

piece of land that went up for sale. In 1959 we borrowed \$50,000 from the Indian Revolving Loan Fund at 4% interest. We knew this money will not be enough to buy all the land that ever comes up for sale. We thought we could save our homelands for a little while longer—and then the end would come.

The tribal council remembered the people told us to save the reservation. We prayed and thought. Then we wrote a plan to save the land the Cheyennes came home to from the Oklahoma. The people approved the plan. The Keeper of the Sacred Hat blessed it, and he is our holiest man.

Our plan is the Northern Cheyenne 50-Year Unallotment Program. It is a plan to make our reservation unallotted again in 50 years. The plan asks the Bureau to make us a 50-year loan of \$500,000 at 2½% interest for land purchase. We have proved that we can repay this loan in 50 years or less out of income from the land the tribe will be buying. In the 50 years that the plan will be going on, we asked the Bureau to stop all Cheyenne land sales except to the tribe, and the tribe obligates itself to buy all land that individual Cheyennes want to sell. We also asked the Bureau to stop the approval of all fee patents during the period of the plan—and we asked them to allow members of the tribe to buy, sell and trade land among themselves without being forced to take it out of trust.

That plan could save our land. It will not cost the Government anything. The Government divided up our land so that it could be sold to white men in pieces. Now we are willing to buy every piece back again out of our own money.

We took our plan to the Interior Department—to Assistant Secretary Roger Ernst. He congratulated us for planning for ourselves. He said the plan would be approved if we could show that we could repay the loan we asked for.

We asked the Indian Bureau to stop all land sales on our reservation immediately, so that our lands would not be slipping away while we waited to get our loan. The Interior Department said the Bureau would do that. Right after we heard this good news, the Billings Area Office of the Bureau advertised 13 tracts of land for sale. The Association on American Indian Affairs told us to trust the Interior Department because Secretary Seaton and Secretary Ernst were men of their word. The Association was right. My people will tell the story of a thing that happened for a long time.

The land sale was advertised. Certain white men were wheeling around like buzzards waiting for the bidding to start. The Cheyennes could not talk—they were so angry and sad. Then all at once the land sale was called off—by a telephone call from Washington. You would have to be a Cheyenne to know what it meant when the Government in Washington kept its word—helped us against the Bureau in Montana. At first the people whispered the news to each other. Then they said out loud. I never saw the Cheyennes as happy as that. I was never as happy myself in my whole life. I think all of us had a picture of the Government helping us save our land, then helping us with a plan to make our Cheyenne community a good part of America.

It is good for us to have that picture of how life can be for us. It will keep us strong in the fight ahead. . . .

My people are fighting to save their land. They are not fighting Congress or the Interior Department. . . .

4. Mary Jacobs (Lumbee) Relates How Her Family Made a Home in Chicago, n.d.

On Christmas day in 1952 my parents, Willard Cummings and Lora Neil [redacted] were married in Dillon, South Carolina. On the next day, my parents left [redacted] County to make Chicago their new home. As a child I never thought about the courage or sense of self that my parents must have had to complete that second simple act of moving away from home for the first time. They had come from very simple beginnings. My dad was 22 when he married my mom. He was the [redacted] child of Newton Cummings and Flora Ann Lowry. My father's parents were sharecroppers moving up from a one-mule farm to a two-mule farm. Finally my grandparents were able to realize a dream and bought their own 100-acre farm in the Prospect community. They had fourteen children; seven girls and seven boys. All but one of my father's siblings (a brother) would live to adulthood.

My mother was 18 when she married my father. She was the second-youngest child of Andrew Worth Brooks and Mary Jane Locklear. My mother's father operated a crane, and he helped build highways across several states, including Oklahoma and Virginia. My grandmother, my mom's mother, stayed in Pembroke raising their twelve children; only nine would survive to adulthood.

My parents were born during the Depression and their schooling took place in segregated schools. Everyone was poor and few people had the opportunity to better themselves through higher education. During my parents' school years there were the three school buses that rode through Pembroke: one for whites, one for blacks, and one for Indians. My father had attended both of the local high schools for Indians in Robeson County, Pembroke and Prospect High School, but never completed the degree. My mother did graduate from Pembroke High School and even attended a semester of college at Pembroke State University.

Now re-named the University of North Carolina at Pembroke (UNCP), UNCP has the distinction of being the only state-supported college created for the education of Indians. UNCP was established in 1887. It was called the Croatan Normal School. Croatan was one of many names by which the state recognized Robeson County Indians. The legislation that created the Normal school stated that Lumbee people had to purchase the land and erect a building for their school; both of which were completed within the legislative two-year deadline.

While my parents were growing up, Pembroke State represented the only chance for higher education in Lumbies in North Carolina. The college was a school for teachers and teaching represented one of the few career paths open to Lumbies at that time; the career options were preaching and farming. For those Lumbee men without the required education, the military offered a good alternative.

