

The Indiana Historical Society (“IHS”) is seeking an individual/agency (“Vendor”) to develop a series of educational lessons (“WORK”) appropriate for use by grades 7 through 9 that supports the organization’s publication of *Families of Two Fires: Forging America’s Frontier 1776-1832* by Randall Wisehart.

Background

The Indiana Historical Society collects and preserves Indiana’s unique stories; brings Hoosiers together in remembering and sharing the past; and inspires a future grounded in our states uniting values and principles.

Scope of Service

The completed WORK will encompass a unit of study consisting of eight lesson plans for use in social studies and language arts classrooms, targeted at students in grades 7 through 9. Lessons will utilize *Families of Two Fires* (see attached sample), and should include hands-on activities, primary source analysis, Native perspectives, and/or the integration of technology. Lesson plans should directly address Indiana State Standards for Social Studies, English/Language Arts, and/or other appropriate subjects. Lesson plans should follow an IHS-provided template (see attached sample). Lesson plans can include handouts, reference materials, and definitions as appropriate.

It is expected that work would begin on, or about, April 1, 2024, with an anticipated timeline as follows:

May 24, 2024	Lesson outlines and first draft submitted to IHS
June 28, 2024	Final draft of lesson plans submitted to IHS
July 12, 2024	Final review of product for handover to IHS

VENDOR would be available for virtual check-ins with IHS staff as agreed upon by both parties. Further, VENDOR agrees to assign and convey to IHS the entire rights, title, and interest in and to the WORK.

Payments to Vendor

IHS has allocated \$1,000 to be paid to the VENDOR as compensation for developing the WORK to be paid in two (2) installments:

Upon submission of outlines and first draft	\$500
Upon acceptance of final review	\$500

Submittal

Interested VENDORS should electronically submit a **letter of interest**, which states your qualifications, interest and ideas for this project, and experience along with **two lesson plans** which illustrate use of primary source analysis, hands-on learning, and/or experience with social studies and language arts curriculum by 5 p.m. on **March 22, 2024** to Bethany Hrachovec, Director, Education and Engagement: bhrachovec@indianahistory.org.

Selected VENDOR will receive a copy of *Families of Two Fires: Forging America’s Frontier 1776-1832* to use as personal reference.

Families of Two Fires

Principal Tribal Groups in the Northwest Territory c1800

- Ottawa** Primary occupant(s) of tribal area(s)
MIAMI Possessor of tribal area(s)
- Single tribal village location, c1800
 - Approximate extent of tribal areas, c1800
 - State borders, 1800
 - - - State borders carved from Northwest Territory, post 1800

- 1 St. Louis (1764)
- 2 Vincennes (1732)
- 3 Ft. Harrison (1811)
- 4 Wapeminskink/Anderson's Town (c1798)
- 5 Kekionga (18th C)/Ft. Wayne (1794)
- 6 Cincinnati (1788)/Ft. Washington (1789)
- 7 Dayton (1796)
- 8 Ft. Greenville (1793, 1805)
- 9 Ft. Piqua (1794)
- 10 Ft. St. Marys (1794)
- 11 Wapakoneta (c1740: Ottawa; c1798: Shawnee)
- 12 Ft. Meigs (1813)
- 13 Ft. Malden (1795)
- 14 Ft. Detroit (1701, 1796)
- 15 Ft. Michilimackinac (1713)/Mackinac (1781)



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Map by Arthur Andrew Olson III and Erin Greb Cartography

Information drawn from the following sources: John P. Bowes, *Land Too Good For Indians: Northern Indian Removal*, University of Oklahoma Press, 2016; Charles E. Cleland, *Rites of Conquest*, University of Michigan Press, 1992; George S. May, *Pictorial History of Michigan: The Early Years*, Wm. B. Eerdsman's Publishing Co., 1967; Charles C. Royce and Cyrus Thomas, *Indian Land Cessions in the United States*, Library of Congress, 1899; Helen Hornbeck Tanner, *Atlas of Great Lakes Indian History*, University of Oklahoma Press, 1987.

Families of Two Fires
Forging America's Frontier
1776–1832

Randall Wisehart

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Prologue, 1832

“Grandpa, they’re here!”

Thirteen-year-old Jacob Cox watched the figure climbing the hill to the two-story brick house his grandfather had built after the War of 1812. He knew he did not need to say anything else.

Jacob’s job today had been to watch for the Indian visitors. For nearly ten years, this visit had been an annual event, a time of fellowship and joy. The visitors would share stories with the Rue and Holman families living in a settlement in eastern Indiana and then leave with gifts and food for the long winter. However, times had changed. This year the visitors were part of a large group of Shawnee being forcibly relocated to Kansas Territory.

Jacob waited for his grandfather, Richard Rue, to come out of the house. Richard nodded to him, and together they walked in the direction Jacob had been looking. Jacob could see that his grandfather was having another bad day. Richard walked stiffly, wincing in pain every few steps. The bad days happened more and more frequently now as his rheumatism grew worse. The disease had slowed his grandpa a lot over the past few years. He had been a tall man but seemed to have shrunk a little. He moved deliberately and sometimes dropped things; Jacob often saw him rubbing his hands as though that could restore a strong grip. But he could no longer farm his land. Richard had already sold off many acres to family members. Jacob worried about his grandfather.

