

# Skipping Stones

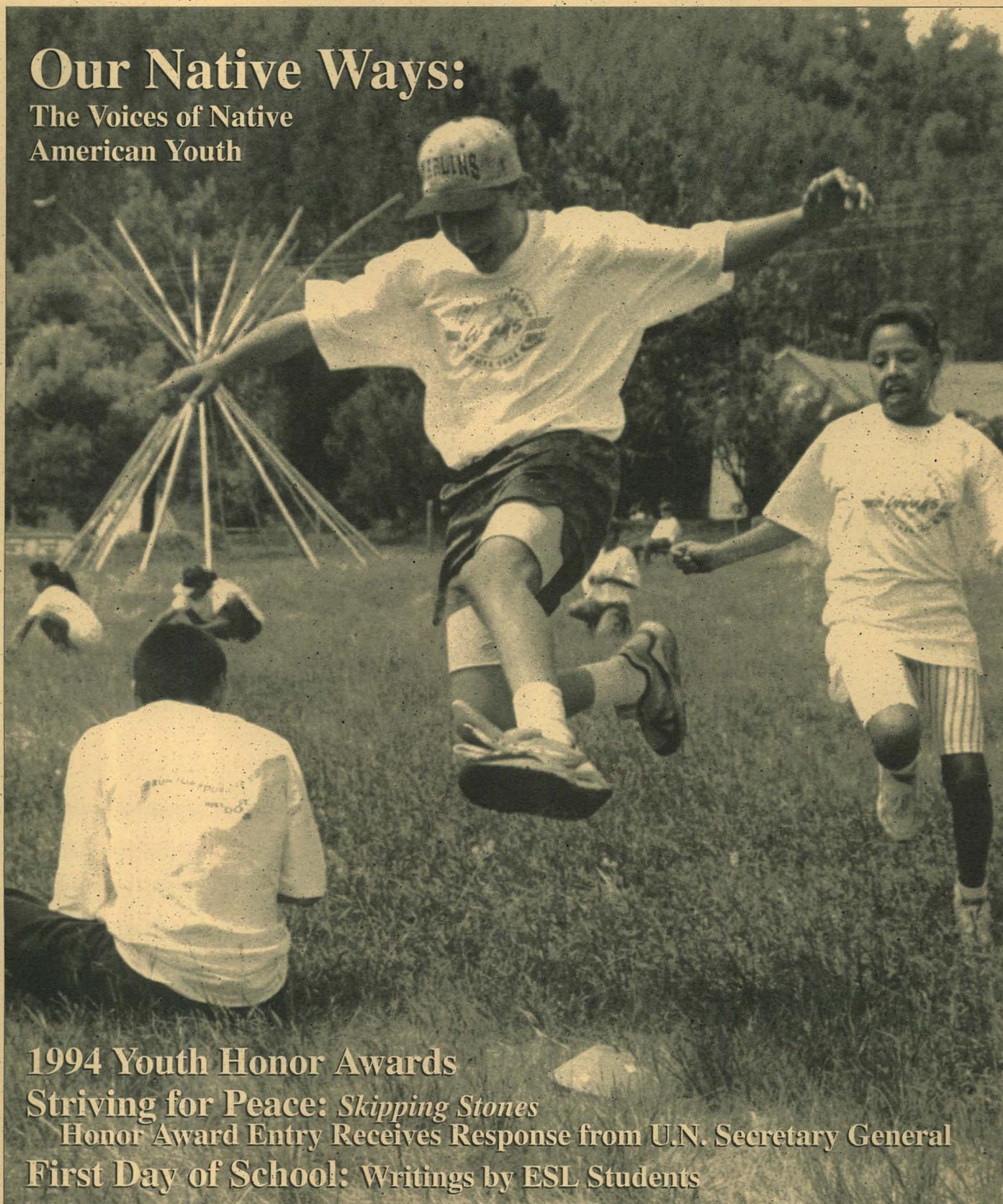
Display Until Dec. 1  
Volume 6, No. 4

*A Multicultural Children's Magazine*

US \$4.00

## Our Native Ways:

The Voices of Native  
American Youth



**1994 Youth Honor Awards**

**Striving for Peace: *Skipping Stones***

Honor Award Entry Receives Response from U.N. Secretary General

**First Day of School: Writings by ESL Students**

# Skipping Stones

A Multicultural Children's Bimonthly Magazine

Volume 6, No. 4

ISSN 0899-529X (EIN: 93-1095484)

Autumn 1994

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In the spirit of ecological sensitivity, we choose to print with soy ink on uncoated, recycled and recyclable paper

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*Skipping Stones* is a non-profit, children's magazine that encourages cooperation, creativity and celebration of cultural and linguistic diversity. We wish to explore and learn stewardship of the ecological web that sustains us. We offer ourselves as a forum for communication among children from different lands and backgrounds.

*Skipping Stones* is designed to expand horizons in a playful, creative way. We welcome your suggestions, submissions, subscriptions and support.

**Subscriptions:** Institutions: US \$25 per year. Worldwide: US \$30 (airmail). Individuals: US \$18. Single and back issues: \$5 (\$6, airmail). *Low-income discount: 50%.*



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## Acknowledgements

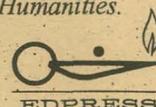
**Cover:** Native Youth at Little Wings Cultural Awareness Camp at Custer, SD. Photo by Stephen Matlow, *Indian Country Today*

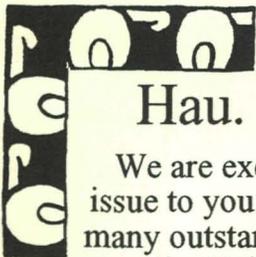
**Board of Directors:** Hanna Still, Stephen Mallery, Ron Marson, Joachim Shultz, Nancy Bray, Arun Toké, Bill Hessling and Sadako Hessling.

**Thanks to:** Dennis Kuklok, Esther Celis, Sally Lowe, Dan Anderson, Sergei Matveev, Rachel Benson, and the many schools and teachers whose students' work is featured in this issue. We also extend our gratitude to our supporters and subscribers.

*Skipping Stones* is an educational and charitable organization with a 501(c)(3) tax-exempt status. Donations to *Skipping Stones* are fully tax-deductible to the extent allowed by law. We invite you to support our 50% discount and free subscriptions to low-income schools, libraries and Third World organizations by making a tax-deductible donation. We acknowledge grants or donations of \$250 or more in this space. Financial support provided in part by *Tops Learning Systems, New Society Educational Foundation and Oregon Council on Humanities.*

*Skipping Stones* has been honored with 1993 EdPress Award for Excellence in Educational Journalism.





# Hau. Sikon. Greetings!

We are excited to bring this very special issue to you. In these pages, we present many outstanding writings by children all over the United States and México. The Top

1 Ten entries chosen for the 1994 Honor Award represent a diversity of themes, styles of writings, and cultural backgrounds of authors and artists.

We are especially honored to publish a letter (on page 7) written by the U. N. Secretary General to one of the honor award winners—Leah Etling. Letters like these encourage us to try even harder. Each one of us can be a Leah. Each one of us can pour our heart in what we do, try our best, to make a difference in our world—our only home.

The *Skipping Stones* Honor Award Program is about awakening our *Self* and our *World*. We hope that you will decide to create an entry for next year. The 1995 awards will also recognize youth (groups or individuals) trying to change the writing on the wall with their hands and sweat, as well as with a pen or brush! Tell us how you are changing the world. When you let your dreams and visions guide your pen and pencil, you inspire others, and this makes true peace more attainable.



3

To celebrate the *Decade of the Indigenous Peoples*, this issue includes art and writings by Native American youth of diverse cultural backgrounds. They share their traditions, their visions, and their quests—ways of looking at and living life.

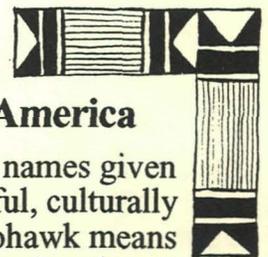
It is easy to fall in the gulf of stereotypes, especially when it comes to Native American cultures. Contrary to what you may see or hear, in print or in movies, there are 547 *distinct* Native Nations and Tribes in the United States alone (and 633 in Canada)—with distinct customs, traditions, languages, folklore. They should not be grouped as one people—as Indians.

- Celebrating Life • Giving Thanks Each Day • Democracy • Peace • Freedom
- Strength of Unity • Spiritual Center • Honoring Elders, Traditions, Women
- Responsibility • Long Term Perspective • Council of the Good Minds
- Mutual Support • Respect for Nature: Land, Animal Beings, Life . . .



Pueblo

1. Aztec 2. Arapaho 3. Yuman Tribes of the Gila River



## Native Nations of North America

Did you know that some of the names given to Native peoples were disrespectful, culturally insensitive or racially-biased? Mohawk means “Cowards”, Maliseet means “Lazy Speakers”, and Eskimo means “Fish Eaters.” Native peoples would rather be called by the names they use for themselves, like *Kanienkageb* instead of Mohawk! The list below shows names of Native societies, their location and what the name means.

- Abenaki* (New England): Dawn Land People
- Anishinabe* (Great Lakes): Original People
- Aniyunwiya* (SE and SW): The Real People
- Tsalagi* (Cherokee/Choctaw): Cave Dwellers
- Dakota* (Sioux of the Eastern Northern Plains): Allies
- Diné* (Navajo Four Corners): The People
- Haudenosaunee* (Iroquois): People of the Longhouse
- Hopi* (Four Corners, SW): The Peaceful Ones
- Inuit* (Arctic region): Real People, formerly Eskimo
- Lakota* (Sioux, Western Northern Plains)
- Lenni Lenape* (Mid-Atlantic Coast): We, The People
- Menominee* (Near Lake Superior): Wild Rice People
- Nimi* (Paiute of Nevada, E. Ore., NE Calif.): People
- Okanagan* (Pacific NW): People Who See to the Top
- Onondaga* (Central NY): The Place Among the Hills
- Shawnee* (South, the Midwest): People of the South
- Shoshone* (Death Valley, Nevada, Utah): Snake People
- Siksika* (Montana, Alberta, N. Plains): Black foot
- Tobono O’odbam* (Pima, Papago, Ariz.): Desert People
- Wampanoag* (Northeastern Coast): People of the East

*(Excerpted from: Keepers of the Night by Michael Caduto and Joseph Bruchac. Fulcrum Publishing, Golden, Colorado. 1994.)*

Native people are the *original* people of this land. They live among us—in the cities, in the villages, on the Reservations. Let’s learn to understand and respect their ways, their values, their traditions. How would our lives change if we all took the values below to our hearts?

Let us befriend our Native brothers and sisters.

*Oglu washte* (Lakota for “good luck”),

*Arum "Morning Sun" Toke!*



Hopi



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Linguistic Look-alikes

Skipping Stones is your forum!  
Share your views and opinions with  
readers around the world. What's  
happening in your club, school, community?  
What would you like to see in future issues of  
Skipping Stones? Write on.... and we'll respond!

### Poet Praises

... *Skipping Stones* is a marvelous magazine,  
and I'm excited by the thought that your ideals  
and ideas are reaching our youth.

—Rita Dove, Poet Laureate of the United States,  
The Library of Congress, Washington, DC

### Scholastic Success

Just a quick note to say how much I look  
forward to your magazine for my teaching. I  
have used it all year and my students have used  
it and enjoyed its articles and stories as well.

Every magazine has been very appropriate  
both timewise and themewise to support our  
curriculum. I teach a grade 5 class and we do a  
lot of global studies. This magazine has been  
very enriching to the whole program.

Thank you and I look forward to new issues.

—Glinda Burrows, Elmsdale District School,  
Windsor Junction, Nova Scotia, Canada

### Greetings from Zimbabwe!

Many thanks for giving my rural secondary  
school a complimentary subscription to *Skipping  
Stones*. The students here really like it. I think  
*Skipping Stones* is very beneficial to them—not  
only does it show other cultures to them, it also  
teaches the importance of diversity. We have a  
pen pal exchange with some students in Los  
Angeles, and one of them identified himself as  
Asian. "What's Asian?" one of my students  
asked, and here I had a good opportunity to tell  
them, using some articles from *Skipping Stones*.

Others of my students have written to the  
pen pals listed in the back of the magazine. I  
encourage it, as it is a good way to get students to  
use English. English is the "national" language  
here, but at my school most of the students speak  
Shona or Ndebele. *Skipping Stones* is also good  
for them because it provides intelligent articles  
that are written on an easier level.

—Rebecca Kreis, Peace Corps Volunteer, Rujeko  
Secondary School, Kwe Kwe, Zimbabwe, Africa

Your magazine is fantabulous! After reading  
only one issue, I felt compelled to get involved  
somehow.

You ask interested individuals to write to  
you about how to become a *Skipping Stones*  
Representative\*. I'm not sure what such an  
honor entails, but I'd certainly like to find out.

I'm compiling a book on linguistic  
homophones for children—words that have the  
same sound as a word in English, but different  
meaning(s) in other tongues. So far, my book  
includes words in almost 150 languages.

—Teresa Dowlatsahi, Richmond, Virginia

\*A Representative promotes multicultural and ecological  
awareness in their community using *Skipping Stones*.  
Send a SASE if you would like to get involved. — Editor

### Tobacco Taboo

I was hangin with some fellas  
and they started smoking,  
they asked me to join  
and I said you must be joking.

What do you think,  
my brain is broken?  
I'm smarter than you  
and I'll never start smoking.

My lungs are healthy pink  
and they'll stay that way,  
I won't let tobacco  
ruin my day.

I don't want no part of it,  
and you'll be sorry  
when you try to quit.

—Jessica LaFernier, 4th grade, Indian  
Community School, Milwaukee, Wisconsin



### Culturnary

What do these words and phrases mean? Where  
do they come from? You may consult books, your  
teachers, parents, or friends from other cultures.  
But the answers are also hidden in this issue:

1. Sequoyah
2. Quichua
3. Tlingit
4. Sweat lodge
5. Lacrosse
6. Dreamcatcher
7. Arequipa
8. Medicine Wheel
9. Pow-wow
10. K'echel k'op

# Skipping Stones Youth Honor Award Winners

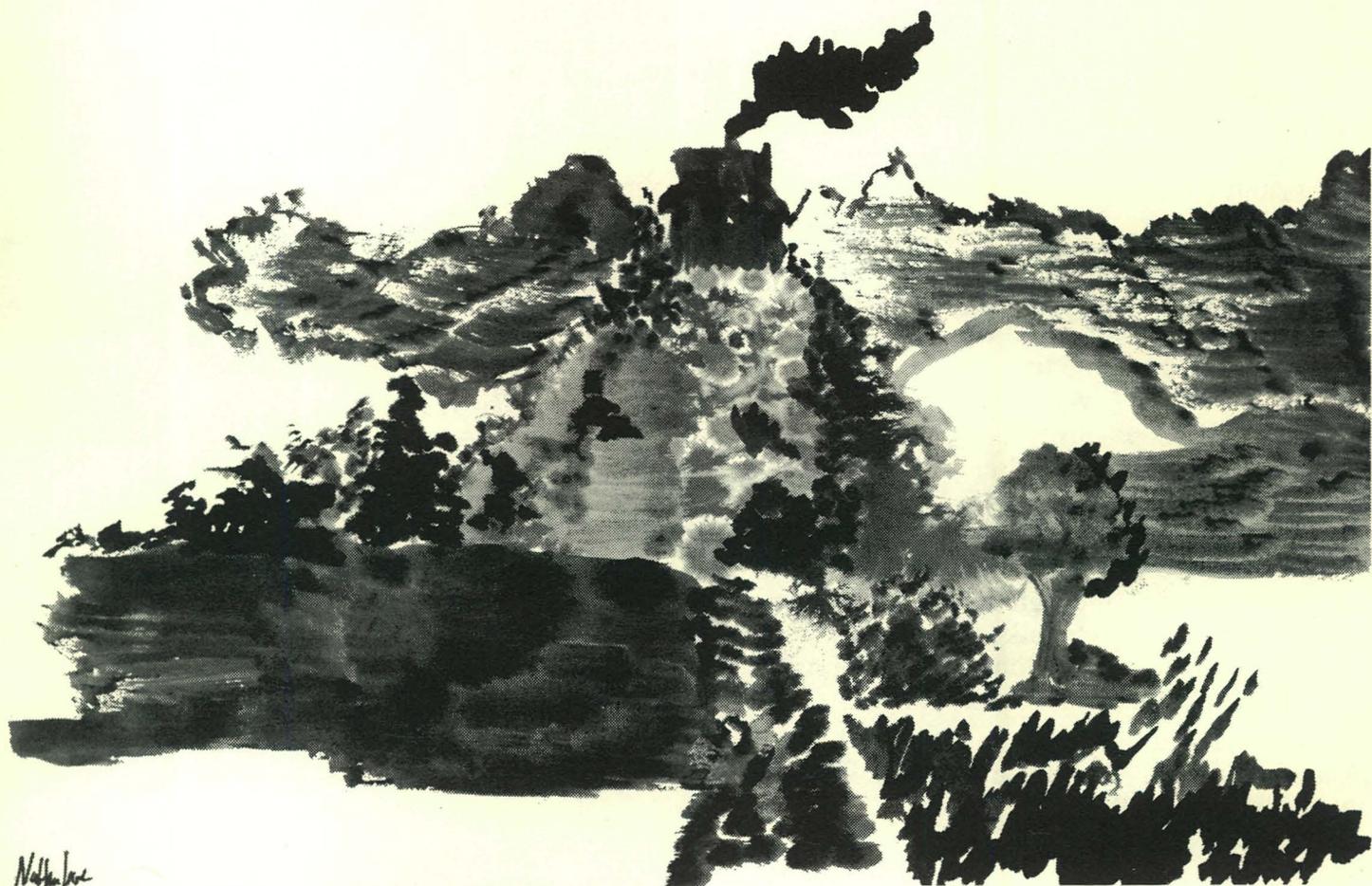
*Cultural diversity • Peace • International understanding • Prejudice • Nature • Ecology*

We invited you to express your thoughts on these diverse themes. And you did, responding with poems, stories, essays and artwork. In the following pages you'll find the ten finalists of the 1994 *Skipping Stones* Youth Honor Awards: a letter to the United Nations, a story of a Holocaust survivor, a dialogue between two buffalos, the story of a pigeon and how plastics can hurt . . . Each one of these is an important contribution to multicultural and ecological awareness worldwide.

The young authors and artists will each receive an honor certificate, a subscription to *Skipping Stones*, and five multicultural or nature and ecology books. Congratulations!

And now the winners . . .

