

“Black Clouds Will Rise”: Native Peoples and the American West

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I begin, as always, by expressing my gratitude and respect for my many American Indian teachers through the years. I would also like to express my appreciation for the invitation to participate in this conference and my thanks to all who have worked so hard to make this gathering a success.

One hundred years ago photographer Edward Curtis concluded that Indian nations were destined for disappearance. He believed they faced “the darkness of an unknown future.” Curtis roamed the West for decades, determined to create lasting images of Native peoples. In his most famous photograph Curtis portrayed a group of Navajos on horseback, each rider progressively less distinct. He entitled the photograph “the vanishing race.”

In expressing this judgment Curtis simply reflected the common sentiment of the age. Sculptor James Fraser soon would complete an equally pessimistic portrait—that of a slumping warrior on horseback he entitled “the end of the trail.” The days of resistance and separate status were presumed to be in the past. American policy makers declared it time for Indians to be fully assimilated into American life. A commissioner of Indian affairs without any sense of irony said the Indians needed to feel at home in America. (1)

In many ways we have not progressed much from Curtis’s vision. During the past century most historians and filmmakers have presented a limited view of the Native experience. They have been eager to provide indigenous peoples with a past and reluctant to believe they have a future. They have presented history as something that happens to Native peoples rather than something they make. They have prematurely declared an end to what is, in fact, an ongoing story. They have focused on a warrior like Cochise rather than on a Code Talker like Carl Gorman; they have paid a lot of attention to someone like Geronimo and almost none to someone like Chee Dodge, one of the great Native leaders of the 20th century. They have too rarely recognized the quiet heroism of countless children, mothers, and fathers who for some reason refused to “accept oblivion as an appropriate final act for their role in the New World problem.” They have not heard the voices of people like Carlos Montezuma, the Yavapai M.D. who died in 1923, knowing that better days would come. “...if the world be against us,” he wrote, “let us not be dismayed, let us not be discouraged, let us look up and go ahead and fight on for freedom...keeping in our hearts that our children will pass over our graves to victory.” (2)

A century ago Americans assumed tomorrow would resemble today, even if a snapshot of today often does not necessarily yield an accurate image of the future. In

1903 Mississippi's population exceeded that of California. In 1903 Las Vegas was yet another tiny, obscure Mormon town with a population of 30. In 1903 the U.S. had all of 144 miles of paved roads. In 1903 Boston won the first world series of baseball and its fans confidently assumed the team would continue to dominate teams from New York and elsewhere. (3)

1903 also marked the creation of the Fort McDowell Indian reservation in southern Arizona. Despite many challenges, the Yavapai people continued to occupy this land and last month celebrated the centennial of the Fort McDowell Yavapai Nation. The resilience and resolve of the Yavapais have been duplicated in many other locations. Even though reservations began as imposed institutions, often administered by heavy handed Bureau of Indian Affairs personnel, in time they became home for the people or peoples who occupied them. "The reservation became the setting for a new kind of culture," historian Frederick Hoxie has argued, "one that adopted certain non-Indian institutions but which these to defend traditional values and goals." "We believe in new ideas and old values," Navajo writer Luci Tapahonso has declared. The ability to incorporate new elements, the willingness to fight off outsiders who attempted to control or take their lands signaled the possibility that reservations would remain. Because of this determination, there is more Indian land than existed a century ago. For that matter, there are more Indians in the United States than in 1903.

This story of continuity through change has been too rarely told by students of the indigenous past. Instead we have almost always insisted in telling another story. We have primarily been interested in Indians as foils to a tale of non-Indian triumph. Non-Indians, for the most part, have remained the actors and indigenous communities the acted upon. In these chronicles we are far more interested in people like the Lakotas and the Cheyennes and the Apaches, who fought the American soldiers but ignore the Hualapais and the Havasupais and the Yavapais, whose resistance was of another sort. Today there is a lot of publicity about Indian casinos but precious little interest in other dimension of contemporary Native American life. Most Americans still believe that Indians have little to contribute to American society other than providing names for characterless suburban streets, athletic teams, and gas guzzling mobile homes and four wheel drive vehicles.

