

Starting Children on

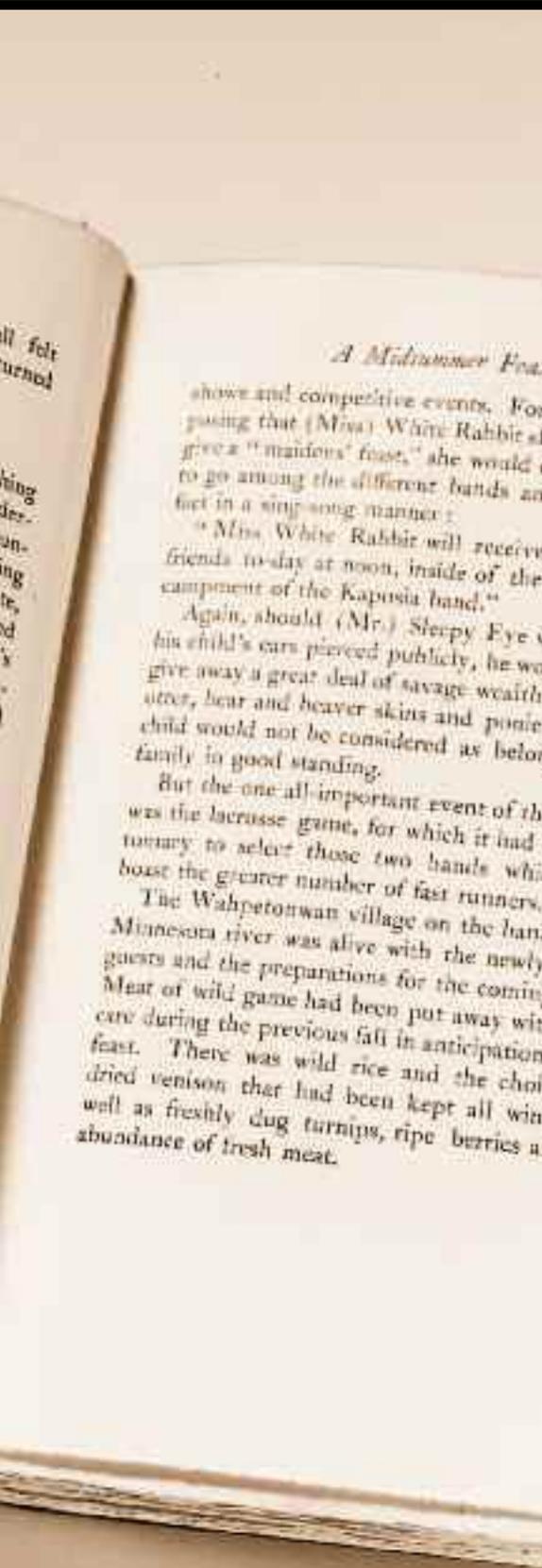
AMERICAN INDIANS IN CHILDREN'S HISTORICAL FICTION

NEARLY 150 YEARS AGO, a girl named Laura and a boy named Charles were born about 100 miles south of St. Paul. Though they didn't know each other, both became writers as adults, crafting their childhood memories into works of historical fiction for young readers. Laura and her books have been staples of American literature since the 1930s. The boy's name has been nearly forgotten. Laura Ingalls Wilder was a white pioneer girl. Charles Eastman was a Dakota Indian whose family fled Minnesota after the 1862 U.S.-Dakota War. Their memoirs, though true to their unique personal experiences, convey opposing values with respect to



NORA MURPHY

the Path to the Past



Artist E. L. Blumenschein's rendition of Ohiyesa (Charles Eastman) and Chatanna and the 1902 first edition of Eastman's *Indian Boyhood*

American Indians in our region's history. While Wilder's books largely deny and denigrate Native people, Eastman's work documents and humanizes the Dakota experience.

