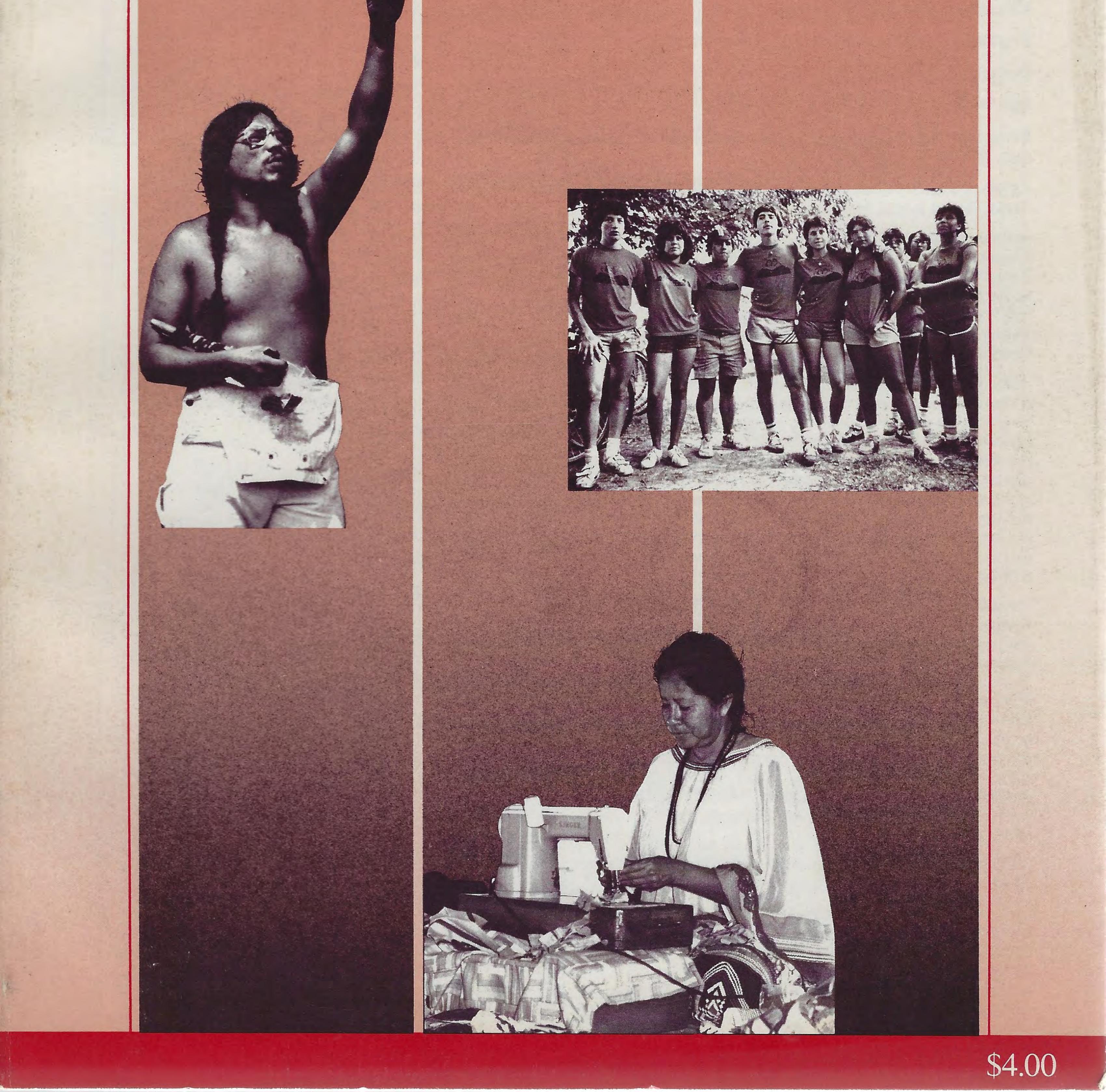
Southern Exposure

WE ARE HERE FOREVER Indians of the South



Southern Exposure

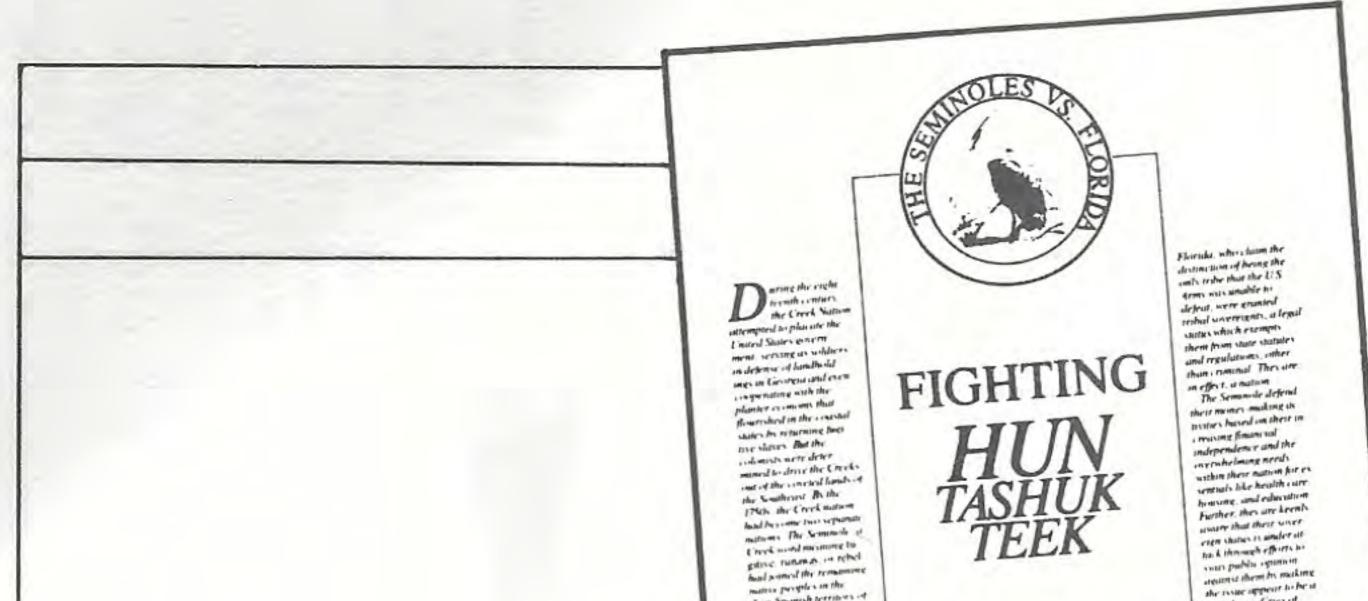
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READERS CORNER

The Issue of Sovereignty

- by John A. Folk-Williams Hundamental to the aims of the Indians is the fact that theirs is not a movement of individuals but of peoples. Indian legal rights depend on the existence of Indian nations long before the formation of the U.S. The legal implications of that give Indian tribes a status no other group in the country possesses; enforcing those group rights is the central Indian objective.

Legal doctrine would be meaningless without an even more basic element, the cultural survival of native community experience. The 1980 census counted 1.4 million Indians in the U.S., and for hundreds of thousands of them the bonds of tribal life remain a functioning cultural reality, not a remembrance of things past or a romantic affiliation with remote traditions. Those bonds are also important for the hundreds of thousands more who live in cities away from the reservations. Indian people around the country certainly suffer serious problems generated by drastic umemployment rates, often exceeding 50 percent, and social tensions caused by race discrimination, substandard health care, poor educational services, and income levels among the lowest in the country. Despite these problems that individual Indians share with other low-income and non-white people, most Indian leaders see the key to Indian survival not so much in civil rights legislation as in maintaining the land base and the governmental power of the tribal community.

To speak of equality of citizenship, in the Indian view, means to treat Indians as individuals, ignoring and suppressing the group rights they possess as peoples. It is to recommend a termination of Indian government, the confiscation of tribal property rights, and as a consequence, the disappearance of many distinctive elements of native cultures. The survival of Indians as peoples with a unique political and cultural indentity is the goal of the Indian rights movement, and, while some characterize that as separatism, Indians tend to see this only as the continuation of their traditional existence. The radical step, in their view, is a political and cultural assimilation that can come about when non-Indian America tries to coerce Indians into surrendering their rights.

Land and Control: Indian leaders across the country are preoccupied with land and sovereignty because they see the only secure future for Indian peoples as one based on a permanent tribal homeland regulated and governed by Indian institutions. Federal policy toward Indians has often in the past interfered with that vision.

The gravest fear of the Indians is the public confiscation of their private property. Indians face that possibility as a result of legal doctrines that have given the federal government enormous power over the Indian peoples and their lands. Based on nineteenthcentury ideas of the inferiority of indigenous cultures to industrial civilization, the theory evolved, through a combination of Supreme Court decisions and congressional enactments, that the United States exercised a trusteeship over the Indians and with the responsibility a broad power over Indian assets. Congress has ultimate control over the disposition of tribal property and can alter its form, substituting, for example, money for land, so long as it claims to be acting in the best interest of the Indians. Such a substitution of assets may be reasonable under American trust law, but it ignores the importance of land to Indians as the basis of their cultural survival.

Sovereignty and Strategy: That the resolution of a major land claim should depend less on the land itself than on sovereignty, or governmental jurisdiction over that land, indicates the central importance of tribal sovereignty. Indian sovereignty is as old as the Indian nations themselves and has its origins in the exercise of governmental power by the tribes long before the advent of non-Indians. American law recognized that origin as completely independent from that of the U.S. Indian governments, then, are the only political entities in

this country that do not derive their essential authority from the U.S. or any of its political subdivisions.

The expressions of sovereignty by Indian governments range from a purely practical concern to control reservation resources for economic gain to a profound conviction that Indian nations are, in fact, nations fully independent of the U.S. Whatever form it takes, however, sovereignity evokes the deepest responses of Indian people. It is the remnant of a history full of injustice and, many Indians believe, offers the best protection against future injustice through its legal barriers to outside intervention in tribal affairs. The key to understanding sovereignty is to see it not only as legal doctrine, subject to the changing interpretations of courts, but as a deeply held attitude of independence whether or not it was ever formalized in a treaty.

Even if Indians ultimately succeed in securing permanent rights to land and sovereignty, they still must develop the institutions of governance, education, and business to make Indian communities viable entities. And they must train Indian people to assume professional roles now largely held by non-Indians — the lawyers, the planners, the resource managers, the medical and educational staff that must operate Indian institutions. The decade of the 1970s was one of great progress in these areas; a great deal remains to be done.

Indian nations will continue to need extensive legal assistance, both from nonprofit law firms and through conventional attorney contracts, to defend their rights against contrary claims by the states and to build their governmental and legal structures. They must educate more of their young people to operate new Indian institutions, and acquire the expertise to manage resources for economic security. Their great hope may be that non-Indian America will find it easier to deal with self-sufficient Indian governments than with povertystricken people dependent on federal aid.

- excerpted and reprinted by permission from Akwesasne Notes

Guatemalan Indians seek refuge in Florida

- by Jonathan Harrington n Indiantown, Florida, one hour from the glittering opulence of -Palm Beach, 35 percent of the permanent residents and 90 percent of migrant workers live below the federal poverty level. Indiantown is home to 3.000 Haitians, Dominicans, Puerto Ricans, and others fleeing even more desperate conditions in Latin America and the Caribbean.

Since 1980 approximately 500 Kanjobal Mayan Indians from Guatemala have settled in Indiantown. The human rights organization, Amnesty International, estimates that 27,600 people have been killed by various governments that have ruled Guatemala since 1966. In July the New York Times reported, "Guatemala still appears to have the worst incidence of continuing human rights violations in Central America."

The 500 Mayans in Indiantown fled after their mountain village of San Miguel de Akala was occupied and burned by the Guatemalan army. The Christian Science Monitor reported that an estimated 5,000 to 7,000 Kanjobals have fled to the United States. In all, about 150,000 Guatemalan refugees are in Mexico and the U.S.

The Mayans now in Indiantown went first to Mexico. They were told by migrant farmworkers that jobs were available in Indiantown, an area rich in citrus and vegetable farms. What the Mayans found was life "on the lowest level of subsistence," as one anonymous Kanjobal described it.

Many of the Mayans in Indiantown have filed applications for political asylum with the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service in Miami, but their chances of being granted this status are slim. If their applications are rejected, deportation proceedings will begin; 30 already face deportation.



The U.S. State Department says that the Kanjobals could have stayed in refugee camps along the Mexican/Guatemalan border. But there they faced malaria, malnutrition, and documented attacks by Guatemalan soldiers, who make frequent raids across the border into the camps. The State Department contends that because the Mayans refused to accept resettlement into the camps, they do not qualify for political asylum in the U.S.

Various organizations and individuals are at work on behalf of the Mayans in Indiantown. Sister Teresa Auad of the Holy Cross Catholic Church of Indiantown has a degree in clothing design and a masters in social work. This background helped her to found the Mayan Clothing Cooperative, aimed at increasing economic independence, fostering cultural pride and a sense of community, and educating the public.

The clothing cooperative designs and markets clothing made by Guatemalans, using skills they already possess. In addition to clothing made by Guatemalans in Indiantown, the cooperative will purchase and market hand-woven fabrics from Mayans living in refugee camps in Chiapas, Mexico.

Another organization is Corn-Maya, a committee of Indian refugees concerned with legal issues and social problems. Directed by Jeronimo Camposeco, Corn-Maya works closely with and is housed in the Holy Cross Catholic Church.

A Mayan himself, Camposeco attended college in Guatemala City, then returned to his village to do community organizing and establish a literacy program. After the deaths of several friends and upon learning that he was on a government death list Camposeco fled the country in 1980 with his wife and two children. Today he is one of a handful of Guatemalans granted political asylum in the U.S.

Camposeco charges that for the U.S. to accept the applications for political asylum would be to admit that the Mayans are fleeing persecution in their homeland; this in turn would be a clear indictment of current U.S. foreign policy which supports the government of Guatemala and claims that human rights conditions are improving. Referring to one application for asylum, Camposeco told a St. Petersburg Times reporter, "If they accept this application they are contradicting their policy in Central America."

Says Camposeco, "We are here in the United States, asking for our rights, as our suffering is in direct relationship to the United States' policies in Guatemala."

Repression of voting rights escalates

- by Paul Holmbeck

hile activists across the U.S. watch the prosecution of grassroots voting rights organizers in Alabama's black belt, Reverend Cozelle Wilson of Kinston, North Carolina, is paying particularly close attention. Wilson, a respected Kinston activist and voting rights organizer, is the target of similar repression of efforts to register black voters.

The voting rights trials in Alabama

took a turn for the worse in October. Spivor Gordon, Eutaw, Alabama city councilman, was convicted on four counts of vote fraud. Gordon was the last to be tried and the first to be convicted in the Alabama prosecutions.

An all-white jury returned to court October 11 "hopelessly deadlocked" on the charges against Gordon, but they were sent back for more deliberations by Judge E. B. Haltom. The jury returned deadlocked two more times, but Haltom refused to declare a mistrial.

"People were forced to relinquish their moral convictions," said Gordon after the jury returned October 16 to find him guilty on four of 22 counts. The convictions carry a maximum sentence of 20 years in prison and up to \$40,000 in fines.

Lawrence Wofford of the Campaign for a New South organization commented, "That's 206 [counts] for the people and four for the government."

At least one juror confirmed that the verdict was a compromise, telling a Birmingham reporter, "None of it was really concrete. . . . My feeling was that he was not guilty but I had to compromise on the four counts so that some of the others [favoring conviction] would compromise."

The jury for Gordon and codefendant Frederick Douglas Daniels was the first all-white jury in the vote fraud trials. After racially mixed juries acquitted three Perry County activists and black jurors held out for acquittals in the trials of two Greene County defendants, U.S. attorneys used their six preemptory challenges to eliminate all blacks from this last jury pool. Attorneys for the co-defendants objected to the jury selection, charging that it was discriminatory.

Another Greene County activist, Bessie Underwood, pled guilty to a misdemeanor charge. Underwood reportedly stated that as a single parent of two young children she could not endure the stress of a lengthy trial. She was sentenced to two years probation when the Justice Department dropped 24 counts against her that could have landed her in jail for the rest of her life.

In North Carolina, a federal investigation was prompted by local whites opposed to black redistricting efforts. The probe eventually resulted in the indictment of Wilson on charges that she failed to obtain proper indentification from persons registering to vote and that she failed to sign their applications in their presence.

"People here have a history of dealing with harassment when they try to get out and register to vote," said Wilson. "People get scared and don't vote. The purpose of this thing is to break me and the black vote which votes together in Lenoir County," she said.

The FBI probe included a visit to Wilson's office at Caswell Center Mental Health facility and a discussion with her superior about the nature of the investigation. "It was an attempt to humiliate and disgrace me," the reverend stated. Whites, she claims, are trying to split black voting strength and to dilute her effectiveness. "I am an active, aggressive black woman. People I have differences with want to stop my work and shut me up," she said.

When the FBI investigation initially found no evidence of wrongdoing, the case was dropped. Democrat Mary Jefferess, a member of the county Board of Elections, wrote to the chair of the state Republican party David Flaherty asking that he pursue the matter. He obliged. Sam Rouse, a Republican member of the board, then prodded the State Bureau of Investigation to reopen the case.

"Strike three. You're out," she said.

well covered at all in the general media and that's why we have the column," stated Sharron Hannon, editor of *Southern Feminist*. A bi-monthly newspaper published in Athens, Georgia, *Southern Feminist* prints "Sports Shorts," an unusual column for feminists and sports fans alike. The column highlights the athletic achievements of women both



nationally and especially in the South.

Hannon asserts that the column is a very important part of the newspaper. "This is a particularly interesting and important frontier for women to make strides in because it really challenges people's notions about what women can and cannot do," she said.

The September/October 1985 issue of Southern Feminist reported a number of pride-generating items on patriarchal barriers crossed by women this year.

The Harlem Globetrotters held a tryout camp in Charlotte, North Carolina in July and emerged with their first woman team member, Lynette Woodard. The tryout "brought together 18 of the finest women players of recent years for the preliminary selection process," according to the column.

Also mentioned in the column was Carol Higginbottom, the new head basketball coach of the University of Florida Lady Gators. She had been chief recruiter of the University of Georgia women's basketball program.

On the national front, the column quoted Bertha Teague of Oklahoma, recently inducted into the Basketball Hall

Send us the news

If you see an article in your local paper, newsletter, or magazine that sheds light on what progressive Southerners are doing — or are up against — send it to us. Send us the complete item, with the date and name of the publication and any comments or analysis of your own you care to include. If we use it for Southern News Roundup, we'll send you a free one-year subscription to *Southern Exposure*. Write: Southern News Roundup, P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702. **We'll send you a sub**

of Fame: "Girls should look like girls but play like boys."

From Alaska came this note: "Sleddog racer Libby Riddles has been named 'Professional Sportswoman of the Year' by the Women's Sports Foundation. The 29-year-old 'musher' was the first woman to win the 1,135-milelong Iditarod race last March, the world's largest annual dog-sled competiton held in Alaska. She and her 15-member dog team beat 55 men and six women."

Mama says, "You need a union here!"

In July the 1.3-million member United Food and Commercial Workers Union (UFCW) launched an innovative advertising campaign aimed at telling the public how the new warehouse supermarkets are cutting not only into union membership, but into working conditions in the industry in general. The campaign features Vicki Lawrence, in her role as star of "Mama's Family." TV, radio, newspaper ads, picket signs and flyers repeat the message, "Listen to Mama."

Said UFCW president William H. Wynn, "We believe that the UFCW and the labor movement in general need to develop new ways of communicating with the American people... We chose television because the American people have chosen TV."

The campaign first focused on Augusta, Georgia; the principal targets are Cub Stores and Food Lion. The Wall Street Journal in August 1985 pointed out, "Cub is on the leading edge of a food-industry shakeup, which has already forced many conventional supermarkets to lower prices, increase services — or close their doors."

In January 1985 Food Lion purchased Giant Food Markets, Inc., which owns the Atlanta Cub franchise. Controlling interest in Food Lion is held by Establissements Delhaize Frere & Cie "Le Lion" S.A., headquartered in Belgium. The UFCW stresses the Belgian ownership in its ads. Food Lion claims to be an American owned company, but both the *Wall Street Journal* and Food Lion's proxy statements indicate that the Belgian company owns 50.8 percent of the stock.

According to Ronnie Smith, Food Lion's human resources administrator, the Belgian company owns only 44.8 percent of the total stock of Food Lion. However, he clarified the point by saying while Delahize "Le Lion" held a minority of the *total* stock, it did own 50.8 percent of the *voting* stock. Smith and company literature also contend that "Every single officer and manager of Food Lion is American;" he agreed that five members of the board of directors were, indeed, Belgian.

The impact of the UFCW media campaign — which is combined with informational pickets at targeted stores — is hard to judge. In Augusta, Georgia, where the UFCW focused on six stores, the union said it had a major effect on

MAMA'S COMING TO AUGUSTA ...



at least four, cutting sales an average of 30 to 35 percent. In Columbia, South Carolina, the impact claimed by the union was 15 to 25 percent. On the union's agenda for the near future is an expansion of the campaign to other parts of the Carolinas, Tennessee, Virginia, and parts of the Midwest.

The encroachment of warehouse stores is not the only topic of the UFCW media campaign, which has several themes. All the media spots feature "Mama." In a typical TV ad Mama tells the viewer: "My daughter-in-law Naomi's got problems at work. Her boss won't pay her what she's worth, and he's fresh with all the girls. Why Harold Thompkins even got fired for no good reason. Even though he was a gutless wonder. They need a union. United Food and Commercial Workers. That's a good union."

Plant closing threat kills union drive

- by Paul Holmbeck

The 15-month, successful antiunion campaign conducted by the Cannon Mills Company in Concord, Kannapolis, China Grove, and Salisbury, North Carolina, utilized videotapes as an effective method to intimidate workers. Played repeatedly for the workers, the tapes called for loyalty and unity against a common enemy.

Skillfully orated by company owner David Murdock and others, the message was reminiscent of Nazi propaganda. Murdock told workers, "Stand with me against what I announce without equivocation is the enemy of this country (sic), company.... I think the country, too. ... I have walked among you. If my dreams can be your dreams and your dreams can be my dreams, how can we possibly have anything other than a beautiful dream together." Workers on all shifts were required to attend the showings.

On October 9 and 10, workers at the mills voted 5,982 to 3,530 not to form a local of the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union (ACTWU). Though David Murdock pronounced that the vote meant, "Cannon workers don't need a union," a fear of plant closings hung as thick as cotton dust over the election.

The union drive was not the first at



Cannon. Past union efforts were thwarted largely by a century of paternalism by the Cannon family. Unions were effectively characterized as divisive and foreign to the tightly knit and tightly controlled company towns.

The union expressed high hopes this time around because of broad dissatisfaction among workers after the company changed hands. Since Los Angeles based financier David Murdock bought the Cannon Mills Company in March 1982, over 3,000 workers have been laid off. Substantial pay cuts and increased work loads have become the norm.

The campaign of fear by Cannon's new management, said mill worker Mildred Jones, "had everyone scared he's gonna close the doors if the union gets in." Anti-union posters depicting chained gates and empty parking lots were hung throughout the mill, along with lists containing the names of 112 closed plants in North and South Carolina. The workers were not told that 106 of those plants closed were non-union. Wrapping himself in the old Cannon Mills heritage, Murdock personally shook hands of 9,000 workers whom he called "associates." The workers' last two paychecks were also personally signed by Murdock, with the last including a little reminder: "This is the last paycheck you will receive before the union election. . . ."

Anti-union workers didn't believe the union could help them. "We don't need a union," said Perry Harkey. "They can't offer us job security because they can't get us new orders."

Additionally, in Kannapolis, when the vote on representation in the mills drew near, local businessmen, preachers, and the local paper came out against the union.

Two weeks after the election, *Fortune* magazine wrote that Murdock is among the nation's 400 richest people. His assets total at least \$550 million. According to the *Charlotte Observer*, Murdock may now sell Cannon Mills.

Louisianans march against executions

espite the apparent public mood in favor of executions, a largely white-led movement against the death penalty is alive and strong in the deep South. Activists in Louisiana — frustrated by judicial and legislative conservatism — last year formed "Pilgrimage for Life."

In October 1984 Pilgrimage for Life launched a statewide campaign to outlaw the death penalty with a march from New Orleans to Baton Rouge. A small but determined group of 25 people participated. Several months later they multiplied their numbers to over 300, encircling the state capitol building in Baton Rouge. Louisiana leads the nation in per capita executions, according to Pilgrimage organizers.

The role of racism in the application of the death penalty has played a prominent role in the Pilgrimage analysis and publicity. "The death penalty is not color blind," said Bill Quigley, a New Orleans attorney and founding member. Quigley has pointed out that all three black men executed in Louisiana 1984 and '85 had white juries, white judges, and white district attorneys.

Civil rights leaders have also been giving the death penalty more attention recently. The Southern Christian Leadership Conference adopted work against the death penalty as a priority focus at its annual meeting this year. Since 1977, 48 executions have taken place in the nation. Of those executed, 19 were black or Hispanic.

- thanks to Lance Hill

VOICES OF OUR NEIGHBORS

South Africa and the U.S.

Our hearts are not on the ground

Be strong with the warm strong heart of the earth. No people goes down until their women are weak and dishonored or dead upon the ground. A nation is not conquered until the hearts of its women are on the ground.

- Cheyenne saying

hroughout the summer of 1985, as the violence in South Africa escalated, organizations and individuals responded in protest against the treatment of that country's native peoples. Similarities in the histories of oppression and of struggle in South Africa and in the United States prompted Southern Exposure to arrange a discussion among activists about ways to support one another's organizing and educational efforts. Following are excerpts from a roundtable discussion held in Pembroke. North Carolina. Present were Maxine Alexander, Ashaki Binta, Motlalepula Chabaku, Donna Chavis, and Candy Hamilton, with Binta acting as moderator. Among them these women are active in more than a dozen organizations addressing the rights of women, workers, African-Americans, and indigenous peoples in North, South, and Central America, and Africa.

Common Spirit, Common Struggle

MOTLALEPULA CHABAKU: Our struggles are the extension of an age-old European pattern of colonizing people and taking control of their natural resources, exploiting their humanness, dividing people by race or color or class or culture. These are the problems that we [in South Africa] find that are very similar to yours [in the United States].

I think it would be very helpful if we start by sharing how similar is our concept of human beings. We have always



been spiritual people, from long before Christianity came on to the market.

DONNA CHAVIS: So much of what I'm thinking is of the oneness of the struggle and the histories. The history of the relationship of the American Indian to this country isn't dealt with as that of the colonizer and the colonized. It's always stated that "we discovered America" when in fact this land was conquered and colonized. I have a very strong belief that until we deal with and exorcise our history, we will find the United States always acting as a colonizer in one form or another.

CANDY HAMILTON: Yes. As long as the current U.S. Indian policy is take the land, take the resources, wipe out the people, they're going to do that all over the world. If they can dictate to the Lakota people at Pine Ridge that they have to have a certain form of tribal council government, then of course they think they can dictate to Nicaragua that they can't have the government they have chosen. If they can tell 10,000 Navaho and Hopi people they have to move off their ancestral lands so Peabody Coal, Bechtel Corporation, and Kerr-McGee can have the resources. then of course they think they can go in the Philippines and rip off their labor and resource.

There is a very specific definition of genocide; if you take that definition

point by point you see exactly what the U.S. Indian policy is and what the U.S. policy is toward all these other nations of people of color. Certainly in hearing the news from South Africa, I think, "That's right, when I lived in Pine Ridge I saw that." There's a little more control of power in the U.S., a little more subtlety, but it is the same. People just don't know that in the summer of 1975 more than 300 Indians were arrested across the Midwest on trumpedup charges because there had been a gunfight between FBI agents and Indians where no one had been arrested.

ASHAKI BINTA: African people here in America are also a colony. We were brought here not of our own will, and in 400 years we have produced nothing to our own benefit with the exception of a long history of struggle. What we're talking about boils down to resistance, and I think we have a particular responsibility to talk about women as a part of this resistance. In each of our situations women represent the most acute form that the oppression has taken, and I think we may represent the most acute form of the resistance that has to occur.

ALEXANDER: I'm particularly interested in attacking some of the more subtle forms of oppression that take place in our communities that divide us against one another. Myths about race and gender have distorted our true history everywhere, but this distortion is particularly keen in the South. Like Donna and Candy, I don't think we can forge ahead and make serious political and social change in this country until we have first dealt with indigenous peoples' rights in this country. The socalled progressive community, among both African-Americans and whites, seems reluctant to take on this issue.

CHABAKU: I am a black woman from Johannesburg, South Africa, and when I speak of people of African descent, I mean people not only on the continent of Africa but wherever they may be — in the Caribbean, South America.

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We have always been spiritual people. We have always believed that there is a supreme power and energy, a creator that is responsible for all our beings. When the colonial masters came from Europe, when they were shipwrecked on their way looking for an alternative route to India, my ancestors did not see them as "white people." They saw them as human beings and they cared for them, gave them fresh water, food, vegetables because they were human beings, because in our concept of spiritualism, every human being has an inherent part and role in our whole spiritual life.

The whites came from a feudal society where you could demarcate land into private property and they imposed those values on us, and our own spiritual concept of God that is experienced in everyday life was to be put aside. Our ancestors resisted that, and we have a moral responsibility to continue that battle because our ancestors never died. They just passed on to another life. They live with us. They talk to us. We are claiming what is rightfully ours.

CHAVIS: As Motlalepula was talking, I was thinking she could be telling our history here. A lot of the life of indigenous people is centered around that spiritualism. It's not a matter of separation. We have been trained in Western ideology to separate a spiritual person and a political person and a private person and public person: in fact, we are *a* person and *a* people.

HAMILTON: It's important to note that when Europeans began to arrive here, long before the Puritans and Pilgrims decimated the people of the Northeast, the Spanish came tramping through Georgia, Florida, and the islands south of there, literally eliminating entire nations in the name of God. Alvin Josephy in his book Now That the Buffalo's Gone documents that very well. From that first invasion and attack, the spiritualism of native people was always the number one target and it still is today - of the oppressor, because if you destroy someone's spirituality, they have nothing left.

The indigenous people never ever quit struggling to maintain their spirituality and their traditional spiritual ways. They aren't the same for the people of Florida as they are for the people of Oregon or New York or South Dakota. But they have all worked so hard and at great risk to maintain that connection. There are still people who know the absolute ancient ways of practicing their religion. It wasn't until 1979 that the Indian's Freedom of Religion Act was passed. Before that it was against the law to go to a sweat lodge, take part in a *euwipi* ceremony, take part in a Sun Dance. Indian spirituality was against the law.

CHABAKU: The issue of spirituality is strongly tied to the land, to vegetation, to mountains. The oppressor will always deal with spiritualism first and then the land, possessions, and family ties. These things are integrated. When you lose one you lose all. Walk. While I was there I had obtained in the mail a copy of the local newspaper, The Carolina Indian Voice, reporting that something had gotten passed in the legislature that had taken the Lumbees out of existence. I had such a flash of an identity crisis that moment, sitting on that train, going to the Longest Walk to meet up with Indian people from all over the country who were walking from California to Washington, DC, on issues such as this. All of a sudden I'm saying, "Oh my God, what am I?" All of a sudden I was nothing, and it struck me that we as a people — as Indian people — can be legislated out of existence. During the 1950s the government "terminated" 109 Indian nations. What does that mean? That someone has the power to say that you don't exist as a people.

photos courtesy Africa New



Nationhood and Identity

CHAVIS: Removal of people from their land is one of the ways that they have used to try and break the spirit of the people. When those ties are broken the people suffer not just economic losses but a deeper loss of the sense of identity which is tied to that land.

One of the things the Lumbee people are involved in right now is a project by which we will obtain full federal recognition, which will make us eligible for medical and educational benefits. That whole process has raised a lot of questions to me in terms of definition of nationhood and defining who a people are. It was in 1979, I was on my way to Washington to join up with the Longest

HAMILTON: I want to say something about federal recognition. As far as I'm concerned it's just a bunch of baloney. If you are Lumbee, if you are Cherokee, if you are Siletz, if you are Lakota, if you are Onondoga - nobody can change that. This whole thing of "we want all the benefits" - what benefits? The Indian Health Service which comes with federal recognition is responsible for the sterilization of thousands of native women. In the Aberdeen area under the BIA [Bureau of Indian Affairs] there were 9,000 native women of child-bearing age. Seven hundred and forty were sterilized in 46 months! The hospitals are usually more of a threat to well-being than a help.

Where we really need to stand firm with the United States government in

terms of recognition is to push them to meet their obligations under the 371 treaties they have made with various Native nations. There are responsibilities in those treaties: fishing rights. hunting rights, water rights, land rights, real education and health services. The United States must be forced to live up to those obligations. They do not need the BIA, Indian Health Service, or any other tools of genocide to live up to those responsibilities. The BIA is going out of business. Are the indigenous people simply going to be cut off, having been put in a total colonial state, where many are dependent on a colonial system of handouts? Or will they be able to foster the leadership that will face this cutoff and forge their own nations in their own way?

ALEXANDER: I don't think the struggles for recognition need conflict with efforts to force compliance with treaties. Do those 371 treaties include all indigenous people? I doubt it. Strategies may need to differ, but the ultimate goal is autonomy, selfdetermination. Whatever means it takes to force the government to live up to its obligations, legal, moral, or otherwise, need to be tried. I believe that the communities that have been strong enough to fight the legal battles and push recognition efforts through like the Tunica-Biloxi and the Poarch Band of Creeks in Alabama have no illusions about the BIA. Even if those funds are temporary, inadequate, they're using them to provide some relief for the people and to develop their own economic alternatives. But recognition does raise some serious contradictions. The issues are a lot more complex than deciding whether or not one wants to be "under" the BIA. We have just got to hope that those communities will gain in strength rather than be eaten up by the bureaucracy.

CHABAKU: When you see South Africa, you'll find the whites have patterned South Africa on the U.S.A. What you call Indian reservations here, in South Africa we call homelands or bantustans. Always they're on the poorest land. And you'll hear these white Afrikaners talking of South Africa as though we don't exist, we black

folks. I've heard many Caucasians saying, "Our ancestors came to this country and civilized this country," just as they talk about forefathers coming through Plymouth to civilize America, as if there were no civilization before. The law has been used the same way to make us not exist. Right now we are 26 million, and the whites who are 4 million own 87 percent of the land they have taken from us through the gun. We want life and the whites want any excuse to shoot and decimate as many of us as possible. They claim they are a superior African to the aboriginal blacks like myself. They have written history books for black children in which they say the first people to come to South Africa were whites and the blacks came 150 years later!

BINTA: The question of nationhood and identity is also central to the struggle of African people in America. Our emergence as a new African people in the Western Hemisphere has a lot to do with our centuries of work on the land in the Black Belt South. Our oppression — so integrally linked to this land — created the basis of wealth for the western world, particularly the U.S.

Our identity as a people was forged in a hundred years of apartheid — better known as Jim Crow segregation within the continental borders of the U.S. So here is the basis of our struggle. It is not a civil or legal question of U.S. society. It is an international human rights and moral question, a question of national liberation.

CHAVIS: We grow up singing that song, "In 1492, Columbus sailed the ocean blue," as if Christopher Columbus were the first person to discover America and there was no one here to greet him. They write books as if these "discoverers" were the first people. The language we use puts pictures in our minds. It's no wonder that people believe there are no more Indians. The way we're taught history, we were never here to begin with!

When we pull these global pieces together, look at our history we see how it connects with what's happening in South Africa and how it connects with what we say about others.

CHABAKU: Beautiful! That's why

we have to think globally and act locally. That's the crux of the matter.

HAMILTON: The injustice and the system that carries it out comes full circle: before the South African government set up the bantustans, they studied U.S. policy toward Indian people and how reservations were set up and used. When Hitler was coming into power, he studied the U.S. and its reservation system and how he could adapt that to his idea of white supremacy.

Just as blacks in South Africa carry passbooks, here we have card-carrying Indians. Not only do they have a card that says they're Indian, it lists their blood degree. You can be full blood or half or one-quarter or one-thirtysecond or one-sixty-fourth Indian. Within Indian nations it creates incredible divide-and-conquer potential.

CHABAKU: In South Africa, black people called the Africans carry this passbook, but Asians, people called Coloureds - a very painful thing to be labeled - and the Caucasians, don't carry this book. This passbook restricts our movements, defines who we are. It has destroyed more human lives, destroyed more family ties than any other legislation. IBM, an American company, provided the machinery that keeps the statistics on us; and Polaroid, an American company, took the pictures for the passbooks. And when we fought Polaroid, they finally withdrew. But Eastman Kodak came in and is doing exactly the same thing.

Another thing I would say is the very people who are ruling South Africa right now supported Hitler during the last world war. If you see the racism of Hitler, it's the same racism we have in South Africa. That is why it is a painful shock for many of us to see the occupied land of Palestine called Israel being the number one supporter of white South Africa.

CHAVIS: It doesn't matter what *they* say I am, I am who I am. So now that the registration [of Lumbee as tribal members] is going on, I'm still struggling with that. I see it as a form of oppression, the whole process of recognition, because it separates us. The Lumbee are very large without recognition. We are recognized as Indians, but we do

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not receive BIA benefits. But after the rolls are closed, and if federal recognition is obtained, we'll probably be a smaller tribe because they can't register everyone. I believe that is part of the reason for the process. The more people you can keep off the rolls, the fewer Indians that exist by the government's standards. Some will become what I call card-carrying Indians. They'll have a card defining who they are and will be able to use whatever institutions are available, but then you'll have brothers, sisters, mothers, fathers, and children who won't be able to do that. I was thinking of South Africa and the similarity to the passbook system. No one carries one in this country that I know of except federally recognized Indians.

Women, Land, and Resistance

BINTA: This question of resistance is crucial. We have to extend our analysis of our history to include our vision of the future. One of the key points is to go back to this question of the land. It is



the real basis for the oppressions we have suffered. The land and the resources coming from it have to be organized in such a way that the people can really benefit from them. We are dying at an alarming rate because all of our land, our water, the air are being poisoned. We speak on this issue of genocide: we're all faced with that because of the chemicals and poisons resulting from our resources being stripped and the profits going back to those who are oppressing us.

HAMILTON: Currently the struggle over uranium makes many of the native nations hotspots in the continuing greed for land. The people at Pine Ridge discovered how uranium and uranium mining were playing a role in their lives because of the number of women who cannot carry babies to term. Everybody was asking, "What is the explanation?" Finally Women of All Red Nations brought in scientists to examine the water and it's full of uranium tailings. I used to be so proud, thinking, "Here I am pumping my nice. clean water straight out of the earth. Those poor people in cities who have to drink all those chemicals in their water." But the water we were using out of the earth was full of uranium. And it causing miscarriages, birth was defects, all kinds of things. That puts women right out front.

CHAVIS: In the book The Vanishing White Man by Stan Steiner, he relates a story of how the cavalry used a dummy at target practice called the kneeling squaw. The part of the body where the women were hit was always the sexual organs, which says something about the people who were shooting. It also relates to what you're saying about attacks on the women now in indigenous societies. We suffer most from these toxic wastes because our reproductive glands get concentrated amounts of radioactive materials and other toxic wastes. We must educate ourselves about these things, how they affect the world, how they affect us, and because we bear the children, how they affect future generations. There are struggles going on in Robeson County, North Carolina, now against a radioactive incinerator they're trying to put up over in

Bladen County, just across the line. A lot of people think it won't affect us but we as women need to know what will happen to us and to future generations if we let these things continue.

CHABAKU: Women are also the ones who till the soil and who are most directly related to the production of food. But when it comes to decisionmaking, commissions, departments of agriculture, it is often men who head them. We have to demand that we as women be participants in every decision-making machinery — and we must recognize one another. We are the majority. We can make a difference. We do make a difference.

BINTA: The restructuring of social relations is a real critical problem. We need to come back with new relations between women and men, between adults and children, between old and young. We need to be opposed to the oppression of our sexuality and our expressions of humanness. As women bearing the brunt of these hundreds of years of oppression, we have a special role in pushing forward these new social relations. And we must do it in an organized fashion.

ALEXANDER: One aspect of that has to be providing alternatives to our youth to becoming mercenaries in an ever-expanding colonial army. It's ironic that the one major step towards sexual equity in this country being pushed by the government in our communities is the equal opportunity to go into the military. We've been tricked too often into being soldiers and cannon fodder for the white man's colonial armies to gain control over other people's land and that has to stop.

CHABAKU: We must be against violence everytime, everywhere. We have to be realistic about violence: we must first get rid of the violence of the oppressor. When we have dealt with the violence of the oppressor, there will be no reason why the oppressed will be violent. But don't go to the oppressed and say don't be violent. Armed struggle is often forced on innocent, loving people. We have the connectedness of issues and we as women can make a change because we are powerful people.□

FACING SOUTH

CATAWBA POTTERY

"As Good as Grandmama's"

- by Scott Derks

No deadline loomed. Only an intense need to continue what had gone before: to work as her mother had worked; to mold as her grandmother had molded.

"When I was a kid, I learned from my mother and grandmother. I made little things, little figures like dogs and little bowls or canoes. I used to do it in front of my grandmother, and if it didn't look right, I'd put my fist into it just like that," Georgia Harris says, her hands coming together with a small snap. "I thought they should be as good as Mama's or Grandmama's."

Nearly a dozen local potters were active then, most living on the tiny, rocky Catawba reservation outside Rock Hill. There two special clays were regularly wrenched out of the Catawba River bank from a spot generally held secret among the tribal members. And there Harris watched her mother mix the coarse pan clay, containing sand and mica, with the pipe clay which was so smooth and moist and free of sand that it always seemed cool. Sometimes she helped as her grandmother made the coil pots one strand at a time, building one layer upon another until it formed the shape of a jug, a pitcher, or a bowl.

Even then, when money was scarce and the handcrafted bowls were often traded for corn or flour, a certain pride marked the work: the technique and style simple, but distinctive from potter to potter, piece to piece.

In her small white wood-framed house, Harris faithfully employs the techniques and styles practiced by her grandmother Martha Jane Harris, who learned from her mother. She even uses many of the same tools to decorate her pottery. Searches through her blue tin bucket of pottery equipment reveal a clay-encrusted freshwater mussel shell, worn smooth by several decades of use. Dig deeper to find a coconut shell first used 50 years ago. Or a corn cob enjoying a second life.

"Pottery is slow; you can't rush it," Harris said, scratching for the hundredth time a just-tried pot with her corn cob. Over a week's time the pot had grown meticulously, almost magically, under the gradual, ritualistic something at the schoolhouse."

Ayers developed a distinctive style, filling orders as interest in Catawba pottery ebbed and flowed. "People know my pottery; they can pick it out. I try to get mine a little darker. I like a darker piece better."

The older Indian designs, especially those adorned with the traditional Catawba heads, bring the best prices.



movement of Harris's fingers.

On her kitchen calendar, a steady hand had assigned for Tuesday, "make a frog and turtle tonight." Three days later, "Put heads on the bowl, finish the peace pipe." But her focus was on the final stage, the firing, when cracks can appear in a flickering, wiping out a week's work. Only an intricate alchemy can produce the Catawba look: the pale blues that slide into rich black, the haunting, swirling orange and smoky gray.

In West Columbia, Sara Ayers has lived more than 80 miles away from her source of clay since 1962. Without fail, she returns to the ancestral grounds for that critical raw product: the clay from the banks of the Catawba River, filled with bits of mica and a high percentage of iron oxide. Her father was Indian, but her mother was Irish and didn't make pottery, so Ayers learned from others. "I remember when I was real young, in my teens, I'd rather work on my pottery than go to a ballgame or "The older designs have always done the best," Ayers says, as a young couple ponder first one piece, then another, on her dining room table.

Master potter Doris Blue, one of the best-known Catawba potters, has worked a ton of clay through her hands during the past six decades, in part "just to keep the traditions going."

The decorative pipes that Blue loves to make are created in ancient molds which have been passed down from one generation to another. It's believed that only a dozen different molds still exist. Like the potters themselves, they are getting older. Pipes were once the exclusive domain of the men, but no male faces appear among the half-dozen active potters. Several years ago two dozen young Catawba girls were taught pottery-making in classes on the reservation. "We got them to the place where they could make it," Blue says. "If time comes and they want or need to make it, they can make pottery."

- from South Carolina Wildlife Magazine

We are here forever:

The voices of Native Americans of the South are not pleading; they are demanding. A small but potentially powerful force in the American Indian struggle for self-governance and self-determination, the indigenous people of the South continue to wage their 400-year struggle against the ceaseless efforts of Europeans to remove them from their lands — and from the collective national memory. Many of the current struggles are being waged in the courtroom — and the Indian people are winning.

Southern Exposure has long been dedicated to reporting critical issues in our region and chronicling efforts by individuals and organiza-

tions to achieve social and economic justice. This survey of happenings in Indian country follows that tradition. We intend "We Are Here Forever" to serve as an educational resource, to be used by high school students, community activists, public officials, and educators.

Each of the contributors to this volume uncovers a piece of a complex history, a unique heritage, and the set of contemporary challenges confronting native peoples of the South. Besides just telling the story, we hope to challenge progressive thinkers and social change activists, both black and white, to deal honestly with issues of the rights of indigenous people, and to do so from an informed position.

When Southern Exposure began to lay the foundation for this special issue several years ago, we often heard the skeptical statement, "I didn't think there were any *real* Indians left in the South." The stereotypes about indigenous people embodied in that statement reflect the successful efforts of white America to obscure the reality of native peoples' existence and

photo by Rob Amberg

Indians of the South

replace that reality with a series of myths that condone past genocidal practices and mask the current conditions which are the legacy of that past. But Indian people directed us to say, "We are here forever."

Early stereotypes, remarkable for both their ambivalence and their tenacity, have variously depicted native peoples as noble savages, bloodthirsty savages, drudging squaws, Indian princesses; Indians have been branded as sexually promiscuous, intemperant, imprudent, childlike, and in need of guidance or governance. But perhaps the most harmful myth of all is the one that denies the existence of Indian people as living, *contemporary* beings. The commercial media, our window to most of the world, reinforces these myths and images. Our educational institutions provide little more in the way of substantive information. Outside of university walls, information about Southern Indians is decidedly lacking.

The Indian people have had to contend with more than the psychological disadvantage imposed by myths that deny their existence. They have also had to sustain themselves through continual shifts in national policy - based largely on the codification of these myths. These policies not only have abridged Indians' rights as individuals but have posed a continual threat to their collective status as sovereign nations. The Indian people occupy a unique position on the national political scene. They cannot be considered just another "minority" group: as John Folk-Williams points out in "Readers Corner," their status as treatymaking nations is too well established in both legislative and judicial history. Yet the capriciousness of national policy and continuing land greed means that some North American natives today must still battle with the government to survive.

In spite of concerted attempts to have Native Americans disappear through forced assimilation, relocation, removal, and murder, the native population is on the rise. Three legislative factors — the promulgation of regulations for official recognition of tribes, the Self-Determination and Education Act of 1975, and the American Indian Religious Freedom Act of 1978 — all significantly increased the opportunities for Indian people throughout the U.S. to halt, through legal advocacy, the trend towards cultural and political (if not actual) extinction.

Perhaps the single most significant factor in this reversal is not legislation, however, but the leadership and participation of Indian people themselves. Previous efforts at reform have generally been led by wellmeaning whites. Now the Indian people have organizations such as the International Treaty Council formed in 1974 to represent the traditional tribal view that emphasizes nationhood; the Ohovo Resource Center, founded by Owanah Anderson in Wichita Falls, Texas, which has developed a comprehensive training program designed by and for Indian women to increase education and employment opportunities. especially within federal Indian agencies; and the Native American Rights Fund which has directed the energies of talented legal staff towards achieving belated justice for a number of Indian tribes. The Native American Rights Fund's record in the South alone is impressive: through its efforts the Tunica-Biloxi received federal recognition, the Catawba are moving ahead with a 144,000-acre land claim, and the Alabama and Coushatta, one of the tribes "terminated" by the government in the 1950s is suing for damages.

The Indians in the Southern states, while sharing common concerns with Indians throughout the continent, bring a heritage and history peculiar to the region. Bearing the brunt of the initial European efforts to control the continent, their numbers were decimated early by the wars between the French, Spanish, and British; their social systems were undermined by brutal proselytizing efforts; their economic system was replaced by one that encouraged the destruction of the ecology and exacerbated conflicts with neighbors; and fatal diseases were introduced to which they had no immunity. Dave Wilcox documents this process in a look at the beginnings of alcohol and deer as trade items.

Three hundred years before General Tecumseh Sherman led his war of extermination against the Plains Indians of the West, small remnants of once numerous tribes had been herded into villages that could more accurately be called work-camps, to serve the needs of the Spanish invaders of the Southeastern coast. Robert Lynch traces one of the least discussed aspects of cultural imperialism perpetrated by Europeans — the origins of homophobia in the Americas. In this early era, Indian secular and religious practices of all kinds were considered abominable by the Christians, justifying the destruction of the native culture.

The early colonials and later the United States government did not simply condone but demanded the destruction of the "real" Indians and of their religious, social, and economic systems in order to make way for those of the "superior" Europeans. Continual warfare plagued native people during the formative years of the American republic until the final solution was proposed in the Removal Acts of the 1830s, forcing the exile of the five so-called "civilized tribes" the Choctaw, Chickasaw, Cherokee, Seminole, and Creek — to the Oklahoma territory.

These tribes, who held the most desirable land and resources, posed a threat to the plantation society of the South. They had adapted to the slave-holding, patriarchial economy of the region; a small number held slaves themselves. Consequently they had retained much influence and power in the new economic order. In spite of intermarriage with the white traders and settlers, the status of these tribes as sovereign nations threatened to halt the expansion of white control over the region. Through trickery, military force, and outright defiance of its own laws, the government succeeded in removing the majority of the Indians then living east of the Mississippi into Oklahoma where contemporary wisdom decreed that no whites would want to settle, the land being deemed worthless. Yet remnants of these tribes remained in the South, retreating into mountains, swamps, and other protected enclaves. The Cherokee, the Choctaw, the Chitimacha, the Seminole, and the Miccosukee who remained in the South eventually received some federally reserved land.

While the history of how those nations fared in their transplanted homes lies outside the scope of "We Are Here Forever," the historic reunion between the Eastern and Western Cherokee at the sacred ground of Red Clay, Tennessee in 1984 was an opportunity to witness the efforts to heal a 147-year-old wound as the tribal councils met again for the first time since Removal. Marilou Awiakta gives us a deep appreciation of the healing process taking place there. And the Remember the Removal project, organized by the Cherokee Board of Education of Oklahoma in cooperation with the Eastern Band of Cherokee, highlights the current efforts by this divided nation to begin a process of spiritual and familial unification and to provide mutual political support.

Two politically significant events followed this historic reunion. In October 1985 Ross Swimmer, former principal chief of the Oklahoma nation, was appointed head of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. At the same time Wilma Mankiller, former deputy chief of the Oklahoma nation, became principal chief, rebuilding a tradition of shared leadership between men and women that had previously been submerged by the impact of European-style patriarchal rule on the political life of the Cherokee.

In spite of the removal efforts, many small or weakened nations were allowed by state governments to remain in the South because they constituted little or no threat to their surrounding white neighbors. Among these were the Alabama and Coushatta of Texas, various state recognized tribes in Virginia such as the Pamunkey, and the Catawba of South Carolina. But those remaining were quickly subject to suppressive state laws abridging the rights of all "free people of color." Political expediency and the survival of white supremacy demanded that the remaining Indian people be included in that category. In many states, Southern Indians after 1835 were no longer even legally classified as Indians. Those who had state reservation lands, as a number of tribes in Virginia did, were objects of virtual crusades to disprove their heritage - by pointing out their lack of pure "Indian blood" and their tendency to associate with free people of color - in order to gain white access to remaining reservation lands. Census takers began to classify these Indians as mulattos, negroes, or colored, terms which eventually were collapsed into black - and indeed many families did become and remain part of the African American community. Many did not, and their descendants, sometimes numbering fewer than 100, still reside on the state reservations established in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

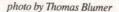
Today, the popular imagination accepts the notion that real Indians wear feathers, ride horses for transportation, and are safely tucked away out of sight on reservations where we may go and see them practicing their quaint cultures and living picturesque lives. This attitude fails to take into account the resulting impoverishment of those nations that resulted from the failure of the government to live up to its agreedupon obligations to provide certain services. While fewer than 14,000 of the 188,000 Indians residing in the Southern states live on federal reservations, those who do have been forced to live a marginal existence as tourist attractions while the construction of dams and the strip mining and timber industries have changed the face of the land, making survival by farming, hunting, and fishing a virtual impossibility. Leslie Marmon Silko, prior to the 1984 election, interviewed an Indian woman identified only as Auntie Kie. She records:

The federal money which used to come to the Indian communities may have been labeled "assistance." But for the Native American people, that federal money wasn't "welfare" or "aid." It was money that has been owed to the Indian people for over 200 years. Another four years of Reagan will only get the United States farther behind in its payments on the Big Debt owed for all the land wrongfully taken and the damages resulting to Native Americans.

