Despair

“The first time in my life that I attempted suicide.”

Childhood loneliness often drove students to take desperate and destructive measures. Elizabeth Joyce Brass attempted to take her own life at the Dauphin, Manitoba, school in the 1960s.

And I remember one time going downtown with, and this was probably when I was, like they had junior dorm, intermediate dorm, senior dorm, I was in the senior dorm at that time. I must have been about eleven, twelve years old, and I remember, and I don’t even know where this thought came from, but I remember I wanted to go downtown, and I had a plan, I was gonna go steal some Aspirins, which I did. I can’t remember what store it was, and, you know, later on that night I, I took a whole bunch of them, and I remember, you know, going to sleep, and then I remember the next morning, you know, someone waking me up, but I couldn’t hear them, because there was that really loud buzzing in my ears, so I guess that, you know that was, that must have been the way the Aspirin had affected me. And I couldn’t get up, and I could remember the supervisor, you know, telling me, you know, “You’re just not wanting to go to school today,” you know, “You’re just pretending to be sick.” And she sent me off to see the nurse. And on my way I, you know, threw up, and it was all brown, and so I went and seen the nurse on the top floor, and same thing, too, she says, “You need to get to school. There’s nothing wrong with you.” So that was, you know, the first time in my life that I attempted suicide, and, you know, just at a young age.410

Antonette White has her own disturbing memories related to suicide. The students at her Kuper Island school were forced to look at a suicide victim.

I remember the one young fellow that hung himself in the gym, and they brought us in there, and showed, showed us, as kids, and they just left him hanging there, and, like, what was that supposed to teach us? You know I’m fifty-five years old, and I still remember that, and that’s one thing out of that school that I remember.411

Helen Harry recalled how at the Williams Lake, British Columbia, school, girls played a gruesome game of defying death. They wrapped towels around their necks and pulled on them, taking themselves to the edge of unconsciousness.
I remember this one time one girl would stand there and one girl would stand there, then they’d just pull the towel really hard ’til we blacked out. I remember one time, it felt like I almost died because they couldn’t get me to come back. So they went and got some water and they splashed it on my face because they got really scared, because most times you would lay on the floor for a while but then you’d just come out of it. You’d come out of the ... I don’t know what. You’d black out for like a minute or two but you always came out of it. And I, that one time they couldn’t get me to come out of it. And they caught us doing that, they caught us because we would sneak and do that.412
Hiding the truth

“A guilty conscience and a bad attitude.”

Some lessons the schools taught too well: many students commented that one of the legacies of their time at residential schools was the ability to hide their feelings and give the responses that were needed to ‘get by.’ Margaret Simpson, who attended the Fort Chipewyan, Alberta, school, described it as a survival technique.

I learned how to lie, to lie so that I will get away with whatever Sister wanted me to do and that whatever she wanted to hear, that’s what I told her even if it was a lie. So it got easier and I got pretty good at lying and I had a real time to get out of that lying as I got older in life to be able to tell the truth and to know the difference of what was happening because of that lie that it became such a habit for me. I had a real hard time even after I left the residential school.413

Ken A. Littledeer said that at the Sioux Lookout school, he was taught “how to lie, I learned how to steal, to be mischievous.”414

Noel Knockwood said that at the Shubenacadie school, he learned to fake submission. “We learned how to play the game and acknowledged and bowed our heads in agreement and whatever they said we agreed with them, because they were too powerful to fight and they were too strong to, to, for us to change their, their habits and their ways of living.”415

John B. Custer learned to rebel at residential school. The only things he took away from his years at the Roman Catholic school near The Pas, Manitoba, were a guilty conscience and a bad attitude. So instead of learning anything in that residential school, we, we learned just the opposite from good. We learned how to steal, we learned how to fight, we learned how to cheat, we learned how to lie. And to tell the truth, I thought I was gonna go to hell, so I didn’t give a shit. I was sort of a rebel in the residential school. I didn’t listen, so I was always being punished.416

Hazel Ewanchuk attended two residential schools in southern Manitoba, where she learned that love was a lie.
You know we were ordered around like, we were already big girls, you know. We had to take the orders no matter what. You couldn’t say, you know, I can’t do that, you did it, or else you got a strapping, and we had Bible study every night. I didn’t mind that. I thought, what are they preaching here about love? Where is that love? You know. There was no love for us. They made a liar out of Bibles and liars of themselves too.417

Elaine Durocher felt that she received no meaningful education at the Roman Catholic school at Kamsack, Saskatchewan. Rather, she learned the tools for a life on the fringes of society in the sex trade.

They were there to discipline you, teach you, beat you, rape you, molest you, but I never got an education. I knew how to run. I knew how to manipulate. Once I knew that I could get money for touching, and this may sound bad, but once I knew that I could touch a man’s penis for candy, that set the pace for when I was a teenager, and I could pull tricks as a prostitute. That, that’s what the residential school taught me. It taught me how to lie, how to manipulate, how to exchange sexual favours for cash, meals, whatever, whatever the case may be.418
Classroom experience

“They used to make an example of me all the time.”

For many students, classroom life was foreign and traumatic. David Charleson said he found the regimentation at the Christie, British Columbia, school so disturbing that he never wanted to learn, so I jumped into my shell. I took Kindergarten twice because of what happened to me. I didn’t want to learn. I never went home with any A’s, or B’s, or C’s, and it was all under, under the bad, my baddest part of the book of knowledge. That’s the way they graded me. That’s what they put in my mind, I’m dumb, stupid, and they used to make an example of me all the time, ’cause I was one of the bigger kids in the school.419

At the Birtle, Manitoba, school, Isabelle Whitford said, she had a hard time adjusting to the new language and the classroom discipline. “I wasn’t very good in math. I was poor. And, every time I couldn’t get an answer, like, you know, she would pull my ears and shake my head. And I couldn’t help it ’cause I couldn’t understand, like, you know, the work.”420

Betsy Olson described class work at the Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, school as a torment, in which her “spelling was always 30, 40, it was way down. And when we did spelling, sometimes I freeze, I couldn’t move, I just scribbled because I couldn’t move my hand. I can’t remember to spell B, or E, or C. My mind was a blank. I could not bring any letters out. I just freeze.”421

Noel Knockwood recalled that he was often frozen with fear in class:

We used to stand up with a reader in our hand and we will be given, each person will be given a paragraph to read. And when it came my turn I picked up the, the reader and turned to a page where I was supposed to. And other students took turns reading their paragraph. And then when it came my turn, I got up and I started to read the paragraph and I got down a little ways and I come across a word that I could not pronounce and I stopped, because I could not pronounce the word, I didn’t know what to say.

[The teacher] had a long wooden pointer, they used to point to the blackboard and she had it in her hand. And she said, “Read!” And I was very frightened and scared as a young, young boy. You know, then she took that pointer and pointed it at me and said, “Read! Read! Read!”

She was shouting at me and I, I couldn’t ’cause I was afraid and she had that pointer, she came closer, then she took that pointer and I raised my hands and she broke the pointer over my arms. And in doing so, I dirtied my pants; I shit myself because of
fear. And in doing so she seen what happened, and she said, “You filthy little boy. Get upstairs and go to bed.”422

Traumatized by her experiences at schools in Ontario and Québec, Mary Lou Iahtail had difficulty learning. Her inability to speak in class led a teacher to single her out for humiliation.

I was afraid I didn’t know that word, and the teacher thought I was, I was just doing that, so she got mad at me, that I was just showing off. I really didn’t know the word, and I was feeling so bad because so many people were staring at me. She, she brought a big, big yardstick ruler, yardstick, and she came after me, and I was afraid of her. I really was scared. She scared me so much, and I was afraid of the big stick. So, what I did is I run out of the classroom, and she ran after me, and I ran to next, next door, where our dorm is, our dorm was very close to the classroom.423

Leona Agawa never felt comfortable in the classroom at the Spanish school. For much of her time in school, she was frightened or intimidated.

I could hear [the teacher] say my name, but I couldn’t hear her what, what she was asking me, and that happened all over. I, I just, I was just a person that couldn’t hear anybody talking to me, or asking me questions. My mind would go blank. So, I never did have any, really any schooling. I would hide behind a girl, or who’s ever behind, in front, I’d hide. And somebody would say, “Leona.” I’d hear my name, but I never got to answer. I stood up, never got to answer what they were saying when they sat me down. And I’d get a good slap after, after you, you leave there for not being nice in school.424

Dorothy Ross recalled her time in the Sioux Lookout school classroom as being one of fear and punishment.

I remember the, the classroom. It was kind of dark, dingy–looking place. And I sat there, and holding a pencil, practise my name. She would write my name on a piece of paper, and the abcs. It took me a while to understand those letters, the numbers. Like, I didn’t, I guess some of them were hard for me. I couldn’t pronounce them right, and I would, I would cry again if I do it again, make me do it all over again, over and over, and she would hit me. This is my first time that I experience. She had a, she had a, a stick, a ruler kind of, it was long, eh, a ruler stick. And if I didn’t, if I, if she didn’t like my, the way I was supposed to write with the pencil the first time, and this is where the first time ever being hit, right on my head. She would hit me three or four times across, over here, with that ruler, and my head would go down, and I would try to write at the same time, and she would hit me again.425

Margaret Paulette recalled that at Shubenacadie, there was a boy who could not read due to a stutter. Physical abuse and public humiliation did not help him. “The nuns put a piece, a wedge about this big in his mouth and he hadn’t eaten all day and he was drooling and all that and then later on in the day they took it out and told him to read, ‘Now you can
open your mouth. You’ll be able to read.’ Poor guy wasn’t able to read. And today that guy still stutters.”426

Clara Munroe felt she received a very limited education at the Roman Catholic school at Kamsack, Saskatchewan, with the biggest focus on religion. “It was always prayer, praying, singing hymns in Latin, something we didn’t even understand. That’s how that school was operated.”427

Mary Courchene described a similar education at the Fort Alexander school in the 1940s.

The first few years we were there I never had a teacher, a real teacher. The nuns that taught us weren’t teachers; they weren’t qualified. They had no qualifications what-soever to, to, to be able to teach. Their only mandate was to Christianize and civilize; and it’s written in black and white. And every single day we were reminded.428

At the Hobbema school in Alberta in the 1950s, Flora Northwest said, students were provided with a minimal education. The language training was compromised by the fact that neither teacher was a fluent English speaker. “And the English that I learned from there was ... it was really hard for me to speak the English language because of the teaching that was passed on to us through the teachers with their French accent, so I had difficulties—difficulties with my English language.”429

Some students said that the limits of the education they had received in residential school became apparent when they were integrated into the public school system. Victoria McIntosh, who had attended the Fort Alexander school, said that when she entered public school, she discovered that “I could hardly read and write. And I knew that I wasn’t, you know, like, stupid, or, or dumb, or anything like that, it just, I didn’t know how to read and write, and I didn’t get a lot of these things. And I remember the teacher asking me where did you go to school? And I didn’t know how to answer her.”430

Tina Duguay had always done well academically at residential school in British Columbia, but when she went to a public school for Grade Seven, “I was lucky just to be able to pass. So that told me something right there that they weren’t teaching us, the best academics possible.”431

Many students said there was no expectation that they would succeed. Walter Jones never forgot the answer that a fellow student at the Alberni, British Columbia, school was given when he asked if he would be able to go to Grade Twelve.

That supervisor said, “You don’t need to go that far,” he says. He says, “Your people are never going to get education to be a professional worker, and it doesn’t matter what lawyer, or doctor, or electrician, or anything, that a person has to go to school for.” He says, “You’re going to be working jobs that the white man don’t want to do, that they figure it’s too lowly only for them. And you will do the menial jobs, the jobs that doesn’t require schooling.” I became a logger. I was a fisherman to start with, and I, most of our people do that. That had a lot of, I guess, a lot of things they did, like, teaching us our, like, to not speak our language, getting strapped for it, and telling us that we’re never going to be able to take the good jobs and stuff like that, and it
happened. These things happened, and they, we lost so many of our people because of that residential school thing.\textsuperscript{432}

For high school, Roger Cromarty lived in the Shingwauk Home in Sault Ste. Marie and attended local public schools. He recalled that he did not receive any guidance counselling.

We were all just shovelled into the technical program, technical school program, whether we wanted, we wanted to go in the technical stuff or not. Nobody asked us, or nobody showed us the vistas of going to the collegiate, and we were in a five-year program, or go into a technical program, which is a four-year. So, I end up being in a technical school, Sault Ste. Marie technical and commercial high school they called it.\textsuperscript{433}

Lena Small recalled that when she turned sixteen, she was essentially forced to leave the Hobbema school. “We didn’t have any future plans for us. The nuns didn’t tell us there was a high school. They didn’t tell us anything about life. They didn’t tell us how to love one another, how to care for our families. We had no parenting, no nothing. All we had was religion.”\textsuperscript{434}

Nora Abou-Tibbett said that on one occasion, the girls at the Lower Post, British Columbia, school were lined up and asked what they wanted to be when they grew up. Many said they wanted to be nuns or missionaries. She said she did not know yet, but expected to know when she was older.

They put me up front, and said, “Now, you see, there’s this girl, now, how stupid she is, and I’m so happy that you kids aren’t like her, because she is stupid to, to be saying, I mean she’s the same age as you girls, and she doesn’t know what she wants to be when she grows up.” And so I was labelled stupid and dumb, whatever. But I, I just said, “Well, I know I just don’t know, because until I grow a little older, I know by then what I want to be.”\textsuperscript{435}

Students also noted that the curriculum itself was racist. Lorna Cochrane recalled an illustration from her Canadian history textbook.

But I remember what it is like reading history. I think it was social studies that made a huge impact on me. We were studying about the ‘savage Indian.’ There was a picture of two Jesuits laying in the snow, they were murdered by these two ‘savages.’ And they had this what we call ‘a blood curdling look’ on their faces is how I remember that picture.\textsuperscript{436}

The study of Canadian history led Pierre Papatie to become ashamed of his Aboriginal ancestry. The textbooks he said were full of “images that were telling us that, that the Elders
were, savages who massacred missionaries. It was written in, it was in all, we were seeing
that in the images in the history of Canada. That’s what hurt me. That’s what made me hate
my father, even my father. Even all the Natives, I hated them all.”437

Specific teachers were remembered with gratitude. Madeleine Dion Stout, who
attended the Blue Quills school, spoke of a teacher who had shown her special attention.
“She really affirmed my existence. She affirmed my quest for knowledge, and, and just
wanting to learn as much as I could.”438

When Roddy Soosay lived in residence, he attended a local public school. He credited
his high school principal at the Ponoka, Alberta, public school for pushing him to succeed.

And one of the strangest things that happened in my life was our school principal was
Halvar Jonson and Halvar Jonson called me into his office the next year and said, “If
you don’t—if you don’t behave yourself, you don’t push yourself to do better this year,
then that’s it. I don’t want you in my school ever again.” And I just said, “Okay.” And
he said, ”Condition is, you’re going to take drama.” And I was like [laughs] “Drama,
what are you talking about? Why?” And he said, “For—you’ll probably benefit by
looking at other people. And you’ll probably benefit by pretending to be some-
body else that you’re not.” And he said, “It’ll do you some good for your own public
speaking, it’ll do you some good for your own confidence.” And I was just, whatever.
Long story short, when I graduated, my highest grades were in law and in drama. And
those two things got me through. And I was even more shocked when I graduated
and they gave me a scholarship and awards and recognized me for those things. And
I forever thanked him for that because, had he not done that, I’d probably would’ve
never, ever, as the saying goes, to walk in somebody else’s moccasins. I did that.439

Lawrence Wanakamik said that after he got over his initial fears, he did well academ-
ically at the McIntosh, Ontario, school. “I used to be the, one of the top three students,
you know, get 100s, get 95s, and no, no less than 90 in, in the marks, you know, 9 out of 10,
or, you know, stuff like that.” He had fond memories of one of his teachers. “Her name’s
Nancy, and she, she was nice, I liked her, everybody liked her, ’cause she was, she was
friendly, and she was good to everybody. But the nun teachers, those were the ones that
hit you with the ruler on your hands if you weren’t listening, or you weren’t behaving.”440

Alice Quinney never forgot the positive impact that her Grade Four teacher at the Blue
Quills school had on her life.

It was, it was so nice to have a teacher that really believed in, you know, in you, that
you could, you know, that told you you were smart, and that you were doing good,
and, and not to hear anything negative from her, you know, like the nuns always
hounding you about this, “Do this this way, do this that way,” you know. I, I was so
thankful to have a, a teacher who really cared about me. And that teacher, she moved
to California a few years later and we wrote to each other still when she was in Cali-
ifornia. Yeah, I didn’t stop writing to her until I left school, when I was in Grade Nine.
And I never forget her. Yeah, she was the first, first nice person in that school that made an impact in my life.441

Martha Loon said that at the Poplar Hill, Ontario, school in the 1980s, there were staff people who befriended and helped her and her siblings.

We had staff members who took us under their wing. And one, over the years, started to recognize us as, like, younger siblings. So in a way, he was, like, protecting us, and other staff knew that, so other staff didn’t really say or do anything against us because of that. So, sometimes I’ll tell people, you know, when, they’re talking about their experiences, I’ll tell them, you know, this is what, this is what I went through, this is what my siblings and I went through. And I think that’s what, how we didn’t have those same experiences as some other students that went through a negative, bad experiences.

There was one staff member to whom she could tell all her problems. “I could say anything to her, and we’d go for walks sometimes. So, I could tell her anything and she wouldn’t, she wouldn’t say anything to other staff members about it. So, in a way, that’s, you know, gave me a chance to express my frustrations, and the things that I didn’t like.”442

Other students were able to concentrate on their studies. Frederick Ernest Koe said that at Stringer Hall in Inuvik, he devoted all his energies to studies and work.

You kind of develop a protective mechanism on the shell that you didn’t rat on anybody, you kind of behave, you followed orders and things would go smooth.

And what I did like is we had a study hall, and that study hall I was able to put a lot of time in there and get on with my studies and developed that discipline to work, and this is discipline that gave me to complete my studies to achieve my professional designation. I’m a professional accountant and have a degree in management.

I helped a lot of the other kids because a lot of other kids had trouble in math and spelling and whatever, and I used to help the big boys, the bigger boys, because everybody was bigger than me then. But I used to help them.443

Helen Hanson thought the discipline in the classroom at the Sechelt, British Columbia, school was too strict in her early years there. She did, however, come to enjoy her schooling.

I like learning, and I liked the challenge of learning, spelling and stuff like that, getting that golden star. And so throughout my school years, seven years that I was there, I actually kind of enjoyed it because of the schoolwork and the friends that I made there. I guess maybe in my grown-up years, like, in the last five years when things started coming up with the residential school issues, that, that I started thinking about what I had missed going to school there.444

Eli Carpenter, who said he was physically abused at the Presbyterian school in Kenora, did credit the school with providing students with an educational advantage. “At the residential school, it gave us a jump-start I think you know, ’cause I’m not, I know people are
looking for the bad, the negative things on the reserve but I think it gave us a start anyway, you know. They taught us English and I think kids went to Grade Eight at that time that was high enough to find a good job.”

Every fall, William Antoine had always pleaded with his parents not to send him back to the Spanish boys’ school. They had comforted him by telling him that he could quit when he turned sixteen. However, by the time he turned sixteen, he discovered he wanted to continue his education and he had no options for high school other than at the Spanish residential school. He said the school “was getting better. You know they didn’t bother you as much, they didn’t, you know, wasn’t as disciplined as they were when you were in the smaller grades. And, yeah, you had more free time to yourself.”

Madeleine Dion Stout succeeded academically at the Blue Quills school. But she did not credit the school for her success.

It’s not residential school that made me a good student. My, the fundamental values and good example I had before I went to residential school by my grandfather and my parents, and all the old people on the reserve where I grew up are the ones who made me a good student. Residential school had nothing to do with it, I swear by that. And the reason why I swear by that is because I would watch my grandfather work, and he made everything from scratch, and he didn’t say do this, do that, it’s, you know, memorize this or anything, he would just do what, what he had to do to survive, because in those days, there was no welfare. People were very self-reliant, and they worked very hard to be self-reliant. So that I was successful in school, and that I’m successful today academically, people might say, is not because I went to residential school; it’s because I had, from a very early age, I was taught by example and through oral tradition how to live my life."
Regimentation

“Only the devil writes with the left hand.”

