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### "CHIPPS" ON TRAIL OF INDIAN BUREAU—WANT A RIGID INVESTIGATION

The Federal Council of the Minnesota Chippewas, at a recent session, adopted a resolution demanding the immediate abolition of the Indian Bureau on the ground that it is composed largely of cheap, incompetent and immoral men who are responsible for the deplorable and disgraceful conditions that are obtaining in every Indian reservation.

"The continuance of the Indian Bureau," the resolutions reads, "with its past dishonest record and present exaggerated accomplishments, is the early obliteration of the Indian race, which, under the ultra-paternal and minute supervision by this special department of government, has deteriorated shamefully, and has become pauperized and degenerate."

The resolution adds that the United States Government is now fighting for the rights of humanity and it suggests that the eyes of the Government be turned to the Indians. Indian agents were declared to be "plainly derelict

in their duty." The resolutions adds, "That the great hearted and just American people are informed of Indian welfare and activity only from partial and interested sources, while the deplorable and disgraceful conditions obtaining on every Indian reservation is left unmentioned.

"The Federal Council of the Chippewa Indians of Minnesota calls upon the American people, through the United States Congress and through the great American press, for a most thorough and rigid investigation by the joint Indian committee of the House of Representatives and the United States Senate for the early and total abolition of the Indian Bureau."

Copies of the resolution will be sent to President Wilson.—The Duluth (Minn.) News-Tribune.

### CHIEF MOSES

In the year of 1894 WASSAJA had a talk with the renowned Chief Moses of the Columbia Indians at Nespilem, Washington. He was asked what he thought of the Government's treatment of the Indians. At first he did not

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know what to say. Indian like, he took his time, and started in this fashion: "Long time, maybe no white man he come, Ingins heap 'muck-a-muck,' heap deer, heap birds, heap camas. Oh! all Ingins heap happy, heap dance, heap lots. Bye-un-bye, maybe long time, Ingin no deer, heap cold, no birds, no eat, heap hungry, Ingin almost die, medicine man no tell."

"Ti Hee" (pointing his finger toward heavén) "He see'm Ingin no eat, heap cold, no happy, heap poor! He say, 'Ingin my child.'" Ti Hee (Indian's Great Spirit), 'catch'um pale face, give'um to Ingin. Pale face all same squaw. Ingin now heap eat, heap warm, heap dance, heap smoke, heap happy. Washington heap skookum."

### STARTED RIGHT, BUT DERAILED

The colonial aborigine was still a host; as such, he was loyal, honest and true to the core. Being acquainted with the country he scouted for his new friend; he endured, fought and died with him. No man was ever better fitted mentally, physically and spiritually to take on the new role of civilization than this untutored child of nature. At this period, intermarriages were not few. The little red school house was open to his papposes. In the house of God with the colonies he communed with his Great Spirit. He was governed under the same laws and regulations of the community in which he lived. Their fate was his fate. He was taken as one of them, and not as a curiosity.

This guileless man's heart changed—after the fire of faction lighted up between the colonies with England, France and Spain, and when the greed of man's heart was stronger than justice—to a relentless foe. He staid his manhood against all odds to the very last. Sad and awful is the story! This unselfish red brother, who gave corn in time of need, was in turn hounded and killed. His children were feared and mistreated. The real American of today is no longer the independent child of nature. While his

country was transforming into unimaginable gardens, wheels of industry, institutions of learning and history record of growth—the man part of the Indian was forgotten. He was as though in a prison; handicapped, hidden away from this great phenomenal progress, living a life of unnatural existence, drooping and doing the best he knew how. He has had forty years of slumber—doped with that phantom assurance that some day and somehow he will be strong and stand equal with his pale face brother. He believed it, because the agent and Washington told him so. Poor deluded creature! Rip Van Winkle like, he awakens. He sees things as they are. With a sigh and shake of his head, he says: "Me think you lie." Stripped of his country, stripped of his rights as a man and stripped of all that God has endowed him with—this superb specimen of human possibilities has fallen weak and dependent.

Shame upon a country that will tolerate such existing conditions! This being the case, we pray that before very long, the public will become aroused and see that the Government shall do away with the Indian Bureau.

Go back to colonial days and treat the Indian as a man and not as a ward.

### IMPORTANT HINTS

Abolish the Indian Bureau root and all.

If there should be a bill introduced in Congress to free the Indian it should be free from sentimental freedom.

The Indian Bureau is founded on a wrong basis, supported by sentiment. Sentiment is well enough, but not when it blocks the Indian's path to freedom.

A crisis confronts the Indian. It involves his freedom, his life and his soul. Sentiment at that hour has no place.

The Gordian Knot must be severed clean and concise. The bridge must be burned behind him.

