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PROBATION

REPORT

Volume #1 No. 8

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AN OPEN LETTER TO MY PEOPLE

Dear Indian Brothers and Sisters:

We realize that events and such concerning the Association of Aroostook Indians, Inc., is taking a long and slow road in order for us to reach some of our goals. You must remember that it has been three hundred years or more since the Indian has tried to help himself in one way or another. Especially the Indian in Aroostook County, Maine.

Do not despair. For all the people in the State of Maine, Canada, and the whole United States will one day know of the plight of the Malecite and Micmac Indian in Northern Maine.

Also you must remember that it takes each and everyone of us to pitch in and do our part. Be it small or large, it doesn't matter.

So when the opportunity arises to help our people, get involved. Don't sit back and let the other Indian Brother or Sister do the work. Get involved.

The Staff
Association of Aroostook
Indians, Inc.

On behalf of the Association of Aroostook Indians, Inc., we would like to thank the following club and business organizations for the financial support they have shown us: The Dead River Company of Bangor, Maine, the W.S.C.S. of Houlton Methodist Church, the Patten Woman's Club, the Houlton Branch of A.A.U.W., and also the Houlton Woman's Club.

Again, thank you very much.

The Staff

Together we stand---Divided we fall.

THE CRY OF THE WOLF

Many years ago the Indians believed that if the cry of the wolf was heard when the moon was full it was a sign of danger or death nearby. The chief would call out his braves to dance around the fire to drive death and danger from their village, and even today some Indians fear the cry of the wolf.....

Submitted by:
Yvonne Jewell

SMILE A WHILE

Once while walking with my Godfather on the Micmac Reservation, he told me this story which goes like this: He was walking along the brook which runs through our reservation when he came upon two snakes who were having a fight. One snake had the other one's tail in its mouth and the other snake was likewise therefore forming a complete circle. He watched them for about half an hour then he walked away, only to return about an hour after to find them both gone, so being a little boy I asked him what happened to them and he said that they both ate themselves.

Remembered by me over the years. What do you think, dear readers?

Submitted by:
Robert Pictou of
Fort Fairfield, Maine

A RECIPE FOR MAPLE SYRUP

4 cups sugar added to
2 cups hot water
Put in pan and heat to boiling, stirring to dissolve sugar. Remove from fire and add about 2 teaspoons of MAPLEINE. Add more if desired.

Submitted by: Yvonne Jewell

AN OLD INDIAN LEGEND

There was an Indian called Gluskap who went and looked for Indians whose reserve was nearby. He looked and looked until he was very tired. He went on a little hill and fell asleep. When they found him he had turned to rock. The only way they could tell it was he was by his shoes. He was the only one who knew how to make them his way.

Men from Halifax tried to drill him out but the drills broke, so they tried to dig him out. Further down they dug, further down was rock. If you go to Sheet Harbour, Nova Scotia you can see where he still lays today. If you leave money or anything you will have good luck. If you take anything you will have bad luck.

There were people from Boston who went to see Gluskap. My Uncle Ben told me and my cousins about him. So did Mom. I have seen him and I have had good luck. Mom can show you where he is today.

Submitted by:
Philomena Meuse of
Mars Hill, Maine

IN SPITE OF ALL, INDIAN CHILDREN ATTEND
CIRCUS IN CARIBOU

On Sunday, May 3rd, the tutors of Ricker College and Indian children went to the Shrine Circus which was held in Caribou. Transportation was supplied by Loring Air Force Base buses. This all came about when the Houlton School Department refused to use its buses to transport the Indian children to the circus. Someone said the Indian children were not privileged and that it had to be a school sponsored event. So the buses could not be used. The town manager and the superintendent of schools were contacted but to no avail. We were being given the run around. We wonder, had it been all white children what would have happened? To
(cont'd top of p.)

us, this shows what the people in power in Houlton think of the Indians.

