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Native American Apparel

Leave Tar Sands Oil in Ground: 110 Scientists Invoke First Nation Treaty Rights

Enbridge's Aging Tar Sands Pipelines Beneath Great Lakes Are "A Ticking Time Bomb"

Feds Cancel Study of Cancer Risks Near US Nuclear Facilities

Katie Lee brings a long-lost artifact back to the Hopi

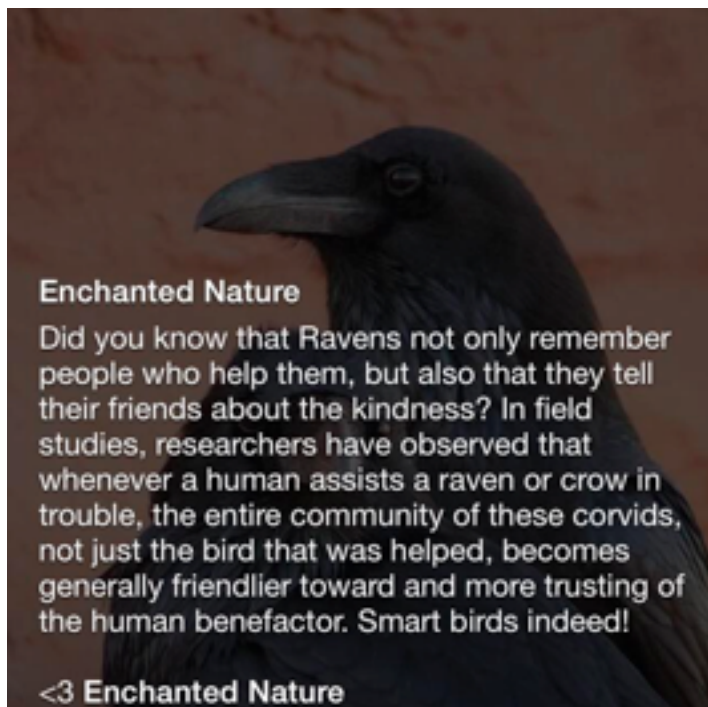
Video: Ojibwe Woman Leads Off Reservation Sustainability Movement

Meet The Second Round Promise Zones

Official Site of Matika Wilbur Photography. Doctrine of Christian discovery

Tell Congress To Give Native Americans Back Their Sacred Land

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[Native American Apparel/ Alano Edzerza/ Northwest Coast fashion with T.I. Hughey and 14 others](#)

A message from our Raven/crow brothers and sisters ☺

[Julia Hammett](#)

We need more of these collaborations People! We need Scientists working with Indigenous people working with Spiritual people working with Activists working with Government Representatives from local to global levels, all working across all our self generated cultural boundaries and mental silos. This is the only way we can reconnect all humans and all life forces if we are to create any hope of a future for our species and for Mother Earth. All hands on deck to turn this ship around.

[Leave Tar Sands Oil in Ground: 110 Scientists Invoke First Nation Treaty Rights](#)

More than 100 scientists of numerous disciplines have called for an end to oil sands development in Alberta, Canada, on environmental grounds. indiancountrytodaymedianetwork.com

Enbridge's Aging Tar Sands Pipelines Beneath Great Lakes Are "A Ticking Time Bomb"

[Read the Article at BuzzFlash](#)

[Feds Cancel Study of Cancer Risks Near US Nuclear Facilities](#)

Sue Sturgis, Facing South: This week, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission announced it was canceling a National Academy of Sciences pilot study of cancer risks near US nuclear facilities,

citing budget pressures. Nuclear watchdogs blasted the NRC's decision, with Maryland-based Beyond Nuclear calling it "outrageous."

[Read the Article](#)



<http://www.dbgnewe.org/About-Us.html>
Alliance for Nuclear Accountability - A national network of organizations working to address issues of nuclear weapons production and waste cleanup.

National Nuclear Security Administration, U.S. Department of Energy - Program areas include Defense, Emergency Operations, Infrastructure and Environment, Nuclear Nonproliferation, Naval Reactors and

Nuclear Security, Management and Administration.

