



What's Happening?

Here is a picture of Bud and Camas at the chili cook off for the Pipestone Chamber. We even sold a couple buffalo hunt tickets at the event.

Drumming & Dance Class

We have continued getting together and doing beadwork, quillwork, carving and drum making. Above is a picture of our group after making hand drums. We are now meeting Tuesdays.

As of Sept we got approval from Blandin for our Grant for the drumming and dance class. We will be running classes on Thursday's 4:00-7:00pm starting Jan 6th through March 23rd 2011. The classes will be held at Minnesota West Collage in Pipestone Minnesota room 127.

Pow Wow

At our annual meeting it was voted on a decided if we do not raise 10,000 by March 1 2011 we will be cancelling the pow wow. We are still discussing moving the gathering possibly ahead a week. A few local members do most of the work organizing, advertizing, getting funding, setting up and taking down every year. If we are to keep them together as they are now we need the commitment of more members to do more to raise funds, advertize, set up and take down.



This picture was sent to us by a customer who made their own pipe he wanted us to share it.

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Buffalo Hunt Supports

Pipestone Pow Wow

Published in Chamber News

"It cost close to \$20,000 to stage the Pipestone Pow Wow and for the event to continue we need to find a new source of support," says Bud Johnston of the Keepers of the Sacred Tradition of Pipemakers.

The Keepers is a local nonprofit group that believe in the sacred tradition of pipemaking and tribe traditions. They are also Pipestone Chamber members. To help raise funds for the Pow Wow next July their board of directors has decided to do a Buffalo Hunt Raffle and are selling tickets for \$10.00 each. The winner will be announced during the 2011 Pipestone Pow Wow on July 24th. The winner will have the following choices:

1. A buffalo bull (4-7 yrs) or cow hunt with your choice of weapon, a room one night, all the meat, hide and head. You are responsible for travel to and from Aberdeen. Bring your weapon, tanning, and materials for processing.
2. The meat from a buffalo, head & hide. You are responsible for shipping, tanning and processing.

All in all this is a fantastic project that will help the Pipestone Pow Wow tradition continue... 2011 will be the annual event. Tickets are available at many locations including the Keepers Depot and the Chamber Office.



Article Pipestone County Star

The Keepers of the Sacred Tradition of Pipemakers need to raise \$10,000 by March 1, 2011 in order to be able to hold its annual Pow Wow in 2011 according to Bud Johnston, president of the Keepers.

"The board set the March 1 date," he said. "They figured this is the latest they could

go and still be able to cancel the Pow Wow if necessary.”

The dilemma has resulted in a unique fundraising raffle — a Buffalo Hunt/Meat Raffle.

The winner of the \$10 per ticket raffle has the choice of a buffalo bull (4-7 years) or cow hunt with the weapon of their choice, a room for one night, all the meat, the hide and head, or if the winner doesn't want to hunt they may choose to receive the meat from a buffalo along with the head and hide.

If the winner chooses the hunt they are responsible for travel to and from the Northern Plains Outfitters ranch near Aberdeen, S.D., furnishing their own weapon and the tanning and processing costs. If the winner chooses the meat, they are responsible for shipping, tanning and processing of the meat and hide.

Johnston said another option is if the winner wants to donate half the meat to the Pow Wow, Keepers will pay for cutting and wrapping of the winner's half.

Johnston said the fundraiser is necessary because of costs associated with putting on the Pow Wow. The 2010 Pow Wow had twice as many vendors and twice as many dancers, and it cost \$15,000-20,000 to hold the event.

He said normally they rely on sales from the Keepers gift shop to help with the costs but this year, sales were down about \$6,000, though vendor sales were up.

The idea for the buffalo hunt raffle came from the master of ceremonies (MC) at this year's event. Johnston said the MC told him that the Bow & Arrow Club he belongs to in Missouri had great success with a similar raffle.

The Keepers thought the raffle was a neat idea so Johnston talked with the outfit near Aberdeen about setting it up.

The drawing will be held July 24, 2011. The buffalo hunt or meat will be available December 2011 through February 2012 allowing for a prime hide and best meat.

Tickets can be purchased on the Keepers Web site at www.pipekeepers.org, by calling the office at 507-825-3734 or sending a check or money order to Keepers, P.O. Box 24, Pipestone, MN, 56164.

Information about where the buffalo hunt will take place is available at www.northerplainsoutfitters.com



Think About This Coming Full Circle

by Jake Swamp
Native American communities are small in size, but large in the reach of their extended families. Those connections transcend political, territorial and temporal barriers. We are connected not only to our immediate relatives, but also a connection to all those generations before us. We also have a special responsibility to the future generations to come. In the way of the Haudenosaunee-The people of the longhouse-we believe that we are also connected to all of the Native Americans through clan and common experiences. It is difficult to generalize Native American beliefs and experiences. Each community has its unique identity, way of being and history. However, we do have shared memories that connect us.

For the Haudenosaunee, both past and present, these shared memories link us to our ancestors. In one sense we can still see their foot prints on this earth. They laid out a path for us to follow. It is not an actual trail, but it is the shared memory of why we are walking the same path of life they did. We call this path the original instructions. Those instructions have become our shared memories about how humans are to conduct themselves on this land we call North America. These instructions provide a frame of reference for looking at our relationship to the sacred universe-our first extended family. The celestial beings are our relatives. They are alive with spirit, just as we are. We are connected to a great web of life. In that life there is no racism, no prejudice, and no discrimination. There is only the common human duty to do good in the world.

