American Indian Songs
originated and performed by PERIWINKLE
We were happy when he first came. We first thought he came from the light; but he comes like the dusk of evening now, not like the dawn of morning. He comes like a day that passed, and night enters our future with him. His las never gave us a blade, nor a tree, nor a duck, nor a grouse, nor a trout... How often does he come? You know he comes as long as he lives, and takes more and more, and dirts what he leaves."

Charlot - Flathead Chief

THE PROMISED LAND
American Indian Songs
originated and performed
by PERIWINKLE


DESCRIPTION NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FHS 37254
THE PROMISED LAND

Contemporary American Indian Songs
originated and performed by PERIWINKLE
opening and closing with The Traditional Drum.

COVER

The drawing on the cover represents the beginning of The Creation.

It depicts the Sky Mother drifting down from the Great Mother Moon, within the mind of the Great Spirit.

Some of the Bird Clan, with the Eagles on high and the Seagulls below, are hovering close by to ease her journey downward.

The Great Turtle is the symbol of Eternal Life.

They know that, just as she is heavy with sea­young, the Sky Mother is also carrying her 'yet unborn' and there must be a fitting and proper place for the birthing.

From the water spirits' sea­bed the Great Turtle gathers flora and mud between her 'fin­like toes.'

In keeping with the prophecies she is about to mold the downy resting place from which the Great Mother Earth is emerging.

In this way the Mother Earth is there to assist the Sky Mother in giving life to two sons. One is considered of goodness; the other of evil.

And this is the version, told by many Elders, of the 'Garden of Eden' or 'How the world Began' on Turtle Island.*

In the foreground and within the Great Medicine wheel is more symbolism of just a few of our many Relations.

Their voices come from the Four Sacred winds; their footsteps are seen in the Four Sacred Directions.

In the background is the Spirit of The Creation. Universally there is but one and the same 'Supreme Being'. Cultural differences within the Indian Nation are symbolic, refer to this same 'Deity' in different ways.

It may be 'The Great Spirit', 'The Great Breathmaker', or the Great Mystery, for example. But, regardless, all such titles still apply to the same Great Power—not of man's feeble making—the Great One that keeps Peace in our Hearts and Reason in our minds.

*Turtle Island* is the Indian name for North and South America.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To the Traditional Elders who continue to serve as gentle reminders of why we follow the In­ and-sometimes because we follow their song... To share our sorrows as well as our joys... To laugh at our troubles 'tao's so we will never run out of something to laugh about.

And—because nothing is forever—whatever we are—whatever we have—is a gift of The Creator as long as it is shared.

So—to all my sisters and brothers from The Four Sacred Directions and particularly to The Ojibwa and Cho­H sniffen—to all the people who will not survive.

We have wisdom; we have knowledge of the past; we have a people to record and preserve the wisdom; and in some cases, the survival of that wisdom will depend on the last generation of Elders who will not survive.

I—my long ordeal... healed me when I was ill... fed me when I was hungry... and all the Beautiful People who gave us shelter when we lost our home—for the time being, in the words of Elton John, "My Gift", is my song... and this one's for you! One can always pay back the debt of gold, but we leave this world forever in debt to those who are kind.

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*When an Indian prays—he prays for other people. The last words of the Indian Prayer are these: 'If there is anything left—it be for me'—You do not hear many Anglos pray that way—it is our way—we shall keep it our way*. (Chief Joseph, Palouse, (called Nes Perce by the French)

PREFACE

Contrary to text and common belief, the Indian People of the Americas are amongst the most Spiritual People in all the world.

Is it, perhaps, because of this—or in spite of this—that the Indian People are also among the most abused, maligned or ignored?

Why else has a People of such high integrity—so numerous in numbers—been so denied the basic of human rights? Especially in the very ancestral lands they have occupied (without escriting a living) for me—'The Great Spirit', the Mother Earth is there to assist the Eternal Life, to help us to understand the Good and Evil, and to keep it our way.

Because 'evil has many tools and the lie is the handle that fits them all'—few People in the white world are aware of their own oppression—isolate that of the Indian, today.

One notable Elder, now in the Spirit world, tells it this way: 'We acknowledge the Four Sacred Colors (Red, White, Yellow, Black) of Man. It includes all our Relations. But not so the 'wasicu'—Forgive me for saying so, but he belongs to a Godless society. He forgets that—God put the Black Man in Africa—he put the Yellow Man in Asia—he put the White Man in Europe. Everyone goes North and South-west with each other. Not so the wasicu—he go east and west around the world—shakes his fist—tells everybody 'you better be white—or else!'

Like many other scholars, Washington Irving, in his Traits of Indian Character—describes the invaders' atrocities—perpetrated against the almost completely guiltless Natives of this continent—with appalling accuracy... they were invaded, corrupted, despised, and driven from their native homes and the sources of their fathers, hunted down like wild beasts about the earth and sent down with violence and butchery to the grave. Festerity will turn with horror and incrediability with indignation at the humanity of their forefathers in a modern day version of "Cowboys and Indians"—a not so much a murder broth as this: "whiteman come into our village—burn it to the ground—rape our woman—kill our children—call us 'savage'!"

The Encyclopedia Britannica interprets the Dawes Act of 1887 (following the enforced march of all tribal People from the Great Mother to the Sacred Hoop on the bosom of the Mother Earth.) Always we maintain the utmost of respect for all living things; the four­legged and two­legged; the winged and the finned.

In short it is a four­way Trust between Animal Plant—Man and Nature. There is nothing more that does not need our loving care.

Our Elders have wisdom; we would never dream of putting them in 'old­age homes'. Our children are gracious gifts of The Creator; the whole tribe adopts them; they would never be placed in 'orphangens'. The gift of Life—not material things—are what Indian People are taught to value.
"Whatever happens to the Beast" the Dwarfish Chief Sealth said,"happens to man - whatever befalls the earth - befalls the sons of the earth. It is the end of living and the beginning of survival. Even the white man cannot be exempt from the common destiny." We understand deeply the relationship between all living things. It is the Indian way - it creates a balance of harmony with our environment. This is why our heritage stays so strong.

No one lives long on this planet. We are taught that only the Mother Earth and Sky Mother; the Mountains and the Sea are forever. And without the Grandmother Moon we lives off the fat of the land and his people', the Elders say, 'he has little or no respect for nature and he offends our ideals.'

"with all the creatures of the Earth, Sky and water, there was always a true friendship" said Chief Luther Standing Bear, Lakota. "So close did some People come to their feathered and furred relations that in true friendship they spoke a common tongue. Man's heart away from Nature," he said "becomes hard - and the lack of respect for living and growing things soon leads to lack of respect for human beings. The white needs to stay close to this softening influence."

