

NEVADA INDIAN COMMISSION

STEWART INDIAN SCHOOL ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

MAKING THE MOST OUT OF SCHOOL: AN INTERVIEW WITH RUDY CLARK

Interviewed by Terri McBride

Transcribed by Barbara L. Zeigler

Funded by:



Nevada Indian Commission ©

Funded by:



Copyright 2017
Nevada Indian Commission
5366 Snyder Avenue
Carson City, Nevada 89701

Making the Most Out of School: An Interview with Rudy Clark

Rudy Clark is a Hualapai Indian Tribe member and lives in Peach Springs, Arizona. He attended Stewart Indian School 1972-1974. Rudy was active in sports and a member of the Lettermen's Club, the Booster's Club, the Indian Club, Student Council, and played in a rock and roll band at Stewart. In this interview, he discusses in detail his work on weekends in the "outings" program at Stewart—placing students in day labor jobs for local residents—especially his work for Emily Greel, who had a farm. Rudy has a Bachelor's degree in environmental science and two separate Master's degrees in Education. Rudy has worked as an educational administrator in multiple states and as a health care director for the Hualapai Tribe, and has served on the Tribal Council.

My name is Terri McBride. It is Tuesday, March 21, 2017. We are at the Hualapai Administrative Offices in Peach Springs, Arizona. The interview is with Rudy Clark, a former student at the Stewart Indian School. We will be discussing his experiences as a student. This interview is being conducted for the Stewart Indian School Oral History Project for the Nevada Indian Commission and will be archived in the Stewart Indian School Cultural Center, the State Library and Archives, and Special Collections at the University of Nevada Reno.

Rudy, when were you born and where are you from?

I was born on April 8, 1955, in Kingman, Arizona, in Mojave County.

How many people were in your family?

Our family, there were six. They were all older than me. I think my next oldest brother, no, sister, is twelve years older than I am and I'm what they call the "miracle baby." One last shot. My mom was born in 1912. My father was born in 1901. So, at 54 years old he was a father again and my mom, at 40 some-odd years old, was a mom for one last time. I grew up in the Indian camp in Kingman, Arizona. We later moved to our own house on the south side of Kingman and dwelled there for a number of years until their passing in the mid-sixties.

So, what language was spoken in your household?

My first language was Hualapai and as we were getting a little older we learned to speak English for elementary school, in elementary school. Um, I can recall in elementary school my teachers having a very rough command of speaking English properly. They would make us speak English with correct pronunciation. They'd make us read English with correct pronunciation and at that time I didn't know what I was saying, but I was sayin' words that had magic in them and they produced sound and created the English language for me. Later, I made that equivalent to what our language meant and what it meant in English to get that true meaning of what the language is about. So, with that, I'm very grateful that I had good English teachers but very rough disciplinarians. (laughs) I mean rough disciplinarians because, you know, they meant well to teach us to become civilized Natives, but also how to become proper Natives. So, I learned to eat, sleep, and dress like the modern-day American.

So, once you learned English, were there communication problems with you and your parents or they knew English or did you just go home and speak Hualapai?

We always spoke Hualapai at home. The English, when I really started speaking English fluently, I think I was in third grade and my dad

used to get upset at me for speaking English at home, but we did anyway. I think we all did when we were together as children, we'd speak English to each other, rather than Hualapai. I don't know why. I think it was because we were practicing or gaining our skills in English in the elementary school period. We did have Hualapai family members that came and spoke with us but we started speaking to them, responding to them, in English. So, they used to call us names. They used to call us "white kids" because we spoke English to them and, pretty soon when we all went to the reservation, we were just known as white kids because we spoke English. Everybody hears in Hualapai, spoke Hualapai. It was kind of, ah, a culture shock for me at that time, the 60's, the mid-sixties. But I learned to live with it and got a little tough and fought several times over use of English words and language in this small community. When I mean fight, fought, I mean we fought physically. You fought fisticuffs, wrestle on the ground and responded to the criticism we had. (laughs) Yeah.

So, to ask a little more about your family life, did your family celebrate, or your community, like you said you lived in the Indian camp in Kingman, did you celebrate American Indian ceremonies or do traditional activities?

Well, let's just put it this way. When I was a child, our day was greeted by an elderly man who spoke to the spirits and would announce a discussion like Moses would on sermon on the Mount and he'd give a discourse on why we'd need to get up, why we need to work with each other, how we're supposed to help each other's, you know, there's a family that's suffering over here, direct our lives for us. And that's the traditional way of getting your family organized for the day. The other things that we used to do is we used to attend all the nightly sings that they had for celebrations, funerals. Every year we always came to our Native "doing" where we had a spring or it would be in July; we'd have our big talks by our tribal leaders, our big meal for the community. That later turned into the

election day and it was always a ceremonial activity there. I remember a time at our activities where they had, getting ready to serve lunches, somebody always spoke for the meal, and everybody was quiet. It was solemn, and no matter if you were at the gym or if you were out in the community and if somebody came by and said they're gonna talk, you kept quiet for a brief moment to give the blessing for the day and then you move forward. To have Indian, Native dancing at night, everybody got all dressed up. They had round dancing. The old singers would come and they'd sing drum songs and those drum songs are about the land, the people, and celebrations that we've had in the past and our life, and it's just supposed to be a gay, old time for us. There were also times where I think we had the first gambling hall outside of Nevada on our reservation (laughs) because our women would play cards and they, uh, they'd hide the cards from the police officers and they'd bet pennies and pitch pennies and do things like that! Those were celebrations of a sort, but those were only for night activities and mainly the women would do that. So, it was always a fun time for the gambling operations at somebody's house.

