Like a Hurricane

The Indian Movement from Alcatraz to Wounded Knee

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Chapter 1

Leap of Faith

unning without lights to avoid detection, the trawler all but disappeared into the night as it left the docks of Sausalito behind and moved into the spectacular, foreboding waters of San Francisco Bay. The passengers—there were about a dozen—tried not to think about the possibility of being crushed by an oil tanker that didn't see them, or intercepted by a Coast Guard cutter that did. One of them felt like a soldier about to face combat for the first time. There wasn't much conversation.

During the early morning hours of November 20, 1969, the trawler, along with several other boats carrying dozens more young people, headed due southeast, bound for the abandoned prison island of Alcatraz. Breathtaking views appeared on all sides. During the forty-minute journey, the boats glided past the Golden Gate Bridge, thousands of suburban homes in the East Bay, and the hulking shadows of the Marin Headlands. San Francisco's unmistakable skyline—Coit Tower, the shimmering lights of Fisherman's Wharf, and the skyscrapers of the financial district—glimmered in the distance.

Wet sea winds from the Pacific, harsh and salty, swept over the boats. Those on board anxiously searched for the few lights that marked out their seventeen-acre island destination. From San Francisco, Alcatraz appeared a mysterious place, frequently enveloped in mist and fog. Most knew little of it but the familiar legends. Al Capone and Machine Gun Kelly. The Bird Man. The most impenetrable, escape-proof prison ever built, reserved for the nation's most dangerous criminals. The Rock. Only a cruel mile and a quarter from Fisherman's Wharf, but for those looking out through iron bars it might as well have been ten thousand.

The trawler from Sausalito landed on the east side of the island, where a water barge was docked to the wharf. Ed Castillo and the other passengers disembarked and quickly took off into the darkness. They were among the first to arrive.

Castillo, from the Juaneño tribe, taught Native American Studies at UCLA and had flown up from Los Angeles only that morning. Expecting the warm temperatures of his Southern California, he wore a corduroy sports coat, jeans, a ribbon shirt, and a pair of moccasins. His luggage consisted of a blanket, a sleeping bag, a pillow, a toothbrush, and a backpack filled with books.

Castillo and three others wended their way to a fence by the exercise yard on the southwest side of the island. Scaling the high fence, they proceeded through the length of the beige cellblock on the highest point in the center of the island and made their way to the abandoned warden's house. Others from their boat were already there, warming themselves around a blazing fireplace. Periodically someone would sacrifice another chair to keep the flames alive.

Castillo was happy to see the fire. Alcatraz was cold.

As the first group arrived on the island, Anthony Garcia, an Apache student from Berkeley, and Dennis Turner, a UC Santa Cruz student from the Rincon tribe, boarded the schooner of an anesthesiologist to begin their thirty-mile journey from suburban Redwood City to Alcatraz. Turner and Garcia had met at a statewide Indian education conference at Cal State Chico in the summer of 1969. There, a contingent of college students decided to form their

own organization just for students, which had its first meeting at UC Santa Cruz in October.

They were young people whom the educational system neglected and, increasingly, they desired for themselves the same opportunities others had. They wanted programs, Indian faculty slots, and course offerings that highlighted the contributions of American Indians to knowledge and culture. They rallied to the suggestion of using Alcatraz as a way to dramatize their issues. Students from all over the state left their names and addresses with Garcia and Turner at the end of the Santa Cruz conference, excited about the prospect of having their second meeting on Alcatraz. The next month, as Turner and Garcia landed on the island, they could see no evidence that the others had already arrived.

"Anthony," said Turner as both of them became more and more jangled, "do you think anybody's here, or do you think we're it?" Garcia didn't know.

They passed cyclone fences by a stairway. As their eyes followed the stairs upward, they noticed an orange glow piercing the blackness. They stopped, transfixed by the light. The two slowly realized it had to be from a cigarette.

Laughter emanated from the darkness. Spooked, Turner demanded to know who was there. The cigarette smoker identified himself as a student from Santa Cruz. Turner and Garcia asked if the others had made it.

"Yeah, we're here," said the man with the cigarette.

The three waited together at the dock. "It's so quiet," Garcia said.

Through the night, boats had arrived, filtering in slowly from various routes. There in the darkness and cold, most people had their first experience of the treacherous concrete stairway that leads to the second tier of the island.

Garcia, a Vietnam vet with a passion for order, noticed most people had ignored his careful instructions to bring warm clothing and blankets. For now, few seemed to mind the cold as they sat by the furniture-fueled fireplace and traded stories of their amazing landings. If some forgot the suggested provisions, they remembered to bring others. Wine and marijuana turned the warden's house into a dorm room party.

Later, drums and singing from a victory powwow filled the air. The adrenaline rush of their feat kept it going for hours, and night turned to day with few of the seventy-eight occupiers getting much sleep.

When the sun rose they got their first good look at the place. And they must have marveled that they had made it safely to the top of the island, a virtual obstacle course of hazardous paths and crumbling stairways and buildings even in daylight.

Garcia, who had curled up in a dusty corner of a second-floor room in the early hours of the morning, was jolted awake by an unwelcome, disturbingly familiar thumping noise. For a blurry second he thought he was back in Vietnam. He moved to the window and saw a white and red helicopter hovering in the sky.

It disappeared, but not for long. The helicopter returned and seemed to be preparing to land on the large parade ground below the main cellblock area. "Don't let him land," Garcia yelled to the throng of occupiers who raced down to meet the craft, "we're not ready for them yet." Garcia and others quickly rolled trash cans onto the parade ground to prevent the chopper from landing. The maneuver worked. Cheers rose from the yard as the uninvited visitor flew back to San Francisco.

Not ready yet, indeed.

As the sound of the helicopter's rotors faded, the spring break atmosphere of the previous night gave way to a sobering reality. For the most part, the island's new residents were strangers to each other. Various sets of them had worked together for months planning for the landing, but many signed on at the last minute, dressed more for a weekend at a friend's house than what would become an extended occupation of a crumbling prison. Food would become a crisis almost immediately, and other problems were not far behind.

The group assembled in the chapel of the main cellblock for their first meeting. They knew it wouldn't be long before more visitors arrived. Boats were probably already on their way, loaded with reporters, police, and government officials. The students wanted attention, and attention had arrived.

The seventy-eight young Indians—most of them college students—shivering on Alcatraz that November morning had to choose someone to speak for them. This decision, unlike others that would follow, proved to be easy. Few would argue that the man to stand in the spotlight was a charismatic Mohawk from San Francisco State, Richard Oakes. He would be their representative, and through him—in theory—they would speak in a single, unified, and defiant voice.

Like so many in California, Richard Oakes came from somewhere else. In this case, somewhere else was the St. Regis Reserve in New York, near the Canadian border. In the eleventh grade he quit school to become an ironworker, the profession of his father and uncle. For more than ten years he traveled all over the Northeast, earning good money, sometimes living on the reservation and sometimes in cities like Syracuse.

"I was working in Newport, Rhode Island, when I decided to go out to California," Oakes said in a magazine article on the occupation. "I was building a bridge at that time, working a long shift. I just decided to go to California, gave up everything, and drove right across the country."

His trip included visits to Indian reservations. "I had done a lot of reading about Indian people when I was back home, but I saw little of what I'd read about. There was a lot of talk about love and friendship for your fellow man, but I never saw it. What I saw instead was the bickering and barroom fights between the Indians; the constant drinking." Oakes theorized about why this was so. "Drinking seems to fill a void in the lives of many Indians. It takes the place of the singing of a song, the sharing of a song with another tribe. . . . Drinking is used as a way to *create* feelings of some kind where there aren't any. . . . I saw the end of the rainbow; the wrong end."

Ironically, his second job in San Francisco—after a brief stint driving a truck—was tending bar at Warren's, an Indian hangout in the Mission District. He found more drunks, more bar fights; but whether by design or accident the bar was also an ideal place for social investigation of the Bay Area's Indian community. Oakes claimed to be the only sober Indian at Warren's, and for him the job became a crash course in the many problems facing urban Indians.

He poured drinks and listened to sad tales of welfare dependency, bad housing, terrible pain, and isolation.

In early 1969 he enrolled at San Francisco State College. It was a season of chaos and revolution, and a Third World Strike raged on campus. Students demanded an education relevant to a world in crisis. Soon Oakes found himself recruiting his customers into becoming students in the college's new Native American Studies program.

Oakes possessed a natural boldness, good looks, and a commanding physical presence. People knew him as easy-going and friendly, a sympathetic guy with broad shoulders and a dazzling smile. But he had more than just that. Richard had depth. He was the genuine article, one of those fearless high-steel Mohawks you always heard about, standing above the clouds on the beam of a half-finished Manhattan skyscraper, not afraid of heights or much else, for that matter. He used to box, and you could tell from the way he carried himself that he probably wasn't just a bystander in all those tavern brawls he complained about. In addition to everything else, Oakes was a family man, married to a woman named Anne from a California tribe. Anne had five children when they married, and Richard loved those kids as if they were his own.

As a student leader, he traveled the state in 1969, meeting with others who were also pioneers in this new program called Native American Studies. They were a tiny part of the ethnic studies revolution, being offered just a few faculty spots while African-American students got dozens. Oakes, like lots of others, dreamed of bigger things.

The Bay Area Indian community Oakes joined was one of the largest in the nation, and that was no accident. The American government developed programs during the 1950s to move Indian people from reservations to cities, to assimilate them as quickly as possible, and to undermine reservation life.

