

Journal #4080 from sdc 1.29.18

America as Indian Country

Meet the team trying to identify the state's surprisingly large cache of unidentified remains

John Adams + Indians

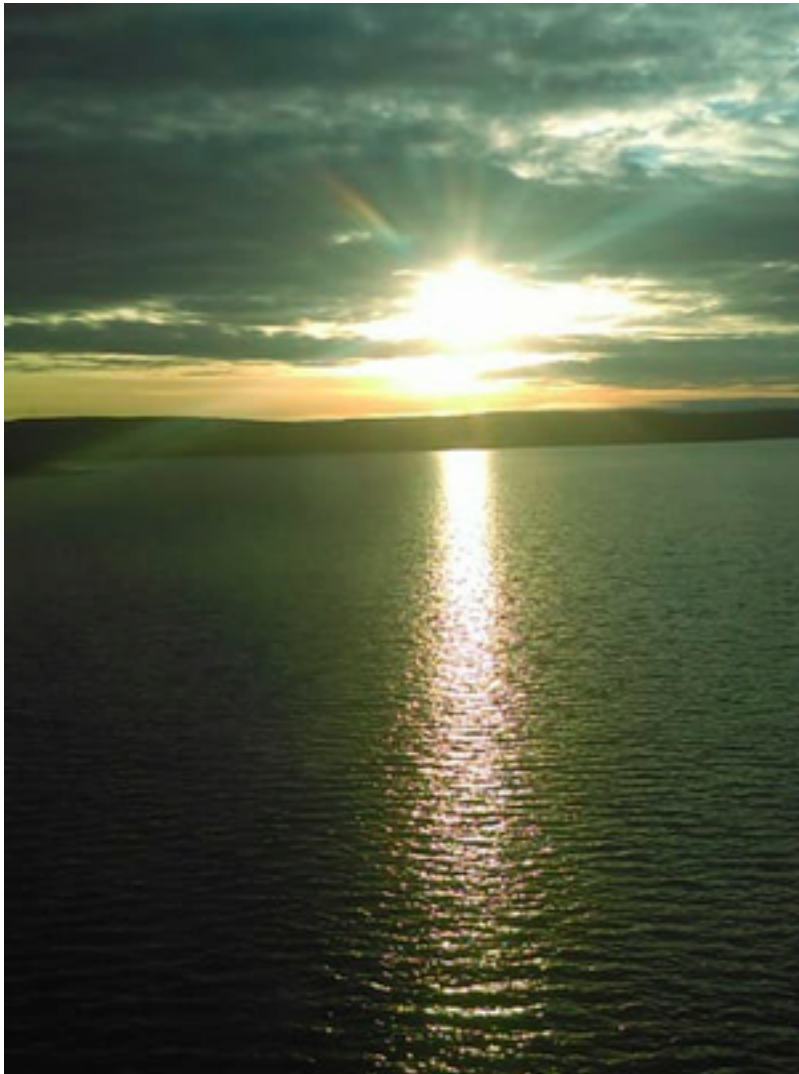
Rambling Through Time

A Legal Lifeline for Some of the World's Rarest Whales

Blackston

RIP Pricilla Hooper-Lynch

RIP Bryan Jones



[Bixi Nibe](#)

Water is life!!

Question: During WWII, why did the U.S. government urge the donation of excess cooking fat to the army?

