a mark on Canadian history and culture.

"The Government of Canada is proud to partner with Métis and First Nations communities to invest in tourism projects that will celebrate this historic milestone," said MP Vellacott. "Our government's investment in this action plan will help increase tourism activity around the Saskatchewan historic sites, which in turn will result in economic benefits for these communities."

Between now and 2010, the SWCT will hire a full-time project manager to implement the action plan. Activities will include the identification of existing 1885 related tourism markets and new markets; an inventory of 1885 sites, experiences and stories in order to expand them to include those sites and experiences from 1870; preparing celebratory activities to occur in 2010; and producing a 2010 anniversary travel guide interpreting the events of 1870 and 1885 for all three provinces.

"Tourism Saskatchewan is extremely pleased to invest in this important initiative," said Dr. Lynda Haverstock, President/CEO of Tourism Saskatchewan. "The events of 1885 played a defining role in Canadian history and subsequently have had an impact on all our lives. As beneficiaries of the legacies established by First Nations, Métis, and settlers who chose Saskatchewan as their new home, it is our responsibility to learn about and celebrate our rich past, and to share its fascinating stories and colourful traditions with visitors to our province."

"The 125th Anniversary of the events of 1885 in 2010 provides an excellent opportunity to tell the story of Louis Riel, and to also tell the stories of First Nation leaders from Alberta and Saskatchewan, and the roles they played on either side of the conflict," said Mark England, SWCT Marketing Manager. "This project will identify and quantify existing 1885 related tourism markets and lay the cornerstone for the development of new markets."

As Canada matures as a country, there are increasing opportunities to celebrate the historical events and cultural influences that have helped shape our great nation. The Government of Canada and the Province of Saskatchewan are proud to recognize and celebrate the approaching 125th Anniversary of the 1885 Northwest Resistance/Rebellion.

For additional information, contact:

Joanne Mysak
Western Economic Diversification Canada
Saskatoon
Tel: 306-975-5942

Janet Peters
Director, Communications Branch
Saskatchewan Tourism, Parks, Culture and Sport
Regina, Saskatchewan
Tel: 306-787-4967

Tracy Breher
Director, Industry Relations
Tourism Saskatchewan
Regina, SK
Tel: 306-787-5488
www.sasktourism.com

Mark England
Marketing Manager
Saskatchewan West Central Tourism Association Inc.
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
Tel: 306-374-2030

Tourism Funding Announcement At Duck Lake Regional Interpretive Centre

Article by Amaranta Sokol and Photograph by Nicole Gauthier

On June 7, 2008—at the Duck Lake Regional Interpretive Centre (Duck Lake RIC), with its distinct tower standing tall above the prairies—an announcement was made by the Honourable Maurice Vellacott, Member of Parliament for Saskatoon-Wanuskewin. He told the audience that the Government of Canada, through Western Economic Diversification Canada, is investing \$75,000 toward the development of tourism and marketing initiatives related to the 125th anniversary of the 1885 Resistance.

The well attended event began with fiddling by Darren Lafond, a local resident, and was formally commenced with opening prayers by Senator John B. Boucher. Other speakers included the Honourable Christine Tell, Minister of Saskatchewan Tourism, Parks, Culture, and Sport, Ian McGilp of Tourism Saskatchewan, Celine Perillat, Duck Lake RIC, Robert Doucette, President of the Métis Nation—Saskatchewan (MN—S), and Chief Dwayne Paul of One Arrow First Nation.

As the announcement concluded, fresh bannock with jam and Saskatoon berry tea was served. Visitors, attendants, and special guests were invited to explore the unique museum filled with First Nations, Métis, and Pioneer history. For those individuals that wished to get some exercise after filling up on the locally-made bannock, the 24-metre tower offered an excellent challenge. At the top of the tower, a 360° view of the surrounding takes your breath away. Also quite remarkable was the artwork by Carla Tyacke displayed in the art gallery. Carla is a self-taught artist from Melfort whose works will be displayed at the Duck Lake RIC until September 1, 2008. And no stop to Duck Lake RIC would be complete without browsing the gift shop for handmade moccasins, and books relating to the area and history, and other souvenirs.

For more information regarding the news release please visit www.gov.sk.ca/news. If you would like to plan your visit to the Duck Lake RIC please call 1-866-467-2057 or visit www.dlric.org.



MN—S President, Robert Doucette

Gabriel Dumont Papers¹ , February 19, 1888

Transcribed by Bradley Brown and Annotated by Darren R. Préfontaine

To Our Friends the Half Bred (*sic*)
And Indians of the North West of Canada

I have delayed given (*sic*) you any news of what I have done to obtain our rights, for several reasons, the first is that I had with me two (*sic*) help me two persons in which I had faith but I regret to say they were unable to succeed. They obtained nothing this was previous to my last journey to Montana; upon my return I set to work again with the help of Riboulet² and we were more lucky as you will see and may judge by the enclosed copies of our correspondence.

We have read in the papers that petitions³ have been sent from Batoche to the Government. We believe and we fear that these petitions are against our interest and maybe it would be better to let us move alone, this is why we beg to suggest to you to call together a meeting so as to consult between yourselves and to



Gabriel Dumont, 1885. Riel's War Chief Fort Benton (942-021, Montana Historical Society)

read the enclosed documents which we hand you and if you all think that we have acted well and that we have deserved your confidence you will still allow us to act and we hope that with the help of God we may obtain our rights. We have already obtained as a first result the Proclamation of the Amnesty⁴ for us all, which I now have in hand and we have (been) assured if out the collaboration at least the moral help of high persons of Canada this is a good step and we have also endeavored to obtain the sympathy of the French and we have succeeded for although we have not yet been to France we have in France persons of high standing⁵ who sympathizes with our cause—

Now this is what we call our Rights and what we deny to obtain from the Government.

1st An Indemnity for the losses which we have suffered during and after the outbreak in the North West in 1885.⁶ That is to say an indemnity (unknown word) to that given to those whom had not the courage⁷ to take part in outbreak.

2nd The rights for which we have to beg petitioned kindly (unknown word) know if the majority of the assembly approves us and we will continue look with more courage.

If between now and two months hence the Government as (*sic*) not given us our rights we will start for Canada where we will hold a meeting and speak the truth and then we will go to France where we will do the same.

We hope that these meetings in Canada will induce the Canadians to recognize our full right and the justice of our claims and that their representatives of Parliament will willingly ask the Government to allow us the rights which we claim.

Having had the pleasure last year of meeting with his Excellence the Cardinal Taschereau⁸, his good words led me to write to him a letter of which you will find enclosed a copy as well as his reply thereto.

I also had the pleasure of seeing last year his Excellence Monseigneur Grandin⁹ whom endeavored to persuade me to cross the borders (*sic*) and to return to Batoche; I had the pleasure of seeing him again about a fortnight back, he invited me to go and see him which I did and he returned me my visit in Company with the Reverend Father Lacombe¹⁰, but I confess I found it extraordinary that his Excellence Monseigneur Grandin whom last year where (*sic*) I had not in my possession the papers respecting the Amnesty endeavored to persuade me to return to Batoche by saying there was no danger for me to do so; and now that I have Amnesty in hand should say that there would be danger for me to go to Canada.

I must also mention that the Reverend Father Lacombe ask (*sic*) me what were my plans. I answered him that if it were only for myself (*sic*) I could once more try the chance of the arms for I now have a much greater force than in 1885 but that for the interest of the half bred (*sic*) and of the Indians I believe that it was better to use peaceful means. The reverend Father Lacombe endeavored to persuade me to return to the North West. Not only did he, but also all there (*sic*) whom have interest that I should not go and speak the truth in Canada, but we believe that it would be the interest of our Cause to go and hold conference in Canada, and it is also (the) belief of all those whom sympathize with our cause and among whom are some members of Parliament as you will see by the enclosed letters.

I also had the pleasure last year of seeing M (*sic*) Préfontaine¹¹ member of Parliament and whom during the judgment of late Riel showed great sympathy towards our



Gabriel Dumont, Louis Riel's right hand Lieutenant in the Canadian Rebellion, 1885 (942-024, Montana Historical Society)

Cause, he encouraged me to write to him, saying he would do all he possibly could for us, we send you a copy of the letter we wrote to him also copy (*sic*) of his reply and as you will see it is he whom sent me the document of the Proclamation of Amnesty.

The most Honorable W Honoré Mercier¹² Prime Minister¹³ of Québec invited me to go and see him we both went and after a long conversation he said that in two months he would return and bring us some good news and that he would then be able to find us, he also gave us some very good words and among other things he said he would never deceive us, and that he was our sincere friend. I must also mention I travelled during six months and a half a long the borders of Dakota and Montana and that I met with marked sympathy for our cause where I passed.

Gabriel Dumont
E. Riboulet

My Dear Friends, Relatives

I beg to present to all my best compliments and beg to request you to transmit (the) same to those who may be about and if I have not written you sooner, it is because I was worried to do so, without being able to show a small result in favor of our Cause which you will see by the above and I beg to request that you will be thankful to my friends to whom have worked for you without knowing you, and more especially me (*sic*), my friend Riboulet whom has used all his thoughts and his brain to render you service and I beg you will excuse him if he has joined a small note to make known an incident but it is upon my request that he has done so—perhaps time seems long, but although rather late I wish you all a happy new year I wish it to you with all my heart to men, women and children and I pray to God to take you all under his saint guards—perhaps my friends you fancy that I have hatred against some pray do not think so, for as you all know I have never had my foes amongst you or amongst the Indians since you know me and even now during my occupation I never forgot you and I now beg to say farewell to all.

Yours Sincerely
Gabriel Dumont

You will find subjoined a note from Riboulet which will show how little they desire us to hold meetings in Canada.

Note from E Riboulet

A fortnight ago a party came to me and gave me an appointment in New York and there I found three parties whom offered me money¹⁴ if I would and could influence my friend Dumont to return to the North West—I replied to them that I made my living by my trade but not by deceiving my fellow and that if they were as they

said true friends to our Cause they would not hold back their names and would not Conceal themselves from Dumont I also told them that I could call Dumont in, within half an hour and that if he (*sic*) Dumont told me to take the money I would then do so. I trust my friends you will judge this incident as it deserves to be judged—

Another party also said to me that I would go to the North West I would obtain a good situation from the government.

We sent this in French to Batoche but we have translated it into English for believing it would be more convenient for you.

Yours Truly
Gabriel Dumont

Proclamation of general Amnesty¹⁵ in
North West Territories,
1885,
dated 10th July 1886,
ordered 4th August 1886

L.T. Gatellier
Register General

Canada

Victoria, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen defender of the faith. Sc
Sc

To all to whom these presents shall come or whom the same may in anywise concern,

Greeting
A Proclamation

Whereas certain misguided persons did in the years (*sic*) of Our Lord, one thousand eighty five (*sic*), in that point of Our Dominions,

Known as the North West Territories of Our

Dominion of Canada, oppose Our authority and contrary to their allegiance, did levy war against Us, and commit...

¹ This transcription is based on a photocopy of an original document attributed to Gabriel Dumont and his friend E. Riboulet. Gabriel Dumont could speak many languages, but he could not read or write. Therefore, this document was likely written by his friend, E. Riboulet. There are numerous grammatical problems and a great deal of awkward phrasing in this document which suggests that it was written by somebody who did not have a strong command of English. The photocopy of this letter has been in the possession of the Montana Historical Society since 1977. It contains a series of two letters plus part of a general amnesty for all Métis participants in the 1885 Resistance. (SC 1367 *Gabriel Dumont Papers*, Montana Historical Society). Further contextual information about this time in Gabriel Dumont's life can be found in George Woodcock. *Gabriel Dumont*. Peterborough, Ontario: Broadview Press, 2003: 241-52.

² E. Riboulet was a Franco-American friend of Gabriel Dumont. Riboulet, his wife and Gabriel Dumont appear in a famous photograph (in the collection of the Union St. Jean Baptiste d'Amerique) taken on Staten Island, New York in 1887.

³ Métis living in Batoche and its immediate environs sent several petitions asking for financial redress after their homes and farms were looted and destroyed by the Canadian military after the fall of Batoche on May 12, 1885. Some petitions also asked that the government issue Scrip to the Métis as part of their inherent Aboriginal rights. The federal government sent up the "Rebellion Losses Commission" which determined that there would be no compensation for those "complicit" with the "rebellion." See Diane Payment. *The Free People—Otipemisiwak: Batoche, Saskatchewan, 1870-1930*. Ottawa: National Parks and Sites, Environment Canada, 1990. A new edition of this book will be published by the University of Calgary Press in 2008.

⁴ Gabriel Dumont was not granted his own personal amnesty until 1893. The federal government granted a general amnesty to all the participants (including Gabriel Dumont) in 1886 (see the end of the article). However, Gabriel Dumont feared returning to Canada lest he be lynched by an English-Canadian mob. Therefore, he spent most of the late 1880s and early 1890s in political exile in the United States and in Québec, where he was sheltered by French-Canadian nationalists.

⁵ We do not know who Gabriel Dumont was referring to in this instance. There was a great deal of anti-British sentiment in France when this letter was written. Many French nationalists would

have welcomed an opportunity to cause trouble in a remote corner of the British Empire while aiding their fellow Francophones and co-religionists.

⁶ After the 1885 Resistance, Gabriel Dumont spent a few years in exile in the United States where he was in constant contact with French-Canadian religious and political leaders. He wanted French Canadians to put pressure on the federal government in order to provide an amnesty to all Métis and First Nations who took part in the resistance as well as to seek financial compensation for those (like himself) whom lost property during the resistance.

