

Stacks ✓

# MAINE INDIAN NEWSLETTER

RED POWER FORCES HONESTY AND PASSION  
RED POWER IS SPIRITUAL FORCES  
RED POWER IS BALANCE OF IDEAS AND PLANS

RED POWER HOLDS MYSTERIES OF CREATION  
RED POWER IS AIR' FIRE' WATER AND EARTH  
RED POWER IS THE PATH OF LIBERATION

RED POWER IS MOTHER EARTH  
RED POWER IS LOVE

WITHOUT RED POWER THERE,s SUFFERING  
WITHOUT RED POWER THERE,s MISERY  
WITHOUT RED POWER THERE,s OPPRESSION

RED POWER IS THE DISRUPTION OF THE STATUS QUO  
RED POWER IS ENLIGHTENMENT  
RED POWER IS CHANGE

RED POWER IS RESISTING THE WHITE SYSTEM,S DEATH  
RED POWER IS RESPONSIBILITY, WORK AND PATIENCE  
RED POWER IS THE POWER TO CONTROL OUR DESTINY





Shortly after his arrest on September 19, 1972 the Newsletter learned that Jerry Gambill (Rarihokwats), editor of Akwesasne Notes, had been held for a time without bail. Later, his bail was set at \$2000.00 and he was released pending a deportation hearing.

These events constituted a rerun of events occurring in March of 1972, at which time the Border Patrol reported that the allegations against Gambill were without substantiation.

Central to the controversy is the fact that Gambill, formerly a Molikin (U.S.) citizen, became a Dagumnok (Canadian) citizen in 1968. However, Mohawk lands, where Gambill resides, lies both in Molikin and Dagumnokeag. The forces behind the continued harassment centers against Gambill over the past summer, base their claims this time on an apparently "obscure" New York state law.

Gambill is an adopted member of the Longhouse at Akwesasne; but while the Longhouse members constitute the overwhelming majority, it is the elected trustee Council which is recognized and supported by the New York state government. It is this council, elected by a mere handful which is creating the hatred and the discontent.

Reportedly, few if any of the elected council can even speak Mohawk, so assimilated are they. And yet, this council, elected by a minority, since most of the Longhouse people do not vote, is forcing the whole Mohawk Nation along the path of assimilation with the white community. Members of this council have stated over and over that Gambill was in their way and was hindering their progress.

In addition the elected trustee Council is seeking to evict three Mohawk families from the Reservation. In the words of John Boots (Mohawk), "they want to throw Mohawk people off of Mohawk land just because they don't like the Mohawk things they're doing." This council has gone to the extreme of excluding

over 90 other Mohawk families from the Mohawk rolls in a dispute going back to the War of 1812.

Jerry Gambill has done much to instill the pride of Indian Values in many of us. He does not force anyone to think his way and he does not create artificial allegations against those who disagree with him.

Many people all across North America have met this same kind of harassment from those who would sell out a portion of their heritage for a quick profit for a seizure of power. This was not a characteristic of the Indian before the coming of the white man. Instead this is something foreign, adopted by the acculturated Indian. It is something that seems to be growing on each of our Reservations. It is up to each of us to either give in and become a part of this thing, or to be strong and withstand it and maintain a pride in retaining and strengthening those values which have been so important to us for centuries past.

Jerry needs our support now just as from time to time we all need each other's support in the continuing struggle to preserve our values and ourselves. Onen.

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An identity crisis seems to have risen from some of the newer, younger, older Indian movements. Indian people who attend church, live off reservations, or work amongst white people are considered by some as non-Indian sell-outs. Nothing could be further from the truth. This attitude can only help widen the gap that exists amongst our people. So far we have impatience by the young and intolerance and suspicion by the elders. How in hell can we exist as a tribe under these conditions?

In the old day Indians chose any way of life that was suitable to them without becoming subjects for criticism or idle gossip. Can we not extend this same courtesy amongst ourselves?

G. Attean



## THOMPSON TALES

by  
Sipsis

### Penobscot Tribal Court

(Excerpts from the Court Records of the Penobscot Tribal Court during the term of Judge Iam Orono. These records were reprinted with the permission of the tribe with the hope of serving humanity with a better understanding of the People and the Winooches. The names have been altered to protect the feelings of those involved.)

Judge Iam Orono requested that lawyers refrain from submitting papers for him to read in regards to their cases. He gave the following reasons for this unusual request; in order to facilitate the court process he could not read all papers with the patience and thoroughness necessary, and he felt that unless this knowledge were common and tried and true it would be unconscionable to relate present experience with past, and finally he judged that foreign lawyers should not bring foreign experience into the tribal court. He added that the lawyers should have all knowledge in their heads, rather than in their briefcases.

The Ripening Ceremony of the Maidens brought the People together for a week of instructions, feasts and dances. The Lodge for the Women held an open house where gifts were taken to replenish the stock of food and craft material. Judge Orono explained to visiting Nations that the Lodge was necessary for those women who were having their periods, and who were having a baby and who were going through change of life. The women helped each other during these times, as it was not proper for the women to be around the Warriors and Medicine People.

In an emergency session of the Penobscot Tribal Court, Judge Iam Orono called a night meeting to order with the presentation of three Winooches who trespassed on tribal land.

The three Winooches were Robin Whiteman, James P. Sewer, and John Marsh Barter. Lawyers who represented the three men cited the fact that they were invited by private people to come onto private land. They intended no harm or malice or exploitation. Their sole interest would be to enlighten, encourage and interest the native people on current arts and crafts and saleable items.

Judge Orono asked the men what the items were. Listing the items were the lawyers from a prepared statement; freeze dried human manure, machine made rock arrow heads, chocolate covered cat-tails, plastic woven baskets, and pressed sawdust totem poles.