Left-handed students were subjected to additional stresses. It was common in schools in Canada and Europe to force left-handed children to learn to write with their right hands. This can be attributed to both a superstitious distrust of left-handed people and the actual difficulty that left-handed people experience in writing languages that read from left to right.\textsuperscript{448} Forcing children to change dominant hands has been associated with the onset of developmental problems, including stuttering.\textsuperscript{449}

In residential schools, it appears the ban on left-handedness was strictly and harshly enforced. At the Spanish boys’ school, William Antoine was told that he had to write with his right hand. “The teacher I had was really, really, really mean; and, very strict. And every time I was using my left hand to write, he would hit me with the ruler. With the ruler, right, you know, not flat but, that way that really hurt my hand. And, you know, I couldn’t write. He’d tell me, ‘use your right hand,’ and I would.”\textsuperscript{450}

Several students recalled that the ban on the use of the left hand was given religious overtones. At the Blue Quills school, Louise Large was told not to use her left hand to write. “I was a lefty. And the nuns used to hit my hand saying, ‘You know, this is the devil’s hand. You can’t use your left, you’re gonna go to hell.’”\textsuperscript{451}

Archie Hyacinthe said that at the Roman Catholic school in Kenora, one teacher would hit him across the knuckles for writing with his left hand. He was told, “Don’t write with your left hand ... only the devil writes with the left hand.”\textsuperscript{452}

Doris Young recalled being disciplined for writing with her left hand at Anglican schools in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. She recalled one teacher as being particularly harsh.

She would make me stand up in, in front of the class, and make me write, and so of course I would write with my left hand, and, and she would take my hand, and she would, she would make me hold my hand behind my back, my left hand behind my back, and if I, if I try to pull it away, then she would hit me. And, and this one time when I was writing with my left hand, she hit me ... with a ruler, and, and broke my, my little finger here.\textsuperscript{453}

Margaret Plamondon was naturally left-handed. However, at the Fort Chipewyan, Alberta, school, her teacher forced her to use her right hand. “I kept still trying to use my left hand, and then she’d sneak up behind me, and hit me on the left. That’s when my finger were broken when she hit me on this finger, and she broke my hand, and I’m, well, I just stayed in class like that.”\textsuperscript{454}
Integration into public schools

“The teachers never talked to me, students never talked to me.”

In the 1950s, the federal government initiated its policy of integrating Aboriginal students into local public schools (or in the case of many Roman Catholic students, church-run schools). In some cases, students would live in a residence but attend a local school. Many recalled their reception at the schools as being hostile. Dorothy Ross said the students from the Sioux Lookout residence did not feel welcomed by the non-Aboriginal students in the local school. “They would call us down. They would call us squaws, a dirty Indian.”

Shirley Leon attended the Kamloops, British Columbia, school in the 1940s. She was among the first students to be sent to a local public school when the integration policy was implemented. It was just as unhappy an experience as residential school had been. “There we had horrific experiences because we were the savages ... we were taunted, our hair was pulled, our clothing torn, and we hid wherever we could, and didn’t want to go to school. So, those kinds of stories are, are just as traumatic as what happened at residential school.”

Martina Therese Fisher lived in the Assiniboia residence in Winnipeg for three years. The first year she was there, she attended a Roman Catholic girls’ school, at which she did well. For the next two, lonely years, she took classes at two large Winnipeg high schools. “The teachers never talked to me, students never talked to me. I felt singled out. I was, I was lonely, I was scared. There was nobody to help me with my work. I couldn’t wait to be eighteen years old.”

When she was in Grade Eight, Emily Kematch lived in the Anglican residence in Dauphin, Manitoba, and attended the local public school, where treatment by fellow students was isolating and racist.

It wasn’t a good experience. ‘Cause this was my first time too, going to the white system with the white kids and we weren’t treated very well there. We got called down quite a bit. They use to call us squaws and neechies, and dirty Indian, you know. They’d drive by in their cars and say awful things to us. Even the girls didn’t associate with us, the white girls, they didn’t associate with us.

The following year, she boarded with a local family.
The first family that I lived with the lady her name was Wilma and Ron Rogers. It seemed like home, they treated us very well. There’s three of us girls that stayed there and we got good meals. You know we were treated very well and we bonded with the Rogers. But in the other home, we stayed with a lady, she was a widow and it wasn’t very good. She didn’t really associate with us. All we did was, we’d eat with her, but we had to work for her. We had to work in her garden, pulling weeds and things like that, hoeing and helping her pull her garden out when it was ready.458

Richard Hall, who was abused at the Alberni, British Columbia, school in the 1950s, found respite when he was moved from the school into a boarding program.

I was put in a home with Bill and Betty Anderson, a Scottish family with one brother, he had one son, one daughter, Gary and Lynn and today they are my brothers and sisters. I’m still connected to them today. Bill gladly accepted me as his son. And he guided me like my grandfather did. He gave me a sense of hope that there’s something better but the damage was done but he kept cool and lying down and he kept cool that rage in me. Took me fishing, took me to Long Beach where we can run, play in the waves. He later, many years past died of cancer. Both of them did, but I stayed connected to them.459

Annie Wesley was attending the Catholic school in Kenora when the integration policy was put in place.

I returned with my sister to St. Mary’s to complete Grade Twelve. But when we got to St. Mary’s, we were informed of very devastating news; the government had a policy of integration. We were being sent to white, a white residential school to be integrated. There was three of us. We were devastated by the news. We had created a bond of friendship between us. We got along well. We were starting to enjoy social activities at high school. And this government policy meant that we were going to be separated and integrated into the white society.

She was sent to a Catholic girls’ boarding school in Pembroke, Ontario. She felt she and the other Aboriginal students were not welcomed by the other students. “We were outcasts in this white residential school.”460
Truancy

“I never went back.”

Many students said they ran away to escape the discipline of the school. Ken Lacquette attended residential schools in Brandon and Portage la Prairie, Manitoba. He found the discipline so harsh that he and his friends regularly ran away. “They used to give us straps all the time with our pants down, they’d give us straps right in the public. Then … this started happening, after a while when I was getting old enough I started taking off from there, running away.”

After being subjected to ongoing sexual abuse, Anthony Wilson ran away from the Alberni school.

I barely even remember how I made it home, but … I got bits of pieces of how I made it home, I took off from residential school in Port Alberni, and I hitchhiked from Port Alberni to Nanaimo, and I made it as far as where the BC ferries were. And when I was a young child, and I was so messed up after the abuse, I didn’t know what to do, and so I was hiding.

When she returned to the Qu’Appelle school after being sexually abused by a fellow student the year before, Shirley Brass decided to run away. She did not even bother to unpack her suitcase on the first day at the school.

I took it down to the laundry room and everybody was taking their suitcases down to wherever they kept them. I took my suitcase down. I told the nun, I said, “I have to do my laundry,” I said so I took it to the laundry room. I hid it there and that night this other girl was supposed to run away with me but everybody was going up to the dorm and I went and I asked her, “Are you coming with me?” And she said, “No, I’m staying.” So I said, “Well, I’m going.” So I left, went and got my suitcase and I sneaked out. I went by the lake. I stayed there for I don’t know how long. I walked by the lake and I sneaked through the little village of Lebret, stayed in a ditch. I saw the school truck passing twice and I just stayed there. I never went back. I hiked to—I had an aunt in Gordon’s Reserve so I went there. I had a brother who was living—a half-brother who was living with his grandparents in Gordon’s and he found me and somehow he got word to my mom and dad where I was and they came and got me. My dad wouldn’t
send me back to Lebret so I went to school in Norquay, put myself back in Grade Ten. I didn’t think much of myself. I quit when I was [in] Grade Eleven in Norquay.463

In the 1940s, Arthur Ron McKay regularly ran away from the Sandy Bay school. “I didn’t even know where my home was, the first time right away. But these guys are the ones; my friends were living in nearby reserve, what they call Ebb and Flow, that’s where they were going so I followed.” He said he was physically abused for running away, and that my supervisors they’d hit me, like a man hitting somebody else, like a fist and all that. So this went on and on and on, I don’t exactly know how to say. And then one time the principal threatened us, “If you run away one more time, we’re going to send you to a reform school in Portage, boys’ reform school.” The boys’ home, they call it a reform school, “If you run away one more time that’s where I’m going to send you and take you down there.” I was thinking about that and I said, oh it’s better to go away, maybe it’s better down at the reform school.464

Ivan George and a group of his friends ran away from the Mission, British Columbia, school when he was eleven years old.

Got as far as Abbotsford, and they recognized our clothes, or whatever, and hair cut, I guess, and said, “Where are you guys going?” I says, “Chilliwack.” He said, “Okay.” He picked us up, drove us right around, right back to here. He gave us a warning. Next time you get the strap.

So, I stayed for another month or so, and I took off by myself. Got as far as the freeway, and the police picked me up, took me back. This time they made me take my pants down, and strapped me. So about two months later, me and this other guy decided to run again.

This time, he got as far as his home in Chilliwack. Indian Affairs officials sent them back. That guy was getting the strap first, my best friend, and he said, “You again.” I says, “Yeah.” He was just gonna strap me, and I took the strap, and I threw it down in the dormitory. He said, “Go pick it up.” And I says, “You go pick it up.” He gave me extra strappings for that, what I did to him. So, I stayed the whole year.465

Muriel Morrisseau ran away from the Fort Alexander school almost every year she was at the school.

I ran away for, I don’t know, just to make the nuns angry, the priests angry I guess. I didn’t get anything out of running away, more punishment. I remember one time when the priest come and got us, me and this girl that I was close to, we went home for a night and he’d come and get us the next day. Nothing good became out of it anyway. I remember running away again trying to cross the river and it started freezing up, we all got scared, we had to come back again with a tail under our legs.466

In most cases, the motives would be mixed: the desire to return home was coupled with the need to escape punishment or bullying. Josie Angeconeb ran away on numerous
occasions from schools in Sioux Lookout and Kenora. In part, she simply wanted to see her family. “It is a long year, only time we came home was summertime. We never went home for Christmas or we never went home for Easter.” But she also wanted to get away from bullying at school. “I remember getting bullied by kids, and I remember getting abused by former students.” She and her sister were always caught, returned, and punished. “I remember getting straps on the hand. I remember my sister getting a strap too when she ran away with me.”

Students might run away for an adventure and then return. William Garson left the Elkhorn, Manitoba, school in the 1940s. “I went to Brandon; jumped on the freight train, ... trying to get away from school. I jumped on the freight train and went to Brandon for [the] circus.” When the circus was over, he returned to the school on his own.

In some cases, students ran away even though they had no expectation of making it to their homes. They simply could not bear residential school life any longer. Walter Jones attended the Alberni school in British Columbia. He ran away several times and was harshly punished in front of other students on his return. “We were all thinking we’re not gonna cry when that happens. Come to my turn, too, all three of us, one after the other, I cried, they cried, and all the other ones cried.” Despite this humiliation, he continued to run away. “We knew it was, we might not be able to get where we come from, but we didn’t think of that, you know, we’re just running away because we were, wanted to run away, you know, ’cause we were, didn’t, we couldn’t stay there.”

Marguerite Wabano, who was born in 1904, was the one of the oldest former students to provide a statement to the Commission. While she could recall little of her own time at the Fort Albany school, she had a strong memory of three boys who were never found when they ran away. “Yes they did run away for good. And they went missing for good. Yes and they didn’t talk to anybody though they saw them.”

Even when it was not fatal, running away was frightening. Isaac Daniels ran away from the Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, school with two older boys. Their escape route involved crossing a railway bridge. Partway across, Daniels became too frightened to continue and turned back.

And it was already late, it must have been about 11:00, 12:00 o’clock. So, I said to myself, well, I’ll go back, I’ll go back, follow this track all the way, I’ll go back to residential school.

So, so that, that was already the sun was coming up by the time I got back to the residential school. And I was just a young fella, you know. So, anyway, I couldn’t get in. Dormitory locked, doors were locked, so I went around the corner, and I slept on the, by my window there. I just have a window, and I used to sneak in and out from the, through the window there. So, I must have sat down there, and I must have fell asleep.
Dora Necan ran away from the Fort Frances school with a friend.

Then we ran away to, me and a girl, we, by Fort Frances, it’s, you know, the States is on the other side of the tracks, so we were crawling there just to run away, that was in the springtime. There was a lot of ice, and there was river flowing down, down there. There was a train coming behind us, so we were crawling to go past this bridge. And it’s a good thing my friend had long hair, that’s where I grabbed her, was so she wouldn’t slip into the river, yeah.

They made it to the United States and stayed there for three days before returning to the school.472

Nellie Cournoyea was sheltered by Aboriginal families along her route when she ran away from an Anglican hostel in the Northwest Territories after a confrontation with a teacher. “It was late Easter time so there was a lot of camps along the way so everybody said, you know, welcomed me and then, you know, and we have a lot of love among our people.”473

When Lawrence Waquan ran away from the Fort Chipewyan school in 1965, there was no one along the way to support him.

I walked from Fort Chipewyan to Fort Smith, 130 miles. It took me about five days. I was only about sixteen. And I just ate berries and drank water to survive. But at that time I knew my brother was living in Fort Smith. Simon Waquan, he was living there that time. That’s when he took me under his wing, in 1966.474

There were many students who considered running away but, in the end, decided against it because they had no place to go. Roy Denny, for example, carefully prepared his escape from the Shubenacadie school.

It’s been like, I tried running away once; and I saved all my lunch, I hid it away. And one night I went down and tried to make a run for it. I went downstairs, I was at the door, big door, I opened it, it was around midnight, after midnight I think. And I stood there; I’m thinking where in the hell am I going to go? Didn’t have family; the only I have is my grandmother. So I went back in, I went back to my bed. I felt so helpless or I couldn’t, I don’t know the feeling I had and I didn’t want to leave my sisters there; that’s another thing too. I couldn’t take them with me ’cause they’re, they’re on the other side. So I said I might as well tough it out.475

Richard Morrison and his friends regularly tried to get away from the Fort Frances school.

We ran and they always caught us because the town, the town people knew the residential school was there and they’d always report us. They would phone the police
right away and the police would just surround us as we were young Natives walking around town, they already knew, they would just bring us back to the school.476

When Beverley Anne Machelle and her friends ran away from the Lytton, British Columbia, school, they had to contend with the school’s isolated and mountainous location.

It’s a plateau region, and the residence was here, and then we walked up onto the road, and then the road goes along, and then it goes a little bit up, and then, and then there’s a great big hill going down, and it was halfway down this big hill, and then from there you could see town. And we got halfway down here, and we were all feeling, like, woo-hoo, you know, and we got out of there, and, and we’re gonna go do something fun, and, and then we got halfway down, and then we realized, well, we have no money, and we have no place to go. There was no place to go. There was no safe place to go. And that was really weird to me because, because where the residential school was and where I lived just before I went into the residential school, I lived on the reserve just, like, it was, like, less than a mile away, and yet I had no place to go. Yeah, so we were very sad, and we all agreed that we had to go back because we had no place to go, so we went back.477

One student even flew away from school. Doug Beardy left the Stirland Lake, Ontario, school for good, shortly before his two years at the school were completed.

There was a plane that, that used to come there with, I think, with fish, tubs of fish that they, they would drop them off there, and they were thrown off to a truck, a semi-truck. And so this plane landed, and I went down to the plane and stood around until the pilot was ready to go, and, you know, he was right about ready to close the door, and when he was ready to close door, I jumped into the plane. This, this pilot was in Round Lake for many years, and he has since passed away. He didn’t ask me anything. He didn’t ask me why I jumped into the plane. He just looked at me when I jumped into, into the plane, he just looked at me and didn’t say anything, and he just took off. And, and that’s how I left the school.478
Discipline

“I saw violence for the first time.”

Many students were caught by surprise by the violent nature of the discipline at the schools. Isabelle Whitford said that prior to coming to the Sandy Bay school, she had not been physically disciplined.

All my dad have to do was raise his voice, and we knew what he meant. So, when I first got hit by the nuns, it was really devastating ’cause how can they hit me when my parents didn’t hit me, you know? Never did I ever get a licking from my parents. It was just ... my dad raising his voice. And, and, we knew what he meant. We had our chores to do; we would do them.479

Rachel Chakasim said that at the Fort Albany, Ontario, school,

I saw violence for the first time. I would see kids getting hit. Sometimes in the classrooms, a yardstick was being used to hit. A nun would hit us. Even though our hair was short as it is, the nuns would grab us by the hair, and throw us on the floor of the classroom.... We never knew such fear before. It was very scary. I witness as other children were being mistreated.480

Ricky Kakekagumick said that students at the Poplar Hill, Ontario, school were often disciplined at night.

You try and sleep, you just hear that noise of somebody crying. I don’t know how long, maybe a month later, that’s when I finally found out what was going on. Whoever was bad, didn’t listen, well, the, the ones they wanted to punish, they’d come and get them in the middle of the night, when everybody’s asleep, that’s what they did, that’s why I kept hearing this whimpering and crying at night. They came and got them at the night, took them down, wherever they wanted to strap them, and they brought them back.481

Dorothy Jane Beaulieu said that at the Fort Resolution school in the Northwest Territories, harsh and abusive discipline was administered in a seemingly random fashion.

There’s three of us, we were washing the floor, and the water was getting dirty, you know, so I asked, I said, “Sister, can I change my water?” You know she never said
nothing. She was just looking around. So again I asked her. You know the other girls changed their water. I said, “Can I change my water?” I guess I asked her too many times, and she took the pail, and threw it over my head, and just pounding me with, you know, with a mop on my, you know, while that pail was on my head, you know. Yeah, I think that’s when Nora came out of the kitchen. I remember the old kitchen that used to be there.  

Stella Marie Tookate never forgot being called to the principal’s office at the Fort Albany, Ontario, school.

There was a priest there, standing, and the sister standing, a nun. And then, they were two in the office. And at that time, I remember, they were strapping me five times—five times on my hands and five times the other hand. And that’s where, that’s where I stopped going to school because I was … I showed my dad my hands at that time, and then he took me away from school. It was hard for me to continue my school at that time. It was hard to feel that stripes on my hands…. My hands were red at that time—painful. Sometimes, I could, I could tell, sometimes how I was feeling. I feel that pain sometimes. And I stopped going to school after that.

Fred Brass said that his years at the Roman Catholic school at Kamsack, Saskatchewan, were “the hellish years of my life. You know to be degraded by our so-called educators, to be beat by these people that were supposed to have been there to look after us, to teach us right from wrong. It makes me wonder now today a lot of times I ask that question, who was right and who was wrong?”

Brass described a school dominated by a violent regime of punishment.

I saw my brother with his face held to a hot steaming pipe and then getting burned on the arm by the supervisor. And I took my brother, tried to get him out of there. And I saw my cousin get beat up to the point where he was getting kicked where he couldn’t even walk and then it was my turn. I got beat so bad that I wet my pants. Fears I lived with day and night to the point where at nighttime when you want to go to the bathroom you can’t because there is someone sitting there with a stick or a strap ready to beat on you if you try to go to that bathroom. And the only choice we had was to pee in our beds. That’s not a nice feeling to have to sleep in that kind of a bed.

According to Geraldine Bob, the staff members at the Kamloops school she attended were not able to control their tempers once they began to punish a student.

And from the beatings, because I didn’t cry, they went berserk; you know the two nuns. They would just start beating you and lose control and hurl you against the wall, throw you on the floor, kick you, punch you and just laid you; they couldn’t stop. You know, they were insane, yeah. And they were not able to control themselves at all.
Joanne Morrison Methot told the Commission that noisy behaviour was punished severely at the Shubenacadie school.

I used to count. One girl got strapped forty-five times, I was counting, yeah, and then it came to my turn, I got a beating, and I wouldn’t cry. I just let her beat me and beat me, and I wouldn’t cry. I just let her do that because, well, sometimes I would pretend I’m crying just so she’ll stop, but then other times I just didn’t cry, ’cause I knew I was talking, maybe it was my fault, so I just let her beat me, and then next one, then after we’d go to bed.486

Alfred Nolie said that corporal punishment at the Alert Bay school was strict and painful.

