

Flagstone, B.C.

3/19/1924

Mr Fred Ryckman
Cranbrook, B.C.
Dear Friend.

I have this chance to write ceremony you wanted to ask & write it. I have found little about the ceremony, this is only I could get true stories from him. I presume the fact is will restore up nice story when you write full. The story I will write it on the side or I mean in one page will find enclosed the same -

I am asking you this, (100 times ^{high}) if you do me this favor for me if you could get one plow for now if you come down if I don't be here please consult with my wife the plow - I want a Plow very bad

I going out hunt lion this week might not
come back for awhile & we feeling that
you are coming down & thought if I am
not here home you see my wife & get
some out speaking from here. She dont
have much to say. Fred. make her talk
make little joke I want some that
other seeds very bad & I'd like to see
about them. But I think I will come
for Easter Sunday & will get big chance
to see you fully about seeds —
so good bye.

yours faithfully

John Starr.



Cranbrook Lodge, No. 34, A. F. and A. M.

Emergent Communication
Thursday, December 5th, 1935
at 2 p. m.

Funeral of our late Right Worshipful Brother

Fred S. Ryckman

of North Star Lodge, No. 30.

Died at Eureka, Montana, U. S. A.,
November 30th, 1935.

“The Will of God is Accomplished”
“So mote it be.”

A full attendance is requested.

A. C. Shankland, Sect'y.

H. Hoisey, W. M.

Native Sons in Economics

*Shall holy London, Rome and Moscow
Still-more be-farced as Canada's weal....
Shall holy Octopus more-deal fiasco
That-O'erhead more from-Payroll steal....?*

*Train politics to keep eye-single
For holy Canada's brave youth,
Adults-alone for work's surcingle,
All minors schooled till Godly-couth.*

*Once Canada's hundred-men found hundred
All working on the nation's keep,
Not an Overheader then had won dread
For his masks, his thefts, gunmen aleap.*

*Name residents who still have patience
With shift from freemen till we're slaves
And you'll soon find them blood-relations
Of cowards, traitors, hars, knaves.*

*Name heelers of stale politicians
Shorling fullest-college for our young
And-find, you will, would-be patricians
As vicious as Old-Rome once strung.*

*Shall Canada stand for mere O'erheaders
Ignoring Payroll in her breath
While Native Sons prescribe homesteaders
Fit-clad for work, not sloth's fool death.*

*Invest at home cash-toil to edit
Free schools, full industry, and health,
No tithes abroad exporting credit
Till's colleged-first our own child-wealth.*

*Canadian is't, or dog.. (?) — watching Octopus
So jam its leaders of its sects
Into one huee juggernauting autobus
To crush what's left of self-respects....*

*Without such-menace intercepting
Within these parties, or outside,
To fend school's children, none excepting,
For heav'ns beyond mere canine pride....?*

*Canadians, in Canada believing,
Unite, distribute what we've got:
Not banks, but life..! — need'th vote-retrieving
For school-work-faith, man's happy lot.*

Account of ...
April 20

The Odd Angle

By E. W. LIPPA

Indian Sunday Sport

SARATHI observance on Indian reserves is going to be very strict in future. The Dominion Government has decreed that the noble red men must not participate in any game, sport, race, athletic contest, or other amusement on the day of rest.

The enforcement of these regulations will call for considerable sternness on the part of the inspectors, but if enough tact is displayed, there may not be much ill-feeling shown by the government wards. We can easily imagine Inspector Wiggling stopping at the Much-a-Muck Reserve on a Sunday to see that the law is being respected to the limit.

The inspector has spent the morning playing golf and is on his way to shoot ducks, but he does not mention this to Chief Jacob Rawhide. Instead he says:

"Chief, Clause 4 of Section 10 of the Indian Act as recently amended expressly states that dog fights shall not be staged on a reserve on Sundays. You must stop this disgraceful exhibition at once."

"This fight is not staged," explains Chief Rawhide. "This is a private fight between Sport and Jumbo."

"You're enjoying it," frowns the inspector. "Which one is Sport?"

"Any fun I get out of it is purely accidental," points out the chief. "So far as I am concerned, the dogs can stop fighting just as soon as they get through, provided Sport wins. He's the black dog."

