HIGHLIGHTS:

- This is a monologue taken from a radio broadcast in which he extolls the virtues of the Indian lifestyle in the past and applauds its survival and resurgence in the present. There are no particular index terms as such.

George: Propaganda is a destructive force. So much so that the wickedest, most violent man this world has ever spawned realized this and utilized, practised and finally developed it to the most sinister force imaginable. And yet, my dear friends, a form of propaganda has been in operation working, fermenting and consciously, God grant, to pull, weaken, strangle and kill the very spirit of the native peoples of this, your great dominion. One reads about the vilest aspects of the Indian, the laziest, the dirtiest, the most disrespectful characters too often. But rarely if ever at all do we hear the good respectable native. I have often wondered why more of these writers, and the man on the street too, haven't taken some trouble to investigate why the Indian had grown lazy. Why they had succumbed to filth and decadence. Were they not just a few years hence regarded as a noble and a proud race? Proud of their ancestry, proud of their accomplishments as artists, carvers, dancers, composers of songs, singers of
their own songs, storytellers, orators, hunters, warriors and proud of the body the Great Spirit had given them? I believe that this propaganda that I have mentioned had a direct and crippling effect on the entire structure of the native. He was called a dirty Siwash. He was branded lazy, shiftless, no good, cultish(?) heathen.

I am sorry to say that I have had the misfortune to hear some of their accusations personally. But rather proud that I have defended our honor and have seen some others do so with fists. And to this day I am intensely proud of them for the brave stand. How can anyone keep his faith, his conceptions of life if everywhere he turns he hears his name continually and persistently being disparged most unfairly? What else can he do but sink into despondency, take to drink and finally become bitter to very life itself? Unfortunately too many drowned their sorrows in the firewater his white brother provides for him. And it is no wonder that his cults(?) went under influence. The pent-up injuries that he has silently sustained from the too many indiscreet remarks made of his name explodes. A coward's way I admit, nevertheless an outlet to release his injured and sensitive feelings.

Because the average Indian may feel bitter today is no proof that they are all that way. I say that far too many of our white brothers refuse to look, to investigate what is under the rough surface of the Indian, the aboriginal race of this beautiful new world. But, my dear friends, I am happy to add that there are some who have done so. Some strong, honest, sympathetic men and women who had the wisdom to investigate, to prod, to coax, to look what was under the rough exterior, what went on in the minds of the now silent race. I believe that they, these few wise men, found some credible things. Yes, even some instructive material that has proved its value. I have a firm conviction that they will uncover untold subject material that will contribute to the benefit of Canada's own culture. It is through these understanding few that more and more of our own have found his true self once again. It is through their true, sympathetic attitude that he has regained more and more of his confidence.

The erstwhile silent Indian no more nods his head in assent because that is the surest and quickest way to get rid of unfavorable queries. I believe that today he is ready to divulge more and more of the intimate aspects surrounding his past culture, his seemingly peculiar customs and the conceptions of his past life. He is emerging from the shell that he retired into so completely but a few decades a ago. Once more is he holding his head high as of old, with a look that will meet your own. For he is beginning to inquire, to ask, yes, to demand for adjustments, for restitutions. More and more native people are winning credible places in the professional and industrial world and taking on responsibilities. To enumerate them would take up too much time on this program. It is sufficient to say that they have blazed the trail for others to
follow. They have broken the ground, have and will prove beyond measure that his vocabulary consists of more than the oft ridiculed "Uh" which often is much, much too often associated with all Indians. He is again finding his tongue. His thoughts are reawakening and throbbing into life, breaking out in periodicals, edited, managed, and financed by themselves. They are once more banding, welding themselves into strong brotherhoods and associations throughout the breadth of the dominion.

The movement is still in its infancy yet the glowing results achieved proves without a doubt that the heritage that his ancestors had left him is not altogether dead but had only lapsed and became dormant. Because of the few wise white men who were ready to condescend and offer a helping hand is he prevailed upon to break the shell into which he crept unto silence. Today the province-wide conventions they hold and whose management is credible to any man's language, has brought forth native men whose minds are surprisingly alert and whose wisdom is most desirable.