The original instructions also discuss our relationship to the earth, our original mother, who continues to support us as we walk about. Our long term health and well being is dependent upon the health and well being of the earth. Our instructions also explain our relationship to the plants, animals, fish, birds and other creatures with who we share this great place of life. Our shared memories of the past explain very clearly the relationship of people to one another. This web of life includes all living creatures and all people of the world. In many ways, relationships between people communities, cultures and nations are predicated upon three simple values:

- 1) We are to love each other as if we are members of one large family. However, our concept of family is not to have a father in charge of the wife and children. Instead, the whole family is interconnected, dependent upon each member to fulfill their responsibilities to the well being of the entire family. Men and women are meant to be equal partners in this life. Elders represent the collective wisdom and experience of how to live on the land. Children are the best hope that the wisdom and experience of the elders will continue. When humans

realize that we are all related, we can come to one mind on matters, building healthy relationships and living a healthy life. By loving one another, we can assure that the future generations will be born into a world where reason replaces violence.

2) We are meant to share with one another. We look to the land as a huge bowl that provides life-giving foods and medicines so that human life can continue. We share one spoon to eat from that bowl. Each will take what they need, not wasting what is left. Food and medicine do not belong to any one person. They were provided for the well being of all. We should not be charging money for the gifts of nature, nor should we hoard the resources for our own. We need to respect the fact that food and medicine are sacred gifts of life, meant to be shared. By sharing we teach cooperation, respect and love. By sharing, we all survive and human life can continue.

3) Humans have been asked to respect the life's breath that enters our bodies and allows us to exist. Life is a precious gift of time and we need to continually be thankful for what has been provided for us. All that is required for a happy and healthy life is already in front of us. We need to show respect toward each other's individuality. We need to show respect for the sacred landscape in which we live. We need to respect ourselves and live in a peaceful and contributing way. Humans have a critical role in the well being of the universe. By carrying the thoughts of love, sharing and respect, we can give future generations not only hope, but a way to fulfill that hope.

With that as a background, I find it difficult to express the full nature of the changes that have been brought to our land and people in the last five centuries. Nearly all that we believe about life has been exterminated, threatened or suffering from lack of attention. It is a sad and troubling story to recall.

I will try to share some of my personal thoughts about our shared memories of

the contact between our peoples. Some of the memories are great moments of love, sharing and respect. Others are not so good. Too often the memory of the darker times can create a prison for our emotions, as we have inherited much historical grief.

Thinking of those values we have for human survival, imagine what it must have been like the first time the Mohawk people heard the French guns blast their hot metal in 1609. French settler Jacques Champlain along with some allied Native Americans attacked the Mohawks and after the smoke cleared, several lay dead, including three chiefs. The killing of the "men of peace" had a profound impact on the Haudenosaunee. It is not that killing did not exist before. In fact, the Haudenosaunee have one of the greatest traditions of peace, not because everyone was full of love, sharing and respect. Just the opposite, Our people were caught in a seemingly endless cycle of hatred, violence and war. Our Great Law of Peace brought that strife to an end when people remembered the values of the Original Instructions. By keeping the peace in mind and treating everyone with respect and making sure that justice prevails, we can have what we call the Good Mind. Perhaps it is human nature re to forget such things, especially when times are good. It takes hard work to keep the peace. It takes a strong mind to overcome heartache and tragedy.

My ancestors should have known better, but the lure of the fur trade and the desire for political and economic gain lead them to take up arms against other Native American nations. The French, Dutch and English were master manipulators. With their steel tomahawks and flint lock guns, the Haudenosaunee dominated Native world in the northeast. We forgot much of the Original Instructions and began to hack at the sacred web of life. We settled for bright beads, shiny silver and powerful weapons.

However, it was a short-lived "victory". Once the fur trade moved further west and the Europeans were no longer in such

fierce competition, the Americans began to systematically remove the land from under the feet of my ancestors. We have all become aware of the dispossession of the Native American from their homelands. But think for a moment of what that dispossession must have done to the spirit of the people. Blood stains on the ground where sacred ceremonies were once held. Great villages were turned into heaps of ash. Thousands of people were forced to flee into the uncertainty of the woods. Families became separated and lost. There was a disconnection to the places where the ancestors had practiced the Original Instructions. Their foot prints were lost under wagon trails, train tracks and sidewalks. The grandchildren became confused about where to go and what to do.

The same story could be told of the hundreds of Native nations of this land. As the zeal of the Manifest Destiny swept from the East to the West, the Native Americans became the sacrificial lamb in the quest for spiritual unity in American culture. The irony of that fact is part of our collective memory. It still stings us to know what the romantic horizon of America's past is littered with the bones of our ancestors. The basic denial of our unalienable rights seems hard to fathom when we hear of religious freedom and the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

About seven generations ago, the U.S. Army tracked down a small band of Lakota people who were heading to the Stronghold in South Dakota to seek peace and renewal during the turbulent times. Because of unfounded fears of an Indian uprising, these folks were declared to be "hostiles" and the army was sent to return them to their reservation. It was just after Christmas in 1890 that the soldiers found the followers of Big Foot along Wounded Knee Creek. He agreed to surrender and the people settled in for the night. However, another officer arrived during the night and broke some liquor for his troops. It was a deadly cocktail.

