

Wulustuk Times

Wulustuk - Indigenous name for St John River

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Nathan Millier (second from left) thinks recreation can help youth the way it helped him (Nathan Millier/Facebook)

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Wulustuk Times:

Each month we gather and publish the latest, most relevant native information for our readers. Proceeding with this concept we feel that a well informed person is better able to see, relate with and assess a situation more accurately when equipped with right data. Our aim is to provide you with the precise tools and information possible.

Tobique First Nation, NB

THE ABSTRACTIONS

Wilfred Peltier Odawa Elder said: "I have always heard it said that the people of the western world are materialists. I do not think they are materialists at all. They are abstractionists. They spend their whole lives manipulating abstractions rather than handling, shaping and using real materials. They are trained to do this, for that is the essence of western technology. And the results of their combined efforts is called "management." Spelled out, this means that forest which grew since time began without being managed, are now managed. Rivers which flowed forever without benefit of management, are now being managed. Fish are managed. Game is managed. Birds are managed. Even insects are managed. People are managed also. More and more of them don't like it. And they are beginning to react with violence. Management is the by-product of regulation. Regulations are abstracted from reality. Life flows in curves. And the flow is balanced and rhythmic. Those who would "bring order out of chaos" in the Canadian Arctic or elsewhere, should remember that. That is reality. Clocks and calendars regulate the flow of time in the same way that the military goose-step regulates the flow and rhythm of walking. Survey lines regulate the flow of space and fences violate the rhythmic waves of hills and valleys. Money regulates the flow of abundance. Education regulates the rhythm of learning. Games are the regulation of play. Marriage seeks to regulate love. Religion tries to regulate wonder and kills it in the cradle. Contrary to popular opinion, regulation begets deprivation. The monetary regulation of abundance creates vast stockpiles of produce on the one hand, and a deprived class on the other. The regulation of time causes the chronic and universal complaint: "I never have enough time." The regulation of space through real estate dispossesses most of us, ruling us out of 9/10ths of the world's land mass. The regulation of learning has made most of us so educated we may be too unlearned to survive.

All my life I have heard non-Indians complain about the "system." But I have never heard any of them express the desire to get out of all systems. They all seem to have a better system they want to promote and impose. And the systems referred to have always been political and economic. A world of abstractions – that is the real oppression they feel – that is the actual system. A web of abstractions. And they are all caught in it like flies. Abstractions mask reality. Abstractions mystify and confuse people so badly, they don't know when they are being robbed and enslaved. And they don't know when they are robbing and enslaving others. They don't know they are locked into educational institutions, locked into professions and jobs, religious denominations, marriage contracts, political parties, timetables...locked into a system of living – and locked out of life. My people have always been materialists. They have always lived by gathering, hunting and collecting the materials of environment – and processing these, personally, with their own hands and with tools fashioned by their own hands, into food, clothing, shelter – the elementary means of survival. And for my people, time is also a kind of material – as tangible as air or water...as real as mud. For them, time is a kind of living history, held between the latest infant born and the oldest resident – a living flow of experience, issuing from what has happened, into what is happening now, and on to what is about to happen. And there is no point at which anyone can lay a yardstick of units on that river and accurately measure its flowing. For my people, time is implicit in environment and experience. We are never going to join the dominant white society back there, where it was, in their historical, rear-view mirror. Nor are we going to be sucked into their beautiful, wide-screen, full-colour projection of where it will be. We are going to stay where its at. In environment – which is here, and in experience –

which is now. Time is all there is. There is no way it can be split off from the rest of life and hung on the wall or put on anyone's wrist. Abundance is all there is. And no amount of money will ever measure the bounty of the great spirit. Learning is all there is. And learning will never be captured in classrooms or organized between the covers of books. Religion is all there is. And worship will never be limited to one day in seven, or contained within the walls of even the most impressive cathedral. Love is all there is. And marriage contracts will never define or protect or control love. Systems are man-made. Systems are logical combinations of parts. But there are no parts. If that sounds illogical to you – that is because it is a-logical. There is no logic in reality. Logic, like clocks and calendars, exists only as the science of manipulating abstractions

FIRST NATIONS SEEK FUNDING FOR PROGRAM THAT HELPED TEEN FIX HIS COMMUNITY'S WATER PROBLEM

Safe Water project helped 3 First Nations lift boil water advisories last year

CBC News <http://www.cbc.ca/news/cbc-news-online-news-staff-list-1.1294364>

The program that helped a 19-year-old solve his First Nations' drinking water problems <http://www.cbc.ca/news/canada/thunder-bay/teen-first-nation-drinking-water-1.3563110> is seeking federal funding to continue.