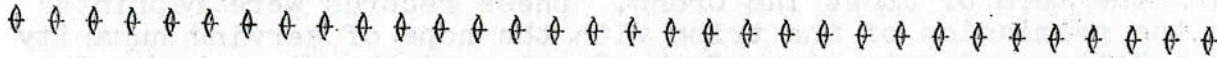
Judge Orono issued a statement to be sent to other Nations, cited "the use of the items listed above were indeed a misuse of community name. The items were to be sold under the name of Penobscot Native Crafts. This misuse of community property intended that the traditional arts and crafts were ignored and the methods of our native way were exploited. We will not condone the exploitation, ignorance and malice, however, unintended it seems."

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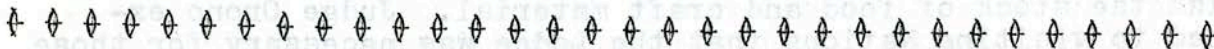
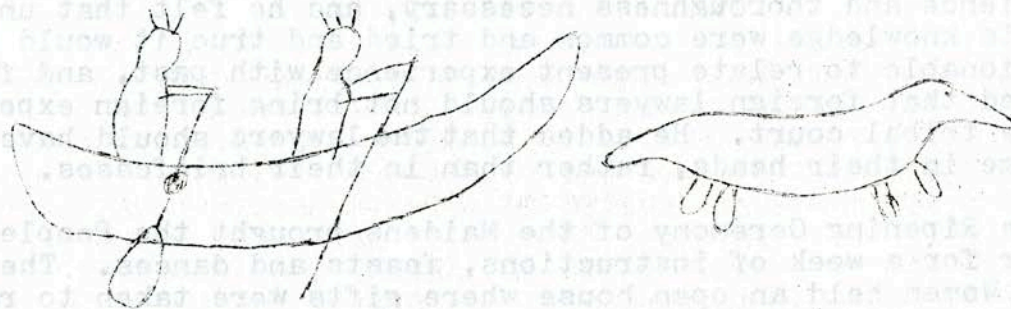
(THOMPSON TALES continued.)

Sentences were meted out to the three men, for one year each was will be assigned to a traditional native for purposes of learning native arts and crafts. Duties will include all aspects of native life for the year, such as digging holes for outhouses, making cat-tail flour, pounding ash, etc.



# PENOBSCOT TRIBAL SYMBOL

(Indians in canoe pursuing sea otter)



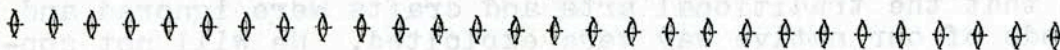
## LIONEL A. TAYLOR

Lionel A. Taylor, age 42, of Center Street, Indian Island, Old Town, Maine, died suddenly in Alton, on September 23, 1972. Lionel was the son of Lionel G. and Margaret Orson Taylor, and was born November 16, 1929.

Lionel was a veteran of the U.S. Marine Corps, serving in the Korean War, a member of St. Anne's Catholic Church, a member of the VFW, Old Town, and the Maine State Employees Association. Lionel was the fire chief of Indian Island, a member of Penobscot Indian Reservation Housing Authority, and a member of the Penobscot Tribal Council. By trade he was a construction worker and shoe worker.

He is survived by his wife, Rose Tomer Taylor, Indian Island, a son Curtis, and two daughters, Rebecca and Cynthis, all of Indian Island; a brother, Alex Taylor of Augusta; and a sister, Mrs. Alma Miller of Portland.

Funeral services were held Tuesday, September, 26, at St. Anne's Catholic Church, Indian Island. Burial was in the tribal cemetery, Indian Island.





# COUNCIL MEETING

5

October 5, 1972

Time: 7:10 P.M.

Present: Governor Matthew Sappier, Lt. Governor Kenneth Nelson, Representative Vivain Massay.

Council: Eva Bisulca, Harry Francis, Nicholas Sapiel, Irving Ranco, Daniel Mitchell, Nicholas Dow, Beatrice Phillips, Frank Loring, Lorraine Nelson, Wilfred Pehrson, Frederick Nicola

## \*Motions made:

First business of the evening. With the consent of the Council, the Governor appointed Nicholas Dow as chairman for the Council. The appointment was accepted by Nicholas Dow. Voted-Unanimous and carried. The Chairman will be expected to attend meetings out of State and any informative conference pertaining to business of the Council.

There was a question about the money for the Council members and where it was coming from. The money comes from the Diocese and the Tribal Clerk handles it.

The Governor discussed the possibility of having a secretary for the Tribal Council and himself. The secretary would take the minutes of the meeting and other duties specified by Council. Wilfred Pehrson asked the council their opinion, about hiring a secretary and a Tribal Clerk or just having a secretary do both jobs - Tribal Clerk business and Council business.

\*Nicholas Sapiel made a motion to have Nicholas Dow call Steve Bennett, of the Labor Department in Augusta, about the possibility of hiring a secretary for the Governor and Council. Seconded by Lorraine Nelson. Unanimous in favor. Voted and carried.

It was suggested that the Governor should be informed about all business and activity going on the Reservation,

this included reports frequently from the Community Action Program and Operation Mainstream.

There is a vacancy in the Tribal Council due to the death of Lionel Taylor. An election should be held within 60 days. The Governor suggested that we have a general meeting and a caucus at the same time and will be posted for the 17th of October. There will be a seven day notice.

\*Irving Ranco made a motion that all jobs such as road commissioner, Overseer of the Poor, Recreation Director, Constable, Health Nurse, and Tribal Clerk be posted and open for applications. Seconded by Harry Francis. Nine in favor, two abstain. Voted and Carried.

