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On this day, February 23, 1856, Indian Agent George Ambrose began moving 325 "Indian Refugees" from the Table Rock Reservation in Southern Oregon to the Grand Ronde Reservation in the Willamette Valley. Known as the Rogue River Trail of Tears, this journey required the

Natives to leave their homelands and travel, on foot, north. The Rogue River Trail of Tears would take 33 days and cover 263 miles.

Agent Ambrose kept a journal during the removal. Over the next few days we will share with you some of his entries as a glimpse into that history.

"February 23d Saturday

"The weather still continues to be pleasant. It was found necessary to have more teams than at first contemplated. I accordingly proceeded to Jacksonville for that purpose, and also to provide some articles, such as clothing and blankets to add to the comfort of the Indians, although the weather is sett [sic] down as pleasant. It certainly would be regarded as such, especially at this season of the year, however the nights are quite frosty and the morning's cool, sufficiently so, to render it necessary that they should be provided with Tents, Blankets, shoes & such necessaries as would tend to promote their comfort while on the journey which being procured the day was spent in distributing the articles among them. Also two additional teams were secured to convey the sick, aged, and infirm. Our teams now number eight with I fear will not be sufficient. Thirty four Indians are disabled from traveling by reason of Sickness aside from the aged and infirm, who will as a matter of course, have to be hauled."

[Leona Hardy Mars](#)



"After our walk, there were no babies left;" JAMES SCOTT
The late James Scott, Who died around 1944 at about 110 years of age.

He walked the Trail of Tears from the Alabama/Georgia region to Oklahoma when he was 7 to 8 years old. His parents died during the removal.

He was from Okemah, Oklahoma and belonged to Greenleaf Ceremonial Ground. Since he had outlived most of his contemporaries, he was a major resource on Creek history and culture. He was well-known for his storytelling abilities.

With others he incorporated Greenleaf church in 1910, a little ways from Greenleaf traditional ceremonial grounds and stayed in touch with both groups.

At over 100 years old, Scott was alert and talkative. He chewed tobacco and carried his own medicine pouch.

The following is his recollection of The Trail of Tears:

“One morning, when it was already getting cold, a runner came to our village out of breath, saying haltingly “Talking papers. They are sending people with talking papers-people are already disappearing-what’s left behind is being stolen. They are sending us to a burial ground. They keep talking about judgment day. We need to either hide or mix with other tribes up north. These demons are shooting Indians if we resist. I have to warn the next village.” He left and, even though I was just a boy, I knew that something very bad was about to happen-A dark cloud hovered over us. I don’t know how many days went by. We started gathering provisions, we talked about other tribal towns, The earth trembled, and even the trees seemed to be shaking. The hovering dark cloud brought the evil men sooner than we expected. The soldiers started shooting. The whites rounded us up like cattle and put shackles on the strong men. There was a silent cry-no words-so devastating-silent prayers-then low humming of the chant of communal encouragement. Gun butts were hitting mouths. That morning cold winds blew-like judgment day.

We did not know where we were heading. There were talking papers-more talking papers-The whites would keep on bringing talking papers, and tragedy always followed. Along the trail, they split us up. I lost my mother and father and ended up with an uncle. Little babies sometimes would have their head smashed against a tree. Strong shackled men were used for pulling wagons and chopping wood. Those who got sick were left or dumped by the soldiers. There was hardly any food-People were hungry, cold, and frost bitten. The whites roasted meat and the aroma made you want to die. Each time someone fell, they sacrificed, saying, “Take my blanket-I am going home.” The chilling wind never left us-we have seen blizzards-now we were in one. Even Strong Buffalo would not have survived such a winter. Somehow, the Creator was with us.

Most of the time, children walked; However, sometimes they would be allowed to ride in a wagon with older folks. About the time we reached Indian territory. There were very few of us-mostly older children and shackled men. After our walk, there were no babies left; they killed the babies. Hardly any women made it. I only had one uncle left. We began with about 500 in our group and we wound up with 50 and we wound up near Okemah, Asilanabi, Greenleaf, The places where we finished growing up. These places were near some Christian Indians who had already got there before us. Nitaspoki-The last day – I was always looking for it, but it did not come. It took 20 years for the nightmares to lessen.”