The next morning, as the soldiers

attempted to round up all the Lakota, a struggle ensued. No one knows for sure what happened. However, no one can dispute the results. The soldiers opened fire with their Hotchkiss guns and almost two hundred Lakota men, women and children were cut to shreds. Those that did not die in the first minutes were hunted down and killed. Unarmed women and children were shot at point blank range. Some suffered multiple wounds but were able to escape the carnage. It is a sad moment in American history.

It is made even more horrific when you realize that the American soldiers were given 24 U.S. medals of honor for the massacre. Imagine, a medal of honor for killing babies! No soldier was ever charged with murder. Despite congressional hearings and review of the Medal of Honor recipients, the massacre is still honored as a glorious battle in military history. To this very day, when the U.S. Government brings out its full color guard, the American flag is decorated with colorful battle streamers to commemorate that massacre by the U.S. army.

A blizzard hit the killing ground the next day and images of the frozen bodies of Big Foot and his people have become seared in our collective memory. While we are not all Lakota, every Native American Nation has a similar story. The blood stains are hard to remove from the earth. They are even harder to remove from our hearts and minds.

It is no wonder that some of our ancestors turned that oppression inward. A sad legacy was created as many a generation suffered from self hatred as the result of almost being nearly exterminated, displaced and sent off to schools that denied the validity of the ways of our ancestors. Our great-grandparents were taught to hate themselves because of their way of life. Even for those who did not go to the boarding schools have inherited the dysfunction from a generation that did not see any family love, did not experience any community sharing and had no models of respect. As tragic as the massacres were against Native American people, perhaps

the more serious damage was done to the survivors. The culture, beliefs and values that had sustained their communities for centuries was now replaced with a plow, school bell and bible.

For several generations the Native American survivors lived in virtual poverty, being considered wards of the Federal Government. Our grandparents were not even considered capable of taking care of themselves. The sacred relationships of the past were severed. Reservations and Indian agencies were operated more like prisons. It is amazing that any of our traditions survived at all. Children were taken away from their families, many to be adopted by non-Natives. Despite it, the stories of the past were shared in the quiet moments, away from the eyes and ears of the jailers. Teachers would wash out the mouth of our grandparents if they spoke their Native languages. The people found a way to pass on their sacred memories about the old days, but added the fresher memories of how their world had been turned upside down.

People my own age grew up in a very different world from that experienced by those elders. Many of us were in denial about who we were and what we wanted out of life. We eked out a living from a family farm, making baskets or getting a job in town. Our people still suffered from racism, bias and oppression. There was not much hope in the communities. Our political and human rights were still being denied by the Federal and State governments. Our lands were still under attack. We were living the experience of our ancestors, but it was the twentieth century. Things did not change very much.

The time has come to break the cycle of ignorance, shame and oppression. Many Native American communities have begun to heal themselves. Many good people are working hard to reclaim the values of love, sharing and respect. The spirit of the people is re-emerging. Everywhere I go, I can see a renewal taking place. You can hear more Native American words of healing, comfort and unity. You can hear more songs floating in the wind. People

are dancing and celebrating life.

I try to do all I can to keep the values, beliefs and way of life of my ancestors alive and thriving. I have traveled the world to spread the message of peace that we have inherited. I think it is profoundly important to continue the good dialogue started by our people many centuries ago when we would meet and polish the covenant chain of peace. We were really making relatives of each other. Some may call it treaty making, but it was really to make sure that we saw each other as relatives, just as the Original Instructions had told us.

Yet, there is an important step yet to be taken. We have focused much attention on ourselves. We need to expand the circle of healing and begin a dialogue with other races, cultures and belief systems. We have to find ways to overcome our hurt feelings and anger at the "white man". We have racial and cultural prejudices that we need to overcome to be the kind of human beings envisioned at the time of creation. This is why I feel that "Taking America's Pulse II" has to be more inclusive. Inter-group relations need to be examined from a variety of perspectives. We need help in dismantling our own stereotypes of others and break down the wall of prejudice that we have erected in trying to protect ourselves from extermination. We seek a new way in which to express the values of love, sharing and respect, not just for our own people, but for all.

By Jake Swamp



Deep Ecology and the Council of All Beings

JOANNA MACY

Listen, humans, this is our world. For

hundreds of millions of years we have been evolving our ways, rich in our own wisdom. Now our days are coming to a close because of what you are doing. It is time for you to hear us.

I am lichen. I turn rock into soil. I've worked as the glaciers retreated, as other life-forms came and went. I thought nothing could stop me. . . until now. Now I am being poisoned by acid rain. Your pesticides are in me now. The eggshells are so fragile they break under my weight, break before my young are ready to hatch.

Listen, humans. I am raccoon, I speak for the raccoon people. See my hand? It is like yours. On soft ground you see its imprint, know I've been there. What marks on this world are you leaving behind you?

The people seated in a circle are speaking extemporaneously. Stepping aside from their identification as humans, they are letting themselves be spokespersons for other life forms. They are meeting in the Council of All Beings, a central part of the workshop they attend. These men, women, and young people have gathered in this workshop to share concerns for their planet. They have met to tell the truth about what they see happening to their world, and to move beyond despair.

