

CANADA

**SUPERIOR COURT**  
**(Civil Division)**

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**PROVINCE OF QUEBEC**  
**DISTRICT OF MONTREAL**

**No.: 500-17-120468-221**

**KAHENTINETHA**

**KARENNATHA**

**KARAKWINE**

**KWETIIO**

**OTSITSATAKEN**

and

**KARONHIATE**

**Plaintiffs**

v.

**SOCIÉTÉ QUÉBÉCOISE DES**  
**INFRASTRUCTURES**

**ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL**

**MCGILL UNIVERSITY HEALTH CENTRE,**

**MCGILL UNIVERSITY,**

**VILLE DE MONTRÉAL,**

and

**ATTORNEY GENERAL OF CANADA,**

**Defendants**

and

**ATTORNEY GENERAL OF QUÉBEC**

**Impleaded**

**Party**

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## AFFIDAVIT OF KAHENTINETHA IN SUPPORT OF THE PLAINTIFFS' APPLICATION FOR AN INTERLOCUTORY INJUNCTION

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I the undersigned, Kahentinetha, residing at \_\_\_\_\_, solemnly affirm the following:

1. I am a witness and a plaintiff in the plaintiffs' application for an interlocutory injunction, case no. 500-17-120468-221, at the Superior Court of Quebec.

### Introduction

2. I have been nurtured in the Kaianere'kó:wa (great peace) from the beginning of my life. It is a pre-contact way which is based on the Kanien'kehá:ka (Mohawk) culture. All of our meetings, gatherings, relationships and ceremonies are opened and acknowledged by the thanksgiving address, *Ohén:ton tsi karihwatéhkwen*, which outlines an interdependent system of relations of all elements of nature as equal. In our system, the women, *kahnistensera*, have powerful roles in social, political and economic life; and the people, rather than any political authority, form the base of power. As *kahnistensera* (Mohawk mothers), we are directed by the inner core of our knowledge system and traditions.
3. The "New Vic" and Allan Memorial Institute renovation project conducted by the SQI and McGill University project violates all this and cannot proceed.
4. In the brief that I and the kahnistensera, Mohawk mothers, have presented on November 10, 2021 to the OCPM (Office de consultation publique de Montreal) on the renovation of the former Royal Victoria Hospital, we demanded the immediate suspension of all construction plans for the Royal Victoria Hospital and Allen Memorial sites on the campus of McGill University for the following reasons: [1] the site is unceded Kanien'kehá:ka territory; [2] the site contains archaeological remains of the original pre-colonial Iroquoian villages; [3] the grounds of the Allan Memorial Institute must be investigated for potential unmarked graves and proof of atrocities committed during the MK ULTRA program between 1954 and 1963 (**Exhibit p-135**).
5. Our brief detailed the following points: According to the kaia'nere:kowa (great peace), which is the precolonial constitution of the rotino'shonni Iroquois confederacy, the kahnistensera (mothers) are the progenitors of all life on onowarekeh (turtle island) since the beginning of life on earth. Their duty is to carry out the will of creation, embodied in the original circle of 49 families (tekentiohkwenhoksta). Our alliance protocol, the teiohateh (two row wampum, Appendix 1), provides that we survive and coexist with all life as siblings with our

mother, the earth. All of turtle island is the unceded birthright of the Onkwehón:we (original people) to carehold for future generations.

6. Here are some of the demands that we raised in that brief:
7. On behalf of the Kaianere'kó:wa and in the name of the children of the past, present and future the kahnistensera Mohawk Mothers request:
8. The immediate termination of any work and planning activities concerning the construction on site;
9. That the site be thoroughly investigated by a Kanien'kehá:ka and archaeological team to confirm the existence of unmarked graves or other evidence of unlawful activities; That all people and institutions responsible for the suffering of patients in MK ULTRA experiments of the Allen Memorial Institute be charged with crimes against humanity;
10. That the Kaianere'kó:wa through the kahnistensera Mohawk Mothers have the final say on any decision pertaining to our land;
11. And that the corporations of McGill, Allan Memorial and affiliated institutions that raped, pillaged and murdered our mother earth and its children immediately cease and desist their occupation.
12. There was no response to our brief. In a letter dated November 9, 2021 (**Exhibit p-136**) the SQI consulted the Mohawk Council of Kahnawake (MCK), without consulting or notifying the kahnistensera. The MCK was imposed by the Federal government of Canada to administer Indigenous funds under the unlawful colonial law called the Indian Act. They have no jurisdiction outside of the reservation, as the traditional territory of the Kanien'kehá:ka people is under the jurisdiction of the Kanien'kehá:ka people, and especially the women, kahnistensera. This includes the former Royal Victoria Hospital site on the southern slope of Tekanontak [Mount Royal].
13. The following testimony shares experiences I have had and experiences which were told to me by my relations, and which explain my personal concern and interest in obtaining an interlocutory injunction against the New Vic renovation project, as a member of the Kanien'kehá:ka people.

