I come from a people on my mother’s side, the Konkow Maidu, a California Indian tribe, whose stories of creation and of the land are rooted in time immemorial. My mother was born in 1912, and in her generation the children did not learn to speak “Indian,” or so my mother believed. Mom recalled her mother and grandmother speaking Konkow together and could remember a song her grandma taught her when they went to gather materials for making baskets. While the music and poetry that gave shape to our indigenous ancestral world must have been part of my mother’s earliest childhood, that influence was cut short. Her mother passed away when my mother was four years old.

With the end of her mother’s life, Mama’s cultural landscape changed. It was already a rich blend of cultures—French and Konkow from her mother, Irish and Konkow from her father. She remembered her mother’s pommes de terre, fried in lard or bacon grease, and café au lait with evaporated milk. She recalled her father’s fiddle playing, her brothers clogging to the tunes. She could recollect the old-time hymns they would sing: “Rock of Ages,” “He Walks with Me,” and “Shall We Gather at the River.” When her mother died, the family did gather at the river, in what my mom considered a Konkow ceremonial. Each person wore a wreath of flowers. They waded into the river and sank down, letting the river lift the wreath and carry it downstream, past the eddying pools and great boulders, through cascades of white water, with their prayers.
If my mother had understood Konkow and if the stories had been told to her, she would have heard a tribal narrative about how the earth was made and how people came to live on it. In one version of this legend, Earthmaker, long ago, enlisted the aid of Turtle. He asked Turtle to dive beneath the dark swirl of waters upon which Earthmaker had been floating and bring something back. With the bit of mud that Turtle carried to him in his beak or beneath his nails, Earthmaker, with the help (and hindrance) of Coyote, created the Konkow world—breathing, speaking, and singing it into existence.¹

In that landscape—upon that land—my people dwelt for at least a thousand years. It is said that people never had to venture far from their homes, for all was provided: game for hunting, fish, birds, plants, and other human beings with whom to gather for happy celebrations or for mourning. Then, in a very short time in the mid-nineteenth century, the people were wiped out by disease, starvation, and murder. Everything they knew as “home” was confiscated or stolen, and many of those who survived were removed by military order from the towns and villages where they lived. The children were sent to boarding schools run by the government, where they were supposed to learn English and forget their native languages and customs. They were expected to assimilate into American culture and society.

I reach back past my mother’s memory to that of my grandma and great-grandma, as far back as I can. What is there? A place so rich and a landscape so varied it takes your breath away: huge flocks of migrating birds and runs of king and other salmon all the way down the coast of San Buena Ventura and up the Sacramento River to the American, Yuba, and Feather rivers. Enormous oak trees, massive forests of old-growth timber. Flowers, butterflies, clouds, the wind. Indian people of diverse backgrounds, with over one hundred languages being chanted, spoken, and sung. The beauty of our land, the red soil of our earth.

Laguna poet and scholar Paula Gunn Allen writes in her essay on the poetry of American Indian women, “We are the dead and the witnesses to death of hundreds of thousands of our people, of the water, the air, the animals and forests and grassy lands that sustained them and us not so very long ago” (Sacred 155). Even today in the part of the Sacramento Valley the Konkow people occupied, many species of birds, including flycatchers, orioles, shrikes, herons, magpies, snow geese, red-tailed hawks, and many more, nest...
in the wildlife refuges or touch down there on migratory journeys. The numbers must pale, however, against what the Native inhabitants of the land witnessed. Indeed, the Feather River and Plumas County were named for the many feathers or *plumas*, as the Spanish explorers noted, that could be found there.

Allen goes on to say, “The impact of genocide in the minds of American Indian poets and writers cannot be exaggerated. It is a pervasive feature of the consciousness of every American Indian in the United States. . . .” (156). Trauma of this kind is not easily spoken about, and there is a deep guardedness in many Indian people, a discomfort in bringing up painful memories, a desire to keep tragedy and suffering to oneself. Nevertheless, as Allen points out, American Indian women poets have not only served a crucial role in bringing into speech the wide sense of loss and destruction but have also forged a language in which to celebrate the continuance of life and traditions, even those changed by time and circumstances.