- 1.Used as lubricant in machinery**
- 2.Used to make bombs**
- 3.Used as fuel source in tanks**
- 4.Used in treatment of soldiers' burns**

America as Indian Country

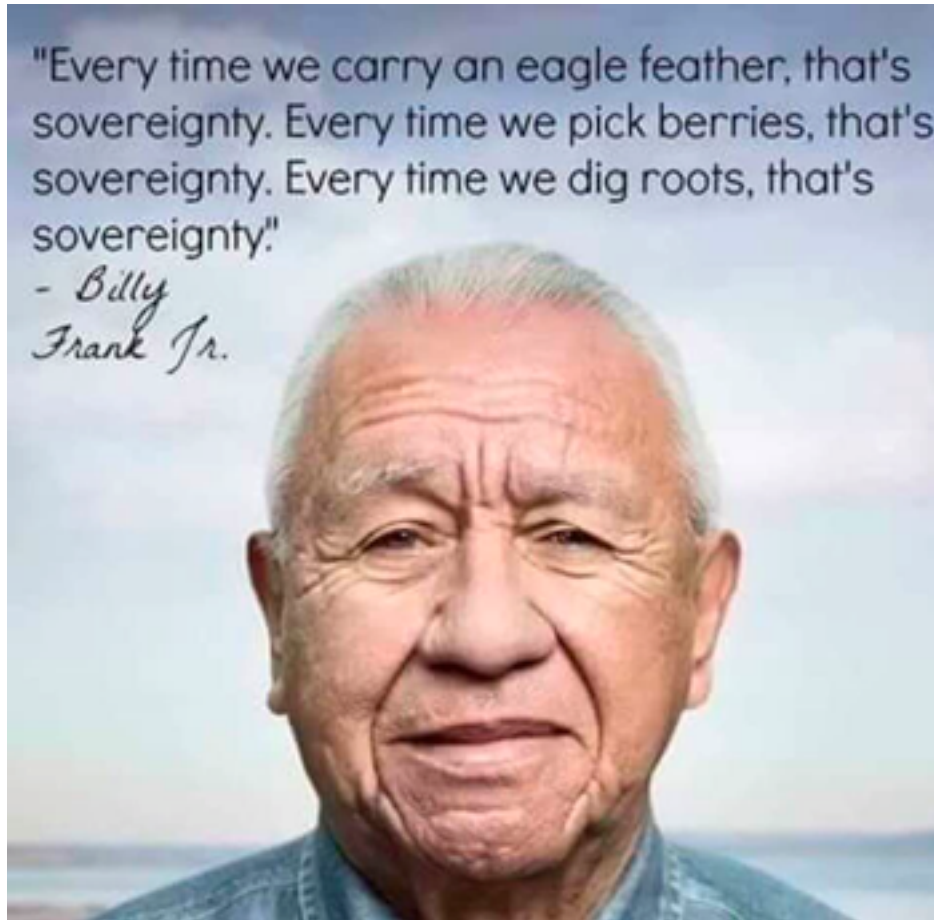
The omnipresence of Native Americans in popular culture. By [Peter Schjeldahl](#)

I don't often cotton to museum shows that are educational in character—when I want instruction, I'll read something—but I love, and I wish everyone would see, “Americans,” at the National Museum of the American Indian, in Washington, D.C. It is keyed to the ubiquity of Native Americans in popular culture. Spectacularly installed, in a grand hall, are hundreds of Indian-themed artifacts, from movie posters, toys, and commercial and sports-team logos to weaponry (a Tomahawk missile, on loan from the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum, intimidates overhead). “Indians Everywhere,” the display is entitled. Other sections unpack the legends of Pocahontas, the first Thanksgiving, the Trail of Tears, and the Battle of the Little Bighorn—stories that everybody knows, at least hazily. Apt photographs and entertaining videos abound. So do irresistibly readable texts. There's no through line. You bounce, pinball fashion, among the show's parts, seduced into cognizance. Is it worrisome to relish aspects of a harrowing history that commonly stirs feelings of guilt, shame, anger, and fear, perhaps smeared over with sentimental treacle? Yes, and that's a thought that “Americans” anticipates but leaves hanging—and haunting—to deal with as one can and will.