There was one big staff there. He used to lay me over a desk, big square thing there. I think because I used to work up at the farm up here, there were horses up here, they had those big leather straps, big leather, heavy ones, about that thick, I guess, I’d lean over a desk, take my pants down, and hit me in the bum with that strap, and that hurts really bad. Every time I get caught talking our language that’s when it’s usually big staff, was 300 pounds, really big guy.487

Ron Windsor had strong memories of being punished for laughing at the dining-room table at the Alert Bay school. “I didn’t know what he was gonna do. He grabbed my hair, put his knee in my back, and held me right on the floor, and I tried to tell him my neck is sore, and I was crying. And he caught me off guard, I didn’t expect that. Now, why would you do [that] to a little boy like me at that time?”488

For crossing into the girls’ playground at the Sioux Lookout school, Ken A. Littledeer was grabbed by two staff members. One of them then beat him on the hands with branches from a thorny bush. “I was crying. Never cried hard before. I never felt this sharp pain before, and anger build up, and resentment build up, that if I grow bigger I would get this person back. I knew that I was small, and I can’t hit him back.”489

Doug Beardy said that at the Stirland Lake, Ontario, school, the principal punished him with blows administered with “a hockey stick, a goalie stick ... that was cut off like ... a paddle.”490

As a punishment at the Alberni school, Frances Tait said, she was once dressed in a pair of overalls and hung on a hook in a closed and darkened cloakroom.491

For laughing in church at the Roman Catholic school in Aklavik, Alphonsine McNeely said, she was shut in the school’s cellar.492

Mervin Mirasty said that at the Beauval, Saskatchewan, school, boys caught throwing snowballs were punished with blows to their hands from the blade of a hockey stick. “There was about thirty of us. Every one of us got ten smacks. Every one of us cried except
one, one guy, and he refused to cry, but it hurt so much. That was for playing with the snowballs, being a kid, just playing around.”

For going to the washroom in the middle of the night at the Sault Ste. Marie residence, Diana Lariviere said, she was sent “down to the basement, and I was in the basement practically all night, scrubbing the cement floor, on my hands and knees, and that was my punishment for that night. Now it, it was a, a scary, a very frightening situation because of all the creaks and the noises that were going on in the basement.”

Lynda Pahpasay McDonald said that on one occasion, she was placed in a closet as punishment at the Roman Catholic school in Kenora. “There’s just a little bit of light coming through that door, and, and I sat there I don’t know how many hours. It felt like a long time. And that’s where they put any child that acted up, into the closet. I remember my sister going there a couple of times, too, my younger one. She would go in there also.”

Extended periods of kneeling were another form of discipline. Wesley Keewatin said that at the Qu’Appelle school, students might have to kneel in front of a statue of the Virgin Mary for half an hour to an hour. Keewatin also recalled that at the Qu’Appelle school, a teacher he had thought had always treated him well slapped him so hard that he “went flying.” He attributed his deafness in one ear to this incident.

Inez Dieter felt that her hearing was damaged by the punishment she received at a Saskatchewan school.

I was speaking out of turn and there was a male supervisor, I was about fourteen, maybe thirteen. He was a male supervisor, he was big, he came up to me and instead of talking to me in a nice way, he just ploughed into my ear like this.

Today I wear hearing aids. Today I can’t hear, I can’t hear well enough. And that really hurt because there was nobody there to say, “I’m sorry,” because everybody was scared. Nobody wanted to say anything but I felt it. I felt the blow and again I cried.

Delores Adolph also said that the punishment she received at the Mission school impaired her hearing.

The nun slapped me across the face, and, and I had too much soap in my hair, and my ears, and I was trying to get the soap out of my ears and my face, and she gave me one good slap, and, like, and all I saw was stars. And so I didn’t know that my eardrum was broken at that, at that point. So, after a while, you know, they were getting mad because I, I couldn’t hear what they were saying.

Many students spoke of teachers punishing them by pulling their ears. At Sioux Lookout, Dorothy Ross said, “There’s one time me and this other girl were, we were, were fooling around, we were teasing each other in our own language, we got, I got caught. She pulled
my ear so hard. She took me to the corner, and I stood there for a long time. I don’t know why.” Archie Hyacinthe recalled that in the classrooms of the Roman Catholic school in Kenora, “every time we didn’t listen, they would tug us behind the ear, or behind the neck, or on the elbows.” Joseph Wabano said that at the Fort Albany, Ontario, school, the staff would hit students with a one-inch-thick board. “And there was a lot of times I got hit, me too, for some reason. They had a board, one by three, like one inch thick, and it was cut like that, they use it for the board, and that nun used to hit my head, wanted to hit my ears. She said, ‘I’m gonna hit your ears.’”

Edmund Metatawabin spoke of how he and other students at the Fort Albany school had been punished by being placed in what students referred to as the “electric chair.” According to Metatawabin, this was a metal-framed chair with a wooden seat and back. After being buckled into the chair an electric current from a hand-cranked generator was run into their bodies. The chair had been constructed by Brother Goulet, the school’s electrician, and had apparently been initially used as an entertainment. It came, however, to be used as an instrument of punishment. Metatawabin said he had “sat on the electric chair three times.” Simeon Nakoochee was another student who was put in the chair.

To them it’s, like, entertainment, like it was just, like, “Who wants to get in?” There wasn’t, it was like a selection. I never wanted to get in that chair, you know. I saw that chair. I could even describe it, that thing too, you know. That thing just right out of my mind, I could, I could describe it, you know, what the, what the chair looked like, you know, what, what they use. Then they, well, I never volunteer, or raised my hand, you know, and I just, and then she called my name, the nun, you know, “Just sit on that chair.” It was almost like a crack, you know. She wouldn’t let me get off there until, and then I, I probably cried after that, you know, and she wouldn’t let me get out after this. People thought it was, kids were laughing asking why I cry, you know.

He said he thought the chair was later destroyed. Jonas Grandjambe recalled how the nun in charge of the boys’ dormitory at the Roman Catholic school in Aklavik gave the students what he called a “rough time.”

A strapping, grabbing us by the ear, and pushing us against the corner to kneel down. Sometimes we had to kneel down all day. And if we spilt something, she would do the same thing, grab our ear and twist it until we, make us get down on the floor, and whatever we dropped there we have to eat it or lick it. I don’t know.

Margaret Plamondon, who attended the Holy Angels Residential School in Fort Chipewyan, Alberta, said she once saw a nun push a student down a flight of stairs.

It was one of my, one of my friends, and we were lining up to go to the bathrooms before school was, was to start, and I don’t know what happened, and one of the nuns, one of the nuns that were looking after us, not the teacher, and then she, as, as I turn around, I see the nun push that girl down a flight of stairs, and she never got up, and
we were chased away, down to go away from there. I don’t know what happened, but she never came back for months.

And when she came back, she was kind of crippled. She was never the same after that. She even likely, she had a broken back after. She came back, and she was almost gone a year before I see her again. They didn’t tell us what went wrong.

Noel Starblanket recalled being constantly “slapped on the side of the head” at the Qu’Appelle school. One teacher struck him in the face and broke his nose.

My nose started bleeding, I ran out, I went to the bathroom, was wiping my face with cold water, and it took a long time to stop it, and I plugged it with toilet paper, and toilet, paper towel, whatever I could find. I went back in class, and everybody was teasing me, bugging me, and ha-ha-ha, look at, look at him, you know, all that, humiliating me. And, and so, anyway, it started swelling up, getting blue under here, and I wondered, gee, you know, is there something wrong? I was sore here. So, a couple of days after it started going down, and I remember waking up in the middle of the night, and my nose would be bleeding, and I’d have to run to the bathroom, and wash it and plug it again.

Adam Highway recalled a beating that he witnessed the principal of the Sturgeon Landing, Saskatchewan, school administer in the 1920s.

The priest grabbed him, grabbed him by the hair, threw him down. Now, that was a cement floor where we played. And here he kicked him repeatedly. There was no stick. He had brand new boots, leather. I was sitting not too far away. I wasn’t very big. I still can’t forget to this day. It’s like I’m still watching him. It must have been ten minutes. These were brand new boots. On the thighs and the buttocks. He bounced his boots off him as he kicked him. And the brother that looked at him. Now the principal said to him. “George,” he said, “you will kneel there until six o’clock,” he told him.

There are also reports of group punishment. Earl Clarke recalled how at the Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, school, many of the boys would start fooling around when the lights went out in the dormitory. Eventually, he said, the supervisor would come out and line up the boys he suspected to have been making noise. He would then “take them down to the end of the hall, and would get out a, a leather strap, just like a conveyor belt type of material. And the kids would come hopping out, crying, bawling, you know, little, little ones ‘cause the little ones would get forced to go first.”

Ernest Barkman, who went to the Fort Albany school, said that, on one occasion, all the boys were punished for the actions of one student. “We all stood in rows (three or four rows, all the boys, and we had to stand there for an hour) one hour and we were told not to move, and if we moved we got hit, that’s one thing I remember.”

At the Norway House school, Shirley Ida Moore recalled:
When, when something would happen, like one of the girls would get into trouble or somebody would, or somebody, or somebody would get into trouble, they’d haul us all down to the playroom and we’d stand in these lines, we had to stand at attention. And you would walk around, we would, we would be forced to stand there until somebody, whoever did what confessed. And, and I guess the, the memory that I have is like, we stood there for so long, I saw girls falling; that’s, that’s how long we had stood there. So I guess it was really a battle of wills.510

Gerald McLeod recalled being subjected to group punishments at the Carcross, Yukon, school.

And another place where, where we used to play downstairs, they call it the play area ... where they make us stand up in line, and if one guy got in trouble, all of us would have to stand there ’til we confessed who did, like, stole candy from the candy place, or whatever went wrong, or something, we always all got punished for it.511

Students might also be punished if it was felt they were withholding information about the activities of other students. Eli Carpenter recalled that the principal of the Presbyterian school in Kenora in the early 1940s was very strict. On one occasion, Carpenter was strapped because the principal believed he was not revealing information about the destination of a boy who had run away. Carpenter said the boy had not shared his plans with him.512

Mary Vivier saw her brother publicly flogged at the Fort Frances school.

I don’t know what my, what my brother ... what he did. All I know is that it was, we were all in the dining area when they brought him in, when they brought them in. They had, I don’t know, I was just pretty small, but it looked like a big, long rod to me, maybe it was smaller. That’s when they were hit in front of all the students. Maybe it was a lesson for us, or scare tactic, I’m not sure, but I was, I cried. I had one of the nuns holding me down, so I don’t go running to my brother. They had another one by my sister. I remember that day. I cried, I cried and I cried.513

Daniel Andre was disciplined in front of other students at Grollier Hall, the Roman Catholic residence in Inuvik.

All I remember is being singled out, and the centre of attention, and being abused physically. And when he couldn’t make me cry, or, or weaken me that way, he would get all the students to call me all different kinds of names, and, and laugh at me, forcibly make them laugh at me so that I cried, and I cried every single time when it happened. I couldn’t help it.514
Not only were runaway students often punished as a group, but they were also often disciplined in front of the entire student body and subjected to punishments that were clearly intended to humiliate them and intimidate the rest of the students.

When a group of runaway girls were brought back to the Sioux Lookout school, they were punished in front of the assembled students. According to Nellie Ningewance, “We were all lined up. Boys on one side, girls on one side, to watch them being punished. Their pants were pulled down right to bare butt, they were strapped with a belt; bent over. And all the boys and girls were watching that.”

Boys who ran away from the Spanish school also were punished in front of their fellow students. William Antoine said,

"What they did to them, they cut all their hair off. And ... they got all the boys to look at what is happening to this boy, what they were doing to him because he ran away.

They cut all his hair off and they pulled, pulled his pants down and he was kneeling on the floor, and holding onto the chair. And they were, whipping him, with this big belt. I mean hard too. They were hitting him, for I don’t know how long. He, he started to cry after; it was hurting so bad eh. But I don’t know how many times they hit him, but they hit him lots of times. And those boys that got whipped that time, was, there was two of them, they, they couldn’t sit down for two months; that’s how bad it was. That’s how bad they got beat because they ran away. And that’s what the priest said, “If any of you boys run away, that’s what you’re going to get.”"

According to Lawrence Wanakamik, students who ran away from the McIntosh, Ontario, school were subjected to a similar punishment.

"When they got caught a couple of days after, they'd, they'd haul them into the, into the playroom, and they told us, you know, gather around. There used to be benches along the walls in the playroom, and everybody would sit down, and we’d sit down there, and we knew, we knew it was those kids got caught, and we didn’t know where they were though. We didn’t know what happened. But then after everybody was gathered, you know, they’d bring them in, wherever how much they were, two, three, sometimes four. And they, one of the nuns brought in a big strap, real big strap, about two feet long. It was one of those hard rubber conveyor belt type of rubber. They’d bring that out. They’d tell the kids to put their hands out, and they did pow! pow! I don’t know how many times."

According to Eva Simpson, students at the Catholic school in The Pas had their heads shaved if they ran away. “And they used to get their head shaved; their hair. My cousin was like that; the boys, their hair was all shaved. And the girls, their hair was just chopped up to here.”

J.G. Michel Sutherland recalled the public punishment of boys who ran away from the Fort Albany, Ontario, school in the 1960s.
So, all the boys were lined up, and at the west side of the building where the sun side
was, they were lining up these four boys that had been caught, that ran away. I’m six
years old, and there was about twenty-five of us, you know, you know starting, and
then the Grade Ones. There was another twenty-five of them, so there was quite a
few of us, six, seven years old. And the brothers in black robes were standing there.
There was about five of them. And there was some nuns. So, we were there to learn
a lesson. They stripped the four boys naked. They tied them up on this big, big thing,
and it looked like a wheel, it was, well, they, they, they, they got ‘em by the hands, and they
started whipping them one by one.519

Doris Young recalled that runaways from the Anglican schools she attended in Manitoba
and Saskatchewan were punished in front of the assembled students.

They both were brought back into the dining room, where we witnessed them getting
their head shaved. And, and then they had to remove their clothes, they’d remove
their clothes, and they strapped them in front of all of us. And we all had to go into
the dining room, where, where the, where usually the, the boys’ and the girls’ dining
rooms were separated, and but we, we were all taken into the dining room, and we
were, we had to witness this beating, and I thought, oh, I hope it’s not one of my
brothers, but, but it wasn’t, and still they, they were boys and girls that, the boys and
girls, and everybody, the, the supervisors were all standing there witnessing this,
these horrible beatings that these boys were getting because they ran away from
school.520

Even when the students were not disciplined in public, they were subjected to invasive
and humiliating punishment. Once, Violet Beaulieu and her friends slipped out of the Fort
Resolution school in the middle of winter. “I don’t know why I did that. So, we planned it
all out. And it was a really, really cold winter night, blizzard.” They were quickly caught and
accused of attempting to get into the boys’ dormitory.

They got the father there to, took us each our turn in the room, and really gave it to us.
“Better tell the truth. Lay down there, pull your pants down.” Whack, whack. “What
did you do?” “Nothing.” Again, whack. Holy smokes I was just bruised. And they tried
to make us say that we saw somebody. Who did we see? All that stuff, just for a dare,
you know. And they put us in penance for, like we were, we were forbidden to do
anything, go anywhere. Like, they’d have Sunday movies, stuff like that, and we were,
shut us out, and they tried to get us to say we did something.521

Dorothy Ross and a friend ran away from the Sioux Lookout school.

We ran as fast as we could. Down the lake, along the shore, we followed that girl,
through the bush. I remember the tracks. I just followed, you know, and that, there’s
the tracks, a train. We didn’t get too far. We ran on the tracks, the side of the tracks,
and I could see lights coming, lights coming, eh, and people running, chasing af-
ter us.
They were caught, returned to the school, and sent to the principal’s office. There, she was told to pull her pants down so she could be strapped on her bare bottom.

“Pull your pants down,” he would yell at me, but I won’t, I won’t let him. So, he grabbed me by my collar, took me to the, the desk. It’s a long desk. Put me against that desk. “Pull your pants down,” I remember him saying that all the time, “pull your pants down” and I wasn’t gonna give in. He had to force me. He forced me to pull my pants down. He had to do it; I didn’t do it. So, he put me against that desk, and he whacked me with that, I remember the strap, it was a big thick strap, brown, that, and he hit me on my bum. I started crying, that’s how much it hurted. “You’re a bad girl. You don’t run away again, or you will, you’re gonna get it again.”

When she was at the Lestock, Saskatchewan, school, Clara Munroe joined a group of girls who were running away.

One evening they said, “Come with us,” and I said, “Okay.” I thought, okay, I’ll go with them. Here I didn’t know they were planning to run away. There was twelve of us. So that’s what I did, I followed them. Next thing I knew there was a wagon, team of horses, picked us up like a bunch of cattle, throw us in the wagon, brought us back. Didn’t say nothing, they just, and we used to line up, we used to get in line and we were on our way to the dormitories, bedtime, who do they call? They called me. They called on another girl there. The two of us and I was blamed for that and I didn’t even know a thing about it, so they wouldn’t listen to me. So what did they do? They took us to the principal’s office. The principal was there, there was three nuns there, and not a word, they just pulled my pants down [pause] and the priest, the father principal, gave me a strap. And yet it was I know I was so ashamed I start laughing and that nun said, “She’s laughing,” and he strapped, strapped me harder and longer. I was so embarrassed.

Some students said they tried not to show any signs of pain when they were being punished. Once, when Tina Duguay and her friend Sandra were about to be punished at their school in British Columbia, Tina told herself, “This time they’re not breaking me. I don’t care what, they’re not gonna break me.” She recalled receiving 100 strokes on each hand without crying.

So after she sent us out of her office, walking down the stairs, and Sandra says, “Man, you’re tough,” and I said, “No, I just stopped it,” and I says, “Now I’m gonna cry.” So, I ended up crying. We went in the bathroom, and let, just let it out, and I said, “There,” and I said, “That’s it. She didn’t see me do it though.”

Percy Tuesday refused to cry when the boys’ supervisor at the Fort Frances school strapped him.

The boys’ supervisor, I remember him giving me a strap, and I don’t know for whatever reason. But I, you know, he, he, he strapped me all the way up my arm, but I, I refused to cry. I mean I think he was, he was trying to break me, but I refuse. I just
stood there and I let him hit me, and trying to hit me harder and harder and harder and harder, and I could see he was going nuts, so I, so I pretended to cry to, to keep him from driving himself crazy, you know. So that’s what I remember about Fort Frances and boys’ supervisor.525

Joseph Ward told how, when he was strapped at the Shubenacadie school, “I put my hand out and he hit me so hard, that the strap went right up here and it stuck out, the red. And I didn’t say anything, I just, just the tears were welling up. He said, ‘Go back in line.’ So I was kind of like a hero, like with the kids after, like.” But whether or not the boys cried, the punishment hurt. “So we were all smirking and whatever before we got the strap but we weren’t smirking after. You know, everybody was hurting.”526

To their frustration, some students were not able to convince their parents of the severity of the punishment at the schools. Noel Knockwood found it difficult to get his parents to believe that he and his fellow students were being harshly punished at Shubenacadie in the 1940s.

And when we would tell our mothers and fathers and when, when Mother and Father will come and visit us on, on the Sunday, they usually have visiting days on Sunday, we would all go into the, the, to the room where we would meet and I would tell my mother and father that we seen some boys and some girls getting beaten. Some of them were whipped; some of them were beaten with a leather strap. And Mom and Dad, they always said, “Oh no, the priests and nuns wouldn’t do that because they are the people of God.” My mother and father were very strong Catholics.527

Faron Fontaine said he was not able to make his grandfather believe that the discipline at the Fort Alexander school was too strict. “He said, ‘You guys probably deserve it,’ he said. So, I quit trying to tell anybody. If you can’t tell your own family, you know, they don’t believe you, who, who is gonna believe you, especially when it comes to the priests and that? So that went on for a long time, man.”528

Lena McKay thought she and the other children at the Fort Resolution school were treated roughly by the staff. “Our mother never did that to us, you know, pulling hair, ears, I seen a lot of that, and hitting. Seeing kids getting hit with a ruler, and some of them under the teacher’s desk, a lot of them, I saw that.” But she never complained about the treatment to her mother.

She always said they’re Sisters of Charity, and she tried to put that into our heads, like, they were doing all this for nothing, they were working for God, and whatever we did, you know, we’re doing wrong, that’s why they’re punishing us, you know, ‘cause
that’s what they were told, too. And so, I always thought I was the bad one, bad one all the time, eh, even though it wasn’t much that we did, you know.528

Students recalled that some staff members were clearly uncomfortable with the harsh disciplinary regimes that prevailed at so many schools. Eugene Tetreault was an Aboriginal man who worked as a boys’ supervisor at the Fort Frances school. It was his job to discipline students who had been referred to him by one of the nuns at the school. He said, “It’s not my thing to do that kind of work.” He said he would tell boys, “I’ll take the slap, I’ll, I’ll slap on the, on, on my desk, and you scream.’ And I’ll say the boy was really happy about that, so I, I slap on the table, and the boy screamed ‘Ow, ow, ouch!,’ and that was the end of it.”530

Once, at the Anglican school in Onion Lake, Ula Hotonami was strapped by the laundry superintendent for joking with a student in the hallway. The principal encountered her shortly afterwards and asked her why she was crying. When she explained what happened, the principal told her to go into his office.

