

RED POWER

*The "Noble Savage" wasn't all that noble,
contends a distinguished anthropologist whose specialty is things Indian.
But the author saves his big guns for an even lesser breed:
The guilt-ridden, history-distorting paleface*

Will the Indians Get Whitey?

JOHN GREENWAY

In the following article, John Greenway, Professor of Anthropology at the University of Colorado (Boulder), challenges the prevailing assumptions and historical shibboleths long associated with the American Indian. Juxtaposed with Professor Greenway's theme are quotations (in italics) from references discussed in the essay, pertinent news data, as well as selections from the testimony of the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy appearing before the Senate Subcommittee on Indian Affairs.



that of Europe; but a white man and a Catholic, blinded by the double conceit of his religion and his race, he could not rise to the idea that beings of a different color and a different world-view could be even his equals. It is tragic and grotesque to see with what arrogance the Spaniards, members of the most brutal, superstitious, and uncultured nation of their continent, looked down upon this culture, of the bases of which they had not the smallest inkling.
—Egan Friedell, *Cultural History of the Modern Age.*

WHEN 36 out of 81 superior American college students can look at a photograph of American soldiers removing piles of emaciated Jewish corpses from a liberated Nazi horror camp and identify the scene as Americans committing atrocities in Vietnam—well, is it not to be expected?

The unnatural eagerness of Americans to believe themselves to be monsters is not a biological imperative, despite its constancy from the earliest period of American history. It is learned behavior, implanted neither by genes nor by experience, but by the teachings of the strangest class of intellectuals any nation has ever been damned with. With few significant exceptions, America's professional thinkers have been anomic dropouts from their own culture, burning the American spirit as their bearded acolytes burn the American flag. They find some unrepented sin in themselves and take up whatever scourge lies at hand to visit its punishment upon their forefathers. Now more than ever before, the American Indian is a favorite scourge—as a study of ten popular, non-scholarly books* on the Indian demonstrates.

On his landing in Mexico in 1519, Hernando Cortez found there a highly developed and, indeed, overdeveloped culture, far superior to

**The Long Death: The Last Days of the Plains Indians*, by Ralph K. Andrist. Macmillan, \$8.95. *The Flight of the Nez Perce: A History of the Nez Perce War* by Mark H. Brown. Putnam, \$8.95. *The Shoshoneans: The People of the Basin-Plateau* by Edward Dorn and Leroy Lucas. Morrow, \$6.95. *Warriors of the Colorado: The Yumas of the Quechan Nation and their Neighbors* by Jack D. Forbes. Oklahoma, \$5.95. *The Nez Perce Indians and the Opening of the Northwest* by Alvin M. Josephy Jr. Yale, \$12.50. *Red Cloud and the Sioux Problem* by James C. Olson. Nebraska, \$5.95. *Half Sun on the Columbia: A Biography of Chief Moses* by Robert H. Ruby and John H. Brown. Oklahoma, \$5.95. *Disinherited: The Lost Birthright of the American Indian* by Dale Van Every. Morrow, 95¢ (paper). *The Indian and the White Man* by Wilcomb E. Washburn. Doubleday Anchor, \$1.95 (paper). *Apologies to the Iroquois*, by Edmund Wilson. Random House, \$1.95 (paper).

To the authors of these books the Indians are a stick to beat the American soul, as sympathizer William Eastlake ingenuously disclosed in a review in *Book Week*. "The Nez Perce Indians," Eastlake began, ". . . set out to get Whitey on Wednesday, June 13, 1877. The war lasted 117 days, and cost Whitey over \$1 million, an expense probably considerably less than Watts, which shows that Whitey's wars with the Hostiles are not only costing more now but we are learning less. . . Learn, Whitey, Learn."

Something has happened to me lately. Every time I have glanced at a bookcase in the last few weeks, the books on killing of the Indians leap out into my hand. Reading a speech of Andrew Jackson's on the Indian question the other day—his *Second Annual Message*—I realized he was the Westmoreland of 1830. His speech was like an Administration speech today. It was another speech recommending murder of a race as a prudent policy, requiring stamina.



Perhaps this coincidence should not have surprised me, but it did. It turns out we can put down a revolution as well as the Russians in Budapest, we can destroy a town as well as the Germans at Lidice, all with our famous unconcern.

—Robert Bly, *National Book Award acceptance speech*, March 6, 1968.

