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5 *A clownish schoolteacher dances onstage, ringing a bell, carrying a bundle of small American flags, singing "Good Morning to You". She has been preceded by a group of very young Indian students who run onstage playfully, taking seats on two wooden benches. They respond to the teacher with awe, surprise, mild defiance, and fear. The teacher is snobbish, nervous, rude, feisty, and blustering.*

15 TEACHER: *(very overdone, but with control)* Good morning, boys and girls, er, squaw and bucks. Good morning.

15 *(She puts the bell down, fusses with her hair and dress. The students pay no attention. She becomes angry.)*

20 G—ood morning, savages! *(She busily arranges them in "order")* I see that this is going to be more difficult than they told me it would be. You are all totally ignorant. You might as well be deaf and dumb! Do any of you understand any English? Not a single one of you?

25 *(To the audience)* I wonder if the people in Washington really know what they're doing by trying to teach these savages how to speak English, how to live like civilized human beings. These stupid children should be left on their reservations and forgotten about.

30 What a bunch of worthless things.

35 *(She sees one of the girls gesture to one of the others, and pummels the girl, who pulls back wide-eyed with surprise.)*

40 What are you doing there? What was that? Was that an Indian sign-language gesture I saw you making there? Was it? Was it sign language? Well, there won't be any more of that in this classroom, none of that! I'll rap your knuckles hard if you do that again. Do you hear me? Do you understand me? It'll be the dark room for you. *(Pause)* That's one step out of savagery for you.

45 *(Suddenly, pinching her nose in broad gesture)*

50 Ooooooooh, oooooh, what an odor! *(She lifts the blanket of a girl pupil.)* Oooooohweeeeee, young lady, ooooohweeeeee! You don't smell like a white woman! You smell like a ...like... a... Oh, my goodness, you are going to have to learn how to take a nice, civilized ladylike bath and keep your body clean. Do you hear me? That will be another step out of your darkness!

55 *(Looking in one of the boys' hair)* Oh, heavens alive! Oh, good heavens! Nits! Nits! Oh, and they're alive, they're real! Oh, oh! Live! How disgusting, how utterly disgusting! *(She scratches herself wildly.)* Well, this can be easily solved. Everyone of you, everyone of you will have your hair cut off tonight. Tonight! Girls and boys. We will not have a bunch of lousy Indians in this classroom! No, oh, no! *(After a short pause)* Sign

language! Stinking bodies! Blankets! Deaf and Dumb! How did these people ever get themselves in this condition?

65 *The students are giggling again, she reestablishes order, continues.*

70 You Indians are going to become educated, educated! That's spelled E-D-U-C-A-T-E-D, ed-u-ca-ted! Here in this school you are going to learn the English language. You are going to learn how to be Christians, how to worship God and live a clean, wholesome, decent life. You are going to learn how to be civilized people, civilized Indians, Indians who can earn an honest living, Indians that the American people can be proud of, not shamed by, so that we can hold our heads up high and say, "They are just like us, they are civilized. They aren't wild and on the warpath anymore. They are living the American way."

85 *(She sings a line of "Star Spangled Banner", then she sees the girl make the gesture again, lunges at her, yanks up the child, shouts directly into her face.)*

90 This is not the reservation, child! This is not that awful place you came from where you all run around half naked, filthy, living in sin! This is a white man's schoolhouse. I told you not to do that again. I told you what I'd do. *(She shakes the child violently.)* You are going to be a lesson for the others. You, child, are going to be punished. *(She pulls out a bottle of castor oil and pours it down the struggling child's mouth.)* It's the dark room for you. *(She pushes the child into a dark closet space.)* You will stay in here all day. No food! No water! And no toilet! *(Turns to others.)* She is a lesson for all of you to follow. I caught her doing a sign-language gesture. No more of that in this classroom, do you hear me? You are going to forget all of your Indian ways, all of them. You can start erasing them from your minds right now, right here, right this instant. No more of your disgusting sign language. No more of your savage tongue. No more greasy, lousy hair. No more blankets. You are going to learn the English language. That is what you were brought here for. *(Turning to the audience.)* The English language. The most beautiful language in all the world. The language that has brought hope and civilization to people everywhere. The one true language, OUR language!