Publishers and educators have preferred Wilder's version of our past. Her memoirs continue to be more popular, in part, because her story is easier for children to read than Eastman's. Thanks to her daughter's help, Wilder's prose is simple and direct, whereas Eastman's sentences tend to be long and complex. Writing style, however, is not the real reason Charles Eastman isn't a household name in Minnesota. I believe that his 1902 memoir, *Indian Boyhood*, has largely disappeared from our library shelves precisely because it validated the experiences of an American Indian tribe in our state's history. This is a history many of us don't know. The Laura Ingalls Wilder Historic Highway runs through southern Minnesota, but I've never seen any road signs that trace the Eastman family's escape from the state. Yet history by omission doesn't make good history.

Historical fiction is a powerful educational tool that recreates the past for its readers. Young readers are especially vulnerable to its power. They are still learning to distinguish fact from fiction, to differentiate the past from the present. Those exposed to the Little House books but not Eastman's, for example, will acquire an inaccurate and biased picture of our region's past. I certainly did as a child growing up in Minnesota in the 1960s and, unless I'm vigilant as a parent, my children may absorb this inaccurate picture, too. Much—though not all—of the historical fiction available to children today continues to deny the value and role of Native people in the Midwest.

The year I turned ten, America's involvement in the Vietnam War was in full swing, and my fourth-grade teacher had been called away for a month on special assignment in the National Guard. While he was gone, our substitute teacher read aloud to us during a cold spell in Minneapolis that kept us inside during recess. Under the glare of the fluorescent light bulbs that hung in parallel rows above our Formica-topped desks, I listened—we all listened—to Mrs. Bachman read *Little House in the Big Woods*. As the snow and winds blew outside our tall classroom windows, I could feel the snow melting on Pa's beard as he hugged Laura after a trip to town. I could taste the sweetness of the hard maple-sugar packets he brought home. I could hear the wind coming through the chinks between the wooden logs

when Laura lay tucked under the quilt at night with her older sister Mary.

I longed for more of Laura's world and went after it. After Mrs. Bachman left our classroom, I went to the bookmobile every Thursday to borrow and read all nine books in the series. Then I read another pioneer story set nearby, *Caddie Woodlawn* by Carol Ryrie Brink, which won the 1935 Newbery Award for children's fiction. By Easter vacation I had convinced my mother to take me and a friend to a fabric store and buy several yards of plain, dark-green cotton, black thread, and a simple dress pattern. Several days later, we had sewn our own pioneer dresses. We wore them around the neighborhood with dedication. As the spring days warmed into summer, the long sleeves and long skirts grew hotter and itchier, but I refused to give up my make-believe pioneer world. Instead, I elaborated. I found an old sheet in the attic that I turned into a sunbonnet and apron. I hand-stitched a quilt for a newborn cousin. I found an old pair of skates in the basement, unscrewed the blades, and wore my "real" lace-up boots.

These books caught me before I could differentiate between fact and fiction. I was lost in a past that these skillful authors had crafted for me, a past where I hoped to find myself and our state's history. Only now, as an adult, do I know that these books created a past that denied the experience of American Indian people. On the opening pages of *Little House in the Big Woods*, Wilder wrote:

Once upon a time, sixty years ago, a little girl lived in the Big Woods of Wisconsin, in a little gray house made of logs. The great, dark trees of the Big Woods stood all around the house, and beyond them were other trees and beyond them were more trees. As far as a man could go to the north in a day, or a week, or a whole month, there was nothing but woods. There were no houses. There were no roads. There were no people. There were only trees and the wild animals who had their homes among them.¹

Nora Murphy is the author of two nonfiction books for children: A Hmong Family and African Americans in Minnesota: Telling Our Own Stories, with Mary Murphy-Gnatz. She is now writing a book on the assimilation of the Irish in Minnesota.

Wilder's prose made me feel edgy as a fourth grader. It still does. As a ten-year-old I was afraid of those woods and wild animals. Today I cringe because I know that there *were* people who lived in and near Wilder's woods 100 miles south of St. Paul. The Menominee, Ho-Chunk, Ojibwe, Potawatomi, Odawa, and Dakota all lived within a "month's walk" of Laura's cabin. But Wilder simply erased the American Indian families and their homes from her woods and from her version of the past.