## Dream Land

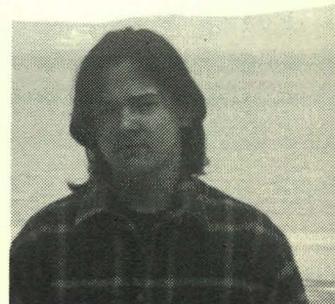


I have been drawing since I was 5 years old. I started out with simple books for children on how to draw with simple shapes and lines. Over the years I kept at it, and took many classes to improve my skills as much as I could. As time went by I had been entered in several art contests and have won awards for several drawings. I believe that art is what I do best so I would like to have my career involved with art as much as possible.

The ink drawing that I made was an assignment in my art class. I had the idea for the drawing from a dream I had the night before. I had seen this house with the same walkway and

I remembered very clearly the smoke coming from the house. The ink looked very much like smoke to me when it was mixed with water, so I used this to recreate the image from my dream. I was surprised at how much the picture compared with the one in my head. Sometimes my best artwork comes from my dreams.

—Nathan Lowe, 15,  
Cherokee, Eugene, Oregon



# Striving for Peace: A Letter to U.N. Secretary General Boutros-Ghali

Mr. Boutros Boutros-Ghali  
United Nations Secretary General  
The United Nations, New York, NY 10017

Dear Mr. Boutros-Ghali:

This morning, I got up early and walked outside. The birds sang cheerfully in the treetops, and the golden sun was just rising above the horizon. I was at peace with the world, and the world was at peace with me.

Continuing down our front steps, I walked down the driveway to get the newspaper. As I reached down to pick it up, a sense of foreboding rose out at me from the sheets of small, printed type. I shuddered to think of what the front page held for me. The articles, I knew, would be grim and depressing, dealing with the fighting in Bosnia and the horrible situation there. Picking up the newspaper, I heaved a deep sigh and walked back to the house.

Later in the day, I sat outside in deep contemplation. I wondered what had begun the Bosnian situation in the first place. Couldn't it have been avoided? Why wasn't it? It seemed to me that there was never time for peace in our world. Adults fought, children fought, nations fought. Was everyone really fighting against each other? Why can't they just learn to work together? There has to be a method, I thought to myself, of stopping the fighting. And it's going to take more than peace talks and treaties. Those are great steps, but they alone are not enough. We need a solution, and we need it now.

Every year, thousands of people die as casualties of war. Not only are soldiers killed, but civilians as well. What can we do to prevent war? Once a war has begun, it is like a runaway locomotive—there are no easy ways to stop it. The key is to handle the world's problems and arguments in a thorough manner, solving them before a war can begin.

And that is what the United Nations is all about. The preamble to the *Charter of the United Nations* states that

*We the people of the United Nations are determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind, and...to practice tolerance and live together in peace with one another as good neighbours, and to unite our strength to maintain international peace and security...*

The United Nations was founded to bring peace to the world. Yet, today, war and bloodshed continue to rage. How can we stop this dreadful practice? The United Nations is a wonderful organization with excellent direction. Its goals are worthy and important. Still, something seems to be lacking.

The United Nations needs to come together and unite in a quest for peace. We need to grasp spirit and ambition and carry those qualities with us as we journey to a perfect world without battle or bloodshed. In the following poem, "White Dove," peace is found through looking into your own heart and following the intuition you see there. Perhaps, as the first step toward a more efficient United Nations, this poem could be distributed to each representative, and they could share it with their countries.

Sincerely,  
*Leah Etling*

## White Dove

*White dove  
Where have you come from?*

I follow the winds of time and float upon the breezes of change. Venturing all places, near and far, known and unknown, in the quest for peace.

*White dove, image of peace and beauty,  
What have you seen?*

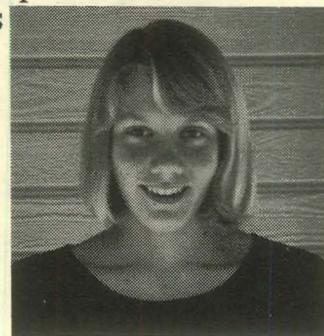
The tragedy of war  
brother against brother.  
Children laughing, parents smiling.  
A world at war.  
A world at peace.

*White dove, please help us, guide us.  
You are wise. Help us right the wrongs,  
To heal the world.*

Search the world for an answer  
and find it in yourself.  
Your heart will navigate.  
Follow the gleaming pathway  
onward, upward, above all boundaries.

Merge heart, mind, and spirit,  
and then, only then,  
will you achieve true peace.

—Leah Etling, 14, Santa Ynez, California is proud of her Danish and Russian heritage and lives in a small Danish community to which her grandmother immigrated in 1941. Leah enjoys reading, writing, and the outdoors.





THE SECRETARY-GENERAL

*Dear Readers: After selection for the honor award, we forwarded Leah's letter to the Secretary General of the United Nations. We are pleased to share the response.*  
—Editors

Ms. Leah Etling  
Santa Ynez Valley Union High School  
Santa Ynez, California

29 June 1994

Dear Leah,

Thank you for your insightful letter. The issues you raise are of primary importance to the United Nations and to the peoples of the world.

In your concern over the growing level of conflict in the world, you make two very important points. The first is that the United Nations needs to continue improving its ability to put an end to the horrible conflicts we face today. In my report, *An Agenda for Peace*, I outlined suggestions for improving the ability of the United Nations to respond to the new level of conflict in today's world. In our peace operations, such as the present operation in Bosnia, the United Nations continues to learn every day how better to put an end to fighting.

The second point you make is that the United Nations must also search for means of preventing such fighting from occurring in the first place. The United Nations is intensifying efforts to search for the root sources of conflicts so that we can put a permanent end to war. As part of these efforts, I recently issued *An Agenda for Development* which seeks to provide a framework for thinking about how to build the foundations for enduring human progress in a world free from war.

It is important to understand that the United Nations can only do as much as its Members--the countries of the world--will permit it to do through their political and financial support. Fundamentally, this requires understanding and support from people because, as the first line of the Charter makes clear, the U.N. belongs to "We, the Peoples of the United Nations." Therefore, I believe, as you recognize in your letter, that in order to achieve enduring progress, the United Nations will need "to come together and unite in a quest for peace." Today, we realize more than ever how efforts toward peace, justice, equality and development--the original goals laid out in the United Nations Charter--are really all part of a single world project. The poem, "White Dove," which you have so kindly shared with me, helps illustrate how across the lines of race, sex, language, religion and systems of government, we are all united in our common quest for peace and progress.

With hope and these continued efforts, Leah, some day soon you will be able to walk outside and reach for the morning paper, not with a sense of foreboding, but with a sense of warm anticipation to read the news of a better world.

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Boutros Boutros-Ghali".

Boutros Boutros-Ghali

# My Grandfather, A Proud Survivor

The bell rang and winter vacation was here. David always looked forward to this time because Zayde\* would visit. He always had wonderful stories to tell. Even though David was eleven he still loved his grandfather's stories and was looking forward to hearing a new one.

David ran the three blocks to his home with his coat half on, not noticing the cold or newly fallen snow. Emma scolded David as he entered their home. "Where are your boots and gloves, David? Why isn't your coat zipped up? You are tracking snow on the kitchen floor. What will Abba think?" Just then Zayde came into the kitchen and rescued him.

"Let me see you, grandson! My, how you have grown! Mind you, you are still too thin and your hair is too curly, but I'll keep you." Zayde always said the same thing to David, as he ruffled his curly brown hair.

David always responded with, "Your hair is too white, Zayde, and your feet are too big, but you're a keeper too." They hugged and David told him he missed him and was looking forward to their walk to *Shabbat* services.

Zayde's smile changed to a frown and he suddenly looked very old and tired. His grey eyes were glazed as he told David, "We will not be going to the *synagogue* tonight for *Shabbat*. The *synagogue* has been vandalized. Someone has broken windows, spray painted walls, and torched the sanctuary. The firefighters were only able to recover one *Torah* and about 50 *siddurs*."

"David, *anti-Semitism* is all over the world. It won't disappear and you can't just walk away from it. It will always be here."

David sat down, almost completely motionless, staring at his Zayde. He felt anger and sadness at something he didn't understand.

Zayde was sitting with his head between his legs and his arms stretched over his head. It was then that David noticed something about his Zayde. His Zayde had a number tattooed on his forearm. It read 57130 and was blue in color.

David leaned over, touched his Zayde's arm and asked with much curiosity, "Zayde, what is that number on your arm and why is it there?"

Zayde replied, "I have waited for you to ask. It is time for you to know and understand and never forget."

David looked puzzled, "What do I need to know and why must I not forget?"

Zayde sat up straight, "First, let's say a *benched gomel* for the brave firefighters, the one *Torah* and fifty *siddurs* that they were able to recover from the fire in the *synagogue*." Zayde often said prayers.

"Why do you pray so much, Zayde?"

Zayde explained, "Because I survived and so many didn't."

"This number tattooed on my forearm was given to me by a *schreiber* at *Bergen-Belsen*. This number meant life, if only for awhile."

"What do you mean?" asked David.

Zayde identified *Bergen-Belsen* as a concentration camp in Germany. "I was sent there in August of 1942 at the age of seventeen, by the Nazis after temporary placement in the *Lodz Ghetto* with my family."

"What happened to your family, Zayde?"

"The ghetto was a living hell, my baby sister Lena died of starvation." Zayde sighed, "My mother and brother, Leo, were put on trucks bound for *Chelmno, Poland*. They never made it, they died of gas poisoning while riding in the sealed trucks. When my father and I arrived at *Bergen-Belsen*, we were lined up in rows and my father sent to the left and I was sent to the right. My father stood there saying the *kaddish* and I knew that I would never see him again."

"I was immediately told to remove the dead from the train cars that we arrived on. We loaded those who did not survive the ride onto wagons. Among the dead were relatives and friends. We were not allowed to show emotion or we would be killed also. We took the wagons to huge open pits where we dropped the bodies one on top of another. I did this for five months, David."

David stared at his Zayde in disbelief. He wanted to verbalize his feelings, but a lump in his throat prevented him from speaking. They sat a long time in silence as Zayde wept.

Then David murmured, "What made you want to live? How did you survive?"

His Zayde looked at him with a new determination. "I escaped."

"How?" David stammered.

Zayde told him of the night. "After a long day

of moving dead bodies to the open pits, it was dusk and the soldiers commanded the twenty-five of us to remove our clothes and line up at the edge of the pit. We knew the inevitable had finally come. As we followed their orders, three soldiers fired tommy guns at us and we fell onto the hundreds of bodies below. I laid very still wondering why I was not yet dead. Soon I heard the German soldiers barking out orders and the sound of trucks leaving the area.

"I stayed among the dead and the overwhelming stench for a long time, unable to move. I started mumbling the kaddish to myself. After several repetitions something snapped inside my head and I continued to recite the kaddish louder and louder until exhaustion prevented me from speaking.

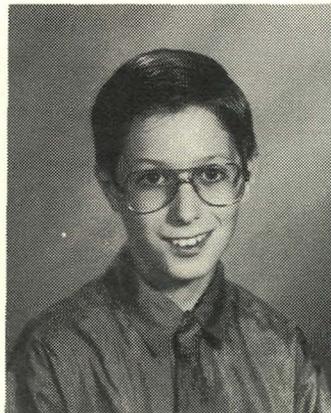
"Slowly, I raised myself from the dead. I felt blood coming from my left cheek and right shoulder. Although it stung, I realized the bullets had only grazed me. At that moment I vowed to myself that I must live to tell of the atrocities I had witnessed. I knew I must be a voice of my people, for those who would never speak again.

"I crawled out of the massive grave, naked and alone. A tear rolled down my cheek. I recited the kaddish one more time. I started my journey into the night and did not rest until I reached a wooded area."

"Weren't you cold and frightened? How could you go on?" David asked.

"Physically, I felt numb; emotionally, the shame and tremendous loss was yet to overcome me. Survival was all I thought about. I sat on the cold ground and fell asleep. I awoke to the sound of voices. The first thing I saw was guns. My mind was racing and I could not understand what was being said to me. What happened next was unpredictable. A man handed me his jacket, another his boots, and still another, a chunk of bread. I was then able to identify these people as friendly strangers. These *partisans* led me to safety in the Netherlands. I lived underground for almost two years and worked with the resistance."

David reached out to his grandfather, tears running down his face. "You are so courageous, Zayde. I must say a benched gomel now, for I will be forever thankful for you and what you have taught me today."



## \*Glossary

<i>abba:</i>	Hebrew word for father
<i>anti-Semitism:</i>	prejudice against Jews
<i>benched gomel:</i>	prayer of thanks
<i>Bergen-Belsen:</i>	Nazi concentration camp located in Germany
<i>Chelmno:</i>	the first Nazi death camp in Poland
<i>emma:</i>	Hebrew word for mother
<i>kaddish:</i>	a Hebrew prayer recited by mourners praising God
<i>Lodz Ghetto:</i>	one of the ghettos in Poland where Jews were forced to live
<i>partisan:</i>	a group of freedom fighters who often fought behind enemy lines
<i>schreiber:</i>	person who tattooed prison numbers on prisoners
<i>Shabbat:</i>	Sabbath day observed by Jews
<i>siddurs:</i>	Hebrew word for prayer book
<i>synagogue:</i>	a place used by Jews for worship and religious study
<i>Torah:</i>	the first five books of the Bible in Judaism, in the form of scrolls
<i>Yiddish:</i>	a language developed from old German, written in Hebrew and spoken by Jews in many places
<i>Zayde:</i>	Yiddish word for grandfather

—*Michael Shapiro of Naperville, Illinois writes, "I am thirteen years old and I attend Gregory Middle School. I will be called to the Torah June 11, 1994 as a Bar Mitzvah. This year seemed an important year to express my Jewish identity through writing. My parents have always encouraged me to be proud of my identity.*

*"Four years ago my family moved to Naperville, Illinois from Madison, Wisconsin. I soon learned that there are parts of the world that are indifferent or ignorant of other cultures. It surprised me and also frightened me. My parents did not let this stand in the way; they encouraged public schools to recognize cultural and religious differences. Their continual encouragement and teaching me to be tolerant of all people was an important reason for writing this story.*

*"Three years ago I started reading about the Holocaust.*

*The more I read the more interested I became. I started to feel people need to know what can and did happen, when we should choose to be ignorant. My story came from my imagination (with research). I do not know of any family survivors, though I have read and heard many accounts. My great, great grandfather was the first Rabbi of Madison, Wisconsin. Both my grandfathers fought in World War II. Perhaps that had something to do with what I wrote."*

# Paz

Hay un tema acerca del cual siempre estamos oyendo, pero aunque decimos entenderlo no llegamos a comprender su importancia. Esta vez voy a hablar de una palabra sencilla, corta y nada difícil de decir: PAZ.

Paz, es una palabra pequeña pero de un gran significado. Paz, la oímos todo el tiempo, pero yo creo que no llegamos a comprenderla totalmente y peor aún que casi nadie la tiene; es tan fácil de decir como difícil de obtener.

A mí, no me cuesta nada decirles: ¡Luchen por la paz! ó ¡La paz está en los jóvenes. Pero, ¿porqué luchar por ella?, ¿porqué está en nosotros?, ¿porqué es tan importante?

Nosotros pensamos: Eso es cosa del gobierno; ó, ¡alguien debería hacer algo!

Pero piensen. ¡No es ese país el que se destruye; esa gente la que muere; es *nuestro* mundo, *nuestra* gente y *nuestro* futuro!

La paz es el centro de todo como el principal de los eslabones de una cadena. Para tener libertad debe haber paz. Pero así como no vamos a ser esclavos de la guerra, entonces ¿porqué ser esclavos de vicios? Que aunque prometen libertad como la droga y el alcohol solo logran esclavizar al hombre en su propio vicio y en su propia alma. Para que una familia sea exitosa debe haber paz entre sus miembros y así lograr la unión; la amistad y el amor, ambos forjadores de la paz en el corazón y ambos cimientos para un mundo mejor.

Yo sé que ya hemos oído eso de que la paz es muy importante. Y ¿saben porqué? Sólo cierran sus ojos, no les voy a pedir que imaginen como sería un mundo de paz; eso siempre nos lo dicen. Sólo imaginen un mundo en el que todas las personas estuvieran peleadas, un mundo en el que necesitaras pasaporte para todo, muchísimas fronteras, en el que sólo nos fijáramos en lo que los demás hacen mal, de que color son ó que lengua hablan, un mundo carente de unión, de fraternidad, de amor.

Esto tal vez pueda sonar drástico ó exagerado, pero desgraciadamente no está tan lejos de la realidad y mientras no hagamos algo la situación empeorará, somos nosotros quienes deben cambiar.

Hay que recordar que la paz no es algo predestinado: tú tienes ó tú no tienes, es un reto una meta.

Primero necesitamos estar en paz con nosotros mismos, tener principios sólidos y valores bien inculcados.

Tenemos un mundo en el que no falta nada, lo

# Peace

There is a theme we are always hearing about, but even when we say we understand it, we do not grasp its importance. This time I'm going to talk about a simple word, short and not very difficult to say: PEACE.

Peace—it is a small word but with a great meaning. Peace—we hear it all the time, but I believe that we do not come to grasp it fully, and worst yet, almost no one has it. How easy to say but how difficult to attain!

For me, it's very easy to tell you: "Fight for Peace!" or "The Peace is within the young people!" But why fight for it? Why is it within us? Why is it so important?

We often think: that's the government's job or, somebody ought to do something!

But think. It is not some country that is being destroyed; it's the people that die—it's *our* world, *our* people and *our* future!

Peace is the center of everything, like the main link of a chain. To have freedom we must have peace. But just as we don't want to be slaves of war, why become slaves to vices that promise fake freedom, like the drugs or alcohol? These vices only bring addiction to our soul. For a family to be successful, it must have peace between its members, and thus unity is attained. Friendship and love—both are bearers of peace in the heart, and both are foundations for a better world.

I know we have already heard that *peace* is very important. And do you know why? Just close your eyes. I am not going to ask you to imagine how there will be a world of peace, that they always tell us. Just imagine a world in which all the people would be enemies, a world in which you need a passport for everything, a world with too many borders, in which we would only pay attention to what others do wrong; a world lacking unity, brotherhood, love.

This might perhaps sound drastic or exaggerated, but unfortunately it is not very far-fetched and while we don't do anything the situation gets worse. We ourselves must change!

We must remember peace is not something pre-destined: it is not that you have it or you don't have it. It's a challenge, a goal.

First, we need to be in peace with ourselves, to have principles that are solid and values that are firmly instilled.

We have a world which lacks nothing. What

que falta en los hombres es un poco de conciencia, caridad, respeto y amor de los unos por los otros.

