

Journal #3817 from sdc 1.25.17

Reno Response - DAPL

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I'm sick. Just wake me up. I can't believe we're here. I can't believe there is a federal attack on our most basic human rights, on our freedom, on science, on our earth. All I know is that we didn't stand by and watch our water be contaminated under the Obama Administration and we won't stand by and let it happen under the current administration. We will have to be more creative, do more research, build more unity, and spread more love ❤️📱 if we want to protect our world for the grand babies. We're ready. [#WaterIsLife](#) [#NoKeystoneXL](#) [#NoDAPL](#)

Trump signs orders advancing Keystone, Dakota Access pipelines

He signed the executive orders regarding both projects in the Oval Office Tuesday morning.
nbcnews.com|By [NBC News](#)
www.nbcnews.com/politics/whit



BREAKING: Trump Signs Executive Order Forcing Continuation of DAPL & Keystone XL

The executive orders reinstating the continuation of the pipeline were set to be...
thefreethoughtproject.com|By [The Free Thought Project](#)



'We are Sitting Bull's people'

At Standing Rock, the pipeline protesters turn to the Lakota leader for guidance and strength in their fight to protect their water.

By Bob Keyes

The road from Fort Yates was rutted with three days of snow and ice. In the late-afternoon's fading light, the headlights of the rental car barely illuminated the sedan fish-tailing in front of me. I followed closer than I should have, and between sweeps of the wipers I read the simple, plaintive plea of the bumper sticker: Honor Indian Treaties.

After four days on the ground at Standing Rock, it seemed appropriate that on this, on my final night, I would read on a bumper sticker on the car in front of me the same thing I heard again and again at the Oceti Sakowin and Sacred Stone campgrounds, where thousands of people gathered to protest the construction of the Dakota Access Pipeline.

Honor the damn treaties.

I followed the car south until it turned into Sitting Bull College, and continued on in the fading light over the icy hills of the Missouri River and into South Dakota, through Kenel and Wakpala and eventually to my hotel room in Mobridge.

The next day near the airport in Bismarck, at a red light among the slush, the North Dakota vanity plate on the late-model pickup truck caught my eye: DRILL, emblazoned against the backdrop of a bison and a robin-blue sky. The message was less a plea than a command: Drill for damn oil.

When the light turned green, the truck sliced through the slush was gone with a right-hand turn. On two roads, less than 24 hours and 65 miles apart, one bumper sticker and one vanity plate distilled the Dakota Access Pipeline dispute in broad, simplistic terms: Money vs. morality, profit vs. principle.

On one side, big oil determined to push a 1,200-mile pipeline through from the Bakken oil fields of North Dakota to Illinois.

On the other side, the Standing Rock Sioux Tribe, the descendants of Sitting Bull, the self-proclaimed water protectors, standing up for clean water, for environmental sanity and, ultimately, for the honor of their ancestors. It's the same fight that Indians have fought for generations, with the echoes of Little Big Horn and Wounded Knee filling the snowy expanse of the valley of the Cannon Ball River.

The decision by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers to deny an easement necessary for Energy Transfer Partners to complete the pipeline is a temporary reprieve, a step in legal and political processes that almost certainly will turn in January when Donald Trump becomes president.

But it's a victory nonetheless, for the Standing Rock Sioux Tribe and for tribal people everywhere. More than 400 tribes or sovereign nations came to Standing Rock by car, truck and bus, and on horseback, on foot and in dug canoes they paddled from the headwaters of the Missouri River. They were joined by environmentalists, activists, progressives, and by Indian and non-Indian U.S. veterans, who came to Standing Rock in early December to stand as a human shield in the event of violence — and, humbly, to apologize for the collective sins of the United States military against Native people, and to ask forgiveness for those sins.

Tribal affiliations didn't matter. Non-natives were welcomed. The only people excluded were those with weapons, drugs and alcohol. As hosts, the Lakota grounded the community in tradition and ceremony, with a sacred fire, prayer circle and song. Welcoming ceremonies melted animosities and united people as one. A speaker at the sacred fire urged people to expunge the word "tribe" from their language. To hold on to that identity limits one's ability to benefit from community, she said.