The next five days were spent in preparing the [soldier's] bodies for burial, building coffins, and in digging graves in the frozen ground of the snow-swept cemetery. Although a large crew of men aided the medical officers, they needed two days to get the bodies ready. The official report prepared by Carrington two weeks after the disaster explains why this grim task was so difficult: "I give you some of the facts as to my men, whose bodies I found just at dark, . . . Eyes torn out and laid on rocks; noses cut off; ears cut off; chins hewn off; teeth chopped out; joints of fingers, brains taken out and placed on rocks with other members of the body; entrails taken out and exposed; hands cut off; feet cut off; arms taken out from sockets. . . ."

—Ralph K. Andrist, *The Long Death: The Last Days of the Plains Indians*.



All of these books are stern indictments of *Our Treatment of the Indians*, though the authors have little more qualification to write books about the Indians than a plumber has to practice brain surgery. Historical value is claimed for most of them by the dust-jackets and as to that point, what A. E. Housman once said under similar

provocation can be said here; history as practiced by these writers is not a game—an exercise requiring skill and heed, like marbles, or skittles or cats' cradles—but a pastime, like leaning against a wall and spitting. They write about the Indian because the Indian in the American mind is as imaginary as Sandburg's Lincoln, a creation of fantasy, guilt and ignorance, on which everyone is his own authority. Edward Hicks should have painted the scene: in the background a massacre of Indian women and children; in the foreground a young Indian lad and his Indian lass, hand in hand, about to hurl themselves off a Lovers' Leap while singing "By the Waters of Minnetonka." The illusion is always more romantic than the reality; in real life Running Bear would have been less likely to seduce Little White Dove than to rape her.

The Indian As Dionysus

THE LAY READER should have a hard-core course in what the real Indian was like before exposing his raw conscience to books like these. He should know that the real Indian was ferocious, cruel, aggressive, stoic, violent, ultra-masculine, treacherous and warlike, though these are anemic adjectives to describe the extent of his Dionysiac extremism. As for *Our Treatment of the Indians*, never in the entire history of the inevitable displacement of hunting tribes by advanced agriculturists in the 39,000 generations of mankind has a native people been treated with more consideration, decency and kindness. The Mongoloids in displacing the first comers of Asia, the Negroes in displacing the aborigines in Africa, and every other group following the biological law of

the Competitive Exclusion Principle thought like the Polynesian chief who once observed to a white officer: "I don't understand you English. You come here and take our land and then you spend the rest of your lives trying to make up for it. When my people came to these islands, we just killed the inhabitants and that was the end of it. It could be argued that the only real injury the white man ever did the Indian was to take his fighting away from him. Indians did not fight to defend their land, their people or their honor, as these writers apparently believe; like the Irish, they fought for the fighting. Without war and raiding and scalping and rape and pillage and slavetaking, the Indian was as aimless as a chiropractor without a spine. There was nothing left in life for him but idleness, petty mischief and booze.

Some two million people who have read Ruth Benedict's classic of just-so anthropology, *Patterns of Culture*, suppose that there were Apollonians on this earth, and that they were the Pueblo Indians. The only flaw in the Pueblos' angelic character was their effeminate peacefulness, Dr. Benedict suggested. But she did not say that the Pueblos killed the first Spaniard to visit them (ironically, the first "white" man killed by the Pueblos was a Negro), that they killed and scalped missionaries, and that they conducted the most successful of all violent Indian rebellions against the whites.



Washington, Dec. 15—"Why don't Indians riot?" Senator Robert F. Kennedy asked a Kiowa Navajo this morning after listening to two days of testimony reflecting Indian disillusionment and bitterness.

It was not an invitation. The Senator was merely wondering about a fundamental difference between Indians and Negroes. Negroes, he observed, had grievances and some of them retaliated violently against the white society; Indians suffered in silence.

In reply, John Belindo, executive director of the National Congress of American Indians, told the Senator gently that street demonstrations were not in the Indian character.

"It isn't their nature to demonstrate," Mr. Belindo said. "Indians have a deep reverence for the land; they wouldn't think of razing anything."

Indians would no more think of

burning property than they would of polluting the air or the streams, he explained.

—New York Times, Dec. 16, 1967.

The Indian As Democrat

WHILE the lumpenproletariat cherished the image of the romantic Indian, the lumpenintelligentsia clutched the noble Indian to the body politic. Our universities today swarm with men who truly believe that both the Constitution specifically and American democracy generally were copied from Indian originals. Some of these men have been seen to laugh at the New Fundamentalists for believing that Christ ascended to heaven in a space ship.