New Mexico Community Foundation, Community Involvement Fund - Extending U.S. Department of Energy Environmental Management grants to qualified nonprofit organizations nationwide that represent communities and residents who are most likely to be affected by cleanup process and decisions.

Nevada Field Office, National Nuclear Security Administration - A massive outdoor laboratory and national experimental center. Information on website includes: national security, environmental programs, library and public affairs. Tours can be arranged.

Nuclear Waste Primer: A Handbook for Citizens - The League of Women Voters Education Fund. PDF version provided by the U.S. Department of Energy.

Regulations.gov - Submit your comments on proposed regulations and related documents published by the U.S. Federal government. Search and review original regulatory documents as well as comments submitted by others.

State of Nevada Agency for Nuclear Projects - Information on the Nevada National Security Site and Yucca Mountain.

U.S. Department of Energy - Ensuring America's security and prosperity by addressing its energy, environmental and nuclear challenges through science and technology.

U.S. Environmental Protection Agency - Protecting human health and the environment.

U.S. Federal Register - The Office of the Federal Register informs citizens of their rights and obligations, documents the actions of Federal agencies, and provides a forum for public participation in the democratic process.

U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission - Oversees nuclear reactor licensing, renewal, safety and security, radioactive material safety, and spent nuclear fuel management (storage, security, recycling, and disposal).

Katie Lee brings a long-lost artifact back to the Hopi

Iconic Western author journeys with a tribe's spiritual talisman.

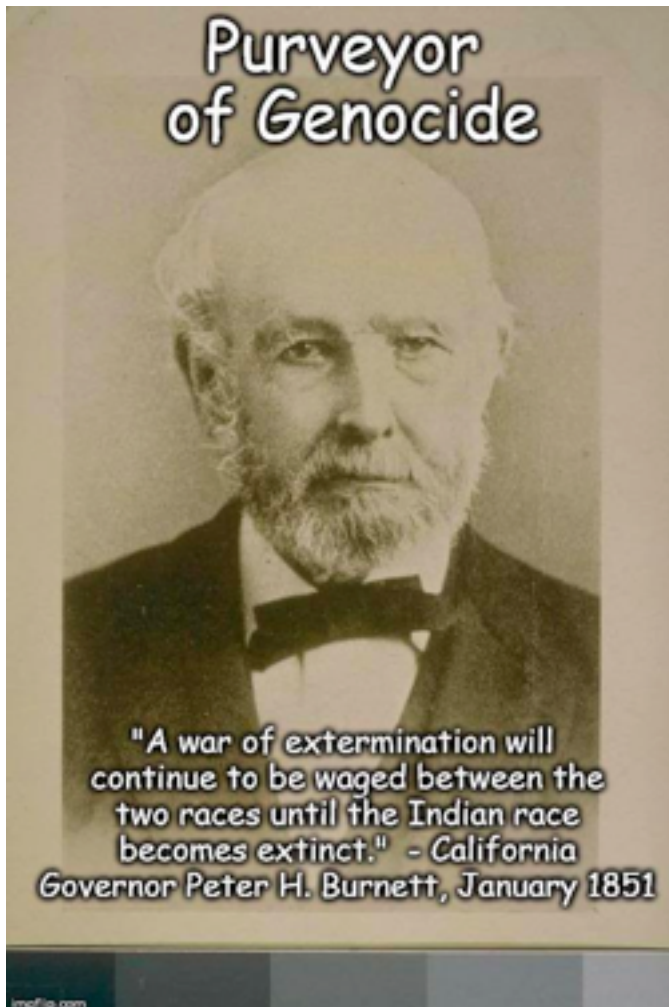
[Katie Lee](#)

Essay Sept. 5, 2015 Web Exclusive

It all began on a mild September day in 1968 when I stopped to visit my old friend Slim Williams, then living in his house trailer at Fry Canyon, Utah. He'd never owned a telephone in all the years I'd known him. I'd show up and we'd go hiking or jeeping, looking for old trails, hunting up mine roads, or just relaxing in the trailer.

