



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

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THE ONLY WAY TO GET THE INDIANS OUT OF THE CONTROL OF THE INDIAN BUREAU, IS TO GET THEM OUT OF THE CONTROL OF THE INDIAN BUREAU

SUPERINTENDENT SHARP AND DR. MONTEZUMA

As usual, the writer took his vacation at Ft. McDowell, Arizona. On arriving, he was immediately informed by Chief Geo. Dickens that Mr. Sharp, the Agent, wanted to see him. Thinking there was time before leaving, he delayed. After one week at the Indian Camp found us at the Devil's Hip-Pocket, south-west of the Four Peak Mountain. It is one day and half hard journey on horseback. Rough? It is more than rough when one is not accustomed to ride a horse. While the Indians were hunting, the rest of us remained at camp and enjoyed Nature by climbing the mountains and searching for Indian relics of stones. In the midst of our freedom, who did we see about noon of the second day, coming over the ridge which enclosed us, but two men with a pack horse. They reached our camp. They were officers—a sub-game warden and an Indian police. They brought the message that Mr. Sharp wanted us. The Indian hunters returned, and were caused to show their license. After dinner we packed up and followed the officers. We camped for the night at a cattle ranch, and next day we arrived at the Chief's camp, while part of our company went to McDowell Agency. We were told that an automobile would take us to Salt River Agency to see Mr. Sharp. As the sun was sinking in the West, an automo-

bile arrived. Not knowing what might happen, Mrs. Nellie Davis as interpreter for Chief George Dickens, accompanied my wife and myself in the travel to see Mr. Sharp. We reached the Agency in the dark. We waited a little while in the automobile for Mr. Sharp to come out. The sub-game warden related, while talking with Mr. Sharp in the house, Mr. Sharp urged him to take my wife and myself down to Phoenix, and put us in the jail. The sub-game warden replied that it would not do, for there was no warrant for their arrest and that we could make some trouble for him.

After some delay Mr. Sharp came out. Mrs. Nellie Davis, Chief George Dickens, my wife and myself followed the Agent into his office.

Mr. Sharp stated: "That we may as well understand each other," and went on saying "that your influence has been against the Indians in their welfare. Your influence has caused the Indians, after you leave, to mention your name, which is against the Indian Office. Before your arrival I spoke to George Dickens to see me. Several days ago you caused a great trouble with the Phoenix people by your presence." Here he brought in what he had heard from different people relative to what I had said before them, which, were all in favor of the Indians. He went on, "Legally McDowell reservation does not belong to the Indians," and emphatically stated, "We think

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

you have been an undesirable person. You have agitated these Indians contrary to the will of the Indian Bureau. These Indians are not permitted to hunt off reservations, even if they have license. You have brought parties from the East to violate state laws, which has caused us a great deal of trouble." He finished, and now it was my turn. I faced him, not as a reservation Indian, but as a man and a citizen, and stated: "Mr. Sharp, since you have been frank with me, I will be frank with you. I want you to know that I am unselfishly interested for the best interest of my people before you were born. I am an Indian, blood related to these Indians on the McDowell reservation. I was born here, and my heart is bound up with them. You say I create bad influence with these Indians. I do not believe you. You are a hireling, but I believe George Dickens, who is chief of the Indians under your charge. I will ask Mrs. Nellie Davis to interpret to George Dickens what you have said about my influence." In Apache tongue, Mrs. Davis conveyed my question.

The chief replied, "Dr. Montezuma has always said the right things to us because he is one of us. He has done no wrong. We like him, and would like him to stay with us."

Then I went at Mr. Sharp again: "Mr. Sharp, I do not blame you for thinking of me as you do. It is your bread and butter. You speak of my causing agitation. Mr. Sharp, it is you and not me. I have been lenient with you. Once I wrote you a courteous letter to accompany us for a hunt in the mountains. You gave that letter to the game warden to prove that I hunted without a license. The truth was sifted out that I carried no more dangerous weapon than a stick. Now I will tell you the way you served me at that time, and the way you are serving now will be known by all Indians, and they feel keenly the injustice of it. That is what caused the agitation that you speak of. I want you to know I do not come out here to kill deer, but I glory in seeing the beautiful land of my birth, and helping my people.

In regards of bringing friends from the East to violate the laws of Arizona, there is not a word of truth in the statement you have made, as you state, "McDowell does not belong to these Indians" (pointing my finger at him). "I want you to know McDowell land does belong to these Indians. Had it not been, these Indians would be at the Salt River re-

servation, without their consent or voice in the matter. When you say that, it shows that you are working for the interest of the Phoenix people and not for the Indians. These Indians have not had one cent of appropriation from the Government. Instead of being helped, they have been under the torture of getting them out to the Salt River reservation, in order to get the land of McDowell for outside parties. In a tricky way the Indian Bureau has tried to get these Indians to move. These Indians want to be allotted, as ex-Secretary Fisher had ordered. These Indians want the rights of the Verde river, because it is their life. They rebel to drink salt water. When you speak of allotting McDowell for pasture land without the rights of the Verde river, they will not move. That is their contention—the Verde water. The Indian Bureau has eluded the water question, and has promised them most everything to get them to Salt River. No human being can say it is just."