\*The Governor appointed Kenneth Nelson on the Housing Authority to fill the vacancy left by Lionel Taylor. The appointment was accepted. Nine in favor, two abstain. Voted and carried.

Nicholas Dow read a letter from the Native American Rights Fund concerning a conference held in Washington, November 9-11, 1972. This concerns Indians east of the Mississippi River. One hundred and twenty representatives from 60 tribal organizations will attend. We were asked to send two people from our tribe to represent us.

\*Irving Ranco made a motion to send Nicholas Dow and Kenneth Nelson to this conference. Seconded by Beatrice Phillips. Unanimous in favor. Voted and carried.

The Governor and Council discussed topics of interest and what information we would like to have from the conference in Washington. The main subject for discussion was the Federal programs and why the Penobscot Indians are confronted with so much red tape in order to be  
(continued on next page)



eligible for these programs. Unlike the Western Indians, the Penobscots have a difficult time obtaining Federal Programs.

\*Eva Bisculca made a motion to appoint Nicholas Dow to be a delegate to the Penobscot, Passamaquoddy Tribal Planning Board. Seconded by Lorraine Nelson. Unanimous in favor. Voted and carried.

Andrew Akins spoke to the Governor and Council about this planning board and what it is for. This board will aid those who wish to start their own business or a group who would like to organize a business together. He also asked for a donation of \$150.00 to fund an executive director and secretary.

\*Wilfred Pehrson made a motion to give the Penobscot, Passamaquoddy Tribal Planning Board \$150.00. Seconded by Irving Ranco. Nine in favor, two abstain. Voted and carried.

\*Nicholas Sapiel made a motion to give Helen Goslin authority to draw out of the bank \$500.00 for travel expenses for the Governor and Council. Seconded by Harry Francis. Unanimous in favor. Voted and carried.

Nicholas Sapiel made a motion to adjourn. Seconded by Irving Ranco.

Adjourned at 10:45 P.M.

Elizabeth Kimball

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GRILLED VENISON STEAKS  
BROILED VENISON STEAK  
PAN-BROILED VENISON STEAKS  
VENISON TENDERLOIN  
VENISON STEAKS WITH WINE  
VENISON STEAKS WITH PEPPER  
VENISON STEAKS AND ONIONS  
VENISON CUTLETS  
VENISON CUTLETS IN SOUR CREAM  
ROAST VENISON  
VENISON POT ROAST

Newpika is an Indian spirit. It never comes around white people. The Newpika will appear to you at sundances, Bluejays, in a sweathouse, and in other religious Indian places.

You can meet your Newpika if you go into the mountains alone without food and water. For three days and nights, with your soul pure of sins

Newpika helps cure the sick, predict the future and prevent trouble, but some evil medicine men use the Newpika's powers to curse other people that they don't like, and want to kill.

The Newpika can appear to you as any kind of animal, but He is losing his powers, because too many Indians doubt Him, and not enough believe in Him.

by Rhonda Friedlander, age 14

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## THE STARS

(Written by an Old Passamaquoddy submitted by Andrea Dana, printed in SEBYICK NEWS.)

For we are stars, For we sing.  
For we sing with our light.  
For we are birds made of fire.  
For we spread our wings over the sky.  
Our light is a voice.  
We cut a road for the soul  
For it's a journey through death.  
For three of our numbers are hunters,  
For these three hunt a bear.  
For there never was a time.  
When these three didn't hunt.  
For we face the hills with distain.  
This is the song of the stars.



7

LANGUAGE AND CULTURE CLASSES  
AT PENOBSCOT  
by  
Natalie Mitchell

The kids at Penobscot Indian Nation are learning their language and are doing good! They have been learning since the beginning of the summer. The classes were held at first every night then shortened down to Monday, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Now the classes are shortened one night a week. This is held on Monday night at 5:30 p.m. at Madas Sapiel's.

The kids that want to learn their language are welcome to come. We would like to see some younger kids there also.

The reason we have it one night a week is so the kids can start to learn how to make baskets and their medicine. The basket making will be taught by Madas Sapiel and the medicine is taught by Son-a-beh Francis. Right now I am the only one learning my medicine so I can teach my people. I hope some adults and younger people will think about this and try to help with their own knowledge they have left before it is lost. Think about it.

\*\*\*\*\*

UMO GETS \$102,000 IN FUNDS

...Also funded during August through the New England-Atlantic Provinces-Quebec Center at UMO was a total of \$10,000 from the Maine State Commission on the Arts and Humanities to Frederick J. Pratson of Scituate, Mass., for audio-visual presentations on four groups of people living throughout Maine and the Maritime Provinces of Canada-Indians, seacoast people, farming people and deep woods people.

Pratson is a special consultant on folklore and oral history to the New England-Atlantic Provinces-Quebec Center and is also

(UMO GETS ... cont.)  
director of the American-Canadian Heritage Program.

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A PROPOSAL  
FOR AN ORAL AND VISUAL HISTORY  
AND TALENT DEVELOPMENT PROGRAM  
AMONG INDIAN AND INSHORE FISHING  
PEOPLES OF THE STATE OF MAINE, THE  
CANADIAN MARITIME PROVINCES, AND  
QUEBEC.

Submitted by: Frederick John  
Pratson

(Ed. note: Following is excerpted from Mr. Pratson's proposal. I am always interested into why my people are included in projects, proposals, and propaganda. To have been stripped of land, language and our love for each other, why must these concepts be continually brought up, belabored over and broadcast in such an inhumane academic manner. Mr. Pratson would be better in the study of the war lords who are sitting on the stockmarket in Wall Street. These are the people who need to tell us of their reasons of living, loving and laughing, if in deed they do.)

