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WASSAJA



FREEDOM SIGNAL FOR THE INDIANS

Vol. 2, No. 1

ISSUED MONTHLY

April, 1917

WASSAJA IS ONE YEAR OLD

We live in a commercial age, where money is everything. In any great undertaking, the first question asked is: Will it pay? Can you pay all expenses and pay yourself? Is there money in it?

With this issue of WASSAJA, we are a year old. In its beginning there was no capital to start the littlepaper. Its birthmark was not for money. WASSAJA believes there are higher things than money. If that was its real object it would have been a total failure.

WASSAJA'S OBJECT IS TO FREE THE INDIANS FROM WARDSHIP BY DOING AWAY WITH THE INDIAN OFFICE. Freedom of oneself is more than money. For many years WASSAJA has been hitting on the same spot and we are going to continue hitting in the same place until the walls fall and the Indians are free.

We are pleased that Senator Johnson of South Dakota, Senator Lane of Oregon, and others at Washington are aroused to the awfulness of Indian affairs. It is a good sign to have the people inquire and say: "Well, I thought the Indians were well cared for by the Government. I did not know they are as slaves and are not citizens. I thought they had just as many rights as we have. They ought to have more rights because they were here before we were.

"Congress should attend to this at once. We have given the black man his freedom; I cannot contain myself to think that the Indians are not free. It is all wrong; the Indians must be freed and be given citizenship."

WASSAJA is launched upon its second year financially as poor as ever, but rich "in doing to others as you wish them to do unto you." WASSAJA has no time to find out from whence his race came; no time to study their customs and habits; no time to learn the language of his forefathers; no time to deal in their arts, no time to learn their music; no time for reform work on reservations; no time to kneel before the Indian Office.

At this hour when the Indians are in a critical condition involving their life and liberty, WASSAJA can only see the Indians outside of human rights; we can only see the injustices of the reservation system. We can only see the man part of the Indian ruined and destroyed. We can only see he has no rights that others enjoy; we can only see that he is not under the laws where he lives. We can only see that he is an outcast in the midst of opportunities; we can only see that his children are not in the public schools. We can only see that God is given to them as though they were foreigners living miles and miles away; we can only see that they are nothing, in this wide, wide world; they are worse than slaves. We can only see the real horrorfulness of the Indians' suffering and the blackness of the inhumanity which he has endured and is enduring.

WASSAJA cannot turn aside and deal with incidentals. Our mission is serious and delay is dangerous. God helping us, we shall toot and strike on the walls of the Indian Office until it falls and the Indians are free. WASSAJA cannot do it alone. We (Indians, friends of the Indians and Congress) must all be united and of one accord in this great and vital move to free the Indians.

"WASSAJA"

Vol. 2, No. 1

APRIL, 1917

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Chicago, Illinois

HOW INDIANS ARE DUPED RELATIVE
TO THEIR LAND

When an Indian applies for a patent to his land, the agent tells the Indian that he will try to get it for him, but it will be uncertain whether the Indian Office will approve of it. When the superintendent gets the patent he telephones to his confidential financial friend that the Indian has his patent from Washington. This land grabber goes straight to the Indian that the agent has just received a patent for (the Indian is not informed by the superintendent of the patent issued to him by the Secretary of the Interior) and asks whether he wants to sell his land. The Indian informs him that he has not a patent for his land yet. The real estate man pauses and offers so much for the land and take the risk for the patent. The Indian being unaware of the trap, falls into it and gladly sells his land. The land grabber and the superintendent get a rake-off from the poor Indian. More rascals are in the Indian service than outside, to beat the Indians. WASSAJA believes the Indians can do better themselves than by leaving everything to the Indian Office.

NEXT CONFERENCE OF S. A. I.

WASSAJA is informed that the Society of American Indians will meet at the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minnesota, for their next Conference.

WASSAJA has written a great deal against—not the Society—those who are steering the Society, because they were working with the Indian Office.

WASSAJA has to travel over ten hours to get there. Minneapolis is so located that tribes from Washington, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan can get there without any trouble. Did you ever think that when there were no horses, no automobiles, no railroads, different tribes used to send their representatives to Councils from one end of the continent to the other?