⁷ Many of those who received compensation from the government following the 1885 Resistance were the wealthier Métis families who opposed Gabriel Dumont and Louis Riel, and shied away from the fighting.

⁸ Elzéar-Alexandre Taschereau (1820-1898), Archbishop of Québec, and the first Canadian Cardinal.

⁹ Monseigneur Vital-Justin Grandin, O.M.I. (1829-1902) was a missionary to the First Nations and Métis in Western Canada.

¹⁰ Père Albert Lacombe O.M.I. (1827-1916) was the missionary to the Siksika (Blackfoot).

¹¹ Raymond Préfontaine (1850-1905) was a French-Canadian Member of Parliament, and a one-time Mayor of Montréal. He was a supporter of Riel and was one of the leading voices of protest in French Canada against the hanging of Louis Riel. French Canadians saw the execution as an attack on French and Catholic culture in Canada rather than an assault on the rights of an Aboriginal nation.

¹² Honoré Mercier (1840-1894) was a French-Canadian nationalist, and Premier of Québec. He used Riel's execution to get elected as Québec's premier. His speech, "*Notre frère Riel est mort*" ("Riel, our brother is dead") is one of the best remembered speeches in the Québec nationalist lexicon

¹³ From the French "*premier ministre*" or "Prime Minister."

¹⁴ These "parties" could have been British or Canadian government operatives or representatives who may have wanted Gabriel Dumont returned to Canada, where he would be arrested, or they could have been Orange Lodge members, or other Francophobes who wanted Gabriel Dumont returned to Canada in order to "meet" their own form of vigilante justice upon him.

¹⁵ On the photocopy of this amnesty, a great deal of information is missing.

CUMFI Celebrates the Grand Opening of their New Office

Article and Photographs by David Morin

On June 26, 2008, the Central Urban Métis Federation Inc. (CUMFI) officially opened the doors to their new office building at 315 Avenue M South in Saskatoon.

The crowd of over 150 people were greeted to beautiful fiddle music that filled the air as they arrived. Plenty of staff and volunteers were helping out with the event and making sure that the crowd was comfortable under the hot sun by handing out bottled water and pop before the ceremony began.

Louise Oelke, the Director of Infinity House, emceed the event which began with an opening prayer by Métis Elder, Kay Mayzer. The program continued with the raising of the Métis Nation—Saskatchewan (MN—S) flag by Elder Kay Mayzer and Western Region IIA MN—S Area Director Bob McLeod, and the singing of the Métis National Anthem.

Greetings and congratulations were then given by several dignitaries including the Honourable Brad Trost, Member of Parliament for Saskatoon-Humboldt, representing the federal government,

Mayor Don Atchison, representing the City of Saskatoon, MN—S President Robert Doucette, Roland Duplessis, representing the Clarence Campeau Development Fund, and Greg Fofonoff, representing Saskatchewan Native Economic Development Corporation.

Closing remarks were given by the President of CUMFI, Shirley Isbister. Shirley reflected on the hard work of many people who made the move from Avenue F possible, and thanked all of the partners involved. A great deal needed to be done to secure the \$900,000 building, and because of CUMFI's reputation and hard work, their dream was realized!

The ceremony ended with a closing prayer by Kay Mazer. Following that, all in attendance were invited to tour the building and stay for lunch and entertainment. During the tour, CUMFI dedicated one of the rooms to the memory of Elder Lorraine Hessdorfer.

Congratulations are in order for CUMFI which continues to do amazing work in Saskatoon. They truly deserve their new home!



The new location at 315 Ave M South, Saskatoon



CUMFI President, Shirley Isbister

SUNTEP Graduates 46 New Teachers

Article by Lisa Wilson

May and June are graduation time for the Saskatchewan Urban Native Teacher Education Program (SUNTEP) programs. This year there are 46 SUNTEP graduates from the three centres in the province, bringing the total number of SUNTEP graduates to 883 since the program graduated its first group in 1984.

The SUNTEP program started when the Gabriel Dumont Institute (GDI) was born, some 28 years ago. It is considered GDI's "flagship." SUNTEP is the first and possibly most well-known of GDI's programs. SUNTEP is often held up as a model for other TEP programs.

In a recent evaluation of GDI, former students said their reasons for attending SUNTEP were because they wanted to teach and wanted the Aboriginal component, but their primary reason for attending was because they had heard such good things about the program. The Evaluation notes, "GDI's programs such as ...SUNTEP offer a distinctive and welcoming approach to...post-secondary education that includes both sound substantive content and a cultural component that is widely perceived to contribute to student success—[SUNTEP is] a 'program plus'."

SUNTEP graduates are in good company—many of SUNTEP's grads have gone on to become leaders in the community, the province, and beyond. SUNTEP alumni fill such important roles as school principals, board members, senior government officials, CEO's, entrepreneurs, and MLAs—in short, SUNTEP grads are influential and important leaders. The GDI Evaluation report notes that "the most often mentioned unanticipated impact of GDI programs has been the 'ripple effect' of successful GDI graduates on their families and on their communities." GDI graduates become role models and leaders who have a positive influence on other members of the Métis community.

SUNTEP graduates also have an important impact on students in schools. Imagine 883 SUNTEP grads who interact

with 15 students each day—that's more than 13,000 students impacted by SUNTEP graduates each and every day.

The four years that students spend in the SUNTEP program prepare them to be educators and individuals who will make a difference. "SUNTEP teachers bring unique skills and knowledge to their position which have a positive influence on the school system, other teachers, and on both Métis and non-Métis students" (GDI Evaluation Final Report 2008).

Congratulations to all 2008 SUNTEP graduates.

Regina SUNTEP:

Candace Gratton	Justin McKay
Deb Heichert	Winston Montgrand
Denise Isaac	Allison Parr
Logan Janzen	Patricia Pritchard
Allison LeForte	Sylvie Roy
Brenna LaPlante	Deana Kempel
Megan Lefebvre	Brianne Spencer

Saskatoon SUNTEP:

Kyle Blanchard	Alicia Lavoie
Melanie Chalifour	Desiree MacAuley
Aidan Fremont	Rhonda Neudorf
Amy Gallagher	Josey Ross
Alaina Gillespie-Meise	Kristian Roy
Brandie Heppner	Mika Settee Usiskin
Elvis Kambietz	Amaranta Sokol
Tiffany Laplante	Delaney Tait
Denis Lavergne	Steven Vandenheuvel

Prince Albert SUNTEP:

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Heather Elliot	Jill Chenard
Deanna Forbes	Kezia Schrader
Kimberly Kozun	Jennifer L. Smith
Myra LaPonsee	Jennifer M. Smith
Wendy Linklater	Jessica Straf
Sheldon Mauvieux	Julie Tournier

Ayekis

Short Story by Lisa Wilson

As we walk up the road, scanning ditches for treasures, I tell Kyle, "We saw a whole herd of elk here last year. They were on the sides of the road and just in the trees there." I point, but he's not looking.

"So?"

"So you have to be pretty careful around them. If you make eye contact, they could charge you. Just telling you, in case we see any."

"Yeah, well, I know a guy who killed a moose with a slingshot before."

I consider this for a few moments. "That's impossible," I tell him. "Moose are huge. You couldn't kill one with a slingshot."

"Well he did, smart ass." Kyle pauses, waiting for me to ask how.

I oblige, "How?"

"How he did it was, he waited until the moose was having a drink. Then he shot it in the nuts with the slingshot. It was so surprised it sucked up a bunch of water and drowned." Kyle closes one eye, pulls his arm back, and releases his imaginary projectile.

"Sick," I say. We plod the rest of the way to the store in silence.

Weekends, when I go to my *Kokum's* with my dad and camp on the couch, there are cousins who stay too. They call me *moonias* (white) and laugh when I can't understand the Cree that my *Kokum* talks. I've long since stopped telling them I'm not *moonias*—it just makes them laugh harder.

"C'mon, little shit face," Kyle calls to me. Kyle is what you might call a dink. At least that's what I call him. He's got a gland problem (says my Nana) that makes him have a fat problem (says me). His dad takes him to the barber and gets his hair cut down to stubble so you can see the pink fleshy rolls at the back of his neck.

I think Kyle's jealous that I get to live with our grandparents. My Nana tells people they're "co-parenting" me with my dad who works up north in the mines. I know Kyle wishes his dad would go away and work too. My dad says Kyle's headed for the reformatory. I don't know what that is. It sounds like the word he told me for the place where they burn bodies, but I don't think that's right. That gave me nightmares after he told me about that:

the place where bodies get burnt. Kyle's pretty bad, but I don't think he deserves that.

Because I get to stay with Nana and Grampa, Kyle thinks I have it easy. Maybe he's right. But then, maybe there are things Kyle doesn't know about being the only brown kid in a white neighbourhood, about being the "little Indian," and getting called "chief," even by some of the teachers. What Kyle does know about, though, is how to be a first-class ass.

I don't much like Kyle, most of the time, but once in a while he can be okay. Like the time he made me a walkie-talkie out of a block of wood. It was just pretend but it was really cool the way it fit in my hand just right and I could hold it there at my side and then bring it up to my mouth like I was talking to someone. It would have been better if there were two of them, even though they were just pretend.

On the narrow beach behind the store, Kyle picks up stones and throws them at the water, at first half-heartedly, and then with more effort to skip them. He has a shitty throw and the little rocks fall, plop, into the water. I wonder if I should try skipping stones too, but I would probably be better at it, in which case he'd be likely to pound me.

This is a place I found the rock last year that looks almost exactly like a candy corn. It's even the right colours—orange where it should be orange and white near the top. It's even better when it's wet and you can see the different layers of orange getting lighter and lighter as the rock comes to its point.

I have that rock at home in my cigar box, the one that Grampa gave to me, with the parrot on the lid. Sometimes I take the rock out and rub it with my thumb, just to feel its polished surface. I've been known to put it in my mouth and slide it over my tongue, feeling its cone shape, slightly flattened on one side, clicking it between my teeth, tasting its mild nothing flavour.

I imagine this little candy corn rock making its journey with the waves, getting polished by the rhythm of the water, the rubbing of the sand, and the nibbling fishes. Maybe it even came all the way from the ocean, all the way to this particular shore for me to find it. Sometimes I look, wishing I could find more, thinking I could make a little dish of candy corn

rocks if I found enough. But then I think that would kind of spoil it, so I don't look too hard.

I hear voices, and then two kids, a boy and a girl, burst through the trees. They're fat, pale, and red-haired. They squint suspiciously at me and Kyle. Their doughy noses, uneven ears, and little pink eyes remind me of the grunting pigs my *Mooshum* keeps. Kyle just looks over his shoulder and then goes back to pretending to ignore all of us.

"Hey," I say.

"Hey," the boy echoes.

We watch Kyle twisting his body and flinging his arm out from his side. The stones all fall with a single plop several yards from the shore.

"You guys staying in these cabins?" I ask.

The girl shakes her head and the boy points in toward the campground.

"We're in the campground over there. How about you?"

"Yeah, we are too."

Kyle has given up on the rock skipping and comes slouching over to where we stand. He knows we're watching him as he pulls out a pack of cigarettes, takes one out, and puts it between his lips. Looking up, he says, "Gotta match?"

"Your face and my ass," I think to myself. I don't say it, even though it's a good burn, because I don't feel like being pummeled. Not only is Kyle two years older than me, he outweighs me by a ton, the porker.

When none of us answers him, Kyle digs a box of matches from his pocket and slickly lights one with a flick of his thumbnail.

"You smoke?" the girl asks. Kyle smiles, glad to have impressed someone.

"Yeah, but I'm trying to cut down." I have to give him credit, that was pretty good. Then he spoils it by sneering at me, "Hey, little shit face, you'd better keep this," jerking his smoke menacingly at me, "to yourself if you know what's good for you."

As we walk back to the campsite with the red-haired kids, Kyle talks all loud and pisses me off by pulling my hair and putting me in a headlock every two frickin' minutes. Jesus Christ, I wish I were bigger and could give him a licking.

When we enter the campground and turn up the main road leading to the camping loops, Kyle starts walking ahead of us and then calls over his shoulder, "I'm going ahead. Meet me at the campsite, ass face."

"I have a name," I say quietly under my breath as we slow our pace and watch Kyle walk quickly away from us.

"How do you know him?" The red-haired boy asks.

"He's my stupid cousin."

"What a jerk."

I like this kid. And he really doesn't look so much like my *Mooshum's* pigs.

"Hey," I say, as we turn down the road to our campsite, "Do you want to see something cool?"

Instead of turning toward the campsites, I lead them the opposite way down the loop. We cut to the cooking shelter and I take my new friends around to the back of the building, to a place I found earlier, alone. It's mine, I found it, and I plan never to show it to Kyle. We step into the unnaturally cool shade and I hunch down at the edge of the stream that runs through the dirt at the bottom of a small incline. The stream is like a good secret, lying in the dark cool place where the sparse sun can't reach. The towering trees and the shade from the cook shack make this place dark and damp. A very good secret. Brown rotting leaves line the sides of the bank. On either bank, small scrubby brush edges hopefully toward flecks of sunlight dancing at the tops of the trees. The stream seems to come from nowhere and disappears quickly into the brush. We listen to the sound of the water and breathe in the smell.