Well, gambling was a traditional activity, right?

Right, right. We used to do that out there when we were workin' out in the field, way out there, in Frazier Wells. We'd go camping out there and it was always an activity to keep us occupied at night and laughing and joking and enjoying ourselves with each other. It was great!

So, were any of your other family members educated at Stewart Indian School?

No, I'm the only family member from my small community and my family, my immediate family; I'm the only one that went to Stewart. My brothers and sisters, they all went to Kingman High School, Kingman Elementary, Palo Christi in Kingman. So, they're all a product of the Kingman School District. I was the only boarding school-type kid that came

about. It isn't that I wanted to go to boarding school. It was that my parents were both dead and the Bureau of Indian Affairs felt fit that it might be better for me to be in school somewhere rather than be a vagabond and not have a home to stay in and, um, live with a family and that's how I ended up at Stewart, with my Stewart family. And I loved all those guys! I miss them!

Well, they miss you too! I have a message for you later. So, what years did you go to Stewart?

I went 1972 to '74.

Okay. So, you were—was that your sophomore, junior, senior year, or junior-senior?

No, junior-senior year. I was a dropout from Kingman High School for a year.

Oh.

Well mainly, that was, uh, that was not by my choice. It was because we were fighting in school and they told us to get out and. . . . You gotta remember that from 1969 to '71 it was always a lot of racial tension in a small community like Kingman. I mean, don't get me wrong, the high school kids that I hung out with, we all were friends and we played pool and we played baseball together and football in the grass, but it was a certain element of people, a certain element, a small clique of cowboys that didn't like Natives, and we played the cowboy and Indian part and, pretty soon, you know, there was always tension at the high school. Stealing benches and making fun of us and, you know, enough is enough, you know? You want to go at it? Let's go for it. We went for it and we were the ones that got the short end of the stick. Yeah, so, I had to sit out a year and think about what I did but I also didn't have a place to go.

So, where did you live during that year? With extended family or kind of . . . ?

Well, I used to live in a park in Kingman, called Metcalf Park.

Oh, yeah.

I share that story often because it was a time I was homeless and I slept by—the lava rocks kept me warm. And my aunt and uncle went to Kingman one day and they saw me in the park and they brought me home and so I stayed with them and was raised by them. But they were getting older and they didn't have the financial stability to take care of me or to send me to school from here. I had to go away for school.

So, how did you get up there? Did you take a bus—how did they—a plane? Did somebody drive you?

I'm trying to think! How did I get up there? I think I got the bus the first time I went up. I was just naïve about it.

Did you have any idea where you were goin'? When the BIA told you Stewart Indian School?

I had no clue, I had no clue where I was going. I went to the Post Office and it was kinda weird. They had a whole list of these Indian schools. Phoenix, Sherman, Stewart. They had other places that they had one or two kids going. It was like a roster of whose team you're gonna be on, you know, and there was my name, bigger than lights, Stewart, and, uh, I remember—oh, I went at mid-term because Mrs. Yellow Hawk, uh, no, no—yeah, Mrs. Yellow Hawk, but she was Miss [Hutchin?] at that time. She put me on the bus to Stewart and had me sent up there, and that's when I went up then that year I got on the bus and I was back on the roster! So, it was always great to see my name going somewhere! And I also went to Sherman for a short period of time, too.

Oh!

And I didn't make it there. It was not—the cliques there were just as bad as Kingman. I mean, we had tribal cliques and we had like, intertribal wars. It was like the Papagos and Pimas against the Navajos. The Navajos against the California Indians. The Hualapais and Supais and Hopis against the Navajos. It was



Rudy Clark, Peach Springs, Arizona. March 21, 2017.

crazy! I just couldn't hang with that because I was, I used to call myself a Cosmopolite. I'd be more hip than anybody else. Listening to soul and rock 'n roll and jazz and onto Dizzy Gillespie and a classical rocker and a classical music fan. That wasn't my cup of tea. I was more cultured than wanting to be a tribal member. It was all tribal, but I was more like a diplomat.

Right.

Just maintain my cool and then got crossed over and I got in a fight again and there I was, outside the doors.

(Laughs) So, you think you recall you took the bus up to northern Nevada. What was your first impression when you arrived at the school? Do you remember what thought when you first got on campus?

Where the hell am I at?!? That's what I said! What am I doing here? It was all regimented. It was like I got off the bus and had to go to a line to see which dorm I was going to be in. I had to get a room assignment. That same night I had to

show up at seven o'clock for a dorm meeting and this Indian boy wasn't used to that!

Right.

I was used to getting home, washing my hands, resting, getting ready for supper, getting my chores ready, sweeping the floor, washing the dishes, and then going to wherever I sleep on the floor or watching a little TV, and then lights out at eight-thirty, nine o'clock, but this was a little more freedom than that. This was meeting at seven; you're done by eight and then we did our chores together and, I'm going, "wait a minute, here; this is out of line!" Because right after our chores was our room check at eight-thirty and then bedtime at nine and that's a half hour more freedom time for me to get in trouble. I mean, I'd go from, I was a little butterfly, you know? Fly around, or cockroach, go from room to room and say, "Hey! What's goin' on, guys?" and they'd say, "Hey! You gotta be in your room! You can't be in ours!" It was always fun, but that's how you break the rules a little; it was fun, it was great. It was a good time. Oh, and since I was always dapper, I had to have "the over" on

the iron and the ironing board. I was always trying to keep my clothes pressed and neat and lookin' sharp, you know, and I got a little criticism for that, you know. I wasn't a Levi - type of person.