Incidentally, dear friends, the principles of democracy reign supreme in these conventions. There too is nursed and fostered back to life the remnants of a once proud race. The ashes of his past have been gathered together, rekindled, and it has begun to burn anew. Keep up the fight, you brave leaders. In this young hour have you shown your wisdom. With your guidance have we broken the surface of the tide that so nearly engulfed us to its entirety. The undertow is weakening. The straw that you grabbed proved to be a strong, helping, and understanding hand. Hang on! Fight! Your job is just begun.

You, mister average man on the street, please don't misunderstand me. We don't want you to fuss over us. Our self-same pride forbids that but we do want you to forget that there is such words as, "a dirty Siwash." Think before you condemn us. Think. Have you been participating in this propaganda? Have you been, all unbeknown to your better judgment, instrumental towards the degradation of a once proud and noble race? Lay off and give us a fighting chance. That is all we ask. We shall rise again, this time to adjust ourselves to a new culture. This new philosophy of yours is different. Totally opposite to that of our own. Ours was to give, yours to grab, to accumulate, to store. A sound ideal but it will take time for the transition. It is with these ideas and convictions that I approach this subject. With this in my heart have I attempted to acquaint yourselves with few of the countless native folklore tales and eventually, I hope, some of the interesting West Coast legends from the eyes and viewpoint of the Indian himself. With none of the worst aspects, but rather to tell in the way it was intended.

If I judge a town by the few tumble down shacks in the slum area without investigating the whole, I am a fool. Yet some are prone to do just that in passing judgment on us. Indians of yesterday were clever artists, carvers, basket and blanket
weavers. They made beautiful canoes, headdresses, grotesque masks that possess its own individuality. The practice of distortion was followed to achieve more strength, to emphasize more feeling rather than to gain recognition by virtue of originality. Unlike those who go to the extremes to gain that end today.

The variety of designs they employed were numerous indeed and were seldom repeated by the different house or clan. The colors our artists, carvers, and basket weavers created and used were fast and have withstood remarkably well the ravages of time. Their hunting was full of romance as well as excitement. The methods they employed would make a story in itself. Their fishing, too, was wrought with romance, for they fished the smallest species to mammals of the sea in fragile canoes with a bow and arrow or his imposing whale harpoon. Their clothing was rough, sometimes woven, sometimes tanned from the raw and elusive sea otter whose pelts were later reserved for the use of rich, oriental princes and for royal robes. Their food was plain, wholesome and certainly balanced. The herbs, root, barks, bulbs and greens they utilized has startled modern minds, including the medical world.

They practised a form of a severe rubdown of the entire body with sweet smelling evergreens in cold spring or sea water which was begun when he was very young. And he adhered to this rule rigidly, including it with the principles of his daily conduct. Body odor was frowned upon and was shunned especially by hunters. More so because catching their game depended on close proximity of his quarry. Thus human odor was quite unknown.

The native gave guidance to his children while they were still very young, while they could still hold them on their knees and impart what was in his heart to his offspring. This was begun by telling simple and yet instructive educational stories. Stories of animal life, stories of bird life and finally stories and legends of their ancestors. They were taught the stark realities of life such as they were in those rugged days. He was taught to pray, to beseech in the wilderness, in the depths of the forest, in the sacred bathing pools or caverns, to the Great Spirit that created him and who will provide for the morrow. And he was taught to give, to provide for his clan, to make that his supreme mission in life. His philosophy demanded of him severe sacrifices and self-denial. Life demanded of him a sound body. He had acquired both and so life was full. And now I hope to introduce a few of the folklore tales designed especially for children in my coming program. I sincerely hope that we shall know each other ever so much better then, that is you, the white, and us, the so-called red race.

(END OF SIDE A)

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