Hugh: ...interview April 3, 1968 between Hugh McMillan, Archives Liaison Officer, Ontario Archives, and this is Mrs. Peter Nadjiwon, Cape Croker Indian Reserve.

Hugh: Now this is an interview with Mrs. Peter Nadjiwon of the Cape Croker Indian Reserve. Now your grandmother was who?

Mrs. N.: Mrs. Peter Jones. And they was the, you know, very first settlers here.

Hugh: At the Cape Croker Reserve?

Mrs. N.: At the Cape Croker Reserve, after it was declared...

Hugh: Was her husband was what, the first chief after the reserve, after this area was declared a reserve?

Mrs. N.: Yeah, that's true.

Hugh: When would they have come here about, Mrs. Nadjiwon?

Mrs. N.: Oh, I wouldn't just exactly know. Adolph, he was 98 when he died, it must have been...
Hugh: She was 98 when she died?

Mrs. N.: Yes, she was 98 when she died. And this here Charlie Jones was the first son that was born here and it seems he was born the following summer after they landed here. So then he was 98 or 99 when he died, and he must be dead about 15 or 18 years ago.

Hugh: So that would be back about 1918? Her son, Charlie Jones, died about 16 years ago. That would be about 1958, about 1953 or '54.

Mrs. N.: 1854 you mean.

Hugh: No, when he died.

Mrs. N.: Yes.

Hugh: He died about 1954 and he was about 98 himself when he died.

Mrs. N.: Yes, 98 or 99.

Hugh: And he came here as a child.

Mrs. N.: He was born here after they arrived, and that summer he was born.

Hugh: So in other words they would have arrived in the early 1850s?

Mrs. N.: Yeah, that's it.

Hugh: Right. You mentioned that your grandmother's name was McLeod, Margaret McLeod.

Mrs. N.: Margaret McLeod, yeah, that's right.

Hugh: And where did she come from?

Mrs. N.: As far as I know she always speaks of La Cloche in the early days, so beyond that I don't know, whether they always lived at La Cloche or not. And I don't know how they got to Owen Sound. You see, they were in Owen Sound. They came from Owen Sound, but she used to always speak of this La Cloche. So whether they were born there or not, or whether they just came there.

Hugh: Well, where is La Cloche?

Mrs. N.: It's a little past Little Current, on the mainland.

Hugh: On Lake Huron, on the north shore of Lake Huron?
Mrs. N.: Yeah, north shore, yeah.
Hugh: Just near Manitoulin Island.
Mrs. N.: Past Manitoulin Island.
Hugh: Yes, west of Manitoulin Island.
Mrs. N.: No, north of Manitoulin.
Hugh: Or northwest, yeah. On the mainland.
Mrs. N.: Yes.
Hugh: Well she would be what, part Indian, part Ojibway, and part Scotch?
Mrs. N.: Well, it's really hard to tell. She was fair, she was fair, and then she spoke French, and she spoke Indian, and she spoke English. Which one of those is her...?
Hugh: Did she speak Ojibway too?
Mrs. N.: Oh yes, fluently.
Hugh: And she spoke French?
Mrs. N.: Yes.
Hugh: And also English?
Mrs. N.: Yeah.
Hugh: Well of course, many of the early fur traders were French, and it was the common language of the fur trade, that and the different Indian dialects. French was much more common in the fur trade than English was, really, because of the fact that the French were the ones that sort of started the fur trade with the Indians.
Mrs. N.: Yeah, that's right. I know that she used to always say that she would like to go back to La Cloche just to see. So they must have came there very early, or else they were born there, I wouldn't know.
Hugh: Well, she came here. Now her son, this Charlie Jones that you mentioned, was born here. Did she have a large family?
Mrs. N.: Well yes, about six, I guess. There was one, two, three, four, five, six, I guess, five boys and a girl.
Hugh: Five boys and one girl.
Mrs. N.: Yes.
Hugh: And what were their names, do you remember?
Mrs. N.: Those are the ones that I gave you, isn't it? No?

Hugh: That was the grandsons. There was Charlie Jones.

Mrs. N.: There was Elijah, that was the first one. He was born in Owen Sound.

Hugh: His name was Elijah Jones?

Mrs. N.: Elijah Jones. Then there was Charlie Jones.

Hugh: Charlie Jones, and he was the next chief.

Mrs. N.: Yeah, and there's Joseph Jones. And then there was George Jones, and then there was Tom Jones. And there was my mother, Ethel Jones.

Hugh: Oh yes, your mother Ethel, right.