And he put me in his office, and he had told me, “You wait there,” and so I, I waited in his office. We were never allowed in his office, like, not, and he, he went down to the laundry room, and must have went and talked to her. Within two weeks she was gone, anyway. So, I don’t know. His name was Mr. Card and that. And so he told me, “You can miss school ’til the swelling goes down.” So, I was thinking what’s going on here, like, you know, why, why do I have to miss school now? I can’t go to work. I can’t go to school. And so I asked him, “Well, what am I gonna do? Like, I have to go to school and that.” And he told me, “Well just, you, you can’t do anything, anyway. You can’t hold anything in your hand,” he said, “they’re all swollen.” Like, my hand was just puffed up, like, from the strapping that I got.531

Roger Cromarty said that at the Sioux Lookout school, different staff members were allowed to discipline students in different ways. While teachers might use a yardstick, dormitory supervisors used a strap.

This would be a strap about one and half inches wide, quarter-inch thick and about twelve inches long, that they, those, they would use that on, on us boys either open hand, or in some cases if the principal is there, they would strap them in the bum, bare bum with, with the principal as a witness.

Now when you got punished by, if the punishment was being done by the principal, he had a, a longer strap. That’s about fifteen inches long, and it’s an inch and a half wide, and a quarter-inch thick, and he was the one, he didn’t have to have a witness.
I never saw him, when he hit me with it, he never, there was no witness, and you’re supposed to have a witness.\textsuperscript{532}

Strict discipline bred animosity. Roy Johnson said that at the Carcross school, students came to hate their supervisors.

But I remember hating. It’s, it’s, it’s really something to behold to hate a person. You look them right in the eye, and say over and over, you know, you’re going down last day, which means you can go to hell last day, over and over. Then when you’re getting strapping, you keep, you try to keep that frame of mind burning, that hatred burning in, in you, until finally you can’t take it anymore.

On one occasion, Johnson said, the older boys went on a “rampage” in response to the school discipline.

They were upstairs and downstairs, locked themself in the dormitory, or whatever, but the supervisor was chasing them, and the principal. And I was looking up from the playroom, and from the fire door, a tin garbage can came flying down, and got me here. I think a boy was taking off running. He was, he was hollering back, “Sorry, Roy.” You know I was holding my head. I had Kleenex. I had to be taken to dispensary. I guess those, they were dealt with when they were all caught.

And there’s another boy from here, fire hose was used on him. But his older brother would get in a fight with his, with the supervisor. They would fight up in the, up in the dormitory, they fight there, and then again in the kitchen. I think then again in the playroom. The kitchen one was sort of a … whose who is tougher, I guess, I don’t know. But that boy grab a pot of mashed potatoes, and just lift it up and put it over the supervisor’s head, and they were fighting, wrestling around for a while. That’s funny, it wasn’t funny to me, but it was, you know it was, that’s how life was there.\textsuperscript{533}

Mollie Roy recalled fighting when a teacher at the girls’ school in Spanish tried to punish her.

[The teacher] was tall, and she was mean, and she’d grab us by the cheeks, and just twist, just turn, and she’d do this every time. Well, I guess one day I was her victim, and that was the last time. She turned, she put her finger, and I bit on it, and bit it just about to the bone. There was blood pouring down. She was just freaking out. “Let go.” And I kept shaking my head … and that was the last time she ever touched anybody’s cheeks. But we’d have big marks on our cheeks all the time.\textsuperscript{534}

Larry Beardy recalled how, at the Dauphin school, the students eventually rebelled.

But one of the saddest things that I, I want to share is in the, in the dormitories we were in, young boys, we started to notice a lot of my colleagues running away, and, and every time somebody ran away, the whole dorm would get physically strapped by the principal of that school, and also the supervisors. And this kept continuing, and it escalated so bad, a eight-year-old, a nine-year-old, ten-year-old, we ransacked the whole dorm. We went violent.\textsuperscript{535}
Abuse

“I thought that I was the only one that it was happening to.”

The mandate of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission specifies that the Commissioners shall not name names in their events, activities, public statements, report or recommendations, or make use of personal information or of statements made which identify a person, without the express consent of that individual, unless that information and/or the identity of the person so identified has already been established through legal proceedings, by admission, or by public disclosure by that individual.536

In keeping with this instruction, this report does not identify or name alleged perpetrators of sexual or physical abuse. In instances where Survivors spoke of individuals who have been convicted of abuse, those names have been included.

While reports of sexual abuse were common, it was far from being the only type of abuse experienced by students. In many cases, a single student described many different types of abuse they experienced. Jean Pierre Bellemare, who attended the Amos, Québec, school, said he had been subjected to “physical violence, verbal violence, touchings, everything that comes with it.”537

Andrew Yellowback was at the Cross Lake, Manitoba, school for eight years. “During that time, I was sexually, physically, emotionally, and mentally abused by both the sisters and brothers.”538 Some students were abused at more than one school.539 Students reported assaults from staff members of both the opposite sex and the same sex as themselves.540 For many students, abuse, fear, and violence dominated their school experience. Sheila Gunderson recalled there being “a lot of physical abuse and sexual abuse” at Lapointe Hall, the Roman Catholic hostel in Fort Simpson, Northwest Territories, in the 1960s.541 Given the power relations in a residential school, no sexual relationship between a staff member and student could be considered consensual. Many former students spoke of having been raped at school.542 Stella Marie Tookate, who attended the Fort Albany, Ontario, school, said, “I didn’t enjoy myself when I was in school because I was too much abused. I didn’t learn anything; that’s what I was feeling.”543 Her words echo the experiences of many former students.
While some sexual abusers carefully recruited their victims, providing them with treats and small favours, others made use of threats and physical force. At the Fort Albany school, one of the lay brothers cornered Josephine Sutherland in the school garage.

I couldn’t call for help, I couldn’t. And he did awful things to me, and I was just a little girl, not even thirteen years old yet, and he did something to me that the experience as having a horrible pain. You know he got me from the back, and he was holding me down with his, covering my mouth, and, you know, and, and I couldn’t yell out. I was so stunned, I couldn’t move, I couldn’t.544

One former student said he was sexually abused by a staff member of the Blue Quills school when he was five years old. His abuser told him that if he did not submit, “he’s gonna smack me, you know, he was gonna strap me.”545

Marie Therese Kistabish said she was sexually abused in the church confessional at the Amos school. “The priest was there. He told me to kneel down. I knelt, and then he began to raise up his, his robes, his tunic, it was a long black tunic, and when he started to raise the tunic, I started shouting and crying, yelling, so he let me go.”546

As a student at the Fort Frances school in the 1960s, Richard Morrison said, he was called into a change room by a staff member. Once he was in the room, a bag was put over his head and his clothes were removed.

I remember that he had struggled with me really, really hard and I fought back and fought back and I don’t know how long it was, I just fought and pretty soon he just, I don’t know what he did, he had restrained me somehow. And when that happened, he had sexually abused me, he penetrated me and I was just, all I remember was just a pain. A pain was just strong. It was really hurtful and I remember that day after that I was a very, very angry kid.547

At the Qu’Appelle school, Raynie Tuckanow said, he witnessed staff committing sadistic acts of abuse.

But I know what they did. I know what they did to me and I know what they did to others, too. Looking up here, just like that up here, I watched the young man. They tied him. And I know him today, I see him today. They tied him by his ankles and they tied him to the [heat] register and they put him out the window with a broomstick handle shoved up his ass. And I witnessed that.548

Leonard Peter Alexcee was abused at the Alberni school. The abuse began one night when a staff member tapped him on the shoulder and told him it was time for him to take a shower.

Middle of the night. So, I thought that was one of the things going on there. I’ll go back a bit. First morning, he woke us up about 6:30. Take us down to the playroom and this big, big guy. I was a small, very small, but you know and he start pushing me around, pushing me around, slapping me. “Come on! Let’s fight,” he said. “I’m the boss here.” There was no kids in the playroom. They’re all looking through the little
window outside, so I just fell down and cried, and cried, and cried. Finally, he left me alone. And then we went into the dining room.

Later, Leonard was told to take his clothes off. “The next thing I know he had all his clothes off too. He said, ‘I’m gonna wash you.’ He washed me down. He started fooling around with my part—private parts and then he took his—he took my hand and put it on his private parts. And then I started crying.”

In some cases, students said that discipline was mixed with sexual abuse. Mary Vivier told the Commission about her experience at the Fort Frances school.

And there was a priest, I’m not sure what he, what he was, I don’t know, but he was the head priest at the time, the principal, I don’t what they call it. He had a chair. Whenever, whenever we were brought up to his office to get our strapping, he, there was chairs outside his office, and then there was, like, a leaning chair, I guess. It was low enough for us to, from here on down. He’d remove our, our unders, our pants, our underpants. He would strap us, and he would rub us, saying, “You shouldn’t have done that, you shouldn’t have done this.” Another strap, another fondling. Where, where I was, we were exposed. I think I was, when I was younger, I only got five, but as I grew older I got more and more.

Donna Antoine was exposed to ongoing harassment from a staff member at one of the Roman Catholic schools she attended in the interior of British Columbia.

He was [the] maintenance person, he would come over, and he, he would stand in my way. He did that for a while, and then he just, and other times he would tap me on the backside, and that felt very uncomfortable. And then when I was go, when I’d go by, ‘cause he’d stand right by the table and we had to squeeze by him in a little, little area, he made sure that he stood in the way, and he grabbed me by the backside. And so I told my sister about it. I was afraid to tell the sister because she might think I was an evil person; I didn’t want to displease her. So and the next time, he, he found me carrying up a load of laundry in my hands, going up the stairs, and then he took that opportunity to put his hands between my legs. And I thought why, why is that happening? What did I do to deserve to be treated like this?

Female students spoke of how some staff members took advantage of their innocence, rubbing against them sexually while they were sitting on their laps. Vitaline Elsie Jenner said that a bishop used to seat children on his lap when he visited the Fort Chipewyan school.

I just went and sat on his lap, but when I sat on his lap, he, he was holding me, you know, holding me around like that, and pressing me against his, his penis, and, you know, like, kind of like moving me up and down, and I could feel, like, a hardness of his penis underneath my bottom, and I didn’t know what to do. I became scared.

Louisa Papatie said that at the Amos school, the head of the school once summoned her upstairs. “Come.’ That’s what she said, ‘Come with me.’ She gave me a, a kiss on the mouth.
And at one point she started caressing my back, and I fought back, and I tried to get away, but I didn’t have the strength, because I was just a child, and she was bigger than me.”\textsuperscript{554}

Ricky Kakekagumick said that one of the supervisors at the Poplar Hills, Ontario, school used to invite him into his room every weekend.

When he would start changing, taking his church clothes off, he kept his underwear on though. He would just stand there only in his underwear, every Sunday that was me in there. I didn’t like being in there. I was so uncomfortable. It’s a smaller room, just enough for his bed to fit and a drawer and a chair. So every Sunday I had to go in there. I felt violated, I was so uncomfortable. I didn’t, like he liked me being in there, him standing there, ’cause he didn’t put his pants back on right away, he just stands there, talks to me, in his underwear. He made me feel uncomfortable, ’cause usually you can see the bulginess of, of that underwear. I think he was getting his thrills like that. I don’t know if he wanted, I don’t know if he wanted to violate me, physically. I just kept on ignoring him, try and look away. That still bugs me this day.\textsuperscript{555}

Students recalled being humiliated because staff, sometimes of the opposite sex, would watch them when they showered. In some cases, they say, staff members would touch them inappropriately at these times.\textsuperscript{556} Doris Judy McKay said that at the Birtle, Manitoba, school, the principal would come into the girls’ shower area. “And then we’d have our, we’d go and have our showers, and when we were in the shower, he’d come there, walk around, check us out, and as we try and hide ourselves we’d crouch into a corner of the shower and try and hide, and he’d be walking around there, check, just back and forth, checking us out.”\textsuperscript{557}

At the Beauval school in Saskatchewan, Mervin Mirasty was told to take a lunch pail to a priest’s room. He had not been warned that boys who were sent on such errands were likely to be abused, as Mirasty was in this instance. When he returned, he felt that boys who knew what had happened to him were mocking him. “The boys looked at me, and some of the older ones, they were all smiling.” He warned his own brother to never take the lunch pail to the priest. “And to this day, I don’t know why he didn’t listen to me, like, he, he went up there I guess the next day, or soon after, he come back crying.”\textsuperscript{558}

Students were particularly vulnerable when they were alone. Flora Northwest said that she was victimized by both staff and fellow students at the Hobbema, Alberta, school. To protect herself, she said, “I always tried to make sure that I was not alone. I’d try not to be alone.”\textsuperscript{559} Aaron Leon said he was abused by supervisors at the Mission, British Columbia, school. The abuse generally took place on the weekends when there were fewer students and staff at the school.\textsuperscript{560}
Certain dormitory supervisors used their authority to institute dormitory-wide systems of abuse. Arthur Plint was eventually convicted for abuses he committed while he was a dormitory supervisor at the Alberni, British Columbia, school. Richard Hall was one of his victims. According to Hall, Plint coerced a group of older students into assisting him in imposing a regime of abuse upon the rest of the students in the dormitory.

And there’s times when that, the bullies, I called them goons, I called them. They chased me, get me and bring me to that pedophile so he could molest me, have his way with me. And you would live in constant fear. You’d watch for these guys all the time. You’d be running all the time because I was in a group of boys that I was one of the smaller, a runt of the boys, I guess you would say but I was aggressive. And that’s probably one of the reasons they moved me really quick because I was aggressive. I did learn to be aggressive. And times, at night, these boys under his thumb would get their ways and do things to the kids. I could hear the kids and those fears were also in me that you’d be urinated on and they had an ointment called Winter Green that they used to put, at night, used to reach under the blankets of the young boys and wipe it all over their genitals and it would burn. And if you added water it will burn even more, and they laughed about it. They got what they wanted. If the dorm was punished these boys got the food, they got to do what they want. And for some of the behaviours, Plint, I think also gave them alcohol. These boys would also in the night travel to other dorms. I know because they asked me to be part of it but it wasn’t in my nature.

The experience of abuse changed his life immediately. “I went home for the summer. I went home a different person back to Bella Coola for the summer. I was twelve years old. At twelve years old I began drinking alcohol to forget.”

Frances Tait was also sexually abused by staff and students at the Alberni school. In this case, several supervisors might have been involved in the abuse.

I was taken out night after night after night. And that went on until I was about twelve years old. And it was several of the male supervisors plus a female. And it was in the dorm; it was in their room; it was in the carport; it was in his car; it was in the gym; the back of the crummy that took us on road trips; the public school; the change room.

Abuse often took place at night, when supervisors might summon a student to join them in their room or a private location. Many students spoke of the fear and anxiety that spread across many dormitories in the evenings. Timothy Henderson, who attended school in Manitoba, said he recalled the tension he felt lying in bed. “I know nobody was sleeping, ’cause he hadn’t picked anybody yet. So you’d be under your covers; I know I was. You know right under them. I could hear light footsteps.”

At night in the Sioux Lookout dormitory, Nellie Ningewance said, “the supervisor would sneak in, in the dark; take one of the students out. I’d freeze when they would come in; wondering if I was going to be the next one. I was never able to go to sleep. Wondering
where they were taking her; what was happening. Then she would come in by, then the student would come in by herself.”

Students were particularly vulnerable to abusive staff members who sought to win their trust through what initially appeared to be simple kindness. Marlene Kayseas recalled that at the school she attended, the principal began focusing extra attention on her. “I don’t remember if he did that to other kids, but he used to let me stay up when they used to have movies, sometimes, if the sister was in a good mood, I guess. We watched a movie on TV and if the kids, some kids went to bed, if they didn’t listen they were sent to bed.” This favouritism, however, was the prelude to a sexual assault that left her scared and confused. “‘Why is my friend doing this to me?’ I trusted him. And I just started to feel really, not good.”

Andrew Captain recalled being well treated by a female staff member at a school in northern Manitoba. Having won his trust, she would order him into a room and demand sexual attention. “I thought that’s how much she cared for me in a different way, but I didn’t know it was coming in the wrong way…. This kept on for a long time. But like I said, I didn’t know if it was right or wrong.”

Shortly after one student’s arrival at the Chapleau school, one of the staff members became closely attentive to his needs, encouraging him in sports and telling him to let him know if anyone was bothering him. One night, this particular staff member escorted the student into a small room and hugged him. In later encounters, the staff member attempted to fondle him.

Fred Brass said that on one occasion at the Roman Catholic school at Kamsack, Saskatchewan, a nun, who he thought was consoling him after he had been beaten up by other students, “made me put my hands down her panties and made me feel her up and this went on for a long, long time. That was supposed to be the one that was supposed to comfort me and help me. But she used me in that way for her own self-gratitude.”

Elaine Durocher recalled that the staff at the same school took advantage of the children’s simplest needs to coerce them into sexual activities.

And then after church, there was a little canteen in the church, and the priest would sell us candies. Well, after they got to know us, they started making us touch their penis for candy. So not only were we going to church to pray, and go to catechism, but we were also going to church ’cause they were giving us candy for touching them. We didn’t have money.

According to John B. Custer, one abusive staff member at the Roman Catholic school near The Pas “would give us little gifts, like bananas and oranges, and I had no choice but take them, because we were always hungry.” At the Blue Quills school, Louise Large said, students were sexually abused by staff who offered them money to buy candy.

Shortly after Ben Pratt started attending the Gordon’s, Saskatchewan, school, the residence supervisor, William Starr, asked him if he wanted to work in the school canteen. He
agreed, since it was a way of making some extra spending money. However, after a short time on the job, he was invited into Starr’s office.

And I remember after that evening, he took me into his office, and there was about five or six of us boys in there, and he started touching us boys. Some would leave, and some would come back, some would leave and come back when we’re watching TV in, in the back of his office. He had a couch in there, and a TV. And we’d all get ready to go to bed, and he made me stay back. And at that time, I didn’t know what was gonna happen. I was sitting there, and I was wondering how come I had to stay back, and I was watching TV there, and then he start touching me, and between my legs, and he pulled my, my pyjamas down. And the experience that I went through of him raping me, and I cried, and I yelled, but it didn’t do any good, ’cause he shoved the rag in my mouth, and he was much stronger than me, he held me down, and the pain and the yelling that I was screaming why are you doing that to me, there was no one to help me. I felt helpless. And after he finished doing what he did to me, he sent me back to my room, and I was in so much pain I couldn’t even hardly walk, and I could feel this warm feeling running down the back of my leg on my pyjamas and on my shorts. And I went to the washroom. I tried to clean myself up. This was blood.

Starr organized a variety of extracurricular clubs to justify taking students on field trips. According to Pratt:

We went all, all over, Saskatchewan, and dancing powwow, and going boxing, be different places, cadets, but it still continued to happen. As we were travelling in the vehicle, we always had big station wagons, or a van, and he fondled us boys. All of us boys knew what was happening, but none of us ever spoke about it, or shared anything what happened to us. We were too ashamed, too, too scared.

Percy Isaac, who also lived in the Gordon’s residence, recalled how Starr would first win the confidence of the students he intended to abuse.

Like paying us off, paying us off when we worked the canteen. Paying us off when we’d work the bingo. Paying us off to do any kind of things which he had. Like he had a boat, he had skidoos, he had all these different kind of gadgets, cars, let us drive cars when we were underage, we were driving a car.

He too recalled how field trips were both rewards and opportunities for abuse. “Abused, abused in hotels, motels, all over the damn place. Toronto, Ottawa, you name it. Finland, went to Finland, got abused over there, you know. I was just constantly abused, sexually abused from this man. It was horrible”

In 1993, Starr was convicted of ten counts of sexually assaulting the Gordon’s residence students.

Most students came to school with little knowledge or understanding of sexual activity, let alone the types of sexual abuse to which they might be subjected. As a result, their experiences were not only painful and humiliating, but they were also bewildering. Eric
Robinson said, “As a little boy, you don’t know a whole lot. When you are a five-year-old boy and you are placed in this place, and the priest takes a liking to you, and then things start happening, and then you don’t realize it at that age, but you are being sexually abused, in fact, you are being raped.”

Many students thought they were the only children being abused. Clara Quisess said she was abused by a staff person at the Fort Albany school.

There was no support, no one to tell that this is all happening in this building. A lot of girls must have experienced it, what the priest was doing and you’re not to tell anybody. I always hate that priest and then I had to live like that for two years, even though I didn’t want to. It’s like I had no choice, put myself in that situation. Him, putting his hand underneath my dress, feeling me up, I felt so disgusted. Even though I didn’t have no words for what I was feeling.