In a moving speech before the Florida state legislature, James Billie speaks of the Seminole nation's twentieth-century efforts to retrieve its people from from the *hun tashuk teek*, the "apathy," the "dependence on the unnatural" which has invaded their lives. "I was a product of another third world," he tells us. The Seminole are boldly using their sovereign status to circumvent state laws which would deny them the only opportunity they have had in four centuries to compete in a foreign economy. The history of defiance which gave them their name continues in Seminole country and once again the whites are up in arms. It is a continuing history.

Part of the requirement for Indians to receive their just due from the government is that they be recognized by the U.S. as "real." Bruce Duthu and Hilde Ojibway examine the efforts to gain federal recognition and what recognition means to several Indian tribes in Louisiana. In a related story, Forest Hazel describes the peculiar status of the Indian peoples of North Carolina, where various state bureaucracies insist on classifying them as "other" - after first attempting to designate them as black or white. One of the few states which grant state recognition to Indians who are not federally recognized. North Carolina is home to the Lumbee, whom Bruce Barton, editor of the Carolina Indian Voice, calls "anthropological delights" because of their unique history. Their struggle for survival in hostile white territory embodied in historic Reconstruction-era guerilla warfare waged against the unreconstructed Home Guard; their estab-Eshment of an Indian Normal School in 1887, now Pembroke State University; and their sheer numbers make them a force to be reckoned with in Indian affairs.

In spite of the diversity of issues and histories





presented here, there was among all the Native Americans we contacted no sense of themselves as a people whose culture had been "lost." None thought of themselves as relics of the past. Struggling with efforts to maintain and renew the best of their heritage, while accepting the challenges of the present complex era of threatened nuclear destruction that we all face, has forged dynamic communities. "We are here," they asked us to say. "We are just who we are. We have always been here and we are here forever."

— Maxine Alexander



This is the south. I look for evidence of other Creeks, for remnants of voices, or for tobacco brown bones to come wandering down Conti Street, Royale, or Decatur. Near the French Market I see a blue horse caught frozen in stone in the middle of a square. Brought in by the Spanish on an endless ocean voyage he became mad and crazy. They caught him in blue rock, said

don't talk.

I know it wasn't just a horse that went crazy.

Nearby is a shop with ivory and knives. There are red rocks. The man behind the counter has no idea that he is inside magic stones. He should find out before they destroy him. These things have memory,

you know.

I have a memory.

It swims deep in blood, a delta in the skin. It swims out of Oklahoma, deep the Mississippi River. It carries my feet to these places: the French Quarter, stale rooms, the sun behind thick and moist clouds, and I hear boats hauling themselves up and down the river.

My spirit comes here to drink. My spirit comes here to drink. Blood is the undercurrent.

There are voices buried in the Mississippi mud. There are ancestors and future children buried beneath the currents stirred up by pleasure boats going up and down. There are stories here made of memory. I remember DeSoto. He is buried somewhere in this river, his bones sunk like the golden treasure he traveled half the earth to find, came looking for gold cities, for shining streets of beaten gold to dance on with silk ladies.

He should have stayed home.

(Creeks knew of him for miles before he came into town. Dreamed of silver blades and crosses.)

And knew he was one of the ones who yearned for something his heart wasn't big enough to handle.

(And DeSoto thought it was gold.)

The Creeks lived in earth towns,

not gold, spun children, not gold. That's not what DeSoto thought he wanted to see. The Creeks knew it, and drowned him in the Mississippi River so he wouldn't have to drown himself.

Maybe his body is what I am looking for as evidence. To know in another way that my memory is alive. But he must have got away, somehow, because I have seen New Orleans, the lace and silk buildings, trolley cars on beaten silver paths, graves that rise up out of soft earth in the rain, shops that sell black mammy dolls holding white babies.

And I know I have seen DeSoto, having a drink on Bourbon Street, mad and crazy dancing with a woman as gold as the river bottom.

Joy Harjo is a Creek who comes from Tulsa. She is working on her third collection of poetry. This poem is reprinted with her permission from **She Had Some Horses**, published by Thunder's Mouth Press.

uring the eightteenth century. the Creek Nation attempted to placate the United States government, serving as soldiers in defense of landholdings in Georgia and even cooperating with the planter economy that flourished in the coastal states by returning fugitive slaves. But the colonists were determined to drive the Creeks out of the coveted lands of the Southeast. By the 1750s, the Creek nation had become two separate nations. The Seminole, a Creek word meaning fugitive, runaway, or rebel had joined the remaining native peoples in the then-Spanish territory of Florida. They were joined by fugitive slaves, and together they established a formidable army. Beginning in 1812, The U.S. government sent waves of soldiers to uproot the budding nation from

Florida. They were unsuccessful. During the Removal Era, the government did succeed in deporting most of the Seminole to Okalhoma, but a remnant remained, refusing to yield. The Seminole are proud of their history of resistance. The price they paid has been impoverishment.

In May 1985, James Billie, chair of the tribal council of the Seminole Tribe of Florida, delivered the following address to the Florida State Senate Finance, Taxation and Claims Committee about Governor Bob Graham's demand that tribally owned smoke shops charge the 21-cent state sales tax

FIGHTING HUN TASHUK TEEK

BY JAMES BILLIE

on cigarette sales to non-Indians. Claiming that the state is losing \$15 million in tax revenue from the smoke shop sales, committee chair Bob Crawford (D-Winter Haven) called the tax break granted the tribe by the state in 1978 a "highly inefficient" way to "help" the Indians. The committee voted to make no changes.

The Seminole, it seems, have aroused the ire of the state and many of Florida's white citizens by turning a profit with cigarette sales and the operation of bingo parlors, two enterprises which net \$8 million annually. Just 28 years ago the Seminole of Florida, who claim the distinction of being the only tribe that the U.S. Army was unable to defeat, were granted tribal sovereignty, a legal status which exempts them from state statutes and regulations, other than criminal. They are, in effect, a nation.

The Seminole defend their money-making activities based on their increasing financial independence and the overwhelming needs within their nation for essentials like health care. housing, and education. Further, they are keenly aware that their sovereign status is under attack through efforts to sway public opinion against them by making the issue appear to be a moral one. Cries of potential corruption permeate discussions about the huge sums of

money earned by the tribe, and Florida journalists and politicians openly question the ability of the Indians to manage their own affairs without the aid of state regulations.

The Seminole's stance is echoed throughout North America as state attempts at regulation threaten to erode Indian efforts at self-governance and self-sufficiency. James Billie, however, does not dwell over long on the legal issue of sovereignty, but emphasizes the pressing need to address the economic and spiritual needs of the people of the Seminole nation.

r. Chairman and distinguished members of this committee, allow me to thank you for this opportunity to make this presentation today on this issue of great importance to the 1,600 members of the Seminole Tribe of Florida.

In these times when this great deliberative body is faced with such major issues as the protection of coastlands, the future of higher education, and, most importantly, the management of our state's growth into the next century, I am most appreciative of your commitment of valuable time today to consider the impact of the proposed legislation on the oldest, yet smallest, of Florida's constituencies one that in numbers represents less than four days of the population growth of this state that you are striving to manage this session.

I am James Billie, chairman of the Seminole Tribe of Florida. I have been elected and reelected by the members of the Seminole Nation and I have seen my responsibility as chairman to provide the necessary leadership, like you, to prepare my constituents for the twenty-first century. I'll admit to you that we both have a long way to go.

In addition to my own testimony today, I have brought with me some members of my tribe who I believe will present you with perspectives beyond what I am able to articulate: Judy Baker, who is a successful businesswoman; Tina Osceola, a young woman who has a dream of attending law school; Elsie Jean Bowers, who runs our health department; Betty Mae Jumper, who was our first and only tribal chairwoman; our housing director, Eloise Osceola; and Winifred Tiger, the tribal director of education.

I could speak today to you about the history of the Seminole Tribe in Florida - our dealings with the federal government and our dealings with the territorial and state governments of Florida during this century and the two before it. But you have read the history books and I'm sure you are familiar with the policies of deceit and the wars our grandparents fought, including the longest Indian war the United States was ever involved in. I could speak today about the treaties broken, black slaves taken in, about families spilt into a nation divided by the geography of convenience. But I won't. It's not my intention to burden



ILLUSTRATIONS BY NOAH BILLIE

you with the sins of your ancestors. It's not my desire to play upon the white man's guilt.

What I intend to speak about today is the history of the Seminole Tribe of Florida as I personally know it; the history of my lifetime, or at least since I can remember — the modern-day development of the Seminole people from the war years on, the phases our people have gone through and are going through.

I was a product of a third world totally within the boundaries of the United States. I was very fortunate in my younger years. I was forced off the reservation, as some of you probably were forced out of your homes and hometowns by our nation's commitment in Vietnam. It gave me an education beyond the reservation that helped me develop a perspective that is difficult to describe — because unlike you, I was a product of another third world, believe it or not, a third world, totally within the boundaries of the United States. The transition to Southeast Asia was not difficult for me, but certainly the return home was.

The only way I can describe my perception of the attitudes of my people upon my return, or certainly a large percentage of them, is a Seminole word Hun Tashuk Teek. The closest definition I could find in Webster's Collegiate for this word is apathy: lack of interest, indifference, lack of desire to set or achieve a goal. This state of mind is still apparent among some of my constituents, but - to quote the greatest civil rights leader of our time - "I have a dream!" And each man, woman, and child of my tribe shares that dream. My people are moving toward that dream and the revenue to the Seminole Tribe that we are debating today is as important a component of the fulfillment of that dream as any I have to give you.

As I indicated, apathy, in the modern perspective of the Seminole Tribe, has been the prevailing attitude. Apathy brings despair. Despair brings dependence, dependence upon the unnatural. I shouldn't have to tell you about the alcohol and drug problems among my people. I have a dream that these won't be issues in our next century — or better yet, decade. But as leader, chief, chairman of my people, I must address the problems as I see them.

When I campaigned for the privilege to lead the Seminole Tribe, I saw many problems that related to this *Hun Tashuk Teek*. The most dangerous problem I saw was drugs, in the sense of abuse, but as much so in the sense that it was an easy opportunity to elevate oneself to the values of the non-Indian world — an easy way to get rich, if you will. Upon election I came to the state of Florida and asked you to build me a police force. You didn't have the funds. Cigarette sales gave us the funds to build a police force and



while I can't say we've won our war on drugs, I can say that, like you, we've made significant strides. Our police have seized planes, made significant seizures, and continue to make drugs and druggies an unwelcome part of our reservation. In doing so, we prevent this poison from paralyzing not only our youth, but yours as well.

un Tashuk Teek is becoming an attitude of our past in other ways, as well. Selling beads and wrestling alligators, while still an important part of our economy, are not the pinnacle of our dreams for economic development. Our children are developing role models. In this very room sits a full-blooded Seminole Indian who is a member of the Florida Bar - an incredible achievement when we consider that a little more than 20 years ago we were barred from the public school systems in this state. We have two members of the tribe now with master's degrees, 10 more who are college graduates, 15 with associate degrees, a registered nurse, and three paralegals. We have 10 students enrolled in college now and 51 more who want to attend.

Before we sold cigarettes, our high school drop out rate was 68 percent.

Yes, I said 68 percent. In our entire tribe in 1977, before we sold tobacco, less than 10 percent of our entire tribe were high school graduates. I have a dream that my children and the children of my tribe will not ask if they can go to college, but will ask the same questions your kids ask you: should I go to Harvard or Yale, or Florida or Florida State, or FIU or FAU, Broward Community College or the University of Miami. The revenue from our tribal taxation of cigarettes is making that not only possible, but reality.

The original purpose of reservations was not to protect Indians, but to separate them.

There's another term I wanted to discuss this afternoon that I couldn't find in Webster's Collegiate, but I know each and every one of you has either heard it or used it in your regulatory oversight of banking and insurance in Florida. The term is "redlining." [Redlining is a practice by which banks mark off - redline - certain areas on the map; they refuse to make mortgage or business loans within this territory.] Perhaps my use of this term will shed new light on its origins. The term "redlining" describes, better than any other term I have heard, the entire original purpose of the reservation system of Indian tribes in this country. It certainly did and has worked to our disadvantage. I would encourage those of you who sit on the commerce committee to ask of the banks and insurance companies that you regulate, how many loans or policies are sold on our reservations. The original purpose of reservations, and I must defy anyone who challenges me on this, was not to protect Indians but to separate them, to prevent our assimilation, to disallow equality.

But alas, the reservation system is our economic boom of the last six years, I'll admit. Not, however, without battles in the courts and on other fronts such as this one. We are catching up to the rest of society, but we still have a long way to go.

I've been asked to provide the state with figures on where the money from our cigarette sales goes. I'm pleased to have the opportunity to tell you.

Every man, woman, and child who is a member of the Seminole Indian Tribe receives a dividend, quarterly, from our business interests: cigarette sales, bingo, cattle production, land leases, etc. Remember, the federal government required us to organize as a corporation in 1957, and my constituents are stockholders in that corporation.

Some years ago, the state was kind enough to allow our children to attend the public schools in the counties where we live. This was great in Hollywood and tolerable at our reservations in Brighton and Immokalee and Tampa. The middle school and high school students on the Big Cypress Reservation can tolerate, as well, an hour-and-a-half drive to school in Clewiston. But we don't ask this of our preschoolers and primaries. Cigarette revenues help support our own elementary school at Big Cypress. Since our ability to sell cigarettes came about in 1978, the quality of life has improved dramatically for my people, my constituents, [who] even though [they are] a small portion of the whole of this state, [are] your constituents, too.

In those six years our employment rate has increased by 20 percent, while our population has grown by more than 25 percent. We have built more than 250 new housing units since 1977 and reduced substandard housing by 75 percent. You should know that I and many of my people came into this world living in chickees [grass and bamboo huts].

This redlining which kept us an obscure tourist attraction, selling beads and wrestling alligators for so many years, is now working to our advantage — it has given us a dream.

Look at our budgets. In 1957, when we organized to comply with the Bureau of Indian Affairs standards, our entire tribal budget was \$50,000. Even with federal grants, which are becoming more and more scarce today, prior to cigarette sales our budget in 1977 was less than \$500,000. Now it tops \$7 million.

On my desk today are requests from my constituents for loans and for cash assistance which I know in some cases may never be paid back. I want to give you a few examples:

• A man wants to go into business for himself. He has a dream. He's conquered the apathy, but the redlining still exists. The bank won't talk with him. He asks if my council and I will stake him to buy enough cattle to start

The redlining which has kept us an obscure tourist attraction, selling beads and wrestling alligators for so many years, is now working to our advantage.

a herd. Cigarette money makes it possible for us to do that.

• An unmarried mother of four asks the council for \$300 to buy her children new clothing for school.

• An old woman asks for \$1,600 to have cataract surgery so she can see again.

 A man whose son is attending Brigham Young University asks for travel funds so his son can come home for Easter recess.

 A woman who has been paralyzed from an automobile accident needs
 \$600 worth of home improvements to make her house accessible by wheelchair.

And the list goes on.

You see, rich aunts and generous inlaws are scarce among the Seminole Tribe and our council has used the revenue from our tribal business development, including our sales of cigarettes, to parent our children, our tribal members, who are in need.

If you take away our revenue source, our self-determination, would you and the governor be willing to fulfill these basic human needs? And if you were, how long would you be willing to continue that handout? I don't believe the state could or would be able to fulfill these needs I describe.

One last point prior to my stepping back for your vote on this important issue. The issue is not all dreams! Some is fact.

Less than a few years ago, the state of Florida's Department of Business Regulation came to the Seminole Tribe with a problem - a major problem that they indicated was depriving the taxpayers of this state through illegal activities millions upon millions of dollars. The problem was bootlegging of cigarettes from states which don't have high taxes on them. To assist the state in its enforcement effort toward bootlegging of cigarettes, the tribe agreed to: (1) buy from state approved distributors; (2) create and use a special stamp denoting Florida Indian cigarettes so as to allow the state to track the origin and distribution of cigarettes; (3) provide the state with knowledge of the exact numbers of sales on the Reservations; (4) limit to three cartons per sale; and (5) comply with Florida laws regarding enforcement of sale to those persons of legal age.

In return, the state agreed not to oppose our cigarette sales on the reservation.

Today, as in history, I find myself before you wondering if you will ever live up to the agreements you've made with my people. \Box

A CASE OF SACRED RIGHT BY JOSE BARREIRO

"Somewhere in this world, I want my Indian peoples to be heard. No matter how small a group they are, every one of them has the right to be who they are."

- Phillip Deere, Muskogee-Creek Medicine Man Fourth Russell Tribunal, 1980



THE LAST PHOTO OF TURKEY TAYAC, OC-TOBER 29, 1978



There is a place called Moyoane just outside of Washington, DC, on the Maryland side, that is an Indian sacred site.

Many people might have seen Moyoane from the lawn at General George Washington's stately old home, Mount Vernon, as Moyoane lies just below it, a spot now containing some 20 acres.

Moyoane is the ancient capital or ceremonial grounds of the Piscataway Nation, the aboriginal people of the Potomac Valley, whose villages once spread over the sites of the present U.S. Congress, Supreme Court, and White House (where not long ago workers building a swimming pool found Indian remains).

There is an old, medicine-holding family of the Piscataway Nation in the immediate area of Moyoane. Their name is Tayac and they have inherited, through the generations, the "hosting" responsibility over the sacred site. There are about 100 self-recognized Piscataway people. The Tayacs are a principal or "chief-naming" family with a highly personal and religious intensity about the sacredness of Moyoane.

"Moyoane is what we have left," said Chief Billy Redwing Tayac, 50, who remembers coming to Moyoane as a boy. Billy's father, Chief Turkey Tayac, an Indian elder of renown before his death in 1978, held religious ceremonies at Moyoane since early in this century. "We [the Piscataways] were forced, in one way or another, to give up almost all our land," Chief Tayac said. "But we never gave up Moyoane."

Chief Tayac can give a comprehensive history of the progressive loss of land endured by the once 12,000strong Piscataway Nation. He can recount the way the "Southern gentry from colonial times on parceled out Piscataway land," how "English-type manors and halls became the Southern plantation," how "everything, a man's wealth was measured in cotton," and how Indian generations were scattered throughout the East Coast so that "many are only now coming back out to their Indian identity, or the idea I like, 'de-Angloizing.""



As with so many Indian groups, the Piscataways were dispossessed of most of their territory within the century of

their contact with European immigrants. The fact that they had never negotiated treaties directly with the U.S., only with the British, left them without legal recourse in the new republic and their involvement in the Tecumseh wars and later the Underground Railroad brought them the enmity of Southern white society. According to Chief Tayac, the Piscataway people helped black slaves escape the South in the mid-1800s.

"Most of our people were beaten down. They felt as a conquered people. Many didn't want to identify as Indians. They didn't want to participate as Indians. You need to understand the pervasive racist mentality to appreciate what I tell you. It was: if you're not white, you are not a human being. Over the years, many Indians gave up being Indian, started saying they were Italian, or Arab.

"It was that 'White Gentry' mentality. I can remember it just as a child, they treated everybody else as a sort of inferior. They stole the land from the Indian people and brought blacks over here and made plantations. They couldn't get the Indians to work as slaves for some reason. Indians died or ran or fought. The white person at that time saw the black person as a farm animal, but he saw Indians as wild animals. They had to get rid of them, because they couldn't convert the Indians to slaves. So what they had to do, they went all the way to Africa and ripped other tribal people out of Africa - people who were black brought them here for profit and they were slaves. They took their religions away from them, ripped them from their land. At least we Indians were on our own land.'

By the turn of the present century, only a few Piscataway families attended the seasonal ceremonies at Moyoane. "Later, it all fell on Turkey. He became the one to do everything, keep the ceremonies going, our spiritual relationship to our sacred place."

The Moyoane Burial Ground area had come into the hands of what Tayac calls "Southern wealth." The owners, however, recognized the Tayacs as a family with rights to their ancestors' burial grounds, especially as the numbers of ceremony participants were diminishing. "The burial ground, that's where our people are buried. That is like our Garden of Eden, our Jerusalem, our Wailing Wall. We couldn't give that up. And it is our land. We have never ceded that site.

That's where we come from. That's the start of us."

The Tayac family, through Chief Turkey, are the inheritors of the Moyoane site in the Indian traditional way. "It is very important to us," Chief Tayac said, "where, how, we bury our people. This is the strongest part of our tradition we have left, that and our four sacred ceremonies, which we come together for at Moyoane, too, in their season.

"In our belief, well, we are so connected to this earth. The more we think as Indians, how the old people taught us, well, it was that this is very, very holy, how a person's remains were handled."

Moyoane is a well-documented burial site, however, and several times this century, archaeologists and others FLESH-GIVING CEREMONY AT FEAST OF THE DEAD from the Smithsonian and other institutions have come to

dig there. "I saw many of our remains come out of there when I was a boy. I remember how it hurt. It still hurts," Chief Tavac said. "For every step that that person took in his life, for everything he ever touched or she ever touched, every word she spoke, everything all the blood of her body, her hair, her teeth - everything. That's all that's left of that individual. That's their remains. And nobody should have the

audacity to take these persons' remains, especially if they were buried according to their beliefs, and dig them up and put them on display."

Chief Tayac said the institutions took nearly 7,000 skeletal remains from Moyoane before a member of the family that owned the site decided the 20 acres should be given to the Indians and the digging stopped. Shortly after, however, the friend died, and now two separate foundations and the National Park Service share jurisdiction over the area.

In the 1960s and '70s, political

movements and religious revitalization encouraged many young Indians to go back to their cultural roots. Respect for the long-standing traditional families and vocation for the Indian spiritual ceremonies multiplied. The seasonal ceremonies at Moyoane were drawing upwards of 300 people.

Said Tayac, "Turkey knew so much that other Indians wanted to learn, and then the Indian political awareness exploded in the early 1970s. Our ceremonies started to grow again. Many Indians want to come back to our religion."

Trouble developed with the foundations and the Park Service, who expressed support for the Tayac family's use of Moyoane but balked at its use by the larger gatherings of local and regional Indians.

Once in 1973, a park ranger attempted to detain Tayac, his son Mark, and a group of Indians for gathering surface artifacts from the site and a confrontation ensued. The Indians were soon surrounded by more than a dozen patrol cars and an eightperson armored helicopter.

"I didn't want to see anyone hurt," the chief said, "but I couldn't see what right they had to regulate me on that piece of ground."

Subsequent years have brought many struggles between the Piscataway and the various authorities, some demonstrations, congressional hearings, and even a law, the breakthrough step in the fight to bury Chief Turkey in his beloved Moyoane, as he had requested on his death bed. Chief Turkey died in 1978 and was buried at Moyoane by congressional action one year later, in November 1979.

"The problem is the racist attitude," Tayac said. "My religion is real and it is tied to this site, but the society doesn't want to recognize that. They are afraid of Indians, of too many Indians, because we believe the way we do and because they are afraid of a land claim over this region. They are worried about clouded titles if we Piscataway want to press a land claim law suit under our aboriginal title here. But all we ask is that they take the 20-acre Moyoane site out of the public lands and protect it properly, not plowing parts of it like they do now, and give us private access during ceremonial times."

Chief Tayac is a serious man and his issue has national implications for hundreds of tribes across North America. Burial site conflicts are notoriously emotional in Indian communities, where there is a strong distaste for "graverobbing" as an insult and a desecration. Tayac has made his case in Congress under the basis of the 1978 American Indian Religious Freedom Act. The Tayacs have even traveled to Geneva to charge "attempted ethnocide" before international agencies concerned with human rights of indigenous peoples.



Chief Tayac is an affable man, calm and deliberate. I had the opportunity to visit with him at a ceremony in Moyoane

years ago. It was a gathering of more than 100 people, at which a young Apache/Nahuatl man got his Indian name. Tayac feasted the people on that occasion and supervised the doings.

Among the people present were Indians from many places in North and South America. Tayac believes in pan-Indian religious ceremonies. "Nowadays, we move so much. Many Indian tribes intermarry. If there are Indians and friends in our area who care to join us, I welcome them. My feeling is, we are small numbers in our Indian groups, we should share these things."

I remember a walk with him to his

father's grave. He was in good spirits that so many of the clan had turned out. A tall, round-shouldered man with two long braids hanging to his chest, Tayac wore that complete sense of belonging that gives a ceremony serene feelings. People ate and talked and told stories, some sweated in the lodge, children played and then a circle was made where the young man got his name, where he told of his people, where the chief took him into the tribe.

The four sacred colors flew from a staff near the grave, which had a wellattended look, grass worn around it, tobacco pouches. A Mohawk man who had walked along felt the moment and pulled some sweetgrass, laid it on the grave. Tayac nodded.

THE TAYAC FAMILY



On the way back from the grave, the chief talked about how it was done in the old ways. Interviewed recently, he mentioned it again. "It's important that people know," he said.

Chief Billy Redwing Tayac: "Now the way it was done in those days a person had two burials. When a person died, they would many times be first put on a scaffold, in an isolated place, away from the village. A person would then be on that scaffold three or five years, time for the flesh to be taken by animals, the weather. At the end of that period, they would have a feast of the dead. There was a medicine man with extremely long fingernails. This medicine man would go over and remove all the remaining flesh from the bones. It wouldn't be much but it was all gathered, taken care of. Then the family would take the skeleton over. They would put it in a common grave in a flexed position. That's the second and final burial. Very holy."



Overlooking the burial field on that October day, surrounded by fields of corn already harvested, Chief Tayac talked about terminology. "There are a couple of words I don't like. I don't like the word prehistoric. Because prehistoric puts Indians in the time of the dinosaurs. And that is not true. The word that should be used is maybe pre-Columbian. When you use the word prehistoric people think of Indians as ancient beings similar to the caveman. That's also not a true image.

"Another phrase is 'ancient burial ground.' They call an Indian site that, where someone was buried maybe 80, 100 years ago. But there are Catholic burial sites around here where no one has been buried in that long and they are still called cemeteries.

"Bones, the word bones, too," Tayac said. "I like the word 'remains.' This is what is left of the person. It is not just bones. One has to think, what about every time that person moved their finger or held a baby, or went to pick corn, or went hunting, or tried to help his or her family. People have to understand. Every action, every ounce of hair, every ounce of blood, every ounce of bone, everything - that's all that is left of that person on this earth. Not of the spirit, but on this earth. And that is sacred as the earth is sacred. The earth is us. That's what these people don't want to understand."

He put an Indian logic to work on the why: "I've thought it out for years. And I'll tell you what the problem is. These people left their ancestors. They left their ancestors in Europe or in the case of black people, were forced to leave them in Africa. And they crossed the ocean. They broke their ties with their ancestors' earth. Their ancestors are over there in Europe, and you see those advertisements - fly PanAm to Italy, to Germany. Return to the home of your ancestors. They say: 'Walk the streets of your ancestors.' That has meaning to them. They haven't been here long enough for their ancestors' bones to be mingled in the earth here. which our ancestors' bones are, from the beginning of time. The earth is us."

Jose Barreiro is an editor for Indigenous Press Network, a computerized news service on international Indian/ Indigenous affairs. His people are Guajiro from the Camaguey region of eastern Cuba, to which he returns frequently for renewal.

Future Light

To non-Indians, the concept of federal recognition may seem perplexing; to many Indians, it is insulting. On July 18, 1985, the United Houma Nation, Inc., of Louisiana filed a petition with the United States Department of the Interior seeking federal acknowledgement of their status as an "Indian tribe." The petition is a 437page document composed primarily of historical and cultural information, tribal governing articles, and membership lists. All this information is aimed at helping to prove the Houma are who they say they are — American Indians.

It is ironic that people who were recognized as a group by French explorers as early as 1682 now have to "prove" their identity to a government scarcely 200 years old. To non-Indians, the concept of federal recognition may seem perplexing; to many Indians, it is insulting.

Essentially, federal recognition is the establishment of a legal relationship between the U.S. government and an Indian tribe. This relationship imposes reciprocal responsibilities and obligations on both the government and the tribe. Although the tribe subjects itself to the authority of Congress, its status as "recognized" makes it eligible to apply for federal benefits and services. Federal recognition does not mean an automatic entitlement to government funds. The current regulations state that federally recognized tribes may be eligible for benefits and services although "requests for appropriations shall follow a determination of the needs of the newly recognized tribes" (emphasis added).

It was not until 1977 that the federal government began developing formal

recognition procedures in response to an increase in the number of petitions received by the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA). This is the bureau within the Department of the Interior which administers and oversees most programs for federally recognized tribes. Seven criteria must be met. The first three elements are critical and usually the most difficult to meet. The tribe must prove:

1. historical identification on a substantially continuous basis as an American Indian tribe. This can be proven by identification as American Indians by: foreign governments; federal, state, and local authorities; federally recognized tribes or national Indian organizations; official records; newspapers; and scholars of history and anthropology;

2. habitation of a specific area by a substantial portion of the petitioning group, where members must be descendants of the Indian tribe that historically occupied that specific area; and

3. evidence of tribal political influence over the members, exercised throughout history and to the present.

The other four elements, while important, are relatively easier to establish. The tribe must provide:

4. copies of the group's governing documents,

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5. a membership list,

6. a statement of proof that the membership is composed principally of people not members of other federally recognized tribes, and

7. proof that the group is not the subject of congressional legislation ex-

or Feu-Follet?

pressly terminating or prohibiting the federal relationship.

The evidence presented in the Houma petition to meet these criteria relies primarily upon the work of Jan Curry-Roper, Greg Bowman, and Jack Campisi. Both Curry-Roper's and Bowman's work was sponsored by the Mennonite Central Commmittee. Campisi's work with the Houma was in association with the Native American Rights Fund, based in Washington, DC, which represents the Houma in their petition efforts.

Curry-Roper traces historical references to the Houma to 1682. In that year, the French explorer LaSalle took note of the tribe's settlement located near present-day Angola, Louisiana. Curry-Roper documents encounters between the Houma and numerous other French explorers and officials including: Iberville (1699), Bienville (1700), the Jesuit missionary Gravier (early 1700s), and French governor del'Espinot (1764). The Houma coexisted peacefully with the French for nearly a century and, as a result, entered into no written treaties with them.

In 1763 England and Spain divided sovereignty over the Mississippi River Valley with England claiming lands east of the river and Spain claiming lands into the west. The Houma had contact with the leaders and representatives of both governments and were recognized as a distinct Indian tribe. Curry-Roper notes that the Houma visited English Major Robert Farmer in 1765 and that he gave them gifts. In 1771 British Indian agent John Thomas received an eagle tail feather from the Houma as a pledge of peace. In the 1780s British officer Thomas Hutchins made note of the Houma's existence near the Chitimacha Fork. The Houma's relationship with the English was not as amiable as that with either the French or Spanish. Again, as with the French, the Houma did not enter into any formal treaties with the English.

Curry-Roper presents evidence of contact between the Houma and the Spanish beginning around 1769. Indian nations living within 60 miles of New Orleans were invited by Spanish Governor O'Reilly to attend a meeting. Nine tribes attended, including the Houma. Houma oral history claims that the Spanish government gave the tribe substantial acreage near the present-day site of the town called Houma. Written evidence of this transaction is lacking, but Curry-Roper argues that Spanish Indian policy, which generally recognized tribal rights to possession of their lands, tends to support the Houma's claim.

Contact between the Houma and officials of the United States government, which had acquired the Louisiana Territory in 1803, is documented beginning in 1811. Governor W.C.C. Claiborne wrote of a visit paid him by the Houma chief Chac-Chouma. Claiborne acknowledged the tribe's existence and their reputation as a friendly tribe.

Favorable treatment by the United States officials was short-lived. In 1814 the Houma were denied their claim to lands given them by the Spanish. This violated the Louisiana Purchase Treaty which expressly called for honoring agreements made during Spanish rule.

The United States' failure to honor these agreements left the Houma without a secure land base. The tribe began moving to the less populated and at that time less desirable areas to the south. Houma members began purchasing tracts of land on an individual basis, largely in Terrebonne and Lafourche parishes.

Tribal leadership became decentralized as Houma communities adapted to the hunting-fishing economic lifestyle of the marsh environment. Settlements sprang up along the numerous bayous that meandered through lower Terrebonne and Lafourche parishes. Each community developed one or more local leaders, which represented a shift away from the traditional single-leader system which had prevailed in the tribe as a whole. Rosalie Courteaux is usually acknowledged by Houma members today as being the last single Houma "chief" before the shift to local community leadership. Most Houma trace their ancestry to one of Courteaux's seven children.

By the time anthropologist John Swanton visited the area inhabited by the Houma in 1907, seven distinct Indian settlements were in existence. Most of these communities exist today.

Swanton's visit marked the beginning of sporadic investigations conducted by the Bureau of Indian Affairs on Louisiana's Houma tribe. Most of the officials sent by the BIA were responding to pleas for assistance by individual Houma members and con"They say we are not Indians, but look how they treated us. I say if we are not Indians, then they made us Indians by the way they treated us."

cerned non-Indians. No direct action was taken as a result of these investigations.

In 1932 Louisiana Congressman Numa Montet wrote to Charles J. Rhoads, then Commissioner of Indian Affairs, inquiring about the possibility of federal assistance for the Houma, particularly in the area of education. Commissioner Rhoads responded:

A main objective in the work of the Federal government for the Indian is to bring him to the point where he can stand on his own feet in whatever community his lot happens

Feu-Follets

Feu-follets, the Houma tell us, are strange balls of fire floating through the sky at night, and their purpose is only to misguide people and get them lost. The term means "false fire" and these lights appear usually over or near water, although people have reported seeing them on land and in the woods. Explanations as to what causes feu-follets are varied. Many of the Houma, obviously reflecting the Christian influence, claim that a feu-follet is the soul of an unbaptized baby coming back to do mischief. But one woman refuted this theory stating that a young child, baptized or unbaptized, was too young to know what evil was, and thus would not return in spirit just to do mischief. Some claim that there is a natural explanation for these occurrences.

Whatever the theories may be, to most of the Houma the unexplainable is better left unexplained. The *feu-follets* are harmless if one simply avoids them. The only danger lies in following them.

These lights that they saw were said to be spirits. They were said to be the spirits of small children or babies who had not been baptized. People always saw them and said to lie. . . .

Without Federal aid the Indians of Louisiana exist, free of the handicaps of wardship; to impose wardship upon them would be to turn the clock backward.... We do not believe that for the Federal government to assume jurisdiction over the Indians of Louisiana today would be any kindness to these Indians.

The commissioner's letter reflects the assimilationist ideals typical of 1930s United States Indian policy. The letter also puts forth the rather dubious proposition that wardship "han-

that they were only good to get you lost. They said if you followed one, it would take you so far, you would get lost.

Those feu-follets, they lose people. You see them in lakes. You see them like lights. And you head towards that light. And you ride and ride. The light always stays in front of you, and you find that you have not been moving at all. They'll come on board with you. What causes them is beyond me. But to get rid of them, you take a needle. You make it pass through the eye of the needle. It's like a ball of fire.

There were a lot of people who saw things. They saw lights in the sky. Those they called feu-follets. When we first started going to sea, they said you never should go at night — you should never go on a light. Sometimes you would leave to go to sea, and you had to follow by light. Well, you would never be able to reach the light, if it was a feufollet. It would lead you through the bayous and lakes and get you lost. We were lost, we stayed there all night. We stopped navigating for the reason that we didn't know where we were. It was that light that lost US.

- collected by Bruce Duthu

dicaps" Indians. This rationale was later used by the federal government to terminate its trust relationships with other American tribes in the 1950s, which was the so-called "Termination Era" of United States Indian policy.

Lack of federal assistance notwithstanding, the Houma continued to carve out a home and a living in the Louisiana marshland. The relative isolation of the group actually helped them preserve some elements of their ancestry. These included kinship settlement patterns, crafts, folklore, native treatments using medicinal herbs, and their Cajun French dialect.

The group's isolation also made it very easy for unscrupulous land developers and oil company representatives to erode the Houma's land base quickly. One technique commonly used in Terrebonne Parish during the 1930s was to have Indians sign documents purporting to be mineral leases. The documents were actually quitclaim deeds which transferred ownership interests to the non-Indians. Since outsiders knew that the Houma generally were neither English-speaking nor literate, tribal members became relatively easy targets for fraudulent land conveyances. The tracts of land privately held by individual Houma, at least in Terrebonne Parish, were almost completely lost during this period.

The bitterness felt over the loss of land rights was probably second only to the Houma's frustration at being denied the right to an education. Except for a few church-operated schools in the 1930s and early '40s, the Houma had no significant opportunities for formal education. Terrebonne and Lafourche parishes both operated segregated Indian schools on a sporadic basis in the 1940s. Not until the 1953-54 school year did the parishes become consistently involved in the education of Houma children. A new Indian school was built in Dulac in Terrebonne Parish, and the Lafourche Parish school in Golden Meadow continued to operate. However, until the 1960s, the Indian public schools in both Terrebonne and Lafourche parishes went through the seventh grade only and Indians were denied access to the public high schools.

As a result of a lawsuit filed on behalf of Houma children, a Louisiana federal court in 1963 ordered the integration of the Terrebonne Parish public schools. Integration was implemented on a staggered plan beginning with the public high schools. Rita Duthu (the author's aunt) became the first Houma to graduate from an integrated public high school in 1965. She graduated seventh in a class of more than 200.

Elementary schools in Terrebonne Parish were finally integrated in 1969. In that year, the Dulac Indian School was dismantled, floated on barges up the bayou and reassembled behind the school which white students attended (Grand Caillou School). In 1969, Indian, white, and black students were finally permitted to sit in the same classroom in Terrebonne Parish public elementary schools.

The 1970s were a period of political organization for the Houma. The Houma Tribe, Inc., had already been formed, and operated out of Golden Meadow in Lafourche Parish. The Houma Alliance, Inc., was formed in April 1974 and operated out of Dulac in Terrebonne Parish. The objectives of the two groups were different. The Lafourche Parish group concentrated primarily on adult education while the Terrebonne Parish organization focused on tribal economic development. The two groups finally merged on May 12, 1979, to form the United Houma Nation, Inc., governed by a 14-member council representing the five Louisiana parishes with Houma populations. Council members serve two-year terms with the exception of the tribal chair, who serves a four-year term.

There are 8,715 Houma Indians listed on the most current tribal record. People with one-eighth degree or more of Houma Indian ancestry may be admitted as tribal members. The Houma are the largest of Louisiana's five Indian tribes, the second most populous being the Chitimachas with 520 members. The other tribes include the Tunica-Biloxi, Coushatta, and various Choctaw bands.

Most Houma are employed in either the fishing or oil-related industries. Commercial fishing or "trawling" for shrimp occurs year round in the Gulf of Mexico, but it is seasonal within inland waters. Since many Houma rely on smaller boats not suited for Gulf conditions, they are subject to seasonal restrictions. Houma workers in the oil industry hold positions ranging from "roustabout" and "rough neck" to production supervisors and safety directors. Roustabouts and roughnecks perform the heavy physical labor associated with oilfield drilling and production. Recent cutbacks in oil production combined with the seasonal nature of shrimping have reduced the number of stable, yearround jobs available to the Houma.

The contemporary language of the

federal recognition, traditional Houma culture can be seen today in their crafts, folklore, and folk medicine. Woodcarving and basket weaving are skills preserved by several craftsmen. Antoine Billiot of Dulac is one of the most prolific, using the palmetto plant for his basket and fan weavings.

Houma folklore collected by the authors in 1978 provides several examples of oral traditions that are shared with neighboring Indian tribes. Among the Houma, the *feu-follet* (false light) stories are told of lights that appeared in the night and misled



Fishing and oil industries share the waters along Bayou Grand Caillou, Dulac, Louisiana

Houma reflects their longstanding relationship with the French. Cajun French is the first language for Houma born before 1960 while English is predominant in the latest generation. The Houma Indian language, part of the Muskogean linguistic group, is long lost as a native tongue. Extensive oral histories conducted during the 1970s revealed that only a few Houma words remained in the memories of the tribe's elders.

While the Indian language of the Houma is lost, several other traditional elements remain. According to research presented in the petition for people into the marshes. This is similar to the Choctaw's *hash-okwa hui'ga* (will-o-wisp) legend. The Choctaw *boh-poli* or trickster character is also present in Houma folklore, known by the French name *loutain*.

The traiteurs (treaters) play an important role in Houma folk medicine. *Traiteurs* may use both Christian and herbal treatments for the cure of the ill. While some of the herbal treatments may have been influenced by Europeans, the majority are of native origin.

Contemporary Houma culture is heavily influenced by Catholicism, Only three decades ago the official United States Indian policy was to terminate trust relationships with all American tribes.

first introduced by the French in the 1700s. In Terrebonne Parish, where some churches once barred Houma from sitting with whites, a Houma priest now leads a congregation.

The discrimination practiced in the church aisles was also practiced in restaurants, schools, and stores.

people who called me a sabine."

Tribal Chairman Kirby Verret feels that white hostility toward Houma only intensified their sense of Indian identity. "They say we are not Indians but look how they treated us. I say if we are not Indians then they made us Indians by the way they treated us."



Adult education class at Isle de Jean Charles, c. 1938.

Although the intensity of hostility toward Houma may gradually be decreasing, discrimination still persists.

Hostile whites use the derogatory term "sabine" to refer to the Houma. This term represents an attitude of people who refuse to acknowledge the Houma's identity as American Indians. One old Houma man explained the use of the word. "It's just that people had a word thay called the Indians, 'sabines.' It meant that the Indians were nothing. They weren't anything at all. That's the way they [non-Indians] wanted it. There were a lot of The present drive for federal recognition is aimed, in part, at rectifying the effects of past discrimination. To anticipate what the impact of federal recognition might be, the Houma may look to other federally recognized tribes within the state.

The three federally recognized Louisiana tribes are the Chitimacha, the Coushatta, and the Tunica-Biloxi. The Chitimacha have been recognized since the 1800s; the Coushatta did not receive federal recognition until 1973. The Tunica-Biloxi were the last Louisiana tribe to receive federal recognition. Eli Barbry, leader of the Tunica-Biloxi in the 1930s, went to Washington seeking recognition for his people. Forty years later, in 1974, a formal petition was filed during Joseph Pierite's tenure as tribal chairman. Meeting the strict geneology requirements proved a major obstacle in filing the petition. In 1981 when recognition finally came, the new tribal chairman Earl Barbry witnessed the fruition of his grandfather's efforts. The Tunica-Biloxi have 230 members, according to the last roll taken in 1978. Forty-five percent of the Tunica-Biloxi live outside the state of Louisiana. The tribe is located in the center of the state, near Marksville, where it owns 134 acres.

Before the Tunica-Biloxi's federal recognition in 1981, the only federal program provided for the tribe was the Comprehensive Employment Training Act (CETA). With recognition, the Tunica-Biloxi were able to obtain over a million dollars in various program funds within the first year and a half of federal recognition.

One of the first and most essential programs made available through federal recognition was training and funding for the tribal government. Prior to recognition, members of the sevenmember council served strictly on a voluntary basis - with no salaries and little or no training in the area of applying for federal and other grants. In April 1985, a new tribal center was dedicated. Working within the facility are 10 employees including Tribal Chairman Barbry and two other council members. The tribal government has stabilized as a result of staff training in the areas of planning and finance.

With funds from the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD), the Tunica-Biloxi have built 11 new homes since 1983. The houses are titled to individual Tunica-Biloxi after the tribal government reviews applications. A title reverts to the tribe upon the individual's relocation or death.

The Indian Health Service provides health care to members living in the tribe's designated service areas of Rapides and Avoyelles parishes. The health program provides funds for an individual's medical costs after his or her own insurance coverage has been exhausted. A meals program for the elderly is administered by the tribe.

Barbry sees the future of the Tunica-Biloxi tribe being built on the development of Indian-owned enterprises rather than relying strictly on government aid. The Bureau of Indian Affairs Guaranteed Loan Program guaranteeing up to 90 percent of a loan amount offers potential for development of Indian-owned businesses. Barbry reports that the tribe is working on a two-million-dollar loan package to purchase a pecan-shelling plant in the area. He estimates that the plant will employ 110 people - Indian and non-Indian. "The community has been very supportive. We hope that we can use the profits from our own business to provide services to our members living outside our service area." he says. The Tunica-Biloxi have considered developing other businesses using the BIA loan program, including a catfish plant and a food-processing plant. The catfish plant could provide jobs for 60 people directly with another 1,200 related positions in farming and shipping.

The Tunica-Biloxi have also been approached by less desirable developers, according to Barbry. Bingo games are big business in Louisiana and one management company promised millions of dollars in investments to develop bingo under the tribe's sponsorship. The tribe declined the offer.

Approximately 100 miles to the south of the Tunica-Biloxi live the Chitimacha. The tribe is based on the only Indian reservation in the state, near the town of Charenton. There are 520 Chitimacha today, with 220 living on the 283-acre reservation.

The only major service offered by the tribe before the 1970s was the Chitimacha Indian School. The school, for grades one through eight, has been in operation from 1934 to the present. After the eighth grade, Chitamacha youth attend the local high school.

In the early 1970s things began to change, according to current tribal chairman Larry Burgess. Tribal election policies and procedures were developed with training from the BIA. Burgess identifies this process as a first step in attracting government money: "We had to put all the systems in place first . . . to learn to be ac-



Three generations of Houma women, c. 1908.

Rosalie Courteaux

The last great leader of the Houma was a woman named Rosalie Courteaux, who died in 1885. All the people Duthu, Ojibway, and Curry-Roper spoke to said they were her descendants and referred to her using honorable titles such as "queen of the Indians" and "Indian princess." From her six children -Felicite, Rosette, Bartholemi, Alexandre. Jean, and Celestin descended a great number of the Indians of Terrebonne and Lafourche parishes. They told of her adventures in battle and her dealings with white men in defense of her people. Many factual details of her life are lost, but the stories that survive represent what the people remember of Rosalie, both in fact and legend.

Rosalie was a treater; she was a doctor. It's my uncle who told me that. So one time she passed the word that my father and my Uncle Francois were her little children. She said, when they told her who they were, "Oh, you're one of my little ones. Well," she says, "you know I make it my business that all my little ones like you get to spend one night with me sometime before I die." She was well at that time. But when my grandmother says the two brothers are going to sleep at her house, she put them in that bed. They slept there. The next morning she said, "Come here sons." And the two boys went, and she says,

"Where did you sleep last night?" They say, "I sleep right here." She says, "Yes, you did." She pulled up the mattress. She turned it over, and she says, "Look. Gold, silver, silver dollars and gold dollars." Her bed was cased in, and inside of it was stuck with gold and silver. Then she says, "I want you to remember that, and some day you will tell that to other people that you slept on gold and silver for one night." And my father and uncle told me that that was true, that they were there and that they slept on gold and silver for one night. It was her wish that they could sleep with her at her house, and the next morning they went to the bedding they had on top, and she says, "Look, that is what you slept on last night." And she said, "Do you want a piece like that just for you to keep?" And they said, "Yes, we would like to." So she gave them a piece or two for good measure.

My aunt used to tell me Rosalie Courteaux was a mean, mean lady! She always had with her a large knife, and you were never supposed to do anything to her that you weren't supposed to, or else she was going to give it to you. She would kill you. I don't know where the name Courteaux could have come from. There are some who say they had that name because they were short people. The old people said they were short. Jacques Courteaux was supposed to have been a very short man.

- collected by Jan Curry-Roper

"We hope that we can use profits from our own businesses to provide services to our members living outside our service area."

countable."

A tribal center was built in 1973 and there are currently plans to build a larger center. The tribal center employs 24 full-time staff. A Job Training Partnership Act (JTPA) program works to train and place tribal members in community jobs. The Chitiapply independently for other department programs.

Despite the strength of the Chitimacha's elementary education program, the tribe is able to provide little support for college education. As with the other two federally recognized tribes in the state, the



Tunica-Biloxi Tribal Center used prior to 1985.

macha are able to provide an extensive health program for their members living within St. Mary's Parish. It includes transportation to and from medical care, financial assistance, and substance abuse and mental health counseling, as well as a referral service.

Various housing programs are also available. Seven new houses have been built on the reservation. Some existing homes have been equipped with handrails and ceiling fans as part of a home improvement program. In June 1985 the Chitimacha Housing Authority was recognized by HUD, thus opening the door for the tribe to Chitimacha offer assistance to students applying for BIA education funds. But these funds are very limited and have decreased in recent years. Another source of college financial assistance for Louisiana Indians is available through their association with United Southeastern Tribes, which distributes four separate \$500 grants to students each year from among the pool of needy applicants.

Like the Tunica-Biloxi, the Chitimacha may apply for loans through the BIA guaranteed loan program. The tribe now provides technical assistance to individual members who seek loans to establish small businesses. In addition, the Chitimacha have considered developing a new pipe-fabricating business in the port of St. Mary.

None of Louisiana's federally recognized tribes currently operates its own tribal police force or court system. However, Chitimacha chairman Burgess indicates that funding approved in the summer of 1985 provides for a tribal police force which should help resolve law enforcement problems, particularly for crimes committed on the reservation where other local law officials have no jurisdiction. Also in effect since March 28, 1985, is the Louisiana Court of Indian Offenses, a judicial body created to serve the Coushatta and other Louisiana tribes who resolve to submit to its jurisdiction. Legislative history of the act creating this body is sparse and does not indicate how the court is composed or what its jurisdiction might be. Tribal chairman Larry Burgess notes that services must address the needs of individuals as well as the tribe: "If we cease to respond to the needs of the people on an individual basis or as a whole, then we don't need a tribal government."

Unity within and among tribes is essential to the progress of all Louisiana Indians. Tunica-Biloxi leader Earl Barbry stresses the importance of Indian unity. He says, "For the longest time tribes in Louisiana were divided, fighting against each other. With all the fighting, we can't make any progress. Now it's getting better."

Several organizations act to promote unity and improve communication among Louisiana tribes. The Inter-Tribal Council (ITC) was established in 1975 "as an effort in Indian selfdetermination," that is, Indians governing Indian programs. The ITC currently represents the five major Louisiana tribes: the Houma, Tunica-Biloxi, Coushatta, Chitimacha, and the Jena Band of Choctaw. The ITC assists in administration of statewide services including the Job Training Partnership Act and programs for the elderly.

The Institute for Indian Development (IID) in Louisiana was created in 1982 to provide technical assistance to the tribes. It includes the five tribes listed above, as well as the three smaller Choctaw bands located in the state: the Apache Choctaw, the Clifton Choctaw, and the Louisiana Band of Choctaw. The tribal chairman of each Louisiana tribe sits on the board of the IID.

When the Houma considered filing for federal recognition, they were unaware of its advantages and disadvantages. Longtime tribal leader Helen Gindrat recalls that Coushatta leader Ernest Sickey "told us about some of the benefits but then reminded us that we'd have to compete with others on a federal level. He encouraged us to 'go The belief that federal recognition means money in the people's pockets can distort the tribe's goals and inflate its membership numbers. Earl Barbry of the Tunica-Biloxi remembers how many non-Indians scrambled to get a piece of the pie once federal recognition was announced: "If we'd have put everybody on our rolls who claimed to be Tunica-Biloxi, we'd have had more Indians than the Navajos!"

The belief that federal recognition will automatically mean the return of land to the Houma tribe is also inac-



New Tunica-Biloxi Tribal Center with newly constructed homes in background, 1985.

for it.' "

Now that the petition for recognition has been filed, the Houma still have some questions as to exactly what federal recognition will mean if it should become a reality. Unfortunately, a great deal of misinformation is being exchanged in Houma circles. Perhaps the most common misconception is the belief that federal recognition will automatically translate into dollars for each individual Houma member. At the August 1985 Houma tribal council meeting, one council person repeatedly referred to the "settlement" money the people would receive while other individuals raised questions

curate. Land claims must be proved like any other claims. A federal statute, the Indian Non-Intercourse Act of 1790, invalidates all transfers of Indian land made without the federal government's prior consent. Federal recognition would give the Houma legal standing to file suit for land they claim was fraudulently taken from them, but it would not prove their case.