I never knew my Konkow grandparents. I grew up, instead, with a sense of their absence in my mother’s world. I became a scholar to learn about the traditions my mom could not tell me, in part because of her reticence and because there were things she had not learned and did not know. I studied American Indian literature, history, and anthropology to understand what happened to the Konkow and other Native people and to my mother and her family. I learned how to do research in order to find answers to questions I couldn’t ask my mom, either because I could not imagine those questions or because I feared my mom’s answers. My mother and I allowed silences to grow around us, constructing barriers to knowing one another fully and to revealing ourselves, both of us mixed-bloods. We were familiar with keeping secrets and living in different cultural arenas.

I became a poet in order to start talking about my life—my experience as a lesbian, a mixed-blood, a woman with an inner landscape of mountains and stars, sunrises and setting moons, pastures in fog and rain, bright noontides. I became a poet to speak of the places I’ve passed through and the cities where I grew up. I also became a poet to describe a landscape of loneliness and fury, sadness and loss, and moments of happiness in loving and being loved.

I was in my late twenties when I walked into a little book shop on Shattuck Avenue, near Francisco Street in Berkeley to scout
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through the shelves of books looking for poetry. I was searching for something I could fall in love with, some clear vision of the natural world. I wanted some language that spoke from the heart of things, carefully and respectfully, like the poetry I was reading by Gary Snyder, William Stafford, Maxine Kumin, and Kenneth Rexroth. I found such a book that day, but it was not poetry. What I picked up was a thin book with gray paper covers published by the University of California in 1964, titled *Maidu Grammar*, by William F. Shipley.

How excited I was to find this volume! I had no idea that such a book had been written; I wasn’t even sure that speakers of Maidu were still around. I didn’t realize that Konkow and Maidu were two separate, though related, languages. I knew, at that point in my life, only that no one in our family spoke this language. I believed it had passed away with my grandparents. When my mom sang her basketry song to me, I listened attentively, but despite years of training as a musician I could never learn to reproduce the quarter tones of that music. I think we both assumed that all our Konkow speakers had died with my grandmother’s generation.

A few years later as a student at UC Berkeley, I was to learn that the Department of Linguistics produced a number of grammars from various California Indian tribes. In the linguistics library, one could find collections of stories and grammars from all over the world, many of them transcribed in IPA (International Phonetic Alphabet) and translated into English. Finding Shipley’s work on Maidu helped lead me into the study of linguistics and later to declare it as my major as an undergraduate. I wanted to know how to read his book. Sections headed with words like “Morphemics” and “Morphotactics” seemed indecipherable, and I was not confident that I would ever understand the elegant and austere language of that grammar. Yet what hooked me was not only the puzzle of how one might speak Maidu but that Shipley’s primary informant, Maym Gallagher, was a relative of mine.

A somewhat distant relative. Maym Benner had married my half-uncle, Lee Gallagher. My mother and aunts remembered Maym—they called her Maymie—but could not recollect ever hearing her speak Maidu. “Of course, it’s possible,” they said. My mom had stopped living in the Feather River canyon after their mother, Helen (Gallagher) Beatty, passed away in 1917. That was when my mother, Vivian, was adopted by the Lane sisters, Beatrice, Henrietta, and Clara, who took her from her home in the Feather
River canyon and brought her to live in Berkeley. My two surviving aunts, Lillian and Grace, my mother’s older sisters, followed my mom to the Bay Area to work and to go to school, while their brothers stayed in the canyon and got jobs as cowboys and loggers. The three girls eventually found it difficult to stay in touch with their other siblings and their father.

But our connection with the Feather River canyon was not severed with my mom’s adoption. Mom returned to her birthplace, Belden, in Plumas County, various times when she was growing up. She returned as an adult to bury her father, Harry Beatty, who died of tuberculosis in the 1930s. My mother took my two sisters and me to the canyon when we were children, and we visited there throughout our adolescence and into young adulthood because my Aunt Lillian, who married my uncle, Ivan Brockett, had returned to the canyon to live. We stayed with Ivan and Lillian many times during summers, or we camped nearby, until they moved down to the Sacramento Valley, near Gridley. Even then, we continued to go up to the canyon, to camp and swim, to explore the country, and to hike up Yellow Creek where my grandfather had staked a claim in a little mine that, in his lifetime, produced only enough gold to buy staples.