This was a departure from earlier policies. Only a few decades earlier, Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal proposed an agenda for Indians so unique that some in Congress attacked it as communistic. John Collier, a progressive New York social worker, served as Roosevelt's Indian Commissioner. An admirer of Indian culture, he believed that

not only should Indians be encouraged to maintain traditions but even proposed legislation that would have provided funds for tribes to expand their land base. Those reforms, once they finally emerged underfunded and scaled back from a Congress that did not share Collier's enlightened views of native civilization, were a mixed blessing for Indian people. But there was little ambivalence in the policies that followed.

President Truman appointed Dillon S. Myer to be Commissioner of Indian Affairs in 1950 on the strength of his performance as head of the War Relocation Authority during World War II. Under Myer's direction, the federal government interred more than 120,000 Japanese Americans in harsh conditions for the duration of the war. Myer made a special point of widely distributing these camps around the West in order to prevent the creation of "Little Tokyos" after the war.

As Indian Commissioner, Myer stepped up efforts to end the government's involvement in Indian work and assimilate his changes into American life as rapidly as possible. Using lists that like-minded people in Congress had drawn up in 1946, the agency targeted tribes it considered ready to survive on their own. Indian reservations, with an acknowledged government-to-government relationship to the United States, would disappear, and the areas would fall under the jurisdiction of whatever states and counties they were in—a policy ominously named termination.

Simultaneously, the government pursued a related policy called relocation, through which it encouraged Indians to abandon their lives on reservations for supposedly brighter futures in America's booming cities. At Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) field offices on reservations, posters showed Indians in hardhats building airplanes and going home at night to new homes with modern kitchens, sparking appliances, and television sets. The BIA offered a one-way bus ticket, assistance in finding work, and housing and free medical care for a year.

Commissioner Myer and his successors also aggressively promoted the adoption of Indian children by white families. There was no attempt to place Indian children with Indian families; instead Myer appealed to church groups to understand the need for Indian

children to "have the advantages of a normal home and family environment, which should be the birthright of every American youngster."

One BIA official in Washington state reported on the reaction of people at the Colville reservation to Myer's efforts: "They seem to feel that the program is a government means to move the Indians from the reservation in order to allow white operators to exploit the reservation and eventually force all Indians from the reservation areas."

Earl Old Person, a leader of the National Congress of American Indians, the largest national Indian organization, spoke for many. "It is important to note that in our . . . language the only translation for termination is to 'wipe out' or 'kill off.' We have no . . . words for termination. . . . Why is it so important that Indians be brought into the 'mainstream of American life'?. . . The closest I would be able to come to 'mainstream' would be to say, in [my language], 'a big, wide river.' Am I to tell my people that they will be 'thrown into the Big, Wide River of the United States?'"

Opposition came from others as well. Harold Ickes, who had been Secretary of the Interior under both Roosevelt and Truman and who had been John Collier's boss in the 1930s and 1940s, wrote "So far as our American Indians are concerned, Commissioner Dillon Myer of the Bureau of Indian Affairs is a Hitler and Mussolini rolled into one."

The criticism had little impact. The wish to terminate, relocate, and assimilate Indians had powerful support in the U.S. Congress. Myer would be gone by 1953, replaced by a banker from New Mexico, but during the 1950s the process of terminating several tribes would begin, with disastrous results. More than thirty-five thousand Indians moved to urban areas between 1952 and 1960. Originally the BIA sent them to Denver, Los Angeles, Phoenix, and Salt Lake City. By 1957 the program included Albuquerque, San Francisco, Chicago, Dallas, Tulsa, and Oklahoma City.

The program rarely lived up to the promises in the BIA propaganda. Jobs were hard to find and hard to keep, housing expensive. The cities were lonely places, and Indians generally ended up in ghetto neighborhoods. Nearly a third of those who rode the bus on the Bureau's dime returned to the reservation. Most, however, stayed,

for reasons that had little to do with the grand designs of Dillon Myer and his fellow assimilationists. And why not? Reservation life was hard, and no Indian needed a BIA program to learn that.

Adam Nordwall was the kind of Indian the federal bureaucracy hoped relocation would create. A Red Lake Chippewa from Minnesota, he moved from his reservation home to the Bay Area in 1951. A temporary job with an exterminating company led to promotions and a state license. By 1969 he owned his own business, the First American Termite Company. Nordwall lived in suburban San Leandro with his wife Bobbie, a Shoshone from Nevada, and three children. He drove a Cadillac and employed fifteen people.

His story may have proved it could be done, but as it happened, the Bureau had nothing to do with it. He came to the Bay Area in the early 1950s, not because of the BIA's relocation program but because of the Korean War. Expecting him to be drafted, Nordwall's mother asked her son to move to San Francisco and be with her during his remaining time in civilian life. The call never came. Nordwall stayed.

He emerged as one of the local leaders responsible for developing programs for newcomers from reservation communities since the 1950s, when the only Bay Area meeting places for Indians were bars or government offices. In 1961 the Quakers, a denomination with a long and mixed history with Indians, established the Intertribal Friendship House in Oakland, and for the first time the community had a center for its activities. This inspired Nordwall and others to create an Indian organization called the United Bay Area Council of American Indian Affairs, Incorporated (United Council, for short). The group prided itself on sound fiscal management and strict adherence to parliamentary procedure. Existing social clubs made up most of the membership, and they included the Navajo Club, the Haskell Alumni, the Haida Tlingit Club, and the Four Winds Club. The groups offered fellowship and traditional singing and dancing, and a chance to speak one's tribal language or learn it. The United Council threw parties at Christmas and feasts at Thanksgiving. They tried to cushion the shock reservation people experienced when the tough realities of the relocation program pushed the new arrivals to despair and drink.

The growing group of transplanted Indian people Nordwall and other middle-class leaders worked to keep organized and stabilized were Navajo and Pomo, Eskimo and Comanche. Plenty of Sioux still hated their ancient enemies, the Crows, and many Crows didn't think much of the Sioux. Some of the established ones believed the newer arrivals from reservations were just looking for a handout, not willing to work hard the way they did. Most were Christians; others maintained urbanized versions of tribal traditions or followed the Native American Church. Sometimes, invisibility and isolation seemed to be all they had in common. But over the years, at Indian centers in San Francisco, Oakland, and San Jose, and at powwows and down-and-out bars, they forged a community. By 1964, plenty of people in the community were ready to make at least a dent in their invisibility.

In 1962, after the federal government decided to close the federal prison on Alcatraz, citing the facility's high maintenance cost and deteriorating condition, Nordwall and others took notice. At United Council meetings people brought up treaty provisions that promised surplus or abandoned federal property to Indian tribes. With surplus federal property in plain sight, further research led them to conclude this right was not universal to all Indians, but specific to the Sioux, whose Fort Laramie Treaty of 1868 granted the tribe surplus federal land.

On March 8, 1964, forty Indians traveled to Alcatraz by boat and claimed the island. A Sioux housepainter named Allen Cottier, a descendant of Crazy Horse, read a statement offering forty-seven cents per acre to purchase Alcatraz. This was the same amount California was then offering Indian tribes in the state for land claims dating back to the past century. Joining him were other Sioux people, including two welders named Richard McKenzie and Mark Martinez. Walter Means, who worked at the navy shipyard at Mare Island, brought his twenty-six-year-old son, Russell. They marched slowly behind an American flag. Some wore feathered headdresses.

They, frankly, saw the action as a publicity stunt, and never thought of a long-term occupation. They likely knew the treaty claim was tenuous in its specifics, but they were quite serious about

the central point: treaties were not irrelevant and Indians had not forgotten them. Nordwall marched with them. His job was to arrange press coverage.

The next day's *San Francisco Examiner* and *Oakland Tribune* carried stories about the event that discussed treaty rights and the insulting forty-seven-cent solution the state offered its natives. And although one article called the invasion "wacky," what the Indians remembered, especially the increasingly savvy Ojibway—more often called Chippewa, especially in the 1960s—businessman Adam Nordwall, is that the stories ran at all.

The promised lawsuits to acquire title never materialized, and few outside the American Indian community in the Bay Area thought much of the event. But that ephemeral protest electrified many Bay Area Indians. Alcatraz captured their imagination and never let go. The 1964 landing became part of the community's oral history.

Nordwall and others brooded about Alcatraz when they drove across the Golden Gate Bridge and saw it through the fog, empty, just waiting there, or at night when the lighthouse cut through the dark; foghorn blowing. Reformed, the island with a bad reputation now warned ships of disaster. Yet, it seemed capable of so much more. It was a potential crown jewel in one of the planet's most legendary and beautiful cities.

By the middle of 1969, the question of what should be done with Alcatraz had become one of San Francisco's hottest parlor games. The suggestions included the construction of a West Coast version of the Statue of Liberty, a refuge for abandoned pets, and a gambling casino.

H. Lamar Hunt, an oilman from Houston, Texas, proposed a vast complex of apartments, shops, and restaurants. He would offer tours of a restored prison and build a futuristic museum on space exploration. That spring, the San Francisco Board of Supervisors voted to consider Hunt's concept, launching a wave of protests from Bay Area citizens and moving the issue to the front pages of the newspapers.

Hunt's plan threatened to interfere with nebulous plans Adam

Nordwall and his confederates at the United Council had been devising for the island. Over the years since the 1964 landing, they had planned to write up a proposal and file applications in the hope that this abandoned federal site could be used as a community center for Indian people. All that changed as they found themselves in competition with one of the richest men in America. Clearly, their proposals wouldn't have a chance next to his. Other measures would be required.