Right, and yeah, that early 70's period, everybody was wearing denim and, yeah, superstar shirts and stuff.

Yeah, I was more of what they called a Native Cholo type, you know, with slacks and a tee shirt.

Button down.

Yeah, button down. I had to look cool!

But you enjoyed being a student there?

Oh, I loved being a student at Stewart! Once I got used to the regimen of waking up early, going to eat breakfast with my brothers, having a small pastime with the girls over there, laughing, you know, teasing each other, sitting with friends, making new friends. It was always great! To me, they were like sisters and brothers and sometime during my senior year, I finally discovered women, or young girls, or a girlfriend. I do miss her! I cherish the smile; I cherish the conversations, and that made it great, you know. I was always happy to be at Stewart, you know. It was, it was good. I found a place, a niche, as a part of the Lettermen's Club. I found my political, uh, skills and honed my political thinking and thought, and I always enjoyed being a student. I was a student not only in the academic area but in the extra-curricular activity area. I mean I was a little leader every now and then. Plus, I had two great men that taught me the way of life. Bud Heron, the ex-Marine, and Albert Tyler, a black basketball—football coach, and a mentor to me, and . . . I can't remember the other black gentleman's name. It'll come to me, but him and the principal, Brungee, they got me to speak in Rotary's and speak to groups of people and Ruby Shannon and Miss Gentry taught me the art of talking directly and being a diplomat and grateful to people, and shaking hands, and

showing me how to be a real good citizen, and a gentleman. I carry myself that way today.

So, did you take anything from home with you when you went up there besides your clothes? Any, you know, favorite objects, things that would remind you of home?

(Pauses) No, not really. I left here with my tennis shoes, my slacks and tee shirt, and jacket.

Right.

I didn't have much clothes. I had a footlocker with a couple of things in it but it made me look cool. (laughter) It wasn't packed with shirts or clothes or tee shirts or new socks or anything. It was just a footlocker with a few clothes in it. And you know, I gave that footlocker away to one of my Apache friends because I was fortunate enough to get—I didn't know this—but I was getting money every month and it was just building up at the Stewart bank and finally, I think Mrs. Collett got ahold of me and asked me what I was going to do with this because it was building up and I went to her office in Student Affairs and she says, "You know, you have some money here and you've been getting \$89 a month." "Oh, really? What can I use that for?" She says "Well, you can check out \$10 or \$5 or \$10; you know, whatever you need." So, I think that first time I took out \$20 and took a couple of guys to the movie instead of the gals because we were tough and we wanted to watch, uh, I think it was, uh, what the heck was it? Uh, *Electric Cowboy*, or something; I can't remember. It was a 1970's somethin' film. But we wanted to watch that. But we went downtown and had popcorn and soda at the movies! That was, to me, that was a great thing.

That's all I took was my clothes. That's all I had and purchased. I later used my money to buy myself a letterman's jacket.

So, was it hard to leave people behind when you went? I mean, what did you miss the most while you were up there from Arizona?

Deer meat gravy over biscuits.

Sounds fantastic!

The hunting. Being in the woods and lookin' at the Grand Canyon is what I missed.

The smell of pine trees and cedar and sage. I always had sage up there but not like Hualapai rez and the smell of the dirt here. You know, when I wake up in the morning and I go outside and I smell the air out there, I smell all the elements that make me a Hualapai here and why I was left to help protect the land. That's what I missed when I left.

Right, yeah.

And of all my years that I've been around, I've always had that calling and that's what brings me home, the land.

So, let's talk a little bit more about campus life. You mentioned it earlier; what was living in the dorms like?

(Laughs) It was great! After school it was, if I wasn't in sports I was doin' homework or else figurin' out my next moves. What I was gonna do, which church I was gonna go to, who had the best cookies, who was havin' hamburgers, who was havin' sandwiches. That was always the forefront of, of my afterschool activities. The worshipping, which church to go to, but also the social activities. Dorm life was very cool. I mean, I had a run of the mill on the iron and ironing boards, cleaning every morning, cleaning every night, making my bed, making sure there was no dust in the room. You could clean, clean, clean but to the dorm matrons and to the guys who are checking your room, it'll never be 100%. I know that. No way I could be perfect. My tee shirt could be out of line and they'd say it was messed up. I mean it was just crazy, but that was more discipline, though. So, the dorm life made me a little bit more disciplined about my environment, to be sure the floors are mopped. You go to my house, my floors are mopped, to make sure the bathrooms are cleaned, to make sure that, uh, that the blankets and foods (?) well, your towels are folded. The only thing I acquired in my later life

was when I was reading all the health magazines and bedbugs and things like that—dust mites—I learned to not make my bed right away but to let my bedding air out. Prior to that I used to make it tight and it looked like I was ready to, you know, live a good life and pick things up. Maybe I've gotten sloppy in my older age but I do have a laundry basket that clothes go in and that's it. I mean, but, I learned all that at dorm life. I learned how to mop, how to vacuum, how to clean windows, how to make sure you have a spring cleaning. They used to make us clean the outside of the dorm. Can you believe that? I didn't know why. The weeds were cut around the dorm even though we had maintenance guys, our windowsills were always washed, our windows were washed; it was great! I mean, it was somethin' that I remember, in detail, and I cherish those thoughts, you know. I laugh every now and then because, of course, I stayed in several rooms. I stayed in the east wing, the west wing, uh, and . . .

You were in the big boy's dorm?