Slim was a man-of-all-trades who had come west from Missouri, probably in his twenties—a miner, assayer, boatman, hunter, and cowboy. He herded cattle, supplied far-flung claim diggers with groceries and tools, built roads, drove trucks and tractors and...

...was a pot hunter.



Most everyone in the area was into hunting pots, and much more, before the Antiquities Act was passed — a law that didn't actually put a stop to the business, as we know. I'd seen some of the stuff he collected in the cabin at White Canyon, where he lived during the river days, and knew that when working at a mine on his days off he and a buddy or two would go hiking through canyons along the river, picking up whatever took their fancy — surface stuff like pot shards, chippings, arrowheads, knives, ax heads, pieces of sandals, woven thongs. They didn't dig for things like big cooking pots, jugs or *ollas* — ceramic jars.

Then, around 1957 the *legal* pot hunters got into the act — the anthropologists. Knowing that the reservoir behind Glen Canyon would drown thousands of ancient ruins, university anthropologists were sent into the Glen for the Upper Colorado River Basin archaeological salvage project.

From my first day on the river in 1953 with Mexican Hat Expeditions — owned and operated by Frank Wright and Jim Rigg — they made it abundantly clear that their passengers were not to

remove artifacts of any kind from sites they visited in the Glen or San Juan canyons. They took me, and my guitar, to sing to the passengers on the beaches at night. Anyway, pot collecting was completely out of my line. I was busy looking up-and-around, getting the whole picture, not nose-to-the-ground, like the hunters. I've seen trunk-loads of artifacts in over a hundred ruins, on many rivers and trails since those first days, when I let my imagination fly as I touched artifacts that lay on the surface, envisioning the hands that formed them centuries ago. It was a kind of opiate to dream myself back in the company of the Ancients.

When I arrive at Fry Canyon on that September day in '68, Slim is washing dishes and comes to the door with wet, soapy hands. I help stick some bowls in the drainer, have a drink of water, and go to sit on the couch beside his bookcases.

"Got something to show you," he says.

Stepping over to the cases, he takes something out, comes back and lays it in my lap. It is cool and heavy, about a foot long. As I run my hands over its golden, polished surface, the hair on the back of my arms and neck tingles. "My god! What is it?" I whisper. "What's it for? Where'd you find it? Did you trade it for someth...?"

"Whoa, girl, not so fast. You know better'n to ask questions like that; but I'll tell you one thing, it's a *chamahia*."

"What's a *chamahia*?"

"Some people think it's an artifact used by the ancestral Puebloans, perhaps in their ceremonies — for what, nobody I know can tell me. You see how it's shaped: flat, like a blade on this end, and kind of like a handle on the other? Could be used for ending someone's life, or maybe it's a digging tool."

(A tsamahia (chamahia) is a sacred stone, a bit more than a foot long. It was used as a ceremonial piece by the Hopi, either as a weapon or a hoe-ax placed on the altars in the kiva. Courtesy Katie Lee)

"Nobody's been digging with this!" I say. "It's beautiful... couldn't be shinier if it'd been polished on a jeweler's wheel." I stare in wonder... *chamahia*... the name sounds Spanish to me. "How could anyone chip something this perfect out of stone? Got to be three inches wide on this flat end and it must weigh over a pound. You're right, if somebody got socked with this they wouldn't last long. What do you think the stone is?"

"Not sure. Maybe some kinda jasper."

I'd never seen anything like it, or if I had, it didn't register at the time. I was never much of a museum-goer, and what little I remembered was mostly mummies in glass cases; never bothered to look at the smaller, more intricate stuff. But from that day on, until Slim and I moved much farther away from each other, I looked at that stone with a kind of envy — always took it out of his bookcase and felt it. I once tried to trade him out of it by giving him something I believed he wanted, but nothing ever worked, and even I wondered why the *chamahia* kept nudging me.

Years sometimes stagger by... or dwindle... often surge and even gallop, depending on how you ride them. The spring of 2013 reminded me that I hadn't had but three or four letters from Slim since 2007, and the last time I'd seen him must have been around 2004. The reminder came as a blinding shock with a phone call from his nephew George telling me that Slim had died.