The man, Indian, must stand alone without any strings attached to him—a complete free man. Conditional freedom for the Indians or any other race is unsafe. Had the black people been freed with conditions attached to their emancipation they would not be free people today. Complete freedom was given to them and they challenge the world today. Let Lincoln guide us in freeing the tribes of America.

### NOT SO, DEAR READER

Did it ever occur to you that WASSAJA may be an advertising scheme for some patent medicine, because a doctor is the editor? There is nothing of that sort. We happen to be an Apache Indian, happen to be a physician and happen to have a soul interested in our race. Financially WASSAJA can sympathize with Job's turkey. If WASSAJA did not have the Indian at heart he would co-operate with the

Indian Office; he would do a little more smoothing, save his energy, pat others on the back and encourage non-essentials to take the place of vital questions. He would thrive, ride in automobiles and live—and live. He would be making money at the expense of the Indians.

### INDIAN OFFICE ATTITUDE

He is a ward and I am his guardian. God appointed me his guardian—in the horn.)

Your home is on a reservation. Mine is on land, sea and air—the whole d—d world.

He can stay there and I will stay here.

He is a child and I am a man.

He is a savage and I am civilized.

He is a heathen and I am a Christian.

These red-skin devils are good for something, but they are not good enough for freedom and citizenship.

Our democracy is not good for the Indian.

Our rights are not good for the Indian, either.

He is competent to fight Germans, but he is not competent to be a citizen.

"Stay down there, you savage! Don't dare to come higher in the scale of life!"

"I belong up here and you belong down there."

"You are an Indian and I am the whole thing."

### HE LAUGHS.

WASSAJA—the son of the blood-thirsty Apache CO-LU-YE-VAH—smiles and laughs audibly (those cruel Apaches, devilish creatures, seekers of blood do not smile and laugh, you know) to see, hear and read about the cultured, refined and God-like war of the civilized Christian pale-faced nations.

"Am I a Savage? No. I am not a savage. I feel something akin to an angel," he soliloquized to himself. "Even though my Apache Indian nature has been condemned (mistakenly) to the lowest depths of human standard of crimes." He pauses and continues, "True, the word Apache implies cruelty and wickedness. The word has been adopted to designate the bandits of the Under-world of Paris."

WASSAJA again laughs and says to himself: "Well, can you beat it? Just think, Christian nations killing each other by millions. And sending missionaries to teach 'Thou shalt not kill.'"

His uncle, the much feared Geronimo, would stare, shiver, rise bodily, droop his head, whirl a few rounds upwards and disappear into heaven, could he come to life and see a glimpse of the ghastly scenes of reality; the fields strewn with precious human blood, the cruelties beyond comparison and sufferings that are heard around the world. It makes one think of "Inferno!" It is more than that. It is a hell of hells! Oh, God, deliver us.

This horrible muss of "the world in power"

shows that the Golden Calf glitters as the Idol of today as in the days of Moses and our Savior. Call it what you please, clothe it with what you may, WASSAJA still laughs. Remember he comes from those blood-thirsty Apaches who delighted in taking one or two lives, but just think of taking millions!

WASSAJA asks, "Are the Apaches Savages!—He laughs.

### CORRESPONDENCE

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—

In perusing some Indian school publications, I notice you figure prominently in the discussion of the meeting held in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Bully for you. You hit the nail on the head. The present administration of Indian affairs is great for providing soft snaps for tiresome white fellows, special agents, supervisors, etc. As you and I well know we have plenty of deserving, level-headed, competent Indians who could fill these places (if necessary?) but show me "one." Why not? Keep Mr. Indian down—nothing doing, no political influence or vote. It makes a fellow sick to read publications printed at Indian schools, the writers falling over each other in order to throw bouquets at Commissioner Sells. Of course by so doing soft snaps advance and fat salaries are their reward. The Indian would in my estimation be benefited if given a free hand to educate his children in public schools among the white people, etc.

Doctor, have you ever read the list of Indian employes, such as medical supervisors, dental supervisors, in fact too many more to enumerate? The man who really aided and benefited the Indian race more than the whole present pack combined and who is apparently entirely ignored, is General R. H. Pratt, U. S. A., who established the Carlisle school, and who by his lectures as well as by the management of his school, has shown the people of the United States that the Indian, if properly and justly instructed, is the equal of the white man. Every employe under General Pratt was only kept if he or she was able to earn their salary. He conducted with an appropriation of \$100,000 what it now costs from \$150,000 to \$170,000 to accomplish. He trained the raw material from the plains, whereas they were prepared to enter the dancing parlors, etc.

Yes, doctor, you are on the right track, but you have a long road to travel; besides you should have mercy and not cast a lot of flattering people out in this cruel world.

