

My name is Oran Baumeister, I was born on the standing rock reservation South Dakota. My mother Rena Foote was native, My father Willard Baumeister was German.

Rena died in April of 1971, Willard lost his mind and was put in the state hospital shortly after that, myself and three brother were taken in by my fathers mother.

I was 6 years old and that fall I was taken to the St. Joseph Indian School in Chamberlain SD. The school was about a 5 hour drive from home, we were all put on big buses every kid on the bus was scared and did not know what was going on.

When we got to the school the priest came out and separated in to groups, my older brother was with me but they moved him to a different group and I very seldom ever seen him. We were taken in to the building to the basement, we all had to take off all of our clothes except our underwear, put in line alphabetical and told that we would line up this way from now on. The line was to have our hair cut, it was scary for every kids we had never heard that sound before. After the hair cut we had to go and take a shower, the priests took us in to the shower area and took off our underwear put us in the shower stall and stood there and watched us wash.

Upstairs in the sleeping area we were given clean underwear and clothes, signed a bed and locker, we were lined up and one of the priests came over and walk up and down the line telling us all the things we couldn't do, and all the things that we would be doing. As he walk up and down the line he was holding 3 leather belts with the buckle ends were taped together, we could only speak English, no more native languages, one of the kids said something in Lakota and was pulled out of line and the priest with the belts walk to he and hit him 3 time across the back. That was the way we learned to keep our mouths shut.

About 2 months after that the priest that stayed the night in the dorm, would come out in to the sleeping area and get 5 or 6 boys and take them in to his room, he would give us pizza and chips maybe some candy and let us watch TV. He would pick one boy to stay and send all the others to go to bed, that was to first time that he raped me. After that he would just come out late at night and get out of bed and rape me again.

This when on about 2 or 3 times a month for my Frist 5 year in that school.

It happened to most of the kids if not all of them,

Kids would just disappear, they would be there one day and their beds would be empty that night, never seen them anymore.

If anything happened and no one would say who did it every one in the dorm would get whipped, line us up and whip everyone. There was so many evil things that happened to all the kids boys and girls.

From the fall of 1971 till the spring of 1978 I was there, the physical, mental and sexual abuse I suffered in that school has affected my whole life, I have lived my life afraid to make friends, with no self-confidence, no belief I myself, I would hide in my work the job was always the most Important thing. My children have suffer from this too. I wake up everyday and have to fight with myself to hind a raisin to get up and go on about my day, it is always there in everything I do and every where I go.

I am 57 years old now and I want the world to know about all of this, I have got very angry and sad and every emotion you can think of.
I really hope you can help me, I have years of abuse to talk about, I could write a book about those year.