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#### CHIEF YELLOW ROBE

One of the great hereditary chiefs, who plays "Chetoga" in "The Silent Enemy".



HE spoken prologue in "THE SILENT ENEMY" is an abbreviation of the following speech written by Chief Yellow Robe for the picture:

"This is the story of my people.

"In the beginning the Great Spirit gave us this land. The forests were ours and the prairies; the wild game was ours to hunt. We were happy when game was plenty; in years of famine we suffered. We loved our country and our homes.

"Now the White Man has come; his civilization has destroyed my people. Soon we would have been forgotten.

"But now this same civilization has preserved our traditions before it was too late; now you will know us as we really are. Everything that you will see here is real; everything as it always has been; our buck-skin clothes, our birch-bark canoes, our wigwams, and our bows and arrows; all were made by my people just as they always have done.

When you see my young men hunting, that is how their fathers hunted; when you see us cold and starving; when, after the great hunt you see us feasting and singing; that is how we always have lived; those are the songs our forefathers taught us.

"I thank the White Man on behalf of my people for making this picture. They studied the old records; they listened to our old men around the camp fire; we told them the stories our grandfathers taught us in our childhood; they lived with us in the Far North for nearly a year, sharing with us the hardships of a northern winter. Some of them travelled up into the Barren Lands over a thousand miles north of the railroad to record this history. That is why this picture is real.

"When you look at this picture, therefore, look not upon us as actors. We are Indians living once more our old life. Most of the Indians that you will see here do not speak English. They are in the forest now, hunting for game that is ever growing less, living even today the great drama of the North, the struggle for meat—a never-ending fight against 'THE SILENT ENEMY'."

# The Coming of the Great Caribou Herd

#### By CAPTAIN THIERRY MALLET

(Reprinted from the Atlantic Monthly by Courtesy of the Author and Editors)

WERE sitting round a little fire which we constantly fed with small dry twigs picked up here and there on the beach, when we saw across the river, on the horizon, a small yellow streak which seemed to be moving toward us. It looked exactly like a huge caterpillar creeping on the ground. We watched it intently. The yellow streak, little by little, grew in length and width until suddenly, in a second, it spread into a large spot, which, widening and widening on either side, still kept moving in our direction. It reminded me then of a swarm of locusts, such as one sees in South America, spreading over the fields after dropping to earth in a cloud from the sky.

In a few minutes the yellow patch had grown to such a size that we realized, far as we were from it, that it covered many acres. After that we began to see in the mass of yellow hundreds and thousands of tiny dots which moved individually. Then we knew what it was. It was a great herd of reindeer, the Barren Land caribou, migrating south.

#### A Stupendous Sight

Spellbound, we remained beside our camp fire, watching probably the most stupendous sight of wild game in North America since the bygone days of the buffalo.

On and on the horde came, straight for the narrows of the river where we were camped. While the flanks of the herd stretched irregularly a mile or so on each side of the head, the latter remained plainly pointed in the same direction. One felt instinctively the unswerving leadership which governed that immense mutitude. For two hours we sat there, looking and looking, until the caribou were only a few yards from the water's edge, right across the river from where we were.

An old doe, nearly white, led by twenty lengths; then came three or four full-grown bucks, walking side by side. After them started a column of animals of all sizes and descriptions. That column widened like a fan until it lost itself on either side of a swarm of caribou, so closely packed together that acres and acres of soft gray moss were completely hidden by their moving bodies. And the noise of their hoofs and the breathing of their lungs sounded like far-away thunder.

#### Countless Thousands

When the old doe reached the water, she stopped. The bucks joined her on either side. Little by little, right and left, thousands of animals lined the bank for over a mile. Behind them thousands more, which could not make their way through the closed ranks in front of them, stopped. Then all their heads went up, bucks, does, yearlings, fawns, and motionless, they looked at the Kazan River. Not a sound could be heard. My eyes ached under the strain. Beside me I could feel one of my Indians trembling like a leaf in his excitement. I started counting and reached three thousand. Then I gave it up. There were too many.

After what seemed to us an interminable pause, the leading doe and the big bucks moved forward. Unhesitatingly they

### "SHOOTING" WILD ANIMAL SCENES

The producers have already been asked many questions as to how the animal scenes were secured. That the animal "shots" took infinite time and patience anyone who has worked on animal photography will know only too well. Even the short flashes of the beaver in the first reel of the picture took a month to get. The scenes of the Medicine Man hunting the buck took seven weeks of steady work. It took two months to get the "shots" of the mountain lion and bear fight, and the producers considered themselves lucky to get them at all.

The scenes of the timber wolves chasing the bull moose took another two months and Long Lance (Baluk) was very fortunate not to have been seriously injured in the encounter, as the bull moose is a great fighter and as quick as chain lightning with his hoofs.

Interesting as a detailed account of this work would be, it is obvious that the producers could not be expected to disclose their methods, as they feel that their knowledge of the animals, gained after years of actual hunting, has given them an advantage over the regular moving picture producers which they are naturally anxious not to lose.

walked slowly down the bank, took to the water, and started to swim across, straight for our little sandy cove.

In an instant the whole herd had moved, and with a roar of clattering hoofs, rolling stones, and churning waters, all the animals were pouring down the bank and breasting the icy current until the river foamed. On and on they came, swimming madly to the nearest point of the opposite shore. Nothing could stop them. Nothing could make them swerve.

#### The Herd Passes On

As soon as they landed they raced up the bank, giving way to the next ones behind them. We were standing up, then, behind our fire. The first ones saw us from the water, but they never changed their direction until they touched bottom. Then they scattered slightly on either side, giving us room. The next ones followed suit. And for what seemed to us an eternity we were surrounded by a sea of caribou galloping madly inland.

Finally the last one went by, a very small fawn, his mouth open and his tongue hanging out. Then silence reigned supreme again. The Barren Lands resumed their aspect of utter desolation. And nothing was left to show that the great herd of caribou had passed, save countless tracks on the sand and millions of gray hairs floating down the river to the sea.

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# The Autobiography of An Indian Boy

CHIEF Yellow Robe, one of the last of the hereditary chiefs among American Indians, one of the best known of his people in this country, with a personality of unusual picturesqueness, plays the role of Chetoga in 'The Silent Enemy." It was he who acted as master of ceremonies when former President Coolidge was officially adopted as a member of the Sioux tribe. Chief Yellow Robe spent about thirty years in the Government service among the Indians.

About three years ago, when the Chief was visiting the American Museum of Natural History, he was discovered by W. Douglas Burden, who at that time was looking far and wide for a suitable type to portray the part of the old chief

in the picture.

It took a long time to persuade Yellow Robe to participate in the filming of the story of his people. He finally consented and his portrayal of the Indian Chief is one of the high lights of the film.

The following is a sketch, written by Chief Yellow Robe, about his early childhood.

#### The Son of a Chief.

I was born in the southern part of what now is Montana, and as a boy lived with my people, the Lacote Oyata, or Sioux Nation, roaming the plains of what are now South and North Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming and Montana, principally hunting, fishing, and chasing buffaloes, occasionally my people going on the warpath upon the adjacent tribes and the white immigrants to the western country.