"It's scandalous and degrading," declares Inspector Wiggling. "You're setting the young bucks a horrible example in tolerating such a state of affairs, and you know damned little about dogs anyway. I bet you four-kite Jumbo wins."

"Hoo!" cries Jacob Rawhide, but the bet is never settled. The dogs arrange between themselves to call it a draw, having sighted a cat which they proceed to chase off the reserve.

"Well, that's outside my jurisdiction anyway," comments the inspector when he has finished yelling "Sit 'em!" in chorus with the chief and a dozen others. Then he looks across the yard and immediately becomes official again.

"Chief, those fellows are pitching horseshoes in plain defiance of the second sentence of the ninth paragraph of Section 38 of the act. That game must stop immediately."

...the game must stop immediately!

"It's not really a game," says the chief soothingly. "It's only a practice, for the benefit of my brother-in-law, David Grouseberry. He's the champion horseshoe pitcher around these parts."

"Is that I mean to be considered some puncheon as a horseshoe pitcher myself. If that's David in the red sweater, I don't think much of his game. Huh! I know it. He threw wild. Out of control as I am, I could beat him without his having."

"Here's a dollar, says you can't," challenges the chief.

Half an hour later, Inspector Wiggings pockets the dollar with a wide grin. He refuses to play again because he's already spent too much time studying the law on the reserve, and—Are those boys playing lacrosse down there by the creek?

"I guess they're playing all right," admits Jacob Rawhide, "but it's only a technical violation of the Indian Act. This game was scheduled for tomorrow, but the boys were afraid it might rain."

"Of course, in that case," muses the inspector. "They don't know much about sick-handling, do they? When I was on the defense for the old Maroons nobody could have got by me so easily. I could still show those fellows a few tricks. Hold my coat, Jacob, but don't sit on it."

After the game, Inspector Wiggings rubs some embrocation on his shoulders, massages his ribs, borrows a beefsteak for his right eye, straightens out a few teeth, and has cold water pumped on his swollen wrist for a while.

"No fault of mine that my side hurt," he protests. "I laid on the wood for all I was worth, but I didn't have the support. If you're playing next Sunday—next Monday, I mean—I might drop around again. What's all that yelling behind the building?"

"It's the kids going through the motions of playing tag," confesses Jacob Rawhide. "I meant to stop them, but it slipped my mind."

"Go and do your duty instantly," commands Inspector Wiggings. "The law is the law and must be obeyed. Meanwhile I'll investigate the rumor that the boys are playing blackjack in the wagon shed."

The investigation costs the commissioner inspection #125.

As his eye he should have known that a white man is fair meat for a crowd of Indians in a blackjack game, but he doesn't seem to mind. Indeed, to show there's no partial feelings, he volunteers to act as referee in the waddling bout between George Walkabout and Jim Bigtoe, and later has great difficulty in restraining himself from challenging the winner.

Inspector Wiggings finally sends him off away from the reserve and dashes off at three miles an hour, all keyed up to enjoy his postponed duck shooting.

In due course the inspector's report reaches Ottawa. It is to the effect that he visited Much-a-Buck Reserve on Sunday and instructed Chief Jacob Rawhide to stop the children playing an illegal game, or will tag.

Tradition from Kootenay Band.

Funeral of Chiefs & prominent man
& persons, as man & woman.

Our Fathers + Grandfathers +
our ancestors taking as the whites
being taking their books lined, to
now, from this story I write is
I will just ^{write} how its told.

In olding times my Grand
Father & their ancestors used make
present to superstition their hearts
& Hopes of a similar gift from them
(This mean you dont expect a gift or
you dont ^{know} when this will happen.) & some one
dies or died, the funeral will come
or take place early as possible
& person that died, taking all his
best clothes to wear on & also
to leave the best things his got
on the top of the Body & Kill-
one of his best Horse right where
his, buried for the Happiness
of his death & also the spirits of
superstition may over come more
& might provide more gifts from
them that's the reason their put all
the best things of the dead person or

to leave the best things he's got
on the top of the Body & Kill-
one of his best Horse right where
he's buried for the Happiness
of his death & also the spirit of
superstition may over come more
& might provide more gifts from
them that's the reason they put all
the best things of the dead person or
the chief & best horse to be kill-
ed where he's buried

Romantic Figure Passes Monday

Discoverer of St. Eugene Mine Dies
In His Cabin on St. Mary's
Indian Reserve

Death severed a link with the past when Pierre, also styled Pielle, Kootenay Indian, passed away in his sleep in his cabin on the St. Mary's Indian Reserve, at the age of 80 years. His dead body was discovered early Monday morning when some of his friends entered the cabin to ascertain how the old man was faring, he, by reason of his advanced age, having been under the care of his friends for some time past.