Too frequently we conclude either the Indians will need the help of white people to succeed. Native peoples now are more likely to be shown as noble victims (as in Dee Brown's **Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee**) than simply as obstacles, but rarely do they emerge as victors. In one film after another in more recent years the mournful sound of an Indian flute provides a warning that disaster is about to occur. Remember the roles played by John "I prefer words with no more than two syllables" Wayne or Kevin "I will be in every scene" Costner. Consider directors like John Ford or John Woo. Rather than relying on Mari Sandoz's study of the Southern Cheyennes, Ford insists on adding a Quaker school teacher to **Cheyenne Autumn**. Woo somehow concludes that the heroics of the Navajo Code Talkers in World War II won't attract enough of an audience and he thus unleashes Nicolas Cage in the film. From Wayne to Woo we have little to be enthusiastic about, but fortunately Native writers like Sherman Alexie and Thomas King

are turning their talents to the big screen. “Smoke Signals” and “Medicine River” suggest that better days may lie ahead. (4)

The famous French observer of America, Alexis de Tocqueville saw nothing ahead but disaster for the great southeastern tribes removed to Indian Territory. “In a few more years,” he wrote, “the same white population that now flocks around them will doubtless track them anew...” He predicted Indian Territory soon would resemble the Southeast. The Indians, he concluded, then “will be exposed to the same evils without the same remedies and as the limits of the earth will at last fail them, their only refuge is the grave.” (5)

Yet Indian nations hardly anticipated becoming a vanishing race.” Even if they moved involuntarily they were determined to continue. For the Indians as for other Americans, the American West beckoned as a land of opportunity, as a place where one could begin anew.

The Lakotas are a case in point. Their rapidly growing population encouraged them to exploit new resources. They knew full well that indigenous peoples already occupied this terrain, but these newcomers to the northern plains did not believe in the doctrine of first in time, first in right. A mobile, curious, brave, and adventurous people, they loved to gamble, sing, dance, and tell stories. At the time of the Louisiana Purchase and the Lewis and Clark expedition, the Lakotas, known popularly as the Sioux, believed their best days were still to come.

The Comanches also looked to the west and saw opportunity. They had abandoned their original northern country, having grown weary of a climate encompassing four seasons, each of them not worth very much. They had made a long migration down to a new homeland in the southern plains. As they acquired horses, their ambition and sense of possibility increased dramatically. It is said they would ride 500 miles to cause five minutes worth of trouble. At the time of the Louisiana Purchase and the Lewis and Clark expedition, the Comanches believed their best days were still to come.

The Navajos, too, looked to the west and saw opportunity. The incorporation of sheep, goats, horses, and cattle into their culture and economy had transformed them into major players on the southwestern stage. They, too, had made a long migration. They had made this new land their own. They had come to believe that the mountains that marked the boundaries of their terrain had been placed there for them. They cherished new ideas and old values. At the time of the Louisiana Purchase and the Lewis and Clark expedition the Navajos believed their best days were still to come.

The President of the United States, too, looked to the west and saw opportunity. Thomas Jefferson believed the Louisiana Purchase represented an extraordinary bargain and furnished a new tomorrow for his people. He admittedly had not asked the permission of the aboriginal occupants of the land to occupy and use this terrain. Nor had he consulted them about his plans to remove other indigenous peoples to their

territory. Jefferson also believed that the best days of the United States were still to come.

Employing the northern and central plains as a case in point, we can see that, in the words of historian Richard White, the area's history "is far more complicated than the tragic retreat of Indians in the face of inexorable white advance. From the perspective of most northern and central plains tribes the crucial invasion of the plains" during the recent past "was not necessarily that of the whites at all. These tribes had few illusion about American whites and the dangers they presented, but the Sioux remained their most feared enemy." The wars that erupted later in the nineteenth century should not be perceived, White concludes, as "the armed resistance of a people driven to the wall by American expansion." Rather "those wars arose from a clash of two expanding powers—the United States and the Sioux and their allies." (6)

The coming of the Europeans to the Americas and even the expansion of the United States did not automatically spell instant or eventual disaster for the aboriginal residents of this land. Moreover, misguided colonial or national policies toward these indigenous communities did not always yield negative results. Nevertheless, we have almost always assumed Indians will be overwhelmed; we have almost always imagined they will, in time, disappear. Why have historians so consistently misread the ability of Indian nations to persist, to continue? Why have so many writers chosen to emphasize decline and despair rather than renewal and revitalization? To begin to answer these questions we must reexamine the history of North America.