The Indians indeed did put up imitations of civilized institutions when it seemed profitable to do so, but they were the most palpable travesties. Dale Van Every's contribution to the Black Pages of White History, *Disinherited*, is an unintentional illustration of how academic folklore on the Indians is constructed. He meets the stringent standards of authority established by his peers, having once written a history entitled *The AEF in Battle* (which I have not read, fearing it might take the side of the Germans) and making movies for thirteen years. He deals with the central illusion, on which most of the others depend: that the Indians in the forest primeval were gathered into mighty nations. There were, he says, "twenty great Indian nations" in the Southeast alone, of which the greatest in civilization and suffering was the Cherokee. (Fact: From a population of two thousand in 1761, this great Cherokee empire was reduced by the white man's oppression, diseases, wars and massacres, to fifty thousand the last time they came into court to sue for the return of the Southeastern states.)

Within these nations pure democracy flourished. At the top of page 82 Mr. Van Every tells of the "instinctive sympathy" between Negroes and Indians, and of the "ingrained Indian abhorrence of slavery as an institution." At the bottom of page 82 Mr. Van Every gives us a census of the Cherokee Nation in 1825: 15,563 Indians; Negro slaves, 1,277. These were not refugee slaves; these were real slaves. In 1824 the Cherokee National Committee prohibited any of their Negroes from owning stock, voting or marrying Indians. Still, one must consider the iron law of economics; Van Every could make

neither a book nor a movie on the Cherokee as they really were—intruders into the land the United States paid them for, important only because they were the victors in a bloody war to extermination or exile with other tribes—the Yamasee, Creek, Choctaw, Shawnee, Catawba, Tuscarora and Chickasaw—over which tribe should have the monopoly of selling slaves to the South.

A first step was taken in 1824 when the National Committee forbade intermarriage between Cherokee, whether red or white, and Negroes and the possession by Negro slaves of horses, cattle or hogs.

Membership in the General Council was limited to free, male Cherokees of 25 who were descendants of Cherokee men by free women or Cherokee women by free men and denied to any in whom Negro parentage was identifiable. All free male citizens except those with identifiable Negro blood were eligible to vote.

—Dale Van Every, *Disinherited: The Last Birthright of the American Indian*.

The Subcommittee on Indian Affairs recently visited Eastern Oklahoma, where the "five civilized tribes" are located. Foremost among these five tribes in terms of great historical self-generated accomplishments are the Cherokees. Several years ago the Cherokees had an extraordinarily fine system of self-government modeled after our own; a very high rate of literacy in Cherokee and English sustained by a tribally managed and run school system which was one of the finest west of the Mississippi; a sophistication and quality of leadership of which any group would be proud and a flourishing and dynamic way of life. Yet the United States Government abolished these Cherokee institutions shortly after the turn of the century. And now, in 1968, family after family among the Cherokees in Oklahoma has an annual income of less than \$1,000.

Robert Kennedy, *Testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on Indian Affairs, March 5, 1968*.

The only Indians in these books that did not hold slaves were those too poor to afford to keep them. Even the Que-

chans, about whom Jack D. Forbes has written a kind of book, *Warriors of the Colorado*, had slaves when they had very little else. It is not pertinent to say much about the book, for only literate Quechans would be tempted to read it, but it has the same sort of weird ideas about the Indians as the others. "Their hearts were good and strong, and the Quechans have survived," effuses Forbes. In reality, the Quechans survived because the whites came in and saved them from the Maricopas and Gila Pimas and Halchidomas and Walapais and Havasupais and Cahuillas and Paipais and Kiliwas and Halyikawamais and Kohuanas, all of whom were fighting for slaves.

When Van Every's heart is not weeping for the Cherokee, it is hemorrhaging for the Seminoles, who established a claim to Florida that the Indian Claims Commission has offered to pay off in a 1965 decision. How did the Seminoles establish ownership to Florida? By fleeing over the Georgia line with Negro slaves they stole from the whites. The Seminoles have been granted a cash settlement for the state, but they still want the state. We may get off easy by giving them Miami.

Edmund Wilson, an Indian expert in the tradition of that Boston booby, Ralph Waldo Emerson, long ago finished writing learnedly on everything he knows anything about and has recently begun writing learnedly on everything he knows nothing about, e.g. the Indians, and the income tax. *Apologies to the Iroquois* was commissioned by the *New Yorker*.* Read it and learn all about the Seneca Republic (population 3,792; not to be confused with the rival Seneca Nation) and our responsibilities to it in the question of title to New York State. Read it and learn that the Senecas and their neighbors shared their Southern cousins' abhorrence of slavery, though they retained some whites "adopted" during raids on settlements.