My father was named Tasinagi, or Yellow Robe, and was a son of a hereditary chief. He equally won his title as a

fearless warrior, runner and great hunter.

My mother was noted for her Indian beauty and her gentle, shy nature. She was called Tahcawin, meaning Fawn. She was skilled in every line of native art, and a faithful mother. I remember how she used to carry me on her back. I was her favorite child because I was her first born.

When I was still an infant, my father and mother gave a big feast to the chiefs, warriors, and medicine men of the tribe in my honor, and brought me before them. They named me Canowicakte, meaning Kill-in-Woods, and allowed one of the chiefs to pierce both of my ears with a sharp instrument, and my father gave away two of his best ponies. This signified that I would have the right to wear ear-rings.

#### Came of Sturdy Stock

My grandfather was a giant in strength and stature, and so was grandmother. They were my tutors in legends. Many hours I used to spend in their buffalo-hide tepees beside the bright campfire, to listen to their strange stories that had been handed down for generations. I was expected to commit to memory all these stories, that I might be able to relate them to my children.

I was taught to respect and reverence the Great Spirit, which was an essential to this life, and to know the importance of the past history of the tribe, and to study the great and inspiring deeds of the famous chiefs, warriors, and medicine men. Besides these things, my early training in the old customs was to learn how to make bows and arrows for hunting, riding on ponies, bareback, following buffalo in the chase, footracing, wrestling, swimming, and enduring all hardships.

#### INDIAN MUSIC

A special orchestral score was composed for the picture by Massard Kur Zhene. This sore is composed almost entirely of original Objibway melodies adapted to modern orchestration and musical idiom.

Mr. Kur Zhene had spent some time among the Ojibways collecting original melodies, and had about a hundred and fifty separate songs written down; it was from this collection that he chose the themes which he used in working up the score.

The song sung by the Indians in the happy village at the close of the picture was a song actually sung by the Indians of the expedition whenever there was any occasion for rejoicing. It's words, which are very interesting and typical of Ojibway poetry, are printed on the opposite page.

#### Early Training

Sometimes during the morning of a winter blizzard, my father used to wake me up out of my warm bed of buffalo robes, and dare me to go out and lie down in the deep snow and roll in it naked. This was not as a punishment but as a test in endurance.

I often followed my father on his hunting trips through the forest and watched him slay a deer or an elk. Many a time I have helped him to lift a deer on his back, or to drag one home in the snow. I became familiar with the character-

istics and habits of the animals and birds.

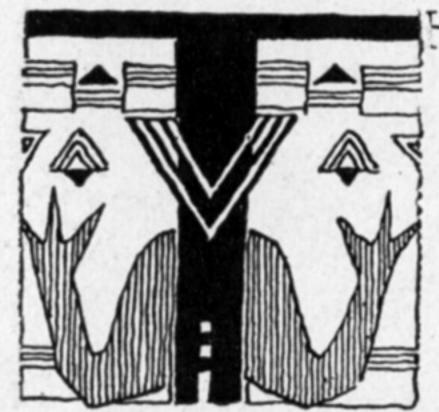
How I saw the first white man was an event in my life. My brother and I were playing around the camp and saw a strange-looking man coming toward us. As he came nearer I concluded he was an evil spirit. I gave a loud scream, and, leaving my brother behnid me, ran back to my father in the tepee, threw my arms around his neck, cried, and told him what I had seen. But he laughed and told me it was a white man. But since then I have learned not to fear the white man.

#### Educated at Carlisle

When I was fifteen years of age, my dreams of glory in the Indian world vanished from my vision. Against my own wishes, I was given to General R. H. Pratt to take to school in the far East. On my way I wore my full Indian costume, long hair, feathers, blanket, leggings, moccasins, and painted face, not knowing a word of English, never before having seen a book or a schoolhouse.

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# FACTS ABOUT THE SILENT ENEMY



HERE are no double exposure or trick photography shots except in the vision scenes.

Description with the screen actually took place.

The wolves that chased the moose in the moose wolf episode are real timber wolves

that slunk away when Baluk came to the attack.

¶ Baluk actually killed the bull moose with his spear and this is a truthful representation of the methods used by great Indian hunters of the past.

The mountain lion and bear seen fighting together are both full-grown specimens of their species. The scenes were filmed at great risk to the cameraman who was very nearly mauled.

¶ Bob Hennessey, foreman of a camp in the Canadian forest, remembers working as a boy in a lumber camp on Ghost River, where, in mid-winter, a squaw came in and pitched camp on the far side of the river. She was working her trap line alone. The following morning Hennessey noticed that she was a little late in getting under way, but when she finally broke camp and headed off again into the bush, she now carried a papoose on her back. That papoose is Cheeka in "THE SILENT ENEMY."

¶ In the scenes where Baluk says good-bye to Cheeka before ascending the funeral pyre, Cheeka actually believed Baluk was going to be burned to death. Under these circumstances his usual stoicism broke down with the results that are to be seen in the picture.

The boy was actually run over by the stampeding caribou.

The night scenes in the medicine lodge, where several of the characters are naked from the waist up, were filmed at a temperature of thirty-five degrees below zero.

The Indians of this country are dying out so rapidly from tuberculosis, the "flu," pneumonia, etc., that ten years hence this picture could probably not be made.

The game in this country has been so reduced that the Indian can now barely make a living in his forest.

Two hundred twenty-five thousand feet of film were taken to get the necessary 8,000 feet of film used in "THE SILENT ENEMY."