Then we see a tiny brown frog jump across the stream. The frog would ordinarily be perfectly camouflaged by the rotting leaves, but now its little hind legs have missed the bank and splashed into the water. I reach across and scoop it into my hand, where I feel it struggle. Cupping my other hand over it, I slowly open my palms. The frog jumps and I clamp my hand down again. Soon it tires and lies quiet. I open my hands and see its moist brown sides heaving. Its delicate feet tickle my hand. Then it jumps unexpectedly into the bushes and is gone.

"*Ayekis*," I say to my friends.

"What?" asks the boy.

"That's *Ayekis* the frog. My Kok...Gramma told me a story about him. Lots a times."

"What's the story?" asks the girl eagerly.

"She told me you're not supposed to tell the stories in the summer. Stories are for winter. I can't remember why."

"Please tell us," she begs. Her freckles, dashed across her nose, are dotted with

sunlight, reminding me of piebald horses.

"Well, I'll just tell you a bit," I say, feeling guilty. No one has to know, I think. I dip my hand into the running water of the stream and feel its coolness. I try to remember the *Ayekis* story my Kokum has told me forever, wishing for once I had listened more carefully. "Once *Ayekis* the frog lived on the banks of a river. He had short stubby legs at that time. And he had a beautiful voice. He sang every night and *Wesakechak* would hear him singing. *Wesakechak* would send tasty flies to *Ayekis* as a way to thank him for his singing."

"Who?"

"Shhh!," the boy says, smacking her in the arm.

"*Wesakechak* is someone who lives across the river," I say. "He's kind of magic." That's lame, but I don't really know how to describe *Wesakechak* to someone who never heard of him.

"Then what?"

"Then one day *Ayekis* decides he wants to meet *Wesakechak*. But he can't get across the river because he can't swim. Did I tell you he had short legs back then?"

The two red heads nod.

"Anyway, so *Ayekis* asks a bird, I can't remember what kind, to help him. He tells the bird he wants to send a present to *Wesakechak*. He makes a package and he fills it full of *kinikenik*. *Kinikenik*," I say, before they can ask, "is a kind of Indian tobacco."

As I'm talking we all watch the trickling stream. Down here in the shade, it's like a different world. Suddenly another little frog hops in the bank close to us. The boy reaches out and places his hand over it. He scoops it up and holds it cupped in his two hands. Once the little frog calms down and we've all had a look, the girl asks, "Can I hold it?"

Reluctantly he holds out his hands, offering the frog, "You better not let it go."

The girl sits perfectly still with the frog and whispers, "*Ayekis*." They both look at me.

"Okay, so *Ayekis* makes up this package of *kinikenik*, but leaves a little extra space in the package. Just before the bird comes to pick it up, *Ayekis* crawls inside and pulls the flap shut. The bird comes and picks up the package and is surprised how heavy it is. As the bird flies over the water *Ayekis* starts to slip. Just before they reach the other side of the river *Ayekis* falls out of the package. He's

falling and falling toward the water. No wait. He's falling toward the rocks at the edge of the water. That's it." I have the feeling I'm not telling this completely right.

"*Wesakechak* sees that his friend's going to be killed if he hits the rocks so he sends some magic out and at the last minute *Ayekis* gets snagged in a tree branch at the edge of the river, which saves him from hitting the rocks. He's hanging there upside down by his feet. He squirms and wiggles but he can't get his feet free. He hangs there for such a long time that his legs start to stretch. They get longer and longer until he is almost touching the water. Finally, the branch lets go and *Ayekis* slips into the water without getting hurt.

"After that day, *Ayekis*'s legs were stretched really long, which made him feel embarrassed and shy. So he hid from everyone and hardly ever came out of the water. That's why frogs are the way they are today."

I look around at their intent faces and am just about to say, the end, when I hear, "That's a real sweet story, Chief Brown Streak. Tell us another," and Kyle jumps over the side of the shelter landing hard in the dirt. Kyle's voice is edged with meanness—but I don't know if I should take it seriously or not. That's the thing about Kyle, you never know. I see the girl trying to hide behind her brother.

"What're you doing here, telling your little gay stories with your new girlfriends?" Kyle turns to look at the red-haired kids. "Lemme see the frog," he demands.

The girl simply holds out her cupped hands and Kyle grabs the frog.

The frog hops in Kyle's hand as he tried to get a look at it. When he cracks them open the little frog jumps away through the narrow opening. Kyle clamps down and barely catches the frog by its hind feet. He closes his fist around the frog's legs and lets it dangle upside down from his one hand.

"Quit it," I say.

"What's the matter, little baby, are you scared I'll hurt your stupid frog?"

"If it's stupid, then you must be a retard." Pent up anger swells and I don't care if he beats me to a pulp. I yell, "Put it down, you're scaring it with your ugly face."

Kyle, still dangling the frog in one hand, fumbles in his jacket pocket with the other. "Oh? You wanna see me scare it?" He pulls out a wooden match.

"Quit it," I say, suddenly sick.

Kyle flicks his thumbnail over the match head and it flares to life. He holds it up in front of the frog. The frog squirms.

The girl starts to cry and I can't help but stare. There are hideous snivelly noises coming from the hole where her mouth used to be. She cries in a way that doesn't make you feel sorry for her at all, like crying should. Instead, it sort of makes you want to do something really mean like give her a lighter-burn pinch. I can tell Kyle's thinking the same thing by the way he looks at her and smiles, shark-like.

The frog is frantic as Kyle pokes the flame at its writhing body. I lunge at Kyle and shove him hard. Kyle's solid, but he's taken by surprise, and while he's distracted the flame from the match touches his fingertips.

"Shit!" He drops the match, shaking his hand. He yells something at me, but I miss it. Then Kyle turns to the red-haired girl. She starts to back away but he reaches out and grabs her by the arm.

She doesn't even try to snatch her arm away like most people would. She just starts to twist and squirm, rotating her arm in his hand, leaving red marks on her flesh where his hand is rubbing her skin. She makes feeble attempts to pry his fingers off her arm as if she doesn't really expect to get away, as if she is just going through the motions—as if she believes she should take her punishment, whatever it is.

Kyle holds on to her arm because he wants her to stay, to see what he'll do next because it's for her that he does it. Because she has it coming. He drops her arm and with the frog still clutched in his hand, jumps awkwardly onto the ledge that forms the partial wall of the cooking shelter. He looks down at us and then all at once he raises his hand high above his head.

He brings his arm down with all his force, his body bending at the waist, as he flings the little brown frog onto the cement floor of the cooking shelter.

The girl's face collapses and turns a dangerous shade of red, shiny with mucus and wet. The boy stands frozen, his slack lips hanging open. Then he grabs his sister's miserable hand and runs. I listen to the sound of their sneakers on the gravel and the girl's fading wail until all we are left with is the soft sound of the shuddering trees.

Kyle, still standing on the ledge, seems stunned, as if the sudden quiet has broken a spell.

"Why?" I ask. "Why'd you have to do that?"

Kyle, quick to resume being Kyle, shrugs his shoulders with mock carelessness. "Why not?" he says, as he jumps down beside the mangled frog. I watch his retreating back long after he's gone.

Over my shoulder, the cool rolling stream mutters its secrets to no one in particular. The light through the trees begins to change.

This short story originally appeared in *Spring* (Vol. 5, October, 2007: 28-33), a publication of the Saskatchewan Writers Guild which encourages emerging prose, poetry and non-fiction writers. This story was also a finalist in Writers' Union of Canada 2006 Postcard Story Competition.

Short Story and Poetry Call for Submissions

New Breed Magazine is currently accepting submissions for short stories and poetry to be featured in the magazine. Preference will be given to Métis youth as well as short stories or poetry with Métis content. Please submit a short biography with your submission to:

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Gabriel Dumont Institute
2—604 22nd Street West
Saskatoon, SK
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Or by email to: david.morin@gdi.gdins.org

Poetry Spotlight

Poetry by Jonina Kirton

Resonance

Everywhere damage. She walks slowly; body riddled with the pain of the earth, resonance now her chain. Lifetimes spent undoing knots held fast, stronger together fashioned a life not of her doing. She was told the standard is not careless. To speak of her history is however, true - carelessness. Her attempts would be measured against the standard. She would not be heard. Books had answers to questions she did not ask. The old ones told her trust water and colours that reveal the moving inside. She will not move. She stands on the ground that was ours, this country claimed by those that do not trust water.

sun earth water air

i

sand white hot
sun stoking the fire
within browning the
skin splashed with water
the wispy wind clears
the air sun dries the skin
still air sustains the earth
pristine water pushes
the rivers of life
giving air sustains
plants food in the
earth we touch
gently with our
feet on the ground

ii

earth calls the trees
have missed us
the air dried by the sun
drenched bodies on the
sand
run to the water
wind caresses sun heats
bodies lying in the sun
wet hair dries softly
in the breeze

iii

water showers down
our backs to the earth
bringing life green
to the touch the wind
with your hand feel
the sun eyes closed
yellow orange red
skin loves it most

iv

air moves around
us sun heats skin touched
by the water swirling
by us in the creek
silt squishes between
our toes sun in our eyes
see water dazzling itself
in the sun silt silky
slippery
under my feet on the
ground
wind racing by clearing the
air
sun drenched sustenance
all I know is we must
touch
the earth gently with our
feet

the circling

time has a way it goes on ~ weaving in and out of our consciousness sometimes we forget it lose track of it, other times we mark it, march it follow its lines as we trace ourselves back to the beginning or lean into it as it moves away from us weaving in and out ~ changing zones time differences circling around circadian rhythms calling you to dream and when you sleep, i awaken

Jonina Kirton only recently discovered poetry is indeed her passion. Blessed with a watery nature, and an interest in emotional and spiritual healing, her Metis/Icelandic heritage has been an asset in her search to understand the nature of duality, and the resilience of our spirits. Although she believes the answers we seek lie within, she also knows that our time here is not a solitary journey; that a good book or poem can crack us open and take us further inside than if we had gone alone.



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Josephte Tourond

Article by Henri Paulhus

Transcribed by Jennifer Kastrukoff and Darren R. Préfontaine

Thank you, Susan and thanks to all of you who have worked so hard to organize this day. We look forward to the things that will be happening in this area to make it more meaningful so that *Tourond's Coulée* will take its place of historical importance alongside Batoche in this region. In my presentation, I hope to set the groundwork that will make this particular area, this very piece of land, meaningful as it relates to the 1885 conflict and the settling of this area by the Métis people.

As French words come up in my presentation, I will be pronouncing them in French. I will speak in English as I recognize that many of you would not understand me if I spoke in French—but Michif-French was the language spoken by the people of this region along with some Cree. French-pronounced words will be in *italics* for this written version.

My name is *Henri Paulhus*. I am the second youngest son of a family of twelve born to *Ferdinand Paulhus* and *Alice Boyer*. The first four in our family were born in Duck Lake, where our parents met, and first worked as a young married couple. The remaining eight of us were born in Batoche where the family moved to farm with our aging grandparents. Our mother was the only living daughter of *Raphaël Boyer* and *Élise Tourond*. Both the *Boyer* and *Tourond* families were the original settlers of the Batoche area. Grandpa's family, *William Boyer* and *Julienne Bousquet* and their fourteen children, came here in 1878. Grandma's family, *Joseph Tourond* and *Josephte Paul* and nine of their ten children came here to this very location in 1882. Grandpa *Raphaël* and Grandma *Élise* were farmers in Batoche. They also ran a general store and they were postmasters in Batoche for many years. Our mother, *Alice* took over the Postmaster's job, and we had our own store as well when we established our own farming operation two strip farms over from our grandparents' farm on the "Old *Venne*" place where the new Catholic Church now stands.

I will digress here a little to tell you that I am married to Jean McBeth of the Colleston

district east of Prince Albert. Her father Gordon is the grandson of William McBeth, one of the original settlers in the Presbyterian mission of the Reverend James Nesbitt who established the mission on the south bank of the North Saskatchewan River in 1866. They named the settlement after Queen Victoria's husband, Prince Albert. Reverend Nesbitt's wife, Mary, was first cousin to my wife's Great-Grandfather William McBeth. The reason I mention this in these surroundings is two fold: one, is that we are both proud of our Metis heritage, Jean for her Scottish-Métis heritage and I for my French-Métis heritage. The second reason is because when we were married in 1965, we felt that we were bringing together the two opposing factions of the Batoche Rebellion. Jean's family was on the Redcoat side and my family was on the French-Métis side.

I think we are all familiar with how the Americans blow their history up, and we all know the story of Paul Revere who ran to warn the New England settlers that "the British are coming." Can I tell you a story that comes from the McBeth side of the family as it relates to the Batoche conflict and our very own Paul Revere? In 1885, at the time of the Rebellion, there was a blacksmith operating in Batoche. His name was Richard Deacon. He was a relative of the McBeth family, and he was of course of Scottish heritage. When he realized that the French-Métis were planning a rebellion, an uprising, he jumped on his horse and galloped all the way to Prince Albert to warn the settlement of Prince Albert of the fearsome goings-on in Batoche. They then took the women and children and placed them in a Presbyterian church for protection and quickly rounded up volunteers to accompany the North West Mounted Police to go and fight the resistance. Duck Lake was their first encounter with the Métis forces and the rest is history. And so we have our very own Paul Revere story to tell. If only we would bring out these stories a little more and tell them more forcefully with pride.

To continue: I was a funeral director and funeral home operator for the 30 years of my

working life, from 1961 to 1991. So I have chosen to honour, in a particular way, our Great-Grandmother, *Josephte Tourond*, the woman that we are honouring today by composing her obituary and pronouncing her eulogy. For the sake of the important history that surrounds her life, I will stray from my text occasionally to explain the matters of great importance in her life.