Source: “A Sacred Path: The Way of the Muscogee Creeks”

Photo is of James Scott

Buffalo Horns Riot Guy roasted by Native Americans

<https://youtu.be/EWR4iU9T7HM>

Plan Ahead Calendar

[June 24 - 25 2021 California Statewide Indian Child Welfare Conference](#)

The 2021 California Statewide Indian Child Welfare Conference will be hosted by Enterprise Rancheria on June 24th and 25th, mark you calendars now! [Find out more »](#)

October 6- 8, 2021 [21st annual California Indian Law Conference](#)

Join California Indian law practitioners, tribal leaders, and students for California Indian Law Association's annual conference. This year's theme is "Adaptability and Resiliency: **Mobilizing for Our Future.**" [Find out more »](#)

2022

[January 19-21](#) [2022 Southwestern Tribal Climate Change Summit](#)

This event will be a three-day gathering,* with engaging discussions and activities centered around the kinship with fire and its role in community, conservation, and climate change adaptation. This summit will be hosted by Climate Science Alliance. [Find out more »](#)

[June 25 -27 Northern Cherokee Nation Annual Powwow & Cultural Gathering](#) [Clinton, MO](#) [Find More Information »](#)

June 2 - 5 [2021 Alaska Native Arts, Culture, and Languages Celebration](#) Juneau, AK [Find More Information »](#)

June 8-10 - 2021 Women are Sacred Conference. "Carrying Our Medicine and Strengthening Our Vision to End the Violence". Virtual Conference. For more information click [here.](#)

July 11-17 - 18th Annual Native American Basketball Invitational. For more information click [here.](#)

July 29-August 1 - Association of American Indian Physicians 50th Annual Meeting and Health Conference Poster Competition. Virtual. For more information click [here.](#)

September 15-19 - 2020 National Native Media Conference. Phoenix. Co-hosted in partnership with Walter Cronkite School of Journalism and Mass Communications at Arizona State University.

"Power concedes nothing without a demand. It never did and it never will." -- [Frederick Douglass](#)

"Arguing that you don't care about privacy because you have nothing to hide is no different than saying you don't care about free speech because you have nothing to say." -- [Edward Snowden](#)

Ever since the Sacagawea Golden Dollar was first made in 2000, an eagle has soared on the back of the dollar coin. Now, thanks to the **Native American \$1 Coin Program**, there will be a new design there every year!

Produced hand-in-hand with the Presidential \$1 Coins, the Native American \$1 Coins will continue for a number of years not yet specified. The designs will honor Native Americans and their contributions to the growth of the United States. The image of Sacagawea, the Shoshone who helped Lewis and Clark on their historic voyage of exploration, will remain on the front during the program.

On the back, a different image will appear each year to highlight Native Americans and their contributions. These coins will use the same standard inscriptions, edge lettering, and metal content as the Presidential \$1 Coins. (click and pull to enlarge)



[2020 - Elizabeth Peratrovich](#)



[2019 - American Indians in the Space Program](#)



[2018 - Jim Thorpe](#)



[2017 - Sequoyah](#)



[2016 - Code Talkers](#)



[2015 - Mohawk Ironworkers in New York City](#)



[2014 - Native American Hospitality to the Lewis and Clark Expedition](#)



[2013 - 1778 Treaty With the Delawares](#)



2012 - Trade Routes in the 17th Century



2011 - Wampanoag Treaty of 1621



2010 - Great Law of Peace



2009 - Three Sisters Agriculture

Anu Garg
presents

Language Myths & Hoaxes:

A Humorous Look at Language Misconceptions

The 27th annual Alfred & Julia Hill Lecture at the University of Tennessee-Knoxville

March 23, 8 pm Eastern Daylight Time ([Find your local time](#))

The event is free and all are invited via webcast:

<https://tiny.utk.edu/HillLecture2021>

nativenewsonline.net

[President Biden's Voting Rights Executive Order Includes Creation of Steering Group on Native American Voting Rights](#)

[WASHINGTON — President Joe Biden on Sunday signed an Executive Order on Promoting Access to Voting that aims to protect voting rights for all eligible Americans. The president signed the executive order on the 56th anniversary of Bloody Sunday, a day when police beat Black marchers as they marched ...](#)



THE DEMON-HAUNTED WORLD

immediately. *Not* explaining science seems to me perverse. When you're in love, you want to tell the world. This book is a personal statement, reflecting my lifelong love affair with science.