Although she couldn’t teach us our ancestral language or stories, my mother wanted us to know the country where she was born. This “motherland” rooted us in an indigenous landscape—the steep, narrow canyon, the live oak and dogwood, the cedar and spruce coated in dust, the bright heat of summer and the sparkle of light on water, the drying lichens on granite, the whir of cicadas. Unlike others from that area, my mom’s family avoided being rounded up for the 1857 or 1863 removals to the Nome Lackee and Round Valley reservations. Many Konkow people who were marched to these reservations managed to return to the Mother Lode country. Some of these were enrolled at the Berry Creek or Mooretown Rancherias, small acreages in the foothills set aside for Indians. My older sister, who studied our family’s genealogy, tells me that our family names, Beatty and Orcier, are not on those enrollment lists. Nor is the name of my great-great-grandfather, Dr. Charley, who was said to be a medicine man. He lived at Berry Creek, in the hills east of Oroville, and so would have been a likely candidate for removal. Our connection to the land was not through a reservation or rancheria, but through my mom’s and aunts’ memories of
their family’s homestead, though a legal property claim was never discovered in the state archives.

The first time we went to the canyon, I was eight years old. It was raining when we came to Belden, a one-street village situated across the Feather River from the highway. We didn’t go into the town but pulled over after we crossed Yellow Creek, which tumbles down a box canyon and empties from the north into the river. The little Belden graveyard is on a hill above the highway. My mother found the trail, and we kids ran ahead to where part of her family is buried. The graves were untended, and there were no headstones, only markers with typed inscriptions faded by weather and time. Mama tried to remember exactly where her dad and certain brothers and sisters were buried.

The graveyard frightened me a little. It seemed so old, so abandoned by the living. The graves were covered with leaves and wet grass, and the concrete around the plots looked ancient and pocked. Mom said her grandmother and mother were buried on the homestead behind their house, no longer standing, about a mile farther along the road. Someone else owned that property now. We didn’t visit. The day was cold and dismal, and we soon got back in the car and headed down the canyon. As we passed the old homestead land at Little Indian Creek, Mama told us about the ghosts that haunted their house, how those spirits would laugh and talk in a language the family could not understand. It would sound as if people were setting the table; they could hear dishes rattling and the voices of children laughing, playing with a hoop. She said that no one felt scared of these phantoms because they all seemed to be having a good time. I didn’t fully trust the jollity of my mother’s explanation. I felt scared, and I wondered where all the other Indians were buried. Where were their graves? Where were their spirits now?

These are questions I carry with me, even as an adult. When I came to know the “magical realism” in Native American poetry and fiction by authors such as Joy Harjo, Luci Tapahonso, and Louise Erdrich, I felt a deeper understanding of, and familiarity with, the unusual and uncanny aspects of my mother’s recollections. But Native writing encompasses more than a literary device: my mother’s memory was more than a means to render a colorful past. Deep in the sediment of indigenous poems and stories is the disturbing idea that the dead are with us, not far down the trail,
not as buried as we think. The removal and relocation of Native Americans has gone on for a long time, and in many communities even the graves and bones have been displaced by non-natives. As cultural theorist Angelika Bammer says, “What is displaced—dispersed, deferred, repressed, pushed aside—is, significantly, still there: Displaced but not replaced, it remains a source of trouble, the shifting ground of signification that makes meanings tremble” (xiii).

When Hopi/Miwok poet Wendy Rose unearths a dead woman’s voice in “I Expected My Skin and My Blood to Ripen,” this vocalization disrupts the self-assured master narrative of the country. Speaking of the desecration of bodies after the Wounded Knee massacre, the woman tells of the theft and sale of the clothing that she, her child, and the other murdered people wore. Or in Louise Erdrich’s Tracks, the uneasy Pillager clan lies beneath the forested land that, through fraud and chicanery, is sold off to a timber company. The Pillagers’ power retreats, but it doesn’t die. Again and again, Native writers ask us to look at what’s being done to this land and to Native people. They listen to the hauntings, and they ask us to think ahead, to think with our hearts, to be thankful, and to forgo selfishness.

As I write this, I hold a full-time, nontenured position in a small liberal arts college in Oregon’s Willamette Valley. Willamette University is a pleasant place to teach in the state capital. I like my colleagues and enjoy the students. I was hired by the English department to chair a three-year position in creative writing, so I teach a course in poetry titled Imaginative Writing and a course in Native American literature. Though a small group of Native American students attend Willamette, I believe I am the only American Indian faculty member on campus.

