

Edited by Wassaja (Dr. Montezuma's Indian name, meaning "Signaling") an Apache Indian.

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### CHOOSE YE THIS DAY!

Whom Ye Will Serve—The Indians or the Indian Bureau?

President and Vice-President of the Society of American Indians, Dr. Charles A. Eastman and Rev. Philip Gordon, were in Chicago in the interest of the Indian race. It is certain that the Society of American Indians is on the right road to face the foe, namely, the Indian Bureau. The S. A. I. is earnest in the matter.

Real Indians cannot work for the Indian Bureau and, at the same time, for the interest of their people. We have come to the conclusion that we must make a clean cut demarkation, whether we are for the Indian Bureau or for the Indians. The Society stands on the side of the Indians. It will no longer tolerate the Indian Bureau that stands in the way for the freedom of the Indians and their real citizenship. The Society realizes that they cannot work on incidental matters pertaining to the Indians and allow the Indian Bureau to exist. It must first do away with the Indian Bureau, then minor matters will adjust themselves.

Another thing was spoken of, that we Indians must stand together. We may differ in opinion on many things, but we must see as one on abolishing the Indian Bureau. It is plain to see that the Indian Bureau will work in every way to create factions on reservations in order to weaken the working of the Society to free the Indians. Already there are factions on all reservations.

But the Indians must keep their eyes open not to fall in the Indian Bureau traps. The Indian Bureau is a bull-dozing system to save themselves, from the head man down to the Indian police. We would warn all Indians to stand true and firm for their best interest and heed not the words that will keep them from the rights and privileges that other nations enjoy in the land of the free.

Another subject was in our hearts, that was our next Conference. It was partly decided that we should meet in the West, where every tribe can attend the great meeting. St. Paul, Minnesota, was mentioned. So far it has not been certainly decided upon until the Executive Committee is heard from.

Every reader of WASSAJA should speed the news that we are going to have a great gathering to discuss, and at the same time, act upon questions that need our help. Waiting on the Indian Bureau is like waiting for the devil to get us to heaven.

Fifty years of probation to solve the rights of the Indians by the gradual process of evolution has been a dear lesson for the Indian race. The surprising part is that the Indian Bureau and the Board of Indian Commissioners are working on that theory, meaning we are way up here and you Indians are way down there. "It took us so many thousand years to reach our exalted stations. You Indians must take the same number of years to be on an equal footing with us. The Indian Bureau should be sustained to protect and humanely lead you on the road of your reservation life. The Indian Bureau is all right

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and the Board of Indian Commissioners are all right. Do not worry, it will take time. It took time for us. We have increased your appropriation from a few thousand to twelve millions of dollars. It pays to have the Indian Bureau as your guardian."

Treat the officials of the Indian Bureau courteously, but stand on your back-bones to answer wherein you stand on matters that involve your best interest. From now on the Indians must stand together. There is no way out of it if we wish to gain our vital goal of freedom and citizenship. The Indians must act and do everything for themselves. That will be the great object of our coming convention. Indians, it is your convention. Respond to the call and get yourself there and you will never regret it.

IN WHAT WAY HAS THE INDIAN  
MADE GOOD?

By getting away as far as you can from the Indian Bureau and working out your own salvation. Going at everything seriously as though you are between life and death.

You take Senator Owens, for instance, his work is to do his very best. It is serious and not tomfoolery; you take Dr. Charles A. Eastman, his work is serious and not a playful task; you take the story of any other Indian who has succeeded, it has been serious, a rough road to travel, there seems to be no end.

No reservation Indian has ever succeeded to cope with the advancing tide of civilization. The power was within the Indian, but the reservation system killed that life and he only existed. He moved and had his being. There was no charge against him; without trial he was jailed and he is there yet. Christian nation, what will become of you, if you see the right and not do the right.

Fifty years is a long time to keep one in jail without trial or given a chance for his freedom. We shudder and wonder as we see portraits of tragedies in moving pictures; we read of inconceivable tragedies, where birthrights of kingdoms were stolen and hidden for the sake of satisfying a morbid appetite; cold blooded schemes of stealing in the darkness, by gagging, blind-folding and binding the innocent ones, without pity con-

vey them to a place of outer darkness, there forced to die without a shadow of redress. This horrid reality hovers over the United States—the land of liberty. In the land of America, the birthright of the Indians were taken in that way. The Indians are still in the prison cells of the reservation, where they were forcibly placed.

The United States has preached humanity and yet, the Indians have suffered most cruelly. Treated like animals they are kept in the zoological gardens of the Indian Bureau. The country has insisted that man is a man and yet, the Indians have been counted as non-entities. They have no rights to the court of claims. They are Indians, wards and not men, and therefore, they cannot vote or become citizens. Such is the status of the Indians in the land of equality. The country has stood out as an ardent exponent of democracy, and yet, the Indians have been ruled inconsistently by a power that we call Indian Bureau. And the country has unfurled the flag of justice to the world, and yet, the Indians are strangers to the law of justice as enjoyed by other races.

