

LIBRARY

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APRIL 1972

AN INDIAN PRAYER

We hold in our hands fourteen strings of purple wampum. These we hand one by one to you--authors of many American history books, writers of cheap, inaccurate, unauthentic, sensational novels, and other writers of fiction who have poisoned the minds of young Americans concerning our people, the red race of America to producers of many western cowboy and Indian television programs and moving picture shows, to those treaty breakers who delight in dispossessing Indian people by constructing dams on Indian lands in violation of sacred treaties, and to those of this. Our country, who are prone to build up the glory of their ancestors on the bones and life blood of our people.

With this first string of wampum we take the fog that surrounds your eyes and obstructs your view that you may see the truth concerning our people.

With this second string of wampum we pull away from your imprisoned minds the cobweb nets that prevent you from dealing justice to our people.

With this third string of wampum we cleanse your hearts of revenge, selfishness, and injustice that you may create love instead of hate.

With this fourth string of wampum we wash the blood of our people from your hands that you may know the clasp of true friendship and sincerity.

With this fifth string of wampum we shrink your heads down to that of a normal man, we cleanse your minds of the abnormal conceit and love of self that has caused you to walk blindly among the dark peoples of the world.

With this sixth string of wampum we remove your garments of gold, silver, and greed that you may don the apparel of generosity, hospitality, and humanity.

With this seventh string of wampum we remove the dirt that fills your ears so that you may hear the strong story and the truth of our people.

With this eighth string of wampum we straighten your tongues of crookedness that in the future you may speak the truth concerning Indian people.

With this ninth string of wampum we take away the dark clouds from the face of the sun that its rays may purify your thoughts, that you may look forward and see America instead of backward toward Europe.

With this tenth string of wampum we brush away the rough stones and sticks from your path that you may walk erect as the first American whose name you have defamed and whose country you now occupy.

(Cont. on page 2)

(INDIAN PRAYER...CONT.)

With this eleventh string of wampum we take from your hand your implements of destruction, guns, bombs, firewater, diseases, and place in them instead--the pipe of friendship and peace that you may sow brotherly love rather than bitter hate and injustice.

With this twelveth string of wampum we build you a house with many windows and no mirrors that you may look out and see the life and purpose of your nearest neighbor, the American Indian.

With this thirteenth string of wampum we take down the wall of steel and stone that you have built around the (tree of peace,) that you may take shelter beneath its branches.

With this fourteenth string of wampum we take from the hen coop the eagle that you have imprisoned that this noble bird may once again fly in the sky over America.

I, Te-ha-ne-to-rens, say this.

--from the Akwesasne Mohawk (St. Regis) Pamphlet

* * * * *

BAXTER STATE PARK
NATURALLY WILD

Baxter State Park is a wilderness preserve of more than 200,000 acres - mountainous woodland, ponds and streams. During a period of more than 30 years the former Governor, Percival Baxter, bought parcels of this land and deeded it to be held in trust by the State of Maine, for the benefit of the people "as a state forest, public park and for public recreational purposes - to be kept in its natural wild state and as a sanctuary for wild beasts and birds."

This magnificent gift to the people of Maine includes 46 mountain peaks and ridges, dominated by the imposing Mt. Katahdin with Maine's highest point (4,267 feet), Baxter Peak, named in honor of him whose foresight and generosity preserved for man, as well as animal, this sanctuary from the encroachments of what is called "civilization."

Baxter Peak is also the northern terminus of the famed Appalachian Trail, by act of Congress, (now known as the Appalachian National Scenic Trail), a 2,000 mile foot trail from Maine to Georgia. Ten miles of this trail are in Baxter Park.

If you love the things of nature, a camping vacation in Baxter Park

will be a rewarding, memorable experience.

(Ed. Note: Yes, we owe this magnificent gift to Percival Baxter who wished not to preserve the Penobscot's rightful ownership of the land, but wished to preserve it for recreational purposes. The Penobscot's purpose of land was and is for sacred ceremonial purposes. Perhaps one day soon this land and other land will be returned to the Native people.)

* * * * *

THOMPSON TALES

Penobscot Tribal Court

Judge Iam Orono opened the spring session of Penobscot Tribal Court with a reminder that Winooches not be granted permission to gather any food from the land of the Nation. He explained to the People that too many plants were damaged and mishandled; many root systems were were disturbed and mangled, and the paths leading to the food were left dirty and messy. He felt that the amount of time it would take to teach the Winooches about food was too great. Judge Orono concluded that the People's purpose was to live and not to try to change (Cont. on page 17)

E D I T O R I A L S E C T I O N

MAINE INDIAN NEWSLETTER

EDITOR: (Mrs.) Eugenia Thompson
Penobscot

News and stories may be submitted to the Newsletter for publication at the following address: Maine Indian Newsletter, P.O. Box 553, Via Old Town, Maine 04468

Editorial Staff: Ken - Stan - Gart
Sparky - Red - The Boy - Carl
Mootch - Rick - Edward - Cathy
and Natalie.

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Guest Editorial

SANTA CLARA, CALIFORNIA - The Stanford Indian is dead. He died a quiet death in the halls of the Student Senate, and few Indians mourned.

He was born in the same halls in 1930, when the Student Senate decided that the Indian would be an appropriate symbol for the Stanford University football team. The symbol has been in continuous use since that time.

There were some objections over the years, but they never reached the ears of the Stanford community. There was a very good reason for the Stanford community not hearing about it for so long; there were no Indians in or near the Stanford campus until two years ago. Then the administration went on a crash program of Indian recruitment, and today there are 55 Indians on the Stanford campus.

But these are real Indians, not some pop-culture football symbols, and they immediately took objection to the use of the Indian symbol. All of the first year they were on the campus they quietly talked to the administration from the President on down to the lowest in an effort to have the symbol changed. They were unsuccessful.

This year, after presenting a petition signed by all 55 Indians on the campus, and several letters of support from other Indian

organizations, the University decided to drop the use of the symbol.

But this is only the first in a long line of athletic teams which exploit Indian people's very name, and desecrate it. The others are wellknown - the Cleveland Indians, the Atlanta Braves, the Milwaukee Bucks, the Chicago Black Hawks.