In post-election Trump America, a movement that began with women and children in one of the poorest and most marginalized communities in America became a symbol of strength and an example of what people can do when they set aside their differences and work together on a common goal. At Standing Rock, words became action. Ideas became reality.

Through the warm fall and into the bitter early winter, Standing Rock swelled from a protest to an occupation and became, perhaps, the largest gathering of tribal people ever and certainly the largest since Sitting Bull and other chiefs and elders convened to talk about what to do about the white people.

It's been an ongoing conversation.

Enraged at the arrogance of the government negotiators, Sitting Bull told tribal leaders that white people couldn't be trusted, that their treaties didn't mean anything and their desire for land, minerals and natural resources would never be satisfied. When the Northern Pacific Railroad pushed through Lakota hunting grounds in 1872, Sitting Bull led the resistance to the "iron horse," orchestrating attacks on surveyors and standing in the line of fire to prove his bravery and his commitment to what he believed was best for his tribe and for Indian people. Sitting Bull was the original water protector, and remains a symbol of strength and resolve on Standing Rock and across Indian country. And Standing Rock represents unity and hope, where people from diverse backgrounds, and with ancient unresolved conflicts between them, come together to stand for the one human and environmental right they all share in common: Water. Phyllis Young, a Standing Rock elder, lost her family home when the Army Corps of Engineers flooded the Missouri River in the 1950s. She calls herself "a daughter of Oahe," a reference to the lake formed by the Oahe Dam near Pierre, South Dakota. The dam inundated the Missouri River valley, creating Lake Oahe that reaches more than 200 miles north to Bismarck.

The dam provides power to much of the Northern Plains, as well as safe navigation, recreation and irrigation. Young grew up feeling patriotic for the sacrifice of her family and her tribe for the betterment of society. Pride turned to resentment when she realized the land lost to the lake was the best and most fertile land on the reservation, and the promise of compensation never

matched the loss of homes and land suffered by the Standing Rock and Cheyenne River Sioux tribes.

Their sense of water vulnerability was reinforced in 2003, when low water levels on Lake Oahe left 5,000 families in Fort Yates without water for most of a week. Everyone knows it could happen again, said Avis Little Eagle, publisher of Teton Times newspaper in McLaughlin, S.D. “When they said the pipeline was coming through, that wasn’t new to us. We’ve had this fight before,” she said.

Young grew up familiar with the legend of Sitting Bull, and with deep-seated distrust of the Corps of Engineers and the U.S. government in general. She resents that her tribe has had to fight for essential water rights during times of drought and development.

“They are thieves, and they always have been,” she said. “We have collective memory. We are angry because we remember what they have done to our grandmothers. For them to come in and think they can take our water — we have a long history.”

News of the easement denial and the requirement of an environmental impact study came on a Sunday afternoon in early December, when temperatures reached into the 30s. It was a festive weekend. Veterans from across the United States began arriving at Standing Rock on Thursday and Friday. Some walked, others arrived in motorized convoys. The airport in Bismarck teemed with travelers.

Supporters delivered cords of woods, tanks of propane and loads of lumber. The mind-set was this occupation would last a long time, and people were digging in for cold days ahead. Small tents, which provided adequate shelter in the fall, would not withstand the howling prairie nights. With torrid pace, workers built structures with 2-by-4s and plywood, and stuffed walls with insulation.

The news spread from one camp to the next: The Corps of Engineers denied the easement. At first it was met with disbelief. Someone planted a fake news story. Who was the source? Then it became real. There was a statement from Standing Rock chairman David Archambault, and people began celebrating.

The news came as a surprise. The protesters had given up on the Obama administration, and a looming evacuation deadline cast unease across the camps. What some people feared might become a modern-day Wounded Knee, with unarmed Indians taken down by an armed militia, instead became a metaphorical Little Big Horn, with Indians vanquishing a stronger enemy with tactical smarts and smarter leadership. But the victory felt short-lived and bittersweet. The mild December afternoon yielded to a blizzard, and Standing Rock plunged into a many-day deep winter freeze. People and cars were frozen in, stressing resources and risking exposure to double-digit below zero wind chills. Community centers and the nearby casino in Fort Yates sheltered people, but travel was treacherous, and the risk of sliding off the road seemed worse than freezing in a tent.