After months of trying to locate where Slim had been living — somewhere near Yuma, Arizona in his same old house trailer — George had come upon a few of my old letters. They were half eaten by rats, but my address was still readable, which is why he searched for and called me. He asked if I'd like to have the letters returned, along with some other things that were of no special value to the family, since I was the only person they could find who'd known Slim for a long time and seemed to care about him; and would I please pardon him for reading my mail, but it was the only way... etc.

We made arrangements to meet and he brought a large box containing a few photographs and books, the letters, and some of the arrowheads, small pots, scrapers and knives that had been in the glass case. In the bottom I pulled away a piece of an ancient sandal, and beneath it was...

...the *chamahia*!

I let out a shriek, startling George, then started to laugh and cry at the same time. The irony was more than I could bear. Slim wouldn't trade me anything for it, he wouldn't give it to me, he wouldn't tell me where he found it, or even if he had. Over the years I had completely forgotten about it. Now, here it was. What unknown force propelled it my way? Whatever the mystery, I could see Slim's tight little "you-won-that-one" smile, knowing that it now rested in my hands.

When I lifted it from the box, I felt the tingles once again.

So I put it carefully on a shelf of my own bookcases — more as a memory of Slim than something I was proud to display. I never felt I "owned" it in any way — more like the *chamahia* owned *me*. Cleaners were instructed not to dust that shelf. I would stroke its beautiful surface now and then as I walked by, but after a while I began to feel a strange sense of guilt about its being here. Why? That raised the hair on my curiosity enough for me to start asking questions. I still didn't know what a *chamahia* was.

Serendipity!

Before I had a chance to start asking, an answer came in the form of Don Fowler's just published book *The Glen Canyon Country: A Personal Memoir* — a truly scholarly work, but at the same time, one written with far more empathy than most academic salvagers, not just for the canyon and what may or may not have happened there centuries ago, but also for the miners and river runners who'd come only a short time before the salvage began. Don was one of the archaeologists hired by the Upper Colorado River Basin archaeological salvage project back in the early '60s — yet there wasn't a word about *chamahias* in his book.

Strange...

I write, tell him what I have, send him a photo of it, and ask if he knows what it is, what it was used for — anything about it. I tell him how I come to have it and my feeling that it doesn't belong here, that no way am I going to give it to a museum to live in a glass case, or worse, some archival basement — they wouldn't display it anyway if they didn't know where it came from. Here is his answer to my inquiry:

... Turns out we actually found 3 whole and 2 broken chamahias in Lake Canyon in 1960. All were on the surface of different sites. ... pieces of others were from open sites even further upstream. Two showed a lot of use; one showed no use. All were made of siliceous hornfels — a smooth grained, very hard rock.

Hm-m-m... Lake Canyon... My memory sizzles with flash pictures of that place, one that Slim knew well — far better than I. But Don mentioned nothing about what they were, or were used for. He then referred me to Rosemary Sucec, a cultural anthropologist at the cultural office at Rainbow Bridge National Monument. I talked with her, told her what I had and sent her a photo of it, which she passed on to one of the Hopi Elders on Second Mesa in Northern Arizona — someone I hadn't a clue how to contact.

Almost a month went by.

Then came a message from a Hopi Elder, Lee Wayne Lomayestewa — our names, his first, my last, are the same; another odd connection — who is repatriation coordinator at the Hopi Culture Preservation Office at Kykotsmovi Village, Arizona. He writes that Floyd Lomakuyvaya, Antelope Priest of the Hopi Village of Shungopavi, would be interested in having, and possibly using, the *tsamahia* in their ceremonies — especially the ones that fall, coming up soon. (Later, I find it spelled, *tchamahia*, *tshamahia*, even *chamahia*, the way Slim spelled it, and finally, *tsamahia* — the way it will be spelled from here on, having learned from the Hopi there is no “c” in their alphabet). Lee suggests I box it and mail it to him at the Hopi Cultural Center up on Second Mesa.