Altogether there are about 30 other college and professional teams which degrade the name of Indians, by presenting the false image of the happy lucky, most often grinning stupidly and dancing for the white men. Needless to say, this presents a narrow, misleading image of the Indian people. THE IMAGE OF THE INDIAN AS A MASCOT MUST BE REMOVED!

What do you tell your son when he asks you why we always attacked the wagon train? Or why we always killed innocent women and children? Or why Indians always scalped white men?

The white man, of course, does not have to answer such questions, even though his forefathers were much more guilty of these things than any Indian forefathers. The reason is that he controls the media, the carriers of the information that gets to all our children, red, white, brown, and black. And he has to have some justification for taking all that land, so he does it by making several thousand B western movies, all showing the West as it never was.

He had to rationalize the killing, so he made believe the Indian was an animal. That way it was easy to kill to get to the land. But the Indian is not an animal, trained to dance at the commanding yells of spectators at athletic events. We are human beings, too, with a heart, a soul, and a right to live a free life. And we can't live that free life if the society continues to perpetrate myths about our existence.

We have too many real problems to work on, problems that most of all demand understanding by all

(Cont. on page 4)

(Editorial ... cont.)

parties concerned, to allow and condone these false images to continue. The perpetuation of the myths must stop.

(An editorial by the editors of Indian Voice magazine.)

L E T T E R S
to
the
E D I T O R

Dear Editor:

How long will it take our people of Penobscot Nation to realize that we have been robbed of our Culture by religious and political opportunist?

For over three hundred years our white brothers who claim their way of life to be superior to our traditional ideals, has brain washed us with his gospel and man made values.

The proof is all around us. Look on both sides of the Penobscot, once we held that land in trust for our Creator. Today it belongs to the State of Maine and so do we. Even on our Penobscot Nation stands the very symbols of our destruction; the Christian churches. From experience, it's easy to say our White brothers history books failed to tell the true story of the Christians when we were being invaded. The fact is, the christians supported the wholesale slaughtering and theft of Indian peoples natural rights from one coastline to the other. All in the name of Christianity. Can you imagine the Creator of all people and Earth saying, "Yes, those who don't accept Christianity should be massacred and the rest of them shall live in poverty forever." I hope our Creator loves us more than that.

Many Christians say, "But that was a long time ago." WAS IT? Only eighty years ago at Wounded

Knee Massacre 300 Indian men, women, and children were slaughtered as the righteous Christians stood by and quarreled over which denomination should lead the Indian from his savage ways.

If that isn't recent enough, maybe this will enlighten the Christian followers. The Roman Catholic Church, one of the wealthiest organizations in the world, bought seventy women from India for \$600. a head. They were to be trained as Catholic nuns. That was only three years ago! The common term for such a transaction is, "Human bondage or Slavery.". For a religion that claims salvation for all people---it certainly has gone astray in practicing what it preaches.

The churchs unsigned partner, the various levels of American government, should recieve its credit for three centuries of genocide against Indian people in the name of freedom.

We were not excluded. In 1725, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts placed a bounty on the scalps of Penobscot Indians because we as a people would not accept the King of England as our king. The English were generous. 40 pounds for a Penobscot male scalp and 20 pounds for a woman or childs scalp. The English proclamation was never stricken from their law books. The State of Maine became an outlaw when it entered into several treaties with Penobscot Indian Nation. The United States constitution explicitly forbade any state from entering into a treaty with anybody. It's amazing how our White brothers ask us to respect their laws, when they refuse to do so themselves. Hipocrisy at its best.

Our White brothers government restricts our hunting and fishing rights and says, "It could deplete the wildlife population." Maybe they should of worried about wildlife depletion when they dam up the rivers and build paper mills whose discarded filth can only be

(Cont. on next page)

(Letters...cont.)

loved by those who reap the profit.

Our own land and river have become a victim of these circumstances. The underhanded building of a dam 200 yards from our shoreline, and treaties that are illegal from the first word to the last.

The Governor of our Penobscot Nation says, "We should not complain since we use what the White brother has given to us." Nobody can deny the Governors words, but even our Governor can't deny that we have paid for "progress" with our heritage, identity and everything that makes us Penobscot men, women, and children.

To those who say the traditional Indian ideals are of the past and inferior to the present System;

Our Indian ancestors never let his brother, red or white, starve when there was plenty. The Pilgrims will atest to that! Our Indian ancestors never condemned a man to fight or die for something he didn't believe. Our Indian ancestors never raped and pillaged the very element from which we all come from---Mother Earth.

I won't lower myself to a boaster by claiming the Traditional Indian ideals are superior. But until our White brothers' religeous and political institutions show justice to all people instead of their pocketbooks, I will say it's just as efficient as any system brought across the Atlantic Ocean. Unity will be our strength!

Timothy Love
A Proud Penobscot

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Dear Editor:

The American Indian Press Association is sponsoring an American Indian Mass Media Conference June 8 through June 10 in Minneapolis.

This conference will bring together editors and representatives of Indian newspapers and periodicals

from throughout the country for the purpose of discussing common problems in communications among Indian people and to plan for the general improvement of communications.

With national administration policy of Indian Self-Determination the necessity of mass communications improvement among Indian people is becoming increasingly critical. The Indian newspapers and periodicals are the channels for this communication and the roles of their editors are becoming more and more important.

We request that you, as the head of the sponsoring organization of the

MAINE NEWSLETTER

assure that this publication is represented at this very important conference.

The American Indian Press Association extends appreciation to you for your cooperation and continued interest in the improvement of communications.

Sincerely,

Charles E. Trimble
Executive Director

*

TO NATIVE ALLIES
I.O.U.

U.S.A.

SIGNED

NIXON ALIENS

YOU CAN JAIL A MAN, BUT
YOU CAN'T IMPRISON HIS SOUL

RICHARD TOMPKINS is an American Indian, self educated, something of a mystic and, according to many people, an extraordinarily talented artist.

He is also a convicted killer, a man who has spent the past five years - as well as three years before that - cooped up in a cell at Maine State Prison, where he was committed for life in 1967 for manslaughter.