The last time Bucky Harjo suffered from the cold like he did at Standing Rock was in December 1990, when he joined the Big Foot Memorial Ride. The horseback ride from Standing Rock to Wounded Knee marked the 100th anniversary of the Wounded Knee Massacre on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, in southwestern South Dakota.

That ride was brutally cold — minus-10 to minus-20 without the wind chill during the coldest days, when the riders moved quietly on horseback and on foot across the frozen prairies of central South Dakota, through the Badlands and out into the vast open plains bisected by creeks and draws.

“It seems they were back to back,” Harjo, now 63, said of the two monumental tribal gatherings 26 years apart. “It feels like there were no differences in the years between them. They were both such wonderful experiences and events. To be a part of either is mind-blowing and very uplifting.”

Harjo was a relatively young man on the Big Foot ride, at 37 years. By then, he had rediscovered the Indian heritage he had been encouraged to disavow growing up in Oklahoma. The Big Foot

ride affirmed his commitment to his culture, activism and change, and made him a better and stronger man.

On the day he rode his horse through the Badlands, Harjo heard the voices of Big Foot's people. They guided the riders through a treacherous pass of canyon formations. That evening, Harjo tried to describe the feeling of his spirit that afternoon.

"What happened today, what is happening on this ride, it is so spiritual. It's sacred," he told me as we sat together on the gym floor at a school in Kyle. I was a newspaper reporter from Sioux Falls. He was a subject in my story, a rider from the West Coast who came to South Dakota so he could sacrifice for his ancestors. He talked about the "dedication of the people" and how if he could, he would go back to the days of Big Foot and Sitting Bull.

"To live in harmony with the universe is beautiful," he said. "To live and to walk and to breathe. To have respect for all life, all creation. To live and grow with the seasons — and not to be contaminated by man-made things and man's pollution. Back then, we were a lot healthier. Stronger minds, stronger spirits."

Twenty-six winters later, Harjo, a photographer, came back to Standing Rock to document, to protest and to participate. He came three times from his Nevada home to Standing Rock, for a total of 2–1/2 months. The last time, he stayed nearly five weeks, arriving in early November. On the evening of Dec. 5, when the cold hit hard and the winds blew ceaselessly, Harjo posted these words on Facebook, like a dispatch from the wilderness: "Tent is now frosted from ceiling to floor. The wind is extremely strong. Tent sounds like a ship's wooden mast on a sail boat. Strong gusts may eventually blow the tent across the prairie. We are filled to capacity. We have refugees from the weather."

The weather was colder on the Big Foot ride, but he was younger and better able to adapt and endure, he said. Each night around the fire, riders were reminded that the discomfort they suffered couldn't compare to the discomfort suffered by Sitting Bull, Big Foot and their people.

Sitting Bull died near Mobridge at his Grand River cabin on an icy morning in December 1890. The Army deemed him a troublemaker, and wanted him arrested before winter set in. A force of nearly two dozen regular and special police gathered early on Dec. 15 to take him as he slept.

The arrest went badly. Sitting Bull resisted, and ended up in a heap of men, shot in the back of the head and chest. His death led to an uprising that carried downriver to Big Foot and the Minneconjou band of Lakota. When they learned that Sitting Bull had been killed, they feared for their own well-being, broke camp and moved toward Pine Ridge, 400 men, women and children walking quietly in the dark to avoid detection by the police or Army.

In bitter cold and with Big Foot sick with pneumonia, they struggled for seven days across the Cheyenne River, the Bad River and eventually through the Badlands. The U.S. 7th Cavalry intercepted Big Foot and his people near Wounded Knee, just north of their destination at Pine Ridge.

They made camp on the evening of Dec. 28, and the next morning, again in the cold, the Army circled the Indian encampment, disarmed the men and opened fire, killing hundreds. A mass grave marks the burial site of those killed at Wounded Knee, and has become a place of pilgrimage for people seeking truth and justice in Indian affairs.

The Big Foot ride was a prayer for the ancestors. Standing Rock is a prayer for the unborn, Harjo said. "The Big Foot Ride was about memorializing the loss of men, women, children and elders who were murdered mercilessly. Standing Rock is about defending water for future generations," he said.

After the blizzard, the camps retained their vitality. As one sacred fire was extinguished, another was lit. People committed to staying, to see this action through to its conclusion.