But there's another reason: science is more than a body of knowledge; it is a way of thinking. I have a foreboding of an America in my children's or grandchildren's time - when the United States is a service and information economy; when nearly all the key manufacturing industries have slipped away to other countries; when awesome technological powers are in the hands of a very few, and no one representing the public interest can even grasp the issues; when the people have lost the ability to set their own agendas or knowledgeably question those in authority; when, clutching our crystals and nervously consulting our horoscopes, our critical faculties in decline, unable to distinguish between what feels good and what's true, we slide, almost without noticing, back into superstition and darkness. The dumbing down of America is most evident in the slow decay of substantive content in the enormously influential media, the 30-second sound bites (now down to 10 seconds or less), lowest common denominator programming, credulous presentations on pseudoscience and superstition, but especially a kind of celebration of ignorance. As I write, the number of video cassette rental in America is the movie *Dumb and Dumber* and *Tommy Lewis and Butthead* remains popular (and influential) while the study and learning of science is that avoidable, even un-



Carl Sagan, 1995

We've arranged a global civilization in which most crucial

[Tony Katenay: The Man with the Owl Spirit - #8 - Indian Hospital](#)

In the early 1970s northern Nevada had one Indian hospital that was located on the Walker River Indian Reservation in Schurz, Nevada. Being from Reno we had to travel that 90 miles to seek medical care. My mom was a Community Health Representative (CHR) for the Reno-Sparks Indian Colony. Part of her job was to transport patients to Schurz for their medical appointments. On this one particular trip my sister, Jenny and I went with her. The tribe had one of those huge '70s station wagons that was cavernous inside. Trips were an all day event as the patients waited in turn for each other's appointments to finish. There must have been eight of us. The adults in front and the kids in the back on the long bench seat facing backwards. The back one hinged door of the station wagon swung out like the huge piece of metal it was.

I don't remember much of the morning appointments. That part skips my mind. Going towards lunch time though, I do recall having snacks and things like that available. A teacher volunteered her time to take about seven of us kids out on the front lawn to read a few books. I'm guessing that it was normal because of the distance that people travel to this hospital. Just a service provided.

Anyways, the teacher let us grab those old bottles of soda pop and led us out to the grassy area. The ground seemed hard to me for some reason. But the weather was so nice. Not too hot or cold. Just a slight breeze that carried those little cottonwood seeds floating across the sky. That was pretty cool to see. Those things were everywhere. There were barely any clouds in the sky, making this seem like the perfect day.

The teacher brought out a stool for herself and us kids settled in front of her. We passed around a bottle opener (the kind with the sharp point on one end) and in turn opened our soda pop bottles. Don't ask me why but after everyone opened their pop I put my thumb over the covering on top of the bottle, shook it up and let it spray on anyone who was around me. Laughing all the while thinking I was cool. Talk about being naughty. I looked at my sister, Jenny and could just hear her thoughts as she probably said, "You're such a jerk". I was scolded by the teacher and she told me I had to go sit by myself away from the group. So I took my now flat soda about 20 feet away and plopped myself down, cross legged. Maybe even feeling sorry for myself. It was like I couldn't stop. She started the stories but because of the distance I couldn't hear a thing.

By this time in my life I'm used to seeing ghosts. It doesn't even bother me when I see seven or eight more little kids come from different directions to add to our little group already there. Then this grandma looking lady carrying one of those old aluminum fold up chairs with the nylon criss cross plaid fabric comes to the group but sees me and starts heading my way.

Smiling with a grin she asks,

"Why are you sitting out here by yourself?"

"I got in trouble", I simply reply

"Do you mind if I join you?", She asks, still smiling.

Shrugging my shoulders I answer,

"Ok"

She unfolds her chair and inside is one of those Pendleton looking blankets. Kind of a blue pattern that looks familiar. I just don't know from where. A breeze kicks up and the tops of the trees move in one direction all at once. We both look up and see a huge flurry of those flying seeds practically jump out of the trees into the air. Like little parachutes on their way to some unknown destination. We look at each other and start giggling.