Pierre had a romantic history, figuring prominently in the incipient Indian rebellion of 1887. He was a close friend of the late chief Isadore, leader of the Kootenays, who organized an armed raid on the provincial police in Wild Horse Gulch and freed two of his braves who were suspected of murdering two white prospectors in the upper Kootenay valley. It is said of the late Pierre that he was one of the rescuing party whose act nearly precipitated war, leading as it did to the calling out of a squadron of the Royal North West Mounted Police, under command of the late major (Brigadier-General) Sam Steele, who gave his name to the town of Fort Steele, at that time, 1887, and for many years afterwards the business center of the district.

The Rev. Nicholas Coccolò, O.M.I., writing in his diary of the events of that year, threw some interesting side lights on the life of the late Pierre, the Rich, as his fellow-tribesmen were wont to call him. Pierre, it seems, was second only to the grim old chief Isadore in urging an uprising against the handful of whites in the country. He openly accused Father Coccolò of being in league with the soldiers and once made an attempt on the priest's life. His rifle was at his shoulder; and but for the fact, as he afterwards stated, of the missionary's throwing open his cassock to invite the bullet he would have carried out his intention of murdering his spiritual advisor. "But I could not shoot a man so brave"

Contests Open to Indians only

HORSES—Team in waggon—Rosie Kinbasket, Eugene Joseph. Brood mare with foal at foot—Louis Capilo, Moses Michael. Brood mare—Moses Michael, Louis Capilo. Foal, 1923—Louis Capilo, Moses Michael. Saddle Horse and rider—Louis Capilo, Eugene Joseph.

CATTLE—Cow any age—Louis Capilo, Rosie Kinbasket. Steer—Eugene Joseph, Louis Capilo; Calf born 1923—Rosie Kinbasket, Louis Capilo.

R. W. HARDY.

WILL INVESTIGATE STATUS OF INDIAN NEWLYWEDS

(Creston Review)

Fred Ryckman, Indian agent, was here from Cranbrook at the end of the week on official business. The local reserve population has been showing an increase of late due to Bonners Ferry Indians coming over and taking brides here and proceeding to make their permanent homes at Creston. As many of these will be wanting winter relief which has not been provided for, there will be a conference about the middle of the month to settle the residence status of the newlyweds.

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THE LATE PIELLE

Discovered of the St. Eugene Mine, who died Monday.

he said, when discussing the incident later. Afterwards he became Father Cocco's devoted friend.

It was to Father Cocco's friend when, returning from a hunting expedition in the vicinity of Moyie Lake, he laid several pieces of bright silver-lead ore on the priest's table. "I found

these stones," he said, "on the shores of the lake to the westward; there is much chickamon (money) rock there."

Father Cocco called in the late James Cronin. Led by Pierre, the missionary and Mr. Cronin rode to the scene of the Indian's discovery to stake out the St. Eugene group of mineral claims and to later dispose of the holdings for a considerable sum of money, Mr. Cronin alone retaining an interest in the property. With his share of the proceeds of the sale Father Cocco built the picturesque little Church on the St. Mary's Indian Reserve; to Pierre was given a neat frame cabin and a life annuity.

Pierre was buried yesterday in the cemetery of the Indian village on the St. Mary's Indian Reserve, a stone-throw from the spot from where he was born. His funeral was largely attended, officials of the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company and other white friends of the deceased being present when the Rev. Father Le Pine read a requiem mass for the dead lying before the altar in the little church erected by money raised by the sale of Pierre's discovery.