If the country's freedom is not carried out at home, what is the use? Free ourselves for selfish gain and enslave others, is that treating others as we wish to be treated and for which WE FOUGHT FOR?

No better illustrations can be given that an Indian can take care of himself in the world outside of the Indian Bureau system, than the Indians who volunteered and made their good record in the war service of the United States Government against the Germans. When it comes to a crisis the Indians are there. Just so, will they make good when the Indian Bureau will be abolished from the face of the earth. They will struggle and make their livelihood just like any other race of people. The Indians have made good in every line of man's station, and why not free them will be the most vital question in the hall of Congress.

The time is close at hand when the Indians will demand the abolishment of the Indian Bureau so that they may enjoy the rights and privileges of American freedom and citizenship. It is to the interest of the American people as well as to the Indian race.

## ANGEL DE CORA

There are beautiful lives. Such was the life of Angel DeCorra. We follow her from childhood on a reservation to an Indian boarding school and later to Boston, where she studied art; from there to New York City, pursuing her profession as gentle and brave as ever, among geniuses. It goes without saying that she had in her heart a love for her race. To her zeal in that direction she accepted a position at the renowned United States Indian School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where she faithfully taught art to the Indian children. Her work was admired and

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praised by all. Before the Carlisle Indian School was abandoned she went back to New York City, where she introduced Indian Art and succeeded in holding up the standard of her race. She may be considered the first Indian artist of America.

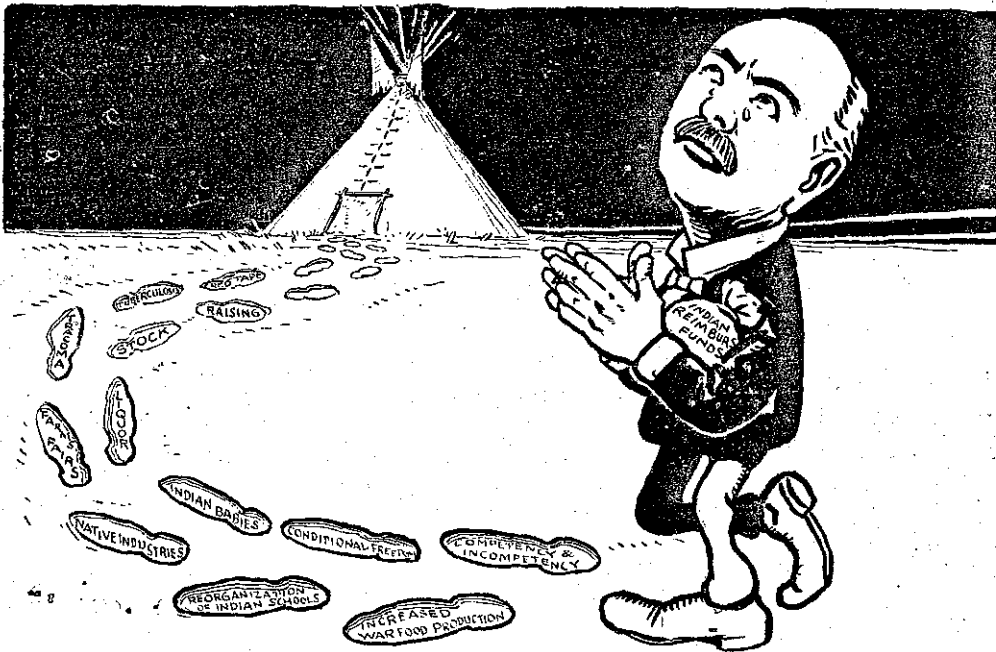
Like all great women she was plain and unpretentious; she never exploited herself for the

Several months before her death, while in good health, she inquired about the Society of American Indians and was anxious about the Society, but did not express her reason for such an interest. It was not discovered until after her death. This dear Indian woman and Indian artist left what she possessed in worldly goods in her will to the Society of American Indians.

**"UGH! CATO SELLS ALL-SAME OLD FOX"**

The Indian logician says: Once an Arapaho camp held a Cheyenne brave as a captive. One night he made his escape by

the Indian race. The fact is, that every step he takes, he goes back on the methods he advances for the Indians, and yet, he tries to make the Indians believe he is their true friend by applying modern fads to his proteges. Not only does he "throw



walking backwards. "All-same Cato Sells," he hides freedom and citizenship from the Indians by leaving his footprints as though advancing forward to the goal of

dust" in the eyes of the Indians, but also into the eyes of a great many pale faces. "He no good! He heap cry! He heap lie." "Ugh! Indian Bureau, no good!" "All-Same Cato Sells, heap big lie!"

sake of gain or to belittle her race. She stuck to Indian Art as her life work. Relative to her race she always took a true interest. Nothing escaped her where her people was involved. She always stood on the side of the Indians. She was a member of the Society of American Indians. She was as though a sister to Mrs. Gertrude Bonnin, Secretary of the Society.