“We want viewers to feel smart,” Paul Chaat Smith remarked while I toured the show, which he co-curated with Cécile R. Ganteaume. Smith is Comanche on his mother's side and a member of the tribe. Born in Texas, he grew up in Oklahoma and Maryland. In 1974, he dropped out of Antioch College to join the American Indian Movement, shortly after that radical group's seventy-one-day, at times violent standoff with federal and local law-enforcement agents at Wounded Knee—the infamous site of a massacre of Sioux men, women, and children by U.S. Army soldiers in 1890—on the Pine Ridge Reservation, in South Dakota. (The immediate issue was a rebellion against the reservation's elected leader, but news of the event stoked Indian militancy nationwide.) Smith is a daring thinker and writer. He co-wrote, with Robert Warrior, a consummate history, [“Like a Hurricane: The Indian Movement from Alcatraz to Wounded Knee”](#) (1996). A collection of his essays, [“Everything You Know About Indians Is Wrong”](#) (2009), one of my favorite books of recent years, does indeed make me feel smart, abruptly wised up to ramifications of a modern “embrace of love and hate and narcissism” between post-1492 latecomers to the continent and inhabitants who “only became Indians once the armed struggle was over in 1890. Before then we were Shoshone or Mohawk or Crow.”

Smith joined the American Indian museum in 2001, three years before its opening, on the Mall, in an exuberantly curvilinear limestone building by the Blackfoot architect Douglas Cardinal. Smith has concurred in a policy of congeniality to the museum's overwhelmingly non-Indian, though not wholly white, audience of around a million visitors annually. This puts him at odds with some of his former comrades. In 2004, the American Indian Movement demanded that the museum “forever be named and referred to as the National Holocaust Museum of the American Indian,” detailing the reduction by violence, disease, and displacement of the native population from the millions—estimates vary widely, from a few million to tens of millions—in the fifteenth century to barely a quarter of a million by the end of the nineteenth. (Today, there are about three

million people who identify as members of more than five hundred tribes.) Smith hardly dismisses the tragedy, an unhealable wound like that left by slavery, but he cedes protest to such other Indian intellectuals as the Choctaw historian Jacki Thompson Rand, whose eloquent essay “Why I Can’t Visit the National Museum of the American Indian” (2007), in the online journal *Common-Place*, rejects any notion of compromise with “colonial privilege.” Smith, having chosen to be a diplomat rather than a combatant for the interests of Native Americans, proposes conciliations that needn’t be sought, because they are baked into American memory and hope.



Start with “The Invention of Thanksgiving,” a funny and moving four-minute animated video narrated by Smith in a style that he has of deadpan drollery with gravitas at its heart. As generally understood—general understandings, including clichés and stereotypes, being grist for the show’s mill—the holiday commemorates a neighborly feast that was shared by Pilgrims and Indians in 1621: a true event that was little known for two centuries, until mention of it turned up in a footnote to a document from the

time. The narration admits that the promise of comity wasn’t kept: America is “a national project that came about at great expense to native people.” The video succinctly acknowledges the national consciousness of Indian suffering, and also of African slavery, with an animated image of a brain on fire. But it proposes that we—all Americans—like the annual observance because it helps us aspire to “our best selves,” even amid the difficult travel, emotional turmoil, and family fights that typically attend it. Stating a premise for the show, the narration avers, “However imperfectly we remember Indians, we’re remembering Indians.” The video ends with a cartoon of Smith, taciturn and sporting a feather, at a middle-class white-family table. “I’m glad to be here,” he says. Pause. “Better than the alternative.” But something in his laconic tone hints that

the alternative—upending the table, perhaps—has been well considered and retains an attractive rationale.