New Spain offers a useful example. Carrying cultural baggage from the days of the Inquisition and their opposition to North Africans, the Spaniards hardly arrived as ambassadors of cultural pluralism. They were determined to enforce their will on various Native groups, who soon discovered that an occasional military victory would inspire massive punishment. In one instance, the men of Acoma Pueblo defeated a Spanish force only to be overwhelmed soon thereafter by a Spanish army under the leadership of Juan de Onate that wanted no more resistance of any kind. The Spaniards killed perhaps 800 men and cut a foot off of many of the male survivors who also were sentenced to years of hard labor. Two Hopi boys visiting Acoma at the time each had a hand cut off. The boys were then sent back to their people as a living warning against opposing Spanish rule. (6)

Indian people have long memories. Santa Clara Pueblo historian David Warren emphasizes that something happened is far more important than when it happened. The actions of Onate, for example, are permanently embedded in the Acoma memory. A few years ago some of the good citizens of New Mexico erected a fine new statue of Onate in the town of Espanola. The day after the statue was completed, early morning observers noticed a slight change in its appearance. One of Onate's feet had been amputated. (7)

The Spaniards and other European nations brought more than pain and suffering to Native peoples. They also brought new forms of transportation and other forms of technological change. The acquisition of horses or rifles did not automatically weaken Indian cultures. When the Lakotas acquired horses they found a means to hunt the bison

more effectively but they were already hunting buffalo. Guns made them more effective warriors, but they had not been pacifists before they obtained rifles. In the same sense, Americans today do not consider themselves somehow less American than, say, Thomas Jefferson, because we drive automobiles and he did not.

Consider the Navajos, a people who became noteworthy for their willingness to look around the corner and over the next hill, for their curiosity about what might be gained by exploration and inquiry, for their willingness to incorporate new peoples into their society and new elements into their culture, and for their determination to do something well. Such a society inherently embraced expansion. Thus while in no way denigrating the remarkable journey and achievements of Lewis and Clark, we must also recognize that for centuries before their arrival the Navajos and other Native communities made their own treks and their own quests. They, too, were explorers and discoverers.

Indigenous communities learned from others and ultimately developed forms of cultural expression that regardless of origin eventually emerged as fundamentally their own. The so-called squash blossom necklace provides a case in point. The squash blossoms are really pomegranate blossoms, modeled after ornaments worn by Spanish and Mexican men. These ornaments came most immediately from Granada, which means pomegranate in Spanish. And, of course, Granada was the final stronghold of the “Moors,” who not only brought pomegranates to the Iberian peninsula, but also versions of the Islamic crescent, later adopted as the so-called horseshoe or naja at the base of the squash blossom necklace. In time, the necklace became “traditional”. It became Navajo, just as the croissant became French. (8)

Encounters with outsiders often strengthened rather than eroded Native identity. Wolf Chief, a Hidatsa man who visited Chicago in the early 1900s, recalled: “Back of a hotel in Chicago they threw old foods that they did not want any more on their tables. I saw some poor women, dirty and in rags, take the cover off the cans, and they took out the food to eat. I said to myself, ‘These poor women must be hungry,’ and I could not understand how this could be in Chicago where there was so much food. If an Indian man is hungry, no matter what he has done or how foolish he has acted, we will always give him food. That is our custom. There are many white customs which I do not understand and which puzzle me very much.” (9)

In the twentieth century tourists to Indian country have continued to puzzle Native observers. Navajos found it odd that so many visitors would drive a long way just to reach the four corners monument where Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, and Colorado meet. They watched these folks place their left arm in Utah, their right arm in Colorado, their left leg in Arizona, and their right leg in New Mexico. They concluded it was just one more thing about white people they would never quite understand, any more than they could figure out why the tourists said “cheese” when they took pictures of each other. (10)

But, then, part of who you are is who you are not. People all over the world recognize this reality. Identity may be formed in part through opposition, often against a

powerful neighbor. It may be reinforced through stressing things present in one's society that another society cannot claim. Residents of New Mexico say they are far from God but near to Texas. Part of being from Tucson is not being from Phoenix. Part of being from Phoenix or San Francisco is not being from Los Angeles. Part of being from Los Angeles is not caring what people elsewhere think about your city.

Norwegians note that the longest waterfall in Denmark is less than three meters in length. French viewers of the film, "Babette's Feast," contrast the marvelous cooking by Babette with the unimaginative fare prepared by the Danes. The Danes appear to regard pepper as a dangerous spice. Their motto in the kitchen seems to be: when in doubt boil it.

The Indian reservation system arose out of a federal determination that Native communities needed to be isolated and assimilated. Ultimately the reservation symbolized the two overarching impulses of white Americans toward peoples of color: assimilation and segregation. In other words, white Americans said to Indians or African Americans or members of some other group: we'd like you to be just like us, but not next door to us.