Several years ago, Jacob’s parents, Joseph and Mary Cox, and their family had moved nearly one hundred miles west, toward the Wabash River. But Jacob’s father and mother were so concerned about his grandpa’s health they had sent Jacob back to live with his grandparents to help with the chores. His grandmother, Elizabeth Rue, was good about giving him jobs that his grandfather could no longer do, but Jacob worried about what would happen when he had to return home with his parents.

Reaching their visitor, Richard greeted the old Shawnee man with a smile and said, “Welcome, Standing Bear. I have been looking forward to your visit. Will you and your family stay near us, or do you need to stay closer to the other Shawnee?”

Standing Bear clasped Richard’s hand in greeting, “We convinced the soldiers traveling with us that Richmond is a good place to stop and wait for those behind us to catch up,” he said. “The soldiers agreed to wait for two days,

perhaps three. They won't notice if some of us camp closer to you."

"Good. Then it's settled. You'll camp in the same place down by the creek."

Standing Bear nodded. Jacob thought the man looked much older than his seventy-one-year-old grandfather, although he knew Standing Bear was actually a few years younger.

After a moment, Richard invited Standing Bear to sit on a log in the clearing in front of the house. Then he put his arm around his grandson. "Jacob, help them get their horses settled."

"Will this be like the other times they have visited?" asked Jacob.

"I believe so," said Richard. "But not exactly the same. There may be others with them. The only thing I know for sure is that several of my Shawnee family will be here and stay a few days. This has become a safe place for them. They know we and the Quakers will welcome them and allow them to rest in peace before continuing their journey."

Richard smiled at his grandson. "Start spreading the word to the Rues and Holmans. We have family coming, and we'll need food. Same as last year."

Jacob smiled in anticipation of what he knew was coming—good food and lots of stories. He could not wait for his parents, cousins, and aunts and uncles to get there.

Jacob followed the path down to the creek. When the Shawnee and Mingo first had started their visits, only a few of them had come. Over time, Standing Bear had brought more and more of his family. Now even some of his grandchildren came.

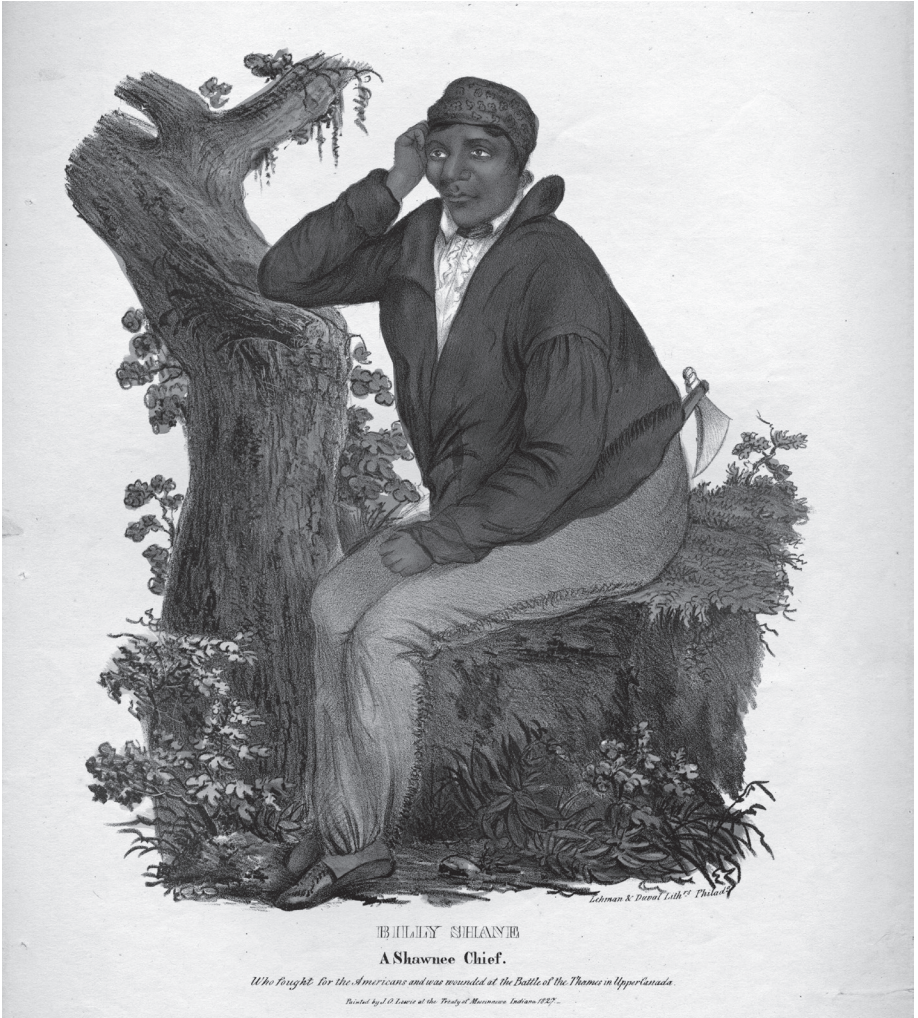
Entering the clearing by the creek, Jacob saw the Shawnee families waiting. As soon as they saw him, they knew it was safe to begin setting up camp. As he approached, some of the Indians welcomed Jacob with smiles or nods while others eyed him warily. Jacob helped with the horses while some of the Shawnee men and women began to unload and set up makeshift *wegiw* or wigwams (temporary wooden homes). Two young Shawnee approached, a boy and a girl.