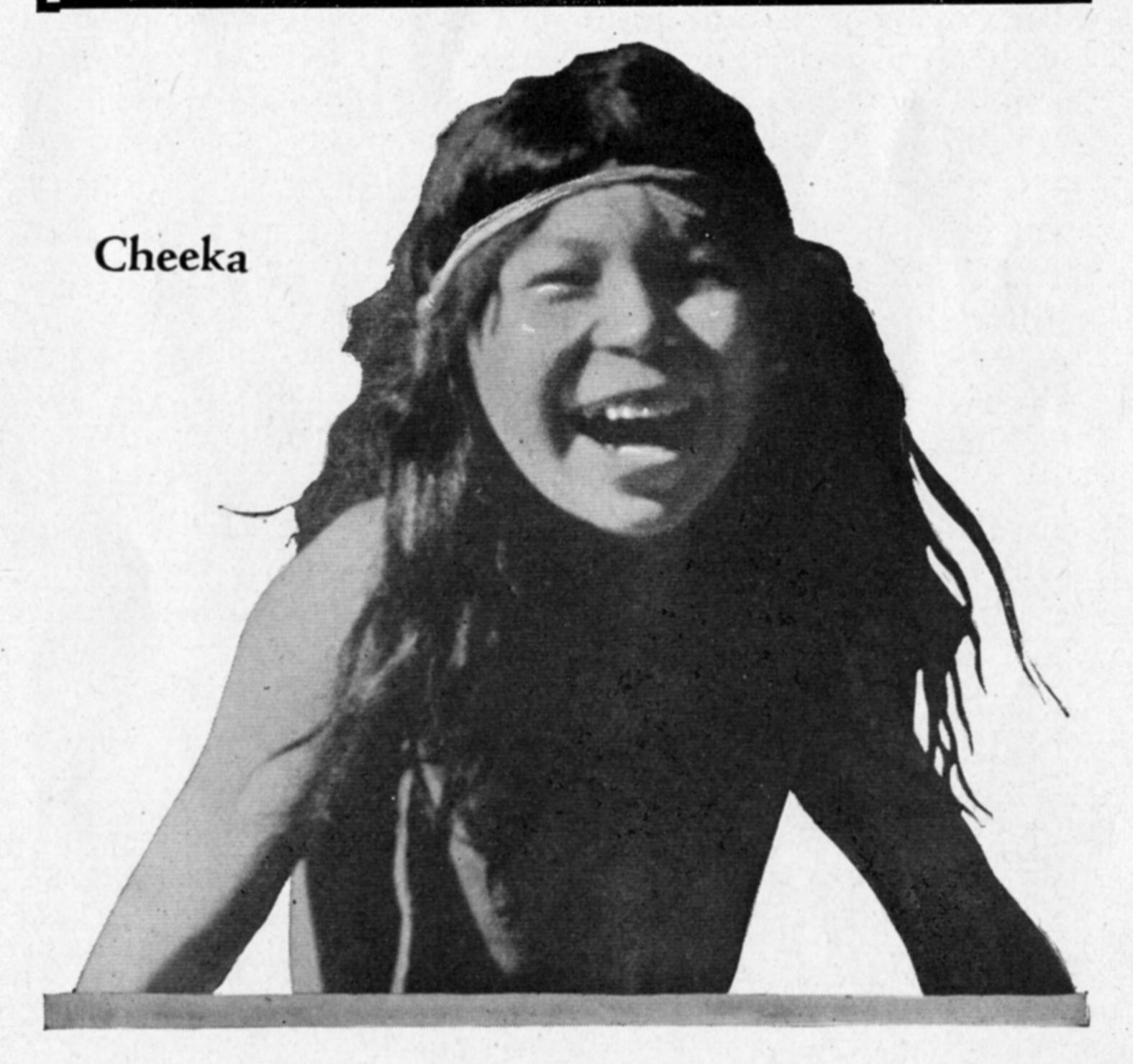
It took a year of preparation and a year of steady work in the field, with a personnel of more than a hundred Indians and a large group of White Men, to produce this entertainment lasting only one hour and twenty minutes on the screen.

#### AN AUTHENTIC PICTURE

That the facts presented are faithful—not only from the Indian's standpoint—but from the more scientific angle of the White Man, is attested by the endorsement that the picture has received from the American Museum of Natural History and by the following letter from Mr. Madison Grant, President of the New York Zoological Society:

"Allow me to give you my warmest congratulations on the wonderful picture you showed last night. It is perfectly amazing in its detail, and in the exciting events it portrays. And it shows an extraordinary amount of hard and intelligent work. You have done a great service to science and to zoology in placing on record the life in the northern woods.

"I am thoroughly familiar with the country from the upper Ottawa River to the Hudson Bay region and I can testify that your pictures are accurate in every detail."



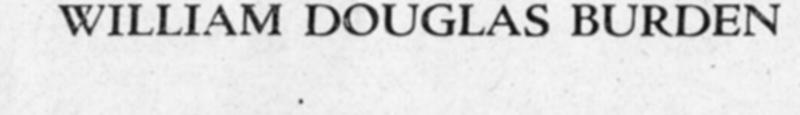
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# DEATH (HANT RED (IOD) ANDMAN WILLIAM L.LAURENCE



WILLIAM C. CHANLER





THE American Indian, who has never bothered much about telling his own story to the. pale-face who just came from nowhere and spread all over his land, has at last dug deep into the records of his past and chronicled, in "THE SILENT ENEMY", the epic story of his life and struggles in the Canadian

wilds during the thousands of years that preceded the coming of Columbus.

There have been other pictures giving the white man's version of the Indian. But "THE SILENT ENEMY" is the first and only one of its kind to show the Indian as a human being without his war paint, just as he lived, worshipped his gods, struggled against the tremendous odds of primitive nature, and went to the happy hunting grounds singing his "death song".

The picture may properly be called the swan song of the American Indian as a race—the death chant of Red Gods and Red Men. And it was made just in the nick of time. After three centuries of desperate struggle he is "done and ready to depart". In a few more years he will have joined the Aztecs, the Incas, the Mayas, and the other proud, mysterious races that ruled over the Americas in the days before the coming of the white man. With him also will vanish his natural environment, the primeval forests he used to roam, and the wild animals he used to hunt. Hence the picture, made for the purpose of leaving a visual record for the America that is to come of the America that used to be.

#### Nature's Own Settings

This is the first time that a race, realizing it is about to die, has itself acted out its own story, on its original stage and with the original settings, as its final "beau geste" to the race that destroyed it. Hereditary chiefs of the Sioux, Blackfoot, Cree, Penobscot and Ojibway, enemies of old, were gathered

from far and wide to make an old drama live again on its ancient stage.

"THE SILENT ENEMY" is the realization of the dream of W. Douglas Burden, a young man still in his twenties, already widely known for his explorations in hitherto unknown parts of the world.

It was his ambition to make not only a valuable record, but an exciting picture as well, with full-blooded Indians as the actors, and with a large variety of wild animals in their natural primitive environment to add to the authenticity and interest, and now, after two years of concentrated effort and the expenditure of large sums of money, "THE SILENT ENEMY" has at last been released.

"Our first difficulty," Mr. Burden says, "was to secure a number of Indian families of pure blood who would stay with us throughout the time of the filming. We scoured the country from Alberta to South Dakota and Temiskaming to Abitibi, and finally succeeded in getting an assortment of both sexes of all types and ages.

#### Taught Forefathers' Art

"Our first difficulty," Mr. Burden says, "was to secure a forefathers. Some old men we found who could build birch bark canoes; some old women who could sew bark and erect wigwams; others who could make skin clothing. We formed groups of workers and taught the others.

"After a few weeks of this we had wigwams, canoes, cooking utensils of bark and skins, bows, arrows and quivers, some pointed spears and axes, tomahawks, winter clothing from fur, snow-shoes, sleighs, medicine bags, fire bags, bone knives, tom-toms, drums and war bonnets. Some of the Indians brought with them their family heirlooms, while a large assortment of original clothing and other objects were loaned to us by the courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

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"Then, with all the equipment and props ready, we had to teach the Indians their use. Old games, old dances, old methods of making fire and cooking, and many other customs forgotten by disuse were revived. To accomplish this we consulted authorities on Indian lore and sought the advice of the specialists on the subject. It took months of preparation before the first picture could be taken".

#### Very Real to Indians

The Indians in "THE SILENT ENEMY," who were gathered by Mr. Burden, never learned the art of make-be-lieve. They never even knew the meaning of the term. To them it was not acting, but living over again the lives of their remote ancestors. Only six of them had ever seen a motion picture. Some had never even heard of one. And there were even those who never were aware of that strange contraption grinding away in front of them.