The show tells the tale of Pocahontas, who, in 1617, died in England, at the age of twenty-two or so, after having a son with the early Jamestown settler John Rolfe, in terms of her strange posthumous prestige for aristocratic and, of course, slaveholding Virginia families. A bit of Indian blood from her line could be an ornamental exception to pure whiteness. (Thomas Jefferson's daughter married a direct descendant.) The Trail of Tears—the forced relocation, in the eighteen-thirties, of whole tribes from Eastern states to Western territories—occasions the show's deepest dive into historical detail, citing characters and quoting testimony in a national debate that raged for years before and after the passage, by a close vote in Congress, of the Indian Removal Act, in 1830. There's nothing revisionist in the show's assessment of the Trail, which was atrocious: thousands of Indians perished on the way to mostly barren lands. But the plenitude of contending voices, white and Indian, has a you-are-there effect, demonstrating positions that, with minor editing, could be at one with both the enlightenments and the bigotries of our day. Regarding the 1876 Little Bighorn battle, the show exposes, without quite espousing, a triumphalist Indian point of view. Featured is a wall-filling blowup of a terrific—and terrifying—contemporaneous ledger drawing of the battle, by a Sioux artist. Custer's men spout blood from well-aimed spears and arrows or, often decapitated and dismembered, litter the ground.

As an old white man, I can't propose my pleasure in "Americans" as a model response to it, given the plurality of brains that burn with variants of rage or anguish in this time of identity politics. But I'll dare to endorse an approach—a specialty of Smith's—that lets identity and politics float a little free of each other, allowing wisdom to seep in. The show attempts it by parading crudely exaggerated understandings of Native Americans, ossified in kitsch, to awaken reactive senses of complicated, deep, living truths. (Not all the items are crap, by the way. I found it hard to take my eyes off one of the most beautiful machines in existence: a butter-yellow 1948 Indian Motorcycle.) The project gains drama, and a degree of peril, from occurring in the tax-funded Mall museum that is physically the nearest to the Capitol Building. Absent any correct attitude or even argument on offer, viewers will be thrown back on their own assumptions, if they think about them—and I expect that many will. The show's disarming sweetness and its bracing challenge come down to the same thing: a Whitmanesque idea of what Americanness means not only involving Indians but as a possible solvent of antagonisms past, present, and fated. ♦

This article appears in the print edition of the January 29, 2018, issue, with the headline "All American."

- Peter Schjeldahl has been a staff writer at *The New Yorker* since 1998 and is the magazine's art critic. He is the author of "[The Hydrogen Jukebox.](#)" [Read more »](#)

[Bixi Nibe](#) shared her [photo](#).

Sunrise in my New York. On my way to U.N. with Carlos Eden Maidel, from Tierra del Fuego, Chile. Alcalufe, Indigenous Nation in Extinction. I'm blessed to walk with one of the Last of his people. Extinction IS Forever!! Fight, Shine this day Warriors.



[Bixi Nibe](#)
[December 20, 2016](#) ·

Carlos and I, last week at the UN, picture taken by [Gianni Crow](#).

Answer: **Used to make bombs**

Meet the team trying to identify the state's surprisingly large cache of unidentified remains

By [Briana Bierschbach](#) | 01/23/18

MinnPost photo by Briana Bierschbach

The remains in question are those that have been found over the years in unmarked graves as land was developed around the state for businesses, apartment complexes or homes. These bones were donated to the university for research and study.

Susan Myster can learn a lot about a person from their bones, even if some bones say more than others.

If Myster could get only one bone from an entire skeleton, she would want a specific piece of the pelvic bone — or the “gold mine bone,” as she calls it. From the pelvis alone, Myster can determine the gender and age of the bone’s owner when they died, and sometimes, if they’d ever had children or certain diseases. Whatever she can’t gather from that bone, Myster can learn using other key pieces of a skeleton: the skull, teeth, even certain leg bones.

It's a macabre skill, but it's part of Myster's job. A forensic scientist and a professor at Hamline University, she's the only certified forensic anthropologist in the state, a distinction that's led her to some grisly scenes. She's been called by medical examiners to investigate possible homicides, and been asked to identify the remains at the scene of a house fire. In 2016, she was the person investigators summoned to a pasture near Paynesville to identify the bones of Jacob Wetterling, who had been missing for nearly 27 years.