"Hello," said Jacob. The boy nodded in greeting, but the girl turned away shyly.

"White Dove," said the Shawnee boy, "go help your mother. I'll help with the horses."

"Yes, Red Hawk," said the girl.

As White Dove turned to walk away, Jacob saw her pause and glance back at him. She seemed very curious about this white boy who had showed up to



help them. Just as she opened her mouth to speak, a woman called, “White Dove!” The woman eyed Jacob sternly and motioned to the girl.

White Dove dropped her eyes and hurried away, while Jacob blushed and turned to the Shawnee boy, Red Hawk.

“Don’t mind her mother,” said Red Hawk. “She doesn’t trust anyone.”

“Your English is very good,” said Jacob. “My name is Jacob. It’s good to meet you, Red Hawk.”

“Thank you, Jacob. My grandfather, Standing Bear, says that learning the language of the white man is important. He says we must learn to live together.”

“Too much talk. Time to work,” said one of the adult Shawnee as he walked toward them. “Go help the others who are gathering firewood, Red Hawk. We will need it tonight.”

Red Hawk walked away without another word. Jacob checked to make sure the horses were secured and then left to begin spreading the word that the Shawnee visitors had arrived.

Jacob returned to his grandfather's house in time for dinner. George Holman, his grandpa's cousin, sat on a stump outside the house while Jacob's grandfather and two Shawnee men sat on a log across from him. Although close to seventy, George was still very active in farming. He was not as tall as Richard, but Jacob could tell he was still strong.

Jacob approached the men, listening to their conversation. They spoke mostly in English, with some Shawnee words mixed in. His grandpa told him that over the years, the Indigenous Peoples had begun to speak more English. Jacob was able to understand most of the conversation.

“We were sorry to hear that the trip to Washington was not helpful,” said Richard. “After the council here in Richmond last year, we had high hopes that the government would finally allow the Shawnee to remain in Ohio.”

“The Quaker Henry Harvey was also disappointed,” said Standing Bear. “He was with us when we found out. We were not surprised. It is always more of the same. Promises that we can stay, then reasons why we must move away, then farther away again.”

“I am sorry President Jackson has taken such a strong position. I know that you have no choice now but to leave your homes in Ohio and move west,” Richard said solemnly.

Standing Bear waited for a moment as though contemplating how much to say. “We do have a choice,” he said. “Stay and live by the white man's laws and customs or move and keep our tribal government and way of life.” And then after a long pause, “At least that is the current promise.”

Jacob glanced at his grandfather. Did Standing Bear actually believe what he had said, or was he wondering when this current promise would be broken, too?

After another pause, Standing Bear began speaking again. “My son, Rising Wind,” he said, nodding toward the Shawnee beside him on the log. “We

and our family are part of a large group of Shawnee who have left our homes behind forever. We stopped at the farm of Henry Harvey on our way here and thanked him. Now we are just part of a long procession. We will travel one last time through this land where once we hunted and trapped.”

The men were somber. “If there is anything we could do. . . .” Richard began, but his words fell flat. He did not know how to finish the sentence.

“We are tired.” Standing Bear spoke slowly. “So many of our warriors were killed in the fighting with the American army. We hoped the Americans would no longer see us as a threat. We hoped they would leave us in peace. That was not to be. This will be our final trip through this land of our ancestors. This will be the last time we see you.” Standing Bear spoke without enthusiasm.

Jacob wondered what it would be like to be forced to move away from his home. He wondered why Standing Bear, Rising Wind, and the others did not fight to stay. His grandfather interrupted his thoughts.

“Jacob, there will be plenty of time for you to listen to us tomorrow. It will be dark soon. Go to bed.”

“Yes, grandfather,” said Jacob, and he walked away, leaving the old friends to continue their conversation.

The next afternoon, Holmans, Rues, and Coxes came, bringing food so that Jacob’s grandmother, Elizabeth, would have help with meals. Anticipating the Shawnees’ visit, Jacob’s parents had also traveled home. Several of the women in the family had come prepared to help.

That evening, Jacob made sure that he found a place to sit near the log where his grandfather and Standing Bear sat. His parents joined them by the fire built for this cool fall night. He had heard some of the stories when he was younger, but this year was special. Now that Jacob understood this would be the last time the Shawnee and Mingo would come, he wanted to remember as much as he possibly could. He especially wanted to hear the stories about his father and mother. His father, Joseph Cox, had built one of the first cabins near this place that was sometimes called the Kentucky Settlement. Neither his father nor his mother talked much about their early life here, but he knew some of the stories would include them.

This was a time to enjoy the stories—the story of his grandfather and George Holman coming to Kentucky when they were not much older than Jacob and fighting against the British; the story of his grandfather and George being captured and living as Indians for three years among the Shawnee and Mingo; and the stories of their release and how they finally settled in the Indi-

ana Territory.

Jacob sat close to his parents, grandfather, and the Shawnee. Several of the Indigenous People greeted Jacob's father and mother warmly. He knew there was a story that would explain why they were so friendly to his parents, and Jacob was looking forward to hearing it. The first story was told by his grandfather. Richard began his story by describing how he and his good friend and cousin George Holman started out on a journey on a flatboat that would eventually bring them to a new world.