"We had with us an old Indian, nearly 100 years old," tells Mr. Burden, "one of the few still left who know how to make birch-bark canoes as the original pre-Columbus Indians used to make them. One day we set him to work before his tepee making a canoe.

"It was only a short take and after an hour or so we had all we wanted of the scene. For about six weeks afterward we were busy with many other things and, in fact, were so preoccupied that we didn't notice anything strange about the old man's actions.

#### Centenarian Is Naive

"One day he came to us and surprised us greatly with a request to get a day off, explaining that he needed a day of rest. It was only then that we learned to our great astonishment that during all those weeks the old fellow had been working away every day assiduously at birch-bark canoes. There wasn't a camera within miles of him and not a soul was even aware of what he was doing."

While not all of the 150 odd Indians were quite as naive, most of them, nevertheless, were not aware of any play-acting. The Indian is still at heart what he was 400 years ago, and after a few months of scratching his memory he just shed his outer layers of white man's civilization and became himself again.

#### Finest Scenes Unexpected

As a result there is in the acting a freshness, a spontaneity, a childlike joy of play, an inspirational quality, seldom, if ever, found in any professional stage or screen presentation. Some of the very finest scenes in the picture came without warning, in instant flashes, by a sort of spontaneous, psychic combustion, bringing suddenly to the surface those deeply buried racial qualities which made the actors not merely act but actually live their parts. So unexpectedly did these flashes come that the producers were often taken completely by surprise and would stand enthralled at the spectacle they were beholding.

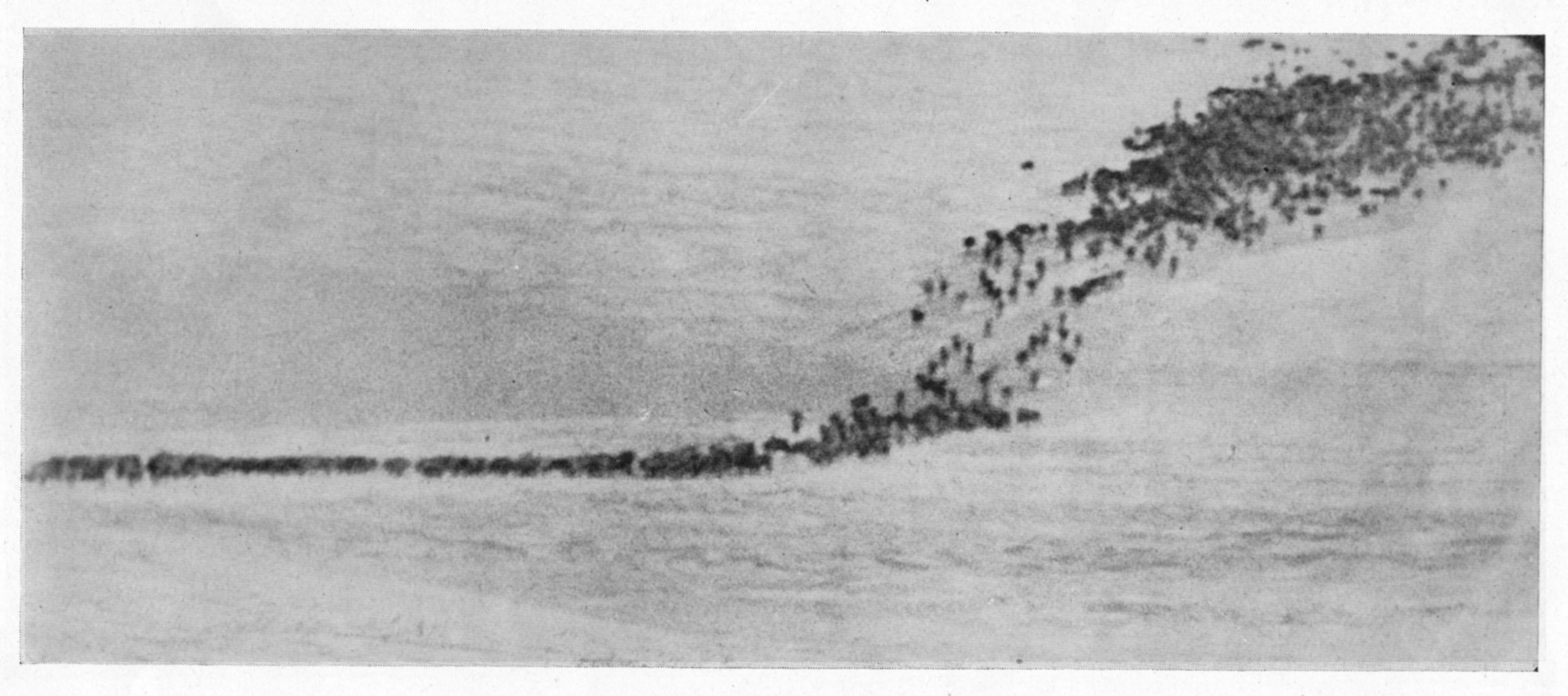
On approaching the Sacrifice Scene of the Great Hunter, a high light of the picture, the producers knew that authenticity demanded the singing by the Great Hunter of his Death Chant, the chant every Indian makes up for himself, when still young, for chanting at the hour of his death. They never even suspected that the young chief who played Baluk had his own Death Chant, and would under no circumstances have asked him to sing it, anyway, since it is one of the most sacred of Indian rituals.

#### Baluk's Own Death Chant

The taking of the scene finally came without anything being said about it. Chief Long Lance, (Baluk), grim and silent, ascended the funeral pyre. Suddenly those present heard something—it was night, mind you, in the great Temagami Forest—that almost made their blood freeze. There stood Long Lance, surrounded by flames, beating the tom-tom as only the Indians of old knew, now slow, now regular, then increasing in tempo, until it seemed as though forty devils were contriving to make one mad; then back again to a slow, monotonous tom-tom-tom-tom-tom-and in the midst of it all a weird, unearthy chant that made icicles come creeping up and down one's back.

It was not until several days after that Long Lance told he had sung his own Death Chant. He had not planned to do it, he explained, but had been so carried away by the scene that he had found himself singing, much to his own surprise.

Most of the filming was done in the heart of the great Temagami Forest Reserve in Northern Ontario, Canada, a Government tract covered with virgin timber, and beautiful lakes.



THE CROSSING OF THE GREAT CARIBOU HERD

# Those who made The Silent Enemy



HE producers wish to express their gratitude and appreciation for the untiring efforts and unflagging loyalty of the entirie staff, white men as well as Indians, who made this picture possible.



#### DIRECTORIAL STAFF

#### Director-H. P. Carver

H. P. Carver, former General Manager of the Cosmopolitan Pictures Corporation, directed the picture. We feel that the picture itself, showing as it does the amazing results which he obtained from totally untrained Indians, most of whom did not even know they were acting, is the best tribute which can be paid to his ability.

#### Assistant Director-Earl M. Welch

While technically enrolled as Assistant Director, the work done by Earl M. Welch far exceeded that usually assigned to his position. He was responsible for obtaining several of the most important and difficult scenes in the picture, often at great personal risk to himself. There was no job, however dangerous or arduous, on the one hand, or however uninteresting and tiring on the other, which he was not ready to perform if it would aid in producing the necessary result.