They are aware, as most of us are on some level of our consciousness, that our life support system is being destroyed.

As the workshop began, they spoke out about developments that are familiar to us all, though they usually seem too vast, too pervasive to address. They spoke of poisons exuding from toxic waste dumps. . . the pollution of air, water, soil. . . extinction of plant and animal species. . . deforestation. . . spreading deserts. . . the suffering in animal laboratories and farm factories. . . chemical additives

in food and drink. . . friends and relatives dying from spreading epidemics of cancer.

The ecological crisis these developments produce does not stand apart from our concerns for peace and justice. It is a common thread weaving through issues of the arms race and human oppression. Just as concentrations of wealth push the poor onto marginal, easily erodible lands, so does the drive for profit demolish our oxygen-producing forests and put carcinogenic pesticides and preservatives into our food. And so does manufacture of weapons threaten us with the radioactive horrors of our own Chernobyl disaster. The four Defense Department reactors are of similar design to the Soviet one that burned out of control (with graphite and no containment domes), the only difference being that ours are older and more decrepit. Yet they are kept in operation to produce plutonium for the 17,000 additional missiles that the Reagan administration wants to build. Our addictions to profit and power, and to the lifestyles they sustain, turn the world toxic.

These addictions culminate in an ecological crisis that is the ultimate expression of a human mistake. It is a mistake about our place in the order of things, the delusion that we can -- as corporations or as nations or as a species -- set ourselves apart. It is the notion that we are put here to rule, aloof from the rest of creation. It is the fantasy that we can be immune to what we do to other beings. It is the denial of our deep systemic interdependence.

Fortunately, another perspective is emerging as a healing corrective. Ecology teaches us that we humans are

neither the rulers nor the center of the universe, but are imbedded in a vast living matrix and subject to its laws of reciprocity. "Deep ecology" is a term coined by Norwegian philosopher Arne Naess, to contrast with "shallow environmentalism," a band-aid approach applying piecemeal technological fixes for short-term human goals. Deep ecology represents a basic shift in ways of seeing and valuing, a shift beyond anthropocentrism.

Anthropocentrism means human chauvinism. It is similar to sexism, but substitute human race for man and all other species for woman.

When humans investigate and see through their layers of anthropocentric self-cherishing, a most profound change in consciousness begins to take place. Alienation subsides. The human is no longer an outsider, apart. ...

Health & Food



Native Pecan Cookies

1 cup butter, softened
 1/4 cup muscabado sugar
 2 tsp vanilla
 1 tbsp water
 1 cup flour
 1 cup corn flour
 1 cup chopped pecans
 garnish: muscabado sugar, pecan half

With an electric mixer on medium speed,

blend together the butter and sugar add vanilla flours and pecans add water to make firm dough. Roll out 1/2 inch and cut with cookie cutter sprinkle with more raw sugar and if you wish press in a 1/2 pecan in each. Bake in medium oven about 30 minutes.

Yield: 3 dozen

Shrimp's Dirty Secrets: Why America's Favorite Seafood Is a Health and Environmental Nightmare

The environmental impact of shrimp can be horrific. But most Americans don't know where their shrimp comes from or what's in it. *January 25, 2010* |

Americans love their shrimp. It's the most popular seafood in the country, but unfortunately much of the shrimp we eat are a cocktail of chemicals, harvested at the expense of one of the world's productive ecosystems. Worse, guidelines for finding some kind of "sustainable shrimp" are so far nonexistent.

In his book, *Bottomfeeder: How to Eat Ethically in a World of Vanishing Seafood*, Taras Grescoe paints a repulsive picture of how shrimp are farmed in one region of India. The shrimp pond preparation begins with urea, superphosphate, and diesel, then progresses to the use of pesticides (fish-killing chemicals like chlorine and rotenone), pesticides and antibiotics (including some that are banned in the U.S.), and ends by treating the shrimp with sodium tripolyphosphate (a suspected neurotoxicant), Borax, and occasionally caustic soda.

Upon arrival in the U.S., few if any, are inspected by the FDA, and when researchers have examined imported ready-to-eat shrimp, they found 162 separate species of bacteria with resistance to 10 different antibiotics.

As of 2008, Americans are eating 4.1 pounds of shrimp apiece each year --

significantly more than the 2.8 pounds per year we each ate of the second most popular seafood, canned tuna. But what are we actually eating without knowing it? And is it worth the price -- both to our health and the environment?

Understanding the shrimp that supplies our nation's voracious appetite is quite complex. **Overall, the shrimp industry represents a dismantling of the marine ecosystem, piece by piece.** Farming methods range from those described above to some that are more benign.

Problems with irresponsible methods of farming don't end at the "yuck," factor as shrimp farming is credited with destroying 38 percent of the world's mangroves, some of the most diverse and productive ecosystems on earth. Mangroves sequester vast amounts of carbon and serve as valuable buffers against hurricanes and tsunamis. Some compare shrimp farming methods that demolish mangroves to slash-and-burn agriculture. A shrimp farmer will clear a section of mangroves and close it off to ensure that the shrimp cannot escape. Then the farmer relies on the tides to refresh the water, carrying shrimp excrement and disease out to sea. In this scenario, the entire mangrove ecosystem is destroyed and turned into a small dead zone for short-term gain. Even after the shrimp farm leaves, the mangroves do not come back.