It's Myster's latest job that finds her in an unexpected partnership, though — with the state of Minnesota. Last May, state legislators passed a funding bill that included more than \$100,000 but little description — other than to identify and bury human remains currently in the state's possession.

The remains in question are those that have been found over the years in unmarked graves as land was developed around the state for businesses, apartment complexes or homes. By law, any remains identified as belonging to American Indians are sent to the Minnesota Indian Affairs Council, while all non-Indian remains more than 50 years old are transferred to the state archaeologist.

For years, that's where they stayed, until now. As part of the bill approved by lawmakers, Myster is teaming up with the state archaeologist and a self-trained historian to examine as many as 100

different sets of remains in the state's possession — all in the hopes of giving those people back their names.

A pitch for the bones

Finding the office of the state archaeologist is an expedition in itself. It's located on the campus of historic Fort Snelling, just off Highway 55 in St. Paul, in the fort's history center building.

But to get to the center, you first have to drive to an open surface



parking lot where's there's not a building in sight. "Walk towards the obelisk at the river outlook," directs Amanda Gronhovd, Minnesota's archaeologist. From the obelisk, a ramp leads down to the entrance of building that's basically buried underground. It's a fitting setting for Gronhovd, a lifelong archaeologist, whose office is filled with filing cabinets and boxes of artifacts piled to the ceiling.

The state has had an archaeologist since the 1960s, when lawmakers passed the Field Archaeology Act, which banned unlicensed practitioners from conducting archaeological investigations on state sites. Part of Gronhovd's job is to review and approve archaeologists who can work on state sites, but she also works with government agencies to make sure they don't disrupt any historic sites or burial grounds when embarking on construction projects.

Susan Myster is the only certified forensic anthropologist in Minnesota.

To do that, Gronhovd keeps a list updated of all cemeteries in Minnesota and consults with state agencies. But people have lived — and died — in Minnesota longer than the state kept a record of cemeteries, so remains are still sometimes found unexpectedly. When that happens, the first step is to make sure the remains are not potential evidence in an active homicide investigation. The state must also determine whether the remains are American Indian, which are not handled by the state, and if they are more than 50 years old. If so, they say in the state's possession.

For years, though, there was no plan in place as to what to do next for the bones the state kept. "We don't have any money, or consistent funding for, 'OK, we found this person, now we need to do something with them,'" Gronhovd said. "So ... they would just go into drawers."

But Gronhovd and other state officials had an idea: Ask legislators to jumpstart a project to identify the bones. They would identify the bones, find living relatives, or at the very least, give the remains a proper burial. Last year, they took the pitch to legislators who were considering a package of projects to fund with the state's Legacy Amendment, which was passed in 2008 as a tax increase to pay for arts, conservation and cultural heritage projects.

Part of Amanda Gronhovd's job is to review and approve archaeologists who can work on state sites.

One of those lawmakers, Rep. Dean Urdahl, R-Grove City, was shocked to learn the state had unidentified human remains sitting in storage. As chair of the committee that puts together the Legacy Funding bill, he was quick to support the project. "It would be proper to do something with them," Urdahl said. "Nothing's happened for a heck of a long time."

But Gronhovd hopes that the money will allow the state to do more than just identify and rebury the current remains. She hopes the project can lead to a system that would allow the state to deal with any remains discovered, long into the future. "These are humans who had families and they were loved and these people were put in the ground in a way that was respectful and caring," she said. "For us to come along and dig them up and just throw them off to the side, it's not OK. We need to have a system in place."

'Who doesn't like a good mystery?'

Jeremy Jackson isn't an archaeologist or expert in human remains, but he was also pulled into the project because of bones.

A employee recruiter by trade, Jackson grew up in Brainerd hearing stories about the “Blueberry War.” In 1872, 22-year-old Ellen McArthur left her home to walk to Crow Wing Village, a settlement near what’s now Brainerd, but she never made it there. Her family assumed she drowned in the river along the way, and the issue wasn’t brought up again until several months later, when someone accused two men, brothers who were part Ojibwe, of killing McArthur.

