

Wigwam to Wigwam

Native Soldiers Remembered

Chief Joe Dreaver of the Mistawasis Cree Band was one of many Natives who served in both World Wars. During the first World War, he was a sapper who earned the Military Medal (MM) at Ypres. Although he had seen war's ugliest side, having lost one brother at Vimy Ridge and another at home from wounds received at Vimy, he did not hesitate to offer assistance when war erupted again.

Dreaver left his farm and drove 17 men from his reserve north of Leask, Saskatchewan, to Saskatoon to enlist. Three of the men were his own sons. Two of his daughters also served, and a younger brother went overseas as well. At 48, the Chief himself was past the age for overseas service. He remained in Canada with the Veterans Guard, watching over prisoners of war in Medicine Hat, Alberta.

Like the Dreaver family, the McLeods of Cape Croker, Ontario, made an extraordinary family sacrifice. John, an Ojibwa, served overseas in the First World War and was a member of the Veterans Guard during the Second. Six of his sons and one of his daughters also enlisted. Two sons gave their lives, and another two were wounded. In 1972, John's wife Mary Louise McLeod, was named



Chief Joe Dreaver pictured above.

Canada's Silver Cross Mother. Mrs. McLeod became the first Canadian Indian to lay a wreath at the National War Memorial in Ottawa on behalf of all Canadian mothers who lost children to the wars.

The Second World War also saw Tom Longboat return to service, as a member of the Veterans Guard. He was stationed at a military camp near Brantford. His two sons, Thomas, Jr. and Theodore, saw action for the first time. Though not with the army, Francis Pegahmagabow helped the war effort by working as a security guard for a defense industry near the Parry Island Reserve.

Reference - Veterans Affairs Canada



November 2007

Special points of interest:

- Native Soldiers Remembered
- GTA Remembrance Day Celebrations
- NCCT Ceremony

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Remembering Canadian Veterans



Mrs. Mary Louise McLeod is pictured above (centre) with her two daughters in 1972 as Canada's representative Silver Cross Mother at the National War Memorial. Mrs. McLeod lost two sons in the Second World War, another two were wounded. Mrs. McLeod was the first Native person to lay a wreath at the National War Memorial.

City of Toronto Ceremonies

East York Civic Centre 10:45 am -

Memorial Gardens - 850 Coxwell Avenue

Etobicoke Civic Centre 10:15 am -

Cenotaph - 399 The West Mall

North York Civic Centre 10:45 am -

Memorial Community Hall - 5100 Yonge Street

Toronto Old City Hall 10:30 am -

Cenotaph - 60 Queen Street West

York Civic Centre 10:45 am -

York Memorial Collegiate Auditorium

2690 Eglinton Avenue West

Historic Fort York/Garrison Common Cemetery

100 Garrison Road

TERRACE HAPPENINGS

There have been a number of projects on the go at Wigwamen Terrace over the last month. All of the toilets have been replaced, along with the installation of aerators in both of the kitchen and bathroom faucets. We realize that this has been an adjustment and hope that you will view this as a step towards energy conservation.

Every unit has had a fire safety device called SAFE-T-ELEMENTS installed to their stove top elements. The elements have been installed for the safety and well-being of all Terrace tenants. The installation process went very smoothly and the Wigwamen staff would like to thank everyone for their patience and accommodation.

Future dates to mark on your calendar:

- ◆ November 20, 2007 - Onyx Fire Protection Services will be in the building to conduct the annual building and unit inspection. It is mandatory for all units to be inspected.
- ◆ November 30, 2007 - Frances will be hosting another one her fabulous pancake breakfasts.
- ◆ December 7, 2007 - Wigwamen Incorporated staff will be hosting the annual Terrace Tenant Christmas Party.

Wigwamen staff and tenants would like to welcome Emma Vautour and Diane Rivard to our community.