My father went into the army during the Korean War. He served one term (three and half years), during which he wrote to my mother. He had had dreams of being a veterinarian and during the war he served as a medic. Going to medical school was

¹From Mary Jacobs, "Coming Around Again," in Terry Straus and Grant P. Arndt, eds., *Native Chicago* (Chicago: Chicago Indian Community, n.d.), 311–317. Reprinted with permission.

not in his future since no school in North Carolina would accept him and he did not have the money to go out of state. After the war he returned to Robeson County and began working doing carpentry work. Today carpentry work (hanging sheet rock and finishing work) is still a popular area for young men with little education in Robeson County. The work was and is seasonal and sporadic at best.

While working, my father heard about a school in Chicago from Peter Dial, a young Indian man from the Prospect area who had attended there. The school was the Allied Institute of Technology, a trade school, on Michigan Avenue. Peter also gave my father the address of a boarding house where he had lived while he had attended the school. So my parents left Robeson County with the address of the school and the name and address for a place to live.

My mother said that she recalled feeling very apprehensive about moving to Chicago. She had never lived outside Robeson County and wondered if she and my father would be accepted by their neighbors, because Indians were not accepted by whites in and around Robeson County at that time.

They spent New Year's weekend with my great uncle Coolidge Mack Cummings (my father's paternal uncle), his wife Van, and their children in Louisville, Kentucky. Coolidge was a pastor in a "white" church there. It would be several years before he would return to Robeson County to pastor an Indian church. Over the years in Chicago, my parents would visit Uncle Coolidge in Kentucky often.

On the last day of 1952 my parents drove into Chicago. They had an address for an apartment house that Peter Dial had given them; it was 1418 West Jackson. My father said that the woman who ran the apartment house just happened to have an available apartment. They signed the lease. That same week my father went to Allied Institute to sign up for classes. Since he had not contacted the school earlier, he did not know that the school term had already started and he would have to wait one term before he could enroll. Meanwhile, both he and my mother looked for work.

First Jobs

My father's first job in Chicago was at a plant that made coils for bedsprings. The plant was on Pulaski, but since my parents had a car he was able to get from their apartment to work until he was in an accident. My father recalled that a "drunk" ran into him and the car was totaled. After that he found a job closer to their apartment. That job was in a tool and die shop on Madison, at about the 1200 block west.

My mother worked for a catalog company, the Alden catalog, across the street from the apartment. She was able to do the work, but felt that the management was too overbearing. None of the workers in the shop were allowed to speak to each other and all of their breaks were timed. She felt as though every minute was regulated. She left the first job and then went to a small company that printed bank certificates and hunting licenses. She proofread the materials after they were printed. But after getting pregnant, she stopped working because the fumes from the ink made her ill. She would not work again until all of her children were in school.

About a month after moving to the city, my father began attending school at the Allied Institute. He was able to use his GI benefits to pay for school and completed his A.A. degree in Industrial Engineering. Immediately after completing the degree, he got a job with Scully-Jones, a family owned company that designed and made

tools for other industries. Later Scully-Jones became a part of Bendix Corp. and my father would stay with the company for twenty-four years before leaving the job to move back to Robeson County.

Keeping in Touch with Home

Mom said that most of their neighbors in Chicago were poor whites from the south, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi. She recalled that poor southern whites were most of the people that they met, but whenever they heard about another Lumbee person in the city they would make an effort to meet them and visit with them. My mother said that both her parents and my dad's parents would write them and let them know about other Indians (Lumbees) from home living in or traveling through Chicago.

My mother recalled visiting H. B. Jacobs (she could not remember his full name), a Lumbee man who had served in World War II and married a woman he met in Germany. The Jacobs lived on Adams, near my parents' apartment. There was also Morrison and Odessa Maynor, who lived just north of Kimball Avenue. Then in 1958, my mother's nephew Samuel Brooks came to Oak Park to attend college at Emals Bible College, a brethren college located in that suburb (my mother's family attended the brethren church in Pembroke). My mother's elder brother, Venus Brooks, was pastor of the brethren church in Pembroke and he wanted his son, Samuel, to attend a brethren school. Samuel would marry a white woman from Oak Park and live in that suburb for most of his life.

My parents were able to meet a lot of Lumbee people moving to Detroit or living in Chicago for brief periods who were there for work. While my parents knew of Indians from other tribes living in the city, they did not make much effort to seek them out. My parents grew up in a generation of Lumbee that did not consider themselves "real Indians" because "real Indians like the ones in the movies wore feathers and lived on reservations in the west."

Before there was a real movement among the Lumbee to recover lost traditions and consider themselves a tribe, the people relied on familial ties for identity. That is, your family group (large groupings of families descended from some major figure) determined your identity as an Indian.

My father recalled that few people asked him about his race, but when they did he said he was a Cherokee Indian from Robeson County. He recalled "that's what they told us we were." Cherokee Indians from Robeson County was one of the many names that the Lumbees had to use until the state and federal government would allow the Lumbees to name themselves in 1956.