#### Count Ilia Tolstoy

When Mr. Welch was away from the main body on special assignments, Count Tolstoy often acted as Assistant Director, fulfilling this position with great success and to

everybody's entire satisfaction. His great contribution to the picture, however, was the organizing and leading of the special expedition which made it possible to obtain the scenes of the Caribou migration. He travelled more than a thousand miles north of the railroad into the Barren Lands with a party of Indians and two white men in order to locate, in advance, the best crossing grounds of the Caribou, and to obtain such shots of the migration as he was able, apart from any obtained by the main body. He returned by dog team and was out of communication with the main expedition and with civilization for six months.

#### Shirley Burden

Shirley Burden (a cousin of Mr. W. Douglas Burden), was at all times ready to fill any position on the staff which might be temporarily vacant, as was often the case, owing to the great amount of territory covered in the making of the picture. It was a great asset to an expedition of this sort to be able to feel that, whenever it was important to send some one to a distant location, Mr. Burden could be relied upon to take over satisfactorily the absentee's duties with the main expedition.

#### Richard Carver

Richard Carver wrote the entire scenario. He was a tireless worker, and when the changing conditions we met demanded corresponding changes in the script—without a day's notice—he often found it necessary to sit up all night in his tent to make the revisions. When we returned to New York he worked tirelessly for five months on end, assisted by Mr. Shirley Burden, on the original editing and cutting of the picture. Dick Carver was beloved by one and all.



COUNT ILIA TOLSTOY (standing)

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BALUK TELLS THE OUTSTANDING EVENTS OF HIS LIFE

#### Technician-L. A. Bonn

Mr. Bonn set up a small temporary laboratory near the base camp from which the earlier part of the picture was made so as to enable the director and camera staff to test their work as they went along. A considerable part of the film was developed in this way, and the results obtained are a great tribute to Mr. Bonn's ability under almost unsurmountable difficulties. His general advice and assistance, the result of long experience in the motion picture field, was invaluable in every phase of the enterprise. He assisted particularly in obtaining many of the important animal shots.

#### CINEMATOGRAPHIC STAFF

#### Chief Cinematographer-Marcel Le Picard

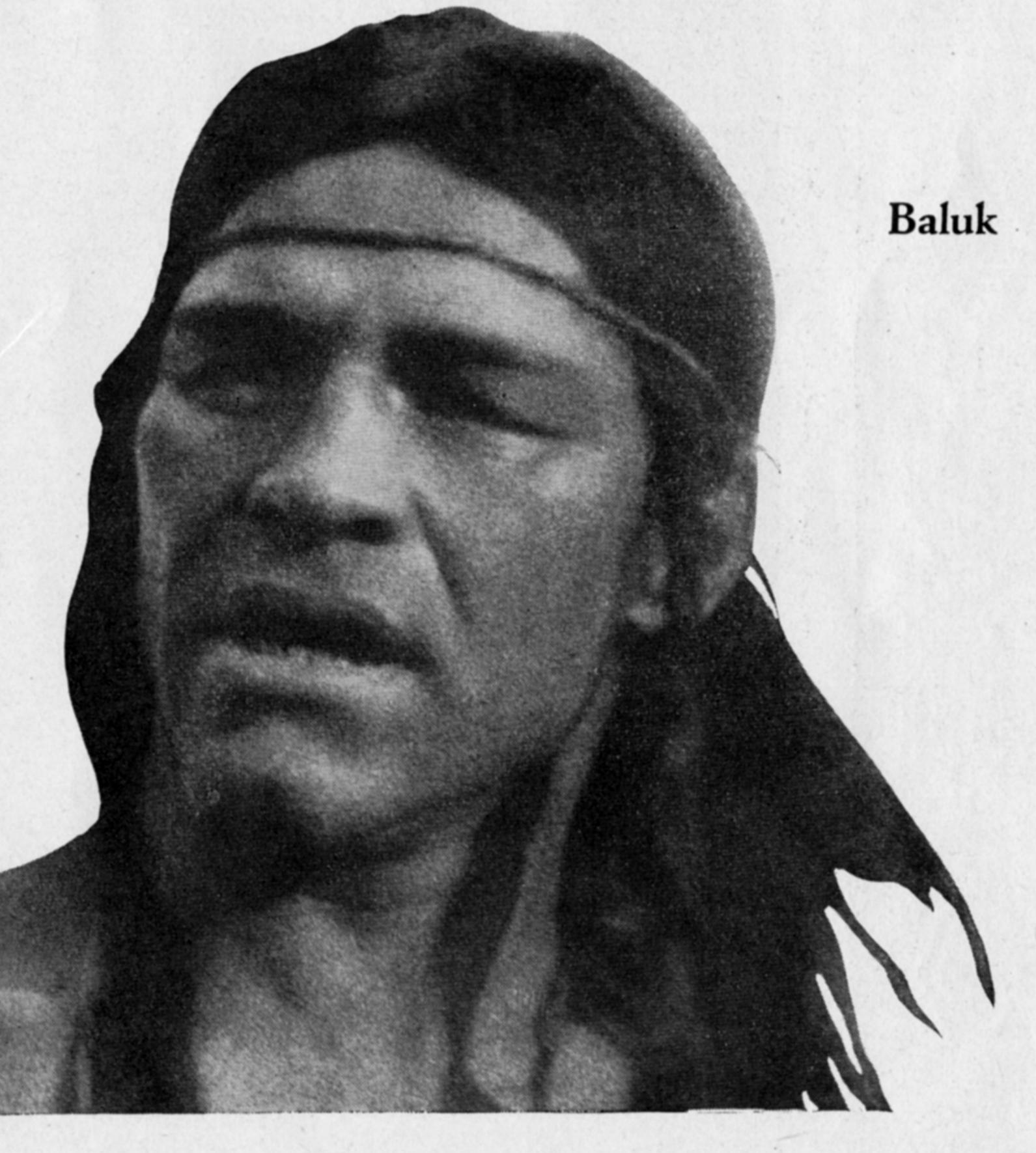
As is well known, the obtaining of good out-door pictures in the forest, particularly in snow, is a difficult undertaking. The best tribute to the way in which Mr. Le Picard handled this problem is the picture itself. As well may be imagined, it was necessary to make severe demands upon the physical endurance of our staff; they had to travel through the bush in five or six feet of snow, with the temperature thirty or forty degrees below zero, and then be ready to operate with the same artistic and technical accuracy as in a studio. The results prove that Mr. Le Picard and his staff performed this truly difficult feat in a most creditable manner.