A few miles from the university stands Chemawa Indian Boarding School. Like the university, it was founded in the 1800s by a Methodist mission, headed by a man named Jason Lee. The original site of the school seems to have been Forest Grove, a town perhaps thirty or forty miles northwest of Salem. The school was the second off-reservation Indian Boarding School in the nation run and supported by the federal government. It opened in 1880. Like Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania, the government placed a military man in charge of the institution. The Indian students who attended the school were children born to Oregon tribes, and the school also
admitted Native students from California, Washington, and Alaska. At one point, there was a Navajo contingent of students from Arizona or New Mexico.

I often think about Chemawa and other Indian schools from time to time as I drive to work and back home along the I-5 corridor. From the highway you can see the old red and white water tank; it still stands on the school grounds with the word “Chemawa” printed on it. The Southern Pacific railroad runs right alongside the institution, a reminder that many schools were placed near tracks; some students were sent by train to the schools. When they were children, my aunts and uncles took the train to attend and board at Greenville Indian School in California. Many Indian people I’ve met here in Oregon have older relatives who were educated at Chemawa. The school is still in operation, and it continues to board Indian students from across the country. Unlike the earlier Chemawa, today’s school houses children who have not been able to succeed in school elsewhere, due to emotional and psychological problems. I understand that for visitors to enter or leave the facility requires a certain clearance from the authorities at the school.

I remember seeing the door to the jailhouse at Chemawa. It was on display in the state library a few years ago. Most Indian schools had a disciplinarian, often an Indian man. Children who misbehaved or who ran away from the school were subject to punishment. The most incorrigible runaways—and these could be as young as five or six years old—were put into a jailroom or stockade (Adams, *Education* 224). Chemawa’s heavy oak prison door was scratched and pocked. Children had carved symbols and signs into the door—zigzags, circles, and a deeply incised star. Today, holding cells house children who get in trouble. A recent scandal at Chemawa, however, where a young Indian woman died from alcohol poisoning while being locked down and then neglected, has made the government suspend the practice of incarcerating students—for the time being.

Every class in Native American literature I teach, I tell about the boarding schools and the nation’s drive to assimilate Indian into Euramerican culture. Most of my students have never heard of the Indian boarding school system or many other aspects of federal policy regarding American Indians. It typically comes as a shock to most students to learn about the removals of children from their homes and families, including kidnappings; the kind of schooling they received; the enormous amount of labor they had
to perform; the Christianizing of the students; the illnesses that spread through the schools; the punishments of the children for speaking their own languages; the deaths they faced; and the loss, loneliness, and longing they endured.

We look at the “before and after” photographs of Indian children commissioned by Carlisle’s superintendent, Richard Henry Pratt. The first set of photos was taken just after the children arrived at the school in their sometimes traditional, sometimes ragged clothing. The second set of photos, taken some weeks or months after the children were at school, shows groups of students cleaned and tidied up in their school uniforms, which for boys was a military-style tunic and pants and for girls a long Victorian dress. The boys’ hair was cropped close, and the girls’ was up off their necks. The photographs were meant to convince private funders, members of Congress, and the President that their continued support would literally transform young Indians, bringing them out of a state of “savagery” and into “civilization.” The photos made a visual argument for that transformation: the change from “uncouth” and “uncultured” heathens or pagans to almost-citizens could be best and most readily achieved through the off-reservation boarding school.

In my Native American literature class, we read various works that deal with the schools. Indian education is a frequent motif brought up by Native authors, and though stories abound in Indian communities about the schools, no larger work of fiction yet deals exclusively with the Indian school. Nevertheless, a poem like “Indian Boarding School: The Runaways,” by Louise Erdrich, is certainly better understood once my students have an idea about why Indian school kids tried to escape from these institutions. Erdrich, like many other Native American writers, includes the problems of schooling throughout her novels. For example, in Tracks, the child Lulu has been sent away to boarding school (probably Flandreau) by her mother, Fleur, because after the theft of her land, Fleur has no means to take care of her daughter. Lulu angrily misinterprets Fleur’s gesture as abandonment. Upon Lulu’s return to the reservation as a young woman, the old man, Nanapush, tries to impress upon Lulu what Fleur was up against and why she had sent her away. This is one of the significant burdens of his narration throughout the novel.