Well, doctor, I am glad you are still a fearless agitator. May your shadows never grow less. I remain your old friend,

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MY DEAR SIR AND FRIEND:—

Yes, I agree with you when you say that some of the methods of the Indian Bureau seem queer. In my own experience I have found many men in official positions who said they served more for

the money than for the good of the Indians. Most of them stated that they had simply lost patience with the Indians and were merely time-serving. This comes from a lack of proper anthropological, sociological and psychological training. They could not get in touch with the Indian viewpoint.

In my work I treated the Indians as men and women (equal to myself in the sight of our common Master and differing only in environment and training.) I made light of minor differences of morals, dress, customs of eating, etc., and endeavored to interest them in our newer and more systematic methods of making a living, homes, care of children, etc.

My wife, who had qualified in the service as Field Matron, went among them and gained their good will by helping with the babies, dresses, cooking, etc. We often invited them in to meals with us. We subscribed for twenty-five papers which the Indians obtained regularly from us.

In many ways we showed our good will and desire to be of service to them. Our success won for us the jealousy of some of the self centered officials. We were warned to change our attitude and actions (we were getting results too fast,) or expect dismissal.

From what I have learned by recent letters many of the Indians are off the reservation and working among the white people. This will do them more good, I believe, than any of the Indian Bureau schemes.

I do not see the fairness myself in giving them five acres of land. Ten acres apiece would have been much more reasonable. The cattle on the reservation will be of no special benefit to the Indians until issued, and this will not be done until the Indians learn the white man's ways of caring for them. This they will not soon learn from such men as \* \* \*. (I am glad that your people are rid of these men now.) The Indians respond to intelligent kindness very readily, but they refuse to be driven or compelled to move.

I have had your peoples' problem before our Lord in my prayers for over two years now.

I am yours very sincerely, \* \* \*

### "THE TOMAHAWK."

#### Gus Beaulieu Does Not Want The Indian Office Abolished.

It is a great surprise and unexpected, and yet we are glad to know where "Tomahawk" stands on the abolishment of the Indian Office. We thought once that "Tomahawk", of White Earth, Minn., was true and clear on matters pertaining to the best interest of the Indians, but we are mistaken in the "Tomahawk."

"The Indians are not ready for the abolishment of the Indian Office," is not an Indian reason. It is old. It is a mere excuse to say something. It

is voicing the Indian Office and not helping the Indians.

WASSAJA remembers the time when it was exploded that "Indians would not work. The old Indians would surely succumb and die if they were not helped." Well, as usual with the Indians, the test did come. Gus, what do you suppose? The old Indian fellows worked better than the young Indians.

Again, WASSAJA'S people, the Apaches were called the laziest and most worthless Indians in America. Gus, what do you think? Today those same Apaches are considered the best Indian, or any other kind of, workers in Arizona. And these awfully dreaded Apaches do not want the Indian Office to rule over them. They want to be citizens, to vote and to attend to their own affairs. Gus, when you go against the highest, noblest and grandest object of your race, you go against the best interest of your race.

Gus Beaulieu thinks that he has been dominated so long by the Indian Office that if the Indian Office were taken away from him starvation and death would be his fate. If that is not the case, he has no right to speak for his people, because he is in the same boat with the rest of the Chippewas of Minnesota; but if he is not in the same boat, he is only speaking for himself. Then he is entitled to great favors from the Indian Office for coming out in the open in favor of enslaving the Indians by the Indian Office.

Do you mean to say that we Indians have lost every drop of blood that distinguishes us? Have we degenerated so low that we cannot care for the aged and orphans of our blood and that we must relegate them to the keeping of hireling strangers? How dare you to judge your people with no hope but the Indian Office around their necks?

Gus, be frank. The best way to do, if you are really a loyal Indian, is to say, "I am not in a position to support myself and family, and pay taxes, and stand before the world as a citizen and as a man among men of the world, and therefore I believe in my heart that the Indians are not ready to be free from the Indian Office by abolishing the same. In other words, let your life speak the truth for your Indians of Minnesota."

If those Chippewas at Leech Lake, Red Lake, Nett Lake, Winnebegosish, Cass Lake and Cloquet are what Gus Beaulieu says they are, and if he is speaking for them without their knowledge, it does not speak well either for him or for the Indians. Indians, understanding human nature, would say: "Gus, he heap white man. He no want Injun free. He want Injun money."

Gus, I am afraid your White Earth Indians will laugh at you, and show you that they can get along a great deal better without the Indian Office to boss over them. The Indians of Minnesota know more about themselves than you do, and therefore, the Indians of your reservation are perfectly right to pass a resolution to abolish the Indian Office, because they feel in their hearts that is the right way to gain freedom, manhood and citizenship.