In time, however, the reservation could become, as we have noted, a cultural enclave, permitting its occupants to maintain languages and to develop modern identities. In time the reservations, even though they had been imposed, had the potential to become home, especially if this acreage included terrain already perceived as culturally significant. Thousands of Navajos (or Diné, as they call themselves) had been incarcerated on lands far removed from their own country when U.S. representatives William Tecumseh Sherman and Lewis Tappan arrived in 1868 to negotiate a treaty. This discussion furnished a challenge of the first order. Sherman had proposed the Navajos move to Indian Territory, but the head Navajo negotiator Barboncito would have none of that idea. Eventually Barboncito wore down Sherman's hesitation about returning the Diné to their home country. He and other Navajos fully realized that the treaty of 1868 represented triumph rather than tragedy.

"After we get back to our own country," Barboncito said, "it will brighten up again and the Navajos will be as happy as the land. Black clouds will rise and there will be plenty of rain. Corn will grow in abundance and everything will look happy." Black clouds will rise. In these few words Barboncito summarized the importance of the land to Navajos and other Indian nations. Land was more than a commodity; it represented the heart of who they were. Black clouds signaled forthcoming rain. They symbolized the promise of precipitation. They reminded the people they had work to do. They emphasized that the Navajos had a future. As terrible as their years of incarceration had been, despite all of the indignities and insults they had endured, they had made their way through this terrible time.

Even during the trauma of imprisonment, they had begun to incorporate new food, new clothing, and new art forms into their culture. Fry bread, velveteen blouses, and silversmithing, in time, would be considered "traditional," but their beginnings can be

traced to this time and this place. The Navajos had begun to see themselves as a great people, destined to do great things. (11)

“Shi Nasha,” a Navajo song, may date back to the time of the people’s return. The words say: “I am going in freedom. I am going in beauty all around me.” Listen to this song, recorded by Marilyn Help, a member of the Navajo Nation. And imagine a ragged line of humanity, fully ten miles long, leaving this place of exile, returning home. (12)

(PLAY SONG)

In the years that immediately followed their return to their home land, the Navajos, with assistance from Father Anselm Weber and other valuable non-Navajo allies, succeeded in expanding their reservation land base to four times the original site of the reservation created by the treaty of 1868. They fought off various attempts to subdivide or reduce their land holdings. Here, if there ever was one, is an example of Native reemergence and renaissance, so contrary to the usual images we hold of what happened to American Indians in the 19th and 20th century West. (13)

Not all Native peoples experienced the Navajos’ good fortune. However, on the other hand, the Diné were not alone. In some parts of the West the establishment of new reservations continued well into the twentieth century. In Arizona, for example, in addition to Fort McDowell, Tohono O’odham and the Ak-Chin Indian Community were created well after 1890. (14)

Historians have recognized the courage and determination of militant resisters like Crazy Horse. They have chronicled in infinite detail the various battles that took place. However, too often they labeled retreat conquest and they equated loss with defeat. D’Arcy McNickle, a Native historian, knew better. He appreciated the seemingly infinite Native capacity for survival and renewal. He reminded his readers that the Indians may have lost, but they were never defeated. (15)

Even as Curtis was taking his photographs, Indian peoples were preparing to survive and eventually prosper in the century ahead. They established the Native American Church, which offered a significant form of brotherhood at a time when Indian men were denied many of the old ways of demonstrating generosity. The church meetings helped many fight against the ravages of alcoholism. Many young Indian men and women first learned about peyote at the large multi-tribal boarding schools, a result neither welcomed nor anticipated by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. (16)

This role played by the schools is suggestive of the opportunities historians have to fashion productive revisionist perspectives about these institutions. Several books have already emerged to help us gain a more complete and thus more complicated picture of the schools. In her study of the Chilocco Indian Industrial School, Creek scholar Tsianina Lomawaima concludes: “Indian people at boarding schools were not passive consumers of an ideology or lifestyle imparted from above by federal administrators. They actively created an ongoing educational and social process. They marshaled

personal and shared skills and resources to create a world within the confines of boarding school life, and they occasionally stretched and penetrated school boundaries. In the process, an institution founded and controlled by the federal government was inhabited and possessed by those whose identities the institution was commissioned to erase. Indian people made Chilocco their own. Chilocco was an Indian school.” (17)