If we are progressive, then let us see each tribe in the United States represented at Minneapolis. Just think what that would mean to the aboriginal Americans! Let us begin to talk about it and let us prepare for it and let us be there. The *true Americans* are not all dead. Let us show that we are alive by our presence at Minneapolis.

EXPLANATION

The Editor wishes to say that "Steady, Indians, Steady," and "Civilization" in this issue are not written for the purpose of antagonizing the war sentiment, but WASSAJA sees the opportune moment to throw the same limelight that has placed the Indian before the world as cruel and savage. And to imprint on the minds of the public the real and unjust status of the Indians in the United States.

CIVILIZATION

Savagery! Oh, say!

Indians? You say?

High up in the air you see,

Almost reach to God—civilization!

To the heathen they carried God.

They say God no fight, God is peace.

Civilization called Indians Savages;

Indians love to scalp and fight.

Talk about Indians behind trees,

They did not dig trenches and live there.

Indians used bows and arrows, spears and stones,

Play-toys to modern weapons for fighting brother
against brother.

Now, where is the worst savagery?

Blush! No blush in civilization today.

Civilization, thou art great, thou canst raise mil-
lions to slaughter,

Tear to pieces thy brother in the air;

Blow up cargoes to feed whales and little fishes,

And if need be kill and call it square.

Civilization, thou art using God as front.

Behind, thou art playing the cunningness of
human nature.

You furled your flag and call it patriotism.

You say that you are fighting for this and that.

You do not know what you are fighting for.

You think it is for righteousness,

In the crucible, you will find it to be greed.

Pretextation is the worst kind of patriotism.

Patriotic jealousy lurks in every move you make.

It has your bound hand and foot.

In your greatness you are acting like a child,

Peevish and snarling at everybody.

You may talk about honor, Kings, Kaisers and Czars
(as though they were the cause of your
patriotism.)

Ah! they are nothing;

It is the Almighty dollar

That is might and not right.

Age has made civilization gruesome, hard as stone.

"Business is business,"

And growlingly he says,

"What have I to do with thee?"

And hurries on to war.

Civilization! Civilization!

Thou hast been a light on a hill,

Spreading thy rays far and wide.

God has permitted thee to reign.

What is thy stewardship?

Thy knowledge and wisdom thou hast turned
into greed.

Thou wantest the land, thou wantest the sea;

Thou forgettest God, thou forgettest thy brother.

Civilization, thou hast lost thy soul,
While carrying the cross to the heathen.
The temptations to satisfy thy greed have been
too great.

Thy greed has blinded thy vision for the right.

Your soul is stupid, goaded with greed.
You are intoxicated for more and more.
You are not fighting for righteousness,
You are fighting on high seas,
To see who can outdo trading here and there.
It is but commercialism, and nothing more.

O God of Righteousness, stay the tide
That is rushing madly into the abyss of war.
Help us to see the right.
O Lord God Almighty, teach us to know,
Names we may have, but we are the same.
Teach us to look up to Thee and learn of Thee
What is right, justice and peace.

STEADY, INDIANS, STEADY!

The Ghost Craze has come and gone,
The War Craze is on.
If you want to fight—fight—
But let no one force you in.
Steady, Indians, Steady!

In the excitement of war fury,
It requires a level head
Not to get dizzy.
Steady, Indians, Steady!

This is civilization fight.
You are tagged that verges on "seeking for blood."
Will it pay to prove it? Then fight.
Steady, Indians, Steady!

"Fight for your country and flag" is noble and
grand,
But have you a country? Is that your flag?
With a sober mind, think on it, and do the right.
Steady, Indians, Steady!

Pause, with calm mind, think on it.
But let no one push you in it.
If you do not know what you are fighting for,
stay at home.
Steady, Indians, Steady!

They have taken your country,
They have taken your manhood,
They have imprisoned you,
They have made you wards,
They have stunted your faculties.
Steady, Indians, Steady!