οἰκία μικραὶ small houses

ἐν ταῖς ἀγοραῖς in the market places

ἐν οἰκίᾳ μικρᾷ in a small house

ἡ οἰκία θύρα? ἔχει the house a door has

ἡ ἡμέρα μακρὰ ἡ. the day long was.

στρατιὰς μικρὰς ἔχουσι they have a small army.

αἱ οἰκίαι θύρας ἔχουσι the houses doors have

ἐν τῇ χώρα οἰκίαι ἡσὰν in the country houses were

αὐτὸ οἰκίαι ~~θύρας~~ ~~ἔχουσι~~ μικραὶ ἡσὰν the houses small were

μικραὶ ἡσὰν αἱ θύραι τὰς οἰκίας small were

the doors of the houses

κ ω μ η	η	κ α λ η	σ κ η ρ η
κ ω μ η ς	Τ η ς	κ α λ η ς	σ κ η ρ η ς
κ ω μ η μ	Τ η μ	κ α λ η μ	σ κ η ρ η μ
κ ω μ η ν	Τ η ν	κ α λ η ν	σ κ η ρ η ν
κ ω μ η ξ		κ α λ η ξ	σ κ η ρ η ξ
κ ω μ η ι ρ		κ α λ η ι ρ	σ κ η ρ η ι ρ

κ ω μ η ξ
κ ω μ η ι ρ

α ν θ ρ ο σ τ ο ς

κ ω μ η ς ρ
κ ω μ η ι ς
κ ω μ η ξ ς
κ ω μ η ι ς

~~η ε τ ρ ο σ τ ο ς~~
ν ε ε ρ ι α ς

VANCOUVER PROVINCE

VANCOUVER, B. C., SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1936

PRICE TEN CENTS

A Salute to Fred Ryckman

By FRANCES MATHESON.

IN THE Province recently appeared a small item telling of the death by motor accident of Fred S. Ryckman, Indian agent at Cranbrook. Occasionally we are privileged to meet one who puts his whole heart and soul into understanding the problems and ideals of others. Such a man was Mr. Ryckman.

I was doing research work in the history of the East Kootenay, and went to him for history of the Indians. For a few minutes we talked casually about the Indians of today, and then somehow the course of conversation changed, and I was fleeing with Suckermouth as he escaped with the body of his murdered son back to his tribe in the West Kootenay. I saw the island in the centre of the mysterious White Swan Lake where young men prayed and fasted before they became braves. I heard of Chief Paul, the present leader of the Kootenay, and of an Englishman, Michael Phillips who came into the country in the early days and of his sons and grandsons who are now members of the tribe at Tobacco Plains.

Shortly after I was privileged to accompany Mr. Ryckman to the reserve at Tobacco Plains. I can still feel the rush of cool, sweet air, heavy with the pungent fragrance of the pines, and see the purple shadows in the valley below where the Kootenay River gleamed silver in the early golden sunlight. The Rockies to the east of us were superb, flung against the dull blue of the early morning sky—how they called and lured us with their beauty!

"There's nothing like them on this earth," said Mr. Ryckman solemnly. "No wonder the Indian legends are so fascinating with haunting loveliness—no wonder they're steeped in mystery and sometimes cruelty. They were nurtured in these mountains."

As I recall his words, I see again the grey road and the grey buildings of the mission; I hear the soft lilting voices of the Indians and their shy glad eyes as they behold their friend; I remember the firm hand-clasps and the friendly faces. I am, once again, in a shadowy room, where a council has been

held with the men of the tribe, their chief and this white man whom they loved, and I am humbled as I shake hands with Chief Paul, who has done so much for his people. I remember the handsome face of Ambrose, in whose veins runs the blood of old France, and again John Star's eyes are smiling into mine with a great kindness, and Frank Phillips, Michael Phillips' grandson, is speaking softly to Mr. Ryckman. They loved him; you could see it in their faces, in their every movement, in the muted tones of their voices.

The evening shadows had already purpled the mountains and were coming swiftly to the sunlit valley as we left the mission. Through my dreams an eager voice was piercing. "Yes they're grand people." Mr. Ryckman was exclaiming enthusiastically, "and Chief Paul is one of the finest men I've known. I'm collecting their legends, so they won't be lost; they know I won't exploit them as has been done before, and you never heard such a history as this tribe has; it's simply fascinating. Some day I'll have time to finish it."