A U.S. Supreme Court decision in 1908 also had significant implications for the future. In **Winters v. U.S.** the court ruled that the Gros Ventres and Assiniboines of the Fort Belknap reservation in northern Montana were entitled to a sufficient amount of water to fulfill the purposes of the reservation, which the justices decided included irrigated farming. Contrary to the old adage of western water—first in time, first in right—the court ruled that it did not matter when the Indians had started to put water from the Milk River to beneficial use. The Winters’ doctrine, as the ruling became known, provided the foundation for Indian water rights in the years that followed. (18)

During the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, historian Frederick Hoxie concludes, many Indian peoples had to adjust to new surroundings and new restrictions. The early twentieth century became, he contends, “not a period of assimilation but a time of rapid cultural change.” The people of Cheyenne River ultimately experienced “not a time of defeat and hopelessness.” Rather they made their way through “a crucial period of adaptation and survival.” (19)

As time went on specific places within reservations gathered increasing cultural significance. Such significance, says anthropologist Keith Basso, became “an instrument of survival.” He listens to White Mountain Apache Dudley Patterson conclude that “wisdom sits in places.” The stories associated with sites became teachings that promote proper conduct in a landscape that resonated with cultural vitality and power. A particular place thus became linked to a person and to something that happened—perhaps good, perhaps bad, but assuredly memorable. It offered a lesson; it provided a reminder about proper behavior, about ongoing responsibilities. (20)

Many Indians participate in rodeo, an activity that prompts good stories, most of them true. The rodeo arena itself is the stuff of memories: the smell of fry bread, the struggle for meter and meaning in a country and western song, a certain hue of the earth, the glowing light of late afternoon, the echo of a meadowlark’s song. Rodeos are often accompanied by parades. The Crow Fair parade is almost never ending proclamation of Crow pride. Despite everything, the parade says, this is still our home. Because of what came before us, the parade announces, we will continue. (21)

Today American Indians, as they always have, combine the old with the new. If one wanted to witness that combination at work, one could ponder the example of Liz Dominguez. In the 1990s, this Native woman from California heard a recording in the Yahi language, made early in the century. The man who had made this recording, Ishi, had been the last member of his tribe. Hearing Ishi’s voice inspired her to search for a comparable recording made by her people, Chumash language speakers. And she found it. One of the voices she heard was that of an older relative. “The first time I heard her

sweet, shy voice,” Dominguez wrote, “and at the same time looked at a photograph of her, it was as if she were alive again!” Today Liz Dominguez is “a beginning speaker of two Chumash languages” and “a singer of over one hundred songs.” (22)

The strength and resilience of Indian families played a key role in the continuation of Native American values. “It is through the stories of my grandmother’s grandmother and my grandmother’s grandmother’s grandmother and their lives,” concludes Angela Cavender Wilson, “that I learned what it means to be a Dakota woman, and the responsibility, pain, and pride associated with such a title.” (23)

All along the way, Indians have found ways to achieve continuity through change. A passage from a novel by Native author Thomas King illustrates this capacity. An Indian man, Eli Stands Alone, is listening to the complaints of Clifford Sitton, a non-Indian. Sitton grumbles: “You know what the problem is? This country doesn’t have an Indian policy. Nobody knows what the hell everyone else is doing.” Stands Alone replies, “Got the treaties.” “Hell, Eli,” Sitton responds. “Those treaties aren’t worth a damn. Government only made them for convenience. Who’d of guessed there would still be so many Indians kicking around...?” “One of life’s little embarrassments,” Stands Alone acknowledges. “Besides,” Sitton contends, “you guys aren’t real Indians anyway. I mean, you drive cars, watch television, go to hockey games. Look at you. You’re a university professor.” Stands Alone retorts, “That’s my profession. Being Indian isn’t a profession.” Sitton adds: “And you speak as good English as me.” “Better,” Stands Alone quickly observes, “and I speak Blackfoot, too. My sister speaks Blackfoot. So do my niece and nephew.” “That’s what I mean,” Sitton complains, “Not exactly traditionalists, are they?” Stands Alone ends the conversation: “It’s not exactly the nineteenth century, either.” (24)

And it is not. “We’re always there,” wrote Gail Tremblay, “remembering what supports our life—impossible to ignore.” (25) At long last historians and other story tellers are beginning to turn more of their attention to the years after 1890. As they do so they cannot ignore ongoing patterns of discrimination and ongoing problems within Indian nations, but they need to place greater emphasis on surveying survival than always documenting despair. They can actually write about Native American individuals and communities who have succeeded rather than focusing so frequently on failure. There are wonderful stories to tell about Indian physicians and philosophers, artists and attorneys, potters and politicians. They are just now in many ways beginning to be told.