Madame Josephte Tourond, age 97 of Batoche and formerly of *Tourond's Coulée* also known as Fish Creek, passed away quietly at the home of her grandson *Edmond* and *Berthe Boyer* in Batoche on Saturday December 15, 1928. (Ladies and gentlemen that will be 80 years this coming December 15—how fitting that these changes to *Tourond's Coulée* begin in this year—the 80th anniversary of Widow *Tourond's* death). *Josephte Paul* was born in *Saint-Boniface*, in present-day Manitoba, in July of 1831, the daughter of *Jean-Baptiste Paul* and *Angélique Godin*. (*Josephte's* Grandparents were *Joseph Paul* and *Louise "Cris."* This could mean that her Grandmother *Louise Paul* was Cree because as we do genealogical research of the Métis people we can see where many of the Native mothers are listed with the surname of the nation they belonged to such as Cree, Saulteaux, Sioux and even Michif. Her own mother *Angélique Godin* is the daughter of *Pierre Godin* and *Suzanne "Sioux."*)

Josephte Paul married *Joseph Tourond* at *Saint-François Xavier*, Red River Settlement on May 5, 1850. He was the son of *Joseph Tourond* and *Charlotte Gladu*. *Josephte* and *Joseph* raised their large family of ten children in the Parish of *Saint-François Xavier* where they farmed and ranched. (*Saint-François Xavier* was a Métis settlement along the banks of the Assiniboine River near what is now Winnipeg). Their family consisted of eight boys and two girls. *David* was born December 12, 1851 (here we'll notice that the children kept coming every two years); *Calixte*, April 22, 1853; *Pierre*, February 1, 1855; *Patrice*, March 24, 1857; *Elzéar*, September 1, 1859; *François*, August 21, 1861; *Charles*, October 5, 1863; then two girls, *Marie-Thérèse*, January 18, 1866, my Grandmother *Élise*, March 18, 1868, and baby *Hyacinthe*, March 18, 1870. (Baby *Hyacinthe* was nearly three years old when he died on February 2, 1873. He is buried in *Saint-François Xavier*).

You must have noticed so far that so many of the people I mention are named "*Joseph*" and of course Great-Grandma's own name, *Josephte*. The Métis people in particular had a tremendous devotion to St. Joseph—the foster father of Jesus and husband of the Blessed Virgin Mary. He is known as the patron saint of the Métis, in fact he is the patron saint of all of Canada. He is also the patron saint of the worker and of the dying, so the Métis were tremendously devoted to him.

I have little story in our own family that relates to St. Joseph. Our parents were married in the historic church of *Saint-Antoine-de-Padoue* in Batoche on July 1, 1926. After a dinner at her parents' home, *Raphaël* and *Élise Boyer*, they took the buggy and rode to One Arrow Reserve. It was July 1st and there was a pow-wow to celebrate Dominion Day as we called it then. This was their honeymoon trip—wow what a honeymoon trip, eh? Along the sandy road to the reserve, mother asked dad to stop, she had seen something shiny in the sand. They stopped and picked up a beautiful tiny one-inch stature of St. Joseph. My oldest sister *Edwidge* in Edmonton still has that little statute which has been a keepsake in our family ever since. I imagine that day: the young married couple dedicated their future family to St. Joseph because each of the nine boys in our family has *Joseph* as a first name. There is *Joseph-Clément*, *Joseph-Julien*, *Joseph-André*, *Joseph-Philippe*, and *Joseph-Henri* and so on. The girls on the other hand all have *Marie* as a first name, *Marie Edwidge*, *Marie-Elmina* and *Marie-Aurélié* because of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin. We are, however, called and known by our second names. I think it would be pretty complicated if it were otherwise.

In 1882, *Josephte* and *Joseph* moved the family to the *Saint-Antoine-de-Padoue* Parish of Batoche. They settled near a creek that emptied into the South Saskatchewan River. It was called "*Coulée Poisson*" or Fish Creek. From then on, the area would be called "*Tourond's Coulée*" by the local community. The family came with all their belongings and animals. The livestock included a valuable stallion, eighty head of cattle including a valuable thoroughbred bull. There was also a large quantity of household effects and implements of husbandry.

The following year, 1883, tragedy struck the family. *Joseph*, the father, died on May 22 at the age of 56 years. Now that she lost her beloved husband, *Joseph* would now and for the rest of her 45 years of life be known affectionately as "*La veuve Tourond*," "the widow *Tourond*." Now she, with her three sons and two daughters still at home, would have to press on and continue running the farm and ranch. That same year, 1883, the family, after *Joseph* died, the family continuing on, built a large farmhouse with all the ancillary buildings necessary to farm and ranch. The next year, 1884, they fenced the entire farm area. The future looked bright.

The only problem now, however, was the political unrest developing in the area. The government's surveyors were marking off the lands in a very non-traditional way. The Métis way of life along the river was being threatened. A story in our family tells of Mother *Joseph* *Tourond* receiving a very important guest at her home one day. *Louis Riel* had been summoned to come and help with the political instability in the area. One of the first people that he visited to seek support was the mother of all those young men. He had had their support during the unrest in Manitoba, and they would surely back him up in his plans here in the Batoche area. *Riel* would come to offer his condolences to *Madame Tourond* for the loss of her husband and to seek her encouragement and the participation of her sons in his plans to oppose the government. Our Grandmother *Élise*, as the youngest girl in the family at age 16, was asked to present their distinguished guest a token of their respect for him in the form of a bouquet of flowers or some such thing. We can only imagine an evening spent together talking about the politics of the day. *Riel's* party would have been treated to a fine supper or may have even spent the night. And, of course, *Riel* and his party went away pleased at the promise of support, encouragement and prayers for their endeavours. But things were heating up!

The troops under command of General Middleton came, and on April 24, 1885, the Battle of *Tourond's Coulée*/Fish Creek began on this very land, the farm and ranch land of *La veuve Tourond*. Her losses were immense. They had to flee the battle scene. She had her 80 year-old mother, *Madame Angélique Godin*

to care for, her son *Charles*, already seriously ill from consumption (tuberculosis), and her two young daughters to worry about. Others would join her in her flight including her sons' wives and their young children.

One of the people who is stuck in a snowstorm in Winnipeg this morning is a cousin of ours coming from Ottawa. *Marguerite Tourond-Townson* is a retired teacher and a playwright. She has written a play on Great-Grandmother *Joseph* *Tourond* and her involvement in the conflict here. We are hoping that *Marguerite* and her husband Dave will be arriving shortly if their airplane can take off from Winnipeg. One of the stories about the fleeing from *Tourond's Coulée* is about *Marguerite's* father—*Arthur Tourond*. His father, *Ézéar Tourond* was killed in the Battle of Batoche (May 9-12, 1885). *Arthur* was a big two-year old boy at the time, and Grandmother told us stories of having to flee and run with this big boy in her arms or in tow, and how *Louis Riel* would take the boy sometimes and run with him to help out. Our Grandmother would cry when telling us this and other stories about the rebellion, and particularly how unjust the hanging of *Louis Riel* was.

The women and children from this area and from the Batoche area were led to a safe place, an encampment in the *Bellevue* area that had been prepared. It was away from the battlefields and away from the river. As they were escaping to the safe location miles from the battle scenes, their trek was long and tiresome. *Joseph* *Tourond* had fled in a hurry and as the troops had entered her farm and ranch, they burned everything, scattered or slaughtered the animals and pillaged all her valuable belongings. This included her precious horses and wagon. But she would have needed her mode of transportation particularly for the comfort and travel for her aged mother and her sick son. She was furious, and bravely she walked across the enemy line to the troops' encampment and demanded her horse and wagon. The troops were so dismayed at the courage and bravery of this 52-year old widow that they promptly hitched up her horses and wagon, giving them to her, and watched as she rode back to her people.

The troops stole and burned all her personal effects, scattered her livestock, but

even worse, on May 14, at the Battle of Batoche, they killed two of her sons. *Calixte* was 32 years-old and *Elzéar* was 26 years-old. Her sick son *Charles* died two months later on July 19, 1885 at the age of 22. If only the dying would have stopped there. But no, the following year *David*, her oldest son died September 11, 1886 at the age of 34, and then *Pierre* died on March 7, 1887. He was 32, and four years later on August 18, in 1891, her precious daughter *Marie-Thérèse*, the wife of *Napoléon Venne*, died at the age of 25. In seven short years, she had lost six sons and one daughter, all very young from age 22 to 41. *Patrice* was the last of this group to die on September 28, 1898. All but *Charles* were married and they had children.

The practises of wake and burial in those days went as follows. As soon as a person died, the body was washed and dressed and then placed on planks and put on display in a prominent part of the house surrounded by white sheets on the walls, candles, a crucifix, flowers and other items of religious reverence. Friends and family would gather around the body for wake services and continuous recitation of the Rosary. A capable member of the family or of the community would construct a coffin, lining it with white cloth on the inside and black cloth on the outside. On about the third day, the day of the Mass and the burial, the body was transferred to the coffin, the lid nailed shut and transported to the church for a Requiem High Mass, followed by the burial at the local cemetery.

Can one imagine how many times this widowed woman would have had to kneel at the body of her loved one for the wake then follow the remains into the church for a solemn Mass, then watch as men lowered the body into the ground for its final rest? Too many times I must say. For besides her children, in the family history books, we can count at least 15 more members of *Josephite Tourond's* immediate family that died from the time they moved from Manitoba to 1900—eighteen short years. There were many grandchildren and daughters-in-law not even counting brothers, sisters or even nieces and nephews nor her elderly mother.

However, *Josephite* was a strong woman of deep, deep faith. The Métis in general had a deep rooted faith in God and a loving respect

for their Church and clergy. They particularly had a great devotion for the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Infant Jesus of Prague. These are names of saints and holy ones that were shared with us as children at the loving hands of caring Grandmothers as they told the stories of the Bible and God's holy people—the saints of the Church. The devotion to our blessed Mother Mary and her husband, St. Joseph, I have already spoken about. They also spoke of *Notre-Dame-de-Lourdes*, *Notre-Dame de Fatima*, the Blessed Virgin Mary's parents—*Sainte Anne* and *Saint Joachim*, *Sainte Thérèse-de-l'Enfant Jésus*, *Saint-Antoine-de-Padoue*, the namesake of the parish church in Batoche, *Saint-François Xavier*, *Saint-François d'Assis* and many, many more.

Josephite also persevered in her quest for learning, although she herself didn't have any formal education. This is witnessed by her claim of loss report given to the officials after the rebellion. The deposition is written in English, probably translated to her, and she signed an "X" for her name, and that "X" was witnessed. This would clearly indicate that she was not even able to write her own name, and probably had no formal education. But she certainly saw to it that many of her children would learn to read and write. Our Grandmother, her younger daughter *Élise*, was well learned and well read. Grandma and Grandpa, *Élise* and *Raphaël Boyer*, were postmasters at Batoche and operated a store. You had to be able to read, write and do math to be able to do that.

Education and the importance of religion went hand in hand. My sister *Edwidge* in Edmonton is the safe keeper of another family treasure. It is a very large picture-book Catechism written in French but very graphic in the display of articles of our faith. I believe that the book was purchased in France and dates back to the late 1800s. Its pages are brown and brittle and well used. As children we all listened to stories told to us by our Grandmother from this book. A few years ago when we were losing *Raphaël*, one of our brothers, we asked our sister *Edwidge*, who had possession of this book for many years, to share this book with others in the family before it was too late for some of us. Those siblings living here in Saskatchewan had the book for a while and were able to reminisce about our early years learning about religion and the church, things that our Grandmother wanted us to learn.

Here, I must tell you about another "Kokum," a real woman of influence in my life in particular and in the lives of many in the Batoche area. She was a midwife, a medicine woman but most importantly to me, she was my Godmother—*Marie, Madame Xavier Fiddler*. She attended to many of the births in the Batoche district including all the children in our family born in Batoche. As a medicine woman, she knew the formulas for home treatment of every ill imaginable, and she carried her leaves, barks, roots and potions in a little white cloth bag around with her wherever she went. She would come to visit us even after my mother stopped having babies, and after we moved to Prince Albert in 1947. Well, they didn't call it visiting in those days it was "campez" which literally meant "camping." These were working holidays for the three women—our Mother, our Grandmother and Grandma Fiddler. They set about sewing, darning, mending and braiding rugs, and as they were working they would talk women's stuff, and I am sure gossip as well. But they didn't talk French or even Michf. They would talk Cree so that the young ones couldn't understand what they were saying. I would get so mad at them and I would say "*Mes vieilles sauvagesses, parlez donc en français pour qu'on puisse nous comprendre.*" Translated—"You old squaws, speak in French so that we can all understand." But in their quiet time of meditation and praying, Grandma *Boyer* and Grandma Fiddler would retreat to Grandma's room. Sitting quietly on Grandma *Boyer's* bed, they would pray their prayers and recite the Rosary. Grandma Fiddler was illiterate and she loved to have Grandma *Boyer* read to her from the annals that Grandma *Boyer* subscribed to every month. They would arrive by mail at our house from *Sainte-Anne-de-Beaupré* just outside of Québec City, *Notre Dame-du-Cap* in *Cap-de-la-Madeleine* (Québec), and *Oratoire-Saint-Joseph* in Montréal just to mention a few. Grandma Fiddler would look at the pictures and Grandma *Boyer* would read her the articles and they would pray some more.