...this proposal seeks both financial (\$25,000.00) and moral support for an experimental program which would help develop and promote the literary heritage of the inshore and Indian peoples of the State of Maine and the Canadian Maritime Provinces.

The justification for this program is to preserve, in a literary and visual form, the essence of the inshore fishing and aboriginal way of life before it changes radically or dies through assimilation into the homogenous North American society out of force of necessity. In the case of the inshore fishing people, their way of life has been rooted into their granite shores for  
(Continued on next page.)



(A PROPOSAL...cont.)

(THE SEEDS OF...cont.)

generations. It is their tradition-Time to plant a brand new world  
alhumanqualities of courage, in- Where promises keep and paths unfurl  
dividualism, honesty, and self re- To young and old, to boy and girl,  
liance that have been the strengths To rick and poor, to woman and man,  
upon which modern America and CanadaTo black and white, to gold and tan  
have been built. As for the Indian,To big and little and fast and slow.  
he is the "first citizen" of North See how brotherhood can grow  
America. His first and basic inclinLet the sun shine in your face  
ation was to offer the settler from To everyone of every race...  
Europe his hand in friendship and Do do do do do.

# # # # #  
AKWESASNE NOTES  
MOHAWK NATION  
via Rooseveltown, New York 13683  
(518) 358 4697

As our modern society becomes more complex and as the choice of life styles becomes more constricted the ways of life, of both the fishing people and the American Indian, become more important in being a source of education and inspiration for contemporary man as he attempts to solve his difficult problems and seek a measure of peace, harmony and fulfillment in his lifetime.

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# THE SEEDS OF BROTHERHOOD

by

BUFFY SAINT-MARIE

It's time to open your eyes  
Take a look outside and all around  
To north and south and up and down  
The weather is right, the time is  
here  
There'll never be a better year  
For brotherhood to take its root  
To bloom its blossom  
and sprout its shoot  
Open, open up your eyes  
It's time to find the place to hoe  
To find the place to plant your row  
Where the seeds of love can grow  
and grow  
Your heart's the perfect spot you  
know  
It's time to clean your garden plot  
of sticks and stones and other old  
rot

Time to plant a brand new world  
Where promises keep and paths unfurl  
To young and old, to boy and girl,  
To rich and poor, to woman and man,  
To black and white, to gold and tan  
To big and little and fast and slow.  
See how brotherhood can grow  
Let the sun shine in your face  
To everyone of every race...  
Do do do do do.

AKWESASNE NOTES  
MOHAWK NATION  
via Rooseveltown, New York 13683  
(518) 358 4697

Sisters, Brothers, friends-

We are going to publish, as a service to the Indian Community, a directory of organizations, tribal groups, and individuals. It will be distributed throughout Canada and Molikin (united states) early in 1973. The cost will be minimal, mostly to cover printing and postage.

We will include in our directory any information you want included. Perhaps there is some message you want to communicate to other Indian peoples. Perhaps there are some needs you have that you want to let others know about, or some services which you can give. It is up to you what you want said about your organization. Your statement may be as short or as long as you wish, as Long as we have enough space. You can also enclose photographs or drawings if you wish.

We think this directory is important-and we hope you will cooperate with us on it. Please write back, even if it is only to say that your organization is still going or that the address is correct. Include a telephone number of you wish so that people can reach you. We hope this note finds you in good health, and with your minds strong and at peace, sincerely,

Rarihokwats

Return Nov. 1, or soon after.



LAST NIGHT I WALKED THROUGH THE FOREST

Last night I walked through the forest  
and saw a trench running backwards, cut in the face  
of Mother Earth, and heard my people speaking a strange tongue,  
and saw them wearing strange clothes, and saw bitterness and  
greed where love used to be.

Last night I walked through the forest  
and saw dirt from car engines, outboard motors, sewer  
pipes, the spoiled flesh of dead wasted animals, our Brothers,  
Indian books hidden in a library.

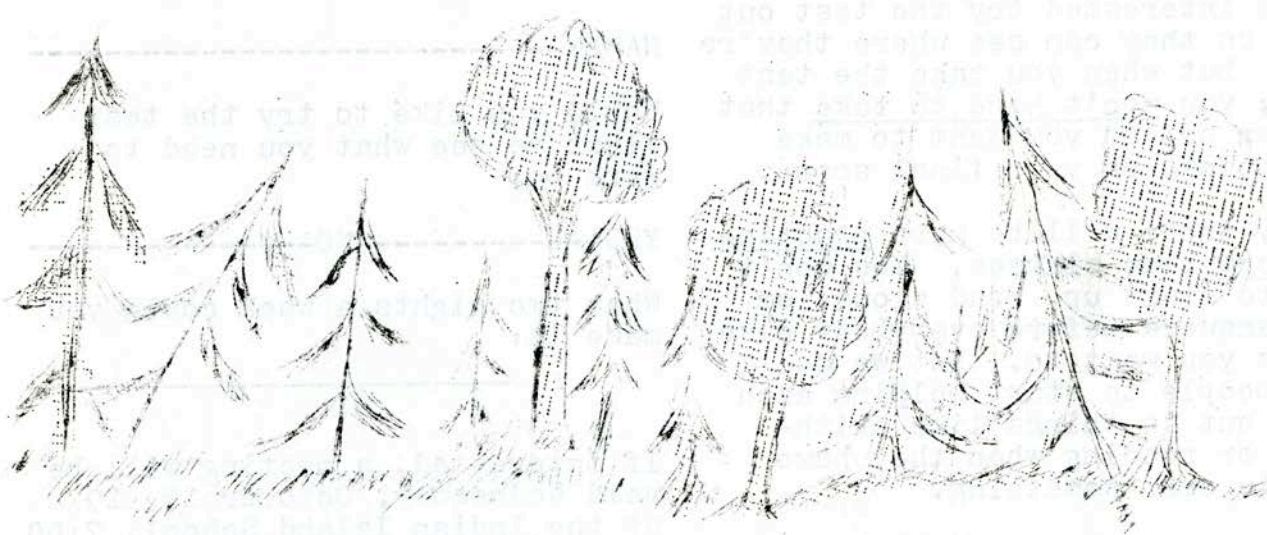
Last night I walked through the forest  
and saw police cars with blaring sirens and flashing lights  
and drawn guns, plastic trash bags before every house,  
treaties remaining unfulfilled and unworn headbands on the shelf.