Hay muchas veces que nos encerramos en nuestra propia burbuja y no nos percatamos de que ahí está Irak, Irán, Alemania, Checoslovaquia. Todos están en el mismo mundo, ¡el nuestro! Pelean, pero ¿porqué? ¡sí somos hermanos!

¿A quién quieren impresionar con muchas tierras y riquezas? No se han dado cuenta que para conseguir la riqueza más grande no necesitamos más armada que la amistad, más flota que el respeto, más misil que la autenticidad y la solidaridad, no queremos más victoria que la PAZ.

Estamos viviendo en un mundo que está muy lejos de ese ideal de amor y de justicia. Pero estamos aquí para que le hagamos frente a nuestro mundo. Siempre nos dicen que demos un poco de nosotros mismos y ¿por qué no dar todo?

Es una gran misión pero requerirá de que aquellos que la tomen en serio, tengan un sincero deseo de buscar la verdad, la justicia y de transmitirla a los demás. Este sería mi mundo de paz.

—Mariana Perrilliat, 14, Mexico City, Mexico, wrote this after watching the news of the recent violent uprising of Native people in Chiapas, México. "How can there be people suffering while the rich have a big party? Does it make any sense?" She thought. "I'm like any other girl. I love to have friends, my family. I want to express myself without hurting others, to have discipline and education and to make sure that someone hears what I say, what I believe... One thing I'm sure of is that you have to work hard to reach your goals."

## The Goods and the Bads About Chickens

You can raise your own chickens if you have a big back yard or a small back yard, as long as your neighbors don't complain. The reason you should raise your own chickens is your eggs are fresh. They taste better. The yolks are bright yellow, dark yellow, or even bright orange. The shells can be green, blue, plain brown, brown with spots, white, tan, red, or streaked—much prettier than plain store bought eggs.

Your eggs don't come from chickens that have their legs cut off. Your chickens are a lot happier. They get to come out and eat the grass. They don't get fed chemicals and antibiotics. Their life is a lot better.

Chickens can help and hurt your garden. Instead of buying manure, you use your chickens. They eat your slugs and snails. Here are a few more: earwigs, grubs, caterpillars, and sow bugs. Some chickens eat flies, mosquitos, and mosquito larvae. And they're bad because they eat your earthworms. You have to keep them away from the garden when the plants are little or they'll scratch them up trying to eat bugs and earthworms.

is missing in human beings is a bit of conscience, charity, respect and love for each other.

There are many times when we close ourselves in our own bubble, and we don't acknowledge that there is Iraq, Iran, Germany, Czechoslovakia. They are in the same world, in ours! We fight, but why? If we are all brothers!

Whom do we want to impress with lots of land, with riches? Haven't we realized that to get the grandest treasure, we need no other armada than friendship, no other fleet than respect, no other missiles than authenticity and solidarity. We don't want any other victory than PEACE itself.

We are living in a world that is far away from this ideal of love and justice. But we are here to confront our world head on. Always they say that we must give a little of our selves, and I ask: Why not give it all?

It's a grand mission, but would require of those who take it on seriously to have a sincere desire to seek truth and justice and to transmit it to others. This will be my world of peace.



Chickens do not make waste. They prevent waste. If you give them your compost or table scraps, they will eat them. But you will have to clean their pen once in a while. And you have to feed them nearly every day even if it's cold and rainy and even if you're tired or half asleep.

The best reason to raise chickens is if you raise them from baby chicks they are very good friends and pets. Me and my pet chicken, Mary Ann, love each other very much. We are best friends. If you raise them from chicks and they turn out to be roosters, you'll have to find out how they act. I haven't raised them that way. If you get chickens, I hope you'll enjoy them.

—Sahel Eastoak-Siletz, 7, Santa Rosa, CA. "When I grow up, I want to have a big farm. My mom is from here but her grandparents came from Germany and Scotland. My dad is from Iran and his grandparents are Persian and Turkish."



# Wolf

Your howl speaks in a thousand voices,  
and yet one.

You sing of the trees, ancient giants,  
and of the immortal mountains.

Coming from your throat is a crying eagle,  
a passionate mountain stream,  
a sunny day.

Sing your memories to us,  
O Wolf,

That when we forget our home of long ago  
we may listen. . .  
and remember.

—Elizabeth Savage, 14, Oregon Episcopal School,  
Portland, Oregon .

*"I am currently writing and reading poetry as often as possible. I also enjoy singing, playing soccer, fencing, backpacking, and pondering life. I would like to work for world peace when I "grow up" and to bring people environmental awareness through my writing.*

*"I wrote this poem not only because I love wolves, but because of my entire feelings about the wolf's timeless call. On a still, black, windless night, I am tempted to answer."*



# A Drop of Water

A drop of water,  
A tear from the soul.  
A thought of slaughter,  
To achieve a goal.

To hate another,  
To hate yourself;  
To leave the enemy on the terrible shelf.

Learn to deal with fear;  
Learn to deal with hate.  
Don't let hatred whisper,  
"It's too late."

An eye of hope,  
A ray of sun,  
Each side hopes to have won.

People from each generation,  
Learn to give your wishes  
Respectful presentation.  
Don't throw away your dreams.

Your emotions are yours  
To use and to ponder,  
Let them free  
To be and to wander.

*"I wrote this poem after watching the news and talking with my mom about the fighting in Bosnia and in other parts of the world. I am very lucky to live in a peaceful town in Vermont; it frightens me to imagine that I might be in the middle of a big war with an enemy as near as New York State, across Lake Champlain."*

—Claire Woolger, 10, English-Irish-German-American, Mary Hogan Elem., Middlebury, Vermont



# The Pond

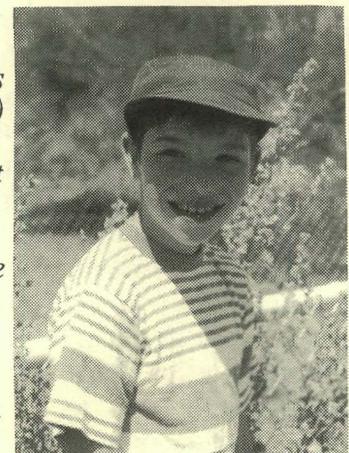
Frogs jumping, fish swimming, tadpoles swaying in the shallow water. This is the pond—my favorite place. I go to the pond to observe the wildlife there. The biggest reason I go there is because of the huge bullfrogs living there. Deer roam the woods freely and beavers love the warm water in the pond. Dragonflies dart here and there. Turkeys come to drink the pond water. Crayfish wait for you on the bottom of the pond and when you step in, they pinch you with their claws.

Lots of people litter at the pond. My uncle and I pick up the garbage around the pond and throw it out when we get home.

When you go to a pond, please don't litter.  
You'll just ruin our environment.

—Darius Duggan, 12, has European and Native (Seneca) American background. He is a 5th grader at Union Pleasant Elem. School, Hamburg, NY

*"I choose to write about ponds because I think they are magnificent places to explore. I want others to be aware that we all have to take care of the environment. I aspire to be a herpetologist. I enjoy nature."*



# A Buffalo Asks Her Mother About Humans

*Young Buffalo: What's this big, black, hard river?*

*Mother: Don't go out there! Often, savage rocks roar past. If one hits you, you're dead.*

*It wasn't there last spring. Where did it come from?*

*Creatures called humans made it.*

*Are those the ones that sage grouse tells me are torturers?*

Yes. And she's right. Because not only did many of one kind of them kill most of us buffalo off to starve another kind of them (and they didn't even eat us!), but they cut off the feet of some of sage grouse's relatives called chickens. They cut down our friends the trees. Crow tells me they catch big, colorful birds called parrots and put them in prisons. They pollute everywhere they go. They cut holes in the backs of our distant relatives, the manatees, by means of a hollow log that roars through the water. They pull out native plants to grow alien plants which gobble up the land. They keep our close relatives in tiny pens and sometimes kill their children after keeping them in a dark prison without their mom.

*(Young Buffalo gasps) Really?*

Yes. They also whip animals. Sometimes they leave animals on the banks of black rivers and the animals have nowhere to go and do not know what to do or eat.

*Meadowlark said that she saw a human eating something absolutely disgusting that nature could never have created. How do they get these things?*

They make them out of things that they can get from nature. Meadowlark may have seen them eating something that came from a land far away. They make tomato's fruits into thick water. And then they put this thick water and old hard milk and pieces of meat on top of ground seeds mixed with water. They also have made something else. They slice potato roots and they put lots of salt on them. They also drink red water that is not thick and smells weird. They also make other things, but I have not seen them so I can't describe them. Please do not eat or drink any of this yourself.

*Does anyone eat humans?*

No. Not usually. But sometimes a grizzly bear takes a bite or two. And I've heard sharks sometimes eat them, but that is very rare. So humans do not really have anyone depending on them for food.

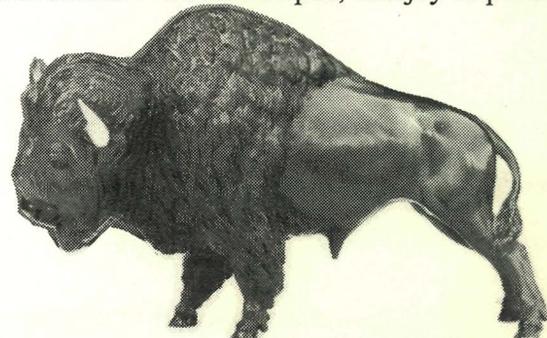
*What you're telling me is ghastly. Do humans have anything good about them?*

Well, maybe. Like we all love it when we get put on postage stamps. And one kind of human called Indians really love and respect our close relatives, the cows. Another kind, also called Indians, loves and respects us, the buffalos. Some humans, like one individual who is called Jane Goodall, is still having quite a long-lasting family reunion with her cousins, the chimpanzees. Many humans really love animals and plants and try to protect us from bad humans. And some baby humans really try to make everyone grow up to be like these humans who love us. But even these are not regular humans, because if they were, then they would not be trying to do these good things. The only reason they are trying is because they have gone too far. They have tried and tried to see how long it will take them to get nature's goat. And now they've found out.

—*Anaar Eastoak-Siletz, 9,  
Santa Rosa, California.*

*"My mom is Scottish and German and American and maybe Viking (but we don't really know). My dad is Iranian and Turkish (Azerbaijani). He may also be Viking (they really got around!) My mom was born in the United States, but my dad came here when he was 17. We are home-schoolers. When I grow up, I want to be some kind of scientist, especially, a naturalist or astronaut. My inspiration was liking animals. I like thinking about the world from other animals' points of view."*

\*Can you figure out all the things the Buffalo and her Mother were talking about, i.e., the "big, black, hard river" or the "rocks that roar past?" How might human life, our inventions and actions, look to another kind of animal? To an octopus, bluejay or pet mouse?

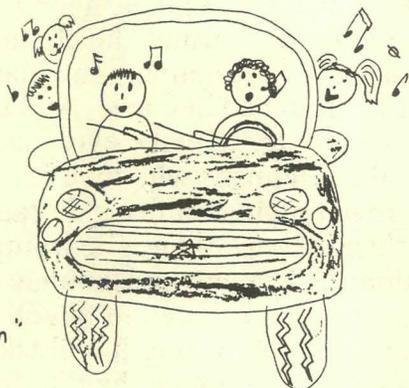


Lakota

# Keep Them Flying

We were on a trip to Ohio to see where my Mom was born. It was a fun time. We all sang songs.

Dad let us stop a lot so we could stretch our legs. We would even get to buy a candy bar sometimes. My two brothers (Andy and Ronnie) and I would fight a little when we got tired; but, Mom usually stopped the spats before it got out of hand.



" Singin' in the Van "

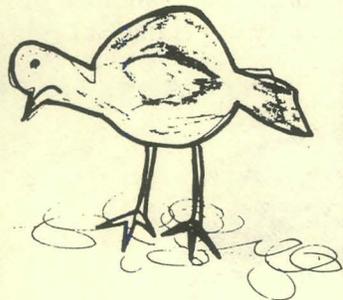
We had been driving through some real pretty towns and farm areas when we saw a sign for "Cleveland just a few more miles." We couldn't wait to see Lake Erie.

Then, there it was: Big, Blue, and Beautiful Lake Erie.

It was such a hot day. We felt like we were melting. We found a man on the shore who was fishing. He told us of a nice beach we could swim at, and we decided to go, until . . .

We went behind the van. There behind our van was a flock of sea gulls and one pigeon. It seemed like a million little black eyes were begging for food. They looked so cute!

We decided to give them some bread we had. All we had to do was hold up the bread and the gulls would fly up and take it from our hands. But when a bunch of gulls left the ground, we saw something really sad!



" Tangled mess "

Oh my! What's wrong with that poor bird?

The pigeon had fishing line tangled all around his feet so all he could do was hop.

We felt so sorry for him because he could not fly or even walk. He was so very sad. He did not even look up at us. We

threw bread to him, but the sea gulls stole it away. They were so fast at flying and running, that the pigeon could just catch the tiny little crumbs.

"Mom, what can we do?" I asked. She said that if we could catch him, we could cut the fishing line. But we didn't have a net. My brother asked the man fishing if he had one. He did and said for us to use it. So Andy tried and tried, but all we did was make the pigeon more tired and weak.

So we gave back the net to the man. Then one of the Ohio Park Rangers came to check on the shore parkway. We waved her down.

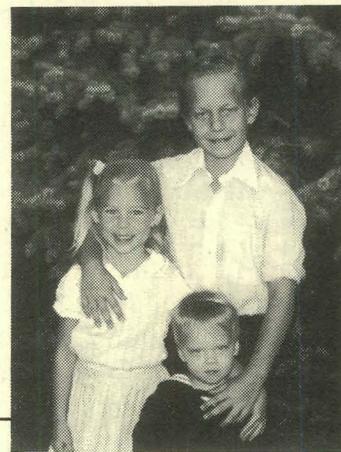
The ranger told us that it was good to tell her of the bird, because she could get the Animal Control Rangers here fast. She then told us how many birds every day are found with fishing line stuck on them or fishing hooks hooked on them.

"More people should know that plastics can hurt the wildlife if they do not dispose of it in an environmentally safe way," said the Ranger.

The animal people came to help the pigeon.

"Good news," they said, "Our poor little friend will be fine real soon. And with your help we can *Keep Them Flying*."

—*Krissy Dyrzcz, 7, writes that she "is a first grade student at home school in New Lenox, Illinois. She is very fond of birds. Her bird feeders at home are visited daily by bluebirds, cardinals, woodpeckers and flickers during the winter months." She also cares for colt, kitten, dog, and fish.*



Dearest Readers,

Krissy wanted to make more people aware of the plastics that do not disappear in this world, not to give the Plastic Industry a bad name, but rather to inspire readers like yourself to think of good ways to reuse the plastics we have. She couldn't understand with all the really smart people we have that nobody could think of a time ageing nylon fishing line, or just some way to make plastics biodegrade.

If anyone has a good idea, Krissy would like to know just for her own information.

Please write: *Krissy Dyrzcz, P.O. Box 602, Frankfort, Illinois 60423-0602 USA*

# DEAR HANNA

I want to tell you about a dream I had. I can't get it out of my mind. What do you think about my dream?

I built a house on a hill hidden in trees. The house was secret. People in the valley could not see it. At night I shut big black shutters outside the windows so people could not see the lights. There was no road to my house. Only I, and a few friends, knew the way to it.

Then something terrible happened. A fire broke out in my house. I called the fire department. It took them forever to find the nearest road and climb up to my house. And by that time my house was all burned down and I had nothing. Absolutely nothing left. —A.J.

*Dear A.J.:* Once upon a time, a king could not get a dream out of his mind. In his dream, all the people of his land were hungry and weak, cows and sheep were skinny and sick.

Finally the king reflected on the dream with a wise man who had the courage to say to the king: "Crops are very plentiful these years. Do you feel guilty because you and your people are feasting and wasteful? Might you be buying your people's love with rich food on their plates? Years will come of drought or insect infestation. Crops will fail. All will starve. Use only what you really need now and store the rest for the bad years which will come." The king knew of his guilt in his heart and followed the advice.

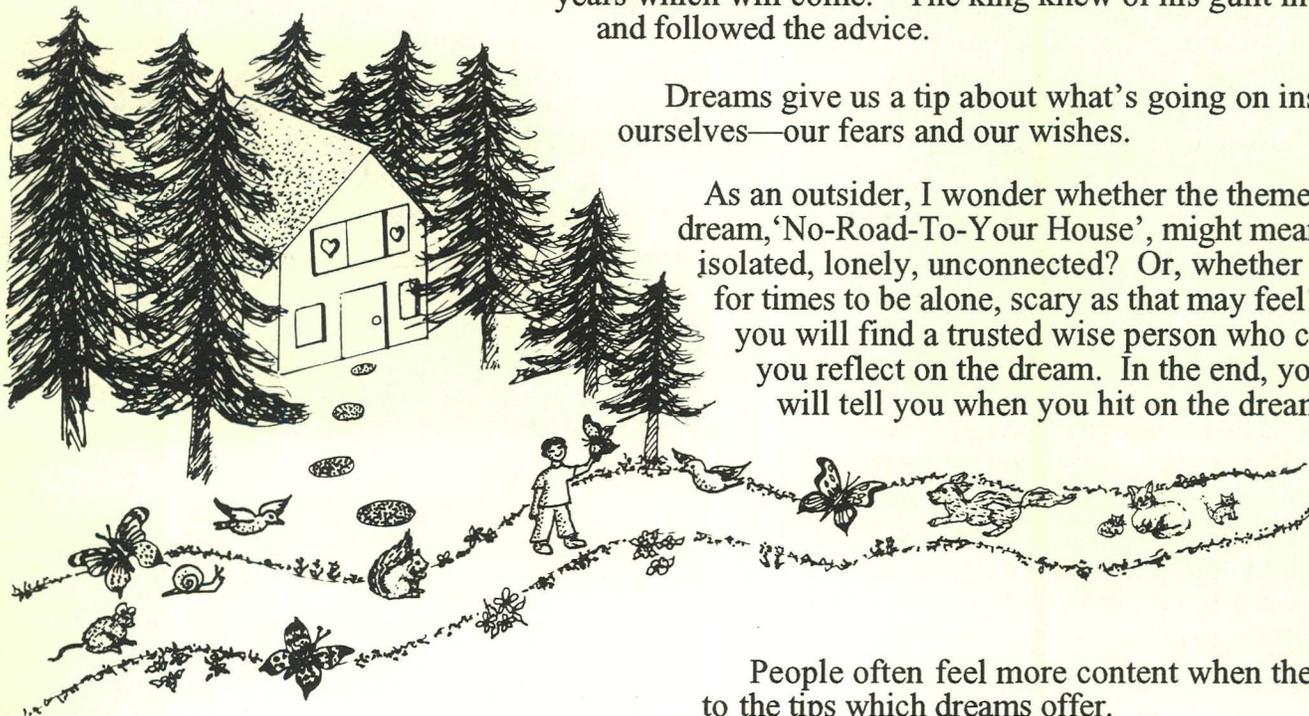
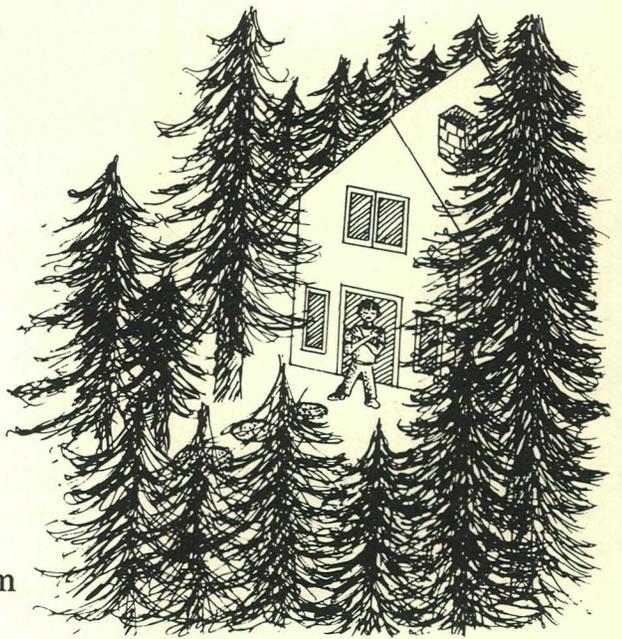
Dreams give us a tip about what's going on inside ourselves—our fears and our wishes.