#### Second Cameraman— Frank M. Broda

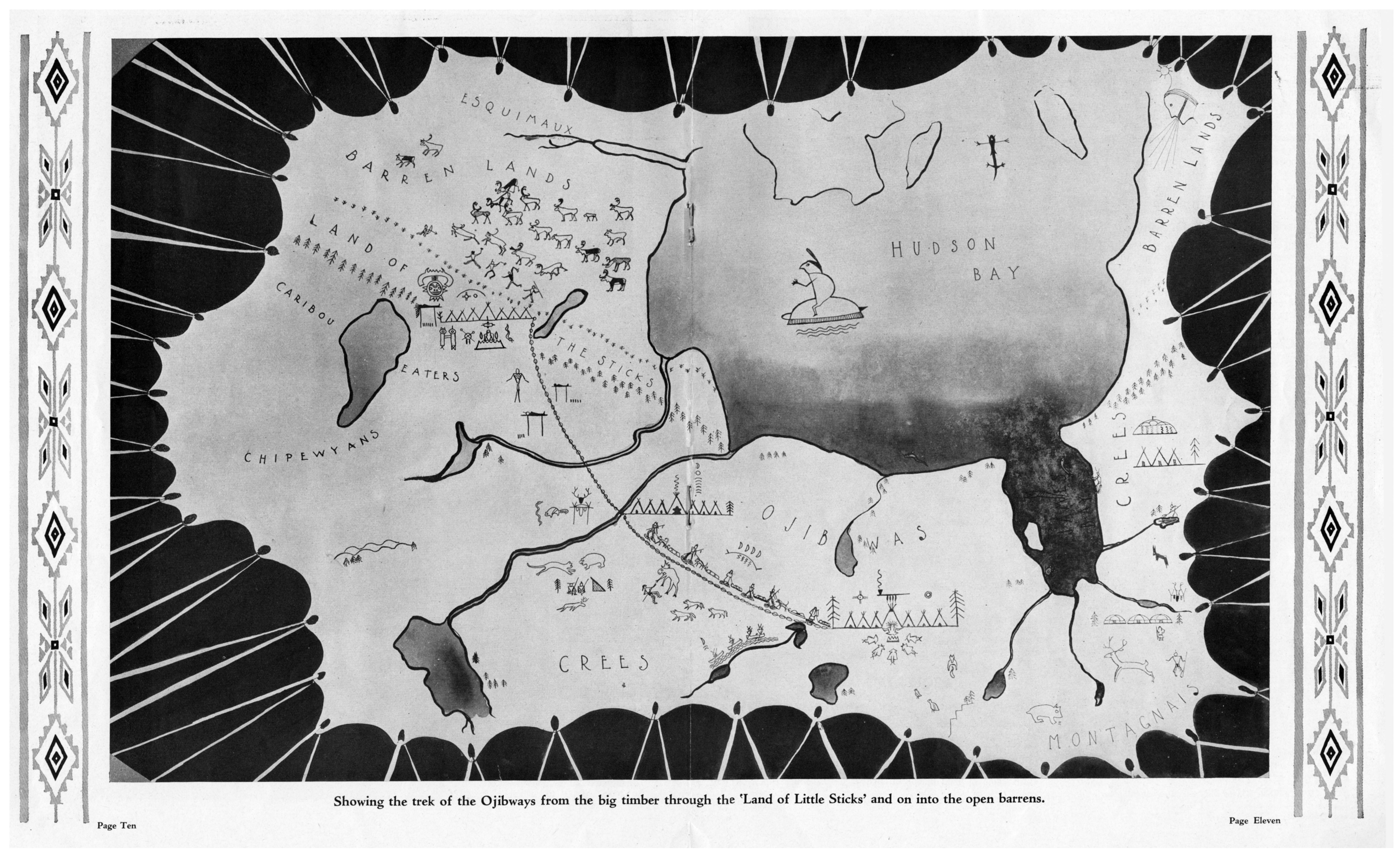
Mr. Broda's duties consisted not only in accompanying Mr. Le Picard on every shot that he took, so as to make a

second negative, but also, in several instances, in going on special assignments to cover some of the animal shots that were taken far from the main body.

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#### Assistant Cameraman—Otto Durholz

The job of an assistant cameraman is never easy. In this instance it was probably more arduous and required more patience and resourcefulness than has ever been the case before. Not only is it his duty to carry and set up the cameras, but he must also keep the entire camera equipment in condition. His mechanical ability and ingenuity in making repairs that ordinarily would require a machine shop, in the midst of a Primeval Forest, cannot be too highly praised. There were many occasions in which vital opportunities might have been lost had he not sat up all night, in a tent, to repair a disabled camera.

#### Special Expedition

#### First Cameraman-Horace D. Ashton

Mr. Ashton was the first cameraman on the special expedition which went to insure the obtaining of adequate shots of the Caribou migration. The success with which he fulfilled his duty is evident from the results; the difficulties surrounding this feat would seem evident from the fact that the pictures were made above the Arctic Circle, after travelling more than a thousand miles from the railroad.

#### Assistant Cameraman-William Casel

Just as Mr. Durholz made possible the fine camera work of Mr. Le Picard, so Mr. Cassell accompanied Mr. Ashton and made it possible for him to operate in the Arctic regions with results unsurpassable in a studio.

#### CAMP AND SUPPLY

#### **Bob Hennessey**

As may well be imagined, it is not easy to travel in the Far North in the dead of Winter, with an entire motion picture staff and a cast of more than 150 Indians. This work was entrusted to Bob Hennessey, of Haileybury, Ontario. The best tribute that can be paid to his efforts, is the fact that at no time was the main body of the expedition without food, or such adequate, though often scanty shelter, as was possible



With a rabbit skin to wrap her "Baby Bunting in.

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Even at the approach of a timber wolf, an Indian can maintain his calm.

under the circumstances. His most difficult task was during the "freeze-up" which lasted in this case for about six weeks. The lakes were covered with a skim of ice too weak to walk on, but too strong for a canoe. There were no trails through the forest, which was already covered with a foot of snow, yet Hennessey and his loyal and hardy assistants worked literally day and night during this entire time in order that the outfit might continue to make pictures without bothering about how it would keep alive. The innumerable acts of real heroism performed by Hennessey and his gang will never be known, and can only be appreciated by those accustomed to the North.

#### ANIMAL SPECIALISTS

#### Dr. Alan Bachrach

The most difficult problems were presented in obtaining the many shots of wild animals. The producers were much indebted to the untiring efforts of Dr. Bachrach in applying his very considerable experience with wild animals to the situation, new to him, of dealing with them in their native forests and protecting the cameramen in dangerous moments.

We wish also to mention in this connection Archie Miller, of Mattawa, Ontario. In the opinion of the producers, he is probably the greatest woodsman in the North. His cunning and skill as a hunter, which have been the principal means of support of himself and his family all of his life, were of inestimable value in getting cameras and cameramen within range of wild animals, without disturbing the animals sufficiently to prevent them from acting in a natural manner.

#### PROPERTY MAN

#### Edward Lawrence

Edward Lawrence, who has had many years' experience with dramatic and motion picture expeditions, was of great value not only in seeing to it that the Indians did not get their own properties confused so as to appear in different costumes at different times in the same sequence, but also in keeping the entire camp in good humor throughout the hardships experienced.

#### **INDIANS**

In addition to the above, and in addition to the principals who have already been referred to, the producers wish to extend their deepest thanks and gratitude to all of the Indians who accompanied the expedition. Many of the problems were entirely new to them, but after they learned to trust the staff they gladly did whatever was asked of them. While it is not entirely fair to draw distinctions, some of the Indians who had acted as guides for white people in the past should be especially mentioned; we give their English names, so that they will be recognized by those who know them:

PAUL BENOIT of Golden Lake, Ontario

JOHN TURNER of Bear Island, Timagami, Ontario

ANTOINE ENDAGWAN of Hunters Point,

Kippewa Lake, Quebec.