Young, a longtime activist, said the victory, even if temporary, is a source of personal and tribal pride. She knows Sitting Bull was there alongside the water protectors, offering guidance. "He was watching over us," she said. "I never doubted myself, my people or my tribe. I never

doubted once that we could do something. We are who we are, and we know who we are. We are Sitting Bull's people."

On my final night at Standing Rock, I stopped at Fort Yates to see a marker for what had been Sitting Bull's original grave. He was buried in Fort Yates, but his remains were moved in 1953 to a site west of Mobridge overlooking the Missouri River, closer to what had been his home.

I had to stop here to satisfy my growing curiosity about the Hunkpapa chief. I admired him since I first encountered his looming presence when I wrote about the Big Foot ride, arriving in Little Eagle, a small town in South Dakota, early in the morning of Dec. 15, 1990, 100 years to the day, and nearly to the hour, that Sitting Bull was killed.

I learned about a man who stood up for his people in battle and in politics. He hunted bison, fought other tribes and resisted intruding white men, always with the betterment and well-being of his people in mind. He was an aggressor in his early years, and shifted his role to that of protector after he accepted as inevitable the advance of the white men.

At the hotel in Mobridge, there's a photo of Sioux leaders on the steps of the Interior Department in Washington, D.C. In the photo, Sitting Bull stands apart, off to the side. He refused to make a friendly pose. His face is full of doubt. One can sense his resistance in the image, which was taken in October 1888, a little more than two years before he was killed.

A marker at the Fort Yates burial site includes this quotation from Sitting Bull: "What treaty have the Lakota made with the white men that we have broken? Not one. What treaty have the white men ever made with us that they ever kept? Not one."

Honor the damn treaties.

With the evening sky closing heavy overhead, a skein of geese appeared in the distance, filling the air with their throaty calls. In native culture, geese crossing your path signal the call of the quest. As the geese faded into the slate-gray sky, I got back on the highway and headed south toward Mobridge, picking my way across the icy hills along the Missouri River.

Bob Keyes is a journalist from Maine, where he writes for the Portland Press Herald/Maine Sunday Telegram. Previously, he wrote for the Argus Leader of Sioux Falls, S.D. E-mail him at bob.keyes@yahoo.com

An excellent audio interview with him on our community radio WMPG at the University of Southern Maine. The weekly talk show is called Tuesday Night Talk Radio Club, here is a link to the show audio archive site, you will have to click on the December 27th show, <http://www.wmpg.org/show/tue1930/>

Please note that the archive only saves the most recent five shows so this one will only be streamable from the archive for the next week expiring Tuesday night January 31st 7pm set, as it was originally broadcast December 27th, 2016. CSS

Stand Up America

These battles are far from over and will continue in the courts, the states, and locally. We won't let him roll back environmental victories without a fight! Add your voice.

Urgent! Trump just signed Executive Orders to move the Keystone XL and Dakota Access pipelines forward.

We won't let Trump get away with this and we have no intention of backing down. [We will stand with Tribes and landowners across the country and show Trump what a real movement looks like. Send a message directly to the White House.](#)

Donald Trump is already proving to be the dangerous threat to our climate we feared he would be. But, these pipelines are far from being a certainty. **From the plains of Nebraska and North Dakota to the streets of New York to the halls of Congress, millions of Americans and hundreds of Tribes have stood up to block these dirty pipelines, and their voices will not be silenced. We will continue to fight these dangerous projects.**

The Keystone XL pipeline was rejected because it was not in the country's interest, and the environmental review of the Dakota Access Pipeline was ordered because of the threats it poses to the Standing Rock Sioux. **Nothing has changed. These pipelines were a bad idea then, and they're a bad idea now.**

[Take action: Show Trump that we will not back down, we will stand with our allies and fight him every step of the way. Send a message directly to the White House.](#)

At a time when China and the rest of the world are doubling down on clean energy, these projects would expand reliance on the dirty energy of the past. The Keystone XL pipeline would carry 830,000 barrels of the world's dirtiest oil -- tar sands -- every day from Alberta, Canada to the U.S. Gulf Coast. It would carry and emit the climate equivalent of 37.7 million cars' annual emissions each year -- a disaster for our climate. TransCanada, the foreign company behind the Keystone XL project, will attempt to use eminent domain to sue American landowners and seize their private property in order to pipe this dirty fuel across the U.S. for export.

