

Volume 4 - Issue 1
October 2009

Implementing Indian Education for All

CONTENTS

Announcements & Updates

- 2 ♦ Call for Submissions
- 6 ♦ Browning Field Day Photo Essay
- 19 ♦ Laurel Summer Institute Photo Essay
- 21 ♦ Lolo IEFA Open Program Photo Essay

The Practice of Teaching

- 16 ♦ "The Power of Place" Dave Christensen
- 23 ♦ "Book Review: The Salish People
& Lewis and Clark" by Dave Christensen

Student Writing

- 12 ♦ "Crow Tribe in Stillwater County:
The Rosebud Crow Agency"
Columbus High School Sophmores
Emily Little, Jaymi Wegner, Nikki Carter, and
Mr. Casey Olsen

Words from our Writers

- 3 ♦ Building Cultures of Peace: Montana's Law,
"Indian Education for All" Heather E. Bruce
- 7 ♦ "Bearing Witness" Wendy Warren
- 8 ♦ "Hauling Hay" Kathleen A. Connelly Kipp
- 9 ♦ "Fishing" Janet Summerscales
- 10 ♦ "Observations" Kathleen A. Connelly Kipp
- 11 ♦ "Intolerance: Past & Present"
Kathleen A. Connelly Kipp
- 15 ♦ "The Struggle: Past vs. Present" Casey Olsen
- 20 ♦ "Laurel Education for All" Marcia Billadeaux
- 21 ♦ "Since I've Seen you Last" Wendy Warren
- 23 ♦ "And Rememeber" Marcia Billadeaux

Montana
Writing
Project

Teaching Writing in the Era of Testing
Submission Deadline: November 1, 2009
Publication Date: December 2009

In the last decade, testing and accountability have come to dominate education policy at the state and national levels. One common concern about the effects of such testing is that it reshapes teaching in the classroom. How have you reconciled the very real need to prepare your students to perform well on mandatory tests, while also helping them develop into competent writers? In your classroom, how have you reinforced the importance of writing and integrated, within your instruction, time to research, write, revise, discuss and rework writing pieces? How has the increased emphasis on testing influenced how you teach writing? Has it caused you to rethink any pieces of your teaching craft? What have you learned? What obstacles have you run into? What lessons or methods emphasize the skills that develop both fluent writers and competent test takers?

And as always, *The Montana Writing Project Journal* welcomes submissions for any of the following areas. There is always room for quality work that does not fit the categories or the current thematic issue.

The Practice of Teaching: As you work to teach writing, what methods get results? You might build an article from a demonstration lesson or a successful classroom unit. Reflect on what pedagogical practices have proven effective and share some ideas or strategies that we can put into play in our own classrooms. The length of the submissions for this section could vary wildly. They might be brief pieces of no more than a paragraph or two that outline a successful lesson, but they might also materialize as lengthier pieces that explain a whole unit and give some theoretical background or support for your work.

Fresh Insight: What is happening in education that you feel you must say something about? Use this as a forum to share your views on writing education. There are many things going on at the classroom level up to the national level that we as teachers are thinking about, wanting to change, or are hopeful or angry about. This is a platform to expand and articulate some of those ideas. What important issues are those around us (or are we ourselves) not thinking enough about?

Teachers as Writers: Amid the daily chaos of teaching, what personal writing have you been able to do? What are you ready to publish? What better way to encourage all of us to continue to be writers than to offer one another some of the work we are doing. Submissions of any genre are welcome.

Book reviews: What titles have you found useful when working on writing? Consider reviewing one of your favorite texts to give others an idea of the content and approach that they can expect from the author. We would be especially interested in fairly new releases with which others may not yet be familiar.

Original Photography: Share images from your classroom, professional development, or photos that complement any of your writing submissions. Images should be sent as jpeg image files with a resolution of at least 1200 by 1800 pixels. Anyone who appears in the photo should be identified, along with any other relevant caption information such as a brief explanation of what is depicted, the photographer's name, and an approximate date the photo was taken.

Announcements/ Upcoming Events: Please pass on any information about upcoming events, opportunities, or any other information that would be of interest and use to the Montana Writing Project Community.

Submission Guidelines:

- Send any submissions to montana.writing.project@gmail.com.
- Manuscripts are only accepted in digital form saved as an RTF, Mac Pages, or Microsoft Word file.
- Do not embed image files or diagrams in your text files. Please send them as separate attachments.
- In general, manuscripts should not exceed 2,500 words.
- Please list your name, address, academic affiliation, and e-mail address on your manuscript.

Building Cultures of Peace: Montana's Law, "Indian Education for All"

Heather E. Bruce, Director

Peace is the act of remembering. War is the act of forgetting; otherwise, we would not repeat the horrors of human suffering over and over again.... Peace requires actions of a different sort. The act of restraint. The act of listening. The act of compassion, to feel in one's body another point of view. Peace... is an act of the imagination offering us a path toward our highest and deepest selves.... Courage allows us to take those first brave steps toward a new way of being, a new way of seeing what we might become. For a community to embrace peace, we must first embrace each other.... [W]e can create a tapestry of peace together in the name of all that holds us in love as human beings. We can begin to live differently.

—Terry Tempest Williams, Foreword. *The Poetry of Peace*. (xviii – xix)

**“...telling
the
truth is
regarded
as a duty.”**

For the past several years, I have been working to understand theories and pedagogies of peace education in order to implement Montana's law “Indian Education for All” (IEFA) in my teaching, scholarship, and activism. I have been motivated in my work to emulate the parrhesiastical examples of Terry Tempest Williams. Foucauldian analyses of strategic Parrhesia, as practiced by Williams, have guided my activist attempts to quell the tide of rampant anti-Indian racism, which threatens to derail successful implementation of IEFA. To summarize in Foucauldian terms, “parrhesia is a kind of verbal activity where the speaker has a specific relation to truth through frankness, a certain relationship to his own life through danger, a certain type of relation to himself or other people through criticism (self-criticism or criticism of other people), and a specific relation to moral law through freedom and duty. More precisely, parrhesia is a verbal activity in which a speaker expresses his personal relationship to truth, and risks his life because he recognizes truth-telling as a duty to improve or help other people (as well as himself) (19). In “democratic parrhesia” – the speaker possesses those specific personal, moral, and social qualities which grant one the privilege to speak—and “uses his freedom and chooses frankness instead of persuasion, truth instead of falsehood or silence, the risk of death instead of life and security, criticism instead of flattery, and moral duty instead of self-interest and moral apathy. The parrhesiastes risks his privilege to speak freely when he discloses a truth which threatens the majority.... in parrhesia, telling the truth is regarded as a duty” (20).

Terry Tempest Williams is a fifth generation Mormon, a naturalist, a feminist, a recipient of Guggenheim and Lannan literary fellowships, an environmental and peace activist, a Utahn, a downwinder who has lost eight members of her immediate family to cancer, and a writer of great passion and beauty. Her work includes *Pieces of White Shell: A Journey to Navajoland*; *Refuge: An Unnatural History of Family and Place*; *Leap*; and *Red: Passion and Patience in the Desert*; and her latest publication *Finding Beauty in a Broken World*. Steeped in a life full of paradox and contradiction, Williams's writing merges recurring images of Utah's redrock desert, Mormonism, spirituality, the power of narrative, family, and the integrity of bodily experience into a constellation of ideas and values that establish a resonant poetics, politics and erotics of place so pertinent to understanding implementation of indigenous education for all. Williams' latest work, a bold and risky undertaking, weaves together a study of the art of mosaic with a case study of the endangered Utah Prairie Dog with her work as scribe to an international team who are dedicated to building a genocide memorial in Rugerero, Rwanda. In so doing, Williams speaks fearlessly (Foucault) to urge readers toward the unmistakable need to preserve and reconcile our relationship with our diminishing wild lands, to fight racism and speciesism, to mark a strong path toward peace.

Many scholars call Montana's constitution one of the most progressive in the nation. Ratified in 1972, it guarantees Montanans both environmental protections and human rights. Article X, Section 1(2), of this constitution says that the state “recognizes the distinct and unique cultural heritage of the American Indians and is committed in its educational goals to the preservation of their cultural heritage.” For 34 years, as Indian education specialists Denise Juneau and Mandy Smoker Broaddus report, “this promise was shelved in cupboards across Montana's educational landscape” (193) until 1999 when State Rep. Carol Juneau (Mandan/Hidatsa) shepherded a bill through the legislature that would become known as “Indian Education for All” or IEFA (Juneau & Broaddus, par. 10). IEFA established three primary objectives: 1) Every Montanan, whether Indian or non-Indian, is to

be encouraged to learn about the distinct and unique heritage of American Indians in a culturally responsive manner; 2) All school personnel should have an understanding and awareness of Indian tribes to help them relate effectively to Indian students and parents; and 3) The education system should work cooperatively with Montana tribes when providing instruction and implementing any educational goals.

Although passage of IEFA helped to ensure educational inclusion of the cultural heritage of American Indians and to motivate acquisition of books and materials that reflect historical and contemporary portrayals of American Indians, no funding was provided. A lawsuit filed by a diverse group of educators, known as the Montana Quality Education Coalition, sued the state claiming that the funding scheme for Montana's education system was unconstitutional; the Indian education provision proved to be the strongest part of the suit, which ultimately was decided by the Montana Supreme Court in 2005, who held that the state's funding of schools was indeed unconstitutional because it was not based on any definition of "quality" as the constitution requires. It ordered the legislature to define "quality" based on educationally relevant factors and then to fund that definition. The law now declares that, in order for schools to be able to state that they provide a quality education to their students, they must provide programs that "integrate the distinct and unique cultural heritage of American Indians into the curricula, with particular emphasis on Montana Indians. With this definition of quality, the legislature was required to fund IEFA (Juneau & Broadus). Since 2006, Montana has provided funding to the State Office of Public Instruction, which created a Division of Indian Education, for implementation of Indian Education for All. Implementation is guided by this division, which develops teacher-friendly materials and resources based on a set of "Essential Understandings" for IEFA and provides many opportunities for professional development regarding IEFA topics. The dual intent of Montana's constitutional obligation—Indian Education for All—is that Indian students will feel themselves welcomed when they see themselves reflected in their school hallways and curriculum, and that negative stereotypes will be replaced by an accurate understanding of Indian history and the federal government's

trust duty. (Juneau 3)

Despite the democratic intent of constitutional inclusion and the ethical obligations required by law, many non-Indian Montanans are hostile toward implementation of Indian Education for All. Under conditions of rampant anti-Indian racism, many Montana teachers—most of whom are non-Indian—are taking a "wait and see" attitude in hopes that funding will dry up and relieve them from what they see is a top-down "politically correct," yet utterly ridiculous mandate.

