

P. O. Box 223
Houlton, Maine
04730

TITLE

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AROOSTOOK INDIAN

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MAINE INDIAN PARTNERSHIP MEETING IN HOULTON

It is now known that the Association of Aroostook Indians, Inc. is a progressive and moving organization with a main goal of improving the plight of the off-reservation Indian in Aroostook County. Evidence of this is shown by having the Maine Indian Partnership Committee meeting in Houlton on April 26, at the Hayes Library to discuss the various problems in the County.

The Maine Indian Partnership Committee is comprised of various individuals in business organizations from all over the State of Maine. They are a non-profit organization with the sole purpose of trying to help all Indians in the state. These men come from all areas of the state and it was a privilege to have them here. But, we ask: Where were those prominent citizens of our various communities in Aroostook County? These are the people who should listen to the problems of their Indian neighbors. They are the ones who do not recognize the Indian for what he is. We urge these people to look at the Indian as

a person, to give him the recognition, to provide for himself without the biased attitude.

The Indian in the County has now achieved a sense of belonging in relation to his white neighbors, but still there is a lot of work ahead and it must be noted that it takes all of us to achieve our goals.

The Editor

COMMENT

Slowly some of the white people throughout the state are realizing that the Indians of Aroostook County, Maine are trying to better themselves. We hope through the Association of Aroostook Indians and the Maine Indian Partnership Program that more people in the County would support us and not criticize us until they know what the true situation is.

INDIAN UNITY!!! INDIAN STRENGTH!!!

DEFINITION OF MATURITY
BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Maturity is the ability to control anger and settle differences without violence or destruction.

Maturity is patience, the willingness to pass up immediate pleasure in favor of the long-term gain.

Maturity is perseverance, the ability to sweat out a project or a situation in spite of opposition and discouraging setbacks.

Maturity is unselfishness -- responding to the needs of others, often at the expense of one's own desires or wishes.

Maturity is the capacity to face unpleasantness and frustration, discomfort and defeat, without complaint or collapse.

Maturity is humility. It is being big enough to say, "I was wrong." And when right, the mature person need not say, "I told you so."

Maturity means dependability, keeping one's word, coming through in a crisis. The immature are masters of the alibi - confused and disorganized. Their lives are a maze of broken promises, former friends, unfinished business and good intentions which never materialize.

Maturity is the art of living in peace with that which we cannot change.

Maturity is the ability to make a decision and stand by it. The immature spend their lives exploring endless possibilities, then do nothing.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY WISHES

Happy birthday wishes to Mrs. Tillie West of Ashland from her daughter Donna Marie West. Mrs. West's birthday was April 13th. Also happy birthday wishes to Mrs.

Fred Perley of Presque Isle, whose birthday was also on April 13th. Mrs. Terrance Polchies celebrated her birthday on April 21.

INDIAN PETS

When we lived at Haystack Mountain, I had a lot of wild animals for pets. One was a bird. His name was Chomly. He came to me for food at Spring. He went away at Fall. And that was one of my pets.

Submitted by:
Donna Marie West age 10

WANTED:

One 100 lb bag of blue cristies potatoes for my home garden. Anyone who has them to sell, please contact this number: 472-2183.
Robert Pictou

(TREE) OUR DESTINY

Beauty of an Ash, Maple tree.
God choose to make.
White man choose to cut for warmth,
Indians took from tree
wood to carve his destiny.
God carried his cross cut from tree.
With strength, raise us from dust.

Submitted by:
Tilly West of Ashland

GET WELL QUICK

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

WANTED: ARTICLES FOR AROOSTOOK INDIAN

If you have any comments (criticisms or otherwise), old Indian tales or legends, recipes, poems, cartoons, current news, or any other news items that 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 and the rest of Maine.

RUMMAGE SALE

The rummage sale which was held on April 3rd and 4th and sponsored by the Association of Aroostook Indians was a success. We wish to thank Mrs. Shirley Levasseur, Mrs. Alex Polchies, Mrs. Florence Sappier, Mrs. Maynard Polchies, and also Mrs. Terrance Polchies for contributing their time and effort. And to anyone else who contributed.

On behalf of the Association of Aroostook Indians, we would like to thank Mr. Ray Crone for allowing us to use the old S & H Stamp Store.

SOME THING TO PONDER ABOUT

The white man took everything away from the Indian in the olden days. Even his tobacco, little knowing that some day it would give him cigarette cancer, as there is a warning on most cigarette packages today.

