



A friend of mine from Alderville, John Loukes told me this story about his friend at his funeral. He did the eulogy for his friend and this is what he said. As he grew up at the Residential School at Chapleau, the friend was the one whose job it was to take the team of horses and go and get groceries for the school in town. On his way back to the school he would hide meat in the bush. At night he would take his buddies to the spot and they would build a fire and cook up the meat. Then they would sneak back into the school afterwards.

**Murray Whetung**