Last night I walked through the forest  
and saw land always held by my people, never "owned" by others,  
a Nation within a state; we met at a house and talked of Indian  
things and listened; we saw many things and heard more.

Last night I walked through the forest  
and saw my people, almost gone; and saw my land, almost gone;  
and saw my language, almost gone; and saw my dress, almost gone;  
and saw my customs, almost gone; and saw my Indian Way,  
almost gone.

And in its place I saw government projects with government pay;  
government loans with government strings, green berets with tem-  
porary fillings, truant officers with another name, an Indian  
agent who withholds my food, my heat and my medicine; an education  
supervisor who will not listen; an Indian commissioner too busy  
to visit; and a parent telling me not to act Indian but to have  
pride because I am One. Last night I walked through the forest.

Name withheld by request.









## CONCEPT OF LAND USE

by

Kenneth C. Thompson, Esq.

It was with the arrival of the white European that the concept of land "ownership" was first presented to the Penobscot.

Prior to this arrival the land was believed put here by the Creator to sustain life both for the Penobscot and for the non-Penobscot. It was not at all uncommon, and in fact was the usual practice to travel and hunt for food beyond the various river systems inhabited by other "tribes". (It should also be remembered that many of these other "tribes" were in fact part of the same family of people as the Penobscot. It was the white man and not the Indian who distinguished between one "tribe" and another "tribe", according to what river the "tribe" in question resided on or near.)

Food, no matter in how short a supply, was always shared with visitors from away. Occasionally there were problems between the various tribes but it was after the arrival of the white European that one tribe was actively set against another, all to the benefit of the French, English, etc. The dispute would sometimes be over land, but if this were the case, it was usually if not always initiated by either the French or English.

It was because of this open concept of land use, that the Penobscot and other tribes welcomed the white European and kept him alive for the first several years. Finally, after the whites kept pushing and were able to convince the Penobscots that their concepts of land use controls differed, the Penobscot sat at the treaty table and gave up certain lands for the guarantee that what was retained would remain with the Penobscot for as long as the rivers flow and for as long as the grass shall grow.

Apparently all the rivers in what is now Maine stopped flowing on occasion and the grass stopped growing at intermittent intervals because conference after conference was held and treaty after treaty was signed always to the detriment of Penobscot land holdings. (By this time the Anasagunticook, living along the Androscoggin River gave up, abandoned their lands, and made a permanent move to Canada, only making a yearly summer visit back to their ancient lands for several years.)

Shortly after the Penobscot lost their six miles on each side of the Penobscot River from Old Town north, a commission was established to create the state of Maine which was to assume all obligations from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts owing to the Indians living in what was to become Maine. A new treaty was drawn up perhaps in violation of the United States Constitution, as was the treaty of 1818 between the Penobscots and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in which the Penobscots again were promised the right to forever keep their remaining tribal lands, undisturbed, for as long as they remained a nation, etc.

No sooner had Maine become a state in 1820, then the Penobscots were pressured on all sides to give up lands to the state. On February 25, 1829, Smith Island was sold; then on February 19, 1831, the state "purchased" four townships and Pine Island. Finally, on August 28, 1850, Penobscot land in Brewer was sold off.

(Continued on next page.)



## (CONCEPT OF LAND...cont.)

Despite the continued erosion of a once large Penobscot land mass, it is significant that the 146 islands still remaining to the Penobscots have always been held by them and have never been held by the state of Maine. The state of Maine may assume responsibility for control of the Penobscots, again in purported violation of the U.S. Constitution, but nevertheless at each treaty signing, where the Penobscots were by necessity treated as equals, the Penobscots might sign away certain land, yet the remaining land was always reserved to themselves, unlike many other tribes who would give up all of their lands, and in return would be given certain lands back by a state, commonwealth, or federal government.

A question now facing both the Penobscot Nation and the state of Maine is, if there have been violations of the U.S. Constitution by the state of Maine, as is claimed, how much more land should be returned to the Penobscots?

Obviously, a money settlement for damages would be easier, but there are still many Penobscots still living who look at land, Mother Earth, as more permanent and of more value, than mere paper money.

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## EASTERN INDIAN CONFERENCE

NOV. 9, 10, 11, 1972

Sponsored by  
Native American Rights Fund

For details:  
Graeme Bell, Co-ordinator

Call: (202) 785-4166

Meet at the Roger Smith Hotel,  
Washington, D.C. to discuss the  
future of the Indians on the Atlantic.

RENOVATING A HOUSE  
IS A BONESHAKING EXPERIENCE

FARMINGTON FALLS - It is not unusual for Alden H. Gordon to bend over and pick up an old tooth or jawbone in his backyard.

Although it is strictly a guess the high ground property that Gordon owns at the confluence of the Sandy River and Wilson Stream was probably an Indian burial ground about the time Columbus stumbled upon Hispanola.