Only through constant purification and renewal of these teachings can we maintain a balance with each and every living thing. Only in this way can we reach across space and time to keep all the Four Sacred Colors coming from the Four Sacred Directions - eternally one in Spirit. It is The Creator's way; it is the Indian way - 'and we shall keep it that way'!

Albert Einstein noted 'Great spirits have always received violent opposition from mediocre minds'. So hear the thoughts behind these words and remember what Mark Twain wrote: 'Upsetting news isn't just for reading. It's supposed to make you mad enough to do something about changing it!'

SIDE 1 - #1: TRADITIONAL HONORING SONG

-Hasipee Wampanoag Drum

To the Plains Indian in particular, other Nations as well, the Drum is traditionally considered to be the Hearthbeat of the Nation. It is neither 'beaten', 'banged nor 'played', with great feelings of reverence as toward any spiritual object or instrument, it is 'drummed'.

Many Nations (Tribes) singing using only Rattles and Gourds made from Animal and Plant Life to the Creator for all the beauty bestowed upon us - above, beneath and all around us. The use of the Turtle Shell, Sea Shell, Hoof and Horn are just some of the many ways 'all our Relations' are honored and play their part in honoring all of The Creation.

When the enemies of Indian People became determined to deprive the Wampanoag People of their rightfull land claims, they conjured up many obstacles. Along with denying their tribal status - their tribal rights were interfered with and the inevitable harassment followed. The overreaching of 'the law' toward an innocent 'social' led to accusations that they had broken the 'Anti-noise Law'. This in turn led to beatings, jailings and a court trial - all because 'the law' - after raiding the Tribal Grounds (committing so-called 'vandalism' if they were not in uniform) - had to justify their deeds by false statements and ridicule. In a perfect example of ignorance where cultural as well as human rights are concerned, one witness described our spiritual music as a lot of 'screaming, beating and yelping'. The Indians not won the case, but it was obvious why the ancients have this saying: 'Whenever Unity cannot be justified its deeds by false statements and ridicule.

The purpose of the drumming and singing, here, as well as the contemporary Indian music, is - in keeping with all Tribal Traditions - to honor all our Race and People - here on Turtle Sky. It thrives on hate. Most of the so called authorities in the country agree that the only true working form of Democracy is tribalism. And from where we stand it seems they only build monuments tomorrow to those 'tribal' People they persecute today because of their 'tribal ways'.

Just how much longer this can go on remains to be seen, because we know that 'evil doesn't just undo the 'good' - or the honest -- it eventually unites itself as well!'

And, as before, the Indian Prophesies are in motion. They predict that once more, those that remain true to the Creator's instructions will be around to start the 'brave new world' - along with the deceitful mongers of power and greed have destroyed this one.

We are the ancestors of the 'Yet Unborn' and so are we those 'Yet Unborn' for whom our Ancestors gave their lives that we might always be 'free' in spirit, heart and mind - to fulfill the prophecies - The Indian Way.

To this end we wish to pay tribute and give thanks to The Creation for all the gifts of time and love that made it possible to reach out with this message to others of the same persuasion.

Henry David Thoreau pointed out that if all the honest people stood up for what they knew was right there would be nothing to fear because they couldn't put so many people in jail!

Now let us ask "them" and ourselves - as Hillel did: "If we are not for ourselves- who will be? But if we are only for ourselves - what are we? And if not now - when?"

'A tribe is in any aggregate of people united by ties of descent from a common ancestor, community of customs and traditions, adherence to the same leaders, etc. a local division of an aboriginal people." (Random House Unabridged)

To every drummer and singer - alphabetically as I recall them: "Bruzzy" Wampanoag; Brian Miles, Mohican; "Chiefy" Mills Wampanoag; Fire Horse; Seminole; Lincoln, Wampanoag; John Labillois, Mic Mac; Keestonnamook, Wampanoag; Nannipashanet, Wampanoag; "Gusty" Peters, Wampanoag; Alice Lopes, Wampanoag; Cindy, Denise & Vicky Costa, Wampanoag; Elsie, Wampanoag; Louise Miles, Navajo; Rinalda Hendrix, Wampanoag- who open and close this album - our appreciation for the privilege of paying tribute to the Drum of the Wampanoag Nation as well as honoring 'The Longest Walkers' and 'all of Creation'.
"This earth is sacred"

The following letter, written in 1859, was sent to President Franklin Pierce by Chief Smith of the Shoshone Tribe of the State of Washington. It concerned the proposed purchase of the tribe’s land. "Sealzole," a corruption of the chief’s name, is built in the heart of Shoshone Land. The letter is printed courtesy of Dale Jones of the Seattle office of Friends of the Earth.

The Great Chief in Washington sends word that he wishes to buy our land. The Great Chief also sends us words of friendship and good will. This is kind of him, since we know he has little need of our friendship in return. But we will consider your offer, for we know if we do not do so, the white man may come with guns and take our land. What Chief Smith says, the Great Chief in Washington can count on as truly as our white brothers can count on the return of the seasons. My words are like the stars—they do not set.

How can you buy or sell the sky—the warmth of the land? The idea is strange to us. Yet we do not own the freshness of the air or the sparkle of the water. How can you buy them from us? We will decide in our time. Either part of this earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every green leaf, every clear and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people. We know that the white man does not understand our ways. One portion of the land is the same to him as the next, for he is a stranger who comes in from the land whatever he needs. The earth is not his brother, but his enemy, and when he has conquered it, he leaves it. He leaves his fathers’ graves, and his children’s birthright is forgotten. The sight of your cities makes the hair of the red man stand on end. Not because it is the city, but because the red man is a ‘savage’ and does not understand it.

There is no quiet place in the white man’s cities. No place to hear the leaftalk of the trees, or the rustle of wings. But perhaps because I am a ‘savage’ and do not understand the courts and the breasts of the trees, the man who has not seen a thousand rotting corpses, of the earth around a pond at night? The Indian prefers the soft sound of the wind, the sun shining on the face of the pond, and the smell of the wind itself cleansed by a mid-day rain, or scented with a pine pine. The air is precious to the red man. For all things share the same breath—the beast, the tree, the man. The white man does not see the air breathe. Like a man lying for many days, he lies too close to the stench.

If I decide to accept, I will make one condition. The white man must treat the beasts of this land as his brothers. I am a ‘savage’ and do not understand any other way. I have seen a thousand rutting buffaloes on the plains left by the white man who shot them from a passing train. I am a ‘savage’ and do not understand how the smoking iron horse can be more important than the buffalos that we kill only to stay alive. What is man without the beasts? If all the beasts were gone, man would die from a great loneliness of spirit, for whatever happens to the last beast also happens to man. All things are connected. Whatever bee dealt the earth, the same bee dealt a man.