Eyes shining and words tumbling out so fast that they got in one another's way, the agent told us some of his dreams for "my chaps," as he fondly termed them.

Now his work is finished. The quick restless voice and eyes are still, the dreams are not fulfilled, they are a trust to those of us who caught a glimpse of them. His passionate love for the Kootenay country, its mountains and its valleys, its every-changing moods is his gift to us. I knew him only a few hours, yet as I think of that lovely corner of our province it is not with casualness, but with thanksgiving that I was privileged to know a man in whom the spirit of the Kootenay was embodied. He was little known outside his own district, but he gave back to the Indians their belief in a white man. There will be mourning in the cabins and tepees along the Kootenay, for a friend who is gone. They will be bewildered and lost—to whom can they go with confidence in time of trouble? Others will take his place, but none can fill it in the same winsome, charming, understanding way of Fred Ryckman.

4144

16

"LITTLE JIM"

BRUCE BASEBALL CHALLENGE
CUP

DOMINIE N/ PART OF HIS
VICTORIOUS TEAM 1922.
LAKE WINDERMERE, B.C.

4/95

"PROBESSE IN CARRIER
(AKIN - KO - MALICH)"

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1
Father Dr. Sneyd?
Meets the Kootney - Indians

Come with me to yesterday

Items of historical interest gleaned from old files of
early district newspapers, recollections of this writer,
and other sources

The late Dr. A. Mac Donald, possessor of prints, with early research
Editing assistance from the author's contents by



DAVE KAY

Indian agent was a man well remembered

This is Col. No. 691

Many older residents of Cranbrook, and the entire district, will remember Fred Ryckman, Indian Agent in the area for some time during the 1930's. He had been a resident of Creston, then Cranbrook most of his life, having come west with his parents as a young lad. The Cranbrook Courier of that time, recognizing his great popularity and the fine job he had been doing in his capacity as Indian Agent, gave him a splendid memorial tribute, and we quote in part:--

KILLED IN MOTOR ACCIDENT AT EUREKA, MONT.

(Cranbrook Courier, Dec. 5, 1935)

The hand of death struck with startling swiftness last Saturday afternoon at Eureka, Mont., when the life of Fred Ryckman, Indian Agent at Cranbrook, was snuffed out, when the car which he was driving was struck by a westbound freight train on the Great Northern Railway.

Constable Patrick Burroughs, of the detachment of the R.C.M.P., was seriously injured, but he has a good chance of recovery, according to the latest reports. He is still in hospital at Eureka.

Indian Agent Ryckman was making one of his periodical trips of inspection to the Tobacco Plains reserve, which was in his jurisdiction, and Constable Burroughs also had some matters in his department to attend to there. Both were making the trip in Mr. Ryckman's car, and the later was driving. Ryckman had business at Eureka in connection with cutting and shipping of Christmas trees that was being done by the Indians. The Indians were cutting the trees on the reserve, while the purchasers had their office at Eureka.

Completing this transaction, Mr. Ryckman and his companion started north on their homeward journey. Near town is an open railway crossing, with a main line and two sidings. Their car had just passed over the main track when a westbound Great Northern freight bore down on them. The locomotive struck the rear end of the car, hurtling it some distance and throwing both occupants out. When assistance arrived Mr. Ryckman was found pinioned under the car and with his breast crushed. He lived about an hour but did not regain consciousness. Constable Burroughs suffered concussion and probable internal injuries.

Monday a coroner's inquest was held at Eureka and a thorough investigation made into the accident. The jury returned an open verdict. A delegation from the Cranbrook Masonic Lodge consisting of Orin Knight, A.A. Robertson, E.T. Cooper and Dan Burton, brother-in-law of the deceased, went down from here by car and truck and brought the body home.

Born in Waterdown, Ontario, 47 years ago last month, the late Mr. Ryckman came to East Kootenay with his parents when a small boy and grew up here, the family locating at Creston. After the completion of the Crow's Nest railway he was employed as a brakeman on passenger trains, and then became baggageman. In November 1912 he entered the service of the Department of Indian Affairs as Indian constable under the late R.L.T. Galbraith, then Indian agent of this district. Later the position of Indian farm instructor was added to his duties. In this capacity he served under H.F. Helmsing, who succeeded Mr. Galbraith, and then under the late E.H. Small, who succeeded Mr. Helmsing. In April 1931 after the death of Mr. Small he was appointed to the position of Indian

Agent.