No way! I get him on the phone and tell him, “Lee, I can't put this incredible piece of art in a box to send through the U.S. mail! Who knows what could happen? It's more like a spiritual talisman than just a work of art. I don't know what else it has been subjected to since being found. I don't wish to add more insult, injury, or anything whatever, to its long, historic life — not me.”

There is long silence at the end of the line... Something in my voice and manner has told him this is not the same as hundreds of other artifacts being returned to the Hopi from various museums, organizations, and people around the country. That maybe he should listen to what the old lady had to say...

“Oh-h, I see, Miss Lee. We could send someone down to your house to pick up the artifact if you would prefer not to send it through the mail.”

Someone... not Lee Wayne, not Floyd, the Antelope Priest, just... someone.

“No, Lee. Thank you for the offer. I will bring the *tsamahia* up to Second Mesa and give it to you. Please send me a map of where you are. I really hate driving the interstate, so I want to

know if I can still use the back roads north of Leupp. Strangely enough, Kykotsmovi isn't even on my old res maps."

He sends directions. I call my friend Jody Drake who knows my story of the *tsamahia*, and a lot more about Second Mesa and the museum and cultural center there than I do. She is thrilled to come along, and her husband, Ron, also, to help me with the driving if need be.

My thoughts on the drive up are full of apprehension. What if all this preparation, contact with strangers of a far different culture, and following my intuition rather than doing more research, turns out to be a wild duck chase? Suppose I have to return with the *tsamahia*? Well, whatever, it isn't mine to keep. I'll bury it somewhere near the area where I think it may have come from, where it can't be found; where I believe, in my heart, the spirit in the stone will rest with its ancestors, and not be bothered again.

The reservation land is anything but boring, as opposed to the smelly, truck-burdened Interstate. Every curve is graced with mounds of wind-sculpted, flesh-colored sand; sometimes flowing in a shallow stream across the two-lane tarmac. This fall, the rolling land is dotted with rabbit brush just beginning to release the fuzz of its spent blossoms. We see rows of corn in small, tidy plots near a trailer home or hogan, or backed into the juts of a Navajo sandstone wall, out of the wind. It's a day of all seasons — the glittering sun of summer; the cool breeze of spring; the deepened colors of fall, and the impression of winter, with the air full of snow-white seeds. Above, and north of all this, rise the First and Second Mesas of Hopi Land.

I made a couple of wrong turns on the Mesa that put us a tad late for lunch with the two Elders at the cultural center restaurant. We drop our luggage in the lobby and are led to a table where they sit waiting with their wives. Both men stand to welcome us with handshakes, smiles and much laughter from everyone over my boo-boo of wrong turns; they're not "antsy," as we Americans become when someone is late for a meeting—especially one of importance. Floyd is supported by his steadfast wife, Charlene, who is also a healer. The group is complete with his lifelong friend Lee, and Lee's wife—all have close community and personal vested ties.

In my arms is the *tsamahia* wrapped in a bath towel. I don't sit down as the others do, but look at Floyd, the Antelope Priest, with a sting of tears forming in my eyes and throat, afraid I can't speak to tell my story. Once more the hair on my arms tingles as I relate what I know of the *tsamahia*'s late history. They nod gravely from time to time, smile at something Slim has said about it, and never take their eyes from mine except to glance at the rolled up towel I hold in my hands. When finished, I walk around the table to Floyd's chair, conscious that the room had gone almost quiet. I place the towel in his hands, and return to my seat on the other side of the table where Lee sits next to me, and directly across from Floyd. When he puts it on the table in front of him, and slowly unrolls the towel, I cover my mouth with my hand and send one last prayer to the River Gods. Everyone holds their breath. It happens quickly and subtly. One glance at the stone and the golden thread of a single thought passes between them. Their eyes meet and widen for a split second; the muscles at the corners of their lips tighten ever so slightly, in sync, and the slightest nod passes as silent agreement.