Nationally acclaimed writer Louise Erdrich is a descendent of the families written off the pages of the Little House books. In a recent written interview, Erdrich said: "I loved the 'Little House' books and the specificity of daily detail, the earthy substance of the food, work, the repetitions, and growth that make family . . . [but] I get crazy when I read about pioneers moving forward into 'empty' territory. They were moving into somebody else's house, home, hearth, and beloved yard."²

In 1999 Erdrich wrote *The Birchbark House*, the first in a planned series of ten historical novels for children that span 100 years and chronicle her own ancestors' move from the sacred home of the Ojibwe—Moningwanaykaning, the Island of the Golden-Breasted Woodpecker (Madeline Island)—across Minnesota to the Turtle Mountain Ojibwe Reservation in North Dakota. Erdrich recently said that she

wanted to write my family's history, in honor of my mom, Rita Gourneau Erdrich. I also love writing about Ojibwe culture and people because that is where my heart is. This was also a way to purge some of the anger that occasionally grips me, as it does most people of Native descent, when I read the history and face ongoing injustice to friends and loved ones.

Like Wilder, Erdrich tells the story of her family's past through the eyes of a young girl. In *The Birchbark House* we meet and befriend seven-year-old Omakayas,



Omakayas befriendng bear cubs, drawn for *The Birchbark House* by author Louise Erdrich

the daughter of a fur trader who lives on Madeline Island. We join Omakayas as she scrapes leather and tends to the new baby in the family. Like Omakayas, we admire her older sister's beauty and study medicinal herbs with her grandmother. We can't help but cheer for Omakayas when she gets mad at her brother or when she befriends a bear family. We also share her deep pain when her infant brother dies from smallpox.

In addition to teaching about the life of Omakayas and her family in Minnesota in the 1840s, *The Birchbark House* offers young readers two other avenues into the history and culture of the Ojibwe. The book incorporates many Ojibwe words, said Erdrich, because "the characters . . . did not speak English and I really wanted the reader to know something about the way they sounded." Erdrich also drew the book's illustrations because she didn't want inaccuracies and wanted to "convey the humor of Ojibwe life and draw the very things in my house that are authentic to Ojibwe life, like makakoon and makazinan."³

THE BIRCHBARK HOUSE is not the first children's book to convey the experience of Indian people in this region. One hundred years ago, Charles Eastman sat down to share his recollections of childhood in the 1860s with young readers; his 1902 memoir is the first historical story for children set in Minnesota. Gerald Vizenor, a Minnesota-born Ojibwe scholar and author, asserts that Eastman also wrote *Indian Boyhood* for a wider audience and "must have understood that natives would survive in the book. . . . [(He)] was dedicated to teach the nation about the honor, the rich soul of native people, and the survival of native communities."⁴

When I was in school, however, *Indian Boyhood* wasn't on our school library shelf, and it didn't travel with Caddie or Laura on the bookmobile.⁵ But if I had read Eastman's memoir as a child, I would have met Charles—or Ohiyesa, his Dakota name—and learned that he went sugaring with his family in the early spring and ricing in the late summer. I would have played lacrosse with him on warm days or gone sledding with him in the winter. I would have rooted for him as he tried to beat his older brother in a competition of rhetoric and persuasion. I would have laughed with him as he listened to the older men in his extended family tell a story about a hunter falling into a creek with a bear.

Eastman also provided a first-hand account of what it was like for his family to flee from Minnesota to Canada after the 1862 U.S.-Dakota War. Like Wilder and Erdrich, Eastman kept young readers in mind and shared his experience from a child's point of view. He first described the joy he felt riding in a wagon, then continued with an account of the fun—and scrapes—the boys had jumping out of the wagon while it was moving. Then he offered a sober description of the dangers they faced on their journey:

The summer after the "Minnesota massacre," General Sibley pursued our people across this river. . . . In our flight, we little folks were strapped in the saddles or held in front of an older person, and in the long night marches to get away from the soldiers, we suffered from loss of sleep and insufficient food. Our meals were eaten hastily, and sometimes in the saddle. Water was not always to be found.⁶

Though *Indian Boyhood* offers understanding of the experience and challenges faced by the Dakota during a critical period of our region's history, it is still not widely available to young readers. The combined collections of the Minneapolis and St. Paul public libraries house more than 70 copies of *Little House in the Big Woods* but only 11 copies of *Indian Boyhood*. The prognosis for *The Birchbark House*, with about 35 copies in the combined collections, and its series successors is a

Makazinan, from *The Birchbark House*





“My Plays and Playmates,” from Eastman’s *Indian Boyhood*

little better, especially since it was nominated for a National Book Award in 1999.