What keeps him alive, he says, is painting. The 14 hours a day that inmates must spend out of every 24 locked up alone he uses to transcend his surroundings. He turns out canvas after canvas ranging from surrealist conceptions of spirits rising from brick walls to carefully delineated pastoral scenes dominated by a foreground of prison bars.

For a long time, Tomkins, a striking figure at six foot two, with jet black hair and finely chiselled features, painted without recognition. Then in 1970 one of his paintings won first prize in a New Hampshire art show in competition with the work of 800 other artists. It was entered without Tompkin's previous knowledge by a person who had been given the painting. Since then Tompkin's canvases have drawn favorable comment in two more shows and his work has become increasingly sought after, mostly by prison staff and their friends.

CAPTURING the spirit of imprisonment through art has become a daily quest for Tompkins, who does most of his painting within his eight by seven-foot cell.

"I try to project the soul of the main body of inmates here who feel the same as I do. There's a lot of soul here, a lot of feeling. That's why I paint: not for myself but for everybody. That has been my purpose in life.

"In my paintings I try to get at the spirit inside the prison, inside

everybody. I don't know how to say it, it's a kind of essence, the spirit we all feel. There is the constant torment here, the silence, the monotony. You hear practically the same phrases from everybody, there is nothing new. There is nothing, really, to inspire you but the truth, the ideas that hang off the wall, the sounds ...they aren't beautiful. I like to paint the facts, the truth that people should see."

Within the 330 inmate prison just off U.S. One Tompkins has endeavored to shape his life around his painting. Prison officials have cooperated to the extent of providing art materials and allowing him to occasionally substitute his own independent art work for prison labor.

Tompkins cell is fitted out something like a studio.

Within its confines, Tompkins has neatly arrayed tubes of oil, a pallet and paintings in various stages of completion. He utilizes a desk and the wall for an easel and in the daytime is able to take advantage of natural lighting from a window that overlooks the prison yard. So that he can paint at night, prison guards have replaced the standard 25 watt cell bulb with a 100-watt light that allows him better color judgement. Usually he paints from lock-up time, in the late afternoon, to curfew, 11 p.m.

At other times during the day, when cells are unlocked and there is no required work, Tompkins takes his oils and canvas to larger rooms where he is able to step back and gain a perspective that is impossible to achieve within his cell. He avails himself of every painting opportunity...

FOR TOMPKINS, life began 31 years ago in anonymity. He never knew his real parents, although foster parents with whom he grew up in the Pittsfield area said he was an Indian. His features leave little reason to doubt that contention and, (cont. on page12)

EDUCATING THE EDUCATORS

An Indian high school teacher gives his opinion as to where the remedy must be applied to cure the educational ills of his people

by Lloyd Elm

It is my present concern to relate to you, possibly to educate, possibly to broaden your view, the condition of the Indian today. I know there is a tremendous need to educate, in all its forms, the young Indian people. I teach biology and I teach an Indian culture class. We get together and talk about the Indian way of life and I realize how very important it is for our European brothers, if they are going to perpetuate themselves, to adapt some of the Indian ways of living. Just living that way does not make a person an Indian. It goes much beyond that, it goes into the way that you think and the way you treat other people...

As time went on, we began to realize, not just myself but many of our Indian leaders within the student body, that it was time we at least try to become self-determining. This is something that is very touchy to talk to modern day educators about because when you mention self-determination they add separatism. The people who talk about money talk about segregation. Some people, educators primarily, are unable to separate segregation from separatism and from self-determination. And these are men who are governing what is taught at Oswego, at Cortland and at Syracuse. One sat right there and said, "You cannot draw a line between segregation and separatism and self-determination." There was no line there. Whenever you deviate from their methods, then it is segregation.

I have a feeling that is growing stronger, that within our country there is a cancerous, subconscious decision never to allow the minority groups to ever fully

and completely succeed. That is what we are coping with. Self-determination is a trend that is contrary to modern day education.

...You, as educators, are confronted with a dilemma that has faced Indian people for 400 years. The Indian has had to cope with a social disease referred to as paternalism. Paternalism is a concept that developed when the Great White Father and his people came across the ocean, making claims on Indian land without asking the Indian. The white man took the Indian land and thought the Indian to be ignorant, savage, and uncivilized, with no idea of what it is to live. Immediately, the Europeans attempted to change the Indian people.

But the very same type of paternalism exists today and this is part of the dilemma that we are caught in. We can talk in terms of paternalism and say it's not right, that it does not help to send VISTA volunteers to the reservation and have them work with the Indian students to change their attitudes and give them new values, non-Indian values, so they will be better able to cope with life. We are faced with that side of the dilemma. How far do we go? When do you go beyond helping?... There was one Indian student who had dropped out of a college. Even with all of the preparation and paperwork that it takes to get an Indian student into college, this student had done nothing for himself. The guidance counselors did everything. They wrote the letters of recommendation, or got other people to write them. He was shipped off to college and the money was waiting there for him, as was his academic program. He was told this is the program that you will follow, and these are the courses you will take. What effect on that individual's self-concept, his self-esteem? What effect did that have? What effect did that paternalism have on his integrity, (cont. on next page)

(Ed. the Educators...cont.)

or feeling that he is going to fulfill himself? What effect did it have on his concept of self-determination? That is one-half of the dilemma. The other half of it is this: If you do not offer help to the Indians, do not ask them if they want it, what is to happen to them? It is very simple. They are going to be unable to cope with society.

So, this is the dilemma. When does sincere help turn into paternalism? When does sincere help change into something that begins to destroy the individual as he attempts to go to college? I think that you should develop a remedial curriculum for all higher education educators that are going to be working with Indian students. Teachers are only a product of their education. If you look at their education, you find that they have no idea of how a young Indian student of 13 years is going to leave a reservation in the sixth grade and move into a dominant society where he is in a minority. The teacher has no idea of the values that are going to dictate his integration. Teachers have no idea of the intrinsic values of the Indian culture, the Indian way of life. As a result, how can we expect the teacher to cope with and to educate that young Indian?

