

P.O. Box 223
Houlton, Maine
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AROOSTOOK INDIAN

INDIAN STRENGTH INDIAN UNITY INDIAN STRENGTH INDIAN UNITY INDIAN STRENGTH INDIAN

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UNITY INDIAN STRENGTH INDIAN UNITY INDIAN STRENGTH INDIAN UNITY INDIAN STRENGTH

DEMOCRATIC PARTY PLATFORM COMMITTEE IN BANGOR

On March 14th, 1970, the Maine Democratic Party Platform Committee met in Bangor to discuss issues of the coming election.

Governor Kenneth M. Curtis and Congressman William D. Hathaway were present at this public hearing.

The welcome and introductions were presented by Severin M. Beliveau, Chairman, Maine Democratic Party, and E. Parker Johnson, Democratic Platform Committee, with remarks from the Governor Curtis and Congressman Hathaway. The general session then was divided in 10 sub-committees with the Indian Affairs as one of the sub-committees. The Association of Aroostook Indians was represented at this sub-committee for one purpose and this was to obtain recognition in the state and federal governments, to have the same welfare rights as the rest of the Indians in the State, to have the same housing developments,

to have the same medical benefits, to have the same educational opportunities. This is now the time to ask these people to give us the same opportunities as the rest of our Brothers.

It was mentioned by the Chairman, that because of the citizenship of the Indians in Aroostook County this would bring problems in the Legislature, but what of the children who were born in the United States, should they be the ones denied in education as it is now?

What of the treaty of 1794, where it mentioned the Passamaquoddy, Penobscots, and Malicite tribes were once (allied?) together? Then why not the same benefits today?

The Chairman then mentioned that this "recognition" would be introduced into the Platform, but I am sure the A.A.I. will have to have the initiative to pursue this goal of recognition.

It is most vital to us because if recognized we can obtain funds for housing, ed-
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educational opportunities and many other benefits.

By Tom Battiste

MAINE INDIAN PARTNERSHIP PROGRAM

On March 18th, a representative from the Maine Indian Partnership Program spoke to some of the Association members in Houlton for the purpose of trying to find out what this organization could do to help the Indians in Aroostook County.

Chairman Wilbur Rice gave a brief history of his organization and stated that the Governor had organized 50 businessmen from various fields to try to help the Indians in different ways. He mentioned several programs which his group had already acted on, for instance, construction of new playgrounds on the Princeton Reservation, a tutorial program in Calais, securing ash for baskets for some of the Indians.

Mr. Rice felt that his organization could do something for the Indians in Aroostook County, although he mentioned that this particular organization was not a funding organization because it was made up of individuals and not designed for this purpose.

It was mentioned that one way that the organization could help was in lobbying procedures of trying to get recognition for the A.A.I. Here they could be very helpful because of the importance of recognition. Adult Basic Education was another field in which this Maine Indian Partnership Program could be helpful. Most of the adult Indians in Aroostook County have less than 12 years of education, which is a handicap in trying to find decent employment in the county. Mr. Rice also mentioned that his group would try to institute a program for the non-high school graduate, but this would be later.

In all the meeting was successful and meaningful. The A.A.I. will keep in touch with this group. An open invitation has

been extended to all Indians to attend their meetings in Bangor. The next meeting is March 25th at the Board Room of the Dead River Company in Bangor.

By Tom Battiste

"RECOGNITION"

R ecognize Aroostook Indians.
E nvelope all my people.
C hildren, all Indian children.
O pen your hearts to my people.
G ive my people your help.
N one shall be forgotten.
I ndians are people.
T ime has come to change.
I ncome for my people.
O nly change will bring results.
N ations will be recognized.

By Tilly West

GET WELL QUICK

We wish to extend get well wishes to Miss Joyce Hill, daughter of Mrs. Monty Hill of Presque Isle. She is a patient at the Portland Medical Center. If you wish to send get well cards, her address is Miss Joyce Hill, Maine Medical Center, 55 Bromall Street, Portland, Maine.

DRESS FOR SALE

For Sale: yellow party dress, sleeveless, size 9-10. Tel. 532-6183. Ask for Debbie.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!!

We wish to extend Happy Birthday greetings to Debbie Tomah, whose birthday was March 18th. We also wish to extend Happy

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Birthday greetings to Jody Ann Tomah, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tomah, whose birthday is March 27th. Debbie is the daughter of Mr. Leo Tomah of Houlton. Belated Birthday Greetings to Robert Polchies, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Polchies, who celebrated his eighth birthday three weeks ago.

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BARNEY'S BALL GAME

Many years ago, Susan, my mother took me to Maccan, a village a town away by train. I first met Barney Francis in Maccan, a coal dusted village. Barney and Chappie Francis were brothers. Close brothers they were. Dear Barney was a dark Indian and Chappie was fair in skin. I was to meet their dear mom, Madeline and dad, Andrew. I remember for breakfast we ate popped wheat. We enjoyed our visit. My mom, Susan, had to leave for Amherst as we had to peddle baskets. I loved to peddle baskets because we would meet a lot of people. Mom would buy fish and meat to take home. I, as a child, remembered Barney. Because during our visit it was: let's play ball Chappie, and off they would go to play baseball right in a cleared field. Baseball was Barney's love of life. Barney talked baseball. He'd dream baseball. Anytime I would see Barney he'd have his catcher's mitt and ball. He'd stand there smiling and playing with his baseball. Always with a smile and that red cap Barney wore on the side of his head. He never screamed or yelled, only on a foul ball, then Barney would shake his head and slap his red cap to his knee. Barney gave you the impression he was laughing all the time. One would feel bubbly inside as Barney talked to you. He

made you love the game even if you had no interest. You would find yourself listening and wanting to know more of Barney's baseball games.