Great wealth has been left to organizations and institutions, but no greater, sublimer and nobler act than our Angel De Cora. She gave her all to the Indian race at the climax of her life work may be inscribed on tablets of marble for Angel DeCora, but this last act of hers tells the story where her heart has been since her childhood Indian days, while struggling for an

education when holding a pallet and as she resigned to her Creator. It is so sublime that it brings tears, and it is so loyal that we should follow her example never to forget our race. Life is not worth living without a struggle, so speaks Angel De Cora, who is dead, yet speaketh. Without a murmur she traveled the rough and rugged road of life. So must we do the same if we wish to succeed. As an Indian she lived and competed with the masses of the country and she made good; so we can do the same. Angel De Cora did not join a show, vaudeville or use exploitive means to make a living. She was plain, bashful and never aspired to be anything else but to be an artist. Her high ideals to improve herself should be the constant practice of every Indian.

Words are too frail to express the goodness of our late deceased Angel De Cora. She has gone beyond. She has finished her work. She has done her duty to her race. It is sad, and yet, so sublime. Her death should inspire every Indian to a newness of life that they will be men and women like Angel De Cora. He has taken what He giveth. Now it for us to do, act and walk in her footsteps while living and thus we will render invaluable aid to honor our race.

#### CONDITION AT RED LAKE, MINNESOTA

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—

Mr. W. F. Dickens has been transferred and it is a great blessing to the Red Lake band of Chippewa Indians. If Mr. Dickens had remained at Red Lake much longer he would have had the Indians penniless in a very short time. He has squandered a large amount of money and was of no benefit to the Indians. He also squandered a large amount of road money and there are no roads to show for it. Were it not for poll-tax, good roads day, free labor and gas tractor doing the road work, he would have had no roads to show off to the inspectors. The gas tractor should have been working for the Indians, but instead he had the tractor do this road work to cover up his poor showing with the Indians' money he squandered. Of course, he succeeded in hiding himself, and we have some kind of roads (with his scheme.) The gas tractor plowed school farms when there was a barn full of horses standing idle and Indian money paying for their hay and grain. With barns full of horses and almost countless employes idle and cannot make hay and raise feed; but you know Indian money is plentiful, and so Mr. Dickens buys hay and feed. (Some system, don't you see.)

He spent a large amount of money to improve the looks of the school and agency—by building houses, and what good are these buildings to Mr. Indian? What good are these large school buildings when Mr. Dickens never goes near the schools, only when an inspector comes? School employes are slack and lazy. Indian children get two and a half hours in the school room and the rest of the time to learn trades, but where are the trades? And Chippewa funds pay the bills. But hold on! Mr. Dickens wants bright colored feath-

ers on his hat. Mr. Dickens received \$80,000 from Congress to log during the winters of 1917-1918. In the first place, the Red Lake Indians own the timber, they own the money to log, they own the saw mill; and to top it off the Indians have to dig down in their own pockets and buy their own lumber. (Some system, don't you say?)

A double drain from the Indians. They drain their common funds and drain their own pockets if they want lumber to build homes. But by the way, what has become of the \$80,000? Now Mr. Dickens asks Congress for next winter's logging another \$50,000. Yours very truly, \* \*

#### INDIANS ARE ENTITLED TO CITIZENSHIP

The Rev. Red Fox Skinhusu (Northern Blackfoot Indian) in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

We, the American Indians, of this land, everywhere, welcome those that became Americans. Let all Americans remember this: Hostility did not come until the white man wronged the red man by long strings of broken treaties, and only made it a rubber stamp treaty. The American flag has given citizenship to every race and nation of the world, whether they could read or write, but not to the American Indians.

The Irishman says: "The reason the Indian is not a citizen of the United States is simply because he was born here." Our souls were in this war, as was every soul of every American Indian. We know not the hyphen—we know not the pro this or pro that; we are 100 per cent Americans.

It is the love of the Indian's heart that urges him to pull the bow against the invading foe, but we still plead to the American people and the American Government to give us nothing more than our rights. We still are knocking at the door of Congress for our freedom and to become a share in the American flag.

There are today serving the colors nearly 9,000 redskins, who volunteered their blood for the cause of America. Out of 300,000 Indians in the United States 85 per cent volunteered and 15 per cent were drafted, owing to mixed blood. Our people have taken out a little more than \$50,000,000 of Liberty Bonds, and donated to the Red Cross more than \$2,000,000.

Such grand and noble demonstration ought to cause every patriot to reciprocate such act by urging a bill in Congress to have the Indians free and bestow upon them full citizenship and equal rights, like every other person.