I was in the big boy's dorm, but I was never in the honor dorms; the ones that all the supposed good guys go to, where they got their own rooms. I shared my room with three other guys and we—it was the nastiest thing to do was to share with three other guys but we did. And I say nasty because, you know, some of us had good personal hygiene and some of them didn't. So, it was my job to teach everybody to have good hygiene and to tell them, you know, you need to get more deodorant. I even offered, "I'll do the socks today, I'll do the underwear, I'll do the laundry and you guys go do what you need to and when it comes your turn you can do it," and, you know, we did that. We learned to help each other.

Cooperate, yeah.

Yeah. That's what dorm life was about to me. Of course, we always covered for each other when we missed night check.

Uh-huh, of course!

You know, when I was in somebody else's room. "They're coming, they're coming," and we'd all run down to our room as quickly as we can. It was great! I mean, those were the challenging times. It was a few moments of my life but it was a challenging time.

So, the dining hall, what was eating over there like? What was the food like?

Honestly, the food was great to me.

Okay.

I guess when I first went in it wasn't that great but then after I got there and ate a few hundred times, you get used to the way the cooks—the cooks prepare the food. But what was more intriguing to me was when I got the opportunity to work in the kitchen and then to cook food and to serve food and to begin my process in scullery work, in kitchen and washing dishes and serving the people. You begin to appreciate what you receive there. If you do good, you get a ream of bologna and that was always great at night time with a half a loaf of bread and chips that you acquired somehow.

Right.

Whether they be absconded or acquired from the store. I don't know where the chips came from but we always had Frito chips and Lays and that was it and they went in between our sandwiches or we ate them with a soda. Uh, we'd scrape up our change and go to the store.

Novake? The store?

We'd hit Novake. Yeah, we did that and get some soda. It was always great! Novake, it was always great at Novake. I remember I used to hang out at Novake on, uh, Saturdays and Sundays, just to watch my basketball games. That's where the guys hung out. It was like our own man cave there.

Yeah! (laughs)

(Laughs) And we had a little money. We could buy submarine sandwiches. I just loved the

submarine sandwiches there but that was the, the social life there. Plus, I played in a band there, so . . .

Oh, I'm going to ask you about that in a minute. So, did you have a favorite class?

My favorite class was Robey Willis in history.

So, history with Robey Willis?

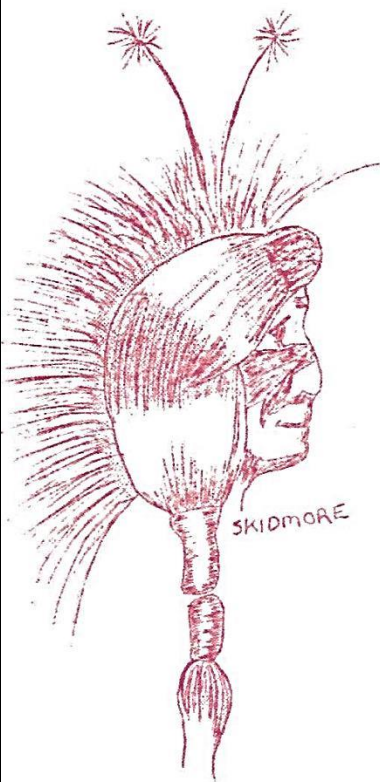
Uh-huh.

He also taught civics, didn't he?

Yes. That's where I learned my parliamentary procedures and my governmental structures in United States so when I went to Washington I knew what I was doin'! You know, which congressional members to meet, how to talk to the caucuses, the lobbying—correct way to lobby—introducing myself to senators, what did senators do, how did the House meet, all that kinda good stuff. Learned that from Mr. Willis. Plus, I learned historical—how to—it was kinda great! I learned not only the civics portion but, with him, I learned how to do what you would call transitional historical development from year to year and decades within the decades. He'd take those eras and then he'd say, "Prior to that . . ." then we'd do that little history there and then we'd do the ideology of the law or we'd do the ideology of the historical development in any kind of technology, tool, manufacturing outfit or anything; and also taught us how to transform the American society from just the "Wild West" to equal rights in women and until finally we received our Indian rights and talked a little bit about that. And then the national trends in scientific, science and technology. He did all that. He didn't know that, but he was doin' it.

Right, right. So, were they still doing vocational ed when you were there? You said you worked in the kitchen. Were they still doing agricultural stuff, or?

Yes, they were. They were, they were, they had—my friends, they were all in agriculture.



BACCALAUREATE SERVICES
Stewart Indian School
Sunday, May 19, 1974
1:00 P.M.
L.F.S. Church
* * *
SENIOR RECEPTION-TEA
2:00-4:00 P.M.

Processional "Pomp and Circumstance," Elgar
Stewart School Band, Mr. Richard Martin, Director

Invocation Rev. Fr. Bernard I. Sheerin, S. J.
Priest of Corpus Christi Church

Tribute to Seniors Rudy Clark

Chorus Selection "Let There Be Peace", By Miller and
Jill Jackson

Baccalaureate Address Elder Clair F. Earl,
First Counselor L.F.S. Church,
Reno, Nevada State Presidency

Benediction Mr. Henry G. Duerksen, Pastor
Stewart Community Church

Recessional "Royal March", John Kenyon
Stewart Indian School Band

1974 Stewart Baccalaureate Program in which Rudy gave the Tribute to Seniors. Courtesy of Rudy Clark.

They were doing—shuckin’ hay, raisin’ hay, taking care of animals and the animal sciences were still there. A lot of them did heavy equipment. Some of them did heavy equipment; they operated equipment. Even though we were

young kids, we were still doin’ things like that. I learned how to do my tractors there too, but it wasn’t for class, it was from learning my buddies and hangin’ out with them, you know. But they did it for class. I didn’t.