Anti-Indian racism is rampant in the western United States. Since I moved to Montana in 2000, I have witnessed many outrageous acts of both verbal and physical violence toward Native peoples in the state, which I have frequently encountered in writing project work. Examples are numerous and show no signs of diminishing. By way of limning the obvious, however, I point to an op-ed penned last spring by Jodi Rave, a reporter and columnist assigned to cover Indian country news and issues by her former employer Lee Enterprises, publishers of the Missoulian, western Montana's most widely circulated newspaper. Rave discusses the ways in which her work triggers prolific racist feedback, feedback which seems to follow a pattern of incivility: no signature, no return address and full of vitriol, such as this one, which arrived by post:

To: Jodi Rave

I cannot stand it. ONE MORE DAY!! How many front page articles to do with Indians? Oh my God...almost every day? Do I live in a city that is Mostly white or am I living on a Reservation and don't know it? Wait a minute...if I were on a reservation then I would get everything for FREE, guess I am in Missoula. I assure you, most of Missoulians do not give a crap if a tribe "adopted" Barack, or how the economy is affecting them, or all that other silly shit you manage to get on the front page. How about putting your stupid stories on the territory page once in awhile if you must. THEY ARE NOT FRONT PAGE MATERIAL!! ...

What is tomorrow's front page "How Native Americans wipe their ass?"

We have always known that discrimination has for the most part been anonymous and cowardly and it is no secret that the tangled issues of race and privilege in our society have come to a boiling point in the blogosphere where posts are shielded by anonymity and fueled by arrogance, ignorance and incivility. Witness this blogpost in response to Rave's column:

What's new? Jodi's been publishing this Indian-as-victim nonsense for years. And now it's being taught in our public schools at our expense and to the detriment of our children.

If you check the State of Montana licensing standards for becoming a CPI (Certified Professional Indian), you'll discover there's an essay requirement entitled, "Why White People Are Evil" (response on Natelson blog 17 February 2009 <http://electriccityweblog.com/?cat=1>)

Parrhesiastes interested in peacebuilding who speak fearlessly on behalf of full implementation of the promise of reconciliation inherent in "Indian Education for All" must take a position of critical dissent and debate in public discourse toward the discourses of anti-Indian racism so prevalent of the status quo in Indian country today. Speaking against racism, especially anti-Indian racism, is frequently met with denial, resistance and racist bullying and name-calling. Much of the latter fomenters in the form of laments that could be characterized as evident of so-called "reverse racism," which demonstrate ignorance about racism—a system of advantage based on race that benefits some at the expense of others—and white privilege—perceived advantages enjoyed by white people beyond that which is commonly experienced by non-white people in those same social, political, and economic spaces (nation, community, workplace, income, etc.).

Montana Writing Project has long taken exception to anti-Indian racism and advocated politically informed, anti-racist implementation of "Indian Education for All" through effective writing and literacy education for social justice that is both practical for teachers and sharp in analysis. MWP realizes that we are challenging the status quo. We offer a more robust and powerful definition of implementation of "Indian Education for All" than we so often see used. Adding in a book written by a Native American author or holding a school-wide powwow or inviting in a guest speaker to talk about Indians feels far safer to some because it uses the veneer of Native American inclusion to avoid more serious and painful realities of issues like racism and the ongoing colonial oppression experienced by Native people as a result of federal Indian policies today. Folks we have worked

with often wonder why we spend so much time and treasure focusing on Indian peoples when there are other “minorities,” who have also experienced discrimination and oppression, intending to celebrate difference while yet circumventing the more difficult issues of genocide, power and privilege. If we don’t examine these issues locally, there is no hope for change on a broader scale. We claim “Indian Education for All” specifically here at home in Montana, but our work is part of a larger, more serious struggle for social justice, a struggle that recognizes the need to fight against systematic racism, colonization, and cultural oppression that takes place through our schools. Montana Writing Project does not think we have all the answers; we think we have been asking important questions and engaging in study relevant to work that hopes to develop approaches following *Rethinking Multicultural Education* (Au, Milwaukee: Rethinking Schools, 2009: 3) to implementing “Indian Education for All” that is

- grounded in the lives of all our students and all Montanans, inclusively.
- draws on the voices and perspectives of Indian and non-Indian peoples.
- teaches through dialogue, reading and writing.
- critically supports all students’ identities and ways of knowing.
- embraces and recognizes the value of students’ home and historical languages.
- critiques school knowledge, knowledge that has historically been Eurocentric.
- invites students to engage in real social and political issues and problem solving.
- creates classroom environments where students can meaningfully engage with each other.
- is rigorous, and recognizes that academic rigor is impossible without it.
- connects to the entire curriculum.
- is rooted in an anti-racist struggle about which knowledge and experiences should be included in the curriculum.
- celebrates social movements and the fight against nationalism, xenophobia, and white supremacy.
- explores how social, economic, and cultural institutions contribute to inequality.

MWP believes that dissent and debate in public discourse depend upon the inclusion of those who maintain critical views of state policy and civic culture remaining part of a larger public discussion of the value of policies and politics. Recently those who voice views critical of the status quo, of the discourse of power, have been silenced with claims marking them as “traitors,” “terrorist-sympathizers,” “moral relativists” and the like. This practice produces a climate of fear in which to voice countervailing to those of power is to risk being branded and shamed with a heinous appellation. To continue to voice one’s views under those conditions is not easy since one must not only discount the truth of the appellation, but brave the stigma that seizes up from the public domain. Dissent is quelled, in part, as Judith Butler claims, through threatening the speaking/writing subject with an “uninhabitable identification.” Cast thus, one fails to speak or one speaks in throttled ways, in order to sidestep the “terrorizing identification” that threatens to take hold. This strategy quells dissent and limits the reach of critical debate through a series of shaming tactics, which have a certain terrorizing psychological effect and work by producing what will and will not count as a viable speaking subject and a reasonable opinion within the public domain. Montana Writing Project examines how teachers as parrhesiastes might employ resistance to “uninhabitable identifications” while developing discourses of dissent during implementation of “Indian Education for All” under conditions of rampant anti-Indian racism. In this volume, MWP teachers share work and ideas they have undertaken under the rubric of critically informed, anti-racist implementation of “Indian Education for All.” We trust that you will find work, which is “practical and sharp in analysis” and which helps to fulfill the promise of reconciliation inherent in Montana law, “Indian Education for All.”

Works Cited

- Au, Wayne, Ed. *Rethinking Multicultural Education: Teaching for Racial and Cultural Justice*. Milwaukee, WI: Rethinking Schools, 2009.
- Butler, Judith. *A Precarious Life: The Power of Mourning and Violence*. London: Verso, 2006.
- Foucault, Michel. *Fearless Speech*. Ed. Cambridge, MA: Semiotext(e), 2001.
- Juneau, Denise and Mandy Smoker Broadus. “And Still the Waters Flow: The Legacy of Indian Education in Montana.” *Phi Delta Kappan*. 88.3 (November 2006): 93-97. <<http://www.jstor.org/stable/20442216>> accessed 4 Nov 2009.
- Juneau, Denise. “Indian Education for All.” University of Montana Alumni Relations, 2002.
- Williams, Terry Tempest. *Pieces of White Shell: A Journey to Navajoland*. Albuquerque, NM: University of New Mexico Press, 1992.
- _____. *Refuge: An Unnatural History of Family and Place*. New York: Vintage, 1992.
- _____. *Leap*. New York: Vintage, 2001.
- _____. *Red: Passion and Patience in the Desert*. New York: Vintage, 2002.
- _____. “Introduction.” *The Poetry of Peace*. Ed. David Krieger. Santa Barbara, CA: Capra Press, 2003.
- _____. *The Open Space of Democracy*. Great Barrington, MA: The Orion Society, 2004.
- _____. *Finding Beauty in a Broken World*. New York: Vintage, 2009.



Jim Johnston points out the historic and the current boundaries of the Blackfeet Reservation to Columbia Falls teachers during an Open Program field day.



The school Brenda Johnston's mom, Phyllis, attended on Little Badger Creek.



Phyllis talks about her school days as teachers gather at the corner of the old school.

Browning Field Day Columbia Falls Open Program

photos by Bob Warren



Phyllis Connolly



Writing at the site of historic tipi rings.

Bearing Witness

Wendy Warren

Because I am just learning to listen—really listen—I write as fast as I can as Joe speaks, not wanting to miss an important fact. My excuse is that I'll probably be sharing this story later, and I want to get things right. At the time, I really thought that was true. Looking back, if I'm being completely honest, I realize this must also be a way I try to detach—to take in the facts and not the emotions, engage my brain instead of my heart, as Joe tells the story of great tragedy and subsequent cover-up—the murder of over two hundred Blackfeet women, children, and male elders by the U.S. army.

We are close to the site, but not on it, which makes it easier for me to disengage. This land, which was for many in Heavy Runner's band, their last view of this world, is privately owned by a non-Native rancher. The owner had always permitted Blackfeet people to visit the site, not here where we are, but on the actual ground where the victims fell—to honor their ancestors who died here, especially on the January anniversary of this event. That has all changed, however, in the last year, as the landowner has decided he wants to sell these few acres of land, here in the middle of his ranch, for a couple of million dollars. So, the site is now gated. Apparently even this place of tragedy has a price. We drive up a short, bumpy access road to the gate, and sit in a small patch of grass nearby.

Joe's story is not well-known, even among many in the state of Montana, where we, a group of teachers associated with the Montana Writing Project, sit today. Because in addition to the generational trauma caused by forced assimilation, this story adds a new burden, born, at the moment, primarily by the Blackfeet people—born by families like Joe's.

History seems far away from today's world when you read it in a book. Yet history is simply the story of people's lives. Events of the past impact the present. This story is no different.

Joe begins to speak, although clearly it is painful. He is talking about members of his family, people who were murdered. I use that word thoughtfully, carefully, even though the U.S. army recently told a historian that is not a word they will use to describe this incident. But what else is it but murder when innocent people are shot? Heavy Runner, the leader this band, Joe's ancestor, was the first person gunned down, even as he held a piece of paper in his hand guaranteeing peace for his people. The paper had been signed after he reluctantly agreed that his band would follow the mandates of the government, spelling out where and how they could live, heavy with the knowledge that this was the only choice possible. All he wanted was for his people be allowed to live out their lives in peace. And even that proved to be impossible.

Joe says he can't tell this story often; it becomes poison to him. He doesn't want to be bitter, full of anger. And as I hear the story's details, I begin to understand. Because it makes me angry, on so many levels. I am angry at the murder of innocents. I am angry that the government, my government, awarded the soldiers involved Congressional Medals of Honor. I am angry that not only has there been no apology; there has been no acknowledgement of these murders, as if their deaths didn't matter. I am angry that I haven't been taught this truth.

Joe has learned to be resilient, to be able to put away his anger and sense of loss. We can all learn this from him. And, as painful as it is, he has come to believe that hope for the future comes from sharing these stories with teachers and with children. It is that hope that brings us together today, in this place.

I am thinking about these things as Joe talks, and suddenly he stops and looks up. Together, we watch a truck slow and turn onto the narrow access road on which we sit. "Uh oh," I think. "Is this the landowner? Is he going to ask us to leave even our place on this side of the gate?" And again, I'm angered that people could be kept from this place, making it even easier for us to look away, pretend it never happened, so we don't have to talk about it, teach about it, humble ourselves as a nation.