For months during the summer of 1969, Adam Nordwall, a community leader, and Richard Oakes, a student activist, became independently obsessed with winning the island for Indian people. In their respective circles, they talked up the idea, and kept tabs on each other from afar. The two knew each other only by reputation, and made no attempt to meet or work together. Oakes could not have been impressed with the businessman and his big car, nor his organization, which was tame by his campus radical standards. Nordwall seemed like precisely the kind of leader that had failed Richard's customers at Warren's. And for Nordwall, with decades of civic work behind him, the sudden appearance of this student militant—only recently arrived from New York—could only have raised all sorts of yellow flags.

Although the two had little in common, they both took seriously an idea that on its face seemed dubious, if not incredible. Oakes and Nordwall may have imagined sharply different visions of the kind of center they wanted on the island, but they agreed on the basic concept. Faced with a problem some would see as modest (after all, Indians were one of many minorities seeking a building to provide services to their people in a modern, progressive city), they believed the best course of action was to invade and occupy a decaying prison reached only by boat, a place the federal government itself couldn't afford to maintain. This was the place Indians planned to build a community center for people who counted themselves lucky if they owned a car. It was almost as if a collective hallucination had drifted over from the Haight.

If the planners needed a goad, they got one on October 10, when the San Francisco Indian Center burned to the ground. The loss was devastating; mourned almost like a death in the family. Suddenly Indians had no place of their own. The nagging problem of facilities to meet the needs of the area's expanding Indian community became a crisis.

A few weeks later, Nordwall and Oakes finally met. The occasion had a touch of the bizarre about it. For one thing, it was at a Halloween party. For another, the party was at the home of a *San Francisco Chronicle* reporter, Tim Findley. Nordwall told a roomful of journalists all about the planned invasion, including the date, and then swore them to secrecy. Richard Oakes was there only because Findley invited him.

Findley knew Nordwall from covering Indians for the *Chronicle.* When Nordwall had asked for advice on how to publicize an upcoming event, an event he promised would be "something big," Findley had suggested the party, since reporters would be there from other newspapers as well as radio and television. He added that he planned to invite Richard and Anne Oakes as well.

At the party, Nordwall told Oakes of his plans and asked if he would join the effort. Oakes immediately said he would. Then Nordwall briefed the reporters, warning that if the news broke before November ninth—the date of the action—the landing would be called off.

The reporters seemed interested and sympathetic. But Nordwall wondered about his new ally. He was taken aback at how quickly Oakes agreed to join forces. He also felt the student leader handled himself badly, drinking too much and becoming belligerent.

Despite that unpleasantness, the evening accomplished everything the older leader hoped for. The students were on board, and the news media was alerted. It was all falling into place. Nordwall could begin making phone calls to arrange the boats. As for Oakes, he may have left the party a little inebriated, but he was clear on one thing: He had no intention of being a bit player in some Adam Nordwall–led, media-sanctioned event.

Oakes continued to organize in the student network for an action independent of Nordwall's. Most of the planning took place at San Francisco State and UC Berkeley. At one meeting Oakes brought

a lawyer, Aubrey Grossman, to help them sort out the legal questions. Did they really have a leg to stand on with this Sioux Treaty argument? Could they argue that Indians had a generic right to abandoned federal property? Would they be arrested? Could they end up with a prison sentence? Grossman, a progressive involved in land issues of the Pit River tribe north of San Francisco, encouraged them to stage the occupation and told them to let attorneys like him worry about all the legal implications later.

Meetings and logistics were not among Oakes's strengths. For these, Anthony Garcia, among others, carried the ball. In personality they were opposites, and their differences complemented each other. Where Oakes craved the spotlight, Garcia stayed in the shadows. Garcia loved order and planning and attention to detail, while Oakes focused on the big picture.

Others had good organizational skills and were reliable and level-headed, but Oakes grew impatient with explanations of why it would require weeks to find boats, attract sympathetic reporters, and make sure everyone had enough warm clothes and food. He wanted to get it on. Now. The student network moved into high gear. In classrooms late at night, students filled blackboards with maps of the Bay, lists of staging areas, and contingency plans.

All too soon the calendar read November 9, D Day for Nordwall's occupation plan, and Oakes, despite being a ringleader in other plans for the island, had to deal with the promise he had made at Tim Findley's party.

On that morning, Adam Nordwall drove with his family from his home in San Leandro to San Francisco's Fisherman's Wharf, got dressed head to toe in his best powwow clothes, and was confident that five charter boats, gassed up and ready to go, were waiting at Pier 39.

He arrived to find the worst scenario imaginable: a large and restless press corps, an anxious crowd of Indians, and the shouted question, "Where the hell are the boats?"

Their transports were supposed to be at the Harbor Tours dock but were nowhere in sight. Nordwall stalled for time trying to find a solution. Richard Oakes suggested that students read the Proclamation—a document that explained the action—to the news media. Nordwall agreed, then looked for a phone.

He didn't have long. As if to underscore the obvious, Tim Findley walked over and pointed to a boat on the water near Alcatraz, and told Nordwall film crews were already in position on board to record the actual landing.

The students dragged out the reading of the proclamation as much as they could, using three different speakers, but even that lengthy exercise came to an end. Singing and dancing followed, but the media knew something was up, and clearly would not wait much longer.

Nordwall's phone calls finally produced a willing boat, and the skipper promised to be right over, but long minutes passed and he failed to appear. People were starting to leave. The November sun, low in the western sky, cast long shadows over the pier.

As Nordwall contemplated his seemingly imminent disgrace, he noticed a beautiful, perfectly restored three-masted schooner preparing to cast off. Bearing the name *Monte Cristo* and gleaming with polished brass, it might have sailed straight out of a movie screen. The captain, an attractive man dressed in white, matched the boat perfectly. His ruffled shirt, tight-fitting pants, and long blond hair made Nordwall think of Erroll Flynn.

With nowhere else to go, the Indian in beads and buckskin and moccasins padded over to the captain dressed like a pirate, and asked for help.

Thirty minutes later they were off, literally to the sound of cannons. The *Monte Cristo* even had those. Spectators cheered and waved. The Indians brought a drum, and soon the high pitch of Plains war songs floated across the water as they headed to Alcatraz, escorted by boats filled with reporters on each side.

Nordwall marveled at his swift change in fortune. The press coverage would be awesome, and their splendid ship guaranteed fabulous pictures. There would be no landing—the captain, a Canadian named Ronald Craig, would agree only to circle the island—but this symbolic claim on Alcatraz was a lot better than nothing. Landing or no landing, Nordwall thought, what a marvelous event, what an exhilarating day.

As the boat neared the island and the Ojibway businessman

reflected on how quickly things could change, Richard Oakes quietly removed his shirt and jumped over the railing.

His plunge into the Bay stunned those watching from the deck of the *Monte Cristo*. Shouts filled the air. The captain, panicked at the sight of the thrashing Mohawk, insisted everyone stay put.

They ignored the captain. Splash. Another one, then two more Indians jumped.

As Oakes knifed his way through the frigid waters toward Alcatraz, shocked by the strength of the current and the temperature of the bay, all he could dare think about was making it to the shore. The island was 250 yards away. He swam desperately, fighting just to survive.

The *Monte Cristo* turned away from the island, preventing further disobedience, but it was too late. Richard Oakes had jumped ship. He was having none of the "symbolic" claiming of the island. He insisted on the real thing. He was tired of doing things only for publicity.

In an hour he and the others would be back at Fisherman's Wharf, still shivering, returned by the Coast Guard. Instead of failure, Oakes felt exhilaration. Taking Alcatraz suddenly became real, possible, even inevitable. Until then, Alcatraz had been a dream. His leap of faith was extraordinary, but what really mattered is that other people followed him. At that moment the long occupation of Alcatraz could be said to have begun. Richard Oakes changed the rules. The carefully scripted media event was out of control, and he, not Adam Nordwall, would write the next act.

Tim Findley's story in the *San Francisco Chronicle* ran just below the fold on page one. It called the four who jumped from the yacht "braves," quoted generously from the proclamation, gave Nordwall his due, and made no mention of the Halloween party.

Oakes and thirteen others returned to Alcatraz the very night of the *Monte Cristo* episode, taking a boat from Sausalito and spending the night hiding from the caretaker and his dog. They left the next morning, after claiming the island and telling the federal administrator who arrived with reporters that they would be back.

They hailed the two unsuccessful attempts at occupation as scouting expeditions. The experience also taught Oakes that he needed more people to make an occupation work, so he traveled to UCLA and talked to forty members of the student group there into joining in. One person, however, he could do without. Adam Nordwall, as it happened, would be out of town on November 20, attending a national conference on Indian education.

That would be the date of the real assault.

Chapter 11

All Things Twice

The federal officials selected to investigate the Independent Oglala Nation's sovereign status were not diplomats, FBI agents, or lawyers, but, curiously, postal inspectors. In a move apparently designed to test the waters inside the village, six detectives from the postal service entered Wounded Knee Sunday morning, March 11, ostensibly responding to reports of mail tampering. The trading post served, in addition to its other services, as U.S. Post Office.

Their visit proved to be a godsend for Russell Means, who welcomed the opportunity to cut through the ambiguity of the last several days and project a harder edge to the national press. With news cameras rolling, he ordered the postal inspectors held at gunpoint, and in a harsh, shrill voice made clear that Wounded Knee was far from over. "If any foreign official representing any foreign power—specifically the United States—comes in here it will be treated as an act of war and dealt with accordingly." Spies, he said, would be "shot by a firing squad."