During the next five years, it is critical that the Houma tribe work to provide accurate information both to its membership along the bayous and to the bureaucrats in Washington. Helen Gindrat notes, "The petition process depends on how much information they [BIA] need and how fast we can get it to them. If Washington picks up the phone and there's no one here to answer, the process comes to a stop." She anticipates that due to limited staff the Houma may have some difficulty responding to requests for further information from Washington.

The priorities identified by the Houma for the future include health care, education, and housing — though not necessarily in that order. Chairman Kirby Verret stresses the importance of education to Houma youth:

We didn't have the opportunities for education in the past. If you wanted to get a high school diploma, you had to leave the bayou. Now we've got a chance at education and we've got to encourage the kids to go as far as they can. If we're going to compete with the white man, we've got to get the same tools. That means education.

Helen Gindrat points to the importance of health and housing: "If people can take care of their health and live in a decent house, then they can go on to other things." One of the "other things" Gindrat identifies is economic development. The Houma's potential for economic development may be strengthened through the BIA loan program available to federally recognized tribes. "We need to have people with business expertise, to identify what is practical and what's not," says Gindrat. The Houma considered development of a fishing cooperative in the early '70s. The project did not get off the ground, according to one Houma fisherman, because people were reluctant to risk some of their personal savings. "Everybody liked the idea but when it came time to put up some money, a lot of people had to back out."

A recent article in a New Orleans business newspaper reported that Louisiana was first in the nation in total seafood production by weight and second in seafood dollar value. Fortynine percent of the nation's seafood is harvested in Louisiana waters, according to the article. However, 84 percent of it is processed out of state and returned to Louisiana as someone else's product. One Louisiana official was quoted as saying that for every

"If people can take care of their health and live in a decent house, then they can do other things."

dollar of raw product, processing increases the dollar revenue by five to seven dollars. For the Houma, the significance of these facts and figures is that seafood processing is an industry the tribe may want to consider developing. And economic development on that scale would be virtually impossible without the federally guaranteed loan program available to federally rently doing — seeking out and developing other sources of support both from within the tribe and outside of it. Federal recognition is a realistic approach to helping the Houma become a self-determining tribe. It is not, however, a cure-all for the Houma's present-day problems.

The positive aspects of recognition are that it could aid in making eco-



recognized tribes.

What federal recognition may eventually mean to the Houma nation remains to be seen. The Houma clearly satisfy the requirements for federal recognition and should be acknowledged by the United States government. For the Houma, it will be important to keep federal recognition in perspective. Since an actual determination by the Department of the Interior and the BIA on the Houma's status may be years down the road, the Houma cannot afford to sit still and patiently place their collective eggs in the federal recognition basket. They must continue to do what they are curnomic development programs a reality. The seafood processing industry noted above offers tremendous potential, but without adequate capital or financial backing it is not likely to get very far. Recognition could stimulate the opportunities for educational advancement and vocational training. Both areas would help make Houma members truly competitive in today's job market.

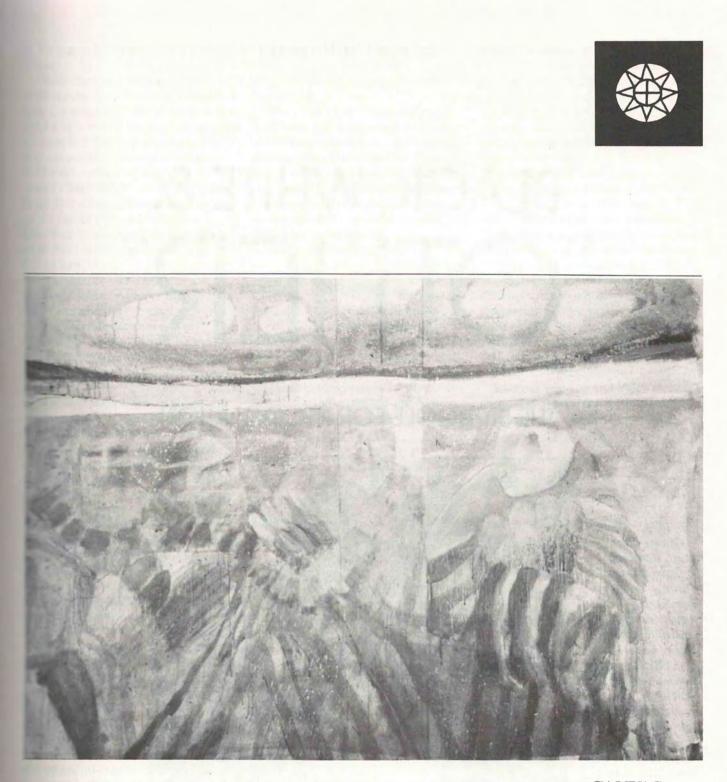
One negative aspect of recognition is the possibility that the tribe may lose its resourcefulness in finding ways to "get along" if it develops the habit of looking toward Washington for all its needs. The danger is that Washington could, at any time, turn off the money supply. After all, only three decades ago the *official* United States Indian policy was to terminate trust relationships with all American Indian tribes. Further, the Houma should be aware that the United States has not always acted towards its "wards" in a manner characteristic of a "guardian" or trustee.

A recent United States Supreme Court case seems to indicate that, in some instances, the Indian tribes have no recourse against the federal government for breaches of the trust relationship. The case involved a suit by the Quinalt tribe in Washington state against the United States for money damages arising out of claimed mismanagement of forested reservation lands. The lands were held in trust by the United States for the "use and benefit of the Indian tribe." The Supreme Court in 1980 ruled that the tribe could not recover money damages for these actions since there existed only a limited trust relationship between the government and the tribe.

The point is that United States policy towards American Indians is often unclear and unpredictable. The Houma would be wise to recognize this before entering the "ward-guardian" relationship.

Why then should the tribe even bother with federal recognition if federal Indian policy is so unstable and the government's trustee actions (or inactions) can go unchecked? The answer is relatively simple: the potential advantages of federal recognition outweigh the disadvantages. Recognition is an opportunity to produce positive changes in the tribe's overall development. But if misconceptions about federal recognition predominate and people's expectations become unreasonable, federal recognition could become like the feu-follet of Houma folklore, leading the unwary deeper into the swamp.

Bruce Duthu is a Houma Indian from Dulac, Louisiana, who practices law in New Orleans. Hilde Ojibway is a member of the Sault Ste. Marie Band of Chippewa and is from Lansing, Michigan. Since 1978 they have been collecting Houma folklore and helping with the tribe's efforts to secure federal recognition.



CANVAS GHOSTS by Phyllis Fife

Phyllis Fife, a Creek, was born in Oklahoma. BY FOREST HAZEL

BLACK, WHITE & "OTHER"

THE STRUGGLE FOR RECOGNITION

In 1978, an Indian in Orange County, North Carolina, registered to vote. The registrar, a white woman, took her name, address, political affiliation, and date of birth, and then filled in the section marked race with a "W." The woman told the registrar she was not white, whereupon the registrar demanded some identification papers. The woman then showed her

North Carolina driver's license, which identified her as an Indian. The registrar let her change the form, crossing out the "W" and writing in "I," but remarked that Indians are white, anyway. When the woman later went to vote, she found that she was once again listed as white on the voter list; the registrar had obviously changed the form in her absence. A complaint to the board of elections secured a



ARCHIE LYNCH, HALIWA-SAPONI OLD STYLE DANCER photo courtesy Forest Hazel

change of classification from "white" to "other." To date Orange County has declined to allow Indians to be listed as such.

Sometime between today and that day in the sixteenth century when English settlers first set foot on North Carolina soil, North Carolina's Indian people have curiously moved into not being considered as Indians. They are just now, 400 years later, reaching a point where they may be secure in their Indian identities again, and they are carving out a niche for themselves in Southern society.

The struggle of North Carolina's 65,000-plus Native Americans to preserve and reaffirm their cultural uniqueness is common to Indian people across the South. Whether you look at

the Pamunkey and the Chickahominy of Virgina, the Nanticoke of Delaware, the Houma and Chitimacha of Louisiana, or the Eno-Occaneechi of North Carolina, the story is essentially the same. The Indians of the South, particularly the Indians not living on reservations — the majority of the Indian population — have lived for generations as a third race in a biracia society, neither fish nor fowl, existing in the gray area between black and white.

North Carolina, according to the 1980 census, has more Indian people than any other state east of the Mississippi and is among the top five states in the nation in Indian population. The best-known of the Indian tribes found in North Carolina today are the Eastern Band of Cherokees living high in the Great Smoky Mountains. Of the state's Indian peoples, only the Cherokee have both a federally administered reservation and federal recognition as a tribe. As such, they come under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington - a prerequisite to eligibility for various federal programs and aid. Other tribes in North Carolina are recognized by the state or are in the process of petitioning for such recognition.

To further complicate an already complex issue, the Lumbee Indians. located mostly in the southeastern part of the state, received limited federal recognition in 1956 under an act saying that the Lumbee are indeed Indians but that "nothing in this act shall make such Indians eligible for any services performed by the United States for Infians because of their status as Indims. . . ." The Lumbee are currently -orking to achieve full federal recogmition; a tribal roll has been made up, forcing the Lumbee for the first time to define who is and is not a Lumbee Edian.

The following are the only other recognized tribes in North Carolina and the years in which they received state recognition: the Cherokee-Powhatans of Person County (1920), the Haliwa-Saponi of Halifax and Warren counties (1965), the Coharie Indiand Harnett counties (1971), and the Waccamaw-Siouan of Columbus County (1971). Four other Indian groups are in the process of ormaizing and petitioning for state recognition: the Meherrin Indians of Hentford County, the Eno-Occaneechi Alamance and Orange counties, the Escarora of Robeson County, and the Hoke County Cherokees.

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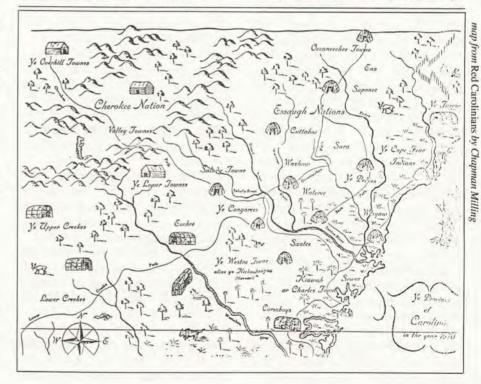
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How did Indians in the South *lose* beir Indian identity? Why was it that beir neighbors ceased to consider Intion peoples to be Indian and began to the to them as "yellow people," "Cubans," "issues," and more officially "free persons of color," which after Emancipation became simply "colored"?

When European settlers arrived in the South, they found dozens of tribes of Indians, each with its own language and customs. There were the Algonquin-speakers along the coast, tribes like the Hatteras and the Machapunga. Further inland were the Iroquoianspeaking tribes, the Tuscarora and their cousins to the west, the Cherokee. Scattered through the Piedmont were the tribes of the Siouan language: the Eno, the Saponi, and the Catawba. The settlers, for the most part, made no fine distinctions between tribes. Indians were considered useful at first, as instructors on how to survive in the New World or as suppliers of furs, meat, and later, slaves. After the colonists became firmly established, the Indian people ceased to

state to locations out West, where, it was believed, no whites would ever want to settle. East of the mountains. colonial records ceased to mention Indians as such by around 1760, giving an impression that they had simply vanished from the land. In reality many North Carolina Indian people remained in their traditional homelands. They withdrew into remote, isolated areas away from the white communities, often protected from outside interference by swamps, hills, or other natural obstacles. The very nature of the land tended to discourage white settlement; the land was often of such poor quality that the settlers could find better elsewhere - at least at first. In time, the Indians were forgotten by their neighbors and had little contact with anyone outside their own communities.

Many of these communities were formed by several small tribes joining



be useful and became obstacles to be removed in the easiest way available.

Warfare decimated some tribes, like the Tuscarora, who after the end of the Tuscarora War in 1715 left their old lands in northeastern North Carolina, many of them traveling north to join their relatives in what is now New York. Some, like the Cherokee in 1838, were forcibly removed from the together for mutual protection; English had already become the common trade language and eventually other languages ceased to be used. This led, after one or two generations, to the extinction of the native languages. Even the names of the original tribes often disappeared and must today be surmised from the original locations of the various tribes.

With the language went many parts

TOWN CREEK INDIAN MOUND IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY IS STILL A GATHERING PLACE FOR NORTH CAROLINA INDIANS.



of the culture itself - the songs, stories, history. This breakdown of the language, the confusion and stress of the rapid changes taking place in their society, and the massive dislocations of the 1700s weakened the remaining native religions that had not already been replaced by Christianity. In short, by the time official notice was taken of these communities again, beginning consistently in the early 1800s, the Indian people were living in essentially a Western manner. Their dress, dwellings, language, and religion were basically English. The Indian customs and traditions that remained were those essential to survival: techniques of hunting and fishing, herbal medicines, basketry, and the extensive use of wild foods not usually eaten by whites.

The distinction between Indian and non-Indian was further obscured by occasional matings and marriages between Indians and others, both black and white. These isolated communities at times provided refuge or permanent homes for runaway slaves, as well as for free blacks, white criminals, and other whites dissatisfied with mainstream society. These mixtures left their marks upon future generations, giving the tribes today a wide variety of physical features. Even within the same family, skin color, hair texture, and eye color may vary far more than is usual.

When whites began moving into the areas near these communities, they found people who were more or less brown-skinned, speaking English, and living in a European manner. In the eyes of the whites, now 50 to 100 years past the eighteenth-century Indian wars in North Carolina, these people were not Indians. In some cases, the whites devised new categories for the Indians to give some explanation for their brown skins other than Indian ancestry. Terms like Moors, Turks, or Cubans were used in various places to describe specific groups of people who were perceived as being neither white nor black. But rarely Indian.

The assumption was made at times that these people were simply white/black mixtures. Terms such as "Cane River mulattos," "issues," and "yellow people" emphasize the idea of people being solely of black and white descent. Finally, some groups were identified by their community name, such as the "Buckheaders" of Columbus County; or by the last name of the more common ancestors, the Goinses, for example. In a few instances, the people retained their tribal names down through the years. This was the case with the Nanticoke of Delaware and the Pamunkey and Mattaponi of Virginia, among others.

When the members of these groups are mentioned in early official records such as court documents or census tables, they are frequently referred to as "free persons of color." North Carolina census listers in the mid-1800s were instructed to place all free people into one of three categories: white, black, or mulatto. In these records, many of the family names listed in certain areas are names of families considered Indian in their own communities. It is also obvious that some of the names are Indian names but the persons are not listed as Indian. For example, the 1830 listing of "Free Negro heads of household" contains the following family names from locations where Indian populations were known to reside: Twopence, Stamper, Pilgreen, Cypress, Santee, Braveboy, Corn, Duck, and Ash.

In many areas there was a conscious effort on the part of the whites to push the Indian people into the black category and leave them there. The reasons, in some cases, were economic. For example, beginning in the early 1800s North Carolina routinely provided schools for whites. After the Civil War, spurred by the efforts of the Freedmen's Bureau, the state began to provide schools for blacks. Indian people were not permitted to attend white schools; it was much cheaper if the Indians attended black schools, saving the state the expense and effort of establishing a third school system.

Indians resisted attending black schools and being officially classified as black. In the century following the Civil War, Indian communities responded in a variety of ways. In some areas, particularly where the number of Indian families was small or unorganized, the Indian children did attend schools with blacks, sometimes not. Fights and name-calling between the two groups were not uncommon. In other areas with large enough numbers of Indian families, a school was usually built by the Indians themselves; the teacher would be a member of the tribe or a white from a nearby town. The schools were often drafty, poorly equipped, and woefully deficient by modern standards; yet they were a source of pride to the community, providing a focus for the people's Indian identity.

Another alternative was simply not to send the children to school at all. When this course was followed, school officials seldom tried hard to bring the students in. Many officials seemed to think that schooling was wasted on "those people" anyway.

Many Indian people had mixed feelings when their tribal schools closed. Although they realized the children would be getting better facilities, more courses, and possibly greater opportunities, they were saddened to see their schools, one of the few symbols of their distinctness as a people, passing out of use. The last of these all-Indian schools closed in the late 1960s, but a few still retain their Indian identity because the student body is almost entirely Indian. This is especially true in Pembroke.

Segregation along biracial or triracial lines also existed in other spheres of life. Where the Indian population was small, Indians usually had to use the "colored" public facilities, which were always inferior to those provided for whites. In areas where there were significant numbers of Indians, however, separate facilities were set up for each of the three races. It was not uncommon, for example, for a movie theater to have three seating sections, with the whites sitting downstairs and the balcony divided in half, the Indians on one side and blacks on the other.

Particularly in the years before desegregation, Indians in the South were constantly faced with the question of how and where they fit in. Over and over it was brought home that they simply did not belong, did not have a place in a state and society that recognized only two races. Even today, the official preference is that a person identify him- or herself as either black or white.

Part of the problem for Indians in the South today lies in the misconceptions held by the general public, both black and white, concerning what an

GEORGIA CHEROKEES' POWWOW



Indian is. Most people, even some Indians, have the notion that "real" Indians speak in grunts, monosyllables, or broken English; if a person has curly hair or blue eyes, or does not live in a teepee and eat sticks, bark, and raw meat, he's not a "real" Indian. This attitude causes a great deal of frustration for Indian people both as individuals and as groups, and has led many present-day Indians in North Carolina and throughout the South to "adopt" traditions from other Indian tribes to replace what they have lost. Any North Carolina powwow includes various types of crafts, songs, and dances borrowed from other, chiefly Western, tribes.

As communities organize into formal groups, for the Indian people to receive formal recognition is a matter of the state's merely acknowledging what the Indian people have known all along. The act of the state granting recognition to a group, however, does not necessarily change the opinions of the other people in the community. A black or white person who has grown up convinced that the Indians across the river are simply "light-skinned blacks" is not going to change simply because the legislature says suddenly that these people "really are Indians." In fact, it is not unusual for a group of Indian people attempting to organize and assert their identity to meet with ridicule and even hostility from both whites and blacks. The most common charge leveled is that the Indians are trying to get out of their place, and be

superior to "other blacks."

To publicly declare one's Indian identity is a hard decision for many individuals to make, and yet many have gone ahead, faced the problems, and come through it stronger in the end. After 400 years of uncertainty, the Indians of North Carolina are coming full circle, back to being a proud people. They are learning their own history, and teaching it to their children. And through their work and example, North Carolina Indians are providing an example to Indian people throughout the South.

Perhaps within the next generation the biracial society of the South will, along with separate bathrooms, be a thing of the past. \Box

Forest Hazel, a native of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, was one of the cofounders in 1975 of Carolina Indian Circle at the University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill. He currently serves on the steering committee of the Eno-Occaneechi Indian Association, Inc., of Alamance/Orange counties and is studying health education at UNC.

TWO GENERATIONS: A Horse

By Linda Henderson Hogan

My father's stories sometimes crop up in my work. They become pieces of the written story, like a finger that points the way, or a leg that helps the story to walk. Sometimes they are the heart, giving the writing its oxygen and blood.

He wrote down the story of the black horse and turned it over to me. I suspect it was to make sure that I got it right at least once, because I not only fictionalize, but I have my own memory of the stories and how I heard them, and my own version of the truth.

I no longer think of my writing as "telling the truth." Adhering only to facts limits the work, and I wonder if truth-telling is possible, given how human perception works. Writing is a way to uncover and discover a new truth. It comes from, and speaks to, the deepest wellspring of the human being, the place that is the source of our inner knowledge, intuition, and instinct. Fiction clarifies the world without muddling life with the bias of fact.

"The Black Horse," in my father's style, is wonderful and rich in texture. He thought I would "fix" it for him. I felt it was whole in itself, but I had been wanting to write about Shorty for years. I wrote several drafts of a poem about that horse; not one version worked. For months I looked at my father's story. When my father wrote of Grandfather falling, drunk, off the horse and how the horse stayed with him, I remembered my grandfather riding in one night during an Oklahoma lightning storm. I watched, afraid, from the window. Years later, the incident became a poem in my first book:

Silver light down the dark sky stops the man we love and fear between heartbeats.



It's dark. The place where he stood is empty with night. Behind the fences, nitrogen and oxygen are splitting apart.

- from "Remembering the Lightning"

I remembered, also, reading my father's story, how my father broke and trained horses later at a ranch south of Colorado Springs, and how he put me on their backs as extra weight. When he wrote of bronc riding, I pictured all the rodeos we attended, Casey Tibbs the star, girls in gold lamé Western

Story



-SPIRIT HORSE," BY WOODY CRUMBO

pants, my uncle Jake who is a farrier and specializes in rodeo horses.

My dad mentioned Nathan Woodward, the man who married my aunt Louise, who grew cotton and winter wheat, who told me once about the death of my grandfather's red mules and his land loss during the Depression. Last summer my daughter Tanya and I walked through a long and dark corridor of cedars to the cemetery in Martha, Oklahoma, to visit his grave.

In my memory, also, I could see my father studying math and English. I pictured Will, who's in my story as that student. He is at least half my father. And hearing the men speak Chickasaw has turned through my bones all my life. I knew there was something here that I wanted to write. I laid aside my father's story in order to get close to what I wanted to say. What I noticed about "The Black Horse," his story, was that at the end there was a difference between what my father said and what I had heard in the past. For instance, I know that things were not too good for Indians in the territory. The time was right after the oil boom which resulted in loss of Indian lives and land. It was right after statehood, in 1907, which my Chickasaw grandparents never acknowledged. It was just prior to the Depression. And the majority of Indian Territory stories were violent and fearful ones; it was my father who told me about the night riders coming by and his father concealing a gun as he walked out of the house to meet the men on horses

The allotment where my father lived as a boy is now the Ardmore airport. I have heard how it once looked, where the black pasture was, the water. But I created the story around the land I remembered from childhood and family visits. I added the history I remembered from some reading, and an incident related to me by Carol Hunter, an Osage scholar of that time period. I added the illegal timber industry that partially created the dustbowl. I added my cousin Coy Colbert and his maps of our lands that are currently leased out by the BIA with no payment to the tribe. The story grows to become a story of Indian life and land.

"That Horse," in my version, is mostly fiction based on history, on my father's stories, on my own experience. I had to let my father's story go in order to write it. His story is his. My story is mine. My grandfather would have another way of telling it. Together we created an illustration of how the oral becomes the written, how life becomes a story, how new angles and layers of information create a form of energy that lets the story enter.

It was through my father's imagination that the writer in me was nourished.

THE BLACK HORSE: SHORTY

By Charles Colbert Henderson

The horse traders used to come by in a wagon leading the horses behind the wagon. Some of them would be riding horses or driving them. They would go around the country and trade horses or anything else they might have.

If they had a horse you thought might be better than yours, then you and the horse trader would start to talking trade. Sometimes it would take a day or two to make the trade, and this was because he would always want something else. That was called "boot." It would usually be money. He might say that he would trade his horse for yours if you gave him \$25 to boot, maybe less or maybe more. It always turned out that he would want something, for that was the way he made his living.

One day a horse trader came by our



house and had several horses he wanted to trade. We always had several horses in the horse lot. This time my dad didn't want to trade, so they just talked and the horse trader had dinner with us. My dad had known him for a long time. He was leading a little colt behind the wagon, and after a while of talking and visiting they went out to the wagon. This man did not want to lead this young horse around the country, because he was about a year old and it wasn't good for him to be exerted that much.

He wanted money for the colt, and they bartered for quite some time. Then Dad went to the horse lot and caught a horse and led him out. He was tied to the wagon and the little black horse was untied and led to the barn. He was not put with the other horses. Instead he was put in a stall and fed oats and hay. He was given special treatment from that day on. When he put on some weight he was the blackest horse I ever saw and was slick and shiny like silver. He flashed in the sun when he ran around the lot. He was not ever let out with the other horses in the pasture. He stayed in the barn except when dad took him out for water and walked him around the place. He got gentle and was brushed often to keep his coat shiny.

He was something special to my dad, and he wouldn't let us kids have anything to do with him like we did with the other horses. He was my dad's horse and we all knew it. We rode all the other horses and fed and watered them and used them like all animals were used on the farm. If we wanted to go to the other end of the farm, or take water to the working hands, we would just jump on a horse and carry the water to them. I was small but we had a stump that we would get on and from there we could get on the horse with ease.

Shorty grew into a very good animal: however, he was not as large as most of the horses on the ranch. He was stocky and strong. He was quite fast for a short distance. He stood out in the presence of other horses. When he was about three years old, my dad began his training. With a rope and a halter he was being taught to lead and to react to the halter (called "halter broke") and he got to the point where he would just follow my dad all around the horse lot and all over the place. He was very gentle and never kicked or objected to any of the kids petting him. They could walk under him and he would stand perfectly still, as if he were afraid of hurting one of them. That was quite different from the way the other horses acted. They did not want anyone bothering them. So all the kids liked Shorty very well.

When it came time to break Shorty to ride, we all thought that would be a good show. Dad had put the saddle on him several times before then and let him walk around for some time with it on and he didn't object, like most young horses do. They usually buck and pitch a lot when first ridden. In fact, it took a bronc rider to ride some of them. My oldest brother Rip was a good rider and could ride bronc horses very well. But he was no match for my dad, who was as good a bronc rider as there was in that country at that time. He was also the best horse trainer in the country.

The time came to ride Shorty. My dad saddled him and led him out to a lot that was vacant of any animals. We all gathered on the fence to watch. I mean all: my mother, my sisters, and us boys. Well, we were somewhat disappointed, I guess, for we were expecting to see a good bronc-riding show. My dad put on his spurs, pulled down his hat so it wouldn't blow off, pulled Shorty's head around to the mounting side and held it while he put his boot in the stirrup and gracefully swung on top of the horse, and settled in the saddle ready for the worst.

He was surprised, for when he turned Shorty's head loose, Shorty just looked around and started walking around the lot. Dad would rein him in all directions around the lot and started him to trotting and then into a gallop and the horse obeyed as if he had done this all of his life. He never did buck and was very smart and learned all there was to learn in record time. It wasn't long until he was a good roping horse and from that day on he was my dad's working and riding horse.

I know of the time my dad drank too much when he was out checking the cattle west of the town of Berwyn. He got drunk and fell off Shorty. Well, he went to sleep and Shorty stayed with him all night, just waited until Dad woke up and rode him home.

If my mother didn't like the things we did she never said anything before us kids. That way we never knew if it made her mad or not. I never saw her angry in my life. Even so she would tell us, if we did something we were not supposed to do. She would tell Dad and usually that was enough for us. He did all the correction and punishing of us children.

Dad was training the horse all of the time. On the weekends there was always a group of ranchers getting together and having calf- and goatroping for money. They would all put in so much money for entrance fee. The one with the fastest time roping and tying an animal was the winner. It was a lot of fun and it was seldom that one cowboy would win more than once. They were all about even in this event. It would last all afternoon and everyone would have fun. There was always someone selling pop and lemonade, cookies, and hot dogs.

Dad rode Shorty and he grew better all the time. Some of the ranchers would let other cowboys ride their horses to rope on, but Dad would never let anyone ride Shorty except him. He would not let Rip ride him to rope off of. He was a one-man horse.

Once Dad rode Shorty up to the house and dropped the reins as he always did, for he knew the horse would be there when he got back. Well, I was a cowboy too; I had ridden all the gentle horses and I was at the age I thought I was pretty good and in control of everything. I went out and got on Shorty and was going to ride him. He was all right as long as we were around the house and barn. I took him out in the pasture for a gallop. That was my mistake, for instead of just a gallop he started to run and I could not stop him. He clamped down on the bridle and bit and it did no good for me to pull on the reins. I could ride him without any trouble. I just could not stop him. I thought about jumping off, but that was dangerous so I stayed on him, all the while trying to stop him. By the time I came by the house the first time everyone was watching. Well, my dad bollered at me to bring him by the barn and I knew he would grab the reins and stop him. I did that and when we came my dad could not catch the reins and we were out to another pasture. There was a pecan grove in this pusture, and I decided that I would run Shorty into a tree and stop him. Well, ac was smarter than that. He would go around the trees and keep on ming. By this time I was beginning to munic and all I wanted to do was to get and that crazy horse.

In the meantime my dad had gone to be barn and caught the old blue horse ind here he came, and I guided Shorty dose to him. Shorty was getting pretty and so was I. And Dad just rode beside us, caught the reins, and apped him. He started to lead him and to the barn, and he asked if I was all right and I said I was. Well, I knew by the way Dad looked at me that I wasn't going to be so good in a little while. I said I wanted off and would walk to the barn. He told me to stay on the horse. When we got to the barn he unsaddled Shorty and took the reins to the seat of my pants. I knew I deserved the thrashing and took it like a man should.

Later on we were moving a herd of cattle from the river bottom during a flood. We had been gathering them since four in the morning. We had them all and were moving them to higher ground and Dad rode up beside

The time came to ride Shorty. My dad saddled him and led him out to a lot that was vacant of any animals. We all gathered on the fence to watch. I mean all: my mother, my sisters, and us boys.

me and smiled at me and said, "Would you like to ride Shorty?" I knew it was supposed to be funny, but somehow it was not. I told him that I would never ride Shorty again. He laughed and rode on up the side of the cattle.

Nathan Woodward was helping us with the cattle. He smiled and said to me, "Everything is all right, Pete."

Everything was all right for we got about 400 head of cattle out of the bottom and if we had not there would have been a lot of them that drowned. It flooded for a week or so. From then on my work got harder and the hours got longer. But that is how it goes on farms and ranches. The work was hard but I never minded it.

As I look back, I think I really liked the work. There was always something

that needed to be done and there was always time to play. If we wanted to go fishing, I can't remember any time that my dad would say no. When we asked him if we could go fishing, he would say it was all right and give us a time to be back. We never failed to be back when he said, or close, for we didn't have watches and neither did he. We knew that there was work to be done and that if we did all of it we would be able to do the things we wanted to do. like fishing, hunting, swimming in the river. We had a lot of kids in the country and we were always getting together and playing games and such things that kids did.

Shorty lived a long time and died of old age.

THAT HORSE: 1921

By Linda Henderson Hogan

The dream men wore black and they were invisible except for the outlines of their bodies in the moonlight and the guns at their sides. Will walked slowly behind them until their horses turned and began to pursue him. He could not run and they had no faces in the dark.

It was early morning and his heart was pounding like the horses' hooves. The crickets were singing but there were no birds. Will pulled on his jeans and boots. Outside, mist was snaking over the land between trees and around the barn. It absorbed the sounds of morning. The rooster crowed as if from the distance.

The horse trader stood beside his wagon talking to old man Johns. He had arrived in Will's dreamtime with his horses of flesh tied behind the wagon; an older paint, a white stocky work horse, two worn-out mules, a drowsing bay, and the black colt. Will eyed them while he walked to the barn.

Will's father stood leaning against the rake as if he'd been caught hard at work. It was clear by the way he stood that he didn't want to trade.

"I been to Texas and all over." The trader removed his hat and wiped his forehead with a rag, though there was a chill in the early morning air and ghosts were flying from the breathing mouths of horses.

"Picked up that bay over there in Tishomingo."

Will stood just inside the barn, watching the men and listening.

"How's the Missus?" the trader asked as he pulled back the lips of the bay to show Mr. Johns that her teeth were not worn down.

"Just fine."

"The boys?"

Mr. Johns was not interested in the bay, but he put aside the rake and helped the trader through the steps of his work, lifting her leg to examine the hoof. The horse pulled away and twitched the men's touch off her back. She already knew what Will had begun to suspect, that a danger lies in men's hands, that whatever they touch is destroyed. She shook their bitter taste from her lips.

After the men went indoors, Will looked over the horses. He was curious about the contents of the wagon, the leather pouch alongside ropes and horse blankets, the extra saddle and burlap bag bulging with trade goods.

In the kitchen, Josie served the men thick slabs of bacon and cornbread with eggs. Will sat quietly. His brothers had gone to put up a fence at Uncle Roy's so it was a silent morning without their loud boots hitting the floor, without the young men's disordered conversation.

"I got this black colt too young to travel. Comes from real good stock."

"I got no need for a colt. It don't look too young to travel."

"You can give me that work horse out there — it's nearly broke down anyway, see the sway of its back? And give me five dollars to boot, I'll give you that colt. An Indian around here has need of a black horse."

Steam boiled up from the kettle. Josie held her hands in the heat of it.

The trader continued, "Picked up that colt from that new white sheriff over in Nebo County."

"That so? Haines?"

"That's the fellow. The colt's too young to travel."

"Haven't got five dollars anyway." Will's father rubbed his chin. "All I have is dried meat."

"That'll do."

Will didn't know where the riders came from or where they were going. All that year, his father rose from his bed at night and went outdoors, his pistol concealed at his side. He ex-

changed words with the men who rode out of the darkness, or he fed them or gave them money, or offered them fresh horses for their journey.

Sometimes they sat around the table like bandits, all of them dressed in black, their dark horses hidden in the trees. Or they sat on the front porch where they would not disturb Josie and the boys, or Will, who was supposed to be studying arithmetic. The men sat with their boots up on the rail, their chairs tilted back on two legs. Will heard the words again about the sheriff, oil accidents, manhunts. Heard the whiskey bottle hit against a glass and return to the table.

About this time, a Choctaw family

named Hastings who lived nearby had all disappeared except for the grandmother who was declared mentally defective. She was taken away, protesting in Indian that the sheriff and deputy had murdered her sons and daughters, and that the government officials wanted her land and the mineral rights. The sheriff who hauled her off did not understand the language she spoke. He said she was crazy as an old bear because her family had gone off to Missouri after work and jobs and left the old woman behind. The grief of it was about to kill her, he said, and she'd be better off in the hospital up in the city. But James Johns and old man Cade, a fullblood,



heard the old woman's words and understood. They knew she never lied and she was sane as a tree that had watched everything pass by it.

"She's crazy, all right," lied Cade to the sheriff. "Says there's ghosts on the place."

Afterwards, when they went to the hospital to talk to her, she agreed to stay there until it was safe to return to her allotment land. They didn't tell her that the land was already torn up and that it spit blue flames into the night from the oil works and that the small pond she had loved was filled in with earth.

In the hills there were the bodies of Indians, most of them wrapped in blankets, the smell of whiskey on clothes of even those who were known teetotalers and Baptists.

Mr. Johns's face hardened, but he set to work. His routine included brushing the horse, Shorty, until the black fur was like water reflecting the sun. He kept him separate from the other horses as if they would give the men's secrets away to that one who had been owned by Sheriff Haines. The horse heard only the voice of James Johns. As it grew, it was enchanted by the man's voice and tales. Mr. Johns allowed no one else near the black horse.

He grew muscular, that horse, and his stamping hooves shook the ground.

One day the Indian agent arrived at the door. Mr. Johns said to Will, "Don't you ever forget that the only goal of the white men is to make money." And he went out like he had nothing but time and stood on the front porch and looked squarely into the agent's face.

The young man was fair-haired, like corn silk, and had flushed cheekbones. He gave a paper to Mr. Johns. "You are good honest people and you have been wronged. If you sign this you will be repaid for your damages over there by the Washita."

Will thought the young man looked sincere enough.

"I don't sign government papers," said Mr. Johns.

"Uncle Sam's been real good to you, hasn't he? Just your 'John Henry' is all you need."

"No, I don't sign them."

A week later, Mr. Johns returned a check the agent mailed to him, knowing that to cash it would legally turn his land over to the oil men.

The riders on their shadowy horses arrived like the wind. Will heard the horses out in the trees and wondered if the agents were stalking the house around the boundaries.

There were more men than usual. There were even a few older grayhaired men, those who wanted to go back to the old ways. They were talking about dangers and people missing from their lands and homes. They sat at the table with an open map of Indian lands, and when the door crashed open one of them hurriedly tried to fold it away.

Will went pale with that crashing and there were demons of terror in him when Betty Colbert rushed in. She was in a terrible state. Josie, about to offer her some coffee, backed off when she saw how Betty's face had darkened, how her hair was wild and her eyes furious.

Betty was breathing like a runner. "You men tell us we're in danger and don't tell us anything else that's going on and then you go off at night leaving us alone with just a gun. To shoot who, I want to know?"

Will was already in the room. He was drawn in by the angry power of this woman whose voice came from the house of wind up in the hills.

Mr. Johns said, "Your house is protected, Miss Colbert. My older boys probably followed you here to make certain you are safe."

And though he was carried into it, Will had a feeling beneath his heart that he wanted to cry. His brothers were not helping uncles after all but were out there at the edge of the clearing, watchers in the dark, hidden from the thin lights of houses.

"This didn't used to be such a hard country," Betty Colbert said. She sat down, almost in tears. "Then they go and cut down all the timber and the young people disappear when they get old enough to sign over their land. Like Mr. Clair's son showing up in England with those oil men. Kidnapped all the way to England. Then the best land is turned to oil so we can't even feed the animals or us."

So the women went to work too and Josie sat up alternate nights with Will out on the porch, hiding the pistol in the folds of her skirt while James was riding patrol. But here and there a body would turn up, in the lake or hidden beneath leaves the wind blew away.

In the white fire of noon, the air slowed. It was a beautiful summer day and in the light there were no hints of any danger.

Will's brothers had gone to the rodeo where they rode bareback broncs and roped cattle to earn extra cash. Last year Dwight paid a twodollar entry fee and won the \$40 bullriding purse. Ben lost more money than he made gambling on the horse races and he accused the horses of being cursed and went to pick up the dirt from their tracks, while the white men called him a "crazy Indian." But he had known all the horses and each one's flair for speed and sure enough in the shadows of the horses, he found lizards with new green tails. He threw back his shoulders: "You whites are all fixers."

Will thought of this as he stood beside Shorty, the black horse. The horse was motionless with slow dark eyes. Mr. Johns had been training Shorty all spring and summer and the horse was proud as a nighthawk.

Will's hair was slicked back. It was as sleek as the horse. He thought how Shorty was like silver and not a skittish bone in his body. He'd ride that beautiful black horse to the rodeo and sit straight like his father and be proud of the way his shirt sleeves billowed in the wind. He'd keep the mighty energy of the horse reined in just enough to pull back the wide strong neck like a showhorse.

He put the bit in its mouth, the red wool blanket on the back of the horse, and led him outside the fence. The horse was quiet and passive even after Will's weight was on him. "Gittup!" Will hit him with his heels and tightened his knees.

The black horse stood there a moment, then he was like a fire going through straw, burning and moving all at once. He turned in circles while Will leaned forward to hold on, his legs without stirrups unable to hold the horse's body.

It was a delirious sparring match for the black horse, raised to be invisible in the dark, trained to James Johns's body, hypnotized by words to know all the stories of humans, even those of a boy's pride and vanity.

Will tried to run Shorty into the trees to slow him down, but the black horse cut a tight corner and veered off again before Will could leap down or grab a branch. The branches slapped at Will until he was forced to bury his face deep into the black mane and wait for the horse to tire, but Lord, the entire earth would be threadbare before one muscle on that animal wore out, and Will tasted blood on his lips. The horse was the wind or a river and Will was only a leaf on its current.

Will didn't know how long his father

had watched before riding up alongside Shorty and stopping the wild horse from his dance of fire. Shorty's fur was damp and smelling like hay and Will and the red blanket slid down.

"I told you, stay away from that horse," said Mr. Johns and he whipped a leather strap against Will's leg while Shorty snorted and whinnied and stamped the ground like he was laughing.

Later, the rodeo still going, Will sat over his schoolbook and thought what his act might have cost. He hadn't known his father was guarding their

He put the bit in its mouth, the red wool blanket on the back of the horse, and led him outside the fence. The horse was quiet and passive even after Will's weight was on him. "Gittup!" Will hit him with his heels and tightened his knees.

house in the daylight or that the Willis house had been dynamited the day before.

It was not that Will was down at the heels about missing the rodeo or being

It was not that Will was down at the heels about missing the rodeo or being humiliated by that horse but that he was learning too young about fear and hatred. The Indians thereabouts had just begun to learn not to trust the agents. They were slow to understand that white people speak words they don't mean when they want land or money, that when they say life, what they mean is death. The more Indians that began to understand this, the more deaths there were. The gods had lost their ways and all Will knew was that the midnight cries of birds terrified him and he woke sweating in the night when the riders passed by.

It was an unseasonably cool year and the pasture was not rich and green, so one morning Mr. Johns woke the boys early to drive their uncle's cattle and their own few head to better pasture.

They'd been under surveillance by the Uncle Sam officers, especially now that Dwight was about to turn the age when he could sign over the lands the oil company already held down by the river valley, so Ben and Josie remained at the place with an uncle while Will rode along with the heavy plodding cattle.

Will looked tired with dark circles under his eyes. In the saddle he was slumped as if he were sleeping in the few warm rays of sun. They rode past the Hastings' place and he thought about the old woman sitting in the hospital wrapped in a shawl of hope.

All the deaths had taken their toll on everyone. Mr. Johns had been thinking of moving the family out and letting the agents and crooks and leasers have all the allotment land, but each night when the darkness fell, after he vowed to himself that they would leave, he found himself again saddling Shorty or sitting at the door listening for strangers. And Josie said she wouldn't leave any place again and what would become of the boys moving on all the time to escape the Uncle Sam agents.

James Johns rode up alongside Will and touched the side of the boy's knee. And felt amazed at the life and warmth of him. Will felt a promise in the heavy hand.

"Son, I was just wondering if you'd like to ride Shorty."

That damn horse laughed. Will saw it. That horse laughed, and the cattle moved a little quicker toward the pasture and the clouds brightened and there were flowers in the fields.

Linda Hogan is a Chickasaw. She is the author of Calling Myself Home, Eclipse, and Seeing Through the Sun. "That Horse" is included in a collection by that title from Acoma Press in New Mexico. She has recently moved to Minneapolis where she teaches in the American studies and American Indian studies program at the University of Minnesota.

RED CLAY

I feel what's happening at Red Clay, but I don't know to take a picture of it." The everan news photographer bakes his head, folds his hands on pof his camera.

I show him my blank notebook. The energy field here is too strong. The never felt anything like it. It's so peaceable."

Knoll, with its crest of trees Knoll, with its crest of trees thy tipped with leaves, I toward the whitheater tucked in the lee of a ded hill. Weeks of chilling rain we left earth and air so sensitive I almost touch the sunlight, the mence of loam and pine carried by wind. I am in my native mounagain, where my blood feels at

E is April 7, 1984 — the second and final day of the Eastern and Western Cherokee Council Reunion at Red now a state reserve nestled bemeen steep ridges near Cleveland, This place is sacred mund, hallowed ground, a place that remembers. It was here in 1837 that me last council met, faced with the government's adamant demend that ancestral lands be relinhere in 1838 that federal mores began the Removal, the Trail of lears that divided the people into what is now the Cherokee Nation of and the Eastern Band of Indians, most of whom live

on the Qualla Reservation in North Carolina. Other families and small communities are scattered along the Appalachian mountains from Virginia to north Georgia.

BL MARILOU AWIAK

For the first time in 147 years, the chiefs and their councils have united to discuss mutual concerns about health, education, legislation, economics, and cultural preservation. According to centuries-old tradition, the convening of the council is as much social and religious as it is political, and formal deliberations are being held outside, among the people — a crowd estimated, overall, at 20,000. Five to six thousand are of Cherokee heritage.

We've gathered in a remote mountain meadow, with its fingers wedged among wooded knolls and its palm sparsely dotted, as it was in 1837, with a cabin and other tenements made of weathered logs. In the center, near a deep limestone spring, is the rectangular, open-sided council house. The amphitheater is concealed behind a hill. At the entrance to the Historical Area, shaded by pines, the museum and offices are housed in a low, fawncolored wood building with a long porch across the front. Ordinarily, to walk onto the council grounds is to pass into another time, into a quiet broken only by songs of birds or occasional conversations of other visitors.

None of the planners had expected 20,000 people. As April 6 drew closer, however, attendance estimates rose swiftly. "We don't know what will happen," said Carol Allison, assistant to the principal chief of the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma, and one of the organizers of the event. "We've told everybody - the media, the public — that this reunion is to be dignified, a historic council meeting, not a 'drums and feathers' event. But what if the non-Indians come expecting that kind of thing anyway and are disappointed with the Indians for not having it? It's still winter in East Tennessee — what if people swamp the motels and others are left milling around in the cold? We can't let this reunion get out of hand."

"We" included the principal planners — the Cherokee of East and West, the officials and citizens of Cleveland, the supervisor of the Red Clay Historical Area and his staff and their assistants as well as unknown numbers of other people preparing for the journey. One thought united us all: a reverent spirit *will* prevail at Red Clay. For months we beamed this thought toward the sacred ground. Energies fused, creating a powerful field that ultimately would draw human currents from the Four Directions.

On the eve of the reunion, people were pouring into the Cleveland area, by plane, by car, by camper, by train. Everywhere the friendly exchange: "Where're you from?" "Florida!" "Connecticut!" "Minnesota!" "Hawaii!" and points between. At the Chalet Motel, where many Cherokee were staying, the mood was happy, expectant, quiet. Around us the mountains seemed frozen, their trees bare-limbed against dark clouds. In just such weather the ancestors began the Trail of Tears. We were thinking of them and asking ourselves, "What will happen at Red Clay?"

Now I'm in the midst of it all. From the beginning the sun has been radiant, the wind benevolent, though steadily rising. At the amphitheater in the lee of the hill, however, all is quiet. On the grass stage, where the final council session is in progress, Chief Robert Youngdeer of the Eastern Band raises his arms toward woods and sky. "When we came to Red Clay the trees were closed and cold. See in one day how the leaves have unfurled. . . ." His unspoken meaning is clear:

Remember

how our Mother Earth has renewed herself how the people have endured how hope has unfurled invincibly! Red Clay!

Something is moving among us. I feel it in many images — an energy as invisible and real as the atom's. Governor Alexander calls it "electricity." A reporter says, an "aura." As I walk the council grounds I gather these images as healing medicines for bleak seasons I know will come again.

The most striking image is the ceaseless current of men, women, and children, moving *peaceably* among the knolls, over the meadow. Here pooling quietly for a ceremony, there running in rivulets among the food and craft booths that edge the grounds, or pausing in eddies of conversation, then moving on, a constant low, lively contented murmur.

"I've never seen anything like it,"

an Anglo man observes. "Nothing seems planned but everything gets done! People just flow around."

The Cherokee set the tone for the crowd. Though visually they may often be distinguished only by a deeper tint of skin or hair, a bit of beaded jewelry, an occasional ribbon shirt or dress, they are still, as an observer of the 1837 council described them, "the decorous Cherokee" and they behave in keeping with the dignity of the occasion. There can be no drinking, no rowdiness. By immutable tradition, where the council meets is sacred ground.



RED CLAY IS GROUND THAT REMEMBERS

Maybe this is why so many people seem to listen inwardly to a different dimension. Even time images differently here. It is all of a piece, all in the present. I touch the railing of the open-sided council house. Once again it is the fresh of the morning, sunlit, chill with a light breeze. Paul, our son Andrew, age 15, and I huddle with about 200 others waiting for the prayer ceremony that will open the reunion. Friends exchange news. Strangers chat like neighbors. The chiefs and councillors stand quietly discussing arrangements.

In response to a request for a photograph, a small wiry woman emerges from the councillors and stands apart. A blue kerchief is wrapped around her forehead and tied in back, in the traditional way. Her jacket and anklelength skirt are dun colored. I recognize Maggie Wachacha, an 88-yearold member of the Eastern Band, scribe for the tribal council, and a "rememberer." I know of her through her grandson, who told me. "My grandmother heard her elders tell how they walked the Trail of Tears. When she speaks of it, we hear their voices. We feel their sorrow."

As she gazes unperturbed toward the steep ridge across the meadow, I study the seams of her face, the calm eyes, brown at the center, fading to hazy blue in the outer rims. Is she thinking of what an ancestor recounted, words recorded by George W. Featherstonhaugh as the two men stood near the council house on that rainy August day in 1837?

John Mason brought us greetings from President Van Buren. He said the president is guided by "justice" and is only concerned with our safety and well-being. He urged us to accept the treaty signed two years ago in New Echota [Georgia] and move west. He said this when he knows the signers were not authorized by the people. He told us, "In Oklahoma, the country will be yours



- yours exclusively." We were not impressed.

Is Maggie Wachacha remembering this bitter sorrow? Or is she thinking of today, when the Cherokee Diaspora has gathered from the Four Directions? As scribe of the Eastern Band, she knows the resolutions the reunion council will consider. Perhaps she is looking to the future, to the harvest that may come from seeds of unity.

Briefly her eyes meet mine and I know: All are one to her: past, present, future, and the experiences they bring. I begin to understand the power that vibrates in this place.



RED CLAY IS THE STILL-CENTER OF TIME.

As the Reverend Robert Bushyhead Qualla begins prayers to the Great Spirit in Cherokee, I think how at the council 146 years ago, similar prayers soothed the spirit" of Featherstontaugh, an English naturalist whose pewitness account was used exteninely in the modern reconstruction of the historic area. I hear his precise lice describe Red Clay:

rich, dry bottom of land... the rregular street of huts, booths and tores hastily constructed for the subsistence of several thousand Indians... the hilly ground upon hich the council house was built... the copious limestone spring...and, the most impressive feature — an unceasing current of Cherokee Indians, men, women, youth, and children, moving about in every direction, and in the greatest order, and all, except the younger ones, preserving a grave and thoughtful demeanor.

How much is the same and how much has changed. "If we hold fast in the center," Maggie Wachacha's eyes tell me, "the good can be preserved and the grievous made well."

The youth reflect the wisdom of Maggie Wachacha. They too feel what's happening at Red Clay and respond energy to energy; a cloud of electrons orbiting the nucleus. They are the future gathering strength. Two merry teenage girls from Qualla sell red "Remember the Removal" T-shirts at one of the folding table "booths."

"Proceeds go to a joint youth project with the Oklahoma Nation," they explain. "This summer we're going to retrace the Trail of Tears so we'll understand our heritage better."

I buy two shirts. "I'm from the Far Away Cherokee Association in Memphis. We're going to host the group as you pass through. We'll be looking for you."

Beyond the line of tables small children run in the meadow, dart in and out of log tenements. In the barn loft they stick out their arms and wave through interstices in the walls. Laughter and calls of "Wait for me," drift over the grounds. A young couple is watching them. The woman's hands rest on her abdomen, which is stretched almost to term. "We're from the Nation in Oklahoma," the man says. And though I haven't asked, he adds, "My eyes are blue and my skin is light because every other generation my family 'married out.' My wife is full-blood. We don't know what our baby will look like. But it's what's in the heart that counts. 'There's power in the blood. . . . '"

"Wondrous working power." I finish the line of the old song and the three of us smile. We are remembering that for more than a century the federal government subjected the Cherokee to a killing winter: divided the nation: forbade the teaching of language and culture; imposed the Dawes Act of 1890, which linked blood quantum to entitlement to land and federal services and which had the avowed purpose of fomenting "selfishness, which is at the bottom of civilization." Break up the land. Break up the tribal system. Break up the family. The strategy succeeded brilliantly in both geography and politics.

Blood, however, flowed East and West and also into remote coves and valleys in between, secluding itself in the genes of families (some of whom have married outside the tribe and back since 1540) - and biding its time. Memory of language and culture spiraled in the cells of children, where the "rememberers," including our Mother Earth, the greatest rememberer of all, have known how to call it forth. Although the quantum always has caused dissension, as it was intended, abetting the tendency of people to polarize into opposing groups, families have held fast. And now. . . .



RED CLAY IS BLOOD CONVERGING. Within its watery nest a baby listens to gathering kin to its own blood singing — and slowly unfurls invincibly. This baby like all our other

This baby, like all our others, reaches toward us unaware of color either of skin or eye, or of hair that



may be straight, curly or wooly. The baby only remembers its blood-song. If the child looks "politically incorrect," will we cut it in pieces? Or will we say, "It's what's in the heart that counts. Sing, child!"

Today, in the warm peace of Red Clay, I dare to hope that we can help our children sing a bridge over all that is "closed and cold," that we can help them by singing the bridge ourselves — invincibly.