Keewaytinook Okimakanak's (Northern Chiefs Council) Safe Water project provides real-time monitoring of water treatment plants in five First Nations in northwestern Ontario. It also provides support, training and certification for water plant operators.

The initiative was funded as a pilot project in 2015. Since then, three of the First Nations involved have been able to lift their boil water advisories.

A fourth community — North Spirit Lake First Nation — is expected to have safe drinking water in June after its water plant operator, Quentin Rae, 19, completes his certification through the program.

"Our experience has shown that building new infrastructure alone will not end boil water advisories," said Geordi Kakepetum, executive director of Keewaytinook Okimakanak. "Other elements must be in place to support both new and existing infrastructure, such as providing training and operational support to water plant operators, and monitoring water on a continuous basis."

First Nations leaders involved in the project are scheduled to meet with the regional director general of Indigenous Affairs Canada on May 9 to secure ongoing funding.

This spring's federal budget included nearly \$2 billion for water and wastewater infrastructure over five years to end boil water advisories in First Nations, which Prime Minister Justin Trudeau has committed to doing within five years.

Thirty-nine First Nations in northern Ontario are under boil water advisories, according to the most recent information from Health Canada.

Keewatinook Okimakanak says 14 First Nations, in addition to the ones it already oversees, are interested in taking part in the Safe Water project.

BOXER TURNED BAND COUNCILLOR WANTS TO HELP ELSIPOGTOG YOUTH

Professional boxer Nathan Millier now fighting for a rec centre on New Brunswick First Nation

CBC News <<http://www.cbc.ca/news/cbc-news-online-news-staff-list-1.1294364>>

A professional boxer turned band councillor is injecting new blood in the fight to save youth on the Elsipogtog First Nation in New Brunswick.

Before Nathan Millier was elected to council he had a record of 8-0-1 in the ring. Now Millier is dreaming of a new community recreation centre to help youth in the same way boxing helped focus his life — giving him discipline, integrity and pride.

He feels young people vandalise and fall into vices because of boredom and problems at home. Millier said boxing helped when he needed an outlet.

"The boxing gym was there to help me out," said the 25 year old. "It's a cheap sport, I got to let out a lot of aggression."

Millier started boxing when he was four years old. He still remembers hitting the heavy bag in the "dungeon" — the basement of the old town hall in Elsipogtog. Millier said the hall was lost to a fire in 1996.

Another boxing gym opened up when he was nine or 10, but that didn't last either. The owner moved back to Boston.

"As soon as that was lost, there wasn't really a lot for anyone," Millier said.

"I was young and foolish. I had a lot of anger built up. A lot of negative energy that I had to let go and I did it in all the wrong ways. Now I'm choosing to better myself."

Millier said his life was spiraling out of control because of personal and financial battles. He hit bottom when he ran into trouble with the law. He was 17 years old.

At 18, he moved back to Fredericton and found boxing again.

"It gave me pride in myself as well as being First Nations. I was kind of losing it at that age it was more kind of lost soul. I was a lost soul when I started boxing."

Boxing gave him purpose and now Millier wants the young people in his community to have that same opportunity.

Rec centre could be 'big win' for community

Millier was just elected to council in March. He's hoping to look at the community's problems with a fresh set of eyes.

"I have the whole community cheering for me and rooting for me and believing in me. I see that fresh point of view. Quite the honor for me to see and represent it."

"I think he's a great role model for our youth... he's staying away from drugs, alcohol," said Quentin Sock, a band member of Elsipogtog. Sock said Millier's plan for a boxing club and a recreational centre could be a safe space for the communities' young people.

"Some of the youth might need it because they feel they're trapped at home, because they're abused or bullied which leads to drugs or alcohol," said Sock.

