

TRIBUTE TO A NATIVE SON (by Carl Froman)

A Canadian Strong, and fleet of foot,  
Of Indian birth was he.  
Of all the runners, he the best,  
For many years to be.

The local sports, a test arranged,  
Each year for all to see,  
This strong young man, a six Nations man,  
A Gallant buck was he.

A different name - a Six Nations name.  
A history of the past.  
The likes of him, might never be,  
And many moons have passed.

On with a race - the final test.  
Of beast and man - which one the best  
A horse they said - for man instead,  
And to the race, a horse was led.

There were wagers made, and the bets were laid,  
Just what the outcome be.  
Neither man nor steed, paid them no heed.  
At this stage - none could see.

The race began, and off they went,  
Which one would win, this strange event.  
Around Beach Strip - The horse ahead.  
This not so strange, to one well read.

Down Valley Inn road,  
On past the Inn,  
On past LaSalle, along the ridge,  
And just past this, High Level Bridge.

Past Dundern Park, and down York Street.  
The horse we see, with flying feet.  
No greater challenge, a man to test,  
A few more strides, they are abreast.

Beast of human, now which the best.  
Our native son, withstood the test.  
Great crowds there were, the streets were lined,  
And they saw the horse, left far behind.

The race was won by our native son.  
His fame spread far and wide.  
And when at last, his time had passed,  
He crossed the Great Divide.

His plaque still stands, on Indian lands,  
Close by the Council Hall.  
The greatest runner of his time,  
The greatest of them all.

And more than this, there still exists,  
A crossroads bears his name.  
Its there to serve, the Indian Reserve,  
To forever prove his fame.

Now, who will replace-great one of his  
race.  
No one - Its plain to see.  
The wind still blows - The Grand River  
flows,

But no runner, such as he.

Great Tom Longboat will ever live.  
A native son for true.  
And in these words, we've said of him,  
They are only - his just due.

O nenh geh wah hih, has been said,  
It means "good bye" to you,  
But to some it means, - have pleasant  
dreams,  
with Gitchi Manitou.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

- 1) roasting, broiling, boiling; 2) buckskin, buffalo hide, rabbit fur; 3) cotton
- 4) wool & cotton; 5) wigwams; 6) peace, friendship; 7) war, death; 8) 100;
- 9) bows & arrows, clubs, spears; 10) harpoons, spears, hooks & lines, traps, nets, drugs.

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