Thousands of people here carry the image of an invincible singer — Nancy Ward, the last Beloved Woman of the Cherokee. She is pictured on the reunion's commemorative poster, which is reproduced on the program book's cover. Her Cherokee name was "Nanyehi," Spirit One, and her grave lies 12 miles from Red Clay, but the sacred ground remembers her vision — and so do we.

During her tenure as Beloved Woman (1755-1822), Nancy Ward worked steadily and against increasingly desperate odds for mutual understanding between Anglos and Indian people. It was a concept of peaceful co-existence that she maintained in her own family. She had two children with her first husband, who was a fullblood. After his death she was married briefly to a white man, Bryant Ward, and they had one daughter. According to the Cherokee matrilineal tradition, the children took the mother's name. There was no thought of "cutting them in pieces." Both privately and politically, this system was a matrix to nourish peaceful co-existence.

However, the patrilineal system of the Anglo culture provided no such matrix and by the 1820s when Nancy Ward died, the vision of peaceful coexistence and the matrilineal culture that would have nourished it seemed to have died with her. In reality, the system used nature's oldest survival tactic - it adapted, went underground, preserved its roots. Today, Nancy Ward's vision, which was shared by many other Cherokee leaders of her time, is greening again. At the first session of the reunion council, which is composed of both women and men, Wilma Mankiller presides. She was Deputy Principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma, the first woman to hold high office since Nancy Ward.



RED CLAY IS UNITY BEING BORN.

This unity is imaged by the principal chiefs - Robert Youngdeer of the East and Ross Swimmer of the West. Always accessible, they move easily among the people. But when they obviously are talking privately together, the crowd, including the national press, courteously avoids them. This unsolicited courtesy, in itself, is extraordinary. And I see it now, as the two men walk toward the West Knoll. They alternately listen, talk, sometimes serious, sometimes smiling. Weaving connections. Chief Youngdeer is medium height - sturdy, erect. His hair is white, his gaze often reserved and penetrating, though he is also noted for his compelling sense of humor. He is a master orator in the ceremonial tradition. Chief Swimmer is younger, tall and lithe, an attorney who moves astutely through the bureaucratic intricacies of Washington. His manner is urbane, firm, kindly. In both the Cherokee and dominant cultures, these men are highly respected for their knowledge, wisdom, and governing skill.

Many things separate the Eastern and Western bands: 1,200 miles, federal bureaucracy, lack of formal contact for nearly a century and a half. The Eastern Band numbers 8,882, is geographically enclosed, and has a low-income, tourist economy. The Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma owns several businesses, including a company that produces components for commercial and defense industries. Most of the Nation's 53,097 members are integrated into the dominant culture, although 30,000 of them live in the 14-county service area.

"But we have many points in common, says Chief Swimmer, "ancestry, heritage, culture, and our outlook for the future. The future Red Clay bring is to renew tribal ties and family relationships that were ended in 1837. We will continue annual meetings, alternating locations East and West. [In June 1985, the council met in Tahlequah, Oklahoma.] We'll have opportunities to support each other on issues pertaining to one tribe and to strengthen our lobby effort in Washington on issues we have in com mon. Red Clay is not only historic means a lot to contemporary Cherokees."

As the formal, major ceremony gins, Paul, Andrew, and I are part the ceaseless current that has pool quietly on the West Knoll. From place midway, we can see the crestrees, but can only hear the speak they step to the podium. As they speak, the images of Red Clay in sify — ground that remembers. still center of time . . . blood coming . . . unity being born — and seem to be slowly resolving into feel what's happening, feel the



48 WE ARE HERE FOREVER

tant vibration in the crowd as whispers pass, "They're coming. The runners are coming with the sacred fire."

A path has been cleared for them, leading up to a monument of crab orchard stone which will shelter the flame. In 1838, when soldiers herded Cherokee families from Red Clay, someone secretly carried the sacred fire, tamped and hidden in moss. The fire signifies the spirit of the Creator, of the sun, of the people — and the Cherokee have kept it burning for centuries. In 1951 an ember was brought back to North Carolina. Now, the young men have run 130 miles in relay from the Qualla reservation in the mountains of North Carolina, bearing torches. The crowd is silent as they run slowly toward the crest of the knoll. There the torches are joined together and passed among the council members before coming back to the chiefs for the ceremonial lighting. The chiefs invoke the fire's ancient meanings and Youngdeer extends its light to include the present when he says, "The flame stands for freedom, and friendship between the whites and Indians. We hold neither hatred nor malice in our hearts. We remember the past but look to the future."



Awi Usdi, Little Deer, a spirit of reverence and justice. From the heart of the mountain he comes the heart's blood of the Cherokee was spilled here. This is hallowed ground. He has come because, on the hunter's behalf, their descendants have prayed the words of pardon through their deeds. It has taken time.

Today Governor Alexander announces the formation of the Tennessee Indian Commission, an historic first for our state, and an expression of the concern for Native American Tennesseans which has been growing for decades. The history of the Red Clay Historical Area exemplifies this slow, steady growth. In 1929 Colonel James F. Corn of Cleveland saved Red Clay from becoming a factory site by buying the land and giving it to the state. In 1973, archaeologists began excavation and reconstruction, funded by tax money, not donations, from all of Tennessee's citizens. Locally, the Red Clay Association supported the project. When the work was sufficiently done, Jennings Bunn, area supervisor, invited the Cherokee to return with the hope that "the reunion of 1984 will in some small way help to heal this wound and reunite in oneness a great Nation. May the spirit of Awi Usdi watch over us all."

I stoop to touch the path, where the earth has used winter rain to bring forth grass — thick, bouyant, rippling, verdant, and sweet in the wind. I sense the people thinking with one heart, evoking the 17,000 who walked the Trail of Tears; the 4,000 who died along the way; the small band that held out in North Carolina. We move with them through years closed and cold, through the slow-warming cycle of justice that restored many rights. Now, in the seventh generation since the Removal, we have come to Red Clay, where new leaves unfurl and a fresh, green path shines in the sun.

With his head held high in the wind like the spirit of light he comes The small white chief of the deer.

When one of his own is slain he instantly draws near and finding clotted blood on the leaves he bends low over the stain... "Have you heard... Has the hunter prayed words of pardon

for the life you gave for his own?" If the answer be "No," then Little Deer

goes — invisible, fleet as the wind and tracks the blood to the hunter's home

where he swiftly pains and cripples his

Because we have gathered here with reverence and love, *Awi Usdi is* watching over us, walking among us. Swiftly, I gather his image: A peaceful power assuring all people that if justice and reverence prevail, in the fullness of time, sorrow may be eased, wounds may be healed. And within whatever morass we find ourselves, there is always a green path that leads us to the top of the hill, where the sacred fire burns for us all.□

We have survived. We Thank the Great Spirit. We shall renew our strength and mount up with wings. bones so he never can hunt again. Once in a lifetime he may appear to one whose spirit is deep and a master's arrow may bring him down

so the hunter can take his horn to keep as a charm for the chase a talisman reverently for reverence alone sustains its power

and forestalls wrath and pain. But the hunter must be swift of hand for the arrow hardly strikes his throat than Little Deer leaps for his ancient path that slopes upward into the mist.

Marilou Awiakta is a Cherokee-Appalachian poet and essayist who lives and works in Memphis, Tennessee, where she helped found the Far Away Cherokee Association in 1983. Her books, Abiding Appalachia: Where Mountain and Atom Meet, and Rising Fawn and the Fire Mystery were chosen by the U.S. Information Agency for the 1985 worldwide tour of its show, "Women in the Contemporary World." Her work has also appeared in Ms. magazine, Southern Exposure, and Sinister Wisdom's A Gathering of Spirit. In Cherokee, Awiakta's name means "eye of the deer." As the logo of her life and work, she has placed Little Deer in the center of the atom, signifying that if we have reverence for all things — humanity, the Creator, nature we can live in harmony. Otherwise, Awiakta believes, we will destroy all that lives.

A powerful presence sweeps silently through the crowd. It is more than an "energy field." More than "electricity" or an "aura." Many who know the legend say, "*Awi Usdi* walks among us." Some say he can't be here. That our high-tech age is "too advanced" for legends. But *Awi Usdi* was in these blue-hazed mountains 2,500 years ago, when the Cherokee named his spirit. To him modern arrogance is a mere drifting leaf. He has come to Red Clay because

Nearly 150 years have passed since the great Removal — the forced migration of the Cherokee and other tribes from the East to Oklahoma. A new generation — the seventh since that time — has been born to the Cherokee, but now the memories of that time have faded. No survivors remain to tell the story, and the schools do not spend enough time on the events and circumstances behind what writers now call the Indian Removal. Now is the time to remember.

As a commemoration of the Removal era, the Cherokee Nation Education Department, through its Youth Leadership Program, organized a retracing of the entire Trail from North Carolina to Oklahoma.

There were several purposes behind the retracing. First was to educate tribal youngsters in the history, folklore, and difficulties associated with the Trail of Tears. The second purpose was to remind the entire tribe, and all of America, of the significance and history of the period. The trip served as a living testimony to those who went before and carried the spirit of the tribe to Oklahoma, while it also promoted the achievements of the modern Cherokee for those along the route.

Twenty-two Oklahoma high school and college students were selected by an advisory panel of tribal representatives to travel by bus back to North Carolina and begin retracing the Trail on bicycles. Training sessions were held in April and May 1984, to introduce the students to each other, review the history, and practice on the equipment they would use to retrace the Trail. The students worked on conditioning, safety procedures, basic bike repair, and their history lessons. A route was mapped out which as nearly as possible duplicated the old overland route of 150 years earlier.

Scores of volunteers sold buttons and T-shirts, held garage and bake sales, and performed benefit basketball games to raise money for the retracing. The Tribal Council appropriated special funds to support the project as well. Other gifts came from individuals, Cherokee-owned businesses, local stores, national corporations, and private foundations.

With one final tuneup of the equipment, the students and the staff set off in buses and vans for the trip east on May 29, 1984. Special send-off ceremonies were held at the Tribal Complex in Tahlequah, Oklahoma, before a crowd of parents, family friends, council members, and other well-wishers. Chief Ross Swimmer told the youngsters the eyes of Cherokees everywhere were on them. "For the next few weeks you will be the tribe to thousands of Americans." Cherokee minister Key Ketcher said, "Remember the Removal? How can we forget? Our prayers will be with you on this journey."

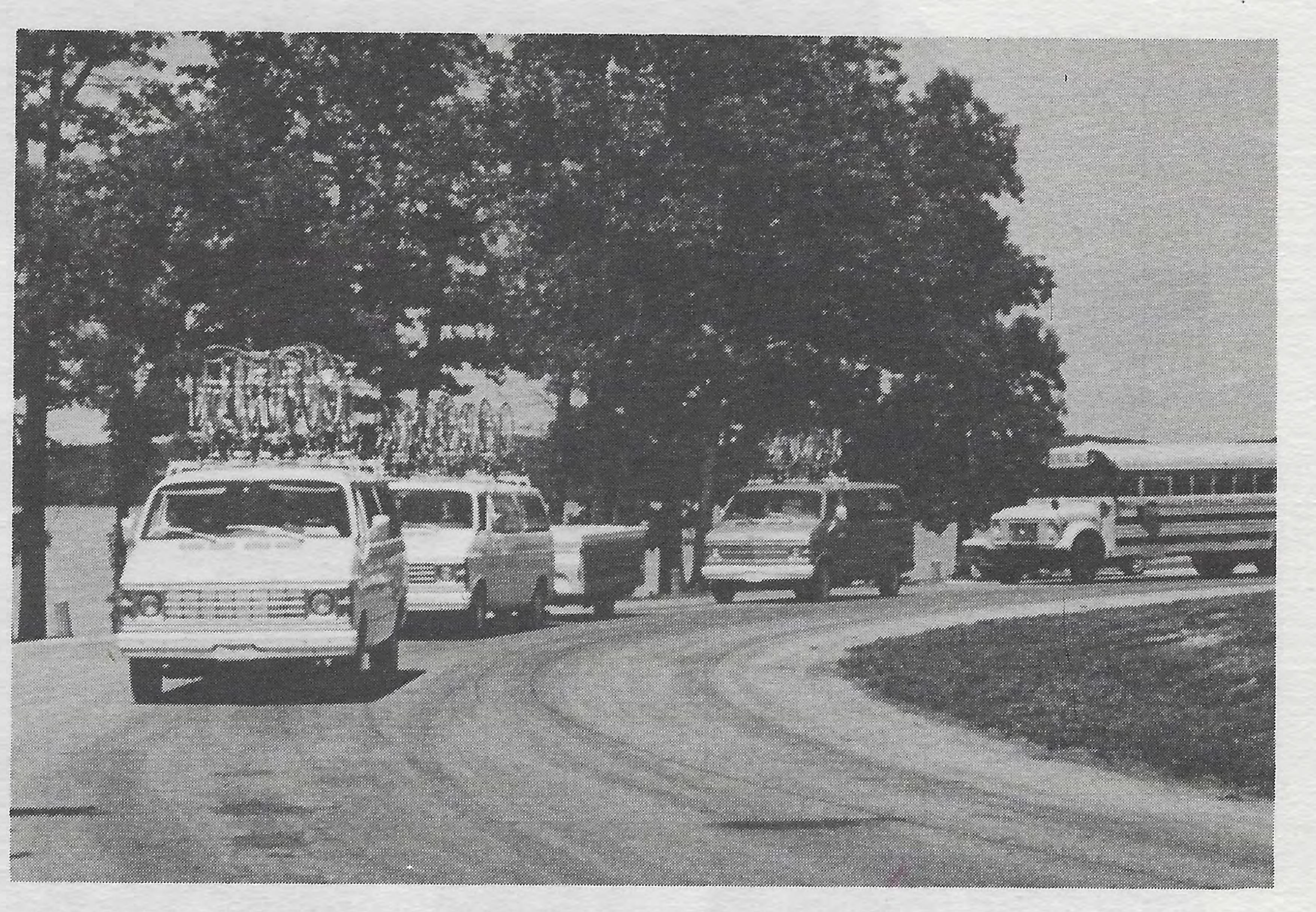
Tracing the Trail of Tears Remember the Removal PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOM FIELDS

The first evening, the students Week. In Arkansas, the students



party, which had been trapped by the

weather at Cadron Creek near Conway in the spring of 1834; dozens died of cholera before the party was rescued. In Memphis, Tennessee, the Faraway Cherokee Association hosted the students at a cookout and provided lodging at a local church camp. From here the trip dropped down into Alabama to trace the dangerous river route from Muscle Shoals to Guntersville, and then went on to New Echota where Georgia Park Service staff explained the background behind the treaty of 1835 and Georgia's role in the events leading to the Removal. That treaty, entered into with only a small portion of the tribe while Chief John



Ross was in Washington, ceded all the land east of the Mississippi and provided the final steps for the Removal.

With great excitement, the students entered North Carolina on June 2. For five days they camped on tribal land in Cherokee, visited local historical sites, and toured the Ancient Tribal Village. They met with eastern Cherokee tribal officials and elders, heard cultural

photos copyright © 1985 by Tom Fields

TOP: DEPARTURE FROM CHEROKEE TRIBAL COUNCIL, CHEROKEE, NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE 7, 1984 **MIDDLE: ED SEVEN STARR BOTTOM: TRANSPORTING THE BIKES, RIDERS, AND SUPPLIES FROM OKLAHOMA TO NORTH CAROLINA**

speakers, and sought out relatives.

On their last night in Cherokee, vistors began to arrive to pay their respects and wish the youngsters and staff well. Before long, music filled the air, and the sounds of shakers and singers could be heard. Laughter echoed into the night, and someone whispered, "Tomorrow we leave."



dr. allo

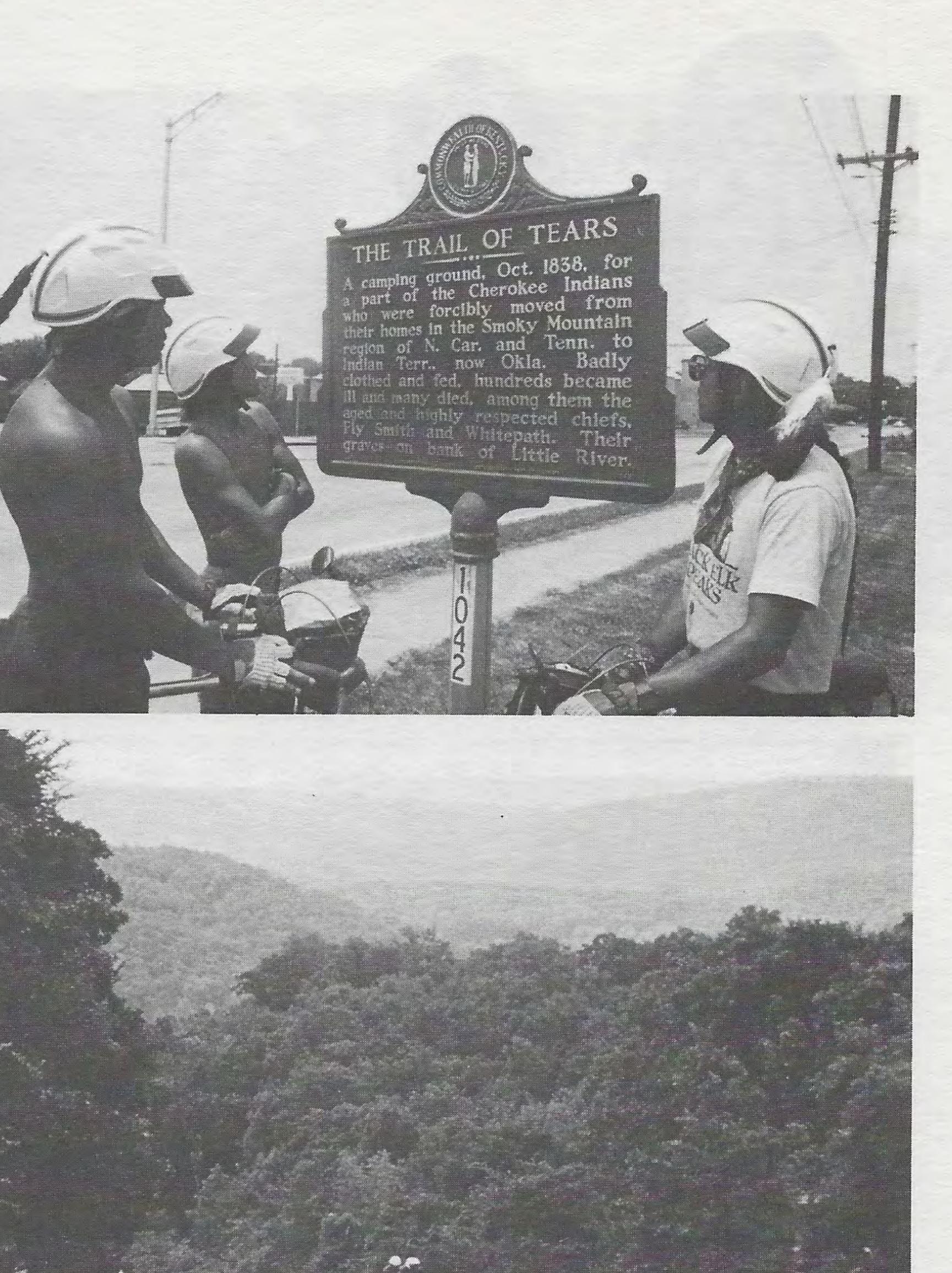
TOP: NEW ECHOTA, GEORGIA MIDDLE: RIDING IN A RAINSTORM IN CAIRO, ILLINOIS BOTTOM: GOOD LUCK HANDSHAKE FROM CHIEF ROBERT YOUNGDEER OF THE EASTERN BAND The first morning bicycling seemed almost easy. The hills weren't too bad, the breeze along the river cool and refreshing. By afternoon the heat struck, a torrid 98 degrees with no clouds in sight. Combine this with a winding 11-mile stretch up a gradual incline with constant headwind. Everyone kept asking, "How much further is it?"

The second day the riding was easier. The morning began with a wonderfully exhilarating nine-mile downhill ride into Andrews, North Carolina. By noon, the group had reached Murphy in Cherokee County, site of Fort Butler, one of the original Removal stockades. Fort Butler served as a prison camp where nearly 1,600 Cherokees were held in 1838. Today an automobile junkyard and old wrecked cars mark most of the spot.

Day Three called for the longest ride

the miles to Red Clay, Tennessee, the last tribal council meetings the Removal. Here, just two membs before, the tribal councils of the Eastern and Western band of Chemkee had met for the first time in

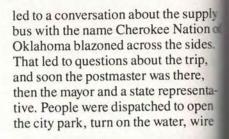
Es mos the students were placing comes of the Remember the Removal the state of the second One student, Taylor Alsenay, said, The hills get tough, or I think Transporting to ride, I look at those The set of and the samely I can on a bicycle!' " On the sacred ground at Red Clay, sector from the spring waters their ancestors seven commentations earlier, students listened merintendent Jennings Bunn recount the proceedings of the last council meetings and the debates over Removal. Here the group also met meir first of many camp visitors, sector bringing gifts of food and mining as citizens drove out from near-Ceneland, Tennessee to meet the Cherrokees. The ride to Ross's Landing - to-Chattanooga - was a short one, but it was followed by a push to get to e a special stop on the trip. There the students faced the most numerous cameras they would encounter. The reporters repeated the ques-The tist what is the Trail of Tears? Why are you doing this? How does it make sou feel? Do the Cherokees live on a reservation? What do you think about how the Indians have been treated? Those who asked about Andrew Encloser, Nashville's local hero, got more than they bargained for. The students were clear in voicing their conterror for the man who persecuted so many of their people. When the U.S. Scoreme Court declared the Georgia larges that led to the Removal unconstated, "Well, [Chief Justice] John Marshall has made his decision; now let him enforce it." The tour of Jackson's home, the Hermitage, was a solemn and strained occasion. Beyond Nashville, the night spent in the small town of Adams near the Kenmoley border was a special story, one that was repeated several places along the way. The night lodging space was uncertain, but a stop at a local grocery







TOP: HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY *MIDDLE:* CLIMBING THE ARKANSAS HILLS *BOTTOM:* MEETING THE ELDERS, CHEROKEE, NORTH CAROLINA



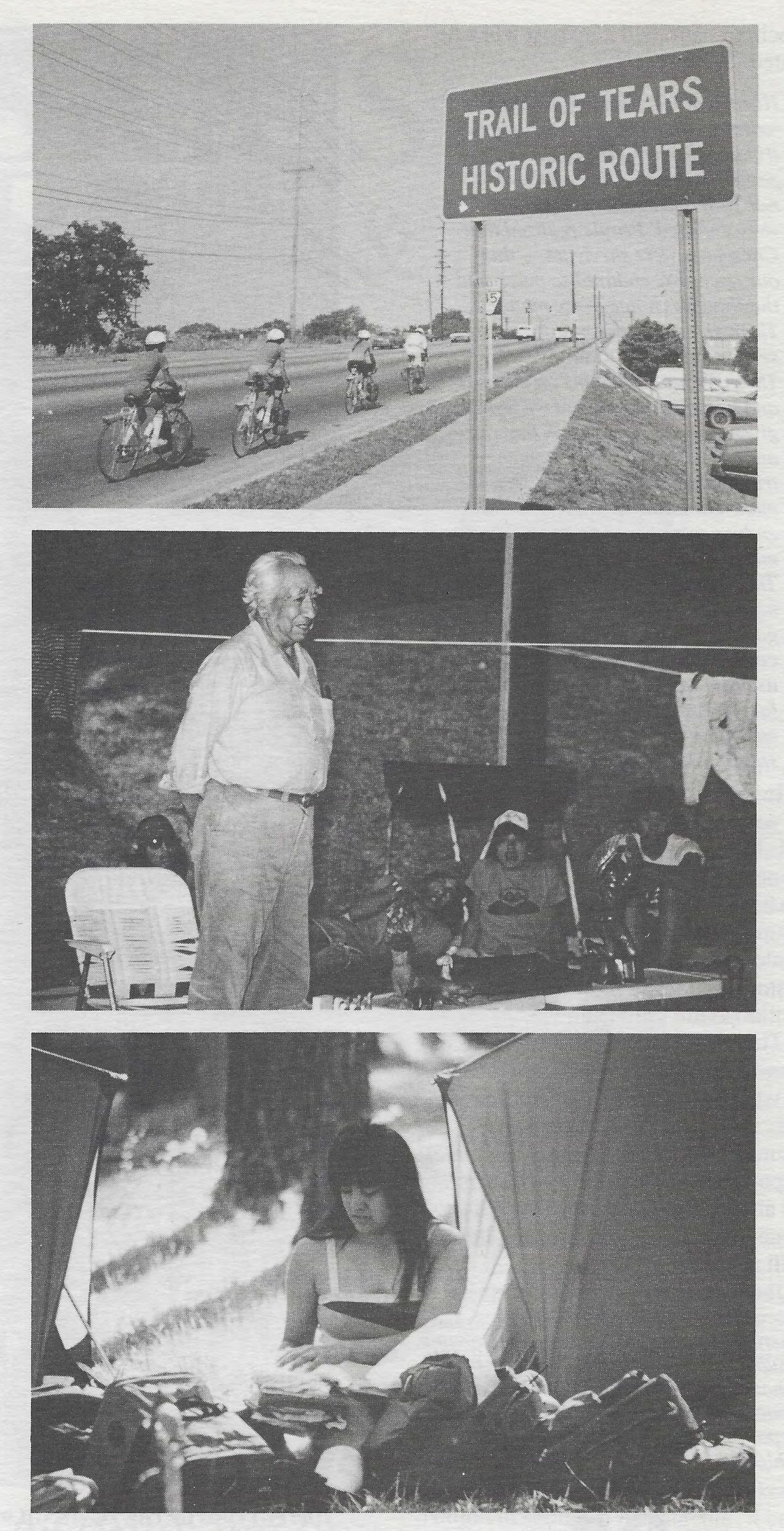


TOP: WORKING OUT THE JOB DUTIES; FROM LEFT, MOSE KILLER, TRESIA YAHOLA, SHARON BLACKFOX MIDDLE: TONY FIELDS, OCOEE, TENNESSEE BOTTOM: LOOKING AT AN OLD MAP SHOWING A RIVER CROSSING ON NEIL VAN EMBERG'S FARM, DESHAR, ARKANSAS the electricity. Other people dropped by with groceries and welcomed the traveling ambassadors.

From here, the historical sites we often relegated to roadside marken the riders retraced the route across western Kentucky through the "Le Between the Lakes," Paducah, and into southern Illinois. Each person thought about the Trail as only a Cherokee could. "Across these same hills . . . down these same valleys along these creeks . . . they came way. Wonder what they thought? Wonder if any are buried along here

The mood was not one of depression or sadness. Some did experience anger. That would be expected. Almost everyone developed a quie inner pride, a growing sense, miles mile, hill by hill, that with all the ships, we, the Cherokee, have survived.

linois through rain and mist moving on schedule, until ssippi lay in front of them. makes the bridge into Cape Missouri, to camp at the Tears State Park outside of There the students visited one of marked graves along the entire et of Otaki, an ancestor of Bushyhead. Later they hiked Sealk Mountain, the highest Essouri and the site of the ining part of the old federal during the Removal. more than three weeks on the me students' thoughts began to ards Arkansas and home. meaded south to Mammoth then on to Batesville, where Tatives from Arkansas College the red carpet. The group in the student union, used the sool, and ate in the cafeteria. for the meals, the college accept no money for its hospi-Such was the welcome through-- Tamsas.



nite River runs through e. During the Removal, crossater was a dangerous task. Dearned of these difficulties f retired teacher Neil Van They visited the site where There had camped, inartifacts, and studied maps mical records, piecing the story of what the crossing e been like. Enterville, there were only 65 go. At the Oklahoma state s of welcome marked the Jeff Robertson, as promised, the good Oklahoma earth. On ell, where a crowd of more mily members and a maited the travelers on the County courthouse lawn. elcome home celebration at kee Landing on Lake Tenkiller en larger. Hundreds turned out e their hands, hear the stories, their achievements. Fourth, the group rode The final 10 miles to Tahlecapital of the Cherokee Nation The six-week-long livstoom in Cherokee history was y completed. Twelve hundred f the Trail of Tears had been re-0.00000000000

staff person, Marvin

TOP: LEAVING NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE *MIDDLE:* GOINGBACK CHILTOSKY TALKING HISTORY WITH THE GROUP, CHEROKEE, NORTH CAROLINA *BOTTOM:* LAURA BIRD TAIL PACKING THE PANNIERS, ALABAMA

Cochran, summed it up best when he stated:

Historical facts weren't the only learning taking place. All along the trip people were getting stronger people were reflecting on the original Trail and the hardships that were endured. People realized that Cherokees were survivors - that our ancestors endured so much and they had no choice in the matter. Through our participation we got a sense of what it is to survive. Through our reflections on the past and by being on the Trail we were given some of the strength that our ancestors had. It was not an easy trip; people had to do their best to make things work. This ability to endure, survive, and grow is what makes the Cherokee a great people. This wasn't learned through history books. This was experience gathered from the spirits of our ancestors who were on the Trail with us. This was the greatest learning for us, even though it is not always easy for people to see or understand. It still happened to everyone.

In the next five years, other groups of young people will retrace the Trail. It is hoped that each group will be joined by representatives from the Eastern Band of Cherokees. These young people will explore different routes, experience new aspects of the history, and bring more and more attention to the Trail itself.

The dream — the vision — is to continue to do this both to remind people of what transpired nearly 150 years ago, and also to teach Cherokee youngsters firsthand, through direct experience, what the Trail of Tears was all about. In this way, the seventh generation and all those who follow will never forget.□

The Remember the Removal Project is a special educational endeavor of the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma. The program is supported through tribal funds and private donations. For further information, contact: Remember the Removal Project, Education Department, Cherokee Nation, P.O. Box 948, Tahlequah, OK 74465; (918) 456-0671.









TOP: PUTTING UP THE TENTS, GILBERT, ARKANSAS MIDDLE: SHARON BLACKFOX BOTTOM: OKLAHOMA STATE LINE, JULY 3, 1984





attempted to cultivate vineyards and tried planting mulberry

groves in

hopes of

worms.

However,

"commer-

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these ventures into

se world a profitable un-The colonists had to find a the resources of the and goods they could sell

fishing and timber E confitable trade with Caribbean colonies. Pennsylvanians and Virginians planted South Carolina the export took time. me settlers cultivated indimarshy coastal These crops required large cleared land and an exten-The Often the money The second secon ant to underwrite such Desperate to begin a com-The with Europe, Carolina after 1670

The Impact of the Colonial Deerskin Trade on the Southern Tribes, 1708-1782

cial husbandry" met with little success and left merchants in Charles Town (Charleston) frustrated with their dreams of making their fortunes in the New World.

Well before 1700 Charles Town residents realized, through contacts with Virginia and their own observations, that deerskins brought in for trade by Indians could, in turn, bring a profit when sold abroad in England. As scouts and traders began visiting small neighboring tribes, such as the Congaree, the Catawba, and the larger, more distant and populous Cherokee Nation in southern Appalachia, it became clear to Charles Town merchants they could readily get deerskins from these tribes and sell them in Europe for a sizable profit. Metal goods, cloth, and beads which the Europeans could produce cheaply were highly valued by the Indians. Conversely, the SOUTHERN EXPOSURE 57

BY DAVID WILCOX

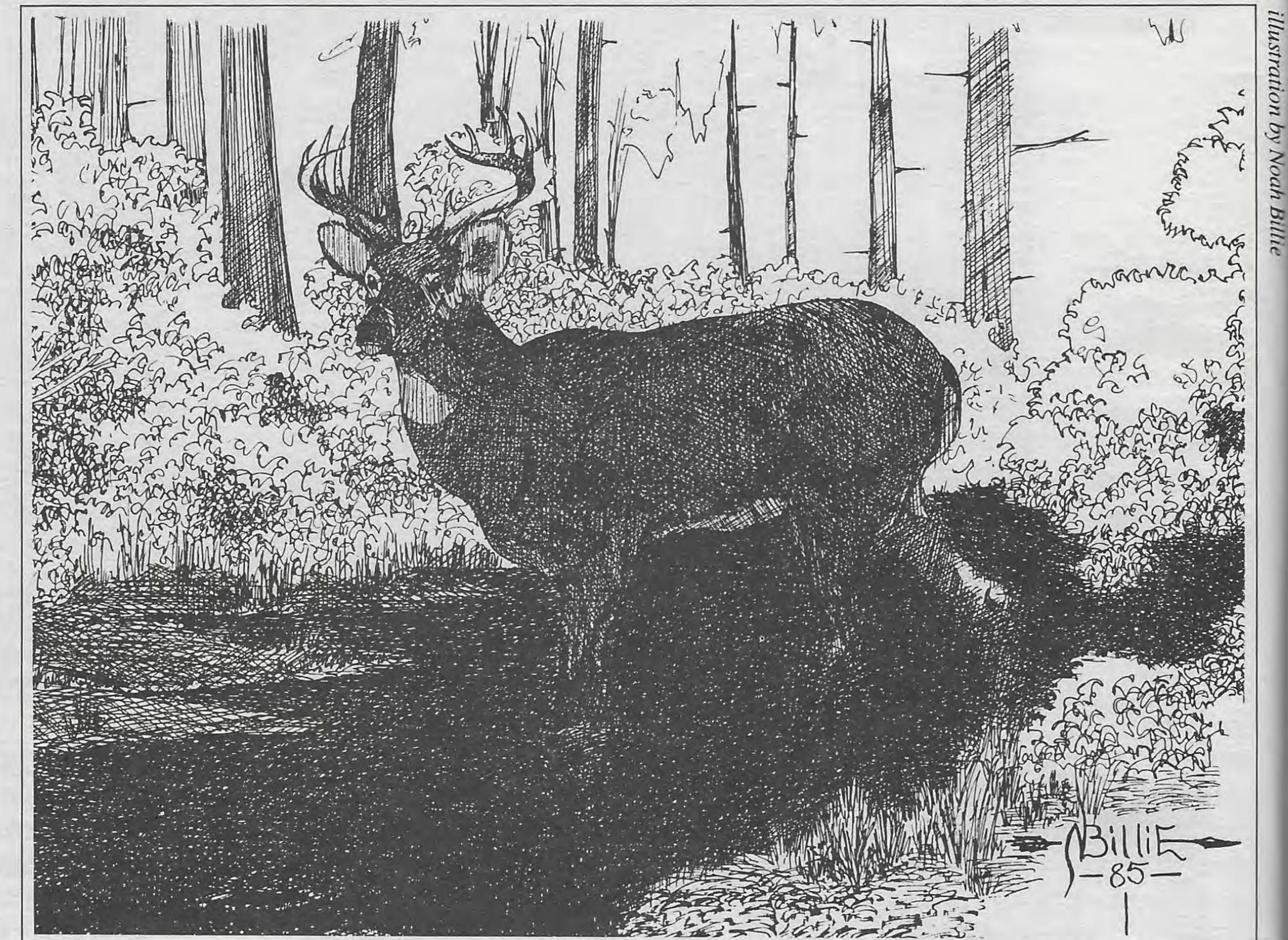
abundant skins they could provide were prized in Europe for gloves and jackets, artisans' aprons, and the covers of books. Thus began a trade which historian Verner Crane has described as "the first business to develop in the lower South" — the deerskin trade.

The deerskin trade itself comprised an extensive network of commerce connecting the leather industry in Europe with tribes throughout the Appalachians. As this trade between the colonies and England increased in importance, it began to expand rapidly. By 1725, for example, the Choctaw in the Mississippi Valley were also selling roughly 15,000 skins to the French. By the 1730s the deerskin trade had ensnared the Cherokee, Choctaw, and smaller coastal tribes into the vast mercantile network which constituted the British colonial empire. By the 1780s it was estimated that Choctaw hunters were killing 100,000 whitetail deer a year to meet the demands of the English trade alone. For centuries the whitetail deer provided the major Southern tribes with a vital supply of meat and skins. The hunting season began in the fall or early winter. By this time the deer had grown a thick coat and had usually become quite fat from eating the abundant acorns that fell during the fall. A mature animal might provide 100 pounds of meat. In addition to supplying meat, each deer yielded a skin that could be cured for use in clothing or shelter. The antlers of the bucks were made into needles, awls, and spearpoints, while the sinews and entrails were dried to make strings, cord, and fishnets. As the deerskin trade developed, it became far more complex than a mere exchange between native hunters and

colonial traders. The trade consisted of an intricate set of economic relationships which depended upon political and financial factors far removed from the frontier. Shifts in British mercantile policy and fluctuations in the Atlantic economy of the eighteenth century influenced the development of the trade and also brought about changes within the tribes as they began to depend upon the trade for various commodities.

The trade was often transacted on credit. Merchants in London would advance credit to colonial merchants

leverage to those merchants seeking to extend control over the land itself. Before the Revolution, the deerskin trade played a crucial role in the economies of both Carolina and Virginia. From a colonial perspective, the trade offered a staple commodity which generated revenues for merchants and colonial treasuries alike. In addition, the exchange between traders and tribes, if adequately regulated to prevent abuse, provided an opportunity to cement diplomatic ties with the large and strategically located Cherokee nation. In the West, as the French began



who, in turn, would give credit to traders for their supplies of trade goods. During the spring of the year, when hunters had returned from their winter journeys, the traders would leave Charles Town bound for the various villages, and there the network of credit would extend a step further; native hunters were advanced powder and shot for the next year's hunt, much as sharecroppers in the same region several centuries later were loaned seeds for planting against the value of the next year's harvest. With the native hunters, as with the tenant farmers, failure to cover the debt gave added

settling the Mississippi Valley, the British officials became very sensitive to the demands and needs of the Chickasaw and Choctaw living beyond the Appalachian range. British officials envisioned the deerskin trade as a means to enlist the interior tribes as allies and thereby thwart any French efforts to encroach upon the English dominion. By seeking alliances among the Creek and Cherokee, the Choctaw and Chickasaw, the British officials hoped to pave the way for future colonial expansion west of the Appalachians. In 1698 Francis Nicholson, gover-

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In the second would underthe hoped would underthe maximum their trading with the research in their trading with the second thereby secure the second with the British.

Company's plan was finally put into decades later when the company's company's

cial interest in the trade had promoted a favorable climate for its expansion. Immediately following the termination of the Virginia Indian Company in 1718, Virginia traders shipped to England twice as many deerskins as they had exported in the decade from 1705 to 1715. This marked the beginning of a steady increase in the volume of the deerskin trade, an increase which would continue into the 1770s and 1780s.

Since the beginning of the trade, the Cherokee and Choctaw tribes had

Marks of your Bounty and as it is acting the parts of Brother mutually to supply each others wants, we are determined amongst ourselves to give you lands which you may plant."

Tribal society was based on notions of reciprocity and gift giving. A trading exchange anchored in a mercantile economy, with policies regulating the supply and quantity of goods, was alien to the Cherokee and Choctaw. As in other markets within the British mercantile economy, the prosperity of the deerskin trade depended upon the tribes' demand for the various trade goods brought to the villages by traders. Among the major interior tribes, the demand for trade goods was, for the most part, "inelastic." Only when durable goods such as tomahawks, metal utensils, or guns were worn out or broken did the tribes turn to traders for replacement goods. In the eyes of the British and colonial traders, as long as the tribes' demand for trade goods was relatively "inelastic" there was little opportunity for the deerskin trade to expand and grow. Traders had to find some way to enlist the tribes' effort to kill more deer and supply them with more skins. They had to find a commodity which would

come to depend upon trade goods sup-

Met Cars to bertific whom it may concern that William Warner Master of the Roop Betry Maney from Obeaufort in North Carolina) -101 Aaris Jarr. 45 Aaris Darro 7 Barris Ditch. 5 Cans Waat Sallow. 51. oides Loather, 69. hiden. 26. burdles of deer shins, 4 Cahes of Waa & Tallow

To the due Landing where of in this 2 ort Bond mas given in Beaufort af Given under my Handt Seal of Hice this 21th Fety 1161

and a complete control over s mattic with the tribes, at England. After pounds in stock subin the company's first year, forced to cease trade Chemikee and Choctaw as the er raged throughout Vir-Carolina from 1715 to 1717. - med in the spring of consistion to the commerial officials to nullithe company's charter. - coolson's original scheme secure a diplomatic trade mestern tribes, offi-

plied by traders. As early as the 1680s many of the most southeastern Creek villages moved closer to Charles Town to guarantee a steady stream of supplies from local traders. The tribes were well aware of their deepening involvement in the trade, but for many of be in constant demand among the tribes.

Rum, imported from the British West Indies, became just such a product. Introduced to the tribes by traders around 1700, rum became the trade good responsible for fueling the rapid expansion of the deerskin trade. While it brought rich profits in the trade to colonial merchants, rum brought strife and conflict to the tribes. Distilled from sugar cane grown on Caribbean plantations and shipped to Charles Town, rum was packed up into the Appalachian mountains and traded to the tribes for skins. As the trade in skins grew in volume, so did the amount of rum shipped to Charles Town. The increased volume of the trade and the impact of rum consumption on Indian societies brought catastrophic changes to the world of the Cherokee and Choctaw. By 1770 rum constituted up to 80 percent of the trade in exchange for skins with the Choctaw nation. Rum not only helped foster the expansion of the trade, but also changed the way in

the tribes the trade represented more than the mere exchange of trade goods for skins.

In 1765 Choctaw chiefs attending the Mobile Congress described their involvement in the trade in terms of kinship: "You are now come to a new World; we are your Children, and we hope to return to our villages with

which trades were transacted. Here at last was a commodity with a highly "elastic" demand. As the desire for rum among hunters increased, traders soon learned they could obtain skins from hunters at a windfall rate of exchange. The traders took advantage of the long-term addictive quality of the alcohol (much as other Englishmen trading for Chinese tea in the nineteenth century took advantage of another addictive substance in imposing opium upon the Chinese). They also benefited regularly from rum's short-term inebriating effects in driving their bargains. Mouthfuls of rum became an accepted measurement of payment for skins. As a result, traders often secured the skins from a dozen or more hunters' winter hunts in exchange for three or four gallons of rum. Gauging the effects rum had on the tribes is a difficult task, but there is little question that the introduction of rum fostered alcoholism among the Southern tribes. While the European diseases of syphilis, influenza, and smallpox brought death to tribes in epidemic proportions, rum brought disastrous consequences to the social structure of the tribes. In 1772 the "Great Chief" of the Choctaw nation, Mingo Emitta of Ibetap Okla Chito, complained to the English of the effects of rum on his tribe: "When the clattering of the Packhorse Bells are heard at a distance our town is immediately deserted young and old run out to meet them joyfully crying Rum, Rum; They get Drunk, Distraction, Mischief, Confusion and Disorder are the consequence of this ruin to our Nation." Even the British were aware of the debilitating effects of rum on the tribes. In 1776 John Stuart condemned the trade and the impact it was having on Choctaw villages. "For one skin taken in exchange for British Manufacture, there are five gotten in exchange for liquor the effect of which is that the Indians are poor, wretched, naked, and discontented." A year later John's brother Charles chronicled his own description of Choctaw villages devastated by the consumption of rum which followed in the wake of traders' exchanges. "I came thro' [sic] their towns I saw nothing but rum drinking

and women crying over the Dead bodies of their relations who have died by Rum. . . ."

While the British and colonial traders were well aware of the impact rum was having on the tribes, rum continued to pour into the tribes with each new season's exchange for skins. The debilitating effects of alcohol, coupled with European diseases and the overkilling of the whitetail deer, served the purpose of conquest far more effectively than any regiment of militiamen or Indian scouts. The expansion of the deerskin trade in the 1760s and 1770s brought with it not only the specter of alcoholism and an increased hunting of the whitetail deer, but also the deterioration of the tribes' relationship to the natural world in which they lived. Tribal culwas founded upon an ethos in which a family living together in the world. Within the context of this ethos it was unthinkable for a hunter to kill more game than was needed. A certain mutual respect characterized the relationship between the tribes and this environment.

ture among the Cherokee and Choctaw hunter and prey were both members of

Brief Chronology of the Deerskin Trade

1673: James Needham and Gabriel Arthur, scouts for Colonel Abraham Wood, commander of Fort Henry, reach the Overhill Cherokee villages and investigate setting up trade relations with the tribe.

1698: Virginia Governor Francis Nicholson makes a proposal to the Board of Trade to begin trading with the western tribes, including the Overhill Cherokee. Nicholson's plan is an attempt to undersell the French traders and lure the westward tribes into an alliance with the British.

1705: The Virginia Assembly, concerned over the recent introduction of rum into the deerskin trade, passes an act prohibiting the selling or trading of rum or brandy to any tribe. 1707: The Carolina Assembly passes a set of regulations governing the deerskin trade with various tribes. Traders are required to pay an annual fee for the privilege of trading with tribes. The act also requires that under no condition should traders give or sell rum to members of the tribes. 1715-1717: The Yamassee War makes trading with the Cherokee, Choctaw, and Creek tribes impossible. The deerskin trade begins to slump into a depression as a result of the warfare between the different tribes and the colonies. 1718: The charter of the Virginia Trading Company is nullified. The prosperity of the deerskin trade continues to wane. Nevertheless, the volume of the trade in both the Carolinas and Virginia doubles between 1705 and

As the pressures of the deerskin trade increased and the spread of alco-

holism and disease consumed the villages, it became increasingly difficult for the tribes to perceive themselves as partners in any sort of harmonious relationship with the world around them. As hunters began to kill deer for their skins alone, the hunter's role as a fellow member in the spiritual world of the woodlands was compromised. Indeed, as Cherokee and Choctaw became more and more divorced from the long-established ethos of their tribal traditions, they became more dependent upon the market economy which fueled a deerskin trade that was unraveling the social and spiritual fabric of their tribes.

Dave Wilcox is a Texan with a longstanding

1718.

1736: The South Carolina Assembly lifts restrictions on the deerskin trade. This is in response to the poor prosperity of the trade following the Yamassee War. The favorable climate created by this act initiates the gradual expansion of the trade. Between 1736 and 1746 the number of traders and merchants registered to trade deerskins in Charles Town increases 100 percent.

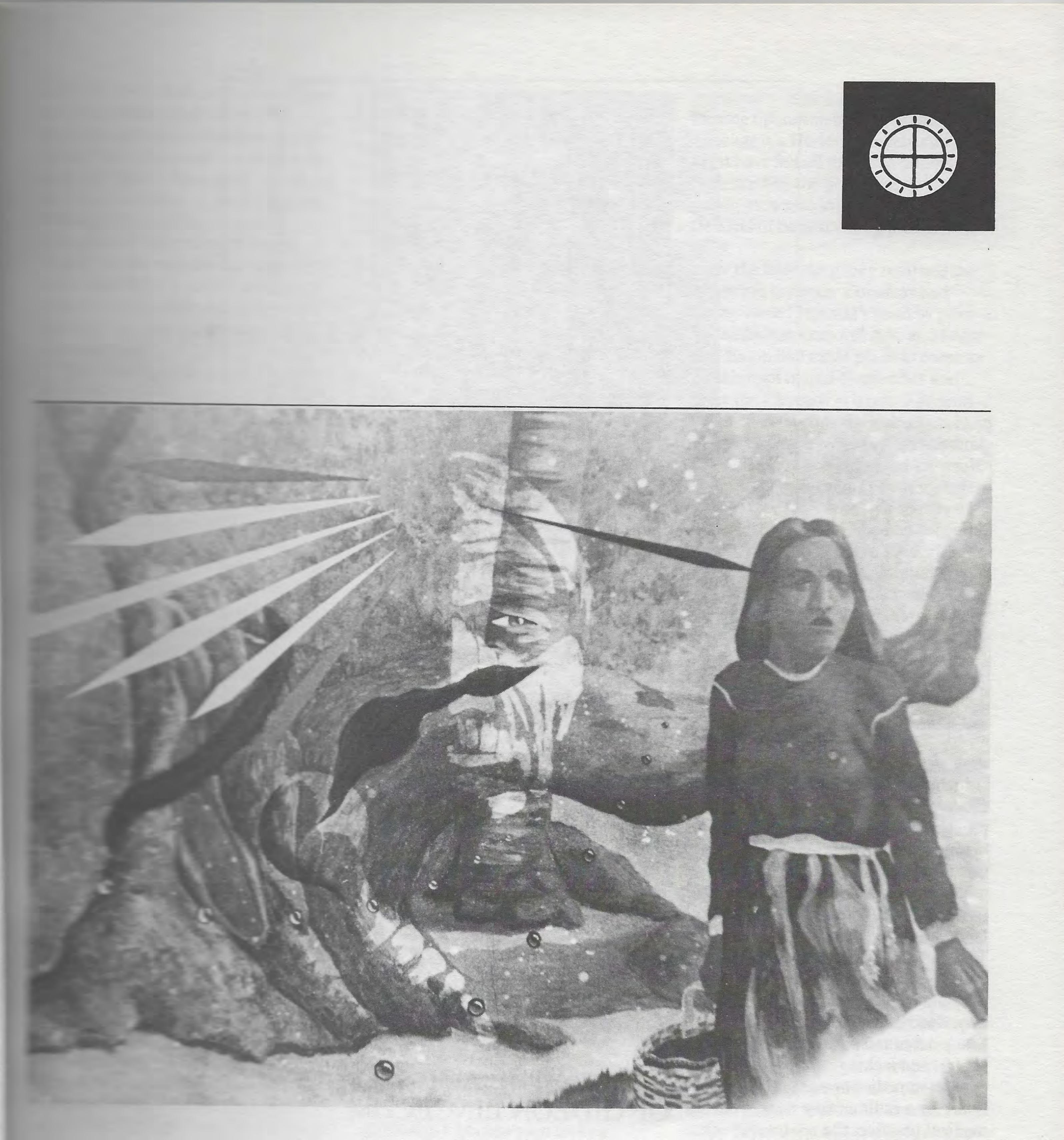
1748: Over 160,000 deerskins reportedly are shipped out of Charles Town destined for England or for other colonies.

1763: The Greenville Treaty is signed at the Peace of Paris. The French relinquish their claim over the homelands of the Choctaw to the British. With the Choctaw linked into the British realm, the deerskin trade begins an enormous expansion with hunters traveling all the way from the Mississippi to trade their deerskin pelts in Charles Town.

1772: The Second Congress of the Choctaw and English is held at Mobile. Overwhelmed by the influx of the alcohol brought into their villages by traders, the Choctaw chiefs report to the British, "Our sole dependence is upon you."