The funny part of it was, the day before the Houlton buses were used to transport the fifth grade students to this same circus. We watched as they were being loaded, there were no police around observing, but when the Indian children were being gathered at the Ricker campus, there were the police. We wonder why? Were they worried that the children might start some kind of demonstration? Didn't the police have other duties other than to watch our young Indian braves and Indian princesses prepare for their journey North? We wonder what's in store for our people in the future?

We are sure that we speak for all our people when we say thank you very much to the Ricker students, Loring Air Force Base, and a Ricker instructor who made it all possible for the children to attend that circus.

THE STAFF

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.

THE MICMAC LEGEND OF THE TURTLE

In the long ago Turtle was the great story teller of all the birds and animals of Gluskap land. During the summer he had many friends, but when the cold Winter King came from the Northland, most of the birds flew South to the homes of the warm Summer
(cont'd on next p.)

CIVILIZING THE WHITE MAN

Queen, and many of the animals hibernated deep underground. Turtle did not know how to do this. He walked so slowly that the cold Winter King caught up with him. He nearly froze. He was so cold and lonesome. However, his great friendliness was his way to rescue. He talked to the Geese about taking him to the warm South. They agreed to do so only if they could find some way to stop Turtle from talking. For he was a bore to the Geese who liked to honk their tales far and wide. The Geese found a way. They carried Turtle by his mouth on a stick, and of course, off the ground he didn't dare open his mouth.

He did not enjoy his stay in the land of the Summer Queen. It was too warm in his heavy shell, and he missed many of his dear friends. The next Summer the maidens of the Queen brought him back to Gluskap land, and taught him how to hibernate.

It is said that if you find a turtle hibernating from the cold of the great Winter King, he will be deep under the soil telling stories all winter long to his many friends.....

Submitted by:
Yvonne Jewell

THE OLDEN DAYS

Oh, for the olden days when we could go fishing without a license and not be fined, for we are INDIANS.

Submitted by:
Robert Pictou of
Fort Fairfield, Maine

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

To live is the rarest thing in the world. I and my Indian people exist and that is all. ****

A cup of tea, a love of life or antidote to boredom?

Matilda West of
Ashland, Maine

"You will forgive me if I tell you that my people were Americans for thousands of years before your people were. The question is not how you can Americanize us but how we can Americanize you. We have been working at that for a long time. Sometimes we are discouraged at the results. But we will keep trying. And the first thing we want to teach you is that, in the American way of life, each man has respect for his brother's vision. Because each of us respected his brother's dream, we enjoyed freedom here in America while your people were busy killing and enslaving each other across the water. The relatives you left behind are still trying to kill each other because they have not learned there that freedom is built on my respect for my brother's vision and his respect for mine. We have a hard trail ahead of us in trying to Americanize you and your white brothers. But we are not afraid of hard trails."

Reprinted from:
AKWESASNE NOTES

COMMENT

We have been formed into an association for about a year now. We have been incorporated since February 4th, 1970. It has been a hectic year, despite financial difficulties and transportation problems. We have survived some of the growing pains that arise when people unite. We have gained the support of the Indian people here in Aroostook County. We have also been supported by the various woman's clubs in the Houlton and Patten area. However, I would like to see some support coming from the men's clubs. It's strange that we haven't been supported by any of the Catholic Church clubs since about 95% of the Indians here are of the Catholic religion.

Most of you will read this and say, "Why should I support them lazy, drunken Indians? They won't work. When they do, they drink up what they earn" These are just a few.

(cont'd from previous page)

These people need help for problems you the majority would not understand. Don't judge us by the few who do drink and don't judge or condemn those who do until you have walked in their shoes. For we the Indian people understand their problems and through the association may be able to help.

By Terzance Polchies

AROOSTOOK SHIP OF INDIAN FUTURE

Ship's crew---All Indians of Aroostook County, Maine.

Ship's items---Relics, Basketry, Crafts.

Rough seas---Housing problems, discrimination, Unemployment.

Anchor ship with---Indian Hope.

Aroostook Ship shall sail on a wave of prayer,

Aroostook Ship shall not sink.

You are encrusted with Culture, weighed down with Indian Heritage.

Ship ahoy!! Aroostook Indians.