As an outsider, I wonder whether the theme of your dream, 'No-Road-To-Your House', might mean you feel isolated, lonely, unconnected? Or, whether you long for times to be alone, scary as that may feel? Maybe you will find a trusted wise person who can help you reflect on the dream. In the end, your heart will tell you when you hit on the dream's truth.

People often feel more content when they listen to the tips which dreams offer.

In peace,

Hanna



Send your questions and comments to:

**DEAR HANNA**

c/o *Skipping Stones*

P.O. Box 3939

Eugene, OR 97403 USA

# No Hablo Inglés

Imagine that you are surrounded by people, all talking a mile a minute. Their words sound like nonsense and you can't understand a thing they're saying. How do you feel? Nervous? Lost? Students in Abigail Torres' English as a Second Language class in Goshen, Indiana shared with us how they felt on their first day of school, surrounded by a language and country very different from their own.

## My First Day of School in the U.S.

On my first day of school at Goshen Middle School I was nervous. I was afraid when I got in the bus because in Mexico I walked to school. My mom said to me, "See you soon."

At school I met Saul Santos. He helped me very much because he translated for me. It was very funny for me when I went into the class. The teachers said, "Hi. How are you?" I didn't understand the teachers but they were very nice to me. I also met other boys who spoke Spanish. I talked with them.

The lockers were new for me because in Mexico I didn't have a locker. The lunch was different too. At lunch I ate a hamburger, french fries, and hot dogs. In Mexico I used to eat enchiladas, tacos, tortas, and soda for lunch. Here I have a teacher for every subject. In Mexico I had one teacher. She knew some words in English like house, books, and others.

When I went to my house I talked to my mom in English. I said, "Hi. How are you?" My mom said, "What?"

—Carlos Muñoz, 14

My first day of school at Goshen Middle School was in March, 1993. The first people I saw were Brenda Meyer and Michelle Garcia. When I saw the school I said, "It's a big school!" When I went inside I said, "It's a pretty school, but I don't want to go because it's too big and I don't speak English."

Michelle introduced me to my teachers. Everybody waved to me. I waved back at them. At lunch I ate pizza, milk, and a cookie. My legs were shaking when it was time to go on the bus after school. Michelle took me to the bus.

In Mexico the schools are different. There isn't carpet in the classrooms and the schools do not have fire drills.

—Naomi Ledezma, 12



Molas —Naomi Ledezma, Grade 7, Goshen, Indiana

## Lost

In the morning I waited for the bus. My cousin told me where to go when I came to school. I wanted someone to help me. I wanted to be with this boy who was nice, but he didn't speak Spanish. When I arrived here I was very nervous. I didn't want to eat because I was not hungry. During lunch I was too nervous to say anything. I was lost and I didn't know where to go. I was thinking that I should have brought a compass so I would have known where to go; north, south, east or west.

I wanted to leave and go home because I didn't know anyone who spoke Spanish. Then I met Felix and Hector. They helped me with my homework. When school was finished I didn't know what bus to take. Then I remembered the bus, number 24.

The next day I went to school and Felix helped me in my classes and I felt better. While I am here I want to learn English and make friends. Someday I want to return to Mexico.

—Ezequiel Hernandez, 12

Coming to the United States was interesting to me because I was going to learn English. When I entered the school I was very nervous because I thought the teacher would be angry with me because I didn't speak English.

The next day I went to school and I wasn't nervous anymore because I knew that the teacher wasn't upset that I didn't know how to speak English. My second day of school was much better.

—Eufemio Ochoa, 14

## My First Day of School

It was September 11, I got up off my bed and went into the shower. While I was in the shower, I was thinking about my first day in school. How was it going to be, are the kids going to hate me, or are they going to say bad things to me? I was just so nervous, I didn't want to go. Well, after that my mom called me, she had already picked my clothes out of my closet. She thought that she made the right choice, but she didn't. Then I got dressed, late for breakfast, it was foggy and all the kids were looking at me, like I was some creature from another planet.

Suddenly, I saw something coming towards me, it was a god from out of nowhere. He had black eyes, black hair, and brown colored skin, in fact, he could even speak my language. His name was Erick Garzia. We got on the bus and started to talk about ourselves. A few minutes later we arrived at school. I felt more comfortable, because at least I had a friend to talk to.

When I got off the bus and went in, I was amazed at what I saw. I saw all the wonderful things that I had never seen before. Erick had his schedule so he went to class; I went to the office. A lady came up to me and asked me something. I didn't understand her. I just shook my head. But I didn't really know what she was saying. Then she called Mrs. Thomson, who spoke Spanish. She told me where I was supposed to go and also showed me all the classrooms. Then she gave me my schedule, and I was on my own. When I first entered the classroom I felt terrible. My heart was beating fast, my face was red, like it was burning. But I told myself I had to be strong and brave. By the end of the day I felt good. The kids were nice. I had teachers who could help me, and a very nice friend who spoke my language.

—Miguel Sanchez, Kennedy Middle School, Eugene, Oregon

**Molas** por Eufemio Ochoa, 14, Goshen, Indiana

## Mi Escuela en México

Yo hacia muchas cosas en México como matemáticas. En México mi escuela era muy diferente. No había cafetería, biblioteca, computadoras, ó dos recreos. En mi escuela no había juegos, nada mas había basketball. Mi escuela era de madres católicas. Tenía una capilla y yo estudiaba catecismo.

Yo entraba a la escuela a las 8:00 AM y salía a la 1:00 de la tarde. Yo tenía clase de inglés, de danza y de gimnasia.

—Gabriel Alejandro Zamora Avila, 4th grade,  
Chamberlain Elementary School, Goshen, Indiana

## My School

Out of the classroom door I look,  
and sit, and think during class.  
How great it would be to have no rules,  
and wander the halls without a pass.

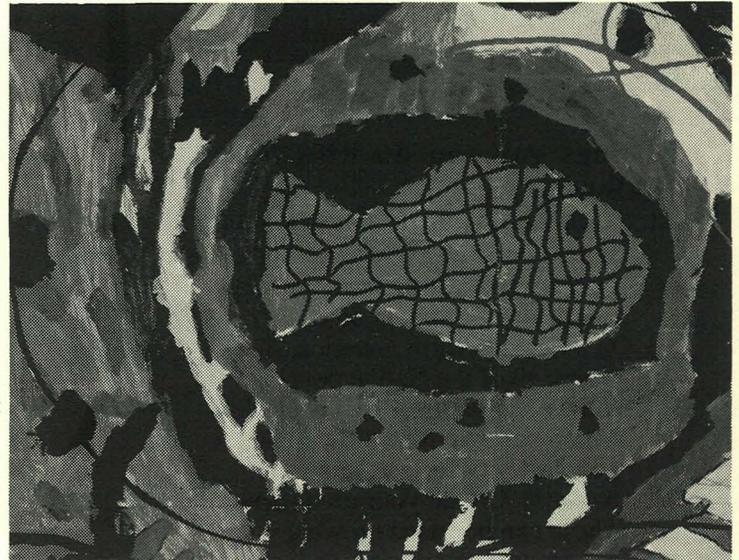
To chew gum, drink soda, crunch chips,  
and have suckers to lick.  
Which would be a lot better than eating  
the school lunch that makes me sick.

I'd never have to study, do  
homework or take a test,  
Just to sit back, relax,  
and take time to rest.

To always dress the way you want,  
don't worry about fitting in.  
Here your friends are always there,  
whether you lose or win.

"You may go now, class," says the  
teacher when the bell goes *ring, ring*.  
"Too bad," I think in my school I  
would've been treated like a king.

—Hannah Hayden, 13, Prescott, Arizona



## My School in Mexico

I did many things in Mexico like math. In Mexico, my school was very different. We did not have a cafeteria, library, computers or two recesses. In my school there were no games, just a basketball hoop. My school was run by the Catholic nuns. It had a chapel and I studied Catholic religion.

I used to go to school at 8:00 AM, and I left at 1:00 in the afternoon. I had an English class, a dance class and gym.

# Native American Moon Calendar

The sky used to be the calendar for Native American people. The changes in the moon marked the months. The position of the sun indicated special times, such as the longest and shortest days.

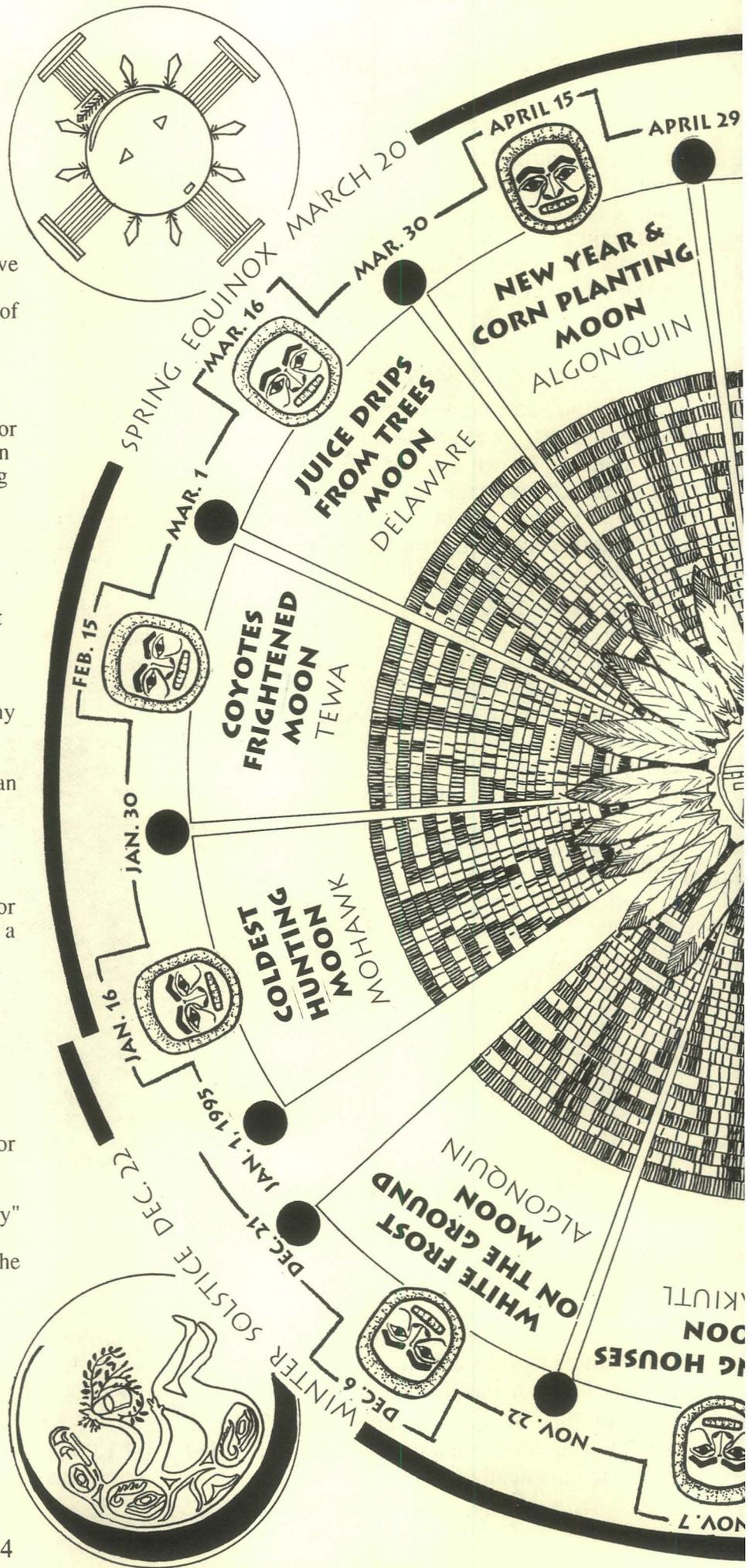
The months were sometimes named for activities done at this time of the year. For example, April was the do-nothing-moon for the Illinois people. They lived along the river, and much of the land was flooded during this time. Sometimes the name of the month described things people observed in the world around them. May is the moon-when-the-ice-goes-out-of-the-rivers to the Nunamiut peoples of Alaska.

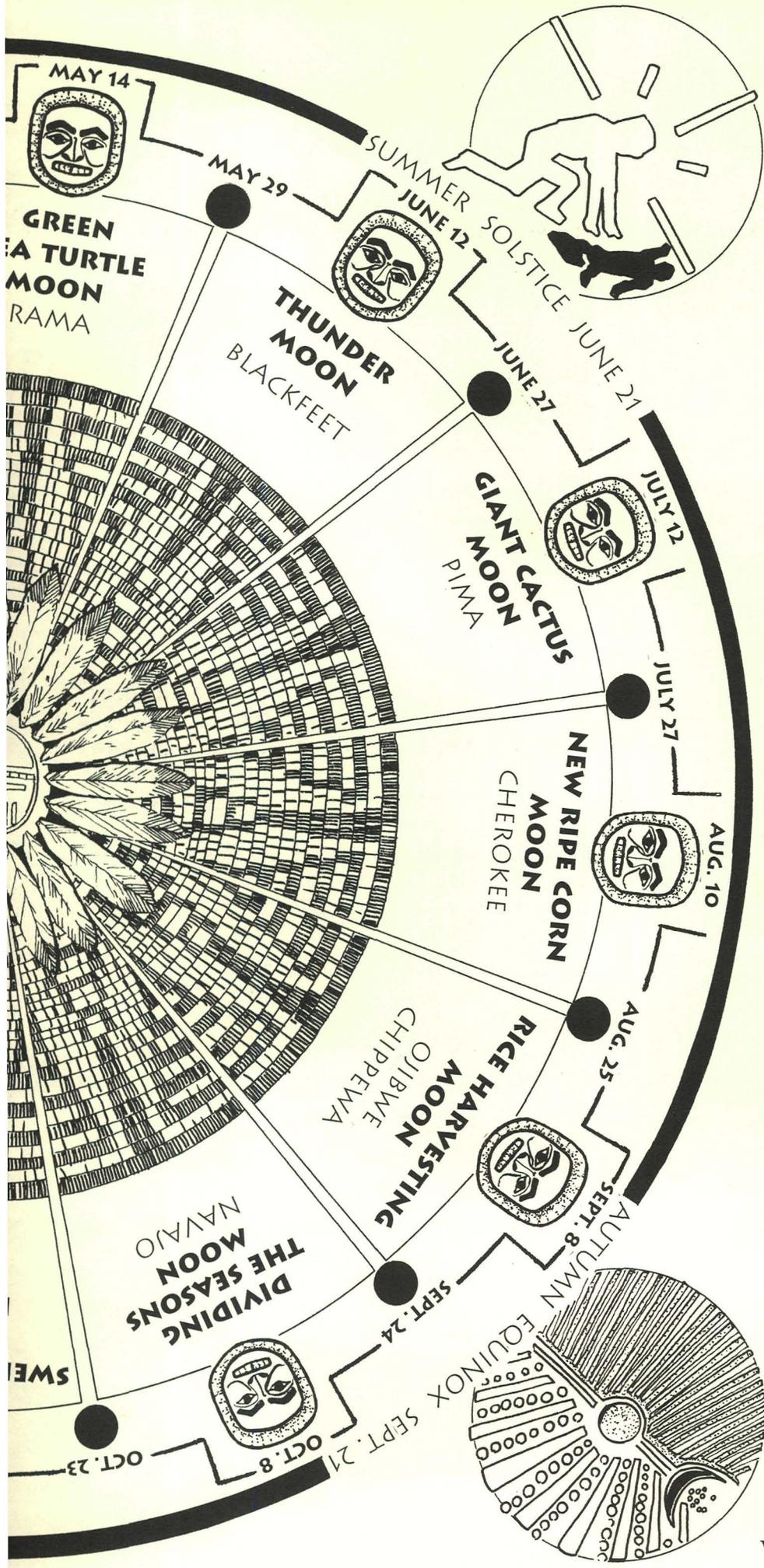
This illustration shows what a moon calendar might look like. Notice the many ways that Native peoples named the months of the year. The center and corners show how some Native American artists depicted the sun and moon.

## Things you can do with this calendar....

1. Color the designs. If this is a library or shared copy of *Skipping Stones*, use a photocopy of this page so others might also be able to do it.
2. On a map of North America, find where all of the Native people mentioned on these two pages live.
3. Make your own Moon Calendar (A good activity for teachers and parents). Create your own names. These can be based on what you do or see around you during each moon. For example, if you live in western Oregon, August might be "blackberry" moon. If you live in Alaska or northern Canada, January might be the "stay indoors" moon.

Design copyright by Dennis Kuklok  
Used with permission.





**About the designs...**

The center of the calendar is a Tawa, or sun design. It comes from a Hopi kachina tihu. A tihu is a doll carved from the water seeking root of the cottonwood tree. Kachinas are masked spiritual messengers important to Hopi religious and cultural prayers, songs, and dances. These messengers come to the villages from December to July to bring wind, thunder, lightning and rain, ensuring a good harvest. They leave the small dolls as reminders of their visit.