Wilcomb Washburn is a different kettle of fish. He resides in the Indian territory of Washington, D.C., and he feels enough guilt about Our Treatment to give up his own real estate to the original owners, the Manahoac, if there were any left. He is an objective historian writing "from a point of view strongly sympathetic to the American

*Wilson's book is so naive that one cannot analyze it. Nearly every point he makes about Indian culture demonstrates a near-total ignorance of anthropological principles and solid knowledge about Indians. It's rather like a gardener discussing deoxyribonucleic acid in plant genetics.

—J.G.

Indian," an apologia that permits him to distort history in his anthology of primary materials, *The Indian and the White Man*. The selections are genuine enough, but they are rigorously chosen for his special pleading, and each is prefaced by an officious analysis setting the primary writer straight whenever he is in danger of straying into the truth. Washburn informs us, for example, that the term "tribe" was a dysphemism for "nation," introduced by the whites when they decided to reduce the Indians. He is right, of course; the word "tribe" was brought in by the whites. And so was the concept.

The real Indian was only most tenuously a member of a tribe. His ecological unit was the nomadic band, either hunting-gathering or primitive agricultural, with little cohesion beyond an approximation to a common language and some weak psychological unity. These marauding social fragments cohered only when profitable raiding was visible.

Tribes have to have chiefs, so the white man invented that concept also. In the old days, the nearest any Indian tribe got to a chief was somebody who could persuade a few young braves to accompany him in a sneak raid on the neighbors' horses. Several such expeditions would authorize a warrior to sign treaties with the whites and eventually visit Washington for a real raid (Red Cloud made fifteen personal assaults on the Treasury). Later, candidates for chiefhood did not even have to steal horses—they just applied to the Great White Father for certification. In 1891 the Acting Agent for the Pine Ridge Sioux endorsed a dozen such applications for chief from sundry Indians with this comment: "Furnishing these papers can have no effect except to please the vanity of the recipients and keep them in good humor." From 1860 on, politics among the Indians was a situation of too many chiefs and not enough Indians.

Imagination abhors a factual vacuum, and so in these books chiefs are made out of nothing more substantial than euphonious names. The real leader of the Nez Perce flight was Poker Joe, hopeless as a potential eponym, so "Chief Joseph" becomes the Great Red Father. Chief Moses, another naturally named leader, is apotheosized by another expert on the Indians not terribly well known in anthropological circles, Dr. Robert H. Ruby. Ruby has his doctorate in medicine, which would seem to limit his authority to sick Indians, but he published a previous book through a

vanity press, and that makes a difference. His biography of Moses, *Half Sun on the Columbia* (one of Moses' aliases) unfortunately says little about the ethos of Moses' people, the Sinkiuse-Columbia. Other writers have found them to be like the rest of the Northwest Coast tribes—obsessed with a paranoid status competition, slavery, warfare and cannibalism. So Moses, like Joseph, must have been a phenomenon, for Ruby offers him as a man of peace. "The peacemaking of our subject," writes Ruby, "assured him a place not among the blazoned, but among the blessed." In reality's dull record, Moses attained his chiefly status by slaughtering lone travelers. On one of his later peacemaking expeditions his warriors killed a party of fifty miners, but excused themselves by saying they thought the miners were soldiers. If Dr. Ruby gets away with his refurbishment of this rascal, he should be able to write Stokely Carmichael into a Nobel Peace Prize.

The Indian As Victim

WHEN sneak attacks on horses escalated into massive and murderous raids on settlements, people would sometimes get hurt. But Washburn speaks for his peers when he forbids the term "massacre" to describe such incidents; such invidious expressions, he says, were designed to put the Indian into bad repute "and to provide good reason why he should be treated the way he was treated by that society." It is just as unfair, he adds, as accusing the Indian of cannibalism merely because he ate people.

So James C. Olson pours out his heart's blood for the Sioux in nearly 400 pages of *Red Cloud and the Sioux Problem* without ever finding it pertinent to mention the Minnesota Massacre, in which at least 800 whites were killed and 10,000 square miles of Minnesota cleared of settlers. About the only consistent use of the word "massacre" in these books appends to the Sand Creek and Wounded Knee massacres.*

It is, by the way, almost impossible to

*A typical distortion of the facts. The assemblage of Indians at Wounded Knee were hostiles dancing the Ghost Dance, which among the Sioux demanded genocide of the whites. The fighting—which indeed ended with the total slaughter of the Indians by soldiers harboring long infuriation for unavenged killings by the Indians—began when a shaman blew the eagle whistle and Indians pulled concealed rifles from under their blankets. The Wounded Knee Massacre put an end to Indian wars. —J.G.

find a book giving the white side of the Sand Creek affair; authors ignore the voluminous testimony of the congressional investigation and accept the testimony instead of one Robert Bent, a survivor. This Bent makes an interesting witness; he was a renegade halfbreed who with his two brothers lived and raided with the Cheyenne. They were a precious trio; one of them captured a white settler, staked him to the ground, cut out his tongue, castrated him, and built a fire on his stomach.