Indian Boyhood was not the only children’s book about the U.S.-Dakota War published in the early 1900s. A different version of the war appears in *On the Trail of the Sioux* by Dietrich Lange, a German immigrant and 50-year-veteran of the St. Paul public schools who wrote 15 historically based adventure novels for boys between the 1910s and 1930s.

Published in 1912, *On the Trail of the Sioux* follows two European American boys skirting along the edges of the 1862 war. Though Lange claimed in his preface that he wanted to educate young boys about the “desperate struggle of the brave and warlike Sioux tribes against the incoming tide of the white man’s civilization,” readers learn nothing about that struggle and the events that led to the war until halfway through the book. Instead, Lange described the Dakota like this, from the opening pages: “The Sioux are always ugly, and always jabber of fighting. . . . They are in camp at the agency waiting for their money from the government. An Indian likes nothing better than to lie around in the shade and wait for something. They won’t fight.”⁷

Of course, the Dakota ultimately do fight, and that’s what sets the boys’ adventure in motion. While Eastman’s

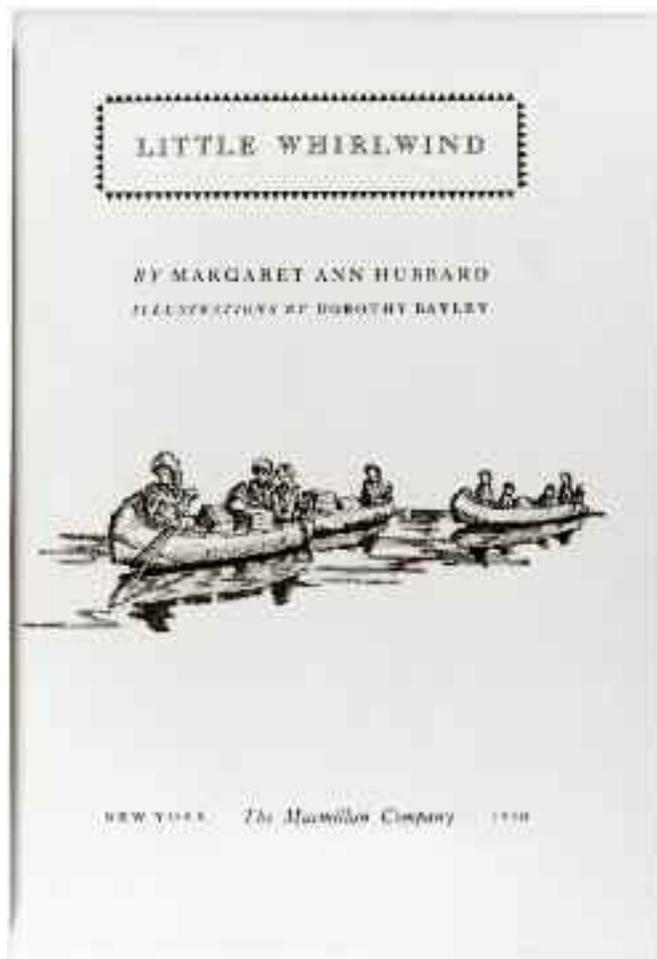
Makuk, from *The Birchbark House*



childhood memoir offered us a complex set of individuals, Lange divided his Native characters into two groups: the “good” and the “bad” Indians. The “bad” ones capture the boys’ mother while White Eagle, the “good” one, helps the boys rescue her. As good as he is, however, White Eagle is not granted significant intellectual capacity. The author intimates that one of the protagonists can speak fluent Dakota, yet White Eagle speaks rudimentary English: “You make supper, I take little sleep. . . . When you sleep, I watch, no Indian catch us all asleep.” Nor does White Eagle seem to have anything else to do while the Dakota are at war with the U.S. government than to help his white friends.