Part One: Moving West

Chapter One: West to Fort Harrod, 1776

Richard Rue and George Holman loaded the last of their belongings onto the flatboat. Richard was fifteen, one year older than his cousin George. The boat carried the belongings of two Holman families. They hoped to make new homes in the vast unsettled lands of the West.

Richard and George both knew the pain of losing their parents and having to live with relatives. They both knew they were lucky to live with families who loved them like sons. But it was not the same as living with their own mothers and fathers.

Richard lived with Edward Holman, the oldest of the three Holman brothers. Edward was married to Richard's sister Mary, who was nearly fifteen years older than Richard. They had taken in Richard to be part of their family after Richard's parents died. Edward treated him like a son, and Mary was as protective of him as she was of the four children she had with Edward.

George lived with Edward's brother Henry. Henry Holman and his wife, Elizabeth, had six children aged six to eighteen. George, the only son of Henry's brother, was now part of their family as well. He could barely remember his mother, and his father had simply left one day. Uncle Henry was George's father now.

Just two years ago the Holmans had moved from Kent County, Maryland, to Pennsylvania. The soil in Kent County was overworked. More and more families had heard stories of the fertile land and plentiful wildlife in the West, but the Holmans had not been ready to move to the wilderness two years ago. Moving to Pennsylvania had seemed the more prudent course since other members of their family had lived in Pennsylvania in times past.

Once in Pennsylvania, they found troubles there as well. The war for inde-

pendence from England was erupting throughout the East Coast and moving inland. The area also was fraught with raids and reprisals between the Indigenous Peoples and the whites. A massacre by whites led to kidnappings and killings by Indians. After each kidnapping or death of a white person, American groups took revenge by burning down an Indian village or destroying their crops. The images of miles and miles of open land in the West ready to be cleared for farming became more and more appealing.

Richard and George helped shove the heavy flatboat into the Ohio River. It had been reinforced with thick hardwood gunwales, sides, in anticipation of the possibility of musket shots from shore. They had carefully balanced boxes and bags filled with supplies in the center of the flatboat. Edward guided the boat with one pole on one side of the boat, while Richard and George worked their poles on the other side. They remembered their instructions. Edward had been very clear.

“Richard, George, listen carefully,” Edward’s voice was serious. “Everything we own is on this flatboat. Only these poles and the river’s current will help us get to a place where we can start a new life.” He paused and looked at each of them in turn to make sure he had their attention. He was sure Richard was listening. Ever since he had adopted his wife’s much younger brother, Edward had known he could trust him to do what he was told. George was not always as attentive and needed more guidance sometimes. Edward stifled a smile and pretended he had not seen Richard nudge George with an elbow. As always, Richard was looking out for George, trying to help him before he got into trouble. Again.

“You follow my lead,” Edward instructed. “If I tell you to put your pole in the water and push, then do it immediately. If I say take it out of the water, then do that without delay. We must use the current of the river to move us where we want to go. We use the poles to keep us in the current when it’s taking us the right way and to get us out of the current when it’s too dangerous. Henry and I will keep our muskets ready. We’ll take turns helping with the poles, but one of us needs to be ready with a musket at all times. We will not be taken by surprise by Indians rushing us in canoes. One mistake could mean disaster.” Edward paused again to let that sink in so they both fully understood what disaster meant for all of them.

Richard and George took their responsibilities seriously. They were vigilant in following Edward’s directions and jumped up to help each time they landed and camped for the night. It was not an easy journey. Everyone was tired, and



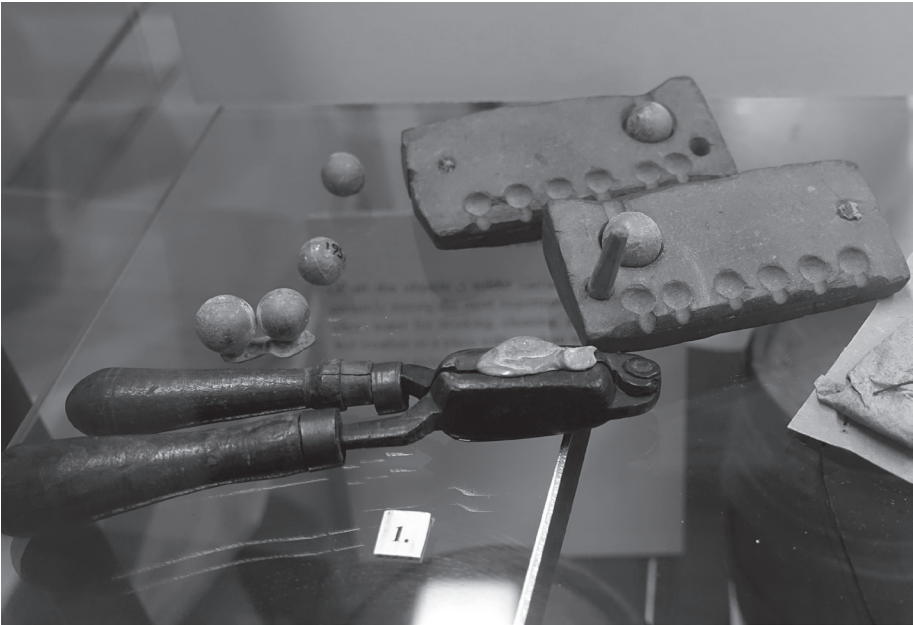
the children grew fussy. The families and their belongings seemed to overrun the boat. But they all knew that staying in Pennsylvania was not an option. The cramped conditions on the boat would only be for a few weeks.