Our children have seen their fathers hunted, driven, and killed. Our warriors have seen ambushes and defeat, they turn their days in silence and contaminate their bodies with sweet food and strong drink. It matters little where we pass the rest of our days—they are not our own land. One thing we know which the white man may one day discover. Our God is the same God. You may think now that you own him as you own our land. But you cannot. He is the King of men. And his compassion is equal for the red man and the white. This earth is precious to him. And to harm the earth is to heap contempt on its creator. The white man, too, shall pass—perhaps sooner than others. He must continue to contaminate your bed, and you will one day suffer in your own suf
tices. Then the buffalo are all slaughtered, the wild horses all taken, the secret corners of the forest hidden with the scent of many, and the view of the rife hills hobbled by taking wires, where is the white man’s thought? There is no great thing. All is what it is to say goodbye to the swift and the horse, to the end of living and the beginning of survival.

We might understand if we knew what that the white man means, what hopes he desirous to his children on long winter nights, what visions he borrows into their minds, so they will dream for tomorrow. But we are ‘savages’. The white man’s dreams are hidden from us. And because they are hidden, we will go our own way. If we agree, we will be to secure our country. We will judge on your promises. There perhaps we may live out our brief days as we wish. When the last man has vanished from the earth, and the memory is only the shadow of a cloud moving across the prairies, these acres and forest will still hold the winged spirits of my people, for they love this earth as the moose loves its mother’s heart-hut. If we sell you our land, love it as we’ve loved it. Care for it, as we’ve cared for it. Hold in your mind the memory of the land, as it is when you take it. And with all your strength, with all your might, and with all you understand for your children, and love it as God loves us all. One thing we know—our God is the same. This earth is precious to him. Even the white man cannot exempt from the earth.

Not long after Red Cloud and Spotted Tail and their people settled down on their reservations in Nebraska, some white men discovered that gold was hidden in the Black Hills. The Black Hills were the center of the world—the holy mountains where warriors went to speak with the Great Spirit. The hills were sacred to the Indians. When the Custer Strike whites prospecting there, they—shoved them out.

In 1874, during the Moon of Bees, the United States government sent more than a thousand soldiers to invade the Black Hills and protect the gold-hungry Americans, even though the treaty Red Cloud had signed in 1868 had given the Lakota (Sioux) this land forever and forbidden white intrusion or entry without permission. The soldiers were led by General George Armstrong Custer.

********

Who scapped whom?

SOCCERNAN HISTORY

For every scalp of such female Indian or Male Indian under the age of twelve years that shall be killed and brought in as evidence of their being killed as aforesaid Twenty Pounds.

Given at the Council Chamber in Boston this third day of November 1755 and in the twenty ninth year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the second by the Grace of God King and Queen of Great Britain, France and Ireland King Defender of the Faith.

By his Honours
J. Willard

In House of Representatives
May 29, 1757.

...any inhabitants of the Province of New Hampshire and all other of the Northern Provinces, as to whose intentions, with their names the following bounty shall be paid to every private person who shall kill and produce the Scalp of any of the Indian Enemy within the Limits aforesaid, & produce the Scalp to the Governor and Council, the sum of three hundred Pounds.

Order of Gov't Court.

In the House of Representatives, May 29, 1757...

...any inhabitants of the Province of New Hampshire and all other of the Northern Provinces, as to whose intentions, with their names the following bounty shall be paid to every private person who shall kill and produce the Scalp of any of the Indian Enemy within the Limits aforesaid, & produce the Scalp to the Governor and Council, the sum of three hundred Pounds.

Order of Gov't Court.

In the House of Representatives, May 29, 1757...

...any inhabitants of the Province of New Hampshire and all other of the Northern Provinces, as to whose intentions, with their names the following bounty shall be paid to every private person who shall kill and produce the Scalp of any of the Indian Enemy within the Limits aforesaid, & produce the Scalp to the Governor and Council, the sum of three hundred Pounds.

Action of House against Pennsabon.

In the House of Representatives November 1754.

Forsmash as upon the Request of the Indians of the Pennsabon Tribe to take up arms & to act offensively with us against the Iraquaghick & Tribes of Indians inhabiting those parts of the State that have been invaded by emmies, Rebels & Traitors to his most sacred Majesty, as by the Treaties subsisting between us & the said Pennsabon Indians they were obliged to do; and upon rivers Hostilities lately committed by them. This House has desired his Honour the Lieut. Governor & Commander in Chief—so to declar them Enemies & Rebels; Therefore Voted That upon such Declaration being made & published—we the House & Encourage & Enact that every Officer or Soldier of the Pennsabon Indian that shall be killed as is Voted by this Court for those of the other Tribes before mentioned &

...
**Exchange students**

The promptness of human Nature for a life of care and love, and labour appears strongly in the"little success that has hitherto attended very attempts to civilise but Americans in their present way of living; almost all their wants are supplied by the spontaneous productions of nature, with the addition of very little labour; if, hunting and fishing may indeed be labour, but when you go as plenty, you visit us frequently, and see the advantages of Arts, Sciences, and Compact Society procure unnecessary and care are not deficient in natural under-standing: and yet they have never shown any inclination to change their manner of life for ours, or to learn any of our Arts: when an Indian child has been brought up among us, taught our language and habituated to our customs, yet if he goes to see his relatives and make time Indian rankable with them, there is no persuading him ever to return, and that this is not natural to them merely as Indians, but as men, is plain from this, that when white persons of either sex have been taken prisoners young by the Indians, and lived a while among them the same as their friends, and treated with all imaginable tenderness to prevail with them to stay among the English, yet in a short time they become digusted with our manner of life, and the care and pains that are necessary to support it, and take the first good opportunity of escaping again into the Woods, from whence there is no reclaiming them. For instance I remember an old man, where the person was brought home to possess a good estate; but finding some care necessary to keep it together, he relinquished it to a younger brother, reserving to himself nothing but a gun and a match-coat, with which he took his way again to the wilderness.

They have few natural wants, and those easily supplied. But with us are infinite artificial wants, which often lead them to those of nature, and much more difficult to satisfy; so that it is to consider as more easily白沙的 influenced by labour and arts, as not so free from choice, but from necessity. When numbers are driven by war, from their hunting grounds and protected by seas, or by other nations were crowded into some narrow territories, which without labour would not afford them food. However as matters (now) stand with us, care and industry seem absolutely necessary to our well being; they should therefore, have every encouragement we can invent, and not one motive to diligence, can be subtracted, and the support of the poor should not be by maintaining them in idleness, but by employing them in some kind of labour suited to their abilities of body and mind as I am informed of late begins to be the practice in many parts of England, where work houses are erected for that purpose. If these general I should think the poor would be more careful to work voluntarily, and lay something for themselves against a rainy day, rather than run the risk of being obliged to work at the pleasure of others for a bare subsistence and that too under confinement.