The postal inspectors, hands on their heads, were marched off to

the Wounded Knee museum for a brief imprisonment. Dennis Banks told reporters, "We're going to establish here a symbolic Indian government and we're going to stay here indefinitely. We expect Indians from all over the country to help us in demonstrating our ability to rule ourselves." The scores of Indians who had arrived during the last several days would not be the last to stand with the Oglalas, he said, adding that caravans of additional volunteers were already heading to South Dakota from around the country.

The second confrontation of the day took place a few hours later. A van filled with warriors, returning to Wounded Knee from the nearby town of Manderson, reported that an FBI sedan pulled up alongside them and opened fire. One bullet blew a hole in the van's windshield. The warriors returned fire, hitting an FBI agent in the wrist. In the FBI's version of events, the agent and his partner were sitting in their car at a checkpoint when they were suddenly ambushed.

The two incidents put the occupation back on military footing and back on the front pages of the nation's newspapers. Fifteen APCs that had lumbered off to Nebraska reversed direction and returned to Pine Ridge. Federal lawmen rebuilt the perimeter they had disassembled only a few days before, and a call went out from the command post to reservation border towns for additional motel rooms.

The chief of the marshals, Wayne Colburn, looked at the disappointing results of the blockade removal experiment and said there would be a change in policy. "We're going to have to be a lot more hard-nosed about this than we were before. We have gotten no reasonable response from the AIM Indians and we have no reason to expect any reasonable response," he said.

The blockade was back, with a vengeance. The marshals planned to seal off Wounded Knee tighter than a drum. Reporters, hearing echoes of Indian policies of earlier centuries, asked if the new policy was designed to starve out the rebels, and Colburn seemed ready for their question: "We're sure planning to change their lifestyle."

Both parties agreed there was no point to a negotiating session on the morning of March 12. Colburn sent an aide to the place where the two sides held informal meetings, a rough barricade of sandbags and burned vehicles outside the village. The aide told Stan Holder,

Wounded Knee's defense minister, that the government believed "you have not been negotiating in good faith and there is no reason to have a meeting today." Holder couldn't argue with that. "Since we are an independent nation now we no longer recognize your authority and I have no authority on behalf of our country to negotiate with you. Any agreements made until now were made by me as an American citizen and are longer in effect." In reality, however, both sides still hoped for a settlement, and the pause in negotiations would be short-lived.

Some in AIM had argued they had scored a tremendous victory by gaining the world's attention and sympathy and forcing the government to back down. It was a moral victory, true, but one the movement could find ways to capitalize on, turning public sympathy into more concrete achievements. Continuing the occupation risked squandering the opportunities presented by this blaze of publicity if they failed to extract additional concessions from government negotiators.

Continuing the occupation also carried the obvious danger that the light, infrequent skirmishes between the two forces would turn into open warfare. So far, only two Indians had been wounded, and those wounds were slight. (In one of those cases, it was even the source of some amusement—a bullet had grazed the knee of a warrior.) But everyone knew the other side had firepower the village could never match, and even without a direct assault, federal bunkers could inflict devastating ruin on Wounded Knee.

If the Indians were going to declare victory and walk out, triumphantly, into the klieg lights of the television cameras and the arresting arms of federal lawmen, the best moment would have been during the weekend the government removed its roadblocks. That moment had passed. AIM and the Oglalas, knowing they could not hold out indefinitely, now needed to reach an agreement that would bring relief to Pine Ridge and force the United States to consider, in some way, the treaty and sovereignty issues at the center of the fight on the reservation.

The federal government had its own reasons for preferring a negotiated settlement. Another veiled threat of military action, after failing to pull the trigger on the last one, would probably have little

credibility with either the Independent Oglala Nation or the press. Sealing off the village, the lifestyle change Colburn spoke of, might take weeks. The ring around the encampment measured fifteen miles in circumference, and even a force of three hundred marshals, FBI agents, and BIA police would not be enough to prevent some supplies from getting through. Even if this strategy worked it could be a disaster, in this strange contest where winning could be losing and losing could be winning. Starving out hundreds of Indians, many of them women and children, during a Dakota winter, might be as politically damaging as a military assault. Neither side felt the other had been serious about negotiations, but both, reluctantly, looked to a peace agreement as their best chance of winning.

A new envoy arrived from Washington on March 13, two days after the detainment of the postal inspectors and the wounding of the FBI agent. Ralph Erickson, the previous negotiator, had been replaced by Harlington Wood, an assistant attorney general for the Justice Department.

Wood set a new tone as soon as he landed in South Dakota. He insisted on meeting with the occupiers immediately, inside Wounded Knee. The FBI thought this a bad idea, warning he might be taken captive. Wood ignored them and went anyway.

With this decision Wood signaled that he would not treat the Indians as though they were simply common criminals. Wounded Knee responded with an elaborate show of protocol when they escorted Wood from the government checkpoint into the village for their first meeting. Two young Indians on horseback led the way. Russell Means, Leonard Crow Dog, and Carter Camp walked next to Wood. Two dozen fighters, most carrying rifles, completed the procession.

Ramon Roubideaux, AIM's attorney, was impressed. "It was quite a sight to see Wood stride into Wounded Knee. He took the bull by the horns and said he wanted to end this shooting. If there were more like him in government we wouldn't have any problems."

Dennis Banks, Russell Means, Clyde Bellecourt, Carter Camp, Pedro Bissonette, and Vernon Long made up the Wounded Knee negotiating team. Both sides called the session productive and businesslike, and said they would continue.

Another positive sign of progress came, ironically, in the first

round of indictments returned by the federal grand jury in Sioux Falls. Although the grand jury issued thirty-one indictments for charges that included burglary, larceny, and civil disorder, they did not indict anyone for kidnapping. The panel continued to hear testimony—and the possibility existed that they could still charge AIM leaders for kidnapping—but at least for the moment the nightmare specter of lifetime sentences for Means, Banks, and the others seemed to recede.

In its second week, the occupation continued to win time on the evening newscasts and consume vast amounts of government resources. Yet it failed to break through to that highest level of emergency and become a crisis that required the personal attention of the president.

On March 13 President Nixon's most trusted advisors met to devise a political strategy for handling the situation. The strategy proposed by those experienced in Indian uprisings called for the now familiar techniques of labeling the protesters as not representative of the Indian community, and trotting out those leaders who supposedly were, as well as emphasizing the Nixon record of innovation and reform.

Indians had been a minor issue for those at Nixon's side on a day-to-day basis, a bone tossed to the liberals that paled in comparison to Vietnam, détente, and the economy. They saw no reason to elevate the issue now. In the minutes of the meeting, the president's no-nonsense right hand, H. R. Haldeman, penned his thoughts on the subject. Next to the topic heading "Wounded Knee" he wrote in large letters "don't worry about it." And across the top, he added "This meeting was a 100 percent waste of time."

Haldeman's political instincts seemed to be confirmed the next day, when President Nixon held a formal news conference. Reporters asked about China, Watergate, strategic nuclear weapons, and for the president's views on criminal penalties for the possession of marijuana, but not one asked about Wounded Knee.

That same day, a winter storm blew into South Dakota and dumped ten inches of snow on the reservation. Winds gusted to sixty miles an hour and windchills hit fifteen degrees below zero. Inside

the village, the euphoric atmosphere of the previous weekend gave way to pneumonia and strict food rationing. The kitchen began serving one meal a day, and warriors left their bunkers to try their hand at cattle rustling. Three of the non-Indians surrendered to federal authorities.

The blizzard seemed a perfect complement to the marshals' new get-tough policy." The chief marshal, however, had to respond to the presence of dozens of permanent residents of Wounded Knee. They had stubbornly elected to stay, occupation or no occupation, and several of them needed insulin. The marshals allowed two cars into the village, loaded with food, fuel, and medicine. Dennis Banks, who had become anxious for the talks to resume, scoffed when the feds canceled a planned negotiating session because of the storm: "I've seen football games in worse weather than this."

The two sides talked again the following day, and at their conclusion Wood flew back to Washington for consultations. From his point of view, the negotiations had been frustrating, but not without some promise. He could not offer amnesty, or implementation of the 1868 Fort Laramie Treaty, but he could offer to align the Justice Department and its considerable resources on the side of those Pine Ridge citizens who felt victimized by Wilson's government.

Wood offered to flood the reservation with investigators from his agency's civil rights division, ready to file charges against Wilson's goons, or Wilson himself. U.S. attorneys could be assigned to prosecute civil rights violations. Even the marshals, now pointing automatic weapons at Wounded Knee, could remain on the reservation, ready to back up the Justice Department's teams of investigators and lawyers, becoming a force that would protect the Oglalas instead of Wilson.

For AIM and the Oglalas it was a tempting proposition. The basic issues were disarmament and amnesty. The AIM leaders had already reconciled themselves to the fact that amnesty would never be granted, and Means had started talking up the terrific political opportunity the inevitable trials would offer. Disarmament would come with an agreement. But the militants at Pine Ridge had not taken over Wounded Knee to battle the Justice Department. The fight was with the BIA and the Interior Department. To AIM, the marshals and the FBI men were essentially rented cops.

Although Dick Wilson's tenure as tribal president remained an obstacle, the new federal representative saw a possible solution. Wood listened carefully as Ramon Roubideaux spoke for the Oglalas about a new petition campaign underway asking for a referendum on Wilson's removal. It seemed to be a way to remove the tribal president through constitutional means. The Interior Department would not have to take any action against him, it would only have to remain impartial and allow the process to move forward.