Submitted by:

Matilda West of Ashland, Maine

AM I A RACIST?

A racist is

--someone who thinks Indians are shiftless and lazy

--someone who thinks Chinese Canadians all own hand laundries or Cantonese restaurants

--someone who thinks Indians are a violent people

--someone who believes everyone in our society gets what he deserves

--someone who wonders if Eskimos ever take baths

--someone who thinks our country is already a land of equal justice

--someone who thinks that Indians can't hold their liquor

Racism is the attitude and behavior of people who believe that persons of other races have different feelings and needs than they do and are inferior human beings. It is the fear of unknown people.

Reprinted from: AKWESASNE NOTES

THOUGHTS

There seems to be an ever growing concern relative to the Native Nationalism that has become an open fact within the past few months.

Some claim that the 'movement' is racist. It is; and must be for some time to come. From all aspects of logic the movement must remain racist until such time as the majority of our various (Native) national problems are resolved. In short, we must place our 'house' in order before we will be ready for guests. This cannot be carried out if our communities are being over run, as they are at present, with a multitude of non-Natives.

This seems to be something that the non-Natives insist on ignoring; and it gave 'birth' to the name 'Ugly Amerikan.' The non-natives are telling us how to build a safe fort, while their own burns down around them.

This is why the most common cry among our People is 'leave us alone.' It means; don't push! Just back-off and let us run our own affairs; your society can't do it. If we need your help, we'll indicate it; until then, just leave us alone. Do not fold, spindle, staple etc.

One of the newest 'Kicks' is to romp off to a 'reservation' to help the Natives. How? These well-meaning people don't speak any of (cont'd on next p.)

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our languages, they know nothing about our societies, religions, customs, nothing. How then can they expect to come onto any reservation and be of help is a \$64 question. Where will they live? How will they be able to take care of themselves when far too often, under existing conditions our own People can't? Often, it seems that these nice people are doing a series of 'Hail Marys' for 'sins' they have nothing to do with.

The first step in assisting our People to resolve our problems is to realize that if there were no Americans, our People would not have any problems they could not resolve in short order. This means that the battle is not on our land, but on the land of the foreigners; the Americans.

The problems we face today (as well as yesterday) are created not on our lands; so why consider turning our lands into a battlefield; we have done nothing to deserve this!

Those familiar with the ways of the 'outside' should remain outside and fight the battles where the trouble starts; a case of stopping the execution, and you won't have to worry about the life of the condemned.

The problems are not in the questions of legality and morality. The problems are with the 'system'; whiteman's law; for the whiteman; by the whiteman and of the whiteman. Be realistic about this; the whiteman has all the odds; he doesn't have to give anything back unless he wants to or unless he is forced to. That which he does give, is done so grudgingly and often proves so costly to the receiver, that more often than not this 'gift' is nothing more than an aspirin to relieve a gun shot wound in the head.

There are two very old sayings that seem to sum up this situation:
'If a whiteman comes onto your land, kill him, for he will do this to you if he gets

a chance.'
'Never step on a snake and never trust a whiteman!'

There is another interesting saying that goes: 'If you see a whiteman, hide; for you may suspect the worst of him and be right! If you see a whiteman with a treaty, run; for you know that he has brought the worst with him!'

It might be said then, that for those who honestly seek to help us; fight the battles in your own cities and suburbs. Force the changes that must be made in your own manner; at the point where the changes must be made; in the non-native world.

There is nothing in our countries for the non-natives that can not be brought out to them; you might call it exporting from our countries to the foreign countries.

Reprinted from:
AKWESASNE NOTES

COMMENT TO AROOSTOOK INDIANS

The basic problem of having association meetings is transportation. Most of the members cannot attend the meetings because of this. There are so many things that have to be done, that one is easily discouraged.

Also we are having trouble getting articles so that our newsletter can still be published. As of right now, our newsletter is the only Indian newsletter being published in the State of Maine. We should try our very best to continue to publish an Indian newsletter.

The Staff
Association of Aroostook
Indians, Inc.

TOGETHER WE STAND-----DIVIDED WE FALL