This confusion made it difficult for students to describe or report their abuse. Lynda Pahpasay McDonald said she was sexually molested by a staff member of the Roman Catholic school in Kenora.

Helen Harry did not speak to other students about being abused at the Williams Lake school. “I thought that I was the only one that it was happening to. I always felt like it was just me.”

Abusers often told their victims never to speak of what had happened. Larry Roger Listener, who was abused when he attended residential school in Alberta, said a priest told him that “God’s going to punish you if you say anything.’ I always fear God. All these years I never said anything. I still kind of fear God because I never forgot what that priest told me. He going to punish me.” Mary Vivier, who was abused at the Fort Frances school, was told she would “be in purgatory” for the rest of her life if she spoke of her abuse. The staff member who sexually abused Elisabeth Ashini at the Sept-Îles, Québec, school, told her she could never speak of what he had done to her. He said “You have to keep it to yourself, because little Jesus will be angry, he won’t be happy.” As a result, she did not report the abuse.

In some cases, school officials took immediate action when abuse was reported to them. Norman Courchene said he was sexually abused by a supervisor while he was on a field trip from the Fort Alexander school. When he told the principal about the abuse, the supervisor was fired.

For many other children, however, the abuse was compounded by the disbelief they met when they spoke about what had been done to them. Amelia Galligos-Thomas said she was sexually abused by a staff member at the Sechelt, British Columbia, school. “I
didn’t know it was wrong. I always thought I did wrong, so I didn’t tell people right away. So, I held it in. I just went to the dorm and cleaned up.”

Eventually, she told a staff member she trusted, who arranged for her to see a doctor. “But nothing got done because no one would believe me or her. So, that went on for years of me being sexually assaulted.”583

When he went home for the Christmas break, Ivan George told his father he was being abused at the Mission school. “And he’d say, ‘What did he do? What he’d been doing to you?’ And I told him, ‘He was kind of drunk.’ He says, ‘No, you’re going back. You’re just making that up just to stay out of there.’” The following year, he ran away and refused to be sent back to the school. “I never did return ... and I was glad of it. I was put into foster homes, group homes after that. I didn’t go back.”584

When Dorothy Jane Beaulieu told an aunt she had been abused by a priest at the Fort Resolution school, she was told, “Don’t make up stories. You’re just making it up. They work for God, and they can’t do things like that.”585

Lorna Morgan said she was sexually molested by a female staff member at the Presbyterian school in Kenora. The molestation took place at night, when the staff member would take her into the school dispensary. When she tried to tell her family about the abuse, she was told, “Don’t talk about people like that, that are looking after you, you know. You shouldn’t say stuff like that, you know.”586

In Ben Pratt’s case, a laundry worker at the Gordon’s residence realized that something was wrong and asked him what had happened. Pratt initially resisted telling her, but then he explained how William Starr had abused him. “The look on her face she was angry, but she never said nothing.”

When he was an adult, Pratt told his mother about the abuse that he and other students were being subjected to at Gordon’s.

And she screamed, and she started crying, and I continued telling her what was happening when I was there. And the look on her face, the anger and the rage that came out of her, she screamed and yelled, and she went quiet for a long time, and this is the first time I ever had talked to my mother. She went calm for about fifteen, twenty minutes. And she said, “My boy,” she said, “the school I went to, when I was a young girl,” she said, “I, too, was sexually abused,” she said, “by the fathers.” And I asked her, “What school did you go to, Mom?” She said, “St. Philips.” I didn’t know where it was. And the things she told me that happened to her as a girl, from the fathers that run the school or worked there, the anger that came up inside me was so painful. I bent over, and I couldn’t sit up straight, how much anger and rage I had inside when she was telling me what happened. We talked for a good half-hour to an hour, me and my mother. Then it’s the first time I ever heard my mom tell me “I love you, my boy.”587

Some students never reported abuse for fear they would not be believed. Michael Muskego said he was sexually abused by a staff member at the Roman Catholic residential
school near The Pas in the 1960s. “I couldn’t say anything, I couldn’t tell the priest or the police ’cause if I did, the priest won’t believe me.”

In some cases, students who reported abuse were told that they were to blame. Josephine Sutherland started attending the Fort Albany, Ontario, school in the late 1950s. After being attacked by a male staff member on several occasions, she went to speak to one of the nuns who worked at the school. “I told her something just happened to me, somebody did something to me, and she said, ‘You must have been bad again.’”

Shortly after he was enrolled at the Sturgeon Lake school in Calais, Alberta, Jimmy Cunningham was sexually assaulted. When he told one of the nuns what had been done to him, he was strapped for lying.

I told the sister what happened. She didn’t believe me. She strapped me for lying. So, I went to see the priest, Father Superior ... and he says there’s nothing he could do. Sent me back to the boys’ hall and then the first thing you know the phone rang. The old crank phones. The sister answered it and it was Father telling her that I had been there complaining about what happened. She immediately took me again and strapped me again for doing that without her permission.

Others simply felt too ashamed to ever speak of the abuse. One of the supervisors at the Assiniboia school in Winnipeg attempted to rape Violet Rupp Cook in the school gymnasium. She was able to beat him back, but the event left her shaken. “I didn’t know what to do. I was, I was afraid, I was just shaking. I went, I went back to the dorms. I didn’t tell anybody I was so, I felt so ashamed. I didn’t tell my supervisor, I didn’t tell anyone. I didn’t tell any of the girls that were there.” From then on, she was always afraid and unable to concentrate on her school work.

Elizabeth Good said she was abused during her years at the Alberni school. “I won’t get into detail about the abuse, because it was so violent. I had three abusers, two men and one woman. I was also the youngest one in the residential school at the time.” She wondered if that was one of the reasons she was targeted by one of the abusers. “There was a couple of occasions where he had mentioned that I was the baby in the residential school, and he always told me that I was gonna be a no good for nothing squaw. All I’ll be good, good for is having babies, and they’re gonna be worthless, and he is so wrong today.”

To the extent that they could, many students tried to protect themselves and others from abuse. At the Gordon’s school in Saskatchewan, the older children tried to protect the younger ones from abuse at the hands of the dormitory staff. Hazel Mary Anderson recalled, “Sometimes you’d get too tired to stay up at night to watch over them so nobody
bothers them 'cause these workers would, especially night workers would bother the younger kids. The younger kids’ dorms were next to the older girls’ dorms.”

Peter Ross said that a staff member of the Roman Catholic school in Aklavik attempted to sexually abuse him when he attended the school in the 1940s. “It just happened a couple of times with me, but I stayed away from the, the lay brother that was trying to bother me, but he never got anywhere with me. Because a lot of my friends were there for me and I was there for them. And we sort of looked after one another.”

Some students ran away from school in an attempt to escape sexual abuse. Hazel Mary Anderson and her sister found the atmosphere so abusive at the Gordon’s school that they ran away so often that they were transferred to the Lestock school. Wayne Reindeer was abused while attending the Roman Catholic hostel in Inuvik. He had been placed in residential school by his family because his mother was ill and his father could not care for all his children. He ran away from the school several times. On one occasion, he returned to the family home in Inuvik. “I hid under the house for two days and my sisters fed me, until the hostel contacted my father and he said, ’Wayne has been missing.’ And my dad found out from my sisters and he dragged me back, kicking and screaming all the way. I wanted to stay home.”

Students also fought back. Ken A. Littledeer was sexually abused by Leonard Hands, a member of the staff of the Sioux Lookout school. Initially, he submitted to the abuse because he feared Hands “might get mad, and hit me, and spank me, or something like that, or punish me.” But when Hands approached him a second time, Littledeer punched him and ran away.

Sphenia Jones said that when a staff member attempted to abuse her one night, she fought back.

I grabbed her, and I, boom, I went like that to her, and she went flying, and then all the kids in the dormitory woke up when I started screaming. She crawled back out the door, and she didn’t come back in the dormitory for, gee, for maybe a week or two after that, right, but she never bothered me again.

Many of those who fought back were overpowered. Lawrence Waquan said that he was sexually abused by male and female staff at a residential school in northern Alberta. He told the Commission that he eventually concluded, “Nothing you can do. You can say no, and the more you fight back, she’d slap you over and over again. Finally, you can’t cry, you know, you are shaken, scared.”

In some cases, students fought back en masse. At the Edmonton, Alberta, school, students deliberately barred the doors to the dormitory in order to stop the abuse during the nights. Mel H. Buffalo said he was one of the organizers of the protest. He told the Commission about how the students had

backed up the, the ... dressers that were full of clothes and stuff, and put it against the entrance to the dorm, and at 4:30 in the morning the people were, I guess they were
doing the checks, couldn’t … couldn’t open the door. And this time they were really furious. They got the bigger boys from the other areas to come help them try to break down the door, but they couldn’t.

Eventually, he said, the police were called.

We threw our shoes and stuff out at them, and yelled … some guys knew how to swear, I didn’t, they were swearing at everybody. We threw a list of demands down to the principal; we wrote on there that we wanted better food, we wanted certain staff people fired that we were suspicious of, and we wanted our clothes back that we came with when we, we got to school. Because they confiscated all our clothes and gave us government-issued clothes … we finally decided, well we better do, what needs to be done.

When the protest ended, he was called into the principal’s office. “I went down to see the principal, and to my surprise there was my grandfather, sitting there. And the principal said, ‘Mr. Buffalo, your son is here … we can’t handle him, we’d appreciate it if you could take him back, and good luck in raising him.'”
Student victimization of students

“You had to watch out.”

Statements from former students from across the country indicate that student victimization of other students was a common problem. The statements highlight the difficulties that some students had in getting staff to address bullying, and help explain why other students did not raise the issue with staff. In their statements, many former students recalled how bullies contributed to the atmosphere of fear and violence that prevailed at many of the schools.

William Garson recalled that at the Elkhorn, Manitoba, school, “we were always like hiding in the corners; you know away from any abusement. From other, older, from older, elder boys, students.”601 Percy Thompson said that at the Hobbema, Alberta, school, “one bully used to come at me and he’d pretend he was going to talk to me and all of sudden hit me in the belly. And of course I gag, gag, and he’d laugh his head off and, you know, to see me in such a predicament.”602 Alice Ruperthouse spoke of “the cruelty of the other children” at the Amos, Québec, school. “It was, you know, like in a jungle. Like in a jungle, you don’t know what’s going to come out but you know you had to watch out.”603 Albert Elias felt that the classroom at the Anglican school in Aklavik “was the safest place to be in ’cause that’s where nobody could beat me up. I dreaded recesses and lunches and after school, I dreaded those times.”604

Bullying might start shortly after arrival. In some schools, all new male students were put through a hazing. Denis Morrison gave the following description of arrival at the Fort Frances school.

It’s almost like every kid that came in, the new kid that came in, like, you almost had, that’s like being a new, they call us new fish, eh, the new fish and coming into the tank. They used to initiate you, like, they would beat the hell out of you, the other kids would. It wasn’t anybody else, it was the other kids, the older ones, eh. It’s like they, it was like the normal thing to happen. You were the one that had to get beat up now, eh, and so you, you went through the getting beat up.605

Timothy Henderson said that the boys at the Fort Alexander school were forced to fight.
If you didn’t fight, someone fought you. And the loser was always put in a steel locker, the kind you have in high schools, even university, but they were long, like, they’re not, they weren’t half a locker, they were a full locker. So, the older people, I know who they are, would pick who was fighting today. And you’d be in the bathroom, in the basement, every day. Let’s say you won your last three fights, maybe you, you weren’t picked that day, ’cause maybe your hands were sore, or where you, you had some bruising. But I can remember staff coming in and out of there just to kind of make sure that no one was getting seriously hurt, but I knew they knew.

In some cases, the schools encouraged these fights. Joseph Maud recalled that at the school at Pine Creek, Manitoba, students were forced to fight one another.

It seems to me that there was also a lot of boxing, like, boxing matches between the boys. We had to box against another boy, and, you know, until one of us cried. So, I don’t know if that’s, like it just seemed like I, I picked up some of those habits from, from that supervisor. It seemed like he liked that. He got a kick out of watching another boy beat up another boy, just like that, you know that, there’s a word they call that, like being kind of, like, sadistic, like enjoying pain, inflicting pain, and you know, like, you were the loser, you know, of course he would be crying. And I know I lost my, my share of, of boxing matches. And you know, like, and nobody could really help you. Like, sure, my brothers were there, and ‘cause I know they were made to fight, too, other boys, so it was like a no-win situation. Even if you did win, just like, just like another boy would challenge you anyway, like, if you did win your fight, and just, like the supervisor liked that, and he enjoyed it, you know, watching boys pound each other, give each, give each other bleeding noses, or making each other cry. It almost seemed like that, that supervisor enjoyed that, and it almost seemed like I picked up some of those habits later on in my life.

Bob Baxter recalled that there were student gangs at the Sioux Lookout school. He was beaten up and knifed on one occasion. He had a vivid memory of people tying him to his bed and throwing hot water over him. Clara Quisess said that at the Fort Albany school in Ontario, older girls would threaten the younger ones with knives. Louisa Birote recalled that the girls at the La Tuque, Québec, school all formed themselves into hostile groups. “We hated each other. So, this little gang didn’t like the other gang. That’s the way at the school, that’s what we were taught, fears, and we were scared, and I went to hide in what we called the junk room, the junk closet.”

Such violence bred violence. David Charleson said that at the Christie, British Columbia, school, the students were “learning how to hurt each other.” Students were
quickly hardened by the violent atmosphere of the schools. Victoria McIntosh said the Fort Alexander school reminded her of a “prison yard.”

If you didn’t have older siblings to protect you, you’re on your own, so you learned how to, to fight, anger, and not trusting anybody, and just being hard, you know, and you weren’t gonna cry, and if you cried then that was not a good thing, and it was a sign of being weak. But I always felt, like, inside that I hated, I hated all of that. I never wanted to intentionally hurt anybody.612

To survive at schools in northern Ontario in the 1960s, one former student said she made herself “tough” and began “picking on those younger than me.” She said she was “trying to look out for me since nobody else was.”613

At school in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, Leona Bird grew up fearful and angry.

They are girls from Manitoba, girls from different places. They weren’t too friendly with me. I learned to fight. The hatred that built up in me, I learned to fight my way out of everything that I can, whether a beating or not, I didn’t care, as long as I fought back. That’s how hatred was building up so big there inside my whole body. I couldn’t do nothing.614

Louise Large described herself as “the leader of the pack” at the Blue Quills school.

Nobody could bother the Crees, or … they would have to deal with me. And so I ended up, I beat anybody. And it came to the point where the boys would try and, you know, even when we started playing with the boys slowly, but even the boys would come fight with us, and I, and I would always beat them all up.615

Don Willie said that the Alert Bay school had a bully system. “It started out with the senior boys, and it just worked its way right down.” He said he “used to get punched every day by one of them.” Eventually, he fought back.

I end up fighting him back, and then he’s saying, “No, the only reason you’re fighting is the girls are watching.” And so all the girls rushed to the window when we started fighting. But I said, “Okay, well let’s go upstairs and fight then.” So, we went upstairs, and he just backed right off, but he didn’t bother me again after that, and I thought one of the other bullies were gonna come after me, but they didn’t, so. But it was that system that, I don’t know, kind of really bothered me after, and I know it bothered my brother.616

Mary Stoney recalled being bullied in residential school in Alberta. “We were so afraid of them we didn’t dare report them. Until one day a group of us girls got together, took them on verbally, we put them in their place in a good way. A group of girls fell apart, the bullying stopped. This incident made me angry for years.”617

During her early years at the Lestock school, Geraldine Shingoose and other young girls were attacked by older girls. “When I got into the senior dormitory, we, we got those girls,
we got them back, and they stopped, they stopped doing that to us, and we got all the, some older girls too, to go after them, and they stopped doing that to us.”

In their statements, former students rarely made reference to attempts to report episodes of bullying to the school administration. The statements of those who did make such reports suggest that they found it difficult to get staff to believe them, or take them seriously. Eva Bad Eagle, for example, felt she was not believed when she reported the abuse to the staff.

Janet Murray had a similar experience at the same school.

I thought here I would have an easy life but the kids picked on me and abused me. So where the little kids were between seven and five years old, that’s where I was. That’s where I was placed. And the supervisor was old, very old. He couldn’t look after us, so he asked these two seniors to come look after us, help us out. Comb my hair and to teach us how to make our beds, I guess. And that’s when the abuse started.... There were three of us, and things were always done to us. Seniors. These girls—young women—were big that came there to look after us. They combed our hair. I don’t know if it’s a wire brush or something. They used to hit us on the head like this until we had scabs. We had to have a brush cut because we had scabs all over our heads. And when we went to school, the boys, young men laughed at us because we had bald heads. Sometimes they stabbed us in the face, and we had bruises but they say we were so clumsy they said we bashed our face into the wall, that’s what they said. And one time they came and woke us up in the middle of the night. They told us to take our panties off. They told us to spread our legs and they used that brush between our legs and they even put a cloth in our mouths so we couldn’t yell or cry. For two weeks we couldn’t go to school because we couldn’t walk. There were scars all over there. Sometimes they would come to our bed and spread our legs just to see what damage they had done to us, and they’d laugh like if it’s funny.

When she tried to get help, she was punished again. “But that time I couldn’t talk English. Even now. I was trying to speak for myself. Talking Cree I was trying to tell the supervisor. Instead I was hit for talking Cree.”

The most important source of protection against bullying was another family member. Daniel Nanooch was bullied and beaten by other students at the Wabasca, Alberta, school.

Everybody was fighting me, beating me up because I was alone I had no brothers ... everybody else had their brothers with them but I had nobody there to protect me. So I was fighting, I was getting beat up so when I think back as a little child in the mission, I remember all those crying for somebody to see they’re getting beat up by the nuns, or by the other kids, because they knew I was there alone so they could hit me and there was nobody to protect me.

Eva Bad Eagle felt protected by her older sister at the Brocket, Alberta, school. When her sister left, she said, other students began to abuse her.
When Gordon Keewatin attended the Portage la Prairie and Birtle schools in Manitoba, he depended on his brother to protect him from school bullies. He said that “the next thing I knew there were older boys there that used to, used to pick on the younger ones, and I was starting to get picked on. But I always ran to my brother, always looked for him, especially if somebody come and start poking me.”

In later years, he looked after his younger brother. He gave him the same advice his older brother had given him: “not to ask questions, and to just go with the flow, to follow orders, do what he was told. I told him I’d protect him if he, somebody tried to fight him or whatever.”

Students could not always protect their siblings. In some cases, all they could do was watch them being bullied and humiliated. Mary Rose Julian remembered seeing her brother bullied at the Shubenacadie school.

And one time I was working in, in the refectory, I was cleaning up in there, and I saw my brother cornered. There was about four, four or five boys, you know, that cornered him in there. There was the chapel and the, the refectory, and he was cornered, and I went like this, you know, I was gonna see him getting beat, he got, he was getting beaten up, and he was just cornered, and these guys were going after him. All of a sudden, I saw somebody grab those boys and throw them off one by one, and they scattered, and he went and picked up my brother, and when he turned around, I recognized him, it was Albert Marshall from Eskasoni. He was, like, friends from our same community, eh. And oh, my God, I was relieved, and I was there screaming, and I was going like this, you know, I was just screaming inside, I couldn’t do nothing, helpless and everything. I didn’t want my brother in, in that kind of situation.

In some situations, students were obliged to punish their siblings. Harvey Behn recalled how students who ran away from the Lower Post, British Columbia, school were forced to run the ‘gauntlet.’ He said that

for you people that don’t understand what the gauntlet is, it’s a row of people standing with weapons in their hands, their fists clenched and the offending students were made to run through this group of people and get hit and get beat. And if they didn’t participate, then they were forced to run through this gauntlet. So I, myself, was made to run through and was hit and beaten and my brother ran through it and I had to hit him and I had to beat him.

In some schools, there were conflicts between students who came from different communities and First Nations. Roger Cromarty said that at the Sioux Lookout school, students from one First Nation dominated the others. Those who dominated made other students bring them extra food. Louise Large recalled how at the Blue Quills school, “we used to fight, the Chipewyans and the Crees.” Students from the same communities often stuck together. Of her time at the Moose Factory, Ontario, school in the 1960s, Nellie Trapper recalled that students at the school came from communities from all over
northern Ontario and Québec. In the face of bullying at the school, students from the same community would stick together.\textsuperscript{628}

At Stringer Hall, the Anglican residence in Inuvik, Angus Havioyak said, he was physically abused by both fellow students and residents of Inuvik. He fought back.