I don't remember my Grandmother and her ability to cook because she was already a very old lady when I was growing up. She helped a lot in the kitchen, but mostly drying dishes and kneading bread. My older brothers and sisters who were raised during her active years and lived in her home praised her cooking.

She made marvellous *boulettes, tourtières*, and *la gallette* or bannock as well as delicious pies.

The line of long-living old ladies that I am proud to come from reads this way: our mother *Alice Paulhus* died in 1999 and she was 95-years old, almost 96. Her mother, *Élise Boyer*, died in 1962 at the age of 94, almost 95, and her mother, the main subject of my presentation today—*Madame Josephite Tourond* was 97-years old. *Josephite's* mother, *Madame Angélique Paul*, was 80-years old the year of the rebellion and was living with *Josephite*. I have yet to find in my research the year *Angélique* died and how old she would have been.

But as they grew old, the world as they knew it changed, and the world progressed. All the inventions of the 19th and 20th centuries! Imagine flying! Imagine the first airplanes that flew overhead—it must have been frightful. Running water inside the house! Electricity! Television! Telephones! The railway! The automobile! (Grandpa *Boyer* was the first to own a car in the Batoche area.) It seems that nearly everything was invented during our Grandmother's lifetime.

Here's a funny story. When we brought Grandma to Prince Albert to live with us, she didn't understand the concept of television. We had a TV probably in about 1954 or 5. She would sit and watch it alright, but she truly believed that the people in the box could see us just as well as we could see them, and when the Pope would appear on the tube, she would throw herself on her knees on the floor, and would make the sign of the cross as a gesture of respect for him. Oh what a devotion to the church she had! I wish I could have believed the same way. Dad enjoyed a cigar when he relaxed. One night when Mother was out, Dad had finished his supper and was lying on the chesterfield enjoying a cigar. Grandma was sitting behind him in the doorway in such a way that she couldn't see Dad but was watching TV in the corner of the living room. The old program, "Burns and Allen" was showing on TV. George Burns always smoked a cigar on his show. When Mother got home, Grandma said to her "You are always telling me that those people in the box can't see us, well tonight there was a man smoking in the box, and I could even smell his cigar!" And one time, when there was a baby, one of my nieces, in a carriage beside

the TV set, and while a western was showing on the tube, Grandma quickly got up, and as spry as a 17-year old, she grabbed the carriage and wheeled it quickly into her room and announced when she got back that she had better remove the baby from danger as those men in the box were shooting and might hit the baby.

I want to tell you about the strength and fortitude that these old ladies had. At Christmas time in 1962, when Grandma was 94-years old, our parents decided to take a holiday to visit our siblings in Edmonton. Remember Grandma was living with us at home. Any one of my married brothers or sisters living in Prince Albert could have taken her over the holidays, but it was a family decision to place Grandma in *Mont-Saint-Joseph* over the holidays to see how well she would adjust to living in a nursing home in the event that it would become permanently necessary. Our Mother was also getting on in age and may not have been able to care for her aging mother much longer. Well, the experience proved fatal for Grandma, she did not take it well. The Sunday between Christmas and New

Years, I was on duty at the funeral home where I worked and we also operated an ambulance service. I got a call from the Sister in charge at *Mont-Saint-Joseph* and she asked me to bring the ambulance up to the home to transfer my Grandmother to the Holy Family Hospital as she had suffered a heart attack, and that the doctor had been called and wanted her admitted immediately. Well, Grandma had a second heart attack at around 6:00 PM and after a third one at about 11:00 PM, just as I was reading the Litany of the Dying, she died in my arms. Ladies and gentlemen, at 94-years of age, it had been the first time our Grandmother had ever seen a doctor, and it was the first and last time that she had ever been in a hospital. With today's advanced medical care, I often wonder how much longer she might have lived.

Of all of *La veuve Tourond's* children, only one son and one daughter survived to old age. I must tell you now about the son, our Uncle, *Françis*. He was single and cared for his aging mother until her death. He was also the one left in charge of her affairs. Both of them



Josephite "La veuve" Tourond in front of Edmond & Berthe Boyer's home—Batoche. Born Josephite Paul July 1831—Died December 15, 1928. Aged 97 years.

lived with Uncle *Edmond* and Aunt *Berthe Boyer* in a house built by Uncle *François* on Great-Grandma *Tourond's* original homestead in Batoche. He had farmed her land until his old age, and had by now sold the land to our Grandparents whom in turn had given the land to their only son, our Uncle *Edmond*. Now when it came time to order the monument that was placed on the gravesite of *Josephite Tourond* in the cemetery, *François* was the one who ordered it and decided on the wording for it. There is, therefore, now at the Batoche Cemetery an ever so small pink granite cross which marks her grave with the following inscription "JOSETTE TOUROND. AGÉE DE 100 ANS. LE DÉC. 1928." "JOSETTE TOUROND. AGE 100 YEARS. DEC. 15, 1928." There are a few problems with this inscription. First of all, there is an error in the spelling of her name. On the monument, it is spelled J-O-S-E-T-T-E but it should have been spelled J-O-S-E-P-H-T-E which when spoken can sound very much like "*Josette*." This denotes either a lack of formal education on *François'* part or that a nickname had been assigned to her to simplify the spelling of her name. Then there is the age listed as being 100 years. For this, we are told that when the monument was being composed, Uncle *François* apparently said that "she was a very old lady, and was very close to being 100 years old, so put 100 and in a few years it won't matter to anyone anyways." I guess there is some wisdom to that approach. Uncle *François* came to live here with us—the *Paulhus* family when we moved to Prince Albert from Batoche in 1947 and died shortly thereafter in 1947 at the age of 86. He is buried in the South Hill Cemetery in Prince Albert.

When we moved to Prince Albert to live in a small two bedroom bungalow, we had nine in our family: Mother, Father and seven of us children. Our oldest sister *Edwidge* lived with us, and was working at Holy Family Hospital. She occupied one of the bedrooms as a privilege because she helped our parents with the down payment of \$500 for the house. Our parents occupied the second room. We brought with us our *Boyer* Grandparents and old Uncle *François*. A curtain hung across half the living room as a makeshift bedroom to give the Grandparents some privacy and Uncle *François* occupied a back porch-like room built over an outside staircase to the basement of the house. The

children climbed a steep staircase to the attic where mattresses were spread all over the floor as sleeping accommodations. With all that room in a full basement, we rented to another family—that of *Camille Dagenais* who had also moved into Prince Albert from Batoche. There were seven of them—parents and five children. We all shared one bathroom on the main floor, and the house only had cold running water at that time. We were a total of 21 people living in that small house. I tell you there was a lot of yellow snow outside our house from those little boys who couldn't wait their turn for the bathroom. Well folks, everyone was in the same circumstance in the west-end of Prince Albert in those days. I always say, coming from a happy home with a happy childhood "We were poor and we didn't know it."

"*La veuve Tourond*" is survived by one single son, *François* and one daughter, *Élise* (*Madame Raphaël Boyer*) of Batoche. Listed also as known descendants in 1928 are the following: *David's* daughter, *Marie* (*Madame Henri deSavoie*) of Edmonton; *Calixte's* daughter, *Clémence* (Mrs. Angus Campbell) of Fish Creek; a grandson, *Ambroise* and his wife *Annie* (*née Thorne*) who are the parents of *Agenor Tourond* who would later marry *Alice Henry* and reside in Prince Albert; *Patrice's* widow *Marie* (*née Gervais* who later remarried *Jack Gladstone*); *Patrice's* children—*Patrice Jr.*, *William Benoît*, *David Victor*, and *Elmire* (Mrs. Wallace Gladstone), all of Pincher Creek, Alberta; and *Elzéar* son *Arthur* of Fish Creek who later married *Annie Ainslie Hood-Haggie* whom only had one child, *Marguerite*. (*Marguerite* and her husband *David Townson* were to be here with us this morning but are still stranded in Winnipeg.) There is also a son-in-law, *Napoléon Venne* whose first wife was *Marie-Thérèse Tourond* and the daughter of *Élise's* family *Edmond* and *Berthe Boyer* of Batoche, and *Alice* and *Ferdinand Paulhus* of Duck Lake. I want to apologize to the *Paul* family in the person of *Madame Rose Fleury* who is here with us this morning. I don't have the *Paul* family genealogy to determine which of her *Paul* family siblings were living when she passed on in 1928.

The wake service will be held at the home of her daughter *Élise* and *Raphaël Boyer* in Batoche until the Funeral Mass at *Saint-*

Antoine-de-Padoue Parish Church at Batoche on Tuesday, December 18th. The Requiem High Mass will be celebrated by the parish priest Reverend Father *Pierre Elzéar Myre*. The internment will follow in the Batoche Parish Cemetery.

Que son âme et les âmes de tous les fidels défunts reposent en paix par la miséricorde de Dieu.

May her soul and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

My friends, let us share what has become a traditional part of the burial of our Métis people—a hymn to the Blessed Virgin, a hymn of hope and assurance that we will all meet in heaven one day: “*J’irai La Voir Un Jour.*”

*J’irai la voir un jour!
Au ciel dans ma patrie.
Oui j’irai voir Marie,
Ma joie et mon amour.*

Refrain:

*Au ciel, au ciel, au ciel,
J’irai la voir un jour,
Au ciel, au ciel, au ciel,
J’irai la voir un jour.*

*J’irai la voir un jour,
J’irai loin de la terre
Sur le cœur de ma Mère
Reposer sans retour.*

This revised article is based on Henri Paulhus’ presentation of the life of his maternal Great-Grandmother Josephite (*née Paul*) Tourond and her descendants at the *Métis Women’s History of Resistance and Survival: Stories of Tourond’s Coulee/Fish Creek and Batoche Storytelling Circle & Symposium* held on April 24, 2008 (the anniversary of the Battle of Tourond’s Coulee/Fish Creek, the second battle of the 1885 Resistance). This storytelling circle was a day of remembrance for the Métis women and children who lived and suffered through the 1885 Resistance. The event took place on Madame Tourond’s land, and brought together storytellers and Madame Tourond’s descendants from across Canada. The Gabriel Dumont Institute and Batoche National Historical Site of Canada sponsored this event.

My Great-Grandmother's Clock

Article by Margaret Tourond-Townson and Photograph by Karon Shmon

As I grew up on a farm in Choiceland, Saskatchewan I always knew that the old clock on the shelf had belonged to my Great-Grandmother, Josephite Tourond. Mom always called it “Daddy’s clock,” but she had told me the story of my dad getting his Grandmother’s old clock.

Little did I know then just how historic a clock it is! Madame Josephite Tourond must have brought a clock with her when she, and her husband, and family decided to “move” from St François-Xavier, Manitoba to Fish Creek, Saskatchewan. I say “move” because they almost certainly came with all their children and livestock and household

and farm equipment by Red River cart. When one drives from Fish Creek to St François-Xavier today in a modern car with cruise control, it’s impossible not to think of the kind of trip they must have made! It must have taken weeks if not months stopping every few days to butcher an animal and prepare food for the next few days “on the road” which would have been a rough trail.

That clock must have come along for the ride! What a ride that must have been!

In Fish Creek, the family built a house and barns, and began ranching in earnest. They must have worked very hard, but music was in the family. My

dad used to sit and play his fiddle by the hour. The music, the storytelling, and the love of family shone through the many hardships.

Little did my Great-Grandmother know that the same challenge that hit the Métis people in Manitoba in 1869-70 would rear its ugly head in Saskatchewan in 1885: the surveyors were to come and divide the land into 160-acre quarter sections, and the Métis who had staked their claim to strips of land along the South Saskatchewan River did not want to pull up stakes and relocate!

"Enough is enough!" So they rebelled. The first battle of the Métis Resistance took place at Duck Lake.

But the second battle took place right on Madame Tourond's farm in Fish Creek. The Métis won that round, but Madame Tourond's house and buildings were burned to the ground, and they fled for their lives. After the Resistance, Madame Tourond made a claim to the Canadian War Claims Commission for approximately

\$4,000 worth of destruction on her farm. She reported all her losses and on that list of losses there was a clock!

Madame Tourond must have valued her old clock and she must have bought another one—which is the old clock that I have in our home.

Mom used to tell me about the time when the wind rushed through our log home in Choiceland, picked up the old clock and lifted it out of the window, putting it gently down on the ground. Not a speck of damage!

After Daddy's death, Mom and I moved around quite a lot, and the old clock always came with us packed carefully in Daddy's old trunk.

My Grandmother's old clock sits on the mantle in our home—it reminds me of my father's family and the story of the Métis people's joie de vivre despite their many struggles. May their courage never be forgotten! May my Grandmother's old clock help us to remember our Métis roots with admiration and pride.



Henri Paulhus and Margaret Tourond-Townson

Visit the *Virtual Museum* and Check Out What's New!

Article by Christa Nicholat

The last few months have seen some exciting new additions to the Gabriel Dumont Institute's *Virtual Museum of Métis History and Culture* (www.metismuseum.ca). Into its fifth year, the Virtual Museum continues to offer the most comprehensive collection of print, audio, and video materials, documenting and celebrating the history, language, and traditions of the Métis people. Introduced in 2003, in partnership with the University of Saskatchewan's *Educational Media Access and Production* unit, the Virtual Museum strives to provide free and user-friendly access to its vast holdings of archival, cultural, and learning resources.