### Personal experiences

14. On the first day of school in 1946 I was told by the teacher of the Protestant Indian day school where Longhouse children were sent that all the Indians are going to die and that there will be none left. We were given a book to give to our

parents called *The Vanishing American*. I took it home and my father, Joe Horn, threw it against the wall, yelling "It's a lie!" I asked him, "Why do I have to go to school?" He said, "If you don't, I will be put in jail". Since that time when I were told that we would all die, I have constantly had dreams and thoughts that I was dying. I never thought of killing myself, but this idea that I would die was imprinted in my mind from an early time as a deliberate psychological trick of the State and Church.

15. My father's two brothers and their sister had gone to the "Mush Hole" residential school, one of the most notorious in Canada, in Brantford, Ontario, next to the Mohawk territory of Six Nations of the Grand River. They told my father, "Whatever you do, don't let anybody send you there". My father and his nephew, both called Joe Horn and both 14 years old, were to be sent there soon. It was in 1932. They must have been told gruesome details of the killings and abuses, because to save their lives they ran away and faked their death by leaving their bikes beside the river. The people of Kahnawake even had a funeral for them. They disappeared for over two years by working in a circus that traveled throughout the United States. Eventually they came back, and everybody celebrated. It affected my father for life. He had a phobia about his children being taken away.
16. When I was 5 years old, in 1945, I was taken to the hospital in Kahnawake for an appointment with the dentist. I was put to sleep and when I woke up the staff told me to go home by myself. I was still groggy, Then, I was walking and went into a ditch and laid down and slept. Everybody was running around looking for me. The hospital said they had sent me home. They eventually found me. Looking back on this event I felt like the hospital could have foreseen that I could have been hit by a car or even kidnapped. It was careless and reckless irresponsibility on their part.
17. In the school we were not allowed to use our Onkwehón:we (Indigenous) names, nor speak our language. I was constantly punished by being hit with a strap made from a horse's harness. It really hurt! Eventually my father took us out of this school and hid us by traveling throughout Canada and the United States as an ironworker, and coming home to Kahnawake once in a while. In Kahnawake many teachers were non-Indigenous World War II veterans and Christian missionaries who liked to look down the front of girls' shirts and give them dirty looks. One of my 14-year-old cousins reacted to this unwanted sexual attention from these creeps by getting up and punched him in the face, running into the bathroom, opening a window, jump out of the second story and run home. We went to Akwesasne with my father and for a while in Brooklyn. The paranoia came up throughout our lives of somebody always chasing us, which made us always afraid and feeling threatened.
18. We came back to Kahnawake when I was 10 or 11 years old and went to school there. In Kahnawake, I and others had problems especially with Father Gerry

Burnell who was always trying to get close to the young girls around 14, 15 and 16 years old. One time, after finishing a game of basketball at the old nunnery, Burnell asked me to help him clean up the gym. I said I had to go home but he insisted. When all the other kids were gone, he backed me into a corner and grabbed me, which terrified me. He was big and tall. I tried to run away but he grabbed me. Then I said that I would scream very loud if he did not stop. I ran under his arms and out the door and went home. I learned that he was also after a friend who was about a year younger than me. He was transferred to another Indian community, we heard. But he called her to go out with him.