Lange wasn’t the only author of children’s historical fiction to use the U.S.-Dakota War as the backdrop for a novel. Six more writers between the 1930s and the 1970s told about the conflict from the perspective of European Americans. All of the authors were non-Native, and all of them continued to separate the Native characters into those who were helpful to the whites and those who were not. The heroes are always the whites and the “good,” subordinate Indians. The villains are the Indians who fought or fled, like Charles Eastman and his family. Like *On the Trail of the Sioux*, none of these books remain in print. Nevertheless, they have taught our children that if Native people existed in Minnesota’s past, they were either warlike and disruptive or they lived to serve characters of European descent.⁸

CONSIDERED THE CLASSICAL ERA of children’s historical fiction, the 1930s and 1940s saw the publication of not only the Little House books and *Caddie Woodlawn* but many other novels set in Minnesota for boys and girls. One of these is Margaret Hubbard’s 1940 *Little Whirlwind*, which chronicles a group of families living at the Pembina fur-trading colony in northwestern Minnesota in the early 1800s. What’s unusual about *Little Whirlwind* is that Hubbard realistically recreated the ethnic diversity of this community, prominently featured a mixed-race Ojibwe-French family, and overtly discussed racism. Young readers today might be surprised to hear the young Native girl created 60 years ago say, “I don’t see why your mother doesn’t want to live with the Indians. She likes my mother and she’s an Indian, isn’t she?”⁹ With a good teacher, this scene could stimulate an interesting and relevant discussion about prejudice and social values. *Little Whirlwind*, how-



ever, is out of print. Only two copies of it exist in the Minneapolis and St. Paul libraries.

By contrast, a Newbery Honor Award winner published in 1932 has recently been brought back into print. Written by Cornelia Meigs, considered the founder of children’s historical fiction in the United States, *Swift Rivers* chronicles the adventures of a young Swedish American orphan named Chris Dahlberg as he transports logs from his grandfather’s homestead in Minnesota down the Mississippi River to St. Louis in 1830. *Swift Rivers* supports the social values that deny and denigrate Indians in Minnesota. Like Laura Ingalls Wilder, Meigs largely removes Indians from Minnesota in her opening chapter by claiming, falsely, that the Ojibwe people had *chosen* to leave: “The whole region was, some day, to be the State of Minnesota, but was now only a northerly corner of that vast tract, the Louisiana Purchase, bought just 30 years before by the

bold wisdom of Thomas Jefferson. . . . The Indians, the peaceable Chippewa, had moved away to dwell beyond the hills in better hunting grounds than these.”¹⁰

Meigs doesn't seem to know that Native Americans were the majority population in Minnesota at this time, or that the Ojibwe didn't cede most of their lands to the U.S. government until the mid-1850s, or that allotment acts continued to tear land away from Ojibwe families as late as the 1930s. She does include several American Indian characters— principally the half-French, half-Ojibwe logger named Pierre Dumenille—and two men who try to steal Chris's logs. We learn that Dumenille is a “good” Indian because he is half-white. With Dumenille's help, Chris Dahlberg reaches St. Louis with his logs and earns a significant pot of gold. Meigs never considers whether Dumenille, his children, or the other Native characters that are described in this book as “obstinately hostile” or “sullen savages” would ever have social and economic opportunities like Chris's. In the author's 1932 worldview, they wouldn't. Fortunately, *Swift Rivers* was not in print when I was a child—nor would I read it to my children today—but publishers are now marketing it as classic historical fiction for boys.

THE PUBLICATION OF Meridel Le Sueur's novel *Sparrow Hawk* in 1950 gave young readers access to a different portrait of Native people in the Midwest. Though Le Sueur was not American Indian, *Sparrow Hawk* featured a young Sauk boy as the main character. By also creating Huck, a European American boy whose role is to help Sparrow Hawk, Le Sueur reversed the near-canonical tradition of non-Native authors setting Indian characters in supporting roles only. Like *Indian Boyhood*, this novel gives young readers the chance to empathize with a Native character whose land is taken during wartime.