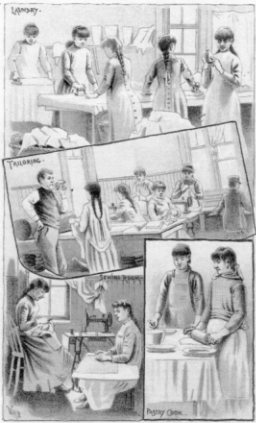
Hanay Geiogamah (B. 1945, Kiowa) *Foghorn*, in *Brief Anthology of Native American Literature*, Longman, 1995.

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OREGON- INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, CHEMAWA.

Indian Training School girls activities, at Chemawa near Salem, Oregon, in engraving made 1887

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Chapter 3

Civilize Them with a Stick

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...Gathered from the cabin, the wickiup, and
the tepee,
partly by cajolery and partly by threats;
partly by bribery and partly by force,
they are induced to leave their kindred
to enter these schools and take upon themselves
the outward appearance of civilized life.

—*Annual report of the Department of Interior, 1901*

It is almost impossible to explain to a sympathetic white person what a typical old Indian boarding school was like; how it affected the Indian child suddenly dumped into it like a small creature from another world, helpless, defenseless, bewildered, trying desperately and instinctively to survive and sometimes not surviving at all. I think such children were like the victims of Nazi concentration camps trying to tell average, middle-class Americans what their experience had been like. Even now, when these schools are much improved, when the buildings are new, all gleaming steel and glass, the food tolerable, the teachers well trained and well-intentioned, even trained in child psychology—unfortunately the psychology of white children, which is different from ours—the shock to the child upon arrival is still tremendous. Some just seem to shrivel up, don't speak for days on end, and have an empty look in their eyes. I know of an eleven-year-old on another reservation who hanged herself, and in our school, while I was there, a girl jumped out of the window, trying to kill herself to escape an unbearable situation. That first shock is always there.

Although the old tiyospaye has been destroyed, in the traditional Sioux families, especially in those where there is no drinking, the child is never left alone. It is always surrounded by relatives, carried around, enveloped in warmth. It is treated with the respect due to any human being, even a small one. It is seldom forced to do anything against its will, seldom screamed at, and never beaten. That much, at least, is left of the old family group among full-bloods. And then suddenly a bus or a car arrives, full of strangers, usually white strangers, who yank the child out of the arms of those who love it, taking it screaming to the boarding school. The only word I can think of for what is done to these children is kidnapping.

Even now, in a good school, there is impersonality instead of close human contact; a sterile, cold atmosphere, an unfamiliar routine, language problems, and above all the maza-skan-skan, that damn clock—white man's time as opposed to Indian time, which is natural time. Like eating when you are hungry and sleeping when you are tired, not when that damn clock says you must. But I was not taken to one of the

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better, modern schools. I was taken to the old-fashioned mission school at St. Francis, run by the nuns and Catholic fathers, built sometime around the turn of the century and not improved a bit when I arrived, not improved as far as the buildings, the food, the teachers, or their methods were concerned.

In the old days, nature was our people's only school and they needed no other. Girls had their toy tipis and dolls, boys their toy bows and arrows. Both rode and swam and played the rough Indian games together. Kids watched their peers and elders and naturally grew from children into adults. Life in the tipi circle was harmonious—until the whiskey peddlers arrived with their wagons and barrels of "Injun whiskey". I often wished I could have grown up in the old, before-whiskey days.

Oddly enough, we owed our unspeakable boarding schools to the do-gooders, the white Indian-lovers. The schools were intended as an alternative to the outright extermination seriously advocated by generals Sherman and Sheridan, as well as by most settlers and prospectors over-running our land. "You don't have to kill those poor benighted heathen," the do-gooders said, "in order to solve the Indian Problem. Just give us a chance to turn them into useful farmhands, laborers, and chambermaids who will break their backs for you at low wages." In that way the boarding schools were born. The kids were taken away from their villages and pueblos, in their blankets and moccasins, kept completely isolated from their families—sometimes for as long as ten years—suddenly coming back, their short hair slick with pomade, their necks raw from stiff, high collars, their thick jackets always short in the sleeves and pinching under the arms, their tight patent leather shoes giving them corns, the girls in starched white blouses and clumsy, high-buttoned boots—caricatures of white people. When they found out—and they found out quickly—that they were neither wanted by whites nor by Indians, they got good and drunk, many of them staying drunk for the rest of their lives.