In *The Long Death* Andrist mentions the Minnesota Massacre, but his interest is in the Indians who were captured, tried and executed for the murders—39 Indians went to the gallows. Andrist (who is also the author of *Heroes of Polar Exploration*) chooses as the most regrettable part of the episode the second hanging of Rattling Runner, on whom the rope broke—"but the traditional ritual of legal life-taking had to be gone through in its entirety . . . his body was hoisted again, to dangle yet a while for the edification of the spectators." Rattling Runner's hangman, who so edified the crowd, had three children lying dead out on the plains, and his wife and two other children still in the tender hands of the uncaught Indians. Still, as the dust jacket judges, "Mr. Andrist writes with such passion that the reader hears the roar of guns and the rumble of hooves, the whistle of whips, the creak of wagon wheels, and always, and everywhere, the screams of dying and dispossessed . . . the most fitting tribute ever written to the noblest victims Destiny ever had." The jacket is talking about the Indians.

Least funny of all these books is *The Shoshoneans—The People of the Basin-Plateau*, by two beatniks who toured the desert country of Idaho, Utah and Nevada stirring up mischief for a non-book. Its deception begins with the title, which might lead the unwary to think it was a work of dull but reputable ethnography. It is nothing of the sort; it is an undisciplined screed against the whites of the area illustrated by photographs by a man who confuses underexposure with art. Mainly the photographs are of sullen young Indians in sunglasses staggering out of bars. All the degeneration, of course, is attributable to the "fascism" of the cowboy culture that corrupted the pristine Indian. A typical passage describes an old Indian lying in filth and asks why "the pasty doctors of the agency did

not come and bathe him." Edward Dorn's photographer companion might have washed him, but he was out in the field dancing the Sun Dance with the Indians for peace in Vietnam.

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*The non-Indian community will never relax its hatred toward some practices of native Indian life—peyotism, the inhalation of airplane glue, the various burial methods, questions of sanitation, legitimacy and marriage, the lingering resistance Indian men have to domestication and routine work. All religious and civil facts are one great indiscriminate label—The Indian Problem.*

—Edward Dorn, *The Shoshoneans—The People of the Basin-Plateau.*

### The Indian As Cop

THE IDEA of Indians policing Indians was a simultaneous self-invention on several reservations in the late 1860s. Its purpose was to perpetuate the old way of life rather than to conclude it. Some raiding bands now became police, and other bands fought them, and the only significant difference for the whites was their notion that one side was better than the other, so they paid the one in money and the other in rations. There was a more significant difference for the Indians: those who joined the

police or the accompanying judiciary knew where the action was. Before Bob Dalton decided it was more profitable to rob banks, he worked as chief of the Osage police. While the displaced generation of Red Cloud, Kicking Bear, Moses, Joseph, and the several Sitting Bulls sat around sulking like tired Union League Republicans talking about Roosevelt, Sammy Running Bear Glick put down his tomahawk and took up the gavel.

Judge B. H. Sixkiller, one of the well-known Cherokee, showed how the old ways remained the same the more they changed. He went too far one day and sat in judgment of the wrong Indian. Before the trial was over, Judge Sixkiller and ten other people in the courtroom lay dead on the floor, and the jury, so to speak, was hung.

Another member of the Sixkiller family of law enforcers, Sheriff Sam, was twice tried for murder for defending himself against a raiding band that was shooting at him. He beat the rap, but was wounded later by an Indian who successfully pleaded in his defense that he was just "shooting at police." Three months after that affray Sam was killed, and his successor as captain of the agency police was also knocked off. Everybody has heard of the sadistic Hanging Judge Parker, who strung up an Indian from time to time at Fort Smith, but there are a few who do not know that during Parker's tenure of office 65 of his deputies were killed.

Judge Abraham No Heart was perhaps a wiser jurist; he collected the guns of convicted Indians in lieu of monetary fines. These incidents are typical, and one can find more of them in a fine book by William T. Hagan, *Indian Police and Judges* (Yale, 1966, \$6.50).