In *Sparrow Hawk*, the Sauk return to Saukenuk, their village in northeastern Iowa, from their winter hunting grounds only to find that the land has been taken over by white

squatters: “So they came back to Saukenuk, singing and laden with earth's bounty of the winter. . . . They saw, in the ancient pastures of their tribe, the white man's oxen grazing. The warriors grew silent and rode into the village. They saw the corn hills plowed straight across with the white man's plow and the zigzag fences cutting up the fields.”¹¹

Le Sueur then places Sparrow Hawk and, to a lesser extent, Huck, within the Sauk resistance movement. Though the Sauk ultimately lose their lands to the U.S. government, Le Sueur ends on a note of hope for both the Sauk and the European Americans. Sparrow Hawk and Huck plant corn together. Their fields contain the promise of peace. In 1987 the Duluth publisher Holy Cow! reprinted *Sparrow Hawk*, adding an introduction by Dakota writer and lawyer Vine Deloria Jr. and illustrations by Ojibwe artist Robert Desjarlait. Though *Sparrow Hawk* is not in the St. Paul Public Library system, Minneapolis holds 22 copies of the 1987 reprint.

The 1960s and 1970s were quiet decades for children's historical fiction in the United States. Instead of reading new works of historical fiction, many



“Oath of the Corn Youths” by Robert Desjarlait, from Le Sueur's *Sparrow Hawk*

Americans were watching Michael Landon in *Little House on the Prairie*, the NBC-TV miniseries that first aired in 1974. Renewed interest in children's historical fiction didn't really emerge again until the mid-1980s, when Pleasant Company, a Wisconsin-based firm, began selling dolls and related books in its American Girls series. One of the characters is Kirsten, a Swedish girl who settles in Minnesota with her family in 1854. She appears in *Meet Kirsten, An American Girl* published in 1986, the first of six books and two short stories in her series.¹²

Kirsten has a secret Dakota friend named Singing Bird. Much like White Eagle or Pierre Dumenille, Singing Bird exists largely to help Kirsten and her family. In *Kirsten on the Trail* (1999), for example, Singing Bird helps find Kirsten's lost brother. In fact, much of Kirsten's serialized life story is familiar—she's a pioneer girl much like Laura or Caddie. But there's a twist. Girls don't have to sew their own pioneer dresses like I did—they can now buy tie-in products. Starting with the dolls that cost more than \$100, Pleasant Company sells Kirsten outfits for dolls and their owners, Kirsten craft books, Kirsten cookbooks, Kirsten weekly planners, Kirsten stationery sets, Kirsten theater kits, and so on. Evidently, the publishing package is working. By the late 1990s *Meet Kirsten* and several other American Girl books were the only historical fiction on *Publishers Weekly's* list of "All-Time Best-Selling Hardcover Children's Books." Kirsten is a hit in local public libraries as well. Minneapolis and St. Paul each hold almost as many copies of *Meet Kirsten* as they do of Erdrich's *The Birchbark House*.

Fortunately, the 1980s also brought three new books that offer young readers genuine insight into the experience of Minnesota's Native Americans—*Waterlily*, *Kunu: Escape on the Missouri*, and *Night Flying Woman*. *Waterlily*, written by Ella Cara Deloria, marked the first time since *Indian Boyhood* that an American Indian authored a historical novel or memoir set in the Midwest and intended for a large audience. A trained ethnologist, Deloria clearly stated the impetus for her various writing projects in a 1952 letter to a colleague: "I feel that I have a mission: To make the Dakota people understandable, as human beings, to the white people who have to deal with them."¹³

Set in the early 1800s, *Waterlily* follows a young girl from birth to adulthood in the days before significant white contact. Deloria weaves the complexity of the

Dakota kinship structure and culture in and out of Waterlily's childhood, giving the reader both a compelling plot line and a great deal of knowledge about the Dakota. Though the manuscript was completed in 1954, *Waterlily* was first published three decades later by a university press. It remains in print but is mostly available through academic and research libraries. The St. Paul Public Library, for example, only holds one copy. Minneapolis owns four.