They finally guided the boat ashore near the mouth of the Kentucky River. Edward took Richard with him to see if there was any place they could camp. Henry Holman stayed behind, musket ready, just in case. After a short time, the dense forest gave way to a clearing. They saw a cabin in a large area that had already been cleared for planting.

“Look,” said Richard, “A cabin.” He started to call out, but Edward put a hand up to stop him.

“Wait, Richard. Look around. What do you see?”

Richard looked at the cabin and clearing. He turned toward Edward with a question in his eyes.



“Where are the people?” asked Edward.

“They must be out hunting,” answered Richard.

“All of them? The women too?” Edward checked his rifle to make sure it was ready if needed. “Let’s approach slowly.”

They scanned the area as they approached the cabin. They now saw that

although areas had been cleared for planting, some parts had been grown over. Edward called out when they were within fifty feet of the cabin, keeping his rifle at the ready.

“Hello? Anyone in there?”

They waited. Birds chirped in the trees overhead. No sound came from the cabin. Edward walked toward it and Richard followed. They stood at the entrance and looked inside. The cabin was empty.

“Why would someone build this and then leave?” asked Richard.

“Could be lots of reasons,” answered Edward. “They decided life was too hard. They decided they wanted to be closer to other settlers. They got sick. Lots of reasons.” Edward paused.

“Let’s go back and get the others. Sometimes the bad luck of others is good luck for us. We have traveled a long way, and now, out of nowhere, shelter has appeared for us. Who are we to turn our backs on good fortune?”

Although the cabin was small, no one complained. It was shelter. They quickly moved in all their belongings and supplies and tied the flatboat to a tree. They spent the next several weeks preparing the ground for planting and beginning to plant seeds they had brought. They all felt badly about taking land that others had cleared, but they also appreciated the new hope that this clearing had given them. However, before they had been there a month, that hope was shattered.

One morning, Richard woke with the sun, as always. He did not know how, but his brother-in-law Edward was always up before dawn. Richard joined him outside just as daylight was breaking. He was surprised that Edward was just standing outside. He had made no move toward their plantings yet. Instead, he was looking into the forest. Perhaps today they would go hunting for deer or rabbit instead.

Edward spoke quietly to Richard without turning his head. He continued looking into the forest.

“Richard, listen carefully. Wake everyone. Tell them to gather up everything they can carry and be prepared to run for the flatboat. We will have to leave the rest.”

A chill ran through Richard. “But I don’t under. . . .”

“Indians. I saw them. I think they’re planning to attack.”

Edward glanced at Richard. “Now. Go. No time to waste.”

Richard ran back into the cabin while Edward turned back toward the woods, rifle at the ready.

Richard quickly roused Henry, who woke the women and children. Henry distributed items for each to carry, even the young children. They were still gathering supplies when the first shots rang out.

Henry grabbed his rifle and ran toward the door. "Richard, get them ready to run to the boat!"

Richard got everyone lined up, arms filled with what they could quickly grab. He stepped outside just as more shots rang out. Edward and Henry Holman were running back toward the house. The next two shots hit the walls of the cabin.

"Richard, get them moving. Now!" Edward shouted. Then he and Henry fired into the woods in the direction of the shots. Edward spoke hurriedly as he reloaded.

"Get them to the boat, Richard! We'll be right behind you. If Indians are there, drop what you have and run back this way. We'll make a stand."

Richard led the family through the clearing toward the river where the boat was still tied up. He looked into George's determined eyes.

"I'll help fight 'em, Richard. I will!"

"Let's run for the boat first, George. I need you to help me with the young ones. Make sure the others keep up. I'll lead the way."

Without waiting for a reply, Richard sprinted toward the path to the river. He heard George encourage his young cousins and trusted they were right behind him.

Richard looked for Indians but did not see any. He jumped onto the boat and turned to help the others board. He had just gotten all of them on board when he saw Henry and Edward running toward them. He untied the boat and reached out to help them jump on board.

"Down!" shouted Henry as he grabbed a pole and pushed them away from shore. Edward reloaded while Richard stood ready with his own rifle.

"Let 'em come! We'll show 'em they can't get away with this." George was shaking as he spoke and clutched his Uncle Henry's tomahawk, keeping it ready by his side.

"Hush, George," said Henry. "We've got nothing to show them. Not now. They're the ones did the showing." He continued to look toward shore, but no more shots were fired.

"And I suppose we can guess now why the cabin was abandoned and why it seems the folks who built it left in a rush." Edward spoke to Henry, but they all heard his words. The hopes that had raised their spirits just a few weeks ago

were now gone.

“What now?” Richard asked the question they had all been thinking. Edward took the pole from an exhausted Henry and continued to guide the boat farther from shore as Henry took his place watching the shore, his rifle ready.

“We’ll keep going,” said Edward between thrusts of the pole. “We’ll go to McLean’s Station first. There might be room for us to start again there. But if it’s not safe, we’ll head to Fort Harrod. I know some people there.” Edward looked around at the sad faces.

“This is a blow to be sure. Don’t fret about what we left behind. That’s not important. We’re alive and unharmed. We have each other.” He brought the pole out of the water. They were into deep water now and out of rifle range. “We have each other,” he repeated softly.

