

In 1974 I attended Intermountain Boarding School in Brigham City, Utah. The first night I was there I was put in a room that had 4 empty bunk beds. I was alone in that room. Really early in the morning a male Native dorm attendant woke me up and told me, "Can I play with you for 5 dollars?" "All the other girls do it." I . He was persistent and asked a few more times sitting on the edge of my bed. I said, "No! Please leave me alone!" This kept happening for a few days and I told the main worker there , a white man who just dismissed me as if I were lying!" I had met two Seminole girls ( students) by that time and told them what was happening to me and they told me to stay in their room so I could be safe. I was living in their room at night and had some of my things in their room. One morning on my way to school I forgot my pencil so I headed back to their room and while I was in their room two white men opened the door and accused me of being in that room to steal! I tried explaining my situation but they would not listen and they insisted I follow them but I refused. The next thing I knew I was tackled to the floor and they proceeded to drag me down the long hallway by my legs to a room where they told me to remain. I waited in that room and upon their return they took me to the infirmary that was down a long hallway. While I was waiting I snuck away and called a Mormon family I knew and told them to get hold of my mother (in New Mexico) and let her know what was happening. I also got hold of the Utah American Indian Movement in Salt Lake City. I was then led into a room and told by a doctor that I needed to undress to put a gown on. I refused and the doctor told me that if I did not take my clothes off myself he would tear them off me! I met some other students in the infirmary who were in there for over a month! Many of these students were imprisoned in the infirmary for infractions that they did . Some students were there for a week others a month to over a month and were not allowed to attend school! Their families were never told that they were in the infirmary. My mom and sister showed up days later as well as the American Indian Movement who said they had hired an attorney in NM for me but by that time being young and naive I just wanted to get out of there! I never knew what happened to the students there. To this day I suffer from PTSD from that experience. Thank you for allowing me to share my story.

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