Mrs. N.: So that's six.

Hugh: Well now her husband, your grandfather Jones, what was his first name?

Mrs. N.: Peter.

Hugh: Peter, oh yes. And he was the first chief here. Now did he come down from up around La Cloche or where did he come from?

Mrs. N.: Well that's it, I wouldn't know. Isn't that funny that they never mentioned? Some say he came from, you know, they call that war? Not the Boer War, western rebellion?

Hugh: You mean the Mackenzie Rebellion, 1837-38?

Mrs. N.: Something like that. Anyway he knew this here... Who was that fellow that was hanged there? Riel. I kind of imagine he came from there.

Hugh: You mean from the west then?

Mrs. N.: From the west what... You know, this funny story. They claim that when the Indians were defeated they started to run and somehow they took this baby. And they brought it down and they raised it. And, you know, he was awfully fair. He didn't even have the Indian features. So, you know, you kind of believe that. He didn't seem to ever speak of his brothers or any relatives. It seemed that he didn't have any.

Hugh: Well, if he'd been involved in the Riel Rebellion, I mean he... You were saying before that he would have come here about...

Mrs. N.: When he was just a baby. They say he was just
strapped in a cradle.

Hugh: Well, that's your Charlie Jones.

Mrs. N.: No, no, my grandfather. Isn't that the one you're speaking of?

Hugh: Yes.

Mrs. N.: Charlie Jones was born here, but my grandfather... I wouldn't, I never heard him say, "That's where I came from. That's where I used to live." He never did. But, you know, the people would talk.

Hugh: Well, your grandmother came here as a young woman.

Mrs. N.: She must have been practically young, yes. That was his second child, and then he had... Mother must have been about 26 or something like that. I'm not sure, I couldn't say. Well, she seems quite young looking...

Hugh: Now you mentioned, Mrs. Nadjiwon, that on thinking it over it wasn't Peter Jones that was taken by the Indians and raised, it was Peter Jones's father.

Mrs. N.: Yes, that's right.

Hugh: So this would have been some time before they came to Cape Croker in the 1850s.

Mrs. N.: Oh, long ways from there.

Hugh: Back of that?

Mrs. N.: Back of that.

Hugh: Did you ever hear where Peter Jones came from?

Mrs. N.: No, that's... Nobody seems to know where he really came from.

Hugh: He'd be just part Indian then, because you were saying that his father was taken by the Indians and was a white child.

Mrs. N.: It was a white child. Maybe he wasn't an Indian at all, maybe he didn't have any Indian blood in him at all.

Hugh: But Peter Jones would have some because...

Mrs. N.: Well, yeah.

Hugh: The father, the white child taken by the Indians lived with the Indians and presumably married an Indian woman, did he?

Mrs. N.: Who, Peter Jones? Yeah.
Hugh: Peter Jones's mother, was she an Indian?

Mrs. N.: Oh, she must have been an Indian, I never heard. You know, I just can't say that he was but he must have, because they were living with the Indians it seems.

Hugh: Well, Peter Jones and the Indians that came to Cape Croker came up here from where, from Saugeen?

Mrs. N.: No, from Owen Sound.

Hugh: Oh, from Owen Sound, around Owen Sound.

Mrs. N.: Yes.

Hugh: You mentioned last night that your grandmother, whose picture we have here, Mrs. Peter Jones, that her name was McLeod and that she came from La Cloche.

Mrs. N.: Yes, as far as I know.

Hugh: Do you remember her saying anything much about her family?

Mrs. N.: No. She used to say how poor they were, like, you know, they found it hard, because it was only their mother that kept them. And they really started working at an early age to help the family. It seems that they had quite a big family. That's about all that, you know, she used to just talk about.

Hugh: Did her mother come here when she came to the reserve?

Mrs. N.: Yes.

Hugh: Her mother came, she came with her mother?

Mrs. N.: Well yes, I think she must have come with her mother.

Hugh: And then she married Peter Jones after she came here?

Mrs. N.: No, no, they were already married.

Hugh: Oh, they were married when they came.

Mrs. N.: Yeah, their second child was born here.

Hugh: Well that's back around 1858, right?

Mrs. N.: And then Peter Jones, that was his second wife.

Hugh: That was his second wife, Peter Jones's second wife?

Mrs. N.: Yes. So he must have been much older than she was.
Hugh: Yes, he probably would be. Well, he died much earlier. You were mentioning that he died about 1904, and that he was the same age as Queen Victoria.

Mrs. N.: That's right.