Oh, okay. So, you didn't enroll in the vocational stuff.

My nephew was in painting. He did the painting thing. Yeah, he did the painting. I'm trying to think . . .

What kind of painting? What do you mean?

House painting. He was a painter, painter. The regular painter with the white pants and the white shirt and white hats and . . . I think they studied under Humeyumptewa, Lloyd, Sr., yeah. I can't remember what my vocation was because I didn't—business was my vocation.

Okay.

I did my business vocation. I learned my—and I get embarrassed to tell people I learned shorthand, typing . . .

Administrative.

Writing, filing, administrative things. Although my office don't look like it right now. This is just an accumulation of all my Council papers and I gotta figure out how I'm going to get rid of them. You know, I think every year we get a paper shredder to come in and they just take the whole boxes so that's what I'm storing them for. I might cry when I see them go but that's . . .

You can take the day off!

They're just no use for me.

Right. So, you graduated from Stewart?

Yes.

In '76, right?

Seventy-four. Matter of fact, let me show you real quick! This was in a time capsule at my house.

Can we look at this when I'm done taping?

Yes.

Cool!

But this is my notes from when I was doing something here . . .

[Recording Paused]

So did you play sports, Rudy?

Yes.

What sports did you play?

Football and track.

How did the teams do while you were there?

When we were there, we didn't do too well. It was just, to us, it was just being social. I didn't think we took the games too seriously. We wanted to, but we just couldn't. Couldn't get that groove goin', I mean . . .

Did you go watch games, like basketball?

Oh yeah! We always, we were lettermen. We had to help the, uh, Lettermen's Club in promoting the games, in being at the games and we played security for the games.

Oh, okay!

We were always the first in anything. We were the best. We acted the best. We are the best and that was what was instilled in me by Bud Herron and instilled in me by Robey Willis and also Al Tyler. He'd say, "Rudy, the Dude-y. You are the best! No matter what you gonna be, you are the best!"

The auditorium where, you know, there was a stage and the seats. What kinds of, um, events did you attend there? Did they show movies or did they have like the Christmas show or you were in the band, right?

(Laughs) We had a Christmas show; we had movies; we had people come talk to us if they had—talk to us in the evening.

Oh, okay, speakers.

Oh, it was—we had our presentation of Lettermen's Yannigans' play there.

Were you in any other clubs? You were in the Lettermen's Club.

Indian Club.

What do you mean, Indian Club?

Yes.

What did the Indian Club do?

We went to pow wows; we sang at pow wows. I learned my Indian dancing there, my native dancing. Loren Sammaripa was our instructor. I see him every now and then at pow wows and I don't think he remembers me, but I remember him quite well. He still dances. I dance too. I think because of my learning there I was tenth in the world in straight dancing that one year in Connecticut and I placed at other pow wows. That's where I learned my dancing. I learned the etiquette of singing. I learned the etiquette of what pow wows are about; what the dances mean and things like that.

Cool.

Well-rounded Indian guy. That was the Indian Club. Of course, I was with Student Council and I was a dorm representative at one time but then I became the student body Vice Chairman—Vice President—and then, later on, represented the school as an ambassador for the school. I went to Sherman Indian School. I went to various high schools and spoke about life and what it meant to be eighteen and growing up and . . . it was just beautiful there. I mean, I learned, I was a part of that academic program, I was in the Art Club. I did art work . . . yeah, go ahead.

So, were you in the marching band or were you in another musical group? I understand you were a musician at school.

Yes, I was in a band, a regular rock and roll, rhythm and blues, country-western band.

Okay.

I played with the Apache boys in a band, I played the drums for them. I played a little

guitar but not too much. They had guitar players and I created my own band at one time. Then I also played in a band very briefly with a guy by the name of Wade Large and Brent Naha and Perry McIntosh and myself. We were all band members together, and Luke Williams—he was an outside Native, but he played with us too. He played drums. So, it was kind of a get together gig.

Where'd you guys practice?

Oh, in the basement, over, at an empty room in one of the old buildings and we'd find a place and sometimes they'd let us go do it at Novake, outside. I think there's a picture of me somewhere, outside playing with Perry and Brent and, oh, Ramrod! Ramsey Marino! He was another one of our band members.

Okay.

He died last—two years ago. I miss him. I love him to death, like a brother.

Where was he from?

He's from Cocopah.

That's Arizona.

Arizona, Yuma area. Summerville, Summerton, I think.

So, any experiences in a particular building that stand out to you? You said that you hung out at Novake a lot.

Yeah, I used to hang out there because that's where Al Tyler and the bologna was! (laughs) Not the B.S. but the bologna food, the sodas, the snack attacks, you know. I was into that stuff. You know, like I said, I had a little chump change on me all the time, a little money, so I took care of the guys and took care of me.

So, any other building specific memories? You talked about the dorms. . . . What was it like to go to the gym and see a basketball game?

Well, you didn't let me finish my memories.

Go ahead, go ahead.