Gordon's family owned the property for over 100 years and people by the name of Crowswell built the house in 1804 at the center of the hamlet.

Gordon, a man in his late twenties who spends his days calling his stock broker in Portland, has known of the bones all his life. Only recently with the excavation and razing of a deteriorating ell have some startling finds come to the surface literally.

He tells of the time when he was pulling down a cellar wall and a skull fell out. Right behind the back door leading to the ell, he found two skeletons, perfectly preserved, with the arms cocked at the elbows and heads turned sharply to the west.

From talking to area authorities, they say the Indian wanted to see the sun set, even in posterity.

Another time, Gordon was tearing old gravel off his driveway with a bulldozer. The blade went a little deeper than he planned and pieces of skull, jaws and teeth went spinning out of the sand.

All of the human bones have been found at about three to three and a half feet deep in the orange organic sand left by the river, below the gray sedimentary sand.

(Continued on page



## THE EARTH IS MY MOTHER

by

Sipsis Ganesahoway  
(Eugenia Thompson)

land, Land, LAND ...

Who owns the land?  
 Who owns the air?  
 Who owns the sea?  
 Who owns the ocean?  
 Who owns you?  
 Who owns me?

The ownership of land applies not to man, for we just happen to walk on the land as do the bears, the deer, the elk, and the moose.

The ownership of the ocean applies not to man, for we just happen to swim in the waters, as do the whales, the porpoise, the sharks, and the clams.

The ownership of the air applies not to man, for we just happen to breathe the air, as do the birds, the flowers, the trees, and other living things.

The ownership of land does not belong to the kings, to the queens, to the presidents, to the governors, or to the shieks. It would be an impossible task for each of them to make use of the total area of their claim. Each would have to be a giant, and giants they are not, they and each of us are simply human beings. We are simple human beings living on a portion of Mother Earth.

The best we can do as non-giants, non-kings, non-queens, non-presidents, non-governors, non-shieks, as human beings is to take a lesson from a little bird. The lesson becomes for us to stretch our wings, search out our territory, settle upon it, start making a nest, and scare any disturbance to our way of life away.

Now then, for those who will have difficulty in learning to be a little bird, perhaps it is not intended for them to be a little bird, because there is a lot of danger and hard work. One might find comfort in being the nest, or the tree, or the worm, because in all these things, this is part of the life of a little bird. All things are necessary on Mother Earth.

My first name, Sipsis, means "little bird". My next name, Ganesahoway, means "she carries a big rock". I came from, was created, on that big rock called Mother Earth. My people still live by the white rocks in the river. We call ourselves by that name, Penobscot. My people lived for thousands of years in this sacred place.

We were also called Red Paint People before that. The red meats of the salmon and the lobster were our chosen sustenance along with the red strawberries. We covered ourselves with red paint, dancing in happiness and peace. In death, the red fire consumed our bodies and our ashes were wixed with red clay.

When my time of birth came, the strawberries also came and left a mark on my right arm. Strawberries are the fruit of peace.  
 (Continued on next page.)



## (THE EARTHS...cont.)

I am not a giant, I am only a little bird. I carry a big rock peacefully. Sometimes I feel like throwing rocks, but I would be afraid that I would lose my name and lose my territory and damage my Mother.

Now, as I am concerned for the remaining land, and anxious for a return of respect of nature, and worried for the disturbance and damage might be too great and too late, I present myself to that collective cause for the protection of the land, the Maine Community Land Trust Planning Committee.

Sipsis Ganesahoway, Penobscot

"We are ancestors of our children's  
children ...  
Will and patience our ancestors  
have ...  
We are what we do ...  
We are children ...  
Today we look at work that we must  
do ...  
Yesterday we saw the work that still  
needs doing ...  
Feeling oppressed of the ill-regulated  
power ...  
But tomorrow we are the world.  
Controlling and tuning ...  
Meeting balance, feeling the touch  
of truth ...  
Our strength belongs with Mother  
Earth  
Who knows the spirit world ..."

by Deanna Francis, Passamaquoddy

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

As the visitor was leaving, Gordon nudged a sand pile and a hard white substance emerged. He picked it up, gave a squint, and said "there's a tooth for you."

(By Bruce Hertz, NEWS, Skowhegan Bureau, Tuesday, October 10, 1972.)

♦ ♦

## (RENOVATING A HOUSE... cont.)

To support his contention that the bones are Indians and not settlers, he points out that there are no markers and no artifacts with the bodies. Further the white men's settlement came to Farmington in 1790, much after any Indian residents were present. There are cemeteries in the area dating back to that time, all carefully marked.

"These bones could be 300, maybe 500 years old. Who can say?" He asked.

Of course there is plenty of evidence of the white man's stay. Gordon said his father found many steel buttons with "London Guild" etched on the back. Also the forefathers had a great grasp of recycling in that they threw their animal bones out the windows into the sand. Gordon pointed out that the animal bones were sawed off and the loose human bones are not.

The sand apparently is a remarkable preservative. In the two skeletons under the house the frames were completely intact down to the teeth being in their socket in the jaw. As soon as the bones are exposed to the air, they dry out and deteriorate.

In all Gordon has found six skulls and numerous assorted bones. They are unceremoniously stored in a back barn in several antique iron pots.

The bones have been taken to one of the Farmington schools for exhibit and Gordon has heard that an anthropologist at the University of Maine has heard about the finds.

Gordon speculated that the whole Farmington area on the side of the river contained Indian relics but very few people have shown any interest in excavating.