Mary Crow Dog with Richard Erdoes, *Lakota Woman*, Harper Perennial, A division of Harper Collins Publishers, 1991, ISBN 0-06-097689-7

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1 Feeling pretty dismal and depressed myself, I drove back into Waikiki, and sat on the beach. A
 5 mistake. The sun was fierce, and the few patches of shade under the palm trees at the back of the
 beach were occupied. The sea was a blinding dazzle, and the sand painful to walk on in bare feet. Most
 of the people around me wore rubber flip-flops with thongs between the toes, and had straw mats to lie
 10 on, though how they can bear to spread-eagle themselves under this brutal sun baffles me. Sweat
 trickled down my sides from under my armpits, but I dared not take off my shirt for fear of getting
 sunburned. I rolled up my trouser bottoms in traditional British-seaside-style, and paddled for a while
 at the edge of the ocean. The water was warm and cloudy. Scraps of paper and plastic rubbish lapped
 against the coarse sand. A continuous procession of people trying to keep cool in the same way
 15 trudged up and down the margin of the sea, all ages, shapes and sizes, many of them clasping drinks,
 ice-creams or hot dogs in their hands. Americans seem to like to eat on the move, like grazing cattle.
 Most of them, of course, were dressed in swimming-costumes, which do not flatter the elderly and
 obese. The young men seem perversely to favour rather baggy knee-length shorts, that cling
 uncomfortably to their thighs when wet, while the young women's swim-suits are sleek and cut very
 20 high at the hip. Twice in half an hour very professional-looking beachcombers came past, festooned
 with bags and pouches, wearing headphones and wielding electronic metal-detectors with which they
 tested the sand for buried valuables.

The breeze was light and wavering. Out to sea the swimmers bobbed up and down in the
 25 swell, trying without much success to bodysurf on the sluggish rollers, and, further out still, serious
 surfers sat astride their boards, waiting for a big wave to break. A large catamaran with a yellow sail,
 crewed by Polynesians with skins like oiled teak, was moored a little further up the beach, announcing
 its imminent departure for a cruise with blasts on what sounded like an amplified conch shell. Out to
 sea, in the direction of Diamond Head, people were paddling, or being paddled, in outrigger canoes,
 and a tiny figure dangling from a parachute was being towed across the sky by a speedboat. It was
 30 hard to connect this scene of harmless if mindless pleasure with my mental images of the nursing
 homes I had just visited, the swimmers and the sunbathers in all the pride of their flesh with drooling,
 emaciated figures haunting the dreary wards and corridors just a couple of miles away. I felt like a
 tongue-tied prophet who had come back from the kingdom of the dead, as if I should give a message
 or utter a warning, but did not know what to say - except perhaps, "Use a sunblock with a protection
 factor of fifteen," and most of the people on the beach seemed to know that already, since they spent
 so much time smearing their dead and dying skin cells with various creams and lotions.

As I was standing in the tepid shallows, squinting out to sea, a swimmer suddenly surfaced a
 few yards away like a submarine, and then reared out of the water. He wore a glazed rubber mask and
 a plastic tube protruded from his mouth. He stumbled and waved his arms urgently, so that at first I
 35 thought he was in distress; but then he removed his mask and I recognized Roger Sheldrake. He
 staggered towards me, impeded by enormous webbed rubber flippers on his feet, a very land-fish. He
 seemed excessively glad to see me.

"Snorkelling," he said explanatorily, as he divested himself of his equipment. "All part of the
 fieldwork."

40 I asked him if he had seen any interesting fish and he said no, only plastic bags, but conditions
 were not good off this beach - the water was too murky. There was a place on the other side of
 Diamond Head that had been recommended to him, Hanauna Bay. "Perhaps you'd care to join me one
 day?" I said I had my hands full at present, and gave him a résumé of my experiences since we arrived
 in Hawaii. He clucked his tongue sympathetically. "Still, you must need a bit of relief from geriatric
 45 duty - come back to my hotel and have a drink. The management keep sending up bottles of
 champagne to my room. I've got quite a stockpile". I excused myself, as I had still to make calls at
 both hospitals before my dinner engagement with the Millers, so he bought me, from a kiosk at the
 back of the beach, a huge paper cup full of fruit-flavoured shush, apparently a local delicacy known as
 shave-ice. Mine had melted under the broiling sun long before I got to the bottom of the container.