WE ARE HERE FOREVER 60

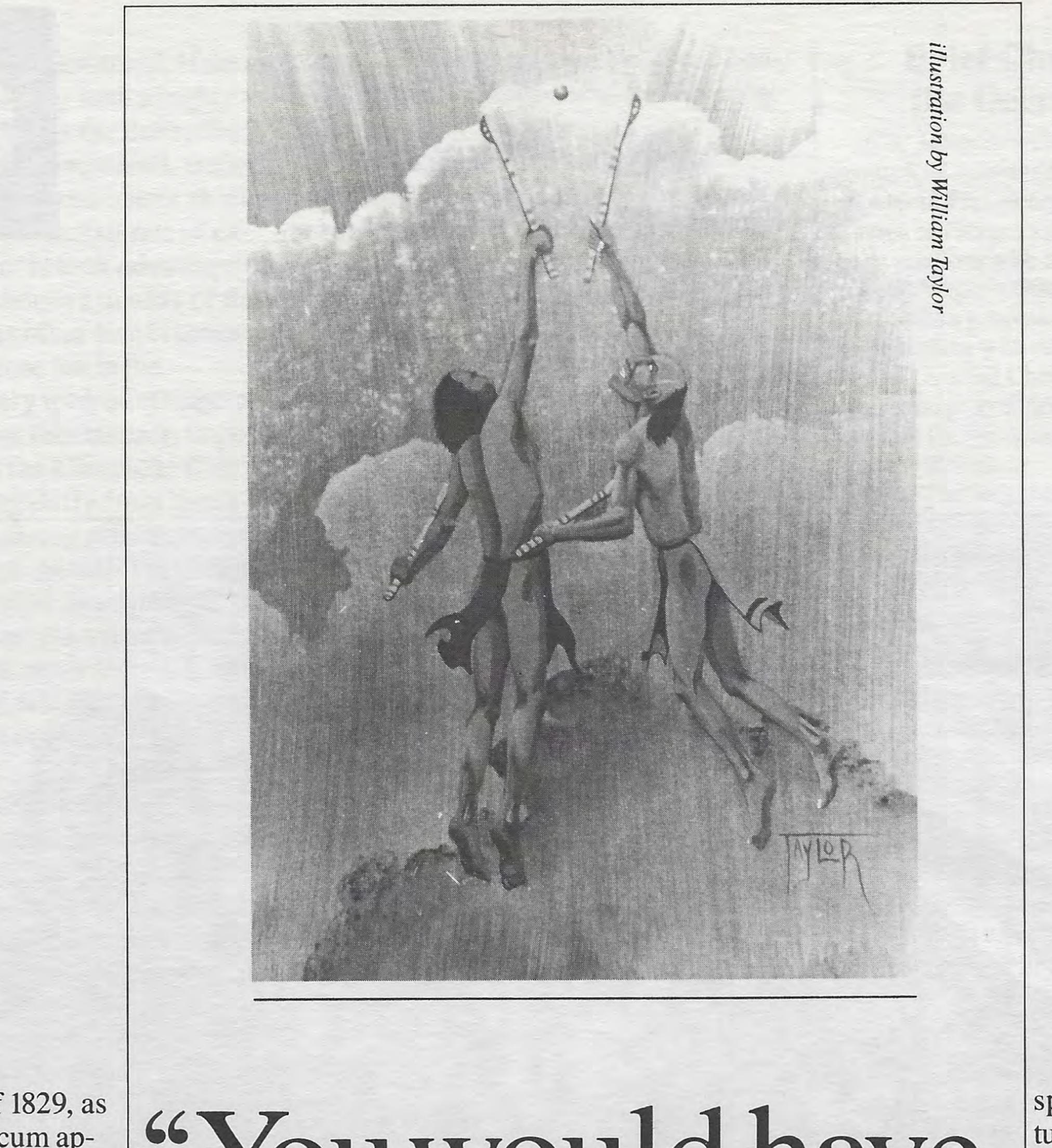
interest in the Indian tribes of the South and Southwest. He is currently a doctoral student in child development at Harvard University and a clinical fellow in psychology at Harvard Medical School's Erikson Center.





WITH A FLASHLIGHT by William Taylor

William Taylor is an Eastern Cherokee.



sport for at least a century before Lincecum dreamed up his trip. In April 1734, for example, when an Indian delegation with 26 warriors visited the colonial governor in Charleston, the South Carolina Gazette reported that he "invited them to play at an Indian Game with Ball and Rackets, thirteen of a side, in which they all shewed great Strength and Agility." Frequently several hundred players took part in these huge stick-

In the fall of 1829, as Gideon Lincecum ap-

proached the age of 40, his life took an important turn. Like scores of other white men, he was living with his wife and large family near the Tombigbee River on the eastern edge of Chickasaw and Choctaw territory. Saddled with heavy debts and poor health, and lacking enough remedies or patients for a rudimentary medical practice, the would-be doctor was about to begin teaching school for a living when

with Choctaw ball players. The South Carolina-born Lincecum led what appears to have been the first barnstorming venture in the history of American sport. Rival Indian villages and tribes had been competing against each other for centuries - often for high stakes - in

TOU WOULD Have madesucha good Indian"

PASSAGES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY **OF GIDEON LINCECUM**

Introduction by Peter Wood

he hatched a plan for touring the South a rough game which was the ancestor of modern lacrosse, and which Indians justly called "the younger brother of war." (See Southern Exposure Fall 1979.) Though historians usually trace the roots of lacrosse to Canada, where Europeans learned it from Northern tribes, Southern newcomers had been admiring the same

ball games; non-Indian observers were awed by the sport and by the rituals and dancing that surrounded each event. H. B. Cushman observed in 1899, "The base ball-play of the present day, so popular among the whites, in point of deep interest and wild excitement produced in the spectator, when compared to the Chashpo

WE ARE HERE FOREVER 62

Mississippi river, the same relation that the the crescent moon does to the ment of the mighty orb of day In the ancient the activity, fleetness, and endurance of the Missiswarrior and hunter, more fully exemplified than anyset for there he brought into severe action every power of woull and body."

erging forces of Choctaw made the winter of 1829-30 a time to take Indian ball players For a wider public. For the Choctaw, like - The miles, had been wagmanue tranles with state and and a so protect their homes, mutting grounds from the Pressure for forcthe choctaw out of the meased slightly by megotiated in me admired Pushmatalater prepared But Pushmataha text was mild policies Californian ended a month



recruited to play for a more famous touring operation a century later, Abe Saperstein's Harlem Globetrotters, must have felt all the same doubts experienced by the gifted but cornered young men who joined Lincecum's little band of barnstorming pioneers in 1829.

By the time the group returned the following summer, Congress had strengthened Jackson's hand by passing an Indian Removal Act, and Secretary Eaton had made plans to come to Mississippi in mid-September and meet the Choctaw at a treaty ground between two prongs of a small creek in Noxubee County. Finally, on September 27, 1830, having resisted for a full generation the designs of white Americans to take their land, a minority of tribal leaders were bribed or badgered into signing the decisive Treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek, committing the nation to move west across the Mississippi within three years. "We are exceedingly tired," Chief Folsom wrote in a letter to Presbyterian ministers, after hearing Congress had ratified the treaty the following February. "Our doom is sealed. There is no other course for us but to turn our faces to our new homes toward the setting sun." This atmosphere of exhaustion and resignation provides the context for Lincecum's second Choctaw rendezvous, this time with an aging medicine man at "the black rock bluff on Noxuby river." The white "doctor" spoke Choctaw fluently and knew the Southern forests well; he was feeling disillusioned with his own society generally and with its medical quackery in particular. For his part the Indian, expert in herbal cures, had seen his own culture being torn apart generationally and geographically; he was too old to start over in the strange landscape beyond the Mississippi, and he was anxious to have his knowledge handed down. The venerable leader, or "chito," of the Six Town or Six People ("Okla hunale") clan had long realized the awesome power of the written word. He apparently welcomed the chance to dictate all he knew to someone who could share both his language and his fascination with the forest's natural pharmacopoeia. Their lengthy sojourn in the woods

as Secretary of

Andrew Jackson, Southern electorate indians and advocating had entered the White Representatives had enternel legal process into that the state now occupied by the Choctaw tribes of Indi-Bullackson's Secretary Destament, John Eaton, Chief David Folsom government felt unable me in the administrative matand he adthe tribe to remove westward anthrout further delay.

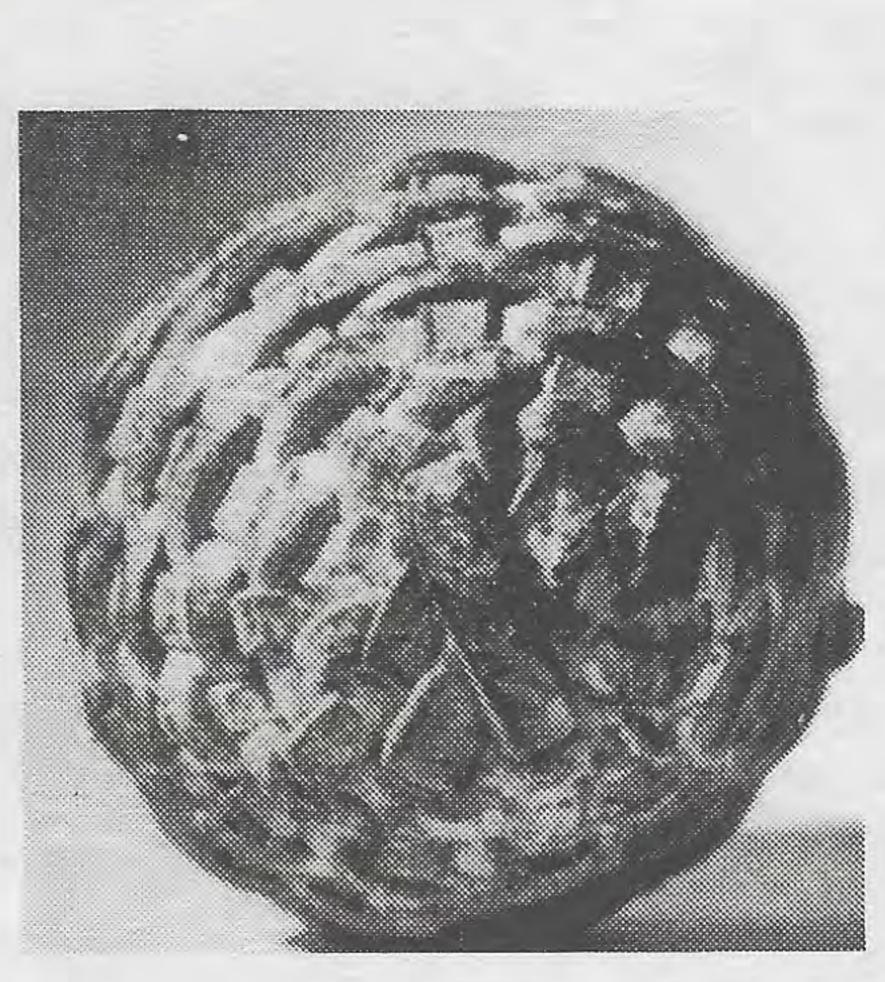


outspoken Choctaw men feeling trapped and frustrated about their future. When Lincecum's offer to lead a barnstorming venture reached them,

Cotober the Choctaws held a general council, where chiefs, capmanual matriors tried to reach a con-Whether for better or worse, older voices of moderation and compromise won out memers and hostility of the These painful disconsistent left the younger and more

hundreds of hungry and disheartened individuals came to the rendezvous at Oakbush Spring on November 28. One can imagine the uneasiness and fatalism with which they accepted the necessity of touring as entertaining curiosities among the very whites who had forced them into such a painful corner. Black basketball players being

had a lasting effect on Lincecum. Always a careful observer, from that time on he proved a dedicated naturalist. Lincecum became a link between two separate worlds of natural observation. He collected botanical specimens for his own herbarium and eventually shared his gleanings with the new Smithsonian Institution. After moving to Texas he sent a collection of local butterflies to the New York College of Science, and he shipped 600 examples of Texas flora to the French "Jardins des Plantes" in Paris. He even corresponded with Charles Darwin, sending him 48 specimens of Texas ants with separate commentaries on each. For more than 40 years, until his death in Texas in 1872, Lincecum continued to be a careful observer of birds, insects, reptiles, and plants. No wonder his Choctaw instructor commented that he would have made a good Indian. The following excerpts are from letters Lincecum sent to his grandson, which were edited by the Mississippi Historical Society and printed in its Publications for 1904.



homes and made them very poor; that they were willing to travel with me any length of time, just for their victuals and clothes. They thought that four hundred was not too many, and begged me to let them all go. Poor fellows, I didn't know what to do, or how to escape from the dilemma so as not to give offense.

They were all hungry and I got my friend Pitchlynn to have three beeves driven to the place and slaughtered for them to eat. I next proposed a draft. I would take every tenth man. Fulahooma had privately engaged forty brag players and had given me their names. These names were put into a hat, a little boy called up, and instructed how to draw. Then Pitchlynn explained to them that the draft would take only every tenth man, and, to make it fair, the little boy had been selected to draw out the names. There were 365 blank tickets put in the hat. The drawing commenced and perhaps twenty blanks came first. Then came one with a name, which I wrote down. Then came forty-three blanks, then a name, which I wrote down. The Indians could not see into the deception, but calling it a lottery, directed by the Great Spirit, thought it was the fairest thing in the world. They were all satisfied with the result, and went to cook-

"Hopigeh Cheto Leads a Barnstorming Tour I had, during my whole life, done all my reading in medical works, and knew all that had been published on that subject; and, had felt seriously inclined to set up shop and try to make a living in that way. But I had no medicine nor the means to procure it. I continued to poke about in the woods. I found bee trees and killed as many deer as were needed to supply our table. It was on the Chickasaw side of the line where I hunted, a wild, swampy country, on the Bull mountain fork of the Tombecbee river — and it was full of deer, bear and turkeys. . . . Some people said I was going deranged. . . .

people were very much dissatisfied. I thought it was a good time to raise a company of ball players; and to find out all about it I wrote to my good friend John Pitchlynn, Sr., desiring him to feel of the Choctaws on the subject, and to communicate to me the result of his effort....

I received a letter from my friend Pitchlynn, that Fulahooma, the bearer of the letter, had made up a company of forty choice ball players, that would assemble at the Oakbush spring the ensuing Monday, 28 November, 1829, and that he, Fulahooma, had visited me to carry me down to the place where the intended meeting was to be held. It was forty miles distant. I was anxious that no failure should take place, and, having nothing to arrange, I was on the road in an hour. As we journeyed Fulahooma told me that the Choctaws were mad with their chiefs, that in their present discontented state he found them all willing to go with me. He said the difficulty would be in getting rid of the surplus. We were on the ground in due time; and by 12 o'clock there were upwards of four hundred ball players assembled. We built up the council fire and held a big talk. They were all familiarly acquainted with me; and they told me that their head men had sold their

I, at length, matured a plan that I thought would make money, if I could succeed in getting it into action. The project was to raise a company of ball players in the Choctaw Nation, travel with them and exhibit them in their ball plays and war dances. The Choctaw chiefs had recently sold their country and the common ing and eating the fat beef I had procured for them.

By light the next morning I set my face towards the east and, passing through Columbus, Miss., went up the military road.

Well, I traveled and exhibited those Indians eight months, but made only money enough to feed and clothe the company decently. I started without money, and was so week [sic] and feeble that the Indians would lift me and set me on my pony every morning. I camped out all the time, and though it was a very severe winter, my health and strength improved every day. I could scarcely walk when I started, and one of the Indians having crippled himself, I left him ride

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my horse on our return and I walked 500 miles. I made no money to carry home by the experiment, but the improvement in my health and activity was ample remuneration for absence from home. A little Indians back to their absence from home. A little Indians back to their and discharged them, well and our long journey. A little Indians and our long journey.

In the second that if I was to the second not be able to find the fields and treated and treated and treated to the second tenderness.

ment that was practical, and watched the effects of our remedies very carefully. At length a large, muscular and very strong man, about thirty years of age, fell into my hands, and feeling a strong desire to restore him, I staid [sic] with him and did my very best for him. He died under circumstances that left me but little grounds to doubt the fact that the calomel and other poisons I gave him hastened his dissolution. I was greatly discouraged. This strong man with three others that fell under my treatment that season and the hundreds that were dying all around me in the hands of other physicians, convinced me that our remedies were impotent, or that they were even worse than that, for they seemed to increase the force of the disease. I felt tired of killing people, and concluded to quit the man-killing practice and try to procure a living by some other method.

ical works written by Southern practitioners. All our medical books had been composed by Northern practitioners and their prescriptions really did not suit Southern complaints. So the plan I had conceived was to visit an Indian doctor of great reputation, who resided in the Six Towns, Choctaw Nation, and try to get him to show me what he knew of medicine and disease. I knew that there were very few men among the Indians who pretended to any conclusive knowledge of the use of their remedial agents. The Indians all knew them, and it is just as natural for one of them, when he is sick, to go [into] the woods and get medicine to cure himself, as it is for him to go there when he is hungry to get something to eat. Yet there is occasionally a highly developed, philosophic intellect among them that collects and stores up all the useful knowledge he can get hold of; medicine and everything else. I had been raised and had spent the greater part of my life with the Indians, and I knew all about them. I had, however, never seen the Eliccha chito of the Six

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About this time the sizem of the cholera mached the United States, and a very fatal spe of dysentery pervaded the region of country we occapied. They called a bloody flux, and it killed two to the namined of the population. I was very seccessful in the reatment of this fatal

I did not lose a case and in a wide circle. Folflux was a stubborn fever. people died. I lost severincases. In fact, I did not any of it had been cured by practitioners. Our remedies practitioners. Our remedies practitioners. Our remedies practitioners. I did not people that it was a kind of the people that it of the country. The began to suspect the treat-

But when I came to reflect about the matter, I found I was not able to perform manual labor and that somehow or other my housefull of small children must be supported. I did not intend to practice the allopathic system any more, and I was at a loss to know how to proceed. People came for me, but I refused to go, and I moped about two or three weeks till my mind finally settled on a plan. I had long felt the need of good medme and what would be his terms; and report the same to me at his earliest convenience.

It was 200 miles from where I lived.

However, in a month I received from friend Jurzong a very satisfactory letter. He informed me that the great Six Town Eliccha would be extremely willing to teach what he knew about medicine before he died to somebody, and to a white man in preference to one of his own people, because the white man would place it on paper and

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE 65

Towns, and I wrote a

letter to P. Jurzong, a

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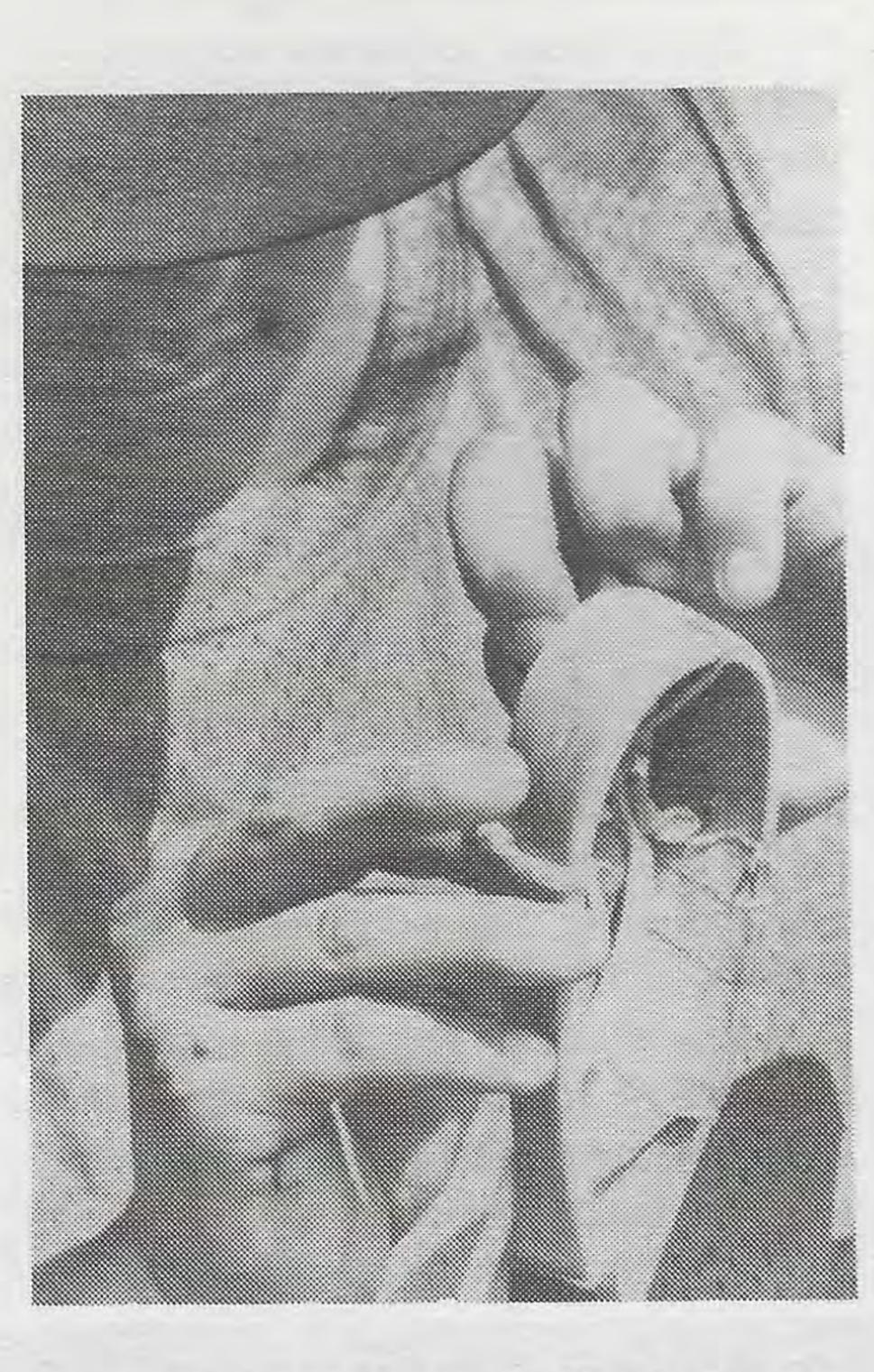
of medical practice.

If so, for him to say

where he would meet

preserve it. He would meet me at the middle of the day after twelve sleeps, at the black rock bluff on Noxuby river. He also informed me that he would stay in the woods as long as I desired, and that I must pay him 50 cents a day and find provisions for him.

It was seventy miles to the black rock bluff on Noxuby. I took my gun, some fish hooks and lines, a bushel of crackers and so arranged it as to be riding up to the appointed place precisely at 12 o'clock and I fully expected to see the doctor come riding upon the opposite side of the river at the same time. Sure enough there he came. As soon as he discovered me, he hailed and said, "I know who you are, and what a pity it is you are a white man." "Why," said I. "Because you would have made such a good Indian," he replied. At his request I crossed to his side, where we staked our horses, lay down in the shade, made up our acquaintance, and planned the course to pursue. We then dined on some scraps of cold victuals I had in a little wallet; saddled up and set out for a place five or six miles distant where there was good water and where we should sleep that night. As we rode off from the river, he observed to me, "You have a good looking gun, and the deer are very plentiful in this region. Turn off to the left there, travel in that direction about two miles, then turn to the right going directly north about four miles and you will come to a pretty little creek. I'll meet you there, and if you are a good hunter, you will bring me a piece of fresh meat for my supper." I left him, and set out in accordance with his instructions, but had not progressed exceeding a mile before I shot a very fat buck and saw many more. As soon as possible, I cut out the back straps and with the two hams packed up and went toward the designated camping place as fast as I could. In two hours and a half from the time we had parted, I had found the pretty little running creek. I made a little scaffold and soon had the venison cooking. It was nearly dark when the old man rode up and remarked, "It was by the delicious odor of your roasting meat that I found your camp.



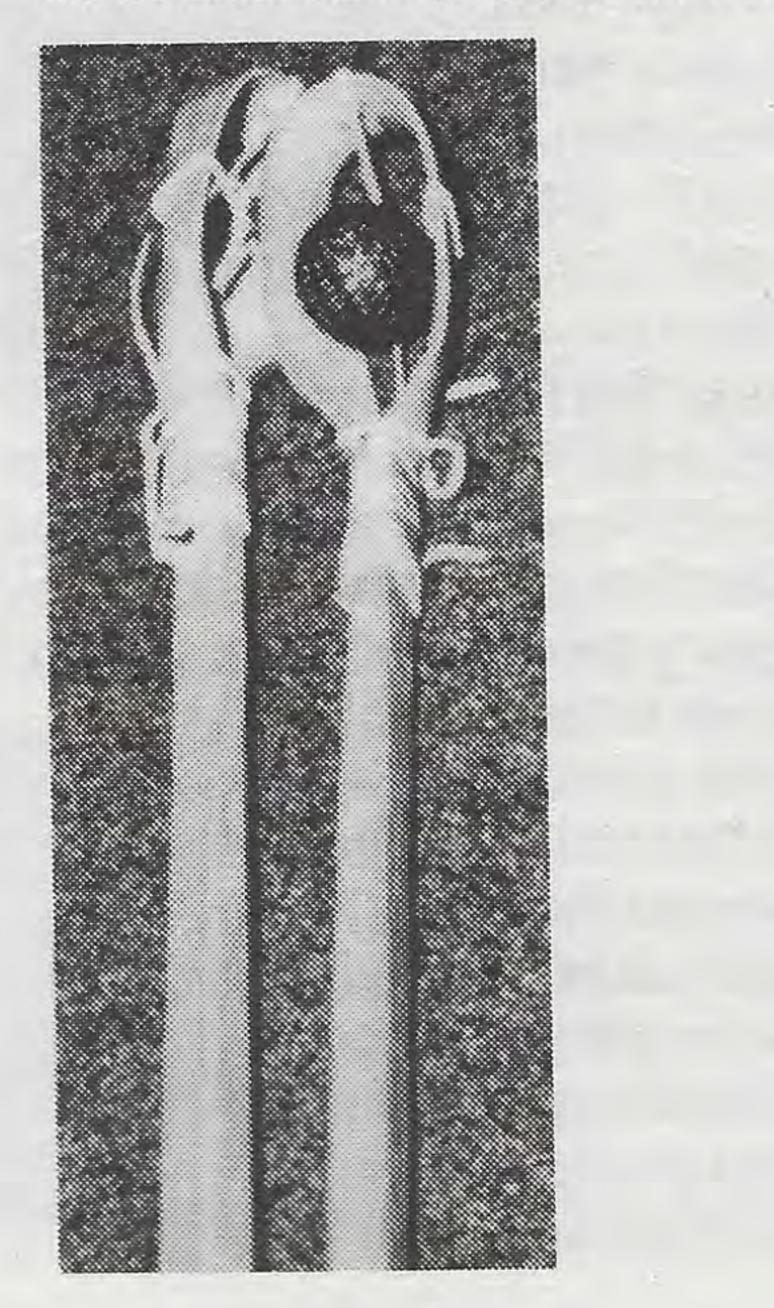
this side of the Mississippi river for me to study; and that as soon as I would read and let him hear what I had put on the paper about what he had told me he would let me go to my own country.

I procured some fat pine and read a good deal that night. He corrected some errors - it was written in Choctaw — and added many things. We got through with the examination the next day at 10 p.m. He was greatly pleased. He took the manuscript and seemed to weigh it in his hands. "How strange it is," said he, "but it is true that this small bundle of holiso - paper contains all the knowledge I ever possessed that is really of any account. Oh! if I had only the power to do that I should have been one of the renowned men of the world. Will you keep it and take care of it?" he eagerly enquired. "Oh, yes," said I, "I shall soon translate it into English. It will then be printed on a great number of papers and made so plain that every body can understand it. I shall also state that Eliche chito of Okla hunale taught it to me and everybody will read that too." "Well, well," said he, "that is wonderful. I am truly gratified. My old wasted heart is glad." So on that little branch, not far from the Yak nubbe old fields, we shook

You are a mile higher up than I expected to find you." He staked out his horse, and I expected to see him go to the meat scaffold; but instead, he unrolled his specimens of medical plants and laid them out in order on his right where he was sitting. He then took them up, one by one, described the kind of soil they were found in, their uses, the season to collect them and what other plants they were sometimes combined with. He would then lay it on his left; and so on until he got through with that day's collection. On my part, I wrote down all he said and preserved small specimens of each plant. Every night he would have some specimens, and would attend to nothing else until he got through with his lecture. Then he would eat heartily if I had anything; if not, he did not complain or make any remarks. If I had nothing for our supper he knew the reason of it; and his mind had not been forced into the habit of making unreasonable demands... After this manner we lived constantly in the woods until the old man had got through with his catalogue of medical plants. He would not go to any house nor suffer me to do so. He said it would spoil the knowledge he was teaching, and make me forgetful. At the expiration of six weeks the old doctor told me there were no more medical plants

hands most affectionately and parted forever.

Peter Wood is a former lacrosse player now teaching American history at Duke. His contributions to Southern Exposure include a discussion of Indian and Black Medicine in the Colonial South (S.E., Summer 1978).



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"We Can't Turn Back"





For years, the white citizens of Rock Hill, South Carolina, laughed every time the Catawba

Indians mentioned treaty violations, or something called the Non-Intercourse Act. Such talk, they told each other, was straight out of a grade-B, Saturday afternoon Western or maybe The Twilight Zone. How could you take them seriously? Just because some bureaucrat forgot to get congressional approval for a little land deal back in 1840, the Indians insist they own Rock Hill, Fort Mill, and Tega Cay. In the words of one Fort Mill storekeeper, "It's a crock." Even in 1977 when the Interior Department decreed that the land claims were legitimate, folks chuckled. But it was a mirthless, joyless humor that rolled through the area. "What's an Indian reservation like?" one neighbor would ask another. "Like your house," the friend would answer with a smirk. Others dissected their family trees again, searching for Catawba blood, just in case. That was before.

Before the issue hung around too long. Before everyone claimed to know at least one land deal torpedoed by the Indian claim. Before the federal suit

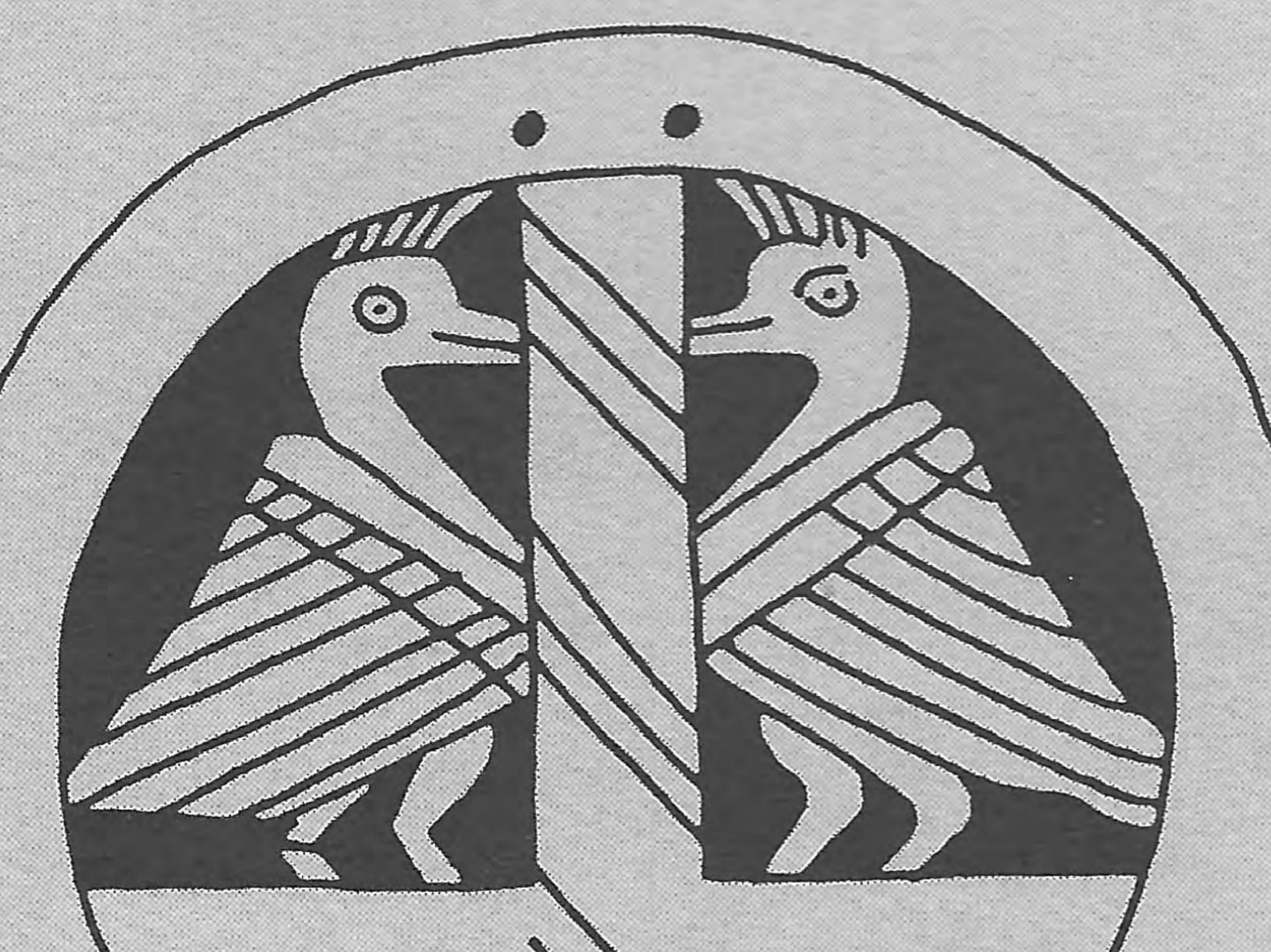
THE CHIEF SAMUEL TAYLOR BLUE COULD NOT READ OR WRITE, BUT EXAMPORTED PROGRAMS TO EDUCATE CATAWBA YOUTH.

was filed and 27,500 landowners came face to face with the Catawba demands.

For more than a year, business leaders prayed that negotiations between the Catawba Nation and a state commission would be productive. A settlement even appeared in the offing, pegged at more than \$30 million for

Chief Gilbert Blue

In 1973 Gilbert Blue became the first Catawba chief in a decade, his vision for a rejuvenated tribe already well formed. For years the Catawba had been thought an anachronism, relics from the distant past who had somehow survived. Blue knew this had to



the community to see Indian blowgun contests, dances, potterymaking, and bread-cooking," Blue says. For years the whites considered him an entertaining show. Until, of course, "he got involved in all that militant stuff," as one Rock Hill civic clubber described the land claim. Today, Blue is a man driven by an altruistic vision of a better tomor-

row: an educational fund to foster future leaders, Indian-sponsored

change. The grandson of the highly respected Samuel Taylor Blue, Gilbert Blue is a modern Catawba educated in the white public schools and the U.S. Navy, returning to lead this beleaguered band of Indians toward self-sufficiency. At first it seemed a vision few people really shared. Blue didn't give up. He lectured, he organized, and he traveled to Columbia and Washington until people began to listen. The Catawba children took note and began to take pride in the tribe's history. A different image of self began to emerge.

In the beginning, Blue was simply fighting for programs to develop a farming cooperative and for grants to create a community center where Catawbas could practice their ancient arts. He even dared to dream about a state holiday honoring the Indians. "We could invite

industries to create stability and productive jobs, a museum to preserve the history of the ancient tribe. His efforts have placed him in the middle of many fights with both the Indian and white communities. His unlisted telephone number has been changed repeatedly to avoid crank calls, and he has lost the friendship of many whites he once considered close. Still, Blue said in an interview before the land-claim suit was filed, "We can't turn back now just because the stakes have gotten higher. The Catawba must be given this chance."

the 1,400-member tribe. The attitude of the white business community was clear: "Give the Catawba what they want, if they will just go away."

But what the Catawba wanted was land, not just money. They said they wanted a stake in the future. So when the talks broke down, the tribe marched into court, saying in effect, "We've waited long enough. The courts can decide who owns nearly \$2 billion worth of land in York, Chester, and Lancaster counties." The suit's objective is simple. They want the rights to 225 square miles of land, now home to 40,000 people and half of Carowinds Amusement Park. The Indians also want trespass damages for 140-plus years, including rental value and profits for the land lost by the tribe. They also want attorneys' fees and court costs. Even the most optimistic legal pundits figure it will take years to resolve the case. Since the suit was filed in 1981, it has moved slowly. It wasn't until October 1983 that the U.S. Court of

Appeals for the Fourth Circuit determined that the Catawba had the right to a trial. This decision has since been appealed and soon the U.S. Supreme Court will hear arguments on whether the Catawba case can go to trial. If the Supreme Court rules in the Indians' favor, they will begin arguing the merits of their case.

In late 1981 an out-of-court resolution seemed near. In exchange for relinquishing their claims to 144,000 acres, the Catawba would receive: federal recognition of the tribe; expansion of the 630-acre reservation to a maximum of 4,300 acres; state and federal services for Indians; a \$30-million cash settlement, with 75 percent in cash payments to individual tribe members and the rest going to a special development fund. From the point of view of the whites the offer seemed fair enough. Under the agreement, condemnation of land was prohibited. The reservation could expand only if people were willing to sell land to the tribe. Besides, it

wouldn't be a real reservation with its own laws. State laws would apply; the Catawba would be guaranteed authority only over internal tribal matters. More importantly for the local people, the federal government would be footing most of the bill. Recently the U.S. Congress ap-

proved a \$27-million trust fund for the 4,000 members of the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot tribes in Maine, plus \$54 million to buy 300,000 acres for the Indians. Many whites believe Congress should do the same thing in South Carolina. "After all, we can't be held hostage for what our ancestors did to the Indians more than 100 years ago," they insist. With the matter settled by Congress, they reason, commercial developers could stop looking over their shoulders and industry might start looking at the area again, bringing more jobs to the region. During the negotiations, however, state commissioners balked at expanding the reservation. Throughout the talks, the Catawba contended that a

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settlement in Maine and represented the town of Mashpee in its successful case against the Indians there.

The Catawba claims have come this far because of the eastward drift of the winds of tribal nationalism. This movement has been supported financially by the Native American Rights Fund. Previous Catawba efforts have been badly handled, poorly funded, or simply ignored. Then the Passamaquoddy Indians grabbed national attention using the 1790 Non-Intercourse Act — which provided that no Indian land could be taken, leased, or purchased without an act of Congress. Though of questionable effectiveness in its stated intention, the act was endorsed by President George Washington who told the Seneca Nation in New York, "When you find it in your interest to sell any part of your lands, the United States must be present, by their agent, and will be your security that you shall not be defrauded in the bargain you make." It sounded fine, except the Non-Intercourse Act was universally ignored east of the Mississippi River, a fact that has come back to haunt many

In August 1977 the U.S. Justice Department took up the Catawba banner, declaring that Catawba lands had been stolen in 1840 in an improper deal with the state. Interior Department lawyer Leo Krulitz picked up the beat, recommending that "the United States act upon its long-neglected duty and restore possession of the 1736 treaty reservation to the Catawba Tribe." This recommendation was a bright note for the Catawba compared to much of the history of whites and

Indians in South Carolina.

When the English colonists first arrived on the marshy shores of Charleston, 25 Indian tribes roamed throughout Georgia and the Carolinas. Disease, wars, and expatriation obliterated most of these. The Catawba were reduced from a tribe of 6,000 warriors to only 88 members in 125 years. By the time the state offered to buy the Catawba's land in 1840, the tribe was weak, without leadership, and desperate. The Great Catawba Nation, always a friend to the English, had been knocked to its knees.

communities. At least 14 tribes east of the Mississippi have sought retribution for past white sins, mostly based on the Non-Intercourse Act.

Legends of many of the Indian peoples hold the Catawba to be a fierce, competitive people. It is said that Algonquin warriors used to journey from

AN EARLY CATAWBA SCHOOLHOUSE



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New York to fight a Catawba, simply to prove their manhood. To kill a Catawba without being killed served as proof of valor to rival tribes. On the other hand, stories and legends in the Catawba folklore portray gentle aspects. For example: the hummingbird was created when an Indian blew upon a dandelion's down; the tree frog taught the toad to cry; the whippoorwill's call is never heard until the pink lady slipper blooms — and then the

UNIDENTIFIED CATAWBA INDIAN MOTHER WITH HER CHILD – PROBABLY EARLY 20TH CENTURY



whippoorwill uses the bloom for a hat and goes courting his lady love. Early trappers and travelers reported seeing a tame great blue heron as a Catawba chief's pet in the early 1700s. The Catawba planted crops when wild fruit was in season to lessen the menace of marauding birds. Buffalo, elk, bear, and wild turkey roamed the area. Trade among the Indian tribes was common, as were wars. Personal land ownership was still a strictly European concept.

Then the Europeans arrived, initiating the tug-of-war over land which is

still underway. From the beginning, the Catawba, like other Southern tribes, were friendly to colonists. As skilled hunters and traders, tribesmen served as go-betweens for Virginiaand Charleston-based traders. In exchange the Indians got cloth, ivory combs, earrings, guns, alcohol - and, eventually, smallpox. In 1738 a smallpox epidemic devastated the tribe. Warriors threw themselves into the swiftly moving waters of the Catawba River to escape the ravages of fever. In other parts of the state, Charleston traders exchanged diseased blankets with the Indians as revenge for past or suspected trickery. Thousands of Catawbas died of the European disease they didn't understand. But they remained loyal to the colonists, even at one point waging war against the Cherokee to protect their light-skinned brothers. By 1760 the ecology of the land the Catawba had known had been altered. Large numbers of settlers were discovering the South Carolina interior. The colonists were actively encouraging white settlement to balance the ballooning slave population, largely ignoring the needs of the Indians. Buffalo were scarce; elk had disappeared. The tempo of the land changed. It began to respond to the impact of land ownership, wholesale cutting of trees, new patterns of agriculture, slaves, and floods of European immigrants. So in 1763 the tribe negotiated with the English king's Indian agent the "Treaty of Perfect and Perpetual Peace and Friendship," which gave the Catawba sole and exclusive possession of 15 square miles of land in upper South Carolina. In exchange, the Indians relinquished the rights to 8,874

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sector and ands in North The Catawba more from the influx of and an which to hunt deer her by 1808 the state had tand-leasing from the and the Non-E Her 1830 the state was e mellans to sell. In 1840 acres and an and a second acres e of \$36,000 and land in E Carolina, near the Catawba, E soung men, moved North Carolina, that the Cherokee had and driven Cartering refused to sell are land, forcing them to there they discovered and gobbled up their failed to pay the ter did provide a EBO acres of rocky, hilly a statue For Mill honoring the Encounter a stately enough, the and left hand are intact. although a sere ever friends of Tradition to this portion of Canada about some 12,000 . . . Fine, receiving a small arms when the state." There are 1,200 Catawba. Southeastern bands colonial times, the speak the ancient and the traditional macticed. Yet they have meir identity as Indians. a bad no schools until the Christ of Latter-day sted one in 1898. - marriage with whites the common in this century, states bringing greater accepme sounger generations, the the server barred from white 1937 and were not permet to sote until 1943. When Gil-Ene began attending white service he was not allowed to ride the me white children. "Assimiborn of necessity," insists I Toal, the Catawba's attorney. it's a miracle they have stayed

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YOUNG CATAWBA PERFORM TRADITIONAL DANCE AT A TRIBAL GATHERING PROBABLY IN THE 1960S



as stable as they have. Their endurance is remarkable."

Now, propelled by the lawsuit, the tribe has renewed pride and increased clout. "This is not like the old days," Blue says, "when the Indians would get one of their leaders to go to Columbia and put on a show for the legislature and say, 'My people have land you couldn't feed a rabbit on.' The legislature would say, 'That's the federal government's problem.' So that poor old Indian would go to Washington. There they'd say, 'It's South Carolina's problem.' So nothing would happen." Finally, now, something is happening. And the entire area is affected. For more than a decade the threat of litigation has hovered over York County like the smell of a paper mill on a foggy morning. So when the suit was finally filed in 1981, everyone braced for the economic Armageddon which had been predicted. But to the surprise of everyone, the economic holocaust never arrived. For a few days the bankers and real estate agents shuddered in anticipation of five to ten years' worth of clouded titles, but the title insurance companies swung into action, declaring that houses were okay to buy and sell. Commercial property and raw land, on the other hand, were a different story. Sometimes yes, sometimes no. What's been lost as a result is large-

ly invisible: the shopping center that was never built, the Snow Belt industry that didn't relocate to the area. Wayne Patrick, publisher of the Evening Herald in Rock Hill, says most people have not been stung yet. "If you want to see an uprising in this area, set up a legal situation where no property can be transferred and the homeowner cannot sell his property for the foreseeable future. The Catawba situation has not been brought home to the average person." Besides, a bevy of lawyers, real estate agents, and street corner experts are all convinced that the Catawba will eventually be sent packing by the courts with nothing more than a "thank you for your time." After all, that's the history of Indian negotiations: a little patience, a little tribute, and no progress. \Box

Scott Derks is vice-president of Citizens and Southern National Bank of South Carolina. He has published more than 200 magazine articles and is finishing writing a children's book.



Keeping Pace with the Rest of the World

By Wilma Mankiller

American doctor. She had always gone to traditional Cherokee doctors. Ahniwake was ready when Pearl arrived. "Do you need help with anything?" Pearl asked quietly. "If you can find my cane, I'll be ready to go. My legs are very swollen today and my left leg hurts when I walk." She did not tell Pearl that she discovered her toes were purple when she woke up that morning. As they walked to the car Ahniwake remarked, "You know, its been almost a year since I've been doctored. Not since Charlie Christie passed on. It will be good to feel well again." Pearl knew how long it had been. She had taken Ahniwake to other Cherokee doctors, and they had even gone to the Creeks and the Eucha but no one knew the medicine to help her. "Grandma, remember last summer when we went to see that Creek medicine man and we had to wait all night for him to finish his clan ceremony before he could talk to us?"

to him and told him they were interested in learning about medicine but that he couldn't teach them because they weren't willing to accept the pure lifestyle of a Cherokee doctor. For some healing ceremonies, the songs will not allow themselves to be sung by anyone except the purest of spirits." Although she had heard the answer many times, Pearl asked her grandmother, "Is everything Charlie knew

This cold gray day seemed right for what Pearl had to do. It was a simple thing really, taking her Grandma Ahniwake to the Indian Hospital except that Ahniwake, at 68, had never been to an

"Yes. And when he told us that the Creeks had also lost the secret of the blood medicine, he seemed as sad as we were." Ahniwake looked out the window at the stark beauty of early winter and said, "He was sad, Pearl. Very sad." Pearl drove on and Ahniwake continued speaking. "When Charlie Christie passed on, we lost many of our medicine secrets. Charlie once told me that many young people came lost?"

Ahniwake was quick to say, "No. The way it was told to me, as long as Cherokee people continue to honor our ancestors and our creator through good living and our ceremonies, the roots, herbs, and medicine songs will be available to us. When it is right, these things will be shown to our people again. They are never really lost, as long as we are not lost. I wish Charlie had passed on the medicine to help me, but when it is right his knowledge will be shown to our people again."

Again they rode in silence, each lost in her own thoughts. After a while, Ahniwake laughed and said, "I hope Maude and Thelma don't find out I've gone to the clinic. Lots of times we've talked about the way things have changed — about how our people don't plant big gardens anymore, put up food for the winter, raise chickens, hunt squirrel, rabbit, and deer, or go to Cherokee doctors. I told them I would *never* go to a modern doctor, an



him know that Ahniwake did not speak English well, and Dr. Brown began to talk to Pearl as he examined Ahniwake.

Ahniwake thought he looked like a young school boy - except for his eyes. He examined her with cold gadgets that matched his cold eyes, occasionally asking questions which Pearl translated. Ahniwake noticed that he made hurried notes in his folder and she commented to Pearl, "He must have a poor memory." After 15 minutes Dr. Brown said, "She appears to have severe diabetes, but we can't tell for sure without further tests. She also has high blood pressure and there's some indication of heart problems. We need to keep her in the hospital for more tests. It shouldn't take more than a day or so." The doctor had already begun reading his next patient's chart when Pearl began to translate all he'd said for Ahniwake. He stopped reading to look up when Ahniwake blurted out, "No!" and started out of the room.

I told them I never go to a modern doctor, an American doctor The did not know how to heal an ill-

American doctor who did not know how to heal an illness, only how to cut it out." She continued fretfully, "I wish I didn't have to go. I feel almost ashamed."

The Indian hospital was just as Ahniwake had heard it to be. The hallway and waiting room were full of people. They reminded Ahniwake of cattle waiting to be herded through a gate. When she and Pearl were seated, Ahniwake commented, "Most of these people don't much look like Indian people." After hours of waiting, a nurse finally took Ahniwake and Pearl into a small white room. A young man entered the room, introduced himself and began to ask questions. Pearl let

Pearl grabbed Ahniwake's hand and pleaded, "Grandma, it's serious. After these tests, a medicine will probably be prescribed to help with your legs. What else can we do? We've already tried to find a healer among our own. Where else can we go?" Though Ahniwake was wary of the young doctor she finally agreed to stay. "I've gone this far," she sighed. "I'll see this through to the end." While Pearl finished filling out

ess, only how to cust it out.

papers, Ahniwake was taken by wheelchair to a room more spacious than the examining room but it too was colorless and cold. Pearl waited until the nurse helped Ahniwake settle into bed before asking her what she needed from home. As Pearl was leaving, Ahniwake called out, "And don't forget to bring my hairbrush." She liked to brush her thin, waist-length hair and rebraid it every night.

With Pearl gone, Ahniwake suddenly felt exhausted. She lay back on the smooth, soft pillow and fell asleep. She almost immediately slipped into a dream of her youth. She was dancing alongside her husband-to-be, Levi Buckskin, at a summer ceremonial dance. Everyone was laughing and happy. Levi and the other men sang ancient Cherokee songs while Pearl and the other women kept the rhythm with the sound of turtle shakers strapped to their lower legs. They all circled the fire, circled each other, circled the four directions of the world. Suddenly, Ahniwake felt one of her turtle shakers slipping so she stepped out of the line of dancers and leaned down to tighten the straps. While she was stooped down, she felt chilled, the night seemed darker, and she was instinctively afraid to look up. When she finally forced herself to look up, all the other dancers had gone, the fire had died and the only person she saw in the moonlight was a young blond man wearing a white jacket. He moved toward her and she somehow knew she had to dance with him so she managed to shakily stand up and wait for him to join her. She linked her left arm through his right arm and they began to dance. But instead of the familiar Cherokee songs she had heard earlier, he sang a fast, loud cowboy song while twirling her around so rapidly she tripped and fell to the ground. She was out of breath, there were sharp pains in the left side of her chest, she could not get on her feet again. He jerked her up, laughing in a way that frightened

dreams — her house was well protected against such things. Though Pearl stayed to talk until Ahniwake felt sleepy again, Ahniwake did not tell her of the dream. When she fell asleep again, she slept dreamlessly through the rest of the night.

The next afternoon, the doctor came in to talk to Ahniwake. He talked very slowly, and she understood part of what he said. "... remove part of your foot . . . possible loss of your left leg." Ahniwake merely stared at him till he finally left the room. He returned shortly with a woman who spoke to her in Cherokee. Ahniwake did not respond. She was looking out the hospital window at the parking lot. Pearl had just parked the car and was getting out. As Pearl walked toward the hospital, Ahniwake thought how like a very young girl she looked, tall and slim with long, straight black hair.



SWIMMER, RECORDER OF SACRED MYTHS, PRESCRIPTIONS, AND FORMULA OF THE CHEROKEE, 1835-1899.

The doctor talked very slowly, and she understood part of what he said. "... remove part of your foot ... possible loss of your left leg." Ahniwake merely stared at him till he finally left the room. Ahniwake sat up and waited for Pearl while the translator explained that the doctor had to remove part of her left foot to save her left leg and ultimately her life. When Pearl entered the room and saw the three of them and noticed the look on Ahniwake's face, she asked, "What's wrong here?"