19. When I was 13 years old my father died falling off a bridge in Vermont. As a widow with nine children my mother had no place to go and had to stay in Kahnawake. When I was 13 years old I went to Lachine High School. We went across the river by boat. Only the Catholics were allowed to take the bus.
20. When I was about 15 years old I had to go to the Kahnawake hospital, around 1955. I remember seeing an Inuit girl there. She was called "E-137", and she was placed in a body cast from her chest to her feet. She had wheels on the cast so she could pull herself around on the floor. She was angry and aggressive. I learned that she had no broken bones, there was nothing wrong with her. I did not know what was happening until I learned later on that these body casts were used on Inuit children for medical experiments at the Charles Camsell Indian Hospital and elsewhere (**Exhibit p-137**, pp.152-156). There were many Inuit in Kahnawake there at the time. Between 1950 to 1959, 14 of them were buried in the Kahnawake Protestant cemetery, and some time later some local people put a monument there, with a plate that says "In loving memory of our Inuit brothers and sisters. 1950 to 1959". It was happening at the same time as the MK ULTRA and Army experiments on our children. It seems that they buried together in unmarked graves. The Indian agent allotted a small amount of money to bury each Inuit child rather than sending the bodies home to the North, often failing to inform their families of their death. During my life in Kahnawake many Inuit were brought into the Kahnawake Hospital. I saw them. I did not know that they were being experimented upon. They could not speak English and were named by numbers, like dogs in a cage.
21. In June 2022, I called the Kahnawake Hospital to request my medical files. They told me that they had no files from 1940 to 1987. They kept no information about my visits at the hospital when I was a child until I was 47 years old. The hospital told me that they had files starting from 1905, but they had none on me. Even more surprising, in 1991 I wanted to get a mortgage to built a house, and I found out that I had been declared dead, having died on September 10th, 1991. This death certificate was on my file with Equifax and the Toronto Dominion Bank, which maintains all credit information. I could not get a mortgage because I had been declared dead. This appears to have been a psychological tactic to break me down.

22. Two people close to me were part of the groups of children in Kahnawake who were given IQ tests on at least two occasions. These are the experiments by McGill psychologists and psychiatrists that resulted in the publication "A Look at the Children of Caughnawaga" (**Exhibit p-79**). In the early 1960s, one of these relatives took these two IQ tests, after which he was determined to be an "unruly" kid, and arrangements were made to send him away to the "Mush Hole" residential school in Six Nations of the Grand River. His mother had been talked into letting him go there by the Indian Agent. I challenged this because my aunt, who had been there, told me that the Mush Hole was a bad place, kind of like a reform school. The kid was actually smart and talkative, he was not bad in any way. His mother charged me with trying to kidnap him by keeping him from going to the Mush Hole. This went to court, where I fought against him being sent away. In the end, he was sent instead to the Weredale House, a correctional home in Montreal, where he stayed for several months. I visited him. He said that it was place where you learned to be really bad.
23. In 1966, I wrote letters to Robert Battle, Director of the Indian Affairs Branch of Indian and Northern Affairs in Ottawa about the death of one woman from Kahnawake who had two young children and was given experimental birth control pills. I too was given those pills and suffered a near stroke. The doctor finally told me that I should "never ever take them again". This issue is related to sterilizations. Alisa R. Lombard undertook a class action suit for hundreds of Indigenous women who had been forcibly sterilized in publicly funded and administered hospitals, since as late as in 2018. Her statement to the United Nations Special Rapporteur on violence against women is filed as **Exhibit P-138**.
24. In 1971, I went to the Royal Victoria Hospital to have my first baby. I came out of the delivery room and was in my hospital room with my baby, who was in a basinet at my feet. I had been given an anaesthetic and was groggy. A woman came into my room, she sat next to me and asked me to sign a paper. I asked her who she was. She said, "I'm from the Salvation Army and I'M here for the baby. We have a nice home for her". Apparently, this was common practice. She said, "You just have to sign this, and we'll take her". Suddenly I realized what was going on and went crazy. I jumped on her and physically defended myself and my daughter. At the same time I called for the nurses to call the police as this woman was trying to kidnap my baby. Four people came running in and took me off her and led her away. "Call the police", I kept yelling. They would not call the police, and told me that nothing would come of it, inferring that they would not help an Indigenous person.
25. The fear and anger came from something I had witnessed four years earlier. A young Cree woman from Mistassini, James Bay, had come to Montreal to have a baby. She was 18 years old. She was staying at the Salvation Army hostel on Atwater Street. She came to see me at my apartment nearby. She was two weeks past her due date. She asked if she could call me when the baby was born. I said,

"Sure". A week later she called me from the Queen Elizabeth Hospital nearby, telling me that her baby boy was born. She was crying so I went to see her and the baby. She said that the following day they would be taking him away for adoption. Before giving birth, she had signed a contract with the Salvation Army, which would take care of her during her pregnancy. She thought what she had signed was only for her stay at the hostel, not to give up the baby. She asked me to help. I told her I would be back the next day.