The problems of the Indian people on the reservation at Akwesasne, similarly Akron or Gowanda where the other Six Nations people live, are not the Indian's problems. The difficulties the Indian experiences are a symptom of the lack of education in the educators themselves. It is not the educators fault, they are caught in the over-all education system that prepares the educators. Some teachers are very lucky that they have the type of personality that can communicate with a young Indian who is integrating into his dominant society. Some are lucky, but most of them are not.

At Lafayette this year we had a new teacher, a lady teacher, a fine, educated individual. But she was unable to communicate with the Indian students because she did not know that when you ask an Indian student a question, if he does not know the answer, he will not try to bluff you. He is not going to say anything. She interpreted this behavior as aggressive. It was merely behavior that this Indian had learned in his culture on the reservation. If he does not know the answer to a question he will not try to bluff. He might sit there and smile a little bit, but he will not say anything. That individual was stereotyped as a behavioral problem.

At the beginning of this year at Lafayette we are going to have a one-day workshop that is going to be conducted totally by Indian personnel from the Onondaga Reservation for all the teachers that are there, especially the new teachers. We are going to have a workshop where we are going to relate to them some of the basic behavior patterns they will be confronted with that none of their school books have taught them, that none of the movies they saw when they were taking their sociology course have taught them. We might destroy a lot of misconceptions. When I periodically get to teachers colleges and try to convey to future teachers some of the Indian problems of today, their ignorance of basic Indian values amazes me. How can a person at this time of civilization be so totally ignorant, and be so totally misled about what the Indian is today?

How do you keep Indian students in college, when we should be talking about how do you educate the educators so that they can understand the Indian values today? How can you teach a teacher so that she can teach an Indian student? (cont. on page 9)

(Ed. the Educators...cont.)

When you solve that problem, this symptom that we are talking about will be solved. You might start with your individual school on the high school level, as we at Lafayette are going to do. We are developing a program like this workshp. It will be for those teachers directly involved with Indian students. We're going to teach them the basic fundamentals of the Great Law. We are going to tell them certain parts of the Gai'waiio. We are going to list possibly 15 to 20 basic behavior patterns that are born in an Indian culture on a reservation.

This is just a beginning, but we are going to educate the educators. I think that is where you start.

(Educating the Educators - St. Lawrence University - July 12-30,71)

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APPLE
OF THE MONTH

apple (n) 1: the fleshy...rounded and red...edible pome fruit of a tree...of the rose family; 2: a fruit or other vegetable production suggestive of an apple.(Webster).

apple(n) red on the outside and white on the inside.(Indian Voice).

Indian Voice's first "Apple of the Month" honors go to a man who has fought for the honor for several years. Those who have played bootlicky and aide to the white politicians for years are being exposed, and we are pleased to tell you about one in our won midst. (This feature will run regularly in Indian Voice.)

Errin Forrest well deserves the honor of first Apple of the Month. For years he has stood on the side of whites who used his own people, and has used his own people as well to gain his own ends.

One example of this is the fight Forrest and his closed corporation

of Indians is putting up now to keep their fellow Pit River people off Indian land. The only land, for all practical purposes, left to the Pit River tribe is the X-L Ranch in Modoc County, California. This 9242 acres, bought by the Bureau of Indian Affairs for the Pit River Tribe in 1938, was assessed at over \$550,000 in 1964. It is closed to all but 10 members of the Pit River Home and Agricultural Cooperative Association and their families, and the Association is always represented by one man - Errin Forrest.

Forrest and the Association constitute the only organization recognized by the Bureau of Indian Affairs(BIA) from the Pit River Tribe. The Pit River Tribal Council, which refuses to comply with the Bureau specifications for the constitution because they would have to give up most of their power to the BIA, is not recognized; the BIA tries to pretend that the Tribal Council does not exist. But it conducts business without the sanction of the Bureau - and has been known to run Bureau officials out of Pit River country physically.

Errin Forrest, on the other hand, is the chosen one of the BIA's Sacramento Area Office. And as a reward for three decades of licking the BIA's boots, the Association was slated some few years ago to receive clear title to the X-L Ranch, which would have barred other Pit River Indians from it forever; at the present they are effectively barred from it unofficially.

The Bureau and the Association have the power to bar other Pit River Indians from X-L Ranch because the terms of the title stated that it was to be taken "in trust for such bands of Pit River Indians of the State of California as shall be designated by the Secretary of the Interior." The local representative of the Secretary, the Sacramento Area Office of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, has used (Cont. on page 10)

(APPLE...cont.)

this discretionary power to reward its bootlickers, and at the request of the Association was preparing two years ago to give clear title to the Ranch to the Association.

Then the Pit River Tribal Council, in a session attended by most of the tribe, including some members of the Association, decided to reclaim most of the 3.386 million acres which the Indian Claims Commission has acknowledged were taken illegally from the tribe, (Much of this land is now held by the Federal Government-the Bureau of Land Management, and the Bureau of Parks.) At the same time, in addition to occupying lands held now by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, the Tribe had another action on its hands-trying to prevent the illegal passing of the X-L Ranch into the hands of a privileged few who cooperate with the BIA.

Forrest has a paid job for the state; he is the legislative aid to Pauline Davis, one of the most Reaganesque members of the Assembly. She and Forrest, along with other members of the California Assembly, hatched a scheme under which they would be enriched, as well as certain members of the Association. The plans would have allowed resort cabins to have been built on the X-L Ranch, using state monies, for the use of Davis and other high power white politicians, on the shores of a lake to be built by the Association.

The BIA granted \$80,000 to the Association for a "feasibility study" of the proposed project. This contrasts with a total of \$30,000 for irrigation projects on all California reservations for the same year, 1970, and all this amount went to X-L Ranch, despite the crying need for irrigation projects on several other reservations. And of the \$333,000 allocated in 1970 for road budgets for California reservations, \$146,000 was allocated to X-L Ranch.

This huge percentage of the budget went to a reservation which comprises less than 2% of the Indian land in the state, but which is all the land left to the Pit River tribe, with the exception of three small rancherias comprising less than 500 acres.

Errin Forrest would like to be the beneficiary of the Ranch, through the BIA, and the BIA would like to see the clear title to the Ranch go to the Association(Forrest), for services rendered.