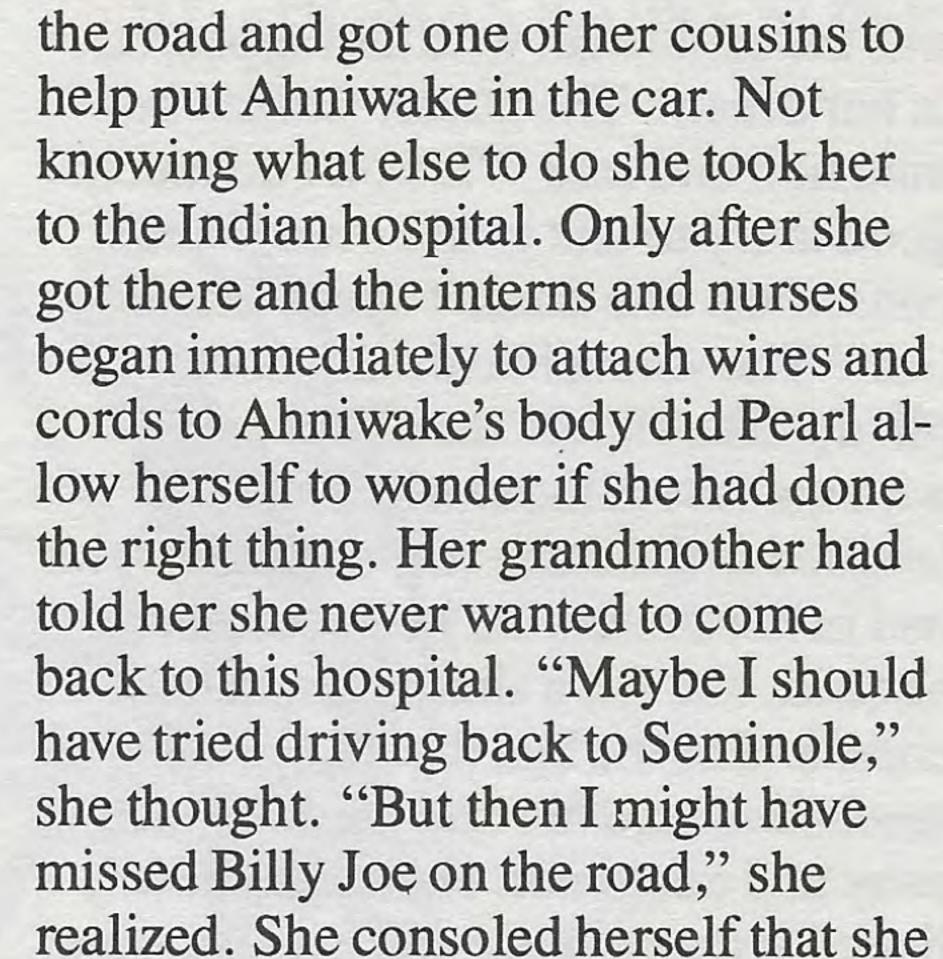
After the doctor had explained, Pearl turned to Ahniwake and was not surprised when she merely said, "Take me home." Though she knew Ahniwake would never consent to surgery, Pearl sat on the edge of the bed and dutifully repeated all that the doctor had said about her worsening leg. Ahniwake was adamant. "Pearl, I have asked you to take me home." Pearl knew it was pointless to continue pleading with her so she helped Ahniwake get dressed and collect her things; together they left the Indian hospital. Though she felt no better now than when she had left home the day before, Ahniwake told Pearl, "I am so happy to be home. I don't care if I can't walk again without a cane, I never want to go to that hospital again. I don't know why I agreed to go. That place may be okay for white people but it's not for Cherokees! What kind of medicine would require removal of parts of the body to heal an illness?" While Pearl made a pot of strong coffee, Ahniwake continued, "I've

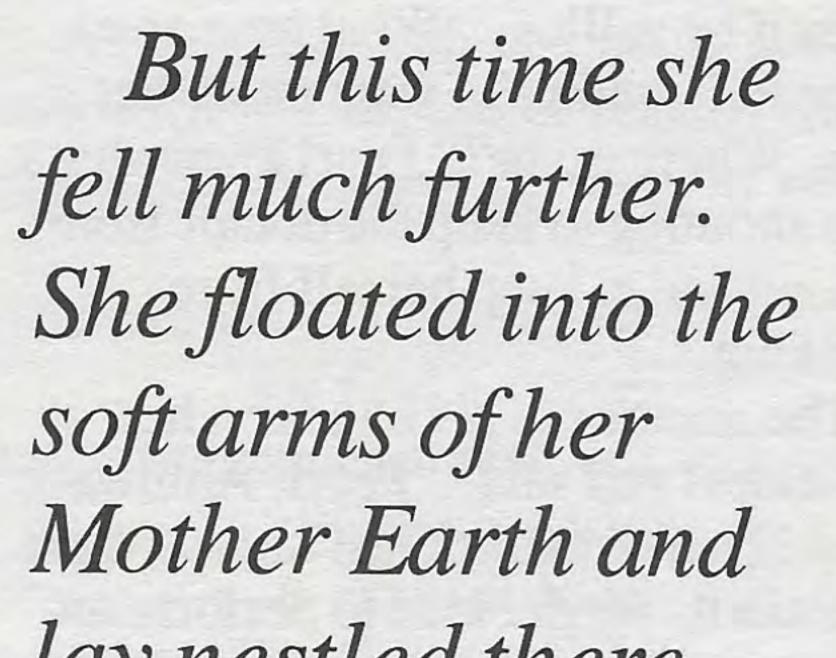
her even more and told her that she had to keep pace with the rest of the world.

She was still twirling around in this terrible dance with the strange blond man when Pearl shook her awake. It took her a moment to shake off the dream. It left her drained and frightened. At home she never had bad

In the second end of the se

There was one Seminole doctor The set heard people talk about. It that he could heal almost any She decided that she would try some sleep and then take a day merek to go to Seminole second second to be himse after checking to a minute had everything she Pearl ment to find the Semi-The many wrong turns seminole calls to Seminole ste finally found Billy Joe He seemed to be ex-A first she explained Ahmental metail, Billy Joe the doctored some people mother's illness. Many and the suffer from blood most get insulin from so the need for my ment and areat, but I do have





had done the only thing she could have under the circumstances.

One of the interns called the doctor who told Pearl that her grandmother was in a diabetic coma and would not regain consciousness until the insulin took effect. He advised Pearl to go home and come back in the morning. They planned to keep Ahniwake in the intensive care area and Pearl would not be allowed to stay in the room. Pearl looked at Ahniwake, thinking that she looked beautiful and untainted even with all the wires attached to her. Pearl hated to leave her in this unfamiliar place. She went into the waiting room for a couple of hours and then, finally, after another peek at Ahniwake, went on home. Hours later, Ahniwake began trying to get through a veil of drugs and illness to figure out where she was and what was happening. She felt strange, as if she was in a space between something incredibly beautiful and the present world. She knew she was on the edge of the most significant feeling a human could experience, more powerful than childbirth, or the love of young Levi, or the feeling after a cleansing ceremony. Yet she lingered there on the edge and did not go over quite yet.

Should we bring her up be and you go to her house," she be said he thought it be tetter to go to Ahniwake's

Rest and exhaustion, rest and the spend the rest and that he rest and that he rest and the medicine in the rest and rest is Ahniwake's rest is he evening. Pearl slept well, rest is her house, picked up a rest is house, picked up a rest is house in the late aflay nestled there near the fire waiting for the Creator, waiting for her life to be complete.

> Ahniwake broke through to see a fire in the center of a white room. After she was able to focus her eyes, she realized it was not a fire but a bright light. She was in that hospital again! There were tubes in her hands, on her chest. She tried to call out but there was even a tube in her throat. She managed to turn her head slightly toward the sound of voices. She could see two men in white talking by the swinging doors. One started walking toward her. To her absolute horror it

Some she entered the small, warm the state called out to Ahniwake but answer. She went to the second found Ahniwake sleepsecond to rear called her name shake the shake she be and finally began to shake the shake she decided to get help.

was the same man who had appeared in her dream. The doctor walked behind him and said, "It won't do much good to try to talk to her even if she's conscious. She doesn't speak English." The young bad dream doctor replied, "She should have kept pace with the rest of the world," and laughed in the same frightening way he had in her dream. As he got closer to her bed, she felt a sharp pain in her chest and as the bad dream doctor reached toward her she tried to move away and could not. He leaned down, linked arms with her and began to sing the loud cowboy song he had sung in her dream. She gave in and they began to dance that same fast, whirling dance until she again stumbled and fell. But this time she fell much further. She floated into the soft arms of her Mother Earth and lay nestled there near the fire — waiting for the Creator, waiting for her life to be complete.

raised in the wood frame house and Pearl herself had spent many years there. It was warm with memories and if houses could be friendly, then Ahniwake's house was definitely so.

Pearl got to the hospital in the late morning. When she stopped at the nurse's station to ask for the room number of Ahniwake Buckskin, the nurse said, "You need to talk to the doctor."

Pearl felt a surge of fear. Questions went rapidly through her mind. What was wrong? Was Ahniwake still in a coma? Was she still in the emergency room? What was it? The nurse asked her to sit down but Pearl leaned against the nurse's station and watched the hallway until she saw the doctor. As he came towards her she knew that he had no good news for her. Before he could say anything, Pearl surprised herself by yelling, "What have you done to Grandma? I want to see her now. Where is she?" Pearl knew she was shouting to keep the doctor from talking and to keep herself from thinking. The doctor put his hands on her shoulders and said, "Pearl, Ahniwake died of a heart attack last night. I can't explain it. We decided to perform an emergency amputation of her left foot.

It's really a relatively minor surgical procedure. She was in the recovery room. I was there with her. I thought I saw her move her head slightly so I went over to examine her. She suddenly looked terribly frightened, as if I were some sort of monster. She had a massive heart attack. There was nothing we could do."

Pearl shook his hands off her shoulders, slapped him as hard as she could, and left the hospital.

Pearl went to her uncle's house and asked him to go to the hospital to get Ahniwake and let the rest of her relatives know of Ahniwake's death. Pearl then went to Ahniwake's house to wait for the others to arrive for the wake. She built a fire in the old wood stove and sat and watched the flames. She knew she should put on coffee and stew or beans for the many relatives who would come to see Ahniwake one last time but she did not move from her place in front of the fire. It was now almost dark and the house was lighted only by the fire. She suddenly felt warm, as she had often felt when she and Ahniwake were together and her eyes were drawn to a certain spot in the fire. She leaned forward and looked more closely. There, in the back of the flames, she saw Ahniwake with old man Charlie Christie on one side and Levi Buckskin on the other. Ahniwake looked very happy but Pearl began to weep. They could not speak to each other across the worlds that separated them but Pearl knew the message Ahniwake was sending. Once again she heard Ahniwake saying, "As long as the Cherokee people honor our ancestors and our Creator, the roots, herbs, and medicine songs will be available to us. These things will be shown to our people again. They are never really lost as long as we are not lost." There in the warmth of these words, Pearl knew what it was she had to do. She vowed to do all in her power to restore and revitalize the traditional Cherokee way of life as a tribute to Ahniwake and to the lives of other Cherokees who are yet unborn.

Pearl was up early the next morning. She wanted to get some of Ahniwake's things before going to the hospital. She also needed to find out what had happened to the Seminole doctor. She telephoned Billy Harjo's and found out that he had gone to Ahniwake's house while they were at the hospital and finding no one there had returned home. She wanted to take care of all her other errands too so she and Ahniwake would be free just to talk when she arrived at the hospital. She knew her grandmother would be mad because she'd taken her back to the hospital but they would talk about it. Pearl was sure she could convince Ahniwake that she'd done the only thing she could. They had always enjoyed each other's company. They would talk for hours, more like girlfriends or sisters than grandmother and granddaughter. Because of Ahniwake Pearl had learned the Cherokee language and knew many of the ancient tribal stories.

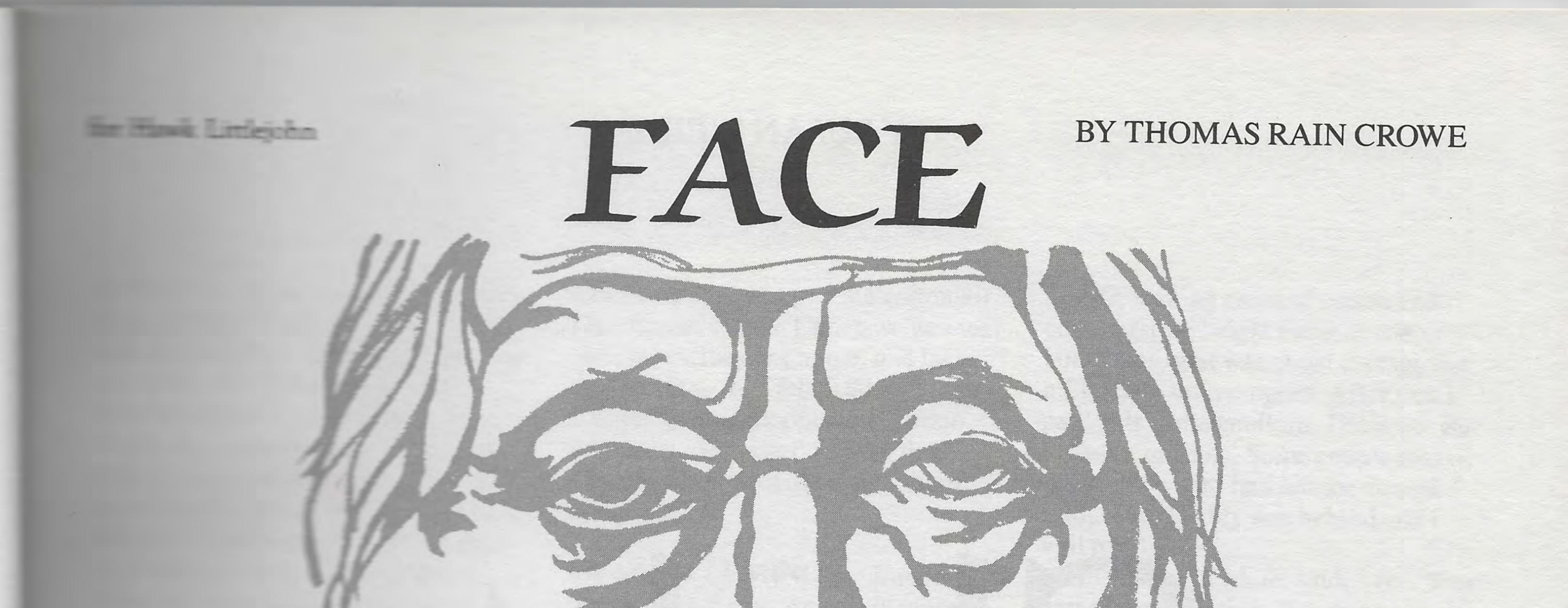
The past few days had been so ex-



traordinary that when Pearl got to Ahniwake's she paused for a moment to absorb the familiarity of the house. She had always liked this house. Levi had built it when he and Ahniwake were very young. It was lighted by coal oil, heated by wood, and Ahniwake still drew her water from a well out back. Pearl's own father had been

WE ARE HERE FOREVER 76

Wilma Mankiller is chief of the Cherokee Nation, the Western Band of Cherokee, in Tahlequah, Oklahoma. This is her first published story.



Nowhere does the sound of thunder sing as when it hits the earth! A drumstick in the hands of God . . . As the People in the circle pray for power with the breath of sage in their veins. And the Earth begins to take on new life.

Somewhere between darkness and the light we find a name: A martin-soldier staked-out in bravery to the earth within. A man of love

who makes medicine the gift from the land on which he lives.

But even as his youngest son can know anger, it is alright for a man to be mad. To look a gift in the eyes and say "no". To lose face. While his heart is out searching for signs so that others may know the Truth. To be warrior and still able to cry ---

Standing at the edge of water we are only as important as our prayers. Only as big as the River, as it moves to the sea ---Like a piece of foxfire, our lives only burning for one night.

In its purest form, Power comes as Peace. And even the headman must step back into the circle and sing.

Thomas Rain Crowe is the author of Learning to Dance (Landlocked Press); founding editor of Katuah journal, a bioregional magazine for the Southern Appalachians; and director of a project to identify and protect Native American sacred sites. He was raised in the Snowbird Mountains and currently lives in Cullowhee, North Carolina.

As part of the People. And part of the prayer. Where everyone is slowly moving. Re-entering the woods. Lighting the red-tailed heavens with dance!

> Summer Solstice 1984

BY SUSAN WEILL

15

Chanta Hapia

In 1830 the last Choctaw lands in Mississippi, 10 million acres, were ceded to the United States government by the Treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek. Choctaw choosing to remain in Mississippi were promised land allotments by the treaty, but they were pressured to "remove" to Indian territory in Oklahoma on what was later known as "The Trail of Tears." Most of the 8,000 Choctaw who stayed in Mississippi never received land, and most of the land received was later lost. From a population of 20,000 in 1830, only 1,253 Choctaw remained in Mississippi in 1910. Land was integral to the Choctaw

economy. Known as one of the five "civilized tribes," the Choctaw were renowned for their agricultural capability. A close relationship with the earth was vital, offering natural resources and sustenance for consumption and trade.

For as long as today's Choctaw elders can remember, most Choctaw families lived on farms owned by white landowners. The system was sharecropping, or farming on shares — the Choctaw giving half the cotton they grew to the landowners in return for a garden plot and housing. These houses, better known as "sharecropper shacks," had no running water or electricity and, as one Choctaw recalls, "had cracks in the walls you could throw a cat through." The tribal housing available for the Choctaw during this time was scarce and not much better.

Until as recently as the 1960s, sharecropping and self-sufficiency were at the center of Mississippi Choctaw economic survival. Every home had a garden for growing food for the entire year. Livestock was raised for meat for the family table, or wild game was hunted. They grew or made nearly everything they needed. Much has changed in the past 20 years for the Mississippi Choctaw.

We Are Choctaw

579 when Phillip Martin the priority became ment and self-Chata Development and borized as the first tribal m 1969, has built over 400 The seven Choctaw comand repaired over 200 exist-The newly established Park boasts two between 350 and automobile wire and hand-finished greeting Essissippi Band of Chocbering nearly 6,000 - the largest em-County, Mississippi from having one Not 11 1963. these changes facing Choctaw, a project be-- Finded by the Mississippi En the Humanities. Life stories were a hundred Mismen and men. excerpts from Choctaw ecoexperiences on the red clay hills of central

Choctaws who was picking cotton for him. Some of them Choctaws was real sick before they got home, and later that evening, they fell dead. All them Choctaws who chopped that cotton and drank that water, they all died. Grandpa died with the rest of them, about 1870.

HENRIETTA MINGO: Grandma cut the pulpwood to make a little money for us. She would cut that wood for about five dollars a cord back then. And she cut firewood for white people by hand with an ax for six dollars a cord, thereabouts. One of her cousins helped her cut the wood and they would split the money, half and half. Grandma always wore a Choctaw dress she sewed by hand, even when she was in the woods working to cut that wood for people. in 1917, making crops of cotton and corn. I growed eight bales of cotton both years, that was about average for a Choctaw sharecropper. After that I paid half to the landlord. I paid up. But I made a mistake. Some people told me to sell what I had left for myself. I said, "No, Daddy was behind and I will pay."

One fellow, a white, said, "No. Your name wasn't on that. You don't have to pay that." I didn't know better then. I guess it was my fault. But that's all right. That's the reason I'm still living, could be: My daddy sharecropped all his life and he showed me how to work. I stayed on that one white man's land for nearly 30 years. That man came to see me once about cotton. He said, "You been to the county agent?" I said, "Yes." He said, "You trying to dig up my

JIM GARDNER: In 1910 my daddy Will Jim and my mama was sharecroppers. I was about 15 and I worked with them. We worked on halves, meaning we gave half of what we growed to the 3 white man who owned the land we farmed on. That was how most Choctaws in Mississippi lived then. About that same time, my younger sisters died, all six of them, in one day. We never knowed from what. The baby girl was just one year and the oldest girl was 10. My mama and daddy died that same way five years later, in 1915, an hour different. I had gone to church, and they hadn't said they was feeling bad. My uncle came when I was in church and he told me they had died. Well, I stayed until church was over, and then I walked back home. My uncle said he'd take me on his horse, but I wanted to walk, needed to walk. It was 15 miles back home. I walked all afternoon, walking out my



Century

EENRY: Our grandpa, some worked chopping cotton state fellows, sharecropping, me and the set of the the Choctaw got a and this white fellow ment make it away from them inme them half, like he was meet m. The white farmer had an - days the Choctaw done most of the cotton from the and our grandpa was working Late that evening, the a sector came with a bucket of the Choctaws a drink. the was poisoned, so that farmin the to pay them Choctaws He poisoned all the

grief.

When my parents died I stayed on, sharecropping. The landlord said, "Your daddy owed me \$300. He got behind. You make crop. You can pay it back."

Well, I didn't know any better. I said, "All right." I got that debt paid up in two years, papers?" I said, "No." He blowed up, mad. He said, "I want you to move." I said, "I don't like the way you're doing me either." His wife was inside the house and heard us. Here she come. She said,

"Jim, I tell you what, Jim. You just go back home and come back tomorrow." I said, "No. He ain't going to hurt me. If he wants to get hurt, he can try

to hurt me." That white man called me every-

thing he could think of. He said, "I want you off my land. I give you three days to get out."

I said, "Yes, I could move, but I'll have to sell my crop."

He said, "That's my land." I said, "No, it's my land now. I'm working it."

I don't know how I learned that, but I wanted to sell my half of the crop before I moved. I said, "You tried to beat me out of what's mine and you got caught. That's what makes you mad, ain't it?"

I would change into an old dress to plow. I never did wear no pants; most Choctaw girls and women never did wear pants back then. To this day I never have wore pants. And when we got done plowing, I would be all hot and dirty. We put a wash tub in the smokehouse and filled it with hot water we heated outside on a fire. The soap we used was bar soap. The homemade soap, from ashes, was used for washing clothes, not people. We heated our house with wood then, and I learned to saw and haul wood at an early age. We used a crosscut saw back then. We'd go with my stepdaddy to cut a wagon load on Saturday, and then we'd load the wood on the wagon all the next Monday. We did that every week in the winter, so I guess it took a wagon load of wood to heat our old frame house for a week back then. It was just a plank house, inside and out, with no insulation to keep the heat in. When I was married in the '30s, I'd get up and cook breakfast at dawn, clean up, and then go hitch up our mule and go to the fields to plow. I'd stay there until noon. My sister, Mary Lou Farmer, stayed with us and fixed dinner and watched all our children. I'd come in at noon and eat and take my mule to the barn and feed it and come in and eat, too. Then I'd go back to the fields and plow until dark. My husband was in the fields with me when he felt able, but he was getting old. The sun would get so hot on those Mississippi summer days, but I knew I had to plow so we'd have food to eat the rest of the year. Life for Choctaw women is lots better now than it was for me. Seems they don't have to work as hard as I did. I was working on a farm when I was five. I was out working in the fields.

time. Mama was home cooking and washing for us. Manfolks were not there, just women and children.

I went to work when I was just about 12, in 1922. The Tucker Indian school was being built. A Choctaw chief, Will Davis, made a contract to build a school and a teacher's house. He was a chief in the Catholic Church there. A Catholic priest had appointed him chief, and the Catholic Choctaws voted on him, too.

He wanted a boy to tote water for the workers. He told Grandma and she sent me over. I started on a Monday morning. I hauled water for them. I drew water and carried it 600 yards. I got two gallons at a time, one for the Choctaw bucket and one for the white people's bucket. They drank water separate, you know, back then. I'd just go back and forth, drawing water, all the time and it was summertime, too. I got a dollar and a quarter a day and I never missed a day. But I never seen no money. They should have been giving it to me, but the chief, when a check came, he gave it to Grandma. It brought groceries. That satisfied me, too. I never seen no money, but she told me about it. I worked there a pretty good while. We built an Indian school, two houses,

He spit into the grass.

I said, "I don't like the way you doing me. You just gave me four dollars for all that cotton I growed, and you owe me a hundred. I thought you go to church."

MURPHY SOLOMON: Grandpa talked about how the Indians come to start drinking alcohol. He said the white people who come into our land gave Indians drink. Then the Indians started wanting whiskey, and sometimes would ride their horses all the way to Vicksburg, Mississippi, for a drink. That ride would take two or three days. The white men started the Indians to drink because they wanted this land. That's what Grandpa said. I remember we'd sell our seed cotton and that would be our first chance to buy shoes. That's the way we bought shoes. And our parents expected those shoes to last all winter.

and a big old barn and garage. The government supplied the lumber. They were starting to help the Indian people then, in the 1920s.

FARMING AND RUBLIC WORK The 1920s; 1930s, and 1940s

GRACE SMITH: I learned to plow behind a mule when I was a little girl, in the early 1930s, and I enjoyed work. I thought I was doing big work for the family. I would have one plow going and my stepdaddy would have the other plow going. We'd plow to break the ground in spring, then we'd plant cotton and corn, and then we'd plow during the summer to break up the soil between the rows so the crops would grow better. JIMMIE McMILLAN: We were all country people, you know, and a lot of people needed clothes washed so Grandma went washing nearly every day. People would give grandma food for her work. That's what we lived on. In wintertime, people killed hogs and gave Grandma meat. Grandma went washing every day, though. At that time, no electricity or nothing. Grandma would fill a pot with water, an old pot, and boil the clothes, washing by hand. That's how it was done at the MARY LOU FARMER: I went to work at the Indian hospital in Philadelphia, Mississippi, in the 1930s. I lived in the nurses' home and worked for three years, cleaning the hospital, scrubbing, making beds, giving patients baths. The pay was 40 dollars a month, plus room and board and uniforms. I still managed to send money home to Mama every month, 10 dollars. The rest I put in the bank.

DESS NEAL: You know, playing baseball has always helped me get a job with companies that have teams. A good ball player could always get a job. I played from when I was 14, in 1933. I'd usually be the only Indian on the team, but I played ball with an all-Indian team in California.

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HOMER GIBSON: I started driving a school bus for the Conehatta Indian

The roads were bad then, The roads were bad then, The roads were bad then, the bas stuck, and the kids the bas stuck and push. We al-

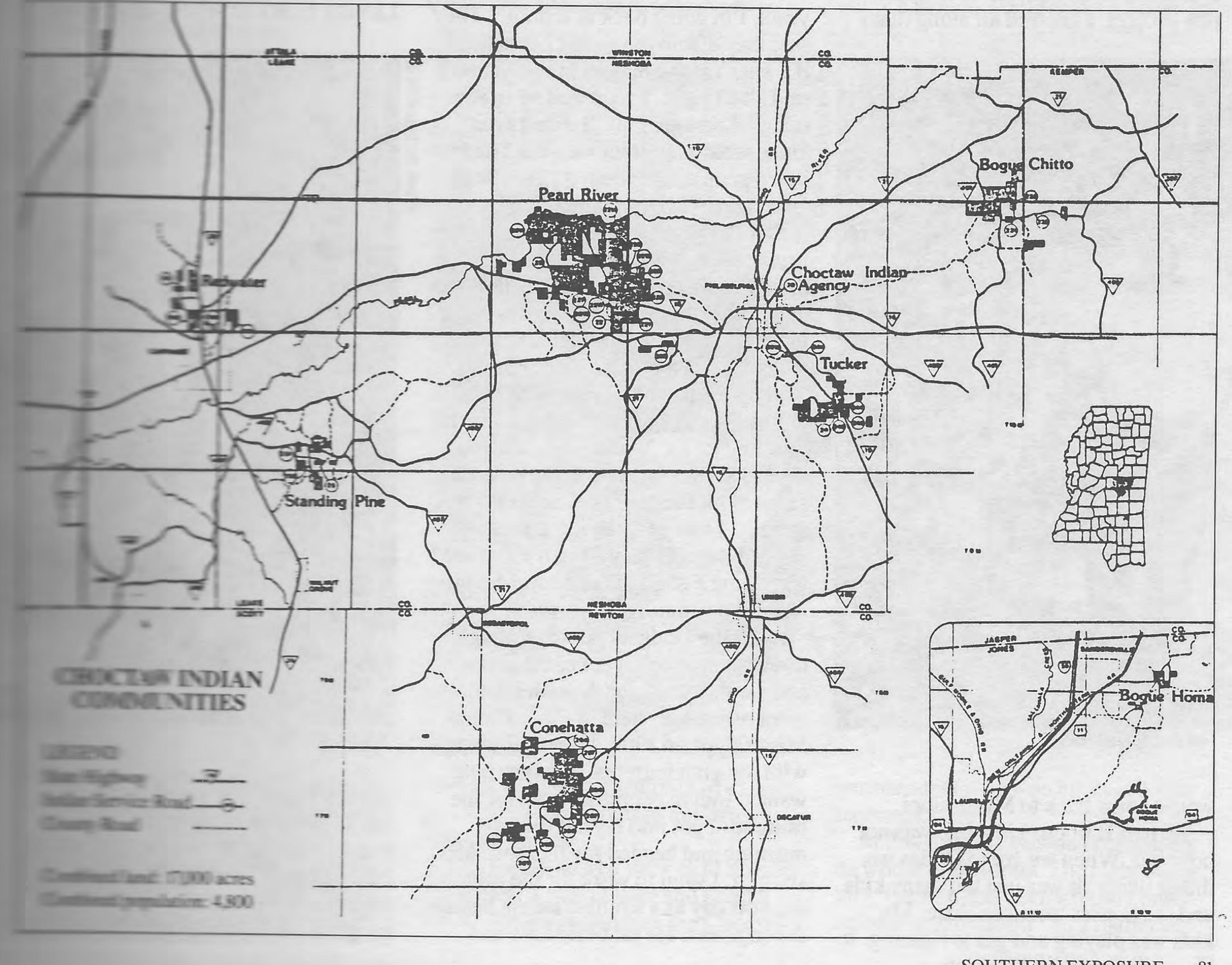
I was only 14 and I got minil I was only 14 and I got minitown, in Philadelphia, in front of J.C. Penney put me in jail about three moon and I went to sleep. I morning the jailer woke me morning the jailer woke me

was drunk, too. When they let him out I asked him to do me a favor. I said for him to go tell Gilbert Stonewall to come and get me. Gilbert was an old white farmer, a bachelor, who called me "Big Un." I used to go to him for advice. I met him when I was out walking in the woods. I used to walk a lot, and I saw him fixing fences and helped him. He said I was a good worker. About two hours later Gilbert walked into the jail. He said he wouldn't do that for anybody else in the world. He paid the eight dollars bail and when we got into his wagon he said, "Big Un, drinking is no good. A drink or two is okay, but when you get drunk, the fun is over." After that I tried not to get drunk. And I did pretty good for a long time. In 1939 I got a job with a white guy, what he said was cutting brush, for three dollars a day. He told me to work on top of a hill cutting. So I cut grass, working hard, swinging a grass blade.

He saw me and told me not to work so much, but to watch for anyone walking toward me.

I didn't know that what he was doing was making moonshine whiskey. Here I was lookout for this old white guy so he could make whiskey and I didn't even know it. When I found out and told him I knew, he started giving me a gallon of moonshine every weekend, plus those good wages. Three dollars a day was good for back then for a Choctaw. All I had to do was keep my mouth shut and watch for revenuers. I worked there for six months until the old guy got caught selling his brew.

mother to know many mother to know the many in jail, and I knew the many cell next to mine. He **ROBERT BENN:** I grew up in Standing Pine on a little farm. One of these 40-acre, two-mule farms. There were four of us kids. At an early age we learned how to get out there and do some field work, planting corn, planting cotton, and taking care of it the rest of the summer.



Looking back over it, it wasn't really a bad life. Just about the whole community, our neighbors, were in that type of situation anyway. We were poor. We didn't have much. But we had enough to eat because we raised most of our own food. Our neighbors were in the same shape. Nobody had any money.



JACKSON ISAAC: I started working

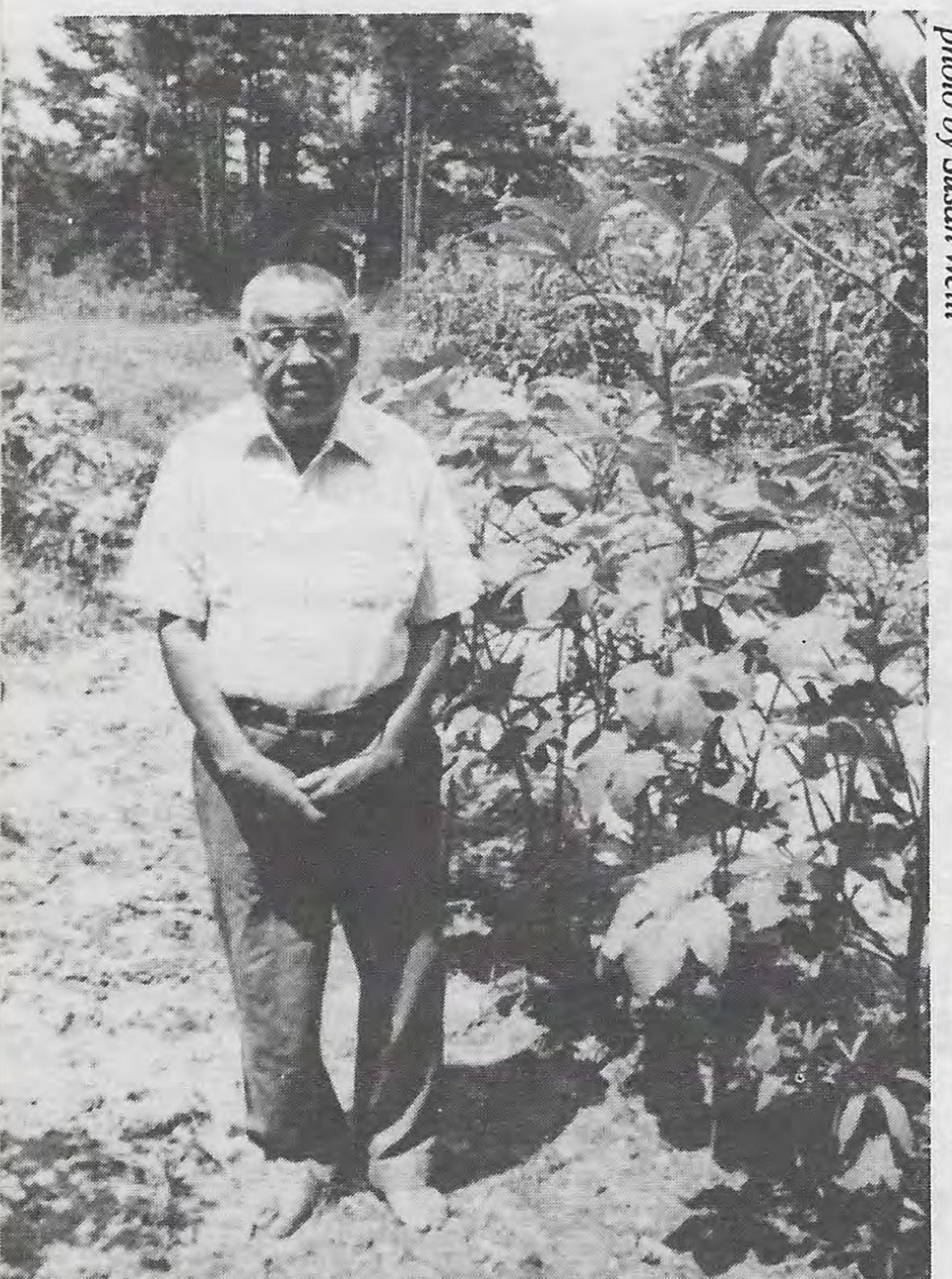
kept on that way all the time. Finally, my wife brought the kids back to Mississippi and I stayed and worked in Dallas for a while. Then I come back. I had a job, but I got terminated by seniority because I didn't have it. That was 1962.

LUKE JIMMIE: On the weekend I had a little job while I was going to Chilocco Indian school in Oklahoma. A scout for the Los Angeles Dodgers was there, in 1962. They offered me \$20,000 a year if I wanted to play. I think my blood pressure went way up then. But I told him I didn't know. I told him I had to think about this. My coach was there. He said he wouldn't make the decision for me. He told me if I played it right, I could get money to go to college if I didn't move into the big time, the majors. But it was up to me. He told me it was my life. So I told them, "If I don't make it in two years, then I'll go back to school. If I don't make it to the majors in two years, I'm going back to school." They said they'd help me go back to school g if I wasn't in the majors in two years. I Said, "All right, I want that all in con-Tract." And here I am, I didn't even know what a contract was, but I had heard people talk about it. They said, "All right. We'll put it in there." So I flew to Seattle where the camp was. I went. After three years I thought I was good enough, better than these other guys. But I saw guys come in with low batting averages, lower than me, and they'd go to the majors. And here I am, I was batting .325, .330 a year. A guy would come in with .247 and go on. It was political. You have to know someone in the political arena to hit the majors. I didn't know nobody. I was just playing and enjoying it. I thought they'd see me and see I was doing a good job and send me up. But nobody did. After the Dodgers put me through three years of college, I came home and went to work for the state employment office over here in Philadelphia, Mississippi, in 1968. I was still living with my grandparents. A fellow here wanted Indian people to work for the railroad. I got into my car the next morning and headed for Jackson, Mississippi. I went to work for the railroad the next day as a fireman sitting beside the engineer. He sat beside me and

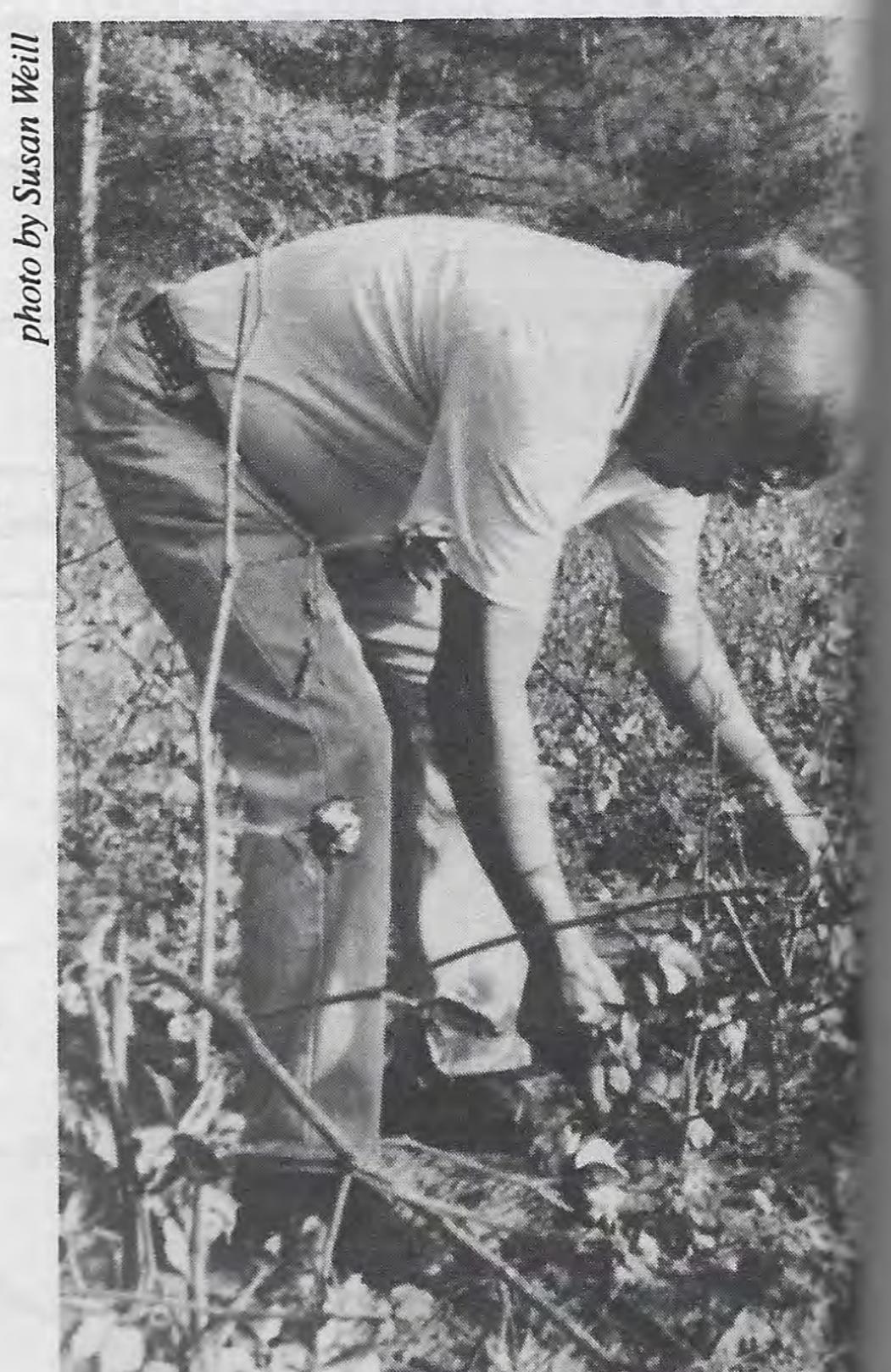
showed me what to do to get the train going, how to operate the train. We ran from Jackson to Slidell, Louisiana, back and forth. We'd go one day and come back the next. Then they said, "Would you like to make a run over toward your hometown?" And I said, "Shoot, I reckon." They said, "Okay. You're going to start making the run from Jackson, Mississippi, to Louisville, Mississippi."

I said, "Doggone, I'm going to show those people who's engineer now." We hauled pulpwood, plywood, whatever they could get in the boxcars. I liked it. The line went through the woods and it was beautiful, especially when it snowed. I worked for the railroad until 1975. Then they had massive layoffs and I didn't have seniority. I worked on the trains for nine years. If I had worked only one more year, I could have gotten part retirement.

for farmers here and yonder until I got work at a big sawmill and I stayed with that mill for 20 years. About the time that sawmill was closing down in the '50s, the government come to the Choctaw and take applications for relocation. They asked me to go anywhere, Chicago, Cleveland, to look for work. Well, I thought about it. I didn't have no job. Finally, I just went to Dallas, Texas, on that Indian relocation project. I knowed all along that I



LINDA FARVE: Whatever bills our



HOMER GIBSON

would come back to Mississippi.
We had 11 of our kids, one was not born yet. When we got to Dallas we didn't like it. It was just too many kids and the houses were too close. My kids was playing and got to fighting. It
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parents had to pay, we all had to work for it. Sometimes we had to pick cotton, hoe cotton, to pay the light bill or buy groceries, and we all worked together. It was a family thing, and it taught me to be on my own, looking The money we earned went but once in a while the back seep the money for a spethe the Choctaw Fair.

I and there was no law
 I and there was no law
 I and there was no law
 I and there was no law

out to play, I had to play with Mexicans and whites and blacks, no Indians. I remember speaking Spanish like it was my own language. It was difficult to speak Choctaw under my parents' roof in Dallas because they believed speaking Choctaw in an English-speaking area would hold us back. They thought, "This is an English-speaking world, and the only way to get ahead is to speak English." I remember in the third grade my teacher in Dallas asked me if I was an American Indian. I didn't know what to say. She asked me what tribe I was. I didn't know what to say. My family had moved to Dallas when I was an infant, and I knew I was an Indian, but I didn't know what tribe I was from. As far as Indians were concerned, I was watching a lot of television and Indians rode horses and wore feathers. That wasn't me. I never had rode a horse, and I didn't wear feathers. Even here in Mississippi today, some Choctaws don't know they're Indians. They are Choctaws. Indians are somebody else.

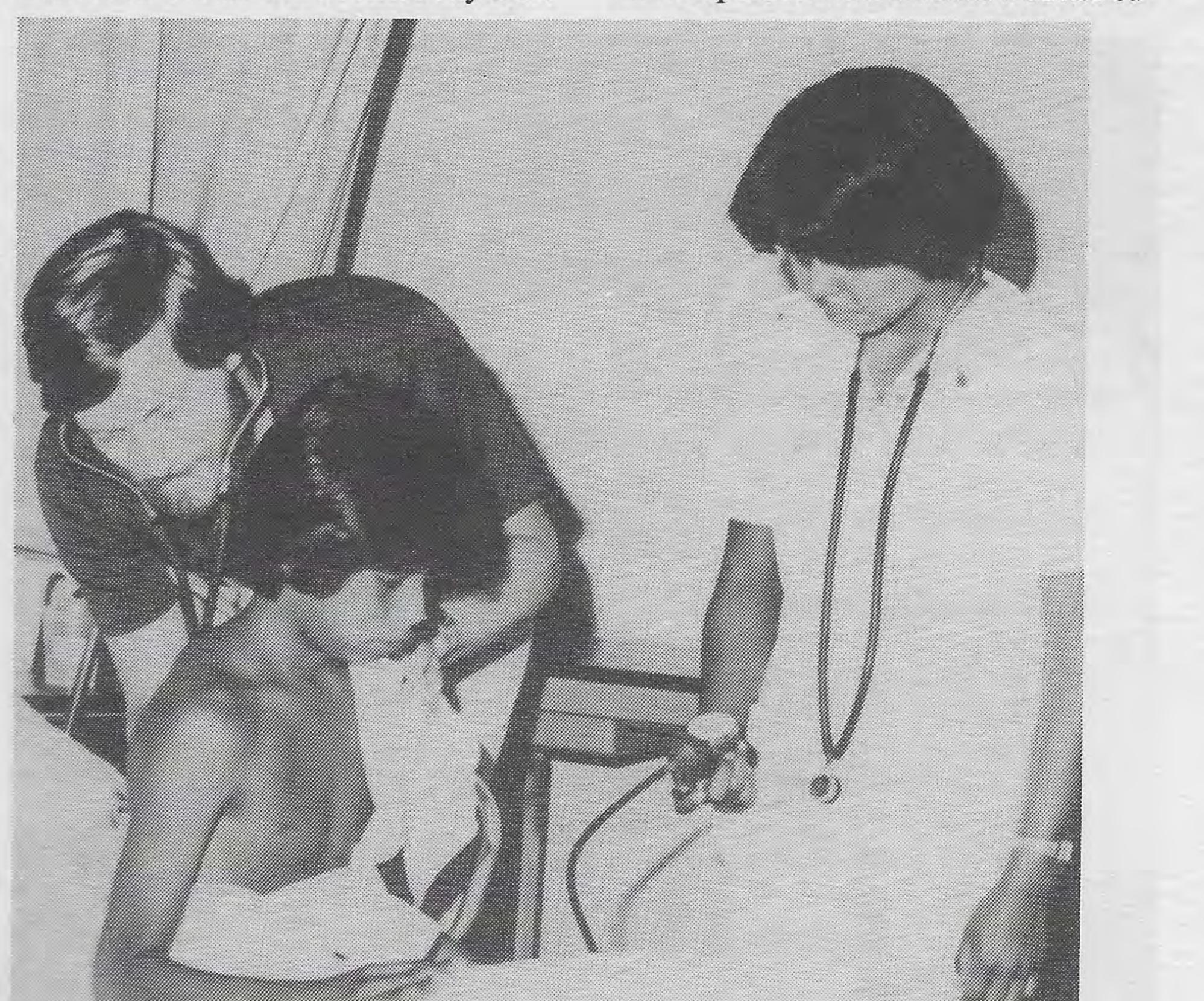
language the way it's spoken here. But I started learning again, and now I understand and speak it. Today, I would rather stay here in the country unless the city offered me creative experiences I couldn't find here.



ROBERT BENN: I got this job as superintendent of the Bureau of Indian Affairs in 1972. There's always been a fight within the bureau about a person such as myself being a superintendent of his own home reservation. Traditionally the superintendents of the BIA have been non-Indian. The first Indian superintendent here was in the 1950s, Lonnie Hardin. He was half or quarter Choctaw. But they thought it would be a conflict of interest for me to supervise my home reservation. Our view was, and the tribe pretty well took the lead in this thing, let's reverse that. We think a person would make a better su-

the maily got cheated

The Libok off for and stayed there a resocation project. I told entern was poor but I Indian people They paid the ment go to Chicago. that I should go for the I believed I and a golf is a golf I worked in the re dishes. I had to think sisters again, mind to come back to isent money home, but and it wasn't much to send I kept sending money



I get a round trip bus ticket I get a round trip bus ticket

Dallas when I was a baby Sis on relocation, a melocated Indians to urban find work. I had an identity make because when I went

To a lot of Choctaws here in Mississippi Choctaws and Indians are two different people. My family moved back to Mississippi in 1968. I was 12 then and I had a hard time understanding the Choctaw

perintendent if he's on his own home reservation. At this time the bureau is changing its whole philosophy. Throughout his-

its whole philosophy. Throughout history, the BIA has been a highly paternalistic organization. As a matter of

fact, at one time the superintendent of a reservation was almost God. But it's changing in the direction of letting the tribal governing bodies make the decisions affecting the reservation, not the superintendent.

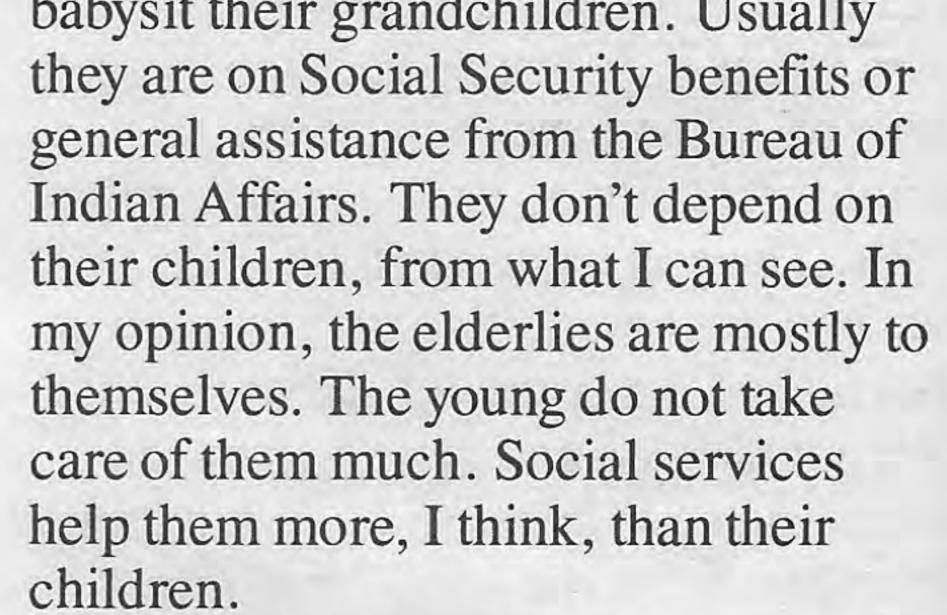
I think there is still a lot of throwback to the old days when the superintendent handled everything on the reservation and wasn't well-liked for that reason. Some resentment because of his power still exists. But I think it's reversed now, in my case. A lot of people in this reservation still think the superintendent should make all the decisions. If they've got a gripe against the tribal government, they come in here and pound on my desk and say, "You go straighten it out." I'm comfortable here. The decisions I make affect me, too. Maybe the best way to put it is, I live here. What decisions I make will affect me, my own situation, my family, kinfolks, and the tribe. I'm not someone sitting apart from the tribe. This is one of the things we were trying to point out on my ap-

HARRISON BEN: When I first started working here at tribal Social Services, I didn't think I was cut out for it. People would come to me with their problems. Before this I was in construction. And in construction, if something is wrong, you go and fix it. But in humans you can't do that. I used to get frustrated sometimes if I failed to help someone. That's why I thought maybe social work wasn't in my line. But the more I got into it, the more I enjoy it.

In my opinion this department is the most important, as far as reaching the grassroots people. We work with child babysit their grandchildren. Usually advocacy, abuse, and neglect. We work with juveniles. Child abuse and neglect is caused by many factors here on the Choctaw reservation. Unskilled unemployment is one. The parents want a good job, decent wages, but they don't sometimes have the experience or training and they get frustrated. This often leads to drinking. This leads to abuse and neglect. Knowing the Choctaw elderly and

derlies took part in a survey we did. We know where they live, and if they die. If they want services, we can get it for them most of the time. Sometimes we can't. Sometimes people who live far away want transportation and we can't help them. Transportation, besides nutritional meals, is the biggest problem the Choctaw elderly have. They live in isolated places and have no transportation. We get them to come eat at the meal site in our bus. We also take them shopping and to pay bills.

Most of the Choctaw elderlies



The attitude these old Choctaw folks have is positive. They don't complain, these elderlies. Instead of saying their glass is half empty, they say it's half full. It gives me satisfaction to be able to help them.