The 1,168-mile Dakota Access Pipeline would carry 450,000 barrels of fracked oil every day through four states. It would cut through communities, farms, sensitive natural areas, wildlife habitat, and tribal lands like the Standing Rock Sioux Tribe's ancestral lands. It would also cross under the Missouri River just upstream of the Tribe's drinking water supply, where a spill would mean a serious threat to the Tribe's health, culture, and way of life.

Simply put, Donald Trump is exactly who we thought he is: a person who will sell off Americans' property and Tribal rights, clean air, and safe water to corporate polluters. [Now is the time to show him who we are by standing up for Tribal rights, our communities, and our climate. Take action now!](#)

In solidarity, Michael Brune, Executive Director, Sierra Club

[As Trump Moves to Advance Dakota Access Pipeline, Al Gore Calls DAPL "an Atrocity"](#)

Amy Goodman, Democracy Now!: On Tuesday, President Trump signed two executive orders to advance construction of the Keystone XL and Dakota Access pipelines, two projects blocked by the Obama administration. On Monday, Democracy Now! spoke with Al Gore about the Dakota Access pipeline.

[Watch the Video and Read the Transcript](#)

Barely Two R's Are Taught at School That Led Tribe to Sue U.S.

By FERNANDA SANTOS

Students at Havasupai Elementary in Arizona say they learn mostly reading and math, but poorly. Their tribe says the United States has reneged on its legal duty to educate them.

***The Amazing Gabby!! The 5th Triple - Double in UCONN history!
16 Points, 16 Rebounds, 10 Assists!! Spectacular!!!!!!***

Terri Hendry

Work related: **2017 has been designated in Nevada as the year to recognize Native American Veterans.** Native Americans have the highest per capita enlistment rate in the country but hardly any enroll for the benefits they deserve and have earned. If you have suggestions for outreach in the beautiful, rural reservations and other rural communities..



Upcoming Free Webinars

- **February 14/15:** [How to Report Live from Nonprofit Conferences and Events](#)
- **February 7:** [How NGOs Worldwide Use Online Technology and Social Media](#)
- **March 29/30:** [How to Choose the Right Domain Name for Your Nonprofit, Charity, or NGO](#)

Opinion

In so-called flyover country, lots of ‘real’ Americans are mad as hell at Donald Trump too

Women's march protesters take to the streets of Reno, Nevada.

(Melissa Batchelor Warnke for The Times)

Reno, nicknamed “The Biggest Little City in the World,” isn’t exactly known as a hotbed of political resistance. A small group of people protesting Columbus Day and the Dakota Access Pipeline was *purposefully* [*hit by a car*](#) under the city arch back in October. The day after [*Donald Trump*](#)’s election, the Reno Gazette-Journal [*estimated the turnout for the ensuing protest was “at least 100.”*](#)

So the organizers of Saturday’s Reno women’s march had low expectations, especially because it had been snowing like crazy and University of Nevada, Reno students were still on winter break. Nevada is an open-carry state, and there were safety concerns. Felicia Perez, a founder of the Reno Solidarity Network and one of the march’s speakers, told me she “thought if 200 people show up, it’s a win for Reno.”

But just before 9 a.m., the fenced-off streets in front of the federal courthouse began to swell with foot traffic. When marchers looked around to check themselves out, they saw a sea of fellow Northern Nevadans. It was the biggest assembly in the city’s history, larger than the anti-war marches of the ’60s and the 2006 immigration reform protests; 10,000 people attended, according to the Reno Police Department.

This whole thing they call ‘tough love’ — that’s not mentioned in the Bible. — Reno protester Verita Black Protho

On Saturday, opposition to President Trump and his administration manifested in massive marches in large coastal cities like Washington, Los Angeles and New York. Less anticipated, however, was the explosion of resistance in smaller cities and towns across America. And while the Women’s March on Washington faced criticism for centering on the experiences of cisgender white women — a historically repeated navel-gazing made ever more insulting to minority communities by the fact that 53% of white women voted for Trump — Reno’s march was indigenous-led, and organized by activists of many races, religions, sexual orientations, abilities and gender expressions. White women stepped back during the day’s events and highlighted the long-standing advocacy work of communities of color.