The building that I used to hang out with, a young gal, a friend, a mutual friend, we—everybody’s friend, but more so my friend—we’d sneak off and go to the old girls’ dorm that was abandoned, and we’d go sit out there and we would pretend that was our house, our mansion, and talked about life, and what it could be like in the future with a big house like that. And that would be about once a week for about three months. No matter how long it was, a short period of time, maybe thirty, forty seconds to an hour, we’d sit and pet, holding hands and just talking. You know, it was one of those cordial, like I was courting her and we’d meet and go to church too, but that building was always a memory in my mind. Fond memories! There was a time she made cookies and cakes in Home Ec. and she’d bring me a sample and I always thought that was special from her . . . and I went looking for her years later; and it was like, the day we all left Stewart, the bus took my life away. She was gone, and there was no more her. It was just me. So, that memory’s still there. I don’t share that too often with anyone ‘cuz that’s a personal thing. But that’s cool. It’s part of me. It’s what brought me up to be a romantic.

Well, it sounds like those years for you were really formative; I mean, really growing into the person you became.

Yeah.

So, did you ever have to go to the clinic at Stewart, the infirmary? Did you get sick?

I went to the clinic; I was having anxiety attacks for some reason, and they kept giving me tranquilizers of some type it seemed like, to calm me down, like I was having—I was—and then I realized that that stuff was just no good for you. I looked it up in a medical magazine and I said, “This stuff is for crazy people! Why am I taking this? Don’t need it!” So, I stopped taking it. That’s the only thing I went to the clinic for, was a couple of anxiety attacks. They

weren’t quacks. They were good doctors. It was, maybe they were trying new drugs on me? I don’t know. But I did go a few times but it got me sick so I didn’t like it.

And you said that you went to church. Did you go to different churches, depending on the cookies?

(Laughs) Yes, I did, I did go depending on the cookies and the cakes or the thing. The one that I can’t remember the name of was the one across the tracks, I mean across the street from school.

The Catholic Church.

Is that the Catholic Church? Yeah, then that’s where we would go because that’s where we would eat dinners in their little rectory or whatever they call it.

And you left campus at times. You went into town to see movies. Did you go into Carson to do other things? Shopping? Did you work?

Yes, I did. I was in the Outing program.

Okay, what’s that?

I worked for Miss Emily Greel at the Greel Estates, north of Carson City. She had a small pond, a large tract of land. Her husband was a Paiute that built their own home, who built it out of rocks and stone and hewn . . . lumber, built it for her, and it was an oasis. I went over there the last time I was [in town] and it was no longer, the Greel Estate. It was something else, but she was from England, this lady was an English woman, I believe, or French, I don’t know, but she had an accent and she would make me some tea and she’d put on a sun hat and her long dress and she would bring me some cookies, some tea, all while I was employed by her to create her compost, to spread the compost into her soil because she was a bit of a person that liked her nursery, and she was a very nice person that took care of me and made this marbled chicken, which was beautifully—and had that for me at lunchtime, and she, she treated me like her own son, she said. And she was

always interested in me as an Indian, to find out what I was cut out of, and of course, I treated her cordially, treated her the best I can, as she was my employer, but I also learned from her, how to—eating etiquette!

Oh!

Yes, very much so. Holding my cup of tea, sitting properly at the table with her. She would let me relax and I kinda felt like Rock Hudson sitting there on my side talking to her, you know, leaning in, talking and crossing my arms and she'd say, "You're sincere," or, you know, and she would really, she was really a nice person. She taught me how to live life and I once asked her, I said, "You know, when you eat in the gambling casinos, what are the best foods to eat?" She'd always say, "Go to the salads first. Get what you want and do that." But she was a cool lady. She was always teaching me things and she paid me ten bucks a day. But that was great! It was ten bucks I didn't have.

Wow, and so that was during the summers or . . . ?

During the winter, just after and, uh, weekends!

Oh! Okay.

It was kinda crazy 'cuz I'd go over and I'd go to the outing list and I'd see who needs somebody. They have a list there like the types of jobs you want and, um, that job—I don't know how I got that job. I know that Mrs. Collett, again, there's Mrs. Collett; she recommended me to go work over there and that's how Mrs. Greel got ahold of me in the Outing program and I ended up driving out there with her every Saturday morning, eight o'clock. "Oh, hi, Rudy! How are ya doing today?" (imitates her voice) And that was it, man, I was, okay, I'm going to have to deal with this high-pitched woman all day and you know, she knew how to make me do the things I didn't want to do. Like she had a big lake and she'd say, "You know I have these grappling hooks that you could throw in there and you could get all this algae out. So, there's fish in there and the fish need air, you know." And

I'm going, "Okay." So, I'd throw it in there and I'm pulling—and the next thing I'm pulling algae out all day. (laughs) But that's what she would do, you know! Yeah, and manure too. She'd say, "I'd like to get some of this manure moved," and she'd be pushing the shovel and I'd say, "No, Mrs. Greel, let me help you," and end up doing that all day. Or Fred needed her—the other handyman; he was the one who handled the cattle, and the handyman; he would show me how to use a hammer and build fences, and worked cattle too. So, it was . . . I knew a little bit about cattle so it was always fun. A really rich life out there.

So, did you stay up there during the summers?

I did one year. I was firefighting.

Oh!

I went to Truckee.

Okay, right.

Trail work, sawyer, the works. To me that was just a job. That was a regular summer job, it was not learning anything. Fought a couple of fires there in Carson.

So, you stayed—so, they had housing up in Truckee for you guys to stay in, during the summer?

We stayed at the dorm. [Unintelligible] in the daytime.

And you talked about some of your classmates. Have you kept in touch with some of them?

Just Wade Large and Louis Huvella and recently, Betty Dureay and, um, gosh who was it? They found me through Facebook.

Oh, uh-huh, sure! And teachers? Keep in touch with any of the teachers after you left?

No, but unfortunately, I always wanted to find out what happened to Miss Kurihara.

What was her name?