>

> Millier sees a "big win" for Elsipogtog if it lands a recreation centre with a swimming pool, weights, and a track.

"If we had this, it would help the community in helping the youth with whatever they're dealing with at home, personal issues," said Millier.

Both Sock and Millier feel physical activity could help channel people's negative energy into something positive.

"If we could get them at a young age, we can help the kids out right now and our community could prosper," said Millier.

Although Sock admits there is already a weight lifting gym and a hockey rink on reserve, he feels a new facility could be an improvement. Sock thinks young people get intimidated in regards to lifting at the old centre, and the rink is always busy with its schedule.

Millier believes his dream is a few years off, and he sees it like a boxing match.

"We start off with these small jabs then we get big hits, like the grocery store, the pharmacy being built. That's a big right hand right there."

Although he has his new job as an elected official, Millier still trains twice a day, six days a week. And he's hoping to schedule his next fight in July, all while working with community members to better Elsipogtog.

"We need people looking forward and want the change for the community. It's going to take the whole community coming together to make that change."

DONALD TRUMP'S POCAHONTAS COMMENT DRAWS OBJECTION FROM CALGARY WRITER

Nicole Robertson critical of presidential candidate's remarks before North Dakota rally

CBC News <<http://www.cbc.ca/news/cbc-news-online-news-staff-list-1.1294364>>

A Calgary-based media consultant is making headlines and trending on social media after she shouted an objection to Donald Trump's use of the word Pocahontas to describe a United States senator.

Nicole Robertson, president of Muskwa Productions and Consulting, was in the audience when the presumptive Republican presidential nominee was speaking to the media before a rally on Thursday in Bismarck, N.D.

That prompted Robertson, who works to promote awareness about Indigenous peoples, to shout out, "That's very offensive, sorry."

"Oh, I'm sorry about that," said Trump, who then repeated the word several more times in reference to the Massachusetts politician, who has claimed to be partly Native American. "I think she's as Native American as I am, OK, that I will tell you," he said. "But she's a woman that's been very ineffective other than she's got a big mouth."

Pocahontas was a Native American woman who in the 17th century lived in what is now Virginia when English colonists had arrived in the New World. She converted to Christianity, married a white tobacco farmer and was presented to English society as a "civilized savage."

The word is now seen by many aboriginal people as a racial slur.

The fact that Trump seemed unaware of the word's power to offend suggests he is ignorant when it comes to Indigenous issues, Robertson told CBC News.

"He's coming from a very amateur perspective," she said. "There needs to be, full out, an apology, number 1. We, as Native American, Native Canadian women have gone through enough marginalization, victimization."

Robertson said her exchange with Trump has put her at the centre of a media frenzy as she continues to get interview requests from news organizations all across the continent.

"It has become a topic of discussion for all the major U.S. networks," she said.

While some of the reaction on social media has been racist and hateful, Robertson said most people have congratulated her for speaking out.

"I'm just so appreciative of the support," she said.

Robertson, who is Cree, says on her LinkedIn page she created Muskwa Productions in

part to help "First Nations in their communication strategies to create accurate representations of their news and events to educate and inform mainstream media."

She was in Bismarck working with the Mandan, Hidatsa, and Arikara Nation as its members attended the petroleum conference at which Trump was speaking.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TRIBAL STORIES

Both Grandmother and Grandfather have been credited with keeping stories alive. Many of the villages had a dominant person who, among other things, was the tribal story teller. A good story teller could keep a story going for several evenings by adding segments or chapters to it like our serials that keep going endlessly. The stories were not just for children but for adults as well. A good story teller kept his audiences's attention to midnight or into the early hours of a new day. Babies and young children fell asleep while the elders remained very attentive. The story teller was creative in his thinking and often got his subject in a real tangle from which it seemed that it would be impossible for his hero to extricate. Stories were the property of the person who created and told them. In 1952 I heard one of the Shay boys, who had returned from military service and was trying to start a new life, tell a group of visitors to Indian Island, Old Town, Maine, early Penobscot history. Later I heard his mother angrily tell her son that he should not tell a Big Thunder story. He had no right to tell it as his own story. Although Big Thunder had been dead for years, he was still the owner of the story. The young man would have to make up his own stories.