Then our attention goes back to the teacher who is still reading to the group of kids and ghost kids.

"You can't hear anything from out here. How much trouble did you get in?"

Looking at me with that grin that's starting to get on my nerves.

"I sprayed my soda on some of the other kids."

I say weakly with my head down.

"That's not a good thing", she said.

Again, I just shrug my shoulders. Not wanting my smart mouth to get in trouble as I wanted to say, 'So what I did. What are you going to do about it?' Instead I look at her constant grinning which has set my nerves on fire by now. And ask,

"Why do you keep smiling?"

"It's a good day to be alive"

"But you're not alive. You're a ghost."

"Oh, so you're the little boy who sees ghosts."

"I guess", I reply. Feeling bad now because I really wanted to be with the group. But here I am sitting with an old grandma looking ghost with gray braids. I did what I did and it was like I couldn't stop myself. I knew I felt the remorse as soon as that first stream of liquid came squirting out on the other kids. Did I stop myself? No. Now I feel dumb. Mad at myself. Frustration.

It's like the grandma ghost can read exactly what I'm thinking as says,

"I can tell you a story. Would you like to hear it?"

Excited for any attention, besides the negative kind I attracted myself to earlier, I answer

"Yes"

She starts with,

"This is the story about a boy ..."

Instantly, I roll my eyes thinking this is some fake fable with some message of me to behave myself but she continues, ignoring me

"... About a boy with compassion", grinning again as she finishes her opening title.

Now I'm thinking, Compassion? What's that?

She goes on,

"So this little boy goes hunting with his dad. They spend most of the early morning hiking the hills with no luck. Taking a break during the day the boy and his father quietly take a nap. The boy soon dreams of him hunting this prized deer. One that's so huge that everyone will be proud of him. The boy smiles as he thinks of his homecoming to be practically a parade. Only, in the dream that deer talks to the little boy and says, Please don't shoot me. I'm not ready."

"Why didn't you shoot the deer?", She asks

Looking surprised at the interruption in her story I instantly know she's actually pulling a memory from myself. I remember that day. I don't remember the dream but I do recall later that afternoon we came across that herd of deer. My dad telling me which one I should shoot. I fancy myself as a sharpshooter. Even impressing my dad earlier in the day as we were hunting rabbits by only using headshots from so far away that even he didn't see them. He seemed a little disappointed when I finally took the shot and missed. Scattering the deer leaving me no chance for another shot.

She asks again,

"Why didn't you shoot the deer?"

"Because he asked me not to."

"You mean that deer looked at you and asked you that?", She asks

"No, not like that. He looked at me and all the sound went from my ears and I heard his voice asking me not to shoot him. Said it was not his time. Or something like that"

"So you missed on purpose?"

"Yes"

"Didn't you hesitate and want to shoot him anyway?", she asked with that smile.

"Yes" and thus missing my parade and the attention I wanted.

"Making that choice is compassion. First you listened then you acted. Listening always comes before compassion."

She continues on with another segment of the story,

"Now this little boy and little girl are playing hide and seek while their families set up camp. It's way high up in the mountains. In the distance you can see Pyramid Lake. They must be at the

north part of the lake. The spot they have chosen it's near this small rocky cliff. Looks like a little cave that is being used as a grave site for one of their relatives. This is a favorite family spot for them. Coming here for generations now. The camp itself is maybe a quarter mile away from where the kids are playing. A stream is not too far away and the site itself is nestled right between these two hills that provide a natural wind block. The rocky parts where the kids are have lots of hiding places. You can see where the rocks have fallen down on the side of this small cliff where they tumble to the bottom. Like pieces of a puzzle that just broke off. The small cliff is not that high at all, maybe two stories at best. The little cave is on the other side of this rock formation. A path leads up there where people leave offerings to their long dead relative. That part is facing the lush valley where the deer make their home. The backside, the rocky side is giving away one rock at a time. One huge rock at a time. It's like night and day. Over time erosion will flatten this whole mountain. But, for now it will first take this little cave rock hiding place my friend and I are playing on.