Mr. Sharp stopped me long enough to ask that I mention the defects on the McDowell. Without hesitating I replied, "Once upon a time McDowell was a garden spot of Arizona. The land both sides of the river was cultivated by irrigation, and the product had a market. In 1905, when this land was given to these Indians, no better condition existed for its development. But what have you done? You have turned the McDowell reservation for stock raising. A herder is in charge of McDowell. You must remember this is a home for the Indians. A home needs a garden, an orchard and a field to raise grain. The fences are down. How do you suppose the Indians are going to keep the cattle out of their gardens with the wire fences down? I understand the brush dam and irrigation ditches were neglected this year, and the Indians have nothing to live on this winter. I was at McDowell Agency and looked into your drug room. It looks unfavorable, and the Indians complain that the sick are not well cared for. They also tell me that your visits to McDowell are very infrequent during the year. For the past two or three years there has been no school in the reservation. This was promised to them, but never fulfilled.

A space about the size of a road has been cleared for a pipe line, and the Indians have not been consulted on the matter. How would you like to own a property, and there came along strangers and cleared a way through your property without consulting you? These Indians under your charge own the McDowell land. They should have been consulted, but they know nothing about it whatsoever.

Sunday, on my way to see the branding of cattle, I was surprised to see a large crushing stone plant in the middle of the reservation, for the purpose of crushing stones to make cement water pipes through the reservation. I do not know by what authority these interested parties are permitted on the In-

dian's land. It is not the Indians. They stay mum, and dare not say a word. By rights the Indians should have been consulted and made to understand what they will get for the right of way and damage compensation. You take more interest in your Phoenix friends than the Indians."

Mr. Sharp spoke up: "If you will go back and say nothing against the Indian Bureau and the reservation, you can stay, but if you do not, I will have to put you out of the reservation."

Quickly I replied: "I stay out! No man can stop me to tell the truth, and speak justly for the best interests of my people. It is a shame to cause our party to travel from the mountains and meet you so late, and without a bite to eat. Now I ask you to take us back to-night." He kindly provided us with an automobile, and we arrived about midnight at the Indians' camp, where the Indians were glad, and gave us a good meal.

INDIANS, GET YE OUT

When we see that the reservation system does not help us to get our rights, get out and hustle for your rights: It will not do for us to stay on the reservations and cringe like cowards at every beck and call of the Agent when there is plenty of work for us outside of the confines of the reservations. You know very well you can get employment outside, but you do not exert yourself. "Wassaja" has stood up for you, and said that you can accomplish anything that other races have done. So just start out, and you will surprise yourself. When you start out one by one, the others will follow. "Wassaja" believes that is the best way to show the world there is something in the Indians after all. Idle Indians on a reservation is a wasted power. Just as long as you stay on a reservation, you will be good for nothing. It is by getting out that will make worthy men and women out of us.

Look at the white people. They do not stay forever where they were born. Ask them where they were born and where they come from. They will tell you in the East, or far away. So it is time for you to move yourselves and do the same thing.

All those Indians who have gone out are doing as well as anybody. On reservations you haven't the responsibilities of your own. The Agent absorbs your responsibility. Had we gone out and worked out our own salvation among the people outside of the reservations, we would have been better off to-day. Indians would not be known as good for nothing Indians, but men worthy of their blood.

No nation in America is in a better condition to work and accomplish great things than the Indians. With this great encouragement, go out, stay out, and stick to everything that you do, then you will honor your race and country.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT?

How would you like to have somebody eat for you, in order to get fat? How would you like to have your money spent and you get infinitesimal benefit from it? How would you like to have your money kept for you, and you are not informed the amount to your credit? How would you like to have your pasture, timber and mineral lands leased, sold or what not without your consent or knowledge? How would you like to be kept as a child from your birth until you died? How would you like to be kept in fear all your life? How would you like to exist in a free free country and you are in bondage? How would you like to live where right and wrong are adjusted by laws, and you are deprived from the same privileges? How would you like to be here before Columbus, and all those who came later become citizens, and you have lived here hundreds of years, and you cannot become a citizen?

This is the actual position of the Indian race before the American public. As true patriots it ought to make us pause and think, and arouse within us a righteous indignation that we no longer burden the Indian people with the Indian Bureau system, but we will set the Indians free and bestow unto them the rights and privileges of citizenship.