Recently added items that may be of particular interest to visitors include video footage from the Michif Speakers Conference held in Saskatoon on March 11, 2006 (www.metismuseum.ca/browse/index.php?id=843). Delegates from Saskatchewan, Alberta, and Manitoba gathered to form the *National Michif Speakers Association*, which consists of Michif-speaking community people dedicated to the protection and promotion of the Michif language. Listen to Rita Flamand and Grace Zoldy, Michif speakers from Camperville, Manitoba, express their desire to see the formation of a Michif Speakers Association (www.metismuseum.ca/resource.php/07365), or watch as Karon Shmon, Gabriel Dumont Institute Publishing Coordinator, introduces the members of

the Michif Speakers Association Steering Committee (www.metismuseum.ca/resource.php/07370).

In addition, the Gabriel Dumont Institute was fortunate to have received various footage of the late Harry Daniels. In 2004, the Métis community lost Harry, a Métis activist, political leader, writer, and actor. Watch him during the politically-charged constitutional talks of the early 1980s, as he demands inclusion of the Métis people within the repatriated Constitution (www.metismuseum.ca/browse/index.php?id=995). On the lighter side, pick up a few bannock-making tips from Harry and old friend Roger Cardinal, as they whip up a sumptuous, gourmet meal of rabbit and whitefish (www.metismuseum.ca/browse/index.php/997).

Be sure to watch for audio recordings of Michif-French speakers from St. Laurent, Manitoba, as well as video of a Genealogy Course led by Elder Rose Fleury, both coming soon to the Virtual Museum!

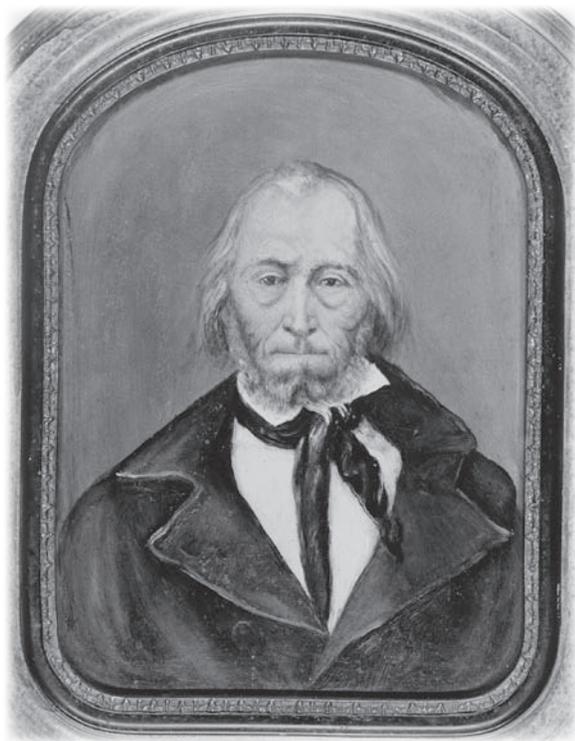
The Virtual Museum relies on support from the community. If you have any questions, comments, suggestions, notice any errors, or can provide missing or additional information for any of our resources, please feel free to contact Christa Nicholat at: christa.nicholat@gdi.gdins.org.

Visit the *Virtual Museum of Métis History and Culture* at www.metismuseum.ca.

Gabriel Dumont Institute Records Pierre Falcon CD

Article by Darren R. Préfontaine and Photograph by Lori Perkins

On June 4-6, 2008, musicians Krystle Pederson, Guy Dumont, John Arcand, and Desmond Lagace recorded several songs composed by the Métis bard Pierre "Pierriche" Falcon. The recordings took place at John and Vicki Arcand's studio at Windy Acres, just outside of Saskatoon.



Pierre Falcon N16983 (Archives of Manitoba)

The following songs were chosen for this project:

1. "La chanson de la gournouillère"/"Falcon's Song"
2. "Li lord Selkirk au Fort William"/"Lord Selkirk at Fort William"
3. "Li Général Dickson"/"The General Dickson"
4. "Lii tribulations d'un roi malheureux"/"The Tribulations of an Unfortunate King"
5. "The Buffalo Hunt"

Unfortunately, the original Michif version of "The Buffalo Hunt" is lost. We therefore recorded this song in English only.

Guy Dumont, originally from St. Laurent, Manitoba, but now living in Winnipeg, sang the first four songs in Michif-French. Krystle Pederson, a singer and actor originally from Buffalo Narrows, sang all five in English. Desmond Lagace, from Swan River, Manitoba, played accompaniment to the songs on guitar, and also mixed and produced them. John Arcand played fiddle accompaniment on all the tunes as well.

These nine songs will eventually be part of a bilingual CD anthology of Pierre Falcon's music tentatively *Pierriche Falcon: The Métis Bard*.

Pierre or "Pierriche" Falcon is the first-known Métis to compose songs. We do not know definitively whether or not he wrote them down or composed them orally. Nevertheless, the songs themselves have been handed down through the Oral Tradition, and have evolved over the last two centuries—to the point that they have moved away from their original Michif wordings and meanings. French Canadians "borrowed" these songs, and added their own verses and interpretations. Falcon's songs take us back to a time when the Michif people were asserting their rights and proclaiming their identity.

"La chanson de la gournouillère," also known as "Falcon's Song," the "Battle of Seven Oaks," or the "Battle of Frog Plain" was the first Métis "National Anthem," and was composed in the Oral Tradition in 1816.ⁱ Many of the world's great national anthems were composed during this period. For instance, France, the United States, and the German Confederation (and many other nations) all composed their national anthems. In that sense, "la gournouillère"

shares a great deal with other national anthems. It is a martial song like “*La Marseillaise*” and the “Star-Spangled Banner.” The song also speaks to the Michif people’s determination to keep what is rightfully theirs, and to defend it against all those who want to curb or infringe upon their way of life. This spirit of resistance

and the desire to be independent and self-determining are the main themes of Métis history. In fact, the Métis would later be called “*les gens libre*” or “*Otipemisiwak*,” which translates to the “free people” and the “people who own themselves” because they worked very hard to protect their social, economic and political rights.

Paul Chartrand’s Michif-Frenchⁱⁱ version of “*La chanson de la gourmouillère*”/“Falcon’s Song”

1.

*Vouli vous ecouti chanti
Aen chanson d’ verity? (bis)
Li dgisneuf di juaen darnier
La bande di bois bruli
Ont arrivè coom aen bande di guerriers.*

Do you want to hear sung
A song that is true?
Last June the 19th
The band of *Bois-Brûlés*
Arrived like a band of warriors.

2.

*En arrivant à la gourmouillère,
Nous avons fetⁱⁱⁱ trois prisonniers. (bis)
Trois prisonniers des orkanis,
Qui sont icit pour piller not payi.*

Arriving at *la grenouillère*,
We took three prisoners.
Three prisoners from the Orkneys,
Who are here to steal our homeland.

3.

*Sur li point di débarqui
Deux di nos gens sont arrivè. (bis)
“Wooayla^{iv} li anglais,
Qui viennent nous attaqui!”*

We were about to dismount
When two of our men arrived.
“Here are the English,
Who are coming to attack us!”

4.

*Tous aussitot nous avons reviri,^v
Ee nous avons^{vi} iti li rencontri. (bis)
N’avons sarni la bande di granadgiers.
Ils sont^{vii} immobiles; ils sont toute dimonti.*

Right away we turned around,
And we trapped the band of grenadiers.
They are caught; they all dismounted.

5.

*Nous avons^{viii} agji^x en^x gens d’honneur.
Nous avons^{xi} aen ‘ooayee aen ambassadeur. (bis)
Li gouverneur voulez-vous arreti?
Aen p’chi moment nous voulons^{xiii} vous parli.*

We acted like honourable folks.
We sent an ambassador.
Mr. Governor, would you stop for a moment?
We want to speak with you.

6.

*Li gouverneur qui était enragi.
Y a dgi a ci soldats a^{xiii} tchiri. (bis)
Li premier coup qui l’anglais a tchiri.*

The governor who was enraged.
He told his men to shoot.

7.

*Li gouverneur quis'crooyais empereur,
Ya agi di rigeur. (bis)
Ayant vu passi tout li bois bruli,
Ya parchi pour li faire peur
Itant parchi pour li ipouvant^{xiv}.
Ysi trompi ipi ysi fet baen tchui.*

The governor who thought himself emperor,
He tried to take tough action.
Having seen go by all the Bois-Brûlés,
He set out to scare them
Having set out to rout them.
He made a mistake and got himself killed.

8.

*Y a fet baen tchui
Aen quantité^{xv} d'si grenadiers (bis)
J'avons tchooi presque toute^{xvi} son armie
dissus la bourde^{xvii}
Quat ou cinq sa sont sauvi.*

He well got killed
A number of his grenadiers
We killed almost all his army
From this mistake
Four or five escaped.

9.

*Oh! Si vous aviez vu tout si anglais,
Ipi li bois bruli après. (bis)
Di butte aen butte li Anglais culbutay.
I li bois bruli jetai di cri di joaye!*

Oh, if you only had seen these Englishmen
And the Bois-Brûlés after them.
From hill to hill the English stumbled.
And the Bois-Brûlés let out shouts of joy!

10.

*Ipi qui a composit la chanson?
Si Pierriche Falcon ce bon garcon. (bis)
Elle a iti faite et composit
Sur la victooayre que nous avons gagni.^{xviii}*

And who has composed this song?
It is Pierriche Falcon this good lad.
It has been made and composed
About the victory that we have won.

In 2003, Paul Chartrand, Maria Campbell, Cheryl Troupe, and Darren Préfontaine met at the Gabriel Dumont Institute (GDI) in Saskatoon to discuss the possibility of developing a CD containing Pierre Falcon's songs. Paul Chartrand provided us with a unique idea: how about restoring these songs to their original Michif? Over the course of a century and a half, the songs' original Michif voice had become diluted. From that kernel, the Institute worked with Paul to translate a selection of Pierre Falcon's songs back into Michif-French. During this process, Cheryl Troupe was indispensable in gathering as much information relating to Pierriche as possible. To honour Pierriche Falcon and to help restore what we feel is truly a remarkable song to its proper place in Métis consciousness, we decided to provide a comprehensive project which would include Paul's interpretive essay on Pierre Falcon's music and on Métis nationalism

and languages, his retranslation of Falcon's songs into Michif-French, a comprehensive bibliography, and various versions of the lyrics of all the songs in Michif-French, French, and English.

GDI will release *Pierriche Falcon: The Métis Bard* sometime in the near future. GDI would like to thank the following people who made this project possible: Paul Chartrand, Maria Campbell, Cheryl Troupe, Vicki Arcand, John Arcand, Desmond Lagace, Guy Dumont, and Krystle Pederson.

Marsi!



Desmond Lagace, Krystle Pederson, John Arcand, and Guy Dumont

ⁱ Falcon's song was composed 64 years prior to Calixa Lavallée and Sir Adolphe-Basile Routhier composing and writing the words to "O Canada," which in its original French version is a French-Canadian patriotic song. Like the Métis Infinity/Circle of Eight flag which is much older than Canada's national flag (about 150 years older), the Métis' first National Anthem is generations older than the Canadian national anthem. It is easily the oldest patriotic song originating from Canada, and predates by a generation the French-Canadian patriotic songs written during and after the Lower-Canadian Rebellions of 1837-38.

ⁱⁱ Paul translated this song into Michif-French by re-translating the oldest French version from 1819, which can be found in the Selkirk Papers, *Library and Archives Canada. Selkirk Papers, M179, p. 9207.*

ⁱⁱⁱ Alternate wording: *on n'a fet.*

^{iv} *Voilà.*

^v Alternate wording: *on n'a reviri.*

^{vi} Alternate wording: *on n'a.*

^{vii} Alternate wording: *sa sont.*

^{viii} This could be shortened to "*n'avons.*"

^{ix} Alternate wording: *on n'a agi.*

^x Alternate wording: *coom.*

^{xi} Alternate wording: *on n'a.*

^{xii} Alternate wordings: *on veut; on n'a bisaen.*

^{xiii} Alternate wording: *di.*

^{xiv} An example of the meaning of "*ipouvante*" is the fright that horses take when they bolt free of control when pulling a sled or wagon. We would say "*si gwou sa sont ipouvanti.*"

^{xv} Alternate wording: *aen masse.*

^{xvi} Alternate wording: *quasiment toute.*

^{xvii} "*La bourde*" means stumble; misstep.

^{xviii} Alternate wording: *qu'on n'a gagni.*

Red River Métis on the Move!

Play by Margaret Tourond-Townson

Narrator:

The Métis people were watching and counting! 1870, 1875, 1880, 1885! "Enough is enough!" they cried! All the injustices done to them exploded! Looking back, 1870 was an historic year when Manitoba became a province of Canada! The Canadian Government finally negotiated with Louis Riel's Provisional Government, and in the spring of 1870 passed The Manitoba Act. It was a victory in some ways guaranteeing the English and French languages, Protestant and Roman Catholic schools plus existing landowners were to be respected! High hopes! And it was the year of the Census! Just listen as the census takers come to the door of a Métis family in St François Xavier! The Tourond family has just finished breakfast when there is a loud knock at the door!

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK

Joseph Tourond: Come in! Come in! (*Going to the door and opening it*)

Census Taker: Good morning Mr. Tourond. We are part of the Census Team. May we come in and record the names of everyone who lives in this house?

Joseph: Of course! Come on in! We've seen enough changes in this part of the country lately, one more won't hurt!

Census Taker: You're sure right there! We're now a province of Canada!

Joseph Tourond: (*Wife and Mother*) That's for sure! We have rights to our language and to our religion plus they say we have rights to our land! If that's true it will be good.