Wood left South Dakota believing that he had reached a tentative agreement that called for AIM's disarmament and evacuation, and in return a high-ranking Interior official—preferably the head of the BIA—would meet with AIM the next day at Wounded Knee. All the government had to do was send somebody from Interior to talk to the Indians the day after they had disarmed. The package might as well have promised the immediate return of the Black Hills. In Washington, Wood ran into a buzz saw of opposition.

A few days earlier, Rogers Morton, the new Interior Secretary—in California receiving treatment for prostate cancer—issued a lengthy and passionate statement on Wounded Knee. He wrote "there has grown up in the wake of the black militant movement in this country a revolutionary Indian element. Dramatic violence is their pattern. The occupation of Alcatraz, Nike [missile] sites, the federal office building in Washington, the village of Wounded Knee and others all fall into it." Morton said some of their leaders are starstruck with self-righteousness, renegades, youthful adventurers "slipping from one expensive-to-the-taxpayers event to the next under a cloak of false idealism. The bloody past is the color of their banner, publicity is the course of their future."

As if anticipating Wood's proposal, Morton's statement continued, "There is one thing of which I am very sure. Nothing is gained by blackmail. You cannot run this government or find equitable solutions with a gun at your head or the heads of hostages. Any agency of government that is forced into a fast deal by revolutionary tactics, blackmail or terrorism is not worth its salt. These are criminal operations and should be dealt with accordingly."

Marvin Franklin, the BIA's acting director and former chairman of the Iowa tribe, announced that he would quit rather than sit down with AIM. Only after intense White House pressure would he agree

to a meeting, and insisted it take place not in Wounded Knee but in Sioux Falls, on South Dakota's eastern edge. Resentful, he told reporters the whole thing was overblown and "not as serious as those Wild West movies on television would have you believe. All those people on the reservation are related and they all have a lot of fun."

Wood returned to Pine Ridge on March 17, walking past a federal checkpoint to hand Dennis Banks a dozen copies of the doomed agreement. "This is the best I could do," the Justice department lawyer said, sounding a note of regret. He thanked Banks personally for keeping the peace during the past days, and said "If you want to see me again, I'll come back at any time. It will be at your pleasure."

The peace ended that night when one of the heaviest firefights to date broke out. Hundreds of rounds of automatic weapons poured into the village. Tracer bullets lit up the sky. Warriors answered with their hunting rifles, and watched as the marshals unleashed their most lethal weapon, the .50-caliber machine-gun.

The M16 could kill a man, easily, even from five hundred yards, but the M50 was something else altogether. The M50 felt like it could knock down a house. The fearsome weapon was a modern version of the Hotchkiss gun, eighty years improved, and the Hotchkiss gun was what the Seventh Cavalry hauled up on one of the very hillsides now occupied by the APC that fired the M50. The bullets were huge, two inches in diameter, and left holes the size of softballs. They managed to terrify even when they missed, ripping into the frozen ground and tearing up pieces of earth like a plow.

The village felt lucky that night, even though a Chicano medic named Rocky Madrid took an M16 bullet in the stomach—he was going to be okay. No one panicked, the warriors performed with skill and discipline, and things could have been a lot worse.

On March 18, the Wounded Knee community voted down Wood's proposal, and offered a counterproposal that called for talks with a presidential emissary—to the Indians an approach more consistent with their sovereign status. The Interior Department, proving that it was still an agency of unvarnished colonialism, would not compromise on the issue of Wilson, not because of who he was but because of what he stood for.

The new arrivals who had streamed in during the government's temporary withdrawal had saved the occupation, but also brought

new problems. Almost everyone during the first several days was Oglala and from the reservation. They were friends, comrades, relatives, or at least acquaintances. Similarly, the AIM people were known to Banks, Means, and the Bellecourts.

This changed dramatically after the roadblocks were lifted, and then reinstated. Scores of the Independent Oglala Nation's new citizens were not only not Sioux, they weren't even Indian. The showdown had captivated white leftists, eager to support this new and surprising armed struggle for national liberation, and members of the counterculture, who had always "liked Indians." Also arriving were contingents from the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, Chicanos, and a sprinkling of Asians and Blacks.

The Indians ranged from seasoned AIM members to students from the Institute of American Indian Arts in Santa Fe, New Mexico, who told reporters they drove up just to check things out. Richard Whitman, a Los Angeles college student, heard speakers give a firsthand account of the occupation and ask for volunteers to join them. When the militants drove back the same night, Whitman rode with them. A few days later he found himself assigned to a bunker, training his hunting rifle on federal agents.

Wounded Knee, to the outside world, was a startling, unlikely event—some called it heroic and brave, others quixotic and misguided—that had one message above all others. Indians are still here, and are still fighting. It was the same message proclaimed by the activists of the 1960s and the students who held Alcatraz Island, but it still struck many non-Indians as a new concept.

To Indians, however, it spoke in a determined and forceful way that touched all and moved many of them to action. Mary Brave Bird, a Lakota teenager present at Calico, described her emotions when she realized they were about to take over Wounded Knee. It was, she said, "an excitement choking our throats."

That same excitement choked at Richard Whitman's throat and thousands of other Indian people who would directly participate in the siege over the coming weeks. The flickering televised images of the warriors holding the United States at bay on the frozen, hallowed ground became a call to action.

Passamaquoddys in Maine burned tires on highways; Tuscaroras smashed windows on the main street of Lumberton, North Carolina; Navajos marched on the federal building in Phoenix. On reservations far from Pine Ridge, teenagers laid out their jeans and bandanas, ready to steal away in the night and ride off with friends for a two-day journey in borrowed cars with noisy mufflers and uncertain durability.

For every person like Richard Whitman who defended the village by force of arms, dozens more put themselves at risk by hiking through the countryside, bringing food and ammunition to the warriors.

In Denver, a key center for Wounded Knee mobilizations, one woman had her Chevy Vega outfitted with a secret compartment to hold weapons. When law enforcement officials checked cars driven by Indians and young people heading anywhere close to South Dakota, her innovation made it through the searches.

Young Indian women took the lead in coordinating the demonstrations, the supply trains, and other logistical assistance. Most were not content just to provide support, and joined the occupation itself, sometimes for a few days, sometimes longer. They found at Wounded Knee solidarity, danger, and an exhilarating sense of freedom, among other things. At Christmastime, as 1973 drew to a close, so many had become mothers that the Indian community called their newborns the "Wounded Knee babies."

Oglalas furious at their tribal government had taken Wounded Knee, but the intricate local politics had been subsumed in greater meaning. Wounded Knee had declared itself a nation, a liberated territory, and this declaration had been greeted by the most powerful nation on earth with the threat of annihilation. Compared with this state of affairs, Wilson had as much to do with Wounded Knee as the seating policies of bus companies in southern cities had to do with the freedom struggle of African-Americans.

When the Oglalas declared Wounded Knee to be a sovereign nation, they formally sought the recognition and assistance from the Six Nations of the Iroquois Confederacy. On March 19, a delegation of chiefs arrived to convey their solidarity with the occupation.

That evening, Oren Lyons, the Onondaga chief who led the delegation, read from a statement issued by the Grand Council of Iroquois. Part of it addressed the U.S. government directly.

"You are concerned for the destruction of property at the BIA building and at Wounded Knee. Where is your concern for the destruction of our people, for human lives?" Lyons spoke of the Mohicans, the Pequots, of Sand Creek and Big Foot. "When will you cease your violence against our people? Where is your concern for us?" Lyons told of Indian lands flooded to make way for power projects, strip-mined by coal companies, and plundered of timber. "Compare the damage of the BIA and Wounded Knee against the terrible record and tell us that we are wrong for wanting redress. We ask for justice, and not from the muzzle of an M16 rifle."

The Grand Council's statement asked that the government withdraw the marshals and FBI agents, and not prosecute those involved in taking over Wounded Knee. The closing words were moving and eloquent.

> We have not asked you to give up your religions for ours.
> We have not asked you to give up your ways of life for ours.
> We have not asked you to give up your government for ours.
> We have not asked you to give up your territories.
> Why can you not accord us with the same respect? For your children learn from watching their elders, and if you want your children to do what is right, then it is up to you to set the example. That is all we have to say at this moment. Oneh.

The delegates remained at Wounded Knee for four days, and shared the Confederacy's views on sovereignty and nationhood. They left on March 23, and their exit was an impressive demonstration that Indian sovereignty could be more than political theory. The Iroquois issue their own passports, which the U.S. and Canadian governments honor at international borders because of treaties guaranteeing them free passage. The delegation walked straight through Federal Roadblock 1, unchallenged by the same marshals who for weeks had not hesitated to bar access to journalists and doctors. As the Iroquois left, they exchanged greetings with the militant black activist Angela Davis. She too came to Wounded Knee to show her solidarity, but never made it past the roadblocks.

As the occupation entered its third week, Leonard Crow Dog told his embattled, hungry community the Ghost Dance would be performed again the next morning.

Americans maintaining their hard-fought control of the western frontier in the late 1880s had to contend with a messianic, revivalist movement called the Ghost Dance. It promised that the dead would return; family members and buffaloes too. The movement swept the Plains, and starving, defeated Indians danced in a frenzy for days at a time, a spectacle that frightened the U.S. Army. Its leader was a Paiute visionary named Wovoka. (John Trudell chose that name for his son during the Alcatraz occupation.) The original Wovoka always wore a large black hat. It was said by Indians that if you looked into this hat, you would see the universe.