DRUGS & ALCOHOL  
Detriment To Indian Way

Many of us at Penobscot and Passamaquoddy have ceased using alcohol and marijuana for some time now. Some of us have been strong enough not to have a beer or joint at the most distressing occasions, yet others of us have smoked a joint occasionally.

We feel that in order for us to do and accomplish any meaningful rapport with each other and the older members of the community, we must be clear in mind and in spirit. Already the gap is too prominent. Our survival as the red race is too important for us to be high or low with stimulants or depressants. There is no need to itemize the sorrows through this action. The fall of the Indian people must not be.

We must be people together and ready to defend or teach the greatest Indian principles that we have been given through the spirit of proud and strengthening Mother Earth.

Thank you for  
spending a moment  
of thought

D.M.F.

H \* \* \* \* \*

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Greetings Sister:

I hope that you and all who attended enjoyed the convention and that it was worth the trip. (Ed. Note: The convention was held at Caughnawaga in September, the North American Traditional Unity Convention.)

I came upon this article in El Grito Del Norte, a Chicano newspaper that comes to us from the southwest and I thought that maybe it could be used in the next issue

of the Newsletter. Make sure that you keep me informed with all that happens back there especially over the election upcoming, I think that the outcome is going to be very interesting.

Keep Well, Keep strong, and  
Keep in Harmony with the cycles  
of all things.

Brother  
(Howard) Ateronhiatase  
Akwasasne Notes

(Ed. Note: Following is the article Ateronhiatase enclosed in the letter. The Green Beret Special Forces landed at Penobscot and conducted physical examinations on many of the people. They dug a trench from the Penobscot River so that the pond could have fresh water in it. They didn't tell us that this might have adverse effect in that the river might be more that the island could contain. Several people have told that the island might be covered with water unless certain things were done. The trench now remains a puzzle to the Special Forces, as the water flows toward the river and not to the pond. I guess we have our own 'special forces'.)

§ § § § § §

GREEN BERETS INVADE MAINE

Last May the Green Beret Special Forces planned to invade New Mexico on a so-called "goodwill" mission of bringing medical services to the people. (See El Grito, May 19). The people of San Miguel County, however, stood firm against allowing these "Special Forces" to come into their communities and use Chicanos as guinea pigs.

After their planned operation was rejected, they had no choice but to cancel their appearance in New Mexico. But they have not yet been stopped from making similar (Continued on next page.)



(GREEN BERETS... Cont.)

attempts in other places. Their latest "good will" mission is among the Indians of Maine.

That operation is being conducted by the Army's 10 Special Forces Group, airborne. Its purpose is supposedly to help set up permanent medical and dental programs for 550 Passamaquoddy Indians at the Peter Dana Point and Pleasant Point reservations near the Canadian border and 300 members of the Penobscot tribe living on Indian Island. Their whole plan, as has been described, will include three phases.

Phase I will include examinations of the Indians, whom they are using as guinea pigs just as they had planned to use N.M. Chicanos as guinea pigs.

Phase II calls for a Green Beret to return to establish a primary health clinic on each reservation.

Phase III includes the taking over of primary health care needs by Indian coordinators. These coordinators would also serve as liaison (probably informants) to the Beret doctors and other staff.

At Dana Point, 18,000 acres of timberland are now inaccessible and the Green Berets say they hope to build a road to enable Indians to use more of their reservation for recreational purposes. No doubt the area would soon become a tourist attraction and the recreational facilities would become accessible to the tourists and not the Indians.

The overall program is supposed to be part of the new effort by the Defense Department to build up a Domestic Action program which the military says will attempt to alleviate Social and Economic problems. This seems to be a last attempt to prove to the American

people that the military isn't all bad, that the U.S. forces do something besides kill Vietnamese and other oppressed people. Now the Green Berets are pretending to show the Chicanos and Indians that they care about them and want to help. But many Chicanos and Indians know better and are telling them that they neither want nor need their kind of help.

According to an article which appeared in AKWESASNE NOTES, the Green Berets went to the Northern Cheyennes, in Montana, last summer. Using the Cheyennes as a "test group", the soldiers were, in fact, compiling community information on the Indian leadership--their power structure as well as their weaknesses.

All the newspapers and TV stations in Montana gave good coverage on how the soldiers were helping the Indians. The Cheyennes, however, were not too impressed with the soldiers' "help". According to a worker in a Summer Youth Camp, "They didn't just help; they took over." When the Indians complained, the officer in charge said, "I give the orders around here. I'm the only one in authority."

The Green Berets have also run into trouble with the native peoples in Hawaii, where a mock Vietnamese village is used in training operations. They say they do not want Hawaiian land to be used as a base for any training that will result in the death of other dark-skinned peoples.

In Salinas, Calif., the Green Berets have tried to impress Chicanos with their "good will" by fixing up housing for evicted farmworkers on strike. But the Berets have no true good will; this is only a cover-up for their true purpose of putting down popular rebellions of the people against injustice and tyranny. They use the land (Continued on next page.)



(GREEN BERETS...cont.)

and the people to train themselves for further repression. They are in reality trained professional killers.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Smallboy Camp  
Robb, Alberta  
Canada  
July 14, 1972

Dear Brothers,

Your Newsletter used to come to me while I was busy fighting for our brothers and sisters in society. It's a great shame many times I did not have much time to really read and enjoy your Newsletter. Since then I have come along with my beloved family to join our true leader Rober Smallboy and tribe. There are so many things I could express to you people so far away from us.

First of all I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for all the issues you've sent me free. Also I wish to tell you, your work on the paper is well done and we enjoy it even tho' we have the old issue.

Because you are so far away and your newsletter consists mostly of Penobscot happenings, I thought since I have more time now, and my mind is at peace, I thought if you wished, we could contribute to your paper, of what's happening up here at Cree Nation.