Joseph: Yes, if that's true. We hope so but we're not sure yet!

Census Taker: So Mr. Tourond, who are the people living in your house?

Joseph: Well here is my wife Josephte Paul. She is 40 and I'm 44.

Census Taker: Right. And the children?

David: I'm the eldest, age 20. This is Calixte age 18.

Josephte: Pierre is 16 and Patrice is 14.

Census Taker: How many children in all?

Josephte: We've 10 children in all.

Elzéar: I'm next and I'm 12 years-old.

François: Yes and I'm next. I'm 10 years-old. Charles is 8 years-old.

Marie-Thérèse: Don't forget me! I'm Marie-Thérèse and I'm 6.

Josephte: Élise is 3 and Hyacinthe is just one year old! He's my baby!

Census Taker: That's a great family you have Madame Tourond. Congratulations!

Josephte: Thank you! We want our children to have a good life. The Red River has been a dangerous place. We're not sure if it will be safer now that we are a province of Canada with rights. We just hope that Louis Riel will be safe!

Joseph: Well, if it's not safer we'll go further west! Now what about a cup of tea before you leave? You've had a lot of work to do here at St François Xavier. It's a good group of people. We're all Métis, and we look after each other, and we have good times together too. I'd hate to leave!

Scene 2:

Narrator:

The Métis people in St François Xavier, St Boniface and St Norbert still had lots of troubles. Louis Riel and his Provisional Government were promised amnesty for leading the Red River Resistance, but the promise was never really made, and it certainly was not kept. Soldiers were on the way from the East so Louis Riel and many others fled

to the USA! The Tourond family farmed their piece of land and watched the troubles. But David and Calixte had other ideas!

Joseph: There's lots of work to do in the fields today boys. Eat a good breakfast because you'll need to be strong.

David: Dad, we work hard here, but we can never trust the Canadian Government. Calixte and I want our own land soon, and all the promises of land for the Métis have not been kept so far.

Joseph: That's true!

Calixte: Yes dad, David and I want to go further west—to Batoche. We could get some land on the South Saskatchewan River and start a ranch. When we get settled, then you and mom and the other kids could come out!

Joseph: That's a long trip but it would be worth it to have peace of mind!

David: Anyway, we have not had a social for quite a few weeks. Let's have a dance with singing, storytelling and lots of food!

Joseph: That's a good idea. Let's plan it all together tonight after supper.

Calixte & David: Yes that's good! I'll wear my beaded buckskin jacket, my moccasins and my *mitasses* (leggings). I want to look good!

Elzéar: I know you're trying to impress the girls!

Scene 3:

Narrator:

The Tourond family invited all the other families who lived nearby, and they had a social evening! It's getting late, but David wants to tell a story. Just listen!

David: Listen up everybody! This is a true story. The Battle of the Grand Coteau happened more than twenty years ago. I have listened to my father and to my grandfather tell the story. Now it is my turn! In July 1851, three brigades of Métis planned to go to the

Grand Coteau area for the buffalo hunt: the St Boniface and Pembina brigades left for the hunt and were planning to meet the White Horse Plains brigade further west. The three brigades needed to hunt near each other in case of an attack by the Sioux who hated the Métis for hunting "their" buffalo! Towards the end of the hunt, the White Horse Plains brigade was hunting further away from the two other brigades when their scouts came upon a huge encampment of about 2,000 Sioux warriors quite near the Métis camp. The scouts tried to talk to the Sioux but were taken hostage. Only two scouts escaped on speedy horses. In the Métis camp, Jean-Baptiste Falcon, the hunt leader was putting all the Red River carts into a circle getting ready to defend themselves against the Sioux. Women and children and all supplies were placed in the middle, and the men dug rifle pits all around the outside of the Red River carts. Trenches were dug under the carts where the women and children could hide from danger. The Sioux came to "talk" but the Métis did not believe them. That night, the Métis brigade tried to send scouts to get help from the two other brigades hunting not too far away but the Sioux saw them. Later two scouts did manage to get away to call for help. The next day, July 13, a huge number of Sioux rode towards the Métis camp; the Métis men rode out to meet them with gifts, but there was not chance to talk. The Métis raced back to their rifle pits. The Sioux did not attack en masse. They rode up in small groups shooting with rifles and arrows at the men in the rifle pits. But the Métis men were all sharpshooters and they killed many of the Sioux. During the night there was an eclipse of the moon and a sudden thunderstorm. The Sioux were afraid that the big "*Manitou*," a supernatural being was protecting the Métis. The Sioux withdrew, however, they kept on yelling and shouting all night meaning they had not finished their attack! The Métis tried packing up their Red River carts and tried to escape. However, during the next day, the scouts warned that the Sioux were coming again. The same story: circle the Red River carts, dig rifle pits and trenches and face the Sioux attack. Same story: the Métis sharpshooters killed many Sioux, and had few casualties. After five hours of battle the Sioux chief conceded defeat. Just as the Sioux retreated a downpour of rain again scared the Sioux thinking the *Manitou* was taking care of

the Métis! Just then a huge group of hunters from the other brigades galloped up to support them...just minutes too late! What a great Métis victory!

(Clapping by everyone.)

Joseph: That's a true story David! I remember.

Josephte: Let's have some music and dancing! Marie-Thérèse, why don't you start with the "Red River Jig?"

(Marie-Thérèse comes out and dances the "Red River Jig" to fiddle music.)

(Clapping by everyone.)

Scene 4:

Narrator:

David and Calixte were as good as their word. They left their family in St François Xavier, and went to Batoche to scout around and find good land where their parents and family could come and settle. In 1882, Joseph, Josephte and their children packed up all their household things and farm equipment on to their Red River carts. Josephte carefully packed her clock and took it with her. They took their horses and animals with them as well and left for Fish Creek! Listen to the Red River carts, and watch them as they move slowly across the prairie! It must have taken weeks to make that long trek!

www.info.co.clay.mn.us/history/cart_squeak.htm *Project the photograph of the Red River cart train and play the squeaking sound they made as they travelled!*

Josephte: Oh David, Calixte! It is so good to see you again. You have built a house and sheds! Good for you! We can move right in, and we can finally be at home again!

David: Hello mother! Hello father! Welcome to the Saskatchewan! Yes you are now at home. Look at our beautiful land!

Calixte: Yes mother, we can ranch here and do well.

Joseph: David and Calixte, you have done well. Thank you for getting ready for us. I am very tired now. I must get some sleep.

Josephte: I don't like the look of your father. He does not look well.

David: I hope he'll be better in the morning, mother.

Calixte: I'll go and see if he's alright! *(Going into the house.)*

Josephte: I don't think our father is very well, David. I don't know what his trouble is. Yes Calixte, is your father all right?

Calixte: Mother, I think you had better come inside right away. I don't think father is well at all. We should ride to Batoche for the doctor.

David: Mom, I'm sorry. I'm afraid it is too late. Our father is dead.

Josephte: Oh, Joseph, my Joseph! We have just made it to Fish Creek and I have to lose you. Oh Joseph, my Joseph!

Narrator:

The death of Joseph Tourond was a terrible blow to the whole family. They had no choice but to carry on and make a success of ranching. And carry on they did and successful they were! They had plenty of land to grow hay to feed their animals. But the Métis troubles they thought they had left behind in the Red River Settlement seemed to follow them to the Saskatchewan! Surveyors were said to be coming! Would they be able to keep their land that they had worked so hard for? Meetings, questions, worries! What would happen to the Métis next?

Scene 5:

Narrator:

Fish Creek is about 30 km from Batoche but the Tourond's heard news of meetings and threats and petitions to Ottawa! What a mess! It seemed just like the Red River troubles. One day the news came that four Métis men had gone down to the United States to ask Louis Riel to come back to the Saskatchewan to help negotiate with Ottawa.

The news flew from place to place that yes Louis Riel was coming. And he would be stopping at Fish Creek on his way to Batoche!

Josephte: Élise, you're a big girl now nearly 18 years-old. Louis Riel is going to stop at our house on his way to Batoche. I want you to present this *saencheur flechey* (Métis sash) to Louis Riel when he comes...We'll make him welcome.

Élise: Mom, I'll be too shy!

Josephte: No you won't! You'll make us all proud of you!

Élise: I'll sure try mom.

(Noise outside at the arrival of Louis Riel who comes into the room with a crowd of Métis men surrounding him.)

Louis Riel: Good afternoon Josephte Tourond. I'm so glad to see you again. It's been fifteen years since we met in the Red River Settlement. You have a wonderful site for your ranch here. You've worked hard at putting up your buildings. I am so sorry to hear about the death of your husband Joseph. He was a good man, and a supporter of the Métis cause.

Josephte: Thanks you Louis. I'm glad to see you again too. Yes I miss Joseph very much, but I have wonderful children. My sons and daughters work hard and support me.

Louis Riel: Madame Josephte Tourond, you have a great family, and I need all of your support in this struggle for justice for the Saskatchewan. Will you lend me your support and that of your seven sons?

Josephte: Yes Louis Riel, I certainly will. My family and I are right behind you in this struggle for Métis land rights. We pray for success every day! And you may come here to organize the uprising anytime!

Louis Riel: God bless you Madame Josephte Tourond! Thank you for your prayers! And thank you for the invitation. We need all the support we can get.

(Elise comes forward and presents the Métis sash to Louis Riel.)

Louis Riel: Thank you! Thank you! May God help us all!

(The Métis men cheer and start singing as the sound of rifle fire is heard outside.)

Narrator:

Yes the Northwest uprising had begun! The Tourond family had walked straight from the frying pan into the fire. Here they were in the middle of a war which came right to their farm! But they are strong people...Just listen to them singing Pierrich Falcon's song, the first Métis National Anthem:

*Vouli vous ecouti chanti
Aen chanson d' verity? (bis)
Li dgisneuf di juaen darnier
La bande di bois bruli
Ont arrivi coom aen bande di guerriers.*

*En arrivant à la gourouillère,
Nous avons fet trois prisonniers. (bis)
Trois prisonniers des orkanis,
Qui sont icit pour piller not payi.
© Paul Chartrand*

© Margaret Tourond-Townson Publications Reg'd, Ottawa, 2008.

Margaret Tourond-Townson is a direct descendent of Madame Josephte Tourond. Batoche National Historical Site of Canada and the Gabriel Dumont Institute brought Margaret and other descendents of Madame Tourond to the *Métis Women's History of Resistance and Survival: Stories of Tourond's Coulee/Fish Creek and Batoche Storytelling Circle & Symposium* held on April 24, 2008 (the anniversary of the Battle of Tourond's Coulee/Fish Creek, the second battle of the 1885 Resistance). Margaret shared her family's memories of her Great-Grandmother Josephte. In addition, she also showed all present a family heirloom—a clock that belonged to Madame Tourond—which is now in her possession.

Dumont Technical Institute has a Successful 07/08 School Year

Congratulations to all the 163 graduates listed below, along with the many others in the various other Dumont Technical Institute Programs.

La Loche—Oil Rig Prep/Chainsaw Safety:

Herman, Andy	Janvier, Ferris
Herman, Hank	Janvier, Jason
Herman, Ian	Janvier, Ritchie
Herman, Jason	Janvier, Teddy
Janvier, Ashley	Lemaigre, Ralph
Janvier, Dwayne	Montgrand, Ramsey
Janvier, Jerri-Lee	Park, Leroy
Janvier, Marvin	Toulejour, Jimmy

Lloydminster—Oil Field Safety:

Bell, Les	Larson, Gordie
Bremner, Lorna	Larson, Stephanie
Davidson, Jason	Larson, Steve
Davidson, Thomas	Larson, Tierra
Gajewski, Gene	Martell, Verna
Larson, Ester	Sangrey, Verna

Ile-a-la Crosse/Beauval—Oilfield/Chainsaw Safety:

Daigneault, Gabriel	Georges, Chris
Favel, Jamie	Kenny, George
Gardiner, Freddy	Mccallum, Josephine
Gardiner, Raymond	Murray, Joseph

Meadow Lake—ABE 5-10:

Fehr, Dexter	Gardiner, Melissa
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Prince Albert—Literacy:

Chartier, Brenda	Pelly, Cyril
Hansen, Lorrie	Roy, Ashley
Hansen, Danielle	Tinker, Laura
McCallum, Celina	Werminsky, Daniel
Murdoch, Issac	

Prince Albert—ABE 5-10:

Bloomfield, Crystal	Morin, Hillary
Chartier, Brenda	Pelly, Cyril
Fontaine, Jessica	Roy, Denise
Henry, Tim	Ross, Ashley
Lariviere, Cyrilla	Sauve, Kody
Markowski, Lori	Sylvestre, Jeremy
Merasty, Doris	Vandale, Kyle
Misponas, Raven	

Prince Albert—Adult 12:

Church, Terran	Maurice, Mandy
Daigneault, Ashley	McCallum, Melanie
Deraps, Michelle	McKay, Krista
Ebach, Joanne	McKay, Sherilyn
Favel, Raylene (Kristen)	Natomagan, Tamara
Fiddler, Josh	Patchin, Jolean
Fiddler, Michelle	Smith, Randi
Keays, Robyn	Vandale, Amanda
Krause, Terri	Wood, Kristol
Lepine, Josephine	Yoemans, Ashley

Prince Albert—Heavy Equipment Operator:

Andrews, Dale	Norman, McNabb
Campbell, Clarence	Sauve, Keysto
Davidson Jr., David	Schloegel, Frank
Laliberte, Aaron	Sylvestre, Randall
Mah, Danielle	Wykes, Kenneth