At the same time, I was abused by an Indian for who I am. I’m an Inuk, and they’re the Indians, and they go against me for some reason. They tease me, tease me for who I am. So, I tried my best, you know, not to be scared anymore, so I grabbed his neck. I was tired of his, his bullshit and that, and his buddy standing around us. I grabbed his neck and put him down, and I got a scar yet from that, I still have it right now.\textsuperscript{629}

There could also be conflicts between students who lived in different residences in the same community. Allen Kanayok also lived in the Anglican Stringer Hall in Inuvik. He said he was sexually assaulted by a group of boys from Grollier Hall, the Roman Catholic residence.\textsuperscript{630}

Les Carpenter also lived at Stringer Hall. He described it as “a hierarchical society and you had to exist, function and survive within that society itself. And, for the most part, we made it through.” What did stand out in his mind was the religious animosity that was instilled in the students: “I was taught to hate Catholics.” This created problems for him, since his best friend from his home community was Catholic. “When we got home in the summer after not having any kind of relationship through the ten months, it was hard to come together again and be friends again.”\textsuperscript{631} Paul Andrew, who lived in the Roman Catholic Grollier Hall, recalled things from the other side of the religious divide: that students were taught to dislike Anglicans. He related a friend’s recollection: “‘We’d go to Grollier Hall,’ she said, ‘and then by the springtime when we’re going back on the same plane, those cousins of ours, we hated them, we didn’t talk to them all the way back home because they were Catholics and we were not,’ you know?”\textsuperscript{632}

Alphonsine McNeely used to try to talk to the students from the Anglican school at Aklavik when those children went for walks near the Catholic school she attended. “The sister used to tell me they’re evil, they’re no good, they’re not Catholics, and they’re no good. And, and then they used to get some of the girls to throw rocks or whatever at them. They taught us hate, to, to hate other religion.”\textsuperscript{633}

Edwin F. Jebb said that when he was growing up in The Pas, there was ongoing hostility between Roman Catholic and Anglican Aboriginal children. When the students returned to the nearby residential school in the fall, they told the Oblates who operated the school that they had been picked on by the Anglican children. “They told us, ’My child, or my
children, get on your knees,’ they said. So we got on our knees, I didn’t know what was going to happen. They said, ‘Pray for them, they’re going to hell.’”

In some cases, students were able to overcome these barriers. Martina Therese Fisher went to the Assiniboia residence in Winnipeg in the 1970s. She was the only student from the Bloodvein Reserve at the school.

I was harassed by these students from up north; they were from God’s Lake. And they said, “You’re not going to, you won’t be able to stay here one year.” And I said, “Why?” And they said, “We chased all the Saulteaux girls away before you came.” But because they said that to me I made up my mind, ‘I’m going to stick it out here this year.’

She did and, eventually, she and the other girls became friends.

Noel Starblanket said that at the Qu’Appelle school, he and his friends would have to “give this bully our bread, or our butter, or whatever, that, that was our payment to him for not bullying us, and, and then we’d eat whatever we had left then.” Dorothy Ross said that at the Presbyterian school in Kenora in the 1960s, the older students “would take our candies, whatever you had, food, candies, chocolate bars. We weren’t allowed. We had to pass them on to the bigger, the older. Or if you had money, they would take that money from you.”

Lydia Ross recalled being bullied by older students at the Cross Lake, Manitoba, school. She said the bullies would “take everything away. They’d hit you on your back as you were walking.” If a student did not obey them, “you’d get hit, anyway, or pull your hair, or taking your belongings, your barrettes, or from your petticoat pocket. So, they were mean older girls that were there.”

Some bullies demanded money, rather than food. Isaac Daniels said that at the Prince Albert school, an older boy robbed him of money that was intended for his sick brother. “He said, ‘You got any money?’ I said, ‘No.’ ‘Let me see it,’ he said. ‘No,’ I said, ‘I don’t have no money.’ Well, he beat the heck out of me, threw me down right in the washroom there, took my wallet, took all my money.”

In other cases, students sought protection from bullies by giving treats to older boys. Gordon Keewatin, who attended schools in Manitoba, turned over his oranges in exchange for such protection.

At the Beauval, Saskatchewan, school, an older boy was assigned by the school to help Albert Fiddler adapt to the school. However, the boy soon insisted that Albert give him his dessert at dinner.

So, I had to go out there, and sneak, and give him my, my sweet stuff, yeah, that’s how I was paying him for that. That’s how they were, they were doing that I guess. They had this little racket going on that they were, they get all the dessert from the small boys, or otherwise they will, like, it was more of a, they’re gonna protect us, or whatever.
In this case, bullying became increasingly sinister: eventually, the bully began to sexually abuse Fiddler.641

Fiddler was one of many students who were sexually abused by fellow students. Many more students reported such abuse in their statements.642 The assaults ranged from being forced to kiss someone, to being forced to simulate a sex act, to being raped. While, in some cases, victims were given small treats to encourage them to be silent, in other cases, they were told they would be killed if they reported the assault.643 Agnes Moses recalled being molested by older girls at a hostel in northern Canada. “I never quite understood it, and it really wrecked my life, it wrecked my life as a mother, a wife, a woman, and sexuality was a real, it was a dirty word for us.”644 The experience of being abused at a British Columbia school by a group of boys left Don Willie distrustful of most people. “The only, only friends I kept after that were my relatives.”645

Ilene Nepoose felt that poor supervision of the playground at the Blue Quills school helped pave the way for sexual abuse at that school. “The nuns would be by the sidewalks near the buildings of the school and the playground is huge. They would just stay there, they wouldn’t like look around or they wouldn’t supervise properly. They just stood by the building and observed from way over there.”646

As with the case of Albert Fiddler, some new students were victimized by older students who had been assigned responsibility for initiating them into the life of the school.

The younger students could also be confused or uncertain about what was being done to them. In describing the abuse she was subjected to by a fellow student, Alphonsine McNeely said, “I’m just a little girl. I didn’t know what she was doing to me. She was touching my private parts, and used to push her hand way into me, and, and she used to tell me, ‘Don’t say anything.’ And I don’t know what is going on, I don’t know, I don’t, I didn’t know that what she is doing is not a good thing.”647

Wesley Keewatin said that when he attended the Qu’Appelle school, he found the routine strange at first, but soon adapted. But then older boys started coming into his bed at night.

And then they’d, they’d make me feel them and then they’d feel me, me up and then, it started, they started, oh how can I put this, is there any way to put it?

They started sexually molesting me. They were, screwing my bottom and when, when it started happening, you know like I’d, I’d, I was confused, I was confused there because, you know like I had older brothers there and I said, “Okay, you know, I’m going to get these guys for doing that to me.” But they, they used to tell me ... “Yeah, I know your brothers, you know, if you tell them, they’ll get a licking too,” you know. You know it went on like that for a long time.

And I used to tell and I used to tell the nuns that this was going on, this was happening to me. And what they’d tell me was, “Go pray; just go pray.” And, and that, oh that, that really confused me even more you know. It’s like they knew that it was going on
but they, like who would, who would they believe? You know, like would they believe me or, or whoever I was pointing my, my finger at? You know because these older boys, they could certainly, most certainly deny it.

Keewatin told his parents of the abuse, but they continued to send him to the school. “It must have happened to them too because they’d always bring me back and, I figured, ‘Okay, you know, this is normal.’” Gladys Prince recalled that her mother did not believe her when she told her of the sexual abuse of students at the Sandy Bay, Manitoba, school.

Students who were seen as being different were often particularly vulnerable to bullying. Gordon James Pemmican said he was the subject of regular bullying when he was a student at the Sioux Lookout school.

So, they used to beat me up quite a bit, and they teased me because of my voice. I was born prematurely, and I sounded different. And I too, also as a result, I had, probably had bladder problems, like peeing the bed, and so I got teased for that. The kids were really mean there, and I never understood that, eh. And I got beaten up quite often, almost every day. It was hard for me to find moments, you know, where I can actually just relax and have fun with some, you know, some other, other little kids, eh. If we got too exposed, and the other kids seen me, then they came over and, you know, they would take me off and beat me up.

It was a world in which he felt completely powerless. “This was their world. Their rules. And nothing I said mattered, so let them do whatever they want. I was sexually abused there for a long time, more than once. And then I got sexually assaulted by a senior boy, one of my own kind. So this confused me too.”

Students found it difficult to speak about what had been done to them. Bernard Catcheway was sexually abused by a fellow student at the Pine Creek school. “I couldn’t tell anybody. Like it was a hush-hush thing to staff members.” Some students had been told by their abusers they would be killed if they ever spoke about the incident. Those who did report an incident of abuse rarely received the sort of help they needed. Henry Bob said that when he told a staff member of the Mission school that he had been sexually assaulted, “I was given a strap.” When Alphonsine McNeely told a staff member of the abuse she was undergoing from another girl, “the girl told her that I was lying, so I got the licking.”

In other cases, complaints were taken seriously. When she was attending school at Yellowknife, Northwest Territories, Mabel Brown was assaulted by a fellow student in the school darkroom. “I reported that to the principal’s wife. And oh boy she, she, she, sure didn’t like that and she dealt with it and he was sent home.”
One student was raped by three fellow students while living in Grollier Hall in the Northwest Territories in the 1970s. One of the staff members could see she was in distress. However, the student could not bring herself to tell her what had happened. “I felt so ashamed, you know, and I thought it was my fault. And then I quit school; and I went home, you know.”

The younger siblings of abusive students reported that on some occasions, they were abused during the holiday period or when their sibling left school.

Within a week of being placed in a Manitoba residential school, Greg Murdock was raped by a group of older boys. That assault represents a failure on the part of the residential school system to protect him. But the failure did not end there. Murdock told school officials about the assault the day after it occurred.

They said, “Don’t worry, Greg, we will look after it.”

The next night it happened again, I got raped again. I remember getting beat, putting my hand up, “Don’t hit me, stop hitting me.” No, they did it again.

The next day I went again, but this time, the second day I couldn’t speak so loud, my voice was a little smaller now. “They hurt me again,” I said.

“What did they do?”

But at that time I was only seven, I didn’t know what it was, so I just said, “Well, they hurt me.”

Well the next night it happened again. This time they said, “You really going to get it if you speak, you are really going to get it.”

When school staff asked him the next day if anything had happened, he said, “No, nothing happened.” His mother brought him home, where he told her:

“Don’t send me back there no more.”

She said, “Greg, I have got to send you back.”

I said, “I don’t want to go there, they are mean to me, Mom, don’t send me back.”

She sent me back. Again I was being beaten. Again I went home. This time I thought, no, I gotta do something different, I know what I’m going to do. I got up early in the morning on Sunday and I cleaned up the floors, I washed the floors, I washed the windows, I washed all of the dishes.

I said, “Mom, look what I did, I cleaned the house for you, don’t send me back. If you, if you don’t send me back, I will always look after the house, Mom. I will always keep it clean. They’re mean to me. Don’t send me there.”

“I gotta send you there my son,” she said.

I said, “No, Ma, don’t, they are mean.”
She sent me in the taxi and I remember I jumped out of that taxi and I ran away, I was running away down to the bush. And I could hear this man chasing me and he picked me up, put me under his arm and he carried me. I looked in the taxi and I could see my mom crying, and me too I was crying. But they took me.658
Medical attention

“We never saw anybody.”

Former students spoke of the limited medical and dental attention they received in the schools. Bernard Catcheway, who attended the Pine Creek, Manitoba, school, and Doris Judy McKay, who attended the Brandon and Birtle schools in Manitoba, were both critical of the medical attention available to students in the schools. Catcheway said, “And I remember when we were sick we were never taken to a hospital, never.” Robert Malcolm could not recall receiving any medical attention while attending the Sandy Bay, Manitoba, school. “Well, you would tell, you would tell the, the, the supervisor, and the supervisor would either do something, or I don’t ever once remember going to see a doctor in the time that I was there. If I was sick, then you just had to tough it out, I guess.”

Georgina Harry said that a playground injury at the Sechelt, British Columbia, school was not properly treated. “I got damage on my leg, and I think it’s from that fall that never got addressed when I was, when they brought me to the hospital. They didn’t address my leg. Because to this day, I have a split, that what they call it, a split muscle, and I don’t like it.”

Roger Cromarty said he had no memory of a doctor visiting the Sioux Lookout school during the seven years he spent at the school.

Even though a lot of times once somebody caught something and it spread in the whole school like wildfire, and they would just more or less, we had to live out whatever it is that we caught, whether it’s measles, mumps, sores, bedbugs, all that kind of stuff, we just had to live with it. We got some stuff from the matron. We used to have a matron that sort of acted as a nurse as well. So a medical doctor we never saw.

He said students did not receive dental care until the Indian Affairs hospital opened in Sioux Lookout.
Now, the dentist, again, we never saw anybody until, I think it was when the, the Indian hospital was opened at Sioux Lookout, in the town of Sioux Lookout in 1951 and ’52. The doctor there came up to the school, and did the dental work, and he wasn’t a dentist. And it was, it was really ironic how he did it. He, and all of us, everybody had to go to the senior classroom and line up, and one by one, he’d look in their mouth. If you didn’t have any cavities, he’d shove you on and go onto the next guy. But if you had to have a tooth pull out, he did it right there, and there was no ether, or ether, or any kind of, what they call that when you freeze, freezing. He didn’t have that. He just go ahead and pulled that. I saw lots of kids there cry.  

Lydia Ross said the dental care at the Cross Lake, Manitoba, school was limited and painful. “There was no anaesthesia. There was no tools like the dentist tools. They used ordinary pliers. He use, he used to be the one to pull the teeth. He used the pliers, and pulled my tooth, just put Kleenex in there or something, and there’s no pain pill, you have to suffer, but I got over it, anyway.”

Sarah Cleary had a similar memory of the dental treatment at residential schools in the North. “I still remember the dentist. We were all lined up in the hospital to have our—I don’t know what. I can’t remember much of it but I know I was really nervous, crying and shaking. That was the worst experience.”

Marie Brown, who attended one residential school in northern Manitoba and another in northern Saskatchewan, said she never received proper medical attention.

I had this grippe. It’s some kind of a cold that affects your bones, and I was in bed, bedridden for about three months. And, and then I felt that, you know, as I went, as I, when I was, we became older, I realized that they should have come given me, taken me to the hospital because I almost died, eh, of that disease.

When schools were hit with infectious illnesses, they were often placed under quarantine. Students said these were particularly lonely times. Martha Minoose recalled that the Roman Catholic school at Cardston was once under quarantine for six to eight weeks. “It was some kind of an epidemic but I don’t know what it was. During the night they woke us up and they gave us a pill [and] a drink and we went back to bed. In the afternoon we [had] a rest period and … but I didn’t know what it was so we never saw our parents during that time.”

When Shirley Waskewitch came down with a contagious lung illness, she was in the infirmary in the Onion Lake school for at least a week.

Being locked up in the infirmary was one thing I never, never forget. In a small room, must have been about this small, a little bit bigger, and I was locked up in there for, oh, a long time, maybe I’d say about a week, two weeks, I would say, by myself in the infirmary in the high dormitory, and I used to hear somebody coming up the stairs, and the keys would be jangling, and they open the door, and they just put a tray in there, and lock me up there again. I was sick and, I was sick, and I don’t know what was wrong with me, but I was sick, and I was there for a long time in that little room.
I don’t remember getting any medicine at all, maybe I did, I’m not too sure, but I had headaches all the time from all the coughing.

The isolation, I, I remember that, being locked up in that room all the time. Created, created a silent fear to be in there, nothingness, nobody to talk to, just, just to lie on the bed. It used to be so quiet, and I don’t know what I did to myself, just lie there on the bed, that’s it, had nothing in there.\textsuperscript{667}

Hospitalization was also a difficult experience. Children sent to sanatoria were often confined to their beds. Many found this forced inactivity difficult to bear. Vitaline Elsie Jenner was diagnosed with tuberculosis and sent to a sanatorium for a year.

And in those years, anybody that developed TB weren’t allowed to get out, get out of bed. So, what I did, I was only nine years old, I was a young girl, you know, very active, and, and, you know, energetic, and to lay in bed all day, all night, bedpans were brought, brought in, couldn’t get out of bed even to go to the washroom, so I one day I went, I went sneaking out of the room. And one of the nuns caught me when I was supposed to be in bed, and what she did, she stuck me in the operating room. And in those years, and the, the operating room, they didn’t really, all the sterilized equipment was in, in view, you could see all that stuff, like I seen it before, and I thought, oh, my God, they’re not gonna do anything to me, and I seen that great big lighting overtrop, you know, to the operating, and the table was right there, and she stuck me right in the corner in total darkness. They shut the light off, after I had seen all the, I had seen all the instruments exposed on trays, sterilized, they were sterilized. And once she shut the door, that was my penance. I was being punished for getting out of bed, so they stuck me in there, and, and once they shut the light off, in total darkness, oh, my God, the fear. I just thought are they gonna come back, and they’re gonna do something with me. Oh, my God, are they, are they gonna cut me up? You know I was thinking of all these thoughts of fear, and I just started to cry and cry and cry. I don’t know how long I was left there. I betcha I was left there for a couple of hours. Finally, I guess, they decided to come and pick, to come and get me, and put me to bed. And then once they put me in bed, what they did, the nun did was tie, she tied my, my arms, stretched out like that, tied my, my wrist onto the, the bedpost, tied my two feet, my ankles, you know. I was spread out like that, and then what she did, then she covered me up.\textsuperscript{668}

When Forrest Kendi, an Anglican, became ill, he was sent to a hospital in Fort Smith. To his alarm, he was placed in a Catholic hospital. His religious instruction at the Anglican hostel had made him fearful of Catholics.

So when they gave me my bed and took my clothes and gave me pyjamas, I spent the whole week crying, every day. And the nuns were trying to find out why I was crying or other peoples were trying to find out why I was crying. I wouldn’t tell ’em. All the time I was picturing that my mother told me, “You keep staying around the Roman Catholic they’re going to steal you and we’ll never see you again.”\textsuperscript{669}
Students who were hospitalized sometimes never returned. Greg Rainville recalled a friend passing out in church next to him. “I didn’t know where he went, because he never come back to school. I haven’t seen that guy ever since. I don’t know if he died, or he went to Fort Qu’Appelle, where there’s a hospital, ’cause a lot of times we should have been put in the hospital.”

The death of a fellow student left a deep and bitter memory. Ray Silver said that he always blamed the Alberni school for the death of his brother Dalton.

And I always blamed the residential school for killing my brother. Dalton was his name. I never, I never ever forgave them. I don’t know whether my dad and mother ever knew how he died, but I never found out. But I know that he died over there. They allowed me to [go] and see him once before he died, and he didn’t even know me. He was a little guy, laying in the bed in the infirmary, dying, and I didn’t know ’til he died. You know that’s, that was the end of my education.

Mary Coon-Come attended the La Tuque, Québec, school in the 1960s. One of the other girls at the schools was Juliet Rabbitskin.

She had a handicap, she was small for her age, and she was our baby. We treat, we treated her as our baby. We used to dress her up. Brush her little rotten teeth, and comb her dry hair. Anyway, to us she was beautiful. One night she, she was sick. They came to wake me up. So, I had said that I stayed with her, with her little teddy bear, and I sang a lullaby that my grandmother used to sing to us to put us to bed. I knew she wasn’t feeling, she had a fever, and she fell asleep, so I went back to sleep again. Then again, they woke me up, and told me she’s not feeling good. So, I went to see her, and I knew there was something wrong. So, I woke up one of my friends, and I, I told her, “We have to take her to the dispensary. There’s something wrong.” She wasn’t crying, but she was looking at us, smiling the kind of smile that we knew that something was wrong. So, I wrapped her up like a little baby, with her teddy bear. While the other girl ran downstairs to get the nurse, and there was a chair just before, beside the door of the clinic, I sat there, and I held her, and I sang to her. [crying] The girl that was with me, who ran down, she said, “She’s coming, the nurse is coming.” I don’t know how long we waited there. I felt underneath her, she was wetting herself, and I, I told that girl, “Go get the nurse. I think she’s dying.” We, we could see her eyes go up, up and down. She ran down again to get the nurse. A few minutes after she came, she, she had her nurse uniform on, you could see she took her, shower her and everything, and when she saw the little girl, when she saw Juliet, she, she told me, she told me to put her on the bed in the, in the infirmary, so I did. She didn’t even come, and she, the ambulance came, the doctor came, and I still can remember that
doctor.... When they took her down, I held her hand to the door, when they put her in the ambulance, and that was the last time I saw her.