APOLOGY FROM "WASSAJA"

Readers, do not think one moment we are dead. We are much alive, and know that we are back in our issues.

The cause of our silence has been that we have been among the Indians, where we have experienced more truths of the reservation system.

We are now in trim form to catch up and give you the fire of righteous indignation, so that you may pass it on.

"LET MY PEOPLE GO" and "ABOLISH THE INDIAN BUREAU"

Now is the time to do something practical for the Indian people. If you cannot do it personally, the next helpful thing to do is for you to procure, all you can, copies of "Let My People Go" and "Abolish the Indian Bureau," and send them where they will do the most good; scatter them far and wide. If thousands will do that in each state, just imagine what influence it would have. It would be like seeds; they would take roots, and the public would know something about the Indian's plight.

If there were books or pamphlets on the subject we would be glad to refer them to you, but there is none that we know of. "Let My People Go" and "Abolish the Indian Bureau" are the only pamphlets touching on the vital solution of the so-called Indian problem. "Let My People Go".....10c a copy
"Abolish the Indian Bureau".....15c a copy

3135 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill

FATHER GORDON, HOW COULD YOU?

Dear Doctor Montezuma:

The enclosed letter might be published in "Wassaja" as an example of how it hurts to know the truth.

PHILIP GORDON.

Rev. Philip Gordon,

Reserve, Wis.

Dear Sir:

We have read the last Montezuma pamphlet, and with sincere regret note part of your foreword and the wish it contains. If we had been told that this was your attitude in regard to hardworking, earnest and faithful employes of both races, we would not have believed it possible, but alas! I have read your statement with horror, sorrow, and even tears, and can truly state we are more than astonished that you should brand us all, "7,000" of us as "cheap incompetents," "sucker Indian employes the scum of both races," "mossed back bunch," "old maids," "miserable whites now dependent on Indian Bureau for a living," "broken down derelicts all drawing healthy salaries," "not wanted by their own people," etc.

What a pity such a worthy cause should be handled in such a manner, and that Father Gordon should approve of the vulgar epithets and false testimony in regard to earnest workers.

Sincerely,

M. E. Spimney.

NOTES by "JUNIUS"

The Indian Bureau is due for a tremendous upheaval after March 4th next. Never in the pitiful history of unjust treatment of Indian Bureau to helpless Indian wards, has there been such loud and unbelievable activity detrimental to Indians as the past six or eight years of Indian maladministration. Talk about Belgian atrocities or British brutality in Ireland or India, or even a Custer massacre—these dwindle in comparison when we remember Blackfeet Indians dying of starvation, Crow and Sioux Indians literally and boldly robbed by big leasing corporations, while protesting Indians, including women, are jailed, pounded with fists, kicked and abused, run off the reservations, blackmailed, and what not under "Government auspices."

And all the while Americans (including the Government) worked up considerably by Turkish irresponsibility in Armenia or the Black and Tans in Ireland or Kaitian ill-treatment.

The old stock-in-trade objections against complete elimination of Bureau pestilential domination over Indians go the rounds, and like pussy cat, have nine lives. Poor Indians, remove the Bureau and Indians will starve and be robbed! Why, they are starving and being robbed NOW, and we have the Bureau in its heyday of power!

Indians will starve — pure bunco and unadulterated rot! "Wassaja" is right. The

Indian Bureau must absolutely be abolished, and that at once. There is no side-stepping, no evading the issue, no compromise, no truce, and certainly no running up of the white flag.

Is it possible to find a sincerely progressive and forward looking Indian anywhere, who does not want this malignant sore—this festering wound of good government removed? We answer no! But you do find persons of Indian descent objecting to the speedy abolishment of the Indian Bureau, or even to its curtailment. Why? They profit thereby. They have government jobs. The Bureau is their bread and butter. Such Indians are predominantly selfish and un-christian. They have lost the fine traits of red Indian blood—unbounded generosity of all good things, including liberty and freedom.

IT COULDN'T BE DONE

By Edgar A. Guest

Somebody said it couldn't be done,
But he, with a chuckle, replied:
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be
one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in, with a trace of a
grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do
that—
At least no one has ever done it;"
But he took off his coat, and took off his
hat,
And the first thing he knew he'd begun it.
With the lift of his chin and a bit of a
grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot
be done;
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you,
one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you,
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Just take off your coat and go to it,
And start in to sing as you tackle the
thing
That "cannot be done"—and you'll do it.

Fellow Indians: The Indian Bureau says that you can't do this and you can't do that; you will starve and be cheated if Congress gives you freedom and citizenship. Now read the above poem, and prove that it is not so.—Editor.