A more responsible farming system involves closed, inland ponds that use their wastewater for agricultural irrigation instead of allowing it to pollute oceans or other waterways. According to the [Monterey Bay Aquarium's Seafood Watch program](#), when a farm has good disease management protocols, it does not need to use so many antibiotics or other chemicals.

One more consideration, even in these cleaner systems, is the wild fish used to feed farmed shrimp. An estimated average of 1.4 pounds of wild fish are used to produce every pound of farmed shrimp. Sometimes the wild fish used is bycatch -- fish that would be dumped into the ocean to rot if they weren't fed to shrimp -- but other times farmed shrimp dine on species like anchovies, herring, sardines and menhaden. These fish are important foods for seabirds, big commercial fish and whales, so removing them from the ecosystem to feed farmed shrimp is problematic.

Additionally, some shrimp are wild-caught, and while they aren't raised in a chemical cocktail, the vast majority is caught using trawling, a highly destructive fishing method.

Football field-sized nets are dragged along the ocean floor, scooping up and killing several pounds of marine life for every pound of shrimp they catch and demolishing the ocean floor ecosystem as they go. Where they don't clear-cut coral reefs or other rich ocean floor habitats, they drag their nets through the mud, leaving plumes of sediment so large they are visible from outer space.

After trawling destroys an ocean floor, the ecosystem often cannot recover for decades, if not centuries or millennia. This is particularly significant because 98 percent of ocean life lives on or around the seabed. Depending on the fishery, the amount of bycatch (the term used for unwanted species scooped up and killed by trawlers) ranges from five to 20 pounds per pound of shrimp. These include sharks, rays, starfish, juvenile red snapper, sea turtles and more. While shrimp trawl fisheries only represent 2 percent of the global fish catch, they are responsible for over one-third of the world's bycatch. Trawling is comparable to bulldozing an

entire section of rainforest in order to catch one species of bird.

Given this disturbing picture, how can an American know how to find responsibly farmed or fished shrimp? Currently, it's near impossible. **Only 15 percent of our total shrimp consumption comes from the U.S. (both farmed and wild sources).**

The U.S. has good regulations on shrimp farming, so purchasing shrimp farmed in the U.S. is not a bad way to go. Wild shrimp, with a few exceptions, is typically obtained via trawling and should be avoided. The notable exceptions are spot prawns from British Columbia, caught in traps similar to those used for catching lobster, and the small salad shrimp like the Northern shrimp from the East Coast or pink shrimp from Oregon, both of which are certified as sustainable by the Marine Stewardship Council. However, neither are true substitutes for the large white and tiger shrimp American consumers are used to.

The remaining 85 percent came from other countries and about two-thirds of our imports are farmed with the balance caught in the wild, mostly via trawling. China is the world's top shrimp producer -- both farmed and wild -- but only 2 percent of China's shrimp are imported to the U.S. The world's number two producer, Thailand, is our top foreign source of shrimp. **Fully one third of the shrimp the U.S. imports comes from Thailand, and over 80 percent of those shrimp are farmed.**

The next biggest sources of U.S. shrimp are Ecuador, Indonesia, China, Mexico, Vietnam, Malaysia and India. Together, those countries provide nearly 90 percent of America's imported shrimp. Interestingly, Ecuador's shrimp industry

exists almost entirely to supply U.S. demand, with over 93 percent of its shrimp coming up north to the U.S. The vast majority of those shrimp (almost 90 percent) are farmed. **Sadly, shrimp production is responsible for the destruction of 70 percent of Ecuador's mangroves.** Farming practices in other countries range from decent to awful, but there's currently no real way for a consumer to tell whether shrimp from any particular country was farmed sustainably or not.

Geoff Shester, senior science manager of Monterey Bay's Seafood Watch, says that ethical shrimp consumption is a chicken and egg problem. On one hand, the solution is for consumers to show demand for responsibly farmed and wild shrimp by eating it but on the other hand, ethical shrimp choices are not yet widely available. Seafood Watch is working with some of the largest seafood buyers in the U.S. to help them buy better shrimp, but it's currently a major challenge.

The first challenge is that labeling and certification programs do not yet exist to identify which farmed shrimp meet sustainable production standards. The second challenge is that even when such programs are in place, the U.S. demand will likely greatly exceed their supply.

Shester's advice to consumers right now is "only buy shrimp that you know comes from a sustainable source. If you can't tell for sure, try something else from the **Seafood Watch yellow or green lists.**" Knowing that many will be unwilling to give up America's favorite seafood, he advocates simply eating less of it and keeping an eye on future updates to the Seafood Watch guide to eating sustainable seafood.

Jill Richardson is the founder of the blog La Vida Locavore and a member of the Organic Consumers Association policy advisory board. She is the author of *Recipe for America: Why Our Food System Is Broken and What We Can Do to Fix It..*

History & Events



Everything You Know about Indians Is Wrong," was published by the University of Minnesota Press last year. Wilma Mankiller's trail of triumph

STORY HIGHLIGHTS

Paul Chaat Smith says Wilma Mankiller was one of the most accomplished, famous Indians She was inspired by the Alcatraz occupation in 1969 to become politically involved. He says she endured health disasters, other challenges and persevered Smith: Her life made a new future possible

Cherokee Nation
Alcatraz

Editor's note: Paul Chaat Smith (Comanche) is associate curator of the Smithsonian's National Museum of the American Indian and co-author of "Like a Hurricane: the Indian Movement from Alcatraz to Wounded Knee" (1996). His latest book, "Everything You Know about Indians Is Wrong," was published by the University of Minnesota Press last year. Washington (CNN) -- Remembering

Wilma Mankiller, who died this week, isn't hard, because first of all, who can forget a name like that?