Hugh: Who was his first wife, do you know?

Mrs. N.: Oh I wouldn't know, I never heard. I really never heard.

Hugh: What, what did... When the Indians came to this reserve first they did a lot of fishing here, I understand.

Mrs. N.: Well yes, I suppose they did what they could for their living. And then they really got busy to settle, you know. They got a little help from the government to build houses. Not many, but enough to get by. They were really conscientious, I guess you'd...

Hugh: They, well of course they would have been cutting a lot of logs.

Mrs. N.: Oh yes, this was virgin timber here. They'd really...

Hugh: And this would be the big means of making a living, would it, cutting timber?

Mrs. N.: Oh yes. And then later on, I suppose, they started a farm. I remember that they... In fact everybody farmed in a little small way.

Hugh: Yes, all of them, pretty near all the families did.

Mrs. N.: Yeah, and then they fished.

Hugh: They fished too.

Mrs. N.: Maybe to eat, like I don't think they ever sold them. Not till later years anyways.

Hugh: Well did you ever do any fishing yourself?

Mrs. N.: No. I went out trolling a couple of times.

Hugh: You didn't do any commercial fishing though?

Mrs. N.: No, I didn't.

Hugh: Did you father?

Mrs. N.: Well, just fishing for the winter like, you know, winter supply, that's about all. I don't ever remember him going out to, you know, to sell.
Hugh: Your son that was here last night, he mentioned these series of caves that are on the escarpment here. Were they sort of Indian burial sites, you might say?

Mrs. N.: Well, I suppose there were, you know, there... I don't know whether they were hiding or something like that. It seems to me that they were trapped there, or surrounded, maybe, by their enemy. I don't know.

Hugh: There's quite a collection of bones.

Mrs. N.: That's what I saw in the picture. I know when I was just a little kid that my grandmother took me to Hope Bay, that's the next... We took a walk along the shore there and then we came to a cave, quite a long narrow cave. We looked in and you could see the shape of a body, two of them, laying side by side. And it was just, you know, years it was laying there and it was covered with dust. But you could still see the outline of a... I still remember that so good.

Hugh: And this was right near water level?

Mrs. N.: Yeah. Not at the water level but up from the water level.

Hugh: There was sort of an under cut in the bank, like a cave. Well, you'd have been just... You're 70 now?

Mrs. N.: Yeah, I'm 72, 71. I must have been old, I was driving to school, must have been about five or six maybe.

Hugh: So this would be just a little after 1900s then?

Mrs. N.: Oh yeah. About 1900s.

Hugh: That's quite interesting, and was your grandmother, your name was Keeshig. Is this your grandmother Keeshig?

Mrs. N.: No, Jones.

Hugh: Your grandmother Jones?

Mrs. N.: Yes.

Hugh: Oh, that took you and showed you this?

Mrs. N.: That's the one.

Hugh: Did she say anything more about that spot?

Mrs. N.: No, she just said, "Of course the kids will throw stones or something." We start doing that and she told us not to bother because some day there, you know, they did believe that some day you'll rise, the last day. She said, "Just leave them there. That's where they'll rise the last day." So we didn't bother them.
Hugh:   Well, that wouldn't be the same spot that your son was (inaudible)?

Mrs. N.:   No, no this was on the other bluff.

Hugh:   This was on the bluff at Hope Bay, that spot that you talk of.

Mrs. N.:   Yeah, there's Hope Bay. But this is Sydney Bay he was talking about.

Hugh:   He was talking about Sydney Bay?

Mrs. N.:   Yes.

Hugh:   Oh yes, which is on the other side?

Mrs. N.:   No, on this side, just part of the park.

Hugh:   Is that on Georgian Bay side, or Lake Huron side?

Mrs. N.:   Oh yes, Georgian Bay is right here. I have never visit it those -- I always wanted to go. It seems they just discovered those lately, you know, not very many years ago.

Hugh:   That's through their work on the Bruce Trail, I suppose, is it?

Mrs. N.:   I think it was before that too. Somebody just sort of tumbled into them and started to clear it away a little bit, I guess. I've never been there.

Hugh:   Well it would be interesting to have some archeological work done on that site.

Mrs. N.:   It's a wonder that they haven't buried it yet, because there's always... I think somebody did take a few bones.

Hugh:   Right. Well, as your son was saying, they'd have to get in touch with the band council. The archeologists would have to get in touch with the band council first before they could do anything.

Mrs. N.:   Yeah, they'd have to get permission, that's right.