Crow Dog said the Ghost Dance would take place in the gully where Big Foot's people were killed. They would begin at dawn, barefoot, in the snow and mud, and dance in a circle for hours and hours, until the night returned. They would do this each morning for four days. Crow Dog explained why in his guttural, unexpectedly musical voice. "We're gonna unite together," he said, but achieving this unity would be hard. There would be "no rest, there's no intermission, no coffee break." Some might go into convulsions. If they do, "don't be scared. We won't call a medic—the spirit's gonna be the doctor." If someone falls, pick him up and hold hands, and keep going.

You will see clouds, he said, visions, and the visions will elevate you to another world. There you will see brothers and relations that have died. The Ghost Dance Spirit will appear. "We're not gonna go on a trip like on drugs. It starts physically and goes into spiritually, and then you will get into the power . . . we're gonna unite together as brothers—we're gonna Ghost Dance."

Crow Dog told them "everyone had heard about the Ghost Dance, but nobody ever seen it. That was something the United States of America prohibits—they're not gonna have no Ghost Dance, no Sun Dance religion, no Indian religion. But this hoop has to be not broken—for the whole unborn generations.

"So decide tonight if you want to dance with me tomorrow. You be ready."

Courage and stamina were not the only requirements. Special clothes were needed as well. A century earlier Ghost Dancers wore the sun and the moon and the stars on their backs, special shirts whose brightly painted images of the heavens possessed extraordinary power. Believers said the shirts made them bulletproof.

During the night women scoured Wounded Knee for material they could use, but fabric, like almost everything else, was in short supply. Instead the women found burlap and curtains, and turned the coarse material into Ghost Dance Shirts. They were painted by those who knew the old designs, and when they were finished the humble shirts were pronounced beautiful.

Forty men and women accepted Crow Dog's invitation. Russell Means was one of the forty, and shared his thoughts at a community meeting when the four days of dancing ended. "The white man says that the 1890 massacre was the end of the wars with the Indian, that it was the end of the Indian, the end of the Ghost Dance. Yet here we are at war, we're still Indians, and we're Ghost Dancing again. And the spirits of Big Foot and his people are all around us. They suffered through here once before, in the snow and the cold, and they were hungry, and they were surrounded at the time with the finest weapons the United States had available to them, brand new machine guns and cannons."

Big Foot's people, said Means, were "like a grandfather. It was time for them to go to sleep, but they had a child that was just born." For Means, this represented the generation born at the end of the last century, and he spoke of the events that shaped that child. "World War I came along, and the United States asked the American Indian if they would fight their war for them." The Indians who fought in Europe shared their knowledge of the globe when they returned home. Then, another war. "This time they not only took Indians into the army, but into defense plants all across America, and into the big cities." The history lesson became autobiography, at once the story of a people and the story of Russell Means, whose father left the reservation for work in a California naval base. "And we learned the ways of the white man, right here in this country . . . and brought that knowledge back for the use of our people." He recalled labor battles of the 1930s, anticommunism in the 1950s, the black rebellions of the 1960s—those events were lesson plans for the child born to Big Foot's

people. We are that child, Means said, Oglala patriots unafraid to take up arms against the United States, and we are back.

They were also hungry. The parallels of eighty-three years earlier grew more acute with each passing day, as food supplies inside the village dwindled. Wounded Knee's population varied, but rarely dipped below two hundred, and feeding two hundred people proved to be a challenge as great as that of military defense or political strategy. The only way to get food into Wounded Knee was to bring it on your back.

Food came into Wounded Knee on the backs of volunteers, literally. There was no alternative. The trip for some began hundreds of miles away. When they arrived on Pine Ridge and made contact with occupation sympathizers, they usually assembled at a house eight or ten or fifteen miles from Wounded Knee. The reservation people crucial to making this underground railroad work risked as much or more as the ones who carried the supplies. Outsiders were deported from Pine Ridge, but the BIA police and Wilson's goons could take more severe action against residents.

The backpackers would set out in small groups at night, loaded down with forty or fifty pounds of food. Local Oglalas usually led them across the rugged terrain, but sometimes even they became lost. For the first five or six hours their enemies were freezing temperatures, darkness, steep inclines up riverbeds, and holes they couldn't see, a possible sprain with every misstep. When they neared the village, exhausted, they had to avoid federal marshals patrolling the area. Other officers launched flares to make their work easier. The flares cast an eerie light on the landscape, and forced the backpackers to hit the ground. The feds also had high-intensity searchlights, infrared detectors, jeeps equipped with xenon lights, and weapons with starlight scopes. Sometimes, after getting lost or not finding a way past the perimeter because of the patrols and the flares, dawn would arrive and force the backpackers to spend the entire day in a canyon. In daylight their chances of being arrested greatly increased.

Food was a weapon, and sometimes it also was a symbol. Beef "liberated" from white ranchers also contributed to the Wounded Knee kitchen, but these expeditions had their own dangers. Some ranchers had already been observed joining in gun battles between government forces and Indians, and if any of those ranchers caught

AIM militants poaching their cattle, one could only expect them to respond with gleeful and severe retribution.

One head of cattle prompted an incident that fascinated journalists. Young Indian men brought a cow into the village, and did not know how to kill or slaughter it. A cameraman for a television network showed them how.

The anecdote spoke volumes to reporters for whom the occupation, despite its moments of drama and heroism, had become increasingly disappointing. One editorial dismissed the Indians as more white than red. Indian demands were utopian, absurd. The rebels wanted to return to the nineteenth century, and when they didn't want to return to the nineteenth century they disappointed by doing mundane, twentieth century things like setting up an office for the Independent Oglala Nation and issuing newsletters. They were too Indian or not Indian enough, sophisticated manipulators of television or hopelessly romantic primitives. Indians should know how to butcher cattle, it was that simple. Any Indian who needed a television cameraman to butcher his cow could not be taken very seriously.

The government responded to the outpouring of support for Wounded Knee with an impressive national campaign of its own. Under the expansive terms of a controversial piece of legislation passed six years earlier, federal police arrested scores of individuals who tried to bring food into Wounded Knee. They arrested supporters in Nevada, Ohio, Oregon, and California, en route to Pine Ridge. In some cases they were political activists or students; in other cases they were Americans of no particular ideology, moved by the televised scenes. In almost every case they were shocked to find themselves arrested and often jailed for the possession of groceries, with the intent to cross state lines.

Opponents of the controversial legislation, passed in 1967, called it "the H. Rap Brown Act," a bitter nickname that referred to the Black Power activist who inspired its passage. The law gave the federal government wide authority, some argued unconstitutional authority, to stop and arrest people believed to be crossing state lines to take part in a civil disorder.

AIM had a special talent for creating sympathy for its actions, but

at Wounded Knee that would not be enough. AIM needed both public opinion on its side—to stay the hand of crisis managers who might yet decide a military solution was the correct solution—and a coordinated resupply effort to keep the occupation alive.

The national crackdown against Wounded Knee's supporters mirrored a more aggressive strategy on Pine Ridge. On March 16, a hundred BIA police, FBI, and marshals stormed a house in Porcupine that served as a major link in the support network. The sweep resulted in the arrest and expulsion of seventy-five people. Some had traveled for days only to be stopped eight miles from their goal. The government net reached coast to coast, and seemed to be getting more effective by the day.

AIM had considerable experience at facing government barricades, court orders, and ultimatums. The movement was not easily frightened or intimidated, but this was their first siege. Each day at Wounded Knee was a victory of sorts, but time favored the government and not the Indians.

The arrival of a dozen backpackers in the morning prompted rejoicing for the occupiers. Often no one made it through, and that usually meant one of two things: The feds had arrested people during the night, or, even worse, no one had tried to make it to the village. Either way it was bad news.

One afternoon Dennis Banks gave reporters a firsthand look at the dismal state of the Independent Oglala Nation's kitchen. A dense fog had settled over the snow-covered ground, dreary weather that matched the atmosphere inside. Exhausted and bored fighters asked the visitors for cigarettes and fruit. Banks admitted the compound was almost out of food, and warned that if necessary, they would shoot their way past federal agents to acquire supplies.

Gun battles became more frequent in the days that followed the occupation rejection's of the Wood proposal. Furious exchanges lasting several hours took place on March 21 and March 22. The government told news organizations their safety could no longer be guaranteed. Reporters started leaving, and those who stayed found their access to the village limited.

For the occupation, the dwindling press corps was an ominous development, quickly followed by another. A few weeks earlier, one

television reporter described Wounded Knee as "war games without the war." The clever line may have accurately described the first phase of the occupation, but it no longer applied, and he, like the other correspondents, were no longer around to cover the second phase. On Sunday evening, March 25, police found a key Wilson ally on the tribal council, Leo Wilcox, incinerated in his car on a highway near Scenic, just off the reservation. The first reports called the accident suspicious, and Wilson and others immediately concluded Wilcox's fiery death was a political assassination carried out by AIM.

A few days later a detailed investigation by coroners, fire marshals, and pathologists would rule otherwise, calling the death a result of asphyxiation, and the fire a freakish accident caused by a broken fuel line. They could find no evidence of foul play.

The report came too late to stop Wilson and his allies from acting on their rage, and the next morning, Monday, March 26, they established their own roadblocks around Wounded Knee, outside the federal government's roadblocks, and a few hours later made their presence felt. A judge in Sioux Falls had issued a decision a day earlier in favor of the newly created Wounded Knee Legal Defense/Offense Committee, which asked that the federal government allow six cars, each with a lawyer, food, and medicine into the village. It was a small but important victory for AIM, and a defeat for the government. But Wilson announced the federal court order had no validity on Pine Ridge, and his new roadblock stopped the cars from going through. The marshals watched and did nothing.