Our books all stop short of the final subject in the sequence of *Our Treatment of the Indian: the Indians' Treatment of Us*. In 1960 the arrest rate for whites in the United States was 2,739 in 100,000. For Negroes it was 8,703. But for Indians it was 51,090. This inequity of iniquity has persuaded some racist commentators to explain excessive criminality as a Mongoloid characteristic—but Chinese and Japanese in the United States have the lowest arrest figure of any group, lower even than for the most law-respecting WASPs.

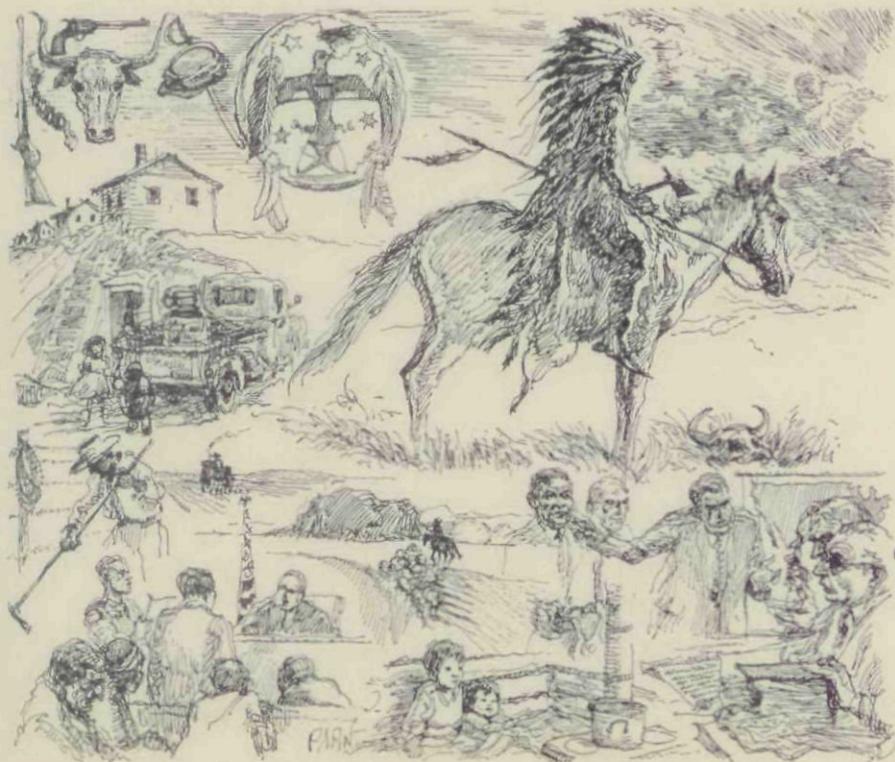
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The suicide rate among teen-agers on that reservation [Fort Hall, Idaho], we were told, is over one hundred times the national average. Suicides occur as early as eight years of age. Two days after we left, a sixteen-year-old boy from a school we had visited hanged himself in the county jail where he had been placed without a hearing and without notification to his parents after being accused of drinking during school hours. Three other Indians had hung themselves in the same jail from the same pipe within the previous eleven months—one of them a seventeen-year-old girl.

—Kennedy Testimony

The Indian As Litigant

AS CIVILIZATION displaces savagery, raiding becomes litigation. The year of 1946 will be remembered not only as the year ballpoint pens sold for \$15.98, but as the year the United States was given back to the Indians. It was then that the Indian Claims Commission was quietly established by Congress as a device to simplify suits against the government for compensation for land usurpation. In fact liability was admitted, with the only issue to be determined in most cases being which Indians should get the money. Five years were allowed for the filing of claims, and by the 1951 deadline, 852 claims were entered for 70 per cent of the United States.

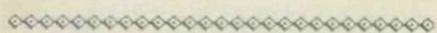
This is not to say that the American



conscience did not awaken until 1946. Indians have been suing the whites for more than a century and swindling them for much longer than that. The first real estate fraud on the American continent was that famous purchase of Manhattan by Peter Minuit—but the tale has been twisted over the years. It was the Dutch who were swindled; the Scaticook Indians were the occupying owners, but the deal was pulled by a mob of Canarsie Indians who were visiting Manhattan for the day. The Scaticooks, by the way, have their claim in for the island, and they are not about to take any junk jewelry for it this time.