Forrest was almost successful in having title to X-L turned over to the Association. The hearings on the matter were to be closed, so the Tribal Council brought an injunction through California Indian Legal Services to force an open hearing. When the Court ruled that any hearing would require 90 days notice to the parties concerned, the BIA sought to settle the matter instead through Congress, by having a law passed which would have bypassed the hearing. Once again the Council members were forced to go to Washington to testify, and the bill was temporarily killed.

But Forrest is still trying. He has friends in Sacramento and Washington, and is big in the Intertribal Council of California; he was the long-time vice-president through a succession of presidents, few of whom were not in office long enough to know the ropes.

Errin Forrest, a perfect example of the modern-day apple, selling out his people to make a fast buck, and for political profit.

(INDIAN VOICE Feb 72 Vol 2 No 1)

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MISSIONARIES
AND THE RELIGIOUS VACUUM

Religion today, or at least Christianity, does not provide the understanding with which society makes(cont. on next page)

(MISSIONARIES...CONT.)

sense. Nor does it provide any means by which the life of the individual has value. Christianity fights unreal crises which it creates by its fascination with its own abstractions.

I remember going to an Indian home shortly after the death of a child. There was a Roman Catholic priest admonishing the mother not to cry because the child was now with Jesus. Automatically, he insisted, because it had been baptized. Grief, he declared, was unnatural to man ever since Jesus died on the cross. He went on to tell how God had decided on a great mission for the child and had called it home to Him and that the mother could see the hand of God in the child's death and needn't wonder about its cause.

In fact, the mother had not wondered about the reason for the child's death. Her child had fallen from a second-story window and suffered internal injuries. It had lingered several days with a number of ruptured organs and had eventually and mercifully died.

I could never believe that the priest was comforting the mother. It seemed rather that he was trying frantically to reinforce what had been taught to him in seminary, doctrines that now seemed shaken to their roots. The whole scene was frightening in its abstract cruelty. I felt sorrier for the priest than for the mother. His obvious disbelief in what he was telling her and his inability to face death in its bitterest moment made him the tragic figure.

That is why I believe that Indian religion will be the salvation of the Indian people. In Indian religions, regardless of the tribe death is a natural occurrence and not a special punishment from an arbitrary God. Indian people do not try to reason themselves out of their grief. Nor do they try to make a natural but sad event an occasion for probing the rationale of whatever reality exists beyond

ourselves.

Indians know that people die. They accept death as a fact of life. Rather than build a series of logical syllogisms that reason away grief, Indian people have a ceremony of mourning by which grief can properly be expressed. Depending on the tribal traditions, grief is usually accompanied by specific acts of mourning, which is then ended by giving a feast for the community.

(CUSTER DIED FOR YOUR SINS

Vine Deloria, Jr.)

* * * * *

In a few days-maybe tomorrow-Maine residents will be searching the boggy countryside in the hope of picking a "mess of fiddleheads. The spring pastime of gathering fiddlehead greens goes back to the days of the Indians.

The fiddlehead is a green native to the State of Maine and the Atlantic Province of New Brunswick and thrives the moment the warm spring sun warms the earth in the rich bottomlands.

Sticking its tiny curled head above the winter killed brown vegetation signals the start of another season as dear to some as the trout opening to fisherman. For it is then when a certain hardy few venture forth into the fertile, often Elm shaded glades where spawn the growth of the fiddlehead.

The fiddlehead actually needs no explanation of its name since it does look exactly like a head of a violin. But to those who have never actually seen a fiddlehead there is often confusion with other non-edible ferns.

The undesirable ferns have a characteristic poised snake appearance and are in many places referred to as "snakebrakes".

Fiddleheads grow almost like magic as they appear overnight after being coaxed by the first warm sun of spring. The total picking season is about two weeks.

(Cont. on page 14)

(YOU...SOUL cont. from page 2)

with a mixture of shame and pride, Tompkins has accepted his Indian heritage and never inquired of his real parents. To this day he doesn't care to explore his family history.

"It's unknown and I'd rather have it stay that way, because that's how it is with me. Today if I want to I can be an Apache and tomorrow I can be a Cherokee."

Typical of foster children throughout Maine, Tompkins lived with a succession of families. In Pittsfield schools he was the only Indian child.

"I always knew I was an outsider I was called 'Indian' and lots of names..I was lost when I was a child. I just knew I was not in accord with the rest of the people. And when they called me names I would attack - you had to protect yourself - but after an argument or a fight I asways felt bad because it really wasn't in me to hurt people."

Prejudice, or at least sentiments Tompkins interpreted as prejudice, seemed to fly from all quarters, even from those claiming to be friends.

"I've never been to a house where some relation didn't claim he was part Indian. Any family I'd walk into would have a great grandfather from some tribe or other. You know damn well it isn't so. I don't know if it's guilt that makes them say these things. I don't know what it is."

For Tompkins, life took on a new dimension in the summer of 1970 when his painting won first prize in the New Hampshire exhibit. A judge at the show, Gearge Scott of Rochester, N.H., recalled the painting, a portrait of a child emerging from darkness.

"The anatomy of the head was nearly perfect and it looked so natural it seemed to be alive. I was highly impressed and I could tell from the values he uses, his

colors, that he had an inner knowledge, an uncanny knowledge of ways of presenting his composition and subject. That was my impression and that is why I voted for that painting as the winner."

The following year Tompkins entered an annual exhibit sponsored by the Farnsworth Museum in Rockland. Although he received no awards, his work drew considerable comment. Tompkins has entered the Farnsworth Museum's open show again this year.

Success in recent years, coupled with awareness of his own artistic development, has given Tompkins something of a new grasp on life. He is defining the prison experience, trying, as he says, "to project the soul of the main body of inmates here."

And he is looking to the future.

"I am going to get out. I am going to have a second chance. Right now the factor is waiting. Two more years. Then I can start painting my own ideas, arranging my way outside and picking my scenes from nature."