Instead of being nervous, as I am, Joe says, "I hope it is the landowner. Then we can find out what he's really thinking, and ask if we can go down there. It would be good to talk with him."

The truck pulls up beside us. A young man climbs out, nods hello, and opens the gate. Joe asks if he owns this land. He grins and says no. He says he is going to take care of the sheep. Joe says, "Do you think it would be okay if we go down there?"

The man nods his head, smiles again and says, "I think so." When the truck passes through, we notice he leaves the gate open.

Joe finishes his story, I close my notebook, and we jump into the bed of Joe's pickup. I ride next to Moriah, Joe and Kathy's daughter, a young woman soon bound for college in San Francisco. I look around at the beautiful river break, the rippling prairies. "Soak it all in Moriah, so you can take it with you." She nods. She's way ahead of me. It's clear that's exactly what she's been doing for a very long time. She isn't really leaving; this will always be a part of her; this land and these stories.

A short way down the dirt road, we stop where we can walk down a bluff to a level piece of ground overlooking a sharp bend in the Bear River, renamed Marias by Lewis and Clark. Earlier in the week, we had heard an elder explain that Blackfeet don't write their people's history on paper. Instead, it is written it on the land that is a part of them, often with stones arranged to form circles or medicine wheels. We are about to witness one of those places.

We descend a steep path, noticing that the prickly pear is in bloom. Delicate pink flowers dot the dry hillside. And then I see the rocks. Two hundred and fifteen stones in a circle, one for each of the male elders, women and children who died in the Bear River Massacre. Each rock is distinct, unique. Despite my light words about finding hope in blooming flowers, I am overwhelmed at the sight of the rocks. Each becomes a person. Their spirits are here. I touch them, expecting to find a beating heart. No longer shielded by my notebook, no longer guided by my brain, my heart takes over. I am overwhelmed. I begin to sob. I move away from the group, into my silence. Joe smudges to purify himself, and enters the circle, tucking tobacco under some of the rocks in offering. He invites us to join him and we do, one at a time, smudging and then circling in the same direction. I move slowly, touching rocks occasionally. They are warmed by the sun today; they live and breathe.

Silently, we move out of the circle, and spread out—each entering our own hearts to contemplate what happened here and to pray. No other response is possible.

On this land soaked in human blood, it is only possible to think with your heart. The air is still, the silence broken by occasional songs of meadowlarks and the bleating of sheep. The story seems so cut and dried in the few history books that mention it at all, when your brain is processing the information. It is possible to remove yourself then, as I did by taking notes as I listened to Joe.

Sitting on this hillside beside the stones, my heart takes over as I try to imagine that frigid January day. The healthy men were gone, hunting in the Sweetgrass Hills. I can see in the distance from where I sit, rising over the sharp rim of the river break. I look again into the river valley. The lodges would have been arranged in a circle, each one facing east. The older men, women and children would be inside, near their lodge fires, many sick with smallpox.

The U.S. army troops would have appeared suddenly. Heavy Runner knew they were looking to avenge the death of Malcolm Clark, a Helena rancher. He knew it was not his band they were looking for. He came out of his lodge, grasping a piece of paper. He was in the right place, on Blackfeet land. The soldiers were the trespassers here. A fur-trader turned scout told Baker, the colonial in charge, that he could tell by the lodges that this was Heavy Runner's band. Baker decided one band was as good as another, and ordered his troops to open fire. Heavy Runner was the first to be murdered as he stood in front of his lodge. By the time the shooting was over, fifteen men and two hundred women and children had been killed. The few survivors, hiding where they could, were left to die. The soldiers killed the horses they didn't take, destroyed the food, burned the camp. I could almost smell the smoke, feel the ashes as they fell from the sky. Two hundred and fifteen stones.

As we sit in the warm summer sun, bearing witness to this place, a gunshot sounds. Our heads turn as we look to each other, our eyebrows raised in question. We smile, trying to cover our fear, shrug and return to our thoughts. The Sweetgrass Hills rise in the distance, over the rim of the carved river canyon. Again, my heart imagines how the hunters must have felt as they came over this rise, joyful at the thought of sharing meat with the camp, only to find the charred remains of their lodges and the bodies of people they loved. Joe's great grandfather, Takes Gun at Night, was eleven years old. He was there, witness to this crime. He survived by running for his life, up a coulee, and hiding in a tree. Joe carries the name of the fur-trading U.S. Army scout who adopted that eleven year old boy, now suddenly orphaned in the space of less than an hour. It is almost beyond imagining.

A group of white ranch buildings is the only sign of human habitation this day, sitting about where the returning hunters might have appeared. Another shot—it seems far away, but loud. Where could it be coming from? I begin to feel more on edge. Should we be running up the hill—running for our lives? The peace I felt a few moments ago shatters. With a third shot, we decide it is time to leave. Enough shots have been fired here for a lifetime. We walk slowly up the steep hill, dirt slipping under our feet, rising above the circle of rocks, the bend in the river, the story we now carry with us.

The telling of this story is a gift, we realize, of love

somehow sown from the ashes of hate. It comes through Joe, from his ancestors who died here, from the earth that absorbed their blood, from the rocks that now speak. They cry out for justice, demanding that their story be told. I have learned something here today. I have learned to listen to the land—to listen with my heart. This gift has been given in trust. I carry it with me now; it will be a part of me always, to share with my students, and all who will listen to those who can no longer speak for themselves.

Hauling Hay

The red tractor roars
on and on
Working like a tireless ant
Picking up bale after bale
The red tractor roars
on and on
Moving like a robot
Roll, grab, lift, stack
But wait,
there is the rancher
Working the gears
and the steering wheel
What is his reward?
He observes the summer sun so
bright—
Making rainbows of color on his
glasses
And grasses growing in the hay field
Glistening green.

By Kathleen A. Connelly Kipp

Fishing

Janet Summerscales

“Joe wants to take you fishing,” was Kathy’s simple explanation to our queries about where the day’s field trip would take us.

It is the middle of the second week of the Montana Writing Project Advanced Summer Institute in Browning, Montana. I am with a group of teachers joined in the common goal of writing to have our voices heard and to broaden our understandings with respect to Indian Education for all (IEFA). The group is co-facilitated by Kathy Kipp and Wendy Warren whose gentle leadership has started us on a voyage. Each week we have spent time learning from each other and from tribal members who share with us their extensive knowledge of the Blackfeet Nation. The writing that I have so far been able to create is a documentation of my experience, encouraging me on my journey.

However, hearing the plan for our latest outing causes me to grit my teeth; fishing is NOT one of my favorite pastimes. I wonder what fishing could possibly have to do with writing or IEFA but remind myself to keep an open mind. At this point I have spent enough time with Montana Writing Project to know that I must be flexible; that things are not always what they first seem. In fact, things are rarely what they appear to be on the surface if you take the time to reflect upon the experience.

The weather had begun to take a turn for the worse and by the time we arrive at Joe and Kathy’s ranch all my illusions of splashing in the cool river as a respite from a hot sunny day are shattered. We gather, shivering, in the garage. My secret hopes that our river foray would morph into a cozy fireside chat are also dashed as Joe offers me a pair of giant waders and size fourteen fishing boots. I briefly consider declining the offer, thinking that if I don’t have the gear I can’t possibly be expected to fish, but the north wind gusts and reaches into my bones. Childhood experiences have taught me the value of an added layer for warmth. I clamber into the waders, feeling like I did once when I was ten and tried to borrow my dad’s overalls. Having secured the extra-large boots to my feet as well as I can, I do my best to walk from the garage. The thought crosses my mind that clown training might have gone a long way toward helping me know how to maneuver the boots.

Clad in waders and a borrowed farm coat, I clunk through the woods behind my eager-to-fish writing project colleagues. My awkward walking warms me and my journey begins to morph. Lori and Lorrie (fellow Writing Project participants) share their knowledge of edible and medicinal wild plants as we walk and Lori’s grandson charms me from my doubtfulness with his three-year-old wisdom.

Arriving on the shore of a bend in Cutbank Creek, a fishing pole is thrust into my hands and Joe draws me closer to the bank. He shows me a few casts, points at a streamer on the opposite bank and tells me to, “Go get ‘em.” I clutch the awkward, ten-foot-flopping-pole-with-its-own-consciousness and begin my attempt to replicate Joe’s casting technique. I quickly become completely absorbed in ensuring that the giant yellow grass-hopper attached to the end of my line doesn’t snag bushes or humans while at the same time trying to place it somewhere on the water. In the background I barely register his encouragement to other writing project participants to keep a keen eye out because

this is a great place to find bones... “They just wash up.”

Unspoken agreement guides many of us to gather on a pebbly bank. Comfortable, light-hearted chatter gradually turns to the many complex stories that have kept us enraptured for many days now. Joe begins to share; I relax into the day, sprawled on my back ready to absorb another history lesson. Instead I hear, “Are those bones?” Joe’s convincingly genuine question causes me to crane my neck around. I recognize a lower jaw bone casually resting on the far bank. My eyes sweep the bank and see many other bones resting obviously on the clay. Bright, angular bone contrasts dramatically with the smoothness of river stone and dark brown earth. The river has cut into the bank and dislodged an ancient buffalo graveyard.

Splashing and stumbling my way across the river, I cry out enthusiastically, “Yeah it’s bones! See there’s a shoulder blade, and another jaw bone.” I did not yet catch the twinkle in Joe’s eye. Joe and Wendy cross to join me and we start pulling at bones that are still firmly encased in clay. Joe asks a few gentle but provoking questions, and an archaeological dig ensues, unearthing rich discussion about the ancestors of the land, their hunting techniques and introspective reflections about the significance of this site.

Standing at the bank, delving into the thick clay of the past, my hands soaked in a river of ancestral tears, my feet literally grounded by the suction of river mud, I begin to fish. I am casting into my heart, asking myself to breakdown my textbook ideas of history. I am fishing to build understandings, to trench a place in my soul for the people of this land. My catch is a sense of responsibility for the injustices committed by the American government against the Indian people and a need to become a part of the healing process, no longer a part of the problem. I am fishing to reach beneath the surface of my culturally imposed oblivion, and to capture glints of courage that will help me to share my learning with other resistant non-fisher people.

I might end the story here, sweetly reflecting upon the power of relationships to bring about soulful change within one’s self. Indian Education for All is about tolerance, acceptance, understanding, trust, truthfulness, and the ability to reflect upon and question my own beliefs, then shift my thinking to allow for change. It is about revealing the knowledge of government cover-ups, societal denial, fear mongering, the official oppression of rich cultural and spiritual understandings, the genocide of people who knew what it meant to belong to the land, the un-civilization of an already civilized land. It is about allowing the seed of these frightening understandings to germinate in my heart. It is about anger and fear growing into generosity and love through the building of relationships.

