

P. O. Box 223
Houlton, Maine
04730
Tel. 532-6452

'T' H I E

P. O. Box 223
Houlton, Maine
04730
Tel. 532-6452

ARROSTOOK INDIAN

Vol. # 3

No. 2

February 1971

FROM THE EDITOR

Since its existence, the Association of Aroostook Indians, Inc. has been operating under a program called "Education for Leadership Among the Off-Reservation Indians of Aroostook County". Out of this program we are able to maintain an office with a secretary, we are able to publish our monthly newsletter, and also have a place for meetings. The funds for this are from the federal government with local matching funds coming from the Association and Ricker College.

In September, we were doubtful of the future of the AAI. The local college officials informed us that it would be impossible for the college to support the

"Indian Project" with its present budget.

Also, at this time the state coordinator of Title I notified us that an executive order in Washington, D.C. had frozen all Title I funds. It was also at this time that the college was going through an administration change. These were three unforeseen events that gave us doubts about the Leadership program continuing in its present form.

It was then we knew that it would have to be the AAI taking the initiative in trying to secure its fate.

First of all, we sought a definite answer of the situation of Title I, HEA in Washington, D.C. with Senator Margaret Chase Smith. Her reply was prompt and two weeks we were informed that release of the Title I

(cont'd on next p.)

funds would be coming soon. Meanwhile, we were still looking for the necessary matching funds to support the program. Through various meetings and conferences, we had a chance to meet people who knew of places for possible financial support. We wrote to the sources and were able to secure \$1,300 from the College Entrance Examination Board of New York and \$1,200 from the Edward Elliott Foundation also of New York.

By this time we were able to persuade the local college officials of the commitment involved and were able to secure additional \$1,800 from the college of which \$800 was actual cash. With this and the \$2,500 secured by the Association we were able to come up with the needed matching funds for this year's Title I program.

It was on December 7th that officially we were funded again and the program could continue without the financial hassle it experienced for the past four months. The total grant amounted to \$18,800 of which the Instructor's salary is \$6,000; Secretary is \$3,500; Consultant fees \$600; Equipment expenses \$3,500; Travel \$1,000; Communications \$600; Printing and Supplies

(cont'd top of p.)

\$500. But most important it gave us program to work from in pursuing goals of housing, youth opportunities, and employment.

This is the last year these Title I funds will be eligible for the AAI and we have already applied for other grants for next year. We are hoping to get some support from the government but this is pending at this time.

The Instructor's primary job will be to explain the techniques used to pursue a definite objective and to implement different ideas to the members of the AAI. But this program does need support from the people in the Association and presently we have one job opening for one person. Hopefully, in the future we can employ up to ten people, but the initiative will have to come from the AAI.

By Tom Battiste

* * * * *

Mrs. Mary Agnes Paul is currently a surgical patient at the Cary Memorial Hospital in Caribou, Maine. We hope she will be well soon.

* * * * *



FOOD FOR THOUGHT

The greatest sin is fear.
The greatest deceiver is the one who deceives himself.
The greatest secret of production is saving waste.
The greatest comfort is the knowledge that you have done your work well.
The greatest mistake is giving up---
The most expensive indulgence is hate.
The cheapest, stupidest, easiest thing to do is find fault.
The greatest trouble maker is the one who talks too much.
The greatest stumbling block is egotism---
The greatest need is common sense.
The greatest puzzle is life---The greatest mystery is death.
The greatest thought is GOD.
The greatest thing in all the world, is love.
Accept, believe and actionize these great spiritual truths and truly you will begin to WAKE AND LIVE.

* * * *

Perhaps one of the strongest beliefs among the Indians of Maine is that of transformation. There are other tales where people can transform themselves into various objects, such as stone or wood or other animals. Mikumwesu and Gluskap of course were best able to do this, but there is still a strong belief that any shaman who is really skilled in his art can transform things.

Once there was a young girl and she fell in love with a snake. This snake lived in a lake, and when the young girl came there she would sing and he would crawl out of the water and shed his skin and become a handsome young man. They would then make love and be together until evening, when he would

crawl into his skin and return to the lake and the girl return to her people. This kept on for some time until the girl's family became suspicious that all was not right, for the girl was gone almost every day. Finally they decided to follow her and find out what she was doing. Accordingly, the next day when she went off she was followed by one of the family, and he heard her sing beside the lake and saw the snake come out and shed his skin and become a man. The next day the family had a meeting to decide what to do, for they did not want their daughter in love with a snake and yet they could not kill any snake so powerful that he could change into a man. After a long time a plan was decided upon.

The next time the girl went out she was followed by her brother. When she came to the lake the girl began to sing, and the snake crawled out and shed his skin. After a while the two became sleepy and lay down on the moss to sleep. The brother then crept out of his hiding place and made off with the snakeskin. That evening when the young man went to return to his skin he could not find it. He and the girl hunted without success. When the sun went down, the young man lost the power to turn back into a snake and remained a man. They went to the girl's village and were

(cont'd on next p.)

(Cont'd from previous p.)

married. The skin meanwhile turned into black and white wampum.

(The preceding has been reprinted from the book: GLUSKAP THE LIAR & OTHER INDIAN TALES with permission from the author, Horace P. Beck and also the publishing company, the Bond Wheelwright Company, Freeport, Maine.)

tion of the Indian people in Aroostook County. If you have any comments (criticisms or otherwise), old Indian tales or legends, recipes, poems, cartoons, current news, or anything else you would like to see printed in the AROOSTOOK INDIAN, write them down and send them to P. O. Box 223, Houlton, Maine, 04730. We want to hear from all the Indians in Aroostook County.

* * * * *

Give It BACK To The Indians!

* * * * *

GET WELL SOON!!!

We would like to extend get well wishes to Mrs. Gloria Tomah, who is currently being hospitalized at the Madigan Memorial Hospital in Houlton, Maine. Hope you have a speedy recovery Mrs. Tomah.

* * * * *

Terry Polchies, president of the Association, is currently in Santa Rosa, California attending a three week educational workshop. This is part of his Ford Leadership Development grant.

* * * * *

WANTED: ARTICLES FOR AROOSTOOK INDIAN

In order to continue publishing our newsletter, we must ask for the cooperation of all Indians in Aroostook County.
(cont'd top of p.)



Long time ago my grandfather travel by canoe and snowshoes, And came home with moose meat and beaver pelt. The braves gathered around the camp fire outside his wigwam and tells his great safe journey. Now my father travels by trains and taxi, And returns a little bit of food and firewater we call it, And gathers his friends and celebrates exciting journey, And after the fun, my father ends up with a black eye. Me I wonder how future will run, Maybe I'll grab a bottle like my father did. Or run along the bush like my grandfather did, But no way of white man's way.

Reprinted from:
AKWESASNE NOTES