The little girl runs to hide as the boy starts counting aloud with his eyes closed, facing away. She takes the path and ends up on the back side where the rocky ledge is falling apart. There is a small place to lay down and some bushes to hide behind. The perfect hiding spot she thinks to herself. The boy finishes his count and announces, "Here I come!"

Thinking the girl is in the spaces in the jagged rocks he starts to pick up pebbles and toss them thinking it would scare the girl out of her hiding spot. But the girl gives herself away as she giggles above. The boy looks up and says, "Gotcha!"

She stands up and says, "No way! That was way too soon."

The boy laughs and says, "It was your giggle that gave you a way."

Then tragedy strikes. The part of the path where the girl is standing on the ledge gives away and she falls.

She screams just for a second as that's all it took. Taken by surprise the boy runs to the girl who is now laying on some of the sharp rocks, bleeding. It only takes a few seconds to get to her and her ragged breath shows she's still alive.

He kneels to her and tries to pick her up. Putting his left arm under her head and his right arm under her knees he tries to pick her up to take her to the camp. She screams in pain at his effort. He gives up and decides to just stay with her, laying beside her.

His heart sinks as she sobs,

"I don't want to die, I don't want to die."

The boy can't help it as his heart finally breaks and his tears flow and his sobs become uncontrolled.

She's still sobbing, "I don't want to die ..."

With her head still cradled in the boy's arm, his other hand brushes the hair away from her face.

Her hand reaches out and places on top of his. Her little fingers are holding on as tight as she can.

The boy answers,

"It's okay. You're not going to die. I'm here with you. I won't ever let you die."

Their faces so close that his own tears drop on her face. Her sobs start to taper off. Her breathing is getting slower. He feels her fingers starting to loosen. As she slowly starts to slip into death.

"I don't want to die ...",

she whispers not knowing those will be her last words.

The boy looks down at her and smiles and says,

"You won't. You will always live in here."

As he holds up their holding hands to his heart. Looking into each other's eyes she smiles that famous grin of hers that her family loves so much about her.

He feels her body gently relaxing as her muscles fade into nothingness. Her breathing just stops. Her smile gently reshapes into a straight line as she passes away. Her little fingers lose their grip and her hand slides away from his.

My own eyes red from crying I look up from listening to her tell this story and instantly recognize that smile that annoyed me so much earlier.

"It was you! It IS you!"

I say this with much feeling that the ghost kids look our way but not the human kids.

Gone is that annoying feeling. Now her smile brings back the warmth in my heart. The warmth that has been missing since her death. The warmth I didn't even know was there. The warmth that lets me know I'm alive.

Knowing the girl's name I look at my storytelling grandma and ask,

"Ava? ... Little Ava?"

"It's Gramma Ava now", she says.

"But, but, how?", I ask in astonishment.

"Oh, it's a story that can wait for another time"

I bet. She went from a little girl to a grandma. That's a whole lifetime. There must be quite a story there. And that blanket. The blue pattern I recognized.

"How did you get my blanket?", I ask.

"Your blanket? You silly. You gave it to me. A long time ago"

"I don't remember", I sadly reply.

"It's ok. You don't have to remember everything. That's why I'm here. I know you're hurting. And hurt people, hurt people."

She reaches her hand out. I shift my butt over the grass next to her and take it.

She says,

"When you held me and told me I was never going to die I knew I was never going to be alone.

Now it's my turn to tell you that you're never going to be alone either."

Then she smiles that grin.

I didn't know such a gesture would bond us in such a way. A spiritual way. I didn't know such words had power in them. Now here she is helping me in my time of need. I'm comfortable in my skin now. Her presence gently easing me.

Letting my guard down I can't help but make some smart aleck remark in return. She does the same. But now I see her as the little girl and the little boy we are. Trading jabs and laughing out loud. Just like we did on that mountain over Pyramid Lake many years ago.

My spirit helper. What a girl. What a little spirit.

Afterwards, I apologized for my actions with the soda bottle incident. To make right where I once went wrong.

Years later, when I was 16 my Gramma Effie gifted me a real Pendleton blanket. Oddly enough, it was that familiar blue pattern. I smiled. Little Spirit just reminding me she's always watching over me.

I accidentally washed the blanket in warm water and shrunk it. Turned it into a baby blanket. My niece, Jaime just happened to have a baby ...