That day, after dinner, they called us, all, all of us to go in our rooms, and I knew that there was something wrong. So, I asked Candy, the lady that looked after us, we used to call her Candy because she always gave us candies, and she, she’s dead, and she didn’t want to say anything to me. And I ran after her, she ran into her room, and I ran after her, and said, “Tell me.” She, when she closed the door, I, I went in her room, and I told her, “Tell me she’s dead.” She didn’t want to tell me. So, they put all us in one room, and they told us she died. When they brought the body back, the tomb was near the church, they didn’t even open it for us to see. I wanted to see it. I wanted her to, I, I felt she wasn’t there, that everything was just lies.

She helped carry the casket to the church. “We’re going to bury her, were only five people there. The parents weren’t even there. They didn’t even invite, invite the parents to come. Even to this day, I can’t go to the cemetery, knowing that I’m gonna see a little plate with just a number on it.”

Alex Alikashuak said that when he attended the Churchill, Manitoba, school, one of the students, Paulosie Meeko, was killed by a polar bear.

In the fall time when bears are migrating and they’re coming through Churchill, they used to come, come through our campus, eh, and when they come through during the daytime, all of us kids would go out and start chasing them, ’cause we’re kids, like, you know obviously they’re running, there’s a whole bunch of us chasing them. And then one day, I guess a whole other, bunch of other kids were chasing a bear, and a bear had happened to hide behind a rock, and when one of the kids jumped, jumped over, he, he slapped him to death, and that was a kid was in my classroom, and he was my best friend.

The death of a child often prompted parents to withdraw the rest of their children from a school. One former student spoke of how, when her sister became ill at the Anglican school at Aklavik, her father made a special visit to the school. “He cried over us. He took me home. He put her in a hospital, and she died.”
Disability
“I was so helpless.”

Former students with disabilities spoke of not receiving needed care at residential schools. Stella August’s grandmother eventually removed her from the Mission school because she felt Stella was not receiving proper medical attention for her hearing problems.675

Marjorie Ovayuak, who had a hearing disability, said that older students at Stringer Hall in Inuvik would mock and tease her. She decided to confront them when she was in her second year at the school.

I said, “Okay, I work hard.” I’m fed up with it! “I work hard! Okay which one of you is going to take me on?” I said, “I’m not scared no more. I’m not taking this bullshit no more.” So I went like this, and they’re big girls, they’re big girls; about this much taller than me but, I, I, I took a chance on taking them on, but I guess they figured I’m not going to back away. I’m not going to take this bullshit no more. So from there on they never bothered me.676

At the Carcross school, Gerald McLeod was hit in the head by a supervisor when he was trying to break up a fight.

I didn’t realize he broke my eardrum right there and then, ’til a few days later my ear started running and everything, and so I started complaining about it, and nothing got done about it. They checked it. They say, “Oh, you just got a running ear, running ear.” They kept saying “running ear.” I always had trouble with my left ear then. And finally, I lived like that through the whole school, so I, I was nine years old when that happened, and I had to go through school not hearing as well as other kids. So, I complained about it, but nothing was done about it. So, I ended up going through school without listening right, or hearing right, and had troubles, and I was getting more trouble for not listening, or I was not listening, I was not hearing, I couldn’t hear proper.677

Clara Quisess felt that her vision problems led to her being bullied by other students at the Fort Albany school.

No one didn’t want to be my friend or didn’t want me to be part of the team because I’m being blamed because I participated in the beginning to do Phys Ed, play base-
ball and other stuff but I was getting the team, lose their team because it was my fault. “You could have caught the ball, why didn’t you catch the ball?” So scared ’cause it hit my nose, landed on my face and they calling me, “How stupid you are. You should, put up, raise up your glove and you could have caught that ball” rather than me hitting it on my face, but they don’t even know that I have a visual problem. When they found out I could, can’t see, they don’t want me to be a part of their team. Every time when there was outdoor games, I would go hide in the tall grasses ’cause I don’t want to be part. I have to hide there and I don’t want the sister to find me hiding. I don’t want them to put me in that team. I didn’t want her to tell me, “You have to be on this team, you can’t go hide there.” “I don’t want to be punished, but I don’t want to be part of the team either, I just want out.”

She felt that the school staff members were equally hard on her.

If I dropped something, “You’re bad.” If I didn’t do something right, “You’re bad.” That’s all I learned that I am bad. ’Cause I always grew up believing that I am bad. I was so helpless that I can’t even see that I try my best to see what they wanted me to see. “Can you see this? How ’bout this? How ’bout that?” “Can’t you see anything!” The nun is shouting at me, I can’t see and they’re telling me that “Don’t pretend that you don’t see ’cause I know you can see!”
Warm memories

“I learned some fine things at the school.”

Although their overall description of their residential school years was largely negative, many students also pointed to benefits they received from their schooling, activities they enjoyed, or staff members they remembered with affection.

Paul Johnup said his two and a half years at the Stirland Lake, Ontario, school were both positive and negative.

I learned things there. I knew, I got to know people that are, people from other communities. I got to learn, I got to know some people from the States. That’s where the staff was from, eh, mainly from the, from the States. And I learned some academic courses too, and I learned carpentry, mechanical, electrical.679

Monique Papatie, who attended the Amos school and went on to teach, was positive about much of her residential school experience.

I learned some fine things at the school. When I began working at the school, I was never late. It was very rare that I was late. This, that’s what I learned in residential school and to be ready to teach. That’s why this morning you see me walking with a book, I’m still that way today, I’m still an educator. That’s what I learned in the residential school, and to tell the truth as well, that’s what I learned.680

Although Lillian Kennedy had problems with academics in the higher grades of the Fort Alexander school, she said she enjoyed being at the residential school. I think I learned lots from the nuns that were there. And I got along with everybody. I had lots of friends, and then I helped at the kitchen or wherever, whenever they did work, I did, I did, like housekeeping work, making bread, helping the old lady that made bread every day. And then we learned how to knit and sew embroidery. Whatever they had I enjoyed doing it. I, I helped with everything in the school.681
Jennie Thomas recalled a teacher at one of the schools she attended in British Columbia who encouraged her to read.

There was a whole set of those, I don’t know, Spot and Jane books, and then little blue books that went up from there—read all of those books, went down to the grade-level books, read all of those; and then, there was, I think, there was a yellow colour, too. So, these are really old books, and they’re school books. And I remember reading through all of those, and that’s what kept me going. I don’t know if those books are still around, but that just came back to me. And that was really … I guess that’s what kept me sane.682

Shirley Ida Moore had positive memories of a supervisor named Mrs. Saunders at the Norway House school. “She made these chocolate, Easter-nest type things. She took us down to the kitchen and she, we made them. That was my, my, my one food I liked.”683

Geraldine Shingoose had positive memories of the Lestock school principal. “But one of the things I wanted to share about Father Desjarlais was that I really, I really liked him. He was, he treated us good. He was, he was the principal of the school and that, and I know that he, he meant it in his heart to take care of, of the kids, just the staff that were working there didn’t.”684

Jeanne Rioux found the Edmonton school to be a respite from an unpleasant family situation.

My mother didn’t really seem to know how to show affection physically at all so there’s a kind of cold atmosphere and my father was absent a lot and he was working. I mean I sort of understand that was necessary because there were so many of us and, but it was not really the most loving circumstance so anyway that’s just kind of a bit of a framework. I went to … I was sent to boarding school when I was fourteen. And that was 100 miles away from where we lived. I lived in Red Deer at the time. And I was sent to boarding school in Edmonton and for me that was a pleasure to be in boarding school. There were a lot of people in the school that were trying to run away constantly but I was happy to be there because it was less hurting and less anger and yeah.685

Martha Minoose had strong memories of the friendships she formed with some girls at the Roman Catholic school in Cardston. Like many others, she described her friends as her residential school ‘family.’

I had three friends, they were my best friends and I was the fourth one and we hang around together. We became so close. I think we took each other as a family. We were so close so one day we said let’s really try our best so we won’t get punished so we
can go to the show. We have to watch everything we do so we are really trying our best. Next thing we got our name again, for some little thing and we couldn’t go to the show and ... but we remained close and that has kept us going and in our little group we always laughed, we always shared stories, we always talk Blackfoot, that made us feel better.686

Alphonsine McNeely said that on the weekends, the students at the Roman Catholic school at Aklavik used to go for school picnics. “Then we’d play outside. We go sliding. We play all kind of games on the lake, and, oh, we’ll just have fun.”687

According to David Charleson, the only time he had fun at the Christie school was when he was “out of the school building. When we were in the woods, we felt free, or we were down on the beach by the water, collecting food that we were used to eating.”688

Like many other schools, the Spanish boys’ school had regular movie nights. William Antoine said that “the best thing that we all liked was the movies. They had movies on Sunday, on Sunday night; and oh that was the one thing that we looked forward to, back then, it was the movies.”689

At the Presbyterian school in Kenora in the 1960s, Saturday night was the highlight of the week. Donald Copenace recalled, “They’d bring a box of old comic books and the kids would all, we’d grab whatever comic book and read that and that was it.”690

Even those students who were abused at school could identify certain, qualified benefits of their school experience. Amelia Galligos-Thomas, who was sexually assaulted at the two schools she attended in British Columbia, spoke of the trips that the school organized for students.

The one thing I could say that came good out of boarding school is we got to travel. I got to learn to play different instruments. I got to meet Pierre Trudeau. The farthest I’ve travelled was Disneyland. I’ve met Bob Barker. I learned how to Scottish dance. I learned how to play “Star Wars” on an instrument.691

Robert Malcolm, who was sexually abused while attending the Sandy Bay school, said there were positive aspects to the residential school experience.

I guess it, it wasn’t all, it wasn’t all bad, like, even though I received an education, I actually did fairly well in, in my studies when I was there. Like, I’m thankful that I was able to be involved in sports, when those sports weren’t part of my home environment before. I was able to play hockey, and baseball, and stuff like that, basketball.692

Mary Rose Julian valued what she learned at the Shubenacadie school.

I learned English. And that’s why I want to make this statement, because so much negative came out of it, but I can see a lot of positives. I learned English; that was my
objective for going there in the first place. My brother learned English; that was my second objective, for him to learn English. And, and then I learned more prayers. I learned Latin, and I, I learned, like, there was Sunday school every Sunday, so you learned your Bible. I know my Bible inside and out. I know my Latin. I can read Latin. And, and I know, and another thing I learned was I learned how to take care of kids. I already knew how to take care of kids. I had a little bit of experience with my brothers and sisters, but over there I learned when I had a charge, I would look after my charge no problem at all. And then I learned to sew. Already I, I already knew, when I went to residential school, I already knew how to sew, and it was on those pedal machines. I could even thread the needle, I mean bobbins and stuff, and I could do all that.

Julian said she never experienced physical abuse at the school. “I was there a year and a half; a nun never laid a hand on me. And lot of people that I’ve listened to, you know, talk about this ordeal every single night, or every single day, you know, they were being strapped, or something was happening to them. Nothing like that ever happened to me.”

For Percy Tuesday, who attended the Roman Catholic school in Kenora, the only positive memories of schooling came from when he stood up for himself.

This friend of mine and I used to play guitar a lot together. So, we used to play, jamming, you know. One day that, that boy’s supervisor took my guitar away, took it from me, and I felt, I guess there was nothing I could do. So I went, I went storming up to the principal’s office, and I told him, “This guy took my guitar, I want it back now.” And I was, I was mad. I had it back within ten minutes. That’s the only time that I remember standing up for myself, everything else, I did what I was told, ‘cause obedience was the highest virtue, you know.
Sports and recreation

“This gym was a saviour.”

The opportunity to participate in organized sports was limited in residential schools. Many schools didn’t have a gymnasium, a skating rink, or a playing field. Equipment was often in short supply or poor repair, or was improperly sized. But, where it existed, many students seized the limited athletic and recreational opportunities presented to them. Many students claimed that sports helped them make it through residential school.

Christina Kimball attended the Roman Catholic school near The Pas, where she experienced physical, sexual, and emotional abuse. She believes that it was only through her involvement with sports that she survived. “I was very sports-oriented. I played baseball. Well, we play baseball, and even hockey. We had a hockey team. That was beneficial, benefited me in a way ‘cause I loved playing sports. Well, that’s one way, too. I don’t know how I did it but I was pretty good in sports.”

Noel Starblanket said that at the Qu’Appelle school,

I had some good moments, in particular in the sports side, ’cause I really enjoyed sports. I was quite athletic, and basically that’s what kept me alive, that’s what kept me going was the sports. When I was forced to go back after holidays, or things like that, the only thing that I wanted to go back for was for the sports, nothing else. I didn’t want to go back for the teaching, for the teachers, for the, the Christian indoctrination, or, or the strapping, or any of the other abuses. I wanted to go back for the sports. That was the only thing I went back for.

At the Lestock school, Geraldine Shingoose took refuge in extracurricular activities.

One of the good things that I would do to try and get out of just the abuse was try to, I would join track-meet, try and be, and I was quite athletic in boarding school. And I also joined the band, and I played a trombone. And, and that was something that took me away from the school, and just to, it was a relief.

Paul Andrew spent seven years at Grollier Hall in Inuvik. One of his strongest and most positive memories related to school sports. At a Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada public dialogue in the school gymnasium in the Inuvik school, he recalled that he ran around this gym a lot of times, and this gym was a saviour for a lot of things because we were good at the physical stuff, we were good athletes, we were good at the sports. I don’t know about people, I didn’t do very good in classrooms because I didn’t have the basics, the background in education. And there was times when I was called dumb and stupid and there were times when I felt dumb and stupid. But put me in a gym, there was not too many people better than I am. There were
some, but not too many better than I. And so I loved it in the gyms. I loved it all in the cross-country trails, I loved it on the hockey, hockey arenas because they made me feel like I’m part of, they made me feel good. But in the education it wasn’t quite the same.698

John Kistabish was another of the students who took refuge in sports. “I really liked to play hockey. I liked a lot because we helped each other, you weren’t alone, because I wanted to win. And, we had fun because we helped each other a lot.” In some cases, the coaches took the pleasure out of sports. Pierre Papatie played goalie for the Amos school team. He said that “When we were losing, we were getting beaten with a ruler. We always had to win. We didn’t know how to lose. It was always, win, win.”700

Aaron Leon spent seven years at the Mission school, where he was sexually and physically abused. School sports were among the few positive elements of school life that he could recall.

And the positive stuff I got out of it was I learned how to play in a band, I learned gymnastics, soccer, baseball, you know, physical part of me. Another positive, I guess, would be being amongst a big group of different people I didn’t know, and it felt good to be amongst my own people not knowing who they are.701

Participation in athletics gave students a sense of accomplishment. While she was at the Blue Quills school, Alice Quinney looked forward to sports days. “Track and field day was a day when your, your parents got invited to come and watch you perform in your track events. Even my mom and dad would come.”702

Mel H. Buffalo recalled playing hockey, football, and soccer as well as participating in track-and-field activities at the Edmonton, Alberta, school. “I won the provincial city championship for the two mile and came in second in provincial for the—actually for the same distance as well. So I learned to run long time.”703

One of Albert Fiddler’s few positive memories of the Beauval, Saskatchewan, school revolved around sports. “I was a good athlete, I was a good hockey player, I was a good runner. I was a good jumper, so that I guess I started getting patted on the back. I started getting a little, a little bit of recognition as a, an athlete, so because I could outrun anybody, out-jump anybody. I was good ballplayer, so.” When Fiddler got into trouble at school, the priest who coached the school team spoke up on his behalf. “He didn’t want to lose his hockey player, he didn’t want to lose his runner, because we get, we’ll lose points if we want to compete.”

Fiddler said the boys would often use department-store catalogues for shin pads, but a new principal had a greater interest in sports.
We started having new skates, start having good, good socks. We starting having bought, what you call, Toronto Maple Leafs and the Canadiens, those were the two, so we, we had two set of sweaters. And Maple Leafs, we used them at home, and then when we go out and play out we have to be Canadiens, so but none of those things, just toques, that’s all, no facemask, nothing, no, no. We had little, finally we got those things, too. So, he bought all that stuff for us. So, we start getting bigger, better hockey players, too. We started competing. We came, we came and compete in town, in Meadow Lake. We had, they, they call us bush hockey players, but we, they couldn’t beat us because we were, we were, we had a good coach, so we started winning.

Orval Commanda recalled that sports played a positive role in his life at the Spanish, Ontario, boys’ school, and that the opportunity to play sports was used as an incentive to get the students to do their school work.

So anyway in, when I came here, in ’52, there was a lot of sports going on, and, and I was into sports, you know. I played hockey, and basketball, and at the time they played softball, like, and also played pool, because I started playing pool when I was seven years old....

And I liked playing sports. You know if you wanted to be on a hockey team, you had to have your work done, you know?

William Antoine was one of the students who credited Jesuit Father Maurice for the extensive sports program at the Spanish school.

The one thing I liked over there was the sports. Oh, there’s, there’s any sport you wanted to play. You know, there’s basketball in the fall of the year, you know. And then hockey, you know, in the winter time. And, summer time there was softball, baseball, lacrosse. Lacrosse was my, my favourite sport; I really loved that sport and I was good at it too. A little ball you threw around to get in the net, yeah. I really liked that sport. And I was good at running; you know I was fast, I was skinny. You know I was pretty agile, that’s why I loved that sport.

Under Father Maurice, there were also sports banquets to honour student and team accomplishments, and annual field days.

You know, running, jumping, pole vaulting, high jumping, and shot put. All those games, you know we played those games and that was a real fun time, fun day you know. It was for one day and it was all day; and, and whoever won, well they got, they got, a medal of some kind and it showed that you, you know, you were, you were good at what you did, you know. So that was so, very rewarding.

Joseph Maud learned to skate at the Pine Creek school.

And I remember, I remember some of the activities that we would, we’d, we would do, like, there was a skating rink outside, and my brother Marcel taught me how to skate. And once a week on Saturday evenings, we would have a skating party, where the girls would join the boys, and we would skate maybe from, like, from 6:00 o’clock
'til 10:00 o’clock every Saturday. So that was, that was probably one of the happier times at the residential school.707

In 1967, when the city of Winnipeg hosted the Pan American Games, Patrick Bruyere was attending the Assiniboia residential school. He and nine of his fellow students were selected to be among those running with the ceremonial Pan Am Games torch. The boys thought they would bring the torch into the stadium.708

It took us, we left Sunday morning, Minneapolis, and we, the last leg was from St. Norbert to the stadium. So, there was, we ran a ways, and then the last couple of miles two guys ran, and then eight of us were taken to the stadium, and we brought in the pattern flag, and we brought in the Canadian flag into the stadium, so we had to fold those flags and hand them, handed them over to the, the officials, the head guy for the Pan Am Games, I forget his name again, and I think the prime minister, I think. I don’t even remember who it was, you know, back then. But anyway, they were there, eh. So, we hand them over, and we came outside, and we thought we were gonna bring in the torch, and then one of the Indian Affairs fellas says, “Thank you very much, boys. There’s breakfast waiting for you around the corner there, Pancake House.” And then they, they gave this torch to this athlete, eh, and he took it in, and that was it. So, we didn’t think anything, eh. Like I said, in boarding school you did as you were told and that was it, you didn’t ask questions.709

Many years later, Bruyere and his fellow students’ experience became the subject of a film. Bruyere appeared in the film, playing a grandfather and speaking in Ojibway.710 When the Pan Am Games were held again in Winnipeg in 1999, the surviving runners were invited back, and received an apology.711

Not all students were athletic, and not all athletic experiences were positive. Roddy Soosay recalled that one of his physical education teachers at the Hobbema school was particularly sadistic.

All I remember about him is grabbing the dodge ball and making me run and throwing it and hitting me in the head and thinking it was funny, and sent me flying. I remember him picking me up by the throat and holding me up in the air and I remember him dropping me and I was like—I don’t know, thinking back, no more than three feet tall. And dropping me, and he’s probably, what, six foot two, six foot three, somewhere around there. And holding me up in the air saying, I’m probably dropping from, you know, four or five feet over, and landing on my head. And all I remember is trying to stand up and getting kicked in the butt there from him. And this hockey stick—his broken hockey stick that everybody knew—he called it Hector.712

Roddy Soosay.
And he’d hit me and made me stand up. And I remember clearly because I wasn’t able to straighten out my head. My head was on my shoulder like that and I couldn’t straighten out my head. And I couldn’t understand why I couldn’t straighten out my head. It was a long time before I was able to stand up straight.712

Even for successful students, sports might provide only limited comfort. Fred Sasakamoose, who became the first Treaty Indian to play in the National Hockey League, attended the Duck Lake, Saskatchewan, school in the 1940s. He said that the priests who ran the school were from Québec and loved hockey. During the winters, the boys had the opportunity to skate every day. But the school staff employed the same sort of discipline in sports as they did in every other aspect of school life. According to Sasakamoose, “The priests never talked twice. The second time, you got the strap. But Father Roussell had a dream. He told me, ‘Freddie, I’m going to work you hard, but if you work hard, you’re going to be successful.’”713

He was correct: Sasakamoose was the star player on a team that won a provincial championship.714 But he had also been seriously abused at the school. He left it as soon as he could.