Ojibwe writer and community activist Ignatia Broker's *Night Flying Woman* follows a young girl, Oona, from birth to death in the mid-1800s. Broker gives us the chance to travel with Oona, her family, and her clan from a village northwest of Nett Lake to the White Earth Reservation. Through their journeys, readers learn how government officials, fur traders, loggers, lumbermen, settlers, and missionaries challenged the Ojibwe way of life, yet Broker resists the temptation to create wholly bad white characters. She relates a more generous view, as in this passage when, during a tribal council, a visitor tells about the "strangers" whose "skins were as pale as the winter white and whose eyes were blue or green or gray. . . . These strangers are again asking the Ojibway to mark a paper. . . . Some are kind. Others speak good. Others smile when they think they are deceiving."¹⁴

Despite the hardships, the underlying message of *Night Flying Woman* is that the Ojibwe will prevail. Oona's mother tells her that their ancestors have "blended with the earth and the strangers cannot erase that." The narrator reminds young readers that history really matters: "It is important that you learn the past and act accordingly, for that will assure us that we will always people the earth."

Published in 1983 and kept in print by the Minnesota Historical Society Press, *Night Flying Woman* gives young readers the chance to gain insight into the life of an Ojibwe woman in the 1800s, to gain empathy for the challenges the Ojibwe faced as they left behind their native lands for the reservation, and to understand many social values held by the Ojibwe. It is no surprise, then, that *Night Flying Woman* remains a popular and available book for students of all ages—even on the bookmobiles that travel the Twin Cities—though there are still four times as many copies of *Little House in the Big Woods* as of *Night Flying Woman* in the St. Paul library system.

Kunu: Escape on the Missouri presents another glimpse into the history of Native Americans in Minnesota. It



Oona's family beginning a journey; art by Steven Premo from *Night Flying Woman*

focuses on the Ho-Chunk removal from the state in 1863 after the U.S.-Dakota War. Written by non-Native author Kenneth Th omasma, *Kunu* follows a fictional Ho-Chunk boy as he and his family leave Minnesota. Like *Sparrow Hawk*, this book ends on a hopeful note: Kunu and his grandfather manage to escape from the reservation across the Missouri River and return to Minnesota. Published by a small press in Wyoming, *Kunu* is hard to find in local libraries, with Minneapolis holding 6 copies and St. Paul none at all.¹⁵

The 1990s saw an upsurge in interest in historical fiction for children and adults. With the exception of Erdrich's *The Birchbark House*, however, much of this recent fiction continues to subordinate Native peoples' experiences in Minnesota history. I share just two examples.

In 1992 Harper Collins of New York published *The Listening Silence* by Minnesota author Phyllis Root. On the dust jacket of this illustrated work we learn that the author was "inspired by many canoeing trips in the wilderness of northern Minnesota and wanted to explore the land and how a people might live there." However, the Ojibwe did and do live in northern Minnesota. Their land, their traditions, and their history are not fantasy, and young readers will assume that the story is based in historical fact. Instead, Root creates an imaginary tribe and community, a fantasy of a young girl dressed in clothes and living in environments similar to the Ojibwe. The black-and-white illustrations support this mistaken identity. The social values underlying Root's fantasy simply echo the "empty" woods in Wisconsin where Laura Ingalls Wilder was born. In St. Paul, nearly every branch library holds a copy of *The Listening Silence*.

More recently, the Ramsey County Historical Society published *Jane Gibbs, Little Bird That Was Caught*, a biographical novel about the woman whose farmhouse remains a historic site in Ramsey County. Before she married and moved to that farm, however, Jane and

her adoptive family lived at a Christian mission between Lake Harriet and Lake Calhoun in present-day Minneapolis. There, Jane met and befriended many of the Dakota children who lived at the nearby village headed by Cloud Man. "Little Bird That Was Caught" is English for the name that her Dakota friends gave young Jane.¹⁶ But like Indian people in *On the Trail of the Sioux*, *Swift Rivers*, and *Kirsten on the Trail*, the Dakota in this new book play a subordinate role to Jane and her family. While her story is worth telling, libraries already offer many books about pioneer girls. The Minneapolis and St. Paul public libraries own nearly as many copies of *Jane Gibbs* as they do of *The Birchbark House*. Publishers need to work harder to introduce young readers to stories by and about Indian people. For example, many of Dakota leader Cloud Man's descendents still live in the Twin Cities. Someday we may have a book that chronicles their family's experiences.