The little value Indians set on what we prize so highly under the name of learning, appears from a pleasant passage, that happened some years since at a treaty between one of our colonies and the Six Nations; when every thing had been settled to the satisfaction of both sides, and nothing remained but a mutual exchange of civilities, the English Commissioners told the Indians, they had in their country a college for the instruction of youths which were taught various languages, arts, and sciences; that there was a particular foundation in favour of the Indians, to defray the expense of the education of any of their sons who should desire to take the benefit of it. And now if the Indians would accept of the offer, the English would take half a dozen of their brightest lads and bring them up in the best manner; the Indians after consulting on the proposal replied that it was remembered some of their youths had formerly been educated in that college, but if it had been observed long enough after they returned to their friends, they were absolutely good for nothing bringing neighbors acquainted with the true methods of killing deer, catching beaver or ou-triving the enemy. The propounders, however, looked on as a mark of the kindness and good will of the English to the Indian Nations which merited a grateful return; and accordingly if the English gentlemen would send a form or two of their children so Grapple the great council would take care of their education, bring them up in really what was the best manner and make men of them.

—Benjamin Franklin's letter to Peter Collinson, May 9, 1733.

**Pagans & other white folks**

(Mohawk religious teachings say that at one time, all people of the world were given "an original instruction." And we've known that this seemed to be true, for we've found yellow people, brown people, black people, and other red people with knowledge similar to our own. But where were the white people? Perhaps these definitions of words from the English language will give some clue — for they are words which are often attached to native people who go on holding their natural ways and instruction.

The word "Pagan" comes from the Latin word "Paganus", meaning country dweller.

The word "Heathen" simply refers to the people who lived on the head of Europe, in the place where heaven grows. They are people who, for a long time, held on to their original teachings.

The word "Devil" is specifically a Christian concept — they are the only people in the world who recognize him. Actually, the word for "devil" comes from the same word as "devil", and comes from the Sanskrit, meaning "little god." During the persecution of the Pagan peoples in the late Middle Ages, whenever a defendant spoke of the Holy God who redeemed the animal kingdom, the court recorder wrote the word "devil" ("little God") for him referred to as "this" or "that". The word "witch" comes from northeastern Europe, where the medicine people and spirit ladder were known as "的资金", which is an Anglo-Saxon word meaning "wise ones". During centuries of persecution not unlike what happened to Indians in the fall of missions, the white spiritual leaders, known as "witches" or "witches", were killed.

(Thanks to Ron Zell of the Church of All Worlds for this information.)

**AKWESAZHEN NOTES**

**1. AN INDIAN PRAYER-LAMENT**

"Vision is the art of seeing the invisible" (Swift)

"We have always fools and appearances against us" (Balzac,监控)

Almost gone... are the "Old Ways"
Here... are their "New Ways"
Almost gone... is the Eagle
Where he used to fly
Way up on high
Planes now fill the Sky!

And Our Earth Mother's Body
Has been treated so grossly
Almost gone... is the Buffalo
Who used to roam so free...
Just like you and me...
Now... part of their 'menagerie'!

For... just when we thought we were learning how to "live"
We were just learning how to "die"
And we're learning now to wait, Great One,
To know the reason why...

Stolen... were our Birthrights
Changed... our days into nights
Broken Arrow Treaties
Where we freely roamed
Through Prairie, Woods and Foom
Now... the "strangers'" homel

Still... we thank you, kind Sky Mother
Through tears which seem to scattered
For keeping safe within our hearts
What most of the World has lost...

Hear, hear, hear, hear us Great Mystery
In deep humility
Help us, Great Spirit, guide
These storm-tossed Canoes that we stride
On our Pontles again let us ride
Once more in splendor and pride
For away from all those who have... lied
Let them know it's still Indian Country
That they call America!

**2. THE DAY COLUMBUS GOT LOST**

"There is nothing more burdensome than a successful fool." (my Grandfather)

"Power corrupts and absolute power corrupts — absolutely." (Lord Acton)

In fourteenth-hundred and ninety-two Columbus sailed with his motley crew
On the Pinta, the Nina, the Santa Maria
And with them they brought many tales in the "re-or"

A lovely land they did admit
And so they decided to discover it

As one leader says: 'they were Worlds off course' but each year they celebrate how they got lost

In the woods the Indian Lawd would stand
And said 'there goes our neighborhood'

"There must be something wrong with a system in which nobody can prosper unless everyone is in debt" (Country Parson)

"Your America has not been the land of your proclaimed equality and justice for all" (in place of our honorable treaties and Constitution of Integrity) "... we have been given malnutrition, poverty, disease, suicide and bureaucratic promises of a better tomorrow." (X-11)
Moments later, Sarah Bad Heart Bull has been pulled behind the line of police, is being choked by one of them and beaten by another. Her glasses have been torn off. She has just one foot on the ground. Robert High Eagle is seen in the foreground, reaching toward Sarah trying to assist her. Ken Dahl, wearing wire-rimmed glasses, is visible to the right of High Eagle. All three are now in prison for this incident. The police then started gassing and moving the stunned crowd, who turned and ran, chased by the heavily armed police. Incidentally, this photo was made available to newspapers by United Press International — with the figure of Sarah cropped off, making it look as though the attack is being initiated and led by High Eagle.

"Neither look too 'good' nor talk too wise (the Grandmothers)"
Women Warriors

A warrior is one who defends his family, home, and land against any real threat to his safety or possessions. They are not to be likened to the modern armies of nations whose leaders fabricate threats as an excuse for aggressive actions. (Their real motives are to seize our homelands, possessions, and to enslave the people under political bondage.) A warrior can be a man, or a woman, an elder or a youth. Strategies may differ - one warrior may feel desperate enough to take up arms, another might arm himself/herself with truth and an eagle feather - one might become a doctor or a nurse and fight disease and another a lawyer fighting legal injustices; one might become a teacher combating ignorance or a brother in prison trying to pry open the iron doors. A warrior might be a medicine man fighting against the death pattern that plagues our people and striving to revive the life-instincts. A warrior wears many different garments and has many faces - and many of these faces are those of Native Women!

Native women have historically fought their struggle side by side with their men. The Creek and Seminole Women Warriors were forced by the U.S. atrocities which attempted to wipe out every Native person in their group, to secure our homelands to the redman. The Native women mercifully put their children to rest in the arms of Mother Earth to prevent their capture by the U.S. Cavalry who would rape and torture them. And then they joined the ranks of their men.

Loyn, another highly respected Apache Native Woman Warrior fought long and courageously with the resistance forces led by Geronimo. The elder grandmothers from Nisqually, sadly related to their children how conditions were for them as young maidens. They heard the approaching hoofbeats coming to their longhouses from Olympia, all the women from age 1 to 90 ran to the river where they stuffed sand between their legs. For the favorite sport of the drunken white settlers was the rape and sadistic torture of Native women and children. And often times the Native men would be shackled together and forced to watch.