I might end the story with my own declaration of pride. A shout to all who may hear, “I’ve done it! I’ve made the shift.” a self congratulatory statement that would serve no other purpose than to halt my learning and relay the foundation for the few walls that I have torn down.

I might, but this is not where the story ends.

With Joe’s encouragement and expertise, we begin to excavate an enormous buffalo skull from the riverbank; reveling in the freedom bestowed upon us by the mud on our hands and in our hair. I feel like an explorer. I am part of an

archaeological expedition team sent out to discover an ancient buffalo processing site. I wonder at the miraculousness of the moment; how could this site have evaded so many people before us? How unbelievable that Joe is seeing this site for the first time when it is in his own backyard...wait a minute...how unbelievable...This was a set up! Joe picked this spot with the intention of creating this moment. Not for the purpose of creating our individual experiences, but with the intention of opening a window of discovery. With the intention of providing us with fishing poles to cast into ourselves.

The problem was that I was too focused on the plastic grasshopper to notice. I had been fishing just a few meters upstream the entire time. I even waded across the river to free my grasshopper from a hungry bush and still did not notice the seam of buffalo bones that now seemed so obvious. Without a forceful shove I was not able to see or understand what was gently offered to me. The metaphor does not escape me.

Text books have taught me the names and dates of historical events, sometimes even with a one-sided narrative. I have learned about ecological processes, become familiar with the common and Latin names of the flora and fauna of the western plains and Rocky Mountains. But in knowing

these details I have overlooked the depth of experience and understanding that is not only possible but necessary for real knowledge.

The truth is written upon the land. Stories of resiliency, determination and courage of the Blackfeet sit gently upon the prairies and wait patiently to be recognized. Stories of murder, starvation and cruelty that have scarred the memories of the people are burned into the rocks and covered in a blanket of denial. The Blackfeet people have always been here to guide our understanding to help us see and understand these stories. We just haven't wanted to hear them.

I am not the only white person in American history who has looked at the land and not seen the stories. Countless government policies have advocated blatant disregard for the spiritual, cultural and ecological understandings of Native American people. Dominant American culture continues to suppress and deny the truth while at the same time becoming increasingly disconnected from the land. Indian Education for All asks us to re-look at our understandings of this amazing country, our land, our history, and for many of us, for the first time, see the truth. Indian Education for All calls us to go fishing: to view America, both historical and contemporary, as an experienced fisherman sees a river, looking above and below the surface.

Observations

Oh, here I am, basking in the sunlight,
my senses are awakened...
the scent of sweet pine...
I spy the long toes track (grizzly bear) in the soft ground,
now a siks-siss-sah (moose) stepped near here.
The ground squirrels are frolicking in the grass.
Walking up and up, one more hill, to the point.
So-o windy, but I spot a perfect bed of kinnickinick.
I sink to the ground relaxing.
It's my querera – a safe place, of homeland and survival.
The sun is warm, but then wind keeps me from getting too warm.
Chief Mountain – dazzling grays with a spattering of snow banks
and blue sky framing the top and sides.
My eyes travel down
The fallen mountain side disrupts the landscape,
presenting chaos to the surrounding scenery,
giving the illusion of a giant game of pick up sticks.
If I was a photographer, I would snap photographs
If I was a painter, I would paint portraits
If I was a singer, I would compose a song
But as a writer, I make an attempt to show the mountain with words
And as a Native, The Mountain is a part of me.

By Kathleen A. Connelly Kipp

Intolerance: Past and Present

Kathleen A. Connelly Kipp

**“I who used
to be so
embarrassed
when my
mother
would speak
up to people
who made
assumptions
about
Indians.
Now I feel
voiceless.
Why can’t
I have my
mother’s
strength
and voice?
[...] Creator,
help me as
I step onto
the ice and
use my voice.
Kommitahni
(help us to
survive).”**

My daughter and I are camping here at the four-county Marias Fair— Glacier, Liberty, Pondera, Toole, and Blackfeet. Somehow that doesn’t add up to four. My daughter has spent the year preparing her projects; a market steer and an independent project of her choosing, which was composing a song.

As I sit here in Shelby, Montana, not far from the (Bear River) Marias River, site of the terrible annihilation; I mourn for the babies, children, women, and elderly men’s lives that were taken. The Baker’s Massacre was not really a massacre. A massacre is two groups at war. It was not. It was a cruel game of, “you Blackfeet follow the peace rules, but the U.S. Army will make up their own rules.” Call it by the correct term-- murder, genocide, extermination. Who is to blame? The military? The government? The farmers and ranchers? The settlers, miners, and businessmen or all of them? The so-called Baker’s Massacre has been covered up over the years. Baker’s untruthful report stated that one-hundred twenty Piegan warriors were killed. Sah!

The intolerance continues. I encounter racist remarks at the Marias Fair. Once while working in the food booth, an older male person made a comment about squaws cooking. (Squaw is a derogatory term referring to female genitalia.) I ignored the remark and continued dishing up food. Then I heard of an incident that occurred at one of the barns. While Blackfeet 4-H members were cleaning pens, an adult barn supervisor said out loud, “There are just too many of you Blackfeet kids here.” Just this year, July 2009, my daughter and I were waiting for our meal at the food booth when the men at the same table began discussing the Blackfeet business. “The BIA is being run by the Blackfeet and not doing any better job. Oh, and did you hear that they built a school worth millions, but didn’t have water for it. Why don’t they just go over the hill, they have water running all around them?”

I sit and say nothing. Is it good for my daughter to see me stay silent? I feel like a coward not protecting my child from the bad talk. Silently, my spirit has taken another wound. I who used to be so embarrassed when my mother would speak up to people who made assumptions about Indians. Now I feel voiceless. Why can’t I have my mother’s strength and voice?

While writing in my notebook, sitting back in a canvas folding chair in the shade at our camp, another racist comment was being said. This time my daughter had gone to water and check on her steer. Then she sat on a rail, quietly texting. She heard some men moving panels around the corner of the steer barn. One said to the others, “Did you notice that the steers raised by white people are superior to the ones raised by the Blackfeet?” I know this is untrue, as my daughter raised the grand champion carcass for 2008.

My daughter is a fifth generation survivor of the Baker’s Massacre. Her relative, Chief Heavy Runner ran a peaceful camp. He was not silent the morning that he held up his peace papers and walked onto the ice of the Marias River (Bear River) and said, “I am Heavy Runner. I have many sick ones in the lodges. This is a peace camp. I have no quarrel with the white father.” Boom! A shot is fired. Heavy Runner is killed. The mass murdering began. It was a one-sided affair. The sickly camp was unarmed. Many Natives were shot in the back as they ran for their lives. One of the survivors was Takes Gun At Night, an eleven-year-old boy and son of Heavy Runner. Takes Gun At Night was adopted by Joe Kipp, a half Mandan, half white trader. He was given the name John Kipp.

Several weeks after the Marias Fair, I was at the Montana Writing Project advanced institute on the Blackfeet Reservation flipping pages of *Teaching Tolerance* magazine. The quote by Marianne Williamson jumped off the page. “If we do not like what we see in the world, we must face what we don’t like within ourselves. As we change, the world will change with us.” So, I hope and pray for myself to become a brave person by using the Nisitapi (Neeseetahpee) or Real People virtues of kindness, honesty, sharing, and strength. Creator, help me as I step onto the ice and use my voice. Kommitahni (help us to survive).



Chief Plenty Coups, here wearing the ceremonial headdress he left at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Washington, D.C. (Jim Annin collection, Museum of the Beartooths)

This article was researched and edited by: Emily Little, Jaymi Wegner, Nikki Carter, and Mr. Casey Olsen.

It was compiled through research conducted by: Isaac McNally, Chelsea Holden, Jordyn Brown, Austin Dayton, Pat Davis, Ethan Shevela, Billy Baker, Jessica Brophy, Alex Milne, Tim Yeager and Ryan Reilly.

This is the third in a series of local historical articles written by Casey Olsen's students at Columbus High School during the 2008-09 school year. Part One is entitled: The History of Crow Country and Part Two is Columbus and the Crow Reservation: The Shaping of Stillwater County

Special thanks to Mrs. Norma Glock (CHS librarian) and Mrs. Penny Redli (director, Museum of the Beartooths).

"Crow Tribe in Stillwater County: The Rosebud Crow Agency" Columbus High School Sophomore English Class

One hundred and twenty three years ago Stillwater County was the headquarters of the Crow Tribe. The footprints of their history here still remain.

In 1868, what is now Stillwater County was part of the Crow Indian Reservation. Following the second Fort Laramie Treaty of 1868, the Crow tribe and the U.S. government established the first Crow reservation. The boundaries of this reservation followed the Yellowstone River from Gardiner to Livingston, then Livingston to Hysham, establishing all land south of the Yellowstone to the Montana/Wyoming border as Crow land and covering large portions of present-day Park, Sweetgrass, Stillwater, Carbon, Yellowstone, Bighorn, and Rosebud Counties. Although small in comparison to their original territory, the Crow were able to reserve a large amount of their land in the form of this reservation through partnership, cooperation and alliance with the United States Government.

Also in 1868, the first Crow agency was established on Mission Creek, a short distance from Livingston and a stone's throw from the present-day I-90. In 1874, Indian agent Dexter Clapp pressed Washington, D.C. to move the agency further east in order to find suitable land for agricultural pursuits and to put space between the Crow and the traders at Benson's Landing near Livingston with their corruption and whiskey. The government likely approved this move, not just for Clapp's reasons, but for the reports of mining opportunities in Paradise Valley and throughout the Beartooth mountain range.

By 1875, the headquarters of the Crow tribe was relocated to the Rosebud River, two miles south of present-day Absarokee. The town's name comes from the Crow tribe's name for themselves—Absarokee, Absaroka, or Apsaalooke; which means "children of the long-beaked bird," a reference to an apparently extinct bird that once resided in Kansas and Nebraska and closely resembled a jay or magpie. Early French explorers in the 1800's mistranslated this word to mean "Crow" and the name stuck with white men. The official name of the Beartooths also bears the tribe's name—Absaroka Beartooths. Because Crow is an oral language, there are multiple phonetic spellings of the name Apsaalooke.

Clapp and the Crow built a compound on the Rosebud site from clay bricks that included an infirmary, schoolroom, kitchen, storerooms, and quarters for the agent and doctor. A vegetable garden grew within the compound and the land around it grew potatoes and hay. An adobe village lined the western side of the agency stockade and housed Crow people. The Crow dug roughly three miles of irrigation ditch to water their crops, and this ditch emptied into the creek that passes by the site. A slaughterhouse was erected near the creek with the irrigation ditch flowing through it to clean the meat and wash tools. The creek nearby later became known as "Butcher" Creek because of this slaughterhouse.