26. I called the Salvation Army and they told me that there was no way for her to take back her permission. The next day I went back to the Queen Elizabeth Hospital with a bag of clothes for her and the baby. I sneaked into her room and told her to change into street clothes, go back under the blanket and call to see her baby. I hid in the bathroom. The nurse brought the baby and put him in my friend's arms and left. I came back into the room and grabbed the baby, saying to my friend "Follow me!" We went down the stairs exit, across the lobby and out to a running waiting car. Someone in the lobby yelled, "Hey, where are you going?" We jumped in and pulled out. I took them to my apartment, and she ended up staying with two young men upstairs, who took care of them for a few weeks. The Salvation Army woman came with two policemen to my apartment, knocking on the door and shouting, "Where's my baby?". They looked around and could not find him. We took the mother to Kahnawake and arranged for her to go back up north. I met the child many years later, he was happy and loved by his family. The mother told me she quit Christianity, and was looked down upon by some of her community.

27. In 1972, I was pregnant with my second child and attending McGill University. One day in the political science class which was held in a large lecture hall with three professors, I asked some questions. The professors constantly used the term that "the world has become disenchanting". I had looked up the meaning of "enchanted", which was "a pixie-like state". I asked, "Do you mean that the world has become "dis-pixolated?" Suddenly a female student jumped me from behind and started to hit me. I pulled her over my shoulder and we rolled down the stairs of the lecture hall. The professors helped her escape. I asked that the police be called to report an assault. They would not. I was called into the Chancellor's office where a few McGill officers stood around. They asked me not to bring in the police, that their security would take care of it, which they did not. They wanted to know what I wanted. I said that there shall be no disturbances in any of my classes, and that if anything happened to me, my pregnancy, or my child, they would be held responsible. They agreed to it. My baby was born 10 weeks early in the Royal Victoria Hospital, in a terrible near-death state. Dr. Usher and other top staff took care of her until she weighed 5 pounds, when I took her home to care of her. Today she is strong and healthy.

28. These experiences made me aware that the many horror stories that I had heard about medical experiments, baby and children scoops, and children buried in unmarked graves around residential schools were true. I started investigating,

asking questions and writing letters to learn the truth about what was being done to us. In 2020 I visited Library and Archives Canada in Ottawa and discovered that all my letters and inquiries had been kept there, as well as pictures of me and my family. I didn't even know that those pictures had been taken. Now I know the risks associated with investigating those matters. All my life experience has prepared me to expose the truth of what happened to my people, and share means of resisting it. This lawsuit to block excavation and construction work on the grounds of the Allan Memorial Institute and Royal Victoria Hospital stems from this life experience.

29. We demand a complete investigation of the grounds of the Allan Memorial Institute and Royal Victoria Hospital to find out if human remains and archeological artifacts are on site. Dr. Kisha Supernant, Director of the Institute of Prairie and Indigenous Archeology, has prepared a statement for us (hereby included as **Exhibit p-139**), describing the technologies that should be used. This investigation should be conducted by an independent team under the direction and to the satisfaction of the Kahnistensera, the traditional Kanien'kehá:ka (Mohawk) caretakers of Tekanontak (Mount Royal), as well as the families of survivors of the MK ULTRA experiments. An interlocutory injunction stopping all excavation and construction work until this forensic and archeological investigation is completed is necessary to ensure that no irreparable harm will be caused to the unmarked graves of our Indigenous relatives, breaching the trust between us and the institutions responsible for the construction project.