You are not entitled to the rights of man,
You are not an American citizen—
You are an Indian;
You are nothing and that is all.
Steady, Indians, Steady!

Redskins, *true Americans*, you have a fight with
those whom you wish to fight for,
It is your birthright—*Freedom*;
Let them make good;
With better heart you will fight,
Side by side under the same flag.
Steady, Indians, Steady!

FRESH FROM THE FIELD, FORT PECK, MONTANA

AN OUTRAGE AGAINST OUR INDIANS

Two and two makes four, but a ditch plus an Indian doesn't make a farmer. Not by a jug full. Yet the Government has constructed a ditch for us, at a fancy figure amounting to over \$585,000 of our money, and the Indian Office prides itself with all it has done "for the Indian." The theory on which the Indian Department has worked is this: Take the Indian's land away from him, sell it, take the money and with it build a ditch for the ever-lasting benefit of the Indians and the result will be that the Indians by some unknown miracle not listed in Scripture, will be converted into enterprising farmers.

Well, we've got a ditch—a long hole in the ground which R. M. Conners, Project Manager, would like to have us politely and complementarily call an "Irrigation Ditch" (with capital letters.) Whether it is an "irrigation ditch" or not we can't vouch for. No Indian has ever tried it and likely never will, for ditches are of little use in raising cows and horses. You can't make a farmer out of an Indian by ditching; no, not even with a real irrigation ditch, such as ours isn't. Our Indians will never become irrigation farmers. They are stock raisers and a few are dry-landers, and all that ditch is good for is to furnish water for the stock when the ditch is handier than the river and it happens to be one of those rare occasions when it has water in it. And the Indian office knew this when the present project was first planned, as will be explained in our next issue, also who is responsible for this ditch and why it is a failure. Mr. Indian, you are justified in your indignation with respect to that ditch and we shall try to place all of the facts before you that you may be able to judge for yourself. **We are able and competent to think for ourselves even if we are given little or no credit in that line. That ditch is one of the most brazen hold-ups and shamed-faced propositions we were ever confronted with, and it is high time that we were voicing our sentiments.**

We ask you, Mr. Cato Sells: Did the Indians here ask for that ditch? No. Did they tell you you could spend their money for a worthless ditch? Again no. Did you ever hear of the other two ditch failures here before the present ditch was commenced? Yes. Then why did you permit the spending of hundreds of thousands of dollars of our much needed money for a purpose from which you knew no benefits would ever come to the Indians? Why have you always turned a deaf ear to our protests?

We do not mean to condemn irrigation ditches as a whole, but we do object to the using of our money for a ditch which will never benefit us.

—Fort Peck Sioux Pioneer.

PUBLIC SALE OF INDIAN LANDS IN SOUTH DAKOTA

This is not an advertisement, but a copy from a circular which the Indian Office circulates to sell Indian lands for the Indians.

All the following described land will be sold and a Patent in Fee by the Government issued to the purchaser:

Listed for Sale March 15, 1917. Bids to be Opened May 15, 1917.