At this new agency location, the Crow endured a host of hardships. Measles and scarlet fever ravaged this group of people who had already suffered much during the smallpox outbreaks of the early 19th century. Also, the Lakota (Sioux) held the Crow in contempt for complying and aiding white men (traders, military and settlers along the Bozeman Trail which passes through Stillwater County). Beginning in their days at Mission Creek, the Crow tribe and their agents experienced repeated attacks on their people, their buildings and their livestock. These raids only increased after the move to the Rosebud Agency that placed the Crow even closer to the Lakota, which perhaps hints at ulterior motives in the relocation.



Early photo of the Fort Parker agency around 1871 with Sheep Mountain in the background (Smithsonian Archives)

In late 1875, the Sioux left their reservation because they were outraged by the intrusions of the white people into the sacred Black Hills. The Sioux then gathered in the Little Bighorn Valley in Montana with Sitting Bull after forming an alliance with the Northern Cheyenne and Arapaho. From this location on the Crow Reservation (near present day Crow Agency), they launched their raids on the Rosebud Agency (south of Absarokee), causing Agent Clapp to report to his superiors, "As long as they are harassed and driven from point to point, there is no use in asking them (the Crow) to settle down and farm." While waiting for word from Washington, Clapp issued the Crow people bullets and carbines from the agency stockpile to protect themselves and their property.

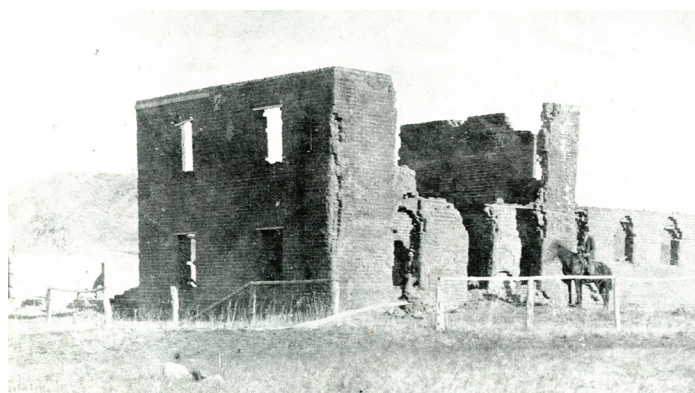
One particular local story related to the Sioux raids on the Crow agency is the death of "Mexican Joe." Mexican Joe tended a cattle herd near the agency that provided beef to the tribe. During one attack raid on the area, a group of surveyors took cover after the reported sighting of Sioux in the area. While under cover, they heard gunfire from down a nearby valley. Out of fear, they waited until the following day to investigate the valley, where they found Mexican Joe laying dead in a creek-bottom. Mexican Joe Creek is located between Whitebird and Bever Creeks. Our class was unable to verify for certain whether or not Mexican Joe was Jose Trujillo, also known as Joe Hill—another namesake for that area, and a man known to have lived on Whitebird Creek. What we have found seems to suggest that they were not the same person.

In March of 1876, Clapp again pleaded with Washington to intervene; not surprisingly then that spring, the Army embarked on a campaign to remove the Lakota, Northern Cheyenne, and Arapaho from the Crow reservation that would ultimately lead to the Battle of the Little Bighorn in June of that year. Five Crow warriors from the Rosebud Agency served as scouts for General Custer during this battle.

On June 25th Custer found a village about 15 miles away from a group of what he thought was 40 Sioux warriors. Ignoring orders to wait, Custer decided to attack this little village before they could alert the main party. When they reached the village Custer realized that he underestimated the warriors in this village. In fact, the warriors in the village numbered three times Custer's strength, causing him to break his army into three groups. The brutal fighting continued for hours and Custer was quickly surrounded. He ordered his men to shoot their horses and stack them to form a wall. But it provided little protection from the Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapaho bullets. In less than an hour, Custer and his men were killed in possibly the worst U.S military disaster in history.

After a lengthy campaign by the U.S. Cavalry, the Crow reservation again returned to Crow hands, and the years that followed are marked by a concentrated effort by the government to turn the Crows into farmers. A few Crow made money selling hay they had raised at the agency to local ranchers off the reservation. In 1882 Captain Henry Armstrong, an army officer on temporary assignment to the Office of Indian Affairs, took over as agent for the Crow. Less than six months into his duties at the agency, Armstrong put in for a relocation of the tribal headquarters to the Little Bighorn Valley, describing the land there as better for farming than the Stillwater Valley.

Also in 1882, in response to pressure from squatting settlers and miners in the western portion of the reservation,



The agency compound in ruins in 1895. Incoming settlers used the bricks to construct their own homesteads.

the federal government with Armstrong as its voice pushed the Crow to let go of a large portion of their land from Livingston to Big Timber, including nearly all of the Absaroka-Beartooth mountain range north of the Montana/Wyoming line. After much discussion and debate amongst Crow leaders at the agency, the tribe agreed to the sale of the land to the government for \$1 per acre.

The following year (1883), Jack Nye arrived in the area surrounding the town that now bears his name. He and his partners discovered "an immense lead of copper-bearing ore 630 feet wide..." and "traced it across two forks of the Stillwater for a distance of fifteen miles..." This led to the incorporation of the Stillwater Mining Company in 1884 by Jack Nye and his partners, later to be bought out by the Minneapolis Mining Company. Nye and the others who would follow him believed the area to be included in the land purchased from the Crow in 1882.

In that year, Armstrong was successful in his efforts to relocate the Crow to the Little Bighorn Valley to establish the permanent Crow Agency. Nine hundred Crows from the Rosebud Crow Agency were marched to the Little Bighorn by Armstrong and a group of armed soldiers. Many historians agree that Armstrong's arrival and appointment served to prep the Crow for this relocation and the coming land cedings. For his efforts, Armstrong was given a lake and the land surrounding it on East Rosebud Creek. This lake was known as Armstrong Lake and later as East Rosebud Lake. For this reason, the land around the lake remains presently in private ownership.

The 1885, allotment calculations showed that if 2,500 tribal members each received a 160 acre homestead, only 50% of the 5 million acre reservation at that time would be needed for Crow use. The rest would then be open to white settlement. Agent Armstrong was convinced that allotments would "save great trouble, annoyance, and discontent within the tribe by giving every Crow an opportunity to make his home his castle in every aspect." By 1886, most of the inter-tribal animosities were gone and the Crow and the Sioux began establishing friendships. But in September, Sioux Chief Sitting Bull, much to the dismay of the federal Indian agents, came to the reservation to encourage the Crows to fight off any efforts towards forced allotments, according to a Billings Gazette editorial from that year. Allotments were filled from east to west, leaving much of Stillwater, Carbon, and Yellowstone counties open to whites.

As early as 1880, white squatters began to set up small livestock operations inside the reservation on the forks of the Rosebud and Stillwater. According to a first-person historical account found in the archives at the Museum of the

Beartooths and written by Bob Hudson who was a self-described squatter near Nye in 1886, most of the squatters were encroaching on Crow land in order to have the best claim to themselves as soon as the government successfully bought the land. "We were waiting for the reservation to be surveyed," he wrote. While the eventual purchase of Crow land was legal, the encroachment of squatters on Crow land was not.

To fight this intrusion, many Crow began to run down and kill the squatters' cattle herds grazing on the reservation. In retaliation for this act, Hudson describes visiting a Crow camp with a fellow squatter from the Fishtail area to secretly spread meatballs laced with strychnine that killed many dogs in the camp, "...and as we rode over the hill we heard a sharp howl, followed by another and another until it sounded like all hell had let loose." It bears noting that this band of Crow that Hudson describes camping on Rock Creek and on the Stillwater at Nye were from the same tribe who Armstrong told his superiors in Washington did not want to be on the western portions of the reservation, which gave him his justification for the move to the Little Bighorn. Based on remembrances from settlers in the Columbus and Absarokee areas though, historian Jim Annin wrote that the Crow women cried as they marched out of the valley behind Armstrong. Annin also wrote that many of the white settlers who had come to know the Crow people at the agency joined in the shedding of tears during the departure.

In the struggle for control over their own land, the Crow convened



The present-day view of the Fort Parker site on Mission creek (Casey Olsen photo)

several meetings with Armstrong and the agents who followed him to block the government's attempt to accept bids on behalf of the Crow tribe for grazing permits. The Crow instead wanted to choose the cattlemen that they would allow to graze on the reservation themselves. One of the two names that the influential chiefs wanted to grant grazing permissions to was Nelson B. Story of the Park City area. Plenty Coups in particular wanted Story to have this permit because Story had been providing the agency with beef for the three previous years. Plenty Coups' proposal was granted.

A smelter was built in Nye City in 1887, the town was in a boom, and observers were referring to it as "the new Butte;" however, in 1889 government surveyors notified the miners that their claims fell inside the Crow reservation and were not part of the 1882 land ceding. Mining ceased, but in 1890 the government began talks with the Crow to sell all lands west of Pryor Creek. With game dwindling on the reservation and government "weekly" rations only lasting three days, the Crow leaders agreed to the sale, legally opening Stillwater County to white settlers.

Following the move from the Rosebud Agency to the Little Bighorn, two key pieces of legislation in Washington, D.C. affected the land in what would become Stillwater County formerly belonging to the Crow people.

The Dawes Act, approved on February 8, 1887 as "(a)n act to provide for the allotment on lands in severalty to Indians on the various reservations," emphasizes severalty—the treatment of Native Americans as individuals rather than as members of tribes. This allowed for the president to break up reservation land, which was held in common by the members of a tribe, into small allotments to be parceled out to individuals. One particular flaw in Senator Dawes' plan was that the reservation provided no room for the population growth on these now sovereign Native nations.

The Homestead Act of the 1890s brought the prospect of free land and independence for white settlers and added a great incentive for people to settle lands in the West. People homesteaded in the Stillwater County area between 1892 and 1913. The Carey Land Act made it possible for the individuals to obtain 320 acres by living on it for seven months each year for three years. Between 1900 and 1920, over 1,300 farms, mostly dry land, comprising nearly 670,000 acres were established in Stillwater County.

These moves by Congress allowed former fur trader, turned Crow agent, turned controversial trading post owner Fellows D. Pease to claim the land on which the Rosebud Crow Agency was constructed for his own.

But, as historian Frederick E. Hoxie said, "Theirs was not a journey into oblivion." Today, the Crow tribe retains a large portion of land that is located within their original territory. From the foundation set by visionary Crow leaders like Plenty Coups and Robert Yellowtail, the modern Crow tribe is taking an active role in the development of their own mineral resources to ensure their people, their culture, and their land remain sustainable.

For further reading we recommend:

Parading Through History: The Making of the Crow Nation in America 1805-1935, by Frederick E. Hoxie.

They Gazed on the Beartooths: Vol. 1-3, by Jim Annin.

Plenty Coups: Chief of the Crows, by Frank B. Linderman.

The Crow Indians, by Robert Lowie.

"Muddled Men have Muddled the Yellowstone's True Color," article by Mark Brown from *Montana Magazine*, 1961.

