

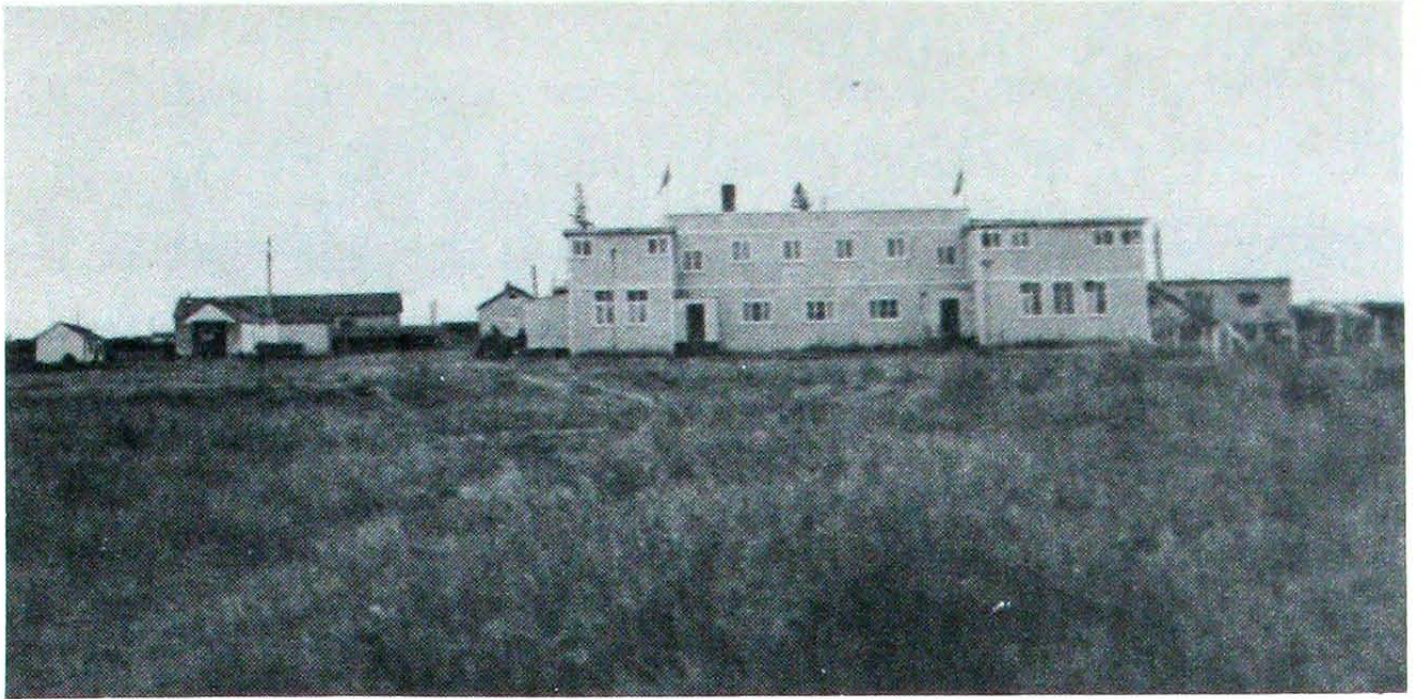
## About the pictures

I do not have many good candid shots of my earlier days. We were much too poor to buy a camera, and when we were finally able to afford one, we could not waste film on candid shots. Each one had to be posed. Other than the two taken professionally at the school in 1946 (cover photo and below), there are no pictures taken before 1956. However, until the James Bay hydroelectric project started in 1971, the way of life on the island had not changed much since the 40's.

*Jane Willis*



*(Left to right)* Connie Bearskin, Elsie Peepabino, Juliet Head, Annie Tapiatuk and Maria Fleming in 1946, brushing their teeth with Lifebuoy soap.