(Maine Sunday Telegram 4/9/72)

* * * * *

WHY MU DIED

...Have we really learned how to control Nature? Or have we simply, whistling in the dark, learned how to live with the knowledge that one really powerful hurricane, whether its name be Mable or Camille, can do irreparable damage to our space age installations at Cape Kennedy, and one fair-to-middling earthquake in California can not only treble the damage done to San Francisco in this century but also bring disaster and death to untold millions.

Yes, we are beginning to reach for the stars-but do we know ourselves? We are only now beginning to rediscover the potentialities of the mind, and to probe phenomena (Cont. on next page)

(MU cont.)

dismissed for generations as impossible because they could neither be measured nor weighed nor examined by our limited tools. We have for centuries-no, for millennia-ignored what we've termed the immaterial and the intangible, to the extent that we are no better, from the standpoint of our psychic development, than the mob, the Christian mob incidentally, which murdered the Neo-Platonist philosopher and mathematician Hypatia in 415 A.D. Know-nothingism is not an exclusively American phenomenon.

With this in mind we must recognize the probability that the priest-scientists of Mu did anticipate- and also predicted-what eventually happened, but with no more success than other prophets of gloom have encountered throughout the history of man. Be this as it may, we know today, or at least we believe we know, how Mu died, undermined by volcanic gases. Granite, the primary rock in the formation of the earth's crust, appears to have been honeycombed with huge chambers and cavities filled with highly explosive volcanic gases. When these chambers were emptied of their gases the supporting roofs caved in, and the submersion of the land above followed. Churchward wrote that his investigations proved that the calamity which overtook this early civilization was due to the emptying of a series of isolated upper gas chambers that were upholding the land, and which were probably connected with each other by cracks and fissures.

(UNDERSTANDING MU)

DICK VAN DYKE SPENDS WEEKENDS DIGGING UP 1,000-YEAR-OLD INDIAN RELICS ON HIS RANCH

Indian relics about 1,000 years old have been dug up by Dick Van Dyke on his Arizona ranch which is only a 10-minute drive from his job as the star of "The New Dick Van Dyke Show."

Van Dyke and his wife, Marjorie, burrow for valuable Indian artifacts like pottery, axes and tools on their Cavecreek, Ariz., property.

"Marjorie and I have dug up some wonderful artifacts and sent them to the University of California at Berkeley and they said they are about 1,000 years old," Dick told the ENQUIRER.

"We've found a volcanic stone the Indians used to grind meal... that's called a Matate. We found a Mano, the instrument used by the Indians to grind the meal against the volcanic stone.

"We've discovered petroglyphs (engravings on stone) and some beautiful art work on boulders. These are so big we can't move them, but we know where they are.

"We've unearthed a HoHoKan pit house. It was done by an extinct Arizona tribe. They dug about 5 feet down, made a stone structure, and then put animal skins over it. We figure the Indians lived there at times because it was cooler than living on top of the ground.

"We found one pit house that hadn't been touched for a thousand years...and it's on our ranch.

"Now we're trying to excavate it, very carefully.

"Marjorie and I are an archeological team. We dig during my free time and every weekend. When I get a vacation we're going to spend it digging and hiking."

(National Enquirer April 9, 1972)

INDIAN
P O W W O W

5th Annual
North American Club
FRIENDSHIP DAYS
June 9 - 10 - 11

Mack Rd., Lebanon, Conn.

For Information Contact:
NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN CLUB
Friendship Days
Box 251
Willimantic, Conn. 06226

(Fiddleheads..cont.)

After that the ferns are too large and have lost their tenderness.

Best described as tasting most like very tender spinach, fiddleheads have been a traditional meal with Mainacs ever since the Indians taught the white man about the tasty curled vegetable. Often the delicious green is graced by the addition of trout. Boiling is also the accepted way of cooking the fiddlehead and when you combine the pink meat of a lemon flavored trout and the exquisite taste of fiddleheads, graced with butter, salt and pepper, one learns why people keep their favorite fiddlehead grounds a secret.

(Bangor Daily News, Sat.-Sun.Apr.72)
* * * * *

DAUGHTER OF ATHLETIC GREAT
FIGHTING FOR INDIAN CAUSE

INDIAN ISLAND- On Tuesday Grace Thorpe, a Saaü-fox Indian, left the Senate Office Building in Washington, D.C., after testifying before the Senate Appropriations Committee. That same night she was on the stage at the University of Maine at Orono speaking on her work in the New Indian Movement.

TOURS ISLAND

She toured Indian Island briefly Tuesday, and again Wednesday, before boarding a plane for Aurora, N.Y. to speak again her topic at the University dealt with the past and future of the American Indian, and her involvement in the movement.

The daughter of Jim Thorpe, the "Carlisle Indian" whose name is still remembered in sports circles as the greatest athlete of the 20th Century, Grace Thorpe has lived her life in two worlds. Of her past, however, she says that it was often a case of not being accepted by either Indians or Whites.

She worked in New York as a saleswoman for the Telephone Co., sold real estate and worked in an

advertising agency. But a desire to work for her people became more intense as she grew older. A way to help presented itself when on Nov. 9, 1969, Alcatraz Island was taken over by Indians. Within a month after the island was taken over, Grace Thorpe was there until the end.

INDIAN PROBLEMS NOTED

The Alcatraz incident gained the Indian people nothing of material value, Miss Thorpe points out, but it clearly showed the people of America what some of the problems of the Indians were.

The major problem, she feels, is that of land. In her speech at the University, she noted that Indians have been on the North American continent for 30,000

years. Up until 300 years ago, she said, 100 per cent of the land belonged to the Indian, the native American. Now only two per cent remains in Indian hands, and half of that is desert and wasteland.

Pointing out that one third of the nation's land is owned by the federal government. Miss Thorpe said currently \$6.8 billion dollars worth of federal land and buildings are considered surplus and are up for grabs. Even disregarding some ancient treaties with Indian nations which specify that former Indian land will revert to the tribes if the government has a moral obligation to give Indians a chance to bid on the land.