INHERITED INDIAN LANDS

Allot. No.	Allottee	Description	Section	Twp.	Range	Acres	Value
518	B. Partisan, John	sw $\frac{1}{4}$	23	108	73	164.40	\$1,680.00
520	B. Partisan, Agnes	Lots 8, 9, 11 and 12 of se $\frac{1}{4}$ and lot 10 of sw $\frac{1}{4}$	17	108	73	160.70	1,365.95
318	Bow, Peter	nw $\frac{1}{4}$	11	107	77	100	640.00
638	Bow, Daniel	ne $\frac{1}{4}$	35	107	77	160	720.00
380	Brazeau, Mary	s $\frac{1}{2}$ and ne $\frac{1}{4}$ s $\frac{1}{2}$ of nw $\frac{1}{4}$ and ne $\frac{1}{4}$ of nw $\frac{1}{4}$	19	106	71		
		sw $\frac{1}{4}$ of nw $\frac{1}{4}$	20	106	71	640	4,160.00
696	Brigg, Bessie	nw $\frac{1}{4}$	16	103	73	160	1,600.00
262	Circles Around	s $\frac{1}{2}$ of ne $\frac{1}{4}$ and lots 1 and 2 of	2	107	75	159.75	479.25
453	Councillor, Mabel	Lots 1 and 2 and e $\frac{1}{2}$ of nw $\frac{1}{4}$	30	106	72	147.34	1,620.74
283	Councillor, Luke, (Luck)	sw $\frac{1}{4}$ of	25	107	74	160	1,280.00
220	Dead Hand, Mrs., alias Hungry Woman	All of	23	107	75	640	5,120.00
507	Day Boy, Simon	nw $\frac{1}{4}$	32	107	76	160	480.00
717	Day Boy, Felix	sw $\frac{1}{4}$ of nw $\frac{1}{4}$ and nw $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw $\frac{1}{4}$ w $\frac{1}{2}$ of ne $\frac{1}{4}$	22	108	76		
		nw $\frac{1}{4}$	26	108	76	160	520.00
616	Fire Cloud, David	nw $\frac{1}{4}$	29	107	76	160	960.00
234	Forked Butte, Henry	e $\frac{1}{2}$ of ne $\frac{1}{4}$ of ne $\frac{1}{4}$	1	106	76	20	120.00
524	Julia Kirkie	ne $\frac{1}{4}$	12	108	77	160	640.00
331	Little Crow, Samuel	ne $\frac{1}{4}$	13	107	77	160	880.00
98	Long Fish	ne $\frac{1}{4}$ of sw $\frac{1}{4}$ of	7	107	75		
			5	107	75	320	2,240.00
525	Pennell, Elizabeth (Liz- zie E.)	All of	26	108	78	640	7,680.00
757	Roubideau, Daphne	nw $\frac{1}{4}$	23	107	77	160	900.00
449	Rattler, Lazarus	e $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw $\frac{1}{4}$ and lots 3 and 4	30	106	72	147.36	1,619.86
113	Small, Rosie	sw $\frac{1}{4}$	9	107	76	160	480.00
675	Splintered Horn, Geo	sw $\frac{1}{4}$	11	108	77	160	1,280.00
674	S Hawk, Albert	s $\frac{1}{2}$ of nw $\frac{1}{4}$, w $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw $\frac{1}{4}$	22	109	77	160	640.00
493	Splintered Horn, Lizzie	Lots 8, 9, 15, 16 and 17	21	108	73	172.60	547.80
17	Thompson, Josephine	sw $\frac{1}{4}$	11	109	77	160	960.00
128	Two Eagles, Moses	e $\frac{1}{2}$ of nw $\frac{1}{4}$ lots 1 and 2	30	106	76	155.30	1,164.55
724	Tomahawk, Thomas	ne $\frac{1}{4}$ of se $\frac{1}{4}$, se $\frac{1}{4}$ of se $\frac{1}{4}$ nw $\frac{1}{4}$ of se $\frac{1}{4}$ w $\frac{1}{2}$ of lot 6 ne $\frac{1}{4}$ of se $\frac{1}{2}$ of se $\frac{1}{4}$ e $\frac{1}{2}$ of lot 2 and ne $\frac{1}{2}$ of se $\frac{1}{4}$ of nw $\frac{1}{4}$	8	108	73		
			10	108	73		
			29	109	73		
			33	109	73	163.80	1,146.60
24	Swift Hawk	e $\frac{1}{2}$ of ne $\frac{1}{4}$ se $\frac{1}{4}$ of se $\frac{1}{4}$ and lot 1	7	109	76		
			6	109	76		
197	Charging Woman	and nw $\frac{1}{4}$ of se $\frac{1}{4}$ of	19	109	76	307.04	1,688.72
			19	107	75	160	800.00
433	Limb, alias Alice Use- ful Heart	w $\frac{1}{2}$	21	106	72	320	3,420.00
415	Pretty Sounding Flute, Emma	sw $\frac{1}{4}$	20	106	72	160	1,600.00

WASSAJA believes this selling business by the Indian Office is an outrage and not helpful to the Indians. Let the Indians do their own business and farm the land themselves which they would do if freedom was theirs.