BEASLEY DENSON: Personally, I have ambitions. I'm not so much into



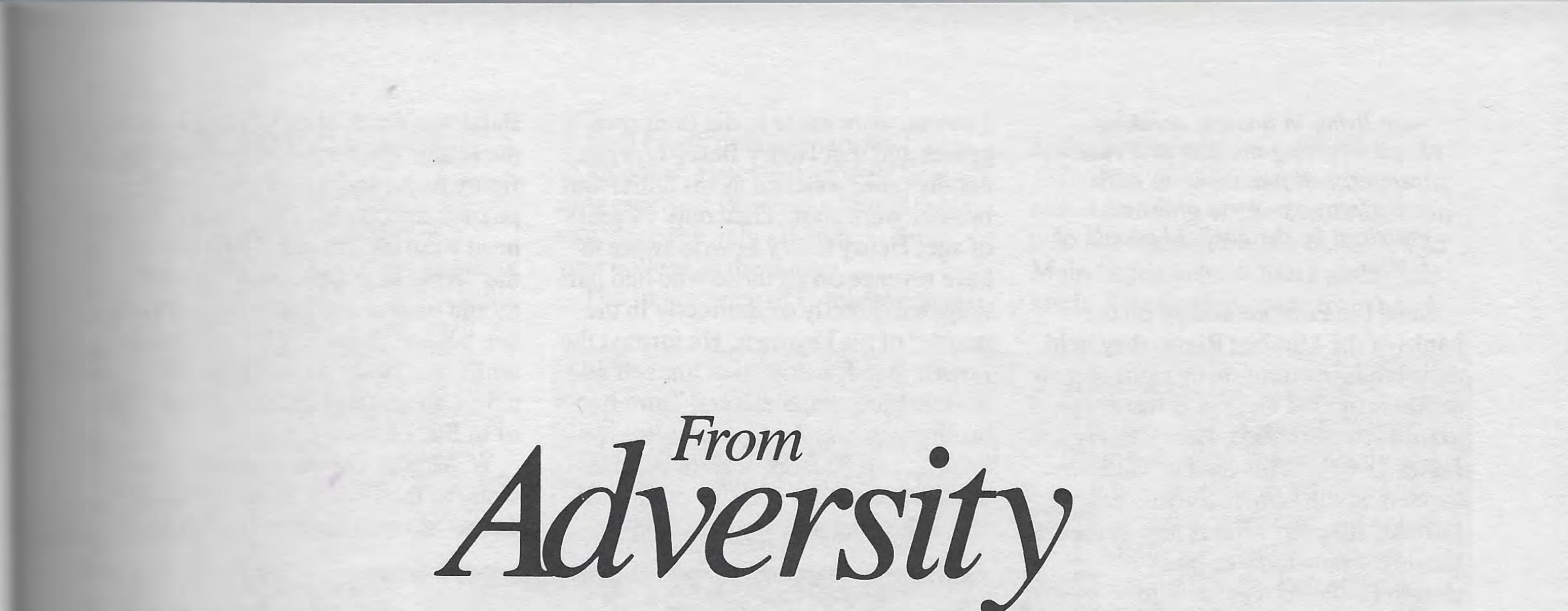
material wealth. I worked for Wire Harness factory here on the reservation for two and a half years and was told by people to stay, that I could be plant manager one day. They said it would mean more money. Well, I could make a million dollars, but if I can't associate with the people here, the Choctaws, then a million dollars don't mean nothing to me. I've always wanted to be a part of this, what is going on here on this reservation. \Box

Susan Weill is preparing to collect life histories and family stories with rural Indian women of the southern California mountains near San Diego, where she lives.

pointment, a superintendent serving his home reservation. We think better decisions will be made by a person with his own tribe.

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their families makes my job a lot easier. I talk to them and they talk to me, too. I spend a lot of time with them. I like to listen to them. I respect them. In 1983, 95 percent of the Choctaw el-



E MOST INDIAN TRIBES E AN ESTABLISHED POSI-IN AMERICAN HISTORY, In they are virtually unknown, they are virtually unknown, the are the largest body of Inthe Mississippi River. The never been under federal the have they ever received the Bureau of Indian Afthey are a people who have the greatest obstacles the of the greatest obstacles the set of the greatest obstacles the set overcome them.

Lumbee remain an invisible methin southeastern

Indian blood and outlook. Many historians believe them to be descendants of the Hatteras Indians of coastal North Carolina and the famous "Lost Colony" of 1587; others believe them to be descendants of Eastern Sioux tribes located in the North Carolina area. Many Lumbee and some scholars believe the people to be descendants both of the Lost Colony and the Eastern Sioux, amalgamation having occurred over a long period of time. A third theory, that the Lumbee are of Cherokee descent, has some popular support but little concrete substantiation. The Lost Colony theory is the one accepted by most Lumbee. The adventurer-artist John White was chosen to head Sir Walter Raleigh's second colony to the New World in 1587. The group arrived off Hatteras on July 22, and proceeded to Roanoke Island. In August, finding that their supplies were inadequate for the coming winter, the settlers prevailed upon White to return to England for additional settlers and supplies, leaving his colony behind. It was not until August 1590 that White finally returned to Roanoke Island. According to historian Hugh Lefler, White "found the place overgrown with grass and weeds, and about the only traces of the settlers were a few piece of broken armor and the word "Croatoan" carved on a tree."

North Carolina and Virginia historians of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries believed that a remnant of the colony survived. For example, in 1709 John Lawson, North Carolina's first historian, wrote of the Lost Colony:

A further confirmation of this we have from the Hatteras [Croatoan] Indians who lived on Roanoke Island, or much frequented it. These tell us that several of their ancestors were white people and could talk in a book as we do; the truth of which is confirmed by gray eyes being frequently amongst these Indians and no others.

Carolina where the majority thes see them, employ them, hem by name, but they really inderstand the Lumbee, share concerns, or apin this respect, the in this respect, the like all American Indians in this ordinarily creates a identity problem; that identity problem; that identity origin.

surrounds their ori-

Lumbee historian Clifton Oxendine states:

In 1730 Scotchmen began to arrive in what is now Robeson County. The universal tradition among the descendants of these first White settlers is that their ancestors found an Indian settlement on Lumber [Lumbee] River. . . They



Frogress

By Adolph L. Dial

were living in houses, speaking English, tilling the soil in a rude manner, and practicing in rather imperfect ways some of the arts practiced by the civilized people of Europe.

Once the Lumbee settled on the banks of the Lumbee River, they held their lands in common by right of possession. In 1732 George II made a grant to two Lumbee, Henry Berry and James Lowrie. This tract of land was located on the Lowrie Swamp east of Lumber River in what is now Robeson County. Many Indians purchased lands from those who obtained large patents from the King, while others acquired land by squatter's rights. A number of the Indians of Robeson County served in the Continental Army during the **Revolutionary War and** received pensions for their services. They also fought in the War of 1812. But the Civil War was different; the North Carolina Constitution, amended in 1835, spelled doom to the Lumbee people. The period after 1830 saw North Carolina become increasingly a closed society, and under its revised constitution all people except

Lowries were made to dig their own graves and that Henry Berry Lowrie, another son, watched as his father and brother were shot. Then only 19 years of age, Henry Berry Lowrie swore to have revenge on all those who had participated directly or indirectly in the murder of his kinsmen. He formed the Lowrie Band, made up of himself and his two brothers, Steve and Tom; two brothers-in law, Andrew and Boss Strong; two cousins, Calvin and Henderson Oxendine; and two other Indians, John Dial and William Chavis. Band was dead. Henry Berry Lowrie, the leader and a kind of Robin Hoodfigure to the Indian people, disappeared, and the \$12,000 reward on his head went unclaimed. Until this day the "King of Scuffletown" is the paramount hero in the history of the Lumbee people. Some say he went away, while others say he was killed in an accident and buried in the Lumbee River or in Back Swamp.

W. McKee Evans, in his extensive study of the Lowrie Band, *To Die Game*, summarized its significance:

They appeared on the scene



at a particularly difficult period in the history of the Indians. At this time the armed resistance of the plains Indians was being smashed, their numbers decimated, while the Indians of the eastern seaboard had known little but defeat and increasing humiliation for a hundred years. With the triumph of a frankly racist party during Reconstruction, it appeared that nothing could stop the winners from putting the Lumbee River Indians into the same half-free "place" in which they generally succeeded in putting blacks. But this effort failed. It appears to have failed, furthermore, to a great extent because of the bold deeds of the Lowries, which filled the Lumbee River Indians with a new pride of race, and a new confidence that, despite generations of defeat, revitalized their will to survive as a people.

whites were disenfranchised and denied the privilege of owning weapons.

During the Civil War, Indians from Robeson County were conscripted for labor camps at Fort Fisher and other places on the North Carolina coast. Among those who refused to work as forced laborers were the sons of Allen Lowrie. Allen soon found himself accused of storing stolen goods on his farm. He was also accused of housing Union soldiers who had escaped from a Confederate prison camp in South Carolina; certainly by 1863 many Indians sympathized with the Union cause. Enmity between the whites and Indians of Robeson grew as the Confederacy came closer to defeat, finally exploding into violence following the summary execution of Allen Lowrie and his son William by a firing squad of Home Guardsmen. Legend among the Lumbee says the WE ARE HERE FOREVER 86

HAMILTON MCMILLAN, **A WHITE ROBESONIAN AND A FRIEND OF THE** Indians of the county, was a representative in the state legislature in 1885. He researched the possible origin of Robeson's Indians, and concluded that they were descendants of the Lost Colony and a tribe of coastal Indians he labeled the "Croatans." (Actually the Indians to which he referred were the Hatteras Indians, but some lived on Croatan Island.) McMillan got the North Carolina General Assembly to enact legislation

There were also two black members, George Applewhite and Shoemaker John, and one white member, Zachariah T. McLauchlin.

From 1864 to 1874 the Lowrie Band terrorized Robeson by robbing homes, stores, and even the county court house. By 1874 most of the Lowrie gnated them as Croatan

e act of the General Ascentral to another key mbee history: the quest for The act dictated that "said and their descendants shall schools for their chilcommittees of their own and shall be allowed to eachers of their own choice." c schools were immediately for the benefit of Indians. and a in part to the limited primarily to the gualified teachers. Since ment had been no schools open to In-1835, the illiteracy rate was high and few possessed education to teach others. sectors of the Indian community what they really needed for progress was an institution schooling from the elementeacher-training) McMillan sponsored legislaprovided for a normal school Indians of Robeson County. act created, in effect, a corporaander the control of seven Indians, who were maintaining a school of and a for teachers of the Croatan Sorth Carolina." The law spesaid that "all those who shall the privileges of said school as previously obligate to the wouth of the Croatan race for period" and appropriated ment of services renirr teaching." money appropriated by the and the set of the sufficient. areat difficulty were funds The acquisition of land and between of a building. W.L. served as the first head of school, wrote the Affairs in Washingseeking financial as-The reply that Moore T.J. Morgan, Commis-Affairs, was dise I regret the provisions made See of North Carolina seem to madequate, I find it quite the to render any assistance

the Croatan Normal

School began operation in 1887 with 15 students. From this modest beginning emerged Pembroke State University, once the only all-Indian, fouryear college in the nation. The importance of Pembroke State

to the community became evident in 1973. The "Old Main" building is the oldest building on the Pembroke campus. On Sunday, March 18, 1973, Old Main began to burn like a pitch-pine torch. Fire fighters came from neigh-

Go and Find Out for Yourself An interview with Leon Locklear

Leon Locklear is chief of the Drowning Creek Tuscarora Indian Tribe, whose members live principally in and around Maxton, North Carolina. He operates a craft workshop and travels the country to encourage others to become interested in Indian heritage. He took part in a Tuscarora march on the state capital in 1973, as well as the rout of the Klan from Maxton in 1958. I am Chief of the Drowning Creek Tuscarora Tribe. I grew up right here in Robeson County. One reason for the march to Raleigh was schools. We marched to the town of Smithfield, and they locked us all up for marching. They didn't want us marching through town. I guess we could have gone around the town, but we wanted to march through the town. And so we spent one night in jail and got up the next morning and marched on through the town. They didn't arrest us a second time. They just wanted us out of town. I don't know why they didn't want us to march. They say that that is part of the Klu Klux place up there. The Klu Klux was down here in Maxton one time, and the Indians run them out. When the Klu Klux came to Maxton, we went over there that night. They had a little racket, they tore up a lot of stuff, mostly just cars. The Indians just turned over a lot of the cars. There really didn't anybody get hurt, as I know of, but they ran Catfish Cole out of Maxton and they ain't been back as far as I know of. At the time, Catfish Cole must have been the head of the Klan. Oh my God, part of Robeson County went that night! At least five times as many people as come to the Powwow were there. There was

probably around two or three thousand people around there that night. There was a few Indian people out there when the Klan got there. The Klan got their stuff set up and everything 'a talking and doing 'till somebody busted a firecracker, because they seen all them Klans with guns. And so I guess when the firecrackers went off, they thought they were shooting at them, you know, and they turned them cars over by hand, because they had nothing else there to turn them over with. But I guess there was a lot of Indians that had guns. Now I didn't see no Indians with guns, but I am pretty sure that they had to have them. All I saw was the Klans'; they just walked right down the road with the guns. I used to be discriminated against, but I haven't been lately. You know, before the civil rights bill come up, you couldn't go to Maxton and go into a restaurant and eat. They would hand it to you at their door or you could go in there and stand up and order it and some of the places you could not even go in. If they served you, they served you at the back door. A lot of people feel the way the Tuscarora have been treated by other Indians is wrong. I feel like this: if you don't participate with another group, you are leaving yourself out, and you don't know what's going on in the county. You don't know what's going on in the community. If you feel like somebody else is doing you wrong, you ain't going to find out by not going. You are going to have to go and find out for yourself. Just going on what people is saying — that ain't getting you nowhere. I feel like the Creator created the Indian people here first. So I just want to be Indian and know more about it. I love being Indian. - interview by Geoff Mangum



Mallyhacked Enough to Fight An interview with Lawrence Maynor

In 1936 the Bureau of Indian Affairs conducted a blood-quantum study of Robeson County Indians. Twenty-two of the 200 applicants from that group were accepted by the Secretary of the Interior and certified the one suffered. And if a man was as one-half or more Indian. Although the Department of Agriculture, in coordination with the BIA, was establishing a New Deal farm resettlement program for Robeson County Indians between 1936 and 1938, them. Lawrence Maynor was never included in the program. After successfully suing the Secretary of the Interior in 1973-74, Maynor finally received government assistance in 1978 when the BIA constructed a frame house for him. He has not received any other assistance. I know from all facts or proof that there was 209 people recognized here as Indian. I can't verify everyone but to the best of my knowledge I don't remember finding one that weren't. They sent back only 22 certificates and kept the others back when every one of them 209 people should have gotten a certificate and placed on land which was bought up here for Indians. And that land covered this territory of Pembroke, Philadelphus township, Red Springs, this whole territory in here and it was a lot of land. And we should have been. placed on that land, but we had busybodies then in as much as we have now. And some of the most educated ones in the county. Education is a fine thing when it is used right and a person needs it, but education can turn a person a fool against his ownone on no circumstances. self and his own people. That's what it did here in Robeson County. Now this may sound pretty rough, but we should have been placed on the way it's hitched up there is so that land and they furnished 2.5 million dollars to buy land in here. Some many ropes and strings and red tape and the people had been ditched so of this land sold very cheap, for nothmuch here till it is hard to untangle. ing you can say. Well, one man said - interview by Geoff Mangum "Before we'll have a reservation we'll leave the county." He'd been raised here and I reckon most of his ancestors were raised here. Independent,

good job, educated, wanted for nothing. I saw this. I saw that a man who was independent and had his own land, his own money laying in the bank, his own smokehouse, he didn't want for nothing. But the man that had to get out there and dig stumps and cut wood and ditch and stuff is the one the devil is paid with. He is up on top of the house he can look at you and laugh at you down there on the ground and you can't get up there. And he can talk big to you up there. So that's what happened to a lot of I've been hid all this time, these 45 years, from what the government would have done for me. I've been kept away from it. I feel that I've been discriminated against all these 45 years out of my rights which the government appropriated for me and my family. This discrimination has taken everything that I've ever had or could have; I'm getting so old now I'm not able to do anything. And if the government would ever do anything for me now it would profit me very little and it would probably help some of my descendants. But, in my way of thinking and my way of helping it, I can help out the other people. I feel that it's not a thing but right they owe me a big compensation for all these years that they took my heritage, what the government had put away for me and they kept it and took it from me. And there's no doubt about that. It was done. It was done. I did my best when they were building houses on the resettlement to get a home knowing I was entitled to it because that's what should have been placed on those farms, Indians and Indians only. And I couldn't get I'm gonna tell you, I've been mallyhacked over this thing enough to fight, the way I've been done. And

boring towns and fought diligently, saving the building's exterior brick walls. After pressure from Robeson Indians, the state eventually made \$100,000 available and named an Old Main advisory committee to study future plans for the structure. In 1979 Old Main was restored and now houses the Native American Resource Center, the Indian Studies Department, offices, and classrooms. Who burned Old Main is still a mystery.

ON JANUARY 18, 1958, THE KU KLUX KLAN MET IN A FIELD NEAR THE TOWN OF MAXTON in Robeson County. Five days earlier the burning of two crosses in front of the homes of Indians had aroused the Lumbee. The reason for the burning, according to Lumbees, was to frighten an Indian family that had recently moved into a white neighborhood and also to frighten an Indian woman who was accused of going with a white man.

The rally took place in an open field. The Klan was expecting more than 500 members for the rally, but fewer than 100 showed up. Charles Craven, a reporter for the Raleigh News and Observer, described the scene:

Darkness had descended, it was freezing cold. The cars kept coming. The Klansmen had set up headquarters in the center of the field. They had stretched a huge banner emblazoned with KKK and had erected a long pole with a naked light bulb on it. Religious music blared in the cold air from a public address system. The Indians were arriving in fours and sixes and were getting out from their cars and lining along the road. The armed Klansmen were at the little circle of cars in the center of the field and some patrolled at the edges of the darkness. . . . Some of the young Indians along the road had begun laughing and shouting, giving war whoops. Now and again somebody would yell, "God Damn the Ku Klux Klan."

Sam Oxendine, a Lumbee leader, reported, "When the pole was erected and the lights turned on, someone shot out the lights and the Klan flew." Ox-



Unlike many other Americans who are drawn to the city by its exciting opportunities, most American Indians come only because they are desperate. Therefore, instead of coming to something, they are leaving something to find work and there is nothing "back home." They do not like crowds, the traffic and constant pressure of city life; most would return to their home if stable employment were available for them there.

Since that time some industry has

and decided to let the Klan make the first move."

Klan leader James W. "Catfish" Cole and another Klansman, James Martin, were later tried and convicted for inciting a riot. Afterwards Cole mld reporters, "The action of the Court in Robeson County has done more in three and a half days than I have by my preaching in eight years that this country is fast falling into Communism and dictatorship." Just as the Lumbee drove the Klan out, they also fought diligently against legalized discrimination. They fought **b**reak so-called double voting, by which citizens in chartered districts could vote for members of the county board of education, yet citizens of the **Robeson County Administrative Unit** could not vote in the chartered districts. Although the school population in the Robeson County districts is more than 80 percent black and Indian, the power of electing the Robeson County Board of Education was in the hands of the special chartered districts. Thus the school districts were controlled by white boards. The American Civil Liberties Union took on the case and the Lumbees won. During the 1970s the Lumbee also began to be actively involved in Indian movements throughout the country. Unfortunately, while there has been some national cooperation among the Lumbee and other tribes, there has also been some dissension

among Indians in the community with the emergence of a group who call themselves Tuscarora and who seek federal recognition as that historic tribe.

In 1972 a newly organized group known as the Eastern Carolina Indian Organization (ECIO), under the leadership of Carnell Locklear, Howard Brooks, and later Elias Rogers, carried on the traditions of Henry Berry Lowrie, those who fought to save Old Main, and those who threw the Klan out of Robeson County. Locklear said, "We are a new kind of warrior — we won't take no for an answer. We come prepared to give our lives." moved into Robeson County. In 1971 the Lumbee established the first Indian-controlled bank in the U.S., with more than 600 stockholders, of whom more than 80 percent are Lumbee Indians. Many Lumbee now work in various agencies of the U.S. government, and more than 40 hold law or medical degrees. Since the 1950s, the Lumbee have shown great interest in politics, and in 1984 three served on the Robeson County Board of Commissioners, six on the Robeson County Board of Education, and one on the state board of education. The town of Pembroke has a Lumbee mayor as well as an all-Indian city council.

Today the Lumbee are saying, "Come to see us." They no longer talk about leaving Robeson, and many who are away expect to return. Adolph Dial is chair of the Indian Studies Department at Pembroke State University and is the author of **The Only Land I Know**, a history of the Lumbee. This article is excerpted from a speech delivered upon acceptance of an honorary degree from Greensboro College in 1985.

IN RECENT YEARS, THE LUM-BEE HAVE REVERSED A TREND WHICH BEGAN IN THE LATE nineteenth century. From 1880 to World War I, many Lumbee went to Georgia to work in the turpentine industry. By the outbreak of the war, most had returned to Robeson. Many entered the armed services and went to France, returning home to become farmers after the war. The pattern was repeated after the Depression of the 1930s; many Lumbee went to cities — principally Baltimore and Detroit — seeking employment. Herbert Locklear, former director of Baltimore's American Indian Center, estimated in the early 1970s that approximately 4,000 Lumbee lived in that city. He stated:





BY ROBERT LYNCH



"Why?" ask some Indians. When Indians have to contend with genocide, ethnocide, widespread poverty, mass unemployment, infant mortality, disease, rampant alcoholism, youth suicide, and other appalling indices of oppression — why even bring it up? Homoeroticism, the attraction of members of the same sex to one another, is best left without a name. It is unmentionable, therefore nonexistent. To those Indians who have bought into Christianity, so-called

We are what we imagine. Our very existence consists in our imagination of ourselves. . . . The greatest tragedy that can befall us is to go unimagined. - N. Scott Momaday (1966)



The spirit world was made accessible through visions and dreams which were such an integral part of Indian culture and personality that dream interpretation was a highly developed art. Reports sent to Europe by the early Jesuit proselytizers who saw a parallel to Biblical dream analysis indicate that these methods passed down to Freud, influencing the development of modern psychiatry.

These visionaries with the stronger medicine and higher status were known as the shamans. Many shamans

"civilization," and the Great American Dream, or to those who have simply lost touch with their heritage, homoeroticism is "diabolic and nefarious." That is to say, it is something to be suppressed. Indeed, there are those incredible nay-saying Indians who deny that homoeroticism exists or ever existed in Indian society.

Homophobia is a Western prejudice, whether based in Christian or bourgeois petty moralizing, Marxist notions of bourgeois decadence, or nationalistic posturing about genocide induced by homosexuality.

In Indian culture, not only is homophobia an attempt to deny and suppress a part of human nature, but it is also an attempt to destroy a part of Indian heritage and culture itself. In a spirit-based culture where the multiverse is sentient, wealth and status are not based on land ownership or riches derived from others' labor. Rather, wealth and status accrue to personal power or medicine. Medicine is the personal ability and skill emanating from a spiritual possession. A spiritual possession is being able to intercede with the spirits of animals in the hunt, with those malevolent to cure disease, or with those benevolent for planting, song-making, or vision quests.

in a number of tribes throughout North and South America were "manwoman." Being a "man-woman," or bisexed, meant enveloping the spirits and power of both sexes. Amerindians saw their "man-woman" nature as the very source of their genius.

The "man-woman" was viewed by natives as a double person empowered by the ability to empathize with both sexes. Such people could "see" into more than one world. "Seeing twice" was a natural aspect of the Indian multiverse or simply human nature. This view is the opposite of the Western attitude of a hierarchical universe where the homosexual is seen as somehow deficient and pathetic. In homophobic Western culture, many of the greatest visionary thinkers, scientists, and artists - including Plato, Da Vinci, Tchaichovsky, Whitman, Proust, East-

SHAMANISM, BERDACHE, AND HOMOEROTICISM IN AMERICAN INDIAN CULTURE

Mittgenstein, T.S. Eliot, Oppenmer, and others — were man-woman" but were reviled or ng-suffering for their personal queerness."

Native culture has many different ensions of the origin of homoerotim, but all reflect respect. In *Lame Deer, Seeker of Visions*, by John Fire, the story of the origin is recounted bout the Sioux "man-woman" or inkte:

We think that if a woman has two little ones growing inside her, if she is going to have twins, sometimes instead of giving birth to two babies they have formed up in her womb into just one, into a half-man, halfwoman kind of being. We call such a person winkte. ... To us a man is what nature, or his dreams, make him. We accept him for what he wants to be. ... If nature puts a burden on a man by making him different, it also gives him a power. documented, though given the separation of men in hunting and war parties and women in domestic pursuits and farming, the opportunities as well as the cultural inclination existed. One such incident of male bonding was reported in 1846 among the Sioux near Fort Laramie by Francis Parkman:

Neither should Hail-Storm's friend the Rabbit, be passed by without notice. The Hail-Storm and he were inseparable; they ate, slept, and hunted together, and shared with one another almost all that they possessed. If there be anything that deserves to be called romantic in the Indian character, it is to be sought for in friendships such as this, which are common among many of the prairie tribes. mer, the two maidens started away to peel off bark. The youth followed after. . . . When they drew nigh, behold, the maidens were then in the act of taking off their clothes. The first to disrobe flung herself down on the ground and lay there. . . . And to their amazement the girls began to lie with each other!

Since the phenomenon of *ber-dache*/shaman was institutionalized and made recognizable to European observers through cross-dressing, it has been widely documented throughout Indian culture and in all historical epochs. Generally the *berdache* were men or women who at puberty adopted the gender role of the opposite sex, including its dress, speech patterns, and occupations as well as sexual be-

The shaman's status within the tribe was further heightened because those bisexed powers were focused on directing the spirit world for tribal well-being and maintaining a balanced relationship not only within the tribe but with other tribes and the rest of nature within which all should harmonize. As in heterosexual practice where sexuality forms a sensual continuum of expression, homoeroticism was expressed in a variety of ways from same-sex bonding and friendships to transexuality (usually labeled "berdache") institutionalized in marriage and in shamanism. Human sexuality, like most human behavior, is not programmed by nature through instincts as in other animals that Westerners label "lower." Therefore, human sexual identity and practices are uniquely human because they are imagined and culturally induced, not instinctive. In native culture, when a youth in puberty went on a vision quest or a similar rite of passage, that time could also be the opportunity to choose one's sexuality. One could choose to become a berdache if one were so disposed, if one had not done so earlier through a vision or dream. Non-cross-dressing, same-sex bonding has not been greatly



ATTACK INDIANS ACCUSED OF SODOMY - DRAWING FROM DE BRY

A non-cross-dressing account of female-bonding is recounted by William Jones in 1901 from the Fox Tribe:

It is said that once on a time long ago there were two young women who were friends together. It is told that there were also two youths who tried to woo the two maidens, but they were not able even so much as to talk with one another. After a while the youths began to suspect something wrong with them. ... So it is said that once during the sumhavior, and who married a member of the same sex. In addition, because the *berdache* or "man-woman" was considered to possess extraordinary personal power due to its bisexed nature, the *berdache* was a shaman and a special personage in tribal life. The following account written in 1826 by Thomas McKenney, spiced with the usual white misconceptions about women's roles, from his travels among the Chippeway describes the *berdache*:

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This singular being, either from a dream, or from an impression derived from some other source, considers that he is bound to impose upon himself, as the only means of appeasing his manito, all the exterior of a woman; and undergo all the drudgery which men exact from squaws. So completely do they succeed, and even to the voice, as to make it impossible to distinguish them from the women. They contract their walk; turn in their toes, perform all the menial offices of the lodge; wear, of course, petticoats, and breast coverings, and even go through the ceremony of marriage!

Bardajes or "man-woman" persons were documented at the time of the

boast of such a guilt. . . . They carry as a jewel made of gold relief, a man mounted upon another in that diabolic and nefarious act of Sodom." Then the royal smelter, lacking appreciation for this highly wrought gold "jewel," stated that he "broke it with a hammer and smashed it under [his] own hand." In Florida in 1564 Le Moyne made a drawing (from which DeBry in 1591 made an engraving) called "Employment of the Hermaphrodites," which is obviously a very European rendering of these berdache among the Miami Indians who were not hermaphrodites. Le Moyne's notes to this drawing illus-



first European explorers among the Aztec, Maya, and Inca. In Peru, bardajes existed among the Inca when the Europeans arrived, and archaeological evidence in native artifacts has been ungrounded to corroborate pre-Columbian homoeroticism. The Mohica civilization (200 BC-500 AD) and the Chimu civilization (450-1000 AD) were direct antecedents to the Inca civilization. Mohica pottery unearthed from burial sites depicts a wide variety of sexual practices. Much of this pottery, of the highest caliber of technical and aesthetic execution, depicts male sodomy and fellatio, and is in the form of drinking vessels with stirrup spouts which were objects of daily use as well as submerged in burial sites. Women were the potters and not only were they highly expert in executing some of these amazing vessels but they possessed quite a sense of humor, as illustrated by the facial expressions and positions they depicted on the pots. In some pots the penis or vulva was used as the spout. If the Mohica homoerotic artifacts had not been buried, the Spanish would have destroyed them as they did most of the gold artifacts and the culture of all the great civilizations. The Aztec religion reflected that of the preceeding Toltec civilization. Two of the most powerful Aztec gods, Quetzalcoatl and Tezcatlipoca, cavorted in homoerotic escapades. Since tolerance or even approval of homoeroticism reflected the religious, social, and sexual practices of these great civilizations, their art reflected this same reality. In 1535 the Spanish royal supervisor of gold smelting in South America lamented: "Look to what degree they

trate European prejudices just as much as Indian customs:

Hermaphrodites, partaking of the nature of each sex, are quite common in these parts. . . . When a chief goes out to war, hermaphrodites carry the provisions. When any Indian is dead of wounds or disease, two hermaphrodites take a couple of stout poles, fasten cross-pieces on them and attach to these a mat woven of reeds . . . and in this manner carry the deceased to the place of burial. Persons having contagious diseases are also carried to places appointed for the purpose, on the shoulders of the hermaphrodites, who supply them with food, and take care of them, until they get quite well again.

"COYOTE MEETS THE LONE RANGER IN A

In these societies, women's voices

Another important aspect of the native cultures that respected homoeroticism was the role and treatment of women in these societies. The common Euroamerican criticism that Indian women were drudges and "beasts of burden" hardly recognizes the fact that without a real "beast of burden" in pre-Columbian America, humans were the means of transport. Men lugged home carcasses from the hunt as women did domestic burdens. In a hunting-gathering-farming economy, the logical division of labor was for men to travel on the hunt which was quite arduous and dangerous particularly before the advent of the gun and the horse. It was logical for the women to gather since they had to stay close to their babies. Consequently, Indian women domesticated a great number of our present-day foods, including the amazing feat of hybridizing corn from the thumb-sized wild variety into today's familiar ear.

were heard as a form of moral persuasion, and women held positions of authority within tribal life. Indian women were not marriage slaves like Euroamerican women who could not own property, control their own lives or those of their children, or even divorce. In tribal life everyone was coequal and had meaningful functions and worth within the interdependent whole, and everyone strove to be in harmony with each other. Even when roles were rigidly prescribed, the option of envisioning and adopting other roles was open to men and women. Thus, many women of these cultures were accorded the status of "woman chief," "beloved women," or "peace chief." A modern example of this is the recent election of Wilma Mankiller as chief of the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma. Her election reflects the old Iroquois tradition of the prominent role accorded females as "beloved women."

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The female *berdache*/shaman also existed in Indian America, although



third person in the band of 160 lodges. On stated occasions, when ... daring acts were performed, she took precedence of many a brave man whose career had not been so fortunate.

With the view of turning her hides to some accounts by dressing them and fitting them for trading purposes, she took to herself a wife. Ranking as a warrior and hunter, she could not be brought to think of female work. She therefore went through the usual formula of Indian marriage.

As the Euroamerican power and culture destroyed and replaced Indian societies and cultures, the cultural expresssion of homoeroticism suffered and disappeared, though homoeroticism itself is a constant in human history. Indeed, the Europeans made a sustained effort to eradicate any native homoeroticism, even if legitimized in Indian marriage.

The white townspeople consider him something of a village idiot. The Indian boys tease each other about sleeping with him, yet their teasing is somehow not ridicule of him. Among the Indians he is accepted with equanimity, and their laughter is as much at themselves as at him. His fellow tribesmen treat him as if he were an unattractive woman. They often talk about making love to him (in a crowd which includes him), yet it is understood that they don't really mean it. Men being men, however, more than a few of them actually do share his bed when

INTED DESERT," BY HARRY FONSECA

The arrogant and racist presumption that European religion and culture were superior, along with land greed, were the primary causes of Euroamerican genocide against the Indians which killed an estimated 12 to 20 million Indians in North America alone. Since homoeroticism was such an integral part of Indian culture, the suppression and destruction of one aspect of Indian culture included all other aspects. Most Eastern tribes and many throughout Indian America have been so decimated or totally acculturated that when that universal and natural homoerotic impulse does emerge in today's Indian, the tribal and cultural means of its expression are suppressed by European-induced prejudice and homophobia. Today, instead of being considered extraordinary, spiritual, and part of Indian tradition, the Indian man-woman is considered a freak, less than human, or not even Indian – a homosexual.

they're sure none of the others will catch them at it.

Such furtive, illicit multiple sex is the result of stripping homoeroticism of respect, tolerance, and meaningful social expression. Homoeroticism is forced underground, resulting in frustrated, unhappy lives, exploitation, discrimination, promiscuity, and disease. Homophobia is the most intimate and worst kind of terrorism psychic murder — when one cannot unto his or herself be true; and when, as in the West, the full force of the law of government is turned against the man-woman, that is state terrorism. But even ultimate terrorism cannot

outwit the archetypal Indian tricksterfigure Coyote (who has been known to do some cunning cross-dressing and homoerotic pranks) or suppress homoerotic nature. Indian visionaries (artists, poets, dreamers, shamans) continue with their visions — even when Coyote leaves the reservation and disguises himself in leather drag, he fears no evil and to himself is true. The struggle to reclaim our culture, heritage, history, - indeed, our freedom — must include the whole of our experience. To forget this is to forget what it means to be Indian: that Indians, including "men-women," share that sympathetic solidarity of life and circle of kinship, as the tribe of the human family which provides a place and stature for everyone. We are all related.

less widely documented, and there were several famous female crossdressing berdache. For example, Kauxuma Mupika, a Kutenai female berdache or manly-hearted woman, dressed as a male, took several wives; and was a famous scout, courier, prophet, warrior, and peace mediator. She took her wife with her while scouting for whites in the Oregon territory, and they created a sensation among the whites wherever they went, until the Kutenai berdache was murdered in a war party ambush in 1837. The "Crow Woman Chief," a biography of whom was published under that title by Edwin Denig in 1856, was a non-cross-dressing lesbian who pursued masculine habits and occupa-

The following account of Elmer Gage, a present-day Mohave "homosexual," illustrates the cultural changes among the Mohave from the time of the Mohave "hwame," who had "hwame" initiation rituals, samesex marriage ceremonials, shamanistic responsibilities, and luck in love:

tions, organized her own war parties, and took four wives. Denig reports:

Old men began to believe she bore a charmed life, which with her daring feats, elevated her to a point of honor and respect. . . . When council was held and all the chiefs and warriors assembled, she took her place among the former, ranking

In his small town, Elmer is almost universally known as a homosexual.

Robert Lynch, a Haliwa-Saponi, is a noted collector and nurterer of American folk art.

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Federally recognized tribes in the South and in the rest of the United States share the same basic relationship to the federal government. While local conditions vary, federally recognized tribes are less involved with individual state or local governments. The federal Bureau of Indian Affairs is the administering agency, and the tribes are covered by federal Indian legislation and court decisions. Generally, documentation of recognized tribes' history is more available than that of other groups. Education of the youth is a major thrust of many tribes, and developing their own educational materials seems to be a universal trend.

lost in wars with the North Carolina, Georgia, and Virginia armies.

As early as 1795 small bands of Cherokee had moved west to settle between the White and Arkansas rivers in what is now northwestern Arkansas. In 1816 the United States government signed a treaty granting the Arkansas territory to the Cherokee; the treaty also pressured the Cherokee who were spread throughout the South to join the 5,000 who had already settled there. Though the Arkansas community succeeded in persuading many of the Cherokee who remained in Georgia, Alabama, North Carolina, and Tennessee to migrate there, they were unable to convince them to relocate fast enough to suit the fledgling American government. While in Washington to air grievances about land claims and violations of their territory by white settlers, Cherokee delegates from Arkansas were coerced into signing an agreement surrendering their lands in Arkansas in exchange for a sevenmillion-acre tract in what is now northeastern Oklahoma. After efforts to have the agreement set aside as invalid failed, some Cherokee leaders began to believe that joining their relatives in Oklahoma territory was their only hope for survival. These men, known as the treaty party, were Major Ridge, John Ridge, Elias Boudinot (Buck Oowatie), and Stand Watie. In 1835, at New Echota, Georgia, United States commissioners met with a small group who signed the agreement. The women's councils, which had veto power, were never recognized by the U.S. government in negotiations and even Chief John Ross, who opposed migration, was excluded from the proceedings. He and the majority of the Cherokee remained in their homes until 7,000 federal troops under the command of General Winfield Scott arrived in May 1838 to remove them forcibly.

Because they had defied the government by remaining in their homes, the people were literally dragged out of their houses, many barefooted and unclothed, and herded into stockades from which they were to begin the 1,400-mile journey. Many families became separated. With only 645 wagons and eight cents a day to feed each person, the suffering of the 16,000 people was reflected in the death of onequarter of their number before they reached their new homes. The government deducted Removal expenses from the "payment" to the Cherokee for the ceded land. A few Cherokee managed to escape the stockades and hide in the wooded mountains. They are the direct ancestors of today's Eastern Band of the Cherokee Nation. This small band managed to survive in the mountains, sometimes aided by friendly whites who were outraged and shamed by the brutal treatment of the Cherokee. Unable to own land legally, they were able to hold onto it thanks to a white trader, Colonel William Thomas, in whose name they purchased land in the North Carolina mountains. The Eastern Cherokee received \$25,000 from the federal government in 1875, and they used this money to clear titles to their lands which were placed in federal trust. Eventually they gained a state incorporation charter in 1889 under the name of the Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians. The tribal council petitioned to have the lands conveyed to the corporation in 1925. Under the Indian Reorganization Act of 1939 the Cherokee have a federally

Eastern Band of the Cherokee Nation

The Cherokee are descended from the Iroquois linguistic group. At the time of the initial European contact, Cherokee occupied most of the territory which is now Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky, and West Virginia. Prior to the forced removal of most of the tribe to Oklahoma, the Cherokee nation's territory had grown to include all of the southwest Allegheny Mountain region in Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia.

The first recorded treaty between a Cherokee chief and the British occurred in 1684 in South Carolina. In the

century that followed, the Cherokee knew few periods of peace. Like the rest of the Southeastern tribes they were caught in the power struggle between the Spanish, French, and English colonists. By the end of the Revolutionary era Cherokee lands in South Carolina and Tennessee and up to the Blue Ridge Mountains had been 94 WE ARE HERE FOREVER recognized right to self-government. Their sovereignty was reaffirmed in a 1984 case which established that state courts have no jurisdiction over civil suits involving Indians on the reservation. The Cherokee Court of Indian Offenses was established in 1980 and has jurisdiction over civil cases and misdemeanors involving Indians on the reservation.

In another victory in the battle for self-determination, the Tennessee Valley Authority turned over 47 acres of land to the Eastern Cherokee for use as an historic site commemorating the legendary Sequoyah, inventor of the Cherokee alphabet in the early nineteenth century, which allowed the Cherokee to have a written language. The site will be located on an island in the middle of Tellico Lake near the former town of Tuskegee where Sequoyah was born. It will be the first time in 150 years that the Cherokee have controlled land in Tennessee. In 1972 the construction of the Tellico Dam, vigorously opposed by the Cherokee on religious grounds, caused the destruction of the ancient burial mounds and of the ruins of the Seven Towns which were the population centers of the Cherokee Nation until 200 years ago. Although most Eastern Cherokee reside on the North Carolina reservation, the valleys of the Little Tennessee River have remained the spiritual heartland of the nation. The land was conveyed to the Indians as a "permanent easement" meant to resolve the continuing land dispute. Tribal headquarters of the Eastern Band are located in Cherokee, North Carolina in the western part of the state. Qualla Boundary, as the Cherokee reservation is called, encompasses about 55,000 acres of land in Swain, Jackson, and Graham counties. Cherokee reside in South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama. About 5,000 people are on the current tribal roll. Although the tribal government recognizes residents with onethirty-second part Cherokee blood, only those of at least one-quarter blood may become council members. To be elected chief one must be at least half Eastern Cherokee. The tribal council is made up of 12 people from six townships serving two-year terms. The reservation houses one high school and five elementary schools



CHEROKEE CLANS

communal granaries. Men and women shared food growing and gathering responsibilities, and both excelled in basketmaking and metalwork. Although the men controlled many public duties, women also had a strong voice and sometimes became chiefs. In 1762 the king of France ceded the territory of Louisiana to Spain to prevent its annexation by the British.

Until 1803, when Napoleon recovered Louisiana and sold it to the United States, the Spanish crown protected the Chitimacha with a decree prohibiting whites from settling Indian land. This did not prevent the Acadians, French-Canadian refugees from Quebec, from seizing Chitimacha lands, intermarrying with the Chitimacha, and infusing the Roman-Catholic religion and the Cajun-French language into their culture. The federal government granted the Chitimacha land in St. Mary's Parish, Louisiana in 1830 but otherwise paid little attention to them. Most struggled to survive, finding work where they could on plantations, in mills, and as small farmers. By 1880 only 35 people lived on the reservation, which lies a few miles from the Gulf of Mexico, near the Bayou Teche. Although they have long inhabited much of the Mississippi River delta region, their present reservation location, near Charenton, dates from 1764. Because tribal members could not pay individual property taxes, the land was put up for auction and sold to a friend of the tribe who held the land for them in his name. In 1919 the federal government set aside a portion of the land under a deed for the Chitimacha people, and at their request took over the mortgage, finally putting Chitimacha lands in a trust. Continued taxation and litigation further eroded the Chitimacha land base, and the 238 acres left represent only a fraction of the original lands. The land remaining to them was federally recognized only in 1970, at which time a tribal constitution and bylaws were created. In a determined effort to expand their land base, the tribe has filed three suits asking for several million dollars in damages and the return of thousands of acres of land. Defendants include large private landowners, several oil companies with pipelines across the disputed land, and the U.S. government. One of SOUTHERN EXPOSURE 95

operated by the federal government. The reservation has its own police force and public health officers. Many Cherokee who have received professional training return home as civil service employees in the federal agencies which administer programs on the reservation.

Thanks to Ed Sharpe at Cherokee Publications, P.O. Box 256, Cherokee N.C. 28719, for permission to use information from various brochures and pamphlets. The company has an impressive list of publications on Cherokee history and culture, including many suitable for young children and students. The Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma also provided some fine materials developed for their Remember the Removal education project. Contact the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma, Youth Leadership Program, P.O. Box 948, Tahlequah, OK 74465.

The Chitimacha Tribe of Louisiana

Chitimacha civilization sprang up along Bayou Atchafalaya and the shores of Lake Chitimacha (Grand Lake) around 500 AD. When the French arrived in this region in the early 1700s, approximately 3,000 Chitimacha inhabited the Mississippi delta region. The French described the Chitimacha as a gentle people, with highly developed and well-organized political systems. However, fighting broke out between the Chitimacha and the French in 1706, when the Chitimacha killed a French missionary. The war continued under the direction of the French governor Bienville, who pressed the Chitimacha into slave labor and nearly wiped them out. The Chitimacha traditionally farmed and hunted, planting mostly corn and sweet potatoes which they stored in



the suits - with Amoco, Tenneco, Texaco, Atlantic-Richfield, and several other firms as defendants - seeks \$125 million in damages and 7,000 acres of land adjoining the reservation. An outof-court settlement is possible and the Department of the Interior has become actively involved in the negotiations. An attorney for the tribe feels confident that the federal government will pay a share of settlement costs, recognizing its liability for not protecting lands placed in trust with the Department of the Interior in 1850. There are currently about 550 Chitimacha on the tribal roles, of whom 250 live on the reservation. The Chitimacha Reservation maintains its own school and a tribal center. A museum and a roadside park form the nucleus of their tourist-oriented economy. Women on the reservation have organized the Chitimacha Bead Association, a small cooperative capital investment in beadwork. They also plan to set up a shop where they will revive and then market traditional crafts such as basketmaking. The Chitimacha are particularly proud of their successful efforts to preserve and develop their traditional arts and crafts. Compiled by Gia Scarpetti and Les Field; further information may be obtained from the Chitimacha Tribe of Louisiana, P.O. Box 661, Charenton, LA 70523.

a Choctaw town thought to be located near the present site of Mobile, Alabama. Although the Maubilians died by the thousands, they were able to repel the Spaniards and their territory remained free of European encroachment until the arrival of the French around 1700. Spanish and English colonists quickly followed.

Initially the Choctaw allied themselves with the French. This placed them in conflict with the Creek and the Chickasaw, allies of the English who were establishing dominance over the areas to the north and east of the Mississippi Valley. In the complicated political and military manuevering that characterized the era, the Choctaw tribe was split in a war between the English and French. It was reunited under French rule in 1750 only to have the French cede the Louisiana Territory to Spain in a secret treaty in 1762. Spain in turn gave to the British a portion of the Territory which included the southern part of the Choctaw nation. The nation survived these constant shifts of power, even managing to avoid taking part in the Revolutionary War. In 1786 they signed their first treaty with the new U.S. government which defined their borders, recognized the Choctaw as an independent nation, and established trade relations. The Choctaw kept the conditions agreed upon in the treaty, joining with Andrew Jackson in the Battle of Horseshoe Bend where the efforts of Shawnee Chief Tecumseh to unite the tribes in war against the U.S. met with failure. As was the case with other Southeastern tribes, the loyalty of the Chocataw to the new nation meant little; Thomas Jefferson's 1803 message to Congress urged the removal of the Indian nations to lands west of the Mississippi. His message found a champion in Andrew Jackson. Tribal government was outlawed in Mississippi in 1829, and the Treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek, forced on the beleagured Choctaw, cost them their remaining lands. Where a population of 20,000 had existed, 8,000 Choctaw remained in Mississippi. But that population had dwindled to around 1,200 by 1910. Most of those who remained on the promise of individual land allotments never received them. Those who did were subject to the usual terrorist and fraudulent tactics used throughout the

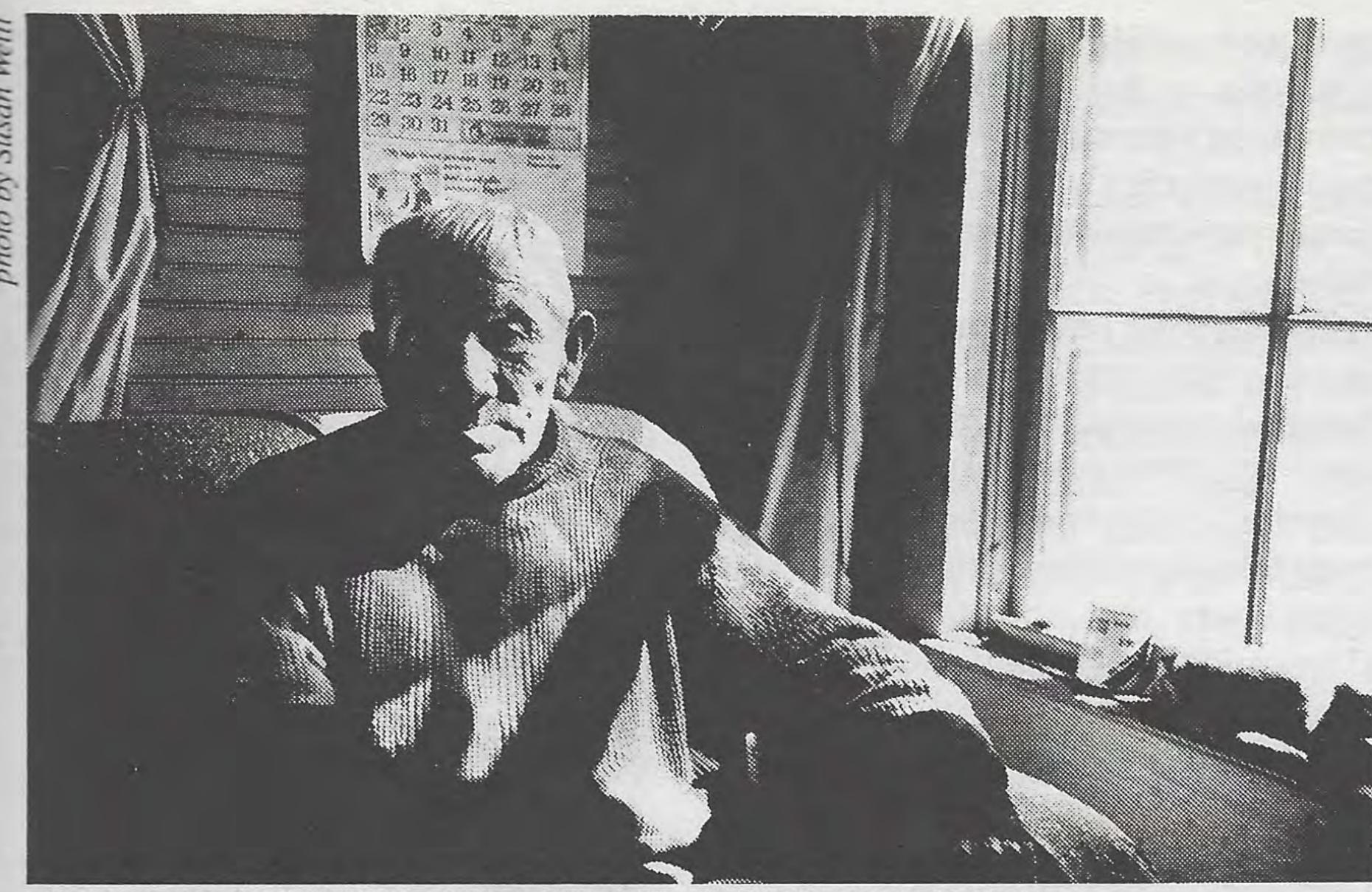
South to wrest the remaining land from Indian hands. The Mississippi Choctars were reduced to living as squatters and sharecroppers on their own land.

Not until a Congressional hearing in 1917 paved the way for the establishment of the Choctaw Agency in Philadelphia did the Mississippi Choctaw get any relief from the unrelenting series of injustices and the overwhelming powerty which threatened to destroy the remaining population. An influenza epidemic in World War I killed 20 per cent of the remaining members of the tribe, and the economy of eastcentral Mississippi was attacked by the boll weevil, exacerbating the tribe's already desperate situation. The presentday communities of Pearl River, Conehatta, Bogue Chitto, Tucker, Redwater, Standing Pine, and Bogue Homa grew from initial plots of poor land purchased for the remaining Choctaw by the BIA in 1921. Although the Choctaw were expected to survive and pay back the loans through farming, they were unable to eke a living out of the poor soil and many of the loans were in default when in 1939 an act of Congress placed them under the trusteeship of the BIA. Additional purchases expanded the reservation to 17,000 acres. The Indian Reorganization Act of 1939 paved the way for the official reestablishment of tribal government, and the Mississippi Choctaw moved swiftly to draw up a constitution and elect officers. They were granted federal recognition in 1945 as the Mississippi Band of Choctaw. Since the establishment of a federal agency in 1918 the Choctaw have moved deliberately toward control of the federal bodies which serve their people, and towards economic self-sufficiency. They first established elementary schools in all seven communities in the 1920s and 1930s. The Choctaw built their first high school in 1963, and have since graduated around 500 students. More than 200 adults have received diplomas through the adult education program. Through education, the Choctaw hope to diminish the inevitable cultural conflicts and callousness which have characterized BIA dealings with Indian communities. The tribe hired its first Choctaw employee in 1963 and won a significant victory over the BIA with the appointment of a Choctaw as head of the local agency.

The Mississippi Band of the Choctaw Indians

The early history of the Choctaw is intertwined with that of the other Southeastern tribes as they struggled to retain their society against continual warfare among the French, Spanish, and English. As early as 1519, Spanish gold-seekers invaded Choctaw territory, sending back provocative and dramatic stories about the riches and the lifestyle of the Choctaw. In 1540 deSoto arrived with a 600-man army which burned, raped, and pillaged its way across the Southeast, enslaving Indians as it went. Holding the Choctaw Chief Tuscaloosa captive, the Spaniards met with determined resistance at Maubila,





400 new homes and the repair of another 200, and is responsible for the construction of numerous buildings on the reservation. Plans are underway to build a child-care faciliity for working parents, a transportation network, and a commercial shopping center. Two major businesses, each employing several hundred people, are the Choctaw Greetings Enterprise - where workers are contracted to hand-finish greeting cards - and an automotive instrument wiring plant. The Choctaw are quick to point out that these are both nonpolluting industries. Thanks to the Mississippi Band of Choctaw Indians, Route 7, Box 21, Philadelphia, MS. 39350 for information contained in this survey. Copies of their publications may be obtained by writing the tribal center at the same address.

BEFORE HIS DEATH IN 1984, JOHN HUNTER THOMPSON RECORDED AN ANCIENT CHOCTAW WAR CHANT THAT HE ALONE REMEMBERED.

Perhaps the most significant achievements of the Choctaw have been in the area of health care. The Choctaw Health Department, established in 1975, jointly run by the tribe and the Indian Health Service, is a comprehensive care center with programs in environmental health, community nursing services, substance abuse programs, and the ever-present training and career development program, with an eye toward tribal administration of the entire complex.