ORGANIZES INDIAN GROUPS

To these ends she has worked organizing Indian groups, and lobbying in Washington for federal loans to help the groups purchase these lands. There have been several successes to date. An Indian-Chicano University has been established in a former communications center in Davis, Calif. Urban Indians in Seattle, Wash. recently got 17 acres at Ft. Lawton. A Job Corps Center has been turned over to Wintun Indians in Redding, Calif. for a training center and much-needed housing and another

(Cont. on page 15)

(DAUGHTER. . . cont.)

Job Corps center in Ronan, Mont. have been turned over to the Salish Kootenai tribal council to train Indian forest fire fighting crews.

Another major concern is the off-reservation Indian. Of the 800,000 Indians in the country (the same number as when the White man first came to America), more than 60 per cent live off the reservation. But in some states the percentage of off-reservation Indians runs higher, she said, citing California with 92 per cent, as an example.

Many of her organizing efforts have been directed to getting the Bureau of Indian Affairs to eliminate its "on or near the reservation" rule so that the programs that are offered to reservation Indians can be provided for all Indians.

PROMPTS TESTIMONY

In fact, it was this desire that prompted her to testify before the appropriations committee. She had gone to Washington to discuss the surplus lands situation with people from the Bureau of Indian Affairs. They were not in their office, however, as they were testifying before the committee.

Miss Thorpe sat in on their testimony, and was so appalled at their lack of concern for off-reservation Indians, she immediately made a request to speak herself.

Of her visit to Indian Island, Miss Thorpe said she admired the "guts and spirit" of the people in trying to improve their island community. She added the people should try to improve the economic base, perhaps through small, clean industry, and said the need for housing on the island was great.

(Bangor Daily News 4/13/72)

As Indians we will never have the efficient organization that gains great concessions from society in the marketplace. We will never have a powerful lobby or be

a smashing political force. But we will have the intangible unity which has carried us through four centuries of persecution. We are a people unified by our humanity - not a pressure group unified for conquest. And from our greater strength we shall wear down the white man and finally outlast him... We shall endure.

(I HAVE SPOKEN page 162-163)

FRANK LORING BUILDING FUND

The committee for the Frank Loring Building Fund consists of: Rev. Richard Rokos-Chairman Wilfred Pehrson-Treasurer Victoria White-Secretary Lionel Taylor, Jr. Josie Neptune Evelyn Sapiel

Donations go directly into the Frank Loring Building Fund at Northeast Bank & Trust Co. (Savings account), Old Town, Maine.

The Committee will appeal through newspapers, (Bangor Daily News, Penobscot Times, Church World and Shoppers Guide), television and radio.

The Frank Loring family consists of mother, father and five children. Three of the children are living with Rev. Downes, another with Everett Loring and the youngest with the parents.

Date of fire: March 30, 1972

One master cover letter will be sent to various organizations. Soliciting will also be done through telephone calls.

The size of the building will be determined by the amount of donations collected. All work will be done by volunteer work.

The Chairman and Treasurer are the only people who will be able to withdraw funds. Both signatures are needed.

Josie Neptune will see about having posters made up.

The Committee is to see this project through to the end.

LIFE AND TRADITIONS
OF THE REDMAN

...The things you will see you will never forget. The time surely has now come, and only a few more words then all shall be done. For fear the people may doubt my works, it will be necessary for you to show them the power you get this night, so when you have come down from the air each one of you shall go to your home, and on the morrow when the sun is highest you shall all meet on a high ground and there build a house the entrance of which shall be low, so that you creep like the babe in entering it; but the top shall be made open. The house shall be low but very strong. Seven days you shall be in building it, and on the seventh day at noon all of you shall enter and close the door so that no other shall enter with you. After this is done, one of you, he that entered first shall sing, and in his singing shall call the spirit of every living thing, and the different spirits will come to the call. And after you have talked with them they shall all depart, and you shall then come out of the house and take it all apart so it shall not stand there to be put to other use. After you have gone through all this, you shall then have done your part and shall go home to stay...

...And when the noon came, the seven did meet on a high ground as commanded by No-chi-gar-neh, and did build the house as they had been directed; and when it was built and ready to be entered, all the people came to witness the calling of the spirits; many came from afar off, so that a very large crowd of people surrounded the house, but none were allowed to enter with the spiritual men. And after closing the door, and when the singing begun, the house shook, and when a spirit arrived the whole people could hear its arrival because it shook the house violently, and the people did hear all what

the spirits said to the men in the house, but could see nothing come nor anything depart. After the spiritual conferences had ended, and the spiritual men got out, they did take the house all down and apart, and each one was allowed to rest from all social intercourse for seven days, and after the seven days had passed the old men began to visit them separately to learn from them all they saw while being filled with the spirit. This the young men found to require a long time to accomplish as the old men were obliged to go through the examination by making inquiries of them separately and then compare the reports from them so that all things be learned as in one mind.

(Life & Traditions of the Redman
by Joseph Nicoliar-Pgs 43,44,45)

* * * * *

GOVERNOR & COUNCIL MEETING

On May 2, 1972 there will be a monthly governor & council meeting. One of the topics of discussion will be land claims for the Penobscot tribe. At a Special meeting held last Thursday, April 20, Tom Tureen explained the land claims and gave a little history on how the Maine Indians got screwed. He has been given the go ahead by the governor to contact James Murphy and acquire whatever information he has, and bring it to the Governor & council on May 2. This will be a very important meeting and all interested members of the tribe should be there to express their opinion.

Any person who wants to ask a question of the Governor & council and does not want to ask it himself can write the question down on a piece of paper and give it to one of the council members who in turn will read it off before the governor & council. This can be done at any Governor & Council meeting!

(THOMPSON TALE'S...CONT.)

any one's life including the Winooches; so Winooches will not be allowed to gather any more food from the land.

The second item of business related to the security of the Nation. Judge Orono felt that the People are becoming lax in the protecting of the Land. If this continues the Nation will be insecure and vulnerable and the land will be taken away. Judge Orono said that two steps will be taken to return the protection to the Land.

Judge Orono outlined the procedure which will commence at the closing of the court, as follows:

- (1) All persons living on the Land will be identified and recognized as Protectors of the Land.
- (2) All persons living on the Land who do not wish to be identified and recognized as Protectors of the Land will be asked to leave.