Sometimes at tribal gatherings the very creative minds of the story tellers were challenged in "Top This" informal programs. Such unplanned sessions caused mirth to the solemn ceremonies. There were stories that emphasized the strong fighting spirit of the tribe. Tales from the Colonial wars have come down stating the heroism and trickery events that made the Maliseet winners in the conflicts, quite different from the mid nineteenth century movies when the Indians never won.

Tales of the Mohawk Wars era were still popular in the mid twentieth century. It seemed that every story-teller had a piece from the Mohawk Wars. One such tale told by Maliseet in the mid 20th century was of a Woodstock hunter who was hunting south of the St. John River. Suddenly he became aware of a group of Mohawk warriors following him. He decided that he must continue running to Pokiok Falls, now a drowned geologic site due to the flooding of the Mactaquac Dam. The cleft in the bed rock of the stream, especially in the spring, wore down the rock to a considerable depth and it was at least 15 feet wide. The hunter reached the challenging gorge, looked down at a deep ravine with raging water billowing as fast as it could on its way to join the St. John. He had to make up his mind quickly since he could now hear the voices of his adversaries clearly. He hastily concluded that he must make a mighty effort to jump the roaring crevice doubting that any Mohawk would follow him. He completed the daring jump to safely quickly hide in the forest making sure that there were no Mohawk followers who would attempt to jump the gorge. He could then alert the rest of the tribe about the Mohawk's presence. As long as the water rushed through the gorge to the St. John it was easy to recall the heroic act.

Anyone could go and see what a tremendous challenge the jump would have been.
> The hero remains nameless so no family could claim relationship to the jumper. Every Maliseet could have the feeling that he, too, could have the confidence that his grandfather had when making the daring jump. Such stories could build up a bold confident spirit in the tribe's young men who would be the future of the tribe. The Mactaquac Dam project drowned this unique geologic creation that became a tourist attraction so that now it is no longer designated on road maps.

.....Nicholas N. Smith

DEAN'S DEN... Body (Umhuk), Living Things

Body (Umhuk)

I am your body (Umhuk)
Your body and soul
Take care of me
And keep me whole,
I am your brain (Wilitpan)
That runs the show
And stored in me
Is all you know,
I am your heart (Umsahon)
Your essence core
It is from me
Emotions soar,
I am your eye (Sisukw)
That lets you see
The world's sights
That pass through me,
I am your ear (Otchalkus)
That gives you sound
That lets you hear
All that's around,
I am your nose (Mitun)
That lets you smell
If it is bad
Or, if it is well,
I am your mouth (Umtum)
You talk, and eat
Your daily bread
Be it meat or treat,
I am your face (Sisukw)
Your features dress
I'm who you are

What you express,
I am your hand (Umpiten)
You grasp and hold
You touch and feel
You build and mold,
I am your foot (Sit)
I let you stalk
Or run and jump
Or simply walk,
I am your body
From head to toe
That lets you live
And grow ... and know!

D.C. Butterfield

Living Things

Living Things (Pemausuwikil)
Insects, reptiles, fish
All part of living here
All Creator's wish,
The salmon (Pulam)
Is a river king
A fisherman hopes
His luck will bring,
The slippery eel (Kat)
A gourmet's view
If done up right
And cooked on cue,
The lobster (Nusak)
Is an ocean treat
You crack the shell
To get the meat,
The brook trout (Skotum)
Is a favorite fish
Fried by the brook
A tasty dish,
And then, the snake (Athosus)
Glides through the grass
To give a scare
If we should pass,
Then too, the frog (Chukwults)
A vagabond
That darts and croaks
Down by the pond,
The bumble-bee (Amwes)

Busy, busy, as a bee
A lesson there
For you and me,
The black ant (Enikws)
Though awfully small
A model role
For one and all,
The butterfly (Amekes)
On painted wings
> Flits about
And beauty brings,
The spider (Amuhupek)
Spins a web so fine
A perfect pattern
To entwine,
The mosquito (Tchusso)
Is a summer pest
But plays a part
As do ... the rest!

D.C. Butterfield