During the 1890s, Carlisle’s Richard Henry Pratt realized that if children could be “inoculated” against their home cultures and
families once they returned to the reservation, it would save the school a lot of trouble reassimilating the children to Euramerican school culture once they returned to the institution in the fall; or, especially if they had graduated, it would prevent children from being tempted to succumb to tribal ways of thinking and behaving. Reformers called this “going back to the blanket” (Adams, Education 291) To that end, a little propaganda book titled *Stiya: A Carlisle Indian Girl at Home*, was published and distributed to students to take home with them. One of the interesting things about this book is that while it appears to be written by one of the Indian girls, named “Embe,” it was in fact written by one of Pratt’s teachers at Carlisle, Mariana Burgess (M.B.).

In one of my lectures about Indian boarding schools, I like to read aloud the opening vignette of this story, when the train that has carried Stiya home deposits her at the Laguna Pueblo depot. As the story, appropriately titled “Disappointment,” begins, Stiya is anxious to see her parents, though reluctant to return to the reservation. Here is Stiya’s experience of seeing her mother and father after many years away, according to Burgess:

> Was I as glad to see them as I thought I would be?
> I must confess that instead I was shocked and surprised at the sight that met my eyes.
> “My father? My mother?” cried I desperately within.
> “No, never!” I thought, and I actually turned my back upon them.
> I had forgotten that home Indians had such griny faces.
> I had forgotten that my mother’s hair always looked as though it had never seen a comb.
> I had forgotten that she wore such a short, queer-looking black bag for a dress, fastened over one shoulder only, and such buckskin wrappings for shoes and leggings.
> “My mother?” I cried, this time aloud.
> I could not help it, and at the same time I rushed frantically into the arms of my school-mother, who had taken me home, and I remembered then as I never did before how kind she had always been to us. I threw my arms around her neck and cried bitterly, and begged of her to let me get on the train again. (2–3)
In this passage, it seems clear that Stiya’s “shock” is engendered by feelings of revulsion upon seeing her mother and father. The Pueblo girl’s mother is particularly marked for condemnation because of her “queer-looking” clothing that is somehow also immodest. The necessary and absolute undoing of the warm and beloved relationship between Indian parents and their children is the message. In *Stiya*, it cannot be repaired until the parents adopt the Indian child’s vision of how Indian life now ought to be.

The purpose of education for Indians, as David Wallace Adams points out, was to inculcate them with an assimilationist creed and to persuade them that the loss of their tribally held land and, indeed, of the whole continent, was both “inevitable and entirely justified” (“Fundamental” 19). On “Franchise Day” in 1890, students at Carlisle School stood at attention, listening to a poem (perhaps also penned by Mariana Burgess) that praised the Dawes Act and spelled out how, in compensation for the loss of their lands, Native children now had education and the promise of citizenship. The last stanza reads

> But welcome the ruin, if now by our losses,  
> We gain thousand fold in a better estate.  
> A man may be chief in the empire of reason.  
> Education, not land, makes a citizen great.¹⁰

Learning to accept, approve, and possibly even love our own disenfranchisement from our ancestral land seems to me one of the cruelest aspects of American assimilation policies. Often, as I drive to work through the beautiful farmland in the Willamette Valley, I consider what this land once was and who lived here—in Salem, the Kalapuya people. Though the majority of my students come from Oregon, most of them don’t know the name of the tribe who inhabited a large part of the valley; they know nothing about how the people lived, nothing about the language they spoke or where their villages were located. It is not entirely my students’ fault. They acknowledge in my class, usually with embarrassment or consternation, that they were not taught much, if anything, about Indian history in their high school history classes. They did not know to ask for this history, to demand it. They did not learn to question what the “other side” of the story of this nation—this land and its landscape, this land and its myriad inhabitants, human and nonhuman—could be.
It may be that the United Statesian is permanently lost from this land. He or she bears no story within about the sacred origins of this place, or if he or she does, it is typically a story removed from the long line of tellers who, steeped in the power of language, spoke or sang the world into being. Throughout what is now called the Americas, indigenous people gave shape to their human being and becoming by understanding the nature of relationship with the land. By coming to terms with that relationship, they found a language to express knowledge of the sacred. Linda Hogan tells us that in Native American oral tradition, “words function as part of the poetic processes of creation, transformation, and restoration” (“Who” 169). Native people and land were, and are, inextricably bound in a dynamic, sacred, and ever-sustained kinship; language and story are the umbilicus that tied all of this “American” creation to the earth.