Persons leaving the land will be given all the assistance needed by the People to make the passage.

The third item of the Tribal Court concerned the citation that was ceremoniously given to Judge Orono for humanitarianism by the Society to Prevent Inhumanity To Everyone (S.P.I.T.E.). Judge Orono declined the award with these remarks, "As long as inhumanity exists in this world today, such an award should not be given. Therefore, I decline to receive this citation." He chided the S.P.I.T.E. group that they should be seeking out inhumanities and making them right.

* * *

NOTES

The Frank Loring Building Fund to help the family who were burned out last month has reached about \$1200. Further donations

can be sent to:

The Frank Loring Building Fund
Northeast Bank & Trust-Acct
#34066
Old Town, Maine 04468

* * *

The Penobscot Indian Corporation and the Tribal Council have each donated \$200. for the Unity Convention to help with the food.

* * *

University Christian Movement gave \$616. to the Unity Convention to pay for the expenses of Thomas Banyaca (Hopi) and Beeman Logan to come to the Convention.

* * *

Bumper stickers were made by Doug & Connie Bradway, Springfield to help with the expenses, and are on sale at the Newsletter Office. One describes the convention and the other is MARSH ISLAND IS PENOBSCOT INDIAN LAND.

* * * * *



"It's degrading, demeaning and racist!...We protest this distorted image of the Indian personality!"

SIX NATIONS "IROQUOIS" CONFEDERACY
GRAND RIVER COUNTRY

April 6, 1972

President Richard Nixon,
Whitehouse, Washington, D.C.,
U.S.A.

Brother:

At Our Six Nations Iroquois Confederacy Council held in March 1972, it was brought to our attention a very serious matter regarding the drafting and incarceration of Native North Americans (The Original People of the Americas), who object to participation in adhering to the unlawful practice of drafting for warfare. We also object to the drafting and jailing of native nations who refuse to participate in the Armed Forces of the United States.

Perhaps the Treaties between our nations have been forgotten by many during the years, or perhaps these matters are entirely unknown and are therefore unaware of by many of your administration. But to us, we have carefully remembered your arrangements in the Treaty of Ghent, regarding our nations.

May we remind you of Article 1X, Treaty of Ghent, dated Dec. 24th, 1814, wherein the United States and Great Britain restored all tribes and nations of Indians to their sovereign rights that they had previously enjoyed prior to 1811-providing that such tribes and nations of Indians desist from all hostilities against the United States and were never to engage in warfare.

May we also refer you to American and British Claims Arbitration Vol 11, Parts III, IV and V, which contains the many, many peace treaties with native nations, wherein the native nations were pledged never to take up arms again. Also please refer to your 82nd Congress, Public Law 414, Chap 477, 2nd Session regarding "Alien Registration Act", which states that an American Indian born in Canada does not need a visa to enter the United States and for that reason does not need to register as an alien every January. This Act has provided the Original People of North Americans with North American Citizenship per se, and the drafting and incarcerating of native nations, we consider therefore to be illegal and unjust.

Please adhere to our solemn treaties which we have always upheld. May we anticipate early adjustment to the present situation-to be that of no longer drafting native nations people and immediate release of these native people held in your concentration camps, for refusing to break our treaties.

Thank you for your kind attention and your continuing friendship in matters of native and brotherly concern.

Yours truly,

Lawrence Nantióke, Secretary

(Ed. Note: This letter of support was sent in regards to the drafting of Martin Neptune, a member of the Penobscot Nation.)

HISTORY

you never got in class, etc.

When white men first began to settle America, it was estimated that there were about 1,100,000 Indians in North America north of Mexico. By 1870 there were 25,731 of these people left. And perhaps the earliest example of the compassion and fair play that were to become the United States of America's founding principles can be found in the actions of Christopher Columbus, who repaid the friendly people of the West Indies by immediately sending 500 of them to be sold into slavery in Spain. Within 10 years of the first white landings, the Indian population of Puerto Rico had been reduced by about ninety percent.

In her book A Century of Dishonor Helen Hunt Jackson related not only an endless violation of treaties with the Indians by Father Washington, but she also recounted several of the numerous massacres of Indians that were commonplace occurrences throughout the growth of this nation. One massacre took place in 1763 near Philadelphia, when a gang of whites known as the Paxton Boys descended upon a village of friendly Conestoga Indians, and laid waste to the six Indians they found at home—three men two women, and a boy. "These poor defenseless creatures were immediately fired upon, stabbed, and hatched to death...All of them were scalp and otherwise horribly mangled, then their huts were set on fire, and most of them burnt down."

The few Conestogas who were not at home during this raid were rounded up by the authorities and placed in the Lancaster jail for "safe-keeping." The Paxton Boys simply rode up to the jail, broke open the doors, and wiped out the rest of the Indians. A contemporary account of the scene after the Paxton Boys rode off went like so:

"Toward the middle of the jail-yard, along the westside of the wall lay a stout Indian whom I particularly noticed to have been shot in

his breast. His legs were chopped with the tomahawk, his hands cut off, and finally a rifle-ball discharged to his mouth, so that his head was blown to atoms, and the brains were splashed against and yet hanging to the wall for three or four feet around. This man's hands and feet had been chopped off with the tomahawk. In this manner lay the whole of them—men, women, and children, spread about the prison yard, shot, scalped, hacked, and cut to pieces."

*

After the Civil War, when the Indian Territory was discovered to be desirable farm and ranchland, General Sheridan, whose orders were to "pacify" the area, considered "there are no good Indians but dead Indians." General Custer was pretty much of the same opinion. He considered the Indian "...a savage in every sense of the word...one whose cruel and ferocious nature far exceeds that of any wild beast of the desert...In him we will find the representative of...a race incapable of being judged by the rules or laws applicable to any other known race of men.."

*

"In our intercourse with the Indians, it must always be borne in mind that we are the most powerful party. We are assuming, and I think with propriety, that our civilization ought to take the place of their barbarous habits. We therefore claim the right to control the soil which they occupy, and we assume that it is our duty to coerce them, if necessary, into the adoption and practice of our habits and customs." - Columbus Delano, Secretary of the Interior in his annual report for 1872.

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