The men were eventually lynched by an angry mob before the case could go to trial, even though some believed the two men were forced into making false confessions. After the lynching, a large number of American Indians made their way to the town, setting off panic among the settlers that the tribal members wanted revenge. The fear even caused the governor to call out the militia to protect villagers, the first time in state history that had ever been done. But the alarm was unnecessary. The native group had come to town to sell blueberries.

Jackson’s passion project became trying to figure out exactly what happened to McArthur, whose bones were discovered five years after the lynching, near where one of the men had confessed to burying them. Other bones found at the men’s encampment turned out to be the burned bones of a deer.

“Who doesn’t like a good mystery?” Jackson said. “I thought the human-remains aspect of it would bother me, but it’s the exact opposite. It’s made it more of a passion for me. It’s something that’s missing that I wanted to do. I wanted to be an archaeologist as a kid but I went into business, so I feel like now I’m making up for it.”

Jeremy Jackson: "I wanted to be an archaeologist as a kid but I went into business, so I feel like now I'm making up for it."

Working on the case is how Jackson met Myster, who had a chance to examine photos of McArthur’s remains. He wanted her input on what could have happened to the girl based on her bones. Myster wanted to know what Jackson was able to figure out with his methods of research, which included poring through historical documents he could find on the internet. Both were impressed with the other’s ability to discover a lot with very little information. “I couldn’t believe how much he could find through records online, and so quickly too,” Myster said.

Myster suggested they try teaming up on a couple of test cases, including a skeleton discovered in Hastings, Minnesota, during construction of a CVS Pharmacy. From the Hastings skeleton’s pelvic bone, Myster could tell the bones belonged to a woman who died sometime in her mid 20s or early 30s. The woman had borne children, and despite her young age, had developed arthritis.

Using that information, Jackson went to work. He learned that European settlers started arriving in Hastings around 1853, and the woman had likely been buried not long after that, before formal cemeteries were established. That put her time of death sometime before May 1856. A search of all recorded female deaths in the Hastings area between 1853 and May 1856 turned up only one woman who fit the biological profile Myster had established examining the bones: Susan Twitchell Fox. Using reverse genealogy, within days, Jackson had tracked down potential living descendants.

“The internet has become a very powerful tool,” Jackson said. “So literally, I had most of this within 48 hours.”

‘There’s still a lot of people out there’

Myster is at home in her lab at Hamline University, a classroom filled with long tables and a wall of large drawers, many of which contain human bones.

Most of the bones in her lab were donated over the years, tools Myster uses to train the next generation of forensic investigators. Others are a part of the human remains project. Myster moves from one drawer to the next, carefully picking up certain bones and describing what she learned from each one.

There are plenty of other mysteries Myster, Jackson and state archaeologist Gronhøvd are still working to solve with the state’s human remains, and not all will be resolved as quickly as the case of the Hastings woman.

In one drawer lie the remains of an unidentified person found in a privy near Faribault, Minnesota. From the bones, Myster was able to determine that they belonged to a man who didn’t live beyond his 20s. He likely died of natural causes sometime in the 1800s, but the skull showed signs that the body might have undergone some kind of an autopsy. The young man had a hard life, Myster said, pointing to unusual indents in the man’s leg bone near the joints, likely made over a long period of time and due to a lot of hard labor.

He had a sad end, dying young, his body thrown in a privy pit after his demise. The team working on the human remains project want him — not to mention the dozens of others whose bones remain with the state — to have their names back, and maybe, a dignified end.

Rep. Dean Urdahl, R-Grove City, was shocked to learn the state had unidentified human remains sitting in storage. These bones were donated to the university for research and study.

For Myster, the project represents a continuation of a lifetime of work. When she started working at Hamline right after graduate school, she worked with a nationwide project to help identify skeletal remains across the nation. It’s overwhelming to think how many thousands of individuals there were unidentified back then, Myster said, and how many remains still need to be identified today.