A few hours later Wounded Knee saw the most intense exchange of gunfire yet, and the federal side took its first serious casualty. Lloyd Grimm, a marshal from Omaha, Nebraska, was hit in the chest. A helicopter brought him to a military hospital in Colorado. Grimm had no feeling in his legs; doctors said they didn't know if the paralysis was temporary or permanent.

Wounded Knee's security forces felt certain Grimm was hit by his own side's crossfire, the result of overzealous and poorly coordinated shooting by the marshals, FBI agents, and BIA police. This theory could not be proved, but it gained in credibility when the government failed to release information on the bullet.

Monday evening, March 26, the firing resumed, and it lasted all night. The incoming fire hit no one inside the village, but the occupation nonetheless suffered a devastating defeat at Wounded Knee's most vulnerable moment: The last of the network television crews packed up and left. As if to underscore the village's sudden isolation, the last telephone line went down during the night.

The next evening Dennis Banks and Russell Means secretly left the village and by morning had made the hundred-mile journey to Rosebud, the neighboring Sioux reservation. AIM had supporters at Rosebud—Crow Dog lived there, for example—and unlike Pine Ridge it could operate openly. The two AIM leaders found volunteers and supplies waiting at Rosebud, and organized new supply lines into Pine Ridge.

Banks and Means returned the next day to confront the new headaches of Wilson's roadblock and the lack of news reporters. They also learned that Hank Adams, their ally in the Trail of Broken Treaties six months earlier, had arrived in Pine Ridge bearing a new proposal on behalf of Leonard Garment and the White House.

Wounded Knee disappeared from the newscasts and the front pages at the end of March, but it had not been forgotten. On March 25, nearly four thousand people attended a mass at New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine in support of the occupation. Indians from throughout the northeast made up half of the audience. Singer Buffy Sainte-Marie performed, and Reverend Vine Deloria, Sr., father of the more famous writer and activist Vine Jr., offered a sermon.

"May your cause be heard by all the people in America," said the Very Reverend James P. Morton. During the mass, Reverend Morton prayed for forgiveness for the crimes of the American state against American Indians. Morton's prayer sounded like indictments read by a prosecutor: "the racism of our ancestors . . . forcing Native Americans to accept our culture . . . violating their gravesites . . . destroying their lands with our mining industry . . . being entertained by movies celebrating their genocide," and after each one the congregation responded with the chant "Lord God forgive us."

A service of another kind took place a few days earlier in Los Angeles. Actor Marlon Brando had been famous for decades, but never more so than in early 1973. *The Godfather* had been a critical and commercial triumph, and the steamy *Last Tango in Paris* had generated more controversy than any movie in years.

With hundreds of millions watching the Academy Awards broadcast, Brando declined his Academy Award for *The Godfather*, and sent an Apache actress named Sacheen Littlefeather in front of the cameras to explain why. (Brando himself had planned to be at Wounded Knee during the award ceremony, but this effort failed.)

Demonstrations continued in scores of cities, both in the United States and abroad. The U.S. State Department promptly cabled its embassies with instructions on how to respond to demonstrations and inquiries about the oppression of Native Americans. The United States Information Agency warned that "If Indians are killed, we can surely expect sharp and widespread foreign condemnation of this U.S. government action. It would come at a particularly unpropitious time, giving Arab governments an excuse to fog up the terrorist issue."

On April 1, a Harris Poll confirmed the obvious. Ninety-three percent of Americans were following the occupation, and fifty-one percent said they supported the Indians. The support may have been a mile wide but it also seemed no more than an inch deep. It meant that government attempts to portray the occupiers as criminals and hooligans failed, but it did not translate into support for AIM, reform efforts in Congress, or recognition of treaties. The sympathy for the occupation was just that; sympathy. The government had surrounded a few hundred Indians in South Dakota with tanks and guns, and most Americans vastly preferred that the government not use the tanks and guns to kill those few hundred Indians, especially not at the same place where such an event had already taken place once.

The world knew of the Oglalas' stand and perhaps even sided with them, but it couldn't force the government to withdraw their tanks, it could only keep them from advancing. What was the value of such support? The question presented itself as the village endured hardship, and even the date of the poll—April 1—seemed to mock the good news it carried.

Wounded Knee seemed to be a place where everything happened twice. At times, the Ghost Dance and the machine guns, the army and the political agendas seemed like ghostly apparitions or cheap imitations of historical events. Political theater, some called it. Destiny and prophecy, countered the militants.

Even the one truly modern touch, the presence of electronic media that brought the siege into millions of living rooms, had its own antecedents. Wounded Knee had been a sound stage for cameras once before. In 1911, twenty-one years after the massacre, Buffalo Bill re-created the events of 1890 with a huge cast and an unprecedented budget. He enlisted General Nelson Miles as his technical advisor and convinced the Department of War to donate eleven thousand troops. He hired Oglalas who had survived the events of December 1890 to play themselves in the most expensive, ambitious movie yet made.

The night before shooting the massacre itself, rumors swept the Indians at the camp that the guns might not be fake, and they might be firing bullets and not blanks. The filming of the massacre, using army troops and massacre survivors, was almost too much for some of the Indians to bear, and many wept as they pretended to die in front of Cody's cameras. The film became the victim of Cody's vanity and the pressures of history and current events. It disintegrated under the pressure, and a few decades later only a tiny fraction of the film survived. For its day Cody's movie was a docudrama, an epic, an honest effort to make sense of terrible events.

Wounded Knee was as stark and plain as the prairie bluffs, as mysterious and complex as the suddenly changing weather. December 1890 was undeniably a massacre that claimed the lives of more than three hundred Indians, but it was also a terribly botched, almost accidental massacre in which twenty-eight American soldiers died as well.

Stanley Lyman spent March 29 attending Leo Wilcox's funeral and providing illegal support to the Wilson roadblock. The BIA superintendent at Pine Ridge came from a Quaker background and had spent his life working with Indians. He was an ardent supporter of the Bureau's new approach of supporting tribal government, and since the occupation at Wounded Knee had begun a month earlier he had become increasingly angry at the way the officials from Washington paid more attention to AIM than to the elected representatives.

Lyman loved to tell people, feigning exasperation, that it was he who was a puppet of Wilson, not the other way around. When Lyman approved the tribal president's resolutions that banned the American Indian Movement from the reservation, or ordered the removal o

the National Council of Churches and all outsiders from Pine Ridge, he saw this as carrying out the federal government's policy of self-determination.

He also liked Wilson, and did everything he could to support the man who came off so badly to the national press and the liberal churches. Dick Wilson was a plain-speaking man who only felt comfortable in the mixed-blood society of Pine Ridge Village. He wasn't one of those tribal chairmen always flying off to speak at national conferences or testify in Washington. The tribal president sported a Marine haircut, an impressive paunch, thick glasses, and a blue windbreaker. He was often described, accurately, as a plumber by trade, but by the time outsiders were through profiling him the phrase "former plumber" sounded like "convicted felon," only worse. He possessed a sort of anti-charisma and practiced counterdiplomacy. A reporter asked him, at one crucial moment during the siege, what he planned to do next. Wilson answered, "I think I'll have a drink."

Wilson may have not cornered the market on sophisticated sloganeering or stylish dressing—unlike Russell Means and Dennis Banks, who looked like movie stars, and spoke even better than they looked—but he was a crafty and effective politician. He rose to the top in the bitterly competitive arena of Sioux politics, successfully outmaneuvered his opponents on the tribal council, and still enjoyed considerable support on the reservation. He was the elected leader of one of the largest and most politically important reservations in the country, and that carried a lot of weight in national Indian politics. He also had an impressive family; brother James had a Ph.D. and a high-ranking job in Washington, D.C. with the Office of Economic Opportunity.

Wilson, along with his family and the marshals who rarely left their sides, lived in secret locations off the reservation but he joined Lyman on March 29 to attend the funeral of his friend Leo Wilcox, the councilman who perished in the bizarre auto accident a few days earlier. One of the last coversations with Wilcox had taken place five weeks earlier, in the tense days immediately before the occupation. Dick Wilson, Wilcox, and Lyman were in the BIA building. The three men shared a quiet moment together during a lull in the crises.

Wilcox spoke of a recent, very strange experience on Mount Rushmore. He had been walking near the top of the mountain and slipped, falling very close to the top of one of the huge carved faces. Suddenly a man appeared and helped him up, though he somehow did this without ever touching Wilcox. Standing up, Wilcox noticed which president they were on top of. It was Jefferson. This stranger—a big man, Wilcox remembered—then walked into the thin air above the marbled president and dissapeared.

Wilcox also spoke of coming upon four AIM people on a vigil in the Black Hills, and as he watched them a snake crawled by one of the four. The snake, Wilcox said, meant danger; danger from AIM.

Often people tried to make sense of Pine Ridge by pigeonholing its citizens. They were called Christian or traditional, full-blood or mixed-blood, sellout or militant. Leo Wilcox—the man who led the campaign to revoke the Congressional Medals of Honor awarded for the carnage at Wounded Knee in 1890—was a Dick Wilson ally, but he was also a man who studied to become a medicine man and believed in the power of dreams and visions. His life offered powerful evidence that the Sioux of Pine Ridge could not easily be classified.

At the church hundreds came to pay their respects. Lyman, Wilson, and other mourners left the church for the final good-bye at the nearby cemetery. The landscape was a study in brown, with no sign of spring in sight. Dust blew at the cemetery. The site bordered something improbable: the brown fairways of the reservation's golf course. (Larger than Delaware, Pine Ridge had the same number of golf courses as supermarkets—one.)