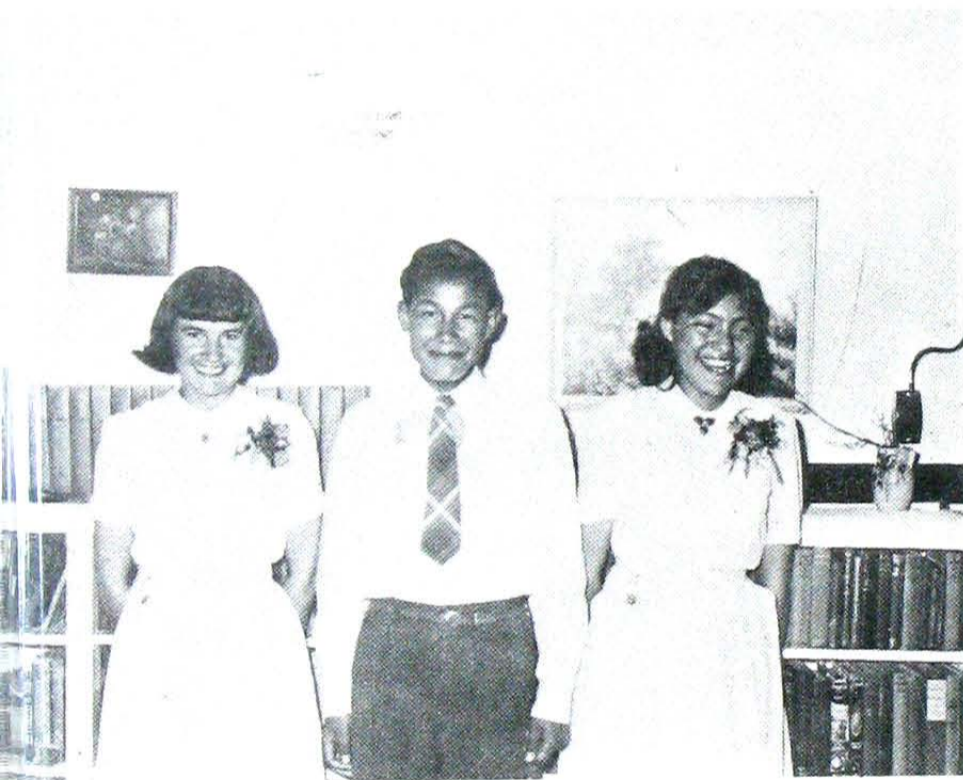
The St. Philip's Indian and Eskimo Anglican Residential School of Fort George, Quebec. I lived there for eight years, eight long, long years.

Two of my classmates cleaning up after the cook. They are wearing the Saturday work dresses that were issued to all of us.

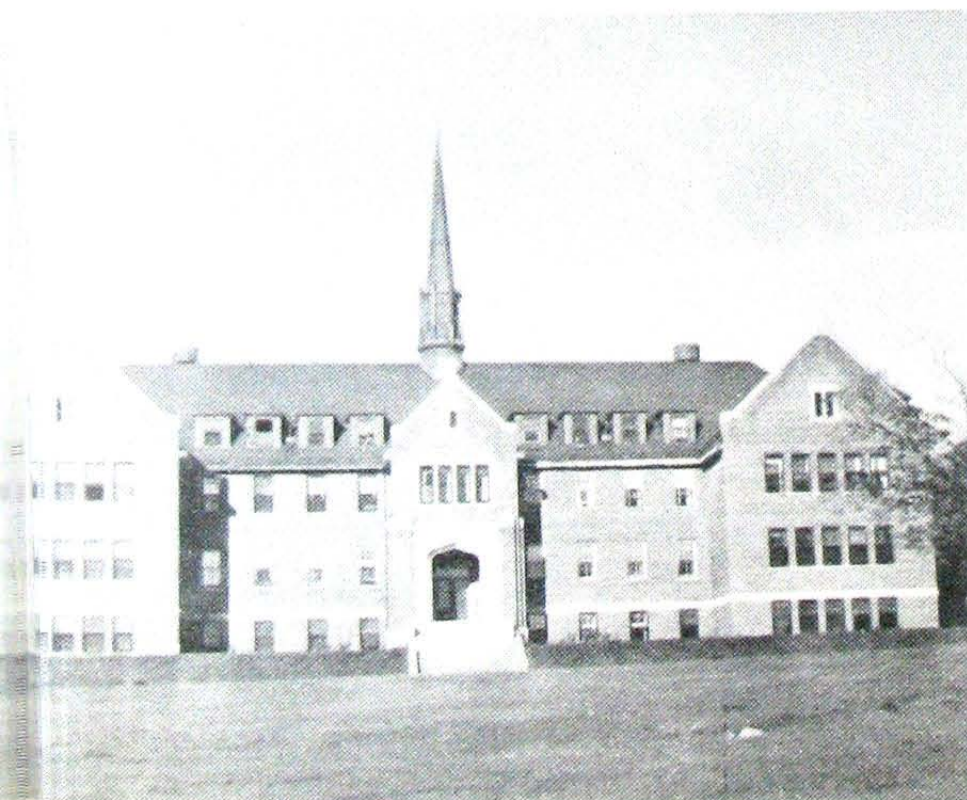




Christmas, or Feast Day as we called it, four years after I was graduated from St. Philips. The children are not raising their cups in greeting to the photographer; this gesture means that they want more milk.



June 1956—Graduation Day. Violet Pachanos (right) and I had completed grade eight. The boy, Samson Sandy, was “graduating” because of his age (sixteen). Samson is now a teacher on the island.



