

Look at my house, it's what you folks call a tarpaper shack, but I call it home. It's what my grandfather left for me. It doesn't have any running water. It has a sink, but no toilet, no electricity, and I cook on an old wood-burning stove. I gets pretty cold sometimes, right about now. I guess maybe I'll get some more insulation and fix it up.

This isn't one of the band houses, because you have to be a registered Indian to get one of them. I'm an Indian. I know in my head I'm an

Indian, but it's not on a piece of paper. Everybody around here knows that I'm an Indian, and they all treat me like an Indian, but I'm not registered. It's a kind of technicality. My mother was an Indian, but I was an illegitimate child. My dad was an Indian, but he's never been identified. Anyway, there aren't any documents that say that I'm a registered Status Indian, so I don't have the social assistance and welfare system that the other people get here. I'm living on what you would call "white man's welfare".

Anyway, the key point is that I am living right where I like to be. And I don't have any big beefs. I think we have to pay attention to the young people and I think that we have to make life better for everybody here on the reserve. What I mean is that I'm not asking for special attention for me. But it would be nice to have that little orange card with a number on it. They call it an Indian Status Card given by the Department of Indian Affairs. It would help.

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