Surrounding the central Tawa is a Pima "squash blossom" design. It is commonly used on baskets. This design has twelve petals, one for each moon. Do you know how many petals a squash flower really has?

The spring design is from a modern Navajo painting. The style is like that used in sand paintings. It shows the North Moon with turquoise eyes.

The summer design is based on a drawing by Blackfeet artist, and storyteller Percy Bullchild. It was drawn on cowhide. It shows the sun creating the moon.

The fall design is from a Kiowa shield. The circle in the center is the sun. Half of the design shows rays from the sun. The other half shows stripes and circles, representing the night and stars. The crescent is the moon, and the dots above it are the group of stars known as the Pleiades.

The winter design is from an old Haida artist's drawing called the "Man in the Moon". It tells the story of how the man in the moon empties his bucket of water, causing it to rain.

The new moons are shown in black. This is because the moon cannot be seen at this time. Full moons use a Tsimshian moon mask design.

# The Acorn Maidens: *A Karok Tale from Northwest California*

Once, a long time ago, when the earth was young and people were not yet created, three beautiful maidens lived in the spirit world. One day, these maidens received startling news. Humans were soon to be raised on the young earth and the maidens would be sent as gifts from the spirit world to nourish and give them strength.

The maidens were excited. "How shall we prepare for our journey?" they asked one another.

The golden acorn maiden said, "We must make new hats. We cannot go on such an important journey without nice new hats."

The tan acorn maiden answered, "But the time is short and weaving a new hat takes much work."

"Besides," said the black acorn maiden, "weaving is winter's work, and we are only at the end of summer."

The golden acorn maiden replied, "Never mind the season! We are skillful and can weave new hats quickly." She ran to gather her weaving strands and set to work right away.

The other two maidens did not have enough weaving material on hand. They grumbled as they went to collect hazel twigs and pine roots.

A few days later the creator spirit came again to the acorn maidens. The creator said that humans had been raised on earth and that it was time for the maidens to begin their journey.

"We can't go yet!" cried the tan acorn maiden. "I haven't finished my hat. All the ends of my twining strands are sticking out."

"Never mind," said the creator spirit. "You must wear your hat as it is or leave it behind."

The black acorn maiden was upset. Her hat was only just begun and there was no time to finish. She thought, "How can I go on this great journey without a hat? I shall be the only one with an uncovered head and humans will think me ugly." She thought quickly and picked up a big bowl basket and put it on her head. After that, she painted stripes on her face to make herself more beautiful and to draw attention away from her strange head covering.

The golden acorn maiden didn't have to worry. Her hat was finished, all cleaned and trimmed and she was ready for the journey. As they were about to depart, she asked a final question.

"Creator spirit, you said that we were to go to earth as gifts to humans, to nourish them and to give them strength. You said we would be called *acorns*. Tell us, before we go, what is an acorn on earth?"

As they spilled from the sky, the creator spirit answered, "An acorn is the fruit of the mighty oak tree."

"Oh no!" cried the maidens, "Humans will make us into soup and spoon us up!"

The acorn maidens were filled with fear.

They shut their eyes and turned their faces into their hats. The black acorn maiden's face was well hidden in her basket-like hat. The golden acorn maiden's face just fit snugly into her neat cleaned cap, but the poor tan acorn maiden had to turn her face into the ragged curled edges of her unfinished hat. She called to the creator spirit as she fell:

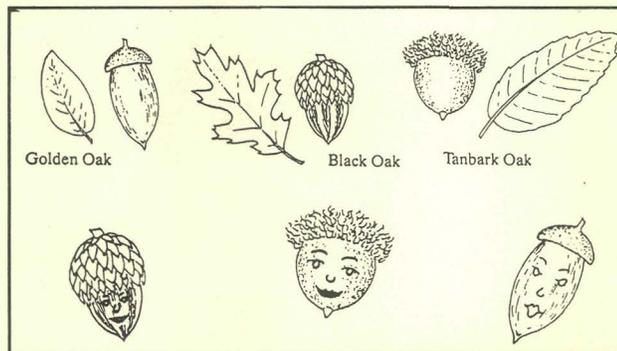
"Oh, great spirit, my hat is such that humans will think me ugly. You send me as a gift to be eaten. If I must become an acorn, at least make my soup the best to eat, so that I will not be the least favored of all."

She called to the creator spirit again and again as she fell to earth and the spirit heard her plea and granted her wish.

And as the acorn maidens fell from the spirit world, so they have remained on earth to this day. They nourish and bring strength to the human people. The tan oak acorn still has a messy ragged cap, but its soup is sweet and a favorite to eat. The golden acorn has a neat, cleaned cap, but nobody likes to eat its meat. It is hard to pound and its soup is dark with a bitter taste.

The black oak acorn has a cap like a basket that covers it far down, and it still bears black stripes after all this time.

Retold by Bonnie Busenberg, Claremont, California



# How the Chumash Became Master Boat Builders

The Chumash lived in an area that is near what is now Santa Barbara, California. The Chumash needed boats to fish and trade. Out of all of the materials they had used, nothing had worked. So one day they went to the Great Spirit. The Great Spirit said, "Look around you and you will find wealth."

The Chumash looked upon their beautiful land and saw many tall, strong trees. The Great Spirit cautioned, "You may use the trees in abundance, but you must remember to always replace what you have taken."

The Chumash agreed that in place of each tree they cut, they would plant a new one. Off they went to build fine boats. And indeed, the boats were fine. Their boats became many and their fishing and trade multiplied. Prosperity was finally theirs.

Caught up in the joy and hard work of their progress, the Chumash forgot their promise to the Great Spirit and did not replace the precious trees that had enriched their lives. The Great Spirit was deeply hurt because they broke their promise, and little by little the fine wooden boats began to decay, until finally they sank.

In need, the Chumash returned to the Great Spirit. The Great Spirit said, "You have broken your promise. You have forgotten that when you receive, you must also give back. That is the way of Nature."

## The Bones

*Hi readers! I just wanted to let you know this is a real story. O.K., let's get on to the story!*

One summer night Raymond Eyetoo, my Grandpa, was a policeman. The Tribal Office asked if it would be O.K. to work at the gravel pit as a watchman. The other police were scared to. Because the Ghosts of the Anasazi came down from Mesa Verde at night. The people who lived nearby could hear them chanting.

So that night he was at the gravel pit. He was sitting in the police car. Then! The car started to shake. So he started the car and the lights. And he turned the car around. So the next morning he told the Tribal Office so they went down to the gravel pit. Then where he was parked at, there were bones of a blind man who was missing a long time!

—Autumn Eyetoo, 9, Ute Mountain Ute, Colorado

The Chumash were ashamed, and the Great Spirit took pity on them and gave them one more chance. He spoke to the Chumash people saying, "Behold, the acorns. Therein are the new trees."

The Chumash answered, "How can a towering tree from a tiny acorn grow?"

"Go! Ask no more. It is time to trust."

So, the Chumash planted the acorns and waited for many moons for them to grow. When the trees were strong and sturdy and ready to cut, the Chumash found the new trees were sticky inside. What was this strange substance?

The Chumash chanted what they had learned from the Great Spirit, "Take and return, take and return, take and return." And they began to call the black, gooey substance, TAR, short for "take and return."

The tar became valuable to them because it sealed their boats from water and kept them from decay. And once again, the Chumash fishing and trading flourished.

The grateful Chumash celebrated in a ceremony; there was dancing, feasting, games and songs to give honor and thanks to the Great Spirit's wisdom and gift. And they never forgot their promise again.

—Sarah Doyle, Jeff Reince, Jessica Matlock, Nicole Nichols, and Carissa Tessaro are all 4th graders at the Pegasus School, Huntington Beach, California.

## What Is a Pow Wow?

*A Powwow is Native American people getting together—to dance, sing, and visit—to celebrate something, to honor someone, to renew old friendships and to make new ones. This is also a time to renew thoughts of the old ways and to preserve a rich heritage.*

*Original songs and chants were in the native language of the singer. Songs were many and varied; fun and festival, war and conquest, honor and family songs, religious songs, songs of joy and mourning.*

*As various tribes gathered together, they would share their songs, often changing the songs so singers of different tribes could join in. With these changes came the use of "vocables" to replace the words. Thus some songs today are sung only in vocables. Many are still sung in native tongue and are either newly composed or revivals of old songs. Most dances seen at Powwows today are "social" dances. The Head People are selected for their ability, personal qualities, and how they treat other people. The drum sets the rhythm of the dance.*



An Aztec Warrior

—German Nieto-Maquehue, Mapuche from Chile, South America, presently studying at the Univ. of Oregon, Eugene

## Some Quichua Words

Quichua	Español	English
Inti	Sol	Sun
Killa	Luna	Moon
Urku	Montaña	Mountain
Bamba	Llano	Plains
Alpa	Tierra	Land
Pacha	Tierra	Earth
Sara	Maíz	Corn
Kucha	Laguna	Lagoon

—Cesar Cachiguango, de Peru, Sud America, actualmente viviendo en Seattle, Washington

## Ocopa Arequipeña:

Peruvian Potatoes – *Papas del Perú*

Although most people think that potatoes came from Ireland, this is not the case. Potatoes were first grown by the pre-Inca civilizations, high up in the Andes mountains of Perú, and eventually spread to the coastal region. Archaeologists have unearthed Moche and Chimú pottery depicting potatoes, as well as gold and silver jewelry in the shape of peanut shells.

According to the researchers from the Centro Internacional de la Papa in Lima, there are 3,500 different varieties of potatoes grown in Perú today. Potatoes in a variety of colors, shapes and sizes are sold at farmer's markets, produce stores, and supermarkets in Perú.

A favorite Peruvian dish is *ocopa arequipeña*. It's a classic dish with a delicious peanut, cheese and chili sauce, named after the southern city of Arequipa in Perú. To make this dish you'll need—

- 8 red potatoes (medium-sized)
- 1 cup milk
- 1 and 1/4 cups of dry-roasted, unsalted peanuts, shelled
- 1/2 cup Mozzarella cheese, grated
- 1/3 cup olive oil
- 1 and 1/2 teaspoons chili powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

As a garnish, you may choose—  
lettuce leaves  
4 eggs, hard-boiled, halved,  
8 black olives

(1) In a large saucepan bring water to a boil. Drop in the potatoes and eggs. Cook until potatoes are fork-tender. Drain and remove the potatoes and eggs. Let cool, then peel, and cut in half lengthwise.

(2) Place peanuts in a small blender jar and blend at high speed for 30 seconds.

(3) In the blender combine peanuts, milk, cheese, oil, chili powder, and salt. Blend at high speed for 30 seconds, or until sauce is smooth. The sauce should be thick.

(4) On a large platter or individual plates arrange lettuce and place potatoes. Spoon the sauce over potatoes. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs and olives.

—Katacha Díaz, Placitas, New Mexico

**ATUCHAN LLAMAHUAN**  
(Quichua)

Shug puncha uchilla llama  
yacu pucyuman chayarca  
upiangapac. Chaita ricucpi  
pilpintucuna ta urpicunata  
napashpa cushilla yalirca.  
Apunchic tucui cay allpa  
pachapi causacunaman yacuta  
curca upiachun, aillucuna,  
huihuacuna yuracunapish huiña  
richun. Shinapash llamitaca  
yacuta upiacuchi atuc  
yaricaihuan atuc chayashca.  
Chaipi shararishpa llamata  
tapushca,

“¿Maican caipi yacuta  
upiachun cacharca?”

Ashca mamcharishpa llamaca  
cutichirca quiquinpac allpamanta  
carupimi upiacuni shinami can,  
ñuca allpa jahuapimi saquirin,  
atucca cutichirca.

Yallic huata quiquin ñucata  
rimarcanqui ñucata, shua yariqui  
nishpa. Quishpichihuay mashi a  
tuc, ñuca yallic huatoca manarac  
huacharishcanichu ñuca chairac  
quisma quillallami charini.

Attuca, ashca piñarishpa  
caparishpa nirca. Quiquin no,  
cashoanqui, shinaca quiquinpac  
jatun huahuqui charic carca.

“Llamaca huacashpa nirca  
ñuca mamapac jatun churimi  
cani.” Quiquin ima canqui  
ñucahuan pacta rimanqui.

“... Quiquin yapa pachac  
tucunqui.” “Shamui  
ñucahuan.”

Millac a tucca llamata  
japishpa jahua urcuman apashpa  
llamata micurca. Shuctic  
huihuacunaca chaita ricushpa  
ashcata mancharishpa.

*Note: This story comes from the Quichua culture. The Quichua language is spoken in various provinces of Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia. It used to be only a spoken language. Coded knots (quepu) on weaving threads communicated messages to other villages. Messengers would run long distances carrying a quepu between communities.*

**EL LOBO Y EL CORDERO**  
(Castellano)

Una mañana un cordero se  
fue a tomar agua a la fuente.  
De paso saludó a las lindas  
mariposas, y a los pájaros que  
conversan a gritos. Cuando  
llegó al arroyo, empezó a beber  
la fresca agua que taita Dios dió  
al hombre, animales y plantas.  
Pero en ese momento pasó por  
ese mismo lugar un enorme y  
hambriento lobo. Parándose el  
lobo, preguntó al corderito:

“¿Quién te dió permiso para  
tomar agua aquí?”

El corderito le contestó con  
mucho miedo: “Señor lobo,  
vivo lejos de tús terrenos.”

“Es verdad, mis terrenos  
están arriba,” dijo el lobo, “pero  
tú, el año pasado murmuraste y  
hablaste mal de mi, llamándome  
‘lobo ladrón y hambriento’.”

“Perdóneme señor lobo, yo  
apenas tengo tres meses; el año  
pasado no había nacido aún.”

Furioso el lobo al ver que él  
no tenía razón, dijo gritando,  
“Sí no has sido tú, habrá sido tu  
hermano mayor!”

“No tengo hermanos  
mayores” dijo el borregito,  
llorando. “Yo soy el primer hijo  
de mi mamá.”

“¿Carájo! ¿Quién eres tú  
para que me discutas y para que  
te hagas el sabio?” grito el  
lobo. “¡Ven conmigo!”

El malvado lobo agarró al  
corderito y lo llevó al páramo.  
Todos los animalitos asustados  
se escaparon viéndo furioso al  
lobo. Y el lobo se comió al  
corderito.

**THE WOLF AND THE LAMB**  
(English)

One morning, a lamb went to  
drink water from a water hole.  
On the way he greeted a pretty  
butterfly and a bird. When the  
lamb came to a brook he began  
to drink the fresh water that  
God gave to humankind and the  
animals and the plants. At this  
moment, an enormous and  
hungry wolf passed by the  
brook. Stopping, the wolf  
inquired of the lamb:

“Who gave you permission  
to drink from this water?”

The lamb answered with  
fear, “Mr. Wolf, I live on your  
land far away from here.”

“It is true my lands are  
wide,” said the wolf. “But last  
year you badmouthed me,  
calling me a thief and a hungry  
wolf.”

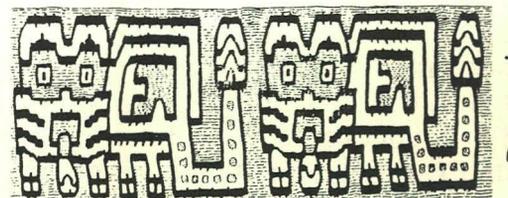
“Excuse me, Mr. Wolf, I am  
only three months old. Last year  
I was not yet born.”

Seeing that he was wrong,  
the wolf became furious and  
said loudly, “If it was not you  
then it was your older brother!”

“I haven’t any older  
brother,” said the little lamb,  
crying. “I am the first son of my  
mama.”

“Well! Who are you to  
argue with me and show your  
wisdom?” shouted the wolf.  
“Come with me!”

And the wicked wolf grasped  
the lamb and led him from the  
plain. All the animals escaped  
upon seeing the furious wolf.  
The wolf pounced on the  
innocent lamb and ate him.



# Our Native Ways: The Voices of Native American Youth

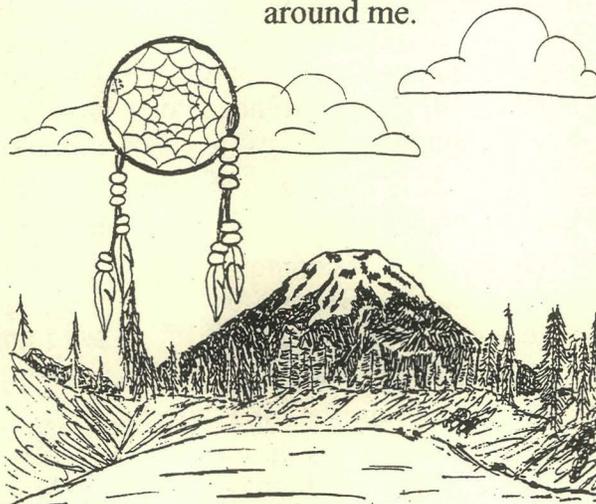
## The Four Directions

I was born  
I came from the North  
the sun had just risen.  
As the doctor washed my tiny body  
with water  
he wrapped a white towel  
around me.

When I become  
an elder  
I will know  
the ways of my people.

I will teach them  
to those who will listen.  
I will tell them  
to take care of  
grandfather rock  
because grandmother sky  
will be watching.

When I leave  
the West door I will go.



As I became a child  
my dreams  
came from the East  
I would go outside  
every night  
to watch  
the moon.

When I came inside  
I took my red tobacco pouch  
and  
offered it to the spirits.

When I became an adult  
I decided to move South  
I knew  
the earth was my mother  
and to take care of her  
so I offered her  
my yellow tobacco ties.

—Dawn Madigan, 14, belongs to the Leech Lake Ojibwe/Winnebago Nation. Dawn's writing is based on the four directions of the Medicine Wheel. Dawn studies at Heart of the Earth Survival School in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

## “The Life of Earth Is Nature”

*Drawing by Alex Cross, gr. 6, Hilltop Elem., Indian Ed. Program, Edmonds School District # 15, Washington*

My name is Tewentenhawihtha. I have two sisters; my older sister is Kararisaks and my little sister is Sateiokwen (her medicine name is Teiokwen).

How Sateiokwen got her name: when my father and mother had no name for her, they went to my grandmother's house after my mother got out of the hospital. My grandmother wanted my baby sister's name to be May, which is my grandmother's name. But my mother didn't like that name, so she named her after my Auntie Alice, and her name is Sateiokwen. My father went to a Clan Mother and she said it was taken, so the Clan Mother said that her name will be Teiokwen.