Kurihara, I think her name is. She was a Japanese English teacher, I think she was. That lady taught me how to conjugate and keep structured sentences together and how to use my verbs and adverbs correctly and she taught me, she gave me an opportunity to use my creative writing skills, poetry and prose. I used to be able to conjure up a few poetry prosers for poetry and . . . I haven't in a while. I do in my discourse for politics. I can speak a few mean words, you know what I'm sayin'. (laughs)

Oh! It just comes to you! So, you had a nephew that went to school there from back here. Did you know anybody else from Arizona that was up there, like before you went? So, when you went there you saw them again?

Yeah, I knew some guys. They were more, they were more, uh, rez kids, rez guys, rez people. I knew them from here but I didn't hang out with them. I was more, more behaved. I was well behaved. I worked out in the ranch, did what my uncle wanted me to do and mainly was workin' for my uncle here. But, you know, the other kids, they got to do whatever they want. They were cowboys and they lived here in town, I mean, but I lived out there in Frazier Wells.

Oh, okay. So, what were your goals or future plans back when you were a senior in high school? What'd you think you were gonna be doing?

Not much.

Wasn't sure, huh?

No, honestly, I wanted to go to—I missed my old high school friends here from when I was a freshman and sophomore in Kingman. Val Malowea, Dennis Saxton. I could name those; they're non-natives but they were all cool people with me. They were a member of the marching band so, they all wanted to go to UC Davis school. I don't know why. They were always talkin' about it so I got in on the kick and I'd say, "I want to go to UC Davis, too," but . . . and, I ended up there!

Oh!

But only through Flagstaff. That's a different story.

Oh, okay.

And I went to Flagstaff to be an environmental scientist.

Okay, so was that the year after you graduated?

Northern Arizona. Yeah, the year after I graduated.

In environmental. And then, um—

Environmental sciences, forestry.

And then you transferred over to Davis, or . . . ?

Then I transferred to Davis. And then enrolled in the letters and science program there for law school, for pre-law. And when I got there, I didn't get a chance to get into the pre-law program, I got into the agriculture and environmental science program, but I was still in letters and science.

Okay.

Yeah, I was on the Dean's Honor list in letters and science. I can't believe that. That was a tough class—tough, tough department! Yeah, that was cool.

Okay. Did you serve in the military?

No! I got deferred.

Okay.

I went to college. The sergeant that came over to recruit us for the United States Marine Corps in Carson City deferred me 'cuz I took the ASFAB and he said I was college material and that I was more of a . . . commissioned . . . he wanted me to go to adjunct school.

Right.

Which was you know, law, military law program.

So, he felt you would be a bigger asset doing that.

Administration, right. Yeah, so I got the deferment and then when I was 35 I got the letter, officially not wanted, so . . .

Okay, good! So, you went to college, you graduated from Davis, on the Dean's List?

I was on the Dean's List a couple times, yeah.

Super! And then—so, what did you do for a living after leaving Stewart?

Nothing. For about six months I was looking for a job, but I didn't know what I could do with my degree when I left UC Davis . . . and then I saw an ad. I was over in Davis, and I saw an ad in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. "Native American student, Native American teacher wanted."

Oh.

So, I didn't know where that was at in New Mexico. I applied. I worked as a high school teacher for about a year.

Where?

At Dulce, New Mexico. I went to . . . a graduate program over at New Mexico State University and enrolled in their teacher ed. program. And after that, I was rockin' and rolling. I was a high school teacher, department head at Los Lunas, New Mexico, and assistant principal. I got—aside from my teaching credential, my Master's; I got a second one. I got—actually, I was workin' on a doctorate but I got into a second Master's on Curriculum and Instruction, on Administration. So, I got the C & I and the Admin. endorsements, K-12 and, gosh, elementary, secondary certifications all in like, two years. Finished the schooling there. Got my Master's over at New Mexico State University, my Bachelor's at UC Davis. And was an assistant principal in San Felipe and superintendent or school administrator in Iowa . . .

Iowa?

Yeah. And Wisconsin. So, I've had all those experiences.

Wow!

As an educator. As a program manager and grants developer I was at Aberdeen and Flandreau as a health director and here as a health director. And so, I've had varied jobs, but, you know, there was work every year.

Well—so Stewart—did you think, Stewart changed your life?

Yes, it did.

'Cuz you went on to do a lot of good stuff.

It made me the best!

Best man you can be. We're almost done. Can you think of your worst memory of Stewart? Was it that situation at the clinic? Was it something else that happened? Sports teams, run-ins with teachers, you know.

I'm trying to weigh the differences here. My bad memory that sticks with me today, and even though if I apologized to her, even though I can rightfully say I was innocent and made to apologize by Mr. Brungee and Albert Tyler, it still stuck to me how my cousin had made fun of a young lady and tagged me as the fall guy. So, I ended up taking the discipline for that and I'd like to go and say, "You know, I really didn't say that and it was my cousin, Flash, that did this, that said that to you, and I happened to be with him, that's okay, he didn't get in trouble, I did. But I'm still sorry for him to have said that to you because I would never say that to a woman or a young girl or make fun of anybody's physical appearance or the way they talk." And I think she said something to Flash and he responded to her, blurted out something, and she was hurt and told Mr. Tyler and Tyler told Brungee, and Brungee got ahold of me at the principal's office and proceeded to discipline me in the old-fashioned method. So, that was my bad memory of getting . . .

Yeah!

That's the first time I ever got accused of something that I didn't do, (laughs) and it was not a good feeling.

No. Unfair.