50 Everything is too big in this country: the steaks, the salads, the ices. You weary of them before you
 can finish them.

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A photograph by Chris STEEL-PERKINS, "Blackpool Beach in Summer", 1989, in *The Pleasure Principle*, 1989.

PLENTY OF LIFE IN THE OLD REPS

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1 Package holidays may continue to be associated with the sunny days of carefree youth, but the travel industry is the latest business sector to discover the eternal beauty of age. Fifty years since the package holiday revolution hit Britain, tour operators and travel agents are actively challenging the stereotype of bored young holiday reps who care little about the resorts they work in and still less about the comfort of their customers, with a steady influx of enthusiastic over-50s.

5 Whether it is a camping holiday in the Dordogne or a fly-drive trip to Florida, the UK travel business agrees that older reps – among them, former managers, former publicans, retired schoolteachers and police officers - tend to be friendlier, harder working and more committed to their customers than most of their younger counterparts. Frances Tuke at the Association of British Travel Agents says:
10 “The foreign holiday game used to be the reserve of the young, but as the package holiday business moves upmarket and customers are prepared to spend far more on their annual break, the levels of service are inevitably rising too. “In many resorts it is becoming policy to employ older couriers for their high levels of efficiency, their superior social skills and their concern that customers should be happy and comfortable. I would say that the presence of more mature couriers at practically any
15 holiday destination you care to name, or indeed in any customer-facing role you can think of, offers tremendous reassurance to travellers.”

Whether they are former package tourists themselves or simply the newly retired looking for foreign adventures, the over-50s are proving to be an exceptionally fertile recruitment ground for operators looking beyond the traditional arena of college and university campuses, says market leader Thomson
20 Holidays. “We are finding mature reps to be particular valuable in sites such as Egypt, Madeira, and the Caribbean where many holidaymakers are hungry for loads of cultural information as well as stuff about discos, and they are also proving popular in Florida and right across Europe,” says Marian White, head of resourcing. “Although the average age of a Thomson courier is 26, we have a growing number of over-60’s on our books in a variety of customer-oriented roles and on the whole we are
25 very pleased with them,” she adds.

Eurocamp, the UK’s leading self-catering holiday company, actively recruits what it calls “mature couriers” via national press inserts and advertising campaigns in camping and caravanning titles. It employs many of its older reps on “beret and baguette sites” – French sites that tend to attract couples without children. Next year it will also place them in Switzerland, Germany and Spain. While most
30 older couriers fall into the 50 to 60 age category, a small number may even be in their 70s, says Eurocamp’s on-site services manager Andy King, who adds that age is no barrier as long as reps are physically able to cope with the sometimes heavy cleaning work involved.

“Their social skills and their ability to talk knowledgeably about a holiday area make the more mature courier absolutely ideal for us and a very good fit with many of our customers,” says Mr King. “Even
35 if they don’t tend to have language skills, they make strenuous efforts to get to know the area and establish friendly communicates with our all-important site owners. They aren’t embarrassed about using sign language to make themselves understood and are generally able to put their 50 words of French or whatever to extremely good use with the natives.” While the supervision of younger couriers, who are often out to have a good time, can be a “constant headache” for area managers, the
40 over-50s “use their initiative and don’t either want or need to be constantly supervised”, Mr King says. Except when put on site with another couple of the same age, that is. Eurocamp recently experimented with hiring two mature couples previously unknown to each other to run larger sites between them. The experiment has been discontinued on the grounds that the fiercely independent “greys” appear
45 unable to work harmoniously together. Mr King found that “both couples wanted to be the boss and do it their own way”, and unlike younger reps they proved unable or unwilling to operate as a team.[...]

The company has also stopped placing “matures” and younger reps together on a site, where the results of the inevitable “clash of lifestyles” has on some occasions been overheard by holidaymakers, echoing through the trees. “Younger reps feel as though they’re being watched by “mum and dad” and older reps don’t like all the drinking and the mess that tends to develop with youngsters. It’s not a
50 good fit”. Which is not to say that the over-50s are always responsible and upright citizens. “We have had some problems with couriers in their 60s who wanted to do nothing by lie around the pool and drink beer all day” says Mr King, “but thankfully they haven’t re-applied.”