How my older sister got her name is when my mother was in labor with her. My mother was in the car and my father looked out the window and saw two fawns watching the car go by. And that's how she got her name. How I got my name is when my mom gets up to go to the washroom, she looks out

the window and the Morning Star will always be out. When my mother was in labor with me, my father looked out the window and saw the star and it shined really bright, and I mean really bright.

Kararisaks means 'two fawns,' my name means 'she brings forth the morning,' and my little sister's name means 'she picks up everything at once.'

—Tewentenhawihtha, 7th grade, Akwesasne Freedom School, Rooseveltown, New York. The school strives to maintain Mohawk language and culture. It is part of the Iroquois Confederacy.

Hello, my name is Manawedomeo quay which means Good Thunder Voice Woman. By the way, my Mom has an Indian name too, it's Babrobwemanugmo quay which means Thundering Around Woman.

—Sandrea Smith, 8, Indian Community School, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

# We're Proud of Our Native American Heritage!

## The Sioux Tribe

Hunting buffalo was very important to the Sioux and to the other Plains Indian tribes. The Sioux hunted buffalo on horseback. They followed the buffalo herds from place to place. They used all parts of the buffalo for their survival. They ate the meat, used the hide for clothing and for their teepees, and made things they needed from the other parts. Nothing went to waste.

The Sioux could move their teepees when they needed to. They painted designs on their teepees and their horses. They painted their horses before going hunting and going to war.

The children learned from the Sioux elders. Elders were very important to the tribe and taught the children traditions such as the Sun Dance. This was a great religious ceremony. It was a 12-day summer ritual of individual courage and endurance of suffering. Even today the Sun Dance is an important reminder to the Sioux of a link between past and present.

The Sioux tribe had thousands of warriors. Some of the famous leaders were Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse. The Sioux were the finest and most feared horsemen of the Great Northern Plains. The great age of the Plains Indians came to a close in the late 1800s, but in recent years these Indian tribes, including the Sioux, have begun to renew their ancient culture.

## The Pima People

Southern Arizona is the home of the Pima tribe. They lived along the Salt and Gila Rivers. The rivers gave the Pima enough water to grow crops—corn, beans, and squash. They also ate fruit, nuts, seeds, fish and game. They built irrigation systems so they could live in permanent villages all year round.

The Pima were one of the rare Pueblo tribes where each person belonged to their father's clan. When a young couple married they lived with the groom's family. The Pima were tall, and liked to adorn themselves with red, yellow and white body paint, turquoise ear ornaments, and tattooing.

The women wove baskets and made pottery. The men wove blankets and cotton belts. They lived in dome-shaped houses made of poles covered with thatch and earth.

The Pima fought the Yuma, who were fierce warriors, but the Pima were generally peaceful people.

—David Ludlow, *Sioux-Pima*, 4th grade, Lynnwood El.

## The Blackfeet

I am a Blackfeet Indian. I am lucky because I am an Indian. It makes me proud. My tribe is from Montana. They used to live in teepees, but now they don't. They used buffalo for clothing and food, blankets and decorations. I have a Grampa and Grama living in Montana.

—Amanda Gardipe, *Blackfeet*, Gr. 3, Evergreen El.

My tribe is the Haida. I learned that the totem-pole is like a story of my family. My Dad knows how to speak Haida. He lived in Alaska where we go every summer to see my cousins.

—Peter Grant, *Haida*, 3rd grade, Sherwood El.

I started to know about my tribe when I was 6 years old. My Dad told me they go whaling and he took me fishing and the fish was so big my Dad had to help me bring it in. I know the Tlingit tribe wear special clothes for ceremonies. We made totem poles out of an egg carton. But the Indians make totem poles out of wood. I think my tribe is cool because they wear cool clothes.

—Joseph Tavares, *Tlingit*, 5th grade, Cedar Way El.

## The Bear

I am from the Bear clan and I know about the Bear clan. The Bear clan protects the sweat lodge. There are big, big bears and all kinds of bear. One kind is the sacred bear and some bears live in the woods and in the zoo. The Bear clan is responsible for policing. Different clans do different things.

—Cody Winters, 9, *Indian Community School*

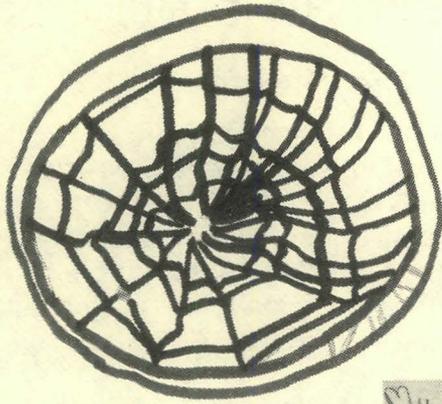
## Speaking and Dancing

We speak Ojibwa like *boohzoo* means hello. *Miigwetch* means thank you. I love Anishinabe ways. The Indians lived here for a long time. We have pow wows. We dress in buckskin things. The girls have shawls for dancing.

—Kate Rabideaux, 9, *Indian Community School*

*Most of these writings were written by students in the Indian Education Program of the Edmonds School District No. 15, in Lynnwood, Washington, as a part of the "Dreamcatchers in Sacred Places" book project. Last two are from students in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.*

# Continuing Our Traditions



← **Dream Catcher** —Lois Weber, Gr. 4

## The Dream Catcher

If you have a dream catcher, you put it over your head when you are sleeping. The good dreams go through the hole in the middle and slide down the feather and go in your head. The bad dreams get stuck in the web. I have one and everyone should have one.

—Joey LaGoo, 9

## Celebration at Night

Indians gather  
around the fire for the  
nightly song and dance.

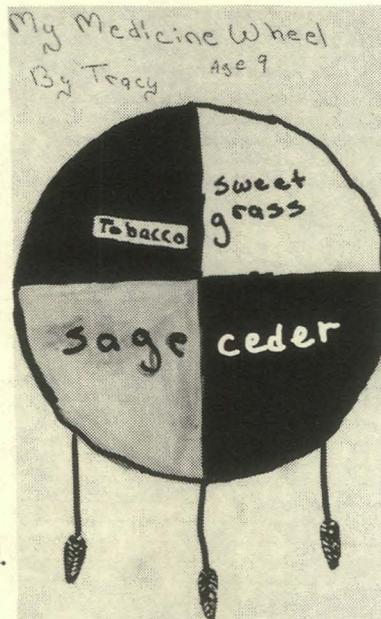
A feather falls from  
the sky; it circles and soars  
it lands on the ground

A celebration,  
people are joining in a  
fun dance for the night.

The bright night's angels  
swinging down and  
running looseless and free willed.

—Nicole Villegas, 14, Native  
American, Spokane, Washington

Drawing by Tracy Czerniak, 9, Milwaukee



## The Medicine Wheel

The medicine wheel is important to me  
Believing in it makes me free

To be the kind of Indian that's good.  
Dancing and drumming as hard as I could.  
The colors are black, red, blue, and white  
It's a colorful sight.

—Mark Hammer, 4th grade

Tonight is the night to light the pipe.  
We will pray loud and clear  
so the great spirit can hear.

We will go in the sweat  
We will get very wet.  
Little one, have no fear  
For I shall be right here beside you.

—Cynthia Decorah, 4th grade

## The Lodge

The lodge is sacred to us  
For if I fuss during a ceremony I shall die!  
Sometimes you see things during ceremonies  
Spirits lighting up.

I gave the spirit an eagle feather.

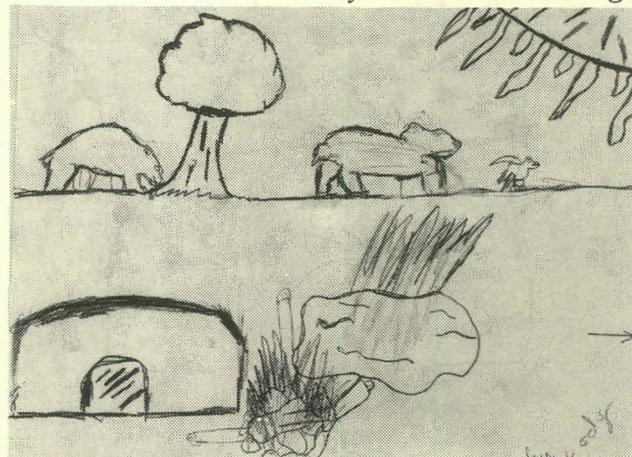
—Wendall Martin, 4th grade

## Pipe Ceremony

A Pipe Ceremony is important for Indians  
and it is sacred to Indians. We have a Pipe  
Ceremony every month, because it takes the  
moon 28 days to go around the world. When  
it is a new moon, that is when we have a Pipe  
Ceremony. We gather together and pray.

—Johnathan Torres, 9

Unless otherwise mentioned, these writings come  
from students at Indian Community School,  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



—Cody Winters, 9

## Dancing in the Wind

There is a cry from a quail.  
In the wild the galloping of wild horses  
tremble through the trees,  
as they shout with their happiness.

So their spirits dance in the wind.  
Then all the earth is still.

Feather Dancers bring it back to life again.

—Marianna Gordon, 3rd grade, Edison  
Elementary School, Eugene, Oregon

# Praying For Strength

## Defiant

At the beginning  
of time  
the world was  
peaceful  
the moon shone  
the stars were  
believed to be  
warriors  
also the daring  
warrior of blades women  
would stay behind  
at camp gathering  
berries  
while  
the men went hunting  
women of strength  
would often  
want to go  
out with their  
husbands  
and help hunt  
but the men  
did not like the  
idea and said no  
so the women  
would get defiant  
sometimes,  
to their men.

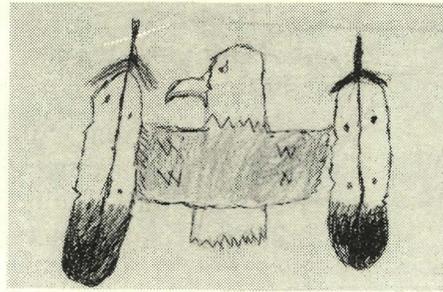
—Rita Marie Runs Above,  
16, Rosebud Lakota, from  
South Dakota

Rita and Ruth are students at Heart of the Earth Survival  
School, an Indian-controlled alternative school in Minneapolis.

## As the Eagle Sighs

As the Eagle sighs  
His people know something is wrong  
As the Eagle sighs  
More trouble has come than ever before  
But as the Eagle dies  
We know we must help the eagle and  
others too  
For as the Eagle dies  
It seems as though  
We are a stream that will dry out from the  
warm summer's sun

—Nikki Taggart, Cherokee, 7th grade,  
Jefferson Middle School, Eugene, Oregon



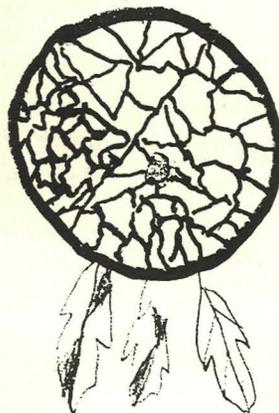
—Darrell Hill, 4th grade

Under  
the bright moon  
and  
the shining stars  
two lovers  
witness  
the senseless killing  
of many  
families and friends.

We are  
living in a world  
where  
there is no justice  
and  
massacre isn't sad  
in the eyes of  
the devil.

All we can do is  
lift our pipes  
and pray  
for strength.

—Ruth Hartman, 17  
Yu'pik Eskimo



—Cynthia Decorah, 4th grade,  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

## The Other Side

One day,  
I dream to fly with the birds.  
Every day I sit and wait  
for the red-tailed hawk to come  
and drop his feather  
in my hand.  
Every day he does not come.

One day,  
I dream to swim with the fish.  
Every day I sit by the pond and wait  
for the fish to come  
and take me into the water.  
Every day he does not come.

One day,  
I dream to crawl the mountains with  
the bears.  
Every day, I sit in the mountains and  
wait for the bears to come.

One day,  
he came.  
He took me on a great journey,  
On that journey I saw  
the most beautiful animals,  
that I had never seen before.  
Animals that were extinct for years.  
The water was clear and there were  
millions of trees.

When I got home,  
I told my great-grandfather.  
He said it was  
The other side  
of the world.

—Niiieren Perkins, Akwesasne Freedom  
School, a Mohawk Culture Immersion  
School in Roosevelttown, New York

## Great Spirit

I see the great spirit  
looking over my soul  
to see that nothing  
happens to me.  
Let the great spirit  
take my soul  
to the heavens.

—Robert Hurd, 19, Cherokee-Irish-  
Welsh American, Rangely, Colorado

# The Poor Turkey Girl

Turkey Girl lived long, long ago, in the land of the Zuni Indians. She herded a large flock of turkeys, the only ones in the world, for her step-sisters, the Corn Maidens. Poor Turkey Girl was as sunburned as the sun-dried clay of the pueblo houses, and all of her clothes were patched and dirty.

One morning, Turkey Girl was driving her turkeys down to the plains below Thunder Mountain, when she heard the herald-priest proclaiming from a housetop, "The great corn dance will take place in four days."

"I wish I could go to the dance," Turkey Girl said to herself and the grazing turkeys. "But there is no one else to take care of you; and I have no ceremonial garments to wear." Turkey Girl had never been allowed to join in the festivities of her people. She always had to stay behind and take care of the turkeys.

On the fourth day, the people left for the fiesta. Turkey Girl was wandering around the plains, alone with her turkeys, when one of the big gobblers, Turkey Man, strutted up to her. His tail feathers were made into a fan and his wings were spread out like skirts. He stretched out his neck and said, "We want to help you, maiden mother. It is not fair that you should be left here while the others go to the dance."

Turkey Girl was at first surprised, but then it seemed natural that the turkeys should talk to her, as she had to them for so long. "But it is impossible for me to attend the dance," Turkey Girl said.

"We can make it possible," answered another turkey, "but we have one request. Come back before sundown and put us in the corral, so the coyotes will not devour us."

"I will do anything you say, just as you have always obeyed me," Turkey Girl replied.

Then the turkeys formed a circle around her and brushed her with their wings, making her skin clean and smooth, her sunburned hair soft and shiny. Next, Turkey Man shook his great wing and out fell the *manta*, a beautiful blanket dress woven of all the colors of the rainbow. Another turkey dropped a woven belt from his wing, and another a pair of lovely buckskin moccasins. One turkey shook his comb and out fell a pure white bead necklace.

"Thank you, my dear turkeys," Turkey Girl said. Donning her new outfit, Turkey Girl was ready to go to the dance.

"Do not forget us in your joy," Turkey Man reminded her. "Remember we are your friends and depend on you. If you should forget us, we will think you are not deserving of a better life."

"I will be back before sundown," Turkey Girl promised.

Happily she skipped away to the great corn dance. All day Turkey Girl danced and feasted. Everyone wondered who she was and murmured about her beauty and her rich dress. The turkeys barely crossed her mind, until she looked toward the horizon and saw the sinking sun.

Turkey Girl broke away from the dance and sped toward home, but it was too late. Her *manta* fell off, turned into a deer, and leaped away. Her sash became a snake and wriggled off. Her moccasins turned into green scum upon a nearby pool. Turkey Girl was in rags once more.

When Turkey Girl finally came in sight of the turkeys, they had divided into four bands and were flying away to the North, South, East, and West.

"Where are you going?" Turkey Girl cried, breathlessly. "Come back!"

"Since you deserted us, we are leaving you, *chow, chow, piu, piu!*" the turkeys called back.

That is the way it was in the days of the ancients. Turkey Girl was the same poor girl she was before; and since that time, turkeys have been found wild all over this country.

—Retold by Janet Fick, Saginaw, Texas

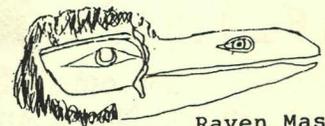
*The Turkey Girl appears in many Pueblo Indian myths, especially those from Taos and Tewa pueblos, in New Mexico. Does the Turkey Girl remind you of any other folktale characters?*

*While some scholars believe that the tale of the Turkey Girl is an original Pueblo myth, others think that it is based on the both European story of Cinderella and the Pueblo custom of raising turkeys. In 1581, Hernan Gallegos recorded that each Indian family in the New Mexican provinces had a flock of about 100 turkeys, which they raised like sheep. The Pueblos kept them in corrals and used the feathers for ceremonies and the meat for food.*

*Janet Fick used three versions of the Turkey Girl folktale, Pueblo, Zuni, and Tewa, to write her story.*



# Want to Fiddle with these Riddles?



Raven Mask by Joseph Tavares

## Native Americans of the Northeast

At the end are mixed-up words concerning the history of Native Americans in the Northeast region of the United States. The following sentences use the real word in a meaningful way. Figure out the jumbled words and match them to the correct sentences.

- Indians of the Northeast were Iroquoian or \_\_\_\_\_ in terms of basic language groups.
- \_\_\_\_\_ were leaders in family and clan gatherings, village ceremonies, and diplomatic councils.
- When Europeans arrived in America, many Iroquois Indians lived in multi-family dwellings called \_\_\_\_\_.
- Today, while some Iroquoian and Algonquian people live on tribal lands or \_\_\_\_\_, thousands have settled in cities and in rural communities throughout the United States and Canada.
- This Indian tribe that lived in areas now known as New Jersey, Delaware, New York, and Pennsylvania, bore the name \_\_\_\_\_, meaning "people."

Jumbled words: SHEMACS, EPANSEL, VARESTERINOS, QUIGNLANOA, OSHEGUNOLS



Iroquois design

## Proverbs To Ponder: *K'ehel K'op* \*

- Proverbs are the storehouses of our wisdom.
- Even a dog has a father. (*Maya, Guatemala & México*)
  - A deer, although toothless, may accomplish something. (*Tsimshian proverb from British Columbia*)
  - Everything is alive; there's nothing dead in the world. (*Cora of Nayarit, Mexico*)
  - No one can tell how long daylight may last. (*Zuni of the Southwest*)
  - We are buried in the hole that we dig for ourselves. (*Ute of the Southwestern United States*)

\* Proverb or "indirect or obscure speech" in Tzotzil Maya.  
Source: *The Way of the Earth: Native America and the Environment* by John Bierhorst. William Morrow, 1994.

Answers for the Native Americans of the Northeast:  
Algonquin, Sachems, longhouses, reservations, Lenapes

## Animal Riddles

These riddles were sent by Family Literacy Program participants at the Denver Indian Center, Colorado.