Richard turned to George who was already looking in his direction.

“That’s right, Edward. We do have each other.” Richard continued to look directly at George as he spoke.

They spent several months at McLean’s Station, but so many travelers warned them of the threat of Indigenous attacks that Henry and Edward decided they needed the protection that only Fort Harrod could provide, at least for the short term. Once again, they packed their belongings and moved on.

As they approached the fort, Henry tried to sound encouraging, “This is only temporary. We’ll find out what others say about where we can build a cabin that isn’t close to where the Indians live. Then we’ll be free to plant our crops and begin our new life here.”

“What if no place is safe, Uncle Henry?” asked George.

“Nonsense, George,” replied Henry. “There is enough land here for us and other settlers and also the Indigenous Peoples.”

George looked at Richard, but he merely shrugged.

George was about to ask another question when the path opened into a clearing. They could clearly see Fort Harrod ahead.

After placing the supplies in a cabin within the compound as instructed, Richard and George followed Henry as he walked toward a simmering kettle that was hanging on a tripod over an open fire. Six men stood close to the fire, some holding their muskets casually, some leaning on them. George thought they looked nervous, ready to aim their musket or pull a knife from their belt at any time.

Henry began to explain how they had found a cabin in a clearing but then

were attacked.

One of the men interrupted him, "You aren't the only ones to get attacked. That's why we're here at the fort and why so many have already left."

"But why?" asked Henry Holman. "Surely we can share this land with the Indians."

"No," said one of the men quickly. "That's not going to happen. Not now. It's too late."

"Why?" asked Henry again.

"You were lucky," he answered. "The Indians have burned houses, stolen horses, and burned crops. They have killed. They have stolen our women and children. Kidnapped them. Made them live like them. There's barely one hundred of us left here with Major Clark to protect Harrodsburg and Boonesborough both. Many families have decided it is too dangerous and have gone back East."

"Major Clark?" asked Henry.

"Yes, Major George Rogers Clark. He and John Gabriel Jones traveled all the way to Williamsburg, Virginia, to deliver a petition to Governor Patrick Henry to include us as part of Virginia. Thanks to them, you're now standing in Kentucky County, Virginia."

"Impressive," said Henry. Richard was listening intently and was clearly impressed as well. It was reassuring to be part of Virginia, even this far west.

"That's not all," continued the man, addressing his comrades. "Remember when Clark walked into the fort?" The group nodded in assent. "He was with three other men, one of them Simon Kenton who was carrying a buck across his shoulders. Thanks to Kenton we had plenty to eat. Not many of us were left to go hunting, and none of us were as good at it as Kenton."

"Without him, we'd have starved for certain," said another man.

The first man continued. "Kenton and the two men he was with crossed paths with Clark while they were hunting and offered to guide Clark back to the fort. When Simon Kenton told us to listen to Clark, we all did. That's when we found out that Governor Henry had appointed George Rogers Clark to be a major in the Kentucky County Militia and sent five hundred pounds of gunpowder to help us protect the territory. He may only be twenty-four years old, but even Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton look to him as a leader."

Richard looked at George. They had heard stories about Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton fighting Indians and making names for themselves as frontiersmen. They moved in closer to the men, listening with rapt attention. They

wanted to hear more about this man who had convinced Governor Henry to make Kentucky a county of Virginia.

"I've heard it's the British telling the Indians to attack settlers," said Henry.

"Yes sir," said another. "For all the good it does 'em. But they ain't the only ones can shoot and burn crops." Several others nodded in assent.

"We haven't killed as many of them as they've killed of us. And we don't take to no kidnappin'. But we aren't takin' this lying down neither."

"Have any of those who were kidnapped been rescued?" asked Henry.

The men looked at each other uncomfortably. Finally, one answered. "Not as easy as it sounds to find them."

"We got Caleb back," said a man from the back.

"Who's Caleb?" asked George.

The men ignored George, so Henry asked, "Caleb?"

"Over yonder. Under the tree."

George looked in the direction the man had nodded. They saw a boy who looked to be near his age. As his Uncle Henry continued to talk to the men, he and Richard left the group and walked to where the boy they called Caleb was sitting.

Caleb did not look up as they approached. George looked at Richard.

"Are you Caleb?" asked Richard.

Caleb looked up, then down again. "Yup."

"Were you taken by Indians?" asked Richard.

"Taken," said Caleb solemnly. "That's one word for it."

George and Richard waited. Somehow it did not seem right to ask another question. Either Caleb would speak or he wouldn't. They sat in silence until Caleb spoke.

"They killed my pa. They took me and my ma and little sister. I watched them burn our cabin. Then they took us through the forest and made us walk and walk. We finally got to a village. Then we got separated. My ma and little sis left with one group of Indians, but I stayed there."

Caleb paused and they waited. Finally, George asked, "How did you get back here?"

Caleb looked up at George, then at Richard, as though deciding how much to say. Or how much he could trust them.

"I lived with them for more than a year," Caleb began.

"A year!" George exclaimed. "A whole year?"

"More," Caleb answered. "Then one day when all the men were out hunt-

ing, I stayed back with the women and children. A group from Boonesborough came through. They saw me and before I knew it, we were headed back here to Harrodsburg where they dropped me, and I've been here ever since. Don't know if I'll ever see my ma and sis again."

