

to 'belong' in the anthology. However, reading them with or telling them to children would call for a discussion about problems with these stories, so as not to perpetuate the idea that Aboriginal customs and traditions are pagan, uncivilized and savage. For education by negative example, these stories might be quite useful in a classroom setting. Perhaps reading this story about the Hopi conversion along with Beverly Hungry Wolf's reflections on her childhood would be an interesting juxtaposition of attitudes and experiences.

Beverly's story of her childhood (although only a brief twelve pages) tells of another side of the foreign education system. She recalls that she was taught by the nuns at boarding school "to be ashamed for being a 'child of the Sun' through the term they used was more like a 'little heathen,' or a child born of pagan people. They soon convinced my young mind that our tribal culture was uncouth and that our people were too savage to have a 'religion.'" Beverly shares the loneliness and confused guilt which was part of being an Indian student from a more traditional family at a boarding school.

What is particularly interesting about her recollections of childhood and education is her account of the problems with coming home to her family and a more traditional lifestyle after the attempt at brainwashing her at boarding school: "I didn't really like this 'wild life' at first; it seemed too close to the 'primitive ways' the nuns were always deriding. But with fresh air and sunshine, plus the newness and attention of my mother and other kind women, I quickly got back into the flow of my first years. This feeling was probably helped along even further by evening story sessions, and drumming songs, which brought back the pride I'd always felt around the elders of the family."

I think these sentiments Beverly expresses are equally applicable to children or young adults today, who are forced to leave their communities to get a formal education and who find, upon return, great feelings of alienation and a need to adjust their identities. The contemporary parallels with Beverly's story, and some of the others (mostly firsthand stories) in the anthology, makes *Children of the Sun* an

important book for Indian families who see their children confronted with similar problems they had — and for non-Indian families who would like some insight into the diversity of customs and socio-economic difficulties for Indian children growing up in America.

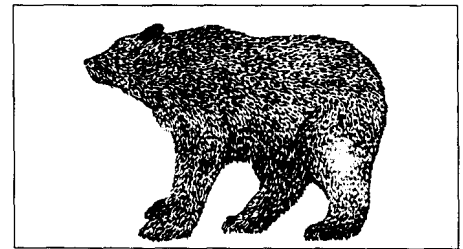
The few firsthand narratives which the Hungry Wolfs have collected, including Beverly's childhood reminiscences, are the reason to buy and read *Children of the Sun*. These have the elements of teaching and humour in them which are the hallmarks of the best Indian stories. Many of the stories collected from Blackfoot Elders presented here were told around the kitchen table of Beverly and Adolf Hungry Wolf, and have the intimacy that most of the other more 'anthropological' stories do not. One such story, offered by elder Mike Swims Under, tells of the Blackfoot Sun Dance and his childhood recollections of being raised in the Sun Dance lodge by his parents. Another, by Porcupine Woman of the Blood Reserve, tells of her upbringing as a favourite child, or *minipoka*, and of the naming of her children according to Blood custom. A particularly funny one, by Ben Calf Robe, tells of the antics of adolescent "tipi-creeping" in the chapter on 'Finding a Mate.'

Children of the Sun also contains over thirty pages of photographs, both of traditional Indian life (early photographs from the West and mid-West), and of the Hungry Wolf children. Most of these photographs are not specifically attributed to photographers, but only to collections. It is clear some of these are Curtis photographs, with all their customary manipulation in order to be seen as an 'authentic' representation of Indian life. Ironically, given the authors' purpose in assembling this collection, the cover photograph on the book looks like a Curtis. It is unfortunate that the Hungry Wolfs didn't (more appropriately) have a picture of their own children on the cover.

The later pictures of the Hungry Wolf family appear in between the pages of Beverly's reflections on her childhood. In these more biographical shots you see the lifestyle and goals of the Hungry Wolf family — to walk the path of the Blackfoot, and to teach this to the next generation,

while resisting nostalgia about the difficulties and responsibilities this path entails for family life. As Beverly remembers in her recollections of childhood — "the elders knew that we were being brainwashed at school to look down on the old ways, and for some reason they chose not to make an effort at holding us back. I guess this is because in the Indian ways there is not religious missionizing, though I wish our folks had thought of some ways to keep us nearer at hand when they were practicing our tribal culture."

Understanding tribal culture, and keeping the children near at hand while doing so, is a key part of the life of the Hungry Wolfs (as the pictures, introductions, and stories indicate), and clearly this is essential for the future of all Aboriginal Peoples. We should be grateful to the Hungry Wolfs for contributing some of their stories, both positive and negative, about Indian childhood and adolescence as a step in the direction of understanding and teaching, and we anticipate a future book encompassing the "full report of our [families'] experiences" in following the Blackfoot path.



SPIRIT OF THE WHITE BISON

Beatrice Cullen. Illustrated by Robert Kakaygeesick. Pemmican Publications, Inc., 1987.

Karima Beaucage

I really enjoyed the book. I've sat and listened to many teachings of how it had been. But in this book it made it seem you were actually there, seeing it all through the eyes of the bison, the happiness in the beginning, the heartache during the war and sickness, feeling the sorrow for the world in the end.

None of the teachings have ever come that close to making me realize what had really gone on then.

Karima Beaucage is twelve years old.