The power forces arrayed against the Native Nations finally succeeded and death was the only relief.

Today the oppressed people of the world which included the Indigenous people of the Americas are rising as one nation to throw off the yolk of oppressive tyranny.

"There is one in the world who feels for him who is sad a keener pang than he feels for himself; there is one to whom reflected joy is better than that which comes direct; there is one who rejoices in another's honor more than in any which is one's own; there is one who hides another's infirmities more faithfully than one's own; there is one who loses all sense of self in the sentiment of kindness, tenderness and devotion to another; that one is woman." - Washington Irving

"Are women and children more timid than men? The Cheyenne warriors are not afraid, but have you never heard of Sand Creek? Your soldiers look just like those who butchered the women and children there."

-Woquis (Roman Nose) to General Winfield Scott Hancock

The strong-life-instinct which inspired our grandmothers of old to resist the death blows of the U.S. armies can be seen in the modern day Native Women Warriors such as Ellen Moves Camp, Suzette Bridges Mill, Ramona Binky, Gladys Bissonette, Mary Crow Dog, Ramona Bennett, to name but a few of the more notable ones. They are true leaders in the Rebirth-resistance movements of the Native Nations.

Equally notable are the many unsung heroines who struggle on, the Clan Mothers of the Iroquois Nations and the Hopi and Pueblo Women Warriors who have opened up their homes and hearts to depressed Native sisters. They have traveled long distances to visit their Native sisters to uplift and share their wisdom with them, gently guiding with kind words and treatment and inspiring the will to live again.

The grandmothers who protect and guide the young, who instruct and mold the characters of our future generations. The grandmothers who have steadfastly clung to the values and Way of Life of our ancestors, so that we might never forget what FREEDOM really is, so that we will not mistake freedom for THRALLDOM as so many have been indoctrinated to believe today.

And let us not forget the Mothers who strive to keep the family unit together in defiance of all who would destroy the unity of the Native nations, the unity which has its roots in the family. The Native mothers who are today demanding that the education of their children be meaningful to Native values and lifestyles.

And the many beautiful spiritual sisters who walk in dignified silence. They struggle to WIN THE PEACE. They walk the path of life in beauty and all their actions are motivated by their love for their people, their land, and all life. There is no room in their hearts or heads. They seek to secure a future life for those who are still coming towards us from the future.

in our spiritual rebirth movement there is no rivalry between the sisters or sexes as exists in so many of the political movements. A true Native Warrior respects the woman leaders and Women Warriors and he is respected and loved by them. Women Warriors keep our movement strong. I too am a Woman Warrior and I shall never give up the struggle against tyranny and death.

Janet McCroby

KILLINGS REPRESENT A SICKNESS IN SOCIETY, A CONTAGION OF RACISM PASSED BY WORD OF MOUTH, GENERATION TO GENERATION, CONTAMINATING US ALL

(This letter to the editor appeared in Son's Catalog, an alternate newspaper published at 4207 San Indio N, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107, and recommended to our readers as a source of news on the Southwest.)

Six slain Indians mutilated and tortured be

ond flesch,ned 1880 Geneva 1880 In The lirr of

the Peaceful: No. 1, Gallipool 1911 and Sarnamoff 1924. A century apart, yet occurring for the same reason, Racism.

We seldom realize how much savagery and brutality this sickness has brought on through history. All people are racist. In most cases, this racism remains inside an individual, therefore suppressed. In families and communities where this sickness is reinforced, it develops into a more noticeable form. This is what occurred in Gallup and Farmington - these communities created an atmosphere which led to the brutal slayings of at least six Indians

These youths are being held for [some of the] deaths. Psychiatrists will find no disturbed genes or metabolic inadequacies, for these sicknesses was carried on for generations - not genetically, but through word of mouth.

These youths are not the only sick people in this community - they are merely representatives of a white racist society in which these youths are being raised and racially conditioned being nourished. Look through history and you will find the forefathers of these youths.

Robert Coufelet

The book demonstrates the role of the BIA, the FBI and the courts in representing the national minorities. But it implies there are other agencies and individuals in the government who can be relied on for help. But a look at recent history shows that the liberals in Congress and elsewhere in government have done nothing to effectively defend the national minorities. In fact, their position is worsening as the economic crisis gets deeper, and they will never change the system themselves - we must.

"They took our past with a sword and our land with a pen. Now they're trying to take our future with a scalpel."

American Indian Journal

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ANNA MAE AQUASH by Johanna Brand

The following book review was written by an anonymous member of Boston's Indian Community.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ANNA MAE AQUASH

by Johanna Brand

James Lorrimer & Company, Publishers

$6.95 paperback

The book demonstrates the role of the BIA, the FBI and the courts in representing the national minorities. But it implies there are other agencies and individuals in the government who can be relied on for help. But a look at recent history shows that the liberals in Congress and elsewhere in government have done nothing to effectively defend the national minorities. In fact, their position is worsening as the economic crisis gets deeper, and they will never change the system themselves - we must.

"They executed Anna Mae Aquash did not shuff out a meddlesome woman; they exalted a brave-hearted woman for all time."

American Indian Journal

"You do understand we mean well?"

The scandal behind U.S. 'orphan airlift'

"One of the most informative and well-documented books on Anna Mae Aquash, her role in AIM and her tragic death, is "The Executioners of Anna Mae Aquash: Did Not Shuff out a Meddlesome Woman: They Exalted a Brave-Hearted Woman for All Time.""
Mohawk Camp

This area is part of the land under the legal and original title of the Mohawk Nation. We Mohawks have returned to our homeland. With the help of other traditional Indian nations we shall make a home for any and all Indians who wish to live according to their own culture, customs and tradition.

Mohawks claim all over the world have regained their lands. U.S. restored Indians to Japan. We assume this as long as the rights of American Indians are restored to the Mohawks. The camp is established to prove that traditional Indians can live on the land without electricity, money, welfare relief or aid of any kind. White people are asked to help by not interfering. All we need is to be left alone and live in our own way.

Spokesmen for the group said they assumed there was an addition. A group from the Mohawks leaders said, they would be glad to have the encampment sink or swim of its own accord. It is being used as a base camp, with the idea that people will fade back into the forests to live by hunting, fishing, gathering and gathering.

Quick Man! We have to preserve and protect our way of life from our enemies.

Imagine all the people - living for today... nothing to kill or die for... living life in peace... You may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one... I hope some day you'll join me, and the world will be as one. (John Lennon)

I have a dream (Rev. Martin Luther King)

The only true working form of democracy is Tribalism (M. McLuhan)

May 31, 1775: George Washington Orders the Genocide of the Iroquois People—“Not merely overrun but destroyed.”

March 9, 1979: George Washington Orders the Genocide of the Iroquois People—“Not merely overrun but destroyed.”