Sarah Jayne Kendall - Wigwamen Terrace Manager

The Long Winter - Slavey Nation

Before any humans walked the earth, when the world was the land of the animals, a very long winter set in. The sun did not come out for three years. The air was always dark. Thick clouds hung low and covered the sky. It snowed all the time. The animals were suffering very much from this long winter. The lack of food was alarming enough, and the lack of heat made it all absolutely unbearable. They became greatly frightened.

The animals called for a grand council to be held. All the beasts, birds, and fishes of all sizes and shapes were invited. At the grand gathering, as the animals looked about, they realized that one creature in all the animal world was missing: Bear. Then they realized that no one had seen any bears for three years.

All the animals quickly agreed that the most important thing to do was to find out what had become of the heat, for without heat their sufferings would never end. Yes, the heat must be found! And it must be brought back again. They decided several quick and brave animals would go on a search mission to the upper world. That's where they suspected the heat had been taken. These are the animals chosen for the mission: Lynx, Fox, Wolf, Wolverine, Mouse, Pike (a freshwater fish), and Dogfish (a kind of small shark - dogfish is a funny name for a shark, isn't it?). After much traveling far and wide through the air, the group finally found the hidden doorway that opened to the upper world. Excited, they all climbed upward to the world above.

After exploring the upper world for some time, they saw a lake. By the lake burned a campfire with a tipi beside it. By the tipi were two young bears. They asked the cubs where their mother was, and were told she was off hunting. Inside the tipi, a number of big, round bags were hanging up. The animal visitors pointed to the first bag and asked the cubs, "What is in this bag?"

"That," they said, "is where our mother keeps the rain."

"And what is in this one?" the animals said, pointing to the second bag.

"That," the cubs answered, "is the wind."

"And this one?"

"That is where mother keeps the fog."

"And what may be in this next bag?" said the animals.

"Oh, we cannot let you know that," said the cubs, "for our mother told us it was a great secret, and if we tell, she will be very angry and will bop us on our heads when she returns."

"Oh, don't be afraid," said the fox. "You can tell us. She will never know."

Then the cubs whispered, "That is the bag where she keeps the heat."

"Aahh ..." said the visitors. They glanced at one another, and stammered their good-byes. Outside the tipi, they rushed to a hidden spot and held a quick council. Their first agreement was that they should leave the bears' campsite at once, as the mother bear might return at any time. This they did, and found a safer spot to hide. The next topic was more difficult. How to capture the bag with the heat?

"We need to distract the old mother bear somehow," said Fox.

"I know!" said Lynx. "I'll change myself into a deer on the other side of the lake."

"Good idea!" said Wolverine. "The mother bear will see you across the lake and she'll want to hunt you. She'll have to paddle her canoe across the lake, and that will give us time to get the bag with the heat."

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**Aboriginal
Remembrance Day
Sunday, November 11, 2007
10:30 am to 11:45 am**

**Sacred Fire
Pipe Ceremony**

**Senior Veteran: Angus Stevens
Grandmother: Jacqui Lavallee**

Regimental and Branch Service Representatives:

**Toronto Area Support Unit: Maj. Bruce Wistead (ret'd)
MCpl. Bill Kochie (ASU T-Maint),
Cpl. Tarra Currie (DRDC),
Cpl. Kelly Cook (2ASG Sigs),
Ms. Sheila Hackett (32 Health Sve),
Nancy Wistead, Kathleen Blackbird**

Lunch served at 12:00 Noon

EVERYONE WELCOME

For information contact:

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Kids' Stuff!



Colour-Me-In

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

By John McCrae (1915)

The Long Winter...continued from page 3

"Better yet," squeaked Mouse, "I'll chew a deep cut in the bear's paddle near the blade, so it will take her even longer to canoe across."

"Yes, yes!" cried the others.

So Lynx went around to the other side of the lake and turned into a deer. Now as a Deer, he wandered near the edge of the lake to attract Bear's attention. In the meantime, Mouse scrambled into Bear's canoe and chewed a deep cut in the handle of her paddle close to the blade. The others hid near Bear's tipi.