### **My relations' experiences**

30. Many people have come forward to share their stories with me since the Kahnistensera started investigating the MK ULTRA experiments. Some wished to remain anonymous, as these stories awake traumatic trauma. The following paragraphs demonstrate some of the insight that was shared with us.
31. Patricia Stacey told me that when she was 11 years old she was a patient at the Kahnawake Hospital, in 1966. Patricia was at the Kahnawake Hospital with breathing problems and pneumonia, in the kids ward at the back of the hospital. The women were at the front. She was told not to go up to the second floor, but she did. It was the men's floor. Patricia hid and watched as food was being brought into the large room in the corner. When the door opened, she saw a big room with beds and Inuit children who were kept in total darkness. They had on Inuit clothes sitting on the bed in the dark. There were no lights on, except when the door was opened. They appeared to be kept in sensory deprivation, a torture method which had been elaborated at McGill in the 1950s. The nurses said they the children had TB. Everybody needed to be tested. They were about eight Inuit that Patricia could see, maybe more. Another day Patricia saw Inuit patients brought in a white van with no writing on it directly to the back yard. They were wearing parkas. The nursing station was by the elevator. Mrs. Justin was the



head nurse. She said, "There they are. Bring them in now". According to Patricia, other people in Kahnawake who had TB were sent somewhere in the Laurentians, not to the Kahnawake Hospital.

32. Patricia's mother was working at the Kahnawake hospital at the time. She brought all the food trays to the patients. Patricia's mother was once asked to feed someone a room. She looked behind the door, and she was scared, because there was a man in a cage. He had long hair and a long beard past his chest, and was dirty and stinky. Flies were everywhere. There was straw on the floor, an opening where Patricia's mother passed the food tray. In the cage was a 5-gallon pail where the man went to the bathroom. Patricia's mother never knew or heard who this man was. After feeding him the door was locked. Patricia's mother quit her job at the hospital after seeing that man in a cage.
33. Patricia also told the story of when she was sent to the Montreal General Hospital by Dr. McCauley, who also worked at the Kahnawake Hospital. The first time that she was sent to the Montreal General Hospital was in 1970, when Patricia was 15 years old. In 1978, when Patricia was 23 years old, Dr. McCauley said that she was depressed and suicidal, and sent her to the Montreal General Hospital again. She was given two Johnny shirts and slippers to wear. She was sent to the fifth floor, where she read the sign "Psychiatric Ward" She tried to run away but 12 guys in white jumped on her. They put her on the floor on her stomach with her head pushed to the floor. They were kneeling on her legs, arms and back. She managed to lift them off her. They were yelling, "Hurry up. Get the injection." Then Patricia woke up in a room with a bed, a window and chains around her wrists. She was told, "If you stop your fighting, we will untie one wrist and then more." Then she got to walk around. Another man she knew from Kahnawake was in a nearby room. He looked like that guy in the cage that Patricia's mother had seen in Kahnawake. The man was yelling, "Patty, don't sign anything!" He was wearing a blue gown, and had a pot in the corner to use as a bathroom. Patricia sat on the bench in the hallway. Then Patricia heard a noise in the hallway: "No No No". It turned out to another person she knew from Kahnawake, who was on a gurney being taken for electric shock treatment. He was buckled down, with a straight jacket on his wrist and ankles. After the treatment he was ice cold. Two days later he was walking around like an automaton. He said to Patricia, "They fried my brain."
34. Another story in Kahnawake is about a girl who was sent to the Douglas Mental Hospital, part of the McGill, in Verdun. In 1969 she was found murdered on the grounds of the Douglas, her body grossly mutilated. Her family was told that she was murdered by a serial killer, but the investigation was never complete, and the potential killer was never convicted (**Exhibit p-140**, pp. 14-35).
35. There are also many stories in Kahnawake about children being taken away to psychiatric hospitals for being "unruly", and being sent back with lobotomies. One of these boys, that I knew personally, was a good student and a great athlete. He

was taken to the Allen Memorial Institute as a juvenile delinquent. When he came back to Kahnawake, he had a lobotomy. According to his cousin, it was Dr. Ewen Cameron who gave him a lobotomy. For 40 years his family took care of him as he was in a vegetative state, sitting on the front porch of his house and dragging his feet as he walked. "Unruly" was the buzzword for a potential guinea pig. The family, who spent over 40 years caring for him, does not want to awaken this trauma and will be kept anonymous.

36. These are only a few of the many stories about the mistreatment of Indigenous children and adults that I have heard and experienced throughout the years.

SWORN BEFORE ME at \_\_\_\_\_,                      And I have signed at \_\_\_\_\_,  
this \_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_, 20\_\_                      this \_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_, 20\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
COMMISSIONER OF OATHS

Commission no or capacity:  
  
\_\_\_\_\_

No: 500-17-120468-221

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ORIGINAL