Wilma Pearl Mankiller. What a perfect name. Perfect, that is, after you've won two terms as leader of the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma and a Presidential Medal of Freedom, traveled the world, acquired celebrity friends like Gloria Steinem and become one of the most famous American Indians on the planet.

Not so perfect in 1969, when you're 25 years old and a soon-to-be-divorced mother of two living in San Francisco. Try making a dentist appointment with a name like Mankiller or Crow Dog or Pretty Shield: half the time people would think it's a crank call and hang up on you.

But that was the least of her problems. Wilma Mankiller's biggest problem was being an Indian in 1969. We were so square, and so invisible.

Why was she in San Francisco then, instead of Oklahoma? She had moved there with her family (she was one of 11 children) because the United States said there wasn't any future in Indians living on reservations. So it began a program imaginatively called Urban Indian Relocation, which moved Indians to cities. It wasn't a terrible idea, just a bad one, at least for most Indians.

Was life better in Cleveland or Dallas or San Francisco than life in Mescalero, Tahlequah, or Wanblee? Sometimes yes, usually no. The thing is, it wasn't clear where any of this was going.

What was even the point of being Indian, anyway? Why can't there be a future back home? Why is being an unemployed aerospace worker in California better than being unemployed in Montana?

Mankiller may have been pondering these questions when something

amazing happened. In a daring nighttime invasion, a few dozen Indian college students took over the abandoned federal prison on Alcatraz Island and reclaimed it on behalf of a group they had just invented, called Indians of All Tribes.

This was electrifying because Indians in those days did not stage daring nighttime invasions and break laws and trespass on federal property -- any property, for that matter.

That occupation of Alcatraz in November 1969 lasted for 19 months. Mankiller visited the ragtag settlement frequently, and said it changed her life.

She wasn't the only one. I moved to San Francisco in 1977, and met Mankiller and other "veterans" of Alcatraz. The occupation was endlessly debated -- so many good and bad things happened during those months - - but nobody argued how important it was, and how much had changed. We weren't so boring, and we were becoming visible. More than anything else, Alcatraz signaled new possibilities. Wilma Mankiller saw them clearly and seized every one. She finished college, divorced, moved with her two daughters back to Oklahoma, and began her own series of audacious takeovers: running and revolutionizing community development projects for the tribe, then successfully running for principal chief of the Cherokee Nation. She served two terms and became an icon.

Just like Alcatraz, none of this was supposed to happen. Did I mention she was a woman? We Indians in the U.S. talk a good game about being matriarchal and so forth, but it was no accident that in the 20th century no woman had lead a major tribe before her. (The unofficial logo of the American Indian Movement was the Playboy bunny. Ha ha!) So she had no

chance to lead her Nation, but did so anyway.

The other reason none of this was supposed to happen is her near-fatal car crash in 1979, her kidney transplant, and her battles with breast cancer, lymphoma, and numerous operations. She beat them all -- all except pancreatic cancer. The health disasters were horrible and unrelenting, but I bet you dollars to donuts Mankiller would tell you it wasn't nearly as bad as the tribal politics.

Alcatraz feels like a million years ago. We have profitable Indian casinos and a Smithsonian museum and many strong women leading our tribes and communities. Indian college students are getting Ph.D.'s instead of criminal records. Some people, including me, wonder if we've lost the kind of daring that would lead college kids to break into an abandoned prison seeking some kind of justice, and a woman to find a calling there that would change a piece of the world.

And this is where I write she was tough as nails and one of a kind, and we won't see the likes of her ever again.

It's all true, but there's something more. Her life made a new future possible one that is still unwritten.

The opinions expressed in this commentary are solely those of Paul Chaat Smith.

Creation Stories



Why the flowers grow and not to pick them

A Choctaw Legend

One day little Josephine went with her Aunt Selee to look at her

grandmother's flower garden. Josephine thought her aunt would like some of the flowers so she started picking some.

When her aunt saw Josephine, she called, "Sutapa, sutapa! (You hurt; quit)." Then she began to cry.

Josephine was distressed and puzzled. She ran into the house to her grandmother. "Grandmother," she said, almost in tears, "why is Aunt Selee crying? I did not touch her but she called to me, "You hurt, quit!"

"I understand," replied her grandmother as she saw the flowers in Josephine's hand.

"Would you like to have these flowers, Grandmother?" Josephine asked when she saw her looking at them. "I broke them for Aunt Selee but I don't think she would want them now."

"No, Josephine, she wouldn't. The Indians love the wild and the garden flowers but they never pick them."

"But, Grandmother, they are so pretty!"

"You do not understand, child. Let's sit here and I'll tell you why." Long ago when the world was young, there was in the heavens a constellation where shone the brightest star in all the sky. This beautiful star, Bright Eyes, was happy because Earth people loved her beauty. After many years a star that made Bright Eyes dim came into the sky. This made her sad because people could not see her face. She called to her sisters, "Come, sisters, let us go down to Earth where we can live with the Earth people and make them happy. The new star has hidden my light and the sky does not need us any longer."