A few years ago I attended a special gathering on the Northern Arizona University campus in Flagstaff. For twelve months an original copy of the Navajos’ 1868 treaty had been on display in the NAU library. Now the treaty was about to be returned to the National Archives in Washington, D.C. Navajos assembled to say good-bye to this document. One speaker after another paid tribute to their ancestors and their achievements. They testified to the importance of family and place. They reminded each other they could draw strength from the past, could confront the present, could leave a legacy for future generations. “They tried to wrench us from the land,” said Navajo poet Laura Tohe. “What was our crime? We only wanted to live within our sacred

mountains. The land holds the memories of our people's whispers, cries, and blood," she declared. "We are Code Talkers, cowboys and college professors. We are Diné." (26)

As the program came to a close, the Navajos' sacred mountain of the West shimmered in the late afternoon sun. To the north in the distance black clouds were beginning to rise.

1. This discussion is based in part on Peter Iverson, "**We Are Still Here**": **American Indians in the Twentieth Century** (Wheeling, Illinois: Harlan Davidson, 1998). See also Brian W. Dippie, **The Vanishing Indian: White Attitudes and U.S. Indian Policy** (Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan University Press, 1982) and Francis Paul Prucha, editor, **Americanizing the American Indians: Writings of the "Friends of the Indian," 1880-1900** (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1973).
2. D'Arcy McNickle, **Native American Tribalism: Indian Survivals and Renewals** (New York: Oxford University Press, 1973), 4.
3. Statistics courtesy of Scott Stabler, Ph.D. student, history, Arizona State University.
4. In other words, Indians matter only when they interact directly with non-Indians.
5. Richard White, "The Winning of the West: The Expansion of the Western Sioux in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, in Albert L. Hurtado and Peter Iverson, editors, **Major Problems in American Indian History** (Lexington, Massachusetts: D.C. Heath, 1994), 243-257.
6. Peter Iverson, **Diné: A History of the Navajos** (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2002), 25.
7. Ibid.
8. Ibid., 32-33.
9. Carolyn Gilman and Mary Jane Schneider, editors: **The Way to Independence: Memories of a Hidatsa Family, 1840-1920** (St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society Press, 1987), 245.
10. Iverson, **Diné**, 55-56.
11. Ellen McCullough-Brabson and Marilyn Help, **We'll Be In Your Mountains, We'll Be In Your Songs: A Navajo Woman Sings** (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2001), 53-66; Iverson, **Diné**, 66.
12. See Iverson, **Diné**.
13. Ibid.

14. For Fort McDowell, see Peter Iverson, **Carlos Montezuma and the Changing World of American Indians** (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1982).
15. McNickle, **Native American Tribalism**, 1-15.
16. See, for example, the testimony of James Mooney and Francis LaFlesche before a Congressional committee, reprinted in Albert Hurtado and Peter Iverson, editors, **Major Problems** (2nd edition, 2001), 356-359.
17. K. Tsianina Lomawaima, **They Called It Prairie Light: The Story of Chilocco Indian School** (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1994), 167.
18. For an excerpt from the decision, see Albert Hurtado and Peter Iverson, editors, **Major Problems** (2001, 2nd edition), 354-356.
19. Frederick E. Hoxie, "From Prison to Homeland: The Cheyenne River Reservation Before World War I," in Peter Iverson, editor, **The Plains Indians of the Twentieth Century** (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1985), 56-74.
20. Keith Basso, **Wisdom Sits in Places: Landscape and Language Among the Western Apache** (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1996), cited in Peter Iverson, **Riders of the West: Portraits From Indian Rodeo** (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1999), 32.
21. Iverson, *ibid.*, 32-33.
22. "Liz Dominguez (Chumash/Yokuts/Luiseno) Hears Ishi's Voice," in Albert Hurtado and Peter Iverson, editors, **Major Problems**, 497-499.
23. Angela Cavender Wilson, "Grandmother to Granddaughter: Generations of Oral History in a Dakota Family," in *ibid.*, 514-519.
24. Thomas King, **Green Grass, Running Water**.
25. Gail Tremblay, quoted in Iverson, **We Are Still Here**, 208.
26. Iverson, **Diné**, 323-324.