Caleb stopped talking. Richard and George saw Henry motioning for them to return to the cabin where the rest of their family was. They left Caleb sitting there. Later that night, after the rest of the family was settled for the evening, Richard again found Caleb sitting in the same spot. He sat next to him.

"Tell me more about your life with the Indians," Richard said. Hours later Richard returned to the cabin.

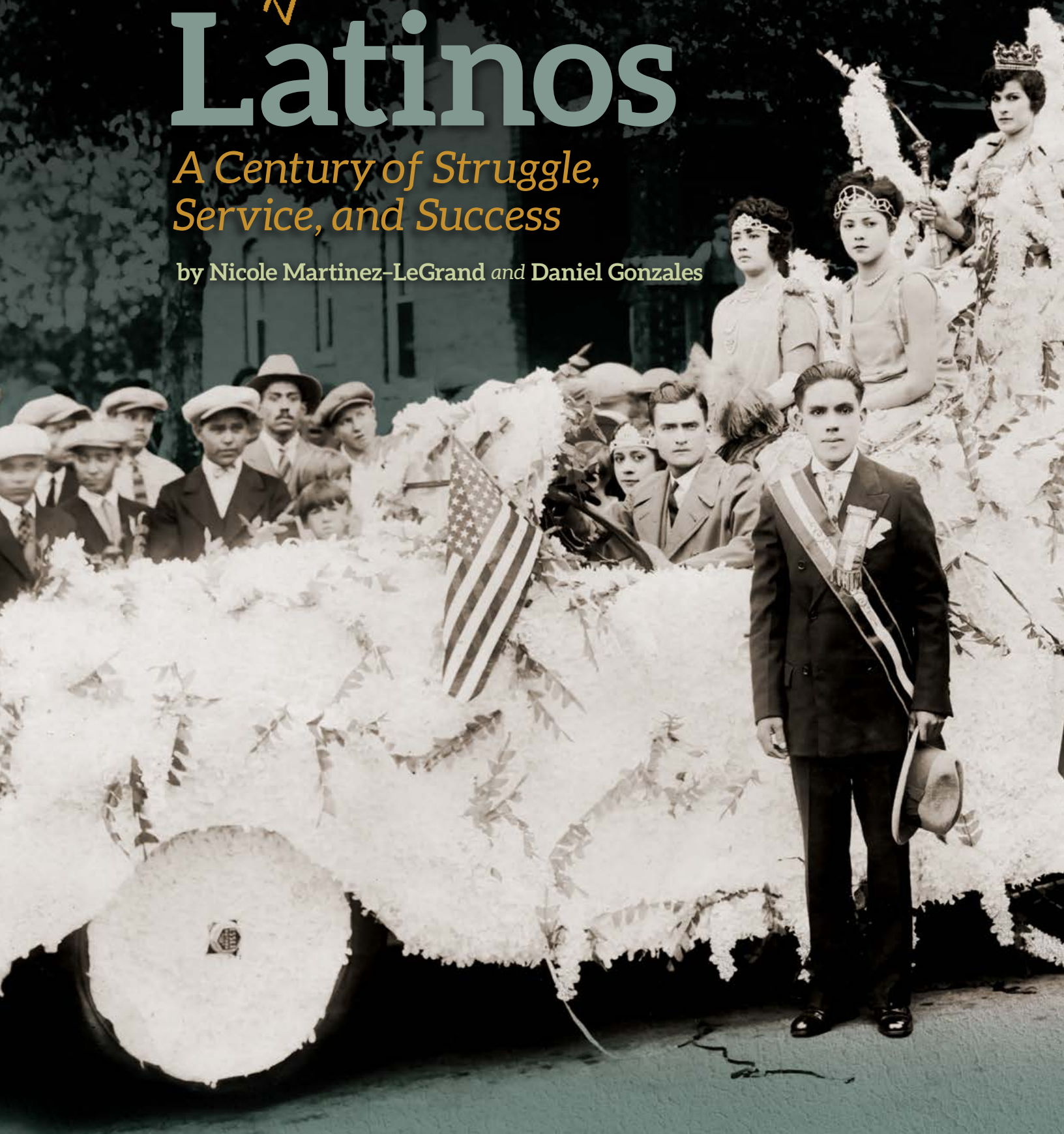
Lesson Plans by Mariah Pol for

Hoosier

Latinos

*A Century of Struggle,
Service, and Success*

by Nicole Martinez-LeGrand and Daniel Gonzales



Introduction

Hoosier Latinos: A Century of Struggle, Service, and Success began in 2016 as a collecting initiative through the Indiana Historical Society, and a recognition of the Society to fully collect and preserve the contributions and stories of Latinos. The project involved the collection of oral histories from the Latino community, researching historical material for contextual information, digitizing photos, and bringing in new materials to the Society's collection to begin to tell the story of Latinos in Indiana. This vital work grew into an exhibition in 2018, *Be Heard: Latino Experiences in Indiana*. Following that, came a travelling exhibit, an online exhibit, the book *Hoosier Latinos: A Century of Struggle, Service, and Success*, and these lesson plans to assist educators in teaching the Latino experience in Indiana. This work is ongoing and will continue to facilitate dialogue on the importance of weaving Latino history into the historical narrative of Indiana and the nation.

