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Walking the Old Road: A People's History of Chippewa City and the Grand Marais Anishinaabe. By Stacy Lola Drouillard. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2019. 302 pages. \$21.95 paper and electronic.

"Home is where the heart is" often deeply resonates. We tend to be extremely attached to the places shaping our upbringing, our families, our communities, and who we are as people. But what happens when that connection to home becomes severed? No matter the reason why, it is clear that anguish and longing often accompany this displacement, and the desire felt to overcome that homesickness through a return to those places can be real. Even more debilitating is severance caused by processes of time and dispossession, because it is never as simple as just returning home: to ease that discomfort completely would mean turning back the clock and restoring these places to what they were before the dispossession. This tension often is at the heart of what it means for Indigenous peoples who undergo processes of renewing relationships with their homelands.

As readers can see from the beginning of the prologue, author Staci Lola Drouillard contends with this tension in *Walking the Old Road*. Drouillard tells of an old walking trail that connected the town of Grand Marais, Minnesota to Chippewa City, a nearby community once inhabited by members of the Grand Portage Band of Lake Superior Chippewa. "So much of it has to do with being from somewhere—to being able to trace the history and footsteps of those who came before us. 'The Old Shore Road' is what they called it . . . there is not much left of that old trail now. Most of it has been taken back by the woods or turned into lawns or driveways" (1). Although Chippewa City is no more, that does not mean its history is lost. In the text that follows, Drouillard takes the reader along the "road" of the history of Chippewa City and of the Grand Portage Band—stories about how they came to be along that stretch of the North Shore of Lake Superior, of community life, and of how, through processes of colonialism, their connection to that place became tenuous and over time, eventually severed.

Within this narrative are a variety of stories and perspectives provided by Chippewa City community members, including narratives from Drouillard's family histories and Drouillard herself. Broad-based history is combined with tales of the daily activities of Chippewa City denizens, including leisure and community-wide activities such as church services—with accompanying commentary of the complexities of the church's presence in Chippewa City—and even accounts centering around what happened at the end of life and the Chippewa City cemetery. All of these are presented in an easily accessible way; I felt myself reminded of the ways that community members and elders from my own band, as well as my own family would tell stories of the places they called home—a comforting memory provided through proxy. The work becomes immersive, bringing the reader into conversation with the people of Chippewa City in an intimate way.

That intimacy is key to Drouillard's book. Many Indigenous scholars have written about the necessity for we ourselves to tell the stories of our peoples and our communities. Prominent in my mind are the exhortations of scholars such as Devon Mihesuah

to always ensure that, in the academy and broader society, Indigenous voices are included in the narratives that are written about them. Drouillard is doing so in this book, which positively radiates the energy of being a labor of love, born out of a desire to ensure that the stories of the Anishinaabeg of Chippewa City are not relegated to a forgotten part of history. “We as Anishinaabe people, are challenged to counter the mainstream historical record, which is often composed of ugly words, spoken with ill intent,” Drouillard says (43). It is often said in settler academia that doing work with one’s own community makes it impossible to be objective about one’s work and that it colors the eventual product. Through their extraordinary work, however, Indigenous scholars such as Nick Estes, Leanne Betasamosake Simpson, Brenda Child, Vince Diaz, and others have shown that producing stellar work with one’s own community is not only possible, but can also open the door to writing and teachings that convey the complexity and depth of our emotional connections to the communities and places that we call our own.

By the time readers finish, they will likely find that since the beginning, Drouillard has been taking us along two roads. One is the physical road to Chippewa City, which has slowly been reclaimed by nature as well as covered by modern development. But another, metaphysical road brings us to the idea that sense and connection to place can endure, even if that physical place has changed. Reading these stories told by Chippewa City community members, some of which date back nearly thirty-five years, it is clear that the emotions, feelings, and meaning that they ascribe to the place have not been extinguished. Drouillard shows that even without a physical community existing there anymore, the place that once was Chippewa City is still Anishinaabeg land; it is still “home,” and if the stories of the people who call it home are still uplifted and spoken, that connection to home will endure.

I uphold work like Drouillard’s as an example: that our histories as Anishinaabe also tie into our continued existence as a people and into our ongoing resurgence of our connections with our culture and our land—our homes. The “Old Road” that Drouillard invokes is just one example of this beautiful work. The end, in which she describes getting stuck in mud on a path towards an old family sugar bush, provides another striking example of Drouillard’s approach. She takes stock of her situation, thinks about the ways in which her ancestors continued to push through the obstacles in their way in the same place and space where she finds herself now, and then pushes onward herself.

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