The service started, then stopped. Someone had forgotten to bring the Oglala Sioux flag to place on the casket, and Dick Wilson had to retrieve one from the tribal office. When the ceremony resumed a man played taps on the horn, badly, Lyman thought, and then the hymn "The Land Was Fairer Than Day" was sung in Oglala.

Golfers played on, untroubled by the funeral of a key political figure a few yards away, or the armed standoff twenty miles over the hills. Lyman counted the number of people who played golf during the time they buried the councilman. Twenty.

A marshal asked Lyman, back at his office, how the funeral was, and Lyman thought, that's a hell of a question. Among the issues de-

manding Lyman's attention that day were the results of an energetic campaign by anxious school children in Miami. They had collected twelve thousand pounds of canned goods for the besieged Indians at Wounded Knee, but so far had no success in getting the food out of Florida. Someone from the campaign had enlisted the director of the Young Men and Young Women's Hebrew Association to find a solution, and when he reached Lyman by phone, the superintendent tried to explain the occupation from his point of view, without much luck.

Lyman proposed that instead of going to the occupation force—a group of outsiders, acting against the tribal government, he insisted—the six tons of canned goods be donated to the Felix Cohen Home for the Elderly. The caller seemed dumbfounded by the complexity of the Indians versus Indians situation.

Lyman next turned his attention to the roadblock Wilson had established a few days earlier. Although a federal judge ordered supplies into Wounded Knee, the tribal roadblock continued to keep them out. The same federal judge ordered the federal agencies to provide no support to this roadblock, which he considered illegal, but Lyman believed the tribal roadblock had more justification for being there than the Justice Department did, and certainly more than AIM, who Lyman felt started the trouble in the first place.

Wilson's roadblocks were guarded by swaggering young guys, usually brandishing rifles and often drinking openly. They won few popularity contests, frightening reporters and even showing little respect for the federal agents, but Lyman had a soft spot for the people AIM called goons. He had sent BIA police cars to the roadblocks so they would have radio communication. The federal judge found this violated his orders, so Lyman reluctantly had the cars recalled. But he vowed to help his friends at the illegal roadblock in other ways. They were on twenty-four-hour-a-day duty, and often had trouble getting meals delivered at night. Lyman resolved to have some of the federal agents' stockpiled C rations delivered to his friends, each and every day they were out there.

No doubt the judge in Sioux Falls would frown on this, but Lyman didn't care. Rumor had it that the liberals of the Community Relations Service shared their C rations with AIM, which was also illegal, and there was little doubt that reporters and the National Council of Churches people did the same.

The men on the government barricades dined on C rations only when they were on duty, and sometimes managed more interesting fare even at their bunkers. Sometimes they had cookouts, and the tantalizing aroma of the marshals' sizzling steaks became a form of psychological warfare against the hungry warriors. When their shifts ended, most of the federal agents not only retired to hotels, hot showers, and restaurant meals, but as the siege went on some earned "R and R" at the Hot Springs Country Club or at similar venues in Colorado.

Some, however, were bivouacked at a school on Pine Ridge. Agnes Lamont, a teacher's aide at the school, cooked for the students and the marshals both. At one lunch, a marshal complimented her fry bread and asked for a recipe. She questioned him about why he was on Pine Ridge, and voiced her opinion that he and the others were there to protect Wilson.

To make room for the marshals and FBI agents, the six- and seven-year-old boys moved to another dormitory and doubled up. The reservation's vast distances made this and other facilities a boarding school during the week. Sometimes the inquisitive kids would volunteer breathless reports on what they discovered at the agents' barracks: "Mrs. Lamont, there's some guns in there. There's some guns in there and some shells in there and there's some whiskey in there."

Agnes Lamont had joined demonstrations against the tribal president and the BIA superintendent, and had a personal connection to Wounded Knee—both past and present. Lamont's only son Buddy, a Vietnam vet, had joined the others at Wounded Knee. He had been employed with the tribe, but lost his job when he spoke out against Wilson. When the roadblocks came down after the first week, Agnes brought him clothes, food, and aspirin. She asked him to come home, at least for a few days. Buddy told her he couldn't, that he had to stay. The massacre was also a part of her family history. She knew of the events from her mother, who was twelve years old in 1890 and had survived the carnage. Her mother's aunt and uncle were killed.

On March 31st, Wounded Knee and the U.S. government, re-

sumed their negotiations. The discussions were contentious but productive, with both parties relieved that the Interior Department and the BIA were no longer direct participants. The Indian delegation saw the new arrangement as one consistent with their declarations of sovereignty, and the U.S. side had removed the major stumbling block in reaching previous agreements.

Five days later, under a brilliant April sun, Russell Means, Clyde Bellecourt, Carter Camp, and Pedro Bissonette signed an agreement in a ceremony that self-consciously echoed treaty signings of the 1870s. The Oglalas would get their meeting with the White House. The Justice Department would go after criminal activity on Pine Ridge. Auditors would examine the Pine Ridge Tribal government's books.

Frizzell, the lead negotiator from Washington, smoked the sacred pipe in a tepee with the chiefs and the AIM leaders. Indians watching the ceremony nudged each other and pointed to the sky. Eagles wheeled high over the valley, a fortuitous and powerful sign.

There were smiles, handshakes, poses for the cameras, and a few minutes later Russell Means boarded a red helicopter and flew northwest to Rapid City. Since he had achieved a small measure of fame in the last few years, Means already insisted that anyone who invited him to speak or attend a conference had to provide first-class tickets.

The ride had elements of first-class travel. Means was the most important passenger and he left in impressive style, having successfully concluded negotiations with the United States to the applause and cheers of his people. It was almost perfect, and would have been, except that the red helicopter was taking Russell Means to the Rapid City Jail. The marshals who rode with Means offered nothing in the way of refreshments—no peanuts or soft drinks—instead they insisted on placing handcuffs on their prisoner.

His arrest was part of the agreement, a sacrifice Means willingly made for the cause of Oglala sovereignty. The settlement called for Means to be booked in Rapid City, but released so he could attend a meeting in Washington in two days with Leonard Garment. Leonard Crow Dog and Tom Bad Cob also were part of the Oglala delegation. That meeting would set the terms for the White House conference on the 1868 treaty, which would take place sometime in the third

week of May. When this first initial meeting concluded satisfactorily, Means would call Dennis Banks, still in the village, and the remaining occupation force would lay down their arms.

AIM called it a victory, and in a way it was, as much as anything could be that resulted in the immediate arrest of one of the occupation's leaders, and the certain prosecution of many others. Some in the federal government openly called AIM and the Oglalas criminals and opposed any negotiations, but the April 5th Agreement, as it was called, granted AIM an official meeting with a representative of the president of the United States.

That alone was impressive, and there were additional concessions to AIM as well, including audits of Wilson and the promise that the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division would build cases against the goon squad. Maybe AIM didn't win everything it wanted, but it did better than many observers could have imagined. There was no amnesty and Russell Means's arrest was a hard pill to swallow, but on the other hand, no one had died.

It was over and everyone seemed relieved. Dennis Banks was not in the picture and was not a signer to the agreement, but Means and Camp and Clyde Bellecourt were. The warriors had defended the village against automatic weapon fire, kept their community intact against blizzards, hunger, sickness, and the influx of adventurers, hippies, and revolutionaries.

Cob, Means, and Crow Dog arrived in Washington on Friday night. The meeting for the following morning suddenly turned troublesome. Garment's people understood the April 5th agreement in a very different way than the Oglalas. The White House position was that Means would order the evacuation of Wounded Knee before the meeting started. The Oglalas understood it to be exactly the opposite.

Incensed, Means held press conferences in his hotel lobby, charging the White House with a double-cross. Means asked reporters to use their common sense. "Why," he asked, "would I do it any other way?" The White House stood firm. The agreement disintegrated. At Wounded Knee, Dennis Banks, saying he never believed in the agreement in the first place, announced the occupation would continue.

Free on bail, Means found time to testify before the Indian

Affairs subcommittee, whose chairman, Rep. James Haley, excoriated Means for the BIA takeover and Wounded Knee both. Haley told Means: "you should have never been allowed in Wounded Knee. You should be in the federal penitentiary right now."

Means suffered the abuse with poise, and the *Washington Star* wrote that the AIM leader "had the presence of a tall sturdy pine tree . . . unyielding calm and confident." The committee members, the account said, were "like saplings in comparison as Means refused to give an inch or be provoked, and gave them a taste of what federal negotiators at Wounded Knee have faced."

A few days later he left Washington for a national speaking tour to raise money and build support. The occupation went on, but without Means. The view from the helicopter was his last look at the Independent Oglala Nation.

Chapter 12

Hundred Gun Salute

s the focus shifted to Washington and the Apr agreement slowly fell apart, Wounded Knee enjo period of relative peace. Entire days passed withou changes of gunfire between the two sides.

The cordon around the village remained tight, however fewer and fewer backpackers made it through. By the second we April, federal agents had arrested nearly 140 people for charg rectly connected with the occupation, usually obstructing a fe officer in the performance of his duty. Two stubborn indivi having once been arrested in March and ordered to return to California homes, reappeared in April and were again arrest judge, displeased to see them again, reset their bail, and the two now incarcerated in Rapid City. Dozens more had been arrest far away as Nevada, Wyoming, and Oregon and charged unde riot statute.

There was another piece of bitter legal news: A jury in Ca nia returned its verdict in the voluntary manslaughter trial c man who shot and killed Alcatraz leader Richard Oakes. Oake sailant was found not guilty.