Among most Indian nations across North America it is almost always telling or crying of the misery and injustice among Indian nations.

There is much more we can relate to each other, there is wisdom, knowledge, and even laughter among us all. Let us start

revealing these other natures of ours. You know there is much beauty among and around us, if we really look at it.

Because it is The Nature of Traditional Indians to share, I would be most happy to share the happy side most.

One day while we were pitching our tent to a nice and new spot along with our cheif who is so peaceful and serene, looked at his tent, which was already up, said to us with a trace of a sly smile, (ha,ha) "There's one thing that's troubling me," long pause, we finally asked, "What is it Cheif? "Is how can we pitch another tent on top of this one and have an upstairs bedroom?" Imagine if you can how you can do that for our Cheif. ha ha! We're still trying!

Before I close To those of you down there We would be very happy to hear from you. Write when you find time. Here is closing and wishing each and everyone of you brothers and sisters May Our Brother the Sun Shine in your hearts and warm you to the very bone. All the Good Spirits help you be at peace with yourselves and our Great Spirit! Hope we will hear from you.

I remain Truly  
Yours,

Rose Auger  
Cree Nation

(Ed. Note: I have listened to Rose speak with passionate plea for help for our brothers and sisters who were trapped in the white man's society. She spoke of the neglect and shame of the people as they lived in poor houses with poor hearts and broken spirits. I share Rose's concern for our brothers, and even though our hearts ache with their misery, we find that perhaps we should share our laughter and our love.)



# SOCKALEXIS

## MAINE'S ALL-TIME GREAT BASEBALL PLAYER

by

Francis W. Hatch

Ask any Maine sports writer to name the five all-time greats among baseball big-leaguers from the Pine Tree State. The list is apt to run like this: Bill Carrigan, catcher; Fred Parent, shortstop; Louis Sockalexis, outfielder; Del Bissonnette, first baseman; Bill Maloney, catcher-outfielder.

Most students of baseball would add that the man with the greatest gifts of batting eye, throwing arm and racing leg was Sockalexis. As a boy I watched him play for the town team of Castine, after he was well over the hill. Even then sockalexis could step across the plate and whack a pitch-out over the ramparts of Fort George. That was the thrilling kind of play which had enabled him to break into the big time with the Cleveland Spiders, the forerunner of today's Cleveland Indians, who are said to owe their name to Sockalexis.

He was born at Old Town in 1871. Sockalexis' grandfather had been chief of the Penobscot Indian Tribe, whose domain is Indian Island in the Penobscot River above Bangor. Louis Francis Sockalexis was lithe and quick as a cat in the hopping, skipping and running games of childhood. He attended the local school, conducted by Jesuit priests, and worshipped the the colorful old chapel, still in use and well worth a visit today.

At St. Anne's Convent School, later Old Town High, Louis was a standout in track, football, and especially in baseball. He batted left and threw right with such prodigious strength that later, in semi-pro baseball, he gave throwing exhibitions before the game. At

Poland Spring, on a dollar bet, he once threw a ball over the tower of Hirma Ricker's Hotel, thought to be an impossible heave. He used to give exhibitions at fair time in Bangor, throwing a baseball over the length of the grandstand to someone at the other end. His speed of foot enabled him to run the hundred, in full baseball regalia, in ten flat.

As in the case of Babe Ruth, a priest noted the power and grace in Sockalexis' swing and the coordination of his eye, and suggested that he continue his education at St. Mary's School in Van Buren, Maine. Small wonder that word got through to the College of the Holy Cross at Worcester, Massachusetts. Sockalexis had been playing summer baseball for Poland Spring, when Holy Cross's Captain Powers was on the team.

On October 20, 1894, the Worcester Post foretold extra base hits to come: "A new ball player will soon be added to the list of strong amateur players already at Holy Cross. He is Louis Sockalexis, of Old Town, Maine. He is a star all-around player who will make an excellent man for the outfield or the bases. For the past two years he has played on the Poland Spring team with Captain Powers of the Holy Cross nine. Last season he received an offer from the New England League, but he preferred to remain in the ranks of the amateurs and continue his studies...It begins to look like '95 will be a banner athletic year at Holy Cross.

(Continued next month.)



As the Newsletter goes to press, we have learned of the stand our brothers and sisters against the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington, D.C. They are calling attention to the injustices that have been practiced by the American government against the native peoples.

Many of our people at this moment are hurrying to the side of these warriors. They have occupied the headquarters of the B.I.A. for six days.

The Six Nations Iroquois Confederacy has declared war on the United States. Many of the leaders have waited for this day to happen. The native people have been patient long enough. The people are now showing their power.

\*\*\*\*\*

We of the Newsletter apologize for the major delay in getting the paper to you. There have been many events and experiences to tell in this short page, but hope to share some of them with you from time to time.

\*\*\*\*\*

We hope that many of you will understand that your subscription will last for the remainder of the period which you paid.

We are happy to say that the University Christian Movement of New England, Cambridge has contributed to this issue and the next ones so that my brothers and sisters in Sebayick, Princeton, Aroostock, and Penobscot can receive the Newsletter free.

We hope that our readers, you, will contribute, donate, give, send, a donation to us so that we can keep going. We hope also that you will send in news, clippings, stories, and anything that you find interesting that you would want to share.

\*\*\*\*\*

Send your name and address and a donation to the Maine Indian Newsletter, Box 553, Old Town, Maine 04468. Also include your friends, relatives, libraries, schools, clubs, but be sure to contribute. We are a non-profit organization for educational and literary purposes. All of the work done on the Newsletter is voluntary.

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KEEP SMILING \*\*\*\*\*



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