When the marchers reached City Plaza, Janice Gardipe of the Reno-Sparks Indian Colony offered a gentle blessing before Perez jumped onstage and turned the event into a rock concert:

“Buenos Dias! Good Morning Biggest Little Marchers! Que Viva La Mujer! Welcome to the resistance!”

She talked about the rage, sadness, and shock that she’d felt since Trump’s election. “I am the daughter of migrant parents. I am a queer, latinx woman of color. I am only alive today because

of the Affordable Care Act. And yes, THIS IS what a woman can look like,” she shouted, ripping her pink pussycat hat off to reveal her bald head. The crowd exploded in cheers.

Helen Fillmore, a UNR student pursuing her master’s degree in hydrology and a descendant of the Washoe Tribe, got the biggest applause of the day when she repeated the Dakota pipeline organizing slogan: “Water is life.” In Nevada, where mining has polluted many water supplies, the message resonated.

"We pray that those who say they walk with Christ start acting like they walk with Christ," Verita Black Protho, a local boutique owner and self-labeled progressive Christian, told the crowd. “In the Old Testament through the New, we’re told to care for the poor, the widows, and the orphans. This whole thing they call ‘tough love’ —that’s not mentioned in the Bible.”

A woman kept running to the front to ask the speakers to talk louder for those in the back. The woofers were rattling from overload.

Meanwhile, alt-right media were working overtime to discredit the massive D.C. march and media reports of non-record-setting inauguration attendance figures, arguing that only wealthy liberals or “coastal elites” could get to Washington.

That doesn’t explain what happened Saturday.

As Cindy Norris, an older white woman who attended with two friends, told me: “I’m here because for the first time in my life I’m standing up for something I believe in. Too many times I’ve sat still while bad things happened, and I’m not going to do it anymore.”

Like Norris, each person I spoke with at the Reno march lived in Nevada, and each had hopes for the communities that were incompatible with Trump’s agenda. Lots of so-called “real” Americans are mad as hell too. And whether their states went red or blue, an astounding number of those in the middle are beginning to organize.

“The past four years I’ve been living here, I’ve been like, Reno’s not ready,” Perez told me after the march. “But they’re ready now.”



Melissa Batchelor Warnke is a contributing writer to Opinion. Follow her [@velvetmelvis](https://twitter.com/velvetmelvis) on Twitter.

No Essay Scholarships 2017 *by Susan Dutca*

Not all scholarships are awarded to the best writers with the strongest essays. So whether you're too busy writing other essays for school or simply not the best at literary composition, there are scholarship providers that dole out funds for unique hobbies or skill sets; or even for simply entering a contest. Check out these no-essay (or essay-alternative) awards for a chance to fund your college education::

[Niche's \\$2,000 "No Essay" College Scholarship](#)

Deadline: January 31 **Maximum Award:** \$2,000

[Scholarships.com's Register & Win \\$500 Scholarship](#)

Deadline: January 31 **Maximum Award:** \$500

[Chegg \\$1,000 Monthly Scholarship](#)

Deadline: February 1 **Maximum Award:** \$1,000

[BMI Student Composer Awards](#)

Deadline: February 1 **Maximum Award:** \$20,000

[John Lennon Scholarships](#)

Deadline: February 1 **Maximum Award:** \$20,000

[Courageous Persuaders Video Scholarship Competition](#)

Deadline: February 9 **Maximum Award:** \$3,000

[Create Real Impact Contest](#)

Deadline: March 17 **Maximum Award:** \$1,500

[The "Tell A Friend Scholarship" Sweepstakes](#)

Deadline: March 31 **Maximum Award:** \$1,000

[NPG Photography Scholarship Contest](#)

Deadline: April 7 **Maximum Award:** \$1,500

[A Voice for Animals Contest](#)

Deadline: April 10 **Maximum Award:** \$650

[Microsoft Imagine Cup code.FTW! Global Competition](#)

Deadline: July 31 **Maximum Award:** \$100,000

[Microsoft Imagine Cup Hello Cloud Online Contest](#)

Deadline: Varies **Maximum Award:** \$1,000