The Choctaw are most proud of their economic development efforts. An 80-acre industrial park houses two major industries, employing hundreds of people. The establishment of the Chata Development Company in 1969 paved the way for the construction of

The Creek Nation East of the Mississippi

During early historic times, the Muscogee occupied the greater portion of Alabama and Georgia, residing chiefly on the Coosa and Tallapoosa rivers, on the largest tributaries of the Alabama River, and on the Flint and Chatta-

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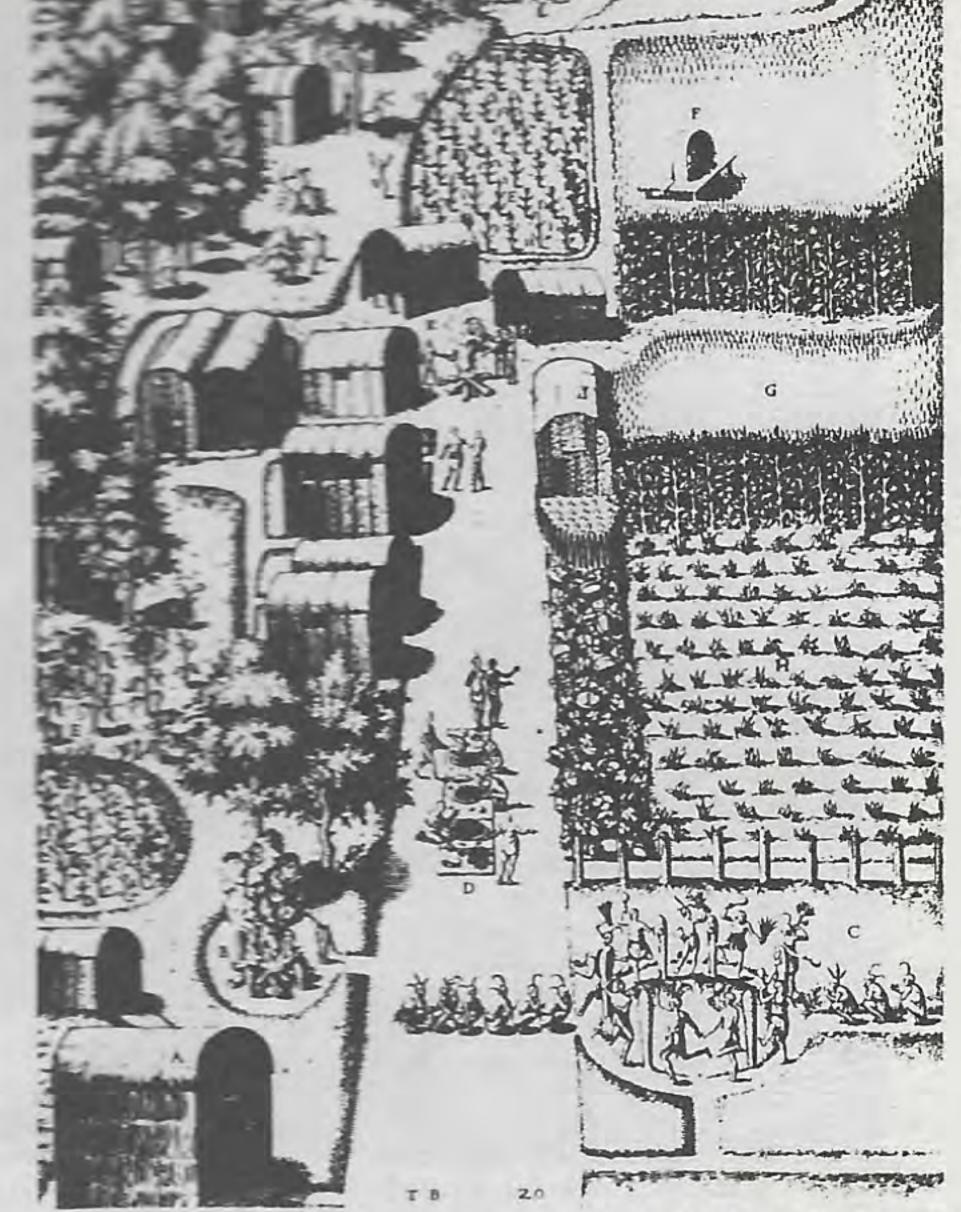
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hoochee rivers in Georgia. Whites began calling them Creeks because of the proximity of their towns and villages to creeks. The Muscogee claimed a territory from the Savannah River, along the coast, and from the northern mountains to below present-day Montgomery. During the Revolutionary War, the Creek confederacy contained an esti-

produced children who came to hold positions of leadership based on the combined status of their mothers in the matrilineal clan system and the educational opportunities provided by their fathers.

Through the years Creek towns took in many Europeans and Africans, both free and enslaved, resulting in a number of "mixed-blood" members. Generally the children of slaves were born free. Sometimes blacks served as interpreters and sometimes runaway slaves added to the Indians' knowledge of agricultural techniques. The number of blacks among the Creeks was such that three of the townships formed when they were forced into Oklahoma territory were black. The War of 1812 divided the Creek Nation into supporters of the British and supporters of the United States. A third faction began a migration to Spanish Florida. Both William Weatherford, leader of the Red Sticks (who supported the British), and William McIntosh, leader of the "loyalists" (supporters of the United States), were of Creek and Scottish descent. The Red Sticks were defeated at Horseshoe Bend by Andrew Jackson's army comprised of the Georgia and Tennessee militia, armed settlers, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Cherokee, and other Creek Indians who supported the U.S. Neither faction profited by the war, for Jackson forced them to surrender to the U.S. about half of the present state of Alabama, gloatingly describing it as "20 million acres of the cream of the Creek country." The gain of Alabama territory robbed many Indians who had fought with the whites of their homelands. Creek migrations to Florida quickened. There was a final uprising in 1836, but by then most of the land had been wrested away by fraud, illegal treaty-making, forgery, murder, and arson by covetous white settlers.



mated 84,000 square miles. The Muscogee had migrated to this region from an area to the northwest, incorporating many of the smaller, diminished tribes into their nation. Historical and archeological evidence indicate that prior to 1540, the beginning of sustained contact with Europeans, leagues existed among several towns, with head chiefs presiding. The Europeans thus referred to them as a confederacy.

From the 1700s to the 1800s the Creek confederacy occupied some 50 towns and additional villages and small settlements. Towns contained as many as 200 houses and a public square; villages had between 20 and 30 houses. Their total population numbered at least 20,000. The Muscogee lived in settled agricultural communities with policies that promoted peace with their neighbors. They were governed by elected representatives responsible for the welfare of all members of the tribe. The Creeks grew corn, beans, pumpkins, squash, and sweet potatoes on fields that were the common property of the tribe with plots allotted for each household. Agriculture became increasingly important to the economy, and by the 1700s the Muscogee had begun raising poultry, cattle, hogs, melons, and various fruits in addition to the traditional crops. Hunting remained important as a source of food, skins, and for trade for European manufactured goods which A SIXTEENTH CENTURY INDIAN TOWN ON THE PAMLICO RIVER IN NORTH CAROLINA

the land allotments in Alabama they received for supporting the United States in the war. Fewer still managed to escape the Removal. Some who did were sold into slavery; others endured separation from their families, loss of their system of tribal life and government, and continued hostility from their white neighbors.

Descendants of these survivors form the core of the Poarch Band. Although no official tribal organization remained after Removal, the Poarch Band of Creeks was acknowledged by the U.S. as an Indian tribe in 1984 based on documented history going back to 1540. Ancestors of the Poarch Band formed an autonomous town of "halfbloods" in the late 1700s. A distinct political unit since before the 1812 war, the band was governed by a succession of military leaders and prominent men in the nineteenth century. From the late 1800s through 1950, leadership was clear but informal. Leaders are now elected from the 1,470-member band. In 1962 the Federal Indian Claims Commission awarded \$3,913,000 to descendants of members of the Creek Nation as it was constituted August 9, 1814. This award amounts to about 50 cents per acre for the the nine million acres ceded to the government in 1814. Having met federal requirements for recognition as an Indian tribe, the Poarch Band will share in this award. Currently tribal members live in the unincorporated communities of Poarch, Hog Fork, and Head of Perdido in rural southern Alabama, prin-

Between 1836 and 1840 most of the Creek nation was forced to resettle in "Indian Territory" set aside for them in what is now Oklahoma. They were robbed of all their goods and property and put under the charge of private contractors who provided substandard food, clothing, and transportation. Of the 17,500 people who were driven out, 3,500 died on the journey. A few loyalists managed to hold on to

the Muscogee quickly adapted. Many European traders intermarried with Muscogee women in a practice similar to diplomatic marriage making between nations in other parts of the world. The reciprocal obligations incurred by these ties were deemed to be an important factor in maintaining peaceful relations. These unions often

cipally in Escambia, Baldwin, and Monroe counties. Some also live in Escambia County, Florida, and in the vicinity of Meridian, Mississippi. There is no state or federal reservation land, but 100 acres outside of Atmore are designated to become a federal trust under the BIA.

The Poarch Band has struggled through the Depression, land disputes, racial discrimination, and segregated schools. In 1947 Jack Daughtry stood in front of the Atmore junior high school bus demanding that Indian children be allowed to board. The Indians filed suit and won the right for all their children to attend the white school after rejecting the school board's offer to accept only the lighter-skinned ones. Through the years, while the Indians remained socially separate, cultural distinctions between the Creek and their rural neighbors practically disappeared. Throughout this century, however, Indian identity has been heightened by a number of land litigations, including one initiated by the Creek Nation in 1950. Today the Poarch-based tribal council focuses on the local community, providing programs for the children and the elderly. The building housing the Tribal Center also hosts a museum of Indian artifacts and a public library. Tribal elections are held on Thanksgiving Day when the Band also hosts an annual powwow. Compiled by Marcia Still

have greater control over their own affairs as well as better prospects for economic development.

Since 1981 the Tunica-Biloxi have filed suit over a 17,000-acre area in Avoyelles and Rapides. They don't expect to regain the land but rather to obtain financial compensation for the expropriation of it from their ancestors. The Tunica-Biloxi have also

reclaimed the Tunica Treasure, a twoand-a-half-ton collection of artifacts unearthed near Angola, Louisiana. Despite an expected appeal from a white treasure hunter, Leonard Charrier, who says he found the treasure, the Tunica-Biloxi plan to house the finds in a new museum on their reservation. The modern Tunica-Biloxi descend from a number of Indian peoples, including the Tunicas, Biloxis, Ofos, and Avoyles. When the first Spanish explorers under Hernando de Soto traveled through the Mississippi River Valley in 1541, these tribes lived in an area stretching from present-day northwestern Louisiana through central Mississippi, and up into southern Kansas. The Tunica people were themselves a confederation of peoples living in this

area, and they are known to have exercised control over many of the neighboring groups.

The French claimed the entire Mississippi River Valley in the late seventeenth century and attempted to proselytize the indigenous peoples. The Tunica and associated groups migrated from their original lands to the Red River region in what is today Louisiana. They fought against the Natchez Indian empire with the French, and also against the British forts in Louisiana in 1779. The French rewarded the Tunicas and Biloxis with land in Avoyelles prairie country that same year. During Spanish rule over the region the Spanish crown prohibited white settlement of Indian lands. When the U.S. purchased the Louistana Territory from France in 1803, the federal government agreed to abide by previous agreements and land cessions the French and Spanish had made to and with the Indian peoples. In fact, the federal government never protected the Tunica and Biloxi peoples from the state of Louisiana, which ignored the recognized treaties and attempted to confiscate tribal lands. The Tunica and

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Tunica-Biloxi

Since 1981, the Tunica-Biloxi have held legal title to a 132-acre reservation in Avoyelles and Rapides parishes of southwest Louisiana. This land constitutes the base for development and tribal survival, although only a relatively few people live on the reservation land itself. Of an estimated 230 tribal members, 90 live in Avoyelles and Rapides parishes, either on or near the reservation. Approximately 45 percent of the Tunica-Biloxi reside in Texas or in other parts of Louisiana, while other tribal members live in Illinois. A 10-year court battle culminated in 1981 when the federal government recognized the Tunica-Biloxi as an Indian tribe, with ownership of the 132-acre reservation and the right to certain types of federal aid. As a federally recognized tribe, the Tunica-Biloxi



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Biloxi faced discrimination, fraud, and extreme impoverishment without hope until 1971 when they filed suit for federal recognition and formal title to their land.

The Tunica-Biloxi consider themselves a success story. Their hardworking, positive, and self-sufficient attitudes enabled them to survive detions, affecting some 80 tribes, Billie has been quoted as saying that his goal is to "buy back the whole damn state." Buffalo Tiger, chief of the Miccosukee Tribe of Florida admits — and not too reluctantly — that Homer Osceola, chief of the independent Everglades Miccosukee, has a point when he repudiates the white man's ways. Osceola claims, "We were never conquered. How can the white man give it [the land] back to us when we already own it?" As leader of some of the Miccosukee living in traditional villages along the Tamiami Trail, he continues ple mostly from present-day western Georgia. These emigrants were called *sim-in-oli* by the Muscogee.

By the time the Revolutionary War began, Muscogee-speaking people fleeing the war-torn areas further north and west had joined the Hitchitispeaking emigrant. Their population increased dramatically after the Creek War of 1813-14 and the new alliance grew in numbers and in strength as African fugitives from slavery entered their territory seeking refuge. Together this diverse group, united in their enmity towards the expanionist whites, built

cades of poverty and injustice, led them to their currently improving condition, and have created even brighter prospects for the future.

Compiled by Clisby Locklear; special thanks to Donald Juneau for providing information on Louisiana tribes, including his own research on the history and legal status of the Tunica-Biloxi.

Seminole and Miccosukee

The complicated and intertwining history of the Miccosukee and Seminole makes it nearly impossible to discuss them as separate entities even though they now form distinct political units. In 1957 the Seminole Nation of Florida was formed when those residing in Brighton, Big Cypress, and Hollywood organized a constitutional government and elected a five-member tribal council. Most of the Miccosukee followed suit in 1962 under a separate tribal constitution. The tribal council and constitutional form of government are required by the federal government for loans, health and educational benefits, and even for consideration for legal redress in the federal courts. Because of the coercive nature of this contractual arrangement, some of the Miccosukee residing along Florida's Tamiami Trail still refuse to establish relationships with any federal or state authority — and scorn other tribes who do. The Seminole and Miccosukee who have organized under the tribal council system see it as a way of relieving grinding poverty and providing a stepping stone to economic selfsufficiency for the tribe. James Billie, chief of the Seminole Nation, is decidedly in the forefront of modern economic maneuvering. A central figure in the controversy over regulation of gaming laws on reservato refuse to recognize the U.S. government. In a letter to President Reagan in 1983 Osceola repudiated the settlement of a land claim and chastised the Miccosukee Tribe of Florida for accepting \$975,000 for the land in question.

Tiger's organization, on the other hand, now has a contract to perform services once administered by the BIA, and those services are provided to all the Miccosukee. Tiger's suspicions echo those of his first cousin Homer Osceola when he says, "We don't want the government to pry into our affairs and to know too much about our ways because this is how it can exercise control over us."

Though the philosophical approaches differ, there is a striking

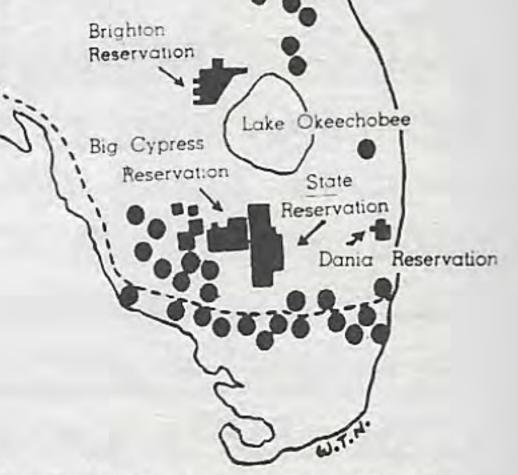
a series of self-sufficient communities similar to the earlier Creek models.

At the end of the American Revolution a northern boundary divided Spanish from American territory, thus driving the wedge deeper between the Florida Indians and their relatives in the growing Creek confederacy further north. By this time the Spanish main-

Silver Springs

attal Trail

similarity of attitude that belies such simplistic and Western-derived terms as "traditionalist" and "progressive." These attitudes derive from the common history of the tribes and the unity forged during years of resistance to a common enemy. Originally from two separate linguistic groups, the Hitchitispeaking people (among them the Mikasuki) and the Muscogee-speaking people formed an alliance beginning in the 1700s in what was then Spanish controlled Florida. Their southward migrations began in the early 1700s when the Oconee left their home near present-day Milledgeville, Georgia, present-day eventually reaching Gainesville, Florida in the 1750s. There they joined with the Timucua, Calusa, and other indigenous people of the area whose numbers had dwindled drastically due to brutal persecution by the Spanish that began in the 1500s. Formerly members of the Creek confederacy - an alliance comprising many tribes — the Oconee were later joined by other Hitchiti-speaking peo-



PRESENT-DAY SEMINOLE AND MICCOSUKEE COMMUNITIES IN FLORIDA

tained a few isolated posts, but the Florida peninsula was largely dominated by the Indians.

A diversified economy which combined livestock breeding, agriculture, fishing, hunting, and trade led to a high level of prosperity during the 1700s. The manufacture of cypress dugout canoes took traders as far south as Cuba and Panama. But the continuous conflicts created by the institution of slavery in the new U.S. republic later resulted in bitterly fought wars between the Florida Indians and the United States which seriously undermined the flourishing Indian economy. Africans running from slavery in the U.S. — including members of fighting

tribes such as the Ibo, Egba, Senegalese, and Corromantee - were welcomed as allies by the Seminole and found a higher level of freedom among the Indians. Sometimes living as tenant farmers, their status in the Indian community was often elevated - as that of the earlier white traders had been when they married into the tribe, accruing the rights and responsibilities of their new clan. But blacks also formed their own independent communities with representative councils. When the Creek confederacy signed the Treaty of Colerain in 1796 agreeing to return fugitive slaves to their "owners," the Seminoles and members of the Lower Creek confederacy did not participate. Black refugees were a factor in the final severance of bonds between the Seminole and the Upper Creek confederacy, and they continued to play a critical role in determining the Seminole's future. While wars to the north prompted more and more members of the Creek nation to flee to Florida, the U.S. became more determined to force the Florida Indians to comply with treaty provisions established with the Creek confederacy. Since the importation of Africans for slaves was forbidden after

1808, former slaves and their descendants became even more valuable to the plantation owners whose holdings bordered Seminole land. In 1817 this standoff prompted 250 soldiers to destroy a Seminole village in what is now southwestern Georgia in response to Chief Neamathla's effrontery in warning soldiers at a nearby fort against trespassing. The unprovoked attack which killed several women and men led to what Americans call the First Seminole War.

Led by the now-notorious Andrew Jackson, 3,000 men – half of whom were Creeks led by loyalist MacIntosh - burned most of the towns, seized food and livestock, and murdered a sizable portion of the population. Jackson next turned his attention to the Spanish forts and in 1821 succeeded in achieving the cession of Florida to the United States. With Jackson at the helm, the U.S. immediately initiated attempts to isolate the Indians from ports and other trade routes where they might receive arms shipments. The Treaty of Camp Moultrie in 1823 created a fourmillion-acre reservation in central Florida. With promises of farming im-

plements, livestock, food rations, funds to support a school, and a 20-year annuity of \$5,000, a small faction of Seminoles exchanged 32 million acres of land for the reserve. However, autocratic leadership was unknown in Seminole country, as in all Indian societies; the tribes' structure gave no one the authority to sign away land.

Predictably, further hostilities ensued as the U.S. attempted to confine the Indians. White settlers ignored treaty provisions that forbade trespassing, and the Florida legislature passed repressive laws that initiated a legalized reign of terror against Indians who were found off the reservation. This era of betrayal and brutality produced the Seminole's paramount hero, Osceola, who died in prison in 1838, betrayed by the U.S. government after he had entered into peace negotiations. Following an impressive struggle of resistance by the Indians and a protracted removal effort, the U.S. managed to oust all but about 300 of the Seminole from their homes by 1854. The sustained effort cost the United States some \$20 million, mostly in military costs. But the final costs have yet to be paid, as the U.S. has become entangled in its own



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legal web, and old debts from coercive contracts continue to haunt the twentieth century government.

Information for this survey was gathered largely from Alvin Josephy's Now That the Buffalo's Gone, which gives an excellent history of the Florida Indians, and from Wilfred T. Neill's The Story of Florida's Seminole Indians, an especially detailed history up to 1956. Special thanks also to William Loren Katz, author of books and articles on blacks and Indians; Damon Smith for information on the Florida Nation of the Seminole; the Florida State Governor's Council on Indian Affairs; and Betty Mae Jumper, for providing recent copies of the Seminole Tribune. tral and southern United States and northern Mexico. Their history illustrates the will of Native Americans to defend their integrity and independence and demonstrates how some have foiled the "divide and conquer" tactics of the U.S. government.

In the early nineteenth century, the Kickapoo relinquished rights to their homeland through a series of treaties, in exchange for a smaller tract of land in Missouri and minimal compensation. Dissatisfied with the paucity of land for hunting and with its proximity to other settlements, most Kickapoo refused to live on the assigned land. A small group eventually renegotiated for a broader tract in northeastern Kansas. The majority, however, refused to negotiate and migrated south to Texas, then still part of Mexico. Hostilities with white settlers in Texas caused the Kickapoo to move further south into Mexico beginning about 1850. Mexican officials welcomed the band and offered them land in exchange for their agreement to defend Mexico's northern border. A parcel in Nacimiento still occupied by Kickapoo in the winter months dates from an 1852 agreement with Mexico.

U.S. proposed the allotment of reservation land into individual tracts for each family. The Kickapoo resisted, but the U.S. imposed its will through threats and manipulation. Each adult *male* Kickapoo was allotted 80 acres of land. The rest of their territory was opened for white settlement.

In the process the Kickapoo lost about 90 percent of their Oklahoma lands. Many decided to migrate again and join their kin in Mexico. Kickapoo remain in Oklahoma and Kansas, and have been incorporated as a federally recognized tribe in Oklahoma. The Texas Band of Kickapoo retains a migratory way of life, using the international boundary to maximize cultural integrity and independence. While their culture maintains vitality and autonomy, the 600 Texas Kickapoo are materially impoverished. Their winter base in Nacimiento is isolated and seldom visited by outsiders; the Mexican government leaves the Kickapoo alone. In Nacimiento the Kickapoo practice their religion freely. It is based on their relationship with Kitzibiat, the Great Mystery. All tribal members speak the Algonquian language.

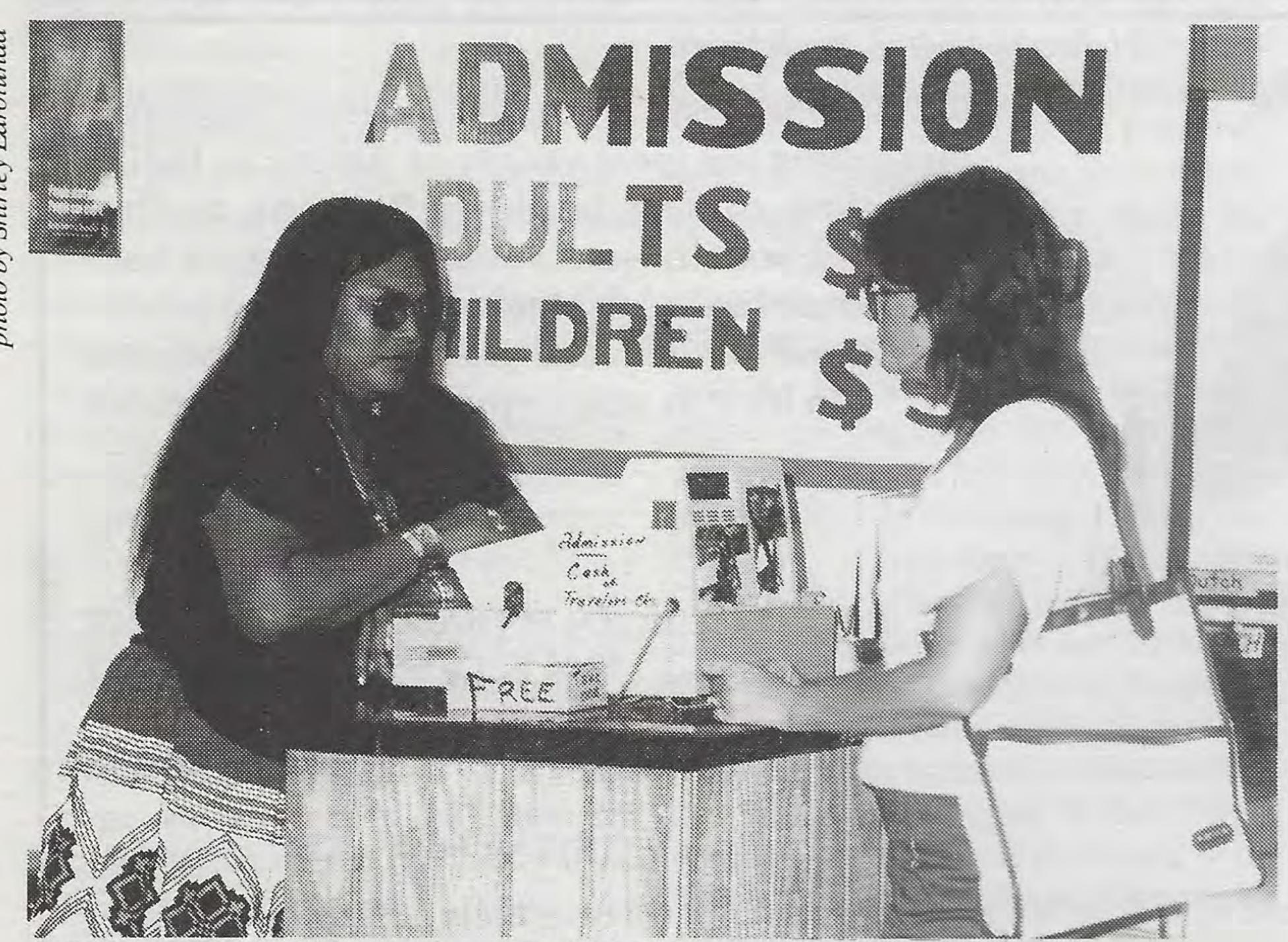
Kickapoo

The Kickapoo — one group of whom live in Texas for part of the year — defy classification. Not "Indians of the South," they are descended from Algonquian-speaking Kickapoo whose original homeland centered around the Great Lakes. Though the victims of broken treaties, they were never defeated by U.S. troops but instead have fought for and successfully defended their culture and religion. A series of migrations over the last 150 years finds the Kickapoo scattered about the cen-

Over the course of the next two decades, many Kickapoo returned to the U.S. and were moved to the Indian Territory (now Oklahoma) in 1883. In 1891, as part of a policy to dismantle Indian tribes as collective entities, the

In the 1940s the Kickapoo began an annual migration to the United States to work as migrant farm laborers. In Eagle Pass, Texas, they have long maintained a squatters' settlement as a base from which to follow the harvests from March to November. Many lived under and around the international bridge that spans the Rio Grande. Through congressional action, the Kickapoo were granted federal recognition in early 1983, acknowledging them to be eligible for all federal services to Indians and to clarify their eligibility for U.S. citizenship. In January 1985 they took possession of a small reservation near Eagle Pass. Many Kickapoo are fearful of this change. While they have migrated legally to Mexico each year for decades, many Kickapoo feel that a federal reservation will endanger their autonomy. They believe that their freedom to return to Mexico, now the sacred site of their religious ceremonies, will eventually be curtailed. And they fear dependence on the government and government control over the schooling of their children, a primary cause of their earlier migrations.

photo by Shirley Larotunda



DORIS OSCEOLA CASHIERS AT THE MICCOSUKEE CULTURAL CENTER

Compiled by Les Field and Gia Scarpetti

STATE-AFFILIATED

A number of tribes in the South have no formal relationship with the federal government but are recognized as Indians by states in which they reside. States vary in the extent of their involvement. Virginia and Texas administer reservations. North Carolina, and more recently Tennessee have established commissions on Indian affairs. Services offered are generally minimal but these commissions are important as political advocacy agencies. Established largely through the efforts of Native Americans, they help promote unity among scattered Indian communities. Many of these tribes have had longstanding relationships with states. Most notably the Pamunkey and Mattaponi of Virginia have managed to hold on to reservation land granted them in the 1600s. Other small groups have existed, more or less anonymously, in small communities throughout the region and are only now beginning to revitalize as tribal entities. Informal networks among Native Americans have always existed, reinforced through intermarriage between members of groups who "recognize" each other whether the federal or state government does or not.



English-speaking settlers - culminating in the execution of two Alabama men for the alleged murder of a white man in the early 1800s - prompted further migration of the Alabama and Coushatta into the Louisiana Territory. By then the Louisiana Territory was no longer governed by the friendly French, but by the U.S. and the Indians found themselves once again being pushed out of their homes.

In 1809 Governor Cordero of Texas invited the tribes to move across the Sabine River into Texas where they established a village at Trinity River. The U.S. annexation of Texas in 1846 brought another influx of white settlers who destroyed the Indian settlement. Land was finally purchased in the name of the Alabama Indians by the state of Texas in 1854, with additional lands purchased for the Coushatta in 1855. In 1928 the United States bought an adjoining 3,181 acres and assumed trusteehip over the lands in the name of both the Alabama and Coushatta. The state of Texas has contributed to the reservation's budget since 1929 when it was placed under the State Board of Control. In 1949 control was passed to the Texas Board of Mental Hospitals and Special Schools and designated as a charity. The United States terminated its trust relationship with the tribe in 1954 during the era of forced assimilation. The Alabama were in effect derecognized. Once again the state as-

THE RAGLAND FAMILY AT A SOUTH CAROLINA POWWOW

in particular, are active in these events, participating in the dances taught to them by older members of the tribe. Some groups have formed nonprofit organizations which serve as a conduit for funds with which they provide community health, education, and employment services. A few tribes are still seeking state recognition, such as the Meherrin in North Carolina. Others are seeking federal recognition, such as the Tuscarora of North Carolina and the Houma of Louisiana. While Southern Exposure has not made an allinclusive survey, the few tribes we describe reflect the diversity and the tenacity so characteristic of Native American tribes.

In the last decade annual powwows have served as a way of strengthening those bonds as various Native American communities meet to share information and inspiration. Young people,

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Alabama/Coushatta

The Alabama and Coushatta, members of the Muskogean linguistic family of the Upper Creek confederacy, were formerly neighboring tribes in Alabama and Mississippi. Pushed steadily southwestward from their original homes in eastern Georgia, they settled on the western banks of the Chattanooga river which is now the boundary between Alabama and Georgia.

The southwestward migrations of the Alabama and Coushatta began sometime in the eighteenth century, when a number of the tribe left Alabama and started a settlement on the Sabine River in Louisiana. By 1763 when the French built a fort at present-day Mobile, the remaining Alabama and Coushatta had merged informally and the French found it advantageous to court their good will. Escalating conflicts with the



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sumed trusteeship over the reservation, holding 3,071 acres of the state reservation land in trust.

Although the Alabama and Coushatta regained federal recognition in 1959, their legal status remains unclear. The Texas Commission for Indian Affairs was formed (now called the Texas Indian Commission) with the power to ad-

regulations on the reservation.

Bruce Youngblood, who wrote the opinion, did not limit his discourse to the hunting/fishing issue, but opened up several other questions about the tribe's tax status, the legality of the transfer of trust between state and federal governments, and the legal status of the tribes.

In the opinion issued by the attorney general's office, the state could enforce hunting and fishing laws on the reservation. Youngblood also held that state funding for Indians violated a 1972 state constitutional amendment prohibiting discrimination when it selected "people to be beneficiaries of a gratuitous trust relationship with the state." Two bills are currently before the Texas legislature which would bring state law into line with federal law which recognizes Indian tribes as political entities with the same status as other state, county, and local governments. A federal suit filed on the behalf of the Alabama and Coushatta by the Native American Rights Fund is charging the federal government with failure to protect Indian lands.

administered reservation located in the piney woods of east Texas with a substantial population in Louisiana. Part of the Big Thicket, the Texas reservation houses a tourist complex consisting of a gift shop, a restaurant and concessions, a "living Indian village," an arts and crafts center, a museum, camp grounds, a fishing area, and several different bus and train rides throughout the Thicket. The tourist complex generates a sustantial amount of the tribes' income, employs over 200 tribal members, and entertains nearly 100,000 visitors annually.

minister state funds and programs at the reservation.

The confusion about the legal status of the Alabama and Coushatta was brought to a head in 1981 when two men were arrested by state Parks and Wildlife officers for hunting on the reservation without a state license. Although the charges were eventually dropped when the Indians protested that they had hunted on the reservation for more than 300 years without a license, the Parks and Wildlife department requested a ruling by the attorney general's office on whether the state has the authority to enforce hunting and fishing

The current home of the Alabama and Coushatta is a 4,280-acre, state-

North Carolina

The Lumbee: The primary population center for the Lumbee is Robeson County, North Carolina. From 1880 through World War I Lumbee migrated to Georgia to work in the turpentine industry. Many Lumbee also went to Michigan during the Depression seeking employment. There are now substantial communities in Georgia, Michigan, Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania.

The Lumbee have no state or federal reservation. Most of the land around

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Robeson County is privately owned and rests near the Lumber (Lumbee) River. Swampy and of the "clay silt" variety, the land is quite fertile. The Lumbee Regional Development Association, a non-profit agency, is currently enrolling members to qualify for federal acknowledgement.

Although the Lumbee have never received full federal recognition, in 1815 the North Carolina General Assembly acknowledged them under the name Croatan Indians. The federal government stated that they would continue to deny rights and services to Indians who had not made a treaty with the United States. Even so, a tribal roll of 17,000 has resulted from their planning and acknowledgement efforts. The Coharie: The Coharie Indians are located in Sampson and Harnett counties in the Shiloh community, the Holly Grove community, and the New Bethel community. Their total population is near 2,000. Each county has a council. They have, in recent years received federal and state funds to administer such community programs as job training and youth activities. Haliwa-Saponi: The Haliwa-Saponi are scattered throughout northeastern North Carolina, but live primarily in Halifax and Warren counties. The towns of Hollister and Essex - both located in Halifax County — are the heart of the Haliwa-Saponi community, and the tribe's documented history there dates from the 1720s. The tribe was organized in 1950 and recognized by the state in 1965. The Haliwa-Saponi descend from Siouan tribes in the piedmont region of North Carolina and Virginia, like the Saponi from whom they take their name. They were reduced to remnants by European settlement. Current tribal membership numbers approximately 2,500. A school built by the community during the 1950s now serves as a community center for adult education, arts and crafts, community meetings, various senior citizen and employment programs, and recreationmately 1,500 members of the Waccamaw-Siouan tribe.

The Waccamaw, believed to have been referred to in earlier records as the Waccon Indians, lived near what is now southeastern North Carolina-northeastern South Carolina. Decimated by European settlement and pushed by the Tuscarora into the swamps, the Waccamaw-Siouan - who now number about 1,500 — revitalized in 1952 and are now recognized by the state. They formed the Waccamaw Siouan

Development Association, a nonprofit tribal organization. The association administers various social and economic development programs for tribal members and is governed by a tribal board elected by the enrolled members.

Meherrin: The Meherrin are located in the northeastern coastal plains, mostly in Hertford County. The Meherrin were an Iroquois-speaking tribe once located on the North Carolina-Virgina border. They were closely allied with the Nottoway and related to

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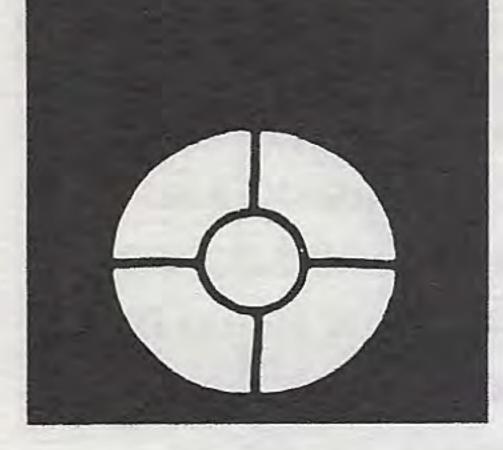
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al activities.

Waccamaw-Siouan: The Waccamaw-Siouan are located in Bladen and Columbus counties in the southeastern part of the state near Green Swamp. Calling themselves "People of the Fallen Star," they recount a legend of a ball of fire which fell to earth, creating Lake Waccamaw. There are approxi-

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the Tuscorora, both Iroquois tribes. A Meherrin reservation was established by Virginia in the 1700s but by the 1800s it no longer existed. Tribal members, numbering about 600, have a pending petition for state recognition. They officially reorganized in 1976. *Eno-Occaneechi:* The descendants of the Eno-Occaneechi live in the Eno Occaneechi traveled the from Cherokee and Catawba nations in the west northward into the tidewater regions of Virginia. Around 1715 many Eno settled around Fort Christianna, Virginia at the encouragement of the governor who had started a school for all the tribes of southern Virginia and North Carolina. The objective was apparently to end their domination of the Trading Path, now Interstate 85. When the school closed around 1740, the Eno people began drifting back to their ancestral lands along the river that bears their name, joining with relatives who remained in the region. They eventually acquired legal title to the lands on which they lived, although much land was lost. Until 1930 they had their own school; several of the churches are still predominantly Indian in make-up. The tribe recently became involved in efforts to preserve the old Occaneechi Town site near Hillsborough in the face of planned development. Eno-Occaneechi survey compiled by Forest Hazel

descended from Indians of the Powhatan Confederacy of Algonquian tribes which lived in the area when the Jamestown settlers arrived in the early seventeenth century. At that time the Powhatan Confederacy had about 200 villages, and its members were at first friendly to the English. They were soon driven to hostility, however, by the continued demands the white settlers made upon them. Under their chief, Opechancanough, they planned an uprising that in 1622 nearly wiped out the English settlements, destroying all except Jamestown, which had been forewarned by a Christian convert. Reprisals followed and in 1625 a thousand Indians were defeated at the great battle of Pamunkey. Other massacres of Indians, including a raid under Nathaniel Bacon in 1676, nearly destroyed the tribe. Today only 125 acres of land remain. There are approximately 350 Mattaponi on the tribal roles but fewer than 100 reside on the reservation. Monaccan/Amhurst: The Monaccan/Amuhurst Indians of Amhurst County, Virginia are descended from the Monaccan Tribe, a Siouan tribe of the piedmont region of Virginia. Closely allied with the Saponi and Tutelo, the Monaccan numbered about 1,500 in 1607. Their are about 250 Monaccan

River region of the state, primarily in Alamance and Orange counties, but also in Caswell, Person, and Durham counties. The main population center is the farming community of Pleasant Grove. There are no tribal lands at present, but efforts are underway to obtain a small tract of land for tribal use.

There is land around the Pleasant Grove community that, as far as can be ascertained, has never been out of Indian hands. The tribe, which numbers approximately 500 people, is presently petitioning for state recognition and has incorporated in order to accomplish this goal.

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Mattaponi: The Mattaponi Indians of King William County, Virginia are

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Nansemond of Virginia: The Nansemond were chartered by the state of Virginia in 1984 and recognized as a tribe in 1985. The Nansemond were an Algonquian tribe that was a member of the Powhatan Confederacy at the settling of Jamestown in 1607. The tribe, decimated by early European contact in the 1600s, began its revitalizization in 1923 and now numbers about 200.

Pamunkey of Virginia: Most Pamunkey live on a state reservation in King William County, Virginia. Fewer than a hundred Pamunkey remain on the 800 acres left from the 1,100 originally set aside for them by the House of Burgesses on the Pamunkey River in 1677. Pamunkey or Powhatan tribal headquarters are located in Pamunkey, Virginia. The tribe was part of the once powerful Powatan confederacy. The Pamunkey were part of the 1622 attack on English settlements and suffered from the reprisals. By the turn of that century

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only 12 Indian villages were left and Pamunkey, with 150 inhabitants, was the only significant village in Virginia. An estimated 500 Pamunkey live off of the reservation.

Indian Neck Rapahanock: The Indian Neck Rapahanock lost their state reservation in Caroline County after 1700. Once called the Portobacco (an Algonquian tribe), the Indian Neck Rapahanock were state-chartered in 1921. Two hundred live in a threecounty area, mostly in Caroline County.

about 1,000, they have a small reservation a few miles southeast of El Paso. The Texas band of Kickapoo is a nomadic group of about 600, who spend their summers in Eagle Pass, Texas.

Yet Texas has an official Indian population of more than 40,000 - and an Indian population estimated by those who know them (and their penchant for noncooperation with the likes of censustakers) of perhaps 70,000. Where are they? Ninety-seven percent of them are in the cities, mostly in the Indian ghettos of Houston and Dallas, where they have come looking for decent work and find instead menial jobs, ill health, poverty, and political invisibility. The condition of Indians in Texas cities can be viewed as similar to that of urban Indians in other states. Dallas, where an estimated 20,000 Indians live, is home to members of 179 different tribes. According to a 1975 survey roughly 29 percent are Choctaw, 15 percent, Navajo; 7 percent, Cherokee; 6 percent, Sioux; 6 percent, Creek; 6 percent, Comanche; 5 percent, Kiowa; 4 percent, Apache; 3 percent, Chickasaw; 2 percent, Ponca; 2 percent, Pueblo; 1 percent, Cheyenne; and 13 percent. other tribes. Most come from nearby Oklahoma and New Mexico.

Dallas and oversaw a steady flow of Indians to the city until the Reagan administration closed it. Service provision, though, has always been the province of various private organizations, the most prominent of which is the Dallas Inter-Tribal Center (DIC). The center is directed by Richard Lucero, a man who proudly claims to be a blend of Seminole, Mescalero Apache, Irish, Mexican, and African-American.

He says the Dallas Indians are an almost invisible minority, without a political voice; a few prosper, but most strain to make a living, and few seem to consider Dallas home. "They may come here and eke out a living, but their heart is really back on the reservation. They are in a foreign land here in an urban area," says Lucero. Unfortunately, many of the Indians who have moved to Dallas in hopes of raising their standards of living have merely traded reservation poverty for urban poverty.

South Carolina

Pee Dee: The Pee Dee live along the Pee Dee River. The tribe received state recognition in the 1980s. The Pee Dee are a Siouan tribe. About 2,000 now live in rural communities in Marlboro, Marion, and Dillon counties. They have established a community center from which they focus on needs such as housing and employment.

Santee: Also known as the Sevetee, the Santee lived in Santee River, South Carolina. A Siouan tribe related to the Pee Dee, their population was reduced to 85 by 1715. In 1716 many survivors were captured and sold to West Indies as slaves. Approximately 250 Santee now live in the White Oak community in Orangeburg, South Carolina. The tribe uses the former school for Indian children as their community center.

A quick look at some facts and figures compiled by the Inter-Tribal Center, illustrating what life is like for Dallas's urban Indians, engenders little wonder that most of them leave their hearts elsewhere:

Income Levels: The income levels of

URBAN INDIANS

Texas is the one Southern state whose Indians are still firmly entrenched in the popular imagination, reinforced to the nth degree by the image-makers of Hollywood — the names of Kiowa, Comanche, Apache, Wichita, Waco, Cheyenne, Caddo, Tonkawa, Karankawa, and many more leap to mind. But these native peoples are all but gone from Texas. Only three small tribes organized as such remain. These tribes came to Texas after losing homelands elsewhere. The Alabama/Coushatta, numbering about 500, were pushed westward from the Gulf coast around Mobile Bay in the early nineteenth century; they have a 5,000-acre reservation in the piney woods of east Texas. The Tigua, a Pueblo people displaced from the Albuquerque area, have lived in far west Texas since the 1680s; numbering

The first large movement of Indians Texas Indians is low: the mean income the passage of the federal Indian Relocation Act, which was intended to encourage Indians to leave the reservations and assimilate into urban society. To those who would move, the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) promised schooling, health care, housing, help in finding work, and help in adapting to the city environment. In 1957 the BIA opened a field office in

into Dallas began in the late 1950s with for males was \$5,587 in 1970; for females, \$2,925. In 1980 the median income for urban Indians was \$7,000, compared to \$25,800 for the general population. According to 1980 census figures, 53 percent of the Indians in the Dallas/Fort Worth metroplex were living at or below the poverty level.

> Employment: Official Labor Department or BIA figures on employment rates for Dallas Indians are not availa-



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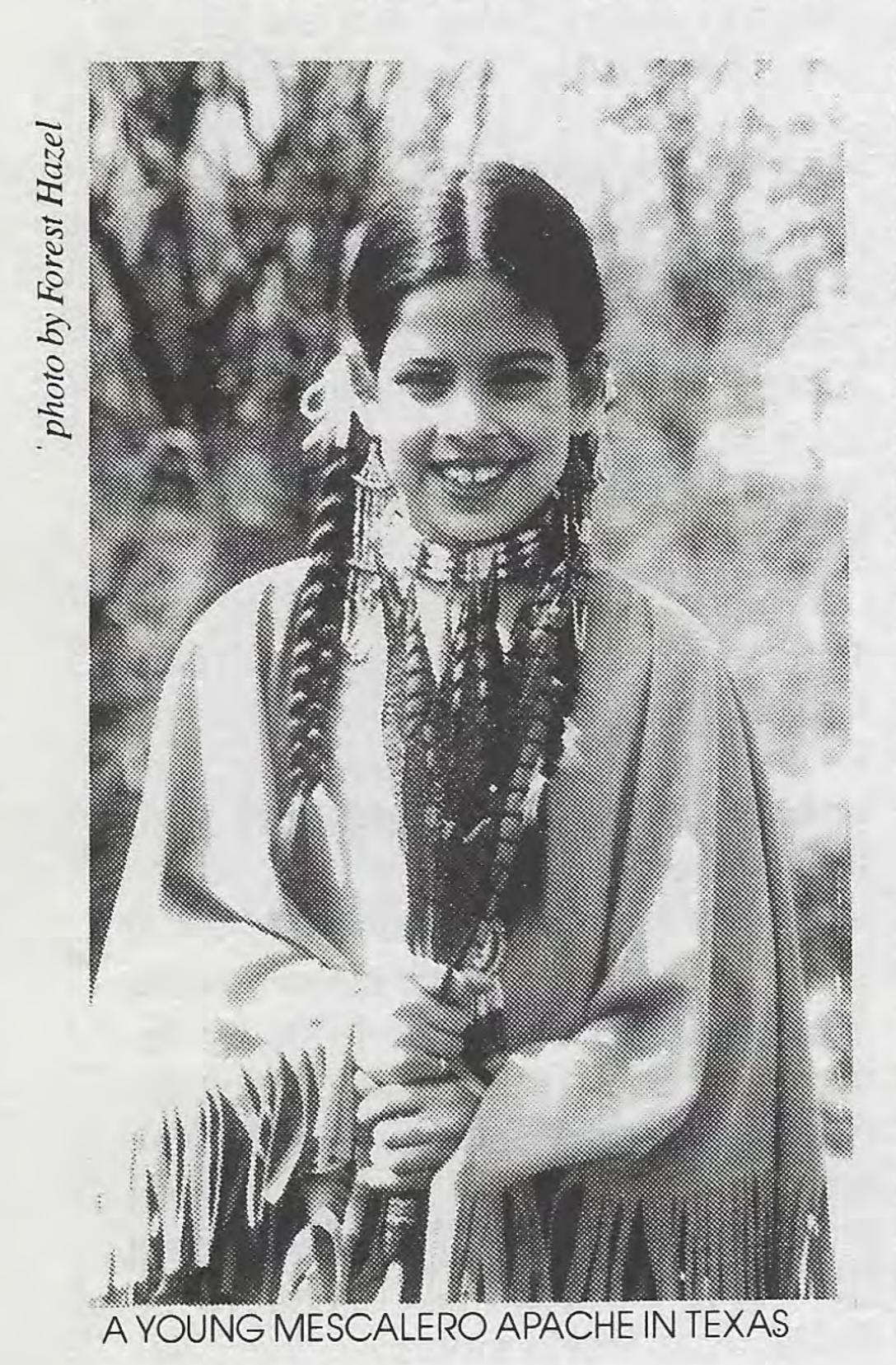
ble, but a 1977 DIC survey sheds some light. Of male heads of households, 52 percent were employed full-time; 10 percent, part-time; and 31 percent, unemployed. Of female heads of households, 37 percent were employed full-time; 20 percent, part-time; 27 percent, unemployed. In 1980 the U.S. quality of the health care they receive. Having left the reservations traditionally served by the Indian Health Service, they suffer major difficulties in simply gaining access to health care. Among the barriers are prohibitive costs, differences in health philosophies, and lack of Indian health care providers in the city's facilities.

The Inter-Tribal Center offers a free medical and dental clinic, pre-natal counseling, and an alcohol treatment facility for the urban Indians. They have found that 94 percent of its patients have no medical insurance at all. The inability to pay for health care services, the DIC has found, creates a serious health dilemma and has resulted in a significantly lower standard of health for Indians than the general population. Indians receive only limited health care or do without it entirely. Others appear as emergency cases in the county hospital when problems reach the crisis stage. And some resort to the Indian hospitals on reservations hundreds of miles away. Ironically, this effort to conserve money by neglecting health care results ultimately in higher costs because crisis care is the most expensive. Traditional Indian culture and values, which do not mesh well with Western society, also enter into the picture. Living on reservations and in other isolated rural areas, Indians have minimal contact with mainstream society and probably have less understanding of it than any other group in the country. Social isolation and government paternalism have prepared few Indians for urban living. Then too, in urban areas where there is little awareness of the Indians' existence, medical personnel are even more ignorant of the Indian culture than the Indians are of Westen culture. Insensitive approaches made by health-care providers cause the Indians to look elsewhere for health care or not seek it out at all. The Texas Indian Commission, a state agency charged with providing services to the three recognized tribes, reports that no definitive health studies of Texas Indians - urban or reservation - have been made, but says, "available information and nonscientific data indicate that the general state of health and health care among American Indians in Texas is not much different from that of American Indians nationally."

The commission goes on to comment, "If this is indeed the case, then the state of health of Texas Indians in the 1980s can be defined as nothing short of appalling, a national and in our case a state disgrace," and cites the following statistics:

• Life expectancy among Indians ranges from 42.4 to 65.1 years depending on tribes or area as compared to 72 to 74 years for non-Indians.

• Infant mortality rate (under one year) is 18.2 per 1,000, compared to 16.2 for non-Indians. The post-neonatal mortality rate (one month to one year) is 8.9 for Indians and 4.5 for non-Indians.



• For non-Indians, slightly over twothirds of all deaths occur among people 65 years old or older, and one-third among those under 65. Among Indians the opposite is true.

• The alcoholism death rate among Indians is 5.9 times higher than among non-Indians.

• The rates per 100,000 population of new cases of certain diseases are, for Indians and non-Indians, respectively: tuberculosis: 69.4 and 15.0; rheumatic fever: 75.0 and 1.3; measles: 149.8 and 19.2; mumps: 327.2 and 17.9; gonococcal infections (gonorrhea): 1,580.2 and 470.5; syphilis: 166.2 and 44.8; infectious hepatitis: 272.7 and 26.2. The Texas Indian Commission also reports: "The fact that Texas has an extremely large nonreservation population, a severely limited urban Indian health program, poor funding, and no Indian Health Service facilities or programs means that a great majority (96 percent) of Texas Indians have little to no health services." For the three recognized tribes, there may be at least a glimmer of hope in the fact that the Texas Indian Commission - which has a mandate to assist them - has recognized this situation as a disgrace. For the Indians in Dallas, however, there are only the Inter-Tribal Center and a handful of other private groups trying to close up very large holes with very small plugs. Compiled from information supplied by the Dallas Inter-Tribal Center, the Texas Indian Commission, and interviews conducted by Bill Deener of the Dallas Morning News.

census showed an unemployment rate for Dallas of 5.4 percent for the general population and 45.6 percent for urban Indians.

Education Levels: The median number of school years completed by the 1980 Indian population of Texas is 11.2; 51.6 percent never graduated from high school and 4.8 percent had no schooling at all. In Dallas, according to a DIC survey, 51 percent of all Indian heads of households had a high school diploma or its equivalent.

Good or ill health is high on the list of factors that define one's quality of life, and the low socioeconomic levels indicated by these figures gravely influence the health of Dallas's Indians and the



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