Little Bighorn College Library place names database: <http://lib.lbhc.cc.mt.us/placenames.php>



Laura Flanshal looks through a rifle loophole at the old agency wall south of Absorke (Jim Annin collection)

The Struggle: Past vs. Present

Casey Olsen

I teach the student who hides his Cherokee blood behind the auspices of a year-round tan, but let's leave the past in the past. He struggles with reading, has difficulty passing math class, but can write if I incorporate conferencing and revision time into my class periods, but let's leave the past in the past.

He qualifies to receive extra help, some support, just like the white kids who share his battle daily with the written word and algebraic equations, but his mother won't put him in that program to receive that label on top of the ones he hides because his uncle got stuck in special ed, and his daily battle with being Indian and special ed in an all-white school along with all the other angst of high school life became too much to bear and he took his own life and his family blames special education and the labels that come with it and for that reason Billy can't get any extra help, can't get that safe place to struggle, and I gotta say I understand where they're coming from, but let's leave the past in the past.

My school secretary and counselor sit in the office during my prep hour during school hours and flip through the reservation sections in the phonebook to laugh at the names, reading them back and forth, "Oh, that's hilarious—wait, wait, this one's better," but let's leave the past in the past.

My colleague across the hall has a student sharing Indian jokes in the back of the room, one after another after another, and does my colleague stop it? No, she tells ten of her own in front of the Cherokee student who hides his blood, in front of a Micronesian student who writes later how appalled he was in an anonymous blog post, and in front of the young girl with white skin who hides that her father is Native, but let's leave the past in the past because that stuff never crops up today. Never plays a plug nickel's worth of give a rip.

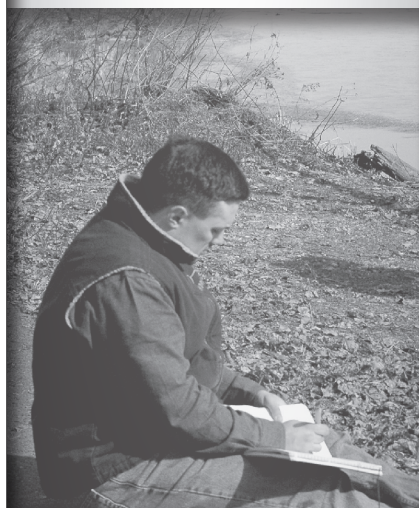
Not applicable whatsoever...

because when I ask my team's bus driver how he's doing at a basketball game against Lodge Grass where I just happen to run into him, his answer is, "I'd be great if it weren't for all these stinkin' Indians," as we stand in the concession line crowd, and I look back at him and say, "Watch your tongue, asshole, you're in Crow Country," but let's just leave the past in the past.

In my classroom I teach social justice, and I pass out an action continuum of intolerance I picked up from Dr. Bruce at the summer institute last year, and I respectfully asked students to pick where they think they fall on that continuum, are they actively participating in intolerant jokes? Taunting others? Are they not actively participating but silent when they witness someone else's intolerance? Are they taking a stand? "And it doesn't matter where you're at people, just choose the one you feel comfortable with, circle it then use it as your prompt, spend some time in your notebook." And then, as always, it's trust the process, Casey. Trust the process.

And we share, and big moments of realizations spread across the room without judgment, until Nathan raises his hand to share and he begins with "I'm a racist. They might not be red, but they're redder than I am." And I bite my tongue. "Thank you for sharing," I say. Trust the process. Trust the process. And with thirty seconds left in the period, I sit down at my desk and catch a glimpse of him passing the action continuum back and forth with a student next to him, giggling. I slide in at their table and intercept the pass, and on the left side of the continuum beyond "actively participating," he's written in the word "Jew" inside a circle with a slash through it, and he's written "Heil Hitler!" and drawn a swastika and has the terms "racist bastard" and "white power" written out...and he's circled them all. And it's funny to him; and it's funny to his neighbor.

But let's just leave the past in the past because we're all okay here in the present.



Casey Olsen teaches high school English in Columbus. In 2009 he was also the co-director of the Montana Writing Project Summer Institute in Laurel.



Columbus High School students at Sacrifice Cliffs. (Shannon Neibauer photo)

The Power of Place: Connecting to Identity

Dave Christensen

Beginnings

"A long time ago . . . all over this land the people's medicine was put here . . . It was good! Their home life was good, they were growing up in a good way, the children of the long-ago people. The land was clean, the air was clean, everything was good."

— Mitch Smallsalmon, 1978.

Every year, in preparation for the fourth Friday in September, teachers in our district are required to submit lesson plans for teaching Indian Education for All – on that day – so for state reporting purposes, documentation of teaching about Native Americans can be submitted. My eyes roll and I whine in my mind thinking “what the heck”! I riffle through my goodie shelf and pull out Heather Cahoon’s poetry collection *Elk Thirst* so that I can read “St. Ignatius.” Today seventh graders will begin mapping their neighborhoods as a prewrite for connecting their lives to important places. St. Ignatius is an important place in Heather’s life.

At the same time I grab *Seventh Generation* so I can find a piece called “1968” (this time I wrote down the page number so I can find it more quickly) to use with a quote about image and identity for my eighth graders who are beginning to look more closely at themselves through writing, reading and artwork – the mandala.

I have also begun to select a variety of pieces I find critical for my 7th grade students to read so they understand more clearly who the Salish people are today through their past – connecting identity and importance to place. I AM weaving IEFA into my curriculum. I’m not gonna artificially slip something into the day on a fourth Friday in September just because. Now, which lesson plan should I grab and submit for that day?

The importance of particular places and cultural identity to the Salish are inextricably entwined in oral histories and cultural lives. To begin understanding the importance of place and identities to the Salish people, non-native people need to understand how their own lives and identities are linked to important places, how the stories of their lives are tied to place. Once that connection has been made, they can begin to understand the ways in which place influenced the lives of the Salish of the past and continue to influence the Salish of today. “Only when we understand the heritage of the land, and are able to interpret that heritage does a real sense of place become possible,” (Leslie et al 61).

An overarching question I have for my teaching about place is “How do I get students and teachers to experience place on the heart level?” Through looking at the “inner landscape” of our lives and the “outer landscape” of place my hope is to tie together the common threads of place connecting the Salish people to non-native people, both groups deserving of honor and respect.

In this article I share only one beginning piece that helps students understand the importance of place in their lives. Only later does the connection to Salish lives take place after more reading and writing about themselves and the Salish people.

Setting the Stage

“The earth is our historian; it is made of our ancestor’s bones. It provides us with nourishment, medicine, and comfort. It is our source of our independence; it is our Mother. We do not dominate Her, but harmonize with Her.”

— Salish Culture Committee

Montana Indians

Way before any readings and understanding about Salish culture begins, I begin to help students experience place on that heart level. I use the poem “Pardon Me” as a prompt, encouraging students to take a line for a walk or write without stopping about whatever comes to mind when telling the story of their lives.

Pardon Me

Pardon me, if when I want
to tell the story of my life



Dave teaches language arts at Lolo Middle School. He is also the co-director of the MWP Missoula summer Institute. This spring he participated in the Implementing IEFA Open Program MWP facilitated in in Lolo.

it's the land I talk about.
 This is the land.
 It grows in your blood
 and you grow.
 If it dies in your blood
 you die out.
 – Pablo Neruda

After about three and two-thirds minutes, I invite them to share what they have read not only to give their voice an audience, but to allow some stories of their lives to be recognized and acknowledged by others – build that important community of sharing where we are “in it together”.

This piece allows for a natural segue into the importance of landscape – the places in our lives where important happenings take place or root us. We can simply teach our students about important places to the Salish, but it does not do much more than create a tour feeling for them. However, by creating that shared connection between the importance of places in our non-native lives to the importance of places in the Salish people's lives and history and culture, we begin to build the bridge of understanding between the two cultures – it makes the learning that much more connected, that much more real, that much more important.

Neighborhood Map

“I have learned that what I have not drawn I have never really seen, and that when I start drawing an ordinary thing I realize how extraordinary it is, sheer miracle: the branching of a tree, the structure of a dandelion's seed puff.”

– Frederick Franck

The Zen of Seeing

Children tend to remember happenings centered around sensory details – fear, loud noises, tastes and smells that are associated with a place. Adults tend to generate memories associated with places when looking at photo albums, talking with family and friends. Bill Roorbach originated the idea of drawing a neighborhood map (Lambert 35). Tapping back into the memory to locate the layout of streets, where friends lived, special places, the way to the candy store, or secret paths to school opens up a plethora of writing possibilities. “The physicalization of a memory, trying to remember a time by remembering the places of that time, places you traveled through on a daily basis, a neighborhood, a house, a room, usually leads quickly to events, events that are rich with the kinds of meaningful inspections that make good stories,” (35).

I explain to the students that they will choose an important place in their lives, large or small, and draw a map of that place labeling locations, naming memories that come to mind. I projected one of my personal maps from my Elmo to the SmartBoard and told the stories of that place. Only after the second go round did I realize I had an expletive used as a subject noun and deftly added a chunk of post-it note to cover for the third class!

Students partner share important places in their lives for one minute each – talking without stopping, naming as many places where important events, memories good, bad or ugly took place. Then they select one of those with compelling stories – sufficient numbers of stories to tell. I use a technique borrowed from Heather Bruce who borrowed from Patricia Smith – fast connections to memories – triggering memories.

Students get the place rooted in their minds eye visually and we begin to use the “trigger moments” to make more explicit

the physicalization of memory. The list can be modified to suit the assignment needs, but the basic tenet is to quickly name the trigger and students write out what is triggered in their memories about that place with little to no think time. Triggers I used were as follows:

- sound
- outdoor game
- image
- conflict
- regret
- prevalent smell
- neighborhood character
- physical hurt
- time you couldn't stop crying
- time you couldn't stop laughing
- the no-go zone
- gathering place
- when you were frightened
- when you were taught something
- when you taught someone something
- something was lost
- something was found
- small moment with family member
- when you were sick
- when you were successful at something
- made a new friend

I allow about 4 seconds – a bit long – but at the beginning of the school year, seventh graders are still, for the most part, trying to remember where their pencil or pen might be, much less remember if they have paper to write on, so they need an extra second!

The intent of the trigger moments is just that – trigger moments in their lives in that particular important “neighborhood” place for which they will draw a map. Doing so also helps those who have a more difficult time remembering what happened in various locations on the map or are less visual than other students.

Generally, speaking, I like to allow students the equivalent of one 45 minute class period and one night's homework expecting quality of thought evidenced through the labeling of locations and naming of memories and addition of colour to spice up the map and help make it pop visually. Students share the stories of that neighborhood in small groups, again building community through revealing their lives to others and beginning to prewrite a story they may choose to put to paper.

Students choose the most compelling story from the map to write for whatever reasons they may have and get that best-effort piece on paper – the piece that will be tinkered with to make it stronger using a variety of strategies I teach them (another article entirely). That first draft is then shared with the same group with whom the map was shared so that they not only form an initial writing response group, but get a sense of where the writer is going with the piece and celebrate that story from their life.