When one of the bear cubs saw the supposed deer across the lake he cried out, look at the deer on the opposite shore!" The old mother Bear immediately jumped into her canoe and paddled toward it. Deer walked slowly along the beach pretending not to see the canoe, so as to tempt Bear to paddle up close to him. Then all at once Deer doubled about and ran the opposite way. Old Bear threw her whole weight on the paddle to make it go faster, and the paddle broke suddenly where Mouse had gnawed it. The force of Bear's weight threw her into the water. The other animals were watching the hunt from the other side, and as soon as they saw the mother Bear floundering in the water, they ran into the tipi and pulled down the bag containing the heat. One at a time, they tugged the bag through the air toward the opening to the lower world from where they had come.

They hurried to get back to the opening as fast as they could, but the bag was very large, and none of them was able to keep up the pace for long. Whenever one tired out, another would take the bag, and in this way they hastened along as quickly as they could, for they knew that the old mother Bear would soon get ashore and return to her tipi, and that when she did she would discover the missing bag. Then she'd be furious and follow their footprints to catch them! Sure enough, the old mother Bear was soon in hot pursuit, and had almost overtaken the animals when they spied just up ahead the opening to the world below. By this time the stronger animals were all so tired, they could hardly move at all. Now Dogfish (the small shark) took the bag and pulled it along a good way, and finally Pike (the freshwater fish) managed to inch it along some more.

At that very moment, Bear lurched toward them. All the animals together pushed the bag until it tipped through the hole to the lower world and they each jumped in after it to safety, just in time. As soon as the bag dropped to the world below, it broke and all the heat crammed inside the bag rushed out. Warmth spread at once to all parts of the world and quickly thawed the ice and snow. Flood waters ran high for many weeks, but then the waters subsided. The trees and bushes and flowers which had been covered by ice grew green leaves once more, and springtime bloomed anew. From that time 'til now, the world has always seen a warm season returning after a cold one, just as we see it today.



Krystal, Alberta CAN

Story told by the Slavey Nation - Northwest Canada

Terrace Kitchen

Split Pea Soup Recipe

Ingredients

- 1 3/4 cups dried green split peas
- 7 cups water -- divided
- 3/4 pound peeled cubed round red potato --(2 1/2 cups)
- 2 cups chopped onions
- 1 cup chopped green bell pepper
- 3/4 cup thinly sliced carrot
- 2 1/2 ounces finely chopped lean turkey ham --(1/2 cup)
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. ground red pepper
- 3 1/2 ounces low sodium chicken broth -- (3 cans)
- 1 clove garlic -- halved

Directions

Sort and wash peas; place in a large Dutch oven. Add 2 cups water, and bring to a boil; cook 2 minutes. Remove from heat; cover and let stand 1 hour. Add remaining 5 cups of water and remaining ingredients; bring to a boil. Reduce heat, and simmer, uncovered, 2 1/2 hours or until peas are very tender. Place one-third of the mixture in the container of an electric blender; cover and process until smooth. Pour pureed mixture into a large bowl. Repeat the procedure with the remaining mixture.



Corn Puffins

Ingredients

- 2 tbs. cornmeal
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tbs. butter (melted)
- 1 cup all purpose flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt (do not leave this out)
- 1/2 cup frozen corn, thawed (does not have to be)
- 1/4 cup thinly sliced green onions

Directions

Preheat oven to 425°F. Spray 12 muffin tins with non-stick spray, then spoon 1/4 tsp. cornmeal into each one. Shake and rotate to coat (most important step for puffin success, make sure each tin is FULLY coated with cornmeal). Mix milk, butter, eggs, flour and salt until not clumpy (don't over-do it). Add corn and onions. Put 1/4 cup mixture in each muffin tin. Put in middle of oven and bake for 30 minutes. If your puffins don't easily lift right out of the tins, run a knife around the edge.





YOUR "HOUSE TO HOUSE" NEWS

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Lest We Forget