NOW THAT I'M A PARENT, I want to help my children gain a more balanced view of our region's past through the powerful medium of historical fiction. This won't always be an easy task. When we first read the Little House books together, my oldest son hadn't yet learned to read. I could skip over the overtly racist sections. Then, we'd talk about how Wilder offers just one person's experience and how this is an incomplete version of our past. Now that my son can read on his own, I can't censor the words any longer. But I can still encourage him to read historical fiction that offers a balanced view of the past. In a year or two, he'll be old enough to read Eastman's *Indian Boyhood*, Le Sueur's *Sparrow Hawk*, Th omasma's *Kunu*, Broker's *Night Flying Woman*, and Erdrich's *The Birchbark House* on his own. With any luck, publishers and libraries will have caught up and made these books more accessible to young readers in Minnesota, and Omakayas, Oona, and Ohiyesa will all become household names. □

NOTES

1. Laura Ingalls Wilder, *Little House in the Big Woods* (1932; reprint, New York: Harper Trophy Edition, 1971), 1–2.

2. Here and below, Louise Erdrich, written interview with the author, Minneapolis, May 2000; Louise Erdrich, *The Birchbark House* (New York: Hyperion, 1999).

3. Erdrich interview.

4. Gerald Vizenor and A. Robert Lee, *Postindian Conversations* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1999), 89.

5. Originally published by McClure, Phillips and Co. of New York and then Little, Brown of Boston in 1902, *Indian Boyhood* was reprinted frequently through the 1930s. It then disappeared until the 1970s, when it was brought back by a number of presses, including Dover (New York). A 1991 edition is available from University of Nebraska Press.

6. Charles A. Eastman, *Indian Boyhood* (New York: Dover, 1971), 12–13.

7. Here and below, Dietrich Lange, *On the Trail of the Sioux* (Boston: Lothrop, Lee, and Shepard, 1912), vi, 2–3, 286.

8. The six are: John Bell, *Moccasin Flower* (St. Paul: Book Masters, 1935); Bernard Francis Ederer, *Birch Coulee: A Novel of the Indian Uprising in Minnesota in 1862* (New York: Exposition Press, 1957); Florence C. Means, *A Candle in the Mist: A Story for Girls* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1931); Elizabeth Palmer, *Up the River to Danger* (New York: Charles Scribner and Sons, 1940);

M. J. Pearson, *Ride the Red-Eyed Wind* (Minneapolis: Dillon Press, 1978); and Paul Sanford, *Sioux Arrows and Bullets* (San Antonio: Naylor Co., 1969).

9. Margaret Hubbard, *Little Whirlwind* (New York: MacMillan Co., 1940), 137.

10. Cornelia Meigs, *Swift Rivers* (1932; reprint, New York: Walker and Co., 1994), 10.

11. Meridel Le Sueur, *Sparrow Hawk* (1950; reprint, Duluth: Holy Cow! Press, 1987), 107.

12. Here and below, Janet Beeler Shaw, *Meet Kirsten, An American Girl* (Madison, WI: Pleasant Co., 1986), and *Kirsten on the Trail* (Middleton, WI: Pleasant Co., 1999); “All-Time Best-Selling Hardcover Children’s Books,” *Publisher’s Weekly*, February 5, 1996.

13. Quoted in Raymond J. DeMallie, “Afterword” to Ella Cara Deloria, *Waterlily* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1988), 237.

14. Here and below, Ignatia Broker, *Night Flying Woman: An Ojibway Narrative* (St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society Press, 1983), 18–19, 28, 8.

15. Kenneth Thomsma, *Kunu: Escape on the Missouri* (Jackson, WY: Grandview Publishing Co., 1989).

16. Anne E. Neuberger, *Jane Gibbs, Little Bird That Was Caught* (St. Paul: Ramsey County Historical Society, 1998).



All books reviewed in this essay are available for reading in the Minnesota Historical Society Library, St. Paul.



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