"On their way to Earth, Bright Eyes and her sisters stopped on Mount Joy where lived Uncta, the great bronze spider, spinner of finest webs.

"We must learn to spin if Uncta will teach us," said Bright Eyes. He was proud of his spinning and weaving and was glad to teach the maidens. He set them to work and soon they were able to spin beautiful threads and weave them into fine cloth. "You and your sisters have done well," Uncta told Bright Eyes."

"How did they get to Earth?" asked Josephine.

"Bright Eyes said to Uncta one day, "Will you help us get to Earth? We want to teach the people how to spin and weave." He wove a basket and fastened it to a strong thread to lower them to Earth.

"When they touched the Earth, they became the Little Folk. They loved the forests; and there they lived, working, dancing and playing. Earth people learned quickly to spin and weave. Then the Little Folk taught them how to make bright colors and use them in weaving their rugs and blankets. Earth people, Indians, loved these Little Folk who helped them and Bright Eyes was happy again.

"Bright Eyes and her sisters assisted the Indians when they were sick. They went into the forests to pray to Great Spirit to protect the Indians. They told the people to pray to Great Spirit too.

"All of the prayers went up to Sandlephone who sat on a great ladder high in the sky. As soon as the prayers had come into his hands, they were changed into lovely flowers. He closed the blossoms and dropped the seeds upon the Earth while the perfume was carried on into the heavens where Great Spirit was.

"The Little Folk cared for the seeds as they fell and from them sprang the wild flowers. They watched and tended the flowers. The Indians loved them but never hurt them. They called the flowers "Tokens of Love

from Great Spirit."

"Oh," said Josephine, "after this I shall not break them."



The Sacred Pipe of the Salagi (The People)

Most all Nations have stories about the 'Sacred Pipe'. What many people refer to it as The Peace Pipe. Which is an incorrect Hollywood thought shown in the old west movies and cartoons. The Sacred pipe is to the Native Americans as the cross is to Christian cultures.

The pipe, in one form or another, has come to most cultures around the world. Every group has used the pipe in one way or another and has stories of how they came to have it. The Lakota tell the story of the White Buffalo woman and how she first brought the pipe to them. Just as the Tsalagi have this story.

It is not important how the pipe first arrived. Or who it came to first as all nations see themselves as the first to have this gift from creator. What is important is that the pipe is revered as a sacred item and also important is that it did come from The Creator. What is most important is that pipe was brought to all men of this world, for we all must share this world. Long ago, but not long after the world was new, a tribe of red skinned people came to live on the lands which are around The Blue Smoke Mountains.

At this time, the animals of the world still talked to men and taught them how to live

on and care for the land. These people were called " Ani Yun Wiya " or the One True People. In this tribe lived a brave warrior woman.

She was called 'Arrow Woman'. Arrow Woman was taught to use the bow, the spear and the knife. Even though it was a man's job to hunt and fight, Arrow Woman could shoot straighter with the bow than any man, she could throw the knife so as split a branch no bigger than your thumb and she could throw the spear into eye of a hawk in flight.

Because of all this, no man would tell her to be like a woman.

One day while on a hunt, Arrow Woman came upon the tracks of Yona the bear. She saw blood on the ground and knew him to be wounded so she followed his tracks. High into the mountains she followed. Soon n she came to a place that she did not know. It was in this place, a place known only to the animals that she finally saw Yona the bear. He had a deep cut in his side and she saw him bowing down in prayer. She saw him bowing toward a large field of tall grass and speaking words that she had not heard before. Suddenly, the grass shimmered and became a lake. Arrow Woman saw Yona dive into the water. After a time he emerged from the water, his side was completely healed. Yona then saw Arrow Woman and walked to her. Yona told her, "this is the sacred lake of the animals. It is called, 'Atagahi' and it's location is known only to the animals. It is where we come for healing and strength. You are the first man creature to see the sacred lake.

You must never tell your kind of it's location for it is the home of 'The Great Uktena'. With these words Yona the Bear turned and walked into the woods and disappeared.

Arrow Woman was tired after following

Yona all day so she decided to rest a while by this lake. She built a small fire and sat down to eat a meal that she had brought with her. She took a drink of the water from the lake and felt instantly refreshed. She was amazed, she felt strong as Yan'si the Buffalo. She felt as if she run faster than Coga the Raven could fly.

The woods were quiet, Unole the wind was sleeping, Nvda the sun was shining bright but was not hot, the surface of the lake was completely calm, and Arrow Woman began to get sleepy.

It was at this time that she saw 'Uktena', she had been told of him when she was a child but no one in her tribe ever claimed to have seen him. High above the water he raised his great serpent's head, the jewel in his forehead glistening.

He began to move toward her. Arrow Woman grabbed up her spear and stood up to face the great creature coming to her, standing proud, showing no fear, the way any warrior should. She raised her spear and prepared to strike the huge beast.

Uktena stopped a short distance from her. He smiled, his mouth was larger than a man was tall and full of teeth longer than man's forearm. He spoke to the brave woman on the bank of his lake. To her he said, "Put down your weapons for I mean you no harm. I come only to teach." Arrow Woman laid down her spear and began to relax, somehow knowing Uktena spoke truly.