We are colorful submarines, what are we?  
—Ashley, 7

I'm white and small and named after the coldest place on earth. What am I?  
—Leilani Sharp, 10

I have bad eyesight but I am a terrific hunter. I have a type of radar but I'm not a B-1 Bomber.  
—Aaron Sharp, 11

I am the fastest rodent in the world, I'm even faster than the cobra. What am I?  
—Chris Torres, 11

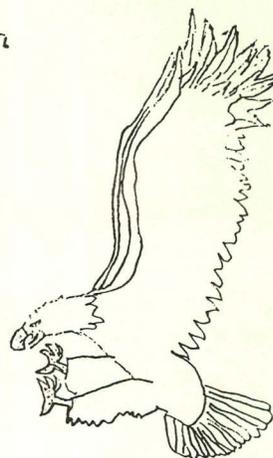
I blend in with the earth and have spots on my back. What am I?  
—Eche Martin, 12

My coat is pretty to look at, but you don't want to touch it.  
—Sharissa Elam, Volunteer

I don't drink a lot and my back looks like an M. What am I?  
—Delia Cordova, Parent

I have orange and black stripes, I go roar through the forest.  
—Crystal Cordova, 6

Answers (mixed up): tiger, camel, porcupine, fawn, mongoose, Arctic, fox, bat, fish



Big, proud  
It attacks,  
I am proud of  
what it can do,  
fast.

—Robert Sroka, Lummi heritage,  
2nd grade, Spruce El. School,  
Lynnwood, Washington

Answer: Eagle

Lacrosse, known as the creator's game, is the oldest known ball-game of Native American peoples. More than a game, it's a spiritual ceremony. It was also used in the past to settle disputes. It's a team sport that they always played hard and fair. Men and women, young and old, like it equally!

# TAKING ACTION

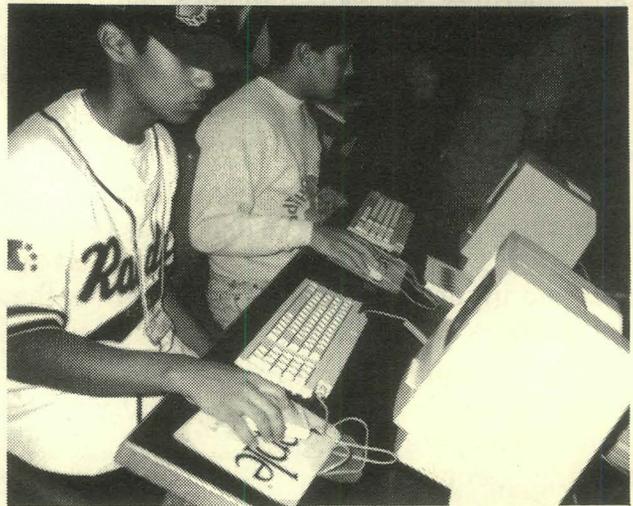
Culture is not something you learn, it's something you absorb. For Native American youth, ages 8-14, from western Oregon, **Sky Camp** is the place where this cultural absorption happens. For five days each summer, Native students join together to immerse themselves in Native ways and culture.

Each morning at camp begins with flag circle and songs, led by the counselors, ages 15-21, and blessings by tribal elders. Activities fill the rest of the day, with opportunities to try everything from beadwork to drumming, jingle and fancy dancing, archery, and computers. Although technology may seem to be at odds with Native culture, campers were able to use computers this year to follow the Oregon Trail, solve math puzzles, or create beadwork patterns. Afternoons often bring special activities such as sessions on powwow etiquette, dreamcatcher and arrowhead making.

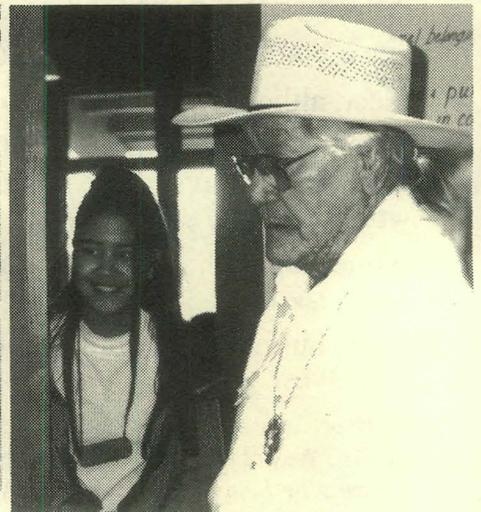
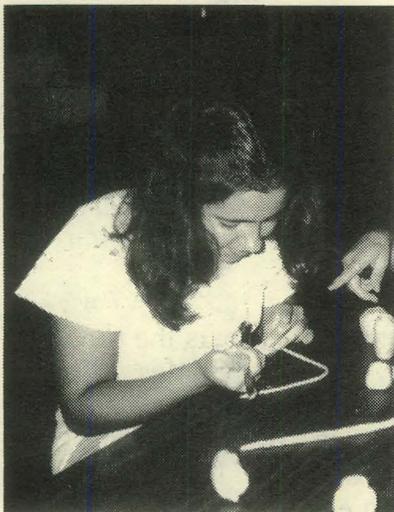
Everyone gathers each evening at a campfire, with elders sharing stories and campers presenting skits. Powwows, with professional drummers, occur every other night. Everyone is given time to dance, but special times are set aside for those learning the more formal dances.

For camper Christa Lowe, **Sky Camp** is fun and a great place to meet other kids with the same respect for Native ways. Although she meets with others once a week during the school year to learn traditional drumming and songs, she does not learn about Native culture at school. Sky Camp is special for its overall sense of respect, respect for people, nature, and Native culture. Teacher and parent Sally Lowe, who volunteers at the camp, describes a general uplifting of spirits throughout the week. Everyone involved is changed by their experience at camp, by the opportunity to live and experience Native cultures in community with others.

## Take to your wings at Sky Camp



*\*For more information about Sky Camp, contact the Natives Program, School District No. 4J, 200 N. Monroe, Eugene, OR 97402. Tel. (503) 687-3489. Is it important to have an immersion experience like this for youth belonging to a minority? Why? You may consider starting a specific cultural (or a multicultural) summer camp in your community.*



# BOOKSHELF

**Rising Voices:** Writings of Young Native Americans, selected by Arlene B. Hirschfelder and Beverly R. Singer (*Charles Scribner's Sons, 866 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022*). The voices of Native American youth rise strong and clear in this collection of poetry and essays. Writings represent many tribal backgrounds and life in both the city and reservation, from the 1890s to the 1990s. The young authors speak honestly to the issues affecting Native life, including identity, family, homelands, ritual and ceremony, education, and oppression. For ages 11 and up.

**Eagle Drum:** On the Powwow Trail with a Young Grass Dancer by Robert Crum (*Four Winds Press, 866 Third Ave, NYC, NY 10022*). "It's hard to describe the feeling," says Louis Pierre, a nine-year-old grass dancer from the Pend Oreille tribe in Montana. "When you've got a good drum and your dancing is good, it's like the earth is helping you dance." *Eagle Drum* follows Louis as he practices and performs the ancient dance, capturing the spirit of powwow dancing and drumming in colorful photographs. Timely and informative, the book celebrates the importance of powwows and its traditions to Native life today. For ages 9 and up.

**The Children of the Morning Light:** Wampanoag Tales by Medicine Story. (*Maxwell Macmillan Intl.*). The book contains eleven stories from the oral traditions of the Pokonoket or mainland Wampanoag of Massachusetts. The author, an elder and a spiritual leader, has told these tales at traditional ceremonies for many years. Beautifully illustrated by Mary Arquette, of the Mohawk Nation. For ages 10 and up.

## Building Your Multicultural Library

**The Tracker** (*Berkley Publishing Group, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016*). *The Tracker* is a book by Tom Brown, Jr. that tells about his experiences with nature and learning how to track. He became friends with a young Native American boy, who later introduced him to this tracking teacher, Stalking Wolf. Stalking Wolf was the son of a medicine man. He taught Tom and his friend how to be good trackers.

Stalking Wolf was believed to have communication with "The Spirit That Moves in All Things," and Tom believes that was what made him a great tracker. He saw things that nobody else could see and heard things that only nature could say, and being in tune with nature was the best way to observe things. For ages 13 and up. — *Reviewed by Nathan Lowe, 15*

**Fire Race**, retold by Jonathan London with Lanny Pinola. (*Chronicle Books, 275 Fifth Street, San Francisco, CA 94103*). Coyote the trickster returns again! This time, Coyote enlists the help of several animals to steal fire from the Yellow Jacket sisters and bring it to humans. Sylvia Long's detailed watercolor illustrations and London's rhythmic prose make this Karuk tale an excellent read-aloud. For ages 6 and up. *Also see another Karuk (or, Karok) story on page 20.*

**Keepers of the Night** by Michael J. Caduto and Joseph Bruchac (*Fulcrum Pub., 350 Indiana St., #350, Golden, CO 80401*). In Native cultures nighttime is a crucial part of the Great Circle and balance in the universe, and this book teaches Native wisdom with campfire stories and nature activities for young people. Perfect for anyone teaching children about nature and outdoors.

**Sequoyah's Gift: A Portrait of the Cherokee Leader** by Janet Klausner (*HarperCollins, 10 E. 53rd St., New York, NY 10022*). There are over 230,000 people of Cherokee heritage in the U.S. This book is about their history and leadership in the 19th century. Did you know that the giant redwood trees in California were named after the Cherokee leader Sequoyah? Sequoyah was a skilled craftsman. Although he never went to school, he devised a system of writing for the Cherokee language. In 1821, he introduced the power of the written word to the Cherokee people and changed their lives forever. Sequoyah died when he was in his seventies, while on a long journey to Mexico. For ages 9 and up.

Cherokee Alphabet.					
D <sub>a</sub>	R <sub>e</sub>	T <sub>i</sub>	Ꭰ <sub>o</sub>	Ꭱ <sub>u</sub>	Ꭲ <sub>v</sub>
Ꭶ <sub>ga</sub> Ꭷ <sub>ka</sub>	Ꭸ <sub>ge</sub>	Ꭹ <sub>gi</sub>	Ꭺ <sub>go</sub>	Ꭻ <sub>gu</sub>	Ꭼ <sub>gv</sub>
Ꭽ <sub>ha</sub>	Ꭾ <sub>he</sub>	Ꭿ <sub>hi</sub>	Ꮀ <sub>ho</sub>	Ꮁ <sub>hu</sub>	Ꮂ <sub>hv</sub>
Ꮇ <sub>la</sub>	Ꮈ <sub>le</sub>	Ꮉ <sub>li</sub>	Ꮊ <sub>lo</sub>	Ꮋ <sub>lu</sub>	Ꮌ <sub>lv</sub>
Ꮎ <sub>ma</sub>	Ꮏ <sub>me</sub>	Ꮐ <sub>mi</sub>	Ꮑ <sub>mo</sub>	Ꮒ <sub>mu</sub>	
Ꮓ <sub>na</sub> Ꮔ <sub>hna</sub> Ꮕ <sub>nah</sub>	Ꮖ <sub>ne</sub>	Ꮗ <sub>ni</sub>	Ꮘ <sub>no</sub>	Ꮙ <sub>nu</sub>	Ꮚ <sub>nv</sub>
Ꮛ <sub>qua</sub>	Ꮜ <sub>que</sub>	Ꮝ <sub>qui</sub>	Ꮞ <sub>quo</sub>	Ꮟ <sub>quu</sub>	Ꮠ <sub>quv</sub>
Ꮡ <sub>sa</sub> Ꮢ <sub>s</sub>	Ꮣ <sub>se</sub>	Ꮤ <sub>si</sub>	Ꮥ <sub>so</sub>	Ꮦ <sub>su</sub>	Ꮧ <sub>sv</sub>
Ꮨ <sub>da</sub> Ꮩ <sub>ta</sub>	Ꮪ <sub>de</sub> Ꮫ <sub>te</sub>	Ꮬ <sub>di</sub> Ꮭ <sub>ti</sub>	Ꮮ <sub>do</sub>	Ꮯ <sub>du</sub>	Ꮰ <sub>dv</sub>
Ꮯ <sub>dla</sub> Ꮮ <sub>tla</sub>	Ꮮ <sub>tle</sub>	Ꮯ <sub>tli</sub>	Ꮰ <sub>tlo</sub>	Ꮱ <sub>tlu</sub>	Ꮲ <sub>tlv</sub>
Ꮳ <sub>t<sub>sa</sub></sub>	Ꮴ <sub>tse</sub>	Ꮵ <sub>t<sub>si</sub></sub>	Ꮶ <sub>tso</sub>	Ꮷ <sub>tsu</sub>	Ꮸ <sub>t<sub>sv</sub></sub>
Ꮹ <sub>wa</sub>	Ꮺ <sub>we</sub>	Ꮻ <sub>wi</sub>	Ꮼ <sub>wo</sub>	Ꮽ <sub>wu</sub>	Ꮾ <sub>wv</sub>
Ꮿ <sub>ya</sub>	Ᏸ <sub>ye</sub>	Ᏹ <sub>yi</sub>	Ᏺ <sub>yo</sub>	Ᏻ <sub>yu</sub>	Ᏼ <sub>yv</sub>

**“One does not sell the land upon which the people walk.”**

—*Crazy Horse, Oglala Brulé Leader, 1842-77*

**Historic Meeting of Native Nations and President Clinton:** More than 300 Native nations and peoples were represented by their leaders at a historic meeting with the U.S. Government on 29 April 1994. There are 547 federally recognized tribes in the country. They discussed issues such as health care, sovereignty of Native people and religious freedom.

In his closing remarks President Clinton acknowledged, “In every relationship between our people, our first principle must be to respect your right to remain who you are, and to live the way you wish to live. . . Today I reaffirm our commitment to self-determination for tribal governments. . .”

**Renowned sculptor Allan Houser**, who received the National Medal of Arts in 1992, presented a 20-foot piece, “Eagle,” to Emperor Akihito of Japan during the Emperor’s recent visit to the United States. Mr. Houser has Chiricahua Apache ancestry and is living in Santa Fe, New Mexico. In April, he presented a bronze sculpture, “May We Have Peace,” as a gift to the United States on behalf of all Native Nations to observe the historic summit of tribal leaders and the President. One of his greatest joys is working with Indian youth, helping them realize their creativity.

**Heart Beat Alaska** is the first television show entirely produced by Native people. Unlike other news programs, it uses edited amateur home video tapes sent by listeners. Topics range from the making of walrus skin boats to Wilma Mankiller’s stepping down as head of the Cherokee nation. Positive and uplifting, this one-half hour show brings news that is important to rural, Native people. It is also broadcast in Canada’s Northwest Territories and Yukon, as well as Siberia.

**Rigoberta Menchu** continues to seek basic human rights for the Indigenous people of Guatemala. Even though the Mayan people constitute a majority in this Central American country, persecution has been extreme. In 1992, Menchu received the Nobel Peace Prize for her human rights work. She hopes the rights of her people to live their culture will remain intact!

In January, the state of Chiapas in southern Mexico was the site of a bloody battle between **Indigenous peoples** and the Mexican army. Exploitation, discrimination and suffering of Chiapa’s 15 million Mayan people led Indigenous leaders to take matters into their own hands. Now, under a ceasefire agreement, the Indigenous people and campesinos are hoping for meaningful changes in their life. Everyone is hoping for a miracle in upcoming presidential elections.

**This is the Decade of Indigenous Peoples!**

Page 32 *Skipping Stones* Vol. 6 no. 4

The **1994 Goldman Environmental Prize** was awarded to Luis Macas, president of the Confederation of Indigenous Nationalities of Ecuador and to Matthew Coon Come, Grand Chief of Cree Nation in Canada.

**Cree and Innu people oppose** Hydro-Quebec’s James Bay and other dam projects. Innu people now have begun blocking access roads to the planned Sainte-Marguerite III Project that will flood over 450 square kilometers and possibly damage fishing.

**NO to Copper and Zinc Mine:** More than 750 Indigenous people of the Americas marched peacefully to protest Exxon’s plans for a gigantic copper and zinc mine at the border of the Sokaogaon Chippewa Nation. The U.S. Supreme Court has refused to honor the tribe’s claims regarding an 1842 treaty. Traditionally, the Chippewa and Menominee, Forest Potawatomi and Stockbridge-Munsee people have harvested wild rice and fished in this Mole Lake region of Wisconsin. The proposed mine will contaminate the Wolf River watershed where these Native people live. Elder Guy White Thunder of Kyle, South Dakota said, “Everything is sacred. We are protecting our Mother Earth from being destroyed.”

The **Lakota, Dakota, Nakota, Cheyenne and Arapaho** people are at odds with ranchers and government over a proposed water pipeline near their sacred site at Bear Butte, just outside of Sturgis, South Dakota. Piping the water away will lower the water table, change vegetation and harm water spirits.

The **Minneapolis Star Tribune** is one of a few newspapers that have chosen not to use nicknames of sports teams that are racist or culturally insensitive, belittling Indian culture, beliefs and customs. Some people are cancelling their subscriptions in protest, but the editors are standing firm in their conviction.

**Students in Cass Lake, Minnesota**, are attempting to change the names of some lakes and a small city because they all contain the word, *squaw*. “This word doesn’t just put down women, but our whole culture, race, and values,” points out Angelene Losh, 16, one of the leaders of the project. Elders and local officials have welcomed the move.

The proposed **Wounded Knee Park** will be the first tribal park in the United States. It will be a national memorial monument to the Native people who were killed in the Wounded Knee massacre of 1890.

**Blitz Build:** Over 1,000 Habitat for Humanity volunteers, including ex-President Jimmy Carter, worked for five days this July, to build homes for and friendships with 30 families on the Cheyenne River Reservation. The new homeowners will in turn help other needy families build homes.

Sources: Indian Country Today, POB 2180, Rapid City, SD 57709  
Abya Yala News, SAIIC, POB 28703, Oakland, CA 94604

# PEN PALS

Want to be on the Pen Pal Page? Send \$5 (subscribers, free) with your request. You'll also get a copy of the issue. Priority given to kids under 17!

**Manisha Handa**, girl, 13  
2, Kamal Apartment  
Daxini Society, Maninagar  
Ahmedabad 380008 (Guj.) INDIA  
Int: stamps, music, art

**Shareshnee Dhoorgalu**, 11  
35 Amritsar Place, Merebank  
Durban 4052, SOUTH AFRICA  
Int: stamps, swimming, reading,  
fighting racism. Pals from "anywhere  
(on this planet, of course)."