Ile-a-la Crosse—Heavy Equipment Operator:

Bouvier, Curtis	Herman, Gregory
Couillonneur, Ray	Iron, Carol
Daigneault, Robert	Morin, Ian
Favel, Kevin	Roy, Christopher
Gardiner, Armond	Yew, Darren

Regina ABE 5—10:

Klyne, Terrylyn	Postras, Shayna
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Sandy Bay—Construction Readiness:

Bear, Roland	Morin, Claude
Bradfield, Timothy	Morin, Gerald
Goulet, Bradley	Morin, Sandra
Maguire, Randy	Natewayes, Ralph
McKay, Jesse	Stewart, George

Saskatoon—Heavy Equipment Operator:

Boucher, Allan	Larson, Carrie
Clapper, Jason	McKay, Corey
Gladue, John	Paul, Russell
Hitchens, Jared	Yew, Catlin
Laliberte Kendall	Yew, Derek

Saskatoon—ABE 5-10:

Corrigan, Jessica	Laliberte, Candace
Debray, Kristy	Laliberte, Constance
Favel, Cody	McCormick, Jake
Fiddler, Dawn	Ross, Ryan
Gauthier, Antoine	Schultz, Emily
Kyplain, Julia	Zacharias, Ocean

Cumberland House—BE Programming:

Fosseneuve, Coreen	Thomas, Rosalie
Lamber, Norma	Thomas, Roxanne
Pelly, Desiree	

Yorkton—Class 1A Truck Driver Training:

Fleury, Blaine	Pelletier, Myles
Kitchemonia, Rosaleen	Shauf, Bev
Macdonald, Peggy	

Saskatoon—Adult 12:

Block, Travis	Mills, Samantha
Cox, Laura	Parenteau, Della
Debray, Dawn	Petit, Sheri
Kyplain, Julia	Pilon, John
LeRay, Dean	Ryan, Davida-May
Lucier, Greg	Unrau, Shannon

Saskatoon—Literacy:

Block, Michael	Lafond, Amanda
Corrigan, Jessica	Villeneuve, Lonnie
Janvier, Sabrina	

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Parenteau's Gourmet Foods—a Taste of the Prairies

Article by Christa Nicholat

Sixty bushes of saskatoon berries and nothing to do with them? Why not start up a business? That's exactly what Rodney and Colleen Parenteau, proprietors of Parenteau's Gourmet Foods, did when they found themselves faced with the dilemma of how to ensure that the abundant berries on their Langham-area farm did not go to waste.

Métis entrepreneur Rodney Parenteau, along with his wife Colleen, both from the Duck Lake area, established Parenteau's Gourmet Foods in 1991. The company produces various high-end, award-winning, gourmet food products, including flavoured fruit Belgian chocolates, cider, syrup, jams, herbal teas, flavoured honey, and alcohol-free champagne. In 1994, Parenteau's Gourmet Foods became one of five finalists in the New Saskatchewan Product category at the ABEX awards. The company is currently a member of the Saskatchewan Food Processors Association, SREDA, Tourism Saskatoon, Tourism Regina, Tourism Saskatchewan, Canadian Western Agribition Association, and the Saskatchewan Craft Council.

After seventeen years and plenty of hard work, the Parenteaus are reaping the benefits of self-taught business lessons, learning through their mistakes and successes. Admittedly, it would have been helpful to have had some guidance from parents with a business background to follow, says Rodney. But for Métis people of his parents' generation, viable employment opportunities were sorely lacking at the very least, with the possibility of owning and running a business even more remote. As a Métis entrepreneur, Parenteau's experiences have been "good and bad." On the plus side, he was able to access funding through Aboriginal organizations, as well as through Aboriginal Business Canada, an Indian and Northern Affairs program that supports Aboriginal entrepreneurs in business planning, start-up, expansion, and marketing. Unfortunately, he also encountered some unique challenges, for example, coming up against those convinced

that "Aboriginal business person" was a contradiction in terms. And on top of that, he raised eyebrows as an Aboriginal person daring to try his hand at the European-dominated tradition of chocolate-making.

Parenteau's advice for up and coming Métis entrepreneurs is "don't be scared to ask for help." He recommends contacting other business people, both Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal, and organizations that can provide both financial and non-financial support to put your business on the right track. And of course, do your homework! Learn all you can about everything from production to marketing to promotion. Rodney also suggests having full-time employment for at least a few years prior to going into business for yourself. This will make it easier when applying for business loans from banks, as they will most likely look at your last two years of income when determining your eligibility. But above all, if you want your business to be a success, be ready to work hard, and pay your dues for about the first five years. It's not always going to be easy, and you must be prepared to weather the ups and downs, warns Parenteau.

Because the Parenteaus lacked a mentor to guide them through the ins and outs of running a business, they want to ensure that their children, Mandy and Randall, benefit from their experience. From helping out at trade and craft shows to harvesting berries, the kids are involved in every aspect of the operation. And with the number of Aboriginal entrepreneurs on the rise, many under the age of 35, there's a good chance that Mandy and Randall will follow in mom and dad's footsteps.

Business ownership can be a difficult and challenging venture, but also extremely gratifying and a dream come true.

You can find Parenteau's Gourmet Food products at specialty gift shops in Saskatoon and Regina, at HBC stores in Saskatchewan and Alberta, and at Saskmade Marketplace on 8th Street in Saskatoon.

Métis students Receive Prestigious Scholarships for Their Role in Making Communities Better

Two Métis students are among the winners of the 2008 *Canada Millennium Scholarship Foundation's* Excellence Awards. The awards recognize outstanding achievements in leadership, social innovation, academic performance and community service.

The award's goal is to assist outstanding students pursue a post-secondary education. This year's 1,052 entrance award laureates have distinguished themselves by their work in local, regional and international development projects, information and biological technologies, and community fundraising initiatives, while preparing themselves for studies and, ultimately, a career.

Hard work and dedication have spelled success for:

- Cheyne Dallyn, attending Carpenter High School in Meadow Lake, Saskatchewan; and
- Nicole Laplante, a mother of two, attending Sakewew High School in North Battleford, Saskatchewan.

Cheyne and Nicole are Provincial Award winners. They will both receive a cash award of \$4,000 towards the cost of studies at any university or college this fall, renewable to a maximum of \$16,000.



Cheyne Dallyn

"An investment in the education of these outstanding citizens is an investment in our society's future," said Norman Riddell, executive director and CEO of the *Canada Millennium Scholarship Foundation*. "These individuals have already demonstrated their ability to better the world around them; they know how to make a difference—something they will continue to do so long after the Foundation's mandate winds down at the end of next year."



Nicole Laplante with her twin daughters Daynex (left) and Jurzi (right)

Since 2000, the Foundation, through its different awards programs, has delivered 800,000 bursaries and scholarships, worth \$2.3 billion, to students. For a complete list of this year's laureates and more information about the Foundation and its programs, visit www.millenniumscholarships.ca.

Information:

Madelaine Rochon
Media Manager
Poirier Communications
Tel.: (613) 741-3200
E-mail: media1@poirier-communications.com

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National Aboriginal Day Festivities—June 20th and 21st, 2008

Article by Amy Gallagher and Photographs by Amy Gallagher and Christa Nicholat

On June 20 and 21, 2008, the Creator blessed us with beautiful weather as we celebrated and honoured the Aboriginal peoples of Canada on National Aboriginal Day. For this year's festivities, we headed out to Batoche and brought with us representatives from across Canada to speak and share their lifework with us. Upon arriving at Batoche, we were met by busses filled with students who had come from Saskatoon to learn about the Métis culture and the history of Batoche. Rita Bouvier started off the day by reading her newest book, *Better That Way*. Onlookers were mesmerized by the soft tone of her voice as she read with emotion, and included accounts from her own experiences. We were also very fortunate to have Gregory Scofield share some of his literature with us. The audience, including students and Elders, laughed as Gregory read stories told in his auntie's voice. For lunch, Friends of Batoche served *boulette* soup and bannock. The weather was so cooperative many of us couldn't help but have our soup out on the front lawn.



Amy Gallagher

Rita Flamand and Harriet Oaks

What would a Métis celebration be without two good friends speaking and sharing stories in our national language, Michif? Jeanne Pelletier's new children's

book, *The Story of the Rabbit Dance*, was read in English by Rita Flamand, who provided the Michif translation of the story, and in Michif by Harriet Oaks. After their reading, Rita and Harriet embraced and smiled just as two long-time friends often do.



Christa Nicholat

Edmonton Cultural Dancers

At the closing of the first day, the Edmonton Cultural Dancers performed numerous Métis jigs. The dancers performed individually, in pairs, and as a whole group. While their ages ranged significantly, it was easy to see that they have all been dancing for a long time. Dressed in blue and white, they demonstrated the "Broom Dance," the "Rabbit Dance," and finished off with the popular "Red River Jig."

Day two began with the commemoration and renaming of Fish Creek to Battle of Tourond's Coulee/Fish Creek (see article on page 41). After a short drive back to Batoche National Historic Site, opening ceremonies were held to recognize National Aboriginal Day. Elder Rose Fleury led everyone in prayer to thank the Creator for a beautiful day. The Smoking Sage drum group's drum rhythms brought a traditional sound to the event while they played between the day's



Amy Gallagher

Gregory Scofield

Canada travel to join us for the two days at Batoche. Representatives from the National Michif Speakers Association Steering Committee included Norman Fleury (Virden, MB), Rita Flamand (Camperville, MB), George Fleury (Minnedosa, MB), Harriet Oaks (Saskatoon, SK), and Claude Langan (Yorkton, SK). We also welcomed Anne Carriere-Acco (Laval, QC), Nathalie Kermoal (Edmonton, AB) Rita Bouvier (Saskatoon, SK) and Gregory Scofield (Maple Ridge, BC). All of our guests became well acquainted over the course of the two days, and especially on the drives to and from Batoche.

presentations. Presenters and readers for the afternoon included Robert Doucette, Nathalie Kermoal, Susan McKenzie, Anne Carriere-Acco, and Gregory Scofield.

GDI would like to thank everyone who came out for this celebration. We hope that you will join us next year as we again honour our people, our culture, and our heritage.

The Gabriel Dumont Institute (GDI) was honoured to have guests from all over

Battle of Tourond’s Coulee/Fish Creek— Where the Wind Whispers

Article by Amy Gallagher and Photographs by Jennifer Kastrukoff

If you go out to the Batoche area on a calm day when the wind is just soft enough to whisper in you ear, you might hear the pounding of hooves in the distance. The battles and occurrences that happened in that region in 1885 have left a great mark on the land and/or

the descendants of the people who fought a war for freedom. Tourond’s Coulee/ Fish Creek holds a story that will forever remain a part of this province's and country’s history. The Battle of Tourond’s Coulee/Fish Creek began on the morning of April 24, 1885. For the Métis it would be declared a victory that would allow them to prepare for further battles.



The singing of "O Canada" in Michif-Cree

Today, when you look out over this historic landmark it is hard to believe that a battle in which lives were taken took place on such beautiful land. The ground is rich with grass, and trees line the spot were water moves. This was at one time Madame Josephite Tourond’s home, and today a place where we honour the souls that rest there, and the people that risked their lives for the rights of the Métis people. For this reason, a commemoration and celebration took place on that very land on the day when



Plaque Unveiling Ceremony

Aboriginal people are honoured, National Aboriginal Day.

This commemoration led to the unveiling of the two plaques (one in English and French, and the other in Michif-French and Michif-Cree) that now stand on the historic site. As we have seen in the past, history is dictated by the people who write it. For many years, the area of Tourond's Coulee/Fish Creek was identified solely as "Fish Creek." When Major-General Frederick Middleton's army came to the area and encountered opposition, the Canadian troops identified the land as "Fish Creek." For the locals who resided in the area at that time, the place was known simply as "Tourond's Coulee," As the Métis' culture is comprised of two distinct entities, European and First Nations, we have a habit of combining things to create our own identity. So it seems fitting that after all these years of going between two names, we officially rename the area, "Battle of Tourond's Coulee/Fish Creek." And, as it should be, on the morning of June 21, 2008 with the unveiling of the plaques, the area received its new name.

I don't know if the wind blew on the day of that battle in April 1885, but I can assure you that on this commemoration morning, the wind was still as "O Canada" was sung in three of the four languages

that reside on those plaques. After Elder Rose Fleury led us in prayer, and the National Anthem was sung in English and French, and for the first time publicly, "O Canada" was sung in Michif-Cree by Harriet Oaks (translator), Norman Fleury, Rita Flamand, Claude Langan and Rene Laurin. We then listened to the Métis National Anthem followed by Rose-Marie Carey of Parks Canada, who said the welcome and introduction. On behalf of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada, Terrance Foster spoke just prior to Robert Doucette, President of the Métis Nation—Saskatchewan and GDI representative, who spoke to the historical background of Tourond's Coulee/Fish Creek. The address on behalf of the Government of Canada was given by the Honourable Brad Trost, Member of Parliament for Saskatoon—Humboldt. The new plaques were unveiled and read aloud in all four languages. Closing remarks were given by Terrence Foster which initiated the reception. Smoking Sage drum group alternated songs with the Métis fiddle and guitar music of Len Dumont, Mel Vandale, and Adele Gaudet. The melodies filled the air as people gathered to dance together and have bannock and juice. And if you listened carefully, for just a second, you may have caught something whispering in the wind.



Elder Rose Fleury

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