GEORGE WASHINGTON, President

The Great Spirit raised both the white man and the Indian. He raised the Indian first. He raised me in this land and it belongs to me. The white man was raised over the great waters, and his land is over there. Since they crossed the sea, I have given them room. There are now white people all about me. I have but a small spot of land left. The Great Spirit told me to keep it.

- MANIPUA LUTA (RED CLOUD) of the Oglala Sioux

"... Development of non-Indian uses for scarce water will lead to the violations of treaties guaranteeing rights to water needed to support life in Native communities..."
Chief Sealth

The following speech was delivered by Sealth, Chief of the Suquamish and Duwamish tribes in 1835 on the occasion of the founding of the city: "Sealth." It was written down by the translator, Dr. Henry Smith, present at the ceremony. Chief Sealth was born in 1786 and died June 7, 1866.

Younder sky that has wept team of compassion upon my people for centuries untold, and which to us appears changeless and eternal, may change. Today is fair. Tomorrow it may be overcast with clouds. My words are like the stars that never change. Whatever Sealth says the great Chief at Washington can rely upon with as much certainty as he can upon the return of the sun or the seasons. The White Chief says that Big Chief at Washington sends us green of friendship and good will. This is kind of him for we know he has little need of our friendship to return. His people are many. They are like the grass that covers vast prairies. My people are few. They resemble the scattering trees of a storm swept plain. The great — and I presume — good White Chief would not wish that he wishes to buy our lands but it is willing to allow us enough to live comfortably. This indeed appears just, even generous, for the Red Man no longer has rights that he need respect, and nooffer may be wise also, as we are no longer in need of an extensive country.

But the ashes of our ancestors are sacred and their resting place is hallowed ground. You wander far from the graves of your ancestors and seemingly without regret. Your religion was written upon tablets of stone by the hand of your God so that you could not forget. The Red Man could never comprehend nor remember it. Our religion is the traditions of our ancestors — the dreams of our old men, given them in the solemn hours of night by the Great Spirit, and the visions of our seer, and it written in the hearts of our people.

Your dead cease to live, you and the land of their nativity as soon as they pass the portals of the tomb and wander way beyond the stars. They are soon forgotten and never return. Our dead never forget the beautiful world that gave them being. They will love its verdant valleys, its murmuring rivers, its magnificent mountains, sequoiaed vales and verdant lined lakes and bays, and ever yearn in tender, fond affection over the lonely heaped living, and often return from the Happy Hunting Ground to visit, quide, console and comfort them.

"The poet and the painter — casting shadows on the water — as the Sun plays on the Infantry retuning from the Sea. The door of the thinker — no allowance for the other. As the falling light Illuminates the mercenary creed ... the poet lifts his pen — while the soldier sheathes his sword. Wise men don't know how it feels to be THICK AS A BRICK. (Heretho Tull — from his album of the same name)

If you are not careful, some newspapers will have you hating the people who are being oppressed and loving the people who are doing the oppressing.

—Malcolm X

"One does not kill the earth upon which the people walk." —TASHUNKA WITKO (CRACKY HORSE)

PROUD TO BELONG TO THE INDIAN NATION

They — still — call me on 'IN-DI-AN' Well I say that I am what I am And I say that it's real

That those bureaucrats steal They still steal from the IN-DI-AN

Be it Springtime, Summer or Fall I'll still be singing with you all With a great big shout BIA still strikes out At the time of the Tribes, one and all

For — I was — Born to belong to the Indian Nation Bound to belong to the Indian Nation Proud to belong to the Indian Nation Until the day I go, till I go to the Spirit World.

As an Indian woman I'm wise To the guise of the Capital Spies So I'll not be fooled By their 'White-tape' rules 'Cause I've learned how to see thru their lies

And we're gonna have our day With Justice for our pay Then their lies will cease And the Truth they'll meet Because that's what our prophecies say!

Chorus: 'Cause we're not asking for the Moon and we're not asking for the Stars. We're not asking for the Sky or deep blue sea... They're only just on loan to us as far as we can see It all belongs to the Creator Who created you and me.

We're just asking for the right to live! And love all living things Just to breathe fresh air and Stringing — run barefoot in the Spring Play with Children and all Creatures: Give them all our loving care And respect all Nature's gracious gifts of mystery everywhere.

The Eagle soars across the Sky: go wading in a stream And tread lightly on our Mother Earth in peace and harmony Come together all the People who are dying to live free!

Chorus: 'Cause we're not asking for the Moon and we're not asking for the Stars... etc.

We just want to keep the Wilderness, the Woodlands' River streams As The Breathermaker of us all instructed: open, wild and free So All Beasts and Birds and even Whales can roam freely and at will On the Earth and in the Sky and Sea, the Mountains; and the Hills.

We're the Keepers of the Land & Fires, Waters, Wind and Air And so for our Children—yet-unborn we ask you to take care The Great Spirit made us all these things to help us see the way So don't take them all away from us is all we're trying to say.

Chorus: 'Cause we're not asking for the Moon and we're not asking for the Stars... etc.

"Fair becomes foul and foul becomes fair, when it becomes profitable to that select few." (from radio talk by Noam Chomsky)

Where today are the Inquisitor? Where today are the Pedestal? Where today are the Inquisitor? Where today are the Pedestal? (also known as the 'Wallpaper'), and so on. Why once powerful tribes of our People? They have vanished before the avance and the oppression of the white man, as now before a summer sun. We will let ourselves be destroyed in our turn without a struggle, unless we be the ones who have the power to save ourselves. We are the Great Spirit's answer to the Great Spirit's prayer of our dead and every thing that is clear to us. If now you will cry out with me — NEVER, NEVER!"

——Technically the leader of the Shannon

For the Children's sake

Chorus: We're not asking for the Moon and we're not asking for the Stars. We're not asking for the Sky or deep blue sea... They're only just on loan to us as far as we can see It all belongs to the Creator Who created you and me.

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You just want to chase a Rainbow if you choose or just a dream Watch The Eagle soar across the Sky: go wading in a stream And tread lightly on our Mother Earth in peace and harmony Come together all the People who are dying to live free!

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"The earth was created by the assistance of the sun, and it should be left as it was... The country was made without lines of demarcation and it is man's business to divide it... I see the whites all over the country gaining wealth and see their desire to give us land that is worthless... The earth and myself are one of mind. The moisture of the land and the moisture of our bodies are the same. Say to us if you can say that you were sent by the creative powers to talk to us. Perhaps you think the creator sent you here to dispose of us as you see fit. If I thought you were sent by the creator I might be induced to think that you had the right to dispose of me. Do not misunderstand me but understand me fully with reference to the land. I never said the land was mine to do with as I choose. The one who has the right to dispose of it is the one who has created it. I claim a right to live on my land and accord you the privilege to live on yours."