Hugh:   Did your grandmother Jones say anything about her father? Her name was McLeod before she was married...

Mrs. N.:   No, as I said before, he must have died long before they remembered, because she never did say anything.

Hugh:   But he, he was supposed to have been in the fur trade, was he?
Mrs. N.: Well he was employed maybe by the Hudson's Bay.
Hugh: By the Hudson's Bay Company?
Mrs. N.: That's how they came there.
Hugh: Right. Well of course the Hudson's Bay Company had a post at La Cloche.
Mrs. N.: Yeah, yes. The old buildings are still there, part of them, you know.
Hugh: Are they?
Mrs. N.: Yeah. It's interesting, great big logs and long...
Hugh: You've been up to see that, have you?
Mrs. N.: I've been up to see them. And it's really amazing how it stands up, you know. They didn't have no nails or anything, they just had those...
Hugh: It would be all put together with pins?

Mrs. N.: Pins, like. And then the plaster that they had in between the logs is so hard that you can't crack it. Whatever they used, it's really amazing.
Hugh: Did your grandmother Jones have any brothers?
Mrs. N.: Oh yes, Joe McLeod.
Hugh: What was his name, Joe McLeod?
Mrs. N.: Yeah. And then she had a sister, Mrs. Fred Johnson, she'd know.
Hugh: Did this Joe McLeod have any descendants?
Mrs. N.: Yes.
Hugh: What are their names? Are there any McLeods living around here that are descendants?
Mrs. N.: Yeah, there's Norm McLeod still alive. He's pretty old.
Hugh: Where does he live?
Mrs. N.: Way up. That's another one that would know quite a bit about...
Hugh: Could we go and see him?
Mrs. N.: I suppose, if he's sober. Oh Louise, that was her other sister, she was Mrs. Johnson. Mrs. Fred Johnson, no,
John Johnson, Mrs. John Johnson.

Hugh: Do you remember Mrs. Solomon? You remember Mrs. Peter Jones, eh?

Lady: Yes.

Hugh: And did you ever hear her talking about her father, McLeod, who was a fur trader?

Lady: No, no. I never did.

Mrs. N.: He must have died long before.

Lady: No, well they come from Montreal.

Hugh: Well, when you say Joe McLeod who was he? Was he Mrs. Jones's father?

Lady: No, brother. (Name) came from Quebec when they first came here in the reserve.

Hugh: Now they were at La Cloche though at some point, eh?

Mrs. N.: Yeah, they were at La Cloche, but way in and how they got there... That's where she lived is La Cloche. She always wanted to go and see that old place.

Hugh: Well, this Joe McLeod that Mrs. Solomon speaks of, that's the man that you mentioned earlier, the same Joe McLeod who was a brother of your grandmother, Mrs. Peter Jones.

Mrs. N.: That's right. Oh, I don't know much about them.

Hugh: You seem to have a bit of information anyways. And Joe McLeod, this is Joe McLeod's son that's living, is it, or his grandson?

Mrs. N.: That's right, that's McLeod's son.

Hugh: How old a man is he now?

Mrs. N.: Oh good heavens, he must be about 84. But his mind is quite fair, and he's very interesting.

Hugh: Did your grandmother, Mrs. Jones, did she know many of the Indian legends they had around here?

Mrs. N.: Oh, I suppose she did. Like the rest of them, you know.

Hugh: Did she ever tell you any of them?

Mrs. N.: Oh yes. They were interesting at the time but we soon forgot them. That's another thing that should have been put down. Goodness they are interesting -- I'm interested in
Hugh: Are there any of them you remember off hand?

Mrs. N.: Oh, goodness no. It would take quite a while before my mind turns around. But I think you it would pay you to go see this McLeod, though. He's very interesting.

Hugh: Yeah. Would you go up with me?

Mrs. N.: Well, I can't really leave too long, because I'm waiting for...

(END OF INTERVIEW)

INDEX

INDEX TERM        IH NUMBER        DOC NAME    DISC #      PAGE #

DEATH
-graveyards, grave sites  IH-OA.029  MRS.NADJIWON  130  13-15
RIEL REBELLION (1885) -aftermath of
                         IH-OA.029  MRS.NADJIWON  130  7

PROPER NAME INDEX

PROPER NAME        IH NUMBER        DOC NAME    DISC #      PAGE #

CAPE CROKER RESERVE, ONT.  IH-OA.029  MRS.NADJIWON  130  2,8,9
LA CLOCHE, ONT.          IH-OA.029  MRS.NADJIWON  130  7