**Theresa Lötter**, girl, 13  
185 Soutpansburg Road, Riviera  
0084 P.T.A, SOUTH AFRICA  
Int: reading, swimming, tennis, pets

**Innocentia Nobulali Koti**, girl, 14  
All Saints Hospital, P/B x215  
Engcobo, 5050 Transkei, S. AFRICA  
Int: writing, reading, music, TV  
Pen pals in English or Xhosa

**Samuel M. Baloyi**  
Makgetse High School, P/B x2013  
Hammanskiraal 0400, S. AFRICA  
Int: running, movies, body building  
Pals in English, Afrikaans, Tswana

**Naushad Allie Ebrahim**, boy, 16  
59 Mavis Road, Rylands Estate  
7764 Cape Town 8000, S. AFRICA  
Int: sports, music, computers. Wants  
pen pal from United States.

**Soraya Benjamin**, girl, 16  
80 Aries Road, Surrey Estate  
Cape Town 7764, SOUTH AFRICA  
Int: sports, music, reading.  
Letters in English only.

**Lungile Msimang**, girl, 15  
POB 286, Ulundi 3838, S. AFRICA  
Int: music television, cooking, sports  
Write in English only.

**Lindokuhle Yhutani Zuame**, 17  
POB 918, Esikhawini  
3887 Natal /Kwazulu, S. AFRICA  
Int: basketball, movies, weight lifting  
Pen pals in English, Zulu, or Xhosa.

**Pozlsa Ngamlana**, boy, 15, Gr. 7  
8 Nomvete Street 551, Duncan Village  
East London, 5201 SOUTH AFRICA  
Int: music, hockey, friends, letters  
Penpals 15 and up, from U.S.A.

**Lila Bruk**, 12  
44 Tennant Road, Kenilworth  
Cape Town 7700, S. AFRICA  
Int: animals, guitar, dance  
Pals from US, Israel, England,  
France, prefer English-writing.

"Let's exchange ideas on cultural,  
environmental, sporting, education-  
al and spiritual topics. Will respond  
to all letters written in Xhosa, Zulu,  
Afrikaans, Tswana and English."

**Carmelita**, 12, **Lucia**, 13,  
**Thandiwe**, 15, **Gary**, 13, and  
**Michael**, 15, c/o Standard 5, Class  
of '94, Ark Primary School, Ark  
City of Refugees, P.O. Westlake  
7945 Cape Town, S. AFRICA

**Jasmine LeRoux**  
3 Leopard Close, Strandfortein  
Village, 7785 Cape Town  
SOUTH AFRICA  
Int: tennis, rollerblading, music,  
movies. Wants pals from all over.

**Shahied Joseph**, boy, 16  
25 Galbessie Street, Lentegeur  
Mitchell's Plain, 7785 S. AFRICA  
Int: hip-hop music, outdoors.  
Write in English and send photo.

**Aqeela Arnold**, girl, 17  
Flat 4 Sparrow, Extension 7  
Eldorado Park 1812  
Johannesburg 2000, S. AFRICA

**Joyce Leeuw**  
3975A Britz Road, Bochabela  
Bloemfontein 9323, S. AFRICA  
Int: tennis, karate, music

**Deirdré Destorie**, girl, 14  
8 Buckboy Close, Westridge  
Mitchell's Plain, 7785, S. AFRICA  
Int: movies, friends. USA pals.

**Johannah Mavhungu**, girl, 15  
27 Pruibos Street, Leondale  
Germiston, 1401, S. AFRICA  
Int: music, watching sports, science  
Pen pal from USA.

**Pearl Walters**, girl, 14  
39F Ogle Road, Wentworth  
Durban, 4052, SOUTH AFRICA  
Int: dance, reading, music.

**Ganie M. Gofhamodimo**, girl, 16  
PO Box 369, Kanye, BOTSWANA  
Int: videos, music, sharing jokes  
Will respond to every letter.

**Mpho Sevi George**, girl, 13  
PO Box 42, Francistown,  
BOTSWANA  
Int: radio, TV. Pals from USA.

**Brako Christian**, boy, 15  
POB 1698, Sunyani B/A, GHANA  
Int: football, music, reading

*More pen pals on page 34!*

**Nobhando Ndoui**, girl, 11, gr. 6  
48 Cleeve Road, Montrose  
Bulawayo, ZIMBABWE  
Int: reading, singing, writing letters  
Pen pals from everywhere.

**Robert Chiunda**, boy, 15  
11512 Nyaginara Way, Zengeza 4  
Chitungwiza, ZIMBABWE  
Int: sports, reading, stamps, stickers

**Edgar Bosha**, 16  
12202 Chimoiyo Ave., Zengeza 4,  
Chitungwiza ZIMBABWE  
Int: basketball, soccer, movies

**Brian Kambizi**, boy, 17  
House No. 9038, Section 3  
Kambuzuma, Harare, ZIMBABWE  
Int: reading, basketball, rap music  
Pals from the USA.

**Erin Schmidt**, girl, 14  
317 E. Kentucky Street  
St. Croix Falls, WI 54024 USA  
Int: books, animals, softball volley-  
ball, swimming. Pals from anywhere  
The **Formigan Kids**, homeschooler  
9593 Plainview  
Detroit, Michigan 48228 USA

**Angela Valenti**, girl, 15  
26 Burger Road, Cheswick  
Pennsylvania 15024-9650 USA  
Int: writing, dance, art  
Wants pals from all over the world.

**Luke Pehoski**  
437 Jayne Street  
St. Paul, Minnesota 55119 USA  
Int: basketball, reading, drawing

**Wanted:** International Pen Pals,  
ages 13-14, both boys and girls.  
Write c/o Ms. Mellany Auman's 8th  
Grade Class, Utterback Middle  
School, 3233 S. Pinal Vista  
Tucson, Arizona 85715 USA

**Kate Podchashinskaya**, girl, 12  
Ul. Pritytskogo, d. 112, kv. 400  
220017 Minsk, BELARUS  
Int: drawing, stickers, games  
Pen pals from USA and England

**Texas 5th graders** want African,  
Chinese penpals! c/o Ms. Janet  
Schimank, Navasota. Inter. School,  
P.O. Box 511, Navasota, TX 77868

**Natasha Dinina**, girl, 12  
Vodopjanova Str. 126b—28  
T. Volsk, Saratov region  
412680 RUSSIA

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# COMING ATTRACTIONS

## In the Next Issue—

Envision Life in the Year 2025  
 Celebrations in Hong kong, India and Latvia  
 Discover Common Ground Between Religions  
 Please send your submissions by 20 October 1994.

## Future Features—

*Skipping Stones* celebrates diversity all year long. But our February – March 1995 issue seeks **your** views on how to best achieve equality! Respond by 29 December 1994.

• *Should there be separate classes for boys and girls? Does it make sense to have kids of different abilities in separate classes? Should people who were discriminated against in the past get special privileges?*

• Have you been discriminated against? Or, do you know someone who feels hurt due to prejudice, sexism or racism? We would like to know what happened, why you felt hurt, or how one could improve a situation like this.

• The 1995 Youth Honor Award entries are due by 25 June 1995. Send an SASE for guidelines.

**Honor Awards – *Skipping Stones Magazine***  
**P. O. Box 3939, Eugene, Oregon 97403 USA**

# PEN PALS

Continued from page 33

**Amy Noel**, girl, 14  
 4471 Hillsboro Ludlow Road  
 Forest, Mississippi 39074 USA  
 Int: sewing, animals, skating  
 Pals from Italy, else where.

**Third graders want** English-writing pals from Africa, Japan, Mexico or England. Write to:  
 Lisa Dietrich, Teacher  
 Lawton Elementary School  
 880 Second Street,  
 Lawton, Michigan 49065 USA

**Regina Kabush**, girl, 13  
 Ul. Kizhevatova, d.76, kv. 281  
 Minsk, 220115 BELORUSSIA  
 Int: cards, calendars with animals

**Nadya Romanova**, girl, 12  
 Ul. Gagarina, d. 10, kv. 2  
 Selo Novi Vasygan, Tomskaya  
 Obl., 636740 RUSSIA  
 Int: reading, films, animals

**Uvanova Gulnara**, girl, 11, gr.6  
 Odintsova Street, 23-1-164  
 Minsk, 220018 BELARUS  
 Int: books, English, U.S. penpals

**Tennyson Mbopha**, boy, 17/ gr.9  
 D-69 Sihle Crescent, Khayelitsha  
 Cape Town 7784, So. AFRICA  
 Int: travel, movies, music, football  
 Pen pals 14 plus. Write in English

**Charles Ngwenya**, boy, 17  
 1510 Umlelo Street, Senaoane,  
 PO Tshiawelo, 1818 So. AFRICA  
 Int: music, writing, martial arts, soccer. Pals 14 yrs. +, write in English

**Chantal Martin**, girl, 16  
 24 Gondini Road, Heideveld,  
 Athlone 7764 Cape Town, So. Africa  
 Int: novels, swimming, music, TV

**Emmanuel Kusi**  
 POB 419, Sunyani B/A, GHANA  
 Int: house cleaning, travel, football

**Harry Korang Sefa**  
 POB 1300, Sunyani Fiapre  
 Brong Ahafo, GHANA

**Tina Huang**, 14, a Chinese-American girl, wants pals, 14 to 17, from Asian countries. Write at 60 —5th Ave, #3 Brooklyn, New York 11217 USA  
 Int: writing, music, multicultural issues

**Nelly Knishko**, girl, 12  
 Ul. Novaya, d.17, kv. 66, Pechenga-1,  
 Murmanskaya Obl., RUSSIA  
 Int: collecting postcards, calendars, photos

**Kseniya Shmakova**, girl, 14  
 Duvanski b-R, d. 26, kv. 172  
 Ufa, Bashkortostan 450106 RUSSIA  
 Int: literature, music, German, English

**Katya Yepikhina**, girl, 12  
 pr. Pavla-1, d. 71, kv. 75  
 Gatchina, Leningradskaya Obl., RUSSIA  
 Int: stamps, postcards; can write in English

**Yulia Demina**, girl, 11  
 Ul. Statibininku, d.14, kv. 13  
 Visaginas 4761 LITHUANIA  
 Int: dance, music, sports, German

**Natasha Poroshina**, girl, 12  
 Ul. Parkovaya, d. 6, kv. 6  
 Glazov 427600 RUSSIA  
 Int: sewing, soft toys

**Olesya Koryagina**, girl, 12  
 Ul. Naberezhnaya, d.10, kv.86, Energodar  
 Zaporozhskaya Obl. UKRAINE.

Int: sports, travel, music, coins, swimming

**Katya**, girl, 13, wants new friends!  
 Ul. Alabyana, g. 10, kv. 194  
 Moscow, RUSSIA 125080  
 Write in Russian or English

**George Arthur**, boy, 15, **Ransford Charles Asare, Francisca Mensah, and Rita Yeboah**, all at P.O. Box 1068, Sunyani B/A, GHANA  
 Int: books, music, table tennis, dance

**Robert K. Boakye**  
 c/o Mr. Omari Kwadwo, P.O. Box 31  
 Sunyani B/A, GHANA  
 Int: movies, travel, tennis, soccer

**Angela Boatemaah**, girl, 15  
 c/o Mr. Alfred Gyamfi, P.O. Box 62,  
 Sunyani B/A, GHANA  
 Int: swimming, music, sports.

**Ernest Amoah**, boy, 11  
 Christ Int. Prep. School, POB 971,  
 Sunyani B/A, GHANA  
 Int: tennis, reading, soccer

**Celia Timah**, girl, 12  
 POBox 1806, Sunyani B/A, GHANA  
 Int: gospel music, reading, dancing

**Osei Bonsu**, 11 and friend, **Eric**  
 S.D.A. Church, P.O. Box 615  
 Sunyani B/A, GHANA

**Owusu Dominic**, boy, 14  
 c/o Mr. P.K. Asadu, POB 108  
 Kumasi A/R, GHANA  
 Int: letters, music, football

**Jonathan Boamah**  
 Happy Corner Bar, Box 419  
 Sunyani B/A, GHANA



Student art-  
 Tschabile School, S.A.

## 1994 Youth Honor Awards

*Skipping Stones* created the Youth Honor Award program in order to actively promote multicultural and ecological awareness among young people. When shared with peers, youth writing and artwork becomes a forum for communication, wherein youth's creativity and activism can inspire and empower others to create and act as well. The winners featured in this issue exhibit a particular clarity of expression and insight into important issues. It is our belief that their submissions will foster meaningful dialogue: around kitchen tables, in classrooms, in cultural organizations, or in the future pages of *Skipping Stones*.

Teachers can foster an ongoing exchange of ideas by incorporating the Honor Awards program across the curriculum. Not only can the awards serve as an incentive for writing and art assignments, they can also spark social studies and history lessons, civil rights and community projects, and environmental and international studies. Below are suggestions of ways in which you can utilize the winning entries.

**Striving for Peace** Writing letters allows students to channel their opinions on current events in positive directions. Leah's letter is good model to follow for several reasons. Her letter was personal, yet global. By including her poem she shows both creativity and dedication to bringing about peace. She lays out a course of action for others; in respectful, yet firm suggestions. One of the impetuses for Leah's letter is her interpretation of the goals of the United Nations. The Secretary General expanded on her thoughts; how do your students see the role of the UN, the US, other powerful countries in progressing toward peace? Not only in Bosnia, but also in Haiti, Rwanda, S. Africa, North and South Korea, Russia, and other countries?

**Paz** How is the struggle for peace similar or different in other parts of the world? Does the meaning of peace change there? How might living in other countries and cultures expand or limit your view of how peace can best be achieved?

**A Drop of Water** Watching the news can be frightening to kids! Channel their energy skillfully and constructively!

**My Grandfather, A Proud Survivor** When their synagogue is desecrated, a Jewish man recounts the horrors he experienced in the death camps of World War II, so that his young grandson might "never forget" and work to prevent such hatred in the future. Intergenerational. What might your students' grandparents tell? Invite grandparents and older people from the community into the classroom. Brainstorm ways in which generations and cultures can work together to overcome prejudice. Continue Michael's story from a different angle. What happens in the community after the incident? Does the community come together or divide afterwards? How might we better educate people so that this kind of hatred does not persist?

We encourage you to enter (by June 25, 1995) one or more art and writings that your students create during this school year. Challenge the kids to write a thoughtful story, make a moving argument, compose a powerful collage . . . that allows them to express their feelings and visions creatively. The 1995 awards will also recognize children's groups and individuals who work to make changes in their school, community, or environment. We invite your recommendations for exemplary persons and projects. Please send an SASE for Honor Award guidelines.

## Native American Cultures in the Classroom

During this Decade of the Indigenous People, it is important that your students realize the following—

- Native American cultures are not a thing of the past, belonging to the museum. The cultures are here TODAY!

- Misconceptions and stereotypes about Native Americans persist. There is no such thing as a typical Native American. You can't believe everything you see in movies or in print. Movies, especially, are notorious for mixing facts and fiction.

- There are 547 distinct Native Nations and Tribes in the U.S. alone; 633 Status Bands in Canada, and several hundred Indigenous societies in México, Central America, and South America.

- Many Native people have a mixed ancestry: two or more Native cultural backgrounds in their families; others have a mix of Native and non-Native cultural backgrounds!

- Native cultures, like others, have had to adapt to modern times.

- Traditional dresses or powwow attire are attractive and unique, but are *not* worn daily.

- Injustice against Native Nations continues today. Our history is full of bloodshed, intolerance and broken promises. Governments did not keep most of the treaties signed with the Nations and Tribes, and those events have unfair consequences even today. See page 31.

- Many phrases and words in use are culturally disrespectful, biased, or insensitive, and therefore, we should refrain from using them. (e.g. Indian Giver, Wild Indians, Drunk as an Indian, . . .)

- It is not appropriate for non-Natives to imitate spiritual ceremonies of the Native people.

- We do not *learn* another culture in a classroom setting. We can however *experience* part of a culture. We have to *immerse* ourselves in it for long time period to fully understand the underlying values!

### Suggestions for Activities and Discussions

- Expose the many stereotypes of appearance, dress, conduct and culture that Hollywood movies and inauthentic historical accounts have created.

- Invite traditional Native American speakers and storytellers to your class. Arrange a class trip to powwows and drumming groups in the area. Read authentic stories and writings, share traditional Native art. Consult with the Natives Program or Indian Education Program in your school district

- Native American history is American history. Study European acquisition of land, unrespected treaties with Indian Nations, the creation of Indian Reservations and the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

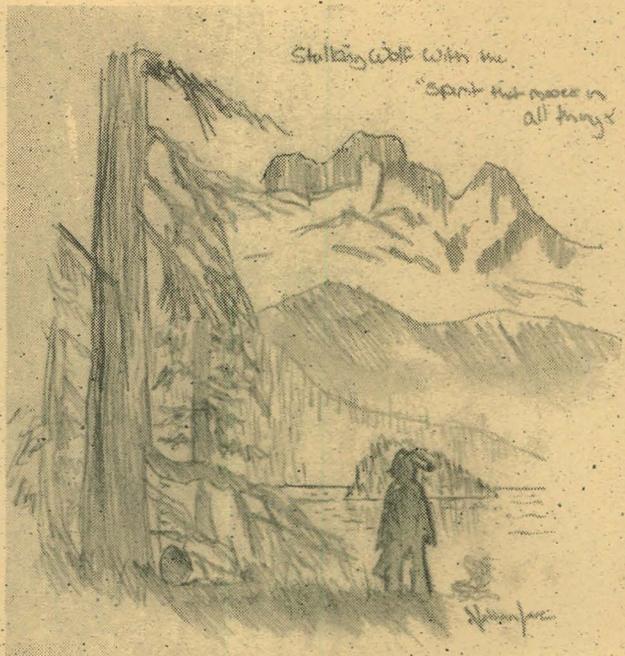
- Raise awareness about the deprivation of cultural heritage and family bonds during Boarding School days, assimilation of Native peoples into European models, imposing of land ownerships, dependency on federal programs.

- Explore with your students the reasons why Native American people are less affluent, suffer discrimination, and experience high levels of poverty and alcohol abuse on many Indian Reservations.

- Study the roots of today's environmental movement and find connections with traditional Native ways and values.

- Encourage the children to learn more about their own spiritual tradition and how those values and traditions support our being close to, and caring of, Earth and other people.

**Recommended Resources:** *Keepers of the Night*. Fulcrum. 1994  
*Native America* by Duane Champagne. Visible Ink, Detroit. 1994.  
*The Way of the Earth* by John Bierhorst. Morrow, New York. 1994.



"I think being close with nature is an important thing, and I think Tom Brown has achieved something great by being in touch with nature."

—Nathan Lowe, 15, Cherokee Heritage, Eugene, Oregon. Nathan illustrated some of his favorite scenes from *The Tracker* by Tom Brown, Jr. Please see the book review on the Bookshelf, page 32.

*Skipping Stones*  
 P. O. Box 3939  
 Eugene, OR 97403-0939

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