Hil-moh-too-yah-lat-kehht

Thunder travelling to loftier mountains

Chief Joseph Nez Percé

5.
"The head chief told us that there was not a family in that whole nation that had not a home of its own. There was not a pauper in that nation and the nation did owe a single dollar. ...Yet the defect of the system was apparent. They have gone as far as they can go, because they own their land in common..... There is no selfishness, which is the bottom of civilization. Till these people will consent to give up their lands and divide them among their citizens so that each can own the land he cultivates, they will not make much more progress."

In 1890 the Dawes Act was passed. Briefly it provided that instead of communal tribal ownership of reservations, every Indian was to be allotted an individual piece of land under a fee simple title. Indians were not expected to increase; therefore the "surplus land" was to be purchased by the government for $1.25 an acre and thrown open for settlement.

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"Being Indian Is...

By Reuben Snipes

"Being Indian is... watching John Wayne whip 50 of your kind with a single-shot pistol and a rusty pocket knife on the late show.

"Being Indian is... having at least a dozen missionaries from 12 different faiths trying to save your heart and soul every year.

"Being Indian is... fighting with the U.S. Army to save your country from the evils of communists and against the U.S. Army on your reservation to keep the Corps of Engineers from stealing all your land.

"Being Indian is... having every third person you meet tell you about his great grandmother who was a real Cherokee princess.

"Being Indian is... having high salaried BIA PHS, DEQ, HEW, and DOL white-collar bureaucrats tell you how much money is being spent on the Indians these days.

"Being Indian is... having the greatest grandparents in the world.

"Being Indian is... having your teenaged son come home from school and ask you about "the strange beliefs" of Indians that the teacher mentioned in school today.

"Being Indian is... waiting (impatiently) for the new Tecumseh, Osceola, Crazy Horse and Geronimo to appear.

"Being Indian is... living on borrowed time after your 43rd birthday.

"Being Indian is... feeding anyone and everyone who comes to your door with whatever you have.

"Being Indian is... feeling the stares of all the whitey's in any public place you walk into.

"Being Indian is... listening to all the middle-class Tontos and Uncle Tomahawks tell us we must do things the "American way."
It's hard for an empty bag to stand up straight *" (my Grandmothers)

"In men whom men pronounce devine - I see so much of sin and rot. In men whom men denounce as ill - I see so much of goodness; still - I hesitate to draw the line between the two. When the Creator has not.* " (Indian)

This is one of the ways the Traditional People teach the Children that crimes are not only dishonorable - they can also be irreparable.

1. FEATHERS

'O listen to a story - it's from the Grandmothers. And yet, one that I would like very much to share with you. It's the story of a man who found he was to be true to himself or any other and his life he did die."

To a Holy Man he told how he had tricked and cheated his friends. How he lied and distorted the Truth time and time again. So many poor people he did wound and offend. But now he had a chance of heart and would like to make amends.

We tell the Holy Man looked sad and he shook his head.

"There's a lesson to be learned here for everyone," he said. "It may come from the Howk or the Raven or the Wren - just a small bag of feathers can be a Good Medicine."

"So, now take this bag and then pray before placing just one feather in front of every door. Of all those you have violated and injured - then, once more.

You'll return this empty - for it won't even up the score!"

But the man was so great that he almost wrote for joy. To think that all his evil deeds he could finally destroy. He bent his head and vowed that he nevermore would toy with any of the Creatures' lives; Man, Woman, Girl or Boy.

"Ah well! - Take this bag again!" The Holy Man did say. "Now go pick up those same feathers that you dropped there today!"

But when the man went back - it was much to his dismay. For he found that the wind has blown them all away..."

**SB 1137** was a threat to the freedom of *every* person in the U.S.

**SB 1 is the rewrite of SB 1137 and constitutes the very same threat to freedom.**

The special provisions relating to criminal jurisdiction over Indian country are particularly threatening to Native People in our struggle for self-determination and sovereignty.

These Rights were guaranteed by Treaties made many years ago to the Native People of this country by the so-called "Pounding Fathers."

In the words of Dennis Banks: "Never before in Congress has so much Anti-Indian Legislation been introduced to hurt and destroy Indian People. But these acts upon us are nothing new to us. What is new to us is that we are being joined in this struggle by a great mass of non-Indians who wish nothing in return but to see a sense of justice for American Indians. We welcome and embrace these people..."

On February 11, a major effort coordinated by the National Indian Coalition bezeen. On that day, Indian Women, men and children started walking from San Francisco, California to Washington D.C. to try to bring national attention to the meaning of these bills. Called "The Longest Walk" this effort was in compensation of all the previously engineered marches resulting in extermination and should be properly referred to under that name.
Yvonne Desple
Akwesasne

"Ode to an Indian Swan (or: The Ballad of Yvonne Swan Wawon)"

When you feel your heart a-cryin' and you need a hand to hold
Or you need the warmth of human kindness
To keep you from life's bitter cold
Think about this soul-sod story that has been too often told
Of a Mother's love for her children
A love that can never be bought or sold.

Now she was known as the mother of three
A small Indian known to act kindly
While he was known for his treachery
A big man well known to act blindly

In the wee small hours he barged into the home
Of two mothers where children were sleeping
(Police had been called, but refused to come 'round)
So in pure self-defense she shot at them

In a state of shock, too frozen for tears
She called on the law to defend her
They refused to hear for all they had ears
Instead, called her a 'cold-blooded-killer'

"My life" she had said "is an open book
I have nothing to hide but my bitterness
They refuse to believe how my People are dying
Just as they refuse to believe in my Innocence.

Well, that verdict came down on 'Mother's Day
Not self-defense, but 'murder'
"If a white man had defended his family that we
She said "he'd be a national hero!"

Lies travel we know on wings of speed
While Truth stumbles slowly behind.
Awake once again It's the victim who pays
While the culprits come off like the 'good guys'

"Instead of pleading for the privilege of living within your borders I might have had a country" (Cayuga)

"... sing our historical truth songs so that never again will anyone be able to sweep it all under the rug"
(Buffy St. Marie)

CREDITS:
Excerpts from our appreciation go to:

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The alleged Seminole Treaty, signed in 1821, was not a treaty, but permission from Chief Micanopy "to examine the country - not to occupy it". (Payne's Landling)
**A chronology of land claims**

1737 — Penobsot tribe agrees to treaty with British, allowing English settlement in Thousand Islands area.

Prior to 1750 — Penobscot and Passaquoqddies tribes retained and occupied their territory, but Penobscots had the Penobscot River basin and territory to the north, the Passaquoqddies had the St. Croix River watershed, and several areas to the west.

1760 — Passaquoqddies sign treaty of peace and friendship with British, British General Pownall announces he has conquered Maine; 11 tribes members surrender as individuals, only four families do so.

1783 — An English surveyor draws line near Eddington, below which Penobscots apparently lost title to their land, while retaining lands to the north, above the Penobscot River's head of tide.