Submitted by:
Robert Pictou of
Fort Fairfield, Maine

TICKETS DRAWN FOR QUILT

The tickets were drawn for the quilt at April 12th at the Presque Isle meeting and the winner was Mrs. Bridget Hill of Presque Isle. The quilt was made and donated to the Association of Aroostook Indians by Mrs. Viola Flewelling of Houlton, Maine.

UNCLE JOHNNY HOOK, JUSTIN, AND 25¢

I felt the need to cheer up my Uncle Johnny Hook, a Micmac Indian, every once in a while. Once every other day, I'd visit Uncle Johnny and Justin. I noticed one day the camp quite bare. As I entered, I noticed the curtains were missing. I saw Uncle Johnny standing over a wash tub and board, forlornly doing his wash. Near by sat a scrawny black cat, called 25¢. "Justin out shopping?" I asked. As I recall I had seen them together earlier. Uncle Johnny wrung out a sock gloomily. "She's gone," Johnny answered. "Justin quit me!" Johnny bent over the wash tub again in melancholy. "I done just the way Justin wanted, brought her here to the Jct. just like I was a coal miner. Soot! Dust! and Coal! We went to the carnival, and Justin seen someone she once knew and bang! She off just like a female. They will do it every time. Treat them half decent and they're off like a bunch of race horses at the fair." I expressed my sympathy. Johnny pulled a shirt out of the tub and hung it on the line. Johnny said, "I ain't worrying. I'm glad Justin left me. She was so fat she ate so much I'd have been borrowing money pretty soon to keep her going. That woman ate like a bear." Johnny looked at the scrawny black cat. "My cat there, 25¢, will scratch you good. 25¢ will do it in front of you. My cat won't cut your throat behind your back like a woman."

I changed the conversation as soon as possible. I told Uncle Johnny I was hiking over to Bardon. "Would you care to come along?" "Thought I would go over to P.E.I. with a load of baskets." Johnny shook his head in a moody negative. Johnny said, "I've got enough trouble here on land without looking for it on the ocean." (Johnny also had a dog called 50¢) Can you see the surprise on people's faces when calling his animals? Here 25¢! here 50¢! The dog and cat always came a running when they heard their names being called.

Uncle Johnny and Justin had a perfect marriage. They had no wealth. Just themselves, their love, and a cat and a dog.
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Justin returned home the next day, with much happiness on Johnny's part.

Submitted by:
Tilly West of Ashland, Maine

SMILE A WHILE

One morning when Johnnie went to school, his teacher noticed a large mark on his forehead. The teacher asked him how he got such a mark. He replied, "I bit myself." The teacher was astonished. She asked him how he managed to do that. He replied, "I stood on a chair."

Submitted by:
Robert Pictou of
Fort Fairfield, Maine

Once upon a time an old Indian man was fishing from a bridge when he was approached by a white man. The white man asked how the fishing was, and the old Indian said it was very good. The white man asked how many he caught, and the old Indian said about fifty. Then the white man asked, do you know who I am? The old Indian said no, and the white man said I am the Game Warden. The old Indian asked him, do you know who I am? The Game Warden said no. The old Indian said, I am the biggest liar in NOVA SCOTIA. This was one time this Indian got ahead of the white man.

What do you think dear readers?

Submitted by:
Robert Pictou of
Fort Fairfield, Maine

RECIPE FOR APPLE MUFFINS

1 cup grated tart apple (unpared)with short-
ening

1 egg
1/2 cup milk
1/4 cup milk
1/4 cup shortening
1 1/2 cups Gold Medal Flour
1/2 cup sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoons cinnamon (blend)

Bake to 25-30 minutes.
Oven 400 degrees.

Submitted by:
Yvonne Jewell

DISCIPLINE

Our mom and dad gave us a choice. What will it be, Ash or Maple? A trip or two out to the wood shed to keep us well behaved. Parents cannot deprive youth of good old fashion Ash or Maple discipline. The wood shed is our past dancing school.

Submitted by:
Tilly West of
Ashland, Maine

The following article is reprinted as it is:

To my Indians of Aroostook County. Its hard for wintertimes to get Ash. But in summertimes is O.K. Because I know. I make baskets in summertime and sale for potato baskets only time we could sell them is few weeks before picking time. My wife makes all very tiny baskets, comb baskets and hampers. I understand someone is buying baskets. I hope they pay a good price for the baskets.

Aroostook Indians. I like those papers to read. I enjoy reading Indian stories about Indians. We hope you send us more of them papers.

Submitted by:
John Scully of
Easton, Maine