Created for high school educators teaching Ethnic Studies, Indiana Studies, U.S. History, and other related topics, these resources dive into themes related to immigration, civil rights, identity, culture and more. Students will be

encouraged to think critically and look deeper at the history of Latinos in Indiana, including their contributions to their local and national communities.

Through a series of eight lesson plans guided by compelling questions, educators will be guided through incorporating the virtual exhibition *Be Heard: Latino Experiences in Indiana* exhibit into their classroom. Students will be prompted to complete primary and secondary source analysis, explore oral histories, and grow in empathy and understanding of others' lived experiences. Educators are encouraged to use *Hoosier Latinos: A Century of Struggle, Service, and Success* to supplement their own contextual knowledge of the history of Latinos in Indiana.

Accompanying this set of lesson plans is a list of resources that can be used in additional lessons or for teachers to further their own exploration of the importance of the Latino community to the state and country.

Bethany Hrachovec,
Director of Education
and Engagement

Lesson Plan Components

Each lesson plan contains the following elements:

- **Compelling Question** – This question will set the stage for the lesson and guide the inquiry.
- **Staging the Compelling Question** – This section will assist educators in preparing their students to begin exploring content and inquiry related to the Compelling Question.
- **Lesson Overview** – This summary will provide an overview of the lesson for educators, including length of time required to complete the lesson, expected outcomes of the lesson, overview of content, and activities involved.
- **Materials** – This is a list of materials that students may need in order to complete the lesson.
- **Procedures** – These step-by-step instructions will guide educators through teaching the lesson.
- **Supplementary Materials** – These materials can include graphic organizers, worksheets, and additional information that is helpful in completing the lesson.

Lesson 2: Different Latino Ethnic Groups in Indiana

Compelling Question

Who are Indiana's Latinos and what are their experiences?

Staging the Compelling Question

Ask students who is considered a Latino? Ask them which Latino ethnic groups are in Indiana today?

Lesson Overview

This inquiry is designed for one class period and leads students to compare the experiences of various Latino ethnic groups in Indiana through examining the compelling question “Who are Indiana’s Latinos and what are their experiences?” Students will interpret maps and charts related to Indiana’s various Latino ethnic groups. They will also examine an online museum exhibit with primary source images and interviews and two historians’ blog posts about Latino migration in Indiana. Students will compare the experiences of Mexican, Puerto Rican, and Peruvian immigration to Indiana. After completing a graphic organizer to scaffold the information, students will answer reflection questions on how these experiences are similar and different to one another, how they compare to other ethnic groups, and to immigration today.

The formative performance task requires students to use historical thinking skills by producing a poem. Students will need to use the graphic organizer and reflection questions to assist them in empathizing with the historical perspective of these immigrant groups to imagine what they would have written in a poem about their experiences.

Materials

Device to access the Internet, pencil/pen, headphones

Procedures

1. To introduce and hook students to inquiry, ask: What do you already know about Latinos? Who are Latinos? What Latino groups are in Indiana? Make a bullet point list of their responses.
2. Share with students the map of Latin America. Explain that Latinos are anyone whose ancestry

originates in these countries. These countries were all colonized by either Spain or Portugal, sharing those common histories and languages.

3. Next, show students the pie chart of Indiana’s Hispanic Population, 2010. As students observe the pie chart, ask them the following questions:
 - a. What is the largest Latino ethnic group in Indiana? What percentage?
 - b. What is the second largest group? What percentage?
 - c. What is the difference in percentages between those two groups?
 - d. Why do you think these two groups would have the largest numbers?
4. Introduce today’s compelling question: “Who are Indiana’s Latinos and what are their experiences?” Inform students that today we will be examining historical examples of various Latino ethnic groups immigration experiences to Indiana.
5. Distribute the **Different Latino Ethnic Groups in Indiana Handout**. Direct students to click the links on the handout. Have them read the webpages and engage with the multimedia to complete the columns on the graphic organizer. The first column can be teacher led, the second column can be student groups, and the last can be done individually. Alternatively, all can be completed in groups or independently by students.
6. Pass out the **Reflection Questions Handout** to students. After they have completed the graphic organizer, have students work in pairs or individually to answer the reflection questions. Bring the whole class together to share their responses.
7. For the formative assessment: After completing the graphic organizer and reflection questions students will work individually on developing an I am Poem— **using the “I Am” poem template**. These poems are to engage students empathetically with immigrant experiences in Indiana. After students have finished their poems, have students share with the class.

Map of Latin America



"Latin American Countries", World Atlas <https://www.worldatlas.com/geography/latin-american-countries.html>

Name: _____ Period: _____ Date: _____

Different Latino Ethnic Groups in Indiana Handout

Directions: Please go to the following listed links. As you read, take notes responding to the following columns.

Puerto Rican Migration - <http://northwestindianahistorianjamesblane.blogspot.com/2016/02/puerto-rican-migration.html>

Not all Latinos are Mexican: The Story of a 1920s Peruvian Steel Worker from Gary, Indiana - <https://indianahistory.org/blog/not-all-latinos-are-mexican-the-story-of-a-1920s-peruvian-steel-worker-from-gary-indiana/>

Founding a Community - <http://beheard.ihs.yourcultureconnect.com/e/latino-experiences/founding-a-community>

Country of origin	Area of settlement	Date of arrival (estimate)	Reasons for coming	Struggles faced