Once stories have been revised sufficiently based on my goals for teaching writing, the class forms a circle and we conduct a read-around. Everyone reads his or her life piece, continuing to build the sense of community and connectedness to one another through our life stories which are connected to place. Then the work of reading about Salish lives and place begins so that we can draw the parallels between the cultures. Additional explorations into students' identities through naming

and writing are explored and connected to Salish lives and culture. And so it goes . . .

Annotated Bibliography

Bigelow, Bill, and Bob Peterson. *Rethinking Columbus: The Next 500 Years*. 1st ed. Milwaukee: Rethinking Schools, Ltd., 1998.

Rethinking Columbus is a collection of Native voices, primary source documents, Native poetry and articles that span over 500 years of impact that Columbus' arrival had on the Americas. Readings, teaching lessons and enactments for elementary through secondary school are appropriately situated to provide native perspective on the events that have unfolded over the years and affected native tribes. Contemporary, environmental as well as historical issues are explored. A particularly rich section of resources, books, curriculum materials, videos, websites and organizations finalize this book.

Christensen, Linda. *Reading, Writing, and Rising Up: Teaching About Social Justice and the Power of the Written Word*. 1st ed. Milwaukee: Rethinking Schools, Ltd., 2000.

Linda Christensen is an amazing woman with a heart for social justice and the power of the written word to build community, release personal demons, and empower student voice. Through the writing and conversations in her class, the myriad of activities whose stories are brought to life, Christensen works "to create in a person the ability to look at the world for himself, to make his own decisions," (vii). She advocates a curriculum of empathy – putting students inside the lives of others. "By writing interior monologues, acting out improvisations, taking part in role plays, by creating fiction stories about historical events, students learn to develop understanding about people whose culture, race, gender or sexual orientation differs from theirs. This is imperfect and potentially dangerous, of course, because sometimes students call forth stereotypes that need to be unpacked," (6). That is why building community is a thread that runs through all of her writing assignments – to help get inside others' lives and demythize stereotype. Christensen provides the depth of rationale for teaching about social justice and makes known that words are power and words can change lives – her writing assignments do just that.

Josephy, Jr., Alvin M. *Lewis and Clark Through Indian Eyes*. 1st ed. New York: Alfred Knopf, 2006.

Lewis and Clark Through Indian Eyes is a response to the lack of native voice in the history of the west. Specifically, nine Indian writers, historians and tribal executives were asked to respond to the following: "What impact, good or bad, immediate or long-range, did the Indians experience from the Lewis and Clark expedition?" (xvii). Uncensored, sincere writing of tribal history and traditions paints an accurate native perspective on the native history as it relates to the Lewis and Clark expedition.

Lambert, Joe. *Digital Storytelling: Capturing Lives, Creating Community*. 2nd ed. Berkeley: Digital Diner Press, 2006.

Lambert provides a comprehensive recipe book for digital story telling. Not only does he provide the back-story of how he came to digital story telling, he provides the reasoning behind telling our stories – the importance of stories in our lives. Especially appreciated is the well laid-out manner in which he approaches how to tell story from the scripting process to storyboarding and digital design. The many applications of digital story telling is explored which is a useful buffet from which to choose – especially when giving student choices as to the type of story they may wish to tell. Four conversations with those who use digital story telling helps the reader understand others' context for integrating story telling into the curriculum. An extensive appendix provides rich resources for moving forward with digital storytelling in the classroom.

Leslie, Claire Walker, Tallmadge, John, and Wessels, Tom. *Into the Field: A guide to Locally Focused Teaching*. 3rd ed. Great Barrington, MA: The Orion Society, 1996.

Into the Field provides processes for teachers to use with students cross curricularly, engaging them in the landscapes and cultural history of their communities. Teaching writing as a means to understand place, field journaling and sketching important places in the landscape, and connecting students with the ecological and cultural heritage of their communities form the framework from which teachers can borrow and adapt to classroom and field-trip use.

Momaday, N Scott. *The Way to Rainy Mountain*. 1st ed. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1969.

Momaday reveals the importance of Kiowa culture and spirituality through story. Each story is told through three voices: the ancestral voice of his father and the voice of Kiowa tradition, the voice of historical commentary, and Momaday's voice – personal reminiscence. This unique presentation offers a full picture of the Kiowa story.

Montana Office of Public Instruction. Montana Indians: Their History and Location. Division of Indian Education: State of Montana, 2007.

OPI offers glimpses into the history of tribes in Montana by reservation areas as well as the contemporary status of tribal members. A chronology of dates is provided to trace events and government policies impacting tribes and tribal members.

Salish-Pend d'Orielle Culture Committee and Elders Cultural Advisory Council Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes. *The Salish People and the Lewis and Clark Expedition*. Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press, 2005.

The Salish-Pend d'Orielle Culture Committee and Elders Cultural Advisory Council Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes have gifted us with rich glimpses into the Salish world prior to 1805 and their people's encounter with the Lewis and Clark expedition. Through the telling of Coyote stories, Salish oral history and the voices of Salish Elders, we are given the opportunity to come to a better understanding of the Salish today through the Salish of the past.

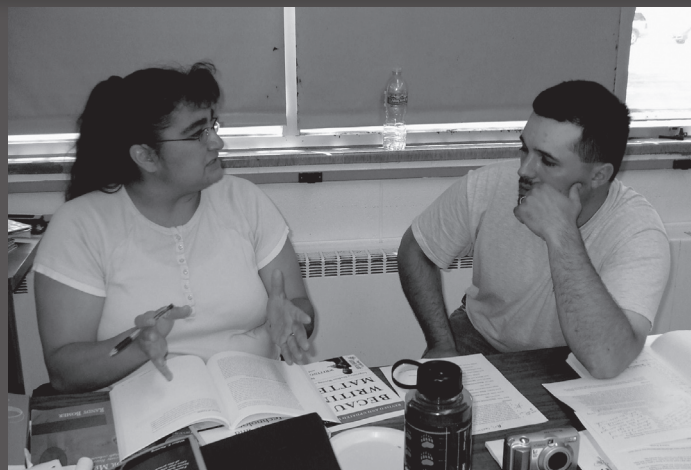
Laurel Summer Institute photo essay by Marcia Beaumont



Brenna Sundby (Big Timber) is enjoying sharing with Carri White (Joliet). Brenna was the Assistant Co-Director at the Laurel Summer Institute 2009.



Lisa Condon (Laurel) deep in thought.



Casey Olsen (Columbus) listening to Kim Sorkness-DeCock (Broadview) explain her reality. Casey served as Laurel's Co-Director.



Shelley and Lisa R. showing Brent Scott (Laurel, Co-Director) what height they think Pryor's Little People are. It doesn't appear that he believes them!



Laurel participants settling in with lunch (and some unwelcome wind!) during their marathon to the Pryor community on the Crow Reservation. In addition to this break among trees in Pryor Gap, other stops included Plenty Coups State Park and Museum and the Pryor Creek Battle site.

Laurel Education For All

Marcia Beaumont

When I first married, back in the seventies, we would bring my husband's grandmother to Laurel to purchase whatever grocery items she was unable to get in Pryor or Edgar. She shopped only once a month. Mae Sun Goes Slow dressed in the old way wearing short rubber galoshes over her plain high top moccasins, a cotton calico dress, a wide leather belt, an elk tooth necklace, a plaid woolen shawl for warmth and her thinning grey hair in braids.

The Laurel residents would gawk or ignore her as she walked the grocery store aisles. Any conversation necessary would be directed towards my husband and me. Most clerks hadn't been taught the fact that all money is green nor did they practice the value of respect for elders.

Our own Plenty Coups Warriors traveled to Laurel each year for the district tournaments back in the 80's and 90's. I really disliked going to Laurel. It was always so crowded in their gymnasium and we'd wait in line forever to purchase tickets that were priced too high. The school parking lot was littered with trash and their public restrooms always needed cleaning. I will never forget the evening that I watched as Myrna Spotted Bear took her purse and swung it at several Laurel High students. They were definitely students because they were wearing letterman jackets. Myrna is a very mild-mannered middle-aged woman. Myrna never looks for trouble. I can't recall ever hearing anyone have an unkind thing to say about Myrna. Yet, there she was, nearly assaulting some students with her purse. What conclusion could anyone draw? Those boys must have pushed her beyond frustration. I imagine they taunted her by name-calling our team or worse.

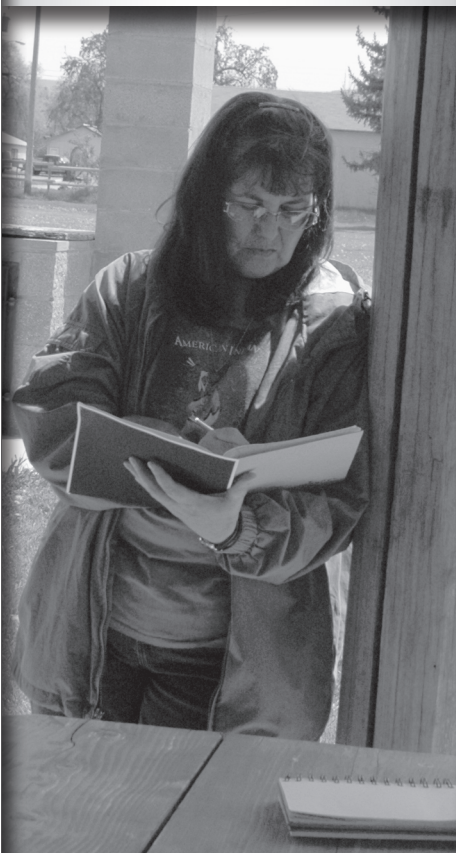
More recently I went back to the Laurel gym for another ball game. This time it was a Class A contest and I thought it was time for me to let go of those old judgments I'd been holding onto against the people of Laurel. The gym was still hot and crowded, but this time they at least sold their own Locomotive bottled water in the concession stand. Well, wouldn't you know that it was served refreshingly cold, but it was the worst water I had ever tasted!

So, that is my limited experience with Laurel. It's all been negative and I've been holding on real tight to my memories, stereotypes and misconceptions. Imagine how frightened I was when I drove into Laurel for my first meeting this spring with the Montana Writing Project Summer Institute – Laurel "leadership". I was afraid that the Laurel Locos might break into my car and steal my valuables. Finding out that Brent Scott, co-director, actually lived in Laurel made me very cautious of him. He might be one of those that drinks too much or starts trouble with innocent old ladies in the bleachers. Brent really seemed nice enough but he probably couldn't be trusted if he gets together with two or more Laurel residents. My feeling then was that I would try to work with him, but I would watch for any circling of the wagons.

All of that kind of thinking leads me to the need for Laurel Education For All. I stopped by the Laurel Wal-Mart after the Summer Institute yesterday. The parking lot was clean, the store immaculate, but they were selling alcoholic beverages. I found myself thinking that I just might continue shopping in Laurel. I almost like it here. Brent hasn't stolen anything from me yet. He hasn't asked me for money or even come to class under the influence. He seems nice enough as do all those Laurel teachers.