Very unfair, but I still loved him. I still loved them as my sisters and brothers and, like I said, even if I apologized, and will I vehemently apologize to anybody, because I think sometimes the actions of others, I need to take care of as well, and protect . . . their, their, you know, their mistakes too. I'm not perfect but they aren't either. That's one bad memory.

Well, I mean, you've talked a lot about good memories—the band. What about the best? What were the best?

(Laughs)

Just hangin' out with friends? What was it?

What was my best memory at Stewart? God, there's so many!

Yeah, that's good! That's okay.

It was the time I went up to Incline, Nevada, and I got put on the State Student Council, First Vice-Chair. I wasn't the Vice-Chair, I was the First Vice-Chair after him. Nevada State Student Council. I'm still waiting for my patch; I never received it.

(Laughs) I'll make sure they get right on it!

Yeah, then, you know it was . . . I wanted to wear that on my—because I was a senior you know, and it happened when I was a senior. I didn't get to receive it at the end because you know . . . I had a letterman's jacket. It had my last name on it, it had my football, my track wings, had my "S." I still have my "S." You know, it was the only thing that survived off of that jacket and—my name, and Stewart Indian School, and it was jus—to me, it was just, you know, 1974, it had everything that you would see on a letterman's jacket during the day. The only thing I didn't have was my medals. They only gave us ribbons in those days. They didn't

give medals and if I did get a medal, it probably just went with the school because we, everything we received, they got it from us. I had like, two medals, but I can't remember where, which they were. I was in shotput disc, 100 yards, 440, ran with the best, Francisco Steele, Lionel Harney, Damon Clark . . . all the Speedy Gonzalez's, I mean, at Stewart. Yeah, we all . . . but that was the best time in my life was going up there [Incline Village] and being around all these non-natives and giving a speech of how we should transform our high school student councils and what we should use as resolutions to govern the State Council in any convention, conference. I kinda remember all of that.

Uh-huh.

It's coming back to me now.

So, do you talk about your memories of Stewart with your kids or your family?

No. Only time I talk of memories of Stewart is when, if I'm with Stewart alumni.

Right. So, there is a connection there with other Stewart students that persists today?

Yeah. Everybody remembers, remembers me as a, when I was a Yannigan, when I was a letterman. They also remember me when I was a band member. Some of them remember me when I was the academic person. Some remember me as just being their buddy, their hang-around friend, like Fred. I used to hang around with Fred Mason. We called him Smokes, you know, we all had our nicknames. You know, it was always a great time.

So, there was camaraderie.

Yeah, we'd all hang out at "the square." I didn't talk about the square but that's where we used to hang out!

Oh, okay!

I used to sit over there with—never mind—my favorite friend that we'd go to that empty dorm. (laughs)

Right.

Empty girls' dorm. I think it was abandoned. Yeah, they closed it down when I was there.

So, it was locked up but you could still sit outside. Have you visited the campus since you left?

A couple of times.

Okay. And, finally, Rudy, what more than anything, needs to be told to visitors who aren't familiar with Stewart or boarding schools, as part of the Stewart story, in your mind?

In my mind. In my feeble mind, what should be told about Stewart that's not been told or they should be told. Well, first of all, we'd have to reflect onto the reason why Stewart was built.

That's right.

You know, they should tell them that this is a part of a school that was mainly made to acculturate the Native students into vocational training and learnings, and that any intersegmental part of the learning or with any intersegmental part of the learning, was the academics, and the aesthetic values of life to learning how to look at the total epistemological development of an individual to create a . . . fine people to contribute into American society. And when I read everybody's background, a lot of my classmates have become teachers, farmers, horsemen, or cattlemen. Some became politicians and became their tribal representatives. And, for like myself, I'm . . . up in age, and close to retirement. However, I was told that I will never retire, and I think I've always been retired. I just had fun doing it! Ever since I left Stewart, I was just having fun doing it.

So, your life work doesn't feel like work.

No.

Right. Good for you!

Everything, from, you know, what I do now, doing cultural assessments, speaking culturally,

historical development, doing historical research, talking to young kids—everything is a cumulative total of my sum relationship in life and to me, that's always fun. The stories, the life, the pow wows. You know, I'm real grateful that, on April 8th, I was asked to have my band perform at the Grand Canyon West celebration and I had to give a bunch of thought to that, because like any band, rock and roll or musician, the music never stops, but there comes a time when you let the young ones take over. Like now, three of my band members have gone; there's two left and so I was, you know, really grateful to have the corporation say, "Can you do our program this year?" I wrote to them and I wrote to the corporation and I said that, "You know, my time and the band is coming close to an end and I'd like to do this last 'Midnight Rez' sendoff and the last of our tours." We have four more days left, four more tour days left and we do the Grand Canyon West, we do a sobriety festival, we usually do the Fourth of July, and after the Fourth of July we do the open parties and that will probably be the end of our—1965 to 2016—is, I don't know how many years. That's the number of years I've been playing.

Wow!

My brother is doing that. We have over 100 years, combined and, you know, at one time we were almost 200 years combined in our band total, because all of us—we all started out when we were young, we played together for a long time. We know each other! Why we didn't go pro, I don't know. Why we didn't cut records, I don't know. We just never had the money. We have our own music, too, but we just don't produce it. It's something that, you know, in our more recent time of retiring and music and things like that, I don't think I ever will. I'll never stop cutting wood or going after wood. You know, it's always a fun time for me to know that I was invited to play one more time. And we could do it, it's just the matter to do it.

Thank you very much Rudy, for sharing your memories with me. I really appreciate it.