1799 — A Revolution government in Massachusetts that led to the establishment of the Penobscot delegation at Watertown — and to win support in the struggle against Britain — says a 12-mile-wide strip along the Penobscot River from head of tide to the Canadian border would remain Penobscot Nation. That area totals 900,000 acres.

1777 — Passaquoqddies form alliance with French government.

1783 — Passaquoqddies cede lands to U.S. in exchange for hunting grounds, treaty not ratified by U.S.

1786 — Massachusetts signs treaty with Penobscots; Indians refuse to sign.

1790 — Penobscots sell all lands to Passaquoqddies; Penobscots sign treaty giving all lands to U.S.

1800 — Penobscots in Maine return for rights to Indian Township reservation (33,000 acres), a 100-acre island in Big Lake, 100 acres at Nemas Point, Lewis Island, islands totaling about 100 acres in St. Croix River, 10 acres at Pleasant Point.

1794 — Congress passes Noninterruption Act, requiring all land deals with Indians be approved by the federal government.

1840 — Penobscots sell all lands along Penobscot River from head of tide upstream 30 miles.

1858 — Massachusetts sets aside additional 90 acres for Passaquoqddies at Pleasant Point.

1819 — Penobscots sell all lands to Massachusetts except islands in river above head of tide, plus four townships including what is now Ellsworth.

1820 — Maine granted statehood, assumes responsibility for Indians.

1833 — Four Penobscot townships, bought by state for $50,000; money placed in state trust for tribbles. Penobscots own only islands in river, which are reduced in size in later years as dams are built.

Following decades — Passaquoqddies lands sold off by state of Maine include 6,000-8,000 acres at Indian Township, Nemas Point.

1905's — Treaty discovered at Indian Township that led to study of allocated lots of Passaquoqddies reservation.

1936 — Lawyer Donald Gifford files claim for the Skowhegan Indians against Massachusetts, on behalf of Passaquoqddies. Three years later Indian Claims Commission, following charges he was dealing drugs at the reservation. Some sources believe he was killed.

1971 — Lawyer Thomas N. Turen, who had worked one summer with Gifford while a student, writes a book on the case that seeks return of all lands taken in violation of Noninterruption Act. Turen figures to this day that he was the first to understand the federal government on the Indian's behalf.

**SOME OTHER INDIAN SUITS**

A growing number of suits demanding the return of land taken in violation of the Indian Non-Interruption Act of 1790 have been pursued by Tom Turen and his team of lawyers. The claims are eventually amount to more than a dozen. Many of these have been settled, or will provoke, the same dilemmas confronted by municipalities, property owners, bankers, and real-estate agents in Maine. Other than the Maine case, these are now before courts in the Northeast:

**MASSACHUSETTS**

The Wampanoag Tribe of Mashpee on Cape Cod claims the entire town of Mashpee (pop. 1288), an area of 17,000 acres.

1972 — Passaquoqddies government to bring suit, with municipal officials: Interior Department authority saying Noninterruption Act applies to federally recognized tribes.

1972 — Passaquoqddies government, requesting a ruling on Noninterruption Act, claims to be recognized as a tribe.

1977 — Court orders federal to file lawsuit before July 18, 1977, date of filing of objections on filing claims.

1977 — Court orders federal to file another suit on behalf of Penobscot Passaquoqddies. Federal government agrees to file another suit on behalf of Penobscot Passaquoqddies.

1975 — District Court, Portland, rules that Noninterruption Act applies to all tribes, including those not federally recognized. Decision upheld by U.S. Court of Appeals.

1976 — Noninterruption Act is final; neither state of Maine nor federal government seeks review of case.

1977 — Interior Department asks U.S. Justice Department to re-examine Noninterruption Act.

It will go to court with President and Congress.

1977 — Judge Will from Georgia appears before attorney with authority to consider the claims.

1978 — Court orders federal to file suit on behalf of Passaquoqddies; Penobscot Passaquoqddies, 100 acres at Pleasant Point.

1979 — Congress passes Noninterruption Act, requiring all land deals with Indians be approved by the federal government.

1980 — Penobscots sell all lands along Penobscot River from head of tide upstream 30 miles.

1981 — Massachusetts sets aside additional 90 acres for Passaquoqddies at Pleasant Point.

1986 — Passaquoqddies sell all lands to Massachusetts except islands in river above head of tide, plus four townships including what is now Ellsworth.

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**RACIAL CRISIS COURT RULING**

The Golden Hill Reservation in Thomaston, Conn., is 1/4 acre in size. The 1/4 acre parcel of land is all that remains of the Golden Hill Paugussett tribal lands and even this one quarter acre is threatened by white encroachment. The 78 member tribe is currently involved in a boundary dispute with neighboring whites.

The reservation property has been held in trust by the state of Conn. for the Golden Hill Paugussett people for 100 years. It was then that the Wampanoag tribe of Mashpee, a tribe that has long been recognized as part of the reservation property.

The Wampanoag Tribe of Mashpee (pop. 118) on Martha's Vineyard, claim 3000 acres in the town, which has already voted to return a 230-acre parcel.

**Wampum**

The Narragansett tribe claims 3200 acres in the town of Charlestown (pop. 2863).

**CONNECTICUT**

The Schaghticoke tribe claims 1300 acres in the town of Westport (pop. 14,558).

The Western Pequot tribe claims 1000 acres in Ledyard (pop. 14,558) near Groton.

**NEW YORK**

The Oneida tribe claims 300 acres, all around the town of Oneida (pop. 11,658), between Syracuse and Utica.

Win or lose we are still Indians

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The Wampanoag attorney Larry Shubert questioned the decision. "If they were not Indians in 1836, how could they become one in 1842? And what about the tribe after 1842? A tribe doesn't go in and out of existence. Where did it go? Did it go into orbit in outer space?"

This tribe survived wars, revolution, plague, and the advance of civilization. It is likely to survive, despite modest means that is represented by the jury verdict.

Other Wampanoag expressed their willingness to struggle on.

Hazel Oskey, in charge of tribal membership, said. "The decision will make us stronger, and we will continue our struggle." This is just the beginning. We've fought 50 years, and we will continue to fight for 500 years. Win or lose we are still Indians. Nobody will ever joke that Indians ever were. Let the Supreme Sachem (leadership) meet the Wampanoag. Elijah Oskey.

Ralph Hendricks stated, "I think we got slapped off. We really thought the only ones who were going to be able to testify were Penobscots and Indians on TV. I'm still here."

Federal Judge Skidmore, who presided over the case, said the decision on Jan. 20. No matter what decision, appeal is certain. The Wampanoag are also petitioning the Department of the Interior to declare them a tribe. The judge's decision was so ambiguous that Nickels said expected normally. "Neither the judge nor the lawyers can decide what they [the jury] decided."