It all started when Mom asked Aunt Madeline to move to the Jct. We returned to the Jct. and a year later Aunt Madeline, Uncle Andrew, Barney, and Chappie were married. The family soon settled in the Jct. an Indian settlement. I proceeded to struggle with my door to door sales, helping Mom sell baskets, May flowers, crepe paper flowers, axe handles by the dozen.

The Andrew Francis family liked our home town. Not much was going on in the line of sports. I noticed Barney made friends very fast. He was a likable person, everyone liked him instantly. Very soon Barney brought his bat and baseball over to play with some white boys. Very soon the Dowe boys and Barney were having practice sessions. I had left home to work in a hat factory. Mom continued to make baskets. I'd come home once a week to watch Barney's game. Barney had two teams playing in the Jct. Barney would have a collection of money in order to pay all the equipment needed to play baseball. Barney did it all. He received permission to use the field. He built the wooden benches. He also set rules for his boys. Not a person for miles around would speak of Barney unless it was with respect and admiration. Barney, a true Micmac Indian, started the baseball game in the Jct. after this took shape. Springhill, Maccan, Joggins, Athal, Oxford, Southhampton. Parrsboro wanted to play against Barney at the Jct. Word spread and the people from all over came to the games. I kept in touch with Barney. It was always, Hi, Tilly. Today when I see boys playing a ballgame I cry a little, not in my eyes, but in my heart. I cry for Barney Francis. He had his own team. He had his friends, his games. He had all that. He had a name. He made his dream come true at the Jct. Barney Francis, baseball player, lost his life in the Springhill Jct. fire. I heard his name on T.V. here in Maine...

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I have submitted this story in respect to everyone's friend, the late Barney Francis.

By Tilly West

I don't want a white man over me. I don't want an agent. I want to have the white man with me, but not to be my chief.

Sitting Bull

A RECIPE FOR MOCK APPLE PIE

Pastry for two crust, 9 inch pie.
36 Ritz crackers
2 cups water
2 cups sugar
1 teaspoon cream tartar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Grated rind of one lemon. Butter or margerine. Dash of Cinnamon.

Roll out bottom crust of pastry and fit into 9 inch pie plate. Break Ritz crackers coarsely into pastry lined plate. Combine water, sugar, and cream of tartar in sauce pan. Boil gently for 15 minutes. Add lemon juice and rind. Cool. Pour syrup over crackers. Dot generously with butter or margerine and sprinkle with cinnamon. Cover with top crust. Trim and flute edges together. Cut slits in top crust to let steam escape. Bake in a hot oven (425 degrees) 30-35 minutes until crust is crisp and golden. Serve warm. Cut into 6 or 8 slices. Top with cheese slice or scoop of ice cream.

GRANDFATHER

I won't ever see him again.
I won't see him riding his horse,
cooking his food,
cutting his wood,
building his fire.
I won't see him sitting on his porch

looking off into the woods, remembering-- remembering the old times, the old people, and his way of life.

I won't hear him again.
I won't hear him sing about the sun,
about the moon,
about the deer,
about love.
I won't hear him sing of the forest before the white man.
Of the summers of plenty,
of the happy people we once were,
of the winters of starvation after the white man,
of the sorrow and grief when the white man's sickness came and destroyed many of our people and chiefs.

I won't feel his warm nearness any more.
I won't feel the way I used to, sitting with him on a warm, pine-scented summer night.
I won't feel him in the saddle, sitting before me.

I won't feel him near me in the huckleberry patch,
In our hidden fishing places,
under the dam catching crayfish with icy creek waters singing swiftly over our pebble-sore feet.

I won't feel the same going to places we used to go.
I won't hear the beautiful forest sounds, as clearly as I did with him.
I won't see the magnificent sights I did through his eyes.
No more. He is no more.
The Great Spirit in the clouds has taken him.
He is no more. Oh, God, he is no more.

Reprinted from:
AKWESASNE NOTES

The Association of Aroostook Indians wishes to thank Tilly West of Ashland and Mrs. Fred Perley of Presque Isle for contributing their time and effort to our rummage sale which was held in Presque Isle.

THE INDIAN SPEAKS

Many moons have passed since the white man came; you have taken away from the Indian everything he once owned. You promised in treaties that we would be taken care of, but for three hundred years or more we have been waiting, and still we are being ignored. When will the white man wise up and give back just a little of what the Indian once had? You may ask, what did he once have? Just look around you. You will see all the land we once owned, where we once roamed free, and could breathe pure clean air, hunt for our food, fish in any stream we wanted to. But you the white man have taken this right from us. You have made us feel inferior. When all the time, the white man should have felt that way. Because you shoved the Indian in the corner, out of the way. This country claims to be the land of the free, yes, free for the white man to take advantage of anyone who is not like him. The Indian is now beginning to realize that he must speak up for his rights. All over the country the Indians are uniting for the same cause, the rights that were promised us in treaties. Today these same treaties are still being ignored by you, white man.

By Terrance Polchies

MAINE INDIAN PARTNERSHIP MEETING

On Sunday, April 26th, at 1:00 P.M., the Maine Indian Partnership Committee will meet in Houlton in the new library at Ricker College. All interested persons are urged to attend.

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PLEASE SUPPORT THE
 A.A.A.