Jefferson paid Napoleon \$15 million for the Louisiana Territory in another well-publicized bargain—a sum that did not include a further \$300 million under the blanket to the Indians. Some Indians were paid as many as six times for the same land, each time returning to complain that the white man was an Indian giver.

And so from tribe to tribe (a tribe now is defined as comprising any Indians the tribe council wishes to include in the loot). The Cherokee, who were themselves invaders and usurpers of the land they occupied, have received \$14 million.



The Subcommittee staff visited one Cherokee home—if you can call an eight-by-twelve tarpaper shack a home—in which lived a mother, an unemployed father and eight children. There was no insulation in the house, a pot-bellied stove for heat and cooking, no running water, no electricity and one small kerosene lantern for light, no sanitation facilities and gaps between the wooden slats that constituted the floor. There was one bed in the room. The seven children slept on the floor and the baby between the parents. The income of this family was about \$60 per month.

. . . The only vestige of Federal Government assistance were somehow a testimony to our lack of commitment and imagination. A brand new shiny well pump with a concrete base stood in front of the house—we were informed that BIA officials discovered after they drilled the well that there was no water—the well stood as a status symbol of poverty.

—Kennedy Testimony



Their contending neighbors sued for \$22 million and settled for \$1,769,940 in 1952. The Nez Perce received \$3 million for their expenses in massacring settlers, with their suit for 100,000 square miles of Idaho still in litigation. Edmund Wilson's Seneca Nation was given \$12,128,917 out of court two years ago. The Utes got \$31,938,473.43 as a starter for the land they stole from the Pueblos, and then made their expert anthropological witness, Dr. Omer C. Stewart, wait nine years for his \$100-a-day fee (he was finally persuaded to settle for half what was owed him).

An important point in this saga of masochistic largesse is how many Indians all this is going to. The Creeks number eighteen thousand. Six hundred Quapaws are claiming \$54,397,110.34. Altogether there are 550,000 Indians asking for \$10 billion.



—The average Indian income is \$1,500—75 per cent below the national average;

—His unemployment rate is ten times the national average;

—He lives ten years less than the average American;

—The death rate for his children is twice as high as the national average;

—Tuberculosis rates are seven times higher than the average American's.

—Robert Kennedy, *Testimony before Subcommittee on Indian Education*
Dec. 13, 1967.

Clinton, Okla., Aug. 14 (AP)—The Federal Government paid Cheyenne-Arapaho Indians \$15 million last week and almost forced western Oklahoma bankers to close their doors.

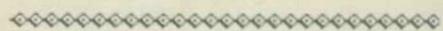
The money—paid by check—was for land their grandparents left reluctantly in the late eighteen hundreds. But the checks arrived in August, 1968, and much of the money went for motorcycles, used cars, tape recorders and alcohol.

—N. Y. Times, Aug. 15, 1968.



These claims do not include all the money going free from the taxpayer to the Indian. On the 397 federal reservations (eleven of which are over a million acres) no taxes are paid on either

the land or its usufruct—and the usufruct ran to \$70 million in 1965 for rental to whites alone, not counting the uncountable hundreds of millions for primary use. And then there are the continuing service subsidies from the Bureau of Indian Affairs—\$221,482,405 in the last official report, with many more millions hidden in other areas of budgetry.



Mr. Kennedy expressed shock when told that the United States Bureau of Indian Affairs spent only 22 cents a meal on the children.

"When I was Attorney General," he told the school superintendent, Dr. Solon Ayers, "we spent more than that on the prisoners in Alcatraz."

—N. Y. Times, Mar. 30, 1968.

Window Rock, Ariz., Feb. 24 (AP)

—The nation's largest Indian tribe is taking a \$10-million plunge in the stock market in seeking more funds to educate its youngsters.

The Navahoes are diversifying their holdings so they do not have more than \$300,000 invested in any one stock, Mr. Brunton said. He is a non-Navaho, a certified public accountant and has been with the tribe two-and-a-half years.

The primary aim, he said, is for income to surpass the \$400,000 formerly earned. There also is the hope for a growth in value of the stock, he said.

—N. Y. Times, Feb. 25, 1968.



Even the Office of Economic Opportunity is shotgunning poverty funds into the Indians; in just one caper the OEO spent \$208,741 to show the Zuni how they could mass-produce their handcrafted jewelry for a guaranteed annual income of \$150,000—unaware that the Zuni already market more than \$2 million worth of jewelry every year in New Mexico alone. The idea is known as "the Zany Zuni Plan."

