

This is email is still very painful to write about my experiences at Chinle Boarding School on the Navajo reservation.

1. I still remember it was on a Sunday evening I went into the restroom/shower room and saw a dorm aide yelling at a student telling her she stinks and filthy, while the student was taking a shower. Native Dorm aide was using a straw broom to scrub, poke and hit the student. I don't even remember if the student was screaming, bleeding or crying. All I remember was thinking WHY?!!! I rushed from the room shaking and hid, thinking I was going to be next. To this day this horrible scene haunts me in my dreams. When I wake up I think about the student who is a victim and wonder how she is doing.

2. Next story is when I first got enrolled and I was only 6 years old. A Native teacher grabbed me by both ears and yanked me around for not obeying her instructions to stretch out a roll of crepe paper at the end. Mind you I had not learned the English language so how was I to know her instructions. It was a year later I finally learned what the teacher meant.

3. 3rd incident happened in the classroom when we were ready to go eat, right before lunchtime during the week. I washed my hands in restroom. I exited and a boy hit me in my stomach. I lost my breath from the hit. All I remember is gasping for air. Absolutely no one disciplined the boy. These are only 3 incidents I remember so well. I am 65 years of age. Attended Boarding School in the early 1960s