ANDY LANDON of Mattawa, Ontario

ALEC BATISTE of Mattawa, Ontario

JEAN BATISTE of Abitibi, Ontario

The producers wish also to extend their thanks and appreciation for special courtesies and invaluable assistance given them by practically every Governmental and other

organization with which they came in contact. Particularly were they fortunate in obtaining the approval and active co-operation of the Canadian Government and the Provincial Governments of Quebec and Ontario, through which special privileges were extended, making possible the obtaining and making of the animal shots, and the free use of such locations in the forests as were suitable.

The assistance rendered by the American Museum of Natural History has already been referred to.

The Canadian-Pacific Railroad extended every facility in its power. Mr. Allen Seymour, Tourist Agent, and his assistant, Mr. Douglas Haines, were ever ready and willing to grant us any assistance in their power.

It would have been impossible to have obtained the cooperation of the Indians without the loyal support and help of
their devoted Missionary, Father Evain, who has spent some
forty years travelling this vast territory, by canoe and trail in
Summer, and by dog-team in Winter, visiting the scattered
villages of the Indians, whom he fondly describes as "His Little
Children of the Woods". He visited the expedition on several
occasions and not only did he give valuable information in
regard to the Indians themselves and their customs, but his
influence upon them was always evidenced by the marked improvement in their cooperation following his visits.



FATHER EVAIN WITH HIS "LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE WOODS".

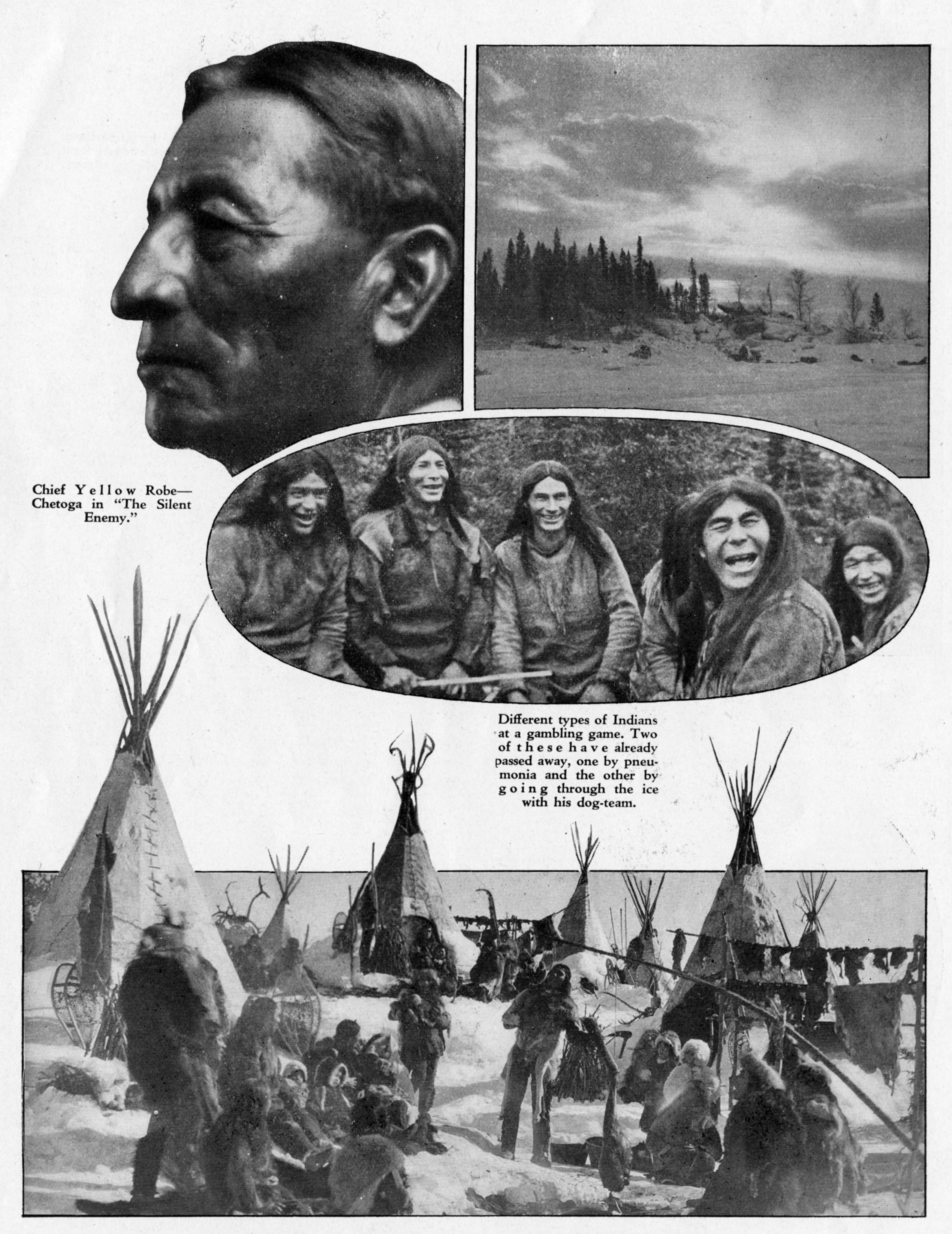
(The old gentleman with a white beard is Father Evaine)



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IN THEIR NEW VILLAGE—MADE FROM THE SKINS OF THE CARIBOU.

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### Waiasejkan-Our First Indian

WE FOUND Waiasejkan (Bringer of Light), baptized Antoine Andogwin, at Hunter's Point. We were waiting for the arrival of Father Evain to hold his mission for the Kipawa tribes.

Semi-annually, the Indians foregather at this place to have their children baptized and confirmed and their marriages solemnized and recorded. For a few days they visit and gossip and attend morning and evening mass led by a bustling father who for thirty years has reached this far-off place by canoe in summer and dog team in winter, and who is their spiritual guide and friend. "My little children of the woods" he affectionately calls them. We hoped to minimize our travels in search of pure blood families by trailing along with Father Evain on his missions. While waiting, we fished.

#### Official Camp Guide

One day we saw standing on a lonely point a tall, lanky Indian. He was gazing in the distance with an intent look as though expecting something. We paddled to shore. To our salutation "Good Day," he replied, as he cupped his ear with his hand, "I'm a leetel deaf." We broke the ice by asking if he lived at Hunter's Point. No, he was from North Temiskaming.

For two weeks, he had been waiting on this point of land for the arrival of a boys' club from the middle Western states. Now that his grub was all gone, he had decided to return to his home some hundred miles distant. "I guide them last year. See this letter." With some pride, he exhibited a letter from the founder of a boys' camp. In the upper right hand corner was a fair picture of Andogwin, and under it the caption "Entwine Andogwin, Ojibway Indian, official camp guide."

#### A Natural Pantomimist

Entwine was the first Indian we hired and the last we let go. His deafness made him a natural pantomimist. He had the finest repertoire of stories, bear hunts, guiding experiences with sports, narrow escapes, etc.