The Zuni are nearly unique in that they work. Most reservation-bound Indians agree with what Chief Moses once said: "We do not want to work and don't know how. Indians are too old to learn that when five years old." The Utes are mentioned from time to time in the menopause magazines as
(Continues on page 245)

BRENNAN

(cont. from p. 231)

ping and toe-tapping to the strains of "When the Saints Go Marching In." Perhaps, in her dotage, she has become reconciled to the new way of doing things and spends her evenings shortening the hems of her habits.

It is said that changes in ceremony are necessary if the Church is to remain in contact with the teen-agers and the college set. Those of us who are beyond that age feel that it could be more appropriate for the clergy to lead rather than cater to the current whims of a giddy stratum of society. To follow the present thoughts on the matter to a logical conclusion one may rest assured that very young children would enjoy the Mass much more if the celebrant were dressed as Bozo the Clown. Perhaps pot could be mixed with the incense or LSD in the Holy Water so that more hippies would be attracted. But let us disregard this suggestion. The Church is in enough trouble without having the Narcos stage a raid at the 11:30. □

WAUGH

(cont. from p. 242)

bouched into the Memam River. Two Bangkoks were in fact facing one another, the tourist Bangkok, its launches piled with the packages that had brought into the country the hard currency that its economy required, and the traditional Bangkok of the saffron-robed priests who were paying tribute to the widow of a royal person. Neither was conscious of the existence of the other, yet each was complementary to the other.

The priests had by now finished their meal. It was close to midday, after which they could take no nourishment. They returned to the platform; the family and guests sat facing them, and the ritual of the gifts began. To each priest in turn was handed a plate laden with joss sticks, lotus flowers, fruit and an envelope containing money. If the plate was presented by a man, the priest could take it with his own hands; if by a woman, he placed a cloth in front of him and the plate was set on it. When the last gift was made, the priests rose and took their leave; the family and guests went down on their knees before them.

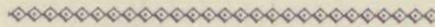
In that ceremony lay for me the reassurance that the Bangkok I had loved so long would remain itself in essence.

The nationals of a country are a constant factor. We love or do not love a country because its cities, its hills are theirs, the manifest symbol of their history, their tastes, their beliefs, their climate. Bangkok has been so much loved because it is the expression of the Thais themselves, of their lightheartedness, one might say indeed frivolity; their love of beauty, their extravagance, their reverence for tradition, coupled with their need for freedom; these are characteristics that are constant and continuing. Bangkok may not be as comfortable as it was; but then what city is? Certainly London and New York are not. But I believe that anyone who spent two months there today under circumstances which permitted him to meet the Thais themselves, would say, as I did, when his time came to go—"How happy I would be to make a home here." □

GREENWAY

(cont. from p. 228)

successful agriculturists, but what farming is done on the Ute reservation is done by hired white labor.

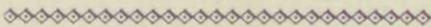


*You ask me to plow the ground!
[said Smohalla, a Columbia Basin leader] Shall I take a knife and tear my mother's bosom? Then when I die she will not take me to her bosom to rest.*

*"You ask me to dig for stone!
Shall I dig under her skin for her bones? Then when I die I can not enter her body to be born again.*

"You ask me to cut grass and make hay and sell it, and be rich like white men! But how dare I cut off my mother's hair?"

—Hartley Burr Alexander, *The World's Rim: Great Mysteries of the North American Indian*



A random deskload of books all arguing the profundity of American guilt in our injustice to the Indians, and a class of students confusing American immolation with Nazi atrocities suggests a situation worth observing for the sheer insanity of it. How far can it all go? Will the 22 million Negroes in the United States sue the Government for all that free labor before 1865? Will the descendants of Adam enter a claim against the United States (God being safely dead) for their ancestor's unjust expulsion from

the Garden? Will Sioux citizen William Hawk succeed in his incredible compensation claim against the government for wounding his uncle, Gall, the Hunkpapa chief, when Gall led his warriors against Custer at Little Big Horn? Will the Americans ever find out where to go to surrender for the crime of being Americans? Not even the Indians are safe from the implicit absurdities of the claims game. A year ago, a suit was filed in federal court in Denver, Colorado, against the United States and its derivative usurpers, including the Indians, by 28 descendants of early Mexican grant holders. This deprived minority claims all of California, Utah, Oregon, Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, and Oklahoma, and parts of Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Minnesota, New Mexico, Florida, Texas, Arizona, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Maryland, Virginia, Washington, and Idaho. Their lawyer, a former United States Attorney for Colorado, is no ordinary nut. A practical and reasonable man, he has indicated a willingness to settle with the United States, the Indians and the Civil Rights Commission for one trillion dollars. □

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