More background knowledge will help me determine if Laurel is worth inquiring into further. Are there still things about the town that I don't know? If I can give up all those beliefs I have about Laurel and their Locomotives, I just might be a better person for it. Coach Condon invited me to a fall football game in their new stadium. What is the worst that can happen? I think I will attend, sitting with the Laurel fans, as research. Honestly though, I won't be drinking their water.

Laurel Education For All? Yes, a little education and some accurate and authentic experiences can go a long way in this big state of ours.



Respectfully written by Marcia Billedeaux Beaumont in July of 2009. Marcia is a Blackfeet educator and Montana Writing Project Teacher-Consultant living among the Crow people in Pryor and working for the Billings Schools Title VII – Indian Education Program.

IEFA Open Program at Lolo Middle School



Teachers from Lolo gathered for four Saturdays, from January through May, to work together to find ways to smoothly incorporate IEFA into their existing curriculums.



Dr. Angelica Lawson, from the University of Montana, was one of the group's presenters. One of the discussions she led focused on Indian stereotypes in film.



The Lee Metcalf Wildlife Preserve was one of the stops during the field day exploration of local sites important to Salish culture and history.



Cathy Hebert makes use of her writing and reflection time.

Since I've seen you Last Wendy Z. Warren

Since I've seen you last,
I've watched my friend's mother grieve
As she shared her story
Of being incarcerated in a boarding school
Near the Blood Reserve
For the crime of being Indian.

"There are things
I will never speak of," the mother said,
"Things I will hold in my heart forever."
I watched her daughter, my friend, listen,
as her mother spoke.
"I was mean to my kids, as they were growing up,"
she continued.
"I mistreated them. I wanted them to be perfect,
Just as I was expected to be, at the school.
I hate myself for all the things I did, as a parent."
I would have been a different person if I hadn't
Gone to that school."

Since I've seen you last,
I've travelled to the foot of Chief Mountain,
To honor what is sacred,
Watched a man pray by a sweat lodge
Built last summer with his dear friend.
Speechless,
He was trying to find words for us,
All the while looking for George,
No longer on this earth,
He is with him here still.

Since I've seen you last,
I've visited a place
Where the U.S. government
Knowingly allowed people
To starve during the winter of 1880.
Camped up and down Badger Creek
Near the Old Blackfeet Agency,
Once again believing false promises,
Now that the buffalo were gone,
More land stolen,
Crops failed.
Six hundred buried there,
Despite the agent's pleas to Washington,
To the "Great White Father,"
The protector
In this land of the free.

Since I've seen you last,
I've descended a hill
Prickly pear in bloom,
Making light-hearted comments
About hope in the flowers
Until caught off guard,
Weeping, as two-hundred fifteen stones,
Arranged in a circle,
Came into view.

The place was difficult to find
Purposefully hidden from view,
Murder,
Here on the banks of the

Bear River,
Male elders, women and children
Lost,
Taken.
We smudged and entered the circle
Looking closely at each stone,
Each life.
I touched them,
Expecting to find a beating heart.
Warmed by the sun this day,
They live and breathe.

Since I've seen you last,
I've come to a new understanding of
The power of place.
It matters where you write.
I am told the soil transmits messages,
If we attend where each foot falls,
Of lives lived here
Of lives living here still.
It changes what comes through your pen.
I am beginning to believe.

Since I've seen you last,
I've ridden New York City subways,
In a land transformed by man
Listening for the sounds
Of the soil beneath,
Seeing only the lives on the surface,
People who have traveled from one world
To another
Carrying their own histories,
The stories of their lives,
Hiding them in brick and stone
Lest they be taken from them,
As so much else had.

Since I've seen you last,
I've met two young men
Tutsi survivors from Rwanda,
In New York City
On a brief exchange
Sharing their stories
The day before they
Were due to fly back
Home
To the devastation,
To an unknown future.
Instead, they fled,
We heard,
The next day,
To Canada,
To an asylum
The U.S. would not grant them.

Since I've seen you last,
I've heard the stories of
Irving, Gisela, Marion
People forced into camps of death
For the crime of being Jewish.
Looking for those they'd lost,
While smoke and ash
Rained pieces of flesh
On their faces, their hair.

No longer on this earth,
Their loved ones are with them still.
"I wanted to attach myself to a star
And fly away," Gisela said.
"All those feelings I carry with me forever."

Shabbat service
In a New York City temple.
Irving is there, after Auschwitz, a miracle.
Beside him, a place
Where his brother Bondi
Should have stood.
Reaching through that empty space
The fingers of his hand intertwined
With those of his new love.
"I'm a human being," Irving had said,
"I must live and love."
If I hate, they were successful.
If I hate, they have won.
We must find a way
To reconcile
With one another.
That is the only solution."

Since I've seen you last,
I've visited another temple.
Hudson, Ohio, the site of a celebration
As my beloved niece became a Bat Mitzvah.
Tears rolled down my cheeks
As she sang Hebrew scripture in her pure, clear voice,
A living testament to reconciliation
Her life, her faith, also a miracle.

Since I've seen you last,
I've heard stories
Of life, of death, of resilience
From survivors
Of Nazi genocide
Of Rwandan genocide
Of American genocide.
I've looked into people's eyes
And wept.

Because of these experiences
I'm a different person
Than the one you knew,
When I've seen you last.

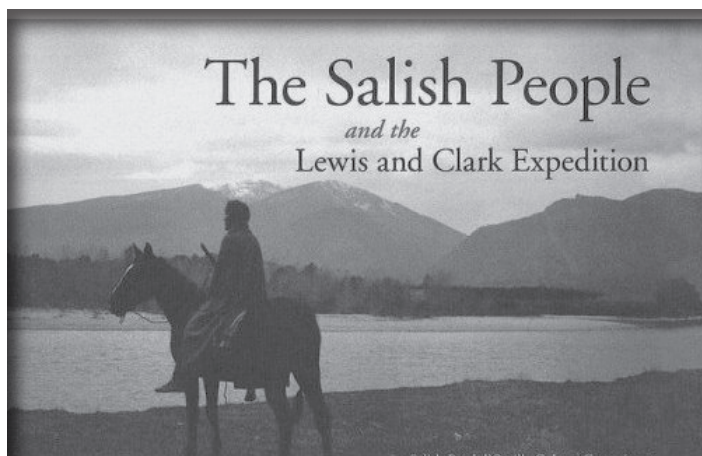
For I have received the gifts
Of people's stories.
The telling has not been easy;
What else could they be, but gifts of love
Somehow grown, over a lifetime,
From the seeds of hate?
I carry them with me now,
As I hold in my mind's eye
The eyes, the hearts
Of the people who have told them.

They are gifts that have been given in trust.
It is up to me to pass them on
With the same spirit of generosity and love
In which they were given.

Book Review

Dave Christensen

Salish-Pend d'Orielle Culture Committee and Elders Cultural Advisory Council Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes. *The Salish People and the Lewis and Clark Expedition*. Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press, 2005.



The Salish-Pend d'Orielle Culture Committee and Elders Cultural Advisory Council Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes have gifted us with rich glimpses into the Salish world prior to 1805 and their people's encounter with the Lewis and Clark expedition. Through the telling of Coyote stories, Salish oral history and the voices of Salish Elders, we are given the opportunity to come to a better understanding of the Salish today through the Salish of the past. "In telling our own story, our biggest task is to provide readers with a deeper understanding of the cultural and historical landscape Lewis and Clark were traversing as they passed through the mountains and valleys of western Montana in 1805 and 1806," (xiii). Hence, the book is divided into two sections – Part I: The Salish World in 1805 and Part II: The Salish Encounter with the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

Part one begins by establishing the origins of the Salish through creation stories and segues into broad sweeps of time through the voices of three Salish elders who situate Lewis and Clark within the historical context of the impacts on native peoples occurring as a result of Columbus's arrival through the General Allotment Act of 1887. "All are examples of the gradual non-Indian invasion of Indian lands and of the arrogance and violence of the Doctrine of Discovery, the claiming of someone else's land, as Mitch Smallsalmon says, merely by planting a "flag in the ground," (11).

The section "A Salish Journey Through the Bitterroot Valley" is a cultural geography trip highlighting the importance of place in the lives of the Salish people. Photographs, Coyote stories, and the voices of Salish Elders bring us right to the cultural, spiritual and historical importance of those places – "the tribal way of life and the tribal relationship with the land," (35).

Part two, although briefer, begins by relating the changes that altered the landscape of the Salish people's lives and ways of living and transitions into the Salish perspective on the arrival of Lewis and Clark from many different Salish

people. Oral histories relate miscommunication on both sides resulting from a lack of knowing one another's ways of being and causing both confusion and conflict. "... the Salish thought the expedition members must have been in mourning, since their hair was cut short," (91).

"Lewis and Clark in the fold of Tribal History" tells of the after effects of the journey – the coming of the Blackrobes and the Salish relationship with the Blackfoot and Nez Perce. The history behind the removal from the Bitterroot from the Salish perspective reinforces Pete Beverhead and Mitch Smallsalmon's stories at the beginning of the book "... as one of invasion and deception ... officials misrepresented the hospitality and courtesy of Indian people as if it were approval for the taking of our lands and resources," (118).

The Salish People and the Lewis and Clark Expedition ends with a contemporary look at the Salish people. An amazing group of Salish contributed to this book and those Elders and individuals lives and knowledge are shared in the section "Elders and Contributors: Biographical Notes and Perspectives" beginning on page 125. Their stories and the stories of the Salish people provide a point of view on history in Montana that needs to be known. Teachers of Salish history must read this book from front cover to back cover and they will find the kind of depth that provides deeper understanding.

And Remember

Marcia Billedeaux Beaumont

And remember –

Home and homeland and being away from home and being homesick.

And remember –

The vastness of plains, of the "big sky" and the mountain peaks – the "backbone of the world".

And remember –

The old country school where kids walked to school in deep snow, where teachers cooked, laughed, loved and facilitated learning and where grandparents and parents cared, suffered and valued public education.

And remember –

The tipi rings, envisioning an encampment, Indian agents and the Starvation Winter.

And remember –

That first agency – how long cements lasts, urinating in public and looking back into the past.

And remember –

The boarding school era, and devout practicing Catholics, a great (albeit late) lunch, fellowship, history and sharing.

And remember –

The people: Nitsitapi.



The University of
Montana

Montana Writing Project
Dept. of English (MENI 01)
LA 221
The University of Montana
32 Campus Dr
Missoula, MT 59812



MWP is one of 195 sites in the National Writing Project (NWP) network.

State Officers:

Heather E. Bruce, Director

Department of English, University of Montana
heather.bruce@umontana.edu

Dave Christensen, Co-Director

Middle School Language Arts, Lolo School
christensens@montana.com

Staff :

Christa Umphrey

Technology Liaison & Publications Editor
montana.writing.project@gmail.com

Merrilyne Lundahl

Program Coordinator
mwp@umontana.edu