Floyd quickly re-towels the *tsamahia* and lays it in his lap—then and there I have the distinct feeling the next time it will see light will be in a Hopi kiva. Everyone exhales breaths of relief

and satisfaction as talk turns to anticipation of the ceremonies that will welcome the sacred stone home, back where it belongs.

We learn that the honor of the Antelope Priest has been passed through Floyd's family for generations; his grandfather, great-grandfather, and beyond, have been the tribe's Antelope Priests. Charlene tells Jody and me that Floyd will be in the kiva for ten days with the stone — Jody remarks that, in the end it doesn't matter what the *tsamahia* was used for, or who used it. All is overshadowed, because now it is in the hands of those who understand, with a respect that only deep heritage can give — preserving the future through preserving the past.

I am smiling, almost laughing as I watch Floyd walk away with the towel tucked beneath his arm; realizing it's the *tsamahia* that's had the *adventure* — one spanning a thousand or more years, compared to my couple of decades of exploring Southwest deserts.

A week or so later I receive a letter from Lee Wayne:

Hello Katie,

That's good that you burn cedar in every room of your house. Yes Charlene is a healer and she could help you on how to deal with your vertigo. I will give her your love and hope you can come visit us soon again. I know that the Tsamahia is in the right place where it belongs. I feel good about it being with Floyd.

Take care, Lee Lomayestewa

After that day, many interesting details came to light through research pointing to the mystery of these artifacts. Through Google I found a wild array of interesting information about the Hopi — pre-Hopi, and present Hopi. And I took note of oddly entwined threads that connected me, in some esoteric way, with the *tsamahia*, with clans, and rivers, and specific locations in Hopi history.

I came across [Early Relations Between Hopi and Keres by Elsie Clews Parsons](#):

... The Acoma were said to be Hopi who had learned to speak Keresan; the early language of the people who came to be referred to on First Mesa as Snake-Sand clan was said to be Keresan. It was believed that all these peoples ... lived together at Toko'nabi, near the junction of the San Juan and Colorado rivers.

I had played and swam in the waters of the San Juan where it joined the Colorado River — plus all around the 1,200-foot sandstone cliffs that surround that junction, long before the dam and reservoir drowned it all.

I'd never heard the word "*Keresan*," but if you walk in my front door, immediately to your right you will see at least fifteen snakes, made of everything from iron, to grass, to wood, adorning low cabinets between the bookcases.

The horned or the two-headed snake which is patron of the Antelope society; and chamahia, the term for the implement-weapon, the hoe-ax placed on the Hopi Antelope society altar...

Chamahias are fetish stones in Pueblo opinion, representing warrior spirits, anthropomorphic beings of an earlier age, turned to stone.

And so there it is — the spirit in the stone.

Katie Lee, now 95, has long been an environmental activist in the Southwest. Known for her folk songs and writings, she most recently appeared in “[DamNation](#),” a documentary about freeing our nation’s blocked rivers, and in “[Wrenched](#),” a documentary about monkey-wrenching activists. See katydoodit.com for more.

Video: Ojibwe Woman Leads Off Reservation Sustainability Movement

Monycka Snowbird raises chickens, rabbits, and goats, and produces enough organic crops to keep her family of three plus friends and neighbors fed.

indiancountrytodaymedianetwork.com

Meet The Second Round Promise Zones

On April 28, 2015, U.S.

Department of Housing and
Urban Development (HUD)

Secretary Julián Castro and U.S.

Department of Agriculture (USDA) Secretary Tom Vilsack announced new Promise Zone designations in the following communities:

1. [Camden, New Jersey](#)
2. [Hartford, Connecticut](#)
3. [Indianapolis, Indiana](#)
4. [Minneapolis, Minnesota](#)
5. [Sacramento, California](#)
6. [St. Louis/St. Louis County, Missouri](#)
7. [Pine Ridge Indian Reservation of the Oglala Sioux Tribe, South Dakota](#)
8. [South Carolina Low Country](#)

Each of these communities put forward a plan demonstrating how they will partner with local business and civic leaders to make investments that reward hard work, create jobs, and expand access to middle class economic opportunity.