Uktena told her to sit and to listen. Uktena dipped his head below the surface and came back up a moment later. In his mouth he had a strangely crooked stick and a leather pouch. These things he laid on the ground in front of Arrow Woman. Then the Great Uktena began to teach. He said, "This that I have laid before you is the

Sacred Pipe of The Creator." He then told her to pick up the pipe. "The bowl is of the same red clay The Creator used to make your kind. The red clay is Woman kind and is from the Earth. Just as a woman bears the children and brings forth life, the bowl bears the sacred tobacco (tsula) and brings forth smoke. The stem is Man. Rigid and strong the stem is from the plant kingdom and like a man it supports the bowl just as man supports his family."

Uktena then showed Arrow Woman how to join the bowl to the stem saying, " Just as a man and a woman remain separate until joined in marriage so too are the bowl and stem separate. Never to be joined unless the pipe is used." Uktena then showed her how place the sacred tsula into the pipe and with an ember from the fire lit the tsula so it burned slightly. He told her this, "The smoke is the breath of The Creator, When you draw the smoke into your body, and you will be cleansed and made whole. When the smoke leaves your mouth, it will rise to The Creator. Your prayers, your dreams, your hopes and desires will be taken to Him in the smoke. Also the truth in your soul will be shown to Him when you smoke the pipe. If you are not true, do not smoke the pipe. If your spirit is bad and you seek to deceive, do not smoke the pipe."

Uktena continued his lesson well into the night teaching Arrow Woman all of the prayers used with the pipe and all of the reasons for using the pipe. He finished just as the moon was beginning her nightly journey across the sky in search of her true love. He told Arrow Woman to wrap the pipe in cloth, keeping the parts separate. With this done He told her that she would never again be able to find this place but to remember all that she had learned. Uktena then returned to depths of the lake. Arrow Woman saw the water shimmer and become again the field of

grass.

She left, taking with her the pipe and her lessons and a wondrous tale.

Ever since that time, The Ani Yun Wiya have used the sacred pipe and never again has any man seen the sacred lake of Uktena.

The pipe is not a symbol of things that are sacred. The pipe itself is sacred. Not everyone is called upon to be a pipe bearer. The person who carries the pipe and practices the pipe ceremonies and traditions has a great responsibility to his brothers and sisters, his land and country and even to the Earth Mother.

The pipe bearer does not 'own' the pipe he carries. He simply carries the pipe until the time comes for him to pass it to the next bearer. The pipe bearer is given certain powers of sight from the pipe as well as an ability to heal and purify. Should the bearer fall from grace and become a liar, thief, neglect his duties when asked, or become deceitful, the pipe would repossess these gifts and then the possibility of misfortune for the former bearer may exist.

One should be ready to accept the responsibility of the pipe for it may make demands upon you. It will become your teacher and guide. It can also be your worst enemy if used wrongly.

I leave it to you to decide if these words are truly said.

This is the way that I have learned. as told by a Cherokee Elder

Drum & Dance Registration

Classes will be Thursdays 4-7:00pm starting January 6th running through March 24th 2011. At room 127 Minnesota West College in Pipestone.

We will be reviewing and learning new songs, learning basic dance steps and practicing dance steps and helping beginners for those who already know the basics. We are going to try to do as much drumming and singing as possible each class. I hope to find someone who will supervise projects for creating designs for moccasins. Each participant will cut out sew and decorate a pair of moccasins as their final project. Parents will need to help children too young to complete project on their own. We will provide supplies including some beads in basic colors, needles, thread, paint, leather and fabric. Anyone wanting something special will need to buy their own supplies.

we will be providing a meal for everyone of healthy foods and some water to drink. Please fill out the information below to participate list everyone taking class and those who will be watching.

Send this to everyone this class is open to everyone regardless of race, religion, or sex. You do not need to be a tribal member to participate. The class are free all donations are excepted. Fill this out and email back to me rona4641@yahoo.com

Name of Participants (drumming/dancing)

Names of parents other children accompanying

Address

 City State Zip

telephone

email _____

Children 6 and under must be accompanied by an adult

Membership

Your membership dues help keep our projects running, and put on our gathering and pow wow.

Membership dues are due Aug. 1 each year. Cash is the easiest way to pay your dues but for those who are short of cash we would be honored to except volunteer time and or other donations.

Members Application & Renewal

Name _____
 Address _____
 City, State & Zip _____
 Phone _____
 Email _____
 Tribe _____
 (not required for membership)

Please include dues & mail

Yearly membership (circle correct amount)

Associate & Voting

	Standard	Silver	Gold
US	\$25.00	\$50.00	\$100.00
Outside	\$55.00	\$110.00	220.00

Lifetime Membership (circle amount)

	Standard	Silver	Gold
US	\$250.00	\$500.00	1000.00
Outside	\$550.00	\$1100.00	2200.00

CC# _____
 expire date _____
 Security code _____
 Signature _____

Everyone's contribution makes a difference to the organization and each of its members.

Thanks for all you do!

For those who the dues is a financial hardship we will except trade of items which can be sold in the store or your time volunteering on one of our projects. Contact us about Trades

Keepers of the Sacred Tradition of Pipemakers PO Box 24 Pipestone, MN. 56164