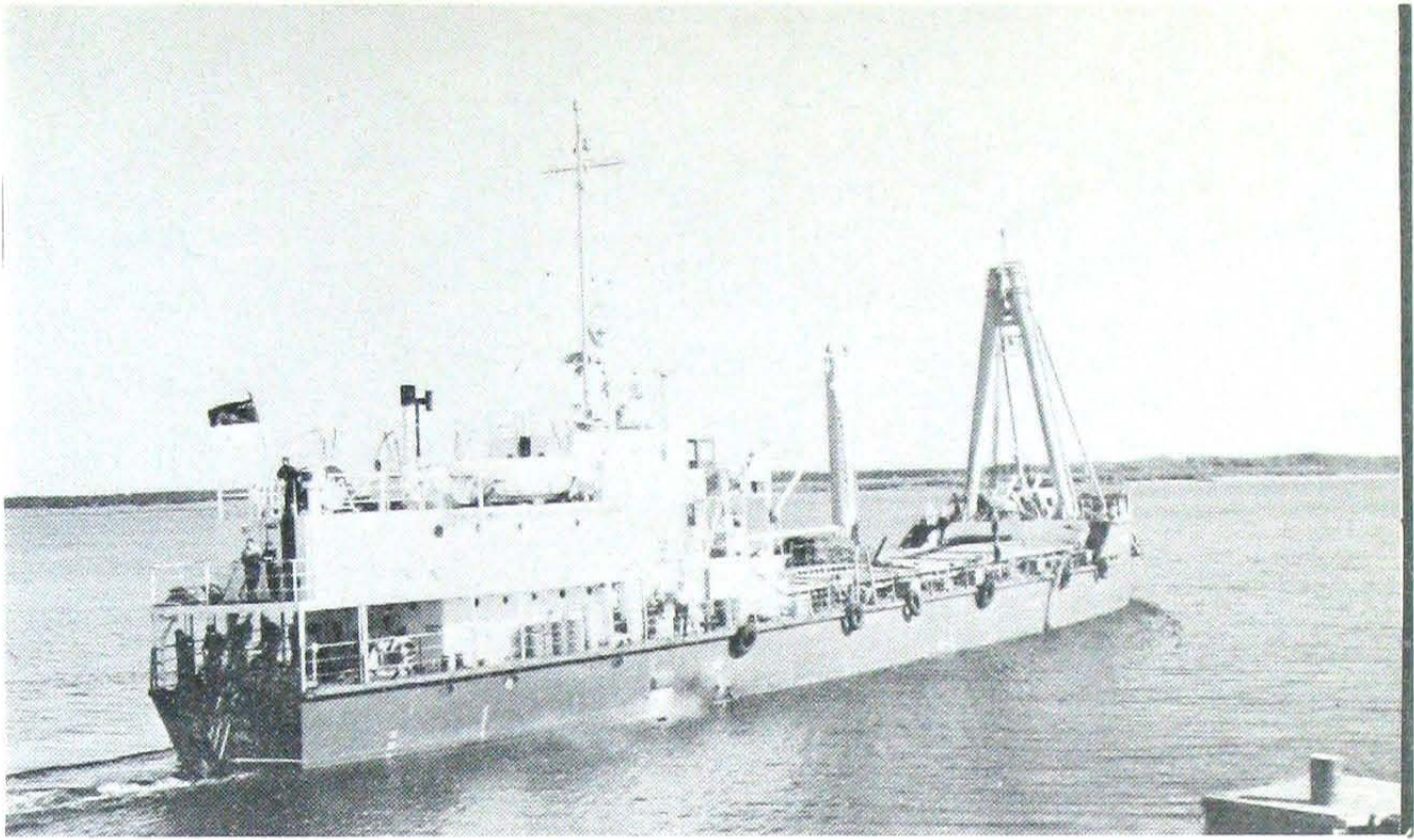
Shingwauk Indian Residential School in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, where I lived while I attended high school in the city. I learned immediately that life behind this impressive facade was no better than at St. Philips.



Setting up housekeeping in an old log cabin across the river from the island. The cabin is similar to the one I lived in with my grandparents, but a little more modern.



The old and the new in the modern section of the Coaster village. The teepees are now used for drying and smoking meat and fish. This picture was taken in 1971.



A modern supply boat. It took several of these to bring in a year's supply of food, lumber and other necessities for the Hudson Bay Company and the residential school. The Catholics, of course, had to bring in their own boat.



The first plane flight to Fort George was in 1926; weekly service began in the 50's. This is probably the same plane that I took when I first left the island.



My stepfather and my brother in 1971 with an unfortunate bear that kept pestering us and finally insisted on dropping in for tea one afternoon. After killing the bear, they immediately slit the white spot on his chest to release the spirit. They then broke each joint on the bear's paws to release the game gods which are controlled by the bear. This is the Indian hunter's way of insuring a good and bountiful year.



My brother-in-law, George Visitor (left), and my husband Bud laying in a supply of Canada geese for the winter of '71. George is married to my sister Sharon.



My mother in her cooking tent, drying and smoking fish.



Fishing the rapids about fifteen miles from the island, where more than two hundred fish have just been caught in nets. I fished for more than six hours using modern fishing equipment and never caught a single fish.



Modern squaw with papoose. My daughter Kelly and me in 1971.