Mr. Ryckman in his 23 years in the India service made an enviable reputation for himself. He made a study of the condition of the Indians as well as their language, and the Indians grew to hold him in high regard for his patience, kindness and fair treatment towards them. And this was the case on all of the five reserves under his jurisdiction. At the St. Eugene Indian residential school those in charge were grief-stricken over his tragic death. They found him an efficient and honest government official, eagerly and energetically at all times promoting a project tending to improve the living conditions of the children living on the reserve. Indians, young and old, had complete confidence in him.

He was a past worshipful master of the Cranbrook Masonic lodge, and a past district deputy grand master. He made a deep study of the work and early history of Masonry and delved into oriental history and delivered several lectures on the history of the Great Pyramids. He was also interested in the Rosicrucian movement, a society of occult philosophers. He was a past local president of the Native Sons of Canada. He is survived by his sorrowing widow Doris, and four children four sisters, Mrs. D. Burton, Cranbrook; Mrs. Arthur Burge, Mrs. E. Bidder, Chapmar Camp; Mrs. Ray Cresler, Vancouver; two brothers, John at Creston and Ernest at Kellogg, Idaho. The sympathy of the whole community goes out to these in their sad bereavement.

**SERVICES FOR
F.S. RYCKMAN IMPRESSIVE**
(Cranbrook Courier, Dec. 12, 1935)

Impressive Masonic ritualistic services were held for the late Fred. S. Ryckman at

the Masonic temple in Cranbrook last Thursday afternoon, first a private service in the lodge room and later a public service downstairs in the main hall, with Mr. H. Voisey, master of the local lodge, and Rev. J.F. Bell as chaplain, officiating. Almost 100 Masons were in attendance, they coming from as far north as Golden, east as far as Fernie and west as far as Creston. All relatives who could possibly get there were present, and there were sorrowing friends from all parts of the district. In the large assemblage were several Indians who had come to pay their last tribute to one who had been for many years their protector and friend. Deceased was a past master of North Star No. 30 Masonic lodge at Fort Steele, and in 1933-34 was district deputy grand master of East Kootenay.

The active pall bearers were, R.W. Bro. Yeates, R.W. Shannon, W. Bro. Blumenaur, W. Bro. Irwin, W. Bro. Flesberg, R.W. Bro. Shankland. Honorary pall bearers were: Bro. Dr. McKinnon, Bro. H. Spence, Bro. G.B. Willis, W. Bro. H. Cockshott, Bro. R.H.

Moore, R.W. Bro. Attridge.

On Friday morning the remains were shipped to Vancouver, where the Masons of that city held another service, following which the body was cremated. The remains were accompanied from here by his widow, his two sisters, Mrs. D. Burton and Mrs. Bidder, and H. Voisey, master of the Cranbrook Masonic Lodge.

The accident, which took his life was most unfortunate, and it would appear that there was some negligence on the part of the railway company and employees. It is reported that a flagman should have been on duty at the crossing, but there was no flagman on duty that afternoon; also that the engineer on the freight train failed to blow his whistle before reaching the crossing. It is said these facts were brought out at the coroner's inquest held at Eureka following the accident.

Several former East Kootenay residents were present at the services held at Vancouver, including Harry White, V.Z. Manning, Mrs. Pete Dallas, Mrs. A.L. Hay and others.

Vancouver 5 Oct. 1922

Mr Peter Andrew
care of Mr Ryckman
Mission. St Eugene

I would be much obliged
to you if you please translate those
few names in English for me.

Yours Truly
Mrs C. J. Rolleston.

3223-3 Avenue W. Vancouver B.C.

Mas Aselake mother Rosalie

Mayookakat weasel tail

Ki wil, ka, a, kinke, mal big calf

^{macketches}
Kamacjey, palkey yellow woman

Kau-noos palky red woman

If a white girl is adopted as full blooded
Indian princess during the ceremony
can she wear a head dress like I
bought from you, or is it only for men