Applications were received from 123 applicants across 36 states, along with Puerto Rico, and Washington, DC. These designees join a cohort of 5 Promise Zones from the first round that were announced by President Obama in January 2014.

Through the Promise Zone designation, these communities will work directly with federal, state and local agencies to give local leaders proven tools to improve the quality of life in some of the country’s most vulnerable areas.



Learn more about the [Second Round Promise Zones](#).

View the [Community Development Marketplace](#) to see the goals and activities the second round designees listed in their applications.

Join the [mailing list](#) to receive announcements and to follow the new round of Promise Zones in their journey.

More information is available on the [Promise Zones website](#).

Promise Zone In The News

[The Oklahoman: Federal Initiative Is Part Of What Brings Hope To Southeast Oklahoma](#)

[WRTV – Indianapolis, IN: Near Eastside Of Indy Designated ‘Promise Zone’](#)

[The Sumter ITEM: Promise Zone: Help, Hope, and Heroes](#)

[ARTSBLOG: The Case for Culture in the Promise Zone: Connecting Federal Initiatives with Place-Based Culture](#)

[Harlan Daily Enterprise: Promise Zone Identifies More Than \\$200 Million In Funds](#)

[Official Site of Matika Wilbur Photography.](#)

Official website of Matika Wilbur Photography. Matika Wilbur is a photographer from the Swinomish and Tulalip Tribe. Her work focuses on the complex issues of Contemporary Native America. Photographer in Seattle. Seattle Photographer. Indigenous Photographer. Native American Photographer. Contemporary... www.matikawilbur.com

[Myron Dewey](#)

Take time to understand the **doctrine of Christian discovery** my relatives who are protecting our traditional harvesting areas.

Why understand the doctrine of The Discovery doctrine is a concept of public international law expounded by the United States Supreme Court in a series of decisions, most notably Johnson v. M'Intosh in 1823. Chief Justice John Marshall justified the way in which colonial powers laid claim to lands belonging to foreign sovereign nations during the Age of Discovery. Under it, title to lands lay with the government whose subjects travelled to and occupied a territory whose inhabitants were not subjects of a European Christian monarch. The doctrine has been primarily used to support decisions invalidating or ignoring aboriginal possession of land in favor of colonial or post-colonial governments.

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[Documentary about Doctrine of Discovery to be screened in DC](#)

The film explores how Catholic Church documents from the 1400s have shaped federal Indian law and policy. <http://www.indianz.com/News/2015/018883.aspx> indianz.com

## Tell Congress To Give Native Americans Back Their Sacred Land

[Signature needed: Protect Native American holy land from mining](#)

Congress is giving away a sacred Native American site to a foreign-owned mining company.

After over a dozen failed lobbying attempts, this pristine piece of...

[share.credoaction.com](http://share.credoaction.com)

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### About This Petition

This house has been in our family for over 80 years. Our great great great grandparents Minnie and Casus Mike started their home here over 100 years ago before there even was a Water and Power/ Edison. This home has housed many generations of the Mono Lake Paiutes to be exact there has been six generations and possibly more. From my mother and her siblings to the great great great grandchildren of minnie and casus mike. This house is still live-able and our family still goes there to see my gram and aunty erm. These 2 women come and stay here for summers. But are now being forced by dwp and edison to vacate the home/ property. Unless Erma Andrews pays insurance and rental fees to Edison for the next 5 years on a quarterly payment, or comes up with \$10,000.00 for those 5 years.

Even then if she does pay Edison/Water and Power will not allow the home to be passed down to a family member after her death. She is also on a fixed income and is fighting two different types of cancer and is paying numerous doctor bills. This is not only a part of our families history but the Mono Basins history. People want to make a big deal about the baskets, Minnie Mike and Carrie Bethyl made. So lets do something about the home that shaped these women into who they were!

[http://www.thepetitionsite.com/takeaction/456/835/753/?taf\\_id=14925115&cid=fb\\_na#sign](http://www.thepetitionsite.com/takeaction/456/835/753/?taf_id=14925115&cid=fb_na#sign)