Entwine was the official jazz orchestra of the camp. He played the fiddle for all the breakdowns and executed the Irish washerwoman with trimmings that would make our jazz kings green with envy.

Entwine was six feet three and was married to a pretty

(Continued from page 4)

After my arrival at Carlisle, my photograph was taken for curiosity's sake, and then I was stripped of my native costume. They cut my long hair and put me in a bath tub of warm water and plenty of soap. And thus began my first process of civilization.

#### Adopts White Man's Clothes

I was dressed in a new suit of civilized clothes, which was as uncomfortable to my physical nature as the new and strange environment was in breaking my spirit. Never had I experienced such homesickness as I did then. How many times I have watched the Western sky and cried within my broken heart, wishing to see my father and mother again and be free on the plains.

As a student, at first, I was shy, and mistrusted my teachers in spite of their kindness to me, until I learned their language and ways. It was six years before I was allowed to

see my parents again.

Later, I was sent out to the Far West to help civilize and educate the Indians. Here I gave the best part of my life.

little French half-breed four feet ten. He had two boys that were small packages of Antoine and a little girl as fair as any French blood lassie. He loved his family with a childish devotion. Each week end, he paddled one hundred miles to visit them until they came to live in our own camp early in the winter.

His wife, a delicate creature, died in the spring from consumption at child-birth. "She passed away," said Antoine, "in the early morning." "Antoine," she say, "open the tepee flap." I open tepee flap one side. "Open other side, Antoine," she say. I open the other side. "Now, roll up the back." I say, "What for you want the back rolled? You get cold." She say "Antoine, I going to die, I want to see the light once more." I cry and hold her hand to keep her with me. She put her little arms round my neck and dig each little finger in so deep I have to take them away one by one after she gone. "Antoine," she say, I love you. I love the babies. I do not want to die. You promise never to strike the children or give them away." I promise. She say, "Antoine, my sickness cost lot of money. You save all you can." So I try to get her second hand funeral, second hand coffin, but no use. It cost me \$300.00. I feel bad all time. She want to live very much."

#### The Indian Dances

THE Dance is still in the blood of the Northwoods Indian, and how he loves it! But the tom tom has been put aside for the fiddle, and the Indian chants for the Irish Washerwoman and Turkey in the Straw. All those graceful steps and dances of the old days, accompanied with yells and gutterals, have been forgotten; and now it is an old fashioned break down, called off in a sing song voice by one of the dancers.

We tried very hard to teach a small group of young bucks some of the old steps. Under the patient tuition of Long Lance, who is one of the finest Indian dancers I have ever seen, we succeeded in staging the Dance of the Dead Men. It was impossible to teach them individually. They were too self-conscious and afraid of ridicule. So we formed a class, but our first rehearsals were difficultowing to the Indian's keen sense of comedy. They would not take the work seriously. Roars of laughter, good natured repartee, but very little progress. Not until Long Lance appeared with nothing but a breech cloth and war bonnet and executed a wonderful war dance did they really get interested.

Once we had aroused the competitive spirit, and a desire to excel, our troubles were over. They worked like beavers

and secretly practised in their own cabins

Almost every nation in the world except America has a native dance or folk dance. Usually it is based on some desire to give thanks for special blessings, good crops, rain, the germination of the seeds, etc.

Ruth St. Denis years ago visited the Blackfoot Reserve with me and I recall her lament that we have no distinctive American dance, but she hoped that the Indian steps and dances would be preserved as something at least that had originated here.

With the passing of the reservation Indian we shall lose whatever remains of Indian art, customs and ceremonies. They are already dead and forgotten in the East and will be soon in the West. Even the beating of the tom-tom has been forgotten and it is a distinct art to beat a tom-tom in true Indian rhythm. Long Lance and Chief Yellow Robe were the only Indians in our camp who could really make the tom-tom quicken every drop of blood in your body.

## An Oration by Sitting Bull

It is well known that the oratory of leading Indian Chieftains ranks with the greatest speeches in the course of recorded history. The following speech by Sitting Bull is an illustration:

YOU tell me of the Mohawks. My fathers knew them. They demanded tribute of them. The Sioux laughed. They went to meet them; ten thousand horsemen. The Mohawks saw them coming, made them a feast and they returned home.

"You tell me of the Abenaznis. They are the forefathers of all Red Men. They were the men of the dawn. They came from the East. They were born in the morning of the world. The traditions of my people are full of the Abenaznis. They rocked the cradle of our race.

\* \* \*

"What treaty that the White Men have kept has the Red Man broken? Not one. What treaty that the White Men ever made with us Red Men have they kept? Not one. When I was a boy the Sioux owned the world. The sun rose and set

in their lands. They sent ten thousand horsemen to battle. Where are the warriors today? Who slew them? Where are our lands? Who owns them?

What White Man can say I ever stole his lands or a penny of his money? Yet they say I am a thief. What White Woman, however lowly, was ever, when a captive, insulted by me? Yet they say I am a bad Indian. What White Man has ever seen me drunk? Who has ever come to me hungry and gone away unfed? Who has ever seen me beat my wives or abuse my children? What law have I broken? Is it wrong for me to love my own? Is it wicked in me because my skin is red, because I am a Sioux; because I am born where my fathers lived! because I would die for my people and my country?

"They tell you I murdered Custer. It is a lie. I am not a war Chief. I was not in the battle that day. His eyes were blinded and he could not see. He was a fool and he rode to his death. He made the fight, not I. Whoever tells you I killed the Yellow Hair is a liar."

### "Devil of the North"

(Wolverine, Carcajou)

By WILLIAM B. CABOT.

(From "In Northern Labrador")

NO creature is so hated in the North, for none is so cunning and destructive, none so hard to destroy. Its practice of carrying off and hiding what it cannot eat, gives the impression of actual malice, especially as it burglarizes not only eatables, but all sorts of equipment, even to the camp kettle. Many an Indian, and even many a family, has perished by the agency of this evil genius of the North.

"We know he is possessed of an evil spirit," Indians say, "because he has been the death of so many persons." Steel traps he understands, and is rarely caught, but pulls out the back of the pen and gets the bait without penalty. He may follow a line of traps for forty miles, taking every bait and whatever game has been caught.

The beast (carcajou) inspires vindictiveness in most amiable persons. While McKenzie was at Chimo he had some traps out and was troubled by a wolverine family. Although he managed to catch the young ones, the old mother was too clever for him, and he finally resorted to a spring gun with a bait, and four steel traps set about. When the beast pulled on the bait the gun only snapped without going off, but, startled, the animal jumped and landed in one of the traps, and by the time Peter came along she had picked up two or three more.

Peter related that he sat down and looked at her a while, and then took a stick and beat her well, and so on for some

time before he killed her. As Peter had a singularly amiable temperament the incident may be taken as showing that few dispositions can bear the wolverine test.

The Indians eat it (carcajou) only when starving—nor will they ordinarily put the skin with others, but tie it to the sled somewhere outside. Some will not sell so hated and despised a thing.

#### PRINCIPAL PLAYERS

Chetoga's Son......CHEEKA

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