

swing band at the Empress, bottles under the table, pub crawling in Esquimalt, or the old Rockne with the rumble seat. But the hedonistic newsroom Reds of the *Victoria Times*, and their associates, were probably not so far different from many Canadians who dabbled with ideological fads, put up with small discomforts, enjoyed cheap fun, but never came within a mile of getting their heads broken. The main thing was to make your own corner tolerably comfortable. Victorians, including Stursberg and his friends, regardless of the philosophy they espoused, come through as liberals with a guilt complex. It was still, for most of them, every man for himself. Perhaps it was true of Canada. Canadians opted for their history and chose a King rather than revolution.

As a social document, *Those Were the Days* has its limitations. There is not much new in the book, either new facts or new interpretations of old ones. In addition there is a certain poverty of description, or economy of style if you prefer. It would have been a more satisfactory book if Stursberg's impression had not been so fleeting. There is also a large amount of white space, most of it on facing pages of the incredibly short chapters, which makes this little 169-page book even shorter than it appears. It is truly a reminiscence, with little attention paid to research or "facts," some of the latter being included, by the way, in what look like editor's footnotes. Stursberg's *Those Were the Days* is somewhat like another recent depression reminiscence, *The Winter Years*, by James Gray, also a journalist. Both books are racy, readable, first person journalism, and both provide surprisingly vivid descriptions of the depression decade, although Stursberg's is a much slighter work. *Those were the Days* is a pleasant little hors d'oeuvre, but steep at \$6.95. Those certainly were the days.

Carleton University

JOHN TAYLOR

The Unjust Society, by Harold Cardinal. Edmonton: M. G. Hurtig Publishers. 272 pp. \$2.95.

The Unjust Society is not a great book but it is an important one. Harold Cardinal was born on the Sucker Creek Reserve in Alberta and attended residential school at Joussard and high school at Edmonton. After two years as a student of sociology at St. Patrick's College in Ottawa, Mr. Cardinal became the associate secretary for Indian Affairs

in the Canadian Union of Students. Later he held the presidency of the Canadian Indian Youth Council, the Indian Association of Alberta and became a member of the board of the National Indian Brotherhood. From the perspective of these experiences and associations, Mr. Cardinal is eminently qualified to write about the position of the Indian in the white world. His book is a scathing attack on the white administrators who rule the world of the Indian, vitally affecting his total life and that of several generations of Indians. It is also an attack on the uninformed Canadian public which allows its government to perpetrate many injustices. While the text errs in some instances and fails to fully report in others, it remains the valid reflection of at least one individual who has suffered the frustration and the humiliation of a colonial administration. The Indians, for whom Cardinal speaks, are not seeking the sympathy or help of non-Indians; they are seeking freedom from oppression — the freedom to do and to be what *they* decide without legal or social restriction.

Appearing when it does, the book is bound to be politically contentious. This is supposedly the era of Trudeau's "just society," yet Trudeau's actual policy and implementation of it show few signs of enacting any justice with regard to Indians. Behind the political facade of "consultation" lies the reality of a White Paper on Indians written long before any consultations were held. While fraudulent statements are made to the Indians that they may have the final decision vis-a-vis their affairs, the government spends money and appoints staff to put some of the policies outlined in the White Paper into effect. While Indians talk about land settlements, government officials talk with provincial officials about the transfer of jurisdiction over Indians. Is it any wonder that Mr. Cardinal seeks to expose these actions and that the Indians question the goodwill and faith of Canadians?

Cardinal unravels a tale of cultural warfare carried out in an effectively devious manner by avoiding treaty issues and land claims, through bypassing Indian leadership, and by propagandizing and stereotyping. The ill-conceived schemes of government, of church and of school are not all historical; many are current and some are in the process of evolving. Astonishingly, and despite the visible trappings of assimilation, Canadian Indians have shown considerable cultural tenacity. Cardinal hopes that basic tenacity and the restoration of Indian identity and integrity will enable Indians in every province to see that the answers lie in the fostering of contemporary Indian values and strengths. Only then, he feels, will the Indians have the effectiveness to negotiate, and to demand

and obtain their own objectives for the control of their own lives, environment and development.

Socially, the book comes at a time when Indians are "in". This reason for the ready publication and circulation of his book may not appeal to Mr. Cardinal. However, it may advance the goal which Mr. Cardinal sets himself: that of informing Canadians about how Indian people feel and what they seek to do in the immediate future. Mr. Cardinal hopes that an informed Canadian public will not permit the injustices and oppression to continue.

In general, Cardinal's criticism and points are well made and substantiated. There is a danger, however, that the whining tone which emerges from time to time, and the complete lack of humor, will undermine his objectives and lose him the concern of his readers. The publishers might also have indulged us with a better quality of printing and binding. The binding is so poor that the book barely survives one reader. On the whole, the book is easily read and comprehended and has a powerful and discomfiting impact. It is not a sociological treatise and provides a welcome relief from the usual exposition of "the Indian problem." Cardinal makes his people and their concerns very much alive and he conveys the anguish of the frustrated person who finds himself without alternatives, without power, and without much hope of amassing the needed finances and support to achieve desired ends. It is a book which should give every Canadian reader pause.

University of Calgary

JOAN RYAN

Portraits of the Premiers, by Sydney W. Jackman. Sidney: Gray's Publishing, 1969. 272 pp. \$7.50.

"You must never," my old Granny used to say, "judge a book by its cover." And I have tried earnestly to live up to this rule, however difficult it has been to do so. In the present case, the difficulty is enormous. For one thing the cover of Professor Jackman's book is padded and pretentious — the title is embossed in gold and includes the provincial coat of arms. For another it arrived semi-clad in a topless dust jacket that offers a statement of warm praise by Willard Ireland, and a ludicrous photo of Professor Jackman, standing by his bicycle at the foot of the Legislative Building steps — though judging from the accoutrements it