For Native people, the land is much more than a landscape. As Leslie Marmon Silko reminds us,

> So long as the human consciousness remains within the hills, canyons, cliffs, and the plants, clouds, and sky, the term landscape, as it has entered the English language, is misleading. “A portion of territory the eye can comprehend in a single view” does not correctly describe the relationship between the human being and his or her surroundings. This assumes the viewer is somehow outside or separate from the territory she or he surveys. Viewers are as much a part of the landscape as the boulders they stand on. (27)

Much of Native American literature written today could help us deal with the rift, the breach that is engendered by the poor relationship between humans and what, to the Indian way of thinking, is still our mother. In a novel like Tracks, we are shown that physical illness—smallpox, tuberculosis—was not the only thing that devastated Indians. The corrupting influence of greed, which is a sickness of soul, an obsession brought about by shame, envy, and the desperation born from these powerful and sticky emotions, is what ultimately harms the Chippewa families with whom Erdrich is concerned. Greed splinters the clans and kinships formed to ensure survival and resist disappearance. Greed is the relentlessly
“mean spirit,” as Linda Hogan envisions it in her novel of the same title, that has often driven United Statesians to trick, deceive, cajole, coerce, and destroy whatever stands in the way of the nation’s “progress” and “prosperity.”

We speak, in this country, of having respect for diversity. Many believe that the bad old days of racist hatred and discrimination are behind us in our new-found valuing of multiculturalism. Yet we go on wasting and discarding Native people by disrespecting their traditions, undermining their tribal sovereignty, giving lip service to what we can learn from them, but really learning nothing. For we have not understood their examples, and we have not advanced spiritually. We have not healed the separation between us and this beautiful land. Is this restoration and healing possible? Anything is possible when the power of consciousness is behind it, when the power of language heals rather than destroys, when caring for this land, our beloved mother earth, takes precedence.

Notes

1. In another version of the creation story, Earthmaker and Coyote are floating in the water that is everywhere when they come across a meadowlark’s nest. Earthmaker stretches and pulls the nest until it becomes the earth. The version I cite is from Roland Dixon, an anthropologist who recorded the story probably from Konkow informants living at Chico. See Dobkins. See also Shipley, The Maidu Indian Myths and Stories of Hanc’ibyjim.

2. Konkow has the variant spellings Concow and Konkau. It is one of three Maiduan languages, the others being Mountain Maidu and Nisenan. One etymology for Konkow is “koyomkawi” which, according to Russell Ultan, means “meadowland” (2). The Konkow and Maidu people, not surprisingly, often chose meadows for homesites. Before Lake Almanor was created, the vast acres of land there were called Big Meadows, and many villages stood at that site. Anthropologist Francis Riddell writes that other dialects of Konkow were spoken “along the lower reaches of the Feather River Canyon up to about Richbar, in the surrounding hills, and in the adjacent parts of the Sacramento Valley” (370). My mother’s families were from Yankee Hill, in the foothills above those “lower reaches,” and Belden, on the Feather River, perhaps ten miles west of Richbar.

3. Linguist Russell Ultan wrote in 1967, “At the present time, there are an estimated fifty or so individuals living in the same general area who have some knowledge of the language [Konkow]. They are for the most part over sixty years old and the degree of fluency varies considerably from remembering a few words or phrases to the ability to use the language freely in conversation. To my
knowledge, however, Konkow has not actually served as a primary means of communication for some time” (1). I was told by an acquaintance that my uncle, Ernest Beatty, had a large repertoire of gambling songs; I suppose many of these were in Konkow or Mountain Maidu. When I told my mother and my Aunt Lillian of this, they both expressed surprise. Then one of them commented, “Well, the boys probably learned things we [girls] didn’t.”

5. According to Jewell, a much-remembered medicine man, Dr. Charlie, lived in a now deserted Indian community on Dogwood Creek, which may have been near Berry Creek (148).
6. The hoop game, writes Jeannine Gendar, “was immensely popular through much of North America. Except for the northwestern part of the state, it was played in all of California.” Gendar quotes Thomas Mayfield, a miner’s son who lived among the Yokuts, referring to the hoop game: “Here was always an excited, shouting, yelling, laughing group, generally intent upon their game and as happy as it is possible for human beings to be” (31).
7. For a list of schools and their opening dates see Adams, Education for Extinction, 57.
8. Published in Erdrich’s first collection, Jacklight.
9. For more about Stiya, see my essay “Telling Stories to the Seventh Generation” in Reading Native American Women.

Bibliography