I said, “I’m going home to my mother.” I was fifteen years old. “I’m going home.” My gosh, I felt good. I felt that the world had changed, had opened a gate for me. There was no more wall on the other side of these girls that I never seen that were there for last ten years. We were segregated from them; you couldn’t talk to them, even my own sister.715

When a priest brought a hockey scout to his family’s home, Sasakamoose hid, convinced he was going to be taken back to school. It was only with coaxing that he agreed to play junior hockey in Moose Jaw.716 Although he was a good player, he never felt that he fit into the world of professional sports: “I look at myself sometimes and say, ‘How in the hell did I ever get there?’ I didn’t want to be an athlete, I didn’t want to be a hockey player, I didn’t want to be anything. All I wanted was my parents.”717

Some students found refuge in the arts. Again, opportunities were limited and discipline often strict. The Kamloops school dance troupe, run by Sister Leonita, became well known through British Columbia. Students joined the Kamloops dancers for various reasons: some valued the fact that dancers got to miss the early Mass; others thought it was “a way to get something out of this place.” Some joined for self-esteem, and some for the respect that outsiders gave the dance company.718

Jean Margaret Brown had mixed feelings about the Kamloops dance experience.
We were forced to learn Irish and Spanish and I was in a Jewish group dance. We had to sing all kinds of folksy music, which was okay I guess, but, didn’t have nothing to do with our, our language or our traditions or our culture.

I did learn that, from different walks of life that, being in a dance troupe I was made to feel special. But the work that we did to be in that dance group was really, really harsh. The discipline from the nuns that were teaching us, often used their knuckles and rulers on the back, on our back; on our shoulder blades or, right in the base of our head with a ruler.\(^\text{719}\)

Wilbur Abrahams recalled when a young staff member brought rock and roll to the Alert Bay school.

He was some kind of a, I don’t know, a musician I guess you can call him, and he put, hooked up loudspeakers in the basement, and played music, you know, the rock and roll music at that time of the year, in ’53, maybe ’54. That year they were, they called it the jive. And I remember dancing in the basement. It seemed like a time in my life where I could just dance and forget about my abuse. And pretty soon he opened up, we had a little hall, and he opened that up, and the boys and girls got together. And this one girl pulled me up, and kind of showing me how to dance and to jive. I remember catching on really quick, and I really, I really loved dancing, ’cause you know when I danced, I, I forgot about where I was for, for an hour or two. Like when I danced, I gave it my all, you know, I didn’t, I didn’t care, it was ’cause I was dancing to forget, and it worked, those couple of hours.\(^\text{720}\)

By the 1960s, Aboriginal artists were being brought into some schools to give lessons. Henry Speck was born in 1908 and attended the Alert Bay school for two years. He had begun to receive public attention for his paintings and carvings in the 1960s. He became the artistic director of the Kwakwaka’wakw Big House project at Alert Bay in the mid-1960s.\(^\text{721}\) During this period, he gave art classes at the school there. Former student Don Willie recalled Speck’s classes:

Like I was talking about out there, is that, Henry Speck came in through the day school, and he did a drawing on the board, Thunderbird, and one of the things that I really liked to do when I was a young boy was to draw out of comics, just draw. Started off with the simpler ones, I guess, and then I did the Marvel comics and the superheroes and stuff like that, so I kind of knew how to draw a bit. So when Henry Speck came by, and did this drawing on the blackboard, I end up becoming, well I learned how to draw from him. So, he had this book, and I don’t know, all the kids kind of knew that I was, they liked my drawings ’cause I did a good job of copying Henry Speck, I

\[\text{(Don Willie)}\]
guess, so they, so they used to ask me to start to draw for them, so I started to draw for them, and end up drawing, end up having a carving class in St. Mike’s. And the Joseph boys that came in, their, their dad teached us, he was our, was the layout teacher, how to carve. Anyhow, he got me to draw all bunch of designs around this carving room, so I did, and he had this book out of Henry Speck’s drawings, copied all of them on the walls.
Cadets

“I’ve learned and heard something stronger than this.”

Many of the boys who attended residential schools participated in cadets, a military-sponsored training program. Cadet training was part of the drill at the two Anglican residential schools that Michael Cheena attended in the 1960s. “While I was in the residential school I also—I was also a member of the Army Cadets. I used to go to Army Cadets once a week on Thursday nights. I kind of liked that because it was something to do, you know, during the week, other than sit around and do nothing.”

Earl Clarke also participated in cadets, and recalled it as being highly regimented.

And the others were, they were cadets. We, we join, we had to join the 590 squadron. We’d march around for hours in that building, and you had to stand still for a long time. If your nose itched, or whatever, you know, you couldn’t, or else you’d be kneeling with your arms out, or running around, discipline, army discipline I guess they call it.

One of Ray Silver’s strongest memories of the Alberni school during the 1940s was military drill.

I learned how to march. See, the war was on, and they took us out on route marches. And you can imagine going on a route march thirsty and hungry.... We were little guys. When we got a little, well, later on we even had the little wooden guns that we packed and marched, and sang songs, “London’s burning, London’s burning, look over yonder.” I never, never forgot that. “And there will always be an England, England shall be free,” and we’re gonna free England, that’s what they taught us.

Students sometimes went from the cadet corps straight to the army. Thomas Keesick said that in the 1940s at the McIntosh school in Kenora, six boys were recruited. “It was later that they found out these six boys were sent off to war, Second World War, and only one returned, his name was Albert Stone and I was there at his burial in Grassy.”

Noel Knockwood joined the Canadian army after attending the Shubenacadie school in the 1940s. “I spent 413 days in combat in Korea. And I served in 1952 and ’53.” Alan Knockwood said that life at the Shubenacadie school prepared him for the Canadian navy.

I went to navy boot camp. Standing in line and doing PT in the morning, or what have you, and having the chief petty officer, or drill sergeant in some cases, holler at me. I would stand there at attention and look at them and say, “You ain’t got nothing on Sister Claire or Brother Sampson. I’ve learned and heard something stronger than this.”
Larry Roger Listener also enjoyed his participation in the cadet program.

The government didn’t realize, you know, these guys are getting good in the cadets. That’s when AIM [American Indian Movement] and all this was going on. So they cut the cadets off because maybe to them they were making us warriors, but no, they helped us. Every time we shot a gun there was a target there. That’s where most of us learned how to go hunt, is by shooting those guns.729
Improvements

“There was a lot more freedom.”

In 1969, the federal government restructured the residential school system. The schools usually were divided into two, separate entities: a government-run school and a church-administered residence. Beginning in the 1970s, agreements were reached under which Aboriginal organizations took over the operation of several of the institutions. Greg Rainville attended the Qu’Appelle school while these transformations were taking place.

I’ve seen the, where the priests and nuns controlled the school. I was there when Indian Affairs took control of the residential school, and was there when Native Control started. But the most, the nuns there, when the nuns and the priests were there, there was, things got better after they left. They weren’t perfect, but there was still abuse when Indian Affairs control. A lot of things were, weren’t addressed, or, or made known to people, ’cause it was always hush-hush.

Rainville said the change from church to Indian Affairs administration brought about an improvement in personal freedom and food at the school.

When the nuns were there, we were just like a jail. There was a big fence all around. You couldn’t leave. Yeah, we had black and white TVs. We had, we didn’t go no place. Everything that we had was either outside in the yard, or in the gym. But when Indian Affairs got there, we, we were allowed to go maybe downtown to the hardware store, where we would have pop at the, in the café there in Lebret. You were allowed to do that. Before you weren’t even allowed to go. You know if you’re caught downtown, you were in trouble. But there was a lot more freedom. We used to get to go to drive-ins, movies.

When the nuns were there, everything was just, I don’t know, everything was hamburger-based. Everything was we ate the whole year was either mush, hamburgers, whatever, maybe the odd chicken, or odd ham. But with Indian Affairs, our food started, like, we had pork chops, we had boiled potatoes, stuff you could identify. Like, then when Native Control came to be, again we were back to hamburger, like, you know, from hamburger to steak, to hamburger again. That was, that’s the only way I could describe the different times people were there.730

Ronalee Lavallee attended the Grayson, Saskatchewan, school in the 1960s and 1970s, and then worked at the school for twenty-two years as a child-care worker. She recalled a change in attitude at the school when it came under band management. “When our First Nation took over the boarding school, and the nuns were no longer there and the priest,
and I could see that difference. It was, like, it was so much lighter, and I could see that in the children. They were so much freer.  

Velma Jackson was placed in the Blue Quills school after the death of her grandmother. She came from a different community than most of the other students at the school, and felt she was treated as an outsider. By then, many members of the supervisory staff were Aboriginal. In her opinion, they tended to favour their relatives. She also said the supervisors used to bring alcohol into the school on weekends. “And these were our own Native people that were running the school. It was, I just felt so totally lost there…. That’s where I became an alcoholic was at Blue Quills, ’cause it was brought there all the time. I bet you, you can go there and check in the bird sanctuary, and it’ll be filled with beer bottles.”  

Amber K. K. Pelletier, who was the youngest Survivor to provide the Commission with a statement, attended the residence operated by the Marieval Community Education Centre on the Cowessess First Nation from 1993 to 1997. She said that a number of the long-disliked policies were still in practice at the residence. For example, the school had retained the policy of cutting students’ hair when they first arrived, and assigning them numbers. According to Pelletier, in the 1990s, “We could tell when the keepers were mad because they would, they would use our number to call us or to talk to us. In breakfast line or supper, dinner line, if we were acting up they’d say, ‘Number 20.’ And then you just stopped whatever you were doing.”  

She also felt that the behaviour of some staff members was objectionable.

And then the keepers, some of them would come around and tuck you in and they would give you a kiss on the cheek and they would say, “I love you.” I remember the first night I was just lying there and they were doing that. And I, I was thinking, that lady’s going to come and, that lady’s going to come around my bed. So by the third, fourth day I figured out that if I threw my blankets over my head and looked tucked in, then you know, all the work was done. And then I would just have to listen to their steps, ’cause it would take one, two, three steps to get to my bed from the next bed. And I could just peek and say, “I love you, goodnight.” And they wouldn’t have to, they wouldn’t kiss me.
The end

“The doors are closing for good.”

Most students left residential school when they turned sixteen. Some students, however, contrived to leave earlier. At the end of one summer, Roy Denny hid in the woods so he would not be returned to school. When the Indian agent came to visit his grandmother, she told them he would rather be at home helping her. According to Roy, “They said, ‘okay,’ and jeez, I was real glad; real happy.”

Rebecca Many Grey Horses’s parents successfully withdrew her from the Anglican school in Cardston after another student broke her collarbone. “I was taken to the hospital and spent a few days there, my parents came, and so, it was at that time that I asked that, you know, not to be put back in there.”

Many of the students in the hostels in northern Canada in the 1960s and 1970s were well over the official school-leaving age. But they had come from remote communities to finish high school or take vocational training. As they grew older, some found the curfews and limits on personal freedom difficult to accept. When she was in her late teens, Lena McKay snuck out of Breynat Hall, one of the Fort Smith residences in the Northwest Territories, to spend an evening with a friend. She was caught sneaking back in later that night. The event left her frustrated with the limits on her freedom. “I was just sick of it, so I said no, it’s not for me. I can’t stay. So, and I said, ‘I’m not gonna sneak around, and yeah, I’m not gonna do that again.’” As a result, she left.

Many students could remember their day of discharge. Roy Johnson was glad when the day came when he could leave the Carcross school. “And when I left, I was, you know, well, abused, psychological damage, illiterate. I was very happy the last day came along when I left Carcross. Jump on that bus, that’s your angel is the bus driver, ‘cause he’d be taking you home, really.”

William Francis Paul vividly recalled the day he was discharged from Shubenacadie. He said he was woken up in the middle of the night and informed that he was going home. He was driven to the local train station and placed on a train to his home community. While on the train, he befriended an Aboriginal woman with a son his age. Instead of continuing on to his home, he got off the train and lived with them for a while. Eventually, the Indian agent located him and returned him to his family in Membertou, Nova Scotia.
For some students, the last day of school was also the last day that the school itself was open. Rose Marie Prosper said she would never forget the day the students were told that the Shubenacadie school was going to be closed. One day in early 1967, her teacher, Sister Charles Marie, came into the classroom.

She went up to her, her desk there, and she just stood there, and she, she was looking at us, like we were all just talking among ourselves, and she was just standing there looking at us. And, we were like, 'Okay, she’s going to flip out pretty soon. She’s going to snap her yardstick on our desk and tell us to be quiet or something.'

And she didn’t say anything. And I was sitting at my desk and I was looking at her. I wasn’t talking because I, I get strapped for everything, so I kind of learned, not to talk. So, I was sitting there and I was looking at her and she was standing there. She had her hands like this up to her mouth and she was looking at all of us. And, she said, "Okay," she said, "I want everyone to quiet down." So we were sure we were all going to start our work.

So she sat on her desk in the front there. She said, "I have something to tell all of you." And she said, "After I tell you," she said, "I want you all to stay in your desks, stay in your chairs, and not to make any noise; to be very, very quiet." So we didn’t know what was going on or anything. And then she said, "When you leave here in June, you’re not coming back." She said, "The doors are closing for good."

It was the happiest news; it was the happiest thing we ever heard. I mean, at the time you’re not supposed to touch a boy or nothing, but we had boys in our classroom, and when she said that nobody was coming back in June, that you’ll never see each other again; you’ll never see any of the nuns again, you’ll never see the school again, nothing. She goes, "When you go home, you’re staying home for good." When she told us that, we all jumped out of our chairs, we banged our desks, our books went flying, we hugged each other, we grabbed the boys. And we were crying, we were laughing; it was the best thing we ever, ever heard.

Dorene Bernard was also at the Shubenacadie school when it closed in 1967.

Remember my last day walking out of the residential school at the end of June 1967, and we were the last ones to leave because we were getting on a plane, so we had to be, we were the last ones to leave that school, me and my brother and my sisters. My mom was going to meet us at the airport in Boston. We were waiting for a drive to come take us to the airport. And it was just like an evil place, it was empty, you hear your echoes walking through and talking, like this place, you could hear your echo everywhere you went.
And I could remember getting into the car, looking back, and Sister came running down the stairs, and she said, “You forgot something. Dorene, you forgot something,” and she passed me that Bible missal. And I took it and I threw it, I threw it away and told her to keep it, “I don’t need it where I’m going.”

And my sister was even scared when we were getting ready to leave. “Don’t do that. Don’t say that,” she said. I said, “What can they do to me? They’re not going to do anything to us now. We’re outta here.”
Bibliography

The endnotes of this report often commence with the abbreviation TRC, followed by one of the following abbreviations: ASAGR, AVS, CAR, IRSSA, NRA, RBS, and LACAR. The documents so cited are located in the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada’s database. At the end of each of these endnotes, in square brackets, is the document identification number for each of these documents. The following is a brief description of each database.

Active and Semi-Active Government Records (ASAGR) Database: The Active and Semi-Active Government Records database contains active and semi-active records collected from federal governmental departments that potentially intersected with the administration and management of the residential school system. Documents that were relevant to the history and/or legacy of the system were disclosed to the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada (TRC) in keeping with the federal government’s obligations in relation to the Indian Residential Schools Settlement Agreement (IRSSA). Some of the other federal government departments included, but were not limited to, the Department of Justice, Health Canada, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and National Defence. Aboriginal Affairs and Northern Development Canada undertook the responsibility of centrally collecting and producing the records from these other federal departments to the TRC.

Audio/Video Statement (AVS) Database: The Audio/Video Statement database contains video and audio statements provided to the TRC at community hearings and regional and national events held by the TRC, as well as at other special events attended by the TRC.

Church Archival Records (CAR) Database: The Church Archival Records database contains records collected from the different church/religious entities that were involved in administration and management of residential schools. The church/religious entities primarily included, but were not limited to, entities associated with the Roman Catholic Church, the Anglican Church of Canada, the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and the United Church of Canada. The records were collected as part of the TRC’s mandate, as set out in the Indian Residential Schools Settlement Agreement, to “identify sources and create as complete an historical record as possible of the IRS system and legacy.”

Indian Residential Schools School Authority (IRSSA) Database: The Indian Residential Schools School Authority database is comprised of individual records related to each residential school, as set out by the IRSSA.

National Research and Analysis (NRA) Database: The National Research and Analysis database contains records collected by the National Research and Analysis Directorate, Aboriginal Affairs and Northern Development Canada, formerly Indian Residential Schools Resolution Canada (IRSRC). The records in the database were originally collected for the purpose of research into a variety of allegations, such as abuse in residential schools, and primarily resulted from court processes such as civil and criminal litigation, and later the Indian Residential Schools Settlement Agreement (IRSSA), as well as from out-of-court processes such as Alternative Dispute Resolution. A majority of the records were collected from Aboriginal Affairs and Northern Development Canada. The collection also contains records from other federal departments and religious entities. In the case of some records in the database that were provided by outside entities, the information in the database is incomplete. In those instances, the endnotes in the report reads, “No document location, no document file source.”
Red, Black and School Series (RBS) Database: The Red, Black and School Series database contains records provided by Library and Archives Canada to the TRC. These three sub-series contain records that were originally part of the “Headquarters Central Registry System,” or records management system, for departments that preceded the current federal department of Aboriginal Affairs and Northern Development Canada. The archival records are currently related to the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development fonds and are held as part of Library and Archives Canada’s collection.

Library and Archives Canada Archival Records (LACAR) Container and Document Databases: The LAC Records Container and Document databases contain records collected from Library and Archives Canada (LACAR). The archival records of federal governmental departments that potentially intersected with the administration and management of Indian Residential Schools were held as part of Library and Archives Canada’s collection. Documents that were relevant to the history and/or legacy of the Indian Residential School system were initially collected by the Truth and Reconciliation Commission, in conjunction with Aboriginal Affairs and Northern Development Canada, as part of their mandate, as set out in the Indian Residential School Settlement Agreement. The collection of records was later continued by Aboriginal Affairs and Northern Development Canada, based on the federal government’s obligation to disclose documents in relation to the Indian Residential Schools Settlement Agreement.

Truth and Reconciliation Commission Databases

National Research and Analysis Database: NRA
Audio/Video Statement Database: AVS

Books


Book Chapters and Journal Articles


Websites


Other

Indian Residential Schools Settlement Agreement, Schedule N, “Mandate for the Truth and Reconciliation Commission.”


Endnotes

Preface


The Survivors Speak

2. TRC, AVS, Louise Bossum, Statement to the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada, La Tuque, Québec, 6 March 2013, Statement Number: SP105.
3. TRC, AVS, Thérese Niquay, Statement to the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada, La Tuque, Québec, 6 March 2013, Statement Number: SP105.
4. TRC, AVS, Jeannette Coo Coo, Statement to the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada, La Tuque, Québec, 6 March 2013, Statement Number: SP105.
15. TRC, AVS, Doris Young, Statement to the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, 22 June 2012, Statement Number: 2011-3517.
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35. TRC, AVS, Paul Dixon, Statement to the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada, Val d’Or, Quebec, 6 February 2012, Statement Number: SP101.


39. TRC, AVS, Jaco Anaviapik (translated from Inuktitut), Statement to the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada, Pond Inlet, Nunavut, 7 February 2014, Statement Number: SP044.


42. TRC, AVS, [Name redacted], Statement to the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada, Key First Nation, Saskatchewan, 21 January 2012, Statement Number: SP039.


46. TRC, AVS, Cecilia Whitefield-Big George, Statement to the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada, Winnipeg, Manitoba, 17 June 2010, Statement Number: 02-MB-17JU10-030.

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73. TRC, AVS, Campbell Papequash, Statement to the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada, Key First Nation, Saskatchewan, 20 January 2012, Statement Number: SP038.
76. TRC, AVS, Louise Large, Statement to the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada, St. Paul, Alberta, 7 January 2011, Statement Number: 01-AB-06JA11-012.
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89. TRC, AVS, Margaret Simpson, Statement to the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada, Winnipeg, Manitoba, 18 June 2010, Statement Number: 02-MB-18JU10-051.
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