But my parents did not rely on a tribal identity to know who was Lumbee; rather people were known only by "who their people were." At that time (and to an extent this is still true), when Lumbee people first met they introduced themselves by telling who their parents and grandparents (and sometimes other relatives who might have been well known in the community) were. Knowing who another Indian's "people" were placed that person in their proper context. With that information you knew where they probably lived in the county, went to school, and which familial church they attended. It also gave information about what kind of work they probably did and, to an extent, the familial reputation (being smart or

other personal characteristics) that might extend to that individual as well. That is why my parents were able to keep in touch with events and people from "home" that they might not have known otherwise.

But my parents did return to Robeson County after moving to Chicago. For all of the twenty-five years that they lived in Chicago and later Maywood, they returned "home" almost every summer. I remember well leaving home at 2 or 3 A.M. to begin the trip to Pembroke. It would usually take us 18 or more hours of driving and we would not stop until we reached "home." To all Lumbees of my parents' generation and to most today, Robeson County is always called "home." When I returned there people usually ask "How long will you be home this time?" And my parents and in-laws usually want to know "when are you coming home?" They are referring to our family home in Pembroke, but they are also referring to Robeson County as a larger home for Indian (Lumbee) people.

My Return to Chicago

My parents had eight children. I was their last child; the youngest or "baby" of the family. I was born in Chicago, like all my brothers and sisters, but considered Pembroke my home. My parents moved back to Robeson County when I was thirteen years old and I attended junior high, high school, and college in North Carolina. I met my husband (another Lumbee person) there and we were married in my mother-in-law's living room.

I decided to move to Chicago after being accepted into the doctoral program in Social Work at the University of Chicago. I really had mixed feelings about moving here. After my husband and I were married we moved to Southern California and had been living there for six years. I did not know a lot about the U. of Chicago before moving there and I was not sure that I would like it. I did know that Chicago had an Indian community, but I did not know any Lumbee people here except my sister. My sister, Stephana, was the third eldest child in our family and she never moved to Robeson County with the family. She was already married to a white man she has met at church, and they stayed in Illinois after we moved. All of my other siblings and family were living in Robeson County (and still are).

However, after moving here, I did meet other Indian people, but my sister and I are the only Lumbee people here that we know. My first cousin Samuel Brooks passed away in the mid-1980s and his widow and children still live near Oak Park. My sister and I do visit with them. In addition to school, I work with a group in the Indian community in Chicago who are trying to create more Indian foster parent homes for Indian children, the Native American Foster Parent Association (NAFPA).

I, unlike my parents, grew up during a period of great traditional recovery in Robeson County. Lumbees were more in touch and aware of themselves as a tribal group and were a growing political force in national tribal politics as well. Although Lumbees are still not federally recognized, we do have a national reputation because of all the work that individual Lumbee people do at a national level with various Indian communities and in Washington, D. C. Upon moving to Chicago, I told people here in the Indian community I was Lumbee; they recognized my tribe and I felt very welcomed by the Indian community here.

Today, my parents do not come to Chicago often, but do visit here with my sister and me and our families on occasion. I think their hope is that we will finally return to Robeson County to live permanently, but they understand that returning is not always possible. There are still rather limited employment opportunities in Robeson and the surrounding counties. In addition, they jobs there do not pay well and there are still a lot of racial tensions in the community, especially between whites and Indians.

I hope that I will return to Robeson County or at least the state of North Carolina someday, but for now I am happy to be living and attending school in Chicago. I, like my parents, consider Chicago a temporary stop on the way back home.

ESSAYS

Florida Atlantic University professor Harry A. Kersey's *An Assumption of Sovereignty: Social and Political Transformation among the Florida Seminoles, 1953-1979* (1996), from which the first selection is taken, is an important study of a significant southern Indian community. Kersey presents a carefully drawn portrait of the effort to end federal trusteeship for this Florida group. Although we tend to think primarily of the impact of the termination upon reservations that were terminated, such as Menominee in Wisconsin or Klamath in Oregon, Kersey's essay reminds us that other Indian nations were targeted as well. Florida offers an example of local Native and non-Native opposition preventing termination from being realized.

Peter Iverson's essay represents an early revisionist view of the termination period. A professor of history at Arizona State University, Iverson argues here that despite the many problems posed by the era, and sometimes because of those very dilemmas, Indian individuals and communities began to establish the foundation for the movement for self-determination. This essay was one of the first reinterpretations of the era, one that moved away from a total emphasis on victimization and paid more attention to the ability of Indians to respond creatively and productively to the demands of this time.

The Florida Seminoles Confront Termination

HARRY A. KERSEY, JR.

The Eighty-third Congress, which convened in January 1953, became notorious to those in Indian affairs as the "termination Congress" for its initiation of legislation directly threatening the existence of tribal communities. In general, its members reflected a sentiment building since the end of World War II that American Indians were ready to stand on their own without support or supervision from Washington. Thus they assumed that federal expenditures could be radically reduced by eliminating services to the tribes, while at the same time allowing Indians freedom from government restrictions in order to pursue their own economic interests. To that

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