“The more I got involved with that, the more I wanted to do that sort of work,” she said. “There’s still a lot of people out there, where we don’t know who they are.”

A deer entered one of the shops in Colorado. The shop owner gave him some chocolate biscuits and chocolate. He came out of the store and returned after half an hour with all his family members 😂



The Presidency of John Quincy Adams - Digital History

www.digitalhistory.uh.edu/disp_textbook.cfm?smtid=2&psid=3543

John Quincy Adams was one of the most brilliant and well-qualified men ever to occupy the White House. A deeply religious ... Adams's decision to repudiate and renegotiate a fraudulent treaty that stripped the Georgia Creek *Indians* of their land outraged land-hungry Southerners and Westerners. Even in the realm of ...

Indian Policy 'Fraudulent and Brutal' Says John Quincy Adams - Indian ... [https://](https://indiancountrymedianetwork.com/.../indian-policy-fraudulent-and-brutal-says-j...)

indiancountrymedianetwork.com/.../indian-policy-fraudulent-and-brutal-says-j...

Feb 9, 2016 - *John Quincy Adams* served as the sixth President of the United States from 1825 to 1829. His feelings toward *Indian* Removal changed during his time in office, and afterward. He signed 30 *Indian* treaties, but ended up calling the government's removal *policies* fraudulent and brutal.

The Presidency of John Quincy Adams - Digital History [www.digitalhistory.uh.edu/](http://www.digitalhistory.uh.edu/disp_textbook.cfm?smtid=2&psid=3543)

[disp_textbook.cfm?smtid=2&psid=3543](http://www.digitalhistory.uh.edu/disp_textbook.cfm?smtid=2&psid=3543)

Adams's Indian policies also cost him supporters. Although he, like his predecessor *Monroe*, wanted to remove Native Americans in the South to an area west of the Mississippi River, he believed that the state and federal governments had a duty to abide by *Indian* treaties and to purchase, not merely annex, *Indian* lands.

John Adams Native Americans, Jun 13 2009 | Video | C-SPAN.org



<https://www.c-span.org/video/?...1/john-adams-native-americans...>

Jul 12, 2009

Daniel Usner talked about the interactions between President *Adams* and Native Americans.

Rambling Through Time

By PETER BRANNEN

Will humanity's moment be a pencil-thin layer in some canyon of the far future, or an enduring epoch like the reign of dinosaurs?

A Legal Lifeline for Some of the World's Rarest Whales

Mary Ann Bragg, The Cape Cod Times

Excerpt: "There are only about 450 North Atlantic right whales left on Earth, and too many of them get caught in lobster trap lines and other commercial fishing gear. In fact scientists have determined that entanglement is the leading cause of death for these whales - and there's been an alarming die-off in the past year that's overwhelming recovery efforts."

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[**Wanda George-Quasula**](#)

Watching this series on Netflix. I had someone tell me to watch it.

[**Blackstone | Netflix**](#)

On a First Nation reserve, community leaders try to solve their people's problems, from drugs and domestic abuse to corruption and power struggles. netflix.com

Pricilla Hooper

Information pending



Heritage Funeral Home

Bryan Mark Jones
(July 15, 1985 - January 22, 2018)

(Age 32)
Passed away January 22, 2018. He was born July 15, 1985 in Spokane. He is survived by his mother Diane Jones; sister Leanna Gegwetch; nephews Patrick Shaw-Hudson, Tristan, Christopher and Elijah Nomez; numerous aunts, uncles, cousins and all other family members and friends. He was preceded in death by his brother Brandon Surles and his true love Carolyn Brown Compos. Graveside Service Wednesday, January 31, 2018 at Riverside Memorial Park.



Funeral arrangements for **Bryan Jones** is Wednesday January